THE CIRCUS AT THE CAPITAL.

It is Undoubtedly the Biggest Show on Earth.

POINTS ABOUT THE MUSEUM.

Four Hundred Pounders and Living Skeletons—Two Albinoes—The Hairy and the Hairless—The Funniest Man in Congress

The National Musee.

(Copyrighted 1890 by Frank G. Carpenter.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The congressional museum is the most wonderful show in the United States. The three acre tent which covers it is our national capitol and the two rings at either end of the building are opened precisely at 12 o'clock every day. In one the senatorial acrobats balance the cannon balls of legislation on the tips of the fingers and go their gymnastics on the parallel bars under the eyes of Vice Pesident Morton, and in the other the 330 political giants and pygmies, clowns and freaks trot out and show themselves to the buz-saw directions of the biggest giant of them all, Thomas B. Reed, the speaker.

It is a costly show. The people of the United States pay nearly $4,000,000 a year to keep it going and the house of representatives ring costs fully $2,500,000 yearly. The actors of the lower house are paid $1,800,000 a year in salaries, and the doorkeepers and understrappers who run the messengers and clean the spittoons get $700,000 more. The actors of the senatorial circus cost us about $500,000 a year, and we pay just as much to John J. Ingalls, who spits fire from his mouth continually, as we do to George of Mississippi, whose chief distinction lies in the fact that he has sworn never to wear a dress suit or ride in a carriage.

A COSTLY SHOW.

The most amusing part of the show is the the house of representatives. It is the costliest dime museum of the nations and, as I sit in the press gallery, the biggest legislative hall in the world lies below me. It covers fully a quarter of an acre of ground and six man as tall as Stewart of Texas, who is over six feet in his stockings, might stand, one on the head of the other, and, if the socks of the first rested on the floor, the gray hair of the sixth would just graze the ceiling. The room is thirty-six feet high and its floor is covered with 1,700 yards of green velvet of a quality so good that it must have cost $3 a yard. The light of the show room comes in through the ceiling and this is made of iron and glass. This ceiling is made in panels which are painted and gilded and each bears the coat of arms of a state of the union. Below this ceiling all around the room run banks of galleries which terminate at the edges of a great central pit fifteen feet deep, which forms the bear garden of congress. In this wide pit the curiosities are caged. It is 151 feet long and fifty-seven feet wide and its walls are paneled in pink and buff paper, and around each panel is a frame fine enough to bind a Titian or a Coret. In these walls are cave-like doors which lead to the cloak rooms, the barber shops and the lobbies of the house, and at each of the outer doors stand two men to keep the outside world away from the congressional animals.

But let us take a look at the animals themselves. There are 330 of them and they sit in half moon rows of chairs rising one above another on the sloping floor of the chamber. Each has a little white wood desk in front of him with a lid covered with blue baize. Behind each row of desks there are cane-seated office chairs so fixed upon springs that the sitters can lean back and put their feet upon their desks when they will. Dockery of Missouri is sitting so now. The middle of this half-moon of rows is bissected by an aisle, and on one side of this aisle are the democrats while the other side is given over to the republicans.

Behind a marble desk and under the American flag, with the reporters above, sits the head showman, Thomas B. Reed of Maine. He is the most curious figure in the whole museum and is a freak of nature in both brains and body. Six feet two, his body is all muscle and his bald head, as big as a peck measure and as white as a boy's new drum, is nothing but brains. He lacks the dignity of the ordinary ringmaster. Sitting, he leans over his desk, resting his football of brains on his beefy-like shoulders and playing with his gavel. Standing, he throws his paunch to the front as though he would lay it down for the time on the speaker's desk, and throwing his head back he poxes the gavel at the members as he bobs both it and his head to the front in counting the roll. He is the highest-priced member in the whole congressional show. He gets $8,000 a year and he is worth it.

THE FAT AND THE LEAN.

