But He Has a Head Which is Chuck Full of Brains.

HE HOBNOBS WITH THE STATESMEN

And Gets Drank Just Like a Man-Congressmen Cummings Has Known Mighty Smart Canines, Too.

[Coppright 180 by Frank G. Carpenter.] Washington, July 23 .- [Special to The Bre.]-One of the most remarkable public characters in Washington lives on newspaper row. This is the block between Pennsylvania avenue and F street on Fourteenth. It is lined with newspaper offices, and this individual goes from one office to another and holds conferences with the various correspondents. He is acquainted with many senators and representatives, and he often takes part in the little dinners of the correspendents, sitting at the table with them and getting away with his portion of the beer and shoft shelled crabs quite as rapidly as the rest of the party. Still he is less than a foot tall, and like the wild man in the circus he has hair all over his person. He is a Scotch terrier and his name is Fidge. He is about the size of the ordinary white poodle, and he has the brightest of black eyes shining out of a bushy face. He is, however, the brightest dog in the United States, and he has had a national reputation through his Washington tricks for the past five years. Benator Blair

Calls Him Socrates, and says that he believes that he contains the soul of some great man of the past, which in the course of its transmigration is now inhabiting a dog. He sometimes sits for hours in the newspaper office of the St. Paul Globe discoursing on this dog's wonderful intelligence, and as he plays with him he talks to him, saying, "Fidge, I am sure that in the acons of the past you were some great man. And I would have thee tell some of thy past experiences. Perhaps you were Plate and sponted philosophy even as some senators talk on education. Perchanceyou were Socrates, or you may have been of Roman birth, and the same soul that voices forth your bark may have conceived the orations of Casar or given forth the pure classics of Cicero. Tell me, Fidge, which was it? If you can't speak American, speak Greek or Latin, and I will try to understand you."

Mrs. Senator Davis is well acquainted with Fidge, and when she meets its owner, she first asks after the dog and then wants to know how the baby is getting along. Senator Pettigrew is fond of Fidge, and though the dog had met him but two or three times he remembered him and recognized him after a two years' absence. Not long ago Governor Swinefordof Alaska paid a visit to Washington. Mr. Smith Frye, Fidge's owner, was looking for him and he went through Willard's hotel and failed to find him. He stopped in at the billiard room but saw no one he knew until he started to go out when a man in a dark corner of the room becaused to him. He went over and it was Governor Swineford. As the governor shook hands, he said, "your dog has better eyes than you have. He remembered me and when he saw me playing billiards overhere he came over and caught hold of my pantaloon leg with his teeth and pulled at it until I looked down, when he rose on his hind feet and offered me his hand. It is four years since I saw him and his memory is good."

The manager of Forepaugh's circus saw Fidge a year or two ago and he offered Frye a thousand dollars for him. Congressman Stablnecker of New York is another of Fidge's admirers and Fidge and he often Drink a Glass of Feer Together

Stahlnecker of course doing the treating. Fidge laps his beer out of his would object to drink after him. His master first discovered his intelligence through the dog's desire to be clean. He bought him as a pup and paid \$20 for him. When he took him home he found that the puppy was covered with fleas and that he needed a bath of patent soap every morning to get rid of these. Mr. Frye disliked this bathing very much, and one morning he said, while Fidge was lying on the floor, "Well, I suppose I must go and give that blamed dog his bath," whereupon Fidge jumped up and trotted up-stairs and jumped of his own accord into the tub prepared for him. It was at this time that his master got the idea of trying to teach him certain words and to make him understand to a certain extent his conversation.

The Dog Learned Wonderfully. and he now has a vocabulary of about three hundred words, and he can carry three or four ideas in his head at the same time. The other day his mistress, wanting to go out, found at the front door that she had forgotten her pocketbook. She said to Fidge, "I want you to go up stairs, go into my room and bring down my pocketbook which is on the bureau." Fidge ran up, jumped on a chair beside the bureau, got the pocketbook and came down with it in his mouth. In this case no motioning was done and the dog understood the words. He carried the idea of the bedroom, the pocketbook and the bureau in his mind at the same time and also that he was to go and bring the pocketbook.

