THE NURSERY TATOO.

She'd studied in the German school, And when she daily played upon The grand plane, great the din That instrument she made upon. To gasps of manissimo, But sing and sing the ivories In sturdiest fortissimo.

In every channel of her life Her tendencies were thunderous, Her dresses were so loud, a sight Of the n from sleep would sunder us. And when her lover came and she In three of love would his him, th, The welkin would reverberate With echoings fortissimo.

She's married now and has a brace Of very noisy little ones, Ane fortunate it is for them That they were not made brittle ones, For when they do offend, at once, With movements allegrissime, She hammers on their nether parts In muscular fortissime.

A FAMOUS VIGILANTE.

STORY OF THE MAN IN THE MASK WHO EXECUTED ONE HUNDRED MONTANA OUTLAWS.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette: Owing to the scarcity of settlements in Montana some twenty-five years ago, and to the great number of horse thieves, stage robbers and murderers, crime held high carnival in that territory and for many months defied all attempts of law officers at arrest and punishment. These criminals, banded together under the name of "road agents," were well organized under the leadership of Henry Plummer, sheriff of Bannack, who being unsuspected with his deputies, committed the very crimes under cover of his official position. Against such a pow-erful combination the honest miners and farmers were at first helpless, but in 1862 men of nerve and determination organized a "vigilance committee. The members, called "regulators," were bound together by oath, and their cam-paign in hunting up and exterminating criminals began as suddenly as it was unrelenting. Every suspected person was arrested, given a fair trial, and, if proven guilty, executed on the spot. Many of them were expelled from the territory under penalty of death. A few of the regulators of those times are still living in Montana, and, as successful business and professional men, enjoy the respect of their fellow citizens.

A small volume entitled "The Regu-Nto's of Montana," was published by an Englishman in 1865. In the description the one hundred or more hangings which took place under the operation of "Judge Lynch," there always appears a mysterious personage as executioner, who digs the graves, provides and adjusts the rope and handles the bodies.

On such occasions this stranger were a mask and, for obvious reasons, his name had been kept a secret for many years. But in the winter of 1880 the legislature of Montana lifted this veil of secrecy, and by joint resolution thanked Deputy United States Marshal Beidler for his eminent and fearless public services in the extermination of the desperate road agents.

Mr. Beidler, or X, as he is universal called, became a private citizen with the advent of the democratic administration in 1885, he being a pronounced republican, but it is to be hoped that the service under the new regime will have further use for him and that he will continue a terror to evil-doers for many years to come. He is now nearly sixty years of age, of small but compact frame, with a handsome face, dark, piercing eyes under bushy, overhanging eye-brows, and his movements are quick and cat-like, although somewhat impeded by a gunshot wound in the left hip, ceived during the border troubles in Kansas.

X. was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and is a brother of the gentleman who for many years has been known as the proprietor of the Marcoe house in that city. He is of fair education, full of quaint ideas and witty sayings; in fact, he is considered the best talker in the neighborhood of Bitterroot and Last Chance Gulch; he is perfectly fearless, instantaneous and unerring at the trigger but childlike and bland of demeanor. He is probably the best known and most quoted man in Montana, and I am afraid that some of his crisp sayings have become more popular than prayers with many of the frontiersmen.

I first became acquainted with X. some fifteen years ago, and have always been very fond of our occasional meetings, which he always manages to render highly interesting and often instructive. I will endeavor to give from memory one of his reminiscences and, so far as possible, in his own words,

"I started," began X., "in December, 1863, from Virginia City, Mont., to Snake river, Idaho, for the purpose of hurrying along King's ox train, loaded with grub for our burg. Supplies were down to bed rock, and the boys were living on birds' nests and ice cream. Prices were high! What little there was left sold for a dollar a pound-ham, lour, sugar, coffee and 'Tom and Jerry. Trode a big fat mule by the name of Tom, and we stopped the first night in the woods near Bedrock creek. The snow was knee deep and more coming down. I gave Tom the benefit of my green blankets and kept myself prane ing around all night, thinking of sugar-

plums and Christmas trees at home. "In the morning my blankets were gone, and from the appearance of Tom's stomach I suspected that the darned old fool had eaten them for new-mown hay, deceived by the color. In the evening reached Bannack Junction, where found Joe Patty putting up a shanty. "Where are you from, stranger?' he

asked, "Virginia City," I said. "'Where is your wagon?'

"'Haven't got any.

"'Hain't you got any bedding?"

" Where is it?" "'In Virginia City' (about one hundred

and ten miles distant).
"I soon crawled into a dismounted wagonbed and slept through the long and cold night on an empty stomach. On the following day I crossed the range into Pleasant valley, passed Beaver toll-gate, crossed Camas creek and found the looked-for train on Snake river on the fifth day of my journey.

