A POCKET FULL OF WEALTH.

Luther Drake Tells How Haiman Lowy First Came to His Notice.

HE WAS WOOLWORTH'S FRIEND.

Progress of the Smith Stock Trial—A Fatal Ride Into Salt Creek—Judge Mitchell's Death—Social Notes of the Capital.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The hands on the big clock in the United States court room pointed to the hour of 10 yesterday morning when Luther Drake, assistant cashier of the Merchants National bank of Omaha, was called to the witness chair by the defense in the Cole vs Miller case. Mr. Drake related at length his first meeting with Haiman Lowy, the alleged purchaser of the Smith stock, and the financial transactions which followed. Mr. Lowy, he said, came to the bank on Saturday, June 27, 1885, being introduced by Mr. Woolworth. Lowy had a letter of credit on the Merchants National for $20,000, for which he wanted currency in bills of $100 and upwards. Witness enquired whether Lowy wanted to make a legal tender with the money, and receiving an affirmative reply told him he had better take gold, saying at the same time that it would be difficult to gather $20,000 in large bills on such short notice. Lowy insisted on having the currency, and Drake sent the bank messenger to other institutions with specie to make the necessary exchange. When the man returned Drake did the $20,000 up in a package and handed it to Lowy, who, tapping the inside pocket of his coat, said, "I have $10,000 more in here." The handling of such a large sum in cash naturally aroused the witness' curiosity, but as it was a legitimate business transaction he did not at the time make any extended inquiries. The next night, which was Sunday, he heard that Smith had sold out to Lowy and left town. As Smith was owing the bank $15,000 he felt some interest in his movements, and at once called on Lowy at the Paxton to learn the facts. Mr. Lowy told him that the report was true. He bought the stock, he said, the day before, and intended to take possession Monday morning. This ended the material part of Mr. Drake's testimony, and he was handed over to the plaintiff's counsel for cross-examination. Everything went on smoothly until Mr. Thurston inquired:

"You say you treated Mr. Lowy with marked attention when he called on you. Why did you do so?"

"Because he was introduced by Mr. Woolworth, and until after that transaction I had always thought gentlemen introduced by Mr. Woolworth entitled to special consideration."

This sharp retort brought a blush to the face of the handsome chancellor, and there was a general "titter" through the court room as his associate said blandly, "I guess that's all," and dropped the witness.

The remainder of the morning session was passed in proving by John C. Cowie, William P. Wilcox and James Brown the value of the stock at the time Lowy took possession, the estimates of the witnesses ranging from $105,000 to $195,000.

At the afternoon session the defense introduced J. Decker of New York, who related a conversation he had with Lowy in the Paxton hotel at Omaha the Tuesday after the sale. At that time Lowy said that on the evening of the 26th of June he had about decided not to buy the stock, when Cole, his son-in-law, came to him and said, "Papa, its the chance of a life time; it means a fortune for us boys; be sure and buy it." The next morning Lowy said he went to his attorney's office and consummated the purchase. The papers were signed then with the understanding that Smith should be left in possession until midnight. Just before 12 p. m., Lowy paid Smith the cash and took charge. Referring to the worth of the stock, Lowy told Decker that Smith put it at $100,000, but that he (Lowy) didn't think it would bring more than $75,000. Lowy at the same time acknowledged that he had paid but $40,000. Decker then asked Lowy if it did not arouse his suspicions when he found Smith anxious to sell a $75,000 stock for $40,000 in secret. Lowy replied that it was none of his business. He was there to buy the goods as cheaply as he could. Lowy further said that he had not made any inquiries about Smith's circumstances, because he had been advised by his attorneys that if Smith told him he didn't owe anything it was all that was necessary. When he paid Smith the $40,000 at midnight on June 29 he made the inquiry, and Smith said he had only one or two little bills outstanding.

Decker will be cross-examined this morning.

A FATAL RIDE.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, a man named Lipsey found a horse and buggy in Salt creek near Crab's mill. Shortly afterwards the body of Mrs. Lorena Fowler was found near by. It was ascertained that Mrs. Fowler had started to drive from her parents' home in this city to her brother's farm, about two miles south. When near Crab's mill the horse ran away and jumped down a ten-foot embankment into the creek, throwing the woman out and drowning her. Mrs. Fowler was a daughter of E. B. George, and but 22 years old. She was married to the notorious Leroy Fowler three months back, but left him when she discovered his true character.

JUDGE MITCHELL'S DEATH.

