SINGULAR HEBREW BURIAL

Recent Revival of an Ancient Funeral Rite in a Jewish Settlement.

WEIRD SCENE BESIDE THE BIER

The Penalty of Poverty Removed by Contributions of the Faithful—A Ceremony Never Before Enacted in This Country.

A singular ceremony was performed recently in Brownsville, L. I., the most exclusively Hebrew settlement in the world. It concerned the burial of a man who died in such poor circumstances that his family were too poor to bury him in any one of the consecrated Jewish cemeteries termed fields, such as the Field of Zion, the Field of Salem, the Field of Macphelah.

The name of the deceased man was Nathan Rubeuns, and his remains were laid out in a room at No. 280 Belmont avenue, covered with a white sheet. He had belonged, as does every Jew in Brownsville—orthodox or heterodox—to a burial society, but not having been able to pay his monthly dues he was not in good standing. His family were therefore not entitled to the usual burial fees and, as a Jew has an intense horror of being interred in any but consecrated ground, his widow rent the air with her lamentations.

"Oh," she cried, as she threw ashes on her head, "shall the descendant of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob lie in a grave defiled by the dog and the gentile? Woe is me and shame on the house of my fathers!"

Thus she continued until nightfall, when a committee of the Sinai lodge, accompanied by a rabbi, entered the room, and ranging themselves round the body, ordered the widow to depart. The rabbi then read from a scroll the rules governing such a case in the days of Israel's glory, after which he said:

"Brethren, this man must be interred."

"He must be interred," echoed the committee.

"He shall be interred in consecrated ground."

"In consecrated ground," repeated the committee.

"Who here present will stand sponsor for the deceased?"

"I shall stand sponsor," answered Jacob Hymen.

"Was the deceased of the faithful?" demanded the rabbi.

"The deceased, Levi Rubeuns, was an Orthodox Jew of the tribe of Benjamin."

"Did he obey the laws as delivered to Moses on the mount?"

"He obeyed them as well as an erring mortal could."

"Why did he not save money for his burial?"

"He had been ill and unfortunate."

"Do you as his sponsor promise that he will repay with his prayers those who bury him in consecrated ground?"

"I promise."

"Do you promise that his heirs will repay the money when they are in a position to do so to the nearest Hebrew synagogue?"

This promise was also given and then the rabbi said:

"He shall be buried. I appeal to the charity of the children of Israel."

The committee departed, and next day a hearse, bearing the remains of Nathan Rubeuns, enveloped in a black shroud, was moved slowly through the streets of Brownsville, a man in front leading the horse, and the sponsor in rear carrying a padlocked tin box with a slot in it.

"Children of Israel," the sponsor would cry in front of every house, "here lies the body of Nathan Rubeuns, an Orthodox Jew, who died in poverty. Who will subscribe to a fund for his burial? Olah! Olah!"

Pennies, nickels and dimes were thrown into the box, until it became so heavy that the sponsor, hoarse with his exhortations, was obliged to change it frequently from one hand to the other. In this manner the pathetic procession moved from house to house and from street to street until a thorough canvas had been made. When the box was opened in presence of the committee it was found to contain $31.21, the largest coin in the collection being a quarter.

Nathan Rubeuns was buried in consecrated ground next day. His remains were followed to field Sinai by a modest but respectable cortege. It is said that this was the first ceremony of the kind ever witnessed in this country.

THE PUMPING PROCESS.

How Public Men Often Give Information Unintentionally.

In 1872, it will be recalled, Greeley had been nominated for the presidency, and the news item was whether the democrats would name a candidate or, without indorsement, let partisans vote for Uncle Horace or not at all. An old reporter spins this reminiscense in the New York World: "The late August Belmont was then chairman of the national democratic committee. Every human effort had been made by the newspapers to get Mr. Belmont to express an opinion on the subject. Of course, the call for the national democratic convention had to be made by the national democratic committee through its chairman. Not a member could be induced to say a word on the subject. So the idea began to grow that there would be no call for the convention. Consequently there would be no regular democratic nominee in the field.

"I made up my mind," went on the political reporter of 1872, "to settle that question or die in the attempt. August Belmont was irascible, terribly so, when a newspaper man attempted to 'draw him out' on the subject he was determined to be silent about. 'You keep cool,' said the reporter to himself; 'the other side may, in anger, do the rest.'