"Having delivered my message to the trainmaster to push through at all hazhaving secured for my own use some blankets, hardtack, bacon and a bottle of gin, I started on my return trip, and due course of time reached the tollgate, where I found a tall, villainousooking white man accompanied by a

"I did not know either of them and

had both his hands badly frozen and when he knocked them against the table

they sounded like rocks.
"I filled a gold pan full of ice water from the creek and told him to put his hands in. He kind of fainted and I pped my gin bottle and braced him up. While I was working him I remarked: 'How in h-l is it that you, a great big lomax, freeze and that half naked Indian keeps on perspiring? He said he didn't know at the time he was freezing. I asked him why he didn't flap his arms like wings and he gruffly said he didn't

"After drinking the gin and feeling somewhat better he asked me where ived, and being told, wanted to know if had been present at the hanging of

George Ives.
"Yes, said I, and I was on guard all through that racket. He went on and asked all about what George said and done, and I told him that he had weakened toward the last, and that he had eried and talked about his mother.

"In the evening John asked me if I leard that Forbes' train had been attacked. I said, 'Yes, and I am looking to find the fellows lying dead on the trail, as they were both badly shot. I'll take off Dutch John's leggins, as I need a pair very much.' John's eyes snapped like bullet-molds, and he asked me if I really meant what I said.

" 'You bet your boots,' said I, although John did not wear any boots,

"Soon after we went to sleep. through the night the Bannack Indian stood guard over the door, watching the

approaches. "In the morning John's hands were terribly blistered. I went down among the fir trees and collected balsam, got some lining out of my coat, made bandages and wrapped them around his fingers, not knowing at the time that he was wounded through the arms, or that

he belonged to the gang.
"The fellow was caught a few days after by some of the boys, tried, sentenced and hung, having his fingers wrapped up in the identical rags I had provided. He wrote a pitiful letter to his mother before he died, and I felt somewhat grieved to lose my patient in summary way before I had fully cured

"Steve Marchland, his partner, who had been shot through the chest, we found and strong up about the same time at the Big Hole creek, on our way to clean out the Hell Gate gang. Upon our return, a few days later, his body was still dangling from a tree, and be-low it was crouching his faithful shepherd dog, howling mournfully and gnashing his teeth at us. But I will give you the rest of that trip.

"Before reaching Pleasant Valley di-vide I met Dick Hamilton of Fort Bridger; Captain Nick Wall and Ben Tenbody of Bannack; Colonel C. A. Broadwater of Helena and a dozen more men on their way from Virginia City to Salt Lake, loaded down with gold dust. They asked me to pick up a sick mule they had left on the road. I told them that that was the kind of a job I was looking for.

"They then asked me if I had seen anything of Dutch John, describing him. 'I said yes. I loosened up my bottle gin on the Then once why the fellow couldn't flap his arms to keep from freezing.

"I soon reached Fatty's. It was bitter cold and there was no fire in the cabin. I asked him why he didn't get some wood and he said he had sent an Indian out after some.

"While sitting there shivering and shaking, Indian Sam, who had been sent after the wood, returned emptyhanded. Upon my inquiry he replied They wasn't chopping today!'
"I asked him: 'Who?'

"'Why, the beavers,' he replied "It seemed that he had been in the habit of gathering in the sticks which the beavers had been gnawing during the night; but that sagacious animal had at last dropped on the lazy Indian's

"On the following morning I met George Hildeman and two other men. who had been banished by the boys at the time Ives was hung.

"They, not knowing about my trip, and fearing those behind me in the woods, were scared half to death, and George exclaimed:

'My God, X., what's the matter?' "'Nothing, boy; keep right on, and don't look back!' I said. "The next afternoon I reached Ban-

nack, and stopped at a hotel called Buffalo Corral, kept by Hen Sayers. "Going down street I met Buck Stinson, Haze Lyon, and a number of the Plummer outfit. They all shook my left hand while I kept my right ready for

explosions. "They asked where I had been and the time of my departure for Virginia City. I gave them an evasive answer,

inviting them to proceed to Hades.
Whilst playing a game of billiards at Durando's saloon, I was advised by Gilman, an old friend of mine, to go to my hotel and to stay there. stood him at once, paid for the unfinished game of billiards and invested \$4 in the purchase of a bottle of brandy.

"I told my landlord, Hen, that thought the gang was after me, and cautioned him not to admit any one to the house in search of me without first calling me. Nothing happened, how-ever, during the night.

"Early next morning I started for Rattiesnake Station, and the first man I saw was Buck Stinson. His gang was there with him, having preceded me during the night. They were standing at the bar when I entered the building, and asked me to join them in a drink. "I thanked them, and produced my bottle of brandy, which they proceed to

[It must be remembered that on the preceding Fourth of July, X. had dug the graves for both Buck Stinson and Haze Lyon at Virginia City, when the mob took them from the regulators, and that these men did not entertain kindly feelings toward him.]

"Buck soon said to me: 'You are the who dug a grave for me once. "'Yes,' I answered, 'and I charged you a darn cent for it; did 1? at the same time putting my hand to my

little gun. "This passed off in a general laugh, and I had the best of him. They can-vassed the hanging of Ives and others, and the doings of the vigilantes until late in the night.

"Andy Loose Eye (a good citizen, who happened along) whispered into my ear that they were going lo kill me. There was only the one large room in the shanty. Andy and I put our blankets together in a corner against the wall and laid down on the floor.