Not long ago Correspondent Frye was not

feeling very well and he gave Fidge a dime wrapped in a piece of paper and told him to take it to a drug store, mentioning the name of the store, which was one where he and Fidge had often been. He wrapped a note around the dime and Fidge, taking it in his mouth, started out. Ten minutes later he returned with a sedlitz powder which the clerk had given him and his change for the dime. Fryeoften sends him for cigars to a certain cigar store, and he understands the name of Willard's hotel as well as he does his own. Sometimes Mrs. Fryo will tell Fidge that she believes his master is at Willard's and will give him a note to take to Fidge goes straight to the hotel and finds his master and gives him the note. Fidge also takes the letters to the postoffice. There is a little door at one end of the delivery window and hepushes one paw against this and gets inside and holds up the corres pendence which he is carrying in his mouth to a little old man who is cancelling stamps there. His master has never lost a letter which he has intrusted him and he has carried columns upon columns of manuscript for newspaper publication to the post office.

All of the newspaper correspondents of Washington know Fidge and I dropped into his office last night and had a seance with him and his master. A moment later Amos Cummings came in and for haif an hour the dog went through various performances. His master used no motions whatever and spoke to him in a conversational tone asking him to do this and that just as though he were speaking to boy and the dog minded

Better Than Most Boys Do.

He would say without looking up from paper, in a gentle tone "Ithink I hear one of those messenger boys out there, "Flage, go out and drive him away." At this the dog jumped to his feet and rushed to the door, barking as though he was mad. There was no messenger boy there, but he came back with a satisfied air and laid himself down again. Frye then asked him to go and bring him a paper which lay in the back room and shut the door, and Fidge growled but did it. He then told him to open the door and to close the front door, and Fidge did

FIDGE IS ONLY A TERRIER | this. He told him to sit up on his mind legs, and Fidge, evidently appreciating thoroughly the meaning of the word, did so. The dog was | the Washington correspondents and Fidge | GREELEY'S FIRST NEWSPAPER then asked to lie down and roll over, to ge out of doors, to jump up in a chair and He down. and several other things, all of which he did without a single motion or direction. As we looked at him Amos Cummings said: "That is the most wonderful dog I have ever seen, and he is a good deal smarter than the dog of a story which I cace published in the Sun and which everyone said was a lie, but which was the truth."

"What was that?" said I. "It was about a dog which I saw during a fishing vacation that I spent in the Adirondacks. I was stopping with an old farmer and the night I arrived I found it quite cold and the farmer had a good fire for me. During the course of the evening the wood-box got empty and the old man, looking at his two sons, said: Boys, one of you go out and get some wood.' 'It ain't my turn,' said Jim. 'I filled the box last time," 'Well, you can fill it again,' said Sam, 'for I've fed the horses this evening,' and so the two boys went on wrangling for at least five minutes. All this time a big Newfoundland dog was sitting at

the fire and he Looked in Apparent Disgust all the the time from one boy to the other. At the end of the five minutes he get up and went out, and a moment later he appeared with a stick of wood in his teeth and dropped it in the wood-box. He then went out and got another stick and so continued till the box was full. Then without a bark, but with a self-satisfied grant he laid himself down in front of the fire. Well," Congressman Cummings went on "I saw this thing with my own eyes and it struck meas so remarkable that I published it. My readers laughed at it and I know that many of them disbelieve it to this day.

"You can never tell what you can do with a dog," Amos Cumings went on. "You can't tell as to where their intelligence begins and ends, and the stupidest-looking beast may have a wonderful soul within him. I had a long dog with short legs. His barrel was about three feet long and his legs would not measure much more than six inches. I bought him thinking how funny he would look if I could make him stand on his hind feet, and I tried to teach him again and again. He would not understand, and though I set him up and propped him up for hours at a time he would not get up himself, and as soon as I let go of him he would go down on all fours. I gave him several whippings, but these

