WITH THE COSTERS OF LONDON

Their Everyday Life an Untilled Field for the Novelist.

PECULIARITIES OF THE COSTER DIALECT

Wakeman Tells About the Short-Haired Fraternity of London - Low Bred Originators of Slang Phrases-Some Choice Expressions.

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LONDON, June 5 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE. |-During the somewhat extended period in which I actually lived the daily life of a costermonger in London, many interesting observations and experiences, aside from those connected with the immediate concerns of buying and hawking vegetables, fish, flesh and fowl, were naturally resultant from my association with "Slumpsy Jem," the coster, and his wife Becky, and what may be regarded as the aristocratic coster society, to which our signal financial success speedily gave us admittance.

It may not have been an original discovery on my part, but I was soon convinced of the correctness of a curious series of surmises growing out of much previous observation and study of the habits, manners and speech of London folk in general; a conclusion which seems worthy of extended discussion which seems worthy of extended discussion by others more able to make exact and authoritative comparison. This was, in brief, that the gene ic things we call "cock-neyisms," in special and manners, really have their origin chiefly among London coster-

ongers. It is exceedingly difficult to make this clear to those who have not lived in London and also in large cities of other countries long enough to have caught that exceedingly winenough to have caught that exceedingly winsome feature of all great, old and compact communities which, for a better name, may be called "local color." Observation will nearly always disclose it to largely consist of the reflexive influence upon higher classes from unique or outlandish lower classes of that genial diablerie and humorous or tragic realism of the lowly almost instantly transformed into the wit, humor, repartee and "slang" of those above them, until in degree, habit of speech, form of the commoner colloquial expressions and even distinctive mannerisms, become fixed and characteristic with and upon that grade of characteristic with and upon that grade of folk closest in mind, feeling and vocation to the characterful lowly people whom they have consciously or unconsciously imitated. Thus I have heard in noted Paris salons

the common jibes of the canalle and the boulevardieres, from lips quite utconscious of their origin; in American clubs and drawing rooms, countless cant and patter expres-sions already long previously discarded in New York's Bowery slums, where they first took form; in the fluest Edinburgh homes, the wise, curt and droll sayings of Newhaven fishwives and the denizens of Cowgate and Grassmarket, and from London concert halls, up through London clubs, past English castles and noblemen's city homes, to the floor of Parliament itself, the latest epithet and newest catch-phrase of London costermongers, coined by my coster friends in mo-ments of "four-ale" inspiration of free smoking-room concerts, at "penny gaffs," or in valiant blackguarding battles with Covent Garden porters and the glib-tongued "mobbers" or fish carriers of ancient and odorous Billingsgate.
As to "cockney" London folks high and

low, clear and distinct lines may be drawn. The coster is the typical, indeed the genuine cockney His vernacular which is so out landish that one has to have long acquaint ance with it to understand it at all is not ance with it to understand it at all, is not slang, because it is original and unaffected mode of expression. His swagger, his unctuous oaths, his terrible objurgations, his impulsive generosity, his reckless gambling, his fondness for pets, his roving ways within the great city, his grotesque apparel, his aversion to a fixed habitation, his suspicion of anything savoring of religion, his uncon querable agnosticism, his self reliance, his fatalism, his fondness for his kind and kin and yet his seeming brutality in all domestic relations, his hardness and his tenderness. and his almost stern and Spartan loyalty to his friends, his race and his traditions, are all inexplicable and tantalizing to one studying his character little or long; but they are absolutely and inviolably his own. There is not an iota of pretense, hypocrisy or affectation about him Because of this millions of ondon's lowly next to him in the social scale, have in from 400 to 500 years time been un conscious imitators of much of his speech some of his manners, a good deal of his swagger and bluster, and not a little of his hardness and brutality. All these latter folk are often generically regarded as "cockneys." But their cockneyism is assumed, copied, unreal. Consequently it is as offensive to the intelligent Englishman, who often errs in mistaking it for the genuine article exclusively possessed by the coster mongers, as it is to the wondering Ameri can, who knows nothing whatever about its

