THE LICENSE QUESTION.

Two Hundred and Nineteen Would-be Liquor Sellers.

THOSE WHO HAVE RETIRED.

The Saloons Wide Open Although a Majority of Their Proprietors Have Not as Yet Secured Their Licenses.

City Saloons.

There has been a whole lot of talk and rumors about the muddle and trouble the saloon men were getting into in not having their license applications properly filed and their licenses or permits secured before today. The talk has caused some excitement among saloon men, but yesterday morning, with twenty-seven firms holding liquor licenses, over two hundred saloons were open and doing business without apparent fear of being molested.

There have been filed with the license board 219 applications for saloon license and each applicant has deposited $1,000 with the city treasurer. This includes the number of applicants who were compelled to file amended applications on account of technical errors. If all of the applicants are granted, the number of saloons will be forty less than were running during the past year.

The following saloonkeepers have not asked for license for the present year:

Sam Davis, 802 North Sixteenth street; Deltief Stephen, 724 North Sixteenth; A. Gordon, Thirteenth and Chicago; Laurizen & Fries, 1022 North Sixteenth; John O'Callahan Sixteenth and Izard; Ed Timmerman, 710 South Sixteenth; F. P. O'Brien, Sixteenth and Cass; Dufour & Hoffman, Turf and Field; Ed Gustus, Thirteenth and Mason; Jetter & Young, Thirteenth and Pacific; W. Nestle, 1332 South Thirteenth; A. Rinehart, 1534 South Thirteenth; Seivers & Boysen, 313 South Thirteenth; Jetter & Young, 901 Jackson; John Doane, 103 South Ninth; M. New, 606 South Ninth; P. H. Andresen, 1509 Douglas; Bouse & Stephens, 1306 Douglas; F. Carson, 902 Douglas; P. J. Fallon, 212 South Twelfth; John Donavan, 112 South Eleventh; J. Mattheson, 711 South Eleventh; J. Belshner, 2818 Farnam; Otto Lund, 1517 Farnam; J. F. Wirth, 2824 Farnam; M. J. Carroll, 1501 Webster; Patton & Cole, 1018 Capitol avenue; Altman & Babcock, Leavenworth and Beltline; H. Sienter, 2512 Leavenworth; Thomas Duguid, 1102 South Tenth; Jerome Racke, 1502 Williams; Fritz Seigel, 2406 Cuming; H. Reinker, 2657 Cuming; A. P. Gramm, 1123 Saunders; M. Hansen, 1606 North Twenty-fourth; Otto Logison, Lowe avenue and Hamilton street; H. Lininberger, Thirty-first and Hamilton; A. M. Blair, Third and Pine; H. Tuzen, 822 North Twenty-fourth.

None of these places are running. Most of them will go out of business.

Licenses have been issued to the following twenty-seven saloonkeepers:

Sophia Dallow, 1014 Chicago; John W. Green, 1415 Farnam; George Sieb, 516 North Sixteenth; Peter Nelson, 1019 Farnam; Fritz Miller, 1724 Vinton; Ernest Metzig, 2818 Farnam; Maria Wirth, 324 South Tenth; Amos Robinson, 1524 Dodge; Gustav Rudloff, 2834 Cumings; Joseph Havlicek, 1401 South Thirteenth; Frank Sautter, 923 Bancroft; D. W. O'Neill, 826 North Sixteenth; Edward Quinn, 1021 North Sixteenth; Henry Miss, Sixteenth and Williams; John Andrit, 1806 South Sixteenth; Alf F. Wolff, 2201 Cuming; John Hoffman, 418 North Sixteenth; William Neve, 410 South Eighteenth; Henry Schroeder, 2401 Cumings; Thomas Cumings, Sherman avenue, near fair grounds; Max Shroeder, 501 South Eleventh; William Schmidt, 612 South Ninth; K. H. Schultz, 631 Pacific; Richard Burdish, 1002 Davenport; Louis Schmidt, 1224 Dodge; Max Schroeder, 701 Leavenworth; Fred Krug, Tenth and Jackson.

Remonstrances have been filed against granting a license to John Bowyer, 2530 Lake street; John Gulk, 1815 Military avenue, and Ernest Wetzig, 1635 North Twenty-fourth street.

The application of Jacob Lutz for a license for a saloon at 616 South Thirteenth street has been refused by the board.

