TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

OMAHA, SATURDAY JULY 25, 1891-TWELVE PAGES

NUMBER 37.

TWO OF A KIND.

Lizzte M. Ha ley. "Ill tell you something," says little Belle, "If you're certain, sure you'll never tell, "Well, then," whispered the little maid, "My papa, a great, big man's afraid." "Oh, isn't that funny enough?" laughed Sue,

'Your papa's afraid, and mine is, too "Not of bears, or tigers, or bumble-bees, It's something a thou-and times worse than these.

"It's a terrible thing that goes up and down Through every city, village or town, "And my papa says he almost knows

That things will be ruined wherever it goes. "Yes, isn't it dreadful," says Belle with a sigh, "It will swear, and, papa says steal and lie.

"I s'pect it has horns and cloven feet; And, Sue, what do you s'pose it will eat!" Then closer together drew each little maid,

Looking about as it half afraid They might see the thing with cloven feet,

And find it liked little girls to eat. And then they fancied they heard it rour, And it pubbled them up and cried for more "Oh, it's name," cried Belle, "it's so dread

Does your papa call it 'Republican,' Sue!" Sue shakes her head. "Oh, it can't be that, For my papa calls it a Democrat,"

A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

When Johnny Duquesne died of typhoid fever at his home in the Fair Lake Stream settlement, New York, three years ago, says the Sun, the people around mourned the loss of a man who was the hero of one of the wildest races for love and liberty this part of the Adirondack region ever saw. At the time of his death Duque-ne was a farmer and woodsman, but at the time he made a name for himself he worked as a guide, a bark peeler or a logger, as occasion offered. He was a handy young fellow at either occupation, but he was as fond of a fiddle as a bear is of molasses, and never allowed work to interfere with an opportunity to attend a dance. He would at any time go anywhere from Herkimer to Boonville was a hop advertised, and let a chance to pilot half a dozen rich city folks into the woods go to a neighbor, though, as all guides know, a job of that kind is commonly worth from \$75 to \$100.

Because of his love of a good time and lack of thrift Farmer James John Roberts scowled whenever he saw him, for Elizabeth, his daughter, was very plainly in love with the reckless North Woods man. Farmer Roberts was not going to allow a girl of his to marry a man who was 'sure to come on the town inside o' ten years"-not if he could help himself.

As most fathers do in such cases, he relied on his authority as a parent to prevent the match, and thus made a mistake. Johnnie came no more to the Roberts farm after he was told to keep away, but Elizabeth went visiting her cousins, the Hodges, down in Remsen, and called at Bob Pony's, on the Northwood road corners, and went to the Verdans, over in Bellnertown, more frequently than before, and it usually happened that Duquesne was somewhere in the neighborhood when she arrived at either of these places. She always remained away from home over night on these occasions, and the young folks of the neighborhood knew, if the old ones did not, that she was as apt to be found before morning at a dance at Hinckley or Trenton Falls or Forestport, as at the place she bad started for on leaving home.

Matters went on this way for a year or so when one day Elizabeth left home to go to Remsen, her father concluded he must go over to Forestport to see Black Dan, a noted character there, about some spars he had to sell. rather late in the afternoon when he drove up to the hotel, and he concluded he would wait for supper. Meantime he learned that a dance was advertised for that night, and so, since dancing in Foresport always began immediately after supper, he thought he would look He apin and see the first quadrille. peared at the door. There at the far side of the room stood Miss Elizabeth with Johnny Duquesne, the girl looking the handsomest he had ever seen her, as he often said afterward, and Johnnie "not so bad e'ft hadn't been fer his pizen His first impulse was to go laziness." in there and take Miss Elizabeth by the arm and march her out of the room. Then he recollected that Forestport young men didn't countenance any such interruption of their fun, and that Forestport boys were bad ones to tackle. If he went in thus he was likely to be kicked out by the floor managers, and he was by this thought inclined to diplomacy. His second impulse was to As he stood by the door considering what to do next, the dance

"Honors to yer partners." "Sides." "First four right and left." "Ladies change." Balance four—whew! The way Johnny and Elizabeth came flying man's breath. It almost took theirs too, when they stopped at the door, to see the old man standing there glowering at them. But away they went again to their places in time for the leaving him to consider and decide if he could what to do next. They were caught, but they were going to have a good time while they could and let the old man settle the matter

To settle the matter Farmer Roberts concluded that he would wait until the dance was over and then take Elizabeth home. He could afterward make up his mind how to break up the match, and with that he secured a room and went to bed, leaving word to be called at 5 o'clock sharp. The dancing in those days usually ended at 0 in the morning.

