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 C. B. Lewis.] EXPLANATORY. - In a late issue of the The Kicker we spoke about Tom Jones of the Bald Engle saloon diluting his whisky until one gallon made five. Such items often creep in during the hurry of going to press. Mr. Jones has called at our office and satisfied us that be follows the rule laid down by all others, and that one gallon is made to produce

correction. NOT OUR MAN-The boys over in Clinch Valley sent us word the other day that they had hung our agricultural editor and wanted to know what should be done with the body. We replied that our agricultural man was at that very moment sitting in the sanctum of The Kicker and writing a column article entitled, "Will the Coming Cow Make Use of the Cactus for Fodder?" The boys had made a mistake. We are not quite certain who their victim was but we suspect that he was a naturalist from Chicago who wrote us about four weeks ago that he was heading this

The Clinch Valley boys have been down on us ever since our winning mule cleaned them out of \$75,000 cash on a mile dash, and they no doubt thought they had a rich joke on us when they run down the tenderfoot. Our agricultural editor doesn't know any too much.

but he never strays outside the town.

Take Notice.— Whereas, an individual known as Bill Poole has seen fit to spread known as Bill Poole has seen in the spread the report that I am an escaped prisoner from the Kansas penitentiary, this is to no-tify him that if he does not publicly retract the same in the next issue of The Kicker I shall shoot him wherever I may find him. am a pencefully minded man, but I feel that must protect my character, which is all have as working capital. SURE-SHOT JACKSON.

Dog fight.—Lovers of this fascinating sport are hereby notified that there will be a match fight on Thursday evening, at the Inter Ocean saloon, between Colonel Tabor's dog, "Sam," and Major Westfield's dog, "Hero." The stakes are for \$25, and the best dog wins. Admission 50 cents. Come one-come all. Gentlemen are requested to leave their guns with the ticket taker as the pass in. His honor the major will probably be present as a spectator, but should there be any promiscuous shooting he will at once interfere officially and step the sport. White's string band will discourse sweet music while the dogs are being got ready for the conflict. Four extra barkcepers engaged for the night.

THEY MUST Go-When the mayor of this town (who is ourself) returned to his office after luncheon the other day. he found Grizzly Bill in possession. G. Bill had been boasting to some of the boys that he proposed to run the mays office thereafter. We courteously invited him to vacate, but he promptly refused, and called us a one horse mayor

of a one horse town.

The doctors predicted yesterday that he would die as the sun went down, tut he is still living as we go to press, and may possibly pull through. If he dies we shall follow our usual course and bury him in our private graveyard and foot all expenses. If he lives we shall advise him to get out of this town as soon as he can

The boys die hard, but they must go. As mayor we have a certain dignity to maintain, and shall maintain it at any cost. Our official office is neither a poker room nor a saloon. As editor of the Kicker Grizzly Bill and the rest of the gang can facetiously poke us in the ribs and smash our hat over our wes, but as mayor we shall permit no undue famil

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Do you know," suddenly observed Mr. Bowser as he looked up from his paper the other evening, "do you know that we are going to the poor house at

railroad speed?"
"Why, no!" replied Mrs. Bowser in considerable alarm. "Well, we are, and I think it is high

time I called a halt. This reckless waste and unheard of extravagance must cease. I'm going to put my foot down!" 'W-what reckless waste?" she asked

"This reckless waste every day in the reek!" he severely replied. "It is eviweek!" he severely replied. dent to me that you have no idea of th value of money, and that you let everybody swindle you. I have been looking over some of the grocery and meat bills and it is positively shocking, the way you have been robbed."

"Why, Mr. Bowser! No one can buy more carefully than I do! I am some-times ashamed of myself for being so

"No woman is a careful buyer, Mrs. that way. Give her a ten dollar bill and she becomes perfectly reckless. I am satisfied that I can cut down our expenses at least \$7 per week, and I propose to do the buying myself hereafter. "It wasn't four weeks ago that you

were complimenting me on my financiering," she protested.