"Well that interview between Belmont and me," said the reporter of 1872, "was short. He was a bit lame, and the madder he got at the questions put to him the harder he pounded his Wall street office counter and the quicker he limped toward the passageway, which, fortunately for me, was at the counter end farthest from the street door, where I stood. If Belmont had ever reached that passageway I knew I would have had to make a bee-line for Wall street or ——

"Well, cool, calm, collected," continued the reporter, "I quietly remarked, as I put my hand on the door knob: 'Then, Mr. Belmont, judging from all you have said, you wish it to be distinctly understood that you will not issue a call for a convention.' The dear, good man, God forgive me, hadn't touched the subject. But he fell into the trap. Full of rage, like a lion, with a jump toward the passageway, he exclaimed: 'By heaven, you wretch, I shall call a convention!'

"That settled it. I was a block away before Mr. Belmont got anywhere near the doorway, and my paper had a fine story the next day about the 'Coming Convention of the Democrats.' Belmont often laughed about the matter afterward."

SNOW CURE FOR PNEUMONIA.

Heroic Treatment Works Well in the Case of a Hartford Patient.

Arthur Roulston of 216 Wetherfield avenue has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, after an illness of two weeks, relates the Hartford Times. For several days his life was despaired of.

About two weeks ago he was taken with a pronounced attack of pneumonia, and on the second day of the disease his temperature reached 106 degrees, with rapid pulse, difficult respiration and accompanied by active delirum. These conditions continued for seven days, with no intervals of repose day or night, the delirum becoming so violent that it was with difficulty the patient could be kept in bed. His temperature remained above 106 degrees, with pulse 150, and notwithstanding that his physician, Dr. Boucher, employed all remedies advocated for this disease, including cold bathing.

Indications of approaching death becoming apparent and convinced of the futility of drugs, the family consented to the following heroic treatment:

The patient was divested of all clothing, and enveloped in a sheet, was placed upon a rubber protective and his entire body, face excepted, was covered with snow, upon which cold water was poured, the application being continued almost an hour, when the temperature had dropped to 103 degrees, and the pulse to 115, with almost absolute relief.

The improvement lasted about six hours, when the fever and delirum returned. The snow packs were resumed and applied every four hours, day and night, whenever the temperature reached 105 degrees, and were continued four days, when the crisis was reached and the patient made a rapid and uninterrupted recovery. The cold applications were agreeable to the patient, and the good achieved was probably due to a reflex action upon the nerve centers and not entirely the result of the direct abstraction of heat.

BONES OF CONTENTION.

A Series of Family Jars and the Final Settlement.

"How'd they come to get married in the first place? Mercenary motives?"

"Well, I don't s'pose you'd hardly say any one on 'em married for money exactly. I allus sized it up about this way: She married him for a marbletop table, and he married her for a bass viol that belonged to her first husband."

"Was he a bachelor?"

"O, law, yes! And his own housekeeper for years before he married her. They lived opposite one another, and she used to go over once in a while and slick up for him.

"That's how she come to fall in love with the table. It was a great ark of a thing, and heavy as lead, but she thought it was beautiful."

"What did he want of the bass viol?"

"The land knows! He used to hear her first husband play on it, and—well, I s'pose he got kind of lonesome and wanted something for company. That's all I can think on to account for it. You couldn't say he ever got any music out of it.

"Well, they got married, and after that, every night, you'd hear the old bass viol a-huntin' and a-groanin' away enough to give ye the nightmare.

"That's where the trouble began. She declared that he played the old thing so late nights that she was broke of her rest. And most of the neighbors could feel for her there. But he told her she'd no need to listen if she didn't like the sound.

"In sech cases there's most always another side to the quarrel, and there was to this. It was the table!

"What do you s'pose that woman had done? She always was as odd as the hills. She took a notion to use that marble-top table for a dinin' table. 'My table cloths is most wore out,' she says to me, 'so I use this table, and it gives lots of work; I think it's real pretty, too.'

"But he didn't like that cold marble to eat off of, and you can't blame him for that. He said the dishes clattered on it, and it was so cold it made him catch cold. She told him he needn't put his elbows on the table, if he didn't like the feeling, and it wasn't genteel anyway. And that's the way they had it, back and forth.