"Buck Stinson placed a heavy table against the door to make safe against any sudden attack from the outside.
"I asked him: "What's the matter with you! What are you afraid of?" "He said he didn't want any vigilantes kept my weather eye open. The white

man (it was Dutch John, who, in company with Steve Marchland, had attacked Forbes' train a few days before) to take them by surprise. If they did, he would make it hot for me.

"Three times during the night Buck and Heze got up steathliy. I did the same and laid down again when they did. Finally Buck asked: You d-d

hound, haven't you been asleep yet?'
"I told him: 'Oh, yes, I have slept
plenty.' There is no doubt that nothing but my vigilance saved my life on that night. They dared not shoot at me while my eyes were open, for they well knew that some one else was likely to get hurt besides me. The actual fact is that I did not close my eyes at all during the entire night.

"In the morning I told them that I would remain as I was too tired to go on. They then left.

"As soon as they were well out of sight Loose-Eye Jim and I saddled up and started for Virginia City by way of Bob

Dempsey's range on Stinking Water. "We soon met a party of eight horse-men. The foremost halled me from a distance with the ominous command: Throw up your hands, X.; we have got you at last!"
"I throwed 'em, you bet I did! I
thought at first that they were Buck and

his party, but soon discovered that they were friends trying to play a practical joke on me. We shook hands all around and would have taken a drink together, but the whisky was frozen in the bottles. "They were in search of Erastus Yaeger, known as 'Reddy,' whom we soon after found close by and took to Dempsey's. Here we found and arrested

literary chap of the Plummer gang.
"On the next day we took the two prisoner's to Lorraine's place, where we gave them the usual trial and hung them at sundown. They confessed many of their crimes and 'Reddy' gave me much valuable information, while Brown was

George Brown, who was known as the

sulky and died cowardly. 'I reached Virginia City on the following morning and reported the approach of the train, which gladdened the hearts of the boys. Buck Haze and the rest of the gang we hunted down during the week. While the former was having the cracker box kicked from under him Haze said cheerfully: 'Good bye, pard; I will be with you in h-1 in about five minutes."

ABOUT WOMEN.

Women are employed as hodearriers in Austria and get 20 cents per day for it. The white hair of a seventy-year-old Sara-toga woman has recently turned black, its

original color. Rose Eytinge, the actress, is said to be in extreme want, without a dollar of money or foot of real estate. She resides in West Thirtieth street, New York.

One of the hardest sitters in a street car, when a belle and ner bull pup entered a few days ago, was a cynic and said: "A woman who is able to nurse a twenty-pound dog as hot a day as this is betterquele to stand than l am.

Dashaway—That was a beautiful dress Mrs. Wickstaff wore the other night. Bingo Mrs. Wickstaff were the other night. Bingo -Yes, and I was in just \$100 by her wearing it. "How so?" "Oh, my wife wanted one the same pattern, until she saw that Mrs. Wickstaff had it: and then she discovered it was very common.'

The wife of Dr. McCosh will be honored by having her name borne by the infirmary building soon to be erected at Princeton col-lege. She is said to have greatly endeared herself to the students by the many little at-tentions which she has bestowed upon such of them as have been taken sick at Princeton Sara Bernhadt has had a tomb made for herself and goes out every now and then reverentially to lay flowers upon it. Most of the other girls in Sara's profession, however, are still sticking to the time-trod cusom of giving their flowers to the usher and letting him reverentially pass them over the

Jefferson county. Montana, has a curiosity in the shape of a mine, owned and operated by a woman, Mrs. Mary Robinson. She is seventy-three years of age and has done al the work in developing the property herself. carrying out the ore and waste upon her back. She has been doing this steady for

two years. Mrs. Thomas C. Platt will sail for Europe this month. Mrs. Platt goes abroad for her health, and she will take her photographic camera with her. Sue is an indefatigable enthusiast in this line, and has a valuable collection of pictures which she has taken in her travels through the United States. They include phases of homely life in the south and

the west, and are particularly interesting be cause of their very special character. The women of Washington who form the Spinner Memorial association are vigorously prosecuting their search for funds to erect a monument to the late treasurer. General Spinner's famous signature adorned many piece of valuable paper, but none so much as it did the order admitting women to work in the treasury department. The women appro-ciate this fact and the erection of the monu-

ment will testify to their gratitude. The first-out-of-door gymnasium for women in this country was recently opened in Cambridge under the management of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene association, of which Kate Gannett cever presents her name, and is open on all pleasant days except Sundays. A city ordin-ance provides for the arrest of persons loiter-ing about the premises, and the matrons have

een invested with police authority. This is the remedy your great grandmother used efficaciously for a sunburned face when she was a girl like you: Takn a piece of clear gum arabic about the size of a filbert and melt it in a wineglass full of boiling water, softened with a slight pinch of car bonate of soda. Meit a piece of camphor the size of a pea in a teaspoonful of cau de col-ogne, and add this to the boiling water with a tenspoonful of glycerine. Shake the mix-ture for twenty minutes. Dab on the face with a soft cloth every night before you go to

A young woman in Paris claims to be the daughter of the ex-Empress Eugenie and says that portions of her body are adorned with an imperial crown and a variety of other emblems. When informed of the woman's claims the ex-empress said: "There are at least thirty women in France laboring under a hallucination, who claim me as their mother. You are aware that in the good days of the empire zealots consecrated their children to Napoleon. In some families the arm or the leg of a child was tattooed after birth with the imperial eagle. It must be so It must be so with the lady to whom you aliude."