Mr. Bowser arose, crossed his hands

under his coattails, and balancing on his heels and toes he said: "Mrs. Bowser, no wife should talk back to her husband. He is the head of

the house. He knows what is best. He was created to know. I shall not only run this house for the next two weeks to show you what I can do, but I shall make a saving to open your eyes in astonishment." "Well; if things do not go right you

mustn't blame me," she rejoined.
"Blame you! When did I ever blame you? You can't be blamed because you don't know the value of money. woman can. As a man I am simply sorry for your sex.

After breakfast next morning Mr Bowser entered the kitchen and asked the cook what was wanted. She gave him a list of about twenty different articles, and he put it in his pocket and walked out. An hour later two quarts of beans and a loaf of bread were delivered from the grocery. When Mr. Bowser sat down to lunch he found nothing but bread and butter and

What does this mean?" he demanded of Mrs. Bowser across the table.

"You are doing the buying now," she quietly replied.

"Yes—um! And in order to spite me I suppose you instructed the girl to throw everything outdoors? I understand, Mrs. Bowser—I understand!" There was nothing to throw out. She

gave you a list of things wanted, and you Mr. Bowser had no more to say. Soon after his departure the butcher's boy rought a piece of beef and two doze

clothespins. At dinner he found the mest and some bread and butter.

"How much have you been paying for beefsteak?" he asked of Mrs. Bowser. From fourteen to sixteen cents. "And I got this for eleven! That

shows the difference at once! No won-

der we were on our way to the poor-

Mr. Bowser broke his knife in trying to cut the steak, and the small piece he finally got into his mouth almost pulled his teeth out, but he smiled and pre-tended to be pleased, and when he shoved back from the table he rubbed his hands

"A week ago today you paid out six dollars. My expenses for the day are only sixty-four cents. Quite a difference, eh? The grocer and butcher look as if they had heard semothing drop." At breakfast next morning Mr. Bowser found some pancakes and water on the

He was about to break forth when he caught himself and observed: "Our preat fault as a nation, Mrs. Bowser, is that we eat too much. We have become a race of gormands and dyspeptics,

'And this will cure us, I suppose?" she replied, as she looked from the pancakes to the water and back.

"It will help to. I haven't the least doubt that both of us will feel better toonly three. We cheerfully make the day than for a week before, and still further, we know that we have not been highway robbed. That day Mr. Bowser sent soap and

potatoes. The next day he sent coffee and starch. On the next he sent tea and potatoes.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he sat down to his fourth dinner and found only coffee and potatoes on the table, 'I have now been running this house for four days."

"I have saved over any four days of yours at least \$7 in cold cash. I told you it could be done and it has been done. I shall now turn the matter over to you again, expecting you to profit by

my teachings"
"You have done so well that you had better continue!" she quietly observed.
"Having demonstrated to you that there is no need of being robbed and swindled, and being pressed for time, I shall hereafter expect you to do the marketing. I may have to step in at intervals, but of course any husband will cheerfully do that. As I told you before, no wife can be blamed for what she doesn't know. Having had the benefit of my experience, if you allow yourself to be swindled again it will be your own

Next day at dinner Mrs. Bowser had turkey, sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce and other good things, and Mr. Bowser looked about him and observed: "Well, you deserve credit, Mrs. Bow-

er, and I am glad to accord it."
She looked at him inquiringly. "I showed you how this house could be run on the same system of a bank, and your were sensible enough to adopt my suggestions, and this is the result I am considerably encouraged, Mrs. Bowser—considerably encouraged. In a year or two more, if you will follow out this line, you will almost be competent to go down to the store with a twenty-dollar bill and invest it as well as I could.'

UP THE FURROW.

The halfbreed and I had been away rom camp for several hours, leaving only Sam, the colored man, there and were returning by the mountain trail. The last bend in the trail was seventy or eighty rods to the west of our camp and two hundred feet above it, and we instructively naused for a look.

