AMONG THE COSTERMONGERS

Peculiar Features of Their Life, Costume and Appearance.

MATING AT FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS

How Wakeman Happily Reunited "Slampy Jem" and "Becky" After Gambling Had Broken Up the Home and Separated the Twain.

[Copyrighted, 1891.] LONDON, May 9 .- [Correspondence of Time BEE. |-In that most unsavory portion of London lying between Bethnal Green, Billings gate market and the London docks, I have passed many strange days and stranger nights among those most curious and interesting folk known as the London costermongers. It all came about in an accidental way, as most pleasant things are sure to happen to the vagrant traveler who leiters rather than rushes through old world scenes, and so cheap with allthat when I came to figure expenditures and found that not £10 had been required to give me permanent status with the entire fraternity, I felt some twinges of conscience that my footing made so beggarly a showing. Two pounds ten were invested in a coster's cart and donkey; three pounds went to prevent a domestic tragedy; eighteen shillings bought a second-band coster's barrow outright; four shillings were paid for a "pegging" chaffinch; twelve shillings sixpence took me to the Derby as a coster in the costers' annual parade; another two pounds was lost on the suppositiously unimpeaceable. judgment of a coster companion who introduced me to several brilliant "pegging" contests in the Whitechapel districts: and the remaining fifteen-six was squandered without compunction in coster tea parties, by the side of coster rat pits, in coster "penny gaffs," and at coster tap rooms-all of which, as I have taken the reader thus far into a personal confidence, should be susceptible of rigid explanation. To begin with, that all this and these

London folk may be understood, there must be something said about costers in the abstract. There are from 50,000 to 60,000 of them in the great metropolis. They are the hawkers of fish, vegetables and fruit. It is not true as with us when any one that hawks is a hawker that any one who "costers" in London would be a coster. These costers are a separate race. They are the only hawkers here. They are a distinct, characterful and integral part of this great and ever wonderful Babel of London. It is known that they have been precisely what they now are for nearly 500 years.

The earliest record of London costermongers' cries is said to be in Lydgate's poem of "Lendon Lyckpenny" in the time of Henry V., about 475 years ago. Shakespeare refers contemptuously to "these costermonger times;" Hen Jonson makes his Morose swoon if he hears a costermonger's cry; and Dr. Johnson gives the derivation of 'costardmonger" as originating in the street sale of apples or costards "round and bulky like the head."

The result is that the costermongers of the London of today form almost a little realm of their own, ever changing in confines yet changeless in character and antiquity, with a purer strain of blood, of its kind, than half of the English nobility; and with ancient customs and traditions remaining inexorable laws of guidance to themselves; all to a more marked degree than is true of any equal number of people in any corner of

At his daily labors the coster will have on his head a small cloth cap well to one side, with the visor either pointed to the sky or sawing one side of his neck. He is never without his black or flashily colored silk "kingsman" or heavy, loosely gathered neckerchief, always tied in a sailor's knot and the erchief, always tied in a saior's knot and the ends tucked in the folds of his gay woolen shirt, the whole exposing a fine, well corded and often hairy neck and chest. His waist-coat is long, like a jockey's, with capacious pockets and huge tabs, and always of cordu roy or velveteen. His trousers are half Mexican in cut, of cordured or coarse ducking, and their wide bottoms flap over the best shoes worn by any lowly men in Le Added to this are pearl or polished metal buttons innumerable

In the matter of buttons their "best togs" for Sundays and holidays are truly startling. Whether of metal or pearl, they are from a half inch to an inch in diameter, and are set as thickly as they can be placed around the cap band and visor edge, down the edge of the waisteoat from throat to point, above every pocket and along the edges of all lapels, upon the sleeves nearly from wrist to elbow, and along the wide plush side stripes of the trousers, from just below the knee to last button clicks and patters against the pavement and the shoe,

The coster women are none the less strik The coster women are none the less striking in their garb and appearance. Like the men, they are all well shed and wear short coarse serge petticoats, showing their ankles and shapely feet. Their waists are always low at, or are left open in, the neck and usually the latter, as with the men, is adorned with a flashy silk neckerchief, while a small woolen plaid or silk shawl covers the shoulders, its ends crossed upon the breast where it is always fastened with a brooch of bure dimensions. a brooch of buge dimensions.