"Finally, one night, he'd played unusually long, and I s'pose the poor woman had got all out of patience. She packed up her things and carried 'em over to her house. She had to make three or four trips, and the last one she lugged that big bass viol home.

"They lived sep'rate that way for most a month, and then they tried livin' together. But they couldn't stand it no way. So they sep'rated again, only this time he kept the instrument of torter, and she took the table.

"Well, this worked pretty well. She ate off of the marble-top table, and he played all he wanted to. They lived so for most six months.

"They'd quarreled together so much that, I s'pose, they thought consider'ble of one another. Anyway, they tried livin' together again, and made it work all right finally.

"How'd they manage?

"Well, they eat off of the table, but they have a fek coverin' and a table-cloth over it. And he only plays on the bass viol while she's away, or in the morning when she's doin' her work.

"And on her birthday he gives her a nice new tablecloth, and they eat off of the bare table.

"And on his birthday she gives him a new set of strings, and lets him play till midnight if he wants to.

"In that way they get on together as slick as a mitten."

Polly's Voice Seared the Robber Away

The residence of Mr. Harry B. Pyne, at 2237 West Madison street, relates the Louisville Post, was entered yesterday afternoon by a peddler, who, finding Mrs. Pyne alone, attacked her, and would probably have injured her seriously had he not mistaken the cries of a parrot in an adjoining room for those of a man coming to the rescue. He obtained only about $1.50 in money, although Mrs. Pyne's diamonds were almost in his grasp when he was frightened away.

At about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a peddler stopped in front of the house and walked in with his hands full of vegetables. As he entered Mrs. Pyne had just locked up a set of valuable diamonds worth about $500. The man saw the jewels disappear, and, glancing around the house to see if any one was in sight, demanded the keys of her cabinet. On her refusal he advanced upon her, and she snatched up the poker and struck him. He dodged in under the poker and struck her squarely in the face with his fist, knocking her down. At this moment, when he was about to wrench the keys to the cabinet from her hand, the parrot in the next room began to call out, "I am coming!"

The burglar became panic stricken and ran from the house, evidently mistaking the parrot for a man. There was no one in the house at the time except Mrs. Pyne.

Cattle Utilized for Smuggling Opium.

"Some of the shrewdest tricks ever played are by the smugglers of opium," said H. A. Fanning of Seattle to a Globe-Democrat reporter. "A very unique smuggling scheme was unearthed a few years ago by United States secret service officers in North Dakota. It was noticed that an unusually large number of cattle were being driven across the line to the North Dakota markets, and the secret service men planned an investigation. For some time their work was in vain, and they had about given up hope of discovering any unlawful operations when an accident revealed the fact that the nostrils of the cattle were stuffed with opium wrapped carefully in tinfoil. In this way each steer was worth twice its normal value. Hundreds upon hundreds of animals had been driven across the border with their nostrils loaded with opium, and it was estimated that the smugglers had cleaned up a profit of $25,000 before the discovery was made. But the smugglers were sly and they escaped and were never captured."

STORIES OF STATELY SUITORS

The Way Our Presidents Courted and Won Their Wives.

THE PRETTY YOUNG WIDOW CUSTIS

Martha Jefferson's Harpsichord and a Certain Violin—Jackson's Stormy Wooing—General Tyler's Married Life.

We know little about the courtships of the presidents, but that little is full of interest. George Washington was a colonel when he first met Mrs. Custis, relates the San Francisco Argonaut. He was on his way to Williamsburg to see the governor, when he was met by a Mr. Chamberlayne, who owned a plantation along the way, and was asked to stop and dine with him. Washington replied that his business was urgent, and he was only persuaded when Chamberlayne told him that he had a young widow visiting him who was rich and fair to look upon. He finally accepted, saying that it could be only for dinner, and that, the meal over, he must hasten on to Williamsburg by moonlight. He then threw the reins of his horse to Bishop, his body servant, and told him to wait for his return. Dinner being over, the Virginia colonel was so pleased with his company that he was in no hurry to go. He forgot all about poor Bishop and his horse, and accepted an invitation to remain over night. It was, it may be said, a case of love at first sight. Washington went on to Williamsburg the next day, and on his return he called at the house of Mrs. Custis and asked her hand in marriage. She accepted and they were married in great style at her home on the Pamunkey river on the 6th of January, 1759. A honeymoon of several months was spent here, and then the couple took a wedding tour to Mount Vernon.

