# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1891-SIXTEEN PAGES.

By MARK TWAIN.

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. WAGNER.

[Copyrighted by the Author 1891.]

It was at Nuremberg that we struck the inundation of music-mad strangers that was rolling down upon Bayreuth. It had been long since we had seen such multitudes of excited and struggling people. It took a good haif hour to pack them and pair them into the train-and it was the longest train we have yet seen in Europe. Nurembers had been witnessing this sort of experience a couple of times a day for about two weeks. It gives one an impressive sense of the magnitude of this bleanial pilgrimage. For a pilgrimage is what it is. The devotees come from the very ends of the earth to worship their prophet in h is own Kaaba in his own Mecca.

10

If you are living in New York or San Francisco or Omaha or anywhere else in America, and you conclude, by the middle of May, that you would like to attend the Bayrouth opera two months and a half later, you must use the cable and get about it immediately, or you will get no seats, and you must cable for lodgings, too. Then if you are lucky you will get seats in the last row and lodgings in the fringe of the town. If you stop to write you will get nothing. There were plenty of people in Nuremberg when we passed through who had come on pilgrimage without first securing seats and lodgings. They were found neither in Bayreuth; they had walked Bayrouth streets a while in sorrow, then gone to Nuremberg and found neither beds or standing room, and had walked those quaint streets all night waiting for the hotels to open and empty their guests into the trains, and so make room for these, their defeated brethren and sisters in the faith. They had endured from thirty to forty hours' railroading on the continent of Europe-with all which that imof worry, fatigue and finanplies cial impoverishment - and all they had got and all they were to get for it was handiness and accuracy in kicking themserves, acquired by practice in the back streets of the two towns when other people were in bed; for back they must go over that unspeakable journey with their pious mission unfulfilled. These humiliated outcasts had the frowsy and unbrushed and apologetic look of wet cats, and their eyes were glazed with drowsiness, their bodies were adroop from crown to sole, and all kind hearted people refrained from asking them if they had been to Bayreuth and failed to connect, as knowing they would lie.

We reached here (Bayreuth) about midafternoon of a rainy Saturday. We were of the wise, and had secured lodgings and opera soats months in advance.

I am not a musical critic, and did not come here to write essays about the operas and deliver judgment upon their merits. The little children of Bayrauth could do that with a finer sympathy and a broader intelligence than 1. I only care to bring four or five pilgrims to the operas, pilgrims able to appreciate them and enjoy them. What I might write about the performances to put in my odd time would be offered to the public as merely a cat's view of a king, and not of didactic value.

Next day, which was Sunday, we left for the opera house-that is to say, the Wagner temple-a little after the middle of the after-noon. The great building stands all by itself, right. grand and lovely, on high ground outside the arned that if we arrived

it was at Nuremberg that we struck the | veying of feeling; but it seems to me that peremptory bark or two-and so on and so on; and when he was done you saw that the information which he had conveyed had not compensated for the disturbance. Not always, but pretty often. If two of them would but put in a dust occasionally and blend the voices; but no, they don't do that. The great master, who knew so well how to The great master, who knew so wen now to make a hundred instruments reloice in unison and pour out their sculs in mingled and melodious tides of delicious sound, deals only in barren solos whom he puts in the vocal parts. It may be that he was deep, and only added the singing to his operas for the sake of the contrast it would make with the music. Singing! It does seem the wrong name to apply to it. Strictly de-scribed, it is the practicing of difficult and scribed, it is the practicular of an active and unpleasant intervals, mainly. An ignorant person gets tired of listening to gymnastic intervals in the long run, no matter how pleasant they may be. In "Parsital" there is a hermit named Gurnemanz who stands on the stage in the one spot and practices by the

hour, while first one and then mother char-acter of the cast endures what he can of it and retires to die. During the evening there was an intermis sion of three quarters of an hour after the first act and one an hour long after the sec-ond. In both instances the theater was totally emptied. People who had previously engigod tables in the one sole eating house were able to put in their time very satisfactorily; the other thousand went hungry. The opera was concluded at 10 in the evening or a little later. When we reached home wa had been gone more than seven hours. Sev en hours at \$5 a ticket is too much for the While browsing about the front yard among the crowd between the acts 1 encountere

