SUCH

AN

OFFER

 And mulstened eyes upturned to his caresses. "O, sweet?" she murmured, "life is utter "Dear heart," he sald, "our golden cup runs "Drink love," she cried, "and thank the gods

Love blessed the kiss, but ere he wandered The mated blossoms heard this benediction: sense; Who keeps this full has joy-who drains,

He drained the precious lips of cup and

They heard the rustle as ne smiling fled; She reached her hand to reach the roses blowing.

He stretched to take the purple grapes o'er-

Love whispered back, "Nay, keep their beauties growing. They paused and understood; one flower

They took and kept, and Love flew smillag over, Their roses bloomed, their cup went brim-She looked for love within and found her

SERGEANT CORE.

LeRoy Armstrong in Scribner's Magazine for August: Enlisted men in the regular army do not indulge in much courting of any kind. These sons of Mars who hold the outworks of the realm are not often afforded an opportunity to court even danger. Fame, that is supposed to lurk in cannon's mouths, there to be sought by aspiring young gentlemen who make a living by the extinguishment of other aspiring young gentlemen, is a thing so rarely heard about in the army of the United States that sluggish blood, tamed by some drill and much fatigue, is never moved to deeds of daring. Fortune is, if possible, farther away than promotion, for the legions are not munificently rewarded, and the soldier who can loan money is a rsonage certain of distinction.

And as for courtship, which involves a gentler, fairer sex, that is quite out of the question. At their quarters, in the tedium of walking post, and on the long rides down the valley when "mounted pass" rewards good conduct, some of the men may cherish these dreams of fair but they always set the season of their felicity far in the future-when captivity shall have turned to freedom.

But now and then even the ignoble recruit in the regular army finds an object about which he may moan and dream. It may not be a face or figure that would inspire great deeds in those who have more frequent views of women; but beauty is a matter of comparisons. The "handsomest woman in the valley" wears a diadem as dear to her as that which graces the "loveliest lady in the

Fort Bidwell had but one unmarried woman in the whole confines of the reservation, and she was a half-Spanish maiden who attended the commanding officer's children. Her father had been an army officer, who consoled himself for assignment to Fort Yuma by marrying the belle of the region-a territory that is even yet far more Cantillan than Saxon. Judged by all canons of beauty Terita was not handsome. She was short and dark, low-browed, and gifted with a mouth of most generous extent; but then, she was young, her hands and feet were small and shapely, her eyes were deep and dark, and she had her mother's very witchery of dress. Seen beside the wives of the officers, Terita suffered somewhat, but then no soldier ever saw her there. To them she was ever alone and unshamed by compari-

sons. When she wheeled the colonel's children down the esplanade of an afternoon—the time of all times when an American camp is lazy-the men would vie with each other in attentions. True, they could not do much, and the first man at her side, if not dislodged by Terita's frowns, was master of the situation.

But the sun shone brightly on the espanade all the afternoon, while just across the creek which formed one boundary of the parade ground was a level stretch of grass that lay like a car-pet right up to the foot of a massive, towering wall of granite. The time-honored excuse for accosting the maid was to assist her and the children across this brook on a series of stepping stones so much more desirable than any bridge could have been. Once over the commonest kind of courtesy demanded that Terita permit her adorer to walk up and down with her, to fill the admiring envious eyes of all the garrison, and to win the colonel's graces no less than the girl's, by preventing any of the little blanderers from falling in the brook.

It was, indeed, to the rank and file, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary

Of course, all this implied a welldressed soldier, the patient buffing of buttons, the polishing of shoes, and the tact to simply happen on the esplanade not rush there as though this were the one thing which could make a man tidy and agreeable. And while four out of every five men in the fort would have given a month's pay any time to walk and talk with her to touch her hands at chance intervals, and to wake that merry southern laugh, not nearly that proportion cared to give the time and trouble necessary; and a still smaller number were prepared to march out there and run the risk of impalement on that keen glance, not to mention the ridicule such a fate would involve when

one returned to the squad room. Yet the strife for her smiles is warm enough, and several shared with some approach to equality the honor to attending Terita, though not one of them could expect she would dismiss the others, and keep herself for him only. But the girl was rapidly developing a stronger liking for Sergeant Gore than for anybody else. He was so handsome, so at ease; his blue eyes shone with such a light, and his soft, white hands were so caressingly tender when they touched