FINALLY, ONE NIGHT, HE'D PLAYED UNUSUALLY LONG.

Mrs. Custis was 26 years old at the time, and Washington was three months her senior. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge. She had been married at 17 to Colonel Daniel P. Custis, the son of John Custis of Arlington, who was one of the grandees of early Virginia. John Custis has objected to this marriage and had told Daniel that he would cut him off with a shilling if he persisted in carrying it out. He had arranged, he said, a marriage for him with the daughter of Colonel Byrd of Westover and the contract had been made when the two children were babies in their cradles. Colonel Byrd was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the state, and John Custis wanted to see the two fortunes united by marriage. Colonel Daniel Parke Custis persisted in his preference for Martha Dandridge, and his father finally consented to the match. It was a happy one while it lasted, and Martha Custis had four children, two of whom were living at the time she married Washington. By the death of her first husband she was left wealthy, and she brought to her new husband about $100,000 in money and a large amount of real estate.

BELLE OF HER TIMES.

Martha Custis was a belle at 17, and at 26 she was a blooming widow. She was under middle size and had dark brown eyes and hair. Washington is said to have been a homely young man and a very fine looking old one. Martha Washington was a very pretty girl, but not a very good-looking old woman. As she matured she grew stout, and, though her pictures represent her as a beauty, the current history of the times says she was a plainly dressed, robust old woman, who looked older than her husband. She was not noted for her social or her intellectual qualities. She could not spell, and probably did not read a book from one end of the year to the other. She was a sort of goody-goody woman, who almost always had knitting needles in her hands, and who thought she did a great thing when she saved the ravellings of a lot of old black silk stockings and worn-out chair covers and wove them into a dress for herself. She was very proud of her husband, and they show the little room in the second story of the home at Mount Vernon in which she secluded herself after his death, seeing no one for months, and allowing only a cat to enter the room through a hole which was cut under the door.

JEFFERSON'S WOOING.

Thomas Jefferson had rivals in his courtship with Martha Shelton, but he wooed her long, and married her one cold January night while the snow was on the ground. One night during his courtship two of his rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Shelton's door stone. They stopped a moment as they heard the sound of music, and when they found the young widow's voice, accompanied by her harpsicord, joined with that of Jefferson and his violin, in a love song, they concluded not to enter and gave up all hope. Immediately after the marriage, Jefferson and his bride started out by carriage for Monticello, which lay one hundred miles away through the forests. They arrived late at night and found the fires all out, no wood at hand, and not a servant in the mansion. A half bottle of wine made up their wedding supper, and they sang and laughed until morning. Jefferson at this time had an income of about $5,000 a year, and his wife brought him in a considerable estate. The license bond to their marriage, to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds, was written by Jefferson himself, and it now hangs among the curiosities in the State Library of Virginia, in the capitol at Richmond.

A STORMY COURTSHIP.

Andrew Jackson's courtship was a stormy one. Mrs. Jackson's maiden name was Rachel Donelson. She was married very young to Captain Lewis Robards, a man of good family, but of bad habits and a very jealous disposition. Robards suspected ever man who came in contact with his wife and he at one time wrote home to his mother-in-law requesting her to take her daughter home, as he didn't intend to live with her any longer. Mrs. Robards' mother was at this time a widow, keeping a boarding house in Nashville, and Andrew Jackson was one of her boarders. Some years later the quarrel was made up, and Captain Robards came to live with his wife at Mrs. Donelson's. He at once became jealous of Jackson, quarreled with him, and the result was that Jackson left the family. Shortly after this Captain Robards again left his wife, and when Mrs. Robards announced her intention of going to Natchez to visit some of her friends in order to keep out of her husband's way, Jackson went with her. At Natchez he heard that a divorce had been granted to Mrs. Robards by the Virginia legislature, and he married her. He brought her back to Tennessee and then found that the Virginia legislature had not granted the divorce, but had left it to the court to do so. In the meantime Robards had gotten a divorce in Kentucky, and Jackson, in order to make his marriage absolutely safe, bought a new license and had the ceremony performed over again.

During Jackson's presidential campaign this question of his marriage made great scandal, and Jackson was probably thinking of this when he put the testimonial of his wife's great worth in the epitaph which he wrote for her tombstone. Mrs. Jackson was not an educated woman. Her speech was ungrammatical and full of frontier idioms. She smoked a pipe, and what reading she did was confined to the bible. She was 23 years old when Jackson married her, and he was about one year older.

