MR. GREELEY AS A SPEAKER.

He Wasn't An Orator But He Pleased His Audience.

WHEN LABBY DID THE BIG TOFF.

A Boyish Escapade of a Great London Editor-Thought Chauncey an Fapert Liar-Why Rossini Didn't Eat.

Current Anecdotes. A certain Sunday happened to come on

Christmas day. Mr. Greeley and I each owned pews in Dr. Chapin's church, and were punctual attendants, says P. T. Bartrom in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. We expected a grand sermon from Dr. Chanin on that Christmas morning, but, much to our disappointment, a note was received from him just as the services were about to begin, stating that he was ill and could not At first it was thought best to adjourn the

meeting, but finally a layman offered his services, which were accepted, in conducting the preliminary portion of the services. Meanwhile Mr. Greeley was asked to go into the pulpit and say something as a substitute for Dr. Chapin's sermon. He walked up without any hesitation, with his old white overcoat on. A lady from Kentucky, who was then living m New York and attended Dr. Chapin's church, was sitting next to me. She had that southern prejudice against Mr. Greeley which too generally prevailed, and she declared that she "had a great mind to go out, for she never wanted to see nor hear Horace Greeley." I begged her to remain, and she concluded to.

In consideration of the fact that Mr. Greeley was a miserable speaker, I was much afraid the prejudices of the Kentucky lady would, after hearing him, become stronger against him than ever. He began, in a low, drawling tone, by saying that the celebration of Christmas was a very proper thing for all professing christians to engage in. "Of course," said he, "this is not absolutely the anniversary of the birth of Christ; it is generally conceded by learned biblical scholars that Christmas really occurred in or about the month of August; but as this day has been fixed upon as the anniversary of the Saviour's birth, it, perhaps, does not make much difference."

Mr. Greeley drawled along in this way for more than half an hour, giving us new ideas, new thoughts and much valuable information. Every person present, I think, was deeply interested in his discourse. Toward the close of his remarks the Kentucky lady said to me: "Mr. Barnum, that man is a horrible speaker, but I declare I was never more edified in my life; he is really a wonderful man; and I shall never again feel any prejudice against him." A lady friend in Highstown, N. J., having

read and heard much of Mr. Greeley, begged me to induce him to give a lecture for a charitable purpose. I asked him, and he readily con-sented to do so. I met the lady a sionth or two afterward, and she was exhuberant in her expression of gratitude to me for having influ-enced the great man to visit Hightstown. Said she: "I was bonored by his making our house his home during our stay, and I really felt our house was hallowed by his presence; but oh, Mr. Barnum, did you ever hear such a tedious, terrible speaker! He began his lecture by saving in his monoton-ous voice: 'It has been said that I am the poorest speaker in America,' and I think that is really true, but what he said enchanted

"One of the funniest things that happened under my oservation during the war," said Colonel Mosby to a New York Tribune reporter, "occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men in a charge near Berryville there came crushing like a whirlwind into our lines a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop herse and rider, but the old black's blood was up, and he went on clean through the lines be-fore he was under control. The rider was fore he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby prison, and we mustered the black charger into the confederate service A few days later we charged some of Cus-ter's men, and I'll be — if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a "Reb" into the federal lines, and never came

A dozen years ago Mme. Modjeska came to America, bought a big ranch in southern California, and settled down to bee culture and the raising of cattle, says the New York Sun. She had, after many successes abroad, retired from the stage. But the old feeling, so firmly implanted in all those who have once tasted the fruits of success, reasserted itself. She studied English and began a new career in the English tongue. A friend of Mme. Modjeska said the other day tha her return to the footlights was inspired however, from a wholly different origin Looking out of her study window one more ing she saw an odd spectacle. Three were engaged in slaughtering a turkey. Count Bozenta, her husband, held the crea-ture by the legs, a farm band held the head and a third man wielded the knife. thought if it required three men to kill one turkey her hopes of the successful management of the ranch were destroyed. So she

"The Press has published a good many reminiscences of Judge Allen A. Bradford," said an old settler to a Nebraska City Press reporter, but here is one that I have never seen in print. It occurred in Colorado, long ofter Bradford left this part of the country was trying a case before a judge t he took a dislike. The judge was undecided in his rulings; would change his conclusions every time the opposite lawyer would argue a point. When Bradford came to talk to the a point. When Branford came to that to the jury he took occasion to express his contempt. Said he: "Gentlemen of the jury, the indecision of this court reminds me of the fabied ass that died between two bundles of straw for want of decision." The court could stand this no longer. Calling the attorney to order he fined him \$5 for contempt. With the coolness he was capable of, Bradford felt in his pocket for a moment, then, producing \$2.50, said in his peculiar intonations of voice: 'Your honor, I have but half the amount. I will pay for the straw, but let

