THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

Part II.

OMAHA, SATURDAY JULY 18, 1891-TWELVE PAGES

"A GALLES GAL."

New York Sun. A gallus gal is dat and Sul. De gallusest gal in der ward; And dere's a thump Fur any chump What don't wid dat accord

A tidy gal ls dat gal Sal. The udiest gal in der ward; She makes her duds, And knows dat suds Works out dere own reward.

A kindly gal Is dat cal Sal, De kindliest gal in der ward; In rougnest foiks, And toughest souks She tinks some good is stored.

No oder gal But dat gal Sal 'Scapes kiduin' by der kida; But even dose Dere mugs keen close If Sal jus' raise her lids,

is all

possible.

Some dudish blokes. Or some such folks, Sex Sal ain't quite refined; Now, dat's all right, I makes no tight, Pure gold don't get refined.

And she's my gal, Is dat gal Sal, And don't you chumps forget it; In all dat's best Her heart is dressed, And luck led me to get it.

IKE BRENNAN'S TRUST.

AMELIA BURR IN NEW YORK LEDGER.

"If you think your cousin is a scounfirel, young man, why, say the word, if 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 1 think."

Ike Brennan pushed back his panama, and looked with anything but approval at Lyman Snead leaning, in spotless flannels, against the China tree.

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 shoul written on his face that he had not loved a living soul. No, not even the pretty Nona Duval, whom he quit Ike to go and 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 Sneed sure that she was necessary to his happiness. So he went engerly now to meet her. Ike watched him up the street, muttering:

"Of two evils, choose the least; out I've allers noticed that women, of two men, choose the worst; wonder if little Nona 'll do that same thing? Her father rode through many a darned 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

o'd man's eves, but he was far too full of fight to abandon the dispute. He first attacked Dick's politics, then his personal appearance and abilities, without being conscious how provoking he was. One bitter word followed another till all three men were on their feet, and Lyman, with a 'little scream, had rushed between his uncle and his cousin. Dick laughed uproachusly at the intervention, and kicking it out of

sir. his way, said: "Good-bye, unelet I'm not going to quir.el any more with you. The world is big enough, I reckon, for both of usand for our opinions He went straight to lke, who was sitting just where he left him, and said: lke, tell uncle, in a couple of days,

that I have gone west, and that there's no ill blood between us; and, lize, watch Nona for me until I can come after her. 'You are bound to go, theu?' "Yes; the old man is fire and I am gunpowder. We are better apart-that

"Go long, then; I'll watch what you leave behind. Dick folt unnappy enough at leaving Nona. She lived alone with her father, Why # and he was not always the best of protectors. Dick spont the rest of the day by her side, and left town in the cool of

the evening in no very despondent mool. Nona had promised everything he asked of her, and all the rest seemed

He had some land and cattle on the San Marcos, and he proposed putting up a protty house there gradually, mainly with his own hands. In two years he ould sell some of his increase, furnish t, marry Nona, turn grazier and run for the legislature. When he went back he would "make it all right with his uncle, and being so far apart, they could keep right; and if not, and he lost his share of ack Burleson's estate, made money was bottor than given money, anyway.

For a week after Dick's departure the old man hoped against hope, but one day when the Brennan carelessly asked: When is Dick coming back from the west?" then he knew the lad had gone to shift for himself, and lonely as it left him, he thoroughly liked Dick for do-ing it. After this Ike and the judge spent much time together. They kept up a perpetual quarrel, but they were showf well matched, and after a year's disputing the victory on every single point was a disputed one. Sometimes, at the end of a long argument, and a long si-lence, the judge would say: "Have you heard anything?" and then like, shaking his head, and shaking the ashes from his pipe, would rise and go away. Early in the second year the judge had an accident that completely invalided him, and after some month's decline, he

smoked away in his old, shady corner.

saw how diligently Lyman began to im-

prove the city lots and how cleverly he

accounts of the estate.

heard anything from Dick.

dead, and Nona going to marry Lyman

The next morning, Nona Duval com-

pletely amazed Lyman Sneed by enter-ing his office accompanied by Ike

Brennan and paying in full every claim

he had on the Duval place. But he was still more annaed by the official notice to meet, next day, the heirs of Jack

Burleson and hear his will read. He found at the place appointed Dick Burleson, Nona Duval, Ike Brennan, and

three of the principal citizens of the place. The will, leaving nearly every-thing to Dick, was without a flaw.

syman simply received one hundred

loliars for every month during which he

'm glad my watch is over-very,

Progressing Finely.

'Ez fast ez er hoss can trot, sah.

"Why doesn't he write to her now?"

Objected to the Qual ty.

pleaded his sister:

said.

er letter cl'ar to de udder eend.

"Don't uso such slang,

ad taken care of the estate.

stopped to greet the old man.

clever lawyer."

admention.

same along with what I had-'

"Only eight thousand dollars."

loor of his log cabin.

"Dick at last!"

nave you been?"