There is another class of folk in London and throughout England immeasurably less in number and real importance, but inexpressibly more omnipresent and offensive who masquerade as "cockneys" and who more than all others, bring the true coste cockney into permanent disrepute. They are a sort of chromo cockneys when the genuine Turneresque reds and solemn Millet grays of the true cockney coster are brought into analytic comparison. They comprise a mixed and murrained multitude of London men-about-town, answering somewhat to the dude Cholly Wobblers of America—young noblemen and other choice aristocrats who "go in for a long pull and a strong pull, y' leneow." To these are added a few flash journalists, I am sorry to say, fellows who are on the outskirts of even the lowest of London Bohemians; not many actors, for London actors are almost invariably London gentlemen; some hangers-on of clubs; all ourilists, sprinters, horsemen, jockeys and professional sporting men generally; thou-sands of music hall performers and the other thousands of "Tommy Rots" gulped out of the free smoking-room concerts of the public houses, who are found every Monday morn-ing at their weekly "Poverty Junction" sym-posium at the corner of York and Waterloo roads, and tens of thousands more of Lon-don clerks and apprentices—vacuous and vainglorious "Simon Tappertita"—filled with fine frenzy and mock heroics that they may ever bear the, to them, true British stamp of the cocksure cockneys and beery ruffians

All of these chrome cockneys never open their mouths without effort to outdo their moral and mental superiors, the coster-mongers. They occasionally break loose from their London environment and travel Ireland, in Scotland, on the continent and in Ireland, in Scotland, on the Children of Manerica. Their oaths are "Strike mo lucky!" "Gor bil me!" and other unprintable coster imprecations. Their ejaculations are "Gawd's truth!" and the like. Their are "Gawd's truth!" and the like. qualifying and emphasizing adjectives are "blawsted," "bloomin'," and "bloody." A good man or thing is "a rum un." A shilling is a "bob;" a sovereign is a "quid," a donkey is a "moke;" a cab horse is "cat's meat;" to drink liquor is to "take a wet;" a glass of ale is a "tankard o' bitter;" every one ac-costed is "guv-er-nor," and a woman is a "donah" or a "cow." This sort of thing may possess a certain sociological and liter-ary interest when confined to the character-ful class from which it emanates, but every one of these pretentious cockneys, whether met in London or on their ruffianly travels about the world, should be set down for pre-cisely what they are. They are no more representative Englishmen than a New York dude, carrying the manner, epithets York dude, carrying the manner, epithets and clothing of a Bowery boy about the world, would be a typical American. They are simply cads; a disgrace to intelligent English people and an insulting human par-ody upon the ignorant though sturdy and genuine costermongers they sadly mimic, possessing more than all their vices and totally lacking the least of their humble

virtues.

The longer one studies these curious lowly folk of London, the greater is the wonder that they have not proven a more fruitful subject for the novelist, or at least for such subject for the novelist, or at least for such masters of character painting as Thackera Reade and Dickens. They have all been utilized as the butt of quips and quirks by the penny-a-liner, the wits of Punch, the newspaper paragraphers, and, in a low sort of way, to raise the loudest guffaws at the myriad music halls of London. But not until quite recently has their character been seriously studied by a man of real genius, or their weaknesses, virtues and traits awareal. seriously studied by a man of real genius, or their weaknesses, virtues and traits appeal-ng to universal human recognition been **OUAINT AFRICAN**

That man is Albert Chevalier. Of French, Welsh and Irish extraction, he was destined by his parents for the priesthood. But instead he became a successful actor of legitimate comedy under the Bancrofts, the Kendal and letter at the Court theater under Told by Natives Around the Camp Fire of dals and later at the Court theater under Manager Hare. In time he found himself a popular leading comedian without an en-gagement. Offers came to him for engage-ments in burlesque as second comedian. This Stanley.

portrayed by a man of subtle perception and

was going backward; something a London actor cannot afford to do. Some of his work

slightest attempt at rivalry.

He is but 30 years of age, yet his income from his nightly performances at four leading London music halls and from royalties

on his songs is from \$600 to \$1,000 per week

nearly equaling the salary of the president of the United States and all this from merely discovering the costermongers of London

and revealing them to the people of London. It has been done in a way to reach their hearts as well as their sense of humor last-

ingly, as is shown in the fact that his pres-ent engagements are permanent for a period

of five years. He is a quiet, studious fellow

on live years. He is a quiet, studious fellow, and while his incomparable success has opened to him the doors of the great and noble houses in London, where his genuine scholarship and refinement would render him a social acquisition without the glamor

of success, he leads a modest life in his own pretty home alongside the Thames, almost

under the shadow of Windsor Castle, where

his books, his punt and fishing rod are his chief companions.