Of the applications that have not yet been acted upon—ninety-two in all—about seventy were filed before December 20 and can lawfully be acted upon by the license board yet this week. It is generally understood that the board will not take any steps against these applicants, but will allow them to run until their license can be granted or rejected. This understanding will apply, it is thought, to all applicants who made a proper effort to comply with the law in getting their requests before the board before December 20. There are a few saloonmen, though, who may get into trouble if they attempt to run their places pending action upon their applications for license. Some of them are reported to have purposely delayed filing their applications until it will be too late for Mayor Broatch to have a say in granting or rejecting them. It is reported that the mayor intends to have those places closed until the board passes upon their license application.

Many cases of rheumatism, which have resisted the skill of the profession, have promptly yielded to that wonderful remedy, Salvation Oil. 25 cents.

Take the news home to Mary, and tell her that my cough has gone, and that a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup did the blessed work.

BANQUETED BY THE BISHOP.

Methodist Ministers Enjoy the Hospitality of Bishop and Mrs. Newman.

Bishop Newman and wife tendered a reception and dinner to the Methodist ministers of the city and their wives at the Paxton hotel yesterday afternoon. The event was an especially pleasant one, and was a fitting introduction to the work of the year. The guests were received in the parlors of the hotel by Mrs. Newman, assisted by Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Ensign. Formal greetings having been exchanged the guests were conducted to the dining room, where the following menu was presented for their consideration:

Oysters Raw
SOUPS
Cream of Chicken, a la Reine
Consomme, Macedoine
Olives Chow Chow Celery Lettuce
FISH
Boiled Redsnapper, Sauce Bearnaise
Hollandaise Potatoes
BOILED
Capon, Oyster Sauce
ROASTS
Roast Prime Loin of Beef, Brown Gravy
Turkey with Dressing, Cranberry Sauce
Young Pig, Apple Butter Sauce
Jack Rabbits Larded, Sweet Potatoes
SALADS
California Lobster
ENTREES
Quail Larded, Stuffed, on Canape
Supreme of Chicken, Truffles Sauce
Risole of Sweetbreads, Mushrooms
Apple Charlotte, Malaga Sauce
VEGETABLES
Mashed and Steamed Potatoes
Baked Sweet Potatoes
French Peas Stewed Tomatoes
German Asparagus, Butter Sauce
Vienna Bread Graham Bread Rye Bread
DESSERT
Pudding Savarin, Sauce Chateau
Mince Pie Washington Pie
Plain and Fancy Cake Vanilla Ice Cream
Oranges Grapes Apples Nuts
Crackers Cheese
Coffee Tea

The bills of fare were printed upon handsomely embossed cards and bore the inscription, "Compliments of Bishop and Mrs. Newman." At the side of each plate were handsome and appropriate dinner favors consisting of a card with encouraging scriptural quotations for the gentlemen and a neat book containing daily texts for a month for the ladies. The favors were bound together with white and purple ribbons and were placed in an envelope with the hymn "Lead Us As We Go."

After the dinner had been satisfactorily disposed of a number of toasts were offered, Rev. T. C. Clendening acting as toast master.

Rev. H. Danielson spoke of the Norweigan work in the church and told of the progress being made by his people.

Rev. J. H. Hilmas responded to the toast: "The German Methodist." He called especial attention to the fact that the German people naturalize very rapidly and take an active interest in the methods of work employed by the Americans. In illustration of this point he quoted his little son as having said: "We are all Americans but papa; he is a foreigner."

Dr. P. S. Merrill toasted "The Bishop." He congratulated his fellow ministers that Bishop Newman had come among them, and predicted great benefits from the influence of the bishop's presence and works. He eulogized Bishop Newman's ability as a scholar and a speaker and his character as a Christian man and worker.

Rev. J. P. Roe made a happy response to the toast "Mrs. Newman." He said he recognized the truth of the saying that all great men have great mothers, and that the adage was equally true that a man was what his wife made him. He paid a very pleasing tribute to Mrs. Newman's worth as a wife and a Christian woman.

The guests then returned to the parlors and gathered by tacit consent around the piano, where Mrs. Ensign presided, and joined in singing the hymn, "Lead Us as We Go," that was a part of the dinner favor.

After the singing requests were made for an expression from Mrs. Newman. Gracefully responding she said that the ribbons with which the dinner favors were tied had a significance to the ladies present. The white ribbon, was the emblem of the Women's Christian Temperance union, and the purple ribbon, a symbol of loyalty represented the emblem of the King's Daughters. Both were emblems, she hoped, that would bind her to the hearts of those present in the two great causes in which they, as women, were pledged to work, a work that needed their every effort and co-operation. She said she had always had intense sympathy for ministers' wives and she assured those present that their interests and her's were one. She urged them all to labor in the interests of their societies and assured them of her help and sympathy. "Not but that," she said, "the light in your own hearts is fuller than that in my own, but in helping you and working with you I may catch glimpses that will light my own pathway."