'How much?"

collected and invested the outstanding

and smiled queerly to himself when he

Gainesville Eagle: An old man was on the vitness stand and was 'being cross-examined by the lawyer. "You say you are a doctor, sir!" "Yes, sir; yes, sir." "What kind of a doctor !"

SUMMER SMILLS.

One on the Lawyer.

"I make intments, sir. I make intments, r." "What's your olntment good for?" "It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind.

"What offect would it have it you were to rub some of it on my head?" "None at all, sir; none at all. We must have something to start with."

In the Gloaning. Detroit Free Press: "Waiter?" "Yaas, sah."

"Have you some nice wheat cakes and male syrup ? "Yaas, sah; but, boss, I'd 'vise you not to eat 'em now.'' "Why not!" "Bettan wait, sah, till it's a leotle tarker. Deglo min' is de bes' time foh to eat dem wheat cakes au' maple syrup,

"Waal, vou see, sah, de red ants done got into dat imple syrup an it's a good deal pleasinger to eat it jes' after dusk, sah." A Ron-ymoon 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). "Jack," she called at the top of her voice, "Jack, come here, quick." He knew at once that she was in imminent danger. He grasped a club and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room breathlessly and found her looking out of the window. "Look," said she, "that's the kind of a bonnet I want you to get me."

Confide 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 value of advertising, what does it "It shows that if he had confided his business affairs to his wife, as a min ought to, he might have saved the expense of the ad-vertisement," answered Mrs. Wickwire.

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. have it on good authority that the excite-ment was so great that the hair on two of quictly passed away. Singularly enough there was no will found and Lyman three old fashioned nair trunks actually Sneed took possession of everything. No turned white, Dick appeared to dispute his claim. The

Nearing a Founs. New York Press.

"I see that young Ibsen Browning and Priscillo E nerson are frequently together." "Yes; there is likely to be a match there." "Are they engaged !" "No; it has not gone quite so far as that yet, but it has reached the stage of an ex-

In all things but one Lyman's fortune prospered-Nona still refused his attenchange of love gifts." But as soon as the judge was "Indeed?" "Yes; they have exchanged spectacles. He

dead he began to use stronger means of persuasion. Nona's father owed him a is wearing hers and sho is wearing is. It is very interesting, isn't it?" large sum and their home was mortgaged for its payment. Lyman soon let Souvenir poons

have to come around and have a talk with him myself. No Change in that Respect.

Life: "No, Harry, I am sorry; but I am sure that we could not be anppy together. You know I always want my own way in everything. "But, my dear girl, you could go on want-ing it after we were married."

A Case of Stage Fright. Boston Courier: Sock-Did you ever have the sensation of stage tright?

Buskin-Yes, once. Sock-When was that! Buikin-Onco when I was on the Daad-wood coach and it was held up.

The New Yankee Doodle. Kate Field's Washington. Our Uncla Sam is still quite young. And can't spare time for ones, 'or, since he's thrashed his mother, He's farmed and mended roads, ut, gosh all hemiock, boys! I guess We'll let creation know We've beat the world on everything

And just begun to go. . cli shaken.

Washington Post: "Gertrude refused Tom four times before she married him," said a girl to her friend at the seaside. 'Ah, I see It was a case of well shaken before taken."

Ominous Doings in Texas. Austin Capitolian: Do you hear the pigs munting and see them carrying brush in their mouths! A storm is imminent,

Cured. Indianapolis Journal: Clara-Do you ever ook under the bed for burglars? Laura-Not since I found a mouse there.

THE SMART LITTLE WORLD.

A Faring Song. Partland Transcript.

O, tired little mariner, Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! Unto the strand of Slumberland A-sailing we must go. This is the time when children fare Away from home; So we'll seek the good ship Rockingchair, Afar to roam, O yee ho,

O, sleepy little voyager, Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! The pleasant breeze of dro vsiness Beginning is tob low; And now the isles of Nidnod are

Ail safely past: And now over Dreamland's harbor bar We steer at last.

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 elect few, who stood handsomely dressed, n the door of his palatial home, and fretted to that his nurse asked him if there was anything he wanted. "Yes," said the little fellow in a weary volce, "I want to want something." This story is supplemented by another, in which a small boy at the home table is cry-"What is it, Williel" asked his fond nother. "Oh, boo-hoo! I want 'nuther piece of

pudding," cried the small boy. "You shall have it, darling; don't cry," said the fond mother. "But I-boo-hoo-haven't-boo-any room

You may stake your last penny on the centure that both these little boys were Americans,

No Doctors a anted There. Rochester Post Express A little Vermont riend, aged four, stood by the window as

STORIES TOLD BY MEN.

of myself."