After the old man had turned in, the hotel proprietor slipped around to where Johnny was scated and explained the lay of the land. Something had to be done to save the girl from trouble, but what to do was the question. It took several hours to reach a decision, but at e4.30 o'clock the next morning the young c cuple left the hotel in the rig they had tome in and drove on a jog trot out of town and over the river near the big tanneries and up the hill on their way to Prospect. They were going to see he Muthodist preacher there and get married, and then let the old man get

over his anger as best he might. As luck would have it Farmer Roberts woke up just as the couple started. Hearing the noise of their departure, he jumped to the window just in time to reco gnize the gray here (the farmer's Gang Mills to Northwood is four miles

Farmer Roberts concluded they were bound to Remsen, and the way he got into his clothes was a caution to tailors to make strong garments. Then down the stairs he tumbled, calling to the hostler to get out the buckboard "as quick as the Lord'll let ye, 'and ran to the bars. The hostler got there on the instant, but never before had Farmer Roberts had so much trouble in getting

the harness on his horses. "Some of them fellars at th' dance," as the hostler explained, "never take no notice of what they're doing when they put out their critters. They've mixed yer harness up terrible."

Farmer Roberts thought the hostler might have had a hand in the mixing, but discretion made him keep still on that point, and so in the course of half an hour he was on the trail, hot to overtake the lovers. As he mounted the hill beyord the tannery the first rosy streak of light appeared in the east, and elated at the thought of having the quarry soon in view, he whipped up his nag and was off at at a pace that should have accomplished his desire very quickly.

Here, however, he made a mistake, After crossing the bridge over the river there are two roads. The best one, over to Prospect, goes straight up the hill, but the other, which is longer, turns to the left and goes around by the old tavern that stands near the back yard of the tannery. A cross road on the top of the hill unites the two, and Johnnie, with a woodsman's instict to double on his trail, had cut across to the longer road. He thought he would very likely have a run for it. One may go by either road to Remsen, but Farmer Roberts had the betier road for that place, and away he went, and drove nearly a third of the way to his destination without seeing anything of the white horse. Then he found a farmer out after his cows who said no such rig had passed

that way. "Look at the dust, Mr. Roberts, he said, "Why, there ain't no tracks in it," Sure enough, Farmer Roberts had never thought of that, and back he went toward Forestport. He had lost a good four by his mistake, but he had got an dea that he thought would help him. Instead of immediately taking the other road, as he reached the tannery he paid \$10 for the use of a fresh team, the tannery bays, a famous pair of horses, and then drove over to the telegraph office at Forestport, routed out the oper ator who lived near by, and left this message to be sent to Remsen, for there was an early train that would get the operator out early there:

Constable John Davis: A reward of \$25 will be paid for the arrest of John Duquesue, harged with stealing gray horse of James John Roberts. This done he started on the true trail

of the runaway lovers at a gait to make the slow-going farmers along the route gasp as they saw him. Meantime Johnny and Elizabeth were jogging along with considerable comfort though both were excited over the adventure, and both were tired after the dancing of the night before. Reaching the corner where the Remsen road turns off, they suddenly decided to go there instead of to Prospect, especially as that village was two miles nearer. They were anxious to have the knot tied. Nevertheless Johnny was too good a horseman to tire out the horse by hard driving when he might have a race on his hands, and so it was about 7 o'clock

coming out of the station carrying an envelope in his hand. The agent, a good friend of his, held up his hand. "Drive to Prospect like the devil and John Davis was after you," he yelled, and Johnny without a question shook

when he reached the long row of wooden

houses along the railroad track at Rem-

sen station. The main road passed about

one hundred yards from the depot, and

as he drove along he saw the agent

the reins and said "get up."

The race was on, for Farmer James John Roberts with his fresh team was tearing down the road but four miles From Remsen to Prospect it is a nearly level track, and there was no hope of cluding the old man by a side cut or doubling on the trail. Johnny knew very well it was a question of speed now, for he understood the reference to Constable John Davis, and that the old man would stop at nothing to in-

tercept or overtake him. "Get up, Bess," and he plied the whip until the gray broke into a gallop and weut tearing out of the village with a clatter that startled the sleepy-going people on all sides. It was less than three miles to Prospect and his nag could stand that much of a run. got to stand it," he thought, as the flecks of dirt thrown up by the wheels pecked him on the back and head. "Get ip, Bess. By gol, Lib, we've got to run, out we'll fetch the still water ahead o' his hounds, never fear.

The farm folks stared in amazement as they flew along the road. Some men ran out thinking it was a runaway. Men in milk wagons pulled hastily to one side lest a collision upset them. Some recognized them and the circumstance and yelled and cheered hilariously while Johnny gritted his teeth and held a tight rein, and the girl by his side, with flushed cheeks and her hair streamng out, looked straight ahead and never said a word.

A mile out lies the only grade worth nentioning between the two places. Up this grade Johnny pulled the horse into trot and on its sammit, with the Methodist church steeple of Prospect in view, turned to look toward Remsen.
"Get up, Bess." There was nothing in sight, but once more he plied the whip and in a canter the gray dashed down the long slope and a few minutes later was sweating and putting under the old maples in front of the parsonage in Prospect. The preacher's wife stood

smiling in the garden. "Tell Mr. Jordan to come right here quick," said Johnny. He was not going to lose any time getting out of the wagon-was going to be married right

