AND OTHER STORIES.

## BY "M. QUAD"

Special attention is called to the fact that THE BEE has exclusive use in its territory of "M. Quad's" current writings.

[Copyrighted 1892 by the C. B. Lewis.] EXPLANATORY-As we were ready to go to press with our inside pages on Wednesday afternoon, we discovered that we had no ink. A nalf-breed known around town as "Strawberry Joe," who occassionally chores around The Kleker office, had stolen the key the night before and gone off to the hills with it to have a spree. He had tasted printer's ink and liked it, and probably thought it would bring "big drunk" quicker and last longer than whisky.



As we couldn't find Joe, and as our esteemed contemporary down the street never uses real ink, we had to manufacture some thing out of lampblack and cactus juice. We can't say it was a success, but under the circumstances we bope our subscribers will bear with us. We have fourteen men out on mules looking for the half breed, and have no doubt he will soon be located and a portion of the ink recovered.

LATER. - Strawberry Joseph was located the day after the above was written, and about ten pounds of the ink was brought back to us. The boys buried him where he fell, which is on a lovely little mound about thirteen miles due northwest of the town. We bear him no ill will. Having got through with this inky life we trust that he will sleep peacefully and well.

No Outside Poetry. -An average of thirty poems, idyls, refrains and so forth reach this office every week from parties living at a distance. While The Kicker publishes a great deal of poetry, it is postry written at home by local poets. We want no outside contributions in this line. This apparently unjust discrimination is entirely governed by circumstances. When a local poet dashes off something good he or she at once canters down to this office and hands it in for publication. We must either publish it or be shot at. For a year or so we preferred the shoot ing, but finding that the noise and excite ment unstrung the nerves of the compositors and interfered with getting out job work on time we finally accepted the poetry. It is no better than outside poetry, but outsiders

# THE LAST TERROR.

can't shoot at us.

I was the only newspaper man in Custer City when the last terror of the west came in and swrrendered himself and went out of the terror business forever. He had heard that Grizzly Joe, Wildoat Bill, Rattlesnake Hank, Awful Sam and the rest of the terfrom had either been keeled over or quit the trade, and he came in to make terms. I was talking with the sheriff when the last living terror, who answered to the name of Deadshot Steve, walked up. He was armed with two revolvers in his beit and a bulldog pistol in his pants pocket. Down along his spinal column was a bowie knife, and in his vest pocket the left ear of the last man who had fused to drink poison with him.
"Well?" he queried in a voice which had

made a bundred men chill in other days.
"It's played," quietly replied the sheriff.

'All out of the pusiness! "Every one. The man across the road will give you \$15 for your outfit. Come in



"It's tough," said the Terror, as his

yere civilization walks over overything. I I met him later on, when he had had his hair cut and been washed up and exchanged his buckskin, and I asked him how

"Queer, but I'll probably get used to it," he replied. "When a man's bin a-livin holy terror for twelve years he's sort o' rooted to Got to change, though. The Terror bus-

Two days later, as I was ready to depart, I encountered him as he was wielding an axe on a wood pile in front of a saloon. When again asked how he felt he looked really

cheerful as he replied:
"I'm a gittin thar, stranger, and you kin put me down as cured. When a felier calls me a liar both hands go back fur my guns before I kin stop em, but that's habit, you know and I'll seem, but that's habit, you know, and I'll soon git over it."

"And you have gone to work?"
"Had to do it or go up fur a vag. Civiliza-

"Had to do it or go up fur a vag. Civilization is a rollin right in yere, and everybody's
got to knuckle or take to the hills. I've
knuckled. Sand's all gone."

I went to the postoffice to take the stage,
and fifteen minutes later the vehicle and its
load passed the wood pile. Dead shot Steve
was so longer there. Looking out across the
plain we saw him speeding as if for his life,
and thirty feet behind him, and hardly holdhig his own, was a chunky Chinaran symptoing his own, was a chunky Chinaman armed with a broken broom haudle. The Terror was being run out of town by a washee man.

# WHY YOUNG MEN DO NOT SUCCEED.

Could I be put back to the age of 30, knowing men as I know them now, I should work out the problem of life on an altogether different plan. I can took back over the pathway I have traveled and see were I made many and serious mistakes, and none of these would happen again.