Mrs. Newman stated that the ministers had an association, and as she considered the work of the women of the church equally as important in its way, she invited the wives of the ministers to meet with her on the afternoon of the first Wednesday of each month.

Mrs. Newman said the bishop was always talking and interrupting her when she was making a speech and she supposed he thought that one speaker in a family was enough. She had come to that conclusion herself and would reserve any further public effort until she met with the women of the church in a meeting of their own.

This turned the laugh on the bishop, who, during Mrs. Newman's remarks, was talking sotto voice to his neighbor, and he was called upon. He responded very briefly, stating that the occasion had been a very happy one for him, and had been the means of carrying out an idea he had cherished for some time of bringing the clergy together and uniting in the work of promoting the interests of the church in the city.

Brief congratulatory speeches were made by Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Beans, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Shanks and Mrs. Clendenning, after which an informal social session ended the very pleasant gathering of workers in a common cause.

The following ministers, most of them accompanied by their wives, were present:

Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Ensign, Mrs. L. A. Baldwin, Dr. Marquette, Rev. J. Luther, Rev. C. W. Savidge, Rev. J. B. Maxfield, Rev. C. N. Dawson, Rev. C. W. Brown, Rev. W. R. Beans, Rev. H. A. Crane, Rev. S. Alexander of Council Bluffs, Rev. J. P. Roe, Rev. T. C. Clendening, Dr. W. T. Smith of Council Bluffs, Dr. T. R. Lemon, Rev. P. T. Merrill, Rev. D. C. Franklin, Dr. J. W. Shank of Central City, Rev. James Haynes, Rev. John H. Hilmas, Rev. H. Danielson, Rev. P. J. Pert, Rev. and Mrs. Nave, Rev. Charles Snavely.

Are You Interested?

Perhaps the readers of THE BEE would like to know in what respect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better than any other. We will tell you. When this remedy is taken as directed, as soon as a cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it will counteract the effect of the cold and greatly lessen its severity, if not effectually cure the cold in two days time and it is the only remedy that will do this. It acts in perfect harmony with nature and aids nature in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions, liquifying the mucus and causing its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs and restoring the system to a strong and healthy condition. No other remedy in the market possesses these remarkable properties. No other will cure a cold as quickly or leave the system in as sound a condition. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by all druggists.

ATE HER OWN CHILDREN.

Sad Fate of Two Baby Leopards at the Zoo.

Nearly three hundred members of the Eight O'clock club went to the Zoological garden yesterday to see Dan and Spot, the baby leopards, but to their surprise and grief they learned that the little pets were dead. All day the children lingered around the cage, watching Mrs. Bob, the mother of the pair, stride up and down the inclosure.

Scarcely any of the children suspected that the cute little animals had been eaten by their own mother, yet that is the conclusion the keepers have arrived at concerning the manner of their death, says the Philadelphia Record.

Dan and Spot were kept in a large box which was placed beneath their mother's cage. Mrs. Bob reached them by climbing through a trap door in the floor of her place of confinement. One of the first instincts of the leopard family is to conceal its young immediately after birth, and when Dan and Spot were born the keepers of the lion house built this box for Mrs. Bob to hide her babies in. She was so zealously protective of her children that the keepers were not allowed to approach their box, and Dan and Spot could not be seen except when their mother brought them out.

These receptions became very popular and crowds of little folks waited in front of the cage every day for the appearance of the twin babies. Last Monday Mrs. Bob kept her children in their nursery, and on Tuesday they did not make an appearance in public.

On the afternoon of that day Keeper Shannon, of the lion house, noticed that Mrs. Bob acted in a strange manner. She entered the box cautiously and crept out again in a few minutes with a guilty expression in her cat-like eyes. Then she sat for a long time on the high board which runs across the back of the cage. Then she would re-enter the box and immediately come out again and try to hide herself in the far corner of the inclosure.

The keeper's suspicions were aroused and he decided to make a close examination of the box in which he supposed the baby leopards were. He knew that it was not at all unusual for animals in captivity to neglect and even destroy their offspring.

This is especially true of the leopard. Their hatred of captivity generally induces them to kill their cubs rather than have them grow up in captivity. When a leopard is born it is usually removed from the cage at once, as the mother generally devours it immediately after birth.

Mrs. Bob seemed to be so proud of her youngsters and gave promise of becoming such a gentle mother that this precaution was neglected in the case of Dan and Spot.