Apparently Did no Good, and one day, while trying to teach him in my fourth story flat, I grew so disgusted with him that Ipicked him up by the mape of the neck and hung him out of the window, saying: You blasted cur, I'm not going to feel any onger with you and I'll just drop on the stones." dog looked down and appreciated the situation. He howled as though he were grazy and when I took him back in he shook like a leaf. I went on talking to him and told him I was going to throw him out the window and then I again ordered him to sit up. He get on his hlad legs quicker than I ould say the words and looked at me in the most piteous way. His spirit was broken. After that I had no trouble with him. He earned lots of tricks and Charles A. Dana thought he was the smartest dog in creation. The dog got to know the Sun newspaper and ne would bring it to me every morning while I lay in bed. I came home very late and usually awoke about 10 o'clock in the moraing and looked over the newspaper before I got up to my breakfast. The dog was very anxious to get in to me and I usually let him lie on the bed beside me while I rend. He would get the Sun and sit outside until I awoke and then he would bring it in. One day I remember he brought the Tribune. He offered it to me hesitatingly as though were not sure that he was right. I looked at himsternly and asked him what he meant by bringing me such a sheet as that and he grab-

bed the paper again in his mouth. Put His Tail Between His Logs

the Sun and his tail in the air. He never

made a mistake about the paper after that." "I shall not forget," continued Mr. Cummings, "how I lost this dog. I took him with me to the office one day, and dropping into a store on the way, while I was making a purchase the dog disappeared. I looked everywhere for him. I whistled and called, but the dog did not appear. I then went onto the Sun office, and was there talking with Mr. Dana when some one came in laughing immoderately, and telling the story of a dog fight he had just seen in which a black dog was fighting two bull terriers. 'What shape was the black dog! I asked. 'He had a long body and very short legs,' was the reply. 'It's my dog' said I, and I rushed out of the office. When I got to the place I found out that the crowd of 5,000 people which the man had said was watching the fight, had disappeared, and I could see nothing of my dog anywhere. I saw nothing of him until the next night, when crept into my house, away town, so weak that he could hardly stand. He was one mass of bites and it is no exaggeration to say that he had at least one hundred wounds on him. He had been wandering about New York trying to find me all this time and had evidently had a fight on every street corner. I can only see how he could have discovered the house on one theory and that is that he must have counted the streets

and by Maintaining This in His Mind have gotten his directions. Well, I wushed his sores and offered him something to eat but he was too sick to touch anything. The next morning he brought up the Sun as usual and as sore as he was jumped up on the bed. His sores hurt him so that he could not lie quiet and I spoke crossly to him and finally gave him a knock and set him off on the floor. He looked at me pitifully and tried to get up again but could not. He got his short front paws on the bed and I caught hold of his neck and lifted him up and laid him down and told him to be quiet or he would have to leave the room. kept moving around and finally fell off the bed again. I was half asleep at the time and I could just see him going out of the door with a look which I afterwards recalled as the saddest I have ever seen in any eye, human or otherwise. This look haunted me in the dreams I had during the remainder of my morning sleep and when I awoke half an hour later I found my wife in my room crying. She said, 'I am afraid the dog is dead, and I wish you would come down

into the coal house and see to him.' I hur-

ried on my clothes and went down and I

there saw him lying in a little hole which he

had scraped out of the earth. He was stone

dead, and he had evidently known he was

about to die when he had come to my room

and had wanted to have lain down on the bed

and to have died beside me. I can see him

on each side of the one I lived from the river

now as he looked when he left the room and I have but little doubt that his ungainly body contained a soul and a good one." All this time Fidge had lain quietly on the floor. He looked as though he might have understood Mr. Cummings' story, and his eyes looked full into those of the speaker as he told it. When the stery was concluded a western congressman dropped in and asked the party to take a drink, and Fidge got up and trotted along with them. He is affected by drinking in the same way as a man, and a glass of wine or two glasses of beer will turn his head.

He will then act as Foolish as Any Human Drunkard,

was present. The next morning his master was asked by his better-half where he had the dog the night before. He replied, "Oh just around with the boys," and went on reading his newspaper in an innocent way. At the breakfast table the agrain asked in very significant tones, "Where did you have the dog!" "Oh, down to the office and at the hotels," replied her husband. After breakfast the same question was put and then Mr. Free asked what was the matter. He was then led through the house and was shown that Fidge had done a number of things which as a good, sober dog he never could have done, and he proved himself human even in his drunkenness.

