### BE MARRIED HER BY PROXY.

Why Senor Ulpiano Obando Wanted to See His Wife.

LIKE THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

How Earl Russell Won the Heart of "Baby" Scott - Infant Lovers Fight a Duel-Wedded by Telephone.

Little Romances.

Senor Ulpiano Obando was until recently consul of the United States of Columbia at San Francisco, says the New York Herald. The senor was married, and the picture of his wife was that of a charming so ora of the regulation type of beauty.

Begota was the home of this loving pair, Mme. Obando being the niece of the president of the republic. One day the senor said to me in his broken Eng-

"I must go home to my wife. I can no longer bear this separation. Besides my father has been married to her about long enough."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked. "When were you married, senor?"

"About six months ago," he replied. I knew he had been in San Francisco a year, so I said: "Oh, I see; your wife did not like San

Francisco, so she returned home." 'She has never been here."

"And yet you say you were married to her six months since?" "Certainly: I gave a power of attorney to my father, who married Inez in

my stead."
"Now, see here, Obando," I remarked, "I am afraid you're making fun of me. This idea of your wife being your stepmother at the same time, and your father's wife being his daughterin-law-oh, no, it won't do."

The senor, however, was in earnest and then I learned one of the peculiar custons in vogue in the South American republic. As a matter of policy or convenience it had been necessary that Senor Obando should marry his affianced, and therefore the necessary in-structions were wired to Panama, conveyed thence down the Magdalena river to the port, and by muleback to the capital. In the same manner the news of the ceremony was conveyed back to San Francisco, and Senor Obando was a duly married man.

Such marriages are perfectly legal and are recognized by the church. Upon the return of the husband, though, he must be married publicly. In case he dies before seeing his "proxy" wife then his "vicarious" widow inherits his property the same as if she married in the regular fashion. Senor Obando returned to Bogota, and the last time I heard from him he was occupying a high official position and living happily with his wife, to whom he had been "regularly" married.

The young Countess Russell has completely recovered from her recent illness. A few days before her marriage she had been suffering from bronchitis, and she became so ill during the ceremony that she had to go straight to bed on returning from the church. Lord and Lady Russell now expect to start on their honeymoon. There is a romantic story told in London that the young earl won and wooed his bride under the guise of a British workman, says a London cable to the New York World. Earl Russell is a partner in the elecan enthusiastic and practical worker in the business, which he constantly

Lady Scott, it seems, ordered some slectrical fittings at the works and Lord Russell took a gang of men over to the house and set to work, dressed in ordinary mechanic fashion, as foreman of the gang. Whether or not the young lady knew the rank of the "foreman" is not known. "Baby Scott" noticed "his superior bearing and manners" and begged her mother to as him to lunch with them instead of with the workmen. Baby Scott fell in love the noble workman and clandestine meetings and an engagement

Lady Scott was beside herself when she heard of this, and hurried off to the electrical works on vengeance bent, and inquired of the first man she met for the audacious young foreman who had attended to the works at her house. "Foreman, my lady!" answered the workman. "Bless your 'art, that weren't no bloomin' foreman. That was Hearl Russell, my ladv, and a good one he is, too, and knows his trade as if he weren't no lord at all, but a real Knight of Labor."

Lady Scott was thunderstruck. The next time Baby Scott met the earl she reproached him with his deception and strategem. The earl excused himself on the old plea that he wanted to be loved for himself alone, without the glamour of rank and riches. Lady Scott afterwards told the earl that she had "seen his native worth and nobility through the coarse disguise of a fustian jacket." Then came the mar-

The guests who gathered at the Presbyterian church in Brocklaw, twenty miles north of this place last night to see William Mason and Miss Delia McIntyre made man and wife were treated to a surprise that has set the tongues of village gentine was rived. tongues of village gossips wagging in a most persistent manner. Mason's best man was Edwin Sedgwick, a well-to-do young farmer, and the maid of honor was Miss Mildred Turner, the prettiest girl in the county and a daughter of Samuel Turner, a rich stock raiser of Craig. Sedgwick and Miss Turner had been keeping company for some time, but it was known that old man Turner had promised his daughterin marriag e to a young lawyer of Craig whose prospects for political preferment are said to be flattering. Miss Turner, it was also known, heartily detested this young lawyer, but in compliance with her father's wishes she had promised to become his bride. The date for their ation of this fact, old man Turner yes-terday agreed to allow his daughter to play bridesmaid to Sedgwick's groomsman at the wedding of their mutual friends, William Mason and Miss McIn-

The Mason-McIntyre ceremony was pesformed by Rev. Alexander Campbell, and while the guests were awaiting the exit of the bridal party the surprise was sprung upon them. The clergyman had barely spoken the words which made Miss Delia McIntyre Mrs. Mason when Sedgwick and Miss Mil-dred advanced to the altar. The young man whispered a few words to the minister, at the same time handing him a marriage license. There was a little stir up in front, but before any one re-alized what was going on and before the irate papa could interfere Edwin and Mildred were kneeling before the clergyman and receiving his blessing on their union. Then the two happy

bridegrooms with their blushing brides left the church smiling at the clover manner in which old Mr. Turner had been outwitted.