Keeper Shannon's examination of the box was made with great difficulty. He crept beneath the platform on which the cage rests and cautiously closed the trap-door through which the mother descended to her cubs' hiding place and then turned his attention to the box. At first glance the bed of straw did not seem to be disturbed, and apparently in excellent condition. But Dan and Spot were missing. With the aid of a lantern he then made a closer examination of the bottom of the box and found to his horror a few bloody shreds of fur, which he quickly recognized as belonging to the unfortunate cubs.

He sorrowfully made his way to the group of expectant children standing in front of the cage and told them of the death of the little leopards.

A Well-Established Fact.

The fact has been abundantly proven that Chamberlain's Cough remedy is the most prompt, most reliable and most successful medicine yet discovered for acute throat and lung diseases, such as coughs, colds and croup.

DIED IN HIS CHAIR.

Sad Picture of Want and Suffering in a New England Town.

One day last week the attention of the Norwich board of charities was called to the condition of a destitute family, the head of which was sick with pneumonia, says the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin. How sick neither the wife nor husband realized. One can imagine the surprise of the visitor, who found the man dangerously ill with pneumonia, when the wife told him:

"My man was that pressed for breath last night that he went out on the door-step and sat for a while to get a good breath of air."

The sick man was provided with a rocking chair and the family was furnished with the necessaries of life. The tenement was a poor one and its furnishings were scanty. While the pneumonia-stricken husband sat in his chair pressed for breath and at the verge of death, his exhausted wife slept upon an old overcoat close to the stove to keep warm.

This was the state of affairs at night, but not the condition of things when the next day dawned. The exhausted wife awoke to find her husband dead, lying forward in his chair with his head upon his arm. He had found relief from suffering and want, and she had awakened to a bereavement that she had not anticipated.

It is strange that these people should have known so little of the nature of the disease from which the head of the house was suffering, but it is not strange that the taking of air on the door step the night before the man died promoted the fatal result.

Durno's Catarrh Snuff.

When suffering with catarrh, cold in the head, nervous headache, etc., use Durno's Snuff, it will relieve you at once. Price 25c at druggists.

A DOUBLE EXISTENCE.

We All Lead It, But That's the Way We Like It.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us;
To see oursoives as ithers see us!"

So wished Burns, but just suppose others saw us as we really are. What unlimited hot water we should be in then, to be sure.

Imagine some mischief loving sprite being enabled to drag out the cold and naked truth from under the wordy draperies with which we seek to envelop and disguise her angular proportions, says a writer in the Boston Globe. In such a case you would receive a little Christmas gift, accompanied by a prettily worded note of friendly devotion, and between the lines you would read these blood curdling words: "I suppose I have got to send you something: I only paid 50 cents for this, but you don't know but what it cost $2." Or Mrs. Smith sends you a graceful little note begging you to come over informally tomorrow evening and play whist with a few friends, and beneath it you read this cold blooded message: "Mr. Brown has disappointed me at the last minute, and I have got to get somebody to make up the set. You are the only one I can think of that plays."

The idea of the face being the "mirror of the soul," is, in point of fact, more literal than poetic, but it is a mirror that reflects other men's souls rather than our own. We give to our faces the expression we think is most desired by those who are looking, a most unselfish and praiseworthy effort, surely; but suppose this same sprite removing the coating of the conventional quicksilver from the mirror, and allowing the "true inwardness" of our thoughts to be revealed. A young man comes to take leave of his hostess at the close of the reception, and makes the familiar remarks, "So soon to tear myself away; have had a delightful time with such charming people," while his truth-asserting face says to her, "Thank heaven, I can go at last! I have been bored to death! Such a lot of homely girls I never saw!" Or the hostess herself, though she smilingly says all sorts of pretty things about the pleasure of having seen them, yet her countenance makes the awful statement: "Well, I am thankful it is over with! I am tired to death standing here and trying to say this to everybody, and all the time keep smiling."

Then think of the amount of martyr like endurance and heroism that would thus be rendered unavailable. The girl who goes to the opera wearing a pair of new boots, and, though suffering inquisitorial torture from them all the evening, still unceasingly bestows upon her escort beaming smiles and entertaining remarks, and at parting sweetly assures him that the evening has been one of the most intense and unalloyed delight.

The man when at a party, who, while entertaining a charming young lady, suddenly feels his back collar button slip its moorings, yet bravely hides the agonies of his racked soul and continues to be entertaining, though caution compels him to assume a dignified restraint in his movements. The woman who has her most carefully guarded corn ruthlessly trampled upon and still smiles on, giving no sign of the torment she is enduring or of her burning desire to strangle the great blundering brute who did it. Such glowing examples of noble self-repression must claim our deepest admiration and respect.