There were the two tents, the horses and mules picketed beyond, a smolder ing camp fire, the negro lying on the broad of his back with his head toward us. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a summer's day. Sam was apparently dozing, for it seemed an effort for him to raise a hand to brush away the flies which persisted in settling on his face. We were about to go on, when Joe sud-

denly caught his breath and grasped by arm and pointed to a spot about haif way between the base of the bluff and drain or furrow running along the earth, deepening in our direction and here and there was a bunch of weeds to prove a little dampness. The grass was greener too, but not high enough to shelter a

It was half a minute before I could make out the cause of Joe's alarm. Then my eyes rested on a full grown mountain on working his way up that furrow. He had already accomplished half the distance, and just at that moment lifted imself almost erect to take a peep at

the negro. "Let us cry out and warn him." I

whispered. "It is too late!" replied Joe. "Should he even get up the beast would be upon him in a flash!"

"Then shoot!" "It is too far!" You have seen a hunter stalking game, but here was a fierce and hungry vild beast stalking a defenceless man The scene was as plain and clear before us as if the distance was only a stone's throw. After the first few words we were silent. After the first move to use our rifles we simply waited. certainly intended to do something, but

-wait! It was a sight ever to be remembered watch that lion making his way up the furrow. He advanced foot by He flattened out until you would have thought him a skin spread out to be cured, and he dragged himself along the earth. You knew he moved, but you saw no motion except that of his tail. Moving ahead or lying quiet, the tail switched back and forth with scarcely a second's interval. About every minute one of the negro's hands was lazily raised and waved across his face. When this happened, the lion, who could plainly see the black paw sweep the air,

settled down as if to spring. In the intervals he crept forward. We stood there like men of stone and saw the distance decrease foot by foot. The lion had yet 100 feet to creep when my mustang, feeding at least 300 feet from the other edge of the camp, raised is head and snuffed the air. The scent of the lion had come down to him. must have seen us, as we stood out in plain view, but he did not whinny, as both of us feared he would. Half: minute later Joe's pony also got the scent and started off at a fast walk. The lion remained as quiet as if dead for a full minute, waiting to see if the movement of the horses would arouse the man. It did not. Sam had grown more drowsy, and his hand was raised at longer intervals. Now the

tufted tail waves to and fro again, and now the distance is again decreased. Fool by foot, foot by foot, and I have forgot en everything else on earth in watching the progress. Now it is sixty feet-no fifty-now forty-now the lion has set-tled down for a leap which will land him on the body of the sleeping man, when hear the crack of a rifle, see the beas up and fall backward and struggle and I sit down with shaking knees and palpitating heart. It was Joe who fired the shot from his old-fashioned, longbarreled rifle. He had only the faintes

hope, but it was a dead shot, the bullet entering the back of the head. The beast died hard. His limbs were yet twitching as we reached the spot.
Never had hunter in the west seen a
larger lion. He had the strength to pull
down a buffalo buil. The negro? We
found him sound asleep, of course.

M. OUAD.

Champagne has a large amount of carbonic acid in it; it is healthy and nourishing. Cook's Extra Dry Imperial is the best.

A PECULIAR GIRL

Mrs. William Winter in New York Ledger. Rachel Landor began life by being peculiar. Instead of the customary and orthodox yell with which the youthful inhabitants of this planet greet their first sight of it, Rachel remained perfeetly quiet, only looking up into the nurse's face with a calm and questioning gaze, which greatly disconcerted that experienced matron-or, to quote her own words, causing her to be "so all struck of a heap, it was a blessed miracle she hadn't dropped the uncanny little thing then an' there, an' so stopped her from any chance of making any noise in the world, either then or there-

But the baby thrived, although she began with a perverse preference for the bottle, rather than her natural sustenance, giving the second proof of what her nurse called her "peculiarness;" and as her young life advanced from weeks to months, and from months to years,

she managed to keep up her reputation, so early begun, of being unlike other children. Of course she heard a great deal of this "peculiar" way of hers, and she liked being made the subject of wondering remarks and admiration-though, perhaps, that was not peculiar. Anyway, she soon became imbued with the idea that everything that happened to her was special and unus-ual; and though naturally warm-hearted, and not more selfish than the genera run of her age and sex, she certainly developed a remarkable amount of egotism.