He was so faultlessly dressed, and was so plainly accustomed some time in the past to even better company than hers, that Terlia always greeted him with a surer welcome, walked with him longer, and was plainly happier with him than with the other men. it came to pass when rival admirers outwitted Sergeant Gore and gained the coveted position, she grew to inquiring about that young man; grew to speak of his dress, his learning, his better past. All this was gall and wormwood to the gallants who heard it, and one by one they read dismissal in the queries, and

left the field to Gore. He was not the only man of good family whom Dame Fortune, in a perverse mood, had sent to the ranks of the regular army; he was one of many. But his face and figure, no less than his family-tree, were his title deeds of nobility. Sergeant Gore's weekly letter from his Philadelphia home had loag been one of the events at the squadrooms in Bidwell. A chosen few might listen to some passages. A somewhat larger circle had seen the potographs of mother and sisters, and knew the home-

life of the gores was one to envy. They paid him their highest compliment by being interested in that fairer half of life, and asking respectfully, when the quarters were stillest, about those from

whom his honor kept him alien.

During the Modoc war young Billy Somers, just out of a civilian college at the east, dared the rigors of a campaign in the lava beds, quartering himself on his brother, the first lieutenant of company G. First cavalry. When Captain Jack and his three unclean abetters were hanged at Klamath for defying the fing and slaying the men who bore it, young William asked for a commission in the army. The officers in general endorsed his application, for he was an uncom-monly agreeable fellow, and all declared his deserts firmly grounded on "brave and meritorious conduct in the Modoc

Pefiding the action of the secretary of war the young man paid a visit to his friends in San Francisco, and then, as the unfruitful months vanished, he came to Bidwell and again accepted the hospitality of his brother. He found a com-fortable seat on the broad balcony of Lieutenant Somers's quarters, and there smoked good "conchas" and watched the

golden afternoons drift by. He saw Terita, and being almost an officer, if not already erowned with a commission, he needed no introduction, and, indeed, very little formality of any kind, to claim her acquaintance. The girl was flattered by his attentions, although the more surely he was an officer the smaller the chance for any union. But he found many pretexts for being with her. When mission should come he might be assigned to some post in the south, and his Spanish was in woful need of dress-And she-well, she was a woman, and not averse to compliment,

The children were seldom lifted across the creek now. Terita said the espla-nade was good enough. And she could not encourage Sergeant Gore to walk with her there, where every turn brought them under Lieutenant Somers's bal-cony. Yet she did love him. She wept in secret many times, vexed that fate gave her a choice so grievous; and she was often very good to Gore, though he, poor fellow, would come back to quarters with not enough of reason left to distingulsh between a daily detail and a death sentence.

But at last the commons triumphed. Billy Somers' commission didn't come: maybe it never would. She fed the hope let her heart follow its stronger and bending. Gore was in ecstacles. He had less than a year, to serve, and then an honorable discharge would restore him, somewhat like the prodigal son, to a father's house, where there was

Terita slipped from her room one night and met her lover on the grassy walk beyond the creek. They strolled up and down there in the moonlight, with pictures that are never unveiled but once in all the world. wore his finest uniform, and strapped to his side, lifted from clanking against his spurs, was his burnished sabre; for he as sergeant of the guard today.

Why will a woman love the tools of our? What is there in a sword to fire her with devotion for the wight who carries it? No one knows, yet that has been her weakness since Eneas won the heart of Dido.

The mail had arrived today, and its chief treasure, his letter from home, was recited at length to the fairy at his side. Terita listened and clung to this handsome fellow; she stroked his massive arm, she touched his face, she sang him songs of love in the soft Spanish of her mother tongue-and she turned like a pauther when a man came quickly around the base of the great rock and approached her lover threateningly. It was Billy Somers.

