GOSSIP ABOUT STATESMEN

Stories of General Benjamin F. Butler and Senator John E. Kenna.

DAN LAMONT AS A CABINET MINISTER

Something About Senator Kenna's Hunting Adventures Ben Butler's Law Practice and His \$90,000 Mortgage-A New Story of the Spoons.

Washington, D. C., Jan 20.- [Special correspondence of THE BEE |-Senator Kenna's death has robbed the boys of the United States of one of the most interesting books that has ever been planned for their amuse ment. Senator Kenna was a great lover of children, and he could hold the of boys for hours by telling them stories of his hunting adventures. He was a great hunter and he spent a large part of every summer camping out in the wilds of West Virginia. Many of his friends at Washington have received presents of game from him, and he could shoot straighter and kill more deer than any other man in Washington. He was one of the best amateur photographers in the United States and he left hundreds of snap shots which he had taken in the mountains of hunting scenes and the negatives representing these are carefully classified and stored away in his library. For many years he has been taking photographs and his pictures represent all sorts of hunting and fishing, and they are the finest collection of the kind in the country. During the past summer he planned a book for boys which was to consist of his stories of hunting and sporting and was to have been illustrated by these pictures, and it was to have been entitled "A Book for My Boys." The region in which Senator Kenna lived was a picturesque one and he has scores of photographs of his children and also many of his brother senators. One of the finest pictures that was ever taken of the late Senator Beck of Kentucky was made by Senator Kenna. It represents Senator Beck sitting under a great oak tree with his dog beside him and the picture is most lifelike. It is the best photograph that was ever taken of the great Kentuckian. How Kenna Lost a Deer.

The most of Senator Kenna's pictures are instantaneous ones, and it was long a hope of his that he would be able to photograph a deer on the jump. At one time he had made all his arrangements for a photograph of this kind. There was a deer in the bushes and its only way out was through a narrow gorge where it would have to jump a stream. Kenna had the boys go into the bushes to start up the deer and he had his hand on the start up the deer and he had his hand on the bulb ready to press it when the deer should appear. As he heard it crashing through the brush, however, the spirit of the hunter overrode that of the photographer and he dropped the camera and picked up his gun, and as the deer sprang forth he killed it. In speaking of this not long ago, he said he regretted very much that he had lost the picture.

There is one story concerning Senator Kenna which would not have appeared in this book had it been written. No one likes to publish a joke upon himself, and in this case the joke was decidedly on Kenna. It occurred at a deer hunt which a lot of hunters of his neighborhood got up. It was decided before they started into camp that the man who missed a deer at his first shot during the excursion should be fined by losing the tail of his shirt. Kenna was already in the United States senate and he was the guest of the occasion. When the deer was roused the backwoodsman gave him a better position than any of the others and as the graceful animal came within range of his rifle he thought he had him sure. But fate we, against him and he missed. The others of the party were in the rear. There were a number of shots and as no one was near him he thought no-There is one story concerning Senator and as no one was near him he thought nobody saw him fire. When they returned to p he showed his re-loaded rifle and said nothing of his failure and was congratu-lating himself on his escape. As soon as the hunters were all in the cabin, however, one of the party testified to the bad shot and in e than it takes to write it the sena tor was down on the floor and every man in the party had a souvenir cut from the un-mentionable part of his unmentionable garment. Senator Kenna took the joke well. He was too much of a man to get angry at pure fun and he was considered one of the best fellows in the senate. He was one of the strongest thinkers and ablest speakers of the senate and he was packed full of com-mon sense. He died at the age of 44, but his mon sense. He died at the age of 44, but his life in experiences was longer than that of most old men. He matured early. He was a private in the confederate army at 15, a member of congress at 30 and at 37 he was the youngest man in the United States senseemed to have a strong constitu tion and his death was a surprise to every-

Stories of Ben Butler.