And how much harmless joy is given by casting over the rugged sides of commonplace fact the beautifying yet sometimes deceptive light of facial expression. How abundantly blessed is the diffident young man in society when a lovely woman smiles up at him with an expression of admiring appreciation of his intellectual power and sweetly murmurs, "What beautiful weather we are having! I do hope it won't rain tomorrow." Or what a flutter of innocent rapture a young girl's heart experiences when her cavalier bends over her with a look of fond admiration in his handsome eyes and says, "I hear they have been having snow in Maine; we shall be getting it next."

Does some hard-shelled philosopher turn his classic nose heavenward and sneer, "Empty forms; meaningless conventionalities?" O no, Mr. Cynic, they are but the stage settings with which we strive to throw the grace of romance about the drama of our daily life. We know they are painted by the yard; we are not deceived by them; but they appeal to our imagination and feed our fancy, and we like it. And much preferring to have all hidden from our vision rather than be forced to look upon that we do not care to see, we smile gratefully and say in sweet content, "What a beautiful drop curtain!"

Isn't it better after all that we do not see ourselves as others see us? Isn't it well, too, that we have the power, more or less, to disguise our weaknesses and inward feelings?

Sudden Changes of Weather cause throat diseases. There is no more efficient remedy for coughs, colds, etc., than Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

HE WAS ONCE A PANTHER.

But a Sad Fate Changed Him Into a Colored Brother.

Among the negroes of southern Arkansas there is a belief in the transmigration of the soul, writes Opie P. Read in the Arkansaw Traveler. Their belief, however, is different from the metempsychosis of more enlightened men, for, instead of believing that the soul of man after death enters into the body of an animal or bird, they believe that the soul of an animal or bird after death enters into the body of a man—in short every man represents some animal, reptile or bird that lived years ago.

Abram Carter, a very old negro who lives on the Sanders plantation, when asked why he believed so absurd a theory answered:

"Becaze its de truth, sah. It ain't no yeresay wid me, caze I know it ter be a plum fack. Sometimes yer call er man er dog. Why? Caze he acks like er dog. Why do he ack like er dog? Caze he's got de soul o' er dog dat mout a' lived er hundred years ergo."

"Does a man ever know to what animal his soul belonged in the past?"

"O yas, sah, specially dem wha er got er powerful ricollecktion. I knowed er man—powerful smart man he wuz, too—dat ricollecks mighty well when he wuz er owl, flyin' 'bout de neighborhood."

"Do you remember what you were?"

"Jest ez well ez if it wuz yistidy, sah."

"What were you?"

"I wuz er pant'er, sah."

"A panther!"

"Yas, dat's what I wuz. It wa'n't fur from yere, down in de river bortoms yander. I ricolleck playin' wid my mammy, one o' de fines'-lookin' pant'ers dat dar wuz in de whole country. I had two brurs and one sister. We lived in the holler o'er gre't big cotton wood tree, an' I recken we wuz erbout ez happy ez any fam'ly o' pant'ers in de curmunity till grief come ter us. One day mammy she tole us dat, as times wuz putty hard, she would hatter go out an' git suthin' fur us all ter eat. She tole us dat er awful monster called man had jest come sound, an' dat we must be keerful ter stay in de holler tree lessen de man would kill us. Wall, after mammy went erway my oldest brur he gunter talk. 'Tel you what le's do,' he says, 'le's go off down yander by de branch an' play whar de sun is so bright.' Den sister she says, 'No we mus' stay yere. You ricolleck what mammy said.' 'Dat's all right,' my brur 'lowed. 'We's been playin' 'roun' yere fur er mighty long time, an' dar ain' nothin' happened yit.'

"Wall," the old man continued, after a slight pause, "we went down by de branch an' 'gunter play in de sun. De day wuz beautiful an' de dogwood wuz in bloom an' de wild plum bushes blowed a bref o' sweetness. All at once sister she say, 'Look yander; what's dat?' I looked an' I knowed it mus' be er man, 'caze I neber seed nothin' like it befo.' Dar he come with suthin' on his shoulder. 'O look at him,' said brur. 'He ain't so awful, is he? Why, he couldn't hurt us ef he wanted ter. He ain't got but two legs, an' I knows he couldn't ketch us if he wanted ter. Mammy is awful skittish to get skeer'd o' sich er thing. I'm gwine up an' take er good look at him.' Me an' sister an' my udder brurs tried to 'suade him not ter, but on he went an' we crouched down an' watched de outcome. It wa'n't long in comin'. De man he sorter jumped when he seed my brur an' snatched the thing offen his shoulder, hil' it out, an' den dar come er awful noise wid smoke. De smoke cl'ared erway, w'ile we crouched down closer an' closer, an' den we seed our brur tumblin' over an' over on de leaves an' blood spurten' outen his head. Den sister—mighty tender-hearted she wuz, too—jumped up an' run ter brur, an' all at once de man he snatched suthin' outen his belt—didn't know what er belt wuz den—an' den dar come ernuder noise almos' ez loud ez de fust one. De smoke cl'ared erway an' dar laid sister—dead. I yeard er noise—I think I yeard it—but den dar wuz—wuz nothin'. * * *