"Go to the guard house, Gore," he said. "You have no business here." But the sergeant knew his footing. He was trespassing on regulations; he was well aware of that, but between him and kindling a fire. Gore watched them any citizen he was the better armed just through the window, then walknow.

ders from you," he said calmly and firm-ly; then he added, "Mr. Somers," with a possible emphasis on the title. "You are sergeant of the guard. Go

to your post, or I will have your belts off in ten minutes." 'You go slow, or I will have you in the bottom of the creek in ten seconds

came in anger from the soldier. he added again, as thrust, reminder, taunting—all in one—"Mr. Sommers." "Lieutenant Sommers," corrected the other, with an undoubted emphasis on

"Lieutenant?" cried the girl, with an

inflection of inquiry. "Lieutenant!" echoed Gore, in deep derision. He did not belive the secretary of war would ever make that man an officer. Heutenant," said Sommers,

"My commission came today. That settled it. He was clearly master here. But Gore was game. He took Terita's hand and led her across the brook on the stepping-stones that long had paved the way from earth to paradise—stones that memory would bind about his neek hereafter, while he struggled in the infinite sea of despair. But he would have given a sixth year of service in the barracks for just one hour at the hay corral with that subal-

'Good-night, Terita," he said, as he reached her door. There was no at-tempt at hushing his voice as became a plebelan on the borders of patrician realms. He lifted his cap with perfect grace, bowed low and went away, proud as a gentleman.

All the officers and their families, sitting the evening out upon their bal-conics, saw the episode; but they had not seen that brief passage at arms across the creek. The officer of the day only knew that here was a sergeant of the goard gallanting a girl when he should have been at his post. He put on his hat and called to the retreating figure, while Terita wrung her hands for Gore, then pressed them in rejoleing for Somer's good fortune. The two mer met half way across the

parade ground, "What are you doing, sergeant?"

"Disobeying orders, I fear, sir," answored the culprit, saluting. "Go to your post. I shall report you

They saluted again and parted. That night Sergeant Gore was Upton personified in his strict adherence to regula-Next morning he was relieved before guard mount, and the corporal turned over "the fort and all its stores" to the succeeding detail.

"Lieutenant William Somers says you insulted him last night," said the commanding officer sternly, when he had summoned Gore before him. The noncommissioned man told the whole story just as it was,

"Go back to your quarters, and never let such conduct occur again. Gore was out of it easier than he had xpected. He was not even reduced to the ranks. Surely that grim old colonel saw more than the surface of things. But Torita? Well, she grew ored her with a horseback ride down

chilling. Young Lieutenant Somers honthe valley, though his conduct met stern disapproval from the other officers and their wives. It was one thing for Terita to be courted by an enlisted man soon to leave the service; it was quite another for an officer to show her favors -and she a waiting-maid!

Sergeant Gore was not reduced to the geant Gore was discipline again. He

ranks, but he might have been for all he | didn't care about Terlia, and he was cared. He was hopelessly smitted by that little girl. He could not wake his pride and dismiss all thought of her. He grew less tidy, and his springing gait became a painful drag. He did his duty in a slip-shop way, and only roused to interest when the squad-rooms were agog with speculation as to where "Lieutenant Billy" would be assigned for service. He only listened to their chatter when the men recounted some new freak of that late-fledged lieutenant. His arrogance, his tyranny, his petty spite, wen him a place of singular dis-like. Gore hoped, yet dreaded, that the time would come when he could wreak his anger on that upstart. He did much violence to his blood and training as he pletured some possible collision. He thought of Achilles, who was bereft by a

paser, not better, soldier-and smiled at the stupendous vanity pentin the simile.

A mouth went by. The new lieutenant had an open field for Terita, so far as rivals went, but he still found rough sailing in the social waters. At last, inself-defense he announced his intention to marry the girl as soon as he was as-siged to duty, and said, in a burst of he-roles, that he would be proud to take her with him as his wife wherever he might go. And from that time his woong was frowned on less hardly than

But that assignment to duty! It iroubled him far more than anyone else. Intll it came that Spanish damsel held him at a most tantulizing arm's length.
It was very provoking. He prayed for
the Presidio, near San Francisco; he
dreaded Fort Yuma or St. Francis.

Sergeant Gore lay half asleep on a each in front of the quarters, and gazed at that point of rocks across the parade ground. The October wind lifted his blond hair and blew it about, haming him for neglecting the barber. It occurred to him that the mail coach was due today, and he was not so tidy as he should be when his letter came. He glanced down at his uniform, at his dusty boots; he passed his palm across a very stubble-field of cheek. He waked to the consciousness that all this was unmanly, not to say unsoldier-like, no matter what the provocation, and he drew himself together with a quick resolve to be more worthy of that distant home where he was walted with such patient

As he sathis face toward the rather umble house of tonsure some quality in the rising wind attracted him. An arrow of cold, like an icy needle, shot its warning through the warmer air. In the northwest, hovering on the ragged caks of Shasta, were banks of leaden louds, while just overhead, with lowering pressure, swept the fleecy vanguard "Blizzard tonight," said Gore, senten-

tiously, to the barber; and then, in a tone life-like than they had known in weeks, he added: "One shave, one haircut, one waxed mustache," and clambered in the chair.