"We understand," says the Arizona Kicker, "that Hank Curtis is telling everybody in town that we tried to mur der him the other day because he refused to renew his subscription to the Kicker. There may be a few people in town who don't know that Hank is the greatest liar in Arizona, and for their enefit we will give our side of the story.

We met Hank on Apacho avenue and told him that his subscription had ex-He claimed to be so hard up that he could not renew. We advised him to take less whisky and more Kicker and he received it in a laughing, good natured way. We have a habit when talking with a man on the street of putting our hands on his shoulders and pushing backwards. It simply from our earnestness and is gen-erally understood that way. Hank however, pretended that he thought we were going to assault him and he reached for his gun. Before he could get it we had him covered, and he gave us a dollar to renew his subscription and begged our pardon for being so hasty. That's all there was to it, and he is very silly to go around lying about the mat-

PLANTATION LOVE SONG.

Will Pisscher in Tacoma Globe. O mer honey, mer loo! Fresher dan de dew. bright on de blue mawnin-glory, O mer honey, mer loo! Ain't I tole it unto you, Dat shoogar-sweet, true love story?

Den I tell you ergin, En hit ain't no sin, why, mer Alabama poesy? De good Lawd, he 'low. Dat love, anyhow, Gwinter shine ever bright and rosey,

Dar's good ole sweet ham, An' young an' tender lam',
An' young an' tender lam',
Mek a niggah's lips jim erlong josey;
But de 'possum wid de yam,
Ain' no sicher ba'm Es de love of mer Alabamer poesy,

A CLUSTER OF SMILES.

Literary Pittsburg. Detroit Free Press: A young man from Pittsburg was recently visiting his best girl r Detroit and she introduced him to some of her literary friends here, as she has a leaning that way, but she will not do so any more, nor will be ever come back again.

And it was such a very little thing that did it, too. She had introduced him to the presidentess

of her club and that lady remarked to him:
"Ah, you are from Pittsburg! I understand you have a Browning club there."
"No," he replied, hesitatingly, as if not quite comprehending: "no, but we did have before the Cincinnati League hogged Pete and put him in left field for the Ham-

Not Quite Full. Buffalo Express: He had been out very late and, as he rolled into bed, his wife began to give him a curtain lecture. He turned his back and, in the lull which followed, managed to get a word in.

"Mary!" "It's a mighty mean woman who would talk behind a man's back."

John scored a point and slept peacefully the rest of the night.

Why Johnny Didn't Graduate. Somerville Journal: "Define millennium, Johnny?" said the tired school teacher, in the last half of the closing hour of the last day of school. "The millennium," said Johnny promptly,

"is the time when it will be vacation all the year, and there won't be any old school teachers around to ask little boys fool ques-A Rule That Works Both Ways. Drake's Magazine.
The man who can always pay his way

Is in that condition because discreet, And always anxious to weigh his pay, Lest some of the coin be counter An Incident in House Keeping.

The young husband (thoughtfully)-"If I am going to keep this garden in any sort of condition I must get some hose."

The young wife (brightly and with a view to economy)—"Oh, don't go to that expense, Henry. I have an old pair upstairs that you He Regretted It.

Epoch: Hunker—You missed a heated argument by not coming to the boarding house for dinner today.

Spatts—I'm sorry I wasn't there then. It would be a great novelty to have something warm at Mrs. Small's table. All Broke Up.

Washington Post: "I don't know what I will do,' said a south Washington woman. "Family trouble?" asked her neighbor from the next porch. "That's what it is. It all came of his I can sympathize with you.

"Well, I don't know whether you can or ot. You see, about three weeks ago he started out, promising to be back by half past 8. He didn't come back till 10, and a soon as I saw him I knew there was some thing the matter with him?"

"Intoxicated, I suppose?"
"No, indeed. He'd got into the society of some of these temperance people and signed the pledge. Now that he's done it of course he's got to stick to it. First his digestion, and then his nerves give way, an' now there ain't any livin' with him, much less cookin' for him. I declare," she said with an explosion of woe, "I never heard of a husband yet that was fit to be trusted away from home a half hour at a time."

Trifling A isunderstanding. Germantown Telegraph; "Major," sald one of Mr. McKinley's acquaintances, "I suppose you are frequently told that you reemble Napoleon.

"O, I don't think it flatters you so very "Excuse me, sir; I did not say it flattered me!" and the major walked away, sorely wounded in his pride.