The other day I met a man who had just drawn his check for a of hundred thousand doliars without winking an eye. Thirty years ag , he aca I started the mad career of life together in a real estate office at \$3 a week spiece. The real estate man was as baidheaded as the first pun ever printed in a
newspaper, but he labored under the impression that nobody knew it but himself. My
young friend tumbled to the proper caper,
and gratified our employer by presenting him
with an office heir brush and pretending to
brush hairs off his coat collar. I wasn't built
that way. Instead of a hair brush I presented him with a patent preparation warranted to force a growth of hair on the bottom of a cast iron kettle, and twenty seconds
later was flung outdoors without the baiance
of my saiary. On that same day my young spiece. The real estate man was as baid-

and he had nothing to do but stay there and succeed to the business and become a rich

Once upon a time white the chains of giddy youth still bound me fast, I secured a place in the office of an insurance agent. There was also another boy there, but he was not like me. He had horse sense about things, Our employer was a good man-a very good man, who loved his wife and children dearly. One day when he was out his wife came down and wanted to rummage his desk. The other boy the boy with horse sense-fied to her and said the keys were gone and every drawer filled with dynamite. She looked so disappointed that I felt sorry for her and found a key which would fit. She took away a package of lotters, and within a week had applied for a divorce. The boy with horse sense staid right there and niled up wealth,

while I took a skip with a boot trying to overtake me.
As time dragged along and I got to know more, or at least suspected that I did, I got a place with a man who, like the first one named, had peculiar ideas about the top of his head. While he had pienty of hair, ha didn't fancy the color, and therefore used a dye. The fact that he died was plain to every living soul who saw him by day or every living soul who saw him by day or by night, except the other boy employed in the office. He couldn't office. He couldn't and wouldn't see Even when our employer stood before it. Even when our employer stood before the glass in the washroom and touched up the red spots here and there which persisted in showing up, the other boy called the stuff bear's oil and dandruff eradicator, and mourned because he wasn't rich enough to buy some. One day our employer, perhaps

wishing to test our character for truth and veracity, called us up and asked if we knew the contents of the botile, "Yes, sir, I do," replied the other boy as he folded his arms and cast his eyes upon the floor. "When your brain is weary and your head throbs you apply that medicine in the bottle and find relief. I can always see a happy change in you in about three

Our employer smiled blandly and turned to me. I could not tell a lie on \$5 per week, with office hours from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., and I firmly answered: "Yes, sir, I do. It is a hair dye, and this whole town is onto you bigger than a

That boy, who had the horse sense to lie, remained right there until the man died, and was then remembered in his will. I left the office by three different doors before the words of sacred truth were yet cold on

my lips. Even after I had grown old enough to wear No. 9 boots and demand 60 cents a cord for sawing beech and maple wood I hadn't learned the lesson of life. I accidentally secured a beautiful job in the office of a rail-road superintendent. He was a cultivated and benign gentleman, who sometimes in-dulged in the flowing bowl—that is, (thought he did, but no one else in the office could see it or would admit it. They ascribed his queer condition to the electric state of the atmosphere, overwork, worry about cattle trains, and so forth and so on. On three or four occasions, when the superintendent was evidently all broke up about the gravel trains, I kept him away from the public until he could soak his head in cold water and ease the wild thropbings which readened his eves and nose and thickened his speech. For this he patted me on the back and predicted

gan Central railroad. One day conscience suddenly upbraided me for a liar and a horse thief. It happened to be a day on which the superintendent was unusually worried. He was so broken up that he was lying on the floor. A couple of directors called to see him and instead of duplicity and falsehood I came out boldly and climbed the pedestal of truth and honor and showed them in. I never knew what happened there. What happened outside the door an hour later interested me far more. There was a small balance due me, but I never returned for it. Life is worth more than 95 cents to any man, even if he doesn't

that I was born to be president of the Michi-

As I said in the beginning, if I could be put back to live my life over again, I should do things differently. Truth is mighty, but policy beats it all hollow. Candor is to be admired only when a little living won't do twice as much good. Honesty is held up as a shining star, but the man who has made three failures in business and satisfactor. three failures in business and sottled for 15 cents on the dollar gets another stock of goods on just the same terms as the man