It is stated by some of the witnesses of the double marriage that the young lawyer with political prospects was present in the church, but that he was "so dumbfounded by the brazenness of the proceeding" that it never occurred to him to arise in his might and forbid the banns in true dramatic style until it was too late. Others say he did not arrive until the marriage ceremonies

were over.
Old Mr. Turner has declared that he will never recognize nis daughter again, but she says she feels sure he will forgive her in time. The young lawyer, whose name has been carefully suppressed, will, it is said, remove to some wild western town, taking his political prospects with him. Mrs. Sedgwick said tonight that she had never intended to marry the lawyer and had only promised to do so in order to blind her fatner as to her real intentions. Sedgwick had planned an elopement to Kansas, but after some consultation with Mason and Miss McIntyre the plan which they so successfulcy carried out

was decided on instead. Cupid plays some curious pranks, but it remained for Boston to furnish the material with which tosmash all previous records, says a Boston dispatch to the New York World. A duel between two chubby-faced, love-smitten toddlers, but the absence of years by no means detracted from the seriousness of the affair. Francis Cunningham is aged nine and James Dowd is two years his junior. They are cousins and live in the Roxbury district. Now Frankie and Jimmie loved a dainty little maiden about their own age. Sunday night found them escorting the young lady home from church. It is said that Jimmie, tortured by suspense, forced matters by demanding that the young lady settle the affair by stating, without equivocation, her choice of the two. Then a bitter quarret ensued. Words ran high and they de-cided to have a duel with clubs. Each got a heavy stick and began belaboring his enemy. The frightened maiden ran screaming away from the contest. Cunningham got a blow on the head which caused him such pain that in a burst of anger he drew a common pocket knife and then stabbed his

The knife blade penetrated the little fellow's back between the fifth and sixth ribs and entered the pleural cavity, but fortunately did not strike the

When he saw his rival bleeding at his feet a great terror seized Francis Cunningham. Had he committed mur-der? With a blanched face he darted away, pursued by the demons of con-science. Breathless, he reached a marsh and threw his bloody weapon into a pool of water. Dowd was carried to his home on Howard street in an exhausted condition, and afterwards he was removed to the city hospital. where the attending surgeon pro-nounced the wound dangerous and probably fatal.

Francis Cunningham, crushed under he weight of his crime, now is tortured in solitude, locked in a room in his home, No. 680 Norfolk avenue. The high social standing of the innocent cause of the sad affair and the pain that publicity would inflict renders it a well-deserved chivalry to withhold her name. She is overcome with grief, and her nervous system has received such a shock that it will be some time before she fully is herself again.

A Greek merchant of Alexandria, in Egypt, who made a great deal of money, unable to return personally to his country, but intent upon choosing a Grecian maiden for his wife, writes to his correspondent in Corinth, at the bottom of his usual business letter: "Finally, I trical works at Teddington, near the house in which Lady Scott lives, and is steamer, a young lady who might feel inclined to be my wife. She need not be in possession of any money, with which I am sufficiently blessed; but a good reputation, of the age of twentyfour or twenty-five, a respectable family, good looks, health and temper and middle-sized figure. If the lady will bring me the inclosed note with your kind acceptance, you may feel assured that I will honor the same and make the bearer my wife."

Although somewhat astonished at this singular order of his Alexandria correspondent, the merchant of Corinth, as a good business man, thought best to fill it like any other received from so reliable a customer, and to send the merchandise demanded at short notice. Having found a lady possessing the re-quired qualities and willing to transmit with the accepted check of her unknown countryman her hand and heart the Corinthian took her aboard the next steamer going to the country of the Pharaohs. At the same time he notified his friend by telegraph of the precious shipment.

As soon as the boat anchored in the harbor of Alexandria the matrimonious Greek boarded it, to hear himself called by name and see a pretty young damsel stepping up to him, saying; "I have a check signed by you and hope you will duly honor it." "Never yet a note of mine has gone to protest, plied the blushing groom, "and I shalle not permit this to happen to the one you hold. I shall be happy if in compensation you will honor me with your

A fortnight later the note was redeemed and the payer a happy husband.

