# AN EASTER IDYL.

Harper's Bazar. The April sky had freakish clouds
To fleck its tender blue.
In blurs, in innees all of gold.
The April sun came through.
Buds burst them out a dierry rout,
And robins gan to sing.
As Mistress Jane came down the lane,
A pattern of the spring.

Her eyes did match the April blue,
Her gown the light cloud's gray,
And valley lilles kissed a throat
As fairly white as they.
The aliver wind blew yet more kind
That she did pass along.
And riches sweet before her feet
The receiling violets flung.

The purpling violets flung. Slow loitering at my lady's side That happy Easter time.

Full softly through the sunlit morn We heard the church belis chime. Her cheek grew red, as swift I said, While low her sweet eyes fell, "Grant me, I ask, the happy task To ring an Easter belle."

# AN EASTER OFFERING.

Anna Shields in New York Ledger. Susie Barelay sat in her room stitching busily, and at the same time building aircastles, the innocent aircastles of a girl of 18, who is just wakening to the consciousness of a heart to be won and given. She would have blushed with indignation and wounded feeling had any one told her she was actually in love. and there would have been no falsehood in her denial. Yet since Rev. James Castleton had come to Rosedale, and taken the church under his care, life had seemed brighter to Susie.

Rev. James Castleton was a quiet, rather reserved man of 35, not handsome, not especially gifted with eloquence. But in his soft gray eyes, in the curves of his gravely set mouth lay an expression of goodness, of unostentatious, true piety, that made his simple language more effective than the most elaborate oratory. Old women brought their sorrows to Mr. Castleton, and went away comforted, blessing him for an unaffected sympathy that doubled the value of his counsels. Children clustered about him wherever he called, and looked eagerly for his coming into Sunday school. The young people liked him and trusted him, wondering a little sometimes that one so grave and quiet could so thoroughly understand the troubles and temptations of youth.

He had shown an interest in Susie Barclay for many reasons. She was an orphan and had lost both parents and a sister within a fortnight, victims of a malignant fever raging in Rosedale, four years before. She was poor, having taken a position as pupil teacher in a seminary, and been household drudge as well, to earn an education. At the time Mr. Castleton came to Rosedale, Susie was teaching music, was organist at St. Mark's, and in leisure time at home earned many an odd dollar by embroid-

And it was upon embroidery she was busy on the week preceding Easter-Mr. Castleton's first Easter in Rosedale. As organist, Susie was compelled to take part in all the services at St. Mark's, but besides this regular attendance she was a devout, sincere member of the church, and gave her time, little as she could spare it, to the work in the missionary society, sewing circles and festivals of the year.

And the work upon which she was sewing so steadily Susie called, in her heart, her Easter offering. Mrs. Stacey. the richest woman in Rosedale, often employed Susie's busy fingers and it only made the gentle girl smile scornfully when she heard Bessie Stacey praised for the exquisite embrodery her own active fingers wrought.

Mrs. Stacey intended to make an Easter offering at St. Mark's of a new set of church linen, and she had engaged a to hem, stitch and embroider it. promising her \$10 for work she well knew would cost her three times that

sum in any city store.

And Susie had already appropriated that sum, in her mind. a large cross of white flowers, such as she had seen in her visits to the city, and present it to St. Mark's. Not one penny of those \$10 would she use for her expenses, and if Bessie Stacey let it be understood that she had embroidered the linen her mother presented, why Susie could give her cross and so balance matters.

For, somewhere in the depths of her heart, so far down she had never called it to the surface Susia knew that there was rivalry between Bessie Stacey and herself. She knew that Mr. Castleton was frequently at Mrs. Stacey's to luncheon, to dinner, to arrange various church matters in which Mrs. Stacey suddenly wakened to an interest she had never felt when good old Mr. Murray presided in the pulpit.

And Bessie wore the most becoming dresses right under the minister's eyes, while Susie's modest dresses were hidden behind the curtains of the organ loft.