But the hair and the headgear are most distinctive. From these alone a coster girl is anywhere recognizable. The hat is of straw or felt, and always as large as a coster's cartwheel. It protrudes alarmingly in ter's cartwheel. It protrudes alarmingly in front, and above this canopy waves a forest of ostrich plumes. Coster girls belong to clubs for the purchase of these prized feathers, and there is no ordinary sacrifice they will not make to possess the largest plumes that can be bought. The hair is bestowed behind in a large braid. A "part" extends from this immediately over each car, and a heavy, straight tab lies against either cheek. Above the forehead the hair falls straight almost to the brows, but is then frizzled and curied until it stands upward and outward like monstrous matted ward and outward like monstrous matted

The nearest approach to a home among the costers is where the coster is fairly well-to-do, and owns the donkey and cart or a couple or three. In these extremely rare instances you will often find the coster, his wife or mate, their children and the donkoys in one basement room together. But the character of the man's and the woman's work keep them upon the street. They eat at cheap chop houses and coffee stails. Their evenings are passed at the tap-room, the "penny-gaff" shows, the rat-pit and the

Boys and girls leave their parents and mate at from 14 to 16 years. They take furnished rooms in the coster districts of Leather Lane, Drury Lane, Shoreditch, Old Street Road, Marylebone Lane, Dockhead, Bethnai Green, Whitechapel, Camberwell and the like and are at once full-fledged costers. Children are born to them and are "minded" for the first year or two. Then they take their chances for life and education in the slums. At 6 or 7 they accompany their parents or are hired out to other cos ters. In a few years more some fancied slight or too severe a beating occurs, or the coster lads or lasses have met their affinity. and they are away for themselves without artings or regrets.

They are all, men and women, confirmed

and hopeless gamblers in a petty way. Fre-quently they will back their favorite chaf-finches, which are trained to fight as well as sing, or dog, or puglist, to the less of everything they possess. I do not believe there is a coster in London who has not at some time been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of the been a year's labor with the cost of t some time been a year's labor and thrift be-hind his body and the clothes upon it from ill luck at gambling. Some go to the dogs completely from it. Then they commit suicide composedly. This very curse of their character enabled me to become one of them for so long as I liked. I had unavailingly tried all means of which I was capable to become familiar with them. While cheery and friendly enough they would never be their real solves in my presence. But I kept manner them degredly about "the joyous which real solves in my presence but I kept manner them degredly about "the joyous which we soon secured by exchange and seighborhood of Covenit Garden" market. seighborhood of Covent Garden" market, a moderate extra payment; of the gradual

where from 3,000 to 4,000 may daily be seen, until opportunity at last came.

I used to saunter for hours about the I used to saunter for hours about the famous market in the early morning. On a certain May morning of last year I found among the peas-shellers under the market colonnades, opposite the ancient Tavistock hotel, one of the women, comely enough for a wonder among these who are generally indescribable hars, shelling in a describate and or was and critical at the market. desperate sort of way and crying as though her heart would break. More tears than pennies fell in her bowl, and the old Jezebels about her were, after quite the fashion of women, adding to her misery by taunting her with the foolishness of her marriage. which had evidently gone amiss. When these taunts became insufferable she would quietly punch one or another of their heads when there would be a little savage scuffling and then she would resume her tears and peas. I could see she was a costerwoman; and in a few minutes waiting I gathered enough to know minutes waiting I gathered enough to know that the weeping peas-sheller had run away from coster father and mother, married a coster youth of "fancy" or sporting proclivities, and that the latter, possessed of a fronzy over some chaffluch or dog had stripped the pair, time after time, of donkey, cart and home belongings, as he often lost all; and, worse yet, had become so infamous among his kind that in all London he could not borrow a half crown to start anew, usually an easy thing for a coster to anew, usually an easy thing for a coster to do, nor so much as a "thr'penny bit" with which to quench his Thirst and drown his despondency. That very morning Beeky, the weaping peas-sheller, had tragically left her incorratible husband "for good and all," and at that very moment the latter, known as "Slumpsy Jem" for his ill luck and incorrigibility, was turning away from gibing coster groups, one after another the picture of irretrievable despair.