"I can't," said the woman, "He's gone

to Wilmurt. "Great Lord! Get up, Bess! We can reach Trenton ahead yet," said Johnny, and the horse dashed off toward Trenton, but was turned at the next corner around the block, and away they went up the road toward Northwood, where vorkmen and a parson were building a little Presbyterian church. Johnny had hoped to throw the old man off the trail by the remark and the feint toward Trenton, and he partly succeeded, for when the father stopped at the parson-age and asked where the runaways were, the wife, with womanly sympathy, told him what she had heard Johnny say, and that they had started toward Trenton. She did not tell all she knew about the matter and Johnny made such a good gain thereby that he was gallopng off the planks at the end of the turnpike, up at Gang Mills, before Farmer Roberts, plunging down toward Trenton, learned that he was astray. But now

the real fight was to come. The gray

own, by the way that Johnny was drive long, of which a half mile is cordured and two miles are deep with sand. Johnny knew all about it, and it made him groan as he crossed the brook by the little old water-power sawmill and went jolting over the corduroy. More than one man has thought that stretch interminable, but never before nor since

did it seem so long as it did to Johany. Haif way to the end he could sit still no longer, and giving the reins to the girl he jumped out to lighten the load and until the corduroy and the more than mile long stretch of heavy sand be yond were passed, trotted and van alongside saying a cheerful word now and then to the horse and the sweetheart to ceep their courage up.

Then he reached the Ninety-six corners and jumped in. Although there was still a stretch of heavy road ahead. it was not long. Probably had he known how near the farmer was he would have run a half mile more. But he was soon to learn about the old man's

Just a mile below Northwood lies the Thomas farm, and from the road here one can look across fields and valleys to the sandy stretch at the end of . the corluroy some two miles below. Turning his head as the Thomas house was passed Johnnie saw a cloud of dust tarown sud-denly into the air at the end of the corduroy, and recognized not only the crack bay team, but the form of Farmer Thomas in shirt sleeves plying the whip.

Without a word Johnny turned to the gray. The road lay fair before him, and it was hard and smooth. The whip swished as it came down on the horse; they were in the home stretch now, and they would reach the parson if they killed the horse. Miller's horse was passed in a jiffy. It was a little labored then up to Luzern Ingersoll's, but from there down to the frog pond the wheels fairly rattled and jumped over the rocks. Up hill again they climed for a few rods and then down a steep decline at a rate that sent them round re bend near the Boersfield bridge on two wheels. old gray was doing wonders, and the hopes of the lovers swelled. In a minute more they were flying down the hill past Gus Odit's, by the mill yard; and all this time old Roberts was leaning over the dashboard lashing his bays and foaming at the mouth in a way that makes the people think to this day that he was for the time fairly insane.

The gallop and roar as the runaways crossed the little bridge at the sawmill brought the loafers in the little yellow store in Northwood out on the veranda to see what in the world had struck the town, but they had hardly reached the store door before the old gray, covered with foam and trembling with exhaustion, was pulled up in front of them. At the head of the store procession stood Dave Thomas, an uncle of the girl, with whom Johnny had once had a substan-tial row. Johnny's face turned a dead-ly pale. If Dave interfered he would ill him, and it was with the feeling that he was saved from crime that he saw Dave run hastily around the store.

Where was the parson? "He's about somewhere, Reckon he'll be here presently," drawled one.
Presently! That won't do. Bring
him here quick—ah!"
"Uncle Dave! Uncle Dave!" The girl

jumped up on her feet, her face fairly radiant. Then she sat down again and hid her face from bashfulness. Uncle Dave held no ill will. He had, indeed, gone after the parson and here he was. he parson smiled appreciatively on everybody, and then as the spectators stood grinning in return stid:

"Join your right hands." A cloud of dust that made Johnny remble with apprehension appeared or he hill beyond the saw mith 'What is your name, sir?"

"And her's?

"Elizabeth Roberts." "John Duquesne, do you take this wonan, Elizabeth Roberts, to be your lawfully wedded wife, and do you promse to love, cherish and protect her as ong as you and she shall live?"

The bays were plunging down the hill oward the bridge over the brook by the mill pond. "Elizabeth Roberts, do you take this

man. John Duquesne, to be your lawful wedded husband and do you promise to love, cherish and obey him as long as you and shall live?" The answer, "Yes sir," was scarcely heard because of the roar of the farm

er's wheels over the little bridge and beore more could be said he dashed around the corner, yelling: "I forbid; I forbid."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife," said the parson. "Let us pray." Farmer Roberts was wild with anger, but he was a devout church member and when he pulled up his team before the group, where all heads were bared and bowed and the parson was praying, his religion got the better of his anger. and his hat came off.

They say that this prayer was longer than such prayers are wont to be, and that in calling upon the Almighty to bless the newly wedded pair the parson did not fail to argue the case with the father nor to impress upon the young man the church's views of a husband's It seems to have been a fervent and effectual prayer, for they say that the father and the son-in-law became friends then and there, and that Duuesne ceased from that time on to go about the country seeking for dances and soon became one of the substantial citizens of the Twin Lake Stream settle ment.

His Great Sorrow.

Chicago Tribune: "Poor man!" exclaimed the impulsive, warm-hearted ady, "you took as if you had known ome sorrow."