"He jests at scars," the poet says,
"Who never felt a stinging wound." He sneers at sea-sickness, the man

The Sum and Substance of It. New York Telegram: Inventor (warmly) You needn't be stuck up over your wealth have just as much to the dollar as you Capitalist—Then, why do you want me to go into the scheme? Inventor—Simply because I haven't as

many dollars as you have. Willing to Take Anything. Washington Post: She was kind-hearted but not practical, and when the man applied at her door for assistance, said with earnest-ness: "Take heart, my dear fellow, take

Drawing himself up to a heighth that seemed to endanger the stitching in some of his patches, he said: "Madam, its no time fur jokin". My appearance ort to be nuff ter tell yer that I'm puffickly willing ter take heart, liver, er anything else that

An Historical Fact. Kate Field's Washington: She-Plutarch peaks of the favorite beverage of the Seven Wise Men. What was it He-Sage tea.

No Flies on George. She (at the baseball game)-But do tell me, George, what does that man wear a mask over his face for! George—To keep the flics

Especially with Both Arms Full. Union County Standard: The married man is making fairly good progress when he is able to hold his own. His Toothbrush.

Yankee Blade: Paterfamilias (angrily) Where's my toothorush! Materfamilias Susie is cleaning the silver with it. She'll be through in a minute. Short Shots.

A man once in politics will not go out until he is let out. Chollio: Oh, it was vewy exciting! quite lost me head, Kitty Klaws: And did you miss it!

Passing around the hat is one way of get-

ting the cents of the meeting. There is always a moral influence asso-ciated with a piano. If it isn't upright it is square. When the poet wrote "Fil hie me to thy bower, love," he must have imagined he was playing euchre with his best girl, and beld the "joker."

A sad blunder occurred in a southern Illi nois paper not long ago. A brief resume of the work of the state legislature was by mis-take headed "The Illinois Steel Works." A cook as well as a ship has to stem currents occasionally. We suppose Niebe was a raining in her

Munsey's Weekly: Grandmamma—You seem very solemn this morning, Johnny—what's the matter? The chimney is one of the few amookers that is easily scoted. The vain belle with a cheek like the red

side of a luscious peach is devoted to | An actress announces that she will have a new play called "A Mile a Minute." It ought to be a go.

The girl with an affection for a tall gentleman hasn't the slightest hesitation about drawing a long bow. Although the ballet girl trust was not conspicuous in the financial world, it had some very lively pare movements.

BLOOMING BUDS.

Cape Cod Rem. On the mountain side, by the sounding sea, Wherever indeed she's met. The summer girl is a symphony, A poem to music set.

So the poets say, and perhaps they're right, For she's surely a vision sweet In her fluffy garments so soft and white And her russets small and neat,

But although a symphony she may To the ardent poet seem, It must be confessed that she gets away With a pile of strawberry cream.

The girl who hasn't a dinner-plate hat to travel in isn't in it this season; and the girl who has a dinner-plate hat isn't in it either. It isn't deep enough for that. "Why, Cousin Jenny," said Captain Jinks, "what a beautiful complexion you have! You

are the belle of the dance tonight." "Yes, Tom, I agreed to furnish the powder if papa would provide the ball. My partners must furnish the arms." "O, I see, and you ex-pect to bring on an engagement." The very nicest souvenir for the summer girl is a rose jar filled with the petals of the nosegays you have worn. Take the leaves from the roses, spread them upon a platter with alternate layers of table salt, turning

them over two or three times a day for a A plucky and independent girl is Miss Elizabeth Moore of Edgeworth, Pa. With her own hands she recently built a neat little cottage, laying the foundations, plastering the walls of the different rooms and performing all the carpenter work to a builder's taste. To do this she found it necessary to don male attire, and a younger girl friend helped her over the hardest part of the work. Miss Moore is said to be as pretty as she is ener-

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scales at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when

she is fifteen years old.

Mabel—Every night you look for a man under the bed. Now what would you do if you were to find one there some night? Sue-Point my pistor at him --You wouldn't shoot! Sue-No; I'd pro-

Dolly (the ingenious)—O girls!" Chorus of beauties—Yes. Dolly—Come up to my room. I've been burning cigarettes here for an hour, and we'll have a splendid time thluking there has been a man around." Mamie's father had been planning to take the family to the seashore for the first season. He had been getting some mitiation into the details as to wardrobe, and was heard to remark: "I wish I hadn't said so much about bein' short." "Why!" Inquired his wife. "Because I'm afraid it's been leadin' the gal to some leatle extremes in economy in her bathin' suit and ballroom dresses."

HOUSEHOLD JUYS OR TERRORS.

A Summer Romp. Summer roses, red and white, Make the gardens gay; Now the skies are blue and bright, See us in the hav! Ethel, Dorothy and Bell, Harry, Jemmie, George as well.

Little Mary, too, we bring, She must share the fun How we laugh and romp and sing, Hide-and-seek we love to play All among the straw and hay.

Bell and Jemmie both belong To a great big town; Country life will make them strong, While they're staying here, you see, All of us from school are free

Chicago News: A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feel-

was the greater evil, nurting another's feelings or his finger.
"The feelings," he said.
"Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings!" "Because you can't tie a rag around them."

A little girl takes a great delight in de-ciphering with her mother the display type in various newspaper advertisements. After they had been through the newspapers a night or two ago, the little one was put to hed, but first knelt down at mamma's knee to say her prayers. She startled her mother with the following innovation on the Lord's prayer: "Lord, make me pure." Then she hesitated, but continued a moment later with added fervor: "Make me absolutely pure, "the beling rounder."

like baking powder." But Then You Sec. Washington Post. She never talks of dress at all; She never stops for talking Upon the street or in the hall Where busy men are waiking.

