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	Per Cord	One-Half Cord.	One-Fourth Cord
Cord Wood,	\$7.50	\$4.00	\$2.25
Sawed in 2-ft. lengths	8.00	4.00	2.25
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This wood is all well seasoned, good body hickory, oak and ash, and full measure guaranteed. Good, dry, soft wood at \$1 less than above prices. Special prices given on large quantities. Persons having their own teams, \$1 per cord less than above.

All leading grocers sell our prepared kindling in bundles. They keep no other, for ours is the best, cheapest and most convenient in use, and the more used the more employment is given the workmen.

Sold at one bundle for 5c  
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Ask your grocer for it, or order direct from us, and take no other, unless you order our loose kindling, sawed and split ready for use.

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### ACHIEVEMENTS OF WOMEN.

**Sweet Shy Girl—The Charming Paddock Girls.**

**JOHN J. INGALL'S DAUGHTER.**

**A Lady Farmer—The American Girl—A Modern Cleopatra—Woman's Worthy Work—Charming Traits of Girls.**

**Sweet, Shy Girl.**

John James Platt.  
O, sweet, shy girl, with roses in her heart,  
And love-light in her face, like those up-grown,  
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dream-like, start  
From fits of solitude when not alone!  
Gay dancer over the meadows of bright days,  
Tears quick to her eyes as laughing to her lips;  
A game of hide-and-seek with Time she plays,  
Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipse.  
O gentle soul!—how dear and so good she is  
Blessed by soft dew-drops of happiness and love;  
Cradled in tender arms! Her mother's kiss  
Seals all her good-night prayers. Her father's smile  
Brightens her mornings. Through the earth shall move  
Her child-sweet soul, not far from heaven the while!

**The Paddock Girls.**

New York World: Among the girls entirely new to Washington will be the two Misses Paddock, the daughters of Senator Paddock, of Nebraska, who takes Van Wyck's seat. They are both very bright girls, both highly accomplished. Miss Hattie, the elder, is a brunette, under medium height, with dark brown eyes and hair. She is fond of society and is full of common sense. She is a womanly girl, and is proud of coming from the west. Her school life has however, been spent in the east, and she is literary in her taste. She is a good French scholar, and is fond of the languages. She was born in Nebraska.

Her sister, Miss Fannie, is just sweet seventeen, and she is rather more of a blonde than a brunette. Tall and slender, she has a handsome face, very pretty eyes and a rich growth of dark-brown hair. Both of the girls look somewhat like their mother, who has been in Washington society before. They are rather proud of the Paddock family, which is one of the oldest in America, and which came to this country in 1640, and which is connected by marriage with some of the most distinguished families in New England.

**Miss Ingalls.**

Miss Ethel Ingalls, the daughter of the president of the senate and acting vice president of the United States will be one of the brightest and beautiful of all the flowers. She was nineteen until last month, and she was graduated at the Georgetown convention last year. A trifle over medium height, she has a slender, willow form, and her cheeks are full of the warm red blood of the western plains. She has beautiful dark brown eyes and her rich growth of hair hangs down in fluffy waves above a forehead which is intellectual in its cast. She has a beautiful mouth, and her face is full of soul. She is proud of the west, and she thinks with John J. Ingalls that there is no place like Kansas. She is highly cultured, fond of literature, and is a very bright conversationalist. She was one of the brightest girls of her class at the Georgetown col-

lege and she had the salutatory at commencement. She likes to talk of books, and especially found Hawthorne's novels, and she thinks the "Marble Faun" is one of the prettiest things in literature. She is fond of poetry, too, though there is nothing soft or sentimental about her, and her first poet love, so a friend tells me, was Whittier, to whom she wrote a letter at thirteen years of age, thanking him for one of his poems. To this the poet replied very kindly. She likes both Shelley and Longfellow very much, and she once told me that she thought Hawthorne wrote the purest English of any of the modern novelists, and that he had not marred one of his lovely images by an unlovely thought or expression. Miss Ingalls writes very fluently, and during her college life she was noted in literary society. She has the gift of a good letter writer, and she is a girl of radical ideas. She does not believe in the décolleté dress, and her dress as a debutante will be, says her friend, a tulle dress of white satin, with an overdress of crepe de chine, trimmed with loops of gauze ruffles, with the corset cut square and filled high to the throat with old lace. She will wear long white kid gloves and her flowers will be roses. Miss Ingalls will probably be one of the horseback riders of the winter. She inherits a love of equestrianism from father and mother, who are both good riders, and she sits a horse very well.