"You are right, mum," answered the pattered tramp, gratefully accepting he doughnuts and bowl of fresh milk. "I have."

"May I ask what it is?" "Yes, mum," he said, with his mouth "I lost both my parents when I was nothin' but a small boy.

"Yes, mum; I had an uncle. I lived with him till I was a good-sized chunk of a boy, and then he died. "And had you no other friends?" "Only an aunt, mum. I went to live with her next. I was very happy at my

"Had you no friends?"

unt's till-till-"Don't speak of it, my poor man, if it wakens painful memories. "It breaks me all up, mum; but there's

worse to come. My nunt—she——' "No. She was a widow, my aunt was you know, and she up and married again. Married a mean, stingy, ornery uss of a man. He drove me out of the

house before he had been there three weeks. "And then?" "And then, mum," said the dejected traveler, a frightful spasm of pain distorting his face at the recollection, "I

had to go to work!"

LET THE TOAST PASS. Richard Brinsley Sheridan,

Here's to the maiden of pashful fifteen; Here's to the widow of fifty;

re's to the flaunting extravagant queen, And here's to the housewife that's thrifty. Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass. I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the

. glass. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we

Now to the maid who has none, sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eves, And here's to the nymph with but one

Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass. I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the

glass. Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow, Now to her that's brown as a berry; Here's to the wife with a face full of woe , And now to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass, Drick to the lass, I'il warrant she'll prove an excuse for the

For let 'em be clumsy or let 'em be slim, Young or ancient, I care not a feather, So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,

So fill up your glasses, nay fill to the brim, And let us e'en toast them together. Let the teast pass, Drink to the lass. "Il warrant she'll prove an excuse for the

glass. YARAS MEN UNRAVEL.

M. QUAD'S PISHING ROD. Major Osman, who was secretary of state

for Michigan for two terms, tells a San Francisco Call man that M. Quad, the funny man of the New York World, is one of the most eccentric individuals in the world and always filled with odd notions.

"Just before I started west," said the najor yesterday, "Quad, who is an enthuslastic fisherman, went into a sporting goods store to look at some fishing rods. After looking about him he espled an ash rod in a rack on the wall that seemed to suit his

fancy.
"Now, there is a rod," remarked the humorist, that is just the kind of one that I want, but you fellows are too stiff in your prices. I can buy the material and have one

made for less money.'
"As he hadn't inquired the price the clerk "As he hadn't inquired the price the clerk was indignant, and politely suggested that he have one made. The hint was promptly acted upon, and Quad hastened away to a lumber yard, where for 40 cents he purchased a piece of ash that he fancied would suit his purpose. A mechanic was employed by the day to make the rod, and his labor cost \$9.50. This and ferufes were bought for 80 cents, and when complete the rod represented an investment of \$14.20, but it was a beauty. Taking it with him to the store beauty. Taking it with him to the store Quad proudly deposited it on the counter, and said triumphantly: 'I told you I could lay you out. Just look at that rod and tell me if it is not equal in every way to that one in your rack.'

"Well, perhaps it is," was the response 'How much did it cost you?" " 'Only \$11.20.'

" Cheap as dirt, but I'll sell you that one up there for six bits.'
"And it wat a fact. The rods were almost identical, but the regular price of the ready-made rod was the price named, and the wholesale cost was just 30 cents."

A TRUE PISH STORY. The gentleman who tells a big fish story unfortunately lays himself open to suspicion that, in isolated cases, has been proved un-just. But not often can one tell one like this that the Chicago Globe vouches for, and prove it by cold testimony that no one could impeach—that of his wife:

"That's not much of a fish story, Mr.
hite. Why, when I was traveling up one of the small rivers in southern Alaska I saw fish in such great numbers that the water could not be seen. It was a most remarkable thing, and I never heard of the like before or since. They were actually so thick that they were wedged in the water heads down, and all that could be seen was thousands of their wiggling tails sticking up out of the water, each one, of course, having an indi-vidual motion of its own." A shout of laughter greeted Mr. Walker from every one except Mr. White, whose face flushed up hotly, then paled until it was whiter than a

"But, Mr. Walker, my story was true.

"And so was my story true," responded Mr. Walker. And the best of it was that Mr. Walker's story was literally true, as Mrs. Warker later in the evening testified. It was in the spawning season, and just above the spot where the remarkable sight was witnessed was a narrow rapids. The salmon went up the stream in such numbers that many were crowded out of the water, and gave to the

scene literally the aspect told by Mr. Walker PAT'S TEMPTATION. One of the members of the New York sen te, who has passed through a good many ex periences during his lifetime, says the Buf-falo Express, was in his younger days a track walker on a New England railroad. At each end of his route was a small station. The only persons to watch him were in these neighborhoods. Pat (it is needless to say h was an Irishman) lived in a small house be-side the track, about half a mile from one of these stations. He was the fortunate owner of an old horse and wagon. This is what led to his temptation and downfall. There was

good wagon road running parallel with the track all the way.
"Pat," said the tempter, "what's to hinder

our riding between stations?"
"It wouldn't do," said Pat,
But the idea had taken hold of him, and one rainy night he tried it. He left his horse half a mile from each end of his beat and walked to the stations at his usual time. Over the rest of the distance he rode on the turnpike, trusting to luck that the track would be all right. The thing was so easy that it soon became a settled practice with him. For three or four months he guarded the company's property in this way and no one was the wiser. Then he was spotted and a summary discharge followed. "A man with your genius for dodging work ought to be a lawyer," said the superintend-