Van Buren's wife died seventeen years before he became president. Her name was Hanna Hoes, and she was distantly related to him. He was engaged to her for a long time, but was not married until he could support her comfortably. They were of the same age, and their married life of twelve years was a happy one.

President Harrison was a captain in the United States army, just 22 years old, when he was married to Anna Symmes, a bright Ohio girl of 20. Miss Symmes was the daughter of Judge Symmes, one of the associate judges of the supreme court of the Northwest Territory. She was visiting her sister at Lexington, Ky., when she met Captain Harrison. They were married at North Bend, O. Harrison then resigned his commission in the army and was elected the first delegate to congress from the Northwest Territory. Mrs. Harrison was not well when Harrison came to Washington and she never lived in the White House.

TYLER ON MARRIED LIFE.

General Tyler, the son of President Tyler, says that his father was married twice, and he was the first president who was married while in the White House, Cleveland being the second. Shortly before President Tyler died he said to his son:

"My son, I have in many respects been a fortunate man, but in respect to no one particular have I greater cause to congratulate myself than in that since I reached man's estate I have passed only two years out of the marriage relation, for it has protected and preserved my moral life."

General Tyler describes his mother, the president's first wife, as a dark-haired, fair skinned lady, with a person which was a perfect model of beauty. She was of medium size and looked much like Empress Josephine, save that her skin was fairer. Tyler met her at a ball given by one of the wealthy Douglasses of Virginia and fell in love at once. He was then about 19 years old and it was perhaps a year before he became engaged to her.

"This courtship," says General Tyler, "was much more formal than that of today. He was seldom alone with her before her marriage, and he has told me that he never mustered up courage enough to kiss his sweetheart's hand until three weeks before their wedding, though he was engaged to her for nearly five years. He asked her parents' consent before proposing to her, and when he visited her at the home of Colonel Christian, her father, on his large plantation, he was entertained in the parlors, where the whole family were assembled together. As was the custom then among the better class of Virginian families, the lover never thought of going out riding in the same carriage with his affianced, but rode along on horseback at the side of the carriage, which always contained one or more ladies in addition to his sweetheart to add decorum to the occasion." President Tyler and his first wife were of nearly the same age, he being only eight months her senior. Their wedding took place on his 23d birthday, and their married life of twenty-nine years was a most happy one.

MRS. TYLER NUMBER TWO.

President Tyler's second marriage took place two years after the death of his first wife. Tyler was 54. The bride was a girl hardly out of her teens. Her name was Miss Julia Gardiner, and she was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New York. General Tyler says that in the second winter after his mother's death Mr. Gardiner and his two daughters came to Washington on their return to Europe. They visited the White House one Thursday evening, and he, as private secretary, took their cards, they being unknown to him, and introduced them to the family. A short time after they called upon his sister, who was then presiding at the White House, and she returned their call, discovering that the girls were very beautiful and accomplished, and also of excellent family. They repeated their visit to the White House during the season, returning to New York at its close. At the opening of the following season they were back in Washington, and renewed their attentions to the president and his family. After a time President Tyler began to look with eyes of love at one of the Misses Gardiner, and finally proposed a marriage with her to her father and mother. His proposal was well received, and the young woman being willing, the marriage was determined upon. It took place in New York. General Tyler thinks it would have been an indelicate thing to have had it celebrated at the White House. President Tyler lived seventeen years with his second wife, and had a number of children by her.

Mrs. President Polk was a belle of Tennessee, and there is a tradition in Tennessee that Polk was advised by General Jackson to marry her. Andrew Jackson, a great friend of young Polk, thought his attentions among the women were entirely too promiscuous. He urged him to select one of the number of sweethearts, so the story goes, telling him at the same time that among them all he could not find a sweeter woman or a better wife than Sallie Childress. Polk took Jackson's advice, and was accepted.

President Pierce met his wife while he was studying law. Her maiden name was Jane Means Appleton. She was the daughter of a president of Bowdoin college, and was married at the age of 23, when Pierce was a member of the lower house of congress. She was not well enough while in the White House to make much of a social figure. She died in 1863, six years before her husband.