Another evidence of Fidge's understanding of language occurred at the Baltimore & Ohlo depot the other day. Fidge and his master dropped in at the restaurant here for a lunch and they discovered a rather fine looking but very lean and very dirty dog tied up in the waiting room outside. While were lanching the owner of this dog come in and asked Mr. Frye what he thought of it and Frye replied that it was hungry and ought to have something to eat. He then said in a conversational tone to Fidge: "Fidge, are you not ashamed of yourself to eat here when that dog out there is starving! Now I want you to go to the kitchen and beg for a bone and take it out and give it to that dog.' Fidge had lunched at this place before so he knew where the kitchen was and he straightway started off and in about five minutes returned with a turkey leg in his mouth. He carried this over and laid it beside the strange dog who jumped at it and snarled at Fidge as he ate it. Fidge appreciated the situation and laughed under his whiskers as the strange dog went on eating.
FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder

Is promptly cured by the waters of Excel-sior Springs, Missouri. A KANSAS DRUGGIST.

He Gives His Experience With the Prehibition Law.

To the Editor of Tue Bee .- "Does prohibitien prohibit?" is a question frequently asked now-a-days and upon its correct answer depends the action of the people of Nebraska next November: As the prohibitionists most positively answer that question affirmatively and the anti-prohibitionists as positively asswer in the negative, I thought perhaps the experience and testimony of one who had a large personal knowledge of the question at issue might be useful; and right here let me say that prior to my residence in Kansas I was an ardent prohibitionist -- am still a tem perance man; have no sympathy for the saoon keeper and none for the drinkers as a lass, but ready to aid anyone to break from the thralldom of his appetite whenever he will signify his desire to do so.

Now, does prohibition prohibit? I say no—

First, because the law is not enforced. It is the veriest nonsense for anyone to affirm that t is enforced as well as the law against theft, murder, etc. Any man that is not wil-fully blind knows for himself that it is not

In the case of theft the losing party has resonal inclination to discover and procente he thief; so, also all having knowledge of he theft, for they all have property which is a jeopardy, so long as the thief is at large eas, the man that bays a drink of liquor Kansas has a personal interest in protect nor the seller, for he will want another, and the same is true of all his companions, and this interest is so great as to lead him into all manner of evasions, and even into perjury, to protect the seller. Moreover, he feels justi-hed in doing this, for he feels in honor bound to protect the sciler. And what else than perjury can you expect when the state has been training men in perjury for years—for the state requires that all persons buying liquors of a licensed druggist shall swear that he designs to desires to purchase the same for a certain medicinal purpose, and I will state right here that I never knew but one man to refuse to make the affidavit.

Another reason is that "what is everybody's business is hobody's." The prohibi-tion laws are not enforced for just the same No law s enforced unless complaints of violation are made, and who will make the complaint! Business men will not—it might injure their business. The same with mechanics and all others who must depend on the public for support. No decent, self-respecting man wishes to do such work. The average American citizen feels that such work is dirty work. So long as it does not personally concern him—that he has enough to do to attend to his own business; and after all not many people really think it is such a terrible evil for a man to have desired of terrible evil for a man to buy a drink of whisky or beer. So the evil revels among whisey or over. So the evil revers among those greedy for gain and those greedy for drink, till some terrible calamity fulls and the people are aroused to temporary activity and spasmodic but futile attempts are made

One druggist in 1888 received and sold in a country town in northwestern Kansasa car-load of beer every two weeks and other liquers in proportion. His traffic was legalized; he had a druggist's permit to sell in-toxicating spirits for medicinal purposes. In a little town of less than three hundred a druggist in the same year sold five barrels of whisky; he had no permit and has never been prosecuted. At the county seat just east of this the writer saw has week two wagen loads of beer taken at one time from the train, on the very day that the usual term of court was opened. The population of the town was about eight hundred, and drug stores were somehow finding support; neither of them had a permit nor were any of them ever prosecuted. Does not that tell its own story! I have personally known dozens of business men to keep both beer and whisky in their places of business to treat their thirsty customers. It was fairly cheap advertising, for nothing will draw

trade better than free beer or free whisky.