The language of these folk is simply unrintable, not because of the costers' inten-tional obscenity and profanity, as they have the deepest pride in their own speech and ways. "Slumbsy Jem" himself qualled under the fusiliade that morning. He slunk away like one pursued, and I followed him. Half way down Soutbampton street, he made a last effort to retrieve frimself by begging a losn from "Jenny Williams, the Minder"—a a minder of whips for the last thirty years for all the greeagreers' carters who crowd that theroughfare between the Strand and the market. Jenny was "up to snuff," and beat him off with her whips. Then he beat him off with her whips. Then he plunged into the Strand at a run; squirmed among and through the thundering vehicles, St. Paul's way, to Waterloo bridge; here halted a moment or I could not have overtaken him; and then started doggedly toward the Surrey side. He afterwards told me it was for "a header" into the Thames.

But I soon ran alongside him, and before the was half way to the middle of the bridge had him by the shoulder, and then, telling him he could attend to the little matter he had in mind just as well later in the day, marched him, a willing and wondering pris-oner, to a cheap grill house in the Strand for breakfast. Even an outcast costermonger filled with good food, and in company where the clink of silver is, is a different sort of fellow than one just on the point of "taking a header" off Waterloo bridge. But he could do little else than bulge his eyes and after much emotional effort spurt out his istonishment in

astonishment in.

"Gor bii me, but 'ere's a go!"

It was a still greater "go" when, a half hour later, I had him help me ransack every foul pawnshop in the Minories and we gathered up all the poor shreds of their home-belongings, even to his own brilliant Sunday "kingsman," or neckcloth, the veritable four-shilling "pegging" chaffinen which had been his downfall, and Becky's famous estrich plume, the erst pride and envy of Shoreditch; and after such a charwoman's scrubbing and scouring as the place had scrubbing and scouring as the place had never before known, got the broken home together again in the selfsame spot before St. Paul's bells had struck the mid-day

chimes.

"Gawd strike me lucky! hit's a likelier pallus than the lud may'r's. One gaze o' hit'd put h'out poor donah's (darling, mistress, wife) heyes—Gor bli me, so't would!" was Slumpsy's parting apostrophe, as we mounted a penny bus cityward way, though the dazed coster was still ignorant of

though the dazed coster was still ignorant of our destination.

We were soon at Drury Lane. I knew an alchouse, hard by Long Acre, where the peas-shellers drowned their woes when their work was done, and sometimes danced and fought. Sure enough Jenuy was there, still weeping over a pot of four ale and a cold sausage; but the greatest "go" of all was iese costers' meeting, drenched in tears, cowned in a full "million o' bitter" for parting cheer among the now enthusiastic peas-sheller companions, and storm-swept with "Gor bli mes!" "Strike me deads, or luckys!" and other still more unctious coster luckys!" and other still more unctious coster oaths. The "poor douah's heyes" were quite "put out" on seeing her little, and loved if little, home rebuilt as if by magic and all the rueful prophecies of her nagging companions so marvelously put to naught; and to do the poor soul justice her gratitude and delight were inexpressibly greater to discover that, the magic the total ext of discover that the magic-the total cost of which had been but three pun' four! -had been wrought on the conflinching condition that Slumpay Jem was a reformed gambler now and ever more.

I left them alone with the greatest joy

that had ever come to London costers until evening. Then we dressed in our best and joined a costers' tea party at a near coster friends'; for in a few hours their great good fortune had been noised about, and, as with other folk of higher grade, the silver key had unlocked unwilling doers; and after-wards passed a thrillful hour at a genuine Whitechapel "penny gaff," where from 400 to 500 costers, Billingsgate porters, Lambeth butcher boys and Whitechapel riffraff were packed in a noisome old shed to witness a "gaff," or outrageously ridiculous panto-"gaff," or outrageously ridiculous panto-mine, or voiceless melodrama, or wordless tragedy in which there were indescribable murder, highway robbery and other lurid crime, but all enacted without spoken word to evade the law governing dramatic repre-scutations; and got to our beds in Bell lane before midnight—for I had determined to house, live and be after the coster fashion completely until the pair were well or their ompletely until the pair were well on their

completely until the pair were well on their feet in this strange London coster world.