**A Lady Farmer.**

New York World: Mrs. Elise P. Buckingham, of Nevada, Solano county, Cal., is a guest at the Buckingham. This lady has become conspicuous not only on the Pacific coast but upon the Atlantic as well, by the fact that she has wrought out so successfully an important position in behalf of her own sex. A "Lagunita Raucha" she has demonstrated that a woman with money, brains, persistent energy and hard work can cultivate the soil quite as successfully as her lord. Leaving her luxurious apartments at the Palace hotel, in San Francisco, less than four years ago, Mrs. Buckingham took up her abode in a lovely valley, forty miles away, shut in by beautiful hills. She had purchased 200 acres of land which, with the exception of a few fig trees, peach trees and a small vineyard of grapes thirty-six years old, was covered with stubble. After careful nursing of these trees and vines to bring them back to their best possibilities, she planted twenty acres more of fruit trees of different kinds.

The secret of this lady's success lies, no doubt, in her unwearied attention to all the details of her business. As she walks in the shadow of her own "vines and fig trees," she talks with them as with loving friends, and she finds unending delight in their companionship. She is sure that they are conscious of her presence, and that she can interpret their thoughts towards her. An abundant harvest has been gathered this year from cherry and peach trees only three years old. Next year sixty men at least will be required to gather the fruit. Markets and transportation are met face to face, either at the ranch or in New York. Skillful management, added to a rare locality, where irrigation is unnecessary, warrants her fruit to be the first in the market.

Last year, while visiting friends in Boston, a gentleman was invited to call on her. She was represented as a woman who ploughed more land than any man in the country, and could drive a four-in-hand with ease. Expecting to see a brawny Amazon, he was conscious of keen embarrassment when presented to a lady whose bearing was unmistakably that of a person of refinement and culture. Instead of rough homespun,

an imported costume seemed not at all out of place. He found it quite necessary to introduce the subject of the price of stock, or the crops, but, instead was soon in the midst of a discussion upon the latest books, pictures and music, ending with the most interesting political topics of the day.

**A Predecessor of Mrs. Cleveland.**

Utica Observer: I noticed a remarkable instance of the ups and downs of Washington society in one of the street cars here yesterday. The car was crowded, and a number of young men, some of them were extreme dudes, had seats. No ladies were standing, except one colored servant girl. At this moment a fine looking, gray-haired lady, richly dressed, entered the car. She was over the medium height, as straight as an arrow, and she had one of the kindest and most beautiful faces I have ever seen on an old woman. Every line of her face was refined, and though her thick hair was of a silvery white, her bright blue eyes were full of life. She wore mourning, and there was a crepe veil fastened to her bonnet. She stepped into the car, and seeing there were no seats, she unassumingly caught hold of a strap and prepared to stand. She did stand for two squares, and none of these Washington dudes rose to give her a seat until they were asked to do so by a gentleman standing beside me.

Still this same lady was once mistress of the white house, and she presided over part of an administration which socially was as brilliant as any in our history. It was John Tyler's daughter, who is now an inmate of the millionaire Corcoran's home for old ladies, and who, notwithstanding her reduced circumstances, is as fine a lady as lives in this world to-day. I recognized her as she took her seat, and as she did so the contrast between now and nearly fifty years ago entered my mind. She was then as much feted and loaded as Mrs. Cleveland to-day. She was then as full as beautiful as Mrs. Cleveland, and I doubt not the society columns were full of her doings and her dresses. Then street cars were unknown, and her brother John, "the honestest man in Washington," drove his four-in-hand. Now John lives off his income as a treasury clerk, and his sister is dependent upon the benefactions of a millionaire. Truly Dame Fortune cuts strange capers in this world of ours!