"Faith, I think so meself," answered the discharged track walker, and a lawyer he be-

THE SNAKE BITE SPECIFIC. Rev. O. M. Todd of Evansville, who preached at the Tabernacle church yesterday, says the Indianapolis Journal, is a guest of M. V. McGilliard, and in conversation with a reporter remarked that he was over seventy years old and not in very good shape, as his right side was partially paralyzed. At this he showed his right hand, upon which the fingers were shrunken, hooked, and distorted and remarked that it all came about through a rattlesnake.

"Five years ago," said he, "July 6, while on my farm at Tuscola, Ill., I was bitten by a rattlesnake. "Did you drink whisky as an antidote?"
asked the reported.
"Tuscola was a prohibition town and I
I was a prohibitionist. It was impossible to
procure whisky—that is, for prohibitionists—

and the poison had almost done its work be-fore any could be procured. I owe my life to to a son of Belni named Joseph Smith, who lived about four miles away. He had whisky and furnished me some, which, as I said, probably saved my life." Mr. Todd is not the uncompromising pro hibitionist he once was He thinks the doc

trine can be carried to a dangerous extreme and cites his own experience. PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION.

Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had come to out the grass in the front yard, says the Brandon Bucksaw, and as Colonei Winter started out to his office he stopped to greet "Well, Stephen," said the colonel, "I hear

that you intend to give your son an educa-"Dat's what I does, sah, I knows what 'tis ter struggle along widout book larnin', an' I looked like-confound me if I can think who

is 'termined dat my son shan't trabble bar'foot ober the same nard road dat I did."

"A noble resolution, Stephen, I wish all
fathers felt so. Is your boy learning rapidly!"

"Ex fast ex er hoss can trot, sah. Why. last week he wrote a letter to his aunt dat lives mo' dan twenty miles from yere; an'

lives mo' dan twenty miles from yere; an' after awhile he gwine to write his udder aun dat libs fifty mile away."

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

"Oh, he kain't write so fur vit. He ken write twenty mile first rate, but I tole him not to try to write fifty mile till he got stronger wid his pen. But he's gwine ter git thar, I tell you. Won't be more'n er year fo' dat boy ken set down at one cend ob de gumbronment, an' write er letter c'lar to de udder cend."

NO AVOCATION. Here is a portion of the examination to which an old lawyer told me he was subjected when he applied for a license, says the Dallas (Tex.) News. The oldest member of the examining committee interrogated him:

"Are you familiar with any game of chance!" "No, sir."

"Don't you know how to play any game of cards!"
"No, sir."

"No, sir."
"Surely you understand enchrof."
"Never heard of it before."
"It can't be possible you never indulged in a game of draw poker!,"
"Yes, sir, it can. I am a member of the church and don't know one card from another."

"Well (after a long pause of astonishment), young man, we'll give you a license, but how in the world you're going to make a living for the first two or three years after you start to practicing law is a mystery to us."

BURROS AND BUREAUS. When ex-Governor Axtell was about leav ng Albuquerque, where as governor of New Iexico under the Cleveland administration a had resided, he chartered a car to take his household and personal effects to his home in Cleveland, O. His new Mexican admirers presented him with a pair of burros just before the car, loaden with furniture, etc., was to be started on its eastern journey, but the burros must be sent in it, and by readjusting the load room was made in one end of the car for them. The car arrived all right at Clevefor them. The car arrived all right at Cleve-land, but the railway freight agent could not make the contents of the car tally with the bill of lading, so telegraphed to Albuquerque ceived; contents short two bureaus and over two jacknesses. What shall I do? The reply

was: "Put yourself in place of the jack A REVENGEFUL PETITION. Some one told me the other day a story-old it may be, but new to me -of the little sor of a famous English actor, which seemed at uncommonly good one, says the Boston Transcript. The boy had been flogged for some offense against domestic discipline, and remained in a grave and pensive mood throughout the day, and at night he concluded his prayers with the remarkable petition:

"O, Lord, bless everybody, and make me a better actor than my father." For striking a sensitive place and through a safe, not to say holy channel, that bit of di-plomacy would be hard to match.

Jim Sniverly had been absent from Austin for several years, says Siftings, the re-turned not long since, and one of the first men he met was Bill Tinkerson. They had just taken a social drink, when Bill renarked: "Do you remember Sally Jane Benderley.

"That great big, gawky, red-headed girl with freckles as big as a dime all over her nose, who limped and was uglier than a crazy

"Yes—that's the gal."
"Of course I remember her. Nobody could forget her. It is impossible to duplicate a face like that. She had a mouth like a cat-fish, and a smile like an open valise. What of her?"

"Oh, nothing; except she is my wife." SATURDAY SOLACE.