When he left, the place an hour later ne was the Gore of other days. Not a fleck of dust stained the dark blue of his garments; not a touch of soil dimmed the lustre of his shoes, while buttons, linen, sunny locks, and all marked the model

Just before him a little heap of leaves and grasses woke in confusion and scampered up the spiral staircase of the wind. Over in the great corral swine were borrowing trouble with loud, inwind. cisive cries, and carrying wisps of hay into the lee of heavy walls. The army of clouds that stood on Shasta when he passed before had advanced a score of miles, and gusts of cold, like scouts, were trying the passage of canon and hill. Light flakes of snow shot by, fell in a group on the porch at the quarters, and whirling in a waltz to the sharp whistling of the storm.

"Put on your overcoats," said the sergeant of the guard to the relief. Inside the squad room some men were ed briskly to and fro the length of the building. He was erect, clear-brained, deep-breath-"I don't know why I should take or ing, exultant. His vigor was wakened

by the tonic of frost. Snow drifted in long, loose ridges across the parade ground, as the sundown roll was called. At tattoo the blast had grown so bitter that the men stood close in the shelter of the buildings, as in midwinter; while the officer of the day, in top boots and field cloak, was buried to the knees in the gathering drifts. Taps, the final bugle call of the day, was drowned in the louder trumpetings of the hurricane.

Gore thought of his horse, and stole from the barracks to make sure of the animal's comfort. The storm was rag-Winds, like moistened lashes whipped his face. He bent his head and ran, stumbling over unfamiliar things, tripping, recovering, and chafing his freezing wrists. Surely he had gone far enough. He was bewildered. He turned his back and tried to find the outlines of the buildings or the hills, Vision could not pierce beyond that mad, tempestuous whirl of sleety snow.

He was lost! But under the chilling paralysis of that moment, when life and death con-tended with just lengthened lances, the heart of the man rose with a throb of defiance? He would not be frozen. Where was the corral? the quarters? where was he? One mement of confusion meant a panie and the end. One moment of calmness might save him. He shouted aloud, but the vicious demon of the storm snatched the message and shattered it-scattered it to all the winds at once. He knew it could not be heard ten yards away. But he called again, and just as calmly. Somewhere in that hurry blast was surely a breeze that would carry the cry to willing ears.

He tried again. Then, behind him just a little way, rose an answer. He turned and called quickly. Quicker still came a response. this new voice was one of beseech-It was a plea for help. Gore struggled toward it, guided by its rising, waking, hopeful repetition. He stumbled blindly against a fence-and knew his bearings in an instant.

There to his right, buried in the drift, battling feebly to escape, crouched "Lieutenant Billy."

Gore gazed on him in silence just one moment; but in that little lapse of time his bosom was a battlefield of tempests as flerce as that without. How easy to end it all just here! No need to touch him; no need to speak. No one on earth would ever know he stood above those epaulets and took receipt in full for slavery.

Just one moment, and then a breath from that good home in far-off Philadelphin flashed past the leagues that lay between and stirred his heart to man-"Heliothere, Lieutenant!" he shouted,

grasping a numbed arm with one hand, while with the other he held to the fence as to a lifeline that could bear them both to safety. "Hello there! Get up! You're The bewildered man rose stiffly grasp-

ing wildly for support. He could not walk; he could not stand. He fell full length and helpless in the snow, Gore stooped and wrapped his strong arms about the prostrate body; he raised it to his shoulder and then crowded along

against the fence till it led him to the quarters. A month of fairest weather followed. and not a vestige of the storm-wrought ruin could be seen in the valley. Ser-

quits with Somers. His arms shone re-splendent, his uniform was a model of beauty, his conduct was all that a soldler could desire. He declined with dignity the lieutenant's invitation to come to the officers' quarters and be thanked.
"Tell him," he said to the orderly, "that I saved him just as I would a steer or a pony, I don't care a copper whether he gets well or not."