As she worked in the passion-flowers encircling her cross, Susie thought of the order she would send to her Aunt Mary in the city for the cross she meant to buy. She had steadily put away the temptation to buy a new spring hat or one new dress, resolving to make over gray poplin once more and have her old hat cleaned and pressed. And, really, one must be eighteen, with a very limited, hard-earned wardrobe and a strong desire to appear attractive in the eyes of one parson, to appreciate the sacrifice Susie vas making. Ten dollars, with her economical habits, her skill in sewing, would go so far toward girlish

adornment! But it was to be her Easter offering; and if there lurked a thought of Mr. Castleton's words of praise or his grave eyes looking approvingly upon the tasteful gift, was she so very much to blame?

She had finished her work before sunset, and took it home. Mrs. Stacey was in the sitting room, where Bessie was opening the parcel containing a new silk suit for Easter Sunday, and Susie was called upon to admire the color, the

style, the general effect. 'It is dark for spring," Bessie said. fretfully.

"You know very well you cannot bear light colors," said her mother, "Your eyes and hair are all you can desire: your teeth are good, your features regular and your figure is simply perfect; but your complexion is thick and sallow and always will be until you stop eating so much rich food. Now here is Susie without; one really good feature in her face, with an insignificant figure, eyes of no color in particular, a sort of bluishgray, but with a complexion like a miniature painting. She can wear blue and softly tinted fabrics, but you cannot.'

She might have added that Susie's hair was the color of corn-silk and one mass of waves and soft ringlets; that Susie's mouth was like a baby's in its tender curves and sweet expression; that Susie's eyes were full of intelligence and gentle, womanly sweetness; but she forgot to mention these points, and Susie was crushed, as she intended her to be in spite af her complexion.

But Mrs. Stacey took out her pocketbook, and from it a \$10 gold piece. "You can buy a new hat," she said, in a patronizing way, indescribably irritat-

ing. "No," Susie said. quietly: "this is to be my Easter offering.

"No," Susle said. quietly: "this is to bry, sparkling and delicious. Cook's Imperial Champagne. Keep it in your ice chest for your friends, they will appreciate it.

you mind, on your way home, taking this linen to Mrs. Byrne's to wash and Tell her I must have it on Friday at the very latest!"

shy to refuse, and rolled the linen up

with seven children, whose shusband

after subjecting her to all the miseries

of a drunkard's wife, had released her

by pitching headnest on below Rosedale, into the river. Woman

like, she grieved for him, as if he had

made her life a bed of roses, and

turned to her washtubs for a living,

patiently and industriously. A very sun-

beam of a woman she was, in spite of

her troubles, and Susie was amazed to

find her sitting on the doorsteps sobbing

like a child. She rose to receive Mrs.

Stacev's message, and promised to do the

work, and then, in answer to Susie's

gentle: "You are in trouble, I am afraid," her grief broke out in words.

us since poor Tim was drownded, but in-

still full of gentle sympathy.
"It's Nora, miss. She's been delicate,

miss, iver since she was born, and the

dochter says her lungs is wake, and it's

a bad cough she's got, and we're too near

she'll take Nora for her own, an' give

her own, hasn't sister Mary; but she's

an' the child just dyin' here by inches.

for she will help me, and sloppin' in the washing's bad for her. She coughs that

bad at night, miss, and the doctor says

the air in B-- would be the makin of

'But, surely, you will send her," said

"There it is, miss! Mary, she can't

to ax the loan of it, and work it out a little at a time on the washin; but she

told me she could not spare it. An' she

rich! I'm thinkin', miss, perhaps she'd

this embroidered linen to show off at

Was it to serve the Lord or for her own

vanity she wanted ts give the white

eross to St. Mack's? Saving a human life! The thought almost took her

hundred. I can't get it."
"Yes, for I will give it to you; and you

can ask the Lord to bless my Easter

And before the astonished woman

"The Lord be good to her! The saints

trudging about in all weathers to

"An

could reply the shining gold piece lay in

her hand and Susie was speeding home-

she t'aching for her own bread and butter

"You seem surprised at something. Mrs. Byrne," said a quiet, deep voice at

her elbow, and she looked up to see Mr.

