

OMAHA, SATURDAY JULY 18, 1891—TWELVE PAGES

"A GALLUS GAL."

New York Sun. A gallus gal. In the gal sal. De galloset gal in der ward; And dere's a trump For any clump What don't wild dat accord.

THE BRESNAN'S TRUST.

AMELIA BURR IN NEW YORK LEDGER. "If you think your cousin is a scoundrel, young man, why, say the word, it's necessary to say anything. It's mean to shake a man's good name away with a shake of your head—that's what I think."

"The Brennan pushed back his Panama, and looked with anything but approval at Lyman's sneering glance, in spite of his dapper appearance he was not a pleasant young man to look at. He had that uncertain, nervous way, so irritating to the honest and purposeful, and it was not written on his face that he had not lived a living soul. No, not even the pretty Nona Duval, whom he quite liked to grand meet. He thought he loved her, but no feeling that possessed him was a more thoroughly selfish one."

"His cousin, Dick Burleson, loved Nona—that was quite sufficient to make Lyman sneer, so that she was necessary to his happiness. So he went eagerly now to meet her. Ike watched him up the street, muttering: "Of two evils, choose the least; out I've altered noticed that women, of two men, choose the worst; wonder if little Nona 'll do that same thing? Her father rode through many a darning fight by my side—calculate I'll take sides here—yes, sir."

"He rose slowly, lifted his rifle, and went trailing up the hot avenue. He was on the look-out for Dick, and very soon found him among a lot of rough teamsters who were loafing in one of the principal stores. Dick was reading to them a New York paper, and backing up his own side of some political question with a good deal of fervor. The men were pulling their beards and listening with that true Texas phlegm which might at any moment turn into ungovernable passion."

"He waited until the end of one of Dick's flowing periods, and then said: "There, Dick, that'll do for the business of the United States; supposing you come now with me and look after your own a spell."

"It was so unusual for Ike Brennan to meddle in any one's affairs that Dick gave his entire attention to the man who with a final broadside of splendid invectives for his own party, he joined Ike, and they sat down together in the first quiet shady spot."

SUMMER SMILES.

One on the Lawyer. Galenwehler Esq.: An old man was on the witness stand and was being cross-examined by the lawyer. "You say you are a doctor, sir?" "Yes, sir, yes, sir."

In the Gloaming. Detroit Free Press: "Waiter!" "Yess, sah." "Have you some nice wheat cakes and maple syrup?" "Yess, sah; but, boss, I'd vise you not to eat 'em now."

A Hon-Yimion Episode. Brooklyn Life: They had been married but two months, and they still loved each other devotedly. (I am not describing an incident in France.) He was in the back yard blacking his shoes. (In fact, the incident occurred in Chicago—if it had occurred in New York of course they would be living about seven stories up in a flat.)

Conch in Your Wife. Indianapolis Journal: "Hum!" said Mr. Wickwire, "here's a great story in this paper. It appears that a man advertised for a boy and the same day his wife presented him with twin sons. If that does not show the power of advertising, what does it show?"

The Hair Turned White. Rochester Post Express: The passengers on a western train narrowly escaped a wreck and fortunately none of them was injured, although they expected every minute to be dashed to pieces. We have it on good authority that the excitement was so great that the hair on two or three old fashioned hair trucks actually turned white.

Souvenir spoons. Boston Courier: A friend of mine—poor fellow youth!—was married yesterday to Bar Harbor. And I went to the obsequies. And watched the mournful write.

A Long Sleep. New York Recorder: "I can't fall River boat with old Lach and we pushed six bottles of wine before we got to Newport."

He Drew the Line. Harper's Bazar: "Well, Penn," said Hannibal, surveying the room critically, "you have mighty snug quarters here for a bachelor. I must say—books, papers, photographs of pretty girls—stoppers, too—Hullo! here's a strawberry shortcake and a Remond candle together, arranged on the floor, and looking neatly at his mother, said: "What a beautiful sight you saw it never did any good to you."

Tender Dignity. San Francisco Chronicle: The small girl had a request to prefer to her mother. She wanted to be permitted to go to the grocery store on Wednesdays, but was opposed. She was only seven. Her mother said: "Well, you can go. But mind, you must not stop on the street and talk to the boys."

Not Far Wrong. Chicago Tribune: Sunday school teacher Pharaoh promised Joseph's brethren they should have the fat of the land. What is it to possess the fat of the land? New boy (from Ohio)—To be a member of the Standard Oil Company, I reckon.

Natural Resemblances. Washington Star: Brine—Why are unhappy lovers like a Chicago girl's feet? Uncle—Because they are all soft, I suppose. Brine—Guess again. Jones—Give it up. Why? Uncle—Because you can tell them by their sighs.