"Yes !!!

any that might.

of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, how-"Talking of raising church dobts," the man who had been everywhere said to the power ever, did not provent him from doing his editor of the Buffalo Express, "I cleared up a ity as a judge. A man who was convicted of stealing a debt for a church in Deadwood once in spite

small amount was brought into court for sen-tence. He looked very sad and hopeless and tence. He looked very sad and hopeless and the court was much moved by his contrite ap-"It happened this way: I had been playing poker the night before in great luck. Came out a cool \$10,000 winner. Then a kind of re-

*Have you ever been sentenced to im-prisonment?" the judge asked. "Nover-never?" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Den't cry-don't cry," said Judge Q---consolingly. "You are going to be now?" morse came over me, and I made up my mind it would be a good time to reform. I resolved to quit poker and be respectable, and I thought

a good way to begin would be by going to On one occasion Senator Cullom, then govchurch. So I fixed myself up and walked into the biggest church in the place. My in-tentions were really good, but I hadn't slept ernor, made a visit to the state penitentiary at Chester, in the southern part of the stale. One of the prisoners was serving a life sen-"The serinon was rather proxy and I went to sleen. After the serinon the parson ex-plained that the church was a little in debt tonce for murder. The circumstances of the

unicide were as follows: The man had killed one of his neighbors in an affray that was the result of a political discussion during the war for the union. He

and he thought this would be a good time to pay off. I wokenp just in time to hear him say: 'We must raise \$5,000, "Well, you see, I was half asleep, thought "Well, you see, I was half asleep, thought I was still playing power, an' hearin' that put me on my nerve. The deacon with the plate was right beside me in the asle. I pulled out my roll and yelled out: 'I'll see that \$5,000 and go \$5,000 better.' With that I put my whole \$10,000 on the plate. "They were used to such talk out there. They thought I was a gambler who had got religion, and before I was well enough awake to know where I was the whole congregation had been sent, in punishment for his crime, to the Jellet penitentiary, from which prison he had been transferred to the one at Chester. This prisoner was probably sixty years of age at the time noted and had been in durance vilo for a long number of years. He find been a most exemplary inmate of the in

stitution, invice uniformity conducted him-self in a manner that had gained for him the implicit confidence of the prison authorities, and as a mark of this confidence he had been placed in charge of the inside door of the building. Through this door all who entered and left the place built to part. to know where I was the whole congregation was singing and the minister was praying for me. I wasn't going to back water then, so I let the money go. Got a complimentary no-tice in the Deadwood papers, posed as a philand left the place had to pass. On the occason of Governor Cullom's visit,

With pleasure, governor; will you let me

The story would be incomplete if it could

of be recorded that its sequel occurred with h a few months afterward, when the gov-wher, having satisfied himself of the excel-

ence of the prisoner's character and that his offence had been fully explated by his long miprisonment, granted him in unconditional

She was a nice and pious old lady, says the

Boston Courier, but the pangs of rheumatism

proved well night too much for her fortitude,

and in a moment of agony she was moved to

declare that she wished her rheamatics were

Her small but lively grandson, who chanced

o overhear the observation, was very prop-

erly shocked, and felt called upon to remon-

strate, mildly but firmly. "Grandma," he said with great gravity, "I do not like to hear you say devil. If you must say something," he continued, "you might say Damascus. That is a bible word, and it says dama and cuss altogether, and no harm down."

The old lady received the rebuke with that

The card you have drawn " said the

A SEAMAN'S BURIAL.

San Francisco Argonaut.

The moon rode high in a cloudless sky, And the ship o'er the billows rolled. As, silent and slow, we have from below

To tell of the love that we bore him.

That, far beneath the wave, His sleep might be secure and free,

In the deep, deep coral cave,

One sigh for the honored dead.

And the roar of the ocean wave, Sang loud and long their funeral song,

O'er the seaman's traceless grave.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Jeweie & Reciere.

A pretty ivory penholder is colored to look like a whip cord.

knitted closely.

ited thereon.

moonstone trefoil.

gravy dish.

bon in the same metal.

nit the escape of the odor.

anything of the same size yet seen.

through the lower part of the device.

A pretty outing beit is made of silver wires

Monograms and crests are worked out in

namel on some new oval cuff buttons. A quaint conception is a scarfolu fashioned

as a dumbbell, with a diamond sunk into each

Figuring among some new lace pins is r

eart-shaped device of diamonds enclosing a

Richness is combined with simplicity in a silver halroin topped by a knot of wide rib-

A new shape for a perfume box is the popu-iar fleur-de-lis. It is intended to hold per-fumed wool, and its sides are pierced to per-with the account of the other.

A beautiful necklace shown by an uptown oweler is composed of twelve three carat thronds, which outshine in their brilliancy

A souvenir pencil is in the form of an arrow. On its head is seen the head and shoulders of an Indian, with the words "New

York" running up the side. The pencil slide

A protector for a gravy spoon is a late in-vention. It is about an inch long and clasps the spoon half-way down the handle, thus preventing the spoon from slipping into the

A Suartette.

It is claimed that a four-year-old boy in

Inference.