On Sunday there is a crazy sort of fair of goats, fowls, ferrets, rats for destroying beetles, rats for the pit, chaffinches, rabbits and much other unsavory live stock, held in the rear of Shoreditch church in Haro street, hard by our coster home. After breakfast we repaired thither and bought a respectable second-hand barrow and donkey for "two pun' ten," some seives, shallows and baskets for a few shillings more, and then passed part of the day in Epping forest with a million or so of other lowly London costers. On Monday we were all at Covent Garden market, at 4 o'clock in the morning, and had market, at 4 o'clock in the morning, and had a load of crisp vegetables disposed of by 1 o'clock in the afternoon among the 'ludging 'ouse' keepers of Bloomsbury, at a net profit, including some repairs for our cart and harness and food for our donkey, which had proven a brave and heartsome beast, of six shillings and fourpence. On Tuesday we sold cheap meat from Smithfield in the Min-ories, at a profit of eight shillings and nine-pence. Wednesday we were unlocky on shrimps and sprats, and gained but two shillings. Thursday, with vegetables, we cleared but five shillings. On Friday with rish, as I had friends at Billingsgate markethaid got favors, we returned home with a profit of eleven shillings and ninopence. But Saturday's efforts gave us the greatest achievement of all. I determined to sell to a Gypsy camp at Wandsworth. At the men-tion of Gypsies, Slumpsy and Becky were horrified. But I knew the Gypsy taste and Gypsy pocket, and we filled our cart with poultry, meat and fish. It was a long journey for a coster cart, out through old Chel-sea, across Chelsea bridge, and into Surrey at Wagus worth; but our day's sales notted twenty-one shillings and threepence, be-sides our odd experience with the Romany alk of that metropolitan Gypsyrie; and it was a glorious Saturday night when we found that our total carnings had been two pounds, lifteen shillings and a penny; or a net profit, after deducting every expense net profit, after deducting every expense of food and reut of two pounds, two shillings

and ninepence.
A long, long story, though a pleasant one, sheers which at arst greeted us in coster so-ciety; the hard words and the sublimated Billingsgate heaped upon us, and occasion-ally the times when we had to "put up our fivers" and contest our right to buy and sell among those where catracism had been com-plete; of the luminous chaffing their "Lucky

evolution of these felk into non-gambling, non-drinking, fairly respectable man and woman; of their inexpressible pride when, after all debts and the like had been eleared away, there was issued to the pair, who almost breathlessly and altogether simultaneously exclaimed "Gor bil me, but 'ere is a ge!" by the officials of the Postoffice Savings bank, No. 27 St. Paul's Churchyard, a huge deposit book, with "£5.5.6" to their credit. And I am proud to add, that, though Becky has not been able to follow the cart with her cheery voice and pleasant ways quite all, the time, for reasons which kindly-hearted mathers can well understand, within a year's time the credit in this same deposit book has been increased to a same deposit book has been increased to a round £30; and that within this humble Beil Lanc coster's home, the lusty voice of a Bell Lanc coster's home, the lusty voice of a youthful Slumpsy Jem is heard. When I happen in upon the two, as I often do of an evening or a Sunday, I am allowed to toss the coster son and heir about quite recklessly, the while Jen sr. bulges his eyes and never ceases his "Gor bli me, but 'ere's a go!" and Becky, all frizzes, feathers and sunshiny smiles, as stoutly asserts. "Strike me lucky, but hits ekal wor'nt born!"

EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

MY BABY.

Belle R. Harrison in Boston Transcript. A cunning mite, in robes of white,
All lace embroidered o'er;
With tiny feet so dimpled sweet,
That never pressed the floor;
With wreathed smiles and baby wiles,
With mischief brimming o'er—
Ah, no, ah, no, it is not so,
You surely, surely do not know
My baby.

He pulls your hair, nor does he care
How much the pain may be.
He waves his hands like fairy wands,
And jumps and crows with giee.
He loudly weeps then gently sleeps
Upon his mother's knoc.
Ah, no, ah, no, it is not so
You surely, surely cannot know
My buby.

A sallor brave who rules the wave, A sallor brave who rules the wave,
Nor fears the occan's roar;
He's kind and true, with eyes of blue,
That twinkle evermore,
He loves his home, though he may roam
Upon a distant shere.
Ah, yes, ah, yes, come now confess,
Unless you knew how could you guess
My baby?

Though winds may tan this bearded man,
And time may furrows plow;
Though life's rude shocks bring silver locks
To crown his noble brow;
Though years may go and come, I know
He'll still remain as now. On land or sea he'll ever be, From time until eternity, My baby..