It is queer how death treats public men. On the same night that Senator Kenna died on Capitol hill in Washington another states on Capitol hill in Washington another states man passed away. 'His deathbed was lo-cated not a stone's throw from that of the young senator and, like Kenna he had kept his lifework going on until the last. He was, however, thirty years older than Senator Kenna and he was a figure in the public eye almost before Senator Kenna was born. I refer to General Benjamin F. Butler, who so began life young, but who for nearly half a century was a national character. Had Kenna lived thirty years longer how much more might he have accomplished. He much more might he have accomplished. He was only 8 years old when John Sherman came to congress and he was still a boy when Blaine was in his prime. He was only 12 years old when Ben Butler jumped into national prominence at the Charleston convention, and when he started into the confederate army as a private Butler had gone through his career at New Orleans and had become a major general. Every day of Butler's life for more than half a century was packed full of activity. His fingers were on the keyboard of activity. His fingers were on the keyboard to which are attached the wires of the great things of our nation and he accomplished every year more than many a dozen other public man. A close friend of his who was associated with him for years in business told me the other night that he made more than \$50.000. than \$50,000 annually at his law practice and that his income from his work often ran into the hundreds of thousands a year. His gubernatorial campaigns cost him \$100,000 apiece and when he ran for president as the candidate of the labor party he had to candidate of the labor party he had to mortgage the big gray stone house which he afterwards sold to the government to get the ready money he needed. I know a man who held a mortgage of \$90,000 on this property for some years and I am told that Butler spent every cent of it and more in his cam-

Ben Butler's Law Practice.

Speaking of Ben Butler's law practice he had many big cases before the supreme court which netted him fortunes, yet I happen to know that he did a large amount of "thank you" business. His heart was as big as his body, and while he charged millionaires tens of thousands for his work the poor got it for nothing. I remember an instance here at Washington which happened only a year or so ago. A soldier's widow who occupies or so ago. A soldier's widow who occupies a very responsible position in one of the departments had a boy seriously injured in a railroad accident. She was too poor to employ a big lawyer and the railroad corporation laughed at her demands for damages. She went with her story to General Butler. He received her in his office on Capitol hill, grunted as she told her story. grunted as she told her story, but when she had finished it he said he would undertake her case for her and would not charge her a cent. As soon as the railroad company heard that Butler was her counsel they came to terms and were glad to compromise at a

good round figure.

This partner of Ben Butler tells me there was no harder worker in public life than he Said he: Ben Butler once told me that he would

rather try cases of common drunkenness at \$10 a suit than remain idle. He was the personification of intellectual activity and the gray matter of his brain was a great electric dynamo which was never ide. He was sys-tematic in his work and he kept his papers and letters carefully arranged and filed away for feture use. There is a great amount of unwritten history in his correspondence and I will not be surprised to find that he has left considerable unpublished manuscript. He I will not be surprised to find that he has left considerable unpublished manuscript. He was working not long ago, on a lecture on Judas Iscariot, and his idea was to prove that Judas was the purest and noblest of the twelve apostles. He claimed this last on the ground that Judas alone appreciated the greatness of Christ, and that he betrayed him to give him a chance to assert his greatness, supposing that he would, by a word, crush all his enemies and make himself the king of the world. the king of the world.

Ben Butler's Queer Dress.

General Butler courted notoriety more than any other man of his greatness on the stage of statesmanship. He did this not only by his actions, but in his dress and he seemed to have as many different costumes as an actor. At one time he appeared here in an overcoat of beaver fur with a hat of the same material, making himself jook for all the world like a great animal. His coat all the world like a great animal. His coat was big enough for a good-sized tent and his hat was pulled down over his ears so that you only saw his great round face with its cock eye looking out of one side of it. At another time I remember he trotted around in a great white sombrero with a stick in his and and he never appeared on the platform of an evening save in a dress suit with a red rose in his buttonhole. Many people associ-ate this rose with his love for his wife's memory, for it is said that she always pinned such a flower in his buttonhole before he left ome for his day's work.
Since he left congress Ben Butler has

Since he left congress Ben Butler has spent a large part of every year at the capitol. The doorkeepers knew him well and they were prepared for his queer freaks in the way of dress. He had the right of entree to both house and senate and he usually went in without trouble. At the first of one session, however, he appeared in his gorgeous white sombrero, his patent leather mamps and his doublined suit. He leather pumps and his dandified suit. He came to one of the rear doors of the senate chamber and started to go in.