Fillmore was twice married, and his first wife was by far the superior. Her name was Abigail Powers, the youngest child of a Baptist clergyman of New York. She was tall, fine looking and well formed, with a fair complexion and beautiful eyes. Her picture as lady of the White House represents her with luxuriant curls hanging down the sides of her face and a white lace cap upon her head. She was two years older than Fillmore.

HIS APPENDICITIS CURE.

The Way One Doctor Earned Fame and a Fat Fee.

"Appendicitis?" said the doctor, who had lately moved here from the west, relates the New York Sun. "Why, I left behind me a reputation as an appendicitis expert that would be worth $20,000 a year in New York."

"What's your percentage of cures?" asked the recently graduated M. D.

"Just an even 100 per cent."

"What are you giving me? There isn't a surgeon in the country who's never lost a case. Why, even—"

"Yes; but I don't use the knife," said the other doctor, interrupting.

"Medical treatment, eh? Well, I don't hold much with that. It only alleviates. Doesn't cure. What's your method, oil?"

"No. Just water."

"Hydropathic treatment for appendicitis! You must be crazy."

"Who said anything about hydropathic treatment? You hospital youngsters always want to build up a four-story name for everything, so as to charge more in the bill, I reckon. I'm telling you that I've saved 100 per cent of my appendicitis cases by the use of water; and now, if you'll give me a chance, I'll tell you how I did it, but I wouldn't advise you to follow my method. I don't follow it myself."

"Fire ahead," said the young doctor.

"To begin with the truth, my 100 per cent consisted in one patient. Appendicitis hasn't got fashionable out our way yet. Few people know about it, and, in my opinion, it's one of those diseases you don't get until you get thinking about them."

The young doctor looked wise. "Involuntary muscular action due to cere—"

"That'll do," interrupted the older man. "I'll furnish all the necessary foot notes myself. This patient of mine was a chap named Dunby, a big, robust fellow, a great eater, and too lazy to take exercise. Consequently, his stomach was always troubling him. Well, one day he got hold of a semi-medical paper containing a long and gruesome article on appendicitis. That was the first intimation he had that he was the proud possessor of a vermiform appendix. As soon as he discovered it, it began to bother him. He kept poking and prodding at himself to see if he had any pains there, and naturally he made himself sore. One day he came down to my office white as a sheet.

"'I've got it, Doc,' he said; 'I've got it.'

"'Got what?' I asked.

"'Appendicitis. I can feel it swelling up. It must be a lemon seed, though I've been careful not to swallow anything of that sort.'

"'You've got a stomach ache, and that's all,' I said.

"'Stomach ache! Oh, if you could feel it? I'm a dead man.'

"'You're a blooming fool,' I said, 'and you'll be a dead fool if you scare yourself into it. Lie down here and let me look you over.'

"The result of my examination was such as to assure me that Dunby was suffering from a bad fit of indigestion and scare combined. I tried to get him to look at it that way, but he wouldn't have it. That infernal medical article was firmly fixed in his appendix vermiformis, and though I was satisfied there was nothing else there, he was likely to die of it. I got him home and returned to my office to smoke a pipe over the problem, promising to return that evening. When I got back there was little blue mark on his abdomen.

"'Mortification,' moaned Dunby.

"As a matter of fact it was simply a slight bruise caused by his continual prodding at himself; but I had formed my plan and proceeded to act upon it.

"'You were right, Dunby,' I said. 'It is appendicitis. That mark shows it.'

"'Oh, my God!' he cried. 'Send for my brother. I want to see my nearest relative before I die.'

"'You aren't going to die,' I said. 'You're going to be cured this very night. How's the pain?'

"'Gone. Numbness of approaching death,' he gurgled.

"'Keep your nerve up,' I told him. Then I went to a carpenter and had him set in a sort of reversed stocks over Dunby's bathtub, like the kind they used to set malefactors in, only they were contrived so that the man should be held upside down, and they were padded to prevent his ankles from being hurt. When they were finished I made Dunby drink water until his eyes bulged out.

"'If you drink a lot of water,' I explained to him, 'it will wash the foreign matter out of the appendix as soon as that organ is reversed. Swallow every drop you can get down.'