who has pegged along for thirty years pay-ing 100 cents on the dollar. In my new departure if a man had a red nose I would take my affidavit that it was whiter than snow; if he was humpbacked I'd swear that he was straighter than a fence picket; if he had a homely wife I'd write postry praising her beauty. Every man has his weakness. I'd find the touchy point and tumble to it. An old man once asked me to guess his age. He was a benevolent old man with money to leave some one. He was al-most 70 years old, but he cantered around like a giddy colt and tried to make folks believe he was yet under fifty. I candidly told him that he looked older than my grandfa-ther, who was 75, and he never spoke to me young man who had the sense to guess that

and see where I ought to have lied where I told the solemn truth, where I should have used diplomacy instead of admitting that the goods were half cotton and would shrink, where I could have adulterated the coffee and watered the molasses and been ahead of the game without hurting anyone's feelings. Even the man to whom I sold my spavined horse and pointed out the spavins in advance was disgusted with my honesty, and the wo-man who thought her husband deadat the bottom of the well until I told her I had met him and the hired girl eloping together down across the cow pasture never forgave me for the truthful statement.

# BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

It was a February day, with a warm sun and a Chinook wind from the Pacific ocean melting the snow. All along the trail, as we would up the mountain side, great masses of snow seemed to overhang us, and more than once I noticed how anxious the grizzly haired old guide seemed to be. Only a narrow path had been cleared through the snow, and the twenty mules followed each other in single file. Half way up we came to four cabins occupied by miners. Three brawn; men in red shirts stood at the door of one of the cabins talking as we filed past. Salutes were given and returned, but we had no occasion

We had gone about 300 feet and were about to make a turn in the trail when I halted to look back. The guide was ahead-I came second. The line of mules was strung I came second. The line of mules was strong out for a quarter of a mile, and on foot smong them were five packers, all half breeds. I heard no signal of danger—no cry of alarm. With the swiftness of thought the snow 500 feet up the mountain began to move. The width of the avalanche was rbout half s mile, and it moved like a flash. I was looking full at it, but its speed confused the eye. There were thousands of tons of snow, hundreds of trees, hundreds of great bowlders. There was no

dreds of great bowlders. There was no rumbling, no crashing.

The rush was almost noiseless—simply a sound like a rentle wind blowing among the pines. In fifteen seconds it was all over, and a cloud of what seemed smoke hung over and a cloud of what seemed smoke hung over the spot. It drove off down the mountain after two or three minutes, and I looked for our pack train. Not a man nor a mule had escaped. I looked for the cabins. They had disappeared. Aye! the very trail had been swept down into the valley a mile below and almost across it. For a space half a mile wide there was neither tree nor shrub—not a yard of earth. The avalanche had ground its way down to the rocks heaved up in the convulsion of 10,000 years ago. I turned and looked at the guide, wondering if it was all a dream.

"Purty clus call that!" he whispered as he pointed to the well defined edge of the avalanche not a yard from my horse's heels.
"Come ou. All the men in Montana could not dig them on!"

# AN AMERICAN FABLE.

The jury having returned a verdict of "Gulity" against a Man on Trial for stealing Sheep, his Lawyer arose and said to the Court:

"May it please Your Honor, I ask to quash all Proceedings on the ground of Defective Information. While my Client admits stealing twelve Lambs, he has been charged with and convicted of stealing twelve Sheep. A Lamb is not Legalty a Sheep, Your Honor."
"Your point is well taken." replied the
Judge, after Reflection, "and I will give the
Prisoner the benefit of the Technicality. I

was intending to sentence him to the Penitentiary for two Years, but will change it to State Prison for the same term. While a Lamb is not a Sheep, neither is a State Prison a Penitentiary.'

POSTSCRIPT. The Lawyer got the Sheep, of course.

## EVERYBODY WAS "A-GITTIS."

There was a lone woman in the seat behind me in the passenger coach, and by and by a man got on at a small station and took the seat ahead of me. They immediately recognized each other as acquaintances, and

"Why, Mrs. Briggs, and whar' be you a

gittin to!" "I'm a-gittin to Peterstown," she replied, "an whar' be yo' a-gettin to fo' the Lawd?

yo'r folks a-gittin!" "Purty well, thank yo', and I dun heard that ye'r prother Sam was a-gittin fur Alabama fur to take land?"