tweive or tifteen friends from different parts of Americ, and those of them who were most familiar with Wagner, said that "Parfal" seldom pleased at first, but that after one had heard it several times it was almost sure to become the favorite. It seemed impossible, but it was true, for the statement came from people whose word was not to be doubted

doubted. And I gathered some further information. On the ground I found part of a German mus-ical magazine, and in it a letter written by Unlie thirty-three years ago, in which he de-fends the scorned and abused Warner against people like me, who found fault with the comprehensive absence of what our kind re-ments as charging. Unlie says Warner degards as singing. Uhlic says Wagner de-spised "jene plapperude musik," and there-fore "runs, trills, and schnorkel are discard-ed by him." I don't know what a schnorkel is, but now that I know it has been left out of these operas I never have missed anything so much in my life. And Unlic further says that Wagner's song is true song; that it is "simply emphasized intoned speech." That certainly describes it—in "Parsifal" and some of the other operas; and, if I understand Uhlic's elaborate German, he apologizes for the beautiful airs in "Taunhauser." Verp well; now that Wagner and I understand each other, perhaps we shall get along better, and I shall stop calling him Waggner on the American plan, and here-after call bim Voggner, as per German cus-

tom, for I feel entirely friendly now. The minute we get reconciled to a person how willing we are to throw aside little, need-

Of course I came home wondering why people should come from all the corners of America to hear these operas, when we have

gaze that people rivet upon a Victor Hugo, or Niagara, or the bones of the mastodon, or the guillotime of the revolution, or the great pyramid, or distant. Veruvice smoking in the sky, or any man long celebrated to you by his genius and achievements, or thing long celebrated to you by the praises of books and pictures-no, that gaze is only the gaze of intense curlosity, interest, wonder, engaged in drink-ing delicious deep draughts that taste good all the way down and appease and satisfy ing delicious deep draughts that tasta good ail the way down and appease and satisfy the thrist of a lifetime. Satisfy it—that is the word. Hugo and the mastodon will still have a degree of interest thereafter when encountered, but never anything approach-ing the eestasy of that first view. The inter-est of a prince is different. It may be envy, it may be worship, doubtless it is a mixture of both—and it does not satisfy its thirst with one view or even noticeably diminish it. Perhaps the masence of the thing is the value Perhaps the essence of the thing is the value Perhaps the ensence of the thing is the value which men attach to a valuable something which has come by luck and not been carned. A dollar picked up in the road is more satis-faction to you than the ninety and nine which you had to work for, and money won at face or in stocks snurgles into your heart in the same way. A prince picks up grandcur, power and a permanent holiday and gratis support by a pare accident, the accident of birth, and he stands always before the grieved eye of poverty and obscurity a monumental representative of luck. And then-supremest value of all-his is the only high fortune on the earth which is secure. The commercial millionaire may become a beg rar, the illustrious statesman can make a vital mistake and be dronped and forgotten; the illustrious general can lose a decisive bat-tic and with it the consideration of men; but once a prince always a prince, that is to say, an imitation god, and neither hard fortune nor an infamous character nor an addied brain nor the speech of an ass can undeify him. By common consent of all the nations and all the ages, the most valuable thing in this world is the homore of men, whether de served or undeserved. It follows without

doubt or question, then, that the most desir-able position possible is that of a prince. And I think it also follows that the so-called usurpations with which history are littered are the most excusable misdemeanors which men have committed. To usurp a usurpation -that is all it amounts to, isn't it?