At 18 she fell in love, quite convinced that, though other girls might have imagined themselves in love before her time, there had never really been any one who thoroughly understood the heights and depths of that passion till it was exemplified in her. George Murray encouraged her in that belief, and declared that he responded to it with fervor and intensity which could only be experienced in the unknown recesses of the male heart.

There was soon an almost bitter feeling of rivalry between the lovers as to which of them loved the more, and while this feeling was at the height, Amy Rivers came home from boarding school.

Amy was the kind of girl that men go mad about. She was small and slender, with dainty hands, and feet of diminutive size, and a heart of similar dimensions. She had a mass of fluffy blonde hair, a complexion of liltes and roses and great china-blue eyes, very soft and dewy, and shaded by long, silky lashes, that gave them an expression of deep feeling, such as their owner had never experienced in all her shallow life. For the rest, she had great taste in the adornment of her charming person, and her maid faithfully carried out her best

Miss Amy Rivers very speedly settled the curious rivalry that had existed between the lovers. She had not been home a week when George Murray ceased protesting the superior depth of his attachment to Rachel. By the end of the second week he never spoke of his love at ail, and looked bored when his fiancee spoke of hers. By the end of the third week he had almost ceased visiting Rachel, and then only on compulsion; and by the end of the fourth week the whole town was talking of his elopement with Amy Rivers, and wondering if Rachel Landor-who had fallen like one dead when she learned of it-would ever rise from the bed on which they laid

her. But Rachel didn't die. As she said, bitterly, that would have been too simple; and, being peculiar, she had to live for something much harder to bear. Poor girl! It was really a great grief, and her suffering was acute; but, after her custom, she made

There had never been so great a wrong committed against any woman, and none other had ever felt such so deeply. Having said that, she closed her lips

on the subject.

Year after year went by, and many people had forgotten Rachel Landor; and those who knew her sometimes failed to recognize the worn, haggard woman of 25, who certainly looked ten years older; and when people spoke of

her it was either with pity of contempt "Such a wasted life!--nn only child worshiped by her parents, who were dying of grief for her selfish grief-a rich woman, too, who might be doing so much good with her hoarded wealthand all about a man who had jilted her! It was wicked and shameful, her critics, and likely enough they were

But Rachel did not hear them; and i she had she would not have cared, for in her own way her life was ordered carefully and methodically, and her money was not hearded nor wasted; but, being peculiar, as usual she chose to live in ner own way, and to do that which she felt she could do, in the manner that best suited her.

The poor, the sick and the suffering knew her well. They did not think her life a wasted one. What this poor, embittered, disappointed woman felt in the silent depths of her own reticent, intense nature, she hardly knew herself; for she shrank from formulating her own thoughts even to her own mind, but oc casionally something in the outside world seemed to shape them for her. As, for instance, one morning when she suddenly found herself gazing at an old woman whom she met in her morning walk-a wretened woman, her unkempt frowze of gray, straggling locks, her clothes tattered and torn, though well hidden by an old black shawl that draped her head and fell in folds about her-s most painful and unlovely sight in the morning of an early, cold March day.

"Shall I ever look like that?" thought Rachel. "Old, withered, broken-hearted —poor old woman! Perhaps if I could know her story I should learn that some man jilted her in the sweet springtime of long ago. Being a poor, gentle femi-nine creature, she didn't die, though her heart broke: and as the burden of life grew too heavy to bear, she began to drink-at first, to forget, and then to

The tears that seldom rose to Rachel's eyes for her own woes, overflowed for the imagined sorrow of this forlorn old wreck of humanity. The woman was quick to see, and instantly stretched forth an imploring hand, in which Rachel placed a liberal donation.