Minnie Worley is the pretty night operator at the South Bend Telephone exchange. She is twenty-two and was born and raised in the Wagon City. Frank Middleton occupies a similar position in Michigan City, says the Laporte, Ind., special to the Chicago Tribune. He is twenty-five and good looking. To keep awake nights the two young people would keep up an acquaintance over the wire. One night last week Middleton in a spirit of fun proposed to Minnie that they get married by telephone. She consented, and he thereupon called in a Michigan City justice of the peace named Dibble, who, in order to carry out the proposed joke, placed himself in connection with the pair and repeated the

legal ceremony. Nothing was thought of the affair for several days, but finally some one sug-gested that they had better investigate and see if they were not married. wedding had been set and, in consider-ation of this fact, old man Turner yes-once hastened to South Bend to see his bride, whom he had never before met. The lawyers assert that although the couple took out no license they are nevertheless married and that the jus-tice is criminally liable for performing the ceremony without securing the

> Both parties are from respectable families and the escapade has created a great social sensation in their respective cities. It has just leaked out that Mid-dleton was to have been married in two months to a young lady in Elkhart, Ind.

Quite a romantic marriage occurred here today. H. R. C. Foster at 11 o'clock a. m. had just come out of his office and started to church, when a young couple in a buggy motioned and called him to them. says a Hemando, Miss., special to the Memphis Avalanche. They bound him to secrecy, then told him that they had run away side."

In Somes, each correspondent of the following telegram on his desk:
UNITED STATES CAPITOL, Feb. 1
p. m.—Speech delivered. Add at "Great applause on the republication."

ELIJAH A. Monsy

in order to get married, as the young lady's mother objected. Mr. Foster is always ready to assist any friend out of trouble, and was at once equal to the emergency, so he invited the young people to his house. They accepted the invitation, and were met at the door by Mrs. Foster, who entertained them while Mr. Foster arranged for the marriage by procuring the license and the minister. Shortly after they had finished dinner the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Lee in his usual eloquent, graceful and impressive style, and witnessed by quite a

number of friends. The contracting parties were Mr. J L. Brown, who is a thoroughgoing, energetic young business man and railroad agent of the Illinois Central railroad at Horn Lake. He is very popular and was quite a favorite with the young ladies. The young lady was the beau-tiful and charming Miss Addie Fennell, of Horn Lake, who is noted for her amiable and lovely disposition.

After receiving congratulations of friends they returned to Horn Lake,

their future home. News comes from Rio Grande de Soul of a romantic elopement, says the Home Journal. A couple, both children of well-to-do parents, became violently enamored of each other, but the course of love did not run smoothly, their respective fathers being at daggers drawn with each other. In vain the seventeen-year-old Estephania pleaded with her stern parents that she could love no other than Rodrigo. A strict watch was kept over her movements and, of course, she was not permitted to hold communication with her lover. But, thanks to the service of an old maid, letters passed secretly between the young people. One morning at daybreak a heavily laden mule with a large panier at each side, passed through the town gate of Santa Rita-driven by a young man. When the animal reached a church in the neighboring village it was brought to a halt by a driver, the paniers were opened, and from one stepped out Senorita Estephania, shaking the straw from her oridal veil, while out of the other sprang Don Rodigro, who gravely pre-sented the bride with her fan and proceeded, without loss of time, to lead her to the altar, where the priest was in readiness to celebrate the marriage of this enterprising couple. The ceremony was witnessed by a crowd of openmouthed villagers, who had quickly collected to see the result of this unusual load of merchandise.

A strange recovery of a young woman after all hope had been apandoned is reported from Carondelet. She is Bessie Miller, and was down with pnuemonia. She was delirious and would repeatedly ask for her lover, calling him by name, John, says a St. Louis dispatch to the Chicago Herald. Fearing that the girl's sickness would terminate fatally, the mother telegraphed the father, who was at New Orieans, to come home immediately, as their daughter was dying. In the meantime John, the girl's lover, was sent for. When he arrived it seemed as though the young lady had nstantly recovered from her sickness. John's presence was all the she needed. When her father arrived and the queer case was explained he did not know what to do. John was detained at the house all day, and promised to return the next day. He kept his promise, and peculiar as it may appear, the young lady got up out of bed feeling quite well. Both John and the girl are scarcely twenty years of age, and since the story has leaked out it has created quite a stir. The result of this strange affinity may be anticipated.