Castleton standing beside her. "I came

over to see if you could come up to the

parsonage and help Mrs. Willis tomor-

"Yes, sir! I'll come, and be thankful

And out came the whole story

row. She has some extra work on hand.

to you. An' I am surprised—jest dazed like." And out came the whole store

from the grateful woman's lips, ending

self in her own way, while Mrs. Stacey, that's rollin' in money, couldn't spare

"And it's workin' she is as hard as me-

Easter services were over and Mrs.

Stacey had invited Mr. Castleton to

dinner. She had told no direct lie, but

certainly had given the impression, that

the lovely embroidery upon the new linen was the work of Bessie's fingers.

As they drove home she asked Mr.

which of the offerings was Miss Bar-

"Don't think me impertment, but

"Was there one offering of \$10 in the

"Such hypocrisy!" sneered Bessie.
"It was not necessary for Miss Barclay

to tell you, mamma, she was going to

give \$10 for an Easter offering, but she

need not have told a falsehood about

'Nor did she," said Mr. Castleton.

But he made no further explanation;

nor did Susie, when summer time

brought her a letter asking her to share

his life and labors, know that Mrs. Byrne

Scene in a Theater Lobby.

It was early afternoon in the lobby at Daly's, says the New York Sun. The

matinee was to begin in half an hour and

at least twenty-five women waited their

turns at the box office. The line wound

like a snake around the lobby. Sand-

wiched in among the women were a few

messenger boys with notes and two or

three servants in livery.
The women did little to hold their

places. Many of them faced about and

made up little groups talking volubly.

There was a hitch somewhere, for the

line did not move at all, but the women

did not seem to notice that. They were

Presently a young man entered appar-

ently in great haste. He glanced at the

long line impatiently and looked at his

watch. There was no help for it, so he

took his place at the end of the line and

tapped his foot on the floor nervously.

Minutes passed and the young man won-

dered what the delay was. He left his

place and stepped out into the lobby

There was no one buying tickets. The

agent looked out through the tiny barred

window, expectantly drumming the table with his fingers. The head of the line

was to his right, out of sight. A group

line. The one whose turn it was at the

window had her back to it and was talk-

ing rapidly, almost excitedly, to her three

companions, all of whom seemed much

interested. She gesticulated occasionally

with her neatly gloved hand and joined

with the others in a merry laugh every

The young man hesitated only a mo-

bought a couple of tickets. Then he

touched the first lady on the arm and

"Pardon me, but it is your turn."
"My turn!" exclaimed the lady, turning with surprise. "Why, what do you

Then, looking around with a puzzled

'Oh, the tickets! That's so. Thank

Mrs. Brown, I've been talking fifteen minutes. I forgot where I was. I'll tell

ou what James said in a minute, Mrs.

The ticket office then resumed busi-

Brown, Oh, Mister, oh-say, please give

sir. I quite forgot. Why-why,

expression, she suddenly exclaimed:

me the two best seats you have.

He watked to the window and

of four ladies formed the head of

where he could see the box office.

had told him the story of her charity.

'No-a \$5 bill was the largest,

"Her Easter offering was \$10,"

Castleton sweetly:

collection?"

talking.

now and then.

elay's?"
"None that I know of:"

bless her bed!" cried Mrs. Byrne.

"You can send Nora if you have \$10?"

The words struck Susie like a stab.

-. I was up to Mrs. Stacey's,

she's stronger. She's not much

who lives at B---, she's wrote

air here is bad for her intirely.

the say here in Rosedale.

sister.

St. Mark's."

she asked.

earn a dollar!"

"A chance lost?" said Susie, her voice

deed it's a chance lost I'm fretting for.'

"for the Lord's been very good to

Twe no right to complain, miss,"

pitching headfirst off the bridge

Mrs. Byrne was a hard working woman

It was growing dark, and Susie re-membered that so far from being "on her way home," Mrs. Byrne lived at the Spirited Attack on the Famous Fortress by the Mississippi Fleet. other end of Rosedale, but she was too

INCIDENTS RECALLED BY A PARTICIPANT

THE RIVER RAID ON DONELSON

Recollections of Admiral Foote, the Commander-The Army and Navy Union-How General Resure. gard was Idollzed.

