# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JARUARY 1, 1893-SIXTEEN PAGES



For a Mammoth Game Park in the Rocky Mountain Region.

# BACKED BY A SYNDICATE WITH MILLIONS

Colonel Cody Lets the Beader Into His Secret-The Famous Plainsman Writes of His Recent Exploring Expedition.

Temperature in the set of the set of Colonel W. The set of the

I have been so long identified and interested in the mountains and plains of what is known as the American frontier that all pertaining to it, its people and its advance ment commands my sympathy at once.

Having shown border life in impersonation to Americans of the cast, and afterwards to the citizens of all the capitals of Europe, I have withal felt deepest regret that the scenes which depicted were passing away forever Westward the star of empire has, and must still, take its way, and it is well that civilization should drive savagery before it yet to one reared amid the scenes of the frontier, to one grown gray in border life the remembrance of the charm of wild life its dangers, hardships and thrilling inci dents, its camps, its trails, its struggles with the red men and its rides and comradeship with the brave "boys in blue" must ever re main while the pulses throb.

If I have enjoyed depicting these scenes before audiences who paid to witness them. all the old feeling of a practical reality swept over me in living them over again or the trail that has just ended.

The rapid disappearance of game of all kinds from our mountains, forests and prai ries, the wanton killing of bear, deer and other wild animals for the past few years has been most startling, and I could not but remember how, in half a score of years, the buffalo had almostbeen sweat off the face of the earth.

The fate of the buffalo, which a few years ago roamed the plains in herds of tens of thousands, is to be the fate of all other game unless something is done to check the whole sale destruction of wild animals, With this purpose in view, I conceived the

idea of securing a large territory where game of all kinds could be made secure, establish in fact, a game preserve, and place in it all animals of a wild nature that are being so rapidly and wantonly destroyed. I arranged my plans when in England, and

a company of gentlemen, citizens of various nations, were invited to join me and some American friends in a search for a suitable field for the carrying out of my plans, prompt acceptance was made, though few, from various causes, were unable to go with me as they had anticipated. Others came thousands of miles to enjoy the sport

9,000 to 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the south, as far as it runs, is the northern rim of the Grand canyon of the Colorado, breaking off into precipices that have a sheer downward drop ranging from 3,000 to 7,000 feet, and penetrated by hun-dreds of vast canyons from half a mile to six POINTS FROM MANY PENS niles to their head. There are natural parks on the summit, a

Inere are natural parks on the solution of a few lakes, some fine timber, becutiful cedars and aspens and superb scenery. Game is there also in plenty, and in the sommer it must be a delightful place to visit, but we struck a blizzard of wind and snow, and our FAMOUS themometer for three evenings ranged 31, 20 and 18 degrees below zero. In the dead of winter the snow lies twelve fect on the

We were above the clouds, and having ac-

complished our purpose to reach a spot directly opposite the cabin of John Hance, which had been reached after twelve days which had been reached after twelve days travel, we were happy. Our time spent in camping upon Buckskin, was devoted to visiting the splendid points of observation along the Grand Canyon, hunting and going and coming. We visited Bright Angel point Greenland point, Point Sublime and other (spots, and it was our unanimous decision that these views far surpassed all that we had seen from the southerm rim unsurpassed in seen from the southern rim, unsurpassed in grandeur as we then believed that to be

grandeur as we then believed that to be. Certainly in no other part of the world is there anything to compare with the Grand canyon, through which winds the Colorado for nearly 300 miles, its banks, if I may call them so, towering 7,000 feet above the stream which, viewed from the rim, looks a rivulet, though in reality a great river. We left the Grand canyon, as blizzards warned us that it would be death to remain

dle"

snowed in, and descended to the Kanob valley through a vast and gorgeous mnyon

Kanob is a Mormon settlement, where we found our first postoffice in three weeks. We were most hospitably received, and let me here say that the Mormons are by no means a backward people, but in touch with the age in which they live. They have schools, their villages are generally devoid of saloons and gambling dens, their young men and maidens are moral and respect their elders, while they have an energy and a push about them that surprised us all. Their homes are comfortable, well furnished and well stored with home products, so that hey live well, while their religion, outside of gamy, will stand closest criticism. Of course plural marriages are abolished mong them now under the law, but there is

a resigned acceptance of the situation among all with whom we talked, and our whole escort was Mormon, from the guide in chief to the horse wrangler. In fact, we had Brigham Young, a grandson of the prophet with us. The Mormons seemed too wide awake not

to have their country improved and to bring wealth and emigration into it, independent of creed, and they did all in their power for our comfort, and to show us what the country was capable of. Out of a desert they have made a garden spot. They have developed fruit growing argely and are producers of all that adds to the luxuries of home life, while they unite to aid in the advancement of their people and are anxious to have Utah admitted as a