pean, of course. We have not been taught to regard him as a god, and so one god look a nim is likely to so nearly appease our curi him is likely to so nearly appease our curi-osity as to make him an object of no great in-terest next time. We want a fresh one. But it is not so with the European, I am quite sure of it. The same old one will answer; he never stales. Eighteen years ago I was in Loadon, and I called at an Englishman's heave an a plack and form and dismal house on a bleak and foggy and dismal December afternoon to visit his wife and

you. Some of these pilgrims here become in effect cabinets coninets of souvenirs of Bay-reuth. It is believed among scientists that reuth fills believed among scientists that you could examine the crop of a dead Bay-reuth pilgrim and where in the earth and te where be came from. But I like this ballast, I think a "Hecanitares" scrape-up, at s in the evening, when all the famine-breeders have been there and laid in their mementoes and gone, is the quietest thing you can lay on

your keelson except gravel. Thursday-Taes keep two teams of singers in stock for the other roles, and one of these is composed of the most nenowned artists in the world, with Materna and Alvary in the lead. I suppose a double team is necessary ; doubtless a single team would die of exhaus tion within a week, for all the plays last from 4 in the afternoon till 10 at night. Nearly all the labor falls upon the nalf dozen head singers, and apparently they are required to fur nish all the noise they can for the money. If they feel a soft, whispery, mysterious feel-ing they are required to open out and let the public know it. Operas are given only on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays and Thurs-days, with three days of ostensible rest per week, and two teams to do the four operas, but the estensible rest is devoted largely to rehearsing. It is said that the off days are devoted to renearsing from some time in the morning till 10 at night. Are there two orchestras alsof it is quite likely since there are 110 names in theorenestra list.

Yesterday the opera was "Tristan and solde." I have seen all sorts of audiences Isolde -at theaters, operas, concerts, lectures, ser-mons, funerals-but none which was twin to the Wagner audience of Bayrouth for fixed and reverential attention, absolute sullness, and petrified attention to the end of an act of the attitude assumed at the beginning of it. You detect no movement in the solid mass of heads and shoulders, you seem to sit with the dead in the gloom of a tomb. You know that they are being stirred to their pro-foundest depths; that there are times when they want to rise and wave handkerchiefs and shout their appropriation, and times when tears are running down their faces and it would be a relief to free their pent emotions in sobs or screams; yet you hear not one utterance till the curtain swings together and the closing strains nave slowly faded out and died; then the dead rise with one imthins. pulse and shake the building with their ap-plause. Every sent is full in the first act, there is not a vacant one in the last. If a man would like to be conspicuous let him come here and retire from the opera house in the midst of an act. It would make him cele-

brated. The audience reminds me of nothing 1 have over seen and of nothing I have read about except the city in the Arabian tale where all the inhabitants have been turned to brass, and the traveler finds them after conturies, mute, motionless, and still retaining the atti-tudes which they last knew in life. Here the todes which they last knew in life. Here the Wagneraudience dress as they please, and sit in the dark and worship in stience. At the Metropolitan in New York they sit in a glare, they wear their showlest harness, they hum airs, they squeak fans, they filter, and they gabble all the time. In some of the boxes the conversation and laughfer are so loud as the divide the attention of the boxes with the to divide the attention of the house with the stage. In a large measure the Metropolitan is a showcase for rich fashionables who are not trained in Wagnerian music and have no reverence for it, but who like to promote art and show their clothes.

Can that be an agreeable atmosphere to persons in whom this music produces a sort of divine ecstasy, and to whom its creator is a very deity, his stage a temple, the works of his brain and hands consecrated things, and the partaking of them with eye and ear a sacred solemnity! Manifestly, no. Then per-haps the temporary expatriation, the tedious traversing of seas and continents, the pil grimage to Bayreuth, stands explained. These devotees would worship in an at-mosphere of devotion. It is only here that max was reached which led them to sit with a loot of space between them until their dis-tination was reached. Lightly leaning her that they can find it without fieck or blomish or any worldly paintion. In this remote vil-lage there are no sights to see, there is no newspaper to intride the worries of the dis-traction of the distribution of the distribution of the dishead upon his shoulder and looking up at him tant world there is nothing going op, it is alasked: "Who's swee !" A hush fell upon the car as she listened for his answer. Bend-ing down until his mustache almost touched ways Sounday. The pulgrin wends to his temple out of tawn, sits out his noving service, returns to his bed with his heart and his soul+ and his body exhausted by long hours of tremendous emo-tion, and he is in no lit condition to do anyper brow, he said : "Bote of us." Then the left the rails. hing but lie torold and slowly gather back Chicago Tribune: "Jacobs," said the man aging entitor of the grant daily paper, wharly, life and strength for the next service. This opera of "Tristan and Isolde" list night broke the hearts of all witnesses who were of the faith and I know of some and have neard