A Reckless Mule. Brooklyn Life: "Wal," began the Missou-i man, "that thar mule—" Whang! The mule planted both feet in the speaker's stomach, knocking bim through the tank side of the barn.

"My heavens!" cried the tourist, "the poor man must surely be killed outright."
"Nope," answered the Kansas man coolly, "I don't reckon it fetched him. When a man's stummick kin stand Mizzury whisky for thirty years, it—Hello! there he is now. continued the Missouri man, re-en

tering, 'as I was saying; that thar mule-Far and Near. Washington Post: "I wish," said Mrs

Scrippins to her husband one Sunday, "that you would go and consult an oculist at once." "Why," he exclaimed, "there is nothing the matter of my eyes."
"There must be," she went on calmly. "I never heard of a case where a man was s near-sighted at the opera and so far-sighted

in church." Summer R sort Essentials New York Truth: The essential social qualifications of our four great seaside resorts may be thus epitomized: pe at Narragansett

At Newport its bootle; Blood at Bar Harbor. At Long Branch a poodle.

Train Time.

Bangor Commerciat: A Belfast man en tered a business place and asked at what time the first train left in the morning. "At 6:45," replied the man. "Ha! ha!" laughed 6:4a, replied the man. "All har ladgeed the gentleman. "I'm right for once. I'll go home and tell my wife," "What is up?" asked the man. "Well, you see," replied the gentleman, "I and my wife had a little dispute about the time the early train ief, and I've beaten her, ha, ha." "What time did your wife say the train went out?" "Quar-ter before seven," replied the man. "Ha,ha, I've beaten her and I'll go right home, ha,

Pharmaceutical Era: A dentist whose stories are always founded on fact tells of negro who came to him with his wife to have one of her teeth extracted.

Gas being something whose added terror to its charms, the solitous darkey questioned: "Couldn't you give her darkey questioned: "Couldn't you give her suffin' a little milder'n gas, doctan't Couldn't you gibe her gasoline!"

> The Poet's Revenge. Atlanta Constitution

"Is the editor int" asked the poet, with a smile that was far from bright. is," said the drowsy printer; "they run him in last night." Then the poet-laughed-for revenge is sweetand gratefully went his ways.

And softly hummed as he trod the street:

"fea dollars or thirty days!"

Washington Post: "Thank you ever so much, little boy. I've spent all my money. and if I'd lost my package of car tickets I'd have had to walk home. Where ever did yo "Right here, miss, in this crack in the

"Good gracious me! Here are my car tickets in the thumb of my glove. Wh Lack of Reverence.

Indianspoirs Journal: "Is young Mr. Gotham familiar with Browning in any degree?" "Familiar?" repeated the Boston maid. "He is positively fliopant."

Tajker-They tell me the Minnesota legis-lature has just passed a very stringent pro-Walker-I'm not surprised. What wouldn't a Minnesota legislature pass! Talker-A par is about the only thing I

A Compliment. Boston Transcript: Fenderson—Had quite compliment today. Fogg-bol

it was now. It was a great historical person-age. Let me see— Fogg-It wasn't Washington! Napoleon! Wellington? General Grant? Demosthenes?
Fenderson—Ah! I have got it. He said I looked like the devil. I knew it was some great historical personage. I feel quite lifted up about it, quite lifted up.

The Bearest Spot. You seek the dearest spot on earth?

Ah, seeker, dry your eyes
You'll find it round the corner, where They do not advertise.

The Military Bray. Pioneer Press: A cable dispatch says that after viewing the maneuvers of a body of British troops "the emperor drove over to Bray on the Thames." He undoubtedly con-sidered that it would be discorteous to bray

while the troops were passing The Ruling Passion. Detroit Free Press: "They say that Bel owes, the alliance candidate, is dead. He blew out the gas."
"Well, that's a change, anybow. He's been

The Modern Muse. **Where is my muse!" I frantic cried, "In sooth, she tarries long; I fain would have her sit by me, While I make up a song.

doing it right along for a living."

She has donned her costly ship bat-Most willy of coquettes And gone down town to purchase A box of eigarettes,"

An Object of sympathy, Brooklyn Life: "See that fellow over there? He doesn't know where he'll get his next meal. "You surprise me. He looks well-to-do."
"He is; but he doesn't know whether he'll
dine at home or the club."

Give him something New. Eysoch. Epoch.
Said he, "You are a llar, sir,"
And the pole answered "Pooh!
I'd really much admire, sir,
To be told something new."

Couldn't Do Everything. Puck: Kicking Constituent-Every one of your bills fail to pass, Wrathful Assemblyman—But every one of the boys who wanted a pass got one, diln't

they! What do you want -the earth?

Summer Chilosophy. The chap who tried to win a miss By appealing to her reason Is much less like to gain his bliss Than be who ventures on a kiss, Combined with gentic squeezin'. The Powder Mill.

Life: Watchman-For heaven's sake get away! Don't come any nearer! Scroggles-Wot's der matter wid yer! Watchman-Can't you see that is a powder mill! How dare you come so near it with a lose like that! Some Summer Engagements.