We traveled overland through Utah to Salt Lake, and everywhere were received most hospitably, especially after our arrival in the great city of the salt lake among the

In our wanderings by rail, wagon and in the saddle we had an opportunity to see Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming and we had scouts from our outfit making closer glances at the coun-try than we could make except along our immediate trail. I am free to confess that in each state and territory named we found places for just such a great game park as I have in mind to establish, and opmediate incomparing mater in and consultations and comparing notes i he future will only decide where it shall be Our trip was, like the Colorado canyo

a grand one. We saw plenty game of all kinds, but, though found, it Will. fast disappearing. We beheld scenery which no other land can equal. My foreign guests vere even louder in singing its praises that our Amdrican contingent, and that is saying a great deal, when one recalls how a native an talk when his country is the theme

Outside of the national park of the Yel-lowstone, America is wholly devoid of any place for the preservation of game, while every country in Europe has private pre-serves for just such purpose. If I meet with success in the carrying out of my plans for a private park for the preservation of our na tional game I shall be more than content. W. F. Copy, "Buffale Bill."

OUR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Helen Gray Cane in St. Nicholas.

Discussions and Descriptive Matter Gleaned From the Monthlies. GOLD FIELDS IN AUSTRALIA

Civil Service Among the Omaha Indians-Characteristics of Boston-Intellectual



J. F. Markes, managing editor of The Australian Mining Standard, contributes to the current number of The Engineering Magazine an interesting article on "The Gold Fields of Bendigo." The discovery of golden stone on Bendigo, he says, is placed to the credit of two colored men, who found an outcrop on Victoria Hill at the end of 1853 They soon sold out to Mr. Theodore Ballersteat, who in six years cleared £243,000 from

their claims, while various small holders on the same hill are said to have realized £600. 000 concurrently. These fabulous figures might have been even larger if the miners had not been handicapped by the great cost of labor (£1 per day), crushing (£6 10s per

ton), and inefficient gold-savers. The Ballerstedt estate on Victoria Hill was bought subsequently by Mr. George Lansell, the quartz-king of Bendigo, and his mines there are known as being on the New Cham line, the farthest west of the famous trio of reefs which have made Bendigo (under the name of Sandhurst) famous.

These three main lines of reef are the New Chum, the Garden Gully and the Hustlers. These three reefs run about 20° west of north and roughly speaking, have been or are worked for a length of five or six miles each. Their great peculiarity is their "Sadformation. They exist in this at the southern end of form the lines, and occur in regular series one below another to all depths yet reached. The apex of the saddle is generally poor, while the legs are richer, but apparently no precise rule can be laid down as

to the deposition of the gold. It runs in shoots, and a barren stretch may at any time give place to a gold-bearing patch. The quartz throughout the district is, generally speaking, of a clear white character mottled with slate near the walls, and commonly thickly impregnated with pyrites, galena and blende, which usually occurs in veins or laminations, in or near which most of the gold is found, though it can always be discovered also in the body of the stone. Many very beautiful specimens showing the rich metal protruding from the quartz are met

with. The northern part of the field presents evidence of fierce disruptions, and both the reefs and the encasing strata are much broken, the quartz veins frequently appearing as more threads in the slate. They are called "spurs," and it is no uncommon thing to see taken out in such formations a stoke forty feet wide, the richness of the leaders of quartz paying for the removal of the rock, which has filled a large proportion of the

space. Bendigo had a "boom" in 1871 to 1874, and in consequence of the overspeculation of that feverish period, a decade of depression fell upon the district. Large numbers of mushroom companies had to suspend work or were swallowed up by more powerful con cerns. The year 1884 saw another revival, and now, after a further interval, the result of the splendid development work which has been undertaken is evident to a gratifying extent in the increased yields derived mainly

from new strikes of reef at great depths. There are now on Bendigo twenty-four shafts 2.000 feet deep or more, the deepest of them being that of the '180' mine owned by Mr. Lansell, a Bendigo millionaire. It is now down 2,850 feet and cross-cuts are being driven at 2,800 feet. Should they strike a paying reef very great excitement will be manifested. Ten of these deep mines are now yielding golden stone.

