The Young Mind.

a manly little fellow strove to conceal his fears. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning

lumined the room, immediately followed by

to kill us; I think he is only trying to scare

On Losing a Friend.

No; best of friends must part, though hearts

be riven wide with griet.

And sighing for the loved and lost will bring

bow my head to cruel fate, but aye I'll curse

the fellah Who robbed me of my dearest friend-my faithful old umbrella.

Not Willing.

Yankee Blade

Says bould Barney Milligan

Cries Biddy McSnilligan, "Ye'd betther be still agin;

"Arrah! dearest Biddy, Be alsy, be stiddy; include, it's no use to be actin' loke this.

ft's a deal uv a row to be gittin' a kiss."

'Go 'way, Mr. Barney,

No more of your blarney, Or instid uv a kiss ye'll be gittin' a kick.

be quick!"

Ould red-headed Barney, Yer wastin' your blarney, Fur-here comes the misses! Ach! Barney,

Returns by Grapevine. Pittsburg Dispatch: About 2 o'clock this morning Mary Ann heards noise in the lower

part of the house and came down stairs to see what was the matter. She found the

ady of the house reading a paper upside

own and nervously tapping her foot on the

"Yes-very full returns, Mary."
And sure enough he returned an hour later

about as full as a man can get election night

Her Heart Trouble.

The pulpit is mightier than the stump.

Some people sing in metre long, "O Lord, Thy will be done!"

easting at him, I presume.

A biblical weapon-the axe of the apostles

There will be no theater nats nor plug hats

If the devil were not aided by dyspepsia he

They're busy with number one.

"The idea!" said the African missionary indignantly. "What's the matter!" "Th

The boy with wisdom past his years Now looks about with care to see

idea of sending celluloid poker chips to aid the heathen in an ivory country."

Which of the Sunday schools appears

Lawson-I hear Mr. Soense has discontinued his liberal financial aid to the Church of

Rev. Dr. Freshleigh-My dear Mr. Samp-son, what was the name of that beautiful

Florence is a little girl who is just learning

e her mother asked her what she thought of the sermon. "Ugh!" was the irreverent answer; "me sitted an sitted an sitted, an

to go to church. Last Sunday when she came

got drefful tired, an' the p'eacher said ar suid an' said an' keeped on sayin'."

"I have to make the announcement this morning," said the minister, "that our dear

"I hope," said Mrs. Dingbat, as she began

to put on her bonnet, "that you are not going fishing this Sunday morning, William, but are coming to church with me." "I am going

I once found a preacher to suit me; He was eloquent—sound as a rock; But the feature that tickled my fancy

Was the way he reasted his flock.

Such a one was dishorest as blazes,
Such and such, undeserving the name
Of course no addresses were given,
But I knew 'em, you bet, just the same.
I had thought to unite on probation,
But before I could bring it to pass,

his ideal preacher got on to my trail, And sketched me in full as an ass!

Dr. Birn ey cures catarrh Bee bldg,

One of the most singular facts about

The Growth of London.

the growth of London is its regularity. It may be roughly taken that every menth about one thousand houses are

added. In August of this year 765,577

houses had to be supplied by the water companies with water; in September that number had increased to 766,797.

In August of last year 754,464 houses had to be supplied, or 11,113 below the

number in the same month of year be-fore. In September this year the com-panies had to supply 10,706 houses more than in September of 1889. This exten-

sion is not confined to any one portion o

the capital, but a preference is still being shown for the north and northwest

Most likely for a Christmas tree.

O, how I love to pray!
O, how I love this life of grace

nothing personal, you know, doctor.

pereto fore."

ly.) I don't want to go in.

What are you doing, mum !"

"Waiting for the returns, Mary." "For the returns, mum!"

Oi'll not be endoorin'such traten entas this."

Ouch! scratch a man's nose off, An' tear all his clo'es off.

To Biddy McSnilligan, faith! it's myself would be loikin'

shelter in the storm

SOME GEMS IN THE ROUGH.

Bright Thoughts Selected from the Papers of the Late O. H. Rothacker.

HE TURNED THE LIGHT ON SHAMS.

Caustic Observations on Many Phases of Everyday Life-Fragments of a Proposed Satire on the

Irish Movement.

By Mr. J. E. Howard, It has fallen to my lot to go through the late O. H. Rathacker's papers, to destroy his private letters and such other ducuments as pertained to his personal affairs and intended only for his personal use; such matter, indeed, as every man would wish should not be thrown into an alley after he is dead, to be picked up by any prowling hand. I have long deferred the fulfillment of the task, through a reluctance born of a consciousness that it would be a painful one. But it had to be done, and in the doing I have found, as I knew I would, much fragmentary literary work that seems to be worthy of preservation. Most of this was written during the last three years of his life and largely consists of poetry, but much of it is in the nature of suggestions for editorial and literary

It was Mr. Rothacker's habit to jot down a pregnant throught as it occurred to him, for future use, and many of these are strikinly epigrammatical, while others are caustic criticisms designed to expose the shams and pretenses of men. The fact is revealed in his letters from distant friends that in his own to them he frequently expressed the conviction that his death was near at hand, and doubtless this conviction, resulting from his frequent illness, accounts for the fact that much literary work which he had planned was never undertaken, and of that which was begun little was finished in the permanent form designed. I will endeavor now to give some of the more striking of his

To put a great thought into rhyme is like putting the Madonna into corsets, My heart is so full of love that my lungs

are empty of sound. My brain is so ready that It says my tongue.