It was this incident that paved the way for an unexpected but far more important encounter. As Rachel, walking quickly, and with eyes still wet with cars, and a heart wiidly throbbing with newly quickened feeling, turned the cor-ner of the street, she rushed directly into the arms of a young man who was coming toward her. He was pale and wan; he stooped under the weight of that experience that is more aging than years; but Rachel knew him in an instant, and his arms involuntarily closed about her and held her for one to his breast, she cried out, as if he had thrust a dagger in her:

"George George Murray!"
"Rachel," he said softly, "forgive
me. I did not mean to touch you. It was so sudden-'Yes, yes; I know. It is my fault. I didn't see you." And she wrenched herself from his hold; it was, indeed, from his embrace; for he clung to her as if he could not

again let her to. But seeing her face, which grew like marble at sight of him, his arms drouped away from her.
"Oh, can you forgive me," he cried.
"It was all a wild delirium—a madness."

give me-can you not even try to forgive "I cannot even try,,' she said, and her voice was like the knell of hope; and, with a gesture of unspeakable contempt, she waved him aside and passed on. How she rescried home Rachel Landor never knew; but some hours later she was aware that she was in her own room, the door locked, and all the

world shut out?" How long she had been there she didn't know, but she remembered that when she came in she had sunk upon the sofa half-fainting; but now her heart was beating wildly and every pulse thrilled as if with some new life a feverish, delirious eestacy such as she had never known before. She glanced up and saw the reflection of herself in the long mirror opposite, and wonder ing, doubting her own eyes, she rose went over to the looking-glass and

Was that Rachel Landor, that radiant vision of brilliant, gracious womanhood The years seemed to have rolled back she looked ten years younger than she had looked when she went out that morning. A glorious excitement glowed in her great, deep, dark eyes, her cheeks and lips were flushed with the hue of the rose; the mass of dark brown hair, usually worn in a tight knot at the back of her head, had slipped from its fastening and fell in a disheveled, waving, glossy mass about her neck and shoulders, reaching to her waist, and her tall, slender figure, in its uncon-scious poise of triumph, had all the lis-

some grace of buoyant girlhood. "Can it be I?" she murmured wonder-"Yes, it is, indeed I, and I am beautifut. Ah! my day has come—the loves me and I am a thousand times more beautiful than that pale doll that took from me! And he—he loves My hour has come! It is just and I will use my power. I will be revenged

And, like poor old Lear, Rachel deter mined that her vengeance should be the terrors of the earth-a revenge unique, unusual, peculiar, like herself.

From that day Rachael Landor returned to society. She soon learned what, had she been accustomed to the gossip of the town, she would have known months ago-that Murray had returned a broken hearted, ruined man, bitterly disappointed in the wife who had squandered his fortune in their brief married life, leaving him not even the memory of her love when he laid her in the grave, her shallow, frivolous heart forever stilled, and his life embit tered with the mingled poison of selfcontempt and remorse.

It was very soon as plain to all who saw him as it was to Rachel, that his love had returned to his first object with a passionate intensity such as he had never before known himself capable of and, indeed, he only seemed to live in Rachel's presence, seeking her when-ever she could be found, following her every movement with adoring eyes, breathing almost to the sound of her voice. But he never put his love into words; he scarcely dared to speak to her at all, content if he might only gaze on her when she moved.

How Rachel feet about this silent wor-ship none could tell—in some ways she was more pecchiar than ever-but it looked at times as if she chafed under it One night Rachel Landor missed the figure of George Murray from a large party, at which she was, as usual, the brilliant and beautiful attraction. hour after hour went by and still he came not, she was uneasy, the people soon bored her. Presently she could endure the crowd no longer, and with a strange, uneasy tremor, she withdrew friven home. The same thing hap pened the next night, and the next. On the fourth night she had grown almost haggard with disappointment and -rage, she said to herself. But presently she overheard a remark dropped in a

"George Murray is ill-dying. The doctor gives no hope. And at these words the very beating

of her heart seemed to stop. "'Ill! Dying!' she repeated in a sharp, agonized whisper. "Impossible He must not be ill. He dare not die." Her vengeance was not yet complete: that revenge for which she lived-on

which she lived; her very life itself! She fled from the place, and hiding herself within her carriage, bade the coachman to drive to the home of George Murray.

She soon found that his condition had not been exaggerated. A violent and deadly form of typhoid had stricken him. and he was already raving in delirium. The physician made no pretense of hope. He told Rachel plainly that in all human probability her friend was doomed.