Puck: "What did the ass say to Balaam,

The corpse of our shipmate bold.

is the king of hearts." "No," archbishop, "it is the five of clubs.

laid upon the devil rather than upon her.

anthropist, and all that. Good joke or me, wasn't it?" "First-rate, and did you really quit gam aving passed through the outside entrance. the governor gave the usual alarm at the m-side door. The prisoner-guard at once opened

pardon.

iarm done

bling !" "Yes, sir, quit for good and all," he said And he added: "By the way, have you got any the on today's races!" the wicket, when Governor Cullom, in a spirit of pleasantry, made the unnecessary "Will you let me in t" In reply the prisoner instantly unlocked and throw open the large door, and, bowing low, said with impressive survity:

Herbert Durand, general advertising agen of the Wabash road, tells a good sleeping car story in the St. Louis Republic. He was running over a Wisconsin road last week when a fussy old maid blundered into the wrong tollet room at an early hour, screamed with lismay and demanded in a shrill voice:

"Porter, isn't there a special room in this car for women?" "Yes, ma'm, tother end of the car, ma'm;

come this way, ma'm," could the African, as he led the frightened spinster down the asile, while upples of suppressed laughter broke out from behind the curtains, A few minutes later Mr. Durand entered

the toilet room only to find two pretty dudes, with silken sashes and lawn snirts in posses sion of the washstand. He waited while on e of the little darlings opened his grip and took out perfumery bottles, brushes and powder puffs, while the other one frowned and grum bled because the nickel plated basins were "horrible nawsty, you know." The dudes took a long, long time at their ablutions, while Durand waited and other passeagers more impatient than he cathered behind him and murmured at the delay. Presently re-lief came; a great big unshaved citizen appeared in the doorway with trailing 'gal-uses' and eyes full of sleep; he waited just one minute, and then, taking in the situa-tion, bawled out in thunder tones:

tion, bawled out in thunder lones: "Say, porter, ain't there a special room in this car for men." Everyone had heard the maiden lady's shrill demand, and roaring with languter the

meetiness which it is fitting that the old should show to the youth of the present gen-eration, and theneforth when hor carnal heart felt any inclination to effree and to swear she meekly pronounced the word "Damaseus," and undoubtedly derives great contort from the events men hustled the pretty boys out of the toilet room.

ed to step in ahead of him, and

comfort from the exerci e. The New York Tribune tells how Railroad Commissioner Reagan of Texas happened to A neatly turned compliment was that be stowed by Charles Bertram, the English secome a citizen of that state. Mr. Reagan prestidigitator, upon Dr. Walsh, the muchwas born in Tennessee and it appears that beloved archbishop of Dublin. Bertram, at one day he went to mill with a grist to be ground, and, after waiting in line until his a private seance, had taken up a pack of turn came, he was rudely addressed by a man cards and asked Dr. Walsh to select one,

ABOUT WOMEN. criminal court down east, was famous as one

New York Records) The beauty of uew-begenined flowers, The splender of sunset-hust skies, The music that chimes with reflections, The lowe light in somebody's eyes, Have each waked my soil to enjoyment; But nothing e'er thrilled up like this --The red honey has of my baby Caressing my needs with a love.

Women are architects and builders in Zulu-

Mrs. Henry Clews is considered by many people the handsomest woman in New York. She has a locely face, with brilliant eyes, a fine complexion and shining dark hair, A Brooklyn woman's will, consisting of

ten words, is contested by her mother. Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has settled down resignedly to the conviction that rhoumatism has made her a cripple for life, it is said.

Mrs. How of Winchester Mass., left\$18,000 for the town library and \$30,000 for other

"What value should a woman place upon her complexion?" asked a correspondent. You can't hx a rule in such cases. It depends somewhat upon what she paid for it. Mrs. Kellogr, who his been elected mayor

of Argonia, Kan., for a second term, does all the work of her family of five persons! Ho The mayor of Klowa, Kan., and one of the

ustices of the peace are women.

In four years the Vacation society, Brook-lyn, N. Y., has enabled three thousand working women to have a vacation.

Miss Morbart, 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.

Mrs. Ella Brown, graduated this year, is he first woman who has received the law liploma of Kansas in iversity.

The death of Dona Bandine last week at Los Angeles removes one of the hast surviv-ors of a distinguished Californian family. At her house in old San Diego a generous hospi-tality was dispensed in the early days, and it was a ball at this mansion of which Riebard H. Davia wrote so graphic a description in his "Two Years Before the Mast." She also entertained Fremont and Sherman and ommodore Stockton

A social philosopher says that one-third of the unmarried women of the country are en-gaged in work, and the other two thirds hope

to be engaged some day, but not in work. A woman's thimbic will hold 100,000 of the little screws used by watchmakers, whose 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-

Miss May Schiller, grandulece 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, Me., last week, and broke through the sidewalk. The street commis-sioner thereupon gave her notice that in her future visits she must keep in the middle of

Mrs. Martinot, the inventer, has taken out thirty-five patents, and five of these have been patented in seven countries. Among them are a steam washing machiao, a gas stove, an ce cream freezer and a clothes dryer. The inventor makes all her own models and is very dexterous with tools.