This much regarding the man's personality. To convey to others who are unacquainted with costermongers themselves the peculiar conditions of London life and society which make it possible for a man to

derive a princely income from creating and interpreting—for Chevalier is more than a mere singer upon the stage—two or three

coster songs each year is a difficult task. London is almost a great world in itself. Its costers, distinctive in character, voca-

tion, speech, traits, habits and customs, had

previously remained an almost unknown people to what may be regarded as intel-lectual London. If Charles Dickens were

living and had written a great work of fic-tion in which coster life and love had been delineated so powerfully that all London

stood amazed at its own ignorance of its own

lowly, the costor man and woman could not have been more firmly set

upon the pedestals of sentiment than has Chevalier placed them, through his strong

flash lights and bold, broad strokes of delin-

eation of character representation and song

He has brought to almost universal atten-

tion the mirthful and serious sides of coster

character. He has shown that there are

coster comedy and tragedy like that possible to your life and mine. In one after another of his marvelous song impersonations like "The Coster's Serenade," "The Coster's

Courtship," "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins,"
"Wot Cher," "The Nasty Way 'E Sez It"
and "Our Little Nipper," he has brought
the very heart throbbings of this uncouth
class, often through pathetic tenderness, so

close to those of his hearers, that the great Lendon public, from prentice boy to prince,

have awakened to the fact that costers are actually human creatures, possessing at least some of the common attributes of

Chevalier found that the costers really

Chevalier found that the costers really made love to each other; that there were rude Romeos and Juliets among them; and such hints as these are given of the gentle passion between pearl-buttoned Jackeys and

"You ain't forgotten yet that night in May, Down at the Welsh 'Arp, w'ich is 'Endon way? You fancied winkles an' a pot o' ten; 'Four 'aif,'' I murmured,'' 's good enough for

You prods me gently with the winkle pin:
We was as 'appy as could be that day.
Down at the Weish 'Arp, w'ich is 'Endon way.
"Wot Cher" is an inimitable delineation of
the coster in his roystering, hilarious mood.
"The Nasty Way 'E Sez It," which has been

pirated and put to ignoble use in America, though told in the uncouth coster way of a

sneering, fault-finding "pal," is a most won-derful satire on that omnipresent class of cronkers who descend like harpies upon all

well-earned comfort and content. His latest creation, "Our Little Nipper," discloses the

coster parental love for and pride in the cos

But in artful little Ikey's little ways As makes the people sit up w'ere we stays.'

Chevalier's influence has been healthful

and good. While, as in London parlance, coster stock is looking up, there is decidedly

among the lowly, and less everyday buf foonery among the cockney cads of London

Defining and revealing costers as a class have brought them into line for social and literary contemplation. This of itself gradually tends to confine imitators to a very low class-of minds whose influence upon

manners and speech is without weight, and

delineators to a very high order of intellect, as with Cnevaller with painters and with

novelists, who will do the costers no harm, and who will mist the public's eye or touch

the public's heart in a way that always makes it better for a thrill of mirth or sad-

Chevalier's coster dialect is admirably

clean; too clean to be the real thing; but he uses enough of their original expressions to

among them my note books are full of their

curious forms of speech. They cannot be re-produced in print, owing to their terrible profanity and awful commingling of obscen-ity; while it must be remembered that the coster is absolutely unconscious of either, and would instantly "out up his fivers" to

any one who would seriously intimate that

he was not scrupulously respectful and polite. They are all, men and women, wonderful whistlers, and they have an odd

sort of call and answer, a monotone ac-

In their greetings they are most effusive.

"Chy-ike!—an' ow air ye, ol' pal?"

"Cherry ripe, guv-er-nor! Gor bli me, an'

ow does you feel!"
"Strike me lucky!—cigarnet. An' you?"

I have tried hard to discover the forbears f "cigarnet," but have so far failed. Its

use is universal among the costers, and means superlatively good, correct, pat and

Here is a single specimen of coster dialect

pure as a lilac tassel in comparison with the ordinary conversation. I overheard it as a

coster was relating to a companion his dis-comforture in an attempt to borrow a

"Gawd strike me lucky, but H'i awsked 'im for th' loan o' a bob, 'n' 'is bloody heyes stuck hout like bleedin' mussels; Gor bli me, so they did!"

