means of her machine

Let us go down this afternoon.

Lizzie was quite taken aback at this.

She had a dozen excuses. I would ac-

cept none. It was of the utmost import-

ance, I reiterated. Step by step she re-ceded, and it was finally settled. She

would go. The solemn statement that

Mrs. Sparks was a plain woman, plainly

quiescence as anything else. It is the

Lizzie had partaken largely of my ner-vous excitement. How could she avoid

had not thought of this. Miss Mather,

"O, dear! I'm afraid! Let me go, Mr.

so nervous! Only a moment," she said.

now sobbing helplessly in my arms, I

stopped suddenly and took in the situa-

"Wot are yer doin' here?" said one.

saw several men and boys gather on the

hundred. Why, a dog-fight would block

that street in five minutes! A police-man would be there in six. This was

getting warm. I tried to sooth her-

to coax her up stairs. She whispered in my ear, and the tone betrayed her pain

-I want to remember her as she was

never forget her supplicating eyes

crowd (already rapidly growing larger

This raised a regular chorus of cries

in which I was handled unmercifully,

Fortunately for me another officer ap-

aroused the tenants of the building, and

ngs and on the stairs. I recognized the

disappeared in a twinkling, and in a mo-

ment down came Sparks, closely followed

Now for it, I thought, and was almost

Why, Billings! What the

Miss Mather, too! Here, Delia, takecare of the girl-Mrs. Sparks, Miss Mather-

Delia, just this time—what is the mean-ing of all this row?" he continued, when

But I was insensible to any indignity

at the moment. Miss Mather had glanced at Mrs. Sparks and the latter

looked confusedly at each of us in turn. Nobody fainted. I was apparently the only one who felt like fainting. If

somebody had pulled my nose I should have felt grateful. For both of

the ladies had turned from each other to

me, Miss Mather's eyes fairly flashing

with anger; Mrs. Sparks' eyes running

over with contemptuous amusement. Al

"you're a fool, "
"You're a fool Mr. Billings," said Mrs

"Billings, you're an ass," said Sparks.

and asking satirically: "What is your

"I'll make the verdict unanimous,"

I have never monkeyed with theoso-

phy since. Have returned to the theory

of remarkable coincidences. The Brook

lyn family sent for Miss Mather's over-

shoes and salary, and gave me a good

rap for scaring her half to death, adding

that her mother had been under key for

ten years and it was none of my busi-

ness. I have withdrawn my patronage

from Sparks, though he seems to be do-

ing better in his new partnership. Lizzie Mather works for A. M. Sparks & Co. The "Co." continues to faint occa-

I have a new typewriter. A. M .- A

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

One-half Perpetual Night.

Sig. Schiaparelli, the Italian astrono

mer who has made more wonderful dis-

coveries among the planets than all the

other astronomers of our day put to-gether, has just furnished a new sur-prise, says the New York Sun, greater

than his recent discovery that Mercury

performs only one rotation in the course of a revolution around the sun. He now

asserts that Venus, the brightest of all

the planets that we see, the twin sister of the earth, which is at present glow-

ing with nightly increasing splendor in

the west after sundown, also turns but

once upon its axis in the course of a

revolution around the san. In other

words there is no alternation of day and night on Venus, as on the earth. The

planet enjoys perpetual day on one side of its globe, while the other side is

plunged in unending night.

said I. "I am—"

"Looks a little that way, sir."

by Mrs. Sparks.

into insensibility

I had been released.

into that minute.

opinion, Mr. Officer?

sionally.

walk. Pretty soon there

in making the revolation.

Billings. Wait a moment, please.

herself solved that problem.

at least, must be prepared.

meet in this world?"

foot of the stairs.

for support.

By the time we reached Broad street

dressed, had as much to do with her ac

moderately

way of the sex.

His heart is all my own: Yet I grieve to know, when he treats me so, That mine to him has flown—

"Wait des a misit."

His face is very fair; His eyes are violet blue: And the light they send as on me they bend 'Most breaks my heart in two-"Wait des a minit."

His hair is like the sun That shines upon the dew; But he files not girls, and he shakes his curls, With words that pierce me through-"Wait des a minit."

Whenever I talk of love, In moonlighter by day, He just looks at me, and in mocking glee Remarks, and runs away, \*'Wait des a minit."