Bendigo has long since created its million-The late Mr. J. B. Watson is sup-

during its rural period, finneed this attribute, from the time when the laid out its streets by their devious wanderings, to the time when "Lady Hancock," as she was called, helped herself to milk from the cows of her fellow citizens to meet a sudden descent of official visitors upon her husband, the gov-ernor. From the period when Boston was a busy little colonial mart—the period best described in Hawthorne's "Province House Legends" and "My Ritsman Major Moli-neux"—through the period when, as de-scribed in Mrs. Quinry's reminiscences, the gentlemen went to King's Chapel in scarlet cloaks, down to the modern period of trans-continental railways and great manufacturing enterprises, the city has at least aroused a peculiar loyalty on the part of its citizens. Behiad all the thunder of Wendell Phillips' e oquence there lay always the strong local pride. "I love inexpressibly," he said "these streets of Boston, over which my mother held

streets of Boston, over which high other head up my baby footsteps; and if God grants me time enough, I will make them too pure to be trodden by the footsteps of a slave." He lived to see his dream fulfilled. Instead of the surrendered slave. Anthony Burns, marching in a hollow square formed by the files of militia. Philips lived to see the fair-haired boy, Robert Shaw, riding at the head of his black regiment, to aid in securing the freedom of a race.

During the revolution, Boston was the cen burning the revolution, hoston was the cen-ter of those early struggles on which it is now needless to dwell. Faneuil hall still stands—the place where, in 1774, a letter as to grievances was ordered to be sent to the other towns in the state; the old State house is standing, where the plans suggested by the Virginia House of Burgesses were adopted: the old South church remains, whence the disguised Indians of the Beston tea party went forth, and where Dr. Warren, on March 5, 1775, defied the British officer and when one held up warningly some pisto bullets, dropped his handkerchief over them and went on. The old North or Christ church also remains, where the two lights were hung out as the signal for Paul Revere's famous ride on the eve of the battle of Lexington.

A Surplus of Scholars in Germany,

In an article in the Forum, Dr. Geffeken asserts that Germany suffers from an intel-lectual overproduction. He says all profes-sions are overcrowded. It was foundly believed up to our days that the state had no more important task than to render the acquiring of knowledge as easy as possible, and for that purpose to establish many higher schools. But it was not asked whether there was room enough for employing men when their education was finished. Taking, for instance, the career of law in Prussia, we find that there are 1,851 men who have not only passed through the gymnasium and the university, but have already served the state gratis for about five years, while the annual average demanded is 100. There are more than 7,000 examined architects without a fixed employment; it is the same with engin cers, teachers in classics, mathematics, etc. These unemployed forces are particularly at-tracted to the great capitals, because every one hopes that with the many chances they offer he will find a gap into which he may jump. Men of university training are almost without exception capable only of in-tellectual work. If they do not succeed in their branch they cannot become tailors or carpenters; they must take to pettifogging, giving lessons, copying, writing for inferior papers, etc. There are lawyers, physicians, octors of philosophy, among the regularly relieved by the Berlin Poor board. All these men are, of course, discontented with the present state of things and ready to join with those forces which hold out hope of overthrowing it. Nor are female candidates unting in this proletariat; all those who give cheap lessons, write mediocre novels for low class journals or work for shops a starvation wages are swelling the army of social revolution.

### The Kindergarten in America.

The growth of the kindergarten system i America does not appear to be very rapid. according to a writer in the January Cen-tury. Of the sixteen American cities with a population of over 200,000 in 1800, only fou -Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee and St. Louis-have incorporated the kindergarten on any large scale in the public school sys-tem. Four more-New York, Chicago, Brooklyn and Buffalo-have kindergarten associations organized to in-troduce the new method as a part of free garten of free public education. In San Francisco kinderexpectation of uniting them to the freeschool system. Only Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit, among the seven cities left—the other three being Pittsburg, Washington, and New Orleans-are re-turned as being charital or religiou associations supporting kindergartens. In 1887-88, forty-six lesser places were named as having "one or more kindergartens, mostly experimental," connected with public schools. The entire work of providing a special education for children from 3 to 6

character really exists; whether he writes IN PRINT AND IN PRIVATE character really exists; whether he writes from the real or the ideal; whether he works best during the morning hours or by the mid-night oil? These any the things which, while they are a novelty to the new author, be-come a frightful bore to the literary man of established reputation. Popular Authors Seen in the Social Swirl Are Disappointing to a Degree.