Her books are always purchased by Her prim and thoughtful mother, And not a man attacts her eye More than her elder prother

She speaks in serious esteem Of Sunday school and heaven; But then, you see, this guileless dream Is not yet more than seven.

What Was It. Washington Star: Johnny-Say, mamma, how many colors are there? Mother—Seven; red, orange, yellow,green, blue, indige and violet.

Johnny-Is that all! Mother-Certainly. Johnny-Well, mamma, what color is a lit-tleoff color, the lady said papa was when he came home the other night?

Go it Again Philadelphia Press: Mount Holly has one of those three-year-old hopefuls who bob up so serenely to bother wise heads. This one's father was administering a stern rebuke, and at length said:
"What would become of you if papa was to die and be put in the ground!" The youngster gazed thoughtfully out of the window for a moment, and then sagely

remarked:

"I guess mamma would get married again, and I'd have a new papa." A Hopeful View. Detroit Free Press: "Well, pa, I don't see but what I behave about as well as you do, after all," said a Detroit youngster of ten years, who had been reproved for interrupting conversation. "But I hope you'll be a much better man

Coat-Shedding Time. Good News: Little Dot-Mamma, please give me a whole lot of moth paper. Mamma - What for? Little Dot-To pack my kitty away. Her fur is all comin' off.

Self Made and Home Made. Boston Courier: Johnny-Sav, Uncle George, God didn't make everything, did ne? Uncle George—Guess he did, Johnny. Johnny—Don't see how that can be, Sis's beau was here last night and I heard Sis say he made himself at home.

Jewelers' Weekly: Tommy (aged four) Ga'ma, I tan't see froo your specs. Grandma—Why, Tommy? Tommy-It makes my looker feel wiggley. Troubles of a small ! hild.

Jackson says I've trifled with her affections, and she's going to have me arrested if I don't marry her, and the fact is I love another girl. A Solema Bace

Detroit Free Press: Farmer Gilson came down from up country the other day and brought his boy along to let him see the "Paw," said the lad, amared at seeing

hearse horses trot, "that ain't a funer'l, is "Yes, 'tis; these city folks how to hurry like sixty to get a man buriod 'fore the mourners furgit 'im."

Khillets. Near Lamar, Col., a little girl of four years wandered to the platform of an express train and was blown off while the train was runand was blown on while the train was run-ning at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A locomotive was sent back and the searchers found the child at midnight, sitting unburt in a clump of weeds and keeping very still for fear the Indians would get her.

Bright little girl in a toy store, tugging at her mother's skirt: "Can I have a micro-scoper" The mother wanted to know what for, and was told with enthusiasm: "I'd love

to see my own pores!"

Inspector of school-Now, children, what can birds do that we cannot! expecting, of course, that they will say "fly," but they do not. One bright lad puts up his band and says, "Please, sir, lay eggs."

A leason in Greek mythology was going on when a little maid of thirteen inquired: "O, if you please, Miss K - were those gods and goddesses married, or only engaged?" Mrs. Newmother—My baby is just the dearest, sweetest, cunningest, smartest, brightest, best, quietest, neatest, darlingest, loveliest, best natured, healthlest, prettiest baby in all the world. Chorus of a million or

more-So's mine.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Chicago is to have a twenty-four-story steel building. A Detroit manufacturing firm will make steel wagon wheels, with hollow felloes and

The Arcade file works of Sing Sing, N. Y., have signed a contract to transfer their oper-ations to Anderson, Ind. The Wrought Iron bridge company of Canton, O., has been awarded the contract

for erecting a bridge at Great Falls, Mont., for \$35,000. Operations on the buildings and furnaces of the Damascus steel works, to be erected at Denver, Colo., are to be commenced as soon as a site is decided upon.

John W. Bookwalter of Ohio, the art connoisseur and politician, has spent a great deal of money experimenting in flying ma-chines. He believes such a machine as among the possibilities.

merce has appointed a committee to investi-gate the iron resources of that state, with a view to building a blast furnace should the nuestigation develop suitable deposits of The Milwaukee and Wauwatesa motor line railroad has awarded the contract for build-ing a contract about two thousand three hun-

dred feet long to Keepers & Wynkoop of Milwaukee, Wis., for \$76,960. The work is to be completed by November 1 next. A new manufacturing suburb has been started near the borough of Elizabeth, Pa., and has been named Blaine. The American vault, safe and lock company of Chicaro,

which has been mentioned before in thes columns, will establish its works in the new town. The Mexican Financier is authority for the statement that the Rhode Island Locomotive works are building six ten-wheelers for the Mexican Central, compounded on the Johnstone principle. The Mexican Central has one of the Johnstone compounds now in service, and will change 52 of its engines to the

same system as rapidly as possible. A good sized order for the celebrated the Sandwich Islands, was received by American Tube and Iron company, at Middle-town, Pa., last week. The demand for this pipe is increasing greatly, and the company is shipping large quantities of it to the Pa-cific coast and northeast and southeast points. The Michigan Railway Supply company o Detroit, owing to the growth of their business are building a large additional factory 75x300 feet at the Michigan Central Junction. The building is of brick and their facilities and machinery give them a capacity of 2,030 brake beams per day. Last year, we are told, their sales amounted to \$300,000; the

year before sales amounted to \$50,000.