The messenger was a new one. He thought he was running the capitol and he put his arm across the door and told General Butler to stand back. "You can't go in there," said he. "This door is only for senators when the senator is nesselon." enators when the senate is in sess General Butler looked at him and growled

"I am Butler and I have a right to go in." 'Oh no, my antiquated masher!" replied the doorkeeper with a wink at a bystander.
"You are trying to play me for a sucker!
You think I don't know Senator Butler? He comes from South Carolina and he just went in through this door. You can't get in. Go up and mash 'em from the gallery, my

General Butler was paralyzed for an instant, and then wheeling upon the astonished doorkeeper he fairly yelled:

Butler of South Carolina be blanked! I am Butler of Massachusetts! Governor But-ler, you impudent fool!" And amidst the the profuse apologies of the doorkeeper he went into the senate. He had, of course, the right to do so by virtue of his being an exsman as well as governor. stories are told here of Ben Butler's

it. His brain was as quick as a flash and had one of the most sarcastic tongues hat ever cut a soul or cracked a joke. eard a story last night of his remark at the se of a congressional speech of John A Bingham's. Butler did not like Bingham but the speech was an able one and at its close the house was wrapped in silence and you could have heard a pin drop any place in the chamber. The congressmen were ready o burst into applause when Butler, cocking

his queer eye, said in a stage whisper:
"I always did like that speech."
This meant, of course, that Bingham had but one speech and that he had spoken it many times before. It effectually settled the applause

A New Story of the Spoons.

heard a new spoon story concerning Butler last night. His enemies never tired of twitting him on the infamous slander which was charged against him in New Orieans, and during his campaigns in Massachusetts there were always allusions to "spoons." One night he was speaking in a little town on Cape Cod. The meeting was held in the town hall, a rickety old building with a wooden ceiling. Butler was the only orator of the occasion and it was supposed that he owned the town. He was standing on the platform denouncing the stealings of the op-posing candidates when a large tablespoon posing cannotates when a large tablespoon attached to a thread so fine that it could not be seen slowly descended through a crack in the ceiling until it stopped and quivered in the air, almost touching the fuzz on Butler's bald crown. The audience roared with laughter. Butler looked up and saw the spoon and the joke was such a good one that he laughed himself. He tried to speak and finally got the ear of tife house. He said:
"I see there is some opposition here. But
if it is congealed—if it stands alone like that spoon—it will not trouble me much."

The crowd roared and Butler carried the

town by a large majority.

This spoon talk, however, went on for some time, until Butler finally got tired of it. One night while he was addressing a big manu-facturing town in Massachusetts someone in the audience howled out "spoons." Butler stopped and asked the speaker to come forth. He waited a moment and no one rose. He then said:

"I would like to see any respectable citizen "I would like to see any respectance citizen father such a charge against me. I have heard this matter jested about and have seen it printed in the public press, but heretofore I have considered it beneath my dignity to notice it. I am getting tired of it now and I would like to end it by making some man have me heavy damages for libely." some man pay me heavy damages for libel."
This settled it. Butler's speech was reported and he heard nothing more from spoons during that campaign

Ben Butler's Nerve.

There was never any doubt about Ben Butler's nerve. Many instances of his bravery have been told and he has never been accused of cowardice. He showed his courage a number of times before the war began and I have heard a story how he saved a crowd at Lowell one night from a paniwhen Rufus Choate was speaking, was then only 28 years old. It wa was then only 28 years old. It was during the Buchanan campaign and Choate was ad-dressing a crowded house in the biggest hall of the city. There was great enthusiasm and when the stamping was the loudest a crash was heard and the cry went forth: "The floor is sinking!" Every one turned pule and the audience rose for a stampede when young Ben Butler came to the front of the platform and called the audience to halt He said there was no danger and that the architect of the building was present and that they would go together and ex-amine the building. Choate then went on with his speech. A moment later Butler reappeared and smilingly told the audience that there was no present danger, but as the hall was overcrowded they had better quietly adjourn to the public square where Mr. Choate would finish his speech. The crowd went quietly out and the catastrophe was averted. As Butler stepped onto the platform he had deceived them by his smiling face and with a half laugh which came from his lips as he whispered to Mr. Choate before he spoke to them. These were the words he whispered: Choate, I must clear this house or we

shall all be in hell in five minutes."