of many who could not sleep after it, but cried the night away. I feel strongly out of place here. Sometimes I feel like the one same person in a community of the mail sometimes 'His name is Bohackus," answered the assistant. "How much are we paying him?" Something like \$40 a month." I feel like the one blind man where all others "Raise his salary 50 per cent," said the managing editor. "That is all, Jacobs. You see; the one groping savage in the college of the learned, and always, during service, I can go feel like a heretic in heaven. Mr. Bohackus of Squareville was the only But by uo means do I ever overlook or miuone of several hundred telegrapic correspond ents who had not begun his special telegram to the Daily Thunderbolt the night before in ify the fact that this is one of the most extraordinary experiences of my life. I have never seen anything like this before. I have these words: "The election here passed off never seen anything so great and fine and quietly.' real as his devotion.

STULTUS STULTI STUERT

THEY SAY L'DU BUT. TVE NO USE FOR

FORAS APRINCEUM

NIGERS B

TULTUSISTULTI-STULTUN

hand touched, or her eve looked upon, is in-

different to me. I am her pilgrim; the rest of this multitude here are Wagner's. Tuesday.—I have seen my last two operas,

my season is caded and we cross over into Bohemia this aftermon. I was supposing that my musical "Hypeneration was accom-plished and perfector, because I enjoyed both

of these operas, singing and all, and, more-over, one of them "was "Parsifal;" but the

the wailing and sereching of third-rate ob-

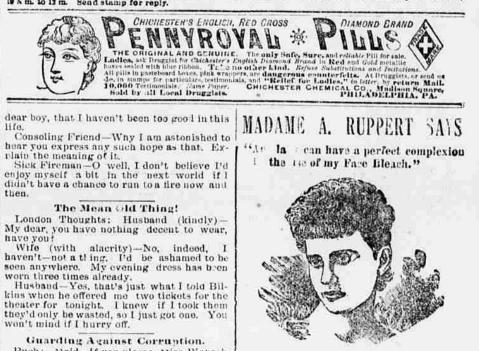
scurities, balmed off on us in the interest of

That wasn't singing; that was

experts have diseachanted me. They say

Singing!





after 4 o'clock we should be obliged to pay \$2.50 apiece extra by way of fine. We saved that; and it may be remarked here that this is the only opportunity Europe offers of saving money. There was a big crowd in the grounds about the building, and the ladies' dresses took the sun with fine effect. I do not mean to intimate that the ladies were in full dress, for that was not so. Thedresses were pretty, but neither sex was in evening dress. The interior of the building is simple-se-

verely so; but there is no occasion for color and decoration, since the people sit in the dark. The auditorium has the shape of a keystone, with the stage at the narrow end. There is an aisle on each side, but no aisle in the body of the house. Each row of seats extends in an unbroken curve from one side of the house to the other. There are seven en-trance doors on each side of the theater and four at the but end-eighteen doors to admit and emit 1,650 persons. The number of the particular door by which you are to enter the house or leave it is printed on your ticket, and you can use no door but that one. Thus crowding and confusion are impossible. Not so many as 100 people use any one door. This is better than having the usual (and useless elaborate and fireproof arrangements. It is the model theater of the world. It can be emptied while the second hand of a watch akes its circuit. It would be entirely safe, even if it were built of lucifer matches.

If your seat is near the center of a row and you enter late, you must work your way along a rank of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen to get to it. Yet this causes no trouble, for everybody stands up until all the seats are full, and the filling is accomplished in a very few minutes. Then all sit down, and you have a solid mass of 1,500 heads making a steep cellar-door sight from the rear of the house down to the stage.