Pil tell you what l'll do To punish this young man; When he wants a wife, if it takes his life, I'll say to the young woman.
"Wait des a minit."

## THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER

Boston Globe: "I've got a new typewriter, D. R. G."

Such was the closing sentence of my friend Sparks' note to me.

Sparks was a broker, in a limited way, and had his office on Broad street. Why should be impart this informa-

tion to me? I had very little business with Sparks-a "flyer" now and then, when the market promised a turn-and no business whatever with his typewriter. I couldn't get it out of my mind. In the effort I informed my typewriter, a tall, dark-eyed, nervous "slip of a girl" of seventeen.

"Who's Sparks?" she inquired, looking at me sharply. She never knew when I was in earnest about anything unless it was work.

"Sparks?" Well, he's a man I know. Broker's office on Broad. He is fifty years of age, wears gold-rimmed glasses and very little bair. What he has was once red. Never noticed his typewriter -didn't know he had any. Got a new one, see? Denver & Rio Grande."
"Who—I beg pardon—"
"D. R. G.—Girl's name, I suppose.

May he mean she's low, or isn't worth fifteen cents on the dollar. It's a com-mon complaint, You know I tried a

dozen before I got you." Dead silence for two minutes, broken only by click of the machine. Bell rings

end of line, "Is he married?" "Is who married?"

"Why Sparks - Mr. Sparks - of course, showing a pretty set of teeth. "Yes-ne; that is, his wife ran away with another man twenty, years ago and died. That leaves him-

"A widower, certainly," she laughed. My typewriter laughs at everything-is excitable, sometimes hysterical. She is so sensitive and nervous I can scarcely choose language gentle enough to correct her errors. I am a patent attorney and a stickler for absolute accuracy of detail. Sometimes she looks around covertly as if she imagined others were

in the office. 'I wonder why he wrote that line at the bottom," she said.
"That's what I've been wondering all

the time. Of course he didn't wish her to see it." The rest of the letter was type written and referred to certain stocks in which I was occasionally inter-"He added it on-but why? I'm not his confident and don't care a-Click, click, click, click, went the ma-

chine. An idea occurred to me. As soon as Miss Mather finished the work in hand and laid it on my desk, I requested her to bring her note-book.

"I'll inquire," said L "Mr. A. M. Sparks-Broad street: "Dear Sir-Will not buy Western

Union just now. Let things stand.
"H. L. BILLINGS. "What kind is it? How much did i cost? Wire me about Denver & Rio Grande. H. L. B. ''

I had expected to hear Miss Mather laugh. But she didn't. A woman never does what you expect her to do. She was as pale as a ghost.

Why, what's the-you are ill!" I exclaimed, somewhat astonished.

She turned aside harriedly, fumbling for a sheet of office paper. Her small hands trembled a little as she placed the sheet in her machine. She spoiled it and got another. Perhaps I had unwittingly hurt her feelings; but for the life of me I couldn't think what I had said or done to do so. It annoved me. I gotup, lighted a cigar, and saying I would be back presently, started to go

The machine stopped.
"Please Mr. Billings won't you—please wait a little." There was a pleading

look in the dark eyes.

"Why, Lizzie, what's the matter!
You're surely ill! I'll get you some water—here, drink this. You'd better go home when you finish this."

"No, no; I feel better now. It is done. I'm just a little nervous at times that's all. It's nothing," and she actually laughed again in her light, ner-

"It's funny, but I felt awfully queer just then." Where?"

"O! I can't tell—just a sensation—I don't know how to describe it." She was serious enough now and I de-tected her in one of the old half-scared

glances about the room. "I'll have a new typewriter myself soon," I said to myself. "This one is

going crazy. The next day work went on about as usual. Lizzie was kept busy, and was apparently as light hearted as ever she was. Toward evening she inquired if I

had heard from Spark; yet. No. I hadn't—didn't expect to hear did't want to hear from him. Going home I thought: What interest

has she in Sparks? Confound Sparks! Does she know him? Where? How? When? Wherefore? These were the sub-heads of my ideas. The tail-pieces were nonsense, impossible, ridiculous. I had her record from childhood. The Brooklyn family that raised her-excellent family-I'll go and see that family about her cordition. That was the last thing on my wind when I went to sleep. When I awoke in the morning I had forgotten all about it. Dreams are paved with good intentions.

At the office, among my mail, was a note from Sparks. It was in his own handwriting.