"When Dunby had drunk till he was puffed like a pouter pigeon my assistant and I took him and hung him up by the feet over the bathtub. It was a very hard job, too, for he was heavy. Three times we filled him up, and three times we hung him up and made an inverted, roaring cataract out of him. It was a pretty tough treatment, but the moral effect was grand. As soon as he was able to talk he assured me that he was washed out clear to the tips of his toes. Certainly no man ever got a more thorough internal bath. Just to make sure I turned on him a fake X-ray, and told him the appendix was clear.

"'Now,' said I, 'all you've got to do, is to be careful. Take plenty of exercise, don't overeat and don't worry. We'll leave the carpenter's work there in case you have another attack.'

"'If you'll believe it, the first thing Dunby did as soon as he was well enough to get around was to get an axe and knock the stocks contrivance to flinders. Such is the ungratefulness of man. But he sent me a check that I was almost ashamed to take, and talked about my wonderful skill until I was afraid of being held up to the contempt of the profession as an advertiser. My reputation was made. But I don't expect to adopt that treatment here, and I shouldn't recommend you to try it in a case of the real thing."

"No; I'm not likely to," said the hospital doctor. "Of course, I need hardly tell you that the case you cite is one of hysterical involuntary muscul—"

"I don't think you need," replied the other, dryly. "If I'd told my patient that, the undertaker, and not I, would have had his money. It don't always pay to call a spade a spade when it's a double-barreled Latin-named spade. You might write that in the front of your notebook. Yes; you're welcome."

How She Stopped It.

Chicago Post. "She saw him at a point of vantage across the street trying to look into her room."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. There could be no mistake about it. But she stopped it quick enough."

"I suppose she notified her brother and he went out and thrashed the scoundrel within an inch of his life."

"Oh, dear, no. Her action was a great deal more effective than that."

"Notified the police, I suppose?"

"Oh, it was even more effective than that. You see, she pulled down the curtain."

Poverty Thwarted.

Detroit Journal: "Surely," they exclaimed, as kindly as they might, "it is not true that poverty has made a thief of you!"

The wretched person ceased for the nonce to weep.

"No," he replied, with a sad, worn smile. "When I perceived that I was becoming poor I quit taking things that did not belong to me."

Some of them did not know what to think, while others were vaguely conscious that our civilization was perhaps being impugned.

Very Caloric.

Washington Star: The emotional litterateur had just written a piece of which he was very proud. The editor looked it over and then said:

"Do you candidly think such opinions ought to go into cold type?"

"I don't know much about the practical work of printing," was the reply, "but I don't believe it makes any difference. Even if the type is cold, I guess that article will take the chill off it."

JOBBERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF OMAHA.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Lininger & Metcalf Co.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Agricultural Implements
Buggies and Carriages, Cor. 6th and Pacific Sts

Parlin, Orendorff & Martin Co
Jobbers of Farm Machinery.
Wagons and Buggies - Cor. 9th and Jones.

ART GOODS

A. Hospe
Picture Moldings.
Mirrors, Frames, Backing and Artists' Materials.

BOOTS-SHOES-RUBBERS.

American Hand Sewed Shoe Co
M'f'rs and *Jobbers of Foot Wear*
WESTERN AGENTS FOR
The Joseph Banigan Rubber Co.

E. H. Sprague & Co.,
Rubbers and Mackintoshes.
1107 Howard St., OMAHA

F. P. Kirkendall & Co
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
Salesrooms 1102-1104-1106 Harney Street.

Z. T. Lindsey,
WHOLESALE
RUBBER GOODS
Owner of Chief Brand Mackintoshes

Morse-Coe Shoe Co
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,
AT WHOLESALE.
Office and Salesroom 1119-21-23 Howard St.

BAGS

Bemis Omaha Bag Co
Importers and Manufacturers
BAGS
614-16-18 South 11th Street

BAKING POWDER—EXTRACTS.

Farrell & Co.,
SYRUPS,
Molasses, Sorghum, etc., Preserves and Jellies. Also tin cans and Japanned ware.

CHICORY

The American Chicory Co.
Growers and manufacturers of all forms of Chicory Omaha-Fremont-O'Neil.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

M. H. Bliss,
Importer and Jobber
Crockery, China, Glassware,
Silver Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Chandeliers, Lamps, Chimneys, Cutlery, Etc.
1410 FARNAM ST.