All the lights were turned low, so low that the congregation sat in a deep and solemn gloom. The functeal rustling of dresses and gloom. The functeal rustling of dresses and the low buzz of conversation began to die swiftly down, and presently not the ghost of a sound was left. This profound and increasingly impressive stillness continued yet dur-ing some time-the best preparations for music. spectacle, or speech conceivable, I should think our show people would have in-vented or imported that simple and impressive device for securing and solidifying the attention of an audience long ago; instead of which they continue to this day to open a performance against a deadly competition in the form of noise, confusion, and a scattered

Finally, out of darkness and distance and mystery soft rich notes rose upon the still-ness, and from his grave the dead magician began to weave his spells about his disciples and steep their souls in his each antments. There was something strangely impressive in the fancy which kept intruding itself that the composer was conscious in his grave of what was going on here, and that these divine inds were the clothing of thoughts which were at this moment passing through his brain, not recognized and familiar ones which had issued from it at some former time,

The entire overture, long as it was, was played to a dark house with the curtaia down. It was exquisite, it was delicious. But straightway thereafter, of course, came the singing, and it does seem to me that nothing can make a Wagner opera absolutely perfect and satisfactory to the untutored but to leave out the vocal parts. I wish I could see a Wagner opera done in pantomime once. Then one would have the lovely orchestration unvexed to listen to and bathe his spirit in, and the bewilderingly beautiful scenery to intoxi-cate his eyes with, and the dumb acting couldn't mar these pleasures, because there isn't often anything in the Wagner opera that one would call by such a violent name as acting; as a rule all you would see would be a couple of silent people, one of them standing still, the other catching files. Of course I do not really mean that be would be catching flies, I only mean that the usual operatic gestures, which consist in reaching first one hand out into the air, and then the other, might suggest the sport I speak of if the operator attended strictly to business and uttered no sound.

This pre-ent opera was "Parsifal." Mme. Wagner does not permit its representation anywhere but in Bayreuth. The first act of the three occupied two hours, and I enjoyed

In that in solide of the singing. I trust that I know as well as anybody that singing is one of the most entrancing and bewitching and moving and eloquent of all the vehicles invented by man for the con-

lately had a season or two of thom in New York with these same singers in the several parts, and possibly the same orchestra. I resolved to think that out at all hazards.

Tuesday -Yesterday they played the only operatic favorite I have ever had-an opera which has always driven me mad with ignorant delight whenever I bave heard it-"Tann I heard it first when I was a youth hauser. heard it last in the last German season New York. I was busy yesterday and I did not intend to go, knowing I should have an other "Tannhauser" opportunity in a days; but after 5 o'clock I found myself free and walked out to the opera house and ar-rived about the beginning of the second set. My opera ticket admitted me to the grounds in front, past the policemen and the chain, and I thought 1 would take a rest on a bench for an hour or two and wait for the third act



In a moment or so the first bugles blew, and the multitude began to cromple apart and meltinto the theatre. I will explain that this bugle call is one of the prettiest features nere. You see, the theatre is empty, and hundreds of the audience are a good way off in the reeding house; the first bugle call is blown about a quarter of an hour before time for the curtain to rise. This company of buglars, in uniform, march out with mill tary step and send out over the landscape a few bars of the theme of the approaching act, piercing the distances with the gracious notes, then they march to the other en trance and repeat. Presently they do this over again. Yesterday only about two hun-dred people were still left in front of the house when the second call was blown; in another when the second can was obswit in another half minute they would have been in the house, but then a thing happened which delayed them—the one solitary thing in this world which could be relied on with certainty to accomplish it, I suppose—an imperial princess appeared in the balcony above them. They stopped dead in their tracks, and began to gaze, in a stupor of gratitude and satisfaction. The lady pres-ently saw that she must disappear or the door would be closed upon these worship-pers, so she returned to her box. This daugh-ter-in-law of an emperor was pretty; she had a kind face; she was without airs; she is known to be full of common human sympa-thies. There are many kinds of princes, bat this kind is the most harmful of all, for wherever they go they reconcile people to monarchy and set back the clock of progress. The valuable princes, the desirable princes are the czars and their sort. By their mere dumb presence in the world they cover with derision every argument that can be invented in favor of royaity by the most ingenious casuist. In his time the husband of this princess was valuable. Hailed a degraded life, he ended it with his own hand in circuinstances and surroundings of a hideous

In the opera house there is a long loft back of the audience, a kind of open gallery, in which princes are displayed. It is sacred to them, it is the holy of holies. As soon as the filling of the nouse is about complete, the standing multitude fix their eyes upon the princely layout and gaze mutely and longingly and adoringly and regrotfully like sin-ners looking into heaven. They become wrapt, unconscious, steeped in worship. There is no spectacle arywhere that is more pathetic than this. It is worth crossing many occase to same it is somehow not the same until the time comes to embalm the rest of

married day .hter, by appointment. I waited haif an hour, and then they arrived, frozen They explained that they had been delayed by an unlooked for circumstance; while pass ing in the neighborhood of Malborough house they saw a crowd gathering, and were told

that the prince of Wales was about to drive out, so they stopped to get a sight of him. They had waited a baif hour on the sudewalk. freezing with the crowd, but were disap-pointed at last-the prince had changed his mind. I said, with a good deal of surprise: "Is it possible that you two have lived London all your lives and have never seen

the prince of Wales !" Apparently it was their turn to be sur prised, for they exclaimed:

"What an idea! Why, we have seen him hundreds of times." They had seen him hundreds of times, yet they had waited half an hour in the gloom and the bitter cold, in the midst of a jam of patients from the same asylum on the chance of seeing him again. It was a stupefying statement, but one is obliged to believe the English, even when they say a thing like that. I fumbled around for a remark, and got out this one: "I can't understand it at all. If I had never

seen General Grant, I doubt if I would do that even to get a sight of him," with a slight emphasis on the last word. Their blank faces showed that they won dered where the parallel came in. Then they

said blandly : "Of course not. He is only a president." It is doubtless a fact that a prince is a per-manent interest, au interest not subject to deterioration. The general who was never lefeated, the general who never held a council of war, the only general who aver com-manded a connected battle front 1,200 miles long, the smith who welded to-gether the broken parts of a great republic and re-established it where it is quite likely to outlast all the monarchies present and to come was really a person of no serious concome, was really a person of no serious con sequence to these people. To them, with their training, my general was only a man

after all, while their prince was clearly much more than that, a being of a wholly unsimi-lar construction and constitution, a being of Friday. -- Yesterday's opera was "Parsifal' again. The others went, and they show marked advance in appreciation: but I went bunting for relics and reminders of the Marno more blood and kinship with men than are the serene eternal lights of the firmament with the poor dull tallow candles of commerce gravine Wilhelmina, she of the imperishable "Memoirs." I am properly grateful to her for that sputter and dis and leave nothing behind but a pinch of ashes and a stink. her (unconscious) satire upon monarchy and

I saw the last act of "Tannhauser." I sat in the gloon and the deep stillness waiting-one minute, two minutes, I do not know exactly how long-then the soft music of the hidden orchestra began to breathe its rich, long sighs out from under the distant stage, and by and by the drop curtain parts d in the middle and was drawn slowly aside, disclosing a twilighted wood and a wayside shrine. with a white robed girl praying and a man standing near. Presently that noble chorus of men's voices was beard approaching, and from that moment until the closing of the curtain it was music, just music-music to make one drunk with pleasure, music to make one take scrip and staff and beg his way round

economy. the globe to hear it. To such as are intending to come here m the Wagner season next year I wish to say, bring your dinner pail with you. If you do, you will never cease to be thankful. If you matters of art. Whenever I enjoy anything in art it means it is mighty poor. The pri-vate knowledge of this fact has saved us do not, you will find it a hard fight to save yourself from famishing in Bayrouth. Buy from going to pieces with enthusiasm in front of many and many arthromo. However, my reuth is merely a large village, and has no very large hotels or cating houses. The principal inns are the Golden Auchor and the Sun. At either of these places you can get an excellent meal—no, I mean you can go there and see other people get it. There is no charge for this. The town is littlered with restaurants, but they are small and bad, and they are overdriven with custom. You must secure a table hours beforehand, 'and often when you arrive you will find somebody oc-cupying it. We have had this experience. We have had a daily scramble for life; and when I say we, I include shoals of people. I have the impression that the only people who do not have to scramble are the veterans-the disciples who have been here before and know the ropes. I think they arrive about a week before the first opera and engage all the tables for the season. My trice have tried all kinds of pinces-some outside of the town a mile or two-and have captured only nibblings and odds and ends, never in any instance a complete and satisfying meal. Di-geatible! No, the reverse. These odds and ends are going to serve as souvenirs of Rayreuth, and in that regard their value is not to be overestimated. Protographs fade, bric-a-grac gets lost, busts of Wagner get broken, but once you absorb a Bayrouth restaurant meal it is your possession and your property

A Source of Profit.

Detroit Free Press: "Are you ever oubled with sleptomaniacs ?" asked the reporter of the retail merchant. "Never."

out of the depth of a pair of big blue eyes she

rowd laughed, and the car shook so it almost

Reward of Merit.

what is the name of our man down gat

"Dou't any of them ever come into your place?" asked the reporter in surprise. "Sure. Plenty of them. But they never trouble me."

"Don't they take things !" 'Yes, but that is no trouble !! "No trouble? What do you mean?" "I usan what I say. We always catch them at it and simply charge them four prices for what they take. See?"

Tragical v Funny,

Boston Transcript: Young wife-I had such a fright last evening at supper. 1 asked Will if ho loved me. Her best friend-Yes! And what did he

Young wife-That's just it; he didn't say a word. His face turned red and he scowled awfully. Oh, I felt so sad. Her best friend-And was he really so

angry as that!

Young wife--No, you goosev; he wasn't angry at all. He'd put a piece of hot potato into his mouth. But, my! wasn't I frightened !

#### A Question of Finance.

Philadelphia Press: "What an accumula-tion of sweets those little fellows no ard ?" said a philosopher, contemplating an ant hill swarming with myraids of tiny creatures Yes, I suppose they are quite wealth y from their standpoint.

"Do you know by what principle they nanage to accumulate so much !'

"No. How! "Well, probably because they understand the principles of fine ants."

### The Grammar Confuted.

New York Press: "Two negatives make an affirmative, you believe?" "Yes." "Well, I don't take any stock in such nousense." "Why not?" "Why not? I'll tell you. Mon-day night I proposed to Mary Jones and she

said no; Tuesday night I proposed to Jane Smith and she said no. There are two nega-tives for you. If you can make an aftirmaproof ive out of them you are a better grammarian ban I am."

#### The Cold Snap.

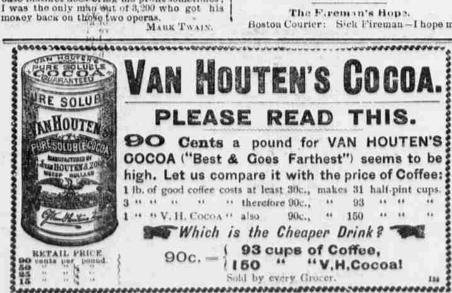
Washington Star: "Where's your wagon?" asked the woman of the house as the ide man rang the bell. "Haven't any today. Will you let me have

Welt, I ought to have recognized the signa bucket of water? the old, sure sign that has never failed mo in

"Yes: what are you going to do with it?" "I'm going to set it out on the front step here and let it freeze for you. The company says business is getting pretty poor, and we may as well take advantage of the cold snap

to out down expenses." base instinct does bring me profit sometimes The Fireman's Hope.

Boston Courier: Sick Fireman-I hope my



My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you

haven't-not a tling. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My evening dress has been

Puck: Maid-If you please, Miss Wabash of Chicago, has just called. Miss Athenia Hubbs (of Boston)--Take the parrot out of the room, Anastasia, before you show her up. I do not wish the bird to

acquire any provincial expressions. Why He Didn't Laugh. New York Weekly: Stranger-You are the only gentleman in the room.

Guest-In what way, sir! Stranger-When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh. Guest-The lady is my wife and I paid for the dress.

Why They Don't Speak.

A bear in Arkausas was hugging a girl named Mary, when a girl named Julia shot the bear dead. Mary was so mad that she

frothed at the mouth, and Julia and Mary have not spoken since.