Alfred Nagle, a young Austrian of Nanticoke, was in love with Clara Newberger. She did not reciprocate his affections. She loved John Swartz, says a Wilkesbarre, Pa., dispatch. Nagle was well-to-do. He tried every means to win the girl's affections, but failed. Finally he gave Swartz \$1,000 and the latter left town. One night in October last Nagle fell and broke his leg. He was laid up many months. One night he received a message that his sweet-heart was dead. He could not leave the house, but his only sister went. When the sister arrived at the Newberger home she found the girl lying apparently dead in a coffin. That night, it was supposed, Miss Newberger had been taken to another town for burial. Nobody knew differently until yesterday, when a Nanticoke man saw the Newberger woman and Schwarz in Philadelphia. They are married. Miss Newberger says she feigned death, fixed the coffin up herself, lay in it, and then sent for Nagle's sister. That night she left for Philadelphia, where she joined Schwarz.

The little crown prince of Germany seems to have inherited some of the qualities of his father, says the Rehobeth Sunday Herald. The prince was driving out with his governess. As usual, the Germans cheered the boy or lifted their hats to him as he passed, to which the young prince replied by raising his bonnet. At last he got bored with having continually to acknowledge the salutes of the populace. Flinging himself back in the carriage he said to his governess: "I am tired now, and shall not lift my bonnet any more to them, no matter how much they cheer." "You are a naughty boy," re plied the governess, "and unless you acknowledge the salutes of the people I will not continue to drive with The crown prince sat up immediately. "Coachman," said he. The coachman looked around. "Stop the carriage, coachman," continued the little one, and, with a lordly wave of the hand toward his governess, added, "this lady will get out."

A story which is apropos of nothing is told at the expense of the wife of the president of a prominent western rail road, says a Boston letter to the Chi-cago Tribune. It is to the effect that when Charles Francis Adams was appointed to the presidency of the Pacific road he chanced to call upon the lady in question, who was at the time in

"I do not know just what I am to do, Mrs. P.," he said, in reference to his new dignity. "Sometimes it seems to me that I am only a sort of figureheadfor ornament rather than use.

"Yes," she assented, "that is exactly what my husband was saying yester-And it was not until after Mr. Adams

had gone that the lady reflected that it was just possible the guest had not un-derstood that her husband's remark had reference only to himself and not to Mr. Adams.

Congressman Morse of Massachusetts is determined to be famous says a Washington letter to the Indianapolis News. Wednesday morning he sent to each of the New England newspaper correspondents a carefully prepared type written copy of the speech which he delivered in the house in the afternoon. "Applause" and "laughter" followed a arge number of paragraphs, and with the copy was a polite note asking the correspondent to print entire if possi-ble. Late in the afternoon, on reaching his office, each correspondent found

UNITED STATES CAPITOL, Feb. 12, 4 p. m.—Speech delivered. Add at end "Great applause on the republican side." ELIJAH A. MORSE. MUSICAL, GOSSIP.

"I see Albani is with the Patti troupe,"

back to busy scenes of 1867-8 when I knew

her as Emma Lajeunesse, in Albany, N. Y.

She is a Canadian by bath, her parents be

ing French, and early in her teens came to the capital of the Empire state, where her remarkable voice soon attracted attention, and she obtained a position in the choir of St. Joseph's (Catholic) church, then in pastoral charge of Rev. Father Conway, pastoral charge of Rey. Father Conway, afterwards bishop. It was in this way that the young girl now-so famous throughout the civilized world supported her father and herself. The former was a musician, but his peculiar 'Frenchiness' in artistic matters and decided lack of method barred all avenues to even moderate monetary success. In fact the father and daughter were poor and it was only the daughter were poor and it was only the wonderful pluck of the little girl that made the part of their life bearable. She was at all times the angelic attendant of her father's slightest desire and when her local fame as the "nightingal of St. Joseph's" spread even beyong the boundaries of Albany, so that visitors to the city, men of high position in the state and nation, frequently, if they possibly could do so, remained over Sunday to hear her sing.