## The Literary Man at Play.

Every man likes to be taken out of his self, away from the thoughts that occupy his at-tention all day. If a woman has the domes-tic machinery of her house to look after all day she doesn't care to discuss domestic day she doesn't care to discuss domestic economy and the servant girl problem at night when she seeks recreation at some social gathering. When the literary man gets away from his desk he doesn't always care to talk "shop." Other things hesides literature interest him. The whole world of theoretic is his formation would need by these thought is his foraging ground and he like to explore it with minds who know of othe things than come directly into his profes-sional lines. Books are a great part of his life, undoubtedly, but he is surrounded with them all day. Art, music, solence, the social phases of life, the drama-those are his

chases of life, the drama-those are he playthings, just as books are the playthings of the merchant engrossed all day in mercan-tile affairs. Our natures crave for constant changes-changes in thought as well as changes in food and localities. A man is a poor epicurean who always feeds on terrapin. A deficious steak, turned to the

terrapin. A deficious steak, turned to the brown, would make a new nan of him. And so the author turns willingly from the scratch of the pen to the sound of music, the picture on the Academy walls, the picture of life on the stage, or to the man or woman who can talk to him about something else than backs and authors



To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off: the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' is supposed to be the only soap in the world that has no alkali

### in it. And what kind of a man does society often

-All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

life, for those are the things that cost, without

the possibility of a corresponding profit. The man who tries to save a dollar by neglecting

of those distressing and dangerous sexual

so many are subject, is saving one hundred

cents and wasting thousands of dollars, be

sides shortening his life and adding to his misery while he remains upon earth. More

than that he entails upon his descendants a

life of disease, and leaves his children only a

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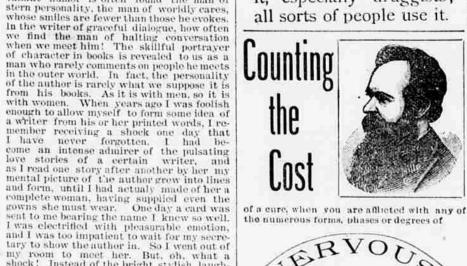
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13

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Very truty yours. CHARLES H. RUNG.
Prof. Hatz. Chicage University, wr tes to the Chicago Heraid, Sept. IS, 1892;
Corpulent men should pay some attention to reducing their weight. When a man is trouble or nervousness the reducing of weight is slower, until the Obesity Fills have cared the discase that caused obesity. The pills soften and beautify the skin of the face.
I am at liberty to clue a case in point. Under my advice Mr. Armonr used an Alison Obesity Band and 3 bottles of Pills and lost 30 pounds in 6 works. Other patients have been equally rucessfuel. in 5 weeks. rucessfuel.

Lieut, G. A. SCOTT. Revenue Cutter Hamlin, writes to the Correspondence Department of the New York Sunday World. Three years ago I weighed 268 pounds, but after using Dr. Edison's popular Obesity Pflis and Saits I reduced to 169 pounds and casily keep at this weight. I saw how much other correspondents of your valua-le papers were Lenefitted and wishe to e the Dr.'s treat-ment a trial

ment a trial

Dr. Edison's Obesity Fruit Salt is the best and simplest remedy for regulating the action of the liver that has been discovered. The printed formula on the label of the Fruit Salts shows their value to sufferers from excessive fat or flesh. Band measure at Nos. 1, 2, 3. Price \$2,50 to 36 inches, and 10 cents extra for each additional inch. Pills \$1.50 a bottle, or three bottles for

\$4.00, enough for one treatment.

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and Finger Rings are sold at our stores. Send for our special Electric Belt Circular, sealed.

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The Cure of Them when they have not run beyond human react

R. C. SIGEL, In Crete, Neb.,

NEW YORK, Dec. 27 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE. ]-It is a curious fact that most authors are found disappointing when met by their public of readers at some social event. I met an illustration of this a few

A large social gathering had come together to meet one of our American authors of repute. He had been introduced to the hostess some days since at a private dinner party, and had proved the life and spirit of the table by his easy conversation and skill at repartee. His new acquaintance begged his presence at an informal evening at her house, and the man of letters consented. The "informal evening" turned out to be one of those social crushes so frequent in New York drawing rooms, gathered together on purpose to meet Mr .-

**KEEP THEIR BRILLIANCY FOR THEIR BOOKS** 

The Lion of the Library Likely to Be the

Meekest of Lambs in the Salon-

Unreasonable Expecta-

tions Unrealized.

evenings ago.

The morning after, having returned to my hostess' home for breakfast, she confided to me that she had never been so disappointed in the "lion" of an evening before, and she knew her guests shared in her disappointment

"But what did you and they expect?" I asked.