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene announces that next season he will revive "Macbeth" on an elaborate scale. It is said that the actor who represents

George Francis Train in "1492" at Palmer's theater once played leading parts with Forest, Kean and Cushman. Fanny Davenport is negotiating with Vic

torien Sardou for the American rights of a new play which he is writing for Bernhardt. The leading theaters of Philadelphia are

ow closed for the summer. Henry E. Dixey will again tempt fortune on the road next season in "Adonis." He will be managed by Jefferson, Klaw and Exhause.

Nagner's "Die Walkure" was broduced for the first time in Paris May 12, at the Grand Opera. Ernest Charles (Warde), a son of Fred-

erick Warde, who made his debut in the Warde-James company the past season, will enact light comedy roles the coming season The Boston Howard Atheneum Star Spec ialty company will begin its next season at the Star theater. It is announced that Lettie Collins will be the leading attraction of the

Most of the traveling companies have dis banded for the season, and their leading actors have gone into summer idleness, while the less fortunate smaller people are in quest of engagements for next winter.

Sol Smith Russell's engagement in New York will begin October 9 and will embrace a series of 100 performances. He will make his first appearance here as Dr. Pangioss in "The Heir at Law," and later will probably produce his new play, "April Weather," Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane have re-

tired to their pretty summer cottage at Co-hasset, Mass. Mr. Crane's yacht, the Sen-ator, has been put in commission and he will spend the next three months in sailing fishing and entertaining himself and his friends. James O'Neill has secured a new romantic

drama, entitled "Don Carlos de Seville," by Eugene F. Ellner of Boston. It is in five acts and is founded on the rise of the Moors under Philip II. of Spain. The great Seville cathedral forms the scene for one of the James Brown Potter, the husband of the

lady who is engaged in the task of elevat-ing the stage, is a tall, slender man of 55 or 60, and is a member of the Downtown club in New York city. He is very dignified and reserved. Whether he has a divorce from his actress wife is one of the questions the members of the club do not discuss.

Charles H. Hoyt, the playwright and number of the New Hampshire legislature, has made a clause in his will providing that, in the event of his death, the Hoyt homestead at Charlestown, N. H., shall be converted into a home for indigent actresses and be known as the Flora Walsh home.

The new Bijou theater now being erected in Brooklyn by H. R. Jacobs at a cost of over \$200,000 will be built on the exact lines of his \$200,000 will be built on the exact lines of his Chicago Alhambra, a theater pronounced perfect by leading architects. It will be in the heart of the city, twenty-five street car lines passing within a block of the main entrance. He will also shortly have a new theater in Detroit. These two new edifices will greatly strengthen Mr. Jacobs' Imperial

usement circuit. Mme. Berthe Marx, who will be remem pered as the planist who accompanied Sarasate and D'Albert during their tour through America, recently made her first appearance in public as a concert soloist in St. James hall, London. The program she offered con-tained no less than three concertos—Schumann's A minor, Saint Saens' O minor and the Mondelssohn G minor—and the Liszt Hungarian Fantasie. The London critics

write favorably of her performance.

The Bestonians are playing "Robin Hood" and "The Knickerbockers" in New York.

Although this is the fourth season of the former opera it still plays to "standing-room only," but the company wanted to present something new in New York, where they have never been seen in any opera excepting "Robin Hood." "The Knickerbockers" is said to now be the equal of its predecessor as a popular success. It has been changed

as a popular success. It has been changed somewhat and the social and political satire that has been added seems to please the New York audiences. Messrs. Karl. Barmabee & MacDonald will have a second company on the road next season.

Mr. Charles H. Hoyt says his latest play, "The Milk White Flag." is designed to show how thousands of heroic youths stand ready to risk their lives in times of peace and conhow thousands of heroic youths stand ready to risk their lives in times of peace, and contrasts a few begrimed veterans with the amateur warriors. The veteran of a hundred battles is made the guest of a swell city regiment, and as its colonel entertains him in the palatial armory the veteran remarks quizzically: "You've got a delightful club house here, colonel." "Yes, our armory is the finest in the country. I pride myself, moreover, on keeping everything and everybody ready for action. Look at our regimental band. They're patriots every one of them. Not an American among them. They are so devoted to their country I can't get them to leave the armory. They camp in them to leave the armory. They camp in front of the bar. I can tap that gong and in five minutes each man that can stand up

The "No. 9" Wheeler & Wilson is a rapid stitcher; so rapid that it will stitch thre yards of goods while only two yards are being stitched on any vibrating shuttle ma-Sold by Geo. W. Laneaster & Co.