There never was the slightest change in her love for her parental idol. You remember that during 1867 and 1768 the constitutional convention was in session in Albany. This called together as able a body of men as any deliberative assembly ever convened in the United States save possibly a few sessions of the United States senate. William A. Wheeler, after-wards vice president under Hayes, was president of that convention, and he then held the gavet over a far more distinguished body than during his four years' term in Wash-ington. It was customary to adjourn on Fridays to allow the members from different parts of the state to visit their nomes for Sunday. Many and many a time this privilege was not taken advantage of to my cer tain knowledge, for a desire to hear Emma Lajeunesse kept numerous grave and stoical statesmen in Albany on Sundays, when the statesmen in Albany on Sundays, when the mass and vesper hours would find them, saints and sinners, Catholics, Protestants and infidels, at St. Joseph's church—worshippers at the shrine of divine song, not divine service. I have seen at different times among the crowds at the church such men as Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, James and Erastus Brooks, Peter Cagger, the leader of the Albany regime; Charles A. Dana, Martin Marble, then editor of the New York World; Sanford E. Church, afterwards chief justice Sanford E. Church, afterwards chief justice of the court of appeals; Erastus Corning, the elder; ex-Senator Ira Harris, John G. Saxe, Reuben E. Teuton, then governor of the state; Judge Amasa J. Parker, the present senator from New York, Hon. Frank Hiscock; Francis Kernan, Amasa J. Parker, Rufus W. Peckham, the great jurist, and a host of other notables of the "Empire" state who visited its capitol. Not. to hear

state who visited its capitol. Not to hear Emma Lajeunesse sing were one in Albany of a Sunday was a grave direliction in a social point of view."
"I remember the first trial of General Cole, who shot the brother of United States Senator Hiscock, one of the causes celebres of the country. Among the distinguished attorneys engaged in the de-fense was the late James T. Brady. It was his last great case, being shortly afterwards summoned before the great judge of the court of eternity. The first Sunday that occurred during the progress of this case the distinguished advocate remained in Albany, aithough only a few miles of railroad ride separated him from his home in the metropolis. He, like others, desired to hear the sweet singer of St. Joseph's, and he did. Speaking of Miss Lajeunesse subsequently, Mr. Brady remarked to some friends: 'I am satisfied I made a big earthly specula-tion in addition to the religious benefit by attending church twice today for benefit by attending church twice today for if I am any prophet, lovers of grand vocalism will be paying more dollars in a few years to near that girl sing than I contributed cents today. I have heard Jennie Lind, Catharine Hayes and all the great singers who have come to this country, but I tell you there is a great promise that your young Albanian will one day rank with the best who ever thrilled an appreciative sudjence."

who ever thrilled an appreciative audience."

Thus the fame of Emma Lajeunesse increased. In course of time after repeated and urgent selectation she went to Europe for a thorough musical trailing. Really Rev. Father Conway deserves the credit of giving the world the pleasure of hearing the wonderful voice of the Abani. Her success on the operatic and concert stages has won applause from every quarter of the globe for years and her name stands among the truly

Beecher says that flowers are the only things which God forgot to give souls, and the lamented divine's utterance never had a truer exemplification than Tuesday afternoon when the magnificent floral lyre was borne upon the stage and presented to Mme. Patti. The look of intense surprise which illuminated her face found a reflex in the faces of nated her face found a reflex in the faces of the audience. Standing upon a broad base it measured six feet, the star in the center hav-ing a diameter of eighteen inches. It was composed of lines of the valley, liles of the Nile and callas, carnations, Roman hyacin-thes, Dutch hyacinthes and elysium, with smilax to give it the evergreen appearance, while carelessly thrown across the base was a heartiful American hearty. The weight of while carelessly thrown across the base was a beautiful American beauty. The weight of the immense floral piece was close on to 200 pounds. It was so constructed that it will last nearly a fortnight and was sent with the diva to Louisville, where it will be exhibited, no doubt, as an example of what Omaha enterprise can do. It was handled by four men and carried on the stage between the flies after Mme. Patti had sung "Il Baccio". flies after Mme. Patti had sung "Ii Baccio," which brought out Payne's soulful melody. The design was a testimonial from the great plano manufacturers of Chicago, William Kimbail company, and was presented through their state representative, A.

Hospe, Jr.
At the diva's request a Kimbail piano was At the diva's request a Kimball piano was placed in her parlors at the Millard. This same piano had previously been presented to Gertrude Hospe, the little four-year old daughter of the local agent. During little Gertrude's visit to Mme. Patti, she requested "Madame wont you please put your name on my piano!" and the answer came, "Certainly, you sweet angel." The madame accordingly scratched on the center panel of the music deak "Adelina Patti Nicolina 1890." the music desk "Adelina Patti Nicolina 1890."

LITERARY GEORGE VANDERBILT He Loves Books but has a Terror of Designing Mammas. Every year that George W. Vander-

bilt lives his fortune increases a million dollars. He is now worth over \$26,000,000,

which is invested in railroad stock and government securities, and which net him a small fraction over 4 per cent on the entire sum, says a writer in the New York Morning Journal. This means an annual income of at least \$1,040,000, and as he spends less than \$25,000 a year on himself, his fortune in a few years will double itself.