"Strike me lucky!" "Gawd's truth!" and "Gor bli ine!" are the favorite, indeed their endless. Imprecations. The latter means, "may God belie, or disown, me!" It is needless to say that they have no idea whatever of its significance. But from the age of speech to that of speechlessness, no coster man or woman expressed.

man or woman ever opened mouth without uttering this self-imposed anathema. Ebgan L. Wakeman.

There are three things worth saving-

Time, Trouble and money—and De Witt's Little Early Risers will save them for you. These little pills will save you time, as they att promptly. They will save you trouble as they cause no pain. They will save you money as they economize doctor's bills.

"Ah!" said Benedict, "these beautiful summer days make me think of the days before I was married, when I used to ramble with my sweetheart through the park. But things are changed now." "Yes, you've got three bables to do the cooing, ch!" said his companion. "And an army of creditors to do the billing," added Benedict.

"Strike me lucky!" "Gawd's truth!" and

"Ta-ta-tal! ta-tal; ta-ta-tal?"
"Ta-ta-tal! ta-tal!"

"Gawd's truth, cul. cigarnet."

centuated thus:

place the real coster before his audiences. From having lived and

less of imitated cockneyism and coster slar

who is assiduously "taught" by his radiant father.
"Not in books, of course, for them 'e can't abide-

Give me a word of 'ope that I may win"-

humankind.

their "donahs:"

AND RECOUNTED BY THE EXPLORER

The Fate of a Woman Who Could No in comedy had brought him among the cos-termongers for character study, and he re-membered that any song he had sung in his Keep a Profitable Secret-Domestic membered that any song he had sung in his various characters bearing on these droll folk had been received with peculiar favor. He suddenly resolved to turn music hall singer, a resolution which carried out in London ordinarily means complete social ostracism. But from the time the determination was reached Chevalier must be considered in the light of poet, composer and singer. He continued his coster studies with a positive genius, a splendid education and a successful actor's alert perception of what is necessary as with the painter, to Brutality Adequately and Expeditiously Panished.

From a number of legends, related by my trusty dark companions round the evening camp fire, I have selected a few for publication in the Fortnightly Review, writes Henry M. Stanley. and a successful actor's alert perception of what is necessary, as with the painter, to not only reveal by true realism, but to reveal in the subtler power of suggestion, benind them; and the result was that since his first singing of "The Coster's Serenade" at the London Pavilion, in February, 1891, he has held the extraordinary position of being the only performer upon any stage, so unique in his line of rendition and so masterful in his artistic skill as to prevent the slightest attempt at rivalry.

The nightly custom of entertaining one another with stories began in 1875, after Sabadu, a page of King Mtesa, had astonished his hearers with the legend of the "Blameless Priest."

The circle was free to all and was frequently well attended; for when it was seen that the more accomplished narrators were suitably rewarded and that there was a great deal of amusement to be derived few could resist the temptation to approach and listen unless fatigue or illness prevented them.

Many of the stories related were naturally of little value, having neither novelty nor originality; and in many cases, especially where the Zanzibaries were the narrators, the stories were mere importations from Asia; others, again, were mere marks of low inclinations. I therefore had often to sit out a lengthy tale without a single point

But whenever a real aborigine of the interior spoke we were sure to hear something new and striking; the language was more quaint, and in almost

every tale there was a distinct moral.
"Kitinda and Her Wise Dog" was told me by Kassim, a Basoko boy, while the last is by his compatriot Baruti.

The Story of Kitinda and Her Wise Dog Kitinda, a woman of the Basoko, near the Aruwimi river, possessed a dog, who was remarkable for his intelligence. It was said that he was so clever that strangers understood his motions as well as though he talked to them; and that Kitinda, familiar with his ways and the tones of his whines, his yelps, and his barks, could converse with him as easy as she could with her husband.

One market day the mistress and her dog agreed to go together, and on the road she told him all she intended to do and say in disposing of her produce in exchange for other articles which she needed in her home. Her dog listened with sympathy, and then, in his owr manner, he conveyed to her how great was his attachment to her, and how there never was such a friend as he could be; and he begged her that i any time she was in cress she would tell him distress and that he would serve her with all his might. "Only," he said, "were it not that I am afraid of the effects of being too clever I could have served you oftener and much more than I have

"What do you mean?" asked Kitinda. "Well, you know, among the Basoko it is supposed if one is too clever, or too or too rich, that it has come about through dealings in witcheraft and people are burned in consequence I do not like the idea of being burnedand therefore I have refrained often from assisting you because I feared you could not contain your surprise and would chat about it to the villagers. Then some day, after some remarkable act of cleverness of mine, people would say, Ha! this is not a dog! No dog could have done that! He must be a demon! or a witch in a dog's hide! and of course they would take me and burn me."