The news of the death of Judge Mitchell has caused a sincere feeling of sorrow in Lancaster county and all through the Second judicial district. Judge Pound early yesterday morning adjourned the district court to Tuesday next, and a meeting of the county bar was at once called, the presiding judge acting as chairman and Clerk Sizer as secretary. On motion of Mr. J. L. Caldwell, a committee of five, headed by the veteran Judge Mason, were appointed to draft appropriate resolutions. Another committee, headed by J. W. Deweese, were named by the chair to arrange for transportation, it being the intention of the bar to attend the funeral in a body as nearly as possible and meet with the members of the district bar, who will be called together at Nebraska City at that time. The meeting adjourned to 1 o'clock this afternoon, when the reports of the committees will be heard, and the details of the sad trip perfected.

THE LATEST RAILROAD SCHEME.

The day must be very cold indeed when a new railway is not ushered into official existence at the secretary of state's office. Yesterday was quite blustery and March-like, but Captain Wintersteen was acknowledging the receipt of the articles of incorporation of the Columbus, Nebraska & Wyoming railway, when the BEE man called. The new company was organized by Robert H. Henry, James E. North, Leander Gerrard, John P. Becker, Gerhard Schutte, Jonas Welch and John Stauffer. These gentlemen state that the road will run from Columbus through the counties of Platte, Madison, Boone, Antelope, Wheeler, Garfield, Loup, Blaine, Cherry, Sheridan, Dawes and Sioux, to the western boundary of the state. The capital is placed at $1,000,000, but the right to increase it to $5,000,000 is reserved.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

The week just closing has been a busy and brilliant one with society people in the capital city. Receptions, dancing parties, banquets and progressive euchre gatherings have been numerous, and the "mad whirl of excitement" grows as Lent approaches.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. John P. Williams entertained a number of their friends at a musicale, followed Tuesday afternoon by a 5 o'clock tea given by Mrs. Williams to her lady acquaintances.

The eighteenth anniversary banquet of Capital Lodge No. 11, I. O. O. F. last night, is a bright link in the golden chain. The meal was substantial and well served and the literary entertainment will long be remembered as a veritable gem.

Mrs. N. L. Lowman of McCook, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Schwab, in this city.

Deputy Auditor Benton is still rusticating in Fremont.

M. H. Gaston and wife are at home, fresh from a tour of Southern California.

Mrs. Fair of Dakota City, and her son Harry, are being entertained by Manager Fair of the telephone exchange.

The progressive euchre party at Mr. John Doolittle's Wednesday evening was one of the neatest affairs of the kind ever given in Lincoln. Mayor Burr and wife captured the royal prizes, and Mr. and Mrs. McBride were the happy recipients of the "booby" emblems.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. P. Ewing, who were married at Lebanon (Pa.), on the 20th of January, were welcomed home by the Pasant Hour Club, Wednesday evening, a brilliant reception being tendered them at Temple hall.

Miss Mendenhall's schoolmates assisted her in observing the sixteenth anniversary of her birthday, Thursday evening, by dropping in in force unawares.

The Knights of Pythias' Mikado ball given at the rink last night was about as perfect in all features as the ingenuity of man could make it. The costumes were gorgeous, the music entrancing, the attendance overwhelming, the knights dashing, the ladies "just too lovely for anything."

J. D. Parish, of the A. D. T., is entertaining Mr. Booth, of Spring Hill, (Ind.)

Mrs. C. W. Scott, of Jamestown, (N. Y.), is the guest of Mrs. M. E. Nutting.

Miss Clara Hess has been called to her home at Harvard by the serious illness of her brother.

Tom Lowery is home again after an extended trip to Chicago, St. Louis, Washington and other eastern cities.

BRIEF MENTION.

The editorial gentlemen who are writing so knowingly about the city's bonded indebtedness voted in "aid of works of public improvement" should remember that the supreme court has, as yet, only decided that the water works bonds do not come under that head. The court, of course, if called on, might say that all other city bonds not voted as donations are to be classed with the water works securities; it might even go farther and define exactly what the statutes mean by "works of public improvement," but it is not best to jump at conclusions. There are some things that no fellow can find out in advance, and among them are the verdicts of courts and juries.

"The Savings Bank of Nebraska," a financial institution projected by William Roggenkamp, J. G. Southwick, J. A. Smith, L. C. Humphrey, E. M. Lewis, Louis Helmer, A. Roberts, F. A. Hovey, L. B. Treeman, H. C. Bittenbender, A. M. Davis and C. C. White, has been incorporated and will begin business in this city April 1. The capital is $50,000, of which 20 per cent will be paid in.

Colonel Ewing, the veteran of the Lincoln clothing trade, appeared in his old haunts yesterday, bright and happy after a four weeks' tour of the east.

Mr. Lewis, the attorney for the Law and Order League, failed to accept the invitation extended by Councilmen Webster and Dean to meet with them Thursday night and formulate charges against Officer Smith, and it is very likely the committee will report to the council that there is "no cause for action." Mr. Sawyer, president of the league, says he did not receive notice of the meeting until noon Thursday, and that it was 4 o'clock before he was able to reach Mr. Lewis, and at that late hour it was considered idle to even attempt to make a showing in the case.