Unlike his three efder brothers, Cor nelius, William K. and Frederick W. George Vanderbilt is totally bereft of business-delying characteristic which has shown itself so prominently in the last three generations of the Vanderbilts.

George, the youngest son of the late William H., is now twenty-eight years old and is the only unmarried child of the great financier. Although reports are constantly springing up to the con-trary, there is little or no prospect of his making some girk mistress of his many millions, as the has never been known to entertain the slightest feelings of a matrimonial character to any of the thousands of young women who have been literally hurled at him by aspiring mammas.

While he does not promise to bring much fame to the family through fol-lowing the paths so successfully trouden by his forefathers and brothers, he is regarded with much favor by his brothers and sisters as being the only literary and scholarly inclined member of the family.

When a young boy his taste for books showed itself so strongly that his father engaged a couple of tutors expressly to instruct him, and at the age of sixteen he entered Columbia college, where he took the classical course, graduating with high honors. Since then he has almost entirely de-

voted himself to the study of classical literature, and now he has the reputation among his few intimate friends of remarked an old newspaper man to a BEE reporter last Tuesday. "This carries me being one of the most extensively read

men in the country. Although in fairly good health his studious habits of many years duration have had their effect, and, although not absolutely necessary, his physicians advise him to spend the winter months in the south. In appearance he is slightly above the middle height, with a slender but active frame. He has a high white forehead, which plainly in-dicates the student, blue-gray eyes and a brown mustache.

In dress he is directly the reverse of ostentatious and wears little or no jewelry at all. He would never attract attention in a crowd and has carefully contracted a habit of making himself as inconspicuous as possible.

Unlike the other members of the family who have mixed steadily in the whirl of New York society since Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt's great fancy dress ball of 1883, he carefully shuns all formal social gatherings, preferring the quiet of his studio in the great house in Fifth avenue. He has a terror of mammas with marriageable daughters and this weakness is one of the private jokes in the Vaaderbilt household. On the death of his father he fell heir to a fortune of \$20,000,000. His grandfather, old Commodore Vanderbilt, left him a fortune of \$1,000,000, and as a gift on his twenty-first birthday, William H. presented him with a mil-

On the death of his mother all the latter's possessions, including the palatial residence on Fifth avenue, with its millions of art treasures in paintings, statuary, tapestries and furniture, will revert to him. The residence alone cost \$2,000,000, and its contents are

worth as much more. George Vanderbilt is not only a book lover, but he is a constant worshipper at the shrine of fine arts. He knows the history of every picture in the fam-ous gallery which his father collected, and when in the city during the opera season is a constant attendant at the Metropolitan opera house. It was at his suggestion that many of the pictures in the great gallery were purchased by his father, and he was also instrumental in having Cleopatra's Needle landed in Central Park.

For the past three years he has spent his summers at Bar Harbor with his mother, and the winters at Asheville, where he intends building a magnificent home, the like of which has not been seen in the south since the war.

The only outdoor sport he cares for is canoeing. He has an ordinary cedar canoe, in which he sails about the Maine waters with no companion but a book. In the winter months he is given to writing essays on various subjects. none of which, however, has ever been printed under his own name. That his love for literature is not a

selfish one is demonstrated in a gift made to the public some time ago free library located at No. 251 West Thirteenth street. He founded and endowed the institution with \$40,000, and since its original formation has presented it frequently with gifts of books. He took unusual interest in this place

and made all the purchases of the furnishings himself. Attached to the library are four bedrooms for the librari ans, which are tastefully fitted up with dainty pictures and bits of bric-a-brac, brass bedsteads and odd fashioned bureaus personally purchased by the young millionaire.

It is believed by his friends that Mr. Vanderbilt is now at work upon a his torical work, which, when completed and published, will bring him more fame than his \$26,000,000 have brought

A CIRCUS EXPERIENCE.

Bowthe Giant and Fire King Worked a Florida Railroad for Board.