"I'm a-gittin to Jamestown, and how be all

"Yes, Sam's a-gittin and Jim he reckons to be a-gittin in the fall, and if things go right I reckon I may be a-gittin afterward. Was vo'r man a-thinkin of a-gittin

"Sorter, but can't sav. I'd a-git, but he's slow."

"A gittin betters one, I think." "It's according to whar' he a-gits, I take it, but I'm fur a-gittin to somewhar' or sumthin. If we'd a-got five years ago to Texas we'd a-been rich now, but Tom won't be fur a-gittin so long as he kin git co'n bread an coon meat. Everybody who's a-got out of our county is now a-gittin better nor never afore, and I'm gwine to keep pesterin Tom till he will a-git hisseif."

### THOSE AWFUL YOUNGSTERS.

Philadelphia Press: "Papa, where was the garden of Eden?" "Well, Maud, it is supposed to have been somewhere in Asia. "I knew it couldn't have been in Orogon."
"Why so?"

"Well, you know they say it rains out there thirteen months in the year?"

"Well, Adam was made out of dust, wasn't he? "Then if he had been made in Oregon

his name wouldn't have been Adam. "Why not?" "Because it would have been 'mud.' "

"Oh!" Children's ideas of usefulness in this world, says the Boston Record, are primitive, to say the least. A Boston editor has a five-year-old boy who has pronounced views on this subject. He

said the other day at the table: "Papa, I wish you were a bakeshop man!

"Why, my boy?" "Because then you could bring home cakes and things, an' we could go in and get cookies when we wanted to. Or if you were a meat man, or a grocery man, or a carpenter and made nice things, or a blacksmith shop man-that would be awful fine. Say, papa, is it any good what you do?"

Harper's Bazar: "I'm going to have a party on mamma's birthday," re-marked Ethel, "and I've invited twentyfive boys and girls."

"What a nice mamma you must have!" said the visitor. "Oh, mamma doesn't know anything about it," answered Ethel; "it's going to be a surprise party for her."

Washington Star: \* "Hello, Johnny, said the man who always has time to talk to children. "You are in a hurry, ain't you?"

"I know your father, He's always in a hurry. You take after him, don't you? "No, sir. I sassed him and he just

took after me. That's why I'm in such

a hurey. Indianapolis Journal: "Paw," said lit-tle Tommy Figg, "I heard Mr. Watts say that great men's sons never did any good. I ain't a great man's son, am I? Up to a late hour Mr. Figg's mind had

Bertha-Grandma, is oor teef good? Grandma-No, darling; I've got none now, unfortunately.

not found a sufficiently, diplomatic an-

Bertha-Then I'll give oo my nuts to mind till I come back.

"O mamma," said a little Boston girl who was taken the other day to a Paderewski "function," "how I should ike to have seen his head when it was a

Little Ethel had never seen a toad be fore, and having by chance discovered one in her flower garden, came running to the house, her face flushed with excitement, crying: "Mamma, mamma, come quick! There's a pocketbook hopping around out here with four legs

P tronize Home Industry. and specify in your purchases that you want goods made in Nebraska factories and pro-duced by Nebraska soil. All whiskies and spirits of any kind manufactured by Her & Co. and the Willow Springs distillery are made in the state and from Nebraska grain. consuming 8,000 bushels per day. Insist upon your dealer furnishing home made goods; they are equal to the best and cost no more. Assist home industries.