"Typewriter broken down," I sug-gested to Miss Mather. She was intent upon the letter in my

hand.
"H. L. Billings, esq., — Broadway:
f "Dear Sir-D. R. G. is Mrs. Delia R. Gore,
my type-writer. You will oblige me very much by dropping your furny business long enough to tell me where you made her acquaintance and under what circumstances. This extremely important and pressing. She fainted on reading your note. Yours,

A. M. SPARKS."

Miss Mather arched her brows inquir-

confound his impudence!

Here's another crazy man-anderazy-' Smarks?

"Yes, Sparks. Rend that," Miss Mather took the letter and eagerly read it-somewhat too eagerly. thought for a wholly disinterested per son. Then how she did laugh! Her dark eyes fairly snapped. She was all

most provoking.

"Funny, isn't it? said I satirically.

"Indeed it is, Mr. Billings. Of course there must be a mistake. There wasn't enough in your joke about Denver & Rio Grande to make a woman faint,"

"Hardly." "It must be more serious than even that," said Lizlie Mather. "Think of the turn I had the other day." This was suggested very seriously.
"Well, I'll see about it," I grumbled.

and returned to my morning mail. But the thoughts of the night before obtruded and now got tangled up with Sparks' insinuations as to myself, until I began to think that, after all, I was the real lunatic and the rest was all right. How dare Sparks take such a tone with me? I wouldn't answer him.

About a week afterwards I received the following type-written message de-livered by special messenger. The boy sat down, saying he was to bring an answer:

"H. L. Billings, Esq., — Broadway:
"Dean Sin—I would very much like to see you at my office at your earliest convenience. Important. Permit me to applogize for my rather curt note of last week. I was terribly upset. Oblige me by setting an hour for in-terview. I wish to consult you as a friend about a private matter. "Very truly. about a private matter. "Very truly.

A. M. SPARKS."

I appointed an hour next day. Miss Mather was out to lunch. When she re-turned I handed the note to her with the remark that Sparks was still out asylum. As soon as she touched the letter she began to lose color. It slipped from her fingers to the floor.

"Why, Lizzie, what in the world alls you?" I demanded. "I-I don't know," she gasped, as she sank to a chair. "Something thrills me through-it is just as I felt last week when that letter from-from-

"Sparks?" . "Miss Mather-Lizzie-have you read

this letter?" I picked it up. "You don't know what is in it?"

No. sir. "What do you expect? Anything?" "Oh, no, sir.

"Lizzie!"

Yes, sir." "Come here, please." She came over to my desk and sat down, palpably con-fused. I held the letter folded before before me. She kept her eyes fastened on it, as if the sheet of paper was alive,

and might take legs or wings and get away. "Now, Lizzie-look at me, Lizzie-do you know Sparks?" "No, sir; no indeed! That is what is

so odd, sir!" She looked me straight in the eyes. I could not doubt her honesty. I was stunned—confounded. I asked her if

she had ever seen him. "No sir. Never. "Never hear of him?" "Never." She smiled now-nearly laughed-and retorted: "Did you ever

"The pretty typewriter? Never." I couldn't help a little confusion on my own account, could I? "Then how do you know she is

"Lizzie-well, all typewriters are pretty, when you haven't seen them, especially below the Astor house."
"Ah, Mr. Billings, you're dodging."

"I don't know any more about her than you do Lizzie." She turned serious again in an instant. "You don't know her either, do you?" "Me? I never heard of her except through you, sir. And yet--" she stop-

"And yet-" But she didn't go on. "Well," said I,

"Do you believe in theosophy?" she "Theosophy! Rats." Iv'e always noticed that this is the most effectual way to answer a theory you don't know

anything about. "Of course. I don't understand," she quickly replied, "but somehow I feel when I touch that letter that—oh, I don't knew what!" She put her slender hand to her brow, as if to conjure up her

former thoughts. An idea seized me. An idea does this for me occasionally, and I try to coin it into money.

"Here, Lizzie-take it again-don't be afraid-tell me now."

"Dear me!" she whispered. "What does it make you think of now. Lizzie?"

"My mother!" "Mother! Who was your mother, Lizzie?"