"Well, I know not," said this society leader, but I thought he would be more like is books."

He Must Be As His Books.

Perhaps no remark could have conveyed a better impression of what the average member of society expects to find when he or she meets some famous author at a social event. The author is expected to be in his person ality what he is in his books, and, of course the expectation is not met. The bright dia-logue that makes his sentences bristle and his characters move gracefully across his pages is looked for in his speech. He is quick at repartee in his books and he must naturally be so in his personal conversation He dresses his characters in the immediate styles, and, therefore, he must be a good dresser himself, and be able to intelligently appreciate the pretty gowns he meets when on social parade. He is a faithful delineator of character in his stories, and how apt must be his opinions of people whom he meets in the outer world. In other words, the author have made his books popular and won for him silent admirers who now want to wor-ship the man as he is. And, of course, disappointment follows

What Society Often Finds.

must be like his books, and he must reflect in his own personality the characteristics which

ind in the author it has worshiped through his books? As a rule, a type of a diametric-ally opposite character. In the writer of valiant humor is often found the man of

of the expedition. The rendezvous was at my ranch at North Platte, Neb. We left Scout's Rest ranch equipped like a small army with armament ammunition and provisions, and our rail-road trail led through Nebraska, Colorado and New Mexico to Flagstaff, Ariz. Arriving at Flagstaff, we met there

means of overland transportation. viz three prairie schooners, which the Mormon's call "Mormon buggies," three mountain buckboards, a vehicle that can tumble down a mountain and yet be fit for service; a large ambulance for a hospital, in case o accident or illness among the party, and herd of horses for driving and riding.

Though through the country long years ago, I did not care to play the part of guide as well as commander in chief of the march so most competent guides, scouts, hunters drivers and horse wranglers were secured causing our outfit to number, when the orde was given to pull out, over half a hundred souls. In fact we would have made quiete a formidable little army to invade a hostile Indian country with.

As an honorary escort to the foreign mili-itary officers with the expedition, General Miles had most courteously detailed Colonel Frank Baldwin of his staff, an officer with whom I had been on a trail before when red-Skins were the game we hunted. And they were pretty good hunters themselves, let me remark, when pale-face scalps were at a

premium. We found Fiagstaff a most typical frontier town, with the usual saloons and gambling rooms in full blast, but a progressive town as well, and we were most hospitably re-ceived on all sides.

Pulling out of Flagstaff we made our first camp at old Fort Maroni, at the base of the San Francisco mountains. This old Mormon fort Francisco mountains. This old Mormon fort still remains, and is now the home of Wil-liam B. Dowd, a New Yorker who, with others, has a ranch there. Having met Mr. Dowd at his club in New York, as had others of our party, we failed to recognize him in his cowboy togs until he introduced himself, when we found him a most hospitable man. A climb to the summit of the mountains, with a few threlling incidents some moun-

with a few thrilling incidents, some mountain sheep and an unsurpassed view of th country in one vast sweep of hundreds of put us all in extacles over what we miles, put us an in extactes over what we might expect in grandeur of scenery before the trail was ended. Our cowboys sang and played the guitar for our amusement at night in camp, our supper was a good one and we all heartily enjoyed the first night's

ontinuing on our trail the next morning. hunting as we went along with more or less success, we reached the Grand canyon of the Colorado at Hance's trail after making three night camps. The spot where we struck the canyon is where those visitors who have been so fortunate as to go there have made

their pilgrimage. John Hance, "the hermit guide of the Grand canyon," as he is called, is a wonder ful man in his way, and entertained us well and gave us an insight into the wonders o the weird and appalling spot where he had made his hom

As I can give not the faintest idea of the prandeur of the scenery by describing it, i will not make the attempt, but go on to state that we at once decided to go to the other side of the Grand canyon. The other rim was the Buckskin mountain range, just seventeen miles across from where we stood, but a journey of over

600 to get around to it. We made the journey around, following the old Mormon trail, by way of Narajo aprings. Cedar right, Dee's ferry (where we prossed the Colorado Grande), Jacobs pools, Carns spring, and then we climbed the mountain-Buckskin. We hunted on our way, and our larder was always well stored with game, though the constant song of our plainsmon and mountaineers was that game was being rapidly destroyed year by year.

was being rapidly destroyed year by year. The country we passed through is a mar-velous one for scenery, but water is most in-frequently found, wood also. Grass is scarce, and the land is barren, save for min-erals it may some day be found to possess. Our climb up to the summit of Buckskin was something to remember, for we carried wagons up by deer trails at an angle of forty-five degrees, around the edges of preci-pleces and at the rate of a couple of miles for a day's journey. a day's journey

The summit of Buckskin range is from

tose-Red upon the threshold swaying, With eager tooks and cheeks aglow. Ialf blames her elders for delaying To breathe the air of morn and snow.