Rose Coghlan retains her shapely lovelinose contraints have support inter-ness, she claims, by brain work. "There is nothing," she says, "like an active brain for reducing flesh. Then, too, I never drink when I am eating, for I believe that drinking with your meals make you grow chunky." "There is

There is just a faint possibility that babies may supersede as fashionable puts the pampered lapdog The duchess of Portland has taken an old aud perhaps unaccountable fancy to be very proud of her baby daughter, and to avail herself of every opportunity of having the little woman with her.

There are now resident fe hale physicians in the state hospitals of New York state at "No," replied the Buffalo, Röchester, Binghampton and Pough-keepsie. The reports of the services ren-"Well. copsie. The renords of that satisfactory, ared by these doctors are satisfactory. said Bertram, in a tone of assumed astonish ment, "it is the first time I have ever failed Miss Louise Lawson, whose statue of S. S. in that trick. Would you look at that card again?" Dr. Walsh assented, and in the place of the five of clubs he beheld an excel-Cox was unveiled on Fourth of July, is a charming little woman. She always wears white in her studio, the material being of pique. Her costume consists of a rather short skirt and a not too close-fitting jacket. lent portrait of himself, "I wasn't so mu-wrong after all," remarked Bertram, "fo your grace is the king of hearts in Ireland." Her hair is light brown and worn in a curly around her head. She is energetic and full of enthusiasm. The only surviving granddaughter of the late ex-President Andrew Jonuson, died last week in Colorado, where she had been staying for some months hoping to recover her health. During the Johnson administration she was "Little Belle Patterson," and scarcely less beloved by the president than was her mother, his eldest daughter. The white bouse was full of little folk during President John-On the gratings placed, in his hammock laced With the ensign waving o'er him, We thought of his worth, but no words found son's administration, but this graceful girl was his idol. After he returned to Green-ville Mrs. Patterson lived with her parents, and his interest in his granddaughter intensi-fied itself until his acath. Several years ago consumption seized Misa Patterson, and after We weighted him well, with shot and shell. her marriage, three years ago, it made rapid progress. She leaves a dauguter not yet two Some hubbles arose, from his place of repose But quickly forever field: years old. Miss Irene W. Coit, the schoolgirl of Nor-We gave but one tear-but that was sinwich, Conn., who passed the Yale examina-tion successfully, awoke one morning this week to fame, but curiously enough she is not altogether pleased with it. Miss Coit is just eighteen years old. She is of average height, finely and gracefully formed, with light com-But the sea-bird's wall, and the stormy gale plexion, clear blue eyes, light brown hair, with an exceedingly sweet and winsome expression. There is a sunny light in her eyes, and she has a radiant look when animated. She is a sweet and attractive young lady, and her appearance does not answer at all to the popular conception of what an erudite young popular conception of what an erudite young lasty should be. Solitaire carrings are just as popular as

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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 phleg a which might at any moment turn into ungovernable passion.

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

ting in his own chair fast asleep. It was so unusual for Ike Brennan to meddle in any one's affairs that Dick gave instant heed to his invitation; and with a final broadside of splendid adjee tives for his own party, he joined lke

and they sat down together in the first quiet shady seat. 'Lyman Sneed is playing the mischie wi h your' good name, Dick, It's against my habit to look after anybody's but my own; but I've reasons contrary

this time. "Lyman Sneed! He is, is he? And Dick instinctively put his hand on the leathern sheath that held his knife. "No tools, Dick, of that kind. It's

me that's making this quarrel, you know, and I let nobody do my lighting. "What did he say?"

"That is it; he says nothing that you can get hold of. Pities his uncle-pities Nona Duval-and is so sorry you will-' "What?"

"He don't say-shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head, and the shrug and shake stand for deinking, gambling, any thing you like to make it." "Th tell Lyman Sneed-"

"You'll say neither good nor bad. Dick. Lyman is like a pine coat-if he don't burn, he blackens. Only don' throw your chances away for Lyman to pick up—that is just what he wants you to do; give in a bit to the old man; he thinks all creation of you, and if won't try to please him, why," Lyman Will, that's all.

"I'm not going to take my politics and my opinions from Uncle Jack' Burleson, no, not for all his hog wallow prairie, and his cattle and gold thrown in."

"He is an old man, Dick. Life is a country Jack Burleson has gone pretty thoroughly over; stands to reason he knows more'n you.

"He contradicts me half the time for the very sake of a fight. He does not go into court now, and he hasn't any lawyers or juries to bully. But he won' make Dick Burleson say black is white to please him; you bet he won't.

"Dick you are right; darned if you aren't! But old Jack is wise and good, and knows a sight more'n than is writ in books. Say 'yes' when you can.' "Sure.

"And don't you meddle with my fights, Dick. If Lyman Sneed needs a hiding, I know just how much will be good for him.