I spoke very gently to her, and laid a soothing hand upon hers that held the crumpled sheet.
"I scarcely remember her," she re-

"When I hold this letter,' added, impressively, 'she seems to be near—in the room—right here." This last in a whisper. I confess to a

cool chill along the spine at the moment, but I quickly recovered. "Ra-Lizzie, you are nervous. You are fanciful. You need a bracing atmosphere and exercise. Read it."

To my surprise she was more agitated than before and trembled like she had a "There, there-no more of Sparks,

said I, snatching away the letter and chucking it into a pigeon hole.
"I must see that Brooklyn family about Lizzie," I repeated to myself over and over again that evening. "She is brooding over her mother. Poor girl! Her mother is a question they never dwell upon. Why?"

The Broad street office of A. M. Sparks is a snug little place. From the narrow. wornout stairway, up and down which messenger boys dash from 10 till 3-and a messenger in full uniform in the very act of dashing is a great sight—you are ushered into a badly ventilated, badly lighted room, girt with ricketty chairs and embel ished by a few maps and a ticker. When we add a combination clerk and office boy and dirty carpet the description is sufficiently complete. Very ofter small customers of Mr. Sparks' hold these chairs down, or surround the ticker, or consult the ticker reports conven iently at hand with more or less gloomy

brows, as it may be their or somebody else's funeral. Mr. Sparks has a part-ner somewhere on the floor of the Exchange. I never saw him. I never saw anybody who had ever seen him. I never heard of anybody who-but let that pass. The combination clerk and office boy received me with alacrity, and

vate" as if I was expected. It was quite a cosy little room within and Mr. Sparks himself rose, advanced and greeted me effusively. That is, ef-fusively for Sparks, he began somewhat tacitum and undemonstrative. As he did so I glauced about the place, permitting my eyes to rest, finally, upon which is seated at a Remington in the cornre. She was in the strong light of the window, and I could not at once distinguish her features. Mr. Sparks did not

tapped on the glass door labelled "Pri-

leave me long in suspense, but taking me over to her said: "This is 'Denver & Rio Grande,' Mr. Billings."

She laughed pleasantly-a low, rip-

pling, girlish laugh-while I was somewhat taken aback. I saw instead of the usual office girl a lady of perhaps forty, rather fleshy, but not fair, with coal black hair and dark brown eyes, having something familiar in them. She was well but plainly dressed in some dark stuff, and as she stood looked a lady born and bred. We scanned each other critically.

She resumed her seat with a sigh. "So you are the new typewriter—"
"Yes," she replied with a meaning glance at Mr. Sparks.

"Yes," he echoed, "and also Mrs. Sparks." "Your wife!"

"Precisely—my wife."
"Why I—you said a few days ago her name was Mrs. Gore!" I remarked, not knowing anything sensible to say. "Certainly," retorted the phlegmatic Sparks, "but I didn't say it would al-ways be so, did I? In fact, but for your confounded letter she would have changed it sooner. Wait, let me explain. We had come to a proper understanding you see, and were to have been married

that very afternoon when—well, you can now understand why I was so put out." "Not exactly; in fact you will pardon me for observing right here that I cannot see that I have had anything what-ever to do with it." I was rather net-tled at his self-confident way of putting things.

"No; not intentionally, not knowing-ly, that is true, but don't you know," he added, looking at Mrs. Sparks, "your note produced the most wonderful effect! don't know what possessed me, in the first place, to add that line, unless with the vague idea of preparing you for the step that followed; but that note of yours-I handed it to her as a good joke-bless my soul! she dropped in her tracks, she did, by -."

She immediately raised a plump fore-

finger. If she wasn't breaking Sparks of a very bad habit I'm mistaken.
"And I was jenlous—think of me at fifty jealous of my typewriter! But it was all right when we talked it over,

"Well, that is just what I wanted to talk with you about," said he. "And I decline to go into such a pre-

"No; I do not see." (This with em-

posterous subject. I never saw your wife, or "-I rose to go. "Hold up, Billings! That's not it," hastily put in Sparks. "Don't get excited. Give a fellow a chance. You see I asked you here at her request."

"At my request," repeated his wife, nodding. "She wanted to see you." "I am flattered," said I, not exactly in

good temper. "Let me speak," interrupted Mrs. Sparks. Her voice was low and gentle, She went on: "I had the most curious

ensation when I held your letter-My face must have become suddenly illuminated by a spark of intelligence, for she paused, and both she and her ausband looked at me fixedly. At any rate I was clearly interested now. could scarcely wait for her to proceed.