**A Modern Cleopatra.**

As the stern-door of the Truqueis club clanged in the blast after the departure of a brave, and two of us were left alone with our amusement, the man on the other side told me this story, says the Club Gossip man of the Chicago Mail:

You saw the man that just went out of the door. He was telling me some of his recollections the other day. He had been glancing over one of the morning papers. It dropped out of his hands and he sat a minute looking at the ceiling. He said as soon as he came to realize where he was that he had just read of Minnie Clifford's suicide. He drove a chariot in Denver, and paid no attention, save to ask mechanically, "Who the devil is Minnie Clifford?" Then he told me the story of a singularly beautiful and ill-fated woman.

"One day," he said, "I had nothing else to do, and I went into the gallery of Colorado. I took a seat in the gallery, for it presented the more wonderful spectacle. It was crowded with strange faces. Among the faces was one peculiarly attractive to me. It was that of a certain girl, and when I asked one of the honorable gentlemen from one of the gulch districts who she was he threw one leg over his desk, pushed back his long hair, and said, in a careless way: 'That's Donna Isabella; that's

what the boys call her. Darned if I know who she is!'

"I found out who she was. She was the daughter of a Cuban whose name became familiar to this country, or at least to the readers of the newspapers, during the revolution in that country in 1899. If I remember correctly, her father was driven from home—she, he escaped—which is the same thing in a revolution—and the daughter found herself in that section of this country where men and women are judged like horses, by the metal they possess. A short time after my first sight of her, in the attire of her own country, I had occasion to go to Leadville. When a man has finished his day's business in Leadville he has only one thing to do—that was the situation at the time I was there—and that is to go to a gambling house. I wandered into one of them, and was not astonished from all I had heard.

"The place was magnificent in its appointments. There I saw the face that had attracted me in the legislative gallery. She was dressed as Cleopatra, and was in the whirl of the game. Her dress and manner had the same effect upon men about her that the glitter of a snake's eyes is said to have for the object of its charms, and then I destroyed a memory—namely, that her beautiful arms were encircled by golden snakes, the eyes of which were flashing diamonds.

"A few nights after that, after hours at another gaming house, it was announced that a ball would be inaugurated after midnight. I saw the ball, and I never expect to see such splendor, such reckless magnificence as I saw at this ball in Leadville. Here was the Donna Isabella of the legislative gallery. On this occasion she had practiced some deception—not the first of her kind for her, I knew—by disguising herself as a jockey. As soon as she removed her mask, however, and her brilliant eyes went up in the hall she quickly disappeared.

"One Christmas eve in 1873 I was a one of Christine Nilsson's performances in San Francisco. With a party I occupied a proscenium box. I discovered that the Donna Isabella, the Cleopatra, and the jockey was one of the occupants of the box opposite. I don't wonder that the eyes of that beautiful artist, whom we all went to see and admire, should seem to be fixed upon the box where the Cuban beauty was, attired in a complete suit of seal. Here she was the elegant woman in the grays of magnificent respectability. I think there were only a few present who knew this beauty, and one of those was a United States senator who afterwards took me to this woman's home.

"I shall not try to tell you what that woman was. I have an idea that that home it would be magnificent—a word which I am conscious of having worn out in this story. But there was one thing about it that you wouldn't expect; I know I didn't—a library of over five thousand volumes. The books were not such as you would expect to find in the possession of such a woman, but I must tell you that this woman was a linguist, a mistress, a pianist, a lobbyist, gambler, adventuress—not all at once, but in the order I have named. I do not mention it as to the man's discredit, for I can understand why he called, but this woman entertained Oscar Wilde when he was the craze, and he bowed low before her captivating beauty—her beauty was not so much of the face as in her bearing and power of fascination."

One result of Sarah Bernhardt's tours in this country has been the removal of the prompter's box from the center of the stage in the Porte St. Martin theatre Paris, and the stationing of the prompter in the wings, as in American theatres. The reform is likely to be followed by other Parisian playhouses.