The congressional museum has its fat men and its living skeletons. The fattest has already gotten a national reputation from his superabundance of adipose tissue. His name is George Barnes of Georgia. He weighs 400 pounds and he says he would not take $1,000 for a single pound of his flesh. He is nearly six feet tall and from the center of his spine to the button which rests over the center of his front he measures three feet, five and one-half inches. His flesh is solid and he carries it well. He is by no means an intellectual nonentity and he ranks as one of the leading men of his state. He has been in congress for several terms and I am told by Georgians that he will stay here until he becomes the fat old father of the house. Rife of Pennsylvania is as broad as he is long, and in fatness alone he may be called one of the freaks of the house. He has been a tanner for the last twenty-two years and he is a living proof of the healthfulness of the trade. He is a man of means as well as of flesh and is the president of a railroad company as well as a congressman.

The thin men of the house are legion. Gen. Joe Wheeler does not weigh more than ninety-five pounds. Wickham of Ohio has not an ounce to spare and John T. Caine of Utah is all bones and brain. It is wonderful to think of the different amounts of beef it takes to run human brain. Roswell P. Flower with his 300 pounds of flesh and bone has made a fortune, while Jay Gould with 100 pounds of sinew has his tens of millions. McAdoo of New Jersey weighs about 160 pounds and he is brainy enough. McKinley weighs 160 and Buchanan of New Jersey kicks the beam at 225. It takes 4,000 ounces of flesh and bone that make up the speaker's weight to nourish the gray matter on Tom Reed's cranium, and nearly the same amount is required to supply that used up daily by Baker of New York. General Spinola carries about 155 pounds under his big collar and the 140 pounds of Frank Lawler elevates him from a Chicago saloon to the house of representatives. One hundred and forty-five pounds have sufficed to get up Henry Cabot Lodge's biographies of statesmen and all of Holman's economy is ground out under the support of pure bone and sinew. Ben Butterworth weighs 200 and the oil of good living as well as that of good nature shines forth from his countenance. Dorsey of Nebraska gets along nicely on 150 pounds, and Charley O'Neill of Pennsylvania weighs 150, and his stomach is good. The total weight of the house of representatives is nearly 50,000 pounds and at the rate that we pay for the congression animal show these men cost us just $500 a pound every year. Estimating them at an average height of 5 feet 8 inches their total height is 1,870 feet and the average cost is nearly $1,500 a foot. It is the dearest beef and brain that was ever sold or hired by weight.

CONGRESSIONAL ALBINOES.

There are two albinoes in congress and they are both men of weight. They are Grosvenor of Ohio and Breckenridge of Kentucky. Both of these have hair as white as newly slacked lime, and the faces of both are as rosy as the setting sun. Breckenridge has a wonderful head. He is straight and well padded and his head is fastened by a strong neck to a pair of broad shoulders. The strands of hair are of the finest of frosted silver and his short full beard is of silver bristles. He is a handsome fellow and his blue eyes snap and his face grows redder and his hair seem whiter than ever when he makes a political speech. He is known as the silver-tongued orator of Kentucky, and he comes fightly by his eloquence, for in his veins flows some of the same blood that produced John C. Breckenridge. He is well worth his $5,000 as a show figure, and he comes out into the arena at every political tussle.

The other albino, Charles Grosvenor, is now walking about the house with his hands in his pockets. He is a straight, good-looking long-whiskered freak, and he has as many outside tricks worth noting as has Mr. Breckenridge. He is a good speaker, and is happiest when engaged in a political fight. He strikes from the shoulder and delights in espousing the extremest views of his party.

THE HAIRY AND HAIRLESS.