This was far from true; but the

brute in man is sometimes so strong that it demands emicessions, and they must be made. He could not forget, and it was still more impossible to for-He was strolling past the esplanade one day, upright, deliant. The mail had

just brought him a letter from home. It raised him visibly above all things in Bidwell. It warmed and comforted-it Terita leaned from the colonel's bal-

cony and accosted him.
"So giad to see you," she said. "I have wanted to talk with you. Let us walk on the grass beyond the creek to-"What will Somers say?" How perverse he was. But oven as he watched for the effect of his thrust, his

heart leaped wildly. O, those little hands, that gladsome face, those ripe "Why," with a laugh, "what do I

Plainly the new commission had lost its charms.
"I'll come," said Gore, not quite so heartily as he once had done, but with

a vein of independence that was worth

much to him. That night they crossed the creek, treading those blessed stepping stones. and walked in the moonlight again. The evenings were chilling now, and Terita wore a true Castillau mantilla. talked of everything—but one. She sang the old songs, she laughed and flattered him; she won him utterly, and then she

"You were so good to save 'Lieuten-ant Billy.' Poor fellow, he is so grate-ful to you."

Gore sniffed his contempt.

"He has been assigned to duty at—I can't remember." "The Presidio?" with fear and trem-

bling.
"No-oh, my, no. At Fort Buford, in northern Dakota. His orders came to-

Talk of anything now, She has spread her net, has secured her prize; here she transfixes him. When he left her that night Sergeant Gore trod on zephyrs. He was too happy to lie in bed even after taps, and stole away beyond the boiling springs to walk alone and fash-ion castles in the air—castles that in these later days he has peopled with fairles of love required, the gentl of manhood's strength and woman's bless-

And Terita? Why, time has given stature, rarest comeliness, and unswerv-ing truth to her. She is prouder of her home, her handsome husband, and her pretty children, than ever was the wife of a grandee in Spain.

Dr. Birney cares catarrh, Bee bldg.

JED TOMPKINS IN COURT.

How He Explained the Way He Came in Possession of a Sheep. Near Fayetteville, Tenn., shortly after

the recent cyclone which did so much damage in that state and Kentucky, old Jed Tompkins, colored, was hauled up

before 'Squire Nason for stealing one of Colonel Ballentyne's sheep, says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Before the trial the 'squire, the colonel, Jed and several others' were lounging in front of the 'squire's dingy little office, all hands, with the exception of Jed, relating incidents of the terrible storm; the squire winding up with a tree on his farm from which the wind had stripped the bark, and the on his place through which the tornado had driven a wheat straw.

On the trial the evidence was all against Jed, the colonel identifying the the sheep which had been found hangng up on Jed's back porch. 'I'll have to hold you, old man, unless you can explain how that sheep came here," said the magistrate.

"Cain't 'splain, 'Squire," Jed an-wered, "Wen I got up in the mawnin' dat sheep was jes' layin' dar." "And you don't know who brought it

"No, suh-lesan de cyclone blowed it dar.

"Aha! 'Lesan de cyclone blowed it dar, eh? And did you ever see a cyclone that could skin a sheep?" "No, suh, I can't say as I has, 'lesan't war dat same cyclone what peeled

Square Nason's tree and driv the straw throo Colonel Ballentyne's wall. The 'Squire pulled up his specs and took a long look at Jed and the colonel arose and stated that he would not prosecute the case farther, as this was any of his property into Jed's posses

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Sent a Boy.

A lady walking along a street came upon a little girl wheeling a baby car-riage, says the Chicago Herald. "What a beautiful baby!" exclaimed the lady as she discovered a pink face done up in a cream-colored shawl. "Whose child is "Mine," the little girl answered.

"O you mean that it is your little "No, I mean that he is not my brother, but is mine-my child. You are a very young mother."

"I ain't no mother,"
"Then why should you say that the baby is yours?" the lady mischievously

"Cause God sent it to me. My mamme asked me if I didn't want a little baby in the house an' I said yes, an' she said if I prayed for one God would send it, an then I said I would pray for a little sister, cause I like girls better than boys but mamma said I'd just better pray for any kind that God was a mind but I didn't; I prayed for a little girl, but God took an' sent a boy anyhow, an' guess it was because he didn't have any girls on hand. Then I said I would pray to God to send a little girl as soon as h could, an' it made papa laugh an' said that I neenter put myself to any trouble on that account.'

Announcement. C. B. Moore & Co. have been appointed holesale agents for the celebrated waters of Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg. "Mose" Jacobs of Des Moines.