I freely admit that frequently a stranger will find it difficult to buy intexicating liquor in Kansas towns, and will go away honestly saving prohibition does prohibit, but I have noticed a sort of Freemasonry amongst those who drink that somehow unerringly leads them to the right place, and mercantile runners—those peripetetic missionaries who seem to have obtained the password which is the open sesame to all the good things of this world—will tell you that there are few towns in Kansas where a man cannot get something for the "stomach's sake."

The prohib speakers seek to put us down vociferating: "You array yourselves on the side of whisky; you would like to see saloons on every corner, pitfalls for the young." etc. Yes, we are on the side of the saloon. Wo have raised a boy in Nebraska, as well in Kansas, and we can easier watch and guard against the saloon in Nebraska than we can the boot-leggers, joints and clubs of Kansas. The saloon I can find; the other the most inveterate prohibition crank cannot locate any more than the Irishman could his

Finally after all has been said prohibition does not prohibit does not even pretend to in fact it simply changes the traffic from the saloon to the drug store, ruins an honorable and honored business and loses the license, In Nebraska we have a restricted traffic, in In Nebraska we have a restricted traffic, in Kansas we have free whisky, and I will tell you. Mr. Editor, that a pint of whisky sold by a Kansas drug store will make a man just as drunk, cause him to kick his wife just as hard, and fill a drunkard's grave just as soon as if sold by a Nebraska saloon.

Prohibition takes whisky from the saloon and puts it into the drug store and establishes a school for privity. Human nature is

es a school for perjury. Human nature is the same the world over. The average sa-loonist will sell all the whisky be can, so will the average Kansas druggist, and I have found that the average drinker will swear that black is white if he cannot get a drink without it. Strange that so many diseases can be cured by intoxicants, and it is strange how sickly so many apparently able-bodied men are in Kansas and Iowa. Which will you take next November! High

license saloons or no license drug stores, and the swarm of bootleggers and joints which Kansas enjoys. A Kansas Druggist.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Princess Dolgorouki, the morganatic wife will dance around on his hind legs, will jump on chairs and bark, and show off all his mediately siezed by the police.

A Weekly Journal Receives His Earliest Contributions.

ADVICE FOR DISGRUNTLED SUBSCRIBERS.

The Independent Editor Reads a Lesson to His Patrons and Comments Upon Various News Items.

ELEBORS, Neb., July 25. - [Special Correpondence of THE BEE. |-An article apseared in Tue Ber of June 27 on the Illustrious Horace Greeley's newspaper days, in which the writer treats almost wholly of Mr. Greeley's work on the New York Tribune, No. l. Vol. 1 of which appeared on the morning of April 10, 1841, with Mr. Greeley as editor and proprietor. The Tribune was not Mr. Greeley's first journalistic venture. The New Yorker, a weekly three-column folio, bears that distinction. The New Yorker was enlarged to the quarto size at the commencement of Vol. 3 on March 26, 1836, when No. 1 of that volume was issued. Mr. Wess. H. Dumont, Union Pacific night operator at this station, has in his possession files of the quarto edition from volume 3 to volume 8, bound in book form, which although having gone through two or three Ohio river floods, are in an excellent state of preservation, and are prized very nighly by their owner, not so much for their intrinsic worth as for the history and recollections associated with them.

Of the Stird volume of the New Yorker

Mr. Greeley has the following to say: "We
herewith submit to our patrons the first number of a new volume of the New Yorker, and

enter, with confidence and gratitude, on the third year of our humble but assiduous labors, Our first number was issued on March 22, 1834, with less than a dozen subscribers. We have now about seven thousand five hundred. This circulation has been attained by dred. This circulation has been attained by a gradual and steady accession—rarely much exceeding one hundred per week, and still more rarely falling materially below that number. * * But we have not room this week for many words on a subject of so little interest to the general reader. We must entreat for bearings for me many that is the property of the property o entreat forbearance for one moment, however, while we observe that within the last few mouths the cost of our journal to us has been seriously enhanced. Every article which en ters into ordinary consumption or traffle is held at an advance throughout the country; and those required in the publication of newspapers with the rest. Paper is high labor has advanced in New York from 10 to 25 per cent; that of printers very justly with the rest. We do not speak of this as a matter to be regretted, neither do we repeat of our attempt to publish a carefully prepared and fairly executed journal of fully prepared and fairly executed journal of literature and intelligence, at the lowest possible price. Thus far the success of our enterprise has been quite as flattering as we had anticipated, if not fully as lucrative as we could have desired. But the change in the times induces a corresponding change, not in our terms, but in our ability to extend the credit and risk on subscriptions. the credit and risk on subscriptions.