I cannot write much, so let me burry my ideas into words. The garments may not fit, but I hope the muscle will be there. If is not, the cause will not be at fault.

1 don't like Christmas because—that was the day on which I was born. There is one commune-Yes! One that comprises God and man-both infinity and

There is as much fault in a clamor as there is in a glamor. Between the fox-fire of a voice and that of a belief there is very little difference.

If some one could write the life of Daniel de Foe as Daniel de Foe could write it would be good reading. A twilight of literature, lit here and there

by a Chinese lantern. After awhile the sun The Bret Harte type-a single mountain peak of self-sacrifice issuing from a dead-level plain of vice.

A composite of many nationali s with a distinct characteristic of its tie due to climatic and political conditions.

Holding the glimmering torch of life over the abyss beside the path until it fell from weakened fingers and was lost like a dying star in the darkness beneath.

Feel like a ghost that had the impudence to be alive without the ingenuity to give an explanation why it should be.

Vitality all rags and tatters, but the doctor is a pretty fair tailor. A gourmand of character, choosing the most delicate reputation for her daily dish; a scurrilous, tow-voiced, many-worded past crying her causeless malice in a ceaseless dis cordance and sustained in vituperation by her renius of viciousnes

A merose monotony, lit here and there With the faint semblance of a smile—born Of uneven flattery; one who seeks
To make good things seem bad by pretense,
To make bad things seem good by pretense.
A bloodless virtue, with himself for God; A thing of maxims and of ready words That reach all there is of life—but seif.

Carlyle, whose genius was dyspepsia in its most voluble and declamatory form. Contempt of the world is the youth of in-

telligence; sympathy with the world is the old age of intelligence. Shadow is the echo of humanity; the bastard of sum and substance. I have decided at last to quit burglary and

study inw. It is almost the only respectable way—as far as I know—by which a man can The older one gets the more coffins he

stumbles over in his path. Life is not a mystery. It is plain enough. That which succeeds it is a mystery, but one should live so as to meet either a mystery or

that which is plain. The toleration which necessity compels, Speaking of a father ruined by a profligate on: He was hanged upon the tree which he

At the gate of the world there is a lane lined with old men who bow pleasantly and smile cynical smiles as Youth, with its en-thusiasm, plunges into the turmoil. And then they wait until the youth shall return, bowed and gray, to be a part of that same

I met Mr. Longfellow just before his death. I met Mr. Longfellow just before his death. He was in the twilight of his life. The splendid, calm, cool, dusk of his days was about his head—the shadow upon the silver. He was great in the growth of night and just as gentle and just as true and just himself as he would have been if he had been born in Kentucky instead of in Maine. When winds and rain send tinsel and gilt

We look through gaps and see the face of

When Abraham Lincoln was the single star to be seen through the rags and tatters of the clouds in a troubled sky. The fierce words of a moment may

Become the errors of an age.

Men lose the perfume of our praise,
But ne'er forget the stings of rage. The South is imperious and impulsive, but American. Its outburst was due to an epi-demic of constitutional lawyers with the demic of constitutional lawyers with the practices of demagogues in fault. Out of this grew the error of the rebellion. It was a political eraticism—all passion and no judgment. At first the North was a mingling of panic aud enthusiasm. Then it became a cool fighter. Its factory wheels began to turn and so did the tide of battle. The whirr of its machinery was stronger than the roll of southern must ketry. The resolute gracticability of its ketry. The resolute practicability of its mills was greater than the resolute impracticability of confederate charges. The North became a great "base of supplies," and hun-gry men cannot fight against full granaries. A prison—a whited sepulchre of stone—a cemetery in which hie the corpses of past

The readers of the Republican during the summer of last year, when Mr. Rothacker was engaged upon it, and who remember his caustic criticism in one of his "Drift" arti-cles of the leaders of the Irish movement and of the movement as well, know how thor-oughly he was disgusted with the whole bus-iness. He was the son of a revolutionist and he believed in revolution as a last resort, but he believed that revolution meant fighting, talking—meant striking blows at the enemy at home instead of perpetually passing the hat for contributions in another country. If Rothacker had gone to Ireland to live he would not have been there six months be-fore he would have been sentenced for life to

fore he would have been sentenced for life to Van Diemen's land or hung, if the uprising which he surely would have stimulated did not succeed. Some time before his death he planned to write a satire on the whole Irish business, similar to that caustic story of his, "The Autobiography of an Anarchist," and I find in his papers a great many notes of the points he intended to make and a little more than one finished chapter. The notes and suggestions finished chapter. The notes and suggestions I will give first:

Show the gradual growth of an Irish patriot from enthusiasm and recklessness to in-tense seifishness and cunning. Is there a change of nature with years!

I presume there comes a time in the life of

overy Irish patriot when he is at the forking of the roads and has to decide whether he will go to America and earn his living or stay in Ireland, get into parliament and have America send his living over to him.

I am an Irish patriot. I was not born so, but I caught on to the profession when I grew older. I was hungry and I couldn't see anything else in sight. I shall never die purposely, or commit the indirect suici de of losing my will power, but—isn't it a nuisance? They hung him. Every year we reward his noble patriotism, by collecting funds and passing resolutions.

Ireland has bled almost ever since I can remember. Rather than have it break its record and not bleed, I would bleed it myself. I have done so. The Irish cause is the only cause that never had an effect.

An Irishman always has a good heart when he is poor. He loses it when he becomes rich. (Dