BY MARK TWAIN.

[Copyrighted, 1892, by the Author.] want that. They want that the first thing. They make you drop everything that gives an interest to lite. Their idea is to reverse your whole system of existence and make a re-

body.

cenerating revolution. If you are a republican they make you talk free trade; if you

are a democrat they make you talk protec-tion; if you are a prohibitionist you have got to go to bed drunk every night until you get well. They spare nothing, they spare no-

song. If a person is an orator they gag bim; if he likes to read they won't let him; if he wants to sing they make him whistle. They wants to sing they make him whistle.

say they can cure any aliment, and they do seem to do it; but why should a patient come all the way here? Why shouldn't be do these

things at home and save the money! No dis-

ease would stay with a person who treated it

I didn't come here to take baths; I only

came to look around. But first one person and then another began to throw out hints and pretty soon I was a good deal concerned about myself. One of these goutees here said I had a gouty look about the eye; next a person who has catarrh of the intestines asked me if I didn't notice a little dim sort of

stomach ache when I sneezed. I hadn't be-fore but I did seem to notice it then. A man that's here for heart disease said he wouldn't

come down stairs so fast if he had my build

and aspect. A person with an old gold com-plexion said a man died here in a mud bath last week that had a petrified liver—good

deal such a looking man as I am and the same taltials. And so on and so on.

Of course there was nothing to be uneasy

about, and I wasn't what you may call really uneasy; but I was not feeling very well—that is, not brisk—and I went to bed. I suppose that that was not a good idea, because then they had me. I started in at the upper

end of the mil and went through. I am said to be all right now and free from disease,

but this does not surprise mo. What I have been through in these three weeks would free a man of pretty much everything in him

They spare nothing, they spare no-Reform, reform, that is their whole



HIS prace is the villare of Marienbad. Bohemia. It seems no very great distance from Annecy, in Haute Savoie, to this placeyou make it in less than thirty hours by these continental express trains-but the changes in the scenery are great; they are quite out of propor-

tion to the distance From Annecy by Aix to Geneva you have blue lakes, with bold mountains springing from their borders, and far glimpses of snowy wastes lifted against the horizon beyond, while all about you is a garden cultivated to the last possibility of grace and beauty-a cultivation which doesn't stop with the handy lower levels, but is carried right up the sheer steeps and propped there with ribs of masonry, and made to stay there In spite of Newton's law. Beyond Genevabeyond Lausanne, at any rato-you have for a while a country which noticeably resembles New England, and seems out of place and like an intruder-an intruder who is wearing his every-day clothes at a fancy-dress ball. But presently, on your right, huge green mountain ramparts rise up, and after that for hours you are absorbed in watching the rich shadow effects which they furnish, and are only dully aware that New England is gone and that you are flying past quaint and unspeakable old towns and towers. Next day you have the lake of Zurich, and presently the Rhine is swinging by you. How clean it is! How clear it is! How blue it is! How green it is! How swift and rollicking and insolent is its galt and style! How vivid and splendid its colors-beautiful wreck and chaos of all the soap bubbles in the universe! A person born on the Rhine must

I saw the bine Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear, The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear.

Yes, that is where his heart would be, that is where his last thoughts would be, the "soldier of the legion" who "lay dying in Algiers."

And by and by you are in a German region which you discover to be quite different from the recent Swiss lands behind you. You have a sea before you; that is to say, the green land goes rolling away, in ocean swells, to the horizon. And there is another new feature. Here and there, at wide intervals, you have islands, hills 200 and 300 feet high, of a haystack form, that rise abruptly out of the green plain, and are wooded solidly on the top. On the top there is just room for a ruined castle, and there it is, every time; above the summit you see the crumbling arches and broken towers projecting.

Beyond Stuttgart, next day, you find other changes still, By and by, approaching and leaving Nuremberg and down by Newhaus. your landscape is humped everywhere with scattered knobs of rock, unsociable crags of a rude, tower-like look, and thatched with grass and vines and bushes. And now and then you have gorges, too, of a modest pattern as to size, with precipice walls curiously carved and honeycombed by-I don't know what: but water, no doubt,

The changes are not done yet, for the instant the country finds it is out of Wurtemberg and into Bavaria it discards one more thickness of soil to go with previous disrobings, and then nothing remains over the hones but the shift. There may he soil somewhere, but it is not likely.

A couple of hours from Bayrouth you cross into Bohemia, and before long you reach this Marienbad and recognize another sharp change—the change from the long ago to today; that is to say, from the very old to the spick and span new; from an architecture totally without shapeliness or ornament to an architecture attractively equipped with both ; from universal dismalness as to color to universal brightness and beauty of tint; from a town which seems made up of prisons to a town which is made up of gracious and grace-ful mansions proper to the light of heart and crimeless. It is like jumping out of Jerusalem into Chicago.

The more I think of these many changes,

the more surprising the thing seems. I have never made so picture que a journey before, and surely there cannot be another trip of like length in the world that can furnish so much variety and of so charming and inter-

esting a sort.

There are only two or three streets here in this anug pocket in the Hemlock huls, but they are handsome. When you stand at the foot of a street, and look up the slant of it you see only block fronts of graceful pattern, with happily broken lines, and the pleasing accent of bay projections and balconies in orderly disorder and harmonious confusion and always the color is fresh and cheery, various shades of cream, with softly contrasting trimmings of white and now and then a touch of dim red. These blocks are all thick walled. dim red. These blocks are all thick walled, solid, massive, tall, for this is Europe; but it is the brightest and newest looking town on the continent, and as pretty as anybody could require. The steep hills spring high aloft from the very back doors, and are clothed densely to their tops with hemlocks.

In Bayaria everybody is in uniform, and you wonder where the private citizens are, but here in Behemia the uniforms are very but here in Behemia the uniforms are very constant of the control of the con rare. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of an Austrian officer, but it is only occasionally Uniforms are so scarce that we seem to be in a republic. Atmost the only striking figure is the Polish Jew. He is very frequent. He is tall and of grave contenance, and wears a cost that reaches to his ankle bones, and he

ear. He has a prosperous look, and seems to be as much respected as any body.

The crowds that drift along the promenade at music time twice a day are fashionably dressed after the Parisian pattern, and the look a good deal alike, but they speak a lot of languages which you have not encountered before, and no ignorant persons can spei their names, and they can't pronounce them

themselves.

Marienbad—Mary's Bath. The Mary is the virgin. She is the patroness of these curative springs. They try to cure everything; gout, rheumatism, leanness, fatness, dyspepsia, and all the rest. The whole thing is the property of a convent, and has been for 600 or 700 years. However, there was never a boom here until a quarter of a century ago.

A Tough Health Drill. A Tough Health Drill.

If a person has the gout, this is what they do with him: They have him out at 5:30 in the morning, and give him an egg and let him look at a cup of tea. At 6 he must be at his particular spring, with his tumbler hanging at his beit—and he will have plenty of company there. At the first note of the orchestra he must lift his tumbler and begin to sip his dreadful water with the rest. He must sig slowly and be a long time at it. Then he must tramp about the hills for an hour or so, and get all the exercise and fresh air possible. Then he takes his tub or walair possible. Then he takes his tub or wal-lows in his mud, if mud baths are his sort. By noon he has a fine appetite, and the rules allow him to turn himself loose now and sat-isfy it, so long as he is careful and eats only isfy it, so long as he is careful and eats only such things as he doesn't want. He puts in the afternoon walking the hills and filling up with fresh sir. At night he is allowed to take three ounces of any kind of food he doesn't like, and drink one giass of any kind of liquor that he has a prejudice against; he may also smoke one pipe if he isn't used to it. At 9:30 sharp he must be in bed and his candle out. Repeat the whole thing next days I don't see any advantage in this over having the gout.

In the case of most diseases that is about

In the case of most diseases that is about what one is required to undergo, and if you have any pleasanthabit that you value they

and imprison in a poem, or a picture, or a song—their adored Waldeinsmkeit, loneliness of the woods. But how catch it! It has not a body; it is a spirit. We don't talk about it in America, or dream of it, or sing about it, because we baven't it. Certainly there is something wonderfully alluring about it, beguling, dreamy, unwordly. Where the gloom is softest and richest and the peace and stillness deepest, far up on the side of that bemlock mountain, a spot where Goethe used to sit and dream, is marked by a granite obelisk, and on its is marked by a granite obelisk, and on its side is carved this famous poem, which is the master's idea of Waldeinsmkeit:

master's idea of Waldeinsmiceit:
Leber allen Gipfeln-ist Rub.
In allen Wipfeln spurest du
Kaum einen Hauch:
Die Vogieln in schweigen im Walde
Warte nur-balde
Rubest du auch.
It is raining again, now. However it was
doing that before. I have been over to
the Establishment and had a tub bath with
two kinks of nin iulea in it. These fill the two kinks of pine julce in it. These fill the room with a pungent and mest pleasant per-fume; they also turn the water to the color fume; they also turn the water to the color of ink and cover it with snowy sads, two or three laches deep. The bath is cool-about 75° or 80° F., and there is a cooler shower bath after it. While waiting in the reception room all by myself two men came in and began to talk. Politics, literature, religion? No—their allments. There is no other subject here, apparently. Wherever two or three of these people are gathered together, there of these people are gathered together, there you have it, every time. The first that can get his mouth open contributes his dis-ease and the condition of it and the others follow with theirs. The two men just referred to were acquaint-ances, and they followed the custom. One of them was built like a gasometer and is here to reduce his girth; the other was built like a derrick, and is here to fat up, as they express it, at this resort. They were well satisfied with the progress they were making. The gasometer had lost a quarter of a ton in ten days and showed the record with pride on his beit, and he walked briskly across the room, smiling in a vast and luminous way, like a harvest moon, and said he couldn't have done that when he arrived here. He buttoned his coat around his equator and showed how loose it was, It was pretty to see his happiness, it was so childlike and honest. He set his feet together and leaned over his person and proved that he could see them. He said he hadn't seen them from that point before for fifteen years. He had a hand like a boxing glove, and on one of his fingers he had just found a diamond ring which he had missed eleven years ago. The minute the derrick got a chance



LEANNESS, PATNESS AND ALL THE REST.

that wasn't nailed there-any loose thing, any unattached fragment of bone, or meat, or morals, or disease, or propensities, or ac-complishments, or what not. And I don't say but that I feel well enough; I feel better than I would if I was dead, I reckon. And besides, they say that I am going to build up now and come right along and be all right. I am not saying anything, but I wish I had enough of my disease back to make me aware of myself, and enough of my habits to make it worth while to live. To have nothing the matter with you and no habits is pretty tame, pretty colorless. It is just the way a saint feels, I reckon; it is at least the way he looks. I never could stand a saint. That reminds me that you see very few priests around here, and yet, as I have already said this whole his antenness is already said, this whole big enterprise is owned and managed by a convent. The few priests one does see here are dressed like human beings, and so there may be more of them than I unagine. Fifteen priests dressed like these could not attract as much of your attention as would one priest at Aix-les-Bains. You cannot pull your eye loose from the French priest so long as he is in sight, his dress is so fascinatingly ugly.

A Singular Climate. I seem to be wandering from the subject, but I am not. This is about the coldest place I ever saw and the wettest too. This August seems like an English November to me seems like an English November to me. Rain! Why, it seems to like to rain here. It seems to rain every time there is a chance. You are strictly required to be airing and ex-You are strictly required to be airing and ex-creising whenever the sun is shining, so I hate to see the sun shine because I hate air and exercise—duty air and duty exercise taken for medicine. It seems ungenuine, out of season, degrated to sordid utilities, a sub-tle spiritual something gone from it which one can't describe in words, but—don't you understand! with that something gone what is left is but eanned air, canned exercise, and s left is but canned air, canned exercise, and

you don't want it. When the sun does shine for a few mo-ments or a few hours these people swarm out and flock through the streets and over the hills and through the pine woods and make the most of the chance, an I I have flocked out, too, on some of these occasions, but as a rule I stay in and try to get warm.

And what is there for means, besides heavy clothing and rugs, and the polished white tomb that stands lofty and heartless in the corper and thinks it is a stove! Of all the creations of human insanity this thing is the most forbidding. Whether it is heating the room or isn't, the expression is the same—cold indifference. You can't tell which it is doing without going and putting your hand on it. They born little handfuls of kindlings in it, no substantial wood, and no coal.

The fire burns out every fifteen minutes, and there is no way to tell when this has happened. On these dismai days with the happened. On these dismai days with the rain steadily falling, it is no better company than a corpse. A rearing hickory fire with the flames leaping up the chimney—but I must not think of such things, they make a person homesick. This is a most strange place to get rid of disease.

That is what you think most of the time. But in the intervals, when the sun shines and you are tramping the hills and are comparatively warm, you get to be neutral, may be

paratively warm, you get to be neutral, may be oven friendly. I went up to the Alassichtthurm the other day. This is a tower which stands on the summit of a steep hemlock mountain here; a tower which there isn't the least use for, because the view is as good at the beautiful the least good at the base of it as it is at the top of it.
But Germanic peoples are just mad for
views—they never get enough of a view—if
they owned Mount Blanc, they would build a

tower on top of it.

The roads up that mountain through that The roads up that mountain through that hemiock forest are hard packed and smooth, and the grades are easy and comfortable. They are for walkers, not for carriages. You move through deep silence and twilight, and you seem to be in a million-columned temple; whether you look up the hill or down it you satch the property of distant forces.

you seem to be in a million-columned temple; whether you look up the hill or down it you catch glimpses of distant figures flitting without sound, appearing and disappearing in the dim distances among the stems of the trees, and it is all very spectral and solemn and impressive. Now and then the gloom is accepted and sized up to your comprehension in a striking way; a ray of sunshine finds its way down through and suddenly calls your attention, for where it falls, far up the hill-slope in the brown duskiness, it lays a stripe that has a giare like lightning. The utter atiliness of the forest depths, the soundless husb, the total absence of at home, and consequently no name for in our language. At home thore would be the plaint of insects and the twittering of birds, and the vegrant breezes would quiver the foliage. Here it is the stiliness of death. This is what the Germans are forever talking about, dreaming about, and despairingly trying to catch

broke in and began to tell how he was piling

thing, trying to talk each other to death. The fat ones and the lean ones are nearly the all the others put together, and so there is more variety of experience, more change of

"Well, How's Your Liver?"

You will see that dim eye flash up with a grateful flame, and you will see that jaw begin to work, and you will recognize that nothing is required of you from this out but

or blubber right along—three-quarters of an ounce every four days; and he was still piping away when I was sent for. I left the fat man swelling and collapsing like a balloon, his next speech all ready, you see, and urgent for delivery.

The patients are always at that sort of the worst. They are at it day and night and all along. They have more symptoms than condition, more adventure, and consequently more play for the imagination, more scope for lying, and in every way a bigger field for talk. Go where you will, hide where you may, you cannot escape that word liver; you overhear it constantly—in the street, in the shop, in the theater, in the music grounds. Wherever you see two or a dozen people of ordinary bulk talking togother, you know they are talking about their livers. When you first arrive here your new acquaintances seem sad and hard to talk to, but pretty soon you get the lay or the land and the hang of things, and after that you haven't any more trouble. You look into the dreary, dull eye, and softly say:

scrofulous, but a new kind. That was as much as they feel able to say. Then they made stethescopic examination and decided that if anything would dislodge it, a mud

Freddie Seeks Information. bath was the thing. It was a very ingenious idea. I took the mud bath, and it did dislodge it. Here it is:

OVITOUR RONG. I ask not, "Is the heart still sure.
The love still warm, the faith secure?"
I ask not, "Dream at thou still of me?
Long at alway to fly to me?"
Ah, no—but as the sun includeth all
The good affers of the Giver,
I sum all these in asking thee,
"O sweetheart, how's your liver?"

For if thy liver worketh right.
Thy faith stands sure, thy hope is bright.
Their dreams are sweet and I their god.
Doubt threats in vain—thou scorn st his rod.
Keep only the decesion clear.
No other foe my love doth fear.

But indigestion bath the power
To mur the soul's serenest hour—
To cromble adamantine trust
And turn its certainties to dust.
To dim the eye with nameloss griet.
To chill the heart with unbelief.
To banish hope, and faith, and love.
Place heaven below and hell above.
Then list—details are naught to me
So thou'st the sum-gift of the Giver—
I ask thee all in asking thee.
"O darling, how's your liver?"

Yes, it is easy to say it is scrofulous, but

don't see the signs of it. In my opinion it is as good poetry as I have ever written. Experts say it isn't poetry at all, because it lacks the element of fiction, but that is the voice of eavy I reckon. I call it good medical poetry, and I consider that I am a judge.

Strange Street Manners. One of the most currous things in these countries is the street manners of the me and women. In meeting you they come straight on withoutswerving a nair's breadth from the direct line and wholly ignoring you right to any part of the road. At the last moment you must yield up your share of it and step aside, or there will be a collision.

noticed this strange barbarism first in Geneva

twelve years ago.
In Aix les-Bains, where sidewalks are there is pienty of room, but that is no mat-ter; you are always escaping collisions by mere quarter inches. A man or woman who is headed in such a way as to cross your course presently without a collision will ac-tually after his direction shade by shade and compel a collision unless at the last instan you jump out of the way. Those folks are not dressed as ladies and gentlemen. And they do not seem to be consciously crowding you out of the road; they seem to be innocently and stopidly unaware that they doing it. But not so in Geneva. There this class, especially the men, crowd out men,

women and girls of all ranks and raiment consciously and intentionally—crowd them off the sidewalk and into the gutter.

There was nothing of this kind in Bayreuth. But here—well here the thing is astonishing. Collisions are unavoidable, unless, you do all the violating vocant less you do all the yielding yourself Another odd thing—here this savagery is confined to the folk who wear the fine ciothes, the others are courteous and considerate. A big burly Comanche with all the signs about him of wealth and education, will traoquilly force young ladies to step off into the gutter to avoid being run down by him. It is a mistake that there is no bath that will cure people's manners. But drown-

ing would help. However, perhaps one can't look for any really showy amount of desicacy of feeling in a country whore a person is brought up to contemplate without a shudder the spectacle o women hardessed up with dogs and haul ing carts. The woman is on one side of the noie, the dog on the other, and they bend to the work and tug and pant and strain—and the man training leisurely alongside and smokes his pipe. Often the woman is old and gray and the man is her grandson. The Austrian national ornithological device ought to be replaced by a grandmother harnessed to a sigsh cart with a dog. This merely in the interest of fact. Heraldic fancy has been a little too much overworked in these countries, any way.

SCICIDE BY PROXY. Lately one of those curious things happened near here which justify the felicitious extravagances of the stage and help us to accept them. A despondent man, bankrupt, friendless and desperate, dropped a dose of strychnia into a bettle of whisky and went out in the dusk to find a handy place for his purpose, which was suicide. In a lonely spot he was stopped by a tramp, who said he would kill him if he didn't give up his money. Instead of jumping at the chance of gettim himself killed and thus saving himself th impropriety and annoyance of spicide, he forgot all about his late project and attacked the tramp in a most sturdy and valuat fashwoke out of unconsciousness to find that he had been clubbed half to death and left to perish at his letsure. Then he reached for his bottle to add the finishing touch, but it his bottle to add the finishing touch, but it was gone. He pulled himself together and went limping away, and presently came upon the tramp stretched out stone dead with the empty bottle beside him. He had drunk the whisky and committed suicide innocently. Now, while the man who had been cheated out of his suicide stood there bemoaning his hard luck and wondering how he might manage to raise wondering how he might manage to raise money enough to buy some more whisky and poison, some people of the neighborhood came by and he told them about his curious adventure. They said that this tranp had been the sourge of the neighborhood and the dread of the constabulary. The inquest passed off quietly and to everybody's satisfaction, and then the people, to testify their gratitude to the hero of the occasion, put him on the police, on a good enough salary, and he is all right how, and is not meditating suicide any more. Here are all the elements



to liston as long as you remain conscious. After a few days you will begin to notice that out of these people's talk a gospel is framing itself, and next you will find yourself believing it. It is this—that a man is not what his rearing, his schooling, his beliefs, his principles make him, he is what his liver makes him; that with a healthy liver he will have the clear seeing eye, the honest heart, the sincere mind, the loving spirit, the loyal soul, and truth and trust and faith that are based as Gibralter is based, and that with an unhealthy liver he must and will have the opposite of all these; he will see nothing as it site of all these; he will see nothing as it really is, he cannot trust anybody or believe in anything, his moral foundations are gone from under him. Now, isn't that interesting!

I think it is.

Two days ago, perceiving that there was something unusual the matter with me, I went around from doctor to doctor, but without avail; they said they had never seen this kind of symptoms before—at least, not all of them. They had seen some of them, but differently arranged. It was a new disease, as far as they could see. Apparently, it was

of the naivest Arabian tale; a man who resists robbery when be hasn't anything to be robbed of; does his very best to save his be robbed of; does his very best to save his life when he has come out purposely to throw it away; and finally is victorious in defeat, killing his adversary in an effectual and poetle fashion after aiready hors du combat himself. And now, if you let him rise in the service and marry the chief of police's daughter, it has the requisite elements of the condental remance, lacking not a detail as cidental romance, lacking not a detail as fur as I can see.

MARK TWAIN.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is unturally fermented; there is nothing in it but the juice of grapes. Try it.

Somerville Journal: The ocean is very blue, but it isn't half so much so as the ord-inary tourist on the way to Europe when the deep sea swell begins to get in its work.

Dr. Cullimore, coulist to Mo. Pac. Ry.

A little boy traveling on the Alle-gheny Valley railroad on the way to spend Thanksgiving at his Uncle John's, enjoyed the ride very much. At least I judge so from the way he acted and the questions he asked. A portion of the conversation between him and his mother was something like this:

"Say, ma, ain't cars good?" "Yes, Freddy," replied ma, who was so busy reading a novel that she did not notice the singular character of the "It's nicer than ridin' in a wagon, ain't it?"

"Much nicer." There was silence for twenty-three seconds and then Freddy remarked:

"O, look at that funny man by the stove. He hasn't got any nose!' The unfortunate individual referred to had lost a portion of his nasal appendage

Hush! Fready! He'll hear yon!"
"Why, don't he know it?" asked
Freddy in surprise. "Sh! you mustn't talk that way.

"Didn't God have any noses left when he made him?" "Sh! I expect he met with an acci-dent," said mainma. "But you mustn't

talk about it.' "Do you s'pose it was bit off by a dog?"
"Perhaps. Now be still." "Perhaps. Now be sti "A dog like our Fido?"

"Quite likely. Now be still or talk about something else?" "Did the dog swallow it?" "Freddy, don't let me have to speak to you again."

Freddy was silent for a minute and a half by actual measurement, when the train stopped. "What are we stopping for, ma?"

Ma was interested in her novel and did not hear. Freddy repeated the question in a louder tone.
"What are we stopping for?"

"For water, perhaps."
"But there's water in the cooler." "It's for the engine."

"Does the engine get thirsty and drink water?" "How?"

"O, I don't know. Ask Uncle John when we get there. Don't bother me Mamma, became again absorbed in

her book, and Freddy gave his atten-tion to the lady in the seat before him. He had given her bair a few pulls when she turned and objected. "Madam, I'll thank you to keep that

child's hands off my head." "Beg pardon, 1'm sure!" Freddy's mamma, as she jerked her offspring back into his seat. "Freddy

what do you mean?" "Only wanted to see if her hair comes off like yours, 'whimpered Freddy. The passengers grinned, and Freddy's mamma turned pale as she mentally charged an ardent spanking up to Freddy's account. Presently the little irre-

pressible spoke again: "Mamma!" No answer.

'Mamma!" "Well."

"How soon'll we get to Uncle John's?" "Oh, pretty soon."

"About an bour."

"Do you suppose Aunt Sue'll have chicken for dinner?" "I don't know, Freddy. Now I want you to keep still or I'll have the conductor put you in the baggage car,"
"Where's that?"

"In the front end of the train." "Where they put the trunks?" 'Yes."

"What do they put trunks in the baggage car for?" 'O, cause!

'Cause why?" "'Cause there isn't room for them in this car. "Is your trunk in the baggage car?"

"Yes."
"Is that man's trunk what's got no nose in the baggage car?" "Freddy, will you shut up?"