Agents, postmasters, and all others are specially instructed not to forward us the names

of any persons as subscribers for the New Yorker without payment in advance, except in cases where they hold themselves respon-sible to us for the amount. We trust all will consider this rule imperative without further and more particular notice. last page the following standing "ad" was run:

CONDITIONS "The New Yorker will be published every "The New Yorker will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra imperial sheet of the finest quality, and afforded to its patrons in the city and the country at \$3 per annum, payable inflexibly in advance. Orders from a distance unaccompanied by a remittance will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending \$5, positively free from postage or other charges, will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in proportion for a larger sum. H. Greeley & Co., 127 Nassau street, New York. Entors of papers exchanging with us will please give the above an insertion."

From the news columns the following items are reproduced:
"The regislature of Ohio has char-

railroad from Ashtabula harbor, Lake Erie, through Warren, Trumbull county, to Liverpool, Columbiana county, on the Ohlo river, Capital \$1.500,000. Charter perpetual. The state may take the road by paying for it at the expiration of thirty-five years. Twenty years are given in which to complete the road. (These are very liberal terms; but what guaranty have distant stockholders that a future legislature many not re-

peal the charter! We shall see.")
"Our spruce and thrifty sister, Newark, across the meadows, has become a city. The late New Jersey legislature granted her a charter, but affixed the hard condition that it character, but anisted by three-fourths of the citizens. The poll was held on Monday, and the vote stood 1,870 years to 324 mays. Suc-

cess to the new city."

"Davy Crockett, we are nearly certain, is not dead in Texas, as was long since reported. We have always refused to credit it or notice the rumor. Davy will die game, and be immortalized in a bulletin."

BREACH OF PROMISE. "A suit of this denomination was brought to issue before the circuit court in session at Geneseo, Livingston county, week before last, Judge Addison Gardner presiding. The fair plaintiff is Miss Nancy Griffith, the defendant Mr. James Perkins, both of Pike, Allegany county. It was established that the defendant had paid 'particular attention' to the plaintiff for twelve years past, until a short time since, when he turned over a new leaf and married another. There was no express promise of marriage existing—certo issue before the circuit court in session at express promise of marriage existing—certainly none proved, and Judge Gardner charged that such a promise was unnecessary—particular attention' being all sufficient— -'particular attention' being all sufficient— whereupon the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—damages \$450-very moderate, cer-tainly, though doubtless more than the value of the lady's procrastinating Lothario. The judge's dectrine may be quite right in the main, but will it answer for a fixed principle of law! * * The judge's experience in all these matters doubtless gives his judgment these matters doubtless gives his judgment a pre-eminence over ours quite as decided on the general ground as his great legal attainments may claim over our utter inexperience in the nice matter of the law. Would not six years of non-commital 'particu-lar attention' be a reasonable allowance? We think so, but would speak with all deference. Has not the 'commun lawe' some provision on this point! Who will do us the favor to ex-"By the way the Livingston Register,in its

by the way the Livingston Register, in its report of this trial, tells a hard story for the gallantry of Alleghany county. We append it without comment, trusting the said county will not hold us responsible for the libel, if it prove such, since our authority is given.

WORTH OF WOMEN IN ALLEGHANY. "During the progress of a breach of promis "During the progress of a breach of promise trial in this village last week, one of the witnesses was asked why he advised the plaintiff to bring suit in this county, instead of Alleghany, (the parties being residents of Pike, in that county), replied that 'in Alleghany a jury could scarcely be found who would consider a woman, soul and body, worth more than \$50."