A trades assembly composed of the local Knights of Labor, cigarmakers', carpenters', printers' and plasterers' unions, was organized at Germania hall, Thursday night. At the next meeting the bricklayers and locomotive engineers and firemen will be admitted.

While Myrtle Stewart and Anna Tripp were in police court Thursday, entering pleas of "not guilty" to the charge of keeping houses of ill-repute, the "lady boarders" in both establishments packed their trunks and skipped. The campaign of the Law and Order league against the social evil has only just commenced.

Charles Douglas, who left Lincoln a few days ago on a business trip, is reported as having suddenly gone insane at Purcell (Iowa), where he now is. Douglas is a bachelor, about 40 years of age, comfortably situated financially, and has been making his home at the Howard house.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of John Wettenkamp of Lincoln and Thomas Mayne of Stevens Creek for participating in a prize fight near Waverly last Sunday. The men fought to settle an old grudge, and thought that a little thing like that wouldn't count. The authorities, however, are determined to prosecute them, and have subpœnaed Frank Hartman, Abe Broadwater, Ben Boge, William Wettenkamp, Lincoln Jacoby, Dan Mahanna, Thomas Dillon, and other Waverly men who witnessed the mill, to come into court and tell about it.

Personal Paragraphs.

Ed. H. Calloway, of Lincoln, is at the Paxton.

Isham Reeves and son, of Falls City, are Millard guests.

K. McKenzie, of Plattsmouth, is stopping at the Windsor.

M. Elgutter left for the east yesterday to select his spring stock.

S. B. Shephard, of Arlington, is in the city, stopping at the Millard.

Jno. Wiggins and S. S. McAllister, of Columbus, are at the Windsor.

J. G. Yeaton, Lyons, Neb.; Patrick Mears, Lincoln, are at the Canfield.

Eugene Moore and J. C. Crawford, of West Point, are registered at the Paxton.

J. C. Kringle, of Wisner, was among the arrivals at the Millard last evening.

W. R. Dennis and wife, of Lincoln, arrived in Omaha last evening and are guests at the Paxton.

Mr. J. S. Cooley left last evening for St. Louis on legal business. He will return about the first of next week.

Mr. M. O. Maul was yesterday appointed a deputy sheriff by Sheriff Coburn and immediately took the oath of office and filed the requisite bond.

General Manager McCool, of the St. Joe Grand Island, who has been in Omaha for the past two days, left last evening in his special car over the Missouri Pacific.

The statement that General Hancock, in the crisis of a great battle addressed his soldiers as "gentlemen," calls to mind the fact that a captain in the revenue marine, well known at his station, was once equally courteous in giving orders. He would order a boat's crew to "give way, gentlemen; lively, if you please; gentlemen," "That will do, gentlemen; port watch, go below, if you please." As a consequence he acquired the name of "Gentleman F.," and always had the best crew on the station.

MARCH WINDS.

Professor Couch Makes a Few Weather Predictions.

The readers of the BEE have from time to time noticed the predictions of Prof. Couch, Nebraska's own weather prophet.

In the main his prognostications have been realized, and he has of late come out as a powerful rival of Gen. Hazen.

Following is Prof. Couch's summary of the weather probabilities for March:

The planetary bodies—Venus, the earth, Mars, Jupiter and Uranus are bunching close together in heliocentric longitude. This will produce high atmospheric tension, giving great heat for the time of year, high winds at times and pushing the west to east storm belt far north, giving the rains or snows to the lake region and Canada. But the 3d to 5th and 10th to 11th south to north storms will give more general rains or snows. After the earth passes Uranus (27th to 30th) high northerly return winds will set in, like the return winds of December 4, January 7 and February 3, but not so cold. Near the 12th and 26th may give tornado weather. I make the order of storms to be as below and to correspond to the dates given approximately, though being noticed at the west or south one or two days sooner than at the east. When a storm of marked energy appears in Washington territory notice of two days, possibly, may be given prior to its appearance in the Canadian maritime provinces.

1—Cold northerly winds for the west.
2—Cloudy fog, another coast storm.
3—Saturn this time will become stationary and resume direct motion.
4—Terrific storm winds, rain or snow.
5—Continued low barometer.
6—Winds more generally west and north.
7—High barometer, clearing.
8—Calm area.
9—Northerly winds west, fog east.
10—High winds, cooler, rain or snow.
11—Rain or snow, Venus closer.
12—Warmer, continued storm.
13—Settling weather.
14—Generally pleasant.
15—Electrical storms.
16—Mists and thaws.
17—South to west winds.
20—Warm and cloudy.
21—Clearing.
22—High southerly winds.
23—Westerly winds.
24—Interim calms.
25—Warmer, southerly winds.
26—Cloudy, rains.
27—Snows and winds.
28—High northerly winds.
29—Data unreliable.
30—Uncertain weather.
31—Northerly winds.