You remember Jeffries, the Presbyte rian minister that left here to go to Denver Well, I heard a good story about him the other day that you may be able to find a place for. It was some thing that happened just after he came to Nebraska City. He wanted to go some place, and applied to Mike Derum, in the ticket office as it happened, for a half-rate ticket, which it is usual to sell to gen-tlemen of the cloth. Jeffries, you know, looked more like an actor than a ministe and Derum inquired incredulously: "As you a clergyman?" Quick as thought the pulck-witted divine began to open his grip, saying: Tli read you one of my sermons. saying: 'I'll read He got the ticket."

the ass stand.

Charles Smiley, of the Claxton company, says the Chicago Herald, is full of stories. He tells one of a street gamin who held out his ragged cap before Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Charles Beresford, as they came slevel down they came slowly down the steps of a Lon-

"What are you begging for, boy?" asked Beresford as he noticed the little fellow. The boy said he had nothing else to do. "See here," said Lord Randolph, "if you'll take that stone and hit that policeman in the back of the head I'll give you half a crown."

Crown."
Nothing 10th the bos picked up the stone and let her go. His aim was true, and the "bobby" turned in wrath, chased the gamin and captured him. Shaking him savagely he demanded why he should insult the majesty of the law, as represented in his

person, so grossly.

The boy whined that the two gentlemen The boy whined that the two gentlemen, who were looking on very much amused, had offered him half a crown to do it, and he would give him one and six of it if he would release him. Dragging the boy up to the two men, he demanded to know what they meant, and asked their names. Sir Charles Beresford gave his name, and the "bobby" humbly touched his hat and begged pardon. "hen he asked Sir Randolph Churchill's

name. He, too, gave his name, with the same effect on the "bobby."

"You great gents must have your larks," he said, touching his helmet.

"Now, sir," he said, turning to the boy, "what's your name!"

The boy looked up at him, after eyeing the great men, and said, after sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his ragged vest: "I'm Lord Salisbury."

"Talking about boyish escapades, I have a vivid recollection," says Mr. Henry Labouchere, "of a day when, happening to have more money that I knew what to do with, I determined to do the 'big toff." I sallied forth to the largest hotel in Eton, engaged a private room and ordered the waiter to bring me a bowl of nunch. The discreet functionary stared, but brought it It was then my turn to stare and wonder what on earth I should do with the huge bowlful of a then my turn to stare and wonder what on earth I should do with the huge bowlful of a fluid the very odor of which made me feel faint. At length, my eye resting upon a good, old-fashioned cupboard of antique oak, a brilliant idea struck me. I opened the door and poured the whole of the punch into the basement of the cupboard. Then after waiting a few minutes to see whether the obnoxious liquor would make inroads upon the carpet, the pattern of which was that of golden crowns on a royal-blue ground. I rang the bell again, and, on the waiter appearing, in still more authoritative tones I ordered another bowl. Never shall I forget the expression of horrified amazement which came over the man's countenance. The second potation went the way of the first—that is to say, into the cup board, and Alexander the Great, after his victory over Darius, could not have felt prouder than I did when I called for the bill, disbursed half a sovereign for the punch, ten shillings more for the private parlor, ten shillings more for the private parlor, tipped the waiter and swaggered into the street, fully persuaded that the eyes of the whole inn were upon me, which, in my exultant state of mind, were tantamount to those of

There is talk of King Kalakaua coming to America again, says a writer in the Chicago Times. I well remember his first visit to the country in 1874. He came to Chicago, of course, and I was assigned to write up his arrival for the newspaper with which I was then connected. Harvey D. Colvin was mayor of Chicago, and a bluff, happy-go-lineky mayor he was, as everybody remembers. Great preparations were made to receive the king, the city council having de-cided to turn out in a body to welcome him. Early on the promised day the mayor, com-mon council and distinguished citizens re-paired to the Lake Shore depot to greet the

whole Europe. I never went there again."

august visitor.

The king came out of his Pullman car. looking as if he had just jumped from a band-box. His saddle-colored complexion shone from the recent attentions of the barber. His hair was curled just so. His boots were polished and his dress was neat to perfec-tion. The monarch was introduced to the city fathers, to Peter Mahr and Tom Stout, James O'Brien, William Fitzgerald, and all of the boys who were then in the council.

Carriages were taken and the party was driven to the Grand Pacific hotel. Here a line of twos was formed, with the mayor and the king at the head. Slowly they marched up stairs and trod the heavy Axmuster carpets on the parlor floor. The mayor halted his guest in front of one of the parlors reserved for his use. Then his honordrew himself up, and everybody expected a speech. Finally he cleared his throat and said: "Your majesty, we will now leave you and give you a chance to wash up!