Went Atter Dinner. New York Weekly: Prtrick-It's poor advice ye've been rivin' me. Didn't ye' say th' best toime to ask a mon a favor was after

Bifkins-I certainly did. "Well. Of went to ould Buffers wid th schmallest koind av a request and he ro-fused. It was after dinner, too."
"Are you sure he had had his dinner?" "Faith its little Oi know about ould Buf-fer's ingoin's and outcomin's, but Oi'd had

With nerves unstrung and heads that ache Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take,

of Fish.

A DISCIPLE OF THE WALTONIAN SCHOOL

The Peep o' Day at Manawa-Chef d'Ocuvres of a Master Hand-Where the Lordy Bass Lucks - A Strike -How He Dies.

Sunrise on Lake Manawa! A golden light kindles the straggling, feathery willows upon the northern border of the glittering iake; one beautiful sweep of dark green fields covers the remainder of the scene.

The whole picture is soft and rich, as well as wild, steeped as it is in the mellow charm

of breaking day. Such is Manawa on any of these glorious summer mornings-au ideal resort of the

deciples of the immortal Walton. There are any number of alleged anglers in this city who will scout at the idea of these lovely waters teeming with black bass and croppie. They have been there time and time again, only to be rewarded with a and time again, only to be rewarded with a flabby ring perch or two, or a willow switch of sunfish. That is the extent of their labors with the red. Bass! bah! you might as well expect to eatch an octopus! Of such are the majority of fishermen who visit Manawa from this city. They know nothing of the efficacy of fly and spoon; and couldn't make a "cast" any more than they could throw a lassoo, and wouldn't know a "strike" from a trammel met. What they most want is plenty of worms and plenty of boose, and if they cannot allure the Juscious members of they cannot allure the luscious members of the fluny family up into the corn fields with these, there are none in the waters, that is

But there are others who know that Mannwa's limpid depths despite the nocturnal depredations of unlawful market mongers, swarms with the king of all fish in these western waters, the black bass, micropterus solmoides, and the beautiful black dotted croppie, and they know how to take then

These men not only thoroughly understand These men not only thoroughly understand the region and the habits of the different species of fish, but are full of resources in their favorite sport. They handle the rod and the oar with equal skill, and teach their watercraft with a cheerful patience. They have laid every waters in this vicinity under tribute, and their fatal hooks know the buey spots of every lake, and the mouth, eddies and rapids of every stream.

Of all the successful anglers who visit Manawa from this city, there is none more Manawa from this city, there is none more zealous or who knows more about the gentle art than Andy Reuck, the genial Farnam

street tobacconist and eight dealer.

Andy was over a few mornings since and on his return he brought with him, not a on his return he brought with him, not a string of scrawny, flabby peren or shiny goggle-eyes, but a basket of the glorious micropterus—the black bass—seventeen altogether, aggregating twenty-eight pounds, the result of two hours casting in the twilight of early morn. And this is a trick that he often turns—in fact, he never goes over and returns without his creel well filled.

But let us accompany him eyes just for But let us accompany him once, just for the fun of the thing, and explore the beau-ties of Manawa in the soft hours of the

Ray's hostelry. Nestling amidst a clump of apple, peach and cottonwood trees, just off the old-time river steamboat landing, now on an intermittent arm of the lake it-

self.

Andy is in the seat and rows up the crooked outlet, which lies in a southwesterly direction from Ray's. On the right is a selvedge of light, fluffy willows, backed by an expanse of cornfield and meadow land, with slight wooded acclivities between. On the slight wooded acclivities between. On the left is the reedy, weedy marsh, separating the "arm" from the main body of the lake. The breaking sinlight lies like a golden mantle over the quiet scene, its rays tinging the wild rose on he sloping banks into a deeper pink, and making yellow intaglies of the willow sprouts fitting in to the crannies of the swampy shores. The cut-off widens as we proceed, with thickets and clumps of another near its process.

with thickets and clumps of aquatic moss in the very channel, until back of us, it dwindles into a mere streak, doubling and twist-ing like a water snake in the herbage. Side shoots entice the clumsy skiff, whence Andy is obliged to back into the main channel, and now and then it is forced by main strength out of the tangle, the moss having but a film A bittern rises awkwardly from her seat in

the tall, coarse grass on the left shore, and fans heavily away, with a strident cry, the light touching her brown, slender shape as she emerges into the freshness of the morn-

The oars are finally abandoned, and pick The cars are linally abandoned, and pick-ing up his rod, Andy begins prying for bass around the mouth of the inlet that comes crawling zigzag through the alders and swamp willows from the south. Dropping adroitly here, flinging there, he teases the lazy water for ten minutes in vain. Not a strike rewards him. We move on round the bend where the moss is less dense and the water clearer. Andy skips the fly over the surface, specks the sleepy pools with it, while his gray coat glances like a heron as he leans forward and back, stoops and rises in the arder of his work.