J. B. McCullagh, now known all over the country as the editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, gives in his paper some very interesting reminiscences of Admiral Foote, with whom he was brought in contact during his briliant career as war correspondent in the late rebellion. As I remember Commodore-afterwards Admiral-Foote in the early days of the Mississippi flotilla, writes Mr. McCullagh, he was a man of nearly 60, below the medium stature, with gray hair and whiskers and a pair of piercing but kindly blue eyes. He was always, on or off duty, arrayed in the fine naval uniform of his rank, and was quite an interesting figure on the badly paved streets of Cairo, where I first met him. He was a man of intensely religious nature and character, and quite a fanatic on the subject of temher schooling and not let her work till perance. One Sunday night in Cairo he dropped into a church, and findno childer since she put four in the churchyard, and she'll be good to Nora, ing the pulpit still vacant ascended it in uniform and was in the midst of a strong practical sermon when the pastor arrived and was only too glad to let him proceed. I had been sent to Cairo by the Cincinnati Gazette to act as correspond-ent from that quarter. The gunboats had just returned from the bloodless victory of Fort Henry and were fitting out for what afterwards proved to be for them the very disastrous defeat of Fort sind money out an' out, and it costs \$6 to Donelson. The commodore happened to be suffering just then from a rheumatic hand and his infirmity became my opportunity, for through a friend I offered my services, which were promptly accepted, and thus I obtained a berth on the flag be servin' the Lord as well's savin' a girl's life, you may say, instead of buyin' all ship of the squadron, the St. Louis. The fleet consisted of four ironclads-

the St. Louis, the Louisville, the Pitts-burg and the Carondelet-and two wooden vessels, the Tyler and Conne-The latter, though well handled, were not of much service in the engagement. In this action each of the no assistance until the others had been ironclads worked her two bow guns to their full capacity. I have forgotten their caliber, but they were the largest of the time, and the eight in concert Yes, miss; but it might as well be a made a fearful racket. The gunboats were of a very slow motion. They were propelled by a large paddle wheel located amidships, which seemed to have all it could do sometimes to stem the current of the Mississippi, and afterwards the Cumberland, in a bend upon the right bank of which, as we ascended. Fort Donelson was located. The ironeladwere built of very heavy oak, plated with wrought iron an inch and a half to two inches thick and supposed to be proof against the heaviest artillery. The condition of the ships and crews after the battle showed that the latter supposition was incorrect. The pilot house was on the upper It was conical in deck, well forward. shape and would hold four men standing up and two or three more reclining on cots in the angles formed by contact with the deck. It was entered by a ladder from below, reaching from the gun deck It was built of oak and iron and was intended to have more resisting power than any other part of the ship; but those who occupied it during the engagement discovered that this was a mistake. I called at the commodore's jest the loan of it, for it's not begging cabin late on the night of the 13th to ask my services as an amanuensis were "No," the commodore said, with much cheerfulness, "everything is ready now. Before I go to bed I will pray for victory, which I think we shall win, or for the next best thing to victory,

which is grace to bear defeat." Everything was in readiness on the morning of February 14, and the commodore signaled the ships to move in the order previously agreed upon and to prepare for action. The St. Louis, being the flagship, led the procession. She carried the commodore's pennant, and this, together with the fact that she was in front, of course made her the principal target for the batteries of the fort accompanied the commodore from his cabin to the pilot house, where we both remained until after the battle was over. As we passed along the gun deck the commodore, pointing to one of the few among the crew who had seen sea service, said to me: "That old man was with me in the China seas; he is a typical'salt'and is full of sailor superstitions. know he don't like this thing of going into action on Friday." Sure enough, I saw the old man in the hospital that night nursing a wounded leg, and he insisted that it was all because it was Friday. When we reached the pilot house the commodore said it was one of his sick-headache days," and immediately threw himself on a cot which filled one of the angles of the small apartment, directing me at the same time to stand at one of the little iron windows and report to him how we were progressing.