"I was fossil hunting the other day," writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, "in a chark pit near Keston, when a thunderstorm forced me to take shelter in a shed, when I had an interesting conversation with two old workmen. 'Do you find many fossils here?' I asked. 'Yes, sometimes we fossis here? I asked. 'Yes, sometimes we git one or two, then we maybe find a lot more of the same sort near it. Gentlemen comes along about every two days and picks 'em over. I found some shark's teeth once. Mr. —, a Bromley, said they was mammon's teeth, but I took 'em to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Darwin and they both said they were shark's as soon, as they saw 'em. they were shark's as soon as they saw 'em. Maybe you've heard of Mr. Darwin?' 'Yes, I have heard of him. Did the people round here often take things to him?' 'Sometimes, when they wanted to know what anything was. He could always teil 'em. Master Frank will now if you go to him; he's very clever.' 'I once took a effet eft! to Sir John,' chimed in his comrade. 'I killed it up yonder by the barn. Bob saw it first, but he was frightened. He'd been boozing for a week, and would'a been scared at anything. It was about that ek it straight down to Sir John, it had such eyes. I went into Sir John's room-he was at home—but he couldn't tell what it was.
"Want a bit here," he said, "and I'll look at
at my books." So he went out for about a at my books.1 quarter of an hour. His room was full of all sorts of things—lizard, toads, vipers, and nearly everything. When he came back he told me what it was and gave me half a soy ereign. "That's the mate," he said, "you'l find the female near the same spot," "Which Sir John was that!" 'That was old Sir John. I took a pair of live effets once

one as knows a lot about ants,' " Chauncey Depew spoke one evening dur ing the last campaign at a town in the in-terior of New York state which is not neces sary to name, says the Detroit Free Press The next morning the chairman of the loca committee took him in his carriage for a ride about the place. They had reached the suburbs and were admiring a bit of scenery when a man wearing a blue shirt and carry ing a long whip on his shoulder approached from where he had been piloting an ox teau along the middle of the street and said "You're the man that made the rattin speech up at the hall last night, I guess!" Mr. Depew modestly admitted that he had indulged in some talk at the time and place

down to young Sir John. Sir John as is; the

"Didn't you have what you said writ out? vent on the man.
"No," replied the orator.

"You don't mean to say you made that all right up as you went along?"

"Jess hopped right up there, took a drink of water out of the pitcher, hit the table a whack, and waded in without no thinkin nor nothin'f"
"Well, I suppose you might put it that

way."
"Well, that beats me. You'll excuse me for stoppin' you, but what I wanted to say was that your speech convinced me, though I knowed all the time it was the peskiest lic that was ever told. I made up my mind to vote your ticket, but I'd 'a' been willin' to bet a peck o' red apples that no man could stand up and tell me such blamed convincin lies without havin' 'em writ out. You must a' had an awful lot o' practice."

In England we do not dote quite so much upon uniforms as they do in France, says the St. James Gazette, and little incidents of this kind are not very likely to occur on this side of the channei. Still, a well known English cabinet minister did once get into difficulties, not through going about in mufti, but through wearing too much uniform. We will not mention the gentleman's name for he is still extant. This distinguished politi cian—not even his friends ever thought he was a statesman—was once upon a time first lord of the admiralty. Full of the importance of his office he determined to wear the gorgeous uniform of the lord high admiral, whose representative he was. The first time he had official busi-ness with the fleet the right honorable gentleman put on his uniform and went aboard one of her majesty's ships. The minister who liked to look upon himself as lord high admiral, had his flag run up and the vessel started. In a few minutes one of the officers came up and politely touched his hat to the

"If you please, sir, what are your orders!" 'Orders! what orders!"

"As your flag is flying, you are in com 'But I don't understand at all."

"Well, sir, you are in command, and in few minutes we shall run into the queen's yacht. Will you give me my orders?" The unlucky first lord became crimson with vexation, and the lord high admiral's pennant was promptly hauled down.