Just then the retail vendor of peanuts made his semi-occasional raid on the defenseless passengers, and Freddy "Mamma, I want some peanuts."

"You can't have any. You've been

"I want some peanuts!" Well, if I get some for you will you

be good?" "Yep! Want some peanuts." The peanuts were transferred to Fredty's lap and during the process of their nstallation in his interior department

there was comparatively quiet in Freddy's seat. Then his attention was attracted by the entrance of the brake man, who proceeded to recite a short speech in some dead language. "What did he say, ma?"

"He announced the name of the sta-

"I'm sure I don't know."
"Who was it? Does he own the

"It was the brakeman." "What does he break?"

The train. "Then who mends it?" "O, dear, he doesn't break it; he only

But you said he broke it." "They call it breaking."
"What do they call it breaking for? "O, dear, you are enough to drive a person wild. I think I'll leave you at Uncle John's when I come back."

Freddy looked at his mother with a pained expression. He could not under-stand why his thirst for information should be so summarily quenched. had not decided this point to his satisfaction when the train stopped at Uncle John's station, and Freddy and his mama alighted.

No Inducement. Washington Star: She was one of the precocious little people who are con tinually embarassing their elders. "I am glad to see you go to church each Sunday," said the pastor one Sun-

day, "can you remembe, the text?"
"Yes, sir." "What was mine today?" "Oh." she replied with confidence, said I can remember them. I never try

Baby's cheek is like a peach,

Is it Madame Ruppert's bleach?

No! but baby's mama's cheek Volumes to its praise doth speak! Cali for Mme. Ruppert's book, "How to be Beauti ful" of Mrs. J. Benson. 216 S. 15th St., Omaha, No A GENUINE MICROBE KILLER Is KIDD'S GERM ERADICATOR—tures all deseases because it kills the microbe or germ. Put up and retailed in \$2.50 and the microbe or germ. Put up and retailed in \$2.50 and the state of the s

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thomsands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO DOTTLES FIRE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address, T. A. Slocam, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

COMING INTO A KINGDOM! SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.

I am owner of the polar lights,
Of the constant star in the Northern heights,
Owner of husbandry, shipping and trade,
Furestry, mining and all things made,
Munister, I to the wide world's weal,
My messengers, engines and pessels of ste

The Great and Growing METROPOLIS at the HEAD OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

For Investments in Real Estate.

For Manufacturing. For Loaning Money, For Merchandising. FOR EVERYTHING—The Best Place in America.

Superior Real Estate will advance 500 per cent in the next 10 years.

Ca ton or Write to LAND & RIVER IMPROVEMENT CO.,

West Superior. Wisconsin.

The UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS Behr Bros. & Co's.

Have attained, and the high praise they have elicited from the world's MOST RE-NOWNED ARTISTS, from the press and from a public long prejudiced in favor of lder makes, it is safe to assume that the instrument must be possessed of UNCOM MON ATTRIBUTES.

MAX MEYER & BRO. CO.,

Sole Agents, Omaha, Nebraska, Establ hed 1866.

Dr.DOWNS

The eminent specialist in nervous chronic private, blood, skin and urmary diseases. A regular registered graduate in modelne, as diplomas and certificates show, is still treating with the greatest succentarth, specimetorrhoea, lost manhoo I, seminal, weakness, night losses, imputency, syphilis, streture, gorrhoea, glect, variescele, cite. No mercury used. New treatment for loss of vital power, Parties unable visit me may be irrate in home by correspondence. Medicine or instruments sent by mail or express carely packed, no marks to indicate contents or sender. One personal interview preferred. Consultat free. Correspondence strictly private. Boox (Mysteries of Life) sent free. Office hours 9 a. m. to 9 p. Sundays 19 a. m. to 12 m. Sand stamp for repty.

WOOD'S ICE TOOLS

RUN IRON, ROPE & BLOCK'S

Send for catalogue.

Jas. Morton Son & Co., Dodge Street,

THE Palace Office Building OF OMAHA.

FIRE PROOF.

NOT A DARK OFFICE IN THE BUILDING

CITY COMPTROLLER.



INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTS

PERFECT VENTILATION

NIGHT AND DAY ELEVATOR

SERVICE

OMAHA REAL ESTATE AND TRUST CO.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE S C

ANGLO-AMERICAN MORTGAGE & TRUST

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

DR. B. H. BIRNEY, Nose and Throat

GRANT CULLIMORE, Oculist and Aurist.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COM-

M. R. TRAUERMAN, Attorney.
DR. OSCAR S. HOFFMAN.
UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
of New York.
E. W. SIMERAL.
S. R. PATTEN. Dentist.

F. M. ELLIS, Architect. GEORGE W. SUES & COMPANY, Solicitors of

H.A. WAGNER, Agent for UnitedStates Mutual

THE MERCHANTS BETAIL COMMERCIAL

Accident Insurance Company.

P. F. EKENBERG, Fresco Painter.

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER.

INSPECTOR SMALL ARMS PRACTICE.

ALEX MOORE, Real Estate and Loans, BOHN SASH AND DOOR CO.

JOHN LETHEM, Publisher.

OMAHA COAL EXCHANGE.

STAPLETON LAND CO.

CHIEF PAYMASTER.

CHIEF OF ORDNANCE.

ENGINEER OFFICER.

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

AIDES-DE-CAMP.

J. D ANTES, Rotunda Clgar Stand.

CIETY OF NEW YORK.

BEE BUREAU OF CLAIMS.

FLOOR.

FOURTH FLOOR.

PANY.

AGENCY.

PAYMASTER.

FLOOR.

WOMEN'S EXCHANGE.

68 VAULTS.

DIRECTORY OF OCCUPANTS: GROUND FLOOR:

NAUGLE COMPANY, Telegraph Poles, | CITY TREASURER Cross Ties, Lumber. etc. MUIR & GAYLORD, Real Estate. FIRST FLOOR:

FRANC L. REEVES & CO., Contractors.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
CENTRAL LOAN AND TRUST CO.
SUPERINTENDENT BEE BUILDING. AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY. SECOND FLOOR. THE PATRICK LAND COMPANY, Owners

of Dundee Place. DR. CHARLES ROSEWATER. PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE, of New York MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY. OMAHA FIRE INSURANCE INSPECTION

THE OMAHA BEE COUNTING ROOM, Ad-

vertising and Subscription Departments.

JOHN GRANT, Contractor for Street and Side-Walk Pavements.
ROBERT W. PATRICK, Law Offices. ROUITY COURT NO. 1.
EQUITY COURT NO. 2.
LAW COURT NO. 4.
J. M. CHAMBERS, Abstracts.
WM. SIMERAL.

BUREAU, C. HARTMAN, Inspector.

NORTHWESTERZ MUTUAL LIFE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY. PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COM-PANY. HARTFORD LIFE AND ANNUITY INSUR-

ANCE COMPANY. MEAD INVESTMENT COMPANY. WEBSTER & HOWARD, Insurance. EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY WESTERN CAR SERVICE ASSOCIATION. ANDREW ROSEWATER, Civil Engineer. L. BLACK, Civil Engineer.

HEAD QUARTERS, U. S. ARMY, DEPART. MENT OF THE PLATTE, 38 Office DEPARTMENT COMMANDER ADJUTANT GENERAL. INSPECTOR GENERAL, JUDGE ADVOCATE. CHIEF QUARTERMASTER. CHIEF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

HARTMAN & COLLINS. Cast Iron Gas and Water Pipe. C. LAMBERT SMITH.

G. F. BEINDURFF, Architect U. S. ARMY PRINTING OFFICES. MANUFACTURERS AND CONSUMERS AS SOCIATION.

UNITED STATES LOAN & INVESTMENT COMPANY.
THE IMPLEMENT DEALER.
L. C. NASH, LOANS AND TRUST CO., EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE BEE, Composing, Stereotyping and Mailing rooms.
M. A. UPFON CO., Real Estate.
F! A. DAWES.

SEVENTH FLOOR.

THE OMAHA PRESS CLUB.
SOCIETY OF STATIONARY ENGINEERS. | LINCOLN CLUB.
BARBER SHOP. A few more elegant office rooms may be had by applying ot R. W. Baker, Superintendent, office on counting room floor