April will be generally fine to the 25th when cool and rainy weather will set in. A drought about June 1st and a dry and hot harvest.

CONCERNING ORANGES.

Why the Golden Fruit is Scarce in 'Frisco Marts—Other Facts.

"I would like to ship a few of these to San Francisco," remarked a gentleman, as he gazed laughingly at a dozen or more crates of California oranges, in front of a commission house. "That would no doubt seem to you like "carrying coals to New Castle," to use a rather trite expression, but the truth is, in my city of San Francisco it is difficult to get a box of fine oranges for less than three or four dollars and I see your Omaha merchants are selling fine oranges as low as $2.50 and $2.75 per box. It is the old story of the merchants wife piecing out the year with one gown and the shoemaker's children going bare foot; though living in the finest fruit state in the country we have to eat all the poor fruit such as you people would not touch. Why is it so? Simply because southern California orange growers are giving all their attention to the eastern trade and are shipping all their choice fruits. The San Francisco market is flooded with the culls, small, poor fruit, for which from one to two dollars per box is asked.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "I know a good deal about the California Fruit Union which has been attracting considerable attention among fruit growers and dealers. It is the intention of the union to control all shipments, keeping eastern markets well supplied, regulating shipments so that the supply would be continuous and never excessive. They also propose to have one house or agency in each city to sell their goods. It may be all well enough, but you know it is no easy matter to get all the men in a large section of country to combine, and even if they do, the most difficult task is to keep them together. The promoters of the union have not met with the encouragement expected, and have accomplished very little. The scheme may work for a season or two but it can not be made to last; that is my opinion at least."

WANTED TO DIE.

Whisky Prevents a Young Man From Ending His Life.

A young lady who has been visiting friends in this city for some days past, left last evening for her home in Massachusetts. During her stay here, the young lady proved herself to be vivacious, bright and sparkling, and with her beauty besides attracted a host of male admirers. Among them was a well-known society young man of this city, who was deeply smitten with her charms. After her departure last night the young man confidentially informed some friends that he had proposed to the young lady just before she left and had been rejected. He declared there was no further pleasure in life for him and he proposed to end his existence. His friends, however, did not believe that he intended to carry out his threat, but they were mistaken. The young man took several big drinks of whisky to raise his courage to the required point, but missed his mark, taking a glass too much, which resulted in his losing consciousness and being picked up on the streets early this morning in a dead drunk condition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. Barrett cleared about $65,000 last year.

Patti thinks Minnie Hauk the best Carmen she has seen.

"Evangeline," as reconstructed, is succeeding in the east.

The Grand opera house in New York rents for $40,000 a year.

Mme. Hastreiter is to sing at the May festival in Cincinnati.

Strauss' "Gypsy Baron" is running at the New York Casino.

Lucca has recovered from her illness and is singing in St. Petersburg.

Mr. Fred Boscowitz has returned from visiting Liszt at Buda-Pesth.

Maurice, the son of Sarah Benhardt, is reported to be seriously ill of consumption.

James O'Neill is reported to have done well with his "Monte Cristo" in the south.

Lizzie May Ulmer, lately reported as having been stricken blind, has recovered her sight.

It is said that there are no less than six hundred American girls studying singing in Milan.

Sara Jewett is to star very soon as Fedora, vice Fanny Davenport, who has abandoned that role.

Herr Niemann, the Berlin tenor, is anxious to join the Metropolitan Opera house forces next season.

Henry Bergh has written a play, which he proposes to present to Rose Coghlan if she will produce it.

Mr. Joseph Haworth will support Miss Mather in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Boston theater next week.

On the evening of Monday, March 1, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will begin a return engagement at McVicker's, Chicago.

The youngest son of Imre Kiralfy has lost the sight of one eye by the point of a scissor blade coming in contact with it, recently, in San Francisco.

"Siberia" is doing well on the road. It is the one romantic spectacular drama written by Bartley Campbell of which the country never seem to tire.

Poole and Gilmore will dissolve partnership in April, and Mr. Gilmore will manage Niblo's Garden, in New York, for the next wo years. The separation is quite friendly.

Lillian Spencer has purchased Leander Richardson's successful adaptation called, "Anselma," and will take it on the road shortly.

Mrs. John Drew of Philadelphia has received offers from a number of managers to appear in other cities, but has thus far declined to accept. She will soon be seen at her own theater in the regular annual revival of "The Rivals."

At Columbus, Ohio, last Monday night, Edith Crolius, at the moment of going upon the stage in "Escaped from Sing Sing," received a telegram from New York informing her that her little son was dying, but she bravely played her part and after the curtain fell she swooned and remained unconscious for some time.