Rossini, who had always le mot pour rire, used to say: "In olden times they used to compose music for the brain and for the ears; but it seems to me that nowadays peo ple are quite content when the thing lowell." This, I feel confident, was often guiding opinion, says a writer in Temple Bar. For instance, when Meyerbeer gave The Huguenots, his lawyer and coreligion-naire Cremieux gave a luncheon, where he invited some influential friends to meet Meyerbeer. Rossini, one of the guests, ate nothing

Mme. Cremieux, with the lynx eye of any little Liver and Kidney hostess who has people round her table in are agreeable to take any vited for a meal, suddenly bounced upon her action. 25 cents a vial.

abstemious guest with that question which every lady imagines must go straight to the heart of her guests: "I am sure, M. Rossini, you don't like that dish; one cannot easily please such a fine connosseur as you are."
"Pardon, madame, that is not at all the "Pardon, madame, that is not at all the reason, but I never eat between my breakfast and my dinner. Of course, you will ask me why, then, did I come to a luncheon party! I will tell you. The other day I was invited to hear a performance of my William Tell overture. At the moment where the allegro begins I saw two men in the band putting their trumpets up, but I could not for the life of me hear one note; so I asked the manager why they did not play. 'Oh, that is very simple,' he said, 'I could not get two trumpeters, but I thought I'd get some men to hold up the trumpet. It looks well to see trumpeters, but I thought I'd get some men to hold up the trumpet. It looks well to see trumpets in an orecestra; but, of course, as they can't play you can't hear them.' Now, I can't eat any more than they could play; but as Meyerbeer, who is so superstitious, would have taken it as a bad omen if I had sent an excuse, I thought I would just sit behind my plate, because it looks well to have old friends sit round one's table." have old friends sit round one's table."

A western man, proud of his immensely productive acres, says the Youth's Com-panion, was showing a visitor from Vermont his farm, and while boasting somewhat of his own crops, turned upon the Vermenter with the question:

"You can't raise much back there on those "You can't raise much back there on those teny Vermont hills, can you?"
"Oh, yes, yes, we generally get fine crops,"
"But you don't raise much grain, do you?"
"Oh, yes, we raise a sight of barley."

"Why, certainly; I don't know what our farmers would do if it wasn't for their bar-

"Do you get much for it!"
"Oh, we don't sell it, sir; we don't sell it a grain of it."
"You don't feed it to your stock!"

"Oh, no, no; you don't ketch us wasting barley like that" barley like that "
'Well, what do you do with it, then i"
"Why, man, we save every grain of it for seed—that's what we do with it."
This is the western man's story, and he naturally thinks this a queer kind of "farm-

The Unfinished Stocking.

Sarah K. Bolton.

Lay it aside—her work—no more she sits
By open window in western sun,
Thinking of this and that beloved one

Lay it aside; the needles are in their place; No more she welcomes at the cottage door The coming of her children home once more. With sweet and tearful face.

Lay it aside, her work is done and well; A generous, sympathetic christian life; A faithful mother and a noble wife; Her influence who can tell!

Lay it aside-say not her work is done; No deed of love or goodness ever dies, But in the lives of others multiplies; Say it is just begun!

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Lulu Lingard is shortly to marry a wealthy Londoner,

Jennie Yeamans does not go out this sea-

Evans and Hoey again make the announcement that they are soon to sail for Australia. This is what they said two

years ago. There is a report, which seems to be wholly trustworthy, to the effect that Charles R. Gardiner is completely and hopelessly blind.

The swelling on Mr. Lawrence Barrett's neck has become so painful that his friends are advising him to cancel his dates and submit to a surgical operation.

The Emma Juch opera company will begin its season at the Brooklyn Academy October 28. The company will probably be seen here during the coming spring. Miss Mary How, the great Boston contralto, will sing the "Inflammatus," from Dovrak's "Stabet Mater," at the first symphony concert in Boston.

George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, continues to prosper in Australia. The last mail from there states that he is to become the proprietor of a theater very soon. Manager Robert Grau is still in Ludiow street jail in New York. He was arrested

in a suit brought by a chorus girl formerl to recover five weeks' salary in his employ at the rate of \$13 a week. When H. C. Miner takes charge of the Fifth Avenue theater, New York, next May the whole building will be remodeled, and

the auditorium will run paratlel with Twenty

eighth street. About \$25,000 will be ex-

pended on improvements. A Paris inventor has obtained a patent on a new theatrical snow. It is said to disap-pear as soon as it fails. It flutters about exactly like the real article, and costs next to nothing. The first trial of it is to be made in the midnight mass scene in "Roger la Honte," at the Ambigu in Paris.

The villam of a melodrama had to be The supers came on and fired at him accordingly, but the property man had omitted to load the guns, and the only sound was the click of the falling hammers. The villam had to die, and rose to the occasion. Throwing up his hadds he exclaimed: perforated by a thousand bullets, but I take the opportunity of cursing with my breath the niggardly government that sup plies its army with air guns."