"Patsy" Doody's Posthumous Joke. "Patsy" Doody, the boxer and mimic, who died the other day, was better known in the Fourth ward than 'Mickey" Padden himself, says the New York Tribune. Doody was a natural wit, of one ever lived, and he was regarded as a diplomat by his constituents because he never did a day's work in his life. "Patsy" was "tough," but a lad cold caught at New Orleans about a year ago settled into consumption, which carried him away last week. On the day of his death "Patsy" turned to the doctor and priest in attendance and said: "How is it with 'Patsy,' father?" "You are very low," said the good man, "and you will be with us only a few hours." "That's too bad," said "Patsy," but his eyes twinkled merrily as he said: "I wanted to live over tomorrow, for I had some things I wanted to do before I died. Call my wife," When the little woman came in "Patsy" asked the doctor to retire, and then said: "Don't cry, little woman for 'Patsy' will be all right. Just go down to the store and get a half pound of gunpowder." When she came back with the explosive "Patsy" took the package and requested her to hand him the big tin tobacco box which stood on the big tin tobacco box which stood on the mantel. It was half full of tobacco. Mixing the powder and tobacco together, "Patsy handed the box to his wife and told her to put it back on the mantel. "You are wondering what that's for, little girl," said "Patsy," "and I will tell you. That's for my blooming friends to smoke at me, wake

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blooming friends to smoke at me wake tomorrow night."

# FARM MORITAGES ANDSILVER

Tendencies of Wastern States Toward Bi-Metalism.

FARMERS THE" WARDS OF THE NATION

An Immediate and Violent Contraction of the Currence Would Precede a Gradual Expansion Upon a Bitver Basis.

Victor Rosewater in Columbia Law Times for January, 1892.

19.73

"I am in favor of a service pension bill because the percentage of ex-soldiers to the population in the west is greater than that in the east; for a similar reason I favor the free coinage of silver, because the farmers of the west are in debt to the capitalists of the

This is the reply given by a member of congress representing a certain western district when interrogated concerning the motives for his support of pending legislative measures. It is a well known fact that the chief demand for the free coinage of silver emanates from the people of the western states, and whether or not the frank explanation just quoted is typical for representatives in congress, it certainly forms the foundation for the reasoning usually indulged in to justify such a law. From this naturally arises the question: Are mortgage debts usually burdensome to farmers; and if so, to what extent would a law enacting free coinage of silver remedy their condition!

The fact of the prevalence of farm mortgages in the west, though the reports have probably been considerably exaggerated, may be accepted as the real basis for the present widespread monetary complaints. But the mere existence of farm mortgages does not necessarily justify complaint. The causes and circumstances which lead to their incurrence must be examined before we can judge whether there exists an aggravating burden. Viewed from the standpoint of their creation, farm mortgages fall into at least three classes. First, we have mortgages which arise when the purchaser makes only a partial payment for his land and binds the whole property as security for the ulti-mate extinction of the dept. Agriculture under modern conditions requires a much greater command of capital than in former years; a farm of too small dimensions pre-vents economies necessary for successful competition in the markets of today. If this capital is secured by purchasing land subject to mortgage, the creditor must in all fairness be regarded in the role of a silent partner in the enterprise, to whom the debtor guarantees a fixed rate of income in the confidence that he himself will come out with a still greater profit. The debter takes upon himself the risk of paying the stipulated interest in the firm expectation of gaining by the transaction; if he fails through his own mis-

takes, he has only Minself to blame.

The same necessity of the nineteenth century farmer for considerable capital occa-sions the second class of mortgages. In this case, however, the obligation representant so much a partial swnership of the land, as rather a debt entered into in order to make desirable improvements. The money may be invested in new buildings, improved ma chinery, additional stock, permanent drainage; in each instance the transaction resembles every ordinary commercial onterprise where a merchanta borrows capital in order to begin an undertaking that promises great The responsibility of a bad invest-

ment rests upon nimself alone. ment rests upon nimself alone.

Mortgages may arise in still a third manner. They may be necessitated by causes entirely beyond the control of the farmer. Among these causes are fire, storm, grassluppers and drouth, resulting in destruction of capital or in crop failure. The burdens of debt when thus incurred are felt most intensely. Notwithstanding laws against usury the box. withstanding laws against usury, the bor-rower is exposed to the utmost exactions of the money lenders. If outery against the burdens of debt is at all justifiable, it can only be acknowledged for this one class of debtors. On the other hand, mortgages given to renew or to pay off other debts are which have prevented the due repayment of the preceding indebtedness; they may under certain circumstances, come under our third

classification. What ratio the last group of mortgage debts nears to the whole number of farm mortgages is not statistically known, but it may be assumed that of the three it is not the most numerous. Now, even if the farmers be unduly burdened, should the federal government undertake to relieve them! Does the problem not resolve it-self into a demand that the government in-sure the farmers against misfortune, or lack of fortune, however-occasioned? The most oppressive forms of indebtedness are often forced upon the debtors by reason of their own want of foresight when they could easily have fortified themselves against loss. There are not only fire, tornado, and accident insurance companies, but also corporations for the insurance of horses and cattle; and white I have yet to hear of any crop insurance company, it is not improbable that the near future will bring forth such an association. A person may, upon economic grounds, favor the compulsory insurance of workingmen with the expense borne in part by the government without seeing the justice of any one class calling upon the whole people to bear burdens of indebtedness which they

have called down upon themselves.