Though fireside nooks be close and cozy, Though table-talk be kind and gay, Outside the rising smoke is rosy. The sky swept clean for New Year's day.

The nigeons wheel around the steeple Against the azure, pure and cold; How can it be that grown-up people Don't care about the morning's gold?

Run on, Rose-Red, the keen light facing With eyes of welcome, brave and clear; With winds and winged shadows racing To meet and greet the young New Year!

And tell him, sweet, that we refused to: For we were only partly glad; We liked the Old Year we were used to, But sent him you—the best we had?

THE YOUNGSTERS HAVE THEIR SAY.

A Boston school inspector was examining a class in grammar and trying to clucidate the complex relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example. "Now, for instance, said be, "what am I?" That was an eas question, and all the children should: "2 man!" and then looked around triumphant! as much as to say: "Ask another." "Ye but what else!" said the instructor.

This was not so easy, but after a pause a a boy ventured to suggest: "A little man." "Yes, but there is something more than that." This was a poser, but at last an in-fant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat h his engerness and cried; "Please, sir, I cnow, sir-an ugly little man !"

An Auburn, Me., litile girt of 314 came home from church a Sunday recently in a highly indignant frame of mind; in fact, she was lofty and would hold no converse with any one

She took off her bonnet and her tippet as crossly as little Miss Muffet ever sal on a tuffet, and then she flirted around the room with a most dignified air. Being sweet of disposition, however, she soon became sugary and lovable as of old, and, on inquiry, it re vealed that at church, where she had gon with a neighbor, she hadn't been treate well.

"Fy," said she, "dey had bready butter woon' div me-me (with tears) dey woon' div me none.'

Mother-You naughty boy! You've been ghting.

Little Son-No'm. "How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched."

"I was tryin" to keep a big bad boy from aurting a good little boy." "That was noble. Who was the good

little boy? "Me."

Little Johnny and his mother, returning from church (after having listened to an old-fashioned orthodox fire and brimstone sermon, notice a dog lying in the street. Mother to Johnny-My child, why is the sermon we just heard like the dog lying there? Johnny-Because it is a dead dog-ma.

The pretty young Sunday school teacher in Brooklyn was talking to the boys of her class about the value of rest. "Now, boys," she said, "tell me what it is your fathers most desire when they return home from their labors all tired out. Tell me what they want more than anything else!" "Beer!" exclaimed their little voices in unison.

Neighbor's Boy (looking through the fence) -My father's a heap bigger man than

New Boy (with cold disdain)-Size also't nothin'! When my father coughs you can hear him half a mile!

Mamma (reprovingly, Sunday)—You told meyou were going to play church. Little Dick—Yes'm. "Then I'd like to know what all this loud laughing is about." "Oh, that's Dot and me. We're the choir."

Teacher-What is a citizen ! Voice from the Rear-Please, mum, it's a policeman with his clothes off.

taken twenty tons of from the Kentish mine in fifteen years. esenting a money value of £2,500,000. One Christmas cake" from this mine weighed 6,500 ounces. Mr. Watson's memory is not very highly honored in Bendigo for all that, as he spent or invested all his wealth in and about Melbourne. Mr. George Lansell, on the contrary, is a thorough Bendigonian, living amid the roar of his beloved stampers and overshadowed by the huge poppetheads of his pet mines. Mr. Lansell was originally a soap boller, and, if tradition is to be trusted, carnestly eschewed mining until some scrip which had come into his possesion for a bad debt suddenly brought him in rich returns.

How an Omaha Indian Became Chief. In "Personal Studies of Indian Life" in the Century, Miss Flotther relates the process of promotion in the ranks of the Omahas: A man became a candidate for the order of Neka-ga-he Shabae by having accomplished ertain acts called wa-thmae-thae, a word indicating that a gift of prescribed articles has been made under certain circumstances, in accordance with ancient custom. When a in accordance with ancient custom. When a man could count publicly 100 way-thinac-thac, he was entitled to enter the order through certain initiatory rites. His further promo-tion in the order was gained by his being able to count more than the required 100 of acts; the greater the number the higher the rank secured.