CREAMERY SUPPLIES

The Sharples Company
Creamery Machinery
and Supplies.
Boilers, Engines, Feed Cookers, Wood Pulleys, Shafting, Belting, Butter Packages of all kinds.
907-909 Jones St. - - - - - -

DRY GOODS.

M. E. Smith & Co.
Importers and Jobbers of
Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods
AND NOTIONS.

DRUGS.

Richardson Drug Co.
902-906 Jackson St.
J. C. RICHARDSON, Pres't.
G. F. WELLER, V. Pres't.

The Mercer Chemical Co.
M'f'rs Standard Pharmaceutical Preparations. Special Formulae Prepared to Order. Send for Catalogue.
Laboratory, 1111 Howard St., Omaha.

E. E. Bruce & Co.
Druggists and Stationers,
"Queen Bee" Specialties.
Cigars, Wines and Brandies.
Corner 10th and Harney Streets.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES.

Western Electrical Company
Electrical Supplies.
Electric Mining Bells and Gas Lighting
G. W. JOHNSTON, Mgr. 1510 Howard St.

Wolf Electrical Supply Co
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
1304 Farnam St.

FRUIT-PRODUCE.

Branch & Co,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants.
S. W. Corner 12th and Howard Sts.
Members of the National League of Commission Merchants of the United States.

GROCERIES.

McCord-Brady Co.
13th and Leavenworth St.
Staple and Fancy Groceries,
TEA AND COFFEE ROASTERS, Etc.

Meyer & Raapke,
WHOLESALE
FINE GROCERIES
Teas, Spices, Tobacco and Cigars.
1403-1407 Harney Street.

Paxton and Gallagher Co
IMPORTERS.
GAS COFFEE ROASTERS
AND JOBBING GROCERS.
Telephone 232.

HARNESS-SADDLERY

J. H. Haney & Co.
M'f'rs
HARNESS, SADDLES AND COLLARS
Jobbers of Leather, Saddlery Hardware, Etc.
We solicit your orders 1315 Howard St.

HARDWARE.

Rector & Wilhelmy Co
Wholesale Hardware,
Omaha.

Lee-Clark Andreesen Hardware Co
Wholesale Hardware.
Bicycles and Sporting Goods. 1219-21-23 Harney street.

LIQUORS.

Walter Moise & Co
WHOLESALE
LIQUORS.
Proprietors of AMERICAN CIGAR AND GLASSWARE CO.
214-216 South 14th St.

Iler's Eagle Gin
East India Bitters
Golden Sheaf Pure Rye and Bourbon Whiskey.
Willow Springs Distillery, Iler & Co., 1118 Harney Street

Frick & Herbertz,
Wholesale
Liquor Merchants,
1001 Farnam Street.

Riley Brothers,
Wholesale
Liquors and Cigars.
1118 Farnam Street.

John Boekhoff,
WHOLESALE
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
411-415 S. 15th Street.

LUMBER

Chicago Lumber Co.
WHOLESALE
LUMBER . . .
814 South 14th St.

Hamilton Bros.
PLANING MILL,
Manufacturers of doors, sash, blinds, office, store and saloon fixtures. Estimates furnished on any kind of mill work.
Tel. 1179. Mill 28th and Davenport Sts.

OILS-PAINTS

National Oil and Paint Co.
MANUFACTURERS
Air Floated Mineral Paint
And Paints of All Kinds, Putty, Etc.
1015 and 1017 Jones St.

Standard Oil Co.
J. A. Moffet, 1st Vice Pres. L. J. Drake, Gen Mgr.
. . . . OILS . . . .
Gasoline, Turpentine, Axle Grease, Etc.
Omaha Branch and Agencies, John B. Ruth Mgr.

PAPER-WOODENWARE.

Carpenter Paper Co.
Printing Paper,
Wrapping Paper, Stationery,
Corner 12th and Howard streets.

STEAM-WATER SUPPLIES.

Crane-Churchill Co.
1014-1016 Douglas Street.
Manufacturers and Jobbers of Steam, Gas and
Water Supplies of All Kinds.

United States Supply Co . . .
1108-1110 Harney St.
Steam Pumps, Engines and Boilers, Pipe, Wind Mills, Steam and Plumbing Material, Belting, Hose, Etc.

TYPE FOUNDRIES

Great Western Type Foundry
Superior Copper Mixed Type is the best on the market.
ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY.
1114 Howard Street.