Two wonderful things about Ben Butler were his memory and his power for sleep. A Washington correspondent told me the other day how he called upon him one day for an interview. General Butler had been working right along for eighteen hours and he was still at work when the correspondent entered. He heard his request and then

"I would like to talk to you, but my mind is full of this case and I will have to sleep first. If you will wait twenty minutes I will give you an interview."

"All right," said the correspondent, and Butler went into the next room. At the end of twenty minutes he came out as fresh as a daisy and his mind was as clear as a bell. He has slept just twenty minutes and I am told that he could sleep at any time and I am told that he could sleep at any time and in any place. He often slept in his chair in his office and neither his mind nor his memory ever seemed to fail him. He was noted for his kindness to his friends and when he was elected governor he was surrounded by officeseekers. One of these, nomed Smith, came up to him and said: "General Butler, I have done all I could to have you elected and I want you to remember me now when you come into your

"Ah," said General Butler, "what is your "Smith," was the reply. "I have worked

for you for years."
"Ah, Smith. It seems to me that I remember you. You played me false at a convention just fifteen years ago. You promised to vote for me, and you voted for my opponent. No, Mr. Smith, I don't think I shall need you. Good day."

Secretary Daniel Lamont. There seems to be no doubt that Dan

For toat "out o' sorts feeling"

Lamont is to be one of the cabinet of President Cleveland, and the probability is that he will be the business manager of the administration. President Cleveland has implicit confidence in him, and there is no man in the United States who has more common sense and is possessed of so much ability in this way as Lamont. He has a wonderful knowledge of human pature. He can read a knowledge of human nature. He can read a man at a glance, and his face is such that you can never tell anything about the mind behind it. He systematized the work of the white house during the last Cleveland administration, and he attended to everything, from the laying of the president's dinners to giving surgestions as to important appointments. His honesty was never questioned, and his fidelity to his chief was perfect. He could dispose of business rapidly. He is broad enough and biz enough to consider the

whole country, and with all his notoriety he never allowed the taffy which is so freely given to all men of prominence here at Washington to disturb his digestion or affect his manners. His little blonde head did not swell under the heated air of Washington. swell under the heated air of Washington adulation and he was as simple, plain and honest at the close of his term as at the behonest at the close of his term as at the beginning. He is a good manager of men and he will make a good cabinet officer. His wife is a handsome young woman who made herself noted here for her tact, common sense and sociable qualities. She is a fair type of the sensible American girl, is well educated and has more than ordinary musical taste. During the last administration she cared more for her home than society but she had man, friends and I predict that as a cabinet minister's wife she will be a popular hostess. Frank G. Carpentin.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

London Truth. London Truth.
Onward Christian Soldiers!
On to heathen lands!
Prayer books in your pockets,
Rilles in your hands.
Take the happy tidings
Where trade can be done;
Spread the peaceful gospel
With a Gatling gun.

Tell the wretched natives
Sinful are their hearts.
Turn their heathen temples
Into spirit marts.
And if to your preaching
They will not succumb,
Suistitute for sermons
Adulterated rum.

TeU them they are pagans
In black error sunk,
Make of them good Christians,
That is—make them drunk;
And if on the bible
Still they dare to frown,
You must do your duty—
Take and shoot them down!

When the Ten Commandments
They quite understand,
You their chief must hocus,
And annex their land.
And if they, misguided,
Call you to account,
Read them—in their language—
The Sermon on the Mount.

If, spite all your teaching, Trouble still they give; If, spite rum and measles, Some of them still live; Then, with purpose moral, Spread false tales about Instigate a quarrel, And let them fight it out!

EDUCATIONAL. Tuft's college is to have three lady students in the college of letters and three in the di vinity school

The projected dental school of Harvard col-ege will require \$150,000. It will have acommodations for 150 students. Prof. William G. Summer has resumed his hair of political economy at Yale after our and a half's absence in New York.