The proprietors of the operatic organiza-tion known as "The Bestonians," have completed their plans for the coming season and are already well advanced in the rehersals preparatory to their trans-continental tour The managers have in the "Don Quixote" of Reginald de Koven an opera written es pecially for the company by an American musician, with a book furnished by an American journalist. The opera is to have a simultaneous production in England and the United States, and is the first American operatic composition that has achieved this dis tinction. "Suzette," a new opera by that clever musician and librettist, Oscar Weil, is also to be included in the season's repertoire, and the other operas announced for the tour are Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon" and "Pygmalion and Galatea," Louis Varney's "The Musketeers," Suppe's "Fatinitza," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," Gounod's "Faust," Flotow's "Martha," Verdi's "The Trouba dour," Bizet's "Carmen," Offenbach's "The Poachers," and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." The company begins its tour to-morrow and during the fall, winter and spring of the sea-son of 1889-90, it will visit all the leading cities of the country as far west as Sar cities of the country as far west as San Francisco, saving such cities as are scattered through the southern states. The leading artists of the company are as follows: So-pranos: Marie Stone, Juliette Cordon, Car-lotta Maconda. Contraltos: Jessie Bartlett Davis, Josephine Bartlett. Tenors: Tom Karl, Edwin W. Hoff. Baritones and bassos: W. H. McDonald, H. C. Barnabas, Erget W. H. McDonald, H. C. Barnabas, Erget Karl, Edwin W. Hoff. Baritones and bassos: W. H. McDonald, H. C. Barnabee, Fred

W. H. McDonald, H. C. Barnabee, Fred Dixon, Eugene Cowles, George B. Frothing-ham. Samuel Studley, director.

Wilson Barrett's company of about thirty people arrived in New York on the the City of Chicago on Friday, October 4. In the party were Mr. George Barrett, the popular English comedian and character actor and a brother of the tragedian; Charles Catheart, who has been Wilson Barrett's stage very who has been Wilson Barrett's stage man-ager for many years and who is well known in this country; Austin Melford, W. A. Elli-ott, Cooper Cliffe, Murray Carson, and Alice Cooke and Lillian and Alice Belmore, daughters of the late George Belmore, the beloved comedian who died while playing a starring engagement at Wallack's theater a few years ago. The principal actors in the company were accompanied by their wives. The steamer brought over also the costumes for the extensive Barrett repertory. They are packed in fifty immense rattan trunks and

weighed nearly 10,000 pounds. When Robson and Crane dissolved partnership there was a good deal of surmise as to the result of their "going it alone." Mr. Crane was the first to take to the road, and he has now been out nearly a month playing in Decatur, Ill., Milwaukee and Chicago. He has been greeted with a succession crowded houses, and his new play four-act American comedy, "On Probation," the adaptation from the French called "Papa Perrickon," and the latest London success, "The Balloon," have all made hits. Mr. Crane's hold on the public seems as-sured. He will present all the plays named above in this city.

Sick headache is the bane of many ives. To cure and prevent this annoy ing complaint, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pellets. They are agreeable to take and gentle in their

Auecdotes Related by a Circle of Knights of the Punch.

PEOPLE WHO BEAT RAILROADS.

The Obstreperous Stock Buyer and Female Adventuress Who Are With the Sport in Clever Swindles

Tales of the Coach.

While every vocation in life furishes numerous opportunities to the student of human nature, who chances to be engaged therein, to observe the varied traits in the character of his fellow man, and while under the circumstances attendant upon the most common of callings occur many remarkable incidents, it is doubtful if there be any pursuit of earth so fraught with chances for studying the idiosyncracies of mancind or of witnessing peculiar events than that of the railway passenger conductor. It needs but the citation of the following facts to prove the assertion

It was a few nights ago that a party of these takers of tickets and carers-for of lady traveiers, sat in the lobby of the Millard hotel "swapping stories." Many indeed were the tales they related. There was the story of the conductor's triumph over the passenger who sought to "beat" the road out of its fare, the tale of the "mash" made on the train, a "yarn" ludicrous in the ex-treme, and in fact stories too numerous to be enumerated in their entirety.