A "friend" residing in one of the southern states thought proper to admonish the New Yorker on account of the frequent publication of anti-slavery meetings held in different parts of the country. This friend informed Mr. Greeley that unless such notices were withdrawn from the columns of the New Yorker, he as well as a number of his friends and neighbors would be compelled to withdraw their patronage. It is supposed that they withdrew, as Mr. Greeley "got back" at him in the following terse manner: "Before beginning to reply to this caution, we beginning to reply to this caution, we beginned to the New Yorker that if there be A "friend" residing in one of the southern scribers of the New Yorker that if there be one name on our list placed there mainly with the idea of patronizing us, we shall be most happy to expunge it forthwith. True, we publish a paper for a livelihood; but we have never yet been driven to solicit the charity of a friend or the forbearance of an enemy. So long as an individual believes he enemy. So long as an individual believes he is receiving the value of his money from us, we shall be most happy to count him among our patrons; but whenever that ceases to be the case, he will oblige us by demanding a the case, he will oblige us by demanding a settlement—and he will still further oblige us if he will

KEEP HIS REASONS TO HIMSELP. And now to the matter of our offense; we stand pledged to the public to present a weekly abstract of the news of the day, whether foreign or domestic, political or miscelianeous. By that pledge we shall continue to abide, utterly regardless of any local or temporary effect on the popularity and standing of our journal. We might here take occasion to speak of our early and decided condemnation of the schemes and movements of the Immediate Abolitionists—we might remark Immediate Abolitionists—we might remark that none other have so much reason to desire cool, accurate and impartial accounts of these movements as they shall continue to trans-pire as the people of the south—we might ob-serve that those journals, whether northern or southern, which we regarded as the espe-cial champions of the rights of the south, give ten times the space to a history of these meetings and proceedings that we do. But we prefer to offer nothing in the way of de-fense, scarcely of explanation. Trusting that we have made ourselves understood we dismiss the subject, hoping that if our friend be not satisfied he will at least consider him-

A MOONLIGHT MAID.

Samuel Minturn Peck. We had wandered forth at eventide Through the blossoming lane for a stroll; I was young and shy, but ardent-eyed, And she was the queen of my soul The moon shed silver sympathy
As we gazed in the sky of June.
"Now, what would you do," said my love

"If you were the man in the moon? In her dimpled face I gave one glance, And hope leaped high in my breast;
What lover could wish for a rarer chance
To put his fate to the test!
"If I were the man in the moon," said I,
As I gazed in her face divine,
"I'd scatter the envious clouds on high
And for you alone I'd shire.

And for you alone I'd shine. "I'd gather the stars in a buckle bright

To gleam en your dainty shoes;
To a comet I'd hitch my car tonight
And wander through space with you.
I'd snatch—" "Now stop, that's enough,
dear me!"
And gayly her laughter rung.
"If you repret the rung to the reserved.

If you were the man in the moon,,' said she, "You'd admire me and hold your tongue." ABOUT WOMEN. The engagement is announced of Miss Mil-dred Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller.

Miss Corrine Blackburn, daughter of Sen-ator Blackburn, is a branette, while her sister Miss Lucille, is a blonde of the pure Eng The Empress Frederick has collected \$125, 000 for the new children's hospital at Berlin.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is on her way to Nor way, traveling under the title of Comtesse de Pierrefonds.

Rosa Bonheur is sixty-seven years of age and her brush is still busy. For her last picture she received \$10,000. Mrs. C. L. Haynes, who has recently been

elected assistant physician at of the Western lunatic asylum after having passed a suc-cessful examination before the state medical board, is the first woman physician in The Southern Pacific ocean has a monopolist in the person of Mrs. Emma Forsythe,

rich widow, who owns a goodly part of the island of New Britain. Mrs. Forsythe goes by the name of the White Queen. The Marchioness of Ely, whose death occurred a short time ago, was much admired in her youth by Cavour, who would have married her had she been willing to leave the British court and her intimate friend, Queen

Mrs. Windom, wife of the secretary of the treasury, is the possessor of a sofa which came from Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. Kate Field hotly denies that she works in a

bright-red satin dress, reformed after her own ideas. She says: "I never had a 'bright-red satin dress,' 'reformed' or otherwise. I don't think a bright-red satin dress could be re-formed except by annihilation." Betsy Arnold, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years after her brother's

disgrace in Norwich on public charity. Whe she was ninety years old she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsy made a great how-to-do about it and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman and had much of her brother's temper.