New York Herald, met four beauteous maidens by the sea, I plighted troth with each and every one I lightly thought they'd gladly set me free 'As soon as giddy summer's days were But no, alas! they all of them sued me

THE RISING G CARRATION. How a Chicago Boy Works It.

Chicago Mail: The wind was blowing stiflly and the bridge at Dearborn street was "Look out for your hat my boy!" shouted an old gentleman of portly appearance, but he was too late. The hat-a battered straw -rolled into the river. The boy began crying and dug his knuckles into his eyes

"Well, young man, you'll have to buy an Ain't g-g-got nothin' ter buy with.' fled the youngster.
"That's too bad. Here's a dollar for you." Twenty minutes later I was at the Clarke

street bridge.
"Catch that hat mister, please," and as the old, worn-out head covering floated into the river a small, bareheaded boy sank down on the pavement, sobbing violently. Three men's hands weat into their pockets and three silver quarters gravitated toward the small boy. I peered into his face. It was

the same lad. A Small Boy's Eesta y. Boston Courier. The poets of summer sing, The birds may do the same And men and nature may un to

But the joy of poet, bard and such Is really very dim. Compared with that the small boy reels, Who now is in the swim.

In coming to proclaim.

They'd Better Look Cut. New York Recorder: "Mamma," said heart-broken little Bess, whose pet dog had just died, "where has Jack gone, do you think—to heaven?" "Perhaps," said mamma, to comfort.

Bess thought about it for a while, and
then resumed: "Mamma, I guess the angels'll be awful scared when they see Jack

comin' along-he's so cross to strangers." Innocent Childhood. Pharmaceutical Era: Physician (crossly You have a very bad temper, my Small Boy -I wonder at that. Pa told ma only yesterday, that if I kept on taking your medicine I'd be an augel in a short time.

Angels are good tempered ain't they i' They Way Be False Teeth Galveston News: Mrs. Kate Williams, a domestic of Houston, Tex., has given birth to a boy baby with a full set of teetn. The doctors are puzzled. The new arrival is a perfect child and as lively as a newspaper reporter. Not since the days of Richard III.

has such a youngster been heard of. It Was All Make-Believe. Detroit Free Press: A Detroit mother who overheard her children engaged in a loisy controversy, looked in upon them with a remonstrance

'You are making quite too much noise,' she said. "O manima, please go away," pleaded her little four year old son; 'we're only make-believe children, and we've got a make-believe mother, and we're making believe we won't mind a word she says.

A Wise Child. Chicago Globe: Proud Father (showing off his nov before company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shake-speare or Edison: Fond Father-Yes? Why? Little Son-"Cause he ain't dead.

A Father's Wish.

Kate Field's Washington: "Dear, the paby's crying. Get up and warm the mila," "I wish the only were like the stove." "How do you mean!" A ure Indication. New York Herald: "Poh! You could tell

hat was the school teacher's house," said Willie scornfully.

"It has a slate roof " A Distinction. Burdette: "You can't add milk to water, can you!" asked the teacher. "No!" reared the smallest boy in the class,

add water to the milk." No Qustion About It. "Pa," asked Tommy, "was the old Roman what jumped down the pit to save the town

Yes, my son. He was dead right." A Youthful Baiter, Baby McKos is a bright boy. His story bout catching six fish shows talent. It is exceptionally interesting for one so young.

A SUMMER SONG.

Frank Holliday. In a quiet nook of the Potar Sea ! I dreamed last night I sat, In a seersucker coat that reached my knee, And fanning with my hat; An icicle melted and trickled down To cool my vertebrae,
While I are handfuls of drifted snow In an absent-minued way.

I played leap frog with the polar bear, In snow most three feet deep, And then I sat in a blast of air Until I fell asleep; And a cyclone drifted up heaps of snow And buried me out of sight, But I could hear the chill winds blow Like a ghostly mouning sprite.

heard the leebergs groan and grind Through an open Polar sea; was cool in body and in mind, And happy as I could be; But I awoke and heard a "sizz,"
Lake something frying hot-

The mercury climbing right up to "biz"
To the top of the tube he had got.

DOINGS OF PLAY FOLKS. Miss Minna Gale has decided to add that fine old comedy, "The Wonder," to her

repertory. Got, who has been ill lately, has recovered, and is acting again at the Theatre Francaise. He is sixty-eight years oid.

Look out for a surfeit of bacca rat "jokes"

and topical song verses by the minstrel and music hall singers next season. William Davidge, son of the famous comediam, and an actor of some note himself, will e a member of Roland Reed's company next

The play founded on "Les Miserables" was revived at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, July 14, with Dumaine in the part of Jean

"Kajanka," which opens at the old Boyd Opera house Sunday afternoon, has more paper on the walls than any other production ever seen in Omaha. The popularity of the Handel festival at

The popularity of the Handel festival at the London Crystal palace is shown from the attendance stated as follows: Rehearsal, 16,507; Monday, 26,87; Wednesday, 21,483; Friday, 22,219; total, 80,793. The operetta by Planquette, in which Agnes truntington will appear next season, is called 'Captain Theresa.'' It was written for her originality, and was then sold to Rudolph Aronson, from whom Miss Huntington bought it back.