"It was if I were thrilled with sudden It came and went, and came again so quickly I lost consciousness. Nor could I clearly define what it had been when all was over. I never felt so but once before in my life," and she bent her head modestyl toward the carpet, 'only this was so sudden and strong as

"Go on," said I eagerly, "pray go on."
"Thank you. Do you believe in what
men call theosophy?"
The same question! The same dark,
lustrous soulful eyes! Could it be possible? I could no longer retain even my assumption of calmness. Did I believe in the doctrines of theosophy? Yester-

day I would have unhesitatingly answered "rats." Now—
"Well; yes and no. That is, I believe, but not to the extent of the well-accepted disciple. That two souls intent upon each other may and do commune in a limited way though their respec-The solemnity of my assertion im-pressed them visibly, but in a different

She instinctively extended her

hands as if to detain me right there,
"That is what I mean," she said: 'that is what I believe with all my soul!' "Believe? I can demonstrate it," I de clared, almost enthusiastically. "I will prove it to your satisfaction before the setting of another sun!"

"O, for heaven's sake, Delia," interrupted Sparks, looking at me with an expression which plainly indicated that he thought I ought to be locked up, "don't let your mind dwell on such fool-ishness as that."

He began to pace the floor impatiently. Every time he passed me he in-dicated his contempt.

"It is the veriest rot! It is indigestion! It is liver-yes, liver! Such a theory would down the whole market. Have nothing to do with it. Look here, Billings; I always thought you were a man of hard, horse sense. "Two souls"— I don't believe you have any such convictions. Astril body-get out! If you have, don't talk that stuff to Mrs. Sparks, if you please! 'Commune'-by the way, my dear, isn't it about time to 'commune' with our dinner? My dear Mr. Billings, come and see us. Delia is my business partner now. Yes, she knows all about stocks. She'll be right here every day. Don't send your 'astral body' down, but come yourself. She's

my typewriter, just the same."
Mrs. Sparks smiled bewitchingly the while, and with the last remark of her sturdy husband this smile became a laugh. How very like Lizzie Mather's smile and laugh! Wonderful, I thought. "You have a typewriter, too," she

gently insinuated. "Billings? Bet he has!" exclaimed parks. "And she's a little beauty Sparks. "She's more than a beauty," I said,

with all the significance I could throw into my expression. I've been told I have a remarkable expression when it "She's something of a theosoph works.

"Indeed? You shall tell me more about her," said Mrs. Sparks. "I will, most assuredly." "When?"

"Tomorrow."

"And that grand demonstration?" he inquired. "Tomorrow." "'Tomorrow and tomorrow!'-very well."

When I left Broad street I was so excited with my discovery that I came very nearly being run over by a beer wagon. It seemed incredible that I had been so stupid as to not suspect the truth at once. It is the way of the skeptic

Great is the typewriter! I was so full of the possibilities of the case that I boarded the elevated without depositing the customary five cents. How should I bring this pair together? I would do it yes, tomorrow. I never slept a wink that night. "They're married." I remarked sen-tentiously to Lizzie at the office. She

paused in the act of hanging up her hat,

The same eyes, by heavens! "Who're married?" "Sparks and -and Guess!" "Denver & Rio Grande?"
"Exactly."

She dropped her hat on the floor with a blush, but hastily recovered it—the

hat; the blush was gone. Not a word. "What kind of a looking girl is she?"
Natural inquiry, wasn't it?

"Let's see-stand that way, Lizzle. THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN. She is a girl about forty years of age-don't interrupt me-black hair, dark, lustrous eyes-like yours, Lizzie-

slightly stout, apparently well born and Some Stories Gleaned From the World of bred. She is also a stenographer, typewriter and theosph; is nervous, sees Wit and Humor. spooks and communes with other people

having nerves, seeing spooks, etc., by HE WAS ENTIRELY TOO GRATEFUL. I'm bound to say that instead of get-

ting excited or turning pale at this vivid description, Miss Mather laughed im-Got Value Received for His Tip-Quite the "Reverse"-Wonderful Acci-"I'd like to see her," she finally said.
"The very thing!" I exclaimed, "by all means. She wants to see you very much. dent at a Fair-A Prohibition Day.

> New York Sun: Doctor-You must be very careful about your diet.
> Dashaway—That's all right, doctor. My andlady attends to that.