In Re Hannibal Hamlin. Washington Post. And John G. Wholey be Allowed that he'd wallow one Alex. McC.; With the moral remainder of Nicolay—sure.

No Mistake. Chicago Tribune: Astonished Bill Clerk—In these times, mister, about this order from Banker's Corners for 800 pounds of bacon and two bags of cheese? Travelling Salesman—No, that's all right. A fellow went there a week or so ago and started a first-class summer resort hotel.

Objected to the Qual Ty. New York Sun: "I'll be degraded," exclaimed young Emerson of Boston, "if I have to do such a thing," pleaded his sister: "Say can't you do it?" "No, I can't."

STORIES TOLD BY MEN.

"Talking of raising church debts," the man who had been everywhere said to the poker editor of the Buffalo Express. "I cleared up a debt for a church in Deadwood once in spite of myself."

A Case of Stage Fright. Boston Courier: Sack—Did you ever have the sensation of stage fright? Baskin—Yes, once. Sack—When was that? Baskin—Once when I was on the Deadwood coach and it was held up.

The New Yorker Doodle. Kite Esq. (Bostonian): Our Uncle Sam is still quite young. And can't spare time for eyes. For, since he's thrashed his mother, he's farming on meadow lands. But, gosh all hemlock, boys! I guess we'll let creation know we've been up to everything. And just began to grow.

Outing Things in Texas. Austin Capitalist: Do you carry the pigs grazing and see them carrying brush in their mouths? Astoria is imminent. Cured. Indianapolis Journal: Clara—Do you ever look under the bed for burglars? Laura—Not since I found a mouse there.

A Faring Song. Portland Transcript: O, tired little mariner, Unto the strand of Slumberland—A-sailing we must go. This is the time when children fare So well, seek the good ship Rocking-chair, Afar to roam. O, yeo-ho.

His Intentions Were Good. Detroit Free Press: There is a story told of a small boy belonging to a family of the select few, who stood handsomely dressed, in the door of his mother's parlor, and noticed that his nurse asked him if there was anything he wanted.

No Doctors—wanted There. Rochester Post Express: A little Vermont friend, aged four, stood by the window as the family physician drove by with a smile and a bow for his little favorite. A moment later she turned from the window with a sigh and said, "I wish that doctor would go to heaven!"

The Value of Acres. Washington Post: Mr. Edwin Bartzly of Glen Echo has a boy who has a strong dash of original philosophy in his composition. He had made his plans to celebrate the Fourth of July, and on the morning of that day discovered that his father had failed to provide the protechnic necessities. He began to cry and in order to pacify him his father assured him that he would bring him lots of fireworks.

Writing to Learn. Boston Courier: Mrs. Prohibition—Johnny, didn't you sign the pledge the other day? Johnny—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Prohibition—And isn't that hard cider you are drinking? Johnny—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Prohibition—Well, isn't that intoxicating? Johnny—That's just what I am trying to find out.

Harry's Logic. Philadelphia Times. "No," the teacher said, "they haven't found the poles yet, my dears. Though they've hunted long and often for the same in recent years." "Why?" said the boy. "They haven't found them, so far, so far. There'll be nothing there to see, day. They'll have rotted all away."

Raising Cain. Washington Post: "I don't know who will do with that boy of ours. He is raising Cain again. Fond mother (to caller)—Yes, Charley is getting along so nicely! His father just heard that he was cultivating a large sugar plantation.

She Hadn't a Grain. Boston Courier: "Now, Alice," said mamma, "get up from the floor. Act like a lady!" "I'm not, mamma," answered Alice, "how can I act like a lady when I haven't got a train?"

A New Idea. Boston Herald. "Oh, papa," said little Nellie, "I've been thinking of her springs. What would the work angels, Couldn't they walk their wings?"

ABOUT WOMEN.

The beauty of our modern flowers. The splendor of sunset-hued skies. The music that comes with reflections. The love that comes with the dawn. Have each waked my soul to enjoyment; But nothing ever thrilled me like this— The beauty of our modern flowers.

Women are architects and builders in Zululand. Mrs. Henry Clews is considered by many people the handsomest woman in New York. She has a lovely face, with brilliant eyes, a fine complexion, and a beautiful smile.

What value should a woman place upon her complexion? asked a correspondent. You can't fix a rule in such cases. It depends somewhat upon what she paid for it. Mrs. Kellogg, who is a member of the mayor of Arizona, Kan., for a second time, does all the work of her family of five persons!

In four years the Vacation society, Brooklyn, N. Y., has enabled three thousand working women to have a vacation. Mrs. M. M. M., second year student, Ohio state university, won the place of foremost orator. She also won in the state contest, standing eighteen higher than any other.