Speaking of hair the congressional animal show has all kinds of color. There are twenty-seven red heads in this congress as there was in the last, but the house has still its share from the brightest vermillion to the brickdust hue, and from the black of Dalzell of Pennsylvania to the silky white fuz of Tom Reed. Fully one-third of the members are more or less bald, and this baldness runs all the way from the little white spot as big as a fifty-cent piece which now appears in the center of Ben Butterworth's crown to the vast expanse of rosy-white which covers the brains of Cole of North Carolina. Hitt of Illinois needs the services of the seven long-haired sisters to revivify his scalp, and Harry Bingham of Pennsylvania has no more hair on the top of his head than you will find about the roslest dimple of Madam Langtry's cheek. J. D. Taylor of Ohio is fast becoming bald. McCreary of Kentucky has a forehead which is climbing towards his crown and there is nothing but a fuzzy down left on the big head of Roger Q. Mills of Texas. Amos Cummings' brains are eating away his hair and Adams of Illinois has a bald spot the size of a trade dollar at his crown around which the remainder of his brown hair radiates. Cabot Lodge has short brown hair which stands up all over his head and La Follette of Wisconsin is afflicted with a cowlick all over his cranium. Ashbell F. Fitch of Naw York lacks hair. Crisp of Georgia would give $1,000 an inch to have his head replanted and Silver Dollar Bland will soon have a pate as white as the coins which he believes the country ought to use. Carlisle is fast growing bald and Holman's hair is thinning McKinley's head is still dark and well-thatched. Henderson of Iowa sports a magnificent brush of iron gray, and McComas of Maryland has hair as thick as the fur of the seal and as black as the raven. Martin of Texas oils his hair with bear's grease, and the locks of Ex-Speaker Banks are thick and well brushed, though they are whiter than snow. Cheadle of Indiana has brown hair and a sandy beard, and he is a freak of the first water, and it was he who by his movement in favor of Milburn made the democratic blind parson the chaplain of congress.

HISTORICAL CURIOSITIES.

Our historical curios are numerous in this congress. Buckalew of Pennsylvania was United States minister to Equador before the war, and he was a United States senator in 1863. He is a smooth-faced dark complexion man of sixty-nine years of age, and he has as yet made no remarkable speeches. Banks of Massachusetts is one of the most noted characters in American history. That tall, straight, slender, fine looking man with the gray mustache and the mass of snow white hair is he. He sits near the speaker on the republican side of the chamber and he has as much iron in his blood as when he learned the trade of machinest in a cotton factory. From mechanics he went to the law and he was elected speaker of the house of representatives as a knownothing in 1855. He has been governor of Massachusetts, was a general during the late war and has for a number of times served in the house.

Whitthorne of Tennessee has been in the senate and McCreary of Kentucky and Gear of Iowa have been governors of the states they represent.

Ex-Speaker Carlisle may pose as an historical curiosity and General Joe Wheeler, that tight little dark faced-man with a long beard was one of the most noted cavalry leaders of the confederacy. Out of 330 members fully one-half have war records and there are ninety union soldiers in congress and eighty-five confederate ones. Hooker of Mississippi, one of the most noted of the southern members lost an arm on the battlefield and it was in battle that Henderson, Bootman of Ohio and Laws of Nebraska each lost one of his legs.

THE LITERARY FEATURES.

There are some literary curiosities in this great show. Amos Cummings way be called the editorial freak of the house. He is about five feet eight inches high, dresses in business clothes and has the student's stoop. His face is fair. He has a broad forehead, dark brown hair and a sandy mustache which hangs down over a good mouth. He sits in front of the speaker and writes at his desk all day long using a pencil and a pad of printing paper. He carries on a newspaper bureau in addition to his congressional work and doubles the amount of his congressional salary with his pen. He is the only man in congress who writes editorials at his desk and he reminds one of Horace Greeley who did work while he was in the house and whose famous mileage expose has become a matter of history. Ex-Governor Dingley of Maine is the editor and proprietor of a newspaper. Boutelle also owns a newspaper and O'Donnell has a paper in Jackson City, Mich., which is said to pay him $10,000 a year. John T. Caine, the Mormon delegate, is interested in the Salt Lake Herald, which is a paying sheet and well edited, and Henderson Henry Cabot Lodge adds to his income by writing works of political biography. He has a number of books in the American Statesmen series and his pen is a fluent one.

CONGRESSMEN WITH HOBBIES.

Judge W. H. Holman of Indiana is the economical freak of the house museum. He has been here for twenty-four years and during the whole of that time he has been cutting down the expenses of the government on every item. His knowledge of the cost of things is wonderful. He knows to a cent just how much every charwoman in the treasury gets and he can tell you to a mill what every brick in the new pension building cost. He is known as the great "objector" and he has killed many a bill by slinging out his long finger at the speaker and saying "I object." Judge Holman is six feet tall and a foot and a half broad across the shoulders. His business are hung upon his frame and nature has been as stingy in her appropriation of fat to him as he is to the civil service in his giving out of the government funds. His beard is now turning to iron gray and his brown hair has many white strands. He is fond of tobacco and he sits in his seat with his pencil in his hand and figures and chews all day long. He is fond of fine cut but when he makes his campaigns in Indiana he is said to carry a plug of pig-tail twist which he offers to his constituents. He is too economical to allow his voice melody and fulness, and he rasps out his speeches with the sound of a buz-saw when it strikes a knot. He gestures in pump-handle style, and he is in short a statesmah of the blue jeans Williams type. He is a kind hearted fellow withal and is as honest as the day is long. He is worth about $100,000 and has a fine farm in southern Indiana.