Economical Astronomy. New York Sun: Little Isaac-O, fader! Log ad de shtars, how dey shine! Schonberg-Don'd loog at de shtars, Ikey; ook ad de moon, id's bigger. Entirely to Grateful.

The Keystone: Borrower-You are very rind to lend me these fifty dollars; I feel as if he contagion of my eathusiasm? Then I began to realize my responsibility. Was this the right way to reach the decan never repay you Lender-Eh! Why in thunder didn't you say that at first? sired end? Was I not too precipitate? Perhaps this sudden meeting might be An Inglorious Conclusion. dangerous-perhaps even fatal-to one Somerville Journal: Debtor-I want to pay or both of these high-strung women. I that little bill of yours— Creditor—All right, my dear boy.

Debtor-But I can't "Lizzie, whom would you most like to Clever. Dry Goods Chronicle: Weeks—What a very clever poem young Keightley has written in Miss Gladys' album!

Wentman (who has a poor opinion of Keightley's muse)—Very. He copied it out of Tennyson without getting a single word wrong! The question was abruptly put at the She looked frightened. Her color faded. She leaned against the railing

A traight Tip. Fliegendie Blatter: Customer-Here, waiter, I give you three pence for yourself; now tell me what you would recommend with

"Now tell me what you mean." There was desperation in the gaze she fixed upon me now.
I was at a loss how to proceed. Lizzie clear conscience. Waiter (in a confidential whisper) -Go to "Is—is it, my—mother?" she gasped.
"Yes, Lizzle—your long—"
"Let me go! Let me go! I will not!
Oh, I cannot, cannot bear it!" She was On the Contrary. Washington Post; "Is this an intelligence

office!" asked a stranger, as he looked in at the door. "No, sir; you couldn't have been further wrong," was the reply of a deliberate-spoken, big-voiced man. "This is detectives' headquarters." was astonished! Here was a go! Two messengers in the act of dashing by Culpable Ignorance. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Montaly: Uncle Sam-You Canadians are not very wise, Canuck—What do you mean? "Why don't yer let the girl alone?" cried the other, "Let 'er go!"
"Call a 'cop.' Jimmy, quick!" And away the other dashed for certain, I

Uncle Sam You don't know enough to come in out of the reign. A Prohibiti n Lay. Philadelphila Time Nothing is lost in all this world; The sunlight's smallest ray, 'he mighty grain of drifting sand Have each their part to play.

And tho' the beer kegs ranged in rows Beside the curb again Are full no longer—what of that? Just gaze upon the men.

"My mother is-mad! You don't know-oh, you, do not know what you have done! She want! An Advantageous Position. New York Weekly: Advertiser-I wish this advertisement placed in some part of the She's mad! She must have escaped! Don't let me see her, please, paper where people will be sure to see it. Editor—Yes sir, yes sir. I can put it i alongside of an editorial if you wish. I can put it right when I was a child. Please take me away—I beg." She slipped down on her Advertiser - Hem! Please put it alongside of the baseball news. knees before I could prevent it. I shall

A Very Good Reason. There was a shuffling sound in the Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Gazzam-I see that an unmurried woman has been admitted to the bar in Iowa, but it is to be and boisterous) and a policeman rushed into the narrow way and laid a heavy hoped that she will not be elevated to the "Pull him out," yelled somebody out-side who couldn't see what was going Mrs. Gazzam-Why not, I'd like to know? Gazzam-Because no one wants to be miss-

judged.

Fe rful. New York Sun: "They say there's been a dreadful accident at the county fair."
"What happened?"
"A lawyer stood up before the whole crowd peared at this juncture, and, following the instructions of this fellow, closed the door and placed his broad back against and shot off his mouth." it. At the same the crowd outside had Literary Love.

Somerville Journal: "Will you review my next book!" asked one author of another. these now began to appear at the land-"With pleasure, my dear fellow," was the brother author's reply, 'if only you won't ask me to read it." combination clerk-and-office-boy, who What Had !!ecome of It.

The Keystone: "Do you mow, my dear." said Mr. Darringer, as he smiled fondly upon his young hopeful, "I believe that our boy has

in hopes the policeman would club me innerited our amiable disposition. "Hold up!" shouted Sparks, who came down two steps at a time—"hold up of-"That explains it," remarked his wife with a demure smile. "I've been wondering for some time what had become of it." Convine d. suppose. Now what in-excuse me,

Good News: Police Captain-Have you atended to that burglary at Mr. Foodman's Detective-Yes; been at work on it all day.