The duchess of Fife is a fine butter maker, and it has become the fashion of young Eng-lish ladies whose fathers own farms to learn butter-making and, if possible, obtain a prize at a county fair and sell the butter at a high

Mme. Modjeska says she cannot afford to get angry, for the reason that to lose one's temper is to lose one's beauty. Husbands who have scolding wives may do themselves a good turn by cutting this out and pasting it on the looking-glass.

Mrs. A. B. Crane of Brooks county, Geor gis, S. B. Crane of Brooks county, Geor-gis, sixty-five years old, raised last year, with the help of her little boy, four bales of cotton, 200 bushels of corn, meat enough for the year, and an abundant supply of oats, fodder, etc. All the outside help she had was the hiring of a man for one day and the picking of 500 pounds of cetton.

CUPID'S SWINGING NET. The Hammock a Delightful Adjunct of the Silly Season.

The hammock has much to answer for, says the Pittsburg Bulletin. It has developed from nothing into a potent factor in midsummer social joys

and sorrows. A decade ago the hammock was sporadie. It is now universal. Certain tourists from this heretofore unhammocked land of the free, journeying in Mexico and in Cuba, noted the meshed crescent with interest first and with admiration

afterwards inasmuch that they brought one of the swaying couches with them. The result has been remarkable Americans have taken the hammock to their very hearts, and American ingenuity has devised machinery capable of turning out hammocks almost as fast as the finished article will turn out its oc-

cupant. A summer bereft of a hammock would be to the American lad and lass a dreary and unromantic period.

Given a good article of moonlight and a hammock big enough for two, and there is no combination which will more rapidly and thoroughly advance the cause of Cupid and bring about the lighting of Hymen's torch.

The hammock is an institution which could not have its origin in so busy and practical a land as America. It is a daughter of the south, of lands where languer and idleness reign beneath an almost vertical sun. Its motion savors of leisure and its mission is one of romance.

As an aid to flirtation it is twin sister to a fan. If a young couple ever trust them

selves to the support of the same hammock at the same time Cupid has his own way thereafter. The pair must of necessity be brought into such sweet proximity that every particle of formality and reserve is melted away.

One may withdraw from his fair one

on a bench, may hold her aloof while seated on the same grassy bank, and may hitch his chair away, or closer, as feelings dictate. But in the same hammock one can do rone of these things. He can only submit to fate and propinquity and be led delightfully to the momentous question.

The hammock is fashioned much like a spider's web. But who would not willingly be a fly when the web holds a charming maiden? And what man is there with soul so dead who is not glad that the hammock has come to stay.

Payne Clarge, the tenor, formerly with the Carl Rosa opera company in England, will arrive here soon to join the forces of the Emma Juch Grand English opera company. Messrs. Locke and Davis are making extensive preparations for the tour of Miss Juch and her company next season. They will carry a company of 125 people, with an orchestra and chorus of the same size employed by Mr. Abbey with the Patti company last year, and Abbey with the Path company hast year, and all the scenery and accessories necessary for the production of their reperiory of twenty of the standard grand operas. The company opens its own season, as well as that of Leavitt's new Breadway theater in Denver, August 18.

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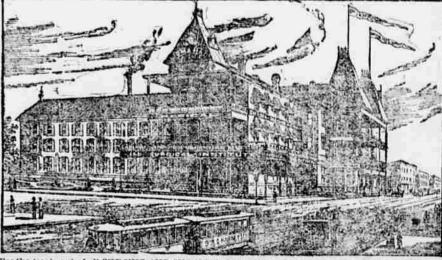
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Our Great Mid-Summer Bargain Sale of Diamonds, Watches and Fine Jewelry is still in progress. Genuine Diamond Finger Rings from \$2,50 up. Solid Gold Watches from \$15.00 up. 5,000 fine solid gold, plain, band and set Rings from \$1 to \$10 each. Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses from \$3 up. Fine Steel

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