"Why, how very unkind of you to think such things of me! When have I chatted about you? Indeed I have too many things to do, my housework, my planting and marketing so occupy me that I could not find time to go gadding about my dog."

"Well, it is already notorious that I am clever, and I often tremble when strangers look at and admire me for fear some muddle-headed fellow will fancy that he sees something else in me more than unusual intelligence. What would they say, however, if they really knew how very sagacious I am? The reputation I have has come through your affection for me, but I assure yo that I dread this excess of affection less it end fatally for you and for me."

"But are you so much cleverer than you have already shown yourself? If I promise that I will never speak of you to any person again, will you help me more than you have done, if I am in dis-

You are a woman and you could not prevent yourself talking if you tried ever so hard

"Now, look you here, my dog. I vow to you, that no matter what you do that is strange, I wish I may die, that the first animal I meet may kill me if I speak a word. You will see now that Kitinda will be as good as her word."
"Well, I will take you at your word."

I am to serve you every time you need help, and if you speak of my services to a soul you are willing to lose your life."

Thus they made a solemn agreement as they traveled to market. Kitinda sold her palm oil and fowls to

great advantage, and in exchange received sleeping mats, a couple of carved stools, a bag of cassava flour, two large well baked and polished crocks, a bunch of ripe bananas, a couple of good plantation hoes, and a big strong basket. After the marketing was over she col

lected her purchases together and tried to put them into the basket, but the big crocks and carved stools were a sore trouble to her. She could put the flour and hoes and the bananas on top with the mats for a cover very well, but the stools and

the crocks were a great difficulty.

Her dog in the meantime had been absent, and had succeeded in killing a young antelope, and had dragged it near He looked around and saw that the market was over, and the people had wended each his own way homeward while his mistress had been planning

how to pack her property. He heard her complain of her folty in buying such cumbersome and weighty things, and ask herself how she was to

reach home with them. Pitying her in her trouble, the dog galloped away and found a man emotyhanded, before whom he fawned and whose hands he licked, and being patted he clung to his cloth with his teeth and pulled him gently along, wagging his tail and looking very amiable. He con-tinued to do this until the man, seeing Kitinda fretting over her difficulty understood what was wanted and offered to carry the stools and crocks at each end of his long staff over his shoulders for a few ripe bananas and a lodging His assistance was accepted with pleas-

boast of him. When, however, she reached the village and the housewives came out of their houses, burning to hear the news at the market, in her eagerness to tell this one and then the other all that had happened to her, and all that she had seen and heard, she forgother vow of the morning and forth-with commenced to relate the last wonderful trick of her dog in dragging a man back to the market place to help her when she thought that all her profit in trade would be lost, and was just about to smash her nice crocks in her

The dog listened to her narrative, saw signs of wonder stealing over the women's faces, heard them call out to their husbands, saw the men advancing eagerly towards them, saw them all look at him narrowly, heard one man exclaim, "That cannot be a dog! It is a demon within a dog's hide. He-But the dog had heard enough. He

turned and ran into the woods and was never more seen in that village.

The next market day came round and Kitinda took some more palm oil and a few fowls, and left her home to dispose. of them for some other domestic needs When about half way her dog came out of the woods, and after accusing her of betraying him to her stupid countrymen, thus returning evil for good, he sprang upon her and tore her to pieces.

Story of Maranda "Master," said Baruti, "I have been trying to recall some of the legends I used to hear when I was very small, and now recollect one, which is not very long, about Maranda, a wife of one of the

Basoko warriors, called Mafala.
"Maranda's father was named Sukila and he lived in the village of Chief Busandiya. Sukila owned a fine large canoe and many paddles, which he had carved with his own hand. He had also several long nets which he had also made, besides spears, knives, a store of grass cloth, and a few slaves. He was highly respected by his countrymen, and sat by the chief's side in the council place.

"As the girl grew fit for marriage,

Mafala thought she would suit him as a wife, and went and spoke of it to Sukila, who demanded a slave girl, six long pad dles ornamented with ivory caps, six goats, as many grass cloths as he had fingers and toes, a new shield, two axes and two field hoes. Mafala tried to reduce the demand, and walked backwards and forwards many times to smoke pipes with Sukila and get him to be less exacting. But the old man knew his daughter was worth the price he had put upon her, and that if he refused Mafala, she would not remain long without a suitor. For a girl like Maranda is not often seen among the Basokos. Her limbs were round and smooth and ended in thin, small hands and feet. The young men often spoke about Maranda's light, straight feet and quick lifting step. A boy's arm could easily inclose the slim waist, and the manner in which she carried her head, and the supple neck and the clear look in her eyes, be-

ously unlike her. He always seemed set on something, and the lines between the eyebrows gave him a severe face, not pleasant to see, and you always caught something in his eyes that made you think of the glitter which is in a serpent's.

"Perhaps that was one reason why Sukila did not care to have him for his daughter's husband. At any rate, he would not abate his price one grass cloth, and at last it was paid, and Maranda passed over from her father's house into that of her husband.

"Soon after the marriage Maranda was heard to cry out, and it was whispered that she had learned much about Mafala in a few days, and that blows as from a rod had been heard. Half a moon passed away, and then all the village knew that Maranda had fled to Busandiya's house, because of her husband's ill-treatment. Now the custom in such a case is that the father keeps his daughter's dowry, and if it be true that a wife finds life with her husband too harsh to be borne, that she may seek the chief's protection, and that the chief may find another husband for her who will treat her properly.

"But before the chief had made up his mind to whom to give her, Mafala went to a erccodile—for it turned out that he was a Mganga, a witch-man who had dealings with reptiles, on land. as well as with the monsters of the river-and bargained with it to catch her as she came to the river to wash, and carry her up to a certain place on the river bank where there was a tall tree with a large hole in it.

"The crocodile bided his chance, and one morning, when Maranda visited the water, he seized her by the hand, and swept her on his back, and carried her to the hiding place in the hollow tree. He left her there, and swam down opposite the village, and signaled to Mafala that he had performed his part of the bargain.

"On being left, Maranda looked about the hole, and saw that she was in a kind of pit, but a long way up the holiow narrowed, and she could see the branches and a bit of sky. She determined to climb up, and though she scratched herself very much, she finally managed to reach the very top, and she crawied outside into the air. The tree was very large and lofty, and the branches spread out far, and they were laden with the heavy fruit of which elephants are so At first she thought that she could not starve because of so many of hese big fruit; then she had the idea that they might be useful to defend herself, and she collected a great number of them and laid them in a heap over some sticks she had laid across the branches.

"By-and-by Mafala came, and, after jeering at her, began to climb the tree. But when he was only half way up. Maranda lifted one of the heavy fruit and flung it on his head, and he fell to the ground with his senes all in a whirl and his back greatly bruised. Wher he recovered he begged the crocodile to help him, and he tried to climb up, but when he had ascended but a little way Maranda dropped one of the elephant fruit fairly on his snout, which sent him falling backwards. Mafala then begged two great serpents to ascend and bring her down, but Ma-randa met them with the heavy fruit one after another, and they were glad to leave her alone. Then the man departed to seek a leopard, but Maranda from her tree saw a canoe on the river with two young fishermen in it, and screamed loudly for help. The fishermen paddled close to find that it was Sukila's daughter, the wife of Mafala, who was alone on a tail tree. They waited long enough to hear her story, and then returned to the village to obtain assist-

"Busandiya was much astonished to hear the fishermen's news, and forthwith sent a war canoe full of armed men, led by Sukila, to rescue her. By means of rattan climbers they contrived to reach her and to bring her down sately. Some of the war party went away to discover Mafala, while the others watched for the crocodile and the two serpents. In a short time the cruel man was seen and caught, and brought His assistance was accepted with pleasure, and Kitinda was thus enabled to reach her home, and on the way was told by the man how it was he had happened to come to the market place.

Kitinda was very much tempted to dirate upon her dog's eleverness, but remembered in time her promise not to

paddled into the middle of the stream. where they sang a death chant; after which they dropped Mafala overboard, and he was never heard of more. That is all there is of the story of Maranda.'

IN THE TROUT STREAM.

Emma A. Opper in Judge. That ye be! I see ye, jest Peekin' out from thet that hole 'N under thet big stun. I'm blest If ye ain't the meanest sorter Checky rascal! Say, d'ye know I've been here with this yer pole, Knee-deep in the crick, jesso The buil arternoon? I'd orter

Fetched more worms; my pocket's night Emptied out. An'ye hain't bit Nary time, ye pesky, sly. Obst'nit, sas sy, freckled coot, ye! Think, now, ye're a-foolin' me? Reckon I'm a-goin' to quit Till I've got ye? Thur ye be—Gol! 'f I had my gun I'd shoot ye.

Pleasant here; the hill in sight
Thar an' thet crab apple bough
Hangin' over here, jest white;
An' the birds they cheep an' twitter,
An' the cows come down to drink.
Come, I'm waitin' here. I swow!
That looked somethin like a wink,
Ye exasperatin' critter!

Thar, ye orn'ry scamp! thar goes
My last worm, squirmin' like fun,
Jost fairly ticklin' yer nose;
An' I ain't makin' a sound or
Breathin'. Thar, ye cocked yer eye—
Ye've whipped out from that thar stun,
Jerkin' with yer tail— Ki, yi!
Got ye, got ye! Gol! two-pounder!

IMPLETIES.

London Judy: The Meenister (to young licentiate, who has filled his pulpit for the day.)—Ye'll mebbe tak' a wee drappie whusky, Mr. McLambkin?

Mr. McLambkin—Oh, no, thank you. .I never touch intoxicants.

The Meenister—Nae? Then mebbe ye'll come inta ma stoody and ha'e a bit pipe wi'

Mr. McLambkin-Thanks, no. I never

smoke.

The Meenister—Dac ye cat gress?
Mr. McLambkin—Grass? No. Why?
The Meenister—Then gang awa' home, ye
Gomeril, for yo're no fit company for either man or beast.

Chicago Tribune: "Who is to perform the marriage ceremony for Miss Vyne and Mr. Ellum?" "The young Rev. Dr. Newcome, of course.

Who else?" "Of course-of course! He always gets the marrying jobs. I think it's a shame that good Paster Milisap, who was here twenty years before that young man came, is always forgotten when there is an affair of this

Why, Brother Millsap can't complain He always gets the funerals!

Portland Oregonian: In one of the Sunday chools at Olympia is a little Chinese boy who takes great interest in all the proceedings. When impressed with the propriety of bringing a nickel to put in the contribution box, he promptly responded, but as he parted with it he asked: "What fo'?" The kind teacher replied: "It's for Jesus, my dear." The second Sunday the same question and the same answer. The third Sunday the same, but now the little Celestial's eye opened with earnestness as he further asked: "Jesus allus bloke?" The reply of the teacher is not recorded.

"And now," said the editor, "let us be thankful for one day of rest and get ready for church."
"Yes," said his wife, "run out and chop some wood and milk the cows and light the fire and make the coffee and wash the child-

ren, while I bang my hair!" "The Congregationalist" says that this is the season in which some churches examine the building for sufficient justification to an-

nounce: "Church closed during the summe

for repairs."

Freddie—Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes? Mother—Yes, my boy.
"Then why did pa say put a button in the missionary box?"

EDUCATIONAL.

The senior class at Yale this year numpers 185, forty-six coming from New York. thirty from Connecticut, tweive from Massa-

chusetts and the rest scattering. The building committee of the board of trustees of Cornell university is busily engaged upon plans for the extension of Sibley college and for the new dairy buildi which \$150,000 has been appropriated by the state.

Eighteen hundred girls were graduated from the cooking schools of Boston during the past twelve months. This will simplify the matrimonial problem. Justice Henry B. Brown of the United

States supreme court is delivering a special course of lectures on admiralty law before the senior law class at Ann Arbor. West Point is turning out more officers

than places can be found for in the service. This year's batch of graduates number fifty. while there are only forty-five vacancies be filled in the field. The other five will have to "carry the banner." The Johns Hopkins university library has

just received from the French government over 1.030 students' theses and educational monographs issued under the direction of the minister of public education by the leading French universities and government schools. The graduating class of Carthage college,

Illinois, this year consists of one young woman. She has taken all the honors and is valedictorian and salutatorian. A system of resident fellowship has been established at Dartmouth. Each fellow is to receive \$100 a year. These fellowships may be assigned by the faculty for one or two years each to such students as may

two years each to such students as may show special proficiency in any one depart-ment of study. The students appointed may be called to act as assistants to professors, but are not expected to teach. The number of fellowships have been placed at four. It will be comforting to school children and their parents, says the Chicago Post, to know that during the summer vacation the walls and ceilings of the public school rooms are to be colored with some agreeable tint. To some this may appear a small matter, but not to the school children, who know better. The school room walls are at present grimy with dirt, or, what is even worse staring, glaring white plaster. The former condition is unsightly and unhealthful; the latter is highly injurious to the eyes of chil-

And She Did.

dren engaged in study.