Silver Dollar Bland has made all the reputation he has out of the bill which bore his name. I am told that Senator Allison is the author of the bill, but that it was given to Bland and he got the credit of it. Bland is a semi-bland, brown-whiskered, commonfaced man of fifty-four. He dresses in business clothes, and evidently wears his suits a long time. He looks more like a country grocer than a famous congressman, and he evidently has not a surplus of the silver which is being coined in his name. He comes from Ohio, and first came to congress in 1863 from Missouri.

THE FUNNIEST MAN IN CONGRESS.

He is too good a fellow to be called the clown of the congressional museum, is Allen of Tupelo, Miss. Allen is possessed of the genius of humor. Fun shines out through every line of his solemn face, and he is the best after-dinner speaker at Washington. Straight and slender, with the sallow complexion of the south, he has a low forehead which is rapidly rising through his paucity of hair towards his crown. He has a brown mustache, bright black eyes, and a face like a funeral. He is a good speaker, and is possessed of good abilities in other ways than those of humor. He is the only wit left in congress, and he is the prince of those who have gone before. He outshines Jim Belford and throws O'Neill of Missouri and Tim Taraney of Michigan into the shade. He is a better story teller than was Sam Cox, and he could make a fortune as a lecturer.

THE TALLEST AND THE SHORTEST.

The tallest man in the house is still Stewart of Texas, and the shortest is little La Follette of Wisconsin. Stewart is big all over. He weighs close to 275 pounds and he has a leg as big around as Joe Wheeler's waist. He has been in congress for six years, and his speeches in the Congressional Record, if the pages were pasted together, would not be as long as his frame. La Follette is nearly a foot shorter than he is and has twice the reputation on the floor. He is a member of the ways and means committee and notwithstanding his five feet three inches, his 100 pounds weight and his boyish look, he has made a place for himself in the house. He appreciates the disadvantage of his size and it is said that he once had a great ambition to be an actor. He called upon Edwin Booth and asked his advice about studying for the stage. Booth told him that he had no doubt that he possessed histrionic talent, but he said; referring to one of Shakespeare's plays: "Suppose you were fighting a duel in which you were to be the leading character; you would probably hear a cry from the gallery asking your opponent to take one of his size. You are a bright fellow but you are too little to be an actor." La Follette then dropped the stage idea, studied law and is now making a reputation as a statesman.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

The new congressmen furnish their share of the curiosities. The only colored man in congress is Cheathem of North Carolina, who is a bright-eyed, well-dressed, gingerbread mulatto who has been a slave and who is a college graduate and a lawyer. "Rising Sun" Morse is a broad-faced millionaire from Massachusetts, who makes a big head look bigger by a pair of fat side-whiskers. He started in life by peddling stove polish, and he is now devoting himself to sending goods from the agricultural department to his constituents. John J. O'Neill, one of the funny men of the last house, is succeeded by a millionaire, and one of the brightest of the new men from Missouri, a black-haired brunette named Frank, who is all nerve and brain. Another nervous little fellow is Wilson, from the state of Washington, who tells enough good stories to enable him to laugh himself fat, but who is as thin as a rail, and who looks as overworked as the horse of a bobtail car. Carter of Montana is a middle-aged man of more than ordinary ability. He is tall, brown-haired, fair-faced and has straw-colored chin whiskers. Hansbrough of North Dakota is a rosy-cheeked, brown-mustached man of thirty who rejoices in coming from Devil Lake, and who is an editor. One of the curiosities of the house is Bullock of Florida, who states in the directory that he has a family of thirteen children. He does not say how many of his children are girls. He is sixty years of age, has aided in founding a female institute and has raised enough of a family to start this academy. Hitt of Illinois wears a red necktie. Bayne of Pennsylvania always has a pepper-and-salt business suit and Cabot Lodge parts his hair in the middle. William M. Springer never appears in the house without a rose in his buttonhole and Stahlnecker of New York prides himself on his glossy side-whiskers and is the handsomest man in the house. The youngest man is Magner of Brooklyn and the oldest in point of service is Judge Kelly. Martin is, without doubt, the slouchiest congressman, though he has improved since his coming here a few years ago. Henderson of Iowa is the loudest. You could hear him across a ten-acre field. Boutell of Maine is another loud talker and he gestures quite as violently as he speaks. John D. Wise of Virginia is one of the most eloquent of the southern men and Ben Butterworth can make as good a speech as any man on the republican side of the house. All told the congressional show contains a number of rare animals and though at least 200 out of the 330 among them could not make their $5,000 a year any place else, fully one-third are worth the price paid for their employment and earn it.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Dying in Harness.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over, no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests his head,
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the burdened journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only to die!

Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and straps,
Fell, and the great load killed him: one of the days mishaps,
One of the passing wonders marking the city road,
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
Was it the symbol? Only death; why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden! On through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet!

What was the sign a symbol to teach the tireless will,
Does he who taught in parable speak in parables still!
The seed of the rock is wasted, on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose, labor and sleep and then;
Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread,
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness, dead!

PATTI AT SIXTEEN.

When She Appeared at Sa Salle, Ill., in Company With Ole Bull.

The following from the La Salle (Ill.) Republican is very interesting just at the present time: A number of residents here have, during the past week or so, gone to Chicago to hear Adelina Patti. Many of them were not born when she sang in La Salle, as per the following announcement, which is a fac simile of the orignal except in the display type, which appeared in the La Salle Press under date of Wednesday, August 20, 1856:

Great Musical Attraction
At the Baptist Church
This Evening.
Ole Bull

respectfully announces to the citizens of La Salle and vicinity that he will give positively only one

Grand Concert,
On Wednesday Evening, August 20,
Assisted by the following eminent artists:
Adelina Patti,
The Wonderful Vocalist, surnamed "The Young Malibran;"
Louis Schreiber,
The Great Cornet Player;
Franz Roth,
The Distinguished Pianist and Composer.

☞For particulars see Programme.

Tickets $1. Reserved seats $1.50, to be had at J. W. Garfield's music store, where a diagram of the house may be seen. Tickets also for sale at the Hardy house and at the door.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Concert to commence at 8.

Ole Bull was taken sick a day or two after that concert, and went up to the Sulphur Spring house, then kept as a hotel, where he remained for a week or more and was attended by the late Dr. H. M. Godfrey, then a resident of this place. Patti stopped at the Hardy house, then kept by J. Anthony, for three or four days and roomed with the landlord's daughter. She was at that time apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, swarthy as an Indian and full of ginger. She took great delight in carrying on a handkerchief flirtation with a young man who was then a clerk in Cruickshank's bank across the way in the Sharp building. In view of her brilliant and wonderful career and the universal fame she has achieved, this little reminiscence of her early life is not without interest.

THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Waifs From the World of Wit and Humor.

THE KICKER'S NEW DEPARTMENT.

It Will Be Edited By a Gambler of Thirty Years' Experience—Excessive Politeness—All His Own Fault.

The Kicker's New Department.

Detroit Free Press: Last week we established a new department in The Kicker—that of answering questions concerning disputed points on games of chance, as well as making decisions thereon. These games will include euchre, old sledge, seven-up, pedro, whist, keno, faro, roulette, etc., taking in, in fact, each and every game known to the sporting world.

This department will be edited by an old gambler of thirty years' experience, and who carries seven knife-wounds and the scars of four bullets as proofs of his his literary caliber.

The fact that such a department hit the bull's eye is evidenced by the fact that we have added twenty-one new subscribers within a week, and they are still coming. We were intending to devote this space to religious news, but after looking the ground over, and discovering that there was none to chronicle, we gave way to the urgent demands of the boys and instituted the new departure. It is the general belief that this will do more to boom our town than if we had secured $50,000 for a new government building. All communications intended for this department should be addressed: "Gambling Department of the kicker." Write only on one side of the paper, and do not attempt to write with blood.

Polite and Untruthful.