Il fathers folt so. Is your boy learning Dick saw the conversation was over, apidiv? and, looking at his watch, saw, that he Why, last week he wrote a letter to his was behind office hours. As it hap unt dat libs mo' dan twenty mile from pened, a number of trifles had already irritated the old lawyer, and Lyman' vere, an'after a while he gwine ter lifted eyebrows and ostentatious dili-gence irritated Dick. He flung his write to his udder aunt that libs fifty mile away. books upon his desk, dashed his hat in a "Oh, he kain't write so fur yit. He ken write twenty miles first rate, but I corner, and lifted his feet to a comfortable attitude. His big boots and loose tole him not to try to write fifty mile till fannel hunting shirt gave his uncle

Front offense, and he said so. Dick replied that "he had been talkng with the Lavacca teamsters and had forgot to dress.

"Lavacca teamsters, indeed! I don't see what on earth makes you rup after every drove that comes to town.

'I was getting their votes for my side, New York Sun: "Till be doggoned," ex-claimed young Elimiterson of Boston. uncle, and making friends against the day I want their votes for myself."

A Bash of keen pleasure shot into the "Say canine departed, not deggened."

ther and daughter see on what term Boston C A friend of mme-poor callow youth!-Was married yesternight; And I went to the obsequies nly the Duval place could be saved, and a father cared too much for his own indulgence not to press with all his pow-And watched the mournful write. er so desirable a meteou of clearing off is liabilities.

And strolling round with gloomy thought Nothing of this plan, however, came to Ike's knowledge until one night old Duval, in a fit of maudlin intoxication, For he had never been my frient-Kind friends had thought to send.

revealed it. Then he went home full of anxiety. He had no money that would Upon a table they were laid, All clustered in a ring; Full seven dozen souvenir spoonstouch Nona's needs, and he had not yet And not another thing.

"I'd give twenty of my best cows to And I wept a wet and liquid tear, mow if the fellow is dead or alive," he And I said within my neart: hat could a marriage do but fail, aid, as he pushed open the latchless Wh A man was sit With such a dismal start?'

A Long Sleep. One soul wakes another, and Dick New York Recorder: "I took a Fall River

pened his eyes wide and answered: "Here I am, Ike!" boat with old Luch and we punished six botter of wine before we got to Newport." "You tormenting youngster, where "You must have been sleepy?" "Sleepy! Why, man, I went to sleep and wer woke up until we got to Bar Harbor." "Everywhere, Ike, and precious little

"But a Fall River boat doesn't run to Bar ick either. At last I went to Yuba and Nevada, and tried hard to make my Harbor. "That wasn't my fault. I would have slept that long if we'd gone that far." ole. Two months ago Jim Harrison drayed up there and told me uncle was

He Drew the Line.

Sneed. I couldn't stand that, and so I 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, photo-graphs of pretty girls-stunners, too-Hello! "That's enough. I guess you'll find courself richer than you think."

I write them; I do not read them."

Willing to Learn.

Johnny-Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Prohibish-And isn't that hard cider

Mrs. Prohibish-Well, isn't that intoxicat-

Johnny-That's just what I am trying to

Natural Resemblances

lidn't you sign the pledge the other day?

any good to cry." ere's a scrapbook. [Examines and turns to Penn with a look of disgust]. On, I say, Tender Digaity.

heaven !'

can't be possible that you laugh at these so San Francisco Chronicle: The small girl had a request to prefer to her mother. She wanted to be permitted to go to the grocery called humorous paragraphs?' "Excuse me," replied Penn, coldly. "You are upjust, for something that was needed. She was only seven. Her mother said : Boston Courier: Mrs. Prohibish-Johnny,

souls to save in the better land.

The Value of Petrs.

"Well, you can go. But mind, you must not stop on the street and talk to the boys." "Mamma," she said, drawing herself up to ier full height, "Mamma, you insult me "

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,

Solici.ude.

Philadelphia Record: An untown young lady found a four-year-old girl wandering the streets, with a lost look on her, the other evening, and escorted hay home to her dis tracted mother. A square from the house the tot remarked to her escort: "Better go home, or the boogy man will be after oo."

Harry's Logic.

Philadelphia Times.

"No,' the teacher said, "they haven't Found the poies as yet, my dears, Though they've hunted long and often For the same in recent years." "And," said Harry, "It is likely When they do find them, some day, There'll be nothing there to see, for

They'll bave rotted all away.'

The Rusty Cricket.

Portland Transcript: A little three-year ld giri, when her mother was trying to get her to sleep one summer evening, began to ask questions about a noise outside. When told that it was caused by a cricket, she wisely remarked: "Mamma, I think it ought to be oiled."

Raising Cain.

mother) -I don't know what we will do with that boy of ours. He is raising Cain again. Fond mather (to callsy) - Yes, Charley is getting along so nicely! His father [13] heard that he was cultivating a large sugar plantation.

"Now, Alico," said manona, "get up from

A New-Id/a.