"There is but the shadow of a chance in a hundred that he may live. But, doctor, we will take that one shadowy change, and let the other ninety-nine go," said Rachel.

Doctor Frank looked at her, but said nothing; he didn't understand her. Like everyone else in the place, he knew Rachel's story, and he asked himself Could it be possible, after all, that she loved this man who had jilted her and broken her heart? Her face told him nothing. She was very pale, and her eyes glowed like live coals-but their meaning was a mystery to him.

On the following morning Rachet took her place in Murray's room; a capable nurse was already there; and being a woman, perhaps she understood Rachel better than the doctor; anyway. she made no objection to her presence and if she had, it would not have made any difference. Miss Landor was ac customed to having her own way.

The days went by and grew into weeks, and they were slow and tedious to nurse and physician, as such days were wont to be, for they began now to count the hours still George Murray's breathing should chase—that breathing that was often so faint that more than once it seemed to have ceased entirely. But Rachel kept no reckoning of time

One day in the early summer the windows were open, for it was very warm and the odorous breath of roses and honeysuckle and purple clematis filled the room with perfume. The sick mar lay asleep, white as the tall lilies in the

"He will never come out of this sleep," said the nurse in a hushed voice. Rachel drew a long breath, and took the wasted hand in both her own and held it close, while her very soul seemed to pass into that touch. She bent over him, almost as pale as himself, only that her cheeks burned and her eyes were fixed on his face with a look that seemed to bathe him in the glow and fervor o their light. She did not speak, and her gaze never left him. Hours passed. The hand she held lost its deathly and grow warm and a faint, dewy moisture on the brow and temples, Was and the breathing grew stronger, longer and steadier. It was evening when the sleeper stirred slightly, slowly unclosed his eyes and smiled, as he looked up and recognized Rachel. It was a week later and she was again beside him; while Dr. Frank and the nurse spoke of him in the next room, comparing notes at to his strange and unexpected recovery. "Trey say you have saved me, Ra-

chel," he said, in a voice still faint and

"Yes. I could not let you go, George." "And what are you going to do with

I never loved but you! Can you no for "I am going to be revenged on you."
"Ah! But how, dear?"

"I am going to marry you-"
"Rachel! Do you mean you have forgiven me?

Yes, dear; I'm afraid so," murmured "You know, George, that I was always very peculiar." She bent down and pressed a long, lingering kiss upon his trembling lips.

FIRST THINGS.

The Curiosity Hunter Searches the Records of Several Articles.

New York Sun: The first bell rung in America was crected on the first church ever built in this country, early in 1494. Columbus landed at Isabella, in the is-land of San Domingo, in December, 1493, and soon built a church. Shortly afterwards a new city was begun in the royal plain of La Vega and was called La Vega, or the City of the Plains. The church with its bell, and all the other houses of Isabella, was then moved to La Vega. In 1542 the new City of the Plains was destroyed by an earthquake About a quarter of a century ago, in the branches of a fig tree which had grown up among the ruins of the belfry tower of the church, a bell was seen, which proved to be the original bell in question, and this historic bell is now in the city of Washington. It is of bronze, eight inches by six and a half, bears the letter F in old Gothic characters, and has the image of San Miguel on its sur-

The first drops of blood shed in the war of the rebellion, it has been declared, are at the present time in the possession of Colonel B. F. Hawkes of the pension office in Washington. They were shed by Colonel B. F. Kelley, wh commanded the federal forces pattle of Philippi, the first battle of the war. One of the bullets fired pierced Colonel Kelley's lung and stained his vest, which was preserved. Colonel Kelley did not die, although the surgeon pronounced his wound mortal. The first printing press in the United

States began its civilizing work at Cambridge, Mass., in Harvard university in 1639. The first American-made illustration, it is believed, is in Tully's Almanac of Boston, in 1698. The first American copper-plate portrait pubished in this country was in Increase Mather's "Ichabod," published in 1703, The first three engravers were Paul Revere, Benjamin Franklin and Isaiah Thomas, who distinguished himself at the battle of Lexington.