brought to a focus on the fort. Very soon there was a puff of white smoke from one of the batteries and I cried out, "Here she comes." She did come, too, in the shape of a cannon ball, which hissed and wnizzed past us in an instant. The pilots began to swear as the first shot was swiftly followed by the second, the third and the fourth. Then there was a slight pause as if for better aim, for with a renewal of firing the balls began to strike the ship and to pound against the pilot The pilots swore louder than ever. I thought a thousand damns but attered none. The commodore raised himself from his cot in remonstrance. "Tut, tut, tut, men, don't swear; it does no good," said he. Subsequently he re-buked us all for "ducking" in foolish efforts to get out of the way of approaching cannon balls. "You can't escape by ducking; you are more apt to got hit while you are doing that," said he, adding that he had seen men cut in two in the China war by ducking who would not have been hurt standing up. He then asked me whether the firing from our ships was damaging the fort. him it was doing very well; that the men in the fort were hustling around pretty lively and that our shots were throwing up the mud around the fort in big lots, but I could not tell whether any

I had a good field glass, which I

of the confederate guns had been dismounted. All this time the St. Louis had been noving toward the fort at full speed. 'We are getting awfully close, commo dore; through this glass I can almost put my hand on the fellows at the guns in the fort." "That's right," said the commodore in a voice without the slightest emotion. "Put on a little more steam, Mr. Pilot, and get as close as you can." As between the fort and the fleet it was now a mighty hot fight. Shots were striking the vessel and the pilot house at the rate of several a minute. When they struck us squarely on the armored bow, between the two great gun ports, the vessel recled and trembled from stem to stern; it was like a man struck on the forehead with a heavy fist.

From within the pilot house we could ten years are now compelled to leave hear the great iron bails imbedding the army and embark on the unknown themselves in the armor with a thump sea of life; and, if they have strength and a thud, as though knocking for admission and determined soon to gain it. The commodore, still-lying on his cot. unable to see what what was going on ahead, as the two little windows were secupied, one by the pilot on duty and the other by myself as the commodore's lookout, kept asking for more steam, and was only half satisfied when told from below that the ship could not carry another pound of steam without danger of an explosion. "Get right under the fort; that's the way to fight," said the

commodore. We were now within 200 yards of the fort and the air was full of the iron hull of all the guns on both sides. One could almost see the big projectifes as they crossed each others path going in opposite directions. The men in the fort were being rapidly driven from their guns, but they had good refuge behind combproof embankments and they rallied easily and speedily. What had been long feared and expected came at last. A shell from the best and largest rifled gun in the fort-a gun that had been trained on our pilot house since the opening of the battle-struck our armored plating at right angles and came crashing through the iron and the oak as through a piece of pasteboard. It must have exploded either in coming through or immediately on entering the lot house: at any rate we picked up a full bushel of iron fragments from the floor of the pilot house last night. The pilot who was at the wheel at the time. a brave fellow named Reilly, of Cincinnati, was struck on the thigh and bled to death in an hour; the commodore was badly and painfully wounded on the leg went on crutches during the remainder of his life: three others were hurt in various ways: I was the only one of six who entirely escaped. Everything was in chaos inside of our

shattered citadel, but the commodore, sorely wounded though he was, had sufficient presence of mind to order the steam shut off, as the vessel was still moving toward the fort without pilot or rudder, and the fort was playing upon her with terrible effect. What saved us all from death or capture was the fact that we were fighting up stream, and when disabled we soon drifted out of range. Had we been fighting down stream we should have drifted into the fort under an awful fire and inevitable destruction. The other vessels of the fleet were all badly damaged, but none so badly as the St. Louis. The commodore lost neither courage nor temper on account of his wound. I summoned the surgeon to his aid, but he would receive We carried him down the ladserved. der and along the gun deck to his cabin: but he was cool, watchful, courageous and observant, and did not retire until he knew that his injured vessel was safely moored to the shore beyond the reach of the confederate guns. "God's will be done, but it's only a temporary setback," said be, as we laid him on his cabin lounge.