Couldn't they work their wings !"

the family physician drove by with a smile threatened to throw him out of the window and a bow for his little favorite. A moment unless he would yield his place. Mr. Reagan, the story goes, like all the rest of the people in the nighborhood, was more or less terrorlater she turned from the window with a sigh and said, "Mamma, isn't it too bad that ized oy this desperado, and in fear of his life rushed for him, butted him in the stomach Dr. Blank can't go to heaven ?" "Why, Jessie!" said mamma in surpris "What makes you think he can't go to with his head, and literally lifted him off his eet and flung him through the window. When the desperado disappeared the conse-"Why, of course he won't go," said Jessie uence of his rash act flashed upon young eagan's mind. He instantly supposed that "There's notedy sick there and they wont need any doctors." Little Jessie's original idea was told to the e had killed a man, that he would be hanged or it, and, scared almost to death, he rushed lown stairs, unhitched his horse and hit out clergyman, who called a day or two later, who said that he should consider that a neross the country for Texas. The man was not killed, but got a good shaking up. He soon moved to Texas, and was a friend to "knockdown argument" against the theory "anoccown argument" against the theory that we are to centinue our present occupa-tions in the future life. A popular physician, on hearing the above, said that he did not see why the doctors had not as good a chance as the ministers, for surely there would be no

Reagan in after life.

Chancellor L. Jeaks, the millionaire real estate man, says the Chicago Herald, has large interests in southern California and nakes frequent trips to and from the Golden Washington Post: Mr. Edwin Baitzlay of tate. The last time he went out he took the Glen Echo has a boy who has a strong dash Southern Pacific railway. One morning the of original philosophy in his composition. He train stopped for breakfast at a station in the middle of the desert. The depot was the had made his plans to celebrate the Fourth middle of the desert. The depot was the only building to be seen, and the restaurant was next door to the theket office. The floor-walker in charge of the arrangements was what the Browning club people call a "dead tough mug," He was in his shirtsleeves and tobacco juice was sprinkled liberally over his front. Mr. Jenks, who is no longer young, was suffering from the heat and hada't much screetly and the first end to the his of July, and on the morning of that day discovered that his father had failed to provide the pyrotechnic necessities. He began to cry and in order to pacify him his father assured him that he would bring him lots of fireworks. That evening he had gathered his store of rockets, fire crackers and Roman candles together, arranged them on the floor, appetite, and when the girl came to take his order he said he guessed ho wouldn't have anything but a glass of milk. The girl opened her eyes wide and, beckoning to the floor-walker, said in an audible undertone: and looking archly at his mother, said: "Mamma, I thought you said it never did

"Say, Jim, his whiskers wants a glass of

"Iced milk!" he roared, "leed milk! Good Lord, cully, we haul our water from El Paso. Do you think we pick cows off the Cactus plants! Give him a cup of coffee." This is the month for the ruby, they ever were Turquoise and diamond rings are shown the preference by ladies.

A social philosopher in the Boston Trancript says that there is a kind of freemasonry in beards. A man with a long beard alrays makes the acquaintance of other men with long beards. Their beards are the only ommon friend they need, and no man wit h such a beard will ever suspect evil of another man with a long beard. Thousands of dollarrave been borrowed with nothing but a beard or security. The acquaintance generally be gins in the same way.

"A fine day, sir," says one long bearded man to the other. (They have been glancing at each other for some time in a friendly sort

f way.) The other makes a casual reply about the weather, "Good weather for whiskers to grow,"says he first jocularly. "That's a fact," says the other, "How

long have yours been growing "" "Just seventeen years last Thanksgiving." "Well, I beat you by a year and a balf."

Then they compare measurements, and from that they get on famously. This is as good a means of introduction as being very fat. Did you over notice how two fat men get acquainted, and from comparing weights advance to all sorts of friendly confidences

There is a woman on the west side whose susband wishes the races had been run in Hindoostan instead of Buffalo, says the Express. She has become an invotorate gamber. Yesterday he cause nome to find his wife discussing the price with a tramp who wanted to bring in a cord of wood. It seems that the price had been fixed at 30 cents. The husband unseen listened to the conversution. "Now," said the wife, "let's flip a oin to see whether it shall be 30 cents or 50

Fashion Note-Undressed kids are very popular for statuary purposes. The tramp won. "Now," said no, growing in the confidence hat he had struck a snap, "let's flip again to be whether it shall be \$1 or \$1.50." See Whether it shall be \$1 or \$1.00. "Done," said the woman, too deeply wrapt in thegambling spirit to notice that was a case of "heads I win, talls you lose." Again the tranp won. At this moment the husband, who was be-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" cioning to see a mortgage suspended over his house, interposed an objection, to the great displeasure of the tramp. Small boy to comrade across the street who had evidently been swimming with him-Hi, Jimty, did you got ficked for goin' inf Jimty-Licked [] got hall Columnus]

"The quality of mercy is not strained," nor loes mercy always restrain the quantity of the sentence. The Youth's Companion has a Willie 19 touching anecdote of a trau whose tears were all in vaint

"Come off." "Why do you think that!" Judge Q--, who ence presided over a

BLOOMING BUDS.