It is likely that Mr. Lawrence Barrett will produce Mr. Boker's "Glaucus," during his next engagement at the Star theater, which begins in August. This is a drama in verse based upon Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." Mr. Barrett will be Glaucus. The concluding scene of the play will represent the eruption of Vesuvius.

RELIGIOUS.

The Salvation army is growing stronger in England. Its income is now nearly $400,000.

The Episcopal Sunday schools in Utah contains over five hundred children of Mormon parentage.

Archbishop Taché telegraphs from St. Boniface that he has baptised Poundwater and twenty-eight of his companions in the Manitoba penitentiary.

There are in Nebraska 147 Baptist churches which have among them only sixty-eight houses of worship—not enough by more than half to go around.

The Rev. F. M. Haygood, who preached the first sermon in Atlanta, Ga., and is now very aged, proposes presently to remove to Arizona in response to a call for a Baptist minister in that territory.

Rev. Father Staples of the Carmelite order, is now building a new church on the ancient foundations of his order, in the White Abbey of Kildare, Ireland, where more than six hundred years ago the first church was erected.

According to the correspondent of a Jewish journal the sultan of Turkey has presented a superb chandelier to the great mosque in Aleppo. This mosque is highly venerated by Mohammedans, for tradition has it that the remains of the Prophet Zechariah rest beneath its foundations.

There are 153 Hebrew professors in the United States and Canada. The Presbyterians have 21, the Baptists 15, the Methodists and Episcopalians 13 each, the Congregationalists 10, the two divisions of Lutherans each 8. Two others are Roman Catholics, or identified with institutions not under denominational control.

The Young Men's Christian association has become an immense institution. According to a report read at the twenty-first anniversary of the Philadelphia branch, there are in this country more than 900 associations, with 110,000 members, and property worth $4,000,000: $75,000 was collected for their current work, and $250,000 received in bequests and subscriptions for buildings.

The pallium or vestment typical of archiepiscopal dignity and authority has been granted to Archbishop Corrigan by Pope Leo XIII. Usually the recipient of this honor has to go to Rome and receive it personally, but under special circumstances he can obtaid it by proxy or through a procurator, and this has been done in the present instance through the Rev. Dr. Bernard Smith, for thirty years professor of sacred scriptures at the college of the Propaganda, Rome. The pallium is expected in New York about March 1.

Two wealthy English sects which are reputed to make no converts are the Unitarians and the Quakers. The latter are believed to keep a closer scrutiny as to members than any other religious community, and estimate their numbers in England at 15,000. These include no poverty-stricken persons, although there are some to whom assistance is given from the funds assigned for the purpose. The Quakers are perhaps the wealthiest class in England. They are well represented in the legislature, but while "Friends" have reached the peerage, council and baronetage a Quaker peer has yet to be created.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers were filed Feb 25, with the county clerk, and reported for the BEE by Ames' Real Estate Agency:

Charles A Abercombie to John T. Dillon and others, lots 2 and 3 blk 1 Plainview add Omaha, w d—$650.

Cyrus H. McCormick and wife and others to W. C. Feagins w½ of nw¼ sec 4-14-10, 79 94-100 acres, Douglas Co., q c—$600.

Champion S. Chase (widower) to Peter Leppert n½ of lt 8 blk 2 E. V. Smith's add Omaha, w d—$900.

Champion S. Chase (widower) to Miss Anna Leppert s½ of lt 8 blk 2, E. V. Smith's add Omaha, w d—$900.

Sarah M. Hixon and husband to George C. Whitlock, lt 7 blk 1, Boggs & Hill's 1st add Omaha, w d—$1,550.

William Coburn to Charles L. Thomas, lt 3 blk G Prospect place add Omaha, sheriff's deed—$140.

Otto Lobeck and wife to Thomas C. Bruner and others, lt 28 Millard and Caldwell's add Omaha, w d—$1,950.

Fielder M. Phillips and wife to Lorenzo V. Morse and others lts 11 and 12 blk 1 Patrick's add Omaha, w d—$2,000.

George M. Hazard and wife to Effie D. Lindeman part of nw¼ of se¼ sec 10-15-13 Douglas Co, w d—$1.

Joseph Dove and wife to Ann Alderson, w½ of lt 9 blk 6 Parker's add Omaha, w d—$500.

James Hall and wife to William L. McCague, lt 10 blk 1 Donecken's add Omaha, w d—$265.

Annie E. Cornish and husband to J. E. Riley, lt 6 blk A, Shull's subdivision of Shinn's 1st add Omaha, w d—$1,725.

For Rent.

Three elegant rooms over brick store on 15th and St. Mary's avenue.