A Genuine Flyer. A remarkable run, not only in regard to time made, but particularly in respect to the evenness of the speed, was made by the New York Central limited, which left New York for Buffalo at 12:04 p. m., June 22, says the Railway Review. The run over the Hudson river division, 143 miles, was made in 2 hours and 55 minutes, an average of 49 miles per bour. The train was detained five minutes at Albany for the drawholder. The run form Albany for the drawbridge. The run from Albany to Syra-cuse, 157 miles, was made in 2 hours and 59 minutes, an average of 49.3 miles per bur, while the distance from Syracuse to Buffalo, 150 miles, was accomplished in 2 hours and 57 minutes, or at the rate of 59.8 miles per hour, making the total run from New making the total run from New York to Buffalo, including the five minute stop at Aibany, 8 hours and 57 minutes, or, with the stop deducted, at the

rate of 49.7 miles per bour. It is doubtful if in all respects this run has ever been surpassed.
Rev. P. F. McCarthy of Omaha was a passenger on this train, which left the depot in New York city two hours and four minutes late and made up all but twenty-three min-utes in running the distance to Buffalo, 45) miles. A speed of sixty-eight miles per hour was frequently attained between stopping points.

ALE YOU A DISABLED SOLDIER? You are Entitled to a Pension and Should Get It. Ninety days is not a long time to serve in the army. Nevertheless, a man who has served ninety days and who has been honor-ably discharged, if he suffers from physical

disability which renders him unable to sup-port himself, is entitled to a pension. There is not one soldier in three who is en titled to this relief who is aware of the existance of the law which was passed for his benefit. This is doing injustice to himself and to his people.

A man who has served ninety days either in the military or navai service of the U., ted States, during the late war who has been

honorably discharged and who can make proof of the fact that he is physically in-capacitated from supporting himself is entitled to receive a pension of not more than \$12 and not less than \$6 per month.

The pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application. It is not required to prove that the soldier's incapacity is the outgrowth of injuries sustained in the

war. It must be shown simply that it is not the result of vicious conduct. Every soldier and sallor who is entitled to this pension should move immediately to se-cure it. He can and should do this with Tue than your father."
"Well, I should hope so too," replied young BEE BUREAU OF CLAIMS. This is the cheapest and best means of having your claims against the government collected. All you have to do is to send \$1 to THE BEE BUREAU or CLAIMS in Omaha as a condition proceedent. That entitles you to a subscription for one year to The Werkly Bre and to membership in The Bee's CLAIM BUREAU ASSOCIA-

> In order to more fully realize what you are entitled to, write to Manager Onaha Ber Burrau of Claims,

Elaine Elison, who will be remembered as the pretty oborus gire in Dixoy's "Saven Ages," has fallen heir to a fine esta e in England. John W. Norton of St. Louis was the first man to give Miss Ellson her first opportunity to show what she could do on the stage. Under the direction of the mentor Miss Ellson made rapid progress. She tried her powers with Mr. Norton as her advisor, in Louisville and played Fazio, Parthenia in "Ingonner" and Evadne, and with satisfactory results. It was after this she joined Dixry results. It was after this she joined Dix-ey. Though she has come in for a fortune, her love for the stage is such that she will Johnny-I'm in trouble, grandma. Jennie | continue in the profession.

DOWN BY THE LEE.

"Are you engaged?"—He whispered low, And low the sad sea broczes Went strining through the stilly night, And through the leavy tresses,

Are you engaged "-He whispered low, And low the white capped billows, Came drumming in upon the beach, Green fringed with drooping willows.

'Are you engaged!"—He whispered low, And low the night birds winging— Their slient courses through the sky, Brought distant notes of singing.

Are you engaged !" - He whispered low, "No, no," she said, and tarried A moment, while he kissed her hand, "No, no," she said, "I'm married."

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Some years ago, said Channeey Depew in lecture in Baltimore, while looking at the clock at Strasburg, I noticed a large party of American tourists making the rounds of that celebrated ancient city. I was told by one of them that while most of the visitors hugely enjoyed the trip, there was, by way of contrast

enjoyed the trip, there was, by way of con-trast, one among them whom nothing won-derful in nature or art could teach. The landscape had no charms for him; the Alps did not in press him; the beauties of Paris and Vienna did not evoke his cestacles. Nothing that he saw had the slightest effect. of drawing out the least expression of ad-miration. Weeks and weeks passed, and the rest of the party were dumfounded at his lack of appreciation of the sights which met them on all sides. Finally it was decided to send a commit-

tee of four, two centlemen and two ladies, to his room and inquire what it was prevented his com and inquire what it was prevented his enjoyment of the trip.
"Old man," said one of the committee, "tell us what is the matter. If any one in the party has displeased you we shall dis-miss him, if any wrong has been done you, we shall see that it is remedied, but do tell what the trouble is, for we are trying hard to please you."