James Gilbert, who stands just seven feet six inches high in his stocking feet, and who was in the professional giant business for years, swooped down on this city vesterday from Scranton, Penn., says the New York Sun. Mr. Gilbert is now employed as a special officer in Frothingham's Arcade building in Scranton. He has had to eject but one or two men in the two months he has been there. When Mr. Gilbert was with Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" the bills announced that he was eight feet high. He cannot explain how this trilling error of half a foot was made, but is certain that he has not shrunk since then. Mr. Gilbert has had some curious experiences. Here is one of

"I thought I would go into the show business for myself in 1884," said the giant, "so I bought a tent 40 by 50 feet and got a company together. fire-king and a fat woman and a snakecharmer and several other talented persons, twelve in all. I was advised to go south, and I did so. We played to poor business, and down in Florida we got stranded. I sold the tent, and we walked from town to town at night, playing in the daytime. We ate oranges from the trees as we went along. Some nights we could only find sour ones. I grew tired of this, and one day I said to Charley Fox, the fire

king: "This thing's gone far enough. We'll have to work a scheme to get out of the country.' Charley agreed to help We had to send on our baggage by rail while we walked. Every day I would pay the charges and get it out for our show, and then recheck it at night for the next town. The day after the fire king and I had agreed to work the railroad we found all the baggage on the platform of a little country sta-tion at the town we were to show in. Nobody was looking, and I told the fire gage and go into the woods and smash king to take his little box from the bag-He did so. Then I hunted up the station agent and asked him for the bag-

gage. Of course there was one piece short. I told him that it contained all our wardrobe, and that we couldn't give our show without it. Well, sir, he got hold of the superintendent of that railroad and they telegraphed back to every sta-tion, and ahead, too, but they couldn't hear anything of the missing trunk. The wires all over Florida were humming about that trunk, and I kept storming all the time. There wasn't 25 cents in our whole com-pany, but I threatened to spend \$1,000 suing the railroad for my loss of property. Mr. O. W. Bromwell, the superintendent, was mighty clever about it. He gave me a pass over the

road and \$5 to pay my expenses, and I went back to all the stations looking for the trunk. I came back and we all put up at the best hotel at the railroad's expense. We stayed at the hotel for three weeks while the railroad people were looking for the trunk, and we got so lazy and fat that we couldn't have walked to the next town if our lives had

"One day I was sitting in the superin-tendent's office complaining about the loss of the trunk, when he turned to me and said: 'Charley Fox, your fire king, has gone to New York. He turned state's evidence this morning and told me all about smashing his box, and I've given him a pass to the north in return.' Of course I said that Charley was lying, but the superintendent wouldn't swallow my story. Then I asked him for a pass for myself to New York, and he was so overcome with my nerve that he gave me one to Charleston, S. C., and he complimented me on the way I had boarded my company for three weeks at the railroad's expense I went to Charleston, joined a traveling medicine company there, and worked my way with them to the city. That is the last experience I ever had as manager."

MAKING A SCRAP-BOOK.

How to Prepare It and What to Put

a writer in the Cleveland Leader.

by much turning of leaves the edges without interfering with the print.

Ordinary flour paste, cold, and as thin as mucilage, quickly and evenly applied, is the best. If put on properly, the paper you are pasting will not even be wet through, and will dry in fifteen minutes after it is in your book. A strip of soft cloth wound around a short stick forms your brush, and a soft, clean cloth to lightly rub over the surface of the strips of newspaper, are all the materials needed.

Clippings are taken from the week's papers, put smoothly into a box and the work is done on rainy days or at times when one feels like "doing nothing." When the book is filled—and little odds and ends of items should always be used to fill up snort spaces at the ends of column which will occasionally occur -then comes the index, and in that one point is the utility of your work manifest. The blank pages at the begin-ning and end of the "Report" are just

Number your pages carefully and write your index of the articles in alphabetical order. Lastly the outside ettering and plain black cover can be beautified at your own artistic will, and you have a book which money cannot replace and is a veritable mine of litereary treasures,

BETTER THAN POCKETS.

An Old Lady Who Knew Where to Carry Her Money.

of the benches for some time suddenly oused up, carried his nand to the breast-pocket of his coat, and then called out:

ady who sat near him. "Over \$40." "Sakes alive! but what a loss! Sure

"Of course I am!" "Didn't leave it under your pillar or change your coat?"

"I noticed you feeling around your coat tails before you went to sleep. Better look back there before you give it

He carried his hand back and ten

(Saturday Matinee.)

The Lottery of Love.

in It-Indexing.

Now, as to making a scrap-book l books are nicely bound, and each page holds just two columns of ordinary newspaper print, entirely covering the printed "reports," and leaving a white margin on both sides of the paper, says

When the printed page is not en irely covered it is often puzzling to have a column of halves of words of a dairy or farm report running into your other reading matter every line or so. A half-inch of margin should be left at the top and bottom of each page, for

become frayed, and can be trimmed off First of all, cut out every other leaf of your intended scrapbook and save them to do the pasting upon, as they are convenient to measure your lengths of "scraps" as you paste. Trim all edges even and paste "true to the

what is needed.