"The prescribed articles used as gifts in the war-thinae-that were cagles, cagle war bonnets, quivers (including bows and arrows), catlinite pipes with ornamental stems wa-wan pipes, tobacco pouches, otter skins buffalo robes, ornamental shirts, and leggings. In olden times burden-bearing dogs, tents and pottery were in the list; these have been replaced more recently by horses, guis, blankets, red and blue cloth, silver medals, and brass kettles. Each of these articles, if presented to a chief, counted one; but if given to a man without rank, the gift won for the giver reputation only, and could not be regarded as wa-thin'ae-thae. The gifts to chiefs were in recognition of the governing power to which

the aspirant thus paid tribute. It is worthy of notice that all of the raw material used in construction, as well as the manufactured articles, were such as required of the man prowess as a hunter, care and industry in accumulating, and valor as a warrior. To obtain many of these things he had to trave far, and he was not only exposed to dange from enemies while securing them, but in bringing them home. Moreover, as upon the men devolved the arduous task of the men devolved the ardious task of pro-curing all the meat needed for food, and the pelts used to make clothing, beddding, and tents, and as there was no medium for the exchange of labor in a tribe, such as money affords, each household had to provide from the very foundation, so to speak, every article it used or conso to speak, every inclusion in used of two sounds. It will be seen that persistent work on the part of the men was necessary, not only to provide food and clothing for the daily use of the family, but to accumulate the surplus necessary to afford leisure for the construction of the articles to be counted the surplus are the second to be counted the second the second to be counted the second to be accumulated to be counted the second to be accumulated to be counted the second to be counted to be second the second to be counted the second to be counted th

as wa-thing-thac. The men made the bows and arrows, the war bonnets, and the pipes; and arrows, the war bonnets, and the pipes; the ornamentation was the woman's task; her deft fingers prepared the powenpine quills, but her husband or brother had first to catch the wary little animal. For the slow task of embroidering with the dyed quills, she needed leisure and a home well stocked with food and securely defended from lurking war parties. A cowardly, lazy fellow or an immulative immersident Indian

fellow, or an impulsive, improvident India could in no way acquire the property rep-resented in the gifts. A thrifty man could seldom count his 100° until well on in middle life, even though he had wasted no opportunity. The stimulus to reach honors kept the tribe active and industrious; and the men who obtained high rank in chieftaincy reached that grade only by a sliproceas representing work and ability."

Some Characteristics of the Hub. T. W. Higginson writes in St. Nicholas a

t. w. Highmool writes in St. Nicholas a breezy and enthusiastic sketch of Boston life and history. Boston, he claims, has stood, from an early time, in the history of the country for a certain quality of combined thrift and ardor which has made it to some extent an individual city. Its very cows,

years of age is still in this stage in this country. Contrast this with France, where the ecoles maternelles, begun by Oberlin in 1771 and given new life in 1826 by Mme. Millet, have substantially adopted the Frobelian principle and practice, and had in 1887-88 an attendance of 741,224 between the ages of 2 and 6 in a population only two-thirds that of

proportion of young children. Compared, however, with like movements to secure the education of a class, or the adoption of a system of teaching, the kin-dergarten movement may fairly be considered unrivaled in the history of national education. "The good Lord could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers," said the Jewish rabbi, familiar with that type of Jewish motherhood which in its suprememanifestation at Nazareth has transfigured the office, estimate, and influ-ence of womanhood throughout the civilized world. The cause of these schools, rounding out the work and supplementing the respons-ibility of mothers, rich or poor, has appealed to the maternal instinct of women wherever it has been presented. The movement has been essentially theirs. They have led it, supported its schools, officered its associa-tions, and urged its agitation. The same work remains to be done throughout the land. There is not a city, a village, or hamlet which will not be better for a kinder garten association. Experience has amply proved that these schools will never be in-troduced or established save by self-sacrific ing pressure. Difficulties have vanished, Teachers have multiplied. Expenses have been reduced. There is needed only the personal effort indispensable for general success and universal adoption

### Why He Married Her.

The reason I married her, said White, Was simply this-She sat Directly in front of me one night At the play, and removed her hat. The act was significant to me, And the thought possessed my mind, That the woman who did such a thing must be, Unselfish and good and kind.

### CUPID'S CAPERS.

He-Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg with out salt: is that sof She-Well, really, Mr, Smoothface, I don't know-I can't tell-for in all my life I never— He-Now, now, Miss Kitty! She-Never ate an egg without salt. She-My husband must be tall, handsome and a blonde. He-Dear me! I am short, dark and homely. Will you marry me? She-Well-why not?