A girl in a Maine village who made her home with her aunt was often disturbed by evidences of the old lady's indifference to everything but the welfare of her own material possessions. day in going down cellar for some butter, she tripped and fell heavily for quite a distance. The maiden aunt rushed to the door, and peering down into the darkness, called out sharply;

"D'ye break the dish? "No!" thundered back the niece, for once thoroughly aroused. "No! but I will!" and she shivered it with a hearty good will against the cellar wall.

There are 51,000 breweries in the

world. As would naturally be supposed. Germany leads with 26,240. England is second with 12,874, while the United States holds third place with 2,300. In the consumption of beer Bavaria leads the other German provinces with an annual average of 221 litres per head. Berlin averages 191 litres, Belgium 169, England 143, Denmark 33, Switzerland and the United States 31, and Sweden only 11. A litre is about one and threequarter pints, making the American consumption average about twenty-seven quarts per capita. A good many must be getting more than their share.

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer

The Chewsures—a race of 7,000 people—in the department of Troust, government of Tiflis, know nothing of the use of money as a means of exchange. The unit of value among those primitive people is the cow. A horse is valued at three cows and a stallion at six. If a Chewsure becomes enraged and cracks his neighbor's skull he is obliged to pay sixteen cows. If he breaks a bone of his neighbors arm five cows will rehabilitate him in the eyes of society. A wound in the forehead calls for three caives. SOME POP REFORMS.

Bold Slap at the Middleman in Kansas He is the Loser.

A novel attempt to strike at middle men is embodied in a law which has been enacted in Kansas, and which will go into effect July 1. The law requires all railroad companies doing business in that state to construct track scales at every station where the aggregate shipments of grain and seed during the preceding year have amounted to a hundred car-loads. The object is to enable farmers who grow grain to deliver it directly to the railroads, instead of being obliged to sell to the proprietors of elevators at such terms as they choose to offer. The new law requires the railroad company to give a bill of lading for the exact amount of the shipment, and holds it responsible for any shortage exceeding one-fourth of 1 per cent. The shipper is to pay 25 cents per carload for weighing.

She (an heiress)-What made you love me I know my face is plain. He (with enthu-siasm)—Perhaps, dearest; but your figure is most attractive.

TWENTY YEARS
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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR-Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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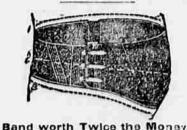
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I GOT LEAN.

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



Office of H. M. Burton, Hardware, Cary Sta-Office of H. M. Burton, Tan tion, Ill., Jan. 14, 1872. 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 233 now, and I did weigh 245, Yours truly, H. M. Burron. They Are Doing Me Good.

Enrivitie, III. May 23, 1891.

Loring & Co: Inclosed find \$1.29 for which please send me the other two bottles of Dr. Edison's Obestity Pills. I have used one anothink hey are doing the work.

B. M. RALEY, P. O. BOX 73.

Talk So Much About Your Pills.

Peoris, Ill., June 18, 1821.

Dear Sirs: After hearing one of my friends talk as guch about your Obestly Pills and the benefit he is deriving from them I think I will try them myself Piease send me 3 bottles C. O. It, and obligs.

J. Monus, 406 Perry Streat. Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less

Goshen, Ind., Sept. 18, 1802.

Gentlemen: Inclosed I send you \$1, for which you will please send me three bottles of the obesity pills. Am taking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh I3 pounds less than when I began taking them. I will continue your treatment.

MRS. J. C. McCONN.

South Sixth Street.

An individual whose height is 5 feet 1 inch should weigh 5 feet 10 inches " "

Dr. Edisonsays: "It may be well to point out that in my experience, which is necessarily very considerable, many fromblesome skin diseases such, eccessome, arone, psorlaris, uticaria, etc., are primarily caused by obesity, and as the fat and fiscal is reduced by the pilis and Obesity Fruit Sait and the action of the band these affections have almost magically disappeared."

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