### ABOUT LIARS AND LYING.

**Elia Wheeler Wilcox Says Liars are More Often Born than Made.**

**SOME DIFFERENT TYPES OF LIARS**

**Fashionable Lies that Do not Count—Women with Whom Lying is a Disease—Portraits of People that Many will Recognize.**

Written for the Bee—Copyrighted.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

We are all liars to a greater or less degree, but that lamentable fact does not lessen the enormity of the crime.

I once saw a charming lady, in the presence of several guests whom she had been entertaining, take a card from her servant's hand, scan it with a slight frown, return it, saying, "Tell the gentleman I have gone to bed with a violent headache." The servant bowed and conveyed the message—thus increasing the number of liars by two.

Fashionable lies of this kind are not supposed to count in the catalogue of sins, but it seems to me they are like parasites which destroy the delicate leaves of a plant after a time. They injure and blunt the finer perceptions of right and wrong.

A gentleman laid a wager with a lady the other evening that she could not live through the following day without lying, unless she hurt the feelings of some of her friends by seeming rudeness.

She lost the wager, declaring that she felt polite lies absolutely necessary, as he had said. I do not believe them necessary, however, and I am confident we would win and retain more friends in the long run if we built our daily lives on a foundation of absolute truthfulness.

The moment I detect a man or woman in a lie, however trivial, my interest and respect is lessened, and I am sure other people are influenced in the same way.

The moment my lips have uttered a polite lie I feel a decided lessening of regard for myself, and am conscious that silence or tact could have saved me from the foolish error.

The liar who possesses a good memory may make a success of his profession for years without detection. It is seldom, however, that the art of lying and the art of remembering are combined in one person.

I remember a woman in my own profession, who told me in our first interview that she had received \$75 for a short article which had recently appeared. On our second meeting she spoke of the matter again, and said she received \$50 for it. A few days later I heard her mention it to a third party as having brought her \$25. I leaved afterward that she was paid \$15 for the article. Had she recollected her first statement I might never have doubted her word.

Lying is like the opium habit. I have known people who began to tell "white lies" for convenience, and ended by becoming the most absolute and shameless liars on every occasion.

In some cases lying is a disease, and should be treated as such. I know two ladies who are otherwise excellent in character, and both are valuable members of society. One is a devout church member in high standing, and foremost in all good works of charity.

Both these ladies seem physically and

morally unable to tell the truth. When truth would better serve their purposes, they choose a lie. They harm no one but themselves, as their lies are never malicious, and refer usually to their own affairs.

One of these ladies is fond of telling the most marvelous stories of herself and her friends, their remarkable adventures, their extensive wealth, their wide travels, their intimate acquaintance with renowned people. If you repeat these fairy stories after her you cover yourself with humiliation, as they are almost entirely fabrications of her brain. If you disprove her statements to her face she looks you in the eyes, and smiles, and emphatically declares you misunderstand her words. Her conversation is sparkling and bright, and you are amused and entertained highly, until you discover her gift for improvising.

The other lady's talent runs more in a mercantile channel. She makes a purchase in your presence for which she pays \$10. Let a third person enter the room, and she declares smilingly that she has just paid \$20 for the article. If you correct her she insists that you are mistaken. Her doctor's and dentist's bills, her servants' wages, the price of her bonnets and boots, are all subjects of exaggerated statements. She has, like the majority of liars, a memory like a sieve, and consequently contradicts herself a dozen times in as many hours. Her friends all acknowledge her unfortunate peculiarity, but she is so kind hearted, and possesses so many other admirable traits, that she is tolerated in spite of her lies.

It seems to me that both of these ladies need the serious attention of some specialist on diseases of the brain. I have heard an opinion expressed that women are less frank and truthful than men. If this is true, it is due to their education. Women are taught to conceal and men to reveal their true feelings. The result is that women are taught that the world expects them to be statues of decorum, and that it is merciless to the one who by word, atmosphere, or act indicates that she could step down from her pedestal.

Man is taught that he is a human being of varied passions, liable to fall into error, which the world quickly forgets and forgives. He tells the truth about his nature and his temptations, and the world listens, sympathizes, and admires.