Creoles Idolized Beauregard. Since the death of General Beauregard there remains but one full-fledged general who fought on either side in the war of the rebellion says the New York That one is General Jubal Early who was associated with Beauregard as a reader of the numbers and prizes at the drawing of the lottery which has its headquarters in New Orleans. men more unlike one another than these surviving high chieftians of the confederacy could scarcely be imagined. General Early has a tall, stooping, ungainly figure which he likes to dress loosly in clothes of "business cut" and confederate gray. He has been described as looking like Father Time. His fine large head is par-tially bald, but what it lacks of hair is more than offset by the full white beard that covers the front of his waistcoat, He is of genuine American stock and is of the countrybred, homespun type. A frank, robust, hearty man, vigorous in mind as in body, he represents hundreds of thousands of the men who, make up the force and muscle of our people. General Beauregard, on the other hand, was a polished man, the ideal city man the offspring of an ancient town that had borrowed the civilization of France while yet the greater part of our south was in the hands of pioneers. - What he looked to be in New Orleans he would have looked on Broadway, on Oxford street, or on the Parisian boulevards. He was tall, slender and shapely, faultessly dressed, with an ornament or gar-

ment to attract attention, and he was courteous and self-controlled and amiade under all circumstances. Between Virginia and Mississippi General Beuregard was often spoken of sorrowfully after he began to serve the lottery company as one who had failed to fully appreciate the honor that his fellow men of the south accorded him. Louisiana, among the people of French and Spanish extraction, he was idolized. An anecdote of the war illustrates the position that he occupied then as the most distinguished of all the erecle men. An Englishman, visiting New Orleans during the close of the rebellion, said to a French creole: are a fortunate people to have such an

able leader in the war." "Oh, yes," said the creole, "General Beauregar' is one devil of a fightair, and ze perfect gent'eman." 'I refer to General Lee," said the

Englishman. "Lee? General Lee? Who is zat?" the creole inquired.

"Why, Robert E. Lee, I mean, of course," said the Englishman.
"No," said the French-American, "I know nossing of zat man Lee. I nevaire remember to hat hear General Beauregar' mention hees name."

The story exaggerates the situation. in all probability, but it is told in New Orleans to illustrate the regard which the creoles had for their hero. He remained their hero until he died. It is a matter of common belief in the south that the two old generals who shared so much hardship, danger and discomfort in their companionship as soldiers were able to draw salaries of \$30,000 each during this later comradeship which has been broken by Beauregard's death.

To the Editor of THE BEE: The Army

and Navy union is becoming a very vigorous infant. Though only recently organized it is moving forward at a winging pace that is truly astonishing. Two years ago the order numbered less than a dozen garrisons, with a membership of about 500. The last published statement shows the order to have increased to over 100 garrisons, with a membership of about 15,000. This is a wonderful increase, and must be viewed with amazement by the older civic and military organizations throughout the country. The union is composed entirely regular army and navy veterans both in and out of the service, but its chief element of strength is, and will continue to be, from those who have served under the starry banner, and are now in the civil walks of life. This strength is constantly in-creasing by additions from the several branches of service. Recent legislation at Washington has so changed the laws as to take from the soldier all that feeling of pride and esprite de corps in his profession that heretofore has been his most marked characteristic. The army has received one of the greatest blows in its history. Soldiers who have served

sea of life; and, if they have strength and courage and luck, they may be able to ride the waves and pilot their good hip to peaceful and profitable waters, but should they lack these qualities of be unfortunate in managing the help they must go down to the "dark unfathomed caves," never to rise again.

had the framer of this iniquitous meas ure permitted the government to keep faith with the soldiers already in the service, and enacted the law so that it would affect new recruits only, then those enlisting would know just what they were doing at the time of entering the service, and be in a position to gove ern themselves accordingly. This would at least come under the head of common business sincerity and fair dealing. But to break faith with those to whom the government held out the inducement of ultimate retirement as a reward for long and faithful service, and anddenly and without warning, tell men who have devoted their lives to the profession of a soldier that they must go out into the world and begin life over again, and at an age when their habits from a long military career have become so fixed that they are absolutely for the new life, is a breach of faith so serious and harmful to the little band of patriots, at whom the blow is directed that it really seems astounding that this mighty empire of the west, this great, drong, rich government, should have allowed its statutes to be stained with a measure so petty and parsimonious; a measure hatched in secret, with evil aforethought and containing all the ele ments of bad faith, broken pledges and the most flagrant injustice.