San Antonio Express Where are the mon?" the girls all sighed, In weary, longing tone, As by the gentle, rippling tide They wandered all alone.

Many silk fob chalas are worn. Silver suckles accompany them. Then from an open window there, Above the everyroons, A voice stole softly on the air:

Parasol hundles much sought for are of stained loory made effective by silver depos-"A full hand here, on queens."

> Crawford, Ga., has a girls' baseball club. A young lady who tried to firt with the prakemen fell off a Reading train at Girard avenue the other night Seared, not hurt.

A Chicago photographer claims to be doing a good business mong the young men of that city by photographing the pictures of their sweethearts on their arms, when fin-band appearing sumilar to the totooing process, with the exception of the colors.

Sometimes a girl can be found at a party who will drink "strawberry lemonade" and admit she likes it, but who would refuse horror-stricken to taste a drop of claret

Miss A. Philpott, Gainesville, Tex., has a emarkable head of nair, measuring ten fect even inches.

As a tall, thin, tow-haired girl in a plak dress was passing along Market street, Phil-adelphia, an ill-natured member of her own sex turned and looked after her, remarking:

"Do look at the walking firecracker?" Mary Vennum, a fourteen-year-old Kansas giri lives two separate and distinct lives. She is subject to fits, and after an attack she takes the pince of a giri named Mary Koff, who died seven years ago, not recognizing her own parents, and affectionately caressing the other girl's parents as her own. She has just recovered from living a year as Mary Koff, doing all that the dead girl was wont to do while slive.

Progressive hammocks is the latest craze. The one getting up the affair swings a lot of nammocks in shady places, and then gets a hammocks in shady places, and then gets a lot of preity girls to swing in the hammocks and rigs up a beli. The young follows pay so much to get in and then pick a hammock. Every time the beli rings thay are obliged to move to another hammack. After that they vote for the best conversationsdist and have to pay for each vote. Any young man found with powder or a long hair on his coat is sourced with a beavy line. sould with a heavy line.

Alice-Florence, is that Alfred Dashlett's haniwriting? Florence-Yes, dear, I'm en-gazed to him, you know. Alice-Yes, I heard so. I was coraged to him has summer. Florence-The dear boy. I wonder who will marks him aventually. "Because he knew Balaam was onto him."] marry him, eventually.

Washington Post: Fond father (to fond

She Hadn't a Train.

Youker Hidde.

"Oh, papa," said little Neille, And a new thought to her springs, "What alled the falien angels,

"He took very good care of it, gentle Washington Star: Brine-Why are unmen," snid Iko, "just as good care as if he thought Dick would never come back. appy lovers like a Chicago girl's feet! Jones-Because they are all soul, I suppose. le has earned his money, you bet. But Brine-Guess again. Jones-Give it up. Why | Brine-Because you can tell them by their have been kept too wide awake for anything, between a pretty woman and a sighs.

ou are drinking!

find out.

unny-Yes, ma'am

In Re Hannibal Hamlin. Washington Post.

And John G. Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had Nicolay, be Allowed that he'd wallop one Alex. McC.; While Colonel McClure ome to cut the grass in the front yard,

says the Brandon Bucksaw, and as Col-While Colonel McCards Vowed he'd mop up the 'flure.' With the mortal romainder of Nicolay-sure. and Winter started out to his office he

"Well, Stephen," said the colonel. "I She Knew Better. hear that you intend to give your son an Epoch: Mrs. Jaysmith (to grocer)-Ten inds of sugar. "Dat's what I does, sah. I knows what Grocer (as customer walks out)-I beg 'tis ter struggle along widout larnin' our pardon, but you didn't pay for that

in'l is 'termined dat my son shan't trab-Mrs. Jaysmith-Of course not. Sugar's de bar'-foot ober de same hard road dat I read the papers, I do, and you can't fool me. "A noble resolution, Stephen. I wish

No Mistake.

Chicago Tribune: Astonished Bill Clerk-Isn't there some mistake about this order from Bunker's Corners for 800 pounds of bacon and two bags of chicory? Traveling Salesman-No; that's all right. A fellow went there a week or so ago started a first-class summer resort hotel.

Her Photograph.

New York Herald. It stands upon my cabinet,

A samey laughing, dark-browed face, A neck, curved graceful, draped around With filmsy folds of silken lace; he got steenger wid his pen. But he's gwine to get dar, I tell you. Wen't be Her eyes, dark, tender, seeking more'n er year fo' day boy ken set down Abl smiling lips, sweet eyes the same! on give me back no word, no sign at one cend de gumbronment an welte Too had that I forget your name!

Rev. Mr Bromyde,-Ab, indeed: I shall

To Cure Insounia. Puck: Mrs. Earnest Work (to the fley, Mr. Bromyde) - I really think my husband has been deeply affected by what I have said. He basn't slept any for three nights.