The croam from an awakening builfrog mow and then sounds from amongst the floating bly pads, while the energetic black fly buzzes round our ears

Andy is indifferent to both, Softer still, through a skimming haze, the sun sheds her rays over the scene. On the right bank the trees and herbage are thrown in the glossy lake by the most delicate pen ciling, forming a series of fairy paintings, fleeked with the gold, crimson and purple of the glancing sunshine. From the trunks of the trees to the cut edges of their leaves everything on the margin is seen as if the water was a mirror. The gentle ripples of our moving boat makes these emerald pictures unquiate without breaking them. Occasionally, as the skiff swerves, Andy reaches down with one hand and plunges an

oar deep into the water, fracturing this beautiful tracery, but in a moment it is again joined as if by invisible fingers, and our boat is headed as she ought to be.
Suddenly she moors herself in a network of floating moss, and in another quarter of an hour a dozen bass, in their splendid blazoury, are flapping and gleaming at our feet. There the spoon strikes the water just where a rotten willow stump peers out from the lair of reeds and mosses.

"Whew!" whistles Andy. It is a strike of a life time! Off the stricken fish darts like a bullet;



REGULATOR

ON THE LAKE AT SUNRISE down he dives: up he comes again, as if he found no surcease from pain below; then he launches out and spins round like a pickerel! How skillfully Andy plays him. How he gives him line to more certainly hang himself in the end. Mark his countenance, intense but grave, while bits whole demeanor and countenance and countenance

tense but grave, while bis whole demeanor is collected and reliant. He reels in and reels cout, always keeping the fish taut up to the rein, like the true angler that he is.

But now old Salmoldes moves slower; he makes one more desperate lunge for the bed of hily pads—one more dart toward the deep pool under the hanging lid of sedgy bank. He is growing weary and drowning! Andy pulls him carefully toward him. There is a flop or two in the water, and a faint outpull, but at length something glitters under the surface near the boat. Andy leans over and lifts upward. The next instant a three-pound black bass is flopping hopelessly in the bottom of the boat.

Sandy Guiswold.

A Hundred Miles of New Buildings. The new buildings erected in St. Louis in 1890, 1891 and 1892, placed suff by side world extend over one hundred miles. Every known style of architecture is presented and some of the new buildings are palatial in style and decoration. Special induce-ments are offered by the leading railroads to visitors to St. Louis, and no one going to the World's Fair can afford to omit from the our a few days stay in that important and

A Big Bunch of Letters. Harper's Bazar? "Confound it!" exclaimed eckson, "what a stupid fellow that joweler

"How so?" inquired his friend.
"Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved in the engagement ring the letters 'From A. to Z'—from Arthur to Zenobia, you know—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet."

TWENTY YEARS Cor.chs. Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbage Back-Ache, and all External Allments removed quickly by

BENSON'S

which is the only POROUS PLASTER that contains powerful and curative modern ingredients VET ABSOLUTELY SAFE and POSITIVE in its action.

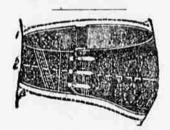
Benson's Plasters Prevent Pneumonia.

It does not cure chronic aliments in a minute, nor does it create an electric battery or current in the system, nor will it cure by merely reading the label, all such claims are made by quacks and humbugs. BENSON'S is endorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists.

CAUTION—Den't be daped by unacropalem Druggists who effer cheap trash which they datin b just as gooder better than BENSON'S. Get the Grauline always relysis, the other characteristics who effect cheap trash which they datin b just as gooder better than BENSON'S.

I WAS BIG. I WAS FAT. I FELT MEAN. I TOOK PILLS. I TOOK SALTS. I GOT LEAN.

Handsome Women Can Lose Welgh Fast. Homely Men Look Better if Thin. Try Dr. Edison's System. No Dieting.



Band worth Twice the Money.