"Mose" Jacobs, a noted newsboy of Des Moines, Ia., is visiting in the city on a short vacation, says the Denver News, "Mose" is said to be the best known person in the state of Iowa and has a corner on all the papers from larger cities in the country. His voice sounds like a steam calllope and it has reputed to be worth \$10,000, largely is Des Moines real estate. From early youth "Mose" has supported his mothe and several brothers and sisters. has the manners of a gentleman, and le highly popular among the citizens of the thriving capital city.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, 'lee bldg'



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AND

Snap Shots at the Quaint and Humorous Phases of Life.

OLD UNCLE ISRAEL'S MISFORTUNE.

A New Source of Leather-Where She Hid the Bathing Suit-Croupier the Coin Collector-An Awkward Situation.

Clothier and Furnisher: Mr. Sheers-

What size of pistol pocket in these trousers? Mr. Tanque—Same as usual—a quart. The Appropriate Instrument. Inter Ocean: Tomdik-"I am preparing a article on Andersonville and Libby." sifer-"You are writing it with a prison

pen, I presume." Men and the Speaker.

Washington Post, The youth who wears a sash just now, To make his style seem sleeker,

Spats down the bang upon his brow, And says: "Me and the speaker."

To Save Expenses. Light: A St. Joseph business man who always spelled his son's name "Jno." on his envelopes, has begun using the "h"—John cause the government charges two cents

Kindly Courtesy. Somerville Journal: Ted-"May I borrow our umbrella this afternoon, Ned?"

Ned-"Yes; unless it is going to rain." In the Forest Primeval.

The woodpecker presents his bill;
Which makes the dogwood bark;
The stately oak twigs, boughs, and leaves,
Exclaiming, "What a lark!"

Didn't Raise His Half. Harper's Weekly: "Well, Uncle Israel ow did you get on with your farming this ar!" Uncle Israel-I didn't make nothin', marster. You see, me an' de boss was workin' on sheers. I 'greed to do de farmin' for harf de crap, an' I didn't make but harf a crap dis year, an' so, in course, I didn't git

Argument Saved. American Grocer: Weeks—How does this cather agree with you, Wentman? Wentman—It doesn't. I find it cheaper to

agree with the weather. Borrowing Oleo's Dress.

Chicago Tribune: Statistician—There has een a failing off of about \$100,000 in the sales f oleomargarine. How do you account for it! Practical Groser—There's been too much ountry butter labeled oleomargarine in order

A New Source of Leather. Chatter: Teacher-"John, of what are our boots made!" Boy-"Of leather, sir."

Teacher-"Where does the leather come

Boy-"From the hide of an ox." Teacher-"What animal, therefore, sup-les you with boots and shoes and gives you Boy-"My father."

Undoubtedly Correct. Drake's Magzine: "George," asked Mrs. umso, "what paper in the United States has the largest circulation!" "Paper money," replied Camso, promptly.

A Natural Inference. New York Weskiy: Little Dot-"Oh, ma-ma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the win-dow, an' he has a little round box in his hand." Marin-"Well, my pet, what do you think he wants!" Little Dot (after a giance

Ordinarily a Safe Place. Kate Field's Washington: "Did you hear of that woman who was arrested for trying smuggle a bathing suit!"

Midsummer Blindness.

"No, did she have it is her trunk?"
"Oh, no, indeed! She had it secreted in one of her teeth that she had lost the filling."

Washington Post: "I am not at all averse to conversing on the subject of ages," said Miss Passeigh. "I don't at all mind saying

before that she was ever troubled by blind-He Gathers It In. Somerville Journal: West—"What is Mr. Croupler's occupation? Works nights some-where, doesn't he?" Vest (who has seen the tiger in his lair)— "Croupler? Oh. he's a coin collector."

A Misinterpretation. Harper's Bazar: Mrs. Fangle-'I didn't now your house was too large for you, Mrs.

Gazzam."

Mrs. Gazzam." "Why, it isn't."

Mrs. Fangle... "Well, now I thought it wasn't; but Mrs. Larkin said you had lots of room to rent in your upper story."

It Answered for Sara. Boston Times: "I see that Sarah Bernhardt had a very narrow escape. Sharp-"Well, that's all she needs."