"My teeth are getting to be like angels visits," said old Snagly to young Snibberly the other day. "How so?" "Few and far between. Te-ho-he-ho." "Well, if angels' visits are half as bad as your teeth, I don't blame 'em for making them seldom," said young Snibberly.

The man-seal is going to be married. If he happens to beat his wife will the event be chronicled as a new sort of sealing-whacks?

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

Renovates the body, makes healthy flesh, strengthens the weak, repairs the wastes of the system with pure blood and hard muscle; tones the nervous system, invigorates the brain, and imparts the vigor of manhood. $1. Sold by druggists.

OFFICE 44 Murray St., New York.

THE CHARITY BALL.

[BY THEODORE BARTLETT.]

Kitty had been to the charity ball, and the charity ball was very fashionable; there was no doubt about that. Kitty had eaten a late supper, returned home, gone to bed and to sleep; there was no more doubt as to that. She recollected distinctly throwing one shoe under the bed and the other into a corner, saying "Good night" to her own figure in the looking glass, twisting the figure of a butterfly till her fingers ached before she discovered that it was not the gas-stopper, and then laughing sleepily at all her mistakes. She even remembered the first dream of her sleep, which was something about charity diamonds, chicken saad lancers and ice cream waltzes.

No; there was no doubt that she had gone through all this; yet there she was, staring in at the window of the great ball room, and the ball was but just commencing. Could she have gone to sleep on the window-sill in some mysterious manner? No; she was outside, and standing in the air, with somebody holding on to her hand!

"Oh, dear," thought Kitty, mournfully, "I must have drunk some wine somehow. How strange it is! I wonder how I came here! But what a cold hand holds mine; it's not papa's for it makes me shiver. He must be horrid. I won't look at him. So!"

There did not seem to be much need of the resolve, however, for the person who held her hand did not move nor seem to care whether she saw him or not, but quietly looked in with her. So, at last, like most girls, Kitty's curiosity get the better of her, and she cautiously glanced out of the corners of her eyes.

Beside her she saw an old man. His beard and hair were long and white, and dropped about his neck and shoulders like falling snow. Upon his head was lightly placed a crown, of of frostwork, so delicate was its texture. Robes, long and dark, and cold to look at, fell in broad folds from his shoulders, and were held to his waist by a girdle of twinkling stars. He was gazing in at the brilliant assemblage with a sad, melancholy look upon his face.

Kitty looked at his robes.

"How very old-fashioned," she thought, "and aged, very aged."

"Yes," murmured the old man, "old, very old."

Kitty started. He read her thoughts, evidently. She was sorry now she had thought it, he looked so sad.

"Who are you?" asked Kitty, timidly, "and why have you brought me here?"

"I am the Cold Night," said the old man, slowly turning his eyes toward her. His eyes were sharp and piercing, yet full of kindness. "And I have brought you here that you might see how great your charity is, for I heard this was a charity ball."

"Yes," said Kitty, nervously.

"I am a friend of the poor," continued the Cold Night, "and I love to see charity." He looked into the ball-room as he spoke. "You see all you friends here?"

"Yes," said Kitty, gazing inside with something of a bright look. "There's Florry Hall right before the window now. She has those beautiful solitaire diamonds in her ears. Oh, dear, how bright they look. I wish I had them."

"But you had the handsomest dress," said the Cold Night sadly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Kitty; "it was of the richest silk, and cost several hundred dollars. Papa was so kind."

"And was it bought for charity?" asked the Cold Night.

"Why, no," answered Kitty, in surprise. "For me, of course."

"But the ball is for charity?"

Kitty began to be bewildered by so much catechising, and was much relieved when he led her away.

They descended to the grand entrance, where he pointed out two little beggars, a boy and a girl; who fiddled and sang, and asked a penny of the rich people descending from the carriages.

"You passed them by to-night."

"Yes," said Kitty, "but they are horrid beggars." The Cold Night was silent, and Kitty was afraid she might have said something wrong, so she added: "And common street fiddlers."

But the Cold Night said nothing.

They both watched the little duo—Tosey and Tibby, the Cold Night said—and drew nearer to hear what they would say. People, rich with money and great in charity, carefully passed them by, for they were ragged beggars, and fiddled and sang. It was cold, very cold; and Tosey played very, very slowly, while the breath of Tibby's quivering plaint disappeared disparingly in the frosty air. The wheels of carriages semed to creak in sympathy as they crushed the snow. Yes, it was cold indeed, yet they fiddled and sang untiringly, while the rich people alighted and passed up the grand entrance, after glancing contemptuously at the poor little duo, who fiddled and sang as the brilliant dresses disappeared in the distant doorway; but finally stopped as the last carriage drove away.

"I suppose we looks too awful," said Tosey, wetting his lips and feeling vacantly in the small pocket, which God knows, had not seen so much as a dime for many and many a day.