"It 'peared ter me dat I tuck er long nap," the old negro continued, after a pause. "It 'peared ter me, dat fur er long time somebody wuz tryin' ter wake me, but dat I wuz drowsy an' couldn' be woke. Den er light gunter glimmer sorter. All 'round me wuz er awful dark night, an' I hil' out my han's toward de light. It growed brighter an' brighter, an' all at once I lay on a bed. I yered er song, I yered er banjo, an' de light come in at der winder. Er 'oman gathered me close up ter her, an' she sung er tune an' I dozed off ter sleep.

"I woke an' den I wuz runnin' 'round de yard with nothin' on but er shirt. De hens roun' der barn wus er cacklin' an' I noticed dat de redbirds wuz buildin' dar nests. Er man lifted me up in his arms an' er woman told him to look out, an' all at once I went ter sleep ergin. When I woke de hens wus singin' an' de men wus pitchin' hay offen de wagon. I thought an' thought, and den I knowed dat I wuz er boy, an' would be er man. Dat's de truth," the old man added. "I used ter be er animal, but now I'se er pusson, an' when I quits bein' er pusson, de Lawd only knows what I'se gwine ter be."

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for all sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

A Novel Theory About Dreams.

Today in looking through some back numbers of the Galaxy I ran across a remarkable article on dreams and dreaming, in which the author, Mr. Lewis, presents some novel theories, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. The result of any number of experiments, he says, sustain the following facts: Speaking in a low, monotonous tone close to the ear of a sleeper will almost invariably cause him to dream of terrible adventures on water, such as shipwrecks and drowning. Singing or playing on musical instruments induces dreams of dead friends, funerals and other lonesome and gruesome things, often causing the sleeper to moan or even cry outright in his seeming agony. It seems that sleep soon after meals does not cause worse dreams than the simple and very prevalent habit of seeking to court the sleepy god with arms against the headboard. The worry which may not be caused by the habit of laying with the arms resting above the head according to this experimenter, could not be induced by an after-dinner nap after freely partaking of saurkraut and pickles. Mr. Lewis also seeks to explode the old theory that somnambulism is caused by weighty trouble on the mind of the sleeper, and he combats the idea that any great proportion of dreams are the results of trouble, worry and excitement. His theory that "the many dreams we dream" are but the results of waves of thought across the brain, he thus aptly illustrates from an experiment.

"While one watched the sleeper and the other the clock, the third loudly slammed the door about ten feet away; the effect was almost instantaneous; the man sprang up at the sound, looked around in alarm and then exclaimed: "Thank God that it was only a dream." It seemed that he had dreamed of being on a crowded street in front of a building which the people about him pronounced unsafe, but that he still lingered near the toppling wreck. Then he tried to elbow his way through the crowd to a place of safety, but the people jeered and laughed and held him fast. He begged, coaxed, threatened and entreated, still they held him, until the building fell and the shock broke the spell. He must have dreamed the entire dream in a second, yet it seemed to him that he was in danger as long as half an hour before the final awakening scene was enacted. To put the thought flash theory beyond dispute many experiments were indulged in. Sometimes a weight was let drop, a chair struck or or the blinds slammed. In every instance the sleeper had dreamed of some startling adventure.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup reduces inflammation while children are teething. 25 cents a bottle.

OMAHA LIVE STOCK.

Cattle.

Wednesday, Jan. 1.

The market was in very much the same shape as a week ago, that is on Christmas day. The receipts were light, and as every one appeared in a hurry to get through with the day's trading the market closed early. The yard company had given notice that they would lock the scales at midday, and that was of itself enough to hurry the business up. The prices paid for cattle were a little stronger again today and the market active, but it must be borne in mind that the demand is still light, and the strength in the market is due entirely to the light run.

Hogs.

The receipt of hogs were also light today. The market opened with salesmen asking money for their holdings, which the buyers were unwilling to pay. Consequently the trade was a little slow. In the end the hogs were all sold, and at about yesterday's prices.