The position of instructor of oratory and physical culture in Colorado college has been conferred upon J. Foster Tucker of Boston. A bust of Hannibal Hamiin has been placed in the library at Celby. Mr. Hamlin was an interested friend of the university during his

C. P. Huntington of the Central Pacific railroad has given \$100,000 to maintain a reading room in the Westchester, N. Y. The Pearsons' hall of science of Beloit col-age was dedicated on the 13th. The build-

ng is the result of a donation of \$125,000 by Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons of Chicago. The elective courses for the second semester at Vassar are being prepared. Hereafter fifteen hours a week will be required of the sophomores, instead of fourteen as formerly. Prof. Henry C. Adams of the University of Michigan, one of the earliest Johns Hopkins graduates, has begun a course of twenty

ures on political economy at the latter institution. The library of Syracuse university re-ceived an addition of 3.000 books during the year, making the total number of volumes 48,000. The valuation of the university property is estimated at \$1,700,000.

There is a row in Parsons college at Fair-field, In., between the professors and the students. The former propose to don long black gowns and mortar-board hats, and the students object to anglo-maniac innovations. Some one has computed that the college owments of Massachusetts foot up \$10,050,000. The buildings and grounds are worth \$5,013,000, while the scientific apparatus of all the higher institutions is worth

Henry J. Furber, Jr., Ph. D., son of the Chicago capitalist, has been appointed lec-turer on the history of economic theory at the Northwestern university, and will begin his lectures next week. He graduated from Halle in Germany, receiving his degree from that institution.

Brown university catalogue gives the following figures: The faculty and allied officers number 62. There are 540 students, distributed as follows: Graduates, 88; seniors, 62; juniors, 85; sophomores, 88; freshmen, 116; select course, 61; women's college, 39. The library is reported to contain 80,000 bound volumes and 20,000 unbound pamphlets.

There are thirty-five kindergarten schools There are thirty-five kindergarten schools in San Francisco, all maintained by charitable people. Eighteen are permanently endowed. Over 3,000 children were on the rolls last year, and over 14,000 have been trained in thirteen years. The schools not supported by individuals or associations depend upon voluntary contributions, which come from all parts of the world.

In a recent address President Ellot of Harvard dwelt on the idea that the unno-ticed influences in the education of the young often do much to mould character There are," he said," bits of poetry in my mind I learned in infancy which have stood by me in keeping me true to my ideas of inty and life. Rather than lose these would have missed all the sermons I ever heard."

The Hopkins mansion on Nob Hill, San Francisco, has been transferred to the State iniversity regents in trust for an art school and gallery of paintings. Edward F. Searles, who makes the gift, also guarantees \$5,000 for five years toward the expenses of the school. If sufficient interest be shown by others he has promised to increase this gift The Hopkins castle, as it is called, is one of the most conspicuous buildings in this city and it can be easily altered to suits its nev

Each of the seventy-nine bishops of the coman Catholic church will send answers to the pope to fourteen propositions sent to them by Mgr. Satolli. Nine of these proposi-tions have already been made public, and the other five, which had been withheld, are as follows: Ail care must be taken to erect Catholic schools, to enlarge and improve those already established, and to make them equal to the public schools in every way. When there are no Catholic schools, or those in existence are not equal to public schools, children may attend the latter, the question being left to the judgment and conscience of the ordinaries. No one shall be allowed to teach in a parochial school without previous examination as to fitness. Normal schools to be established where they are necessary. Everybody is forbidden, either by act of threat, to exclude from the sacraments as inworthy parents who choose to send their children to the public schools

The "No. 9" Wheeler & Wilson is the only lock-stitch machine made that will maintain an even and perfect stitch at different speeds. Sold by Geo. W. Lancaster & Co., 514 S. 16th

Dr. Kohn (or Cohen), the poor canon, son of Israelite pensants, who was recently raised to the richest archbishopric in Europe, that of Olimutz, went to meet his father and mother at the railroad station, where he kissed their hands in lowly humility and affection, and has installed them in his episcopal palace.

Take Bromo-Seltzer. 10c a bottle.

THE FASHIONS FOR JANUARY

Brief Descriptions of Some of the Notable Gowns of the Season.

AN UGLY GIRL -IN A PRETTY HAT

The Skating Frock and New Clothes on the Stage - A Group, of Gowns at a Morning Concert - Midwinter Millinery.