The present agitation for free coinage of silver, as far as it is supported by the farmers of the west, is little more than the repetition of the old greenback clamor that the farmer is the special ward of the nation and that the greenward the old greenback clamor that the that the government should relieve him in whole or in part of his self-incurred indebtedness. Only the most rampant flatists go to the extreme of demanding the direct distribution of money, or what is equivalent to the same thing, loans by the government a 2 per.cent interest upon security of agricultural land and products. The general view is that free coinage would bring into circula-tion through natural channels a large amount of silver, thus increasing the quantity of money outstanding and thereby raising prices, decreasing the interest burden and lowering the real value of existing debts. Are these expectations of the result of the enactment of a free-coinage law reasonable

or well grounded! It is not necessary here to trace again the successive steps which would, in all probsuccessive steps which would, in all probability, follow such an event. It is likely that an immediate and violent contraction of the currency would precede a gradual expansion, upon nailyer basis. How long the process would inlie is a matter of speculation. We may make "for mere argument, an assumption that it will take place and that in a comparatively short period of time; and we may then ask what will be the resulting condition of the owner of a mortraged farm. may then ask what will be the resulting condition of the awar of a mortgaged farm. The depreciation of the currency would undoubtedly lighten the existing interest burden, but would, it, bring the debtor much nearer to the repayment of the debt? While currency inflation raises the prices of his products it will the time, also raise the prices of what he "opurchases, thus leaving the margin for savings but slightly distarted. The only fund which would be increased and at the same time be available for paying off the mortgage would be that secured from the

RE SOLUE

MHOUTE

SOLUBIL

sale of products which had been held over during the raise in prices. That many of the owners of mortgaged farms hold on hand for any period of time products at all approxi-mating their debt in value, is unreasonable to suppose. Southern planters sell their cot-ton before it is planted, while western farm-ers are often compailed to dispose of their crops before agreeating. They are too

crops before harvesting. Then, too, the cost of every crop succeeding the state of completed inflation would be increased in about the same ratio as the market price of the product, and leave the principal of the mort-gage debt almost as far from extinction as

If free coinage of silver raises the prices of all permanent capital there will be but one sure way of canceling the mortgage. The property itself may be sold at its increased price, the debt paid, and the difference bocketed. But that would avail the farmer little; in purchasing another piece of land he would lose all that he had gained If he bought again on credit, the new credit tor would either stipulate for repayment gold or cover his risk by requiring a higher rate of interest. This is by no means what the farmer wishes. He does not desire to dispose of his landed property: what he wants is to keep his farm while capesing the burden of debt. The extent to which the free coinage of silver would assist him in accomplishing his purpose, if it would assist him at all, has been greatly exaggerated. The only legitimate way for a farmer to relieve himself of a morigage debt, without giving up his farm, is to secure the money for repayment by disposing of either his labor or the products of his labor and capital.

Mr. C. C. Campbell of Campbell Cotton Compress Co., city of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Everybody finds relief shortly after using Bradycrotine for headache."

#### HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

The newest walking coats do not have hip seams, but the majority have large bip Jewelled coronets have in some cases, sup-

planted the fragrance of the orange blossom Cloth and bengaline, and India cashmere and watered silk, are very fashionable in

Beads will be worked on the slippers very

profusely, and in some instances imitat jewelry will be used. Gold stippers in fancifut designs are the

newest shade, they combine so beautifully with every shade of ball gown. In Oxford ties or low-cut shoes, Suede patent leather, oright dongola and patent leather are the favorite materials.