Woe unto the woman who, no matter how free from sin, confesses to her best friends that she has ever in thought, even been stirred from her role of absolute decorum. She is forevermore branded "doubtful." Consequently she hides from the world, and, if necessary, lies to conceal her real human self from detection. I have heard the objection offered that if we all speak absolute truth we must speak ill of many people, I do not believe it. There is no human being so depraved that good cannot be spoken of him. It would be an interesting experience if we should all experiment for an entire month in finding the excellent quality to mention in each person we meet, and keeping silence concerning his or her faults.

Silence, however is often made to serve as the helpless handmaid of liars. I can imagine no more despicable lie than the one conveyed by silence when speech is needed to defend the reputation of some victim of malice or envy.

Many a name has been shadowed by the significant silent lie of one who should have spoken the word of defense. I am afraid this is a phase of falsehood more feminine than masculine.

Lies, like poets, are more frequently born than made; but certain methods of education can increase or cure the malady. It is said that several of our great novelists were terrible liars in childhood. Their vivid imaginations por-

trayed events and scenes which they related as actual occurrences. Utilized in fiction, their inborn propensity to exaggerate common events became valuable to the lovers of exciting fiction.

A child should be taught to consider a slight prevarication as a departure from morality, and strict truthfulness of speech, even in trivial matters, as one of the highest virtues.

However lightly we may speak of telling "white lies," we all feel an instinctive respect for the man or woman who has won a reputation for sincere truthfulness, and we have but to build our own lives on the same foundation to be regarded in the same light.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

### EDUCATIONAL.

Mrs. Young, of Fall River, Mass., has given \$500,000 to build a public school house in that city to be the finest in the world.

It is rumored that Ohio Wesleyan university at Delaware has received a \$20,000 donation to its conservatory of music.

David Dudley Field, of New York, will deliver an oration on Dr. Hopkins at the next commencement at Williams college.

Haverford college has followed the Amherst rule and now admits to its freshman class those students whom their scholar teachers will certify as adequately prepared and subjects to its matriculation examination only those who cannot obtain such a certificate.

The proposed new gymnasium for Yale will be built of brown stone, trimmed by some lighter material, and will cost \$1,000,000. The plans have been approved, but President Dwight has not definitely granted the proposed corner lot diagonally opposite Peabody museum.

Prof. Stokes, M. P., for Cambridge university, will, it is reported, resign the presidency of the Royal society at the anniversary meeting in London, the anniversary of which has taken place among the fellows over the alleged introduction of politics into the affairs of the society.

The university of North Carolina, on the 12th of October, celebrated the ninety-fourth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of its oldest building, the Old East. The principal feature of the occasion was the address, which was delivered by Captain A. D. Jones, one of the younger alumni from the capital city.

John Hopkins university is in a most prosperous condition, and every year shows improvement in equipment. A statement made by authority of the president, Prof. Daniel C. Gilman, shows that this time, immediately prior to the Christmas recess of 1887, there are, in addition to 156 students belonging to the state of Maryland sixteen from Pennsylvania, twelve from Canada, seven from Japan and one each from Germany, England, Italy, Russia and China.

The Ramona Indian Girls' school at Santa Fe, N. M., is devoted to the education of young Indians, principally Apaches. The managers propose a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Jackson, after whose novel their school is named. They are now putting up a new building to cost \$30,000, and to accommodate 150 pupils. A feature of it is to be a memorial room to Mrs. Jackson, which will be finished and furnished with a special view of perpetuating her memory. The school is accomplishing practical results in the way of educating young Indians.

Price Greenleaf, the hermit millionaire of Quincy, who left the bulk of his fortune to Harvard college, will indirectly help many a poor scholar to a successful career. The college authorities announce that the income of the bequest, amounting to \$12,000 a year, will be distributed, beginning in 1888-9, in sums ranging from \$150 to \$250 to students who can not meet their college expenses without aid. Freshmen and persons who have been admitted to advanced standing are eligible for these scholarships. The college will receive applications for the next academic year up to May 1, 1888.

Storm calendar and weather forecasts for 1888, by Rev. Irl R. Hicks, with explanation of the "Great Joyous Period," upon which our planet is now entering, mailed to any address, on receipt of a two cent postage stamp. Write plainly your name, postoffice and state. The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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