New York, Jan. 20.—Correspondence of THE BEE: Do you know a woman in 1880 furs when you see her? I met one at an exhibition this morning and she was really more of a curiosity than any of the curios. She had light, fuzzy hair poking out from under a big sealskin poke bonnet and she had a brown cloth tailor dress that was not in any way unusual. But she had also a fur collar that came away down in sloping points upon her shoulders and reached to the middle of her back behind. This collar seemed to be made entirely of sable tails and in front it had long square-cornered ends that reached to the ground. Somebody behind me said those ends were "stole-shaped," and probably they were, but I'm not well up on stoles. All that I can swear to is that the effect of two huge balloons of sleeves swelling out from under the pointed cape, or rather up from their points of origin, in the most enormous muff ever carried, was wierdly peculiar. The muff was soft, shapeless and squashy,

When you see a sight like that it gives you something to think about; you don't waste your morning. What I think is, how woefully abused that unhappy word, "picturesque," is these days.

But I went to an 1880 dance the other night; that is, to a fancy ball where everybody was supposed to wear the Simon Pure "granny" outfit, instead of its modified and Worthified" 1893 version. It was fun, because the invited guests were not afraid to carry out the contract. They made themselves things of capes and flounces with a courage that was admirable and astounding. They nodded their turbaned heads and shrugged their sloping shoulders and pironshrugged their sloping shoulders and piron-etted on their pointed slippers till 'we wall flowers looked and looked again and smiled half sarcastically. It's a very easy thing after all to slip backward. Where's the sense of talking of a woman, even if she be a Kansas woman, for the United States sen-ate, when the frocks of two generations ago fit as if they had never been laid aside? The "advanced" woman hasn't journeyed so very many leagues, with all her talk of her travels.

What did they wear? Well, here's a ple-



THEATER AND CONCERT TOILETS I saw a number of frocks at a morning con-cert yesterday that were better worth de-scription. A young southern girl was the scription. A young southern girl was the prettiest creature in sight, with her costume of pink velvet lending an extra blush to her warm brunette skin. A little white lace bib, just now one of fashion's pet notions, was let into the front of her waist and edged about with black astrakhan. She wore a black valvat hat with heavy plumes

black velvet hat with heavy plumes.

Miss Pauline Whitney was one of my neighbors, eating bon bons contentedly out of the same box with another tall, slim girl.

She is not pretty. A society reporter, who
has every opportunity to know, was telling
me yesterday that in her opinion there isn't a single girl who is pretty in all New York's Four Hundred. However, Miss Whitney is well gowned. She were a heliotrope cloth bodice with very full sleeves and with a wide sash of heliotrope velvet, tied behind. Her sash of heliotrope velvet, tied behind. Her odd little capote was of shaded violets,

blending together insensibly.

Her companion was in a dark green bengaline frock, each seam of the skirt being outlined with a narrow bead gaion. The front of the bodice was quite full and was partly hidden under a jacket, whose round was sewn over thickly with almost infinitesimal green beads. Within eyeshot were hats you had to look

at. You couldn't see beyond them. Pokes and coalscuttles obscured the view and plumes stood up so straight it didn't matter bit that only capotes were under them. An artist's wife, who is famous for her toilets, wore a big violet velvet hat with two great velvet wings in front and between them a tuft of violets. There were more violets upon the crown and yet others standing up in an igretic behind.

A bonnet that was pretty, if for no other reason because it was small, was of white cloth dotted with gold and trimmed quaint lly with white satin resettes and sable tails. The wearer of this odd bit of headgear was in a black velvet robe with a white bodic A Christmas bride wore a black velvet hat

trimmed with mistletoe.

A pretty combination of blue and brown appeared in a brown felt hat with small blue rosettes under the brim and turquoise olue accor tion plaited bows.



WINTER MILLINERY,

At the winter's reception the one thing you will notice most incominent is that velvet is worn whenever the faintest suspicion of an excuse for putting it on can be found or imagined. Entire dresses of velvet are the hebby of girls in their teens and of matrons in their sixtles. At the annual reception of Sorosis at Sherry's the other evening black velvet and purple velvet and green velvet and crimson velvet and shot velvets of all shades and combinations of shades walked about and hobnobbed with one another. They had voluminous sleeves, one and all of them, and the more stately had deep berthas of old lace that were magnificent until they became monotonous. Some women were no ornaments with these robes, others added ewels or plumes.