"Yes," said Tibby, "but I does feel so hungry, and I sang so loud, and I tried so hard, and—"

Tibby slightly sobbed and silently used a small piece of her shawl to wipe away a large tear.

"Don't cry," said Tosey, tremulously; let's move on, and perhaps we'll find a little somethin'. Oh, if we only had a few pennies.

Tosey took Tibby's hand and they started to move away.

"Oh, Mr. Cold Night," exclaimed Kitty, sorrowfully, "let me give them something—poor little things."

"But they are beggars," answered the Cold Night.

Kitty looked ashamed. She could feel herself blush, even though she was cold and shivering. The Cold Night handed her a silver piece.

"Yes," said he, "drop it, even if it's wasted. See what they will do."

Kitty took it quickly and dropped it before them. Right at Tibby's foot fell the money, which she would have passed unnoticed if Tosey had not exclaimed:

"Oh, Tibby, there's a dime!" and picked it up.

Tibby clasped her hands in delight, danced up and down and then looked into his hand, to be sure that it was really there. It was, surely.

"Won't we have a hot potato, though!" said Tosey.

"And a big roll, and some butter and some meat, and just a very little piece of pie?"

Tibby named each one of them on the ends of her fingers, but stopped when she got to her thumb, for the money was all gone by that time, and the thumb w as quite large.

"But how did it come there?" asked Tosey.

"Could it have growed?" suggested Tibby.

"No," said Tosey.

"Or fell from the sky?"

"Guess not," said Tosey, dubiously.

"Or been flunged?"

"Oh, no; of course not." Tosey answered, emphatically.

They looked hungrily at the piece of money, and began to count together what lots of things they could buy, and their faces grew bright indeed as they thought of it.

From the shade of the opposite side of the entrance, a thin bundle of rags slowly crept, and stealthily shuffled up to them. Out of the dirt and rags peered a thin face and glistening eyes, and the hands of the small bundle wearily rubbed themselves together to try and stir up the blood that was not there.

"This is a charity ball," said the thin bundle. "These folks dances for the poor." The glistening eyes looked eagerly at Tosey and Tibby, and frequently glanced at the money in their hands. "We is poor, and they dances for us, me and mother, who is sick abed; they dances to give us the bread which we seldom has."

Tosey looked in surprise at the thin bundle rubbing its hands.

"And does they dress in nice closes for us, and ride in carriages, and give lots of money, and all for us.

Then thin bundle rubbed faster and faster.

"Yes, if there's any more than as pays for the dancin' and the dressin'; and the dancin' costs $10 apiece, and the dressin'—oh, I dunno! It's all for us—if there's any left."

"But they didn't give us any when I sang," said Tibby.

"Lors, no!" said the thin bundle; "they thinks beggars don't need nothin.' They has folks as hunts up poor folks when they has time, and sews flannels when they hasn't. Yes, they says they does all this for us, but"—The bundle shook its head as if it were doubtful, and continued:

"I stood over yender thinkin' sombody would give me somethin'; but they all looked mad at me, and I went back inter the shadder and watched 'em. It was a big sight, but I'm jest as hungry." The hands stopped rubbing and the eyes looked wet, as the bundle added: "My mother is very, very sick. Oh, we're poor—so poor!"

Tosey looked at his little sister as the rags began to shuffle away.

"Tibby," says he, "does we feel so awful hungry?"

Tibby hesitated. She looked at the silver, and then at the slowly retreating figure, and then she looked up into Tosey's gentle loving face.

"No, Tosey, I dunno as I does."

Tosey turned around, and running after the departing figure, handed her the piece of money.

"There," says he, "take it; you need it more than we does."

The bundle looked in surprise as she took the piece, and tears fell down the thin pale face. But she only said:

"I'm very, very grateful," and walked off.

The two little musicians watched the figure as it disappeared in the darkness, while, the happy shuffle grew fainter and fainter.

Ah, here was charity, Godlike charity, in the hearts of the beings the rich dispised and thrust from their doors!

As the Cold Night turned toward Kitty, he found her silently wiping her eyes.

"Do you see what true charity is?" asked he, in a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"Yes, yes," murmured Kitty; "I see, I see."

While they were talking, they had slowly risen up, up to the brilliant windows again.

"Now look at the mockery," said the Cold Night, somewhat harshly.

It was the most brilliant hour of the ball. Light from myriads of jets, imbedded in massive chandeliers, sparkled with dazzling intensity, making the brightest day of gloomy night. People decked with jewels and silks and laces were gathered in merry groups, or joining in pleasurable dance to the strains of sweet and lively music. It was a beautiful night indeed; but somehow the people looked heartless to Kitty, and the jewels glittered spitefully, while the rich silks seemed to hiss and hiss as they rustled along, as if all were rebelling against their false use.

"But one more act," said the Cold Night, gently leading her down, down to the opposite side of the street.