The first porterhouse steak was so named in New York City, in the famous old tavern of Martin Morrison, at 327 Pearl street. This was a favorite resort of scafaring men. A steak being called for by an old pilot one night, Morrison said he had no steaks, but would cut and broil for him a thick slice from the sirloin, which had just been prepared for roasting the next Morrison's place was known as the Porter House in the neighborhood, and its frequenters soon got to talking about the Porter House steaks. Morrison finally told Gibbons, his butcher in the Fly Market, to cut up sirloins for him thereafter.

The first mirrors of which there is any record were in use among the Israelites in the time of Moses, and were made of brass. When the Spaniards first landed in South America they found mirrors of polished black stone in use among the natives. The first mirror of solid silver was made by Pasiteles in the time of Julius Casar. In the Fifteenth century the first glass mirrors were made in Germany by a blow-pipe and were convex. The first manufactory of glass mirrors for sale was established in Venice early in the Sixteenth century. The first match was the product of the

genuity of John Freder who early in this century was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Hohenasperg. in Germany. He invented the lucifer match while in his gloomy dungeon The German government forbade the manufacture of matches on the ground of public policy, because some children playing with them had caused a fire. Komerer was ruined by Viennese competition when he was released from prison and died a pauper. Up to 1862 the Vienna manufacturers controlled the match business of the entire world.

The Clergyman's Good Advice. Chicago Tribune: "Sir," he said as he stalked into the clergyman's study, "you

are the man who tied the knot, I be "I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, looking up from his sermon.

"You performed the marriage cere-mony for me, did you not?" Yes, certainly, Mr. Willings. What, Then you know what the rights of a

"Why, yes, in a general way." "And the rights of a wife?" "Of course." "Well, now, sir," said the caller, draw

husband are?"

ing a chair up to the clergyman's desk and taking a seat, "has a wife a license to torture her husband?" "Certainly not,"

"If she makes his life miserable he has recourse, of course?" "Yes, but I should advise-" "Never mind your advice now. We'll come to that later. My wife complains

that I don't shave often enough.' "O. that's a small matter. "Is it, sir? Is it? Just wait! I told he that that was my affair, and then she taught the children to cry when I kissed them so that she could say that my rough chin hurt them.'

"That hardly showed a Christian -"Wait a minute! Yesterday morning I found them playing with the cylinder of a broken music box. You know how that eems to the touch?"

"Well, she'd taught them to call it

Papa's chin. Really, sir, I must admit-"Wait till I'm through. Today one o them got on my knee, passed his little hand over my chin, and called it 'Papa's music box.' Now, sir, I ask of you as Christian man and as the man who tied the knot, what shall I do?" "Get shaved," replied the clergyman

softly as he returned to his work

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

CONDRRHEA, GLEET AND LUCCERRHEA CURED in 2 days by the French Hemedy, entitled. The king. It dissolves against and is absorbed into the inflamed parts. Will refund money if it does not cure, or causes stricture. Gentlement here is a reliable article. Si purkage or 2 for 5, by mail prepaid. Snow, Lunca (o., Omaha.

CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a redical cure. I have made the d-same of FITS. EPI-LEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to care the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a care. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remody. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Would you know why with pleasure

AND

Our faces so beam? Our Servants Our life ne'er is a grumble, dream. SANTA CLAUS Is the cause of our bliss; For all sorts of cleaning It never comes amiss. MADE ONLY BY

Dear Sir: We will be pleased to mail to you, securely sealed and free from all marks, a copy of our treatise on the Irving Treatment of the Decline of Manhood and Nervous Debility. Also sample of the Irving Specifics. Enclose stamp to cover postage. Respectfully Yours,

N.K.FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

The UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS

IRVING HOMEOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 86 Fifth Avenue, New York.

that the 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 der makes, it is safe to assume that the instrument must be possessed of UNCOM MON ATTRIBUTES.

MAX MEYER & BRO. CO., Sole Agents, Omaha, Nebraska,

Established 1866.