Minna Gule will have Creston Clark for her leading man the coming season. Miss Gale's repertory will consist of "Fazio," "Ingomar," "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Guido Ferranti," and "Tho Duchess of Padua."

The season of French plays in London this year was not very successful, but most of the critics agree that Coquelin acted with a finer skill and a greater carnestness thad he has exhibited for some time. He was especially admirable in "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Mrs. Carter is still taking lessons in acting, and if lessons can make an actress she will be one. She is to appear in "Miss Helyett"

next season, and, as this piece is a musical comedy, she is studying singing. Mark Smith, the baritone, is to be a member of the ompany. For breach of promise and each plaintiff One of Pinero's plays, "The Profligate," nas been adapted for the German stage under the title of "Falsche Heilige," Its production at Dresden was so successful that it has been chosen as the opening play for one of the leading Berlin theaters next

> Mr. A. M. Palmer's Madison square company played "Alabama" during the past week at the Tabor Grand opera house, Denver, to a series of audiences which astenished the local manager. This week the company is in Salt Lake. The present tour is under the direction of Mr. Al Hayman. Alexander Salvini sailed from New York for Europe on the French liner "La Gascogne" last week. He will remain abroad about six weeks, two of which will be sp nt with his illustrious father at the villa Salvini, near Florence, Italy. Mr. Salvini will also visit Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London. In

Paris he will be the guest of M. Cequalia, of the Comedie Francaise. There is considerable interest manifested in George F. Marion's coming appearance in "Mr. Macroni," a new comedy that has been written with a special view to displaying his ability. The piece is in three a ts and the leading part is said to fit Mr. Marion like a glove. Manager Ludlow has engaged an ex-

cellent supporting company and the prospects of success are unu-ually encouraging. There's nothing like novelty. Rose Coghian in her forthcoming play "Dorothy's Dilemma," will appear in one scene discuised as a young British officer and will ride off the tage mounted on a real horse, real man tashion. She is practicing row somewhere in the country. After the shades of night in the country. After the shades of night have fallen she bestrides her steed and tries to accustom herself to the unusual position. One of the theatrical episodes to be reached next autumn, or early in the winter, is the professional debut of Elsie Anderson de Wolfe, the "society amateur." There has

been talk of it for a year past, and now she has signed a contract to appear with Charles Frohman's company. She is in Paris, where she devotes herself assiduously to premaration for work which she has undertaken to do Stuart Robson is searching for new plays. and from his summer home at Cohasset, Mass., he is in correspondence with several dramatists, from one of whom he hopes to find a noveity for next season. If he does not succeed in getting a new play he will re-turn to "The Henrietta," and will also play "Is Murriage a Failure?" and an adaptation

of "She Stoops to Conquer," arranged for the stage by Robson himself. A severe attack of influenza is likely to telay the return to America of Mme. Mod-eska. It was ber intention to sail from Brejeska. men on July 21, but she has been advised by her medical attendant to visit some of the watering places until completely cured. Mme. Modjeska his been in negotiation for some time with a prominent London actor for her chief suppost; the other members of her company will be American, exclusively. Lawrence Marston is writing a new play or Lillian Lewis entitled "Lady Lil." A dog

a hor e, and a tiger play active parts in the drama. The part Miss Lewis will play is a sort of Adelina Patti of the circus ring. In the second act Miss Lawis dressed in a bewitching costime, makes her appearance riding a borse at full gallop in the standing position, a la equestrienne. Miss Lewis is receiving daily instruction in this class of ding, and making excellent progress. Reerbohm Tree will make his first appearance as Hamlet in Edinburgh in September, Of course he intends to introduce some new readings. One of them is rather ingenious, although ingenuity, perhaps, might be better employed. In the line "The cat will mew and dog will have his day," he proposes to substitute "bay" for "day," thus beinging the metaphors into closer relation. What the

logs have done that they should be robbed of the day to which they have been privileged for so long, Mr. Tree does not tell, Things are beginning to look lively in the theatrical world all around. There's a row here, a cancelling of contract there, a dis-cussion pro and con of the "real inside affairs" of a new combination, a judicious spreading of the eccentricities and indissyncrasses (alleged) of stars with new plays, and all such preliminary advertising that tells one the opening of the season is not far off. Just

log" during des days. Caroline Millsner, the new prima donna of Caroline Millsner, the new prima donna of the Bostonians, who makes her operatio debut with that organization in "Robin Riood" at the New York Standard theatre, Septem-ber 2s, passed most successfully a very severe test in showing her qualifications for the position she is to fill. A full rehearsal of "Mignou" was called white the company was in San Francisco, and Miss Millsner, without any premutation or acquaintaine with either any preparation or acquaintance with either the company or its director, sang without a slip and 'n a manner to completely captivate her future associates. Miss Millsner owes her attainments largely to Mine. Resewald, an accomplished artist formerly of the Abbots

Cpera company,

why theatres open in August it is hard to find out. Perhaps from an artistic sense of fitness theatrical fork think they'll "try it on the