A Royal Road to Learning. Harper's Bazar. "My boy says you have not taught him any speiling," said Mr. Oat-

"No. We only teach the girls spelling. The boys don't need it, because when they grow up and go into business they employ the girls as typewriters.

An Experienced Burglar. Good News: Young burglar-These spoons ain't silver. They are the cheapest kind o' imitation.

Old burglar-That's lucky. 'Lucky!'' 'Yep. Take 'em along.''

"Yen. "What fer?" "The leddy of the house will be afeared to

set the detactives arter us, lest they should find them spoons un' describe 'em in th'

papers." A Sad Misunderstanding.

Mrs. Tangle-Henry, you have been making presents to that girl you call your am-

inuensis. Don't try to deny it. I have Mr. Tangle-What proof, pray?

Mrs. Tanglo - I found in your pocket a bill for "ribbon for typewriter."

clothes I"

## Hoffy's Clothes.

Tom Bigbee - "I beg your pardon, Hoffy, but what in thunder's the matter with your Hoffman Howes-"My deah feliah, they

3.出

RIF!

were maje on the otha side," Tom Bigbee-"Oh! then why not turn them the other side out ?" A Mean womin.

Life: Comedian-I've bad news for you old man; our leading lady, your wife, has eloped with the bill poster." Manager-Horrible! How are we ever to

get that next town billed? Where e Drew the Line.

The Colonel-You're a scoundrel, sab, of the fust watab. The Majah-1 scohn yo allegation, sah.

There is absolutely no connection between mean' watah, sah. The scoundrel, sah, I overlook. F is Capi lary Adornment.

Mrs. Hloobumper-What long hair that college professor has. Bloobumper-Yes, those are the Yale locks you have heard of.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bldg.

VIGOR OF MEN

Quickly, Permanently Restored as. Nervousness, Beblilty, and all evils from usrly errors or later excuses, for the second Weakness, Action sarry strongers, Deplinty, and all the train of evils from surry strongers, worry, etc. Full strongth, development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods, Innucluate improvement seen. Failure implements 2,000 references. Book, explanations ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Madame A. Ruppert's Face Bleach

Can be used a life time without harmful ef-fect, though this is not necessary, as when the complexion has once been cleared by R, it remains so. Freekles, moth, pimples, blackheads, Ex-cessive redness or oliness, and in fact all skin blemishes are quickly eradidated by R. It does not take a month, but in a few days it will show wonderful improvement. One bottle, \$2; or three bott es for \$5. Call or send & for book, "How to be Beautiful."

MME. A. RUFPERT.

6 East 14th S reet, New York.

For sale in Omaha by my representative,

MRS. J. BENSON.

210 South 15th Street.

OMAHA, NEB.



We send the marvelous French Remely CALTHOS free, and MEN scal guarantee that CALTHOS W BE CULLE Sorrandorthen, Variacee Manufactor And States And States

# CONSUMPTION.

Thave a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cursel. Indeed so strong is my faith in its effency, that I will seed TWO DUTLES FIRE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this discuss to any suf-force who will send no their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

D". T. FELIX LOUGATHYS ORIENTAL OREAN, OR MAGICAL REAUTIFIER, Reprovement Function, Freek B

Lemoves Tat., Pinples, Freek, tes, Moth Patches, Bashand Bin Diseases, and every hiemish on beauty, and defer beauty, and defles distortion. If has below the test of 19 Pears, and is and Intermittee we match it to be more this prop-willy made. Accept but countries of the similar mane, Dr.L. A. Bayer said to a hady of the hand don a patient). "Aryou hadrow will use thom, a recommend 'done

y Goods Loal fates, Canadas and E and it, N.Y

西

ET?

UNION DEPOT HOTEL.

#### Corner 10th and Mason Streets.

MENIA

New building, new furniture. every thing dri-chass finest location in the city; all modern im provements: Steam Heat; Gas, Call Hells: Bath and Marber Shop in connection. Electric and Cabla Cars to any part of the city. Try us and be con-vinced that we have the best houses for the money west of Chicago. Hates from \$.00 t o \$1.50 per day ONLY FREE REMEDY.