All pills in pastednard bases, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfells. At Disgress, or and at 4c, in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mull. 10.000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Maddeon Square, Said by all Local Druggists.

THE Palace Office Building OF OMAHA.

FIRE PROOF

NOT A DARK

OFFICE

IN THE BUILDING

68 VAULTS.

GROUND FLOOR: NAUGLE COMPANY, Telegraph Poles, | CITY TREASURER OMAHA REAL ESTATE AND TRUST CO.

Cross Ties, Lumber, etc. MUIR & GAYLORD, Real Estate. CITY COMPTROLLER. vertising and Subscription Departments.

AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY. SECOND FLOOR. THE PATRICK LAND COMPANY, Owners

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

BUREAU, C. HARTMAN, Inspector. OHN GRANT, Contractor for Street and Sidewalk Pavements. ROBERT W. PATRICK, Law Offices. EQUITY COURT NO. 1. EQUITY COURT NO. 2. LAW COURT NO. 4. J. M. CHAMBERS, Abstracts WM. SIMERAL.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSUM- | F. M. ELLIS, Architect. CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSUR ANCE COMPANY PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COM-

HARTFORD LIFE AND ANNUITY INSUR-ANCE COMPANY. MEAD INVESTMENT COMPANY. WEBSTER & HOWARD, Insurance. EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY.

ANDREW ROSEWATER, Civil Engineer.

. L. Hilli to lip heer

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

MEDICAL DIRECTOR. . SIXTH HARTMAN & COLLINS. Cast Iron Gas and UNITED STATES LOAN & INVESTMENT COMPANY.

C. LAMBERT SMITH. J. F. BEINDORFF, Architect. . S. ARMY PRINTING OFFICES.

SOCIATION.

MANUFACTURERS AND CONSUMERS AS-

THE OMAHA PRESS CLUB.
SOCIETY OF STATIONARY ENGINEERS. | LINCOLN CLUB

A few more elegant office rooms may be had by applying ot R. W. Baker, Superintendent, office on counting room floor

INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTS

VENTILATION NIGHT AND DAY

ELEVATOR SERVICE.

DIRECTORY OF OCCUPANTS:

J. D ANTES, Rotunda Cigar Stand. WOMEN'S EXCHANGE. FIRST FLOOR: THE OMAHA BEE COUNTINGS ROOM, Ad- | FRANC L. REEVES & CO., Contractors. WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE. CENTEAL LOAN AND TRUST CO. SUPERINTENDENT BEE BUILDING.

> THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE S CIETY OF NEW YORK. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ASSOCIATION. ANGLO-AMERICAN MORTGAGE & TRUST COMPANY. BEE BUREAU OF CLAIMS.

DR. B. H. BIRNEY, Nose and Throat.

GRANT CULLIMORE, Oculist and Aurist. FLOOR. MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COM-PANY. M. R. TRAUERMAN, Attorney. DR. OSCAR S. HOFFMAN, UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

FOURTH FLOOR.

GEORGE W. SUES & COMPANY, Solicitors of H.A. WAGNER, Agent for UnitedStates Mutual Accident Insurance Company. JOHN LETHEM, Publisher. OMAHA COAL EXCHANGE. P. F. EKENBERG, Fresco Painter.

ALEX MOORE, Real Estate and Loans. ROHN SASH AND DOOR CO. THE MERCHANTS RETAIL COMMERCIAL AGENCY. STAPLETON LAND CO.

FIFTH FLOOR. CHIEF PAYMASTER. PAYMASTER. ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER. INSPECTOR SMALL ARMS PRACTICE. CHIEF OF ORDNANCE. ENGINEER OFFICER. AIDES-DE-CAMP. ASSISTANT SURGEON. FLOOR.

COMPANY,
THE IMPLEMENT DEALER.
L. C. NASH, LOADS,
HAMILTON LOAN AND TRUST CO.
EDITORIAL KOOMS OF THE BEE Composing, Sterootyping and Maffing rooms.
M. A. UPTON CO., Real Estate.
F; A. DAWES.

SEVENTH FLOOR.