"Speaking of deadbeats on railroads," remarked one who wore the uniform of the Union Pacific, "I have been on the 'U. P.' for thirteen years. I have run a train from Omaha to North Platte and from Omaha to Grand Island, Later 1 have taken tickets between Council Bluffs and South Omaha, and I find that there are more people who try to beat the company, or

rather the conductor, out of a ten-cent fare, than there are who would attempt to ride over an entire division without liquidating, and I am speaking according to the ratio of travel because I know the number of suburban passengers is much greater than on the other run. I remember a case which occurred only a short time ago. A man who is well known in this city and is worth perhaps \$10,000 came to me before the train pulled out of the depot and said he wanted to go to South Omaha, and at the same time gave me a very knowing wink as much as to say 'you know me.' I didn't say anything in reply to the aforesaid wink but when my train started went through the train as usual. When I asked him for his ticket he winked again, but I didn't see him of course, and remarked a little louder 'ticket please.' And the way that man continued the winking business was a caution. Finally when he saw that I meant business, he said he had no ticket. I then requested him to pay his fare, and said he had no money. It sounded odd that a man like him would be traveling three or four miles without cash, but I told him he would have to leave the train at Seventeenth street, which evidently had a wholesome effect on him, for he managed to find his fare, and paid me with a very ill grace seemingly. When the train reached South Omaha he lingered on the platform, and the tongue lashing he gave me was a tremendous one, let me tell you. And what do you think, that man actually separted me to the superintendent for discourtesy. I managed to hold my ob, however

The cattle buyers are the worst cases I have to deal with" remarked ticket puncher from the Elkhorn. These fellows who canvass the state for stock and usually get about six cars per month to ship. One would think from their actions that the fate of the world as to starve or not to starve depended upon them. When they get a arload they generally inform every freight agent in the country and de-mand an annual pass from each road hat speaks to them about their little business. I had one of these fellows on my train the other day. He wore a big hat and talked very loud. I remarked ticket, sir.' in my bland way, and he ooked as though he would anninilate 'Why,' said he, 'I don't pay any fare; I am a stock shipper, sir. 'Have you a pass?' I said. 'No, certainly not, was the reply. 'Well,' said I, 'you will certainly have to pay your fare." there was a scene. He vowed that he would not pay a cent. and I reached for the bell cord. Then he said he would pay fare, but he would sue the company first, and boycott the road next. He wound up by asserting that ie was coming back next day, and that ie would pay no fare, not he. But when

saw him on the return trip he had a icket, just the same." "The professional dead beat is the feliow I like to lay for," said a Missouri Pacific man. "And professionals are not entirely confined to the male sex. I recollect a case that came to my notice years ago when I was on the Missouri Kansas & Texas. At Dennison, Tex., a woman with three children got on my train. I got in conversation with her. and she remarked that she was a widow going to Neosho, Mo., for a time, and then expected to return and make some collections. she was provided with tickets all right enough, and I saw her safe through to the end of my run. In about three vecks I was again pulling out of Denison, when who should I see but my Neosho lady minus the children. When asked her for her ticket she said she had none, and asked me the fare to the next station. I told her \$1,60. She handed me 59 cents and broke out cryng, saying that was all the money she had. I inquired how she came to be in such a condition financially, and she reolied that she had been robbed of all ner money, some \$300 in all, which carried in a hand-satchel. She had een in Denison making collections, as she had told me on the previous trip, so she said. I thought it odd that a woman would carry money in a hand-satenel, but said nothing, and told her I would carry her to the end division, she having remarked that she was going to Neosho. In the meantime a lot of old chaps on the train had their sympathies aroused, and calling me to one side said they proposed to take up a collection for her. I told them my suspicions, namely, that I believed she was only beating her way, and they nearly mobbed me. They raised \$56 for her, and I never saw a woman so pleased in my life. On my next trip to Denison, what was my surprise to see my lady get on the train with the three children and a very large man. When I arrived at the place where they were sitting she remarked to the little girl: 'Lilly, give me the tickets.' But Lilly

declared that she had no tickets. Then

she made the same request of Johnnie,

and Johnnie also disclaimed any knowl

edge of the pasteboards. I expect she would have asked the baby but for the

fact that tot couldn't talk. After rum-

maging through her hand-satchel and failing to find them, she declared that she had lost them. I asked her where

ROMANCES OF THE PUNCHERS | they were issued, and she replied Ne-osho. But when I told her that she must pay fare or get off, she confidentially requested me not to arouse her 'brother', for he was dangerous. I remarked that I was subject to fits myself that were very violent in their nature, and then she paid the party's fare to the next station. That is the last time I ever saw them, but I would have yielded up a month's salary could those benevolent old philanthropists who took up the collection on the previous run have been with us."

"Speaking of dead beats," chimed in

a man from the Rock Island reminds

me of the time when I was on the Santa A sport got on the train with a ticket to a point about fifty miles distant, and I noticed that he made a critical examination of everybody on the car after he got on. I determined to see what his game was and so to speak, 'laid for him.' We had passed the station where he should have debarked, when on coming through the train I was surprised to find him with a check in his hat punched clear through to the end of my run. I said nothing, but watched to see who had lost his check. I soon found him in the persor of a man who I was sure was ticketed clear through. I asked to see his check and he said some one had taken it. Then I knew my festive sport had nipped it but I bided my time and waited until we had got into the Indian territory be-tween the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers, and then I walked up to him and remarked 'Eleven dollars and fifteen cents." He of course protested and threatened all sorts of dire things, but I reached for the bell cord and then he weakened. DHe pulled out a roll as big as my fist and paid me, remarking as he did so that he would sue the company, etc., but he didn't for he told the nut' a few minutes afterward that the 'con.' was 'too flip' and had 'tumbled to his racket.