Sheep.

Two cars of sheep only were received.

Receipts.

Cattle	450
Hogs	1,900
Sheep	350

Prevailing Prices.

The following is a table of prices paid in this market for the grades of stock mentioned:

Prime steers, 1300 to 1500 lbs	4.00	@4.50
Good steers, 1250 to 1450 lbs	3.60	@3.80
Good steers, 1050 to 1330 lbs	3.25	@3.80
Common 1000 to 1150 lb steers	2.80	@3.25
Common canners	1.00	@1.50
Ordinary to fair cows	1.50	@1.80
Fair to good cows	1.80	@2.10
Good to choice cows	2.00	@2.50
Choice to fancy cows	2.50	@3.00
Fair to good bulls	1.50	@2.25
Light stockers and feeders	2.00	@2.60
Feeders, 950 to 1100 lbs	2.20	@2.90
Fair to choice light hogs	3.55	@3.60
Fair to choice heavy hogs	3.52½	@3.55
Fair to choice mixed hogs	3.50	@3.55

Representative Sales.

STEERS.

No.	Av.	Pr.	No.	Av.	Pr.
22	1000	$3 00	19	1168	$3 40
16	1218	3 00	50	1186	3 50
21	1110	3 10	11	1168	3 65
8	1126	3 15	39	1396	3 95
13	1058	3 20	19	1315	3 90
4	1050	3 25			

COWS.

No.	Av.	Pr.	No.	Av.	Pr.
8	901	1 60	11	1009	2 10
1	1070	1 60	14	1075	2 10
11	824	1 80	2	995	2 25
1	1130	1 85	2	1310	2 35
21	1132	2 00	20	1147	2 40
10	1020	2 10	1	1400	2 75
2	975	2 10			

BULLS.

No.	Av.	Pr.	No.	Av.	Pr.
1	1710	1 75	2	1665	2 10
1	1450	1 75	1	1700	2 10
2	1505	1 75	1	1730	2 25
2	1450	1 85			

FEEDERS.

No.	Av.	Pr.	No.	Av.	Pr.
21	1072	2 90	10	1100	2 90

CALVES.

No.	Av.	Pr.	No.	Av.	Pr.
4	140	4 00	18	301	1 75

STAGS.

No.	Av.	Pr.
1	1800	2 85

STOCKERS.

No.	Av.	Pr.
30	475	1 80

HOGS.

No.	Wt.	Off.	Pr.	No.	Wt.	Off.	Pr.
30	261	40	$3 50	60	262	160	$3 55
65	230	80	3 50	61	275	40	3 55
62	250	120	3 50	55	311	120	3 55
61	236	280	3 50	62	302	80	3 55
63	266	200	3 50	58	265	80	3 55
65	261	320	3 50	60	275	160	3 55
66	254	80	3 50	77	241	160	3 55
72	222	240	3 50	62	277	120	3 55
73	233	200	3 52½	75	240	120	3 55
50	351	120	3 52½	61	260	120	3 55
63	242	200	3 52½	61	295	120	3 55
67	286	200	3 52½	67	239	160	3 55
64	249	40	3 52½	66	310	—	3 55
62	295	80	3 52½	63	290	120	3 57½
54	268	80	3 52½	73	294	—	3 60
62	235	80	3 52½				

PIGS.

No.	Wt.	Off.	Pr.	No.	Wt.	Off.	Pr.
2	160	40	$2 75	76	84	200	$2 75
2	130	—	2 75				

With Cattle.

On the market with cattle: E. H. Wilcox, Wahoo; Joe Dixon, Memphis; G. Harris, Central City; J. C. Chapman, Ewing; Philip Unit, Seward; S. Dryfoos, Columbus; Johnson & Perry, Weston; Johnson & Perry, Wahoo; M. J. Houck, Hazard; H. C. Smith, Milford; W. T. Roden, Missouri Valley; A. Ryder, Dunbar; J. F. Jackson, Avoca.

With Hogs.

On the market with hogs: J. W. Stocker, Logan, Ia.; George Varnes, Missouri Valley; Farmers' C. O. A., Cedar Bluffs; R. Blaco, Kennard; J. P. Tatta, Nokamah; J. F. Kessler, Craig; D. S. Kinsella, Panama, Ia.; J. W. Stocker, Logan, Ia.; W. L. Boughn, Harlan, Ia.; W. C. Swarts, Silver City, Ia.; W. B. Hoffman, Neligh; J. B. Heck & Co., Petersburgh; N. W. N. company, Lindsay; E. D. Gould Albion; T. Harris, Central City; Bliss & Bliss, Schuyler; F. W. Gertridge, Schuyler; Linn & Co., Nodaway; A. R. Lape, Huntley, Lewis Hubbard & Co., Keene; J. S. Inman, Osceola; W. H. Vanastine, Ardadia; Watt & Co., Grand Island; A. W. Johnson, Loomis; Wonholtz & Ellis, Orleans; H. F. Siebert, Beaver City; Wiley & Jenkins, Alma; Connor Brothers, Ohiowa; A. T. Nichols, Hazard.