Youth's Companion: It is possible that there is such a thing as being too polite; at least, one may err in the direction of a too obsequious courtesy. It is said that a royal personage once asked a courtier what time it was, and the man remarked with a low reverence and with bated breath:

"Whatever time your majesty pleases."

Doubtless the king would have been better pleased with a less flattering and more definite answer.

There is a tradition in a certain house that one of its guests was so polite that none of her preferences could be ascertained, and the following incident is always quoted in illustration of her phenomenal courtesy:

"Now, Kitty," said her hostess one morning, "we can either row or drive this morning, which would you prefer?"

"Thank you; that will be charming," was the non-committal reply, and as her hostess afterward declared, "wild horses could not have drawn from her a further avowal."

Such careful courtesy is often exceedingly amusing, and when used by an Irishman, one can fancy that it would be provocative of smiles. An Irish sailor once called the captain of his vessel from a coffee house with the flattering statement:

"An't plaze yer honor, the tide is waiting for ye!"

Surely the captain might have thought himself more than the equal of King Canute, who found, by actual experiment, that he was unequal to control the sea.

Perhaps the advice of a certain dear old lady applies to etiquette, as well as to other affairs of life. "Speak the truth always," she was wont to say, "but speak it gently.'

A Tough Goose.

Texas Siftings: Old Zack shuffled forward, as his name was called, closely followed by the officer who had captured him in one of his nocturnal chicken-stealing expeditions. He held his catskin cap tightly under his arm, rubbing his woolly head thoughtfully with his disengaged hand.

"Well, prisoner, what if your name?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"What?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"Are you sure it is not Ananias?"

"I ain't sure of nuffin', yer nonor; but I 'spects it'll be Dennis fo' I gits out ob yere."

"Well, Dennis—I should say Ananias—you were found in Deacon Smith's chicken-coop this morning at 3 o'clock, I believe?"

"Quarter pas' three, yer honor."

"Well, then, 3:15, to be more exact. I suppose you went there to read poetry."

"Sar?"

"Did you go there to read poetry?"

"Eat poultry? No, sar; don't want no raw poultry 'bout dis niggah. Don't eat poultry till it's done cooked."

"Well, Dennis, I am afraid your poultry will be cooked this time—your goose at least. Do you think you can get it done in fairty days?"

"It's pretty tough, yer honor—"

"Well, then, make it sixty days, so as to be on the safe side."

And as old Zack moved away he murmured, softly, "Dun fixed it dis time; bound to get three square meals a day fur de next two months, sho'."

A Great Improvement.

Arizona Kicker (Detroit Free Press: Colonel Obediah Shaw, our popular register of deeds, has presented us with a new 38-caliber revolver of the Smith & Wesson make, as a token of his esteem and affections, and we feel as proud as a boy with his first pair of boots.

We have been, as some of our friends know, greatly hampered in our work during the past year by an old fashioned revolver which could never be depended on in an emergency. It was out of repair all along the line, and when we brought it down on a man we never felt sure which of us would get the contents. It was also too large for our pistol pocket, and on three or four occasions the other man had opened fire before we could get it out. When Arkansas Bill met us in front of Taylor's bank one day last summer and opened fire he had pulled the trigger three times before we could get our old shooting-iron on line with his left lung. We didn't expect to drop him then, as the hammer was out of true, but when we pulled he tumbled, and he lived long enough to tell us that he made the mistake of his life when he set out to remove the editorial head of Arizona's great weekly newspaper.

This new weapon adds to our editorial zeal and enterprise, and puts the Kicker on a more certain foundation. We have had only one week's practice, and yet we can draw it and send two bullets ripping through a fellow-being's carcass while an average school boy can get his mouth puckered to begin the first line of Henry Clay's great speech. We shall not be satisfied until we have done a little better than that—five seconds better. Meanwhile, any one hankering for our scalp can find us at the usual place, prepared to do the best we can under the circustances.

He Objected to Cigarettes.

New York Times: Three laborers were smoking their pipes during the noon hour a few days ago on South Fifth avenue when a well-dressed young man came briskly along holding an unlighted cigarette in his fingers.

"My man," said he to one of the laborers, "will you accommodate me with a light?"