But to return to the Army and Navy union: The great majority of these veterans going out of the service together with those from the naval and marine services, will join the ranks of the union in civil life, as the thousands who are already out are fast doing. This means a perpetual increase, which, in time will make the order one of the strongest and grandest of its kind in the Occasionally we lose a good member, but it is seldom, and we never lose the hope of getting him back into the fold again, for our motto is, "For-

It is said that "everything comes to him who waits."

It may be that a certain legislator, now masquerading in the halls of congress as a statesman, may wake up to the importance of this little giant just before he is put to sleep. His political epitaph is already prepared, and when the time comes it will be inscribed upon one of the choicest Vermont headstones procurable. According to one of the theories of

theosophy there can be no effect without a cause, and no cause without an effect: and adapting this line of thought to the present case, the cause has originated with this alleged statesman, and the effeet has been vitally harmful to a worthy and deserving body of men; but the effeet will not end here, for as sure as the rubber ball thrown against the wall comes bounding back, just so sure will the harm this man has done to thousands of his honest fellowmen come bounding back, to follow him relentlessly until his memory is deeply buried in the infamy of years." SENTINEL.

# A WESTERN WAITRESS.

She Rides Her Broucho and Appears Like a Society Belle.

"The contrasts, between western and eastern life are growing less marked as civilization pushes its way into the region once known as the frontier," said a well known explorer of our own country to a Washington News man.

While I was riding through a mining district in southern Colorado last summer, however, I saw an example of pure feminine democracy that reminded me of the days that we read about in fiction dealing with American life fifteen years ago. "It was at a log cabin hotel. I was

watching some cow-punchers and prospectors who were 'swapping lies,' when my attention was attracted by a young girl mounted on a broncho, who rode up to the door, sprang lightly to the ground and vanished in the cabin.

'She was neatly and tastefully dressed. Her riding habit must have been cut in London or New York. There was an air about her that was altogether foreign to the surroundings. I wondered who she could be. One of the cow-punchers led her pony to the corral and my thoughts took another turn.

"Supper was announced a couple of hours later. I accompanied the clean but curiously dressed westerners into the rudely furnished apartments, where a bountiful and really well-cooked meal was served. There was but one waitress, a good-looking girl with a figure well qualified to compete with that of Ada Rehan as a model Venus. She wore a spotless white apron over a close-fitting cloth dress. She reminded me of some society girl playing maid at a charity affair. I glanced at her face and was somewhat surprised, used as I am to the unusual in the west, to recognize the young lady as the same who had returned from a pleasant ride in the after-

noon. "I afterward inquired about her and learned that she was the regular hired girl, or waitress. She did her work thoroughly, and when she was through with it she took advantage of the possi bilities that the surroundings offered and enjoyed herself thoroughly. "The pony was her own-nothing

strange in that-you can get a pony for \$35 in Colorado. "But it does seem a little queer to eastern notions to be waited upon by a swell equestrienne, does it not?

The No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson with its ro tary movement, is the lightest running machine in the market, and is unequalled for speed, durability and quality of Sold by W. Lancaster & Co., 614 South Six tehnt street.

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Dr. Edison — Dear Sir: I am well pleased with
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twice the money it cost for comfort. I have
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H. M. Burton. They Are Doing Me Good.

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S. M. Raley, P. O. Box 75. Talk So Much About Your Pills.

Peorts, Ill., June 18, 1891.

Dear Sirs: After bearing one of my friends talk so much about your Objects Pills and the benefit he is deriving from them I think I will try them mysolf Please send me 3 boilds C. U. D., and oblige.

J. Mollins. 400 Forry Street. Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less

Goshen, Ind. Sept. 18, 1822.

Gentlemen: Inclosed I send you \$4, for which you will please send no three bottless of the obesity pills. Am taking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh 13 pounds less than when I began taking them. I will continue your treatment.

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An individual whose height is feet 1 inch should weigh feet 8 inches feet 10 inches 175 pound # 160 170 "

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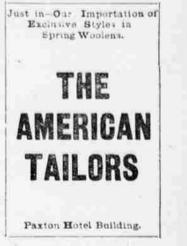
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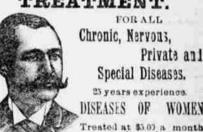




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