Jack—I may be a little previous, but I came to ask you to be my wife. Jessie—Hush; the previous question is never debatable; I vote

"I have just been reading an interesting story of two men who were lost in the Adi-rondacks while hunting," said the beautiful Miss Huckins, "Were you ever lost, Mr. Tubbs!" "Once," "When!" "When I first saw you I was lost in admiration, and I may add that I have not since been for.nd."

"My love is like the red, red rose," I sing. You ask me why, fair querist! Because, sweetheart, like Jacqueminots,

You are infinitely dearest! He (clasping her to his manly bosom)-Do you love me, darling? She-Well, I have a caning toward you, Gerald.

When a man is on his knees before a lady, the presumption is that he is bent on marriage

He-Miss Hyson! Margaretta! I may call you Margaretta, mayn't 1/ Margaretta! That name: so full of love and romance! So — Female voice from above—M-a.g! You M-a-a-g! Tell that young man that it is time to go home.

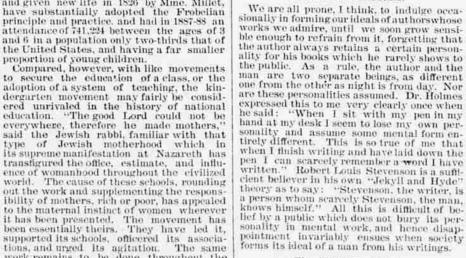
Nevergo—Fm willing to wait a hundred years to gain your love. Miss Tiredtodeath —It seems to me the time must be almost up. The old maid sat in misery

And murmured 'mid her sighs and tears: "There are no lovers' laps for me; Mine only is the lapse of years!"

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and I was too impatient to wait for my secre-tary to show the author in. So I went out of my room to meet her. But, oh, what a shock! Instead of the bright stylish, hugh-ing girl of 22, there stood the mature, sedate woman of at least 50! And how many of us have had a similar experience. CHRONIG OR

## Authors of Our Ideals.



The Author in Society.

Authors, like actors, are wisest, I think Authors, has actors, are wisest. I think, when they keep their personalities in the background. Let them show themselves, and the public is, in a measure, invariably disappointed. There are authors, as there disappointed. There are authors, as there are actors, who can mingle with their pub-lic, and deepen by their personality the im-pression created by their pens. But the number is not large. It is undoubtedly true that the author reserves his best observa-tions for his books. They are his stock in trade, his capital, and if he were to ventilate his views on life in the drawing room, what use would there be to read his books? A man is not necessarily dull because he does man is not necessarily dull because he does not talk much. The smartest men in the not talk much. The smartest men in the world are the men who keep their cars open and their mouths shut. Thus the author ob-serves, if he does not com-ment. Then, too, there are insig-nificant questions asked the author of which I do not wonder he grows tired. Rarely does Frank Stockton venture out when he is not pushed into a corner by some winsome maid an lasked. "Now Mr. Stockwinsome maid an lasked : "Now, Mr. Stock ton, just tell me privatel, "Now, Mr. Stock-ton, just tell me privately which was it, the lady or the tiger!" Or it is: "Is there really such a girl as Pomona!" Mr. Howells is so often asked if "There really is such a book as 'Details,'" which he mensuch a book as 'Details,'" which he men-tions in "A Chance Acquaintance," that he thinks some day that he will try and write one. Edward Bellamy said to me once that he feels an everlasting friendship for a man or woman who does not in the course of a conversation mention "Looking Backward." Mrs. Burnett often sighs and wishes she had never written "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or, as she says: "Oh, this being thought a one book author."

### Away from His Tools.

I have often wondered when I saw some author being plied with questions at a recep-tion whether it never occurs to the plier that an author has times when he likes to leave his literary personality behind him. A man who writes all day is glind to lay down the pen at night, and he rarely picks up for pleasure what has grown to be a tool of trade with him. I believe that if the great public were to treat our authors more as men rather than as writers, we would see more of them, "But," as one of the most prominent novel sts said to me the other day when I asked him why he was never met "out" in society, "I don't like to be eternally introduced as the author of this book or that story. Why can't society accept me for what I am rather than for what I have done!" Every author, I care not who he or she is, appreciates a kindly compliment paid his work upon an occasion social or otherwise. Honest praise is a stim-ulant to us all. But because an author has perhaps said in print that he does not fancy blue eyes in a woman who has red hair, must he be always asked in private the why and wherefore of his publicly expressed opinion? Because he has written a famous book, must he be considered legitimate prey and asked by everybody who meets him how he came to write, and whether this character or that

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