"Sortinly, sor," replied the laborer stolidly, and he fumbled about his clothing until he found a match, lighted it and passed it up to the young man.

"Thanks," said the cigarette smoker, "but it wasn't nessessary for you to light a match. I would as liof lighted my cigarette from your pipe.

"Oi don't doubt it. Sor, Oi don't doubt it," returned the man, "but do ye see, Oi wouldn't as liv ye would. Whinever ye want a light for yer siggerit an' Oi have a match, it's yours, do ye see, but if Oi don't have a match ye'll niver light wun of thim things in my poipe."

The cigarette smoker passed on somewhat abashed.

Preaching and Practice.

Rochester Democrat: He was an old and benevolent-looking gentleman, and in company with several others he stood on the platform of a South avenue car one afternoon when it was raining and seats were at a premium. One of the men on the platform had been caught in the rain without an umbrella and he was wet. He was mad also, and used his time in cursing the weather and his luck and several other things sotto voce. The benevolent old gentleman heard him and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Dear friend, don't swear. It's a wicked and useless habit. It does not do a bit of good. Don't swear, I beg of you."

The car door was open and the B. G. stood with his hand on the casing of the door. Just at this juncture the driver banged the door shut and the old gentleman's hand was pinched. The old gentleman howled with pain and called that driver more names and said more "cuss words" in a minute than could be writted in ten. The man who was wet reached over and rapped the old gentleman on the shoulder and said:

"Dear friend, don't swear," but before he could say any more the old gentleman jumped off into the rain followed by the laughter of the carful of people.

Not so Bandy-Legged as He Looked.

San Francisco Chronicle: They sat on the sofa. They had just come to a mutual understanding and he had measured her finger for the engagement ring, and they were in the first throes of tender reminiscence.

"You do not remember," he said in a trembling voice—"you do not remember when you first saw me."

"Yes, I do."

"Did any little thrill or throb tell your heart this happy moment would come? No; that could not be expected."

"Yes; something did seem to whisper that we might become man and wife."

"My darling," he said, and he kissed her fondly.

"Yes, I remember I saw you from the window leaving the house and I thought you were bandy-legged, and I thought how awful it would be to marry a bandy-legged man, but it was only the glass in the window that was uneven and made you look so."

Couldn't Fool Him

Globe Democrat: Cautious Investor—How did you get at this natural gas, anyhow?

Officer of the Company—We bore a hole in the ground till we strike what is called a pocket of gas. Then we run it through pipes to the houses of consumers.

"But mightn't somebody else bore down and strike the same pocket?"

"Not in our vicinity. We own all the land for miles."

"Got a good title?"

"Been examined by the best lawyers in the county and pronounced perfect."

"Any lawyers in your company?"

"I think we have not less than six, and some of them own large amounts of stock."

(Buttoning up his coat). "Six lawyers and only one pocket! I've got no money to put in it, b'gosh!"

Disagreeably So.

Boston Times: Hospital physican (looking into the ambulance)—The man is dead. His skull has been fractured and his face is beaten to a pulp. Where did you find him?

Officer 7001—At the surprise party down the street sor.

"Who was surprised, did you say?"

"The corpse I think, sor!"

What is Necessary.

New York Sun: A gentleman of standing and reputation in the country was at an informal dinner given the other night to half a hundred New Yorkers. He was called upon for a speech. He chose for a subject "The Harrison Administration," and when well along in his remarks he told what, in his opinion, were the chief requisites for office under this administration. "Gentlemen," said he, "in order to get an office under Harrison it is necessary to be either:

"A son of a president,
"A son of a clergyman,
"Or a son of a gun."

It brought down the house.

A Candid Tramp.

Texas Siftings: Gilhooly says he does not think it right to bestow promiscuous charity.

Not long since a hard-looking tramp stopped him and asked for a temporary loan. Although Gilhooly was disposed to regard the transaction more in the light of a permanent investment, he nevertheless advanced an entire dime.

"Thank you, colonel, thank you. I can tell by your looks that you know how a fellow feels who has had no education and has to beat his way," replied the tramp in a wild outburst of mingled gratitude and candor.

A Good Legal Practice.