"Well," spoke up another who evidently belonged to the "Q.," "You have all had remarkable experiences with tough characters and the like but it remains for me to relate that at one time while running between Chicago and Aurora I had an event happen on my train that is rarely, if ever, heard of under like conditions. It was on the east-bound trip and while stopping for water at a country station a young fellow got on with as likely a looking young girl as I ever saw. They were evidently in a big hurry, for they merely tied the horse and buggy to a post and came aboard. Just as the train started I saw

an old man on horseback come in sight and he was francic. He had a shotgun and the minute I set eyes on him I knew it was a runaway match. I asked the young fellow if such was not the case and he admitted that it was and that they were going to get married. When I told him that the old gent would be liable to have them arrested at the next station he was the worse frightened mortal you ever saw. 'Oh,' said he, 'if we only had a minister; I have got a license.' Then I remembered that I had a parson in the Pullman, and I brought him back and we had a wedding right there. Of course there wasn't any cake or anything of that sort, but there was a wedding present, for the passengers gave the bride \$25, and everybody kissed her all around, including myself. When we got to the next station sure enough there was an officer, but when I introduced Mr. and Mrs. ---, he didn't want to interfere, and they went to Chicago on a bridal trip."

"Weddings are all right," remarked a young looking man just in off the Milwaukee, "but I had an incident occur on my train that takes the cake. It wasn't a wedding, but the result of one. A lady who lives in Omaha now was the namma. Of course I cannot tell you about it, for the ladies in charge drove all the men folks out of the car and l nearly lost my situation in consequence, for several female passengers got away without my being able to take up their tickets and my record of the trip was in a terribly jumbled up condition. I wanted her to name the boy St. Paul, after the road, but she wouldn't. "As it is growing late," remarked one

of the party who as yet had said nothing, "I think I will finish the seance by relating the best anecdote of the evenng. I was on the Union Pacific when it occurred and it was the saddest sight have ever been called upon to witness. I have seen even, ground to women pieces the under have been in one or two bad wrecks, where I have gazed upon very heartrending scenes, but this was a little the worst I ever saw. Just as we were getting ready to pull out of Ogden a young woman, carrying a little three-year-old curly head, got on the train. I could see that the little one was very ill as assisted the mother on the platform, but as they passed me the cherub looked in my face and smiled, remarking, 'Goin' to see papa.' As a matter of course the pair were soon the center of all interest in the car, and all the passengers seemed devoted to the task of caring for the little one. For the first fifty miles or so it prattled about 'papa,' but afterwarl sank to sleep. One old lady who had been watching the child come back to where I was in the rear of the coach, and remarked to me, while the tears rolled down her face: 'Conductor, that little one isn't going to live to get home.' remarked that I didn't that it was in serious danger, but she said it was, and the manner in which she spoke really impressed me with the fact that per haps she was right. I walked back and looked at its little pale face, and thinks I, 'that little one is going to leave for a fact.' I never was so axious to get to Chevenne in my life. You can bet that was more than usually careful, and twice I got orders to run against trains that I should have side-tracked for. About 4 o'clock the next morning the little one awoke and enquired for 'papa' again. It's little voice was weaker than before, and I at once saw the hours were numbered. Oh, how I wished for the time to come when we were due in Chevenne. The chap kept prattling about 'papa' and when he would see him, for three or four hours, and then the end came. Lower and lower grew the voice, and just as we reached the top of the divide the little life passed out. I think the gates must have been ajar for the little fellow; for just before he breathed bis last he whispered 'mamma, tell papa couldn't wait for him any longer, the angels are calling me and I must go, good bye—good bye—mamma—God bless—papa—good—b—' and that was all. They laid the little fellow on a seat, and the kind-hearted passengers attended the stricken mother. In time we reached Cheyenne, 'Papa' was there eager and expectant, but oh, what a disappointment. When they told him and led him inside to look at his dead boy, his grief was pitiful to

story, boys, let's go home. Disenchantment.

witness. I never saw a man in a worse

condition. His heart seemed broken

and I think it was nearly. That's all the

While we gaze in admiration On a sweet and radiant lass, And think only sweetest music We're awfully shocked to see her Down the garden pathway stride And hear her cry, "Say, Johnnie, co Or mother will tan your hide!"