From a dark corner, with their arms twined about each other's necks, the two little beggars watched the windows of the brilliantly lighted hall—away up in the sky it seemed—watched the gay figures that frequently appeared in rich, dainty dresses, and smiled to think it was all for the poor and needy.

"They dances for us and others," murmured Tibby; "for those as is in want. Maybe the beautiful ladies will find us here and give us some bread."

"Yes," said Tosey; "and the poor little girl as has the sick mother. Perhaps they will find them and held them, too."

The Cold Night waved his hand over them, and they both shivered, and said how cold it was. Tosey tried to play a note on his violin, but the strings creaked so dismally that he laid it aside. Then they sang together the sweet little song of charity which Tibby had sung to the rich people; and, as they sang, the Cold Night spread his mantle slowly around them until they were fast asleep.

"Oh, sir," cried Kitty, "spare them, and let them live."

"No," said the Cold Night, "they are too poor to live. They must die."

Kitty fell on her knees before him.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded, beseechingly, "I am rich and will take care of them, and relieve them from suffering."

But the cold night raised its hand and pointed upward, saying:

"Too late, too late."

As he spoke he took the beggars in his arms and slowly rose towards the stars, leaving Kitty sobbing on the ground. As she knelt there she heard, high in the skies, the song that the beggars sang, the song of sweet charity, swelling to a mighty chorus, as one would think to celebrate a mighty deed—mighty in the sight of heaven. She tried to raise her head, but could not, and seemed bound to the earth by a great weight, as of gold, while above the song grew fainter and fainter, till at last it ceased, and then she fell into a deep swoon.

It was broad daylight when Kitty awoke and the sun was shining brightly into her window. In the hall the maid was humming a subdued song as she went blithely about her work; while without the white smoke of morning fires—signs of stirring life—curled upwards from the chimney-tops into the cool air, as if glad to meet the light of day.

"It was only a dream; yet, oh, how vivid!" thought Kitty as she rubbed her eyes again and again, surprised to see the walls of her own pretty room actually around her.

"Only a dream, only a dream; yet how full of truth!" cheerily rang the milkman's bell, as Kitty donned her morning dress; while, as she passed down the broad stair-case, the great hall clock seemed to say:

"Only a dream, only a dream; yet there's a lesson; yet there's a lesson;" and Kitty pondered.

A year from that time Kitty passed by the same old clock; but this time it said, as it ticked, ticked away:

"Only a dream; yet it's made her an angel—an angel of mercy to suffering need. Her name, so dear to us, is a name of love among the poor. Ah, happy, happy was the day when, to her eyes, a dream revealed true charity."—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Congregational Choir Concerts.

The First Congregational church choir will give a grand concert at the Tabernacle on the evening of March 1st, the first of a series of five to cover the next two months. Especial effort has been made for the first one, occurring on next Monday night. The choir will be assisted by the Lotos glee club, a new organization, composed of Messrs. Bartlett and Brigham, Reed and Wilkins. The church choir itself is a quartette formed by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Estabrook and Mrs. C. E. Squires and W. B. Wilkins, with Will T. Taber as organist and director. It is intended to give some of the best quartette singing ever heard in Omaha. These concerts are given for the church organ fund.

Humiliation.

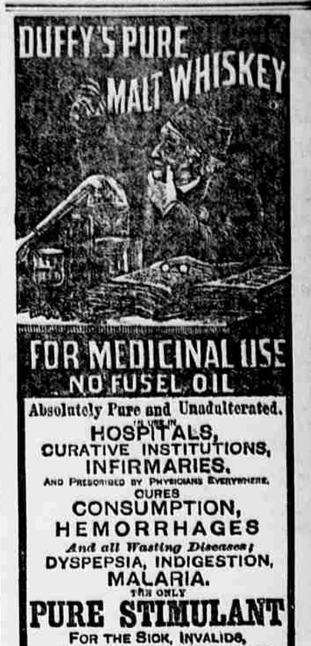
With her proud, partician face,
And with most enchanting grace,
She meandered o'er the muddy, crowded street.
As she slightly raised her skirt,
Just enough to clear the dirt,
I distinctly saw her proud, patrician feet

By her calm, disdainful stare,
And her head poised high in air,
It was plain to see she was of noble blood.
But, alas, for all her pride!
When she reached the other side
She had left her little rubbers in the mud.

Love's Arithmetic.

She was one and I was one
Strolling o'er the heather,
Yet before the year was done
We were one together.
Love's a queer arithmetician—
In the rule of his addition
He lays down the proposition,
One and one makes one.

She and I, alas, are two,
Since, unwisely mated,
Having nothing else to do,
We were separated.
Now, 'twould seem that by this action
Each was made a simple fraction,
Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction
One from one leaves two.



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