Philadelphia Society: Young Lawyer: "You have advertised that you are going to retire from practice and want to sell out." Old Lawyer: "Yes. Do you wish to buy a good practice?" "Yes. How many clients have you?" "Two." "Is that a practice?" "Young man, I've lived off these two clients for sixteen years. One's a claimant under a contested will and the other's fighting an Alabama claim." (They come to terms.)

A Fearful Blunder.

General Manager: "Angry parent—What! been discharged after only one week's work as brakeman?

Son—Yes; they said I was too green for them.

Parent—Well, well, I thought you were pretty well up in that kind of business. What mistake did you make?

Son—Called the names of the stations so the passengers could understand them first time.

The Wrong Door.

Time: First Prohibitionist—Yes, I saw Touchnot, one of our leading prohibitionist, coming out of the front door a saloon yesterday.

Second prohibitionist—You are right, and there is no excuse for it, either. Why, there isn't a single saloon in this place that hasn't a back door. I'll speak to him about it."

Insist on having the genuine Red Cross Cough Drops. 5 cts a box. Sold everywhere.

$5 A FULL $5
SET OF TEETH ON RUBBER
For Five Dollars.
DR. R. W. BAILEY, Dentist,
Paxton Block, 16th and Farnam Streets.
We Are Here to Stay and having within the past two months largely increased our office room, are now better prepared to turn out the best class of work, and much more rapidly than heretofore. We make a full set of teeth on rubber for FIVE DOLLARS, guaranteed to be as well made as plates sent out of any dental office in this country. Do not let others influence you not to come, but make us a call and see for yourself.
Teeth extracted WITHOUT PAIN, and without using chloroform gas, ether or electricity. Filling at lowest rates. Remember the location.
DR. BAILEY, Dentist, Paxton Block.
Open evenings until 8 o'clock. Take elevator on 16th street. 16th and Farnam.
Cut this out. Mention this paper.

MAX MEYER & BRO.
JEWELERS,
Will sell for the next 10 days, at the Lowest Auction Quotations, all of the stock left of our retail department. Some of the most desirable goods in
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Art Good Bronzes, Clocks, etc., etc.
Remember the opportunity will last but 10 days only. Store for rent and Fixtures for sale.
MAX MEYER & BRO.
Cor. 16th and Farnam Streets.

L. M. PICCARD,
$4.00 $4.00
Best Gold Spectacles Reduced
$4.00
Ramge Block, Corner 15th and Harney Streets Omaha.

WOOD'S
Ice Tools
WE CARRY a COMPLETE STOCK.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.
JAMES MORTON & SON, Agents.
Telephone 437. 1511 Dodge St.

H. A. KINNEY,
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR,
REPRESENTING CHICAGO OFFICE
Brush Electric Company.
Estimates and plans furnished. Correspondence solicited.
832-833 N. Y. Life Building, - - - - - Omaha.

DEWEY & STONE,
Furniture Company
A magnificent display of everything useful and ornamental in the furniture maker's art at reasonable prices.

ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, ARTIST SUPPLIES, MOULDINGS, FRAMES,
HOSPE
EMERSON, HALLET & DAVIS, KIMBALL, PIANOS & ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC.
1513 Douglas Street, Omaha, Nebraska

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Ice Tools
HIMEBAUGH & TAYLOR, 1405 Dougias St.
Send for catalogue.

MAX GEISER,
Importer of and Dealer in All Kinds of
Birds, Fish and Rare Animals
BIRD CAGES, FOUNTAIN AQUARIUMS, SHELLS, ETC.
IMPORTED BIRD SEED A SPECIALTY
417 S. 15th St.
OMAHA - - - NEB

MEN'S
Furnishing Goods
Robinson & Garmon
OMAHA 1511 FARNAM

TRADE E&W MARK NEW OTEGO COLLAR

1317 Dougias st SPENCER OTIS, Omaha, Neb.
Mechanical Engineer and Draftsman. Complete drawings, Specifications and Superintendance, to Elevators, Mills, Factories, or Special Machinery, castings, and Blue Prints furnished.
PATENT OFFICE WORK A SPECIALTY.

TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed), containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.
Safe, sure and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chem. Co., Madison Sq., Phila.

Dr. JOHN C. JONES,
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
DISEASES OF WOMEN.
Office, S. E. Cor. 13th and Douglas Sts., Omaha Neb