The death of Dona Bradine last week at Los Angeles surprised many. Several owners of a distinguished California family, at her house in old San Diego a generous hospitality was dispensed in the early days, and it was a habit of her to entertain a number of the city's aristocracy. She had a description in her "Two Years Before the Mast." She also entertained Fremont and Sherman and Commodore Stockton.

A social philosopher says that one-third of the married women of the country are engaged in work, and the other two-thirds hope to be engaged in some way or another. A woman's thumb will hold 10,000 of the little screws used by watchmakers, whose threads are as hard as well as hard as the lives of some of the girls who work in thread-works.

Miss May Schiller, granddaughter of the great German poet, has been chosen commissioner to South America in the interest of the world's fair. She is familiar with several languages, and is a teacher by profession. An Indian woman of 300 pounds weight visited Bath, England, last week, and passed through the sidewalk. The street commissioner thereupon gave her notice that in her future visits she must keep in the middle of the road.

Mrs. Martinot, the inventor, has taken out thirty-five patents, and five of those have been granted in this country. Several of them are for a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, an iron mangle and a clothes dryer. The inventor makes all her own models and is very thorough in her work. Rose Cochran retains her shapely loveliness, she claims, by brain work. "There is nothing," she says, "like an active brain for reducing flesh." Several of her friends have a steady washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, an iron mangle and a clothes dryer. The inventor makes all her own models and is very thorough in her work.

There are now resident female physicians in the state hospitals of New York, state at Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, and Syracuse. During the Johnson administration she was called Belle Patterson, and scarcely less beloved by the people than she is now. Her father, her eldest daughter. The white house was full of little folk during President Johnson's administration, but this graceful girl occupied the place of honor. She was called Belle Patterson, and scarcely less beloved by the people than she is now. Her father, her eldest daughter. The white house was full of little folk during President Johnson's administration, but this graceful girl occupied the place of honor.

Some bubbles arose from his place of repose, But quickly forever fled; We gave but one tear—but that was sincere— One sigh for the honored dead.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY. This is the month for the ruby. Solitaire earrings are just as popular as they ever were. Turquoise and diamond rings are shown the preference by ladies. A pretty ivory pendant is colored to look like a real emerald, and is made of silver wires knitted closely. Many silk fob chains are worn. Silver buckles accompany them. Parrot earrings make much sought for are of stained ivory made effectively by silver deposited thereon. Monograms and crests are worked out in enamel on some new oval cuff buttons. A quaint conceit is a scarf fastened as a tassel, with a diamond sunk into each end. Flamingo among some new lace pins is a diamond-studded diamond-enclosing a moonstone tassel. Richness is combined with simplicity in a silver hairpin topped by a knot of wide ribbon in the same metal. A new shape for a perfume box is the popular fleur-de-lis. It is intended to hold perfume wool, and its sides are pierced to permit the escape of the odor. A beautiful necklace shown by an uptown jeweler is composed of twenty-three carat diamonds, which outline in their brilliancy anything of the same size yet head. Some of the most beautiful jewelry of the season is a necklace of pearls and diamonds. It is about an inch long and clasps the spoon half-way down the handle, thus preventing the spoon from slipping into the gravy dish. Fashion Note—Undressed kids are very popular for statutory purposes. It is claimed that a four-year-old boy in Forsyth county, Georgia, can read any piece of music at sight. "Papa, heaven must be a long way off!" "Yes, my child." "Well, papa, can't I say my prayers in the telephone?" Small boys to come across the street who had evidently been swimming with him—Hi, Jimmy, did you get swimming for me? Jimmy—Licked! I got half Columbus!

PROGRESSIVE HAMBOKES. "Where are the men?" the girls all sighed, As they gazed, ripling tide They wandered all alone. Then from an open window there, Above the eaves, A voice softly on the air: "A full moon here, on quenna."

Progressive hambocks is the latest craze. The one getting up the affair swings a lot of hambocks in shady places, and then gets a lot of pretty girls to swing in the hambocks and sing up a hymn. The young fellows pay no mind to get in and then pick a hambock. Every time the bell rings they are obliged to sing a hymn, and then they pick a hambock. The best conversationalist and have to pay for each one. Any young man found with powder or a long hair on his coat is seized with a hambock. Alice—Florence is that Alfred Dashlett's handwriting? Florence—Yes, dear, I'm engaged to him, you know. Alice—You'll be hard on your own handwriting. Florence—The dear boy. I wonder who will marry him, eventually.

Judge Q—, who once presided over a criminal court down east, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who was convicted of stealing a suit of clothes was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"You've been sentenced to imprisonment," the judge asked. "Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "You are to be sentenced to imprisonment," the judge asked. "Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "You are to be sentenced to imprisonment," the judge asked. "Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

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