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THE RAILWAY TIME TABLES. BURLINGTON ROUTE. Leave Arrive Depot 10th & Mason sts. Omaha. Omaha.

Chicago Vestibule Ex Chicago Mail. Chicago Mail. Denver Vestibule Ex. Lincoln & Concordia Lo'l Colorado Mail. Chicago Fast Mail. Kansas City Express. Kansas City Express.	3:15 p m 3:45 a m 6:49 p m 10:05 a m 8:00 a m 7:15 p m 9:35 p m 9:35 a m 9:00 p m	9:50 a m 6:45 p m 7:45 a m 8:70 p m 6:15 p m 9:35 a m 6:45 a m
UNION PACIFIC Depot 18th and Marcy sts	Leave Omaha.	Arrive
Overland Flyer Pacific Express Benver Express Kansas City, Lucoin & Beatrice Express Grand Island Express	7:50 p m 8:23 a m 10:30 a m	8:40 p ra 7:00 a m 2:40 p ra
Beatrice Express. †Grand Island Express. *Papillion Passenger *Dally †Daily Except Sunday.	4:45 a m 5:45 p m 5:55 p m	12:15 a m 12:25 p m 7:30 a m
C. & N. W. R. R. Depot 10th & Marcy sts.	Leave Omaha.	Oman.
Chicago Express, Daily Fast Limited, Daily "The Fiver," Daily.	9:15 a m 2:40 p m 8:40 p m	7:03 p m 10:20 a m 8:05 a m
MISSOURI PACIFIC Depot lith & Weester sta	Cinaha.	Omaha.
Day Express	10:33 a m 9:00 p 11	6:30 a m 5:31 p m
C. M. & ST. PAUL Depot 10th & Marcy sts.	Leave Omaha.	Omaha.
No. 2. No. 4. No. 1. No. 3.	9:15 a m 9:00 p m	7:16 a m 5:00 p m
F. E. & M. V. R. R Depot lith& Webster sts.	Leave Omaha.	Arrive Omaha
Black Hills Express. Hastings & Superior Ex. Lincoln & Wahoo Pass. David City & York Pass. Norfolk Pass. Fremont Pass.	8:40 A m 8:40 B m 5:10 P m 5:10 P m 5:10 P m 5:10 P m	3:40 p m 9:50 p m 10:15 a m 10:15 a m 10:15 a m 3:40 p m
BIOUX CITY & PACIFIC Depot 15th & Webster sts.	Leave Omana.	Arrive Omaha.
St. Paul Limited	5:45 p to	THE RESERVE TO SECOND SECOND
Depot 10th & Marcy sts.	Oninha.	Omaha.
Der Moines Accommod'n Atlantic Express. Night Express Vestibuled Express	5:45 a m *9:15 a m 4:15 p m *9:15 p m	6:05 p m 7:00 p m 9:70 a m 7:40 a m
WABASH WESTERN. Depot 10th & Marcy sts.	Leave Omaha.	Arrive Omaha,
No. 8 St. L. Exp. Daily	4;15 p m	12:20 p m
C. ST. P. M. & O. Depot lith & Webster sts.	Omaha.	Omaha.
*Sionx City Express. Sioux City Ac immodat n St. Pani Limited. *Florence Passenger. *Florence Passenger. *Florence Passenger. *Florence Passenger. *Baily Except Sunday. *Bunday Only.	1:00 p m 1:10 a m 6:45 p m 6:35 a m 6:20 p m 9:30 a m 1:31 p m	1:00 p m 9:10 p m 9:35 a m 8:30 a m 6:30 p m 19:35 a m 5:15 p m

SUBURBAN TRAINS. Westward Running between Council Bings and Albright. In addition to the stations mentioned, trains stop at Twentieth and Twenty-fourth weets, and at the Summit in Omahi road-Trans-Omaha way, fer. depot. depot. Sheely, Oresha bright. A. M. A. M. 7:45 7:52 8:45 10:45 11:45 M. 12:45 1:45 2:45 2:52 8:45 3:52

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COUNCIL BLUFFS. CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC. No. 2 5:90 p m A No. 13 No. 6 ... 6:50 p m D No. 1 No. 4 ... 10:90 a m C No. 5 No. 14 ... 9:45 p m A No. 3 CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN No. 6 9.40 a m No. 7 9:27 a m No. 8 3:15 p m No. 3 7:15 a m No. 4 9:25 a m No. 5 6:15 p m OMAHA & ST. LOUIS. A daily; B daily, except Saturday; C except Sunday; D except Monday; fast mall.

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