With Sheep.

On the market with sheep: E. W. Ticknor, North Bend.

Live Stock Notes.

Cattle show more strength.

Hogs sell at only steady prices.

A young son of Samuel J. Coffman died this morning of diphtheria.

Ralph L. Beveridge, formerly with Waggoner, Birney & Co., is now with the James H. Campbell commission company.

Sioux City, Jan. 1.—Cattle—Receipts, 150; shipments, 140; market dull; canners, 75c@$1.30; cows, $1.00@2.15; stockers and feeders, $1.50@2.90.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,300; market strong; light, $3.52½@3.57½; heavy, $3.50@3.62½; mixed, $3.00@3.52½.

A Rainbow on a Window Pane.

In Pendleton county, Kentucky, between Demossville and Knoxville, stands a building known as the Stith house, says the St. Louis Republic. On the three bottom panes of one of the windows is a perfect photograph of "God's Arch of Promise," the rainbow. Nearly every writer on the curious side of every-day life who has written during the last half-dozen years has had something to say of the Stith house and its wonderful rainbow picture, consequently it may be an old story; at any rate, it is a rare phenomenon, and an account of it worthy of preserving among other "Notes for the Curious." A recent writer says: This case of picture-taking is extremely rare, it never having occurred before, so far as I know, and probably never will again; the truth of the secret we may never know. The greatest difficulty is to ascertain how these panes of glass were made sensitive or susceptible to the impression, but nature never fails to furnish ways and means when undertaking a piece of work. The Stith house stands nearly north and south, the window in question being on the east side of the house, near the south chimney, and no light admitted from the west side of the room, and no obstruction on the east at the time the picture was taken. Then the bow was on the east side, of course. Mr. Smith informs me that at the time the picture was taken it had been very rainy and damp for several days, and the probabilities are, according to my judgment, that the room was very warm inside with a good fire burning. Now, it may be that at the proper time, when the panes were just damp and warm enough to be sensitive to an impression, that a heavy charge of electricity removed the cloth, so to speak, and indelibly traced the outlines of the many-colored bow on the place prepared by man and nature, acting, unknowingly, on the man's part at least, in co-operation. The fact that this wonderful thing exists again raises the vexed question: "Why is it not possible to photograph in colors."

Change of life, backache, monthly irregularities, hot flashes are cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Free samples at Kuhn & Co.'s 15th and Douglas.

A Land of Turtles.

A correspondent of a Ceylon journal gives some interesting information about the turtles on the coast in the neighborhood of Jaffna, in the north of the island, which are said to be innumerable. They are of three species, called sea, milk and pariah turtles respectively.

The ordinary or sea turtle is generally large in size and is met with everywhere at sea around Jaffna. Two tiny islands, called Iranativu, are literally swarming with the creatures.

The islands themselves are sterile and always exposed to inundation; the inhabitants are poor and ignorant of agriculture and live chiefly on the turtles. They use the shells of the large ones as seats.

In the town of Jaffna the ordinary turtle is always procurable, and is a favorite article of food for the people. The milk-turtle is small in size, and is to be found only in wells and banks. It is not an article of food except with the poorer classes. The pariah turtle has a high back, and a shell which somewhat resembles that of a tortoise. It is found in marshes and ditches. It is not an article of food but is highly valued by the native medical men, because its flesh and blood are supposed to be a panacea for ailments peculiar to children.

Habitual Costiveness

causes derangement of the entire system, and begets diseases that are hazardous to life. Persons of costive habit are subject to Headache, Defective Memory, Gloomy Forebodings, Nervousness, Fevers, Drowsiness, Irritable Temper and other symptoms, which unfits the sufferer for business or agreeable associations. Regular habit of body alone can correct these evils, and nothing succeeds so well in achieving this condition as Tutt's Pills. By their use not only is the system renovated, but in consequence of the harmonious changes thus created, there pervades a feeling of satisfaction; the mental faculties perform their functions with vivacity, and there is an exhilaration of mind and body, and perfect heart's ease that bespeaks the full enjoyment of health.

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