Had the Guessmania. "What does your husband do now?' inquired the parson.
"Well," answered the heart-broken wife,
"he buys half a dozen different papers and tries to make money in their guessing con-

An Awkward Situation. Kate Field's Washington: "Thope judge," said the defendant, "that you will grant my wife the decree of divorce. If you don't,

"Starve!" "Certainly. Fact is, I've asked another lady to marry me, and if my wife don't get her divorce I'll be sued for breach of promise,

> Tolstoi's Latest. Whiteside Herald.

and the whole family will be ruined.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" they say is quite bad, Tho' plain 'tis to see that the book is the "fad," And they who can't get it are awfully mad— Whether humble their station or haughty.

Yes thousands are realing the novel to-day. Neglecting alike their work and their play, But as yet there is no one to openly say What it is that makes "Kreutzer Sonata."

How He Outwitted Her. Harper's Bazar: "Papa," sail the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby; we will coll her imogen. Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes. He did not like the name, but if he opposed it his wife would have her way. "That's nice," said he pres-ently, "my first sweetheart was named Imagen, and she will take it as a compli-ment." "We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.

An Appropriate Legend. Drake's Magazine: Mr. Nooly-Say, I want a cont of arms.

"Hain't got none now-mady my money in Tsee. How would What is home without a mother!' suit you for a legend!'

No Bonations There. Whiteside Herald; "Let's go and see how old Skinflint is getting along," suggested one What's the matter of him?"

"Got the smallnox."
"Smallpox! Well, I've never had it," Don't make any differen But I don't want to get it. ' "O Well you'd never get it of Skinflint."
"Why not?"

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

"He's too stingy to give it."

M'Kee Rankin's Big Mistake. Several years ago, when McKee Rankin was leading man in the steck company at the theater in Pittsburg, says the New York Dramatic Mirror, he was visited every few days throughout the entire season by a long lean man who looked like a typical country man. He tried to induce him to advance money for the putting of a patent before the public. The visitor only had one way of stating his case, and this he religiously did on an average of three times a week for thirty weeks. He would lounge up to Runsin, and, after bidding the actor "good morn ing," and chatting for a while, would incidentally remark:

"I've got a patent out of which untole wealth can be made—if I only had about \$500 to get started. Now, Max, I'll give you a half interest in it if you'll advance the

The same speech was repeated so frequently that it became a standing joke in the company, and the young fellow who gave that I have seen twenty-seren summers." utterance to it was looked upon as a crank "Hump," remarked De Broot, "I never heard by one and all. Other people not members

of the company joined the actors in their estimate of the mental balance of the inventor. The season closed, Rankin ame to New York and his friend from Pittsburg was forgotten until some years later, when "The Danites" was in the flush of its when "The Danites" was in the flush of its success. Rankin was playing the part of Sandy, in l'ittsburg, when he received a call at his hotel from one of the millionaires of the Smoky city. He was greatly surprised to think this man should call on him, but a few moments' conversation put him straight. The visitor was George Westinghouse and the patent he "tried" to get Rankin interested in was the new universally used "air-ested in was the new universally used "air-brake," the revalues from which amount to brake," the royalties from which amount to ore than \$500,000 per annum.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Leadville's Nobility.

Chicago Tribune: "In the bygone days of Leadville," the visitor went on o relate, "there was a long line of no-bility. Ten years ago Lord George Campbell worked in the mines at Leadfile and received no more remuneration or consideration than he would had he not possessed a title. Baron Rosencranz came to Leadville from Denmark, and in spite of his noble name Leadville's citizens declare that he was as poor as a mouse. Count Roup, a Russian nobieman, was at one time a common ore digger, but afterward rose to a higher place—that of manager of a smelter. Count Roup now resides at Butte, Mont., and honors that city with his titled name. It was even possible to have assaying done by a nobleman ten years

office perched upon one of Lendville's hills. "One of the wildest characters that raced the Leadville mining camp was he nephew of Lord Coke and Lady Lesie. This young man wished to be con-idered bold and bad, and the airs he issumed outcowboyed the cowboys. His ostumes were considered remarkable ven for the Leadville of ten years ago. out were not of such character as would be permitted to grace the home of his

ago, as a Hungarian ford had an assay

lordly reintives. "The visitor to Leadville today would never dream that the noblity from the other side of the Atlantic had sent its representatives to the Cloud City, ye such is the case, and the citizens o Leadville, stennge to say, do not feel a all proud over the determination of many lords, barons and counts to seel their booming camp. It is not with pride that Leadville's citizens point to he nobility that have honored their city but rather with amusement and just trace of pity."

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.



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