Dresses for little girls are made after modified models of older maid's gowns, but always much looser in fit than the originals. The house slipper has undergone the inevitable revolution. The colors are varied with perhaps wine and light blue as the pre-

The old-fashioned comfortable, seamless sacque of our grandmothers is the latest and most approved London importation. It is ugly in length, it nasn't any fit.

Piam shawl-shaped tabliers, or those with shorter points at either side, have been made by two or three of the Paris dress-makers and may find favor for dressy spring

Suspenders and bretelles will be used upon new toilets designed both for young ladies and slender youthful matrons. Some of these are made of the dress goods when of a rich quanty.

Do not be too sure about cause and effect The most heavenly complexion we ever saw belonged to a woman of 39 who had eaten un-limited piecrust and buckwheat cakes for twenty-five years, Very pretty traveling cloaks come now in

rough gray-blue cloth with a yoke finish of passementerie in black, brightened with a little gold and a girdle of the same, the ends of which overlap in front. The Oxford, known as Carmencita, is a pretty and novel shoe in ties. Tuis shoe will

bid for the popular favor, and its shapely, tasteful appearance will give it the front rank among low cut shoes. A special fancy this spring will be the use of pale green shades for accessories on dresses of light tan, and darker greens in pine, sage and moss; also, the use of palest yellow with gray and fawn gowns.

The French swallow-tail coat of the winter mode will reappear during the spring with the coat tails considerably elongated and pointed. It is particularly becoming to slender women, as are all the modes now popular.

striped with eighth-inch stripes of satin in gay colers. Sash ribbons are shown having a molae stripe on each side of a brocade, and also of white surah barred with wide stripes of satin in high coloring. In the new changeable or chameleon China

silks and twills, black and old rose is one of the most effective combinations. A black silk of this kind, brocaded with rose-tinted carnations, is made up with a petticont of rose-colored taffeta silk. Street heliotrope is exceedingly pretty in all its shades, but it is as trying to the com-

plezion as it is pretty. A chamois-colored vest, collar and deep cuffs, striped with heliotrope gimp, are an excellent renef for an unpatterned heijotrope gown. Velvet ribbon is lavishly used on simple spring costumes, but not always in rows or points. The more original the plan of ad-

justment, the more fashionable. Jet and

colored gimps and ornaments are sometimes intermixed with these ribbon devices, The wearers of patent leather shoes should never leave them in a room where the frost can get at them, as frost cracks the ename and renders the shoes worthless. It is best also to slightly warm patent leather before

wearing, as the warmth renders it less brit-Lac berthas, fichus, and Stuart Rubens collars appear on new and beautiful art toilets, also belts and sashes of handsome silk and satin ribbons, both plain and richly figured. The Recamier frill is extensively

used on evening bodices that are cut in haif-low rounding fashion. The young man of promise who is see with five or six rings on his third finger is following a fashion for which the German emperor is responsible. A man who can crowd six rings upon his finger and still be able to shut his hand is looked upon in aristocratic circles as one of the nobility, for it is said that such a length of lower joint adicates high birth.

Round waists promise to be worn in all kinds of material. They are belted in closely or curve with the taper of the waist, and have plastrons or vests, whichever are most becoming. Felix makes handsome camel's hair gowns with begaine gathered into the front of the waist, which opens in a narrow oval shape over the bust, and is drawn together at the neck and waist.

the neck and waist. The changeable surahs are among the newest silks. More accurately they are double-faced surahs. They are figured in designs that show an attempt at novelty. One has tall wicker peach baskets overflowing with flowers; another looks as though it was appliqued in the most delicate point iace. An odd design in a brown silk is a broken link through which is hung a spiral spring. In looking over a rare old book of illustra

tions of fashious 130 years ago, it is noted that many modes of the present day are al-most identical in feature with those of long most identical in feature with those of long ago; for instance, the boil skirt, with occders, ruches, and other horizontal trimmings, 
bodices with round wasts finished with 
clasps, girdles and chatelaine ornaments, the 
leg-o'-mutton sleeve buttoned half way up 
the arm, etc. These fashion prints also show 
the coiffure corresponding in several styles 
to the present method of arranging the hair.

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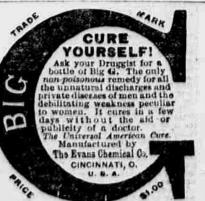


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