It was in the Pennsylvania depot at fersey City, says the New York Sun A man who had been half asleep on one

"I have been robbed! Some one has picked my pocket!" "Have much money?" asked an old

ROYD'S OPERA HOUSE

THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

From D ly's Th ater New York City.

seconds later held his wallet up to sight. He began to apoligize and stammer, but she checked him with: "Young man, you orter be more keer-ful, you might of accused me of stealin"

that money and it would have been a nice think for my church forks to hear of, wouldn't it? When the news got home to my old man he'd have been so kerflustrated that he'd have forgotten to feed the shoats or milk the cows, and there's no knowing how'd he have got along locking up the house and

"Oh, I shouldn't have accused you a'am," protested the man.
"Wall, I'm glad on it, and being as ma'am,' this excitement has come up about pickpockets, I guess I'll see if my money and ticket is safe."

And she reached down, slipped off calfskin shoe from her right foot, and peered into it with the remark: "There's the ticket and there's the dollar bill, and I hain't been robbed. Jist try it young man. Beats coat-tails and all other pockets all hotler. Got to stand on your head to get it, and every time you sot your foot down you know it's thar. I've carried \$18 all over New York that way, and got out alive and

Lustrous mohairs are inexpensive and may be recommended to buyers who desire service and durability as well as economy in a spring dress. Fabrics of this sort shed the dust, cling to the figure gracefully and are as

## NEW GRAND OPERA

THIS SUNDAY NIGHT

Also Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, Matinee Wednesday.

Engagement of the Emotional Actress

MISS Helen Blythe

Supported by an unusually fine company including Mr. J. F. Brian presenting the superb domestic

DRAMA

"Mother's Love"

"A Grand Play Grand y Acted."

Secure seats immediately and avoid the inevitable rush at the door. Regular Prices.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNEMENT

Monday Evening, March 17th. FAREWELL GRAND CONCERT, SARASATE-D'ALBERT,

The Greatest Living Musicians; Pablo De Sarasate, Violin, Eugen D'Albert, Plano. Mme. Berthe Marx, Plane, Under the direction of Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau,

PASSACAGLIA, C minor ... J. S. Bach
Arranged by Eugen D'Albert.
Herr Fugen D'Aib et.
RONDEAU BRILLIANT. F. Schubert
B minor, op. 70, for plano and violia.
Mme. Berthe Matx and Senor Pablo De
Sarasate.
F. Chopin

SONATE, op. 58, B minor...... Fr. Chop Allegro Maestoso - Scherzo - Largo - rinale Presto ma non tanto. 

Herr Eugene D'Albert. SOLOS | a Nocturne (Chopin)... | --- Sarasate

Sener Pablo de Sarasate.
Prices 50c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sale of seats be gins Thursday morning, March 13th. STEINWAY PIANO USED.

CORNER ELEVENTH AND FARNAM STREETS, OMAHA. WEEK OF MONDAY, MARCH 10th, 1890,

Greater than Bishop is Andrew J. SEYMOUR

# The Human Thought Magnet. The Wonder of the World. The Mind Reader,

Invites criticism, challenges skeptics, defies the detection of anything that tends toward deception or fraud, tells your age, your name, occupation, number of watch: combination of any safe, number of the house in which you live, or name of the street, number of banknotes, checks, etc., etc., will locate any mark or sear upon your person, any ache or pain; can tell whether a person arrested for theft is guilty or innocent. If guilty through an excited condition of the mind, can locate the stolen goods; relates the theories of Psychology, Spiritualism, Psychic Force, Christian Science, Mesmerism, Involuntary Action of the Muscles, Mind Over Matter, Mind Cure, Faith Cure, Dreams, etc.

Cure, Dreams, etc. Monday morning at 10 o'clock, Mr. Seymour gives THE GREAT RIDING PEST, all are invited to be present in front of the Eden Musee promptly to subset Mr. Seymour to this great test.

Two Stage Performances by Two Great Companies. Four-Excelsior Quartette, Sweet Singing Southerners.

Frank and Mamie Shepard, Refined Specialties. St. Vrain Children, Midget Artists. Hall & Ritchie, Break Neck Absurdities.

Harry Bartlett and Gracie May. Lavender and Thompson. Come and see the latest additions to our Menagerie. The Big Cage filled Lavender and Thompson. with Novelties. Ladies, don't forget Friday, March 14th. Come and get A HANDSOME SOUVENIR, compliments of the management.

A Dollar Performance for a Dime Admission.

WILL LAWLER, Manager.