"What is your conclusion!"
"A robbery has been committed."
"Very well. Now go to work on these other

Texas Siftings: "Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel. Tramp (gazing at the coin): "Well, I guess I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I recken I'll spend the summer at Asbury park instead of going to Saratoga."

Quite Different. of this, from the advent of the policeman Somerville Journal: "Is that a love letter?" did not occupy more than a minute. I crowded a week's solid nonpareil thought asked one young lawyer of another, who was poring busily over some closely-written sheets. "Oh no," replied the other confusedly. "It is just a writ of attachment." "Mr. Billings," said Miss Mather,

Everybody Had a Show. Philadelphia Times: "I like the girl's dis position," said Scatley as a maiden passed down to the beach in particularly abbreviated bathing robes. "Know her?" asked Rath-This was too palpably true to be resented. I partially redeemed myself, however, by turning to the policeman "No, but I can see she's disposed so far as she can to give everybody a show."

> Well Fitted. Life: "You want a position on the staff as a humorist, ch?" asked the editor. "Yes," said the graduate, "that's what I

> want."
> "What experience have you had?" "Well, I painted the word 'Damn' on the chapel steps up at college once and lit a giant cracker under the chair of our Greek profes

Distinction Without Difference.

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Walking on the beach at Coney Island I met two Irishmen who were admiring the observatory, which, after doing duty at the centennial, was removed from Philadelphia and set up on 'Oh, Jemmy," said one, "jist look at the high thing!" "Niver mind the height, Pat, but get onto the length av it."

No Occasion for His Service

Chicago Tribune: "Madame," said the caller in a subdued, respectful voice, "I have been informed by one of your neighbors that you have met with a bereavement, and I have ventured to—''
"I have nad no recent bereavement," interrupted the lady somewhat stiffly.
"I was told you had lost your husband,"

he rejoined apologetically.
"Yes—more than two years ago."
"May I ask if you have placed a monument as yet over his re—"
"He was blown up in a powder mill."
The tombstone agent took his hat and went away without another word.

Fitted for the Stage.

Boston Transcript: Amateur actress—I think I could give full satisfaction to the public. My wardrobe is as elegant as it is diversified and you know there has been no little scandal in connection with my family relations. Manager—Yes, these are undeniable attractions, I admit; but there is one thing more. The public will insist upon interesting anecdotes of your life, sayings and adventures.

Amateur actress—But I've never had any adventures and I don't remember saying any-The danger of a malarial atmosphere may be averted if you will occasionally take a dose of Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever thing worth repeating.

Manager—Oh, that makes no difference You can easily hire some bright fellow to

furnish all the anecdotes necessary; we will Drs. Merill & Merill, supply everything but the money to pay for them. That, of course, will be for you to

WHO KILLED THE PURPP Pitisburg Chronicle,

"Who killed the canine?" "I," said the copper." With my little popper I killed the canine "I gave the order."
I feel no grief-

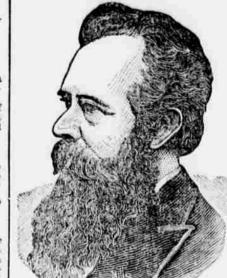
"Who gave the order!" How much is in it? "Fifty cents for each poodle, And the cop gets the boodle— That's what's in it."

"Who gets the collar!" "I'm the sole moaner,

I get the collar. "Who gets the remains?" "I," said the Fallmaster,
"Unless some one is fuster
I get the remains."

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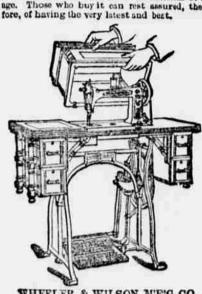
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document without using the figure 9. It stands

in the third place in 1890, where it will remain ten

years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years. There is another "9" which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in the respect that it has already moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, after a severecontest with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having received lower awards of gold media, etc. The French Government also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company,

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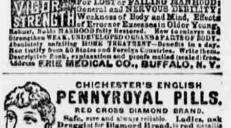


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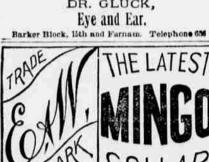
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