Office of H. M. Burton, Hardware, Cary Station, Ill., Jan. 14, 1803.
Dr. Edison—Dear Sir: I am well pleased with your treatment of obesity. The band is worth twice the money it cost, for comfort. I have reduced my weight ten pounds. I weigh 255 reduced my weight ten pours now, and I did weigh 245. Yours truly. H. M. Buaros.

They Are Doing Me Good.

Enriville, III., May 23, 1892
Loring & Co: Inclosed find \$2.59 for which please send me the other two bottles of Dr. Edwar's Obestity Pills. Thave used one anothlink hey are: dotted the work.

S. M. RALEY, P. O. Box 73.

Talk So Much About Your Pills.

Peorla, Ill., June 18, 1892.

Dear Sirs: After hearing one of my friends talk so Buch about your Obesity Pills and the beneft hats deriving from them I think I will try them myself Please send me 3 bottles C. O. D. and oblige.

J. Montas, 305 Perry Street. Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less

Goshen, Ind., Sect. 18, 1892.
Gentlemen: Inclosed I send you 34. for which you will please send methree bottless of the obsets 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.

Mits. J. C. McConn.
South Sixth Street.

An individual whose height is eet 1 inch should weigh eet 8 inches ""

Dr. Edison says: "It may be well to point out that in my experience, which is necessarily very considerable many troublesome skin diseases such, ecestema, azone, psoriasis, uticaria, etc., are primarily caused by obesity, and as the fat and dosh is reduced by the pills and obesity Fruit Salt and this action of the band these affections have almost magically disappeared."

The Obesity Fruit Salt is used in connection with the Pills or hands, or both. One teaspoonful in a tumbler of water makes a delicious soda. Tastes like champaigne.

tumbler of water makes.

The bans cost \$1.00 each for any length up to 35 inches, bufor one larger than 35 inches add 10 cents extra for each wdittonal tock.

Price of Fruit Salt. \$1.03.

Pills \$1.50 Fer Hottle, or; Hottles for \$4.03.

Sent by Mail or Express

Cut this out and keep it, and soud for our full (i column) article on obesity. MENTION ADDRESS EXACTLY AS GIVEN BELOW.

Loring & Company 2 Hamilton Pl., Dept. 25, Boston, Mass., 115, State St., Dept 25, Chicago, Ill., 49 W. 22on St., Dept. 23, New York City:

For sale in Omaha by Snow, Lund & Co. Young Cuban Parrots



406 North 16th Street.

-BEST AND COES FARTHEST-leaves no Sediment on the bottom of the cup.

Omaha Loan and Trust Co SAVINGS BANK.

SIXTEENTH AND DOUGLAS STREETS. Capital \$100,000; Liability of Stockholders, \$200.003

PER CENT interest paid on SIN MONTHS: 44 per cent on PRES MONTHS Dereife ates of Deposit, 4 per cent interest paid on handaccounts

Moquette Carpets, Axminster Carpets,

The most luxurious Carpets in use at the price of ordinary Brussels. terns that we will not reorder, with and without borders, elegant parlor and rug effects, some with only enough for a bed room will be sold as remnants.

ORCHARD WILHELM CARPET CO.

Successors to S. A. ORCHARD,

Douglas, bet. 14th and 15th

A GOOD THING YOU SEE IT? YOU SEE IT NOW!

This illustration shows you the correct thing in the Link-Button Cuff now generally in vogue. You cannot go amiss on either shape of either brand.

BRAND, 40C. ARCASSA, Square: CALOMA, Round. TRADE

BRAND, 35C Shirts are gaining in popularity daily; onaren and for the reason that they are honest garments at honest prices. A reasonable consideration for your own interests will insure your wearing them. Unless you are irremediably deformed you will find them

CLUETT, COOM & CO.

Round. Con&C



Dr.DOWNS

1316 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

The emission two challst in nervous chronic private blood, skin and urinary discuss. A regular and registered graduate in medicine, as discouss and cortificates will show, is still treating with the greatest success, calarri, lost muchood, seminal wiskings, night lostes and all forms of private discass. No moreory used. Now treatment for loss of vital power. Parties much testing me may be treated at home by correspondence. Medicine or instruments sent by mail or expressionarily parked; no marks to addicate contains or sunder. One personal interview gratered, formulation free for expressional standards of later sent free. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. sundays, 10 a.m. to 12 m. Send stamp for circular.