The finest I noticed costumed was a young

married woman, who, like so many of her age and sex, has written a mediocre book or two. Her gown was an opal-tinted velvet, white for the most part, but dimpling into a flame-shot pink at every reasonable oppor-A white velvet was worthy of comment also. A line of pearls ran up each seam from the hem to bosom, where the long strings were gathered in a knot and fell again in

white satin with ince frills.

Some pretty skating dresses have been brought out by the cold weather. One of the season's debutantes—a young southern girl, curiously—was on the ice at Central park a few days ago in a short black serge skirt with a trim black velvet toque that finished her off most piquantly. She looked like a Dresden shepherdess on skates—very pretty, but all your time was taken up with noping she wouldn't tumble, she was so certain to break if she got a kneck of any kind.

A brilliant blonde girl wore dark blue cloth with mink bands about the skirt and a blue velvet Russian blouse bodice fastened with big dull gold buttons. Her skating cap was black cloth with a black plume fastened with gold.

A dark green skirt flashed here and there in all sorts of fanciful evolutions. You could not help following its progress because a shaggy tartan blouse was worn above it whose colors stood out brilliant and strong. The skater carried a sable muff and wore a

velvet toque with dark green plumes.
You don't see so much good skating as you might look for, and yet you wouldn't look, perhaps, if you remembered how mild our winters have been for quite a good many years. The old skaters have stopped skating and the new ones get little enough practice in all conscience. in all conscience. Theater gowns are about the most inter

esting we see now. A soft mouse-gray cloth was one of the best on the stage at Daly's the other evening. The sleeves were of white cloth subroidered with silver, and the neck and hem of the princess robe were embroid-ored with Astrakhan. In the box at my right was a pale girl in a

green and white gown. The freek was white, I believe, with misty green draperies. The green and the white were both of light, soft texture, and blended and melted into other until the effect was wraithlike. gray felt hat was a little more substantial, else I should have felt as if I had sat three ours in a ghost's company, or so I believe.

A Louis XVI. flowered silk was a deal ore substantial. It has rose-colored velvet

sleeves and a bertha of old lace-quite this world, worldly.

A freek of scarlet cloth was certain to be looked at. That is what makes scarlet fashionable, I suppose. Its skirt was made more brilliant yet with gold embroidery and its bodice had a gold embroidered belt and a black release.

lack pelerine. Have you noticed that this month's owers, when artificial, are all frosted? The ball gowns are looped with rose garlands that are powdered as if they had bloomed out of doors and had been handled by Jack Frost, who yet hadn't hurt them. Violets and chrysanthemums are treated after the same fashion, which is brilliant enough, i unnatural. Mrs. Cleveland wore powdered flowers at a musicale the other day-frosted geraniums on a frock of dark green with crimson ribbon trimmings.

ELLEN OSBORN.



Sold by Grorers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



THE NEW YEAR

Is full of bright promise to those in the full enjoyment of health, strength and manly vigor, but filled with despair for those who have permitted themselves to become and remain the hopeless and helpless victim of

Nervous, Chronic Or Private Diseases.

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Those we had on sale were our \$10.50 suits, and there are a few of them left. Those we now put in are our regular \$15 suits, made of chev-

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We have received two cases of these goods bought for early delivery, but were not received by us until this week. They were to be sold at \$1.25 a garment, but rather than have them left on our hands would rather they were on the public's body; therefore, have put them down to the actual cost price.

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CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE. I rgain write you to say I have lost 13 pounds making 42 pounds lost in 10 weeks by using 4 bottles of Dr. Edison's Obesity Pilis and wearing his Obesity Band. Very truly yours. CHARLES H. KING.

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Corpulent men should pay some attention to reducing their weight. When a man is troubled with rheumatism, dyspepsia, kinney trouble or ner vousness the reducing of weight is slower, until the Obesity. Pills have cured the disease that caused obesity. The pills soften and beautify the skin of the face.

I am at liberty to cite a case in point. Under my arivice Mr. Armour used in Edison Obesity Band and 3 bottles of Pills and lost 29 pounds in 6 weeks. Other patients have been equally ruccessfuct.



Band measure at Nos. 1, 2, 3. Pric \$2.50 to 36 inches, and 10 cents extra for each additional inch. Pills \$1.50 a bottle, or three bottles for

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