to please you. "Well," said the unappreciative tourist, "I do not care to say anything about my trouble. I wanted to keep it to myself, but as you have asked me I may as well out with it. The matter is just this: This is my wedding trip—the first wedding trip I ever made and I am so blamed poor that I did not have money enough to take my wife with

A man stood in the doorway of a Chicago saloon, says the Tribune, when a stranger stepped and wiped his perspiring forchead with his elbow, observed that it was hot and

"Suppose that a man should come into

your place on a day like this and '--"What sort of a man!" intercupted the The Tacoma (Wash.) chamber of com-"Wny, an honest, respectable man, about

"Why, an honest, respectable man, about forty years old, who"
"With money in his pocket?"
"Suppose, sir, that an honest, respectable man, about forty years old, should come into your"— "Say! old man!" interrupted the other, with much spirit, "don't you try it on! I'm the bouncer for this place and I'd have to use you awful rough!"

You awful rough!"

The honest, respectable man looked the bouncer over, wiped his forchead with his other elbow and said, as he started off:

"Mighty funny that a man can't begin to talk in his town without some one choking him off and calling him a bilk!" One of the best story-tellers is Lionel

Brough, the English comedian, says the New York Telegram. He will tell stories and yarns by the day, the supply being seemingly inexhaustible. His hearty laugh and jolly face strongly emphasize his stories. Ore of his "regulars" is the tale about the triplets. It was at a well known bar. Jones and three friends were liquidating, when a mes-senger rushed in and, taking Jones by the hand, exclaimed: My congratulations. Your wife has pre

sented you with a bouncing boy,"
"Let's drink to the health of the little stranger!" shouted the delighted Jones. They drank. Half an hour later the mes-senger returned, but with less exuberance than on his previous appearance. "Well!" exclaimed the anxious Jones.
"It's another boy!" "Let's drink to the twins!" shouted Jones, a sickly smile illuminating his features. Again they imbibed. Another thirty min-

utes, and for the third time the messenger made his appearance, but he knew enough to stick only his head into the door and ex-"It's a girl!" "An ashy pallor overspreading Jones face he gasped:

"Boys, no drinks this time. It's getting too serious. I'm going home to stop this business." And he belted. Captain Kennedy, who has been a capitol guide at Washington, D. C., for a number of years, says the San Francisco Cali, sat in the Palace yesterday and discussed the interesting features of the great seat of the federal

"The last time I saw Senator Hearst," said he, "I was explaining the frieze to a party of sightseers, and just as I reached that portion representing the discovery of gold the old senator passed with Congressman Clunio. A funny idea occurred to me at that moment, and I said in a low tone: Ludies and gentlemen, that picture represents Senator George Hearst in the act of discovering gold in California in 1849. The younger and more in California in 1849. The younger and more handsome gentleman who stands next him is Thomas Jackson Clunic, now in congress from his native state. By the way, there is the senator passing, and Congressman Clunic is now with him, as he was at the time of the gold discovery.' A few minutes later the old senator returned and slipped a \$40 piece into my hand.

"'It is all right this time, my boy,' he said good naturecity, 'but don't give anyone else that story in future.'" It is the unexpected that generally happens in the west, where even the trained Chicago newspaper man partakes somewhat of the vagrant and fragrant air he breathes. And when you come to the rural correspondent—! But the Chicago Post is telling this story: "At another time I failed to get the best of a correspondent," the managing editor con-tinued. "News was scarce and the prospects for getting out an interesting paper in the

night for playing poker.' "In a jiffy I wired the correspondent:
"'Hush details and all the names.'
"While awaiting the story my spirits rose as I pictured the effect of the bucolic sensation on the first page. The prospects of a dry paper were just about disappearing as thought of how interesting the story would be (fifty prominent citizens in a small town like — , you know, means pretty much the whole town), when there came on the wire,

"I am no —— fool. I expect to live in this town for several years." Edison's accomplishments are not all in the electric line. He can tell a good story cap-itally. He told one the other day about an experience he had recently in an un-country town in Pennsylvania one Sunday morning. He had been out to see some iron works. A

"Can't give it to you," said the clerk.
"En! Can't give it to me! Why not!"
"Because it's Sanday. Wo can't sell anything to drink on Sunday."
"Well, but I'm wet through," said Edison,
and cold. I want a drink."

The little pin that sharply pricks.

A mountain, seems, of w The little second hand that ticks Seems indolent and slow. But time outlives our little pain-The second hand moves on; And one we note its pace again, The weary hour is gone.

morning were poor indeed, when from a smail but prosperous and supposedly pious little Illinois town came the dispatch:
"Fifty of our best citizens arrested to-

into my hand.

not the correspondent's story, but his reply

cord rain was failing and he got scaked through. When he reached his hotel the first thing he did was to order a hot Scotch.

"Well, I'll tell you what we can do," re-plied the cierk: "we can give you a modak." "What's a modak!" asked Edison. "You just go up to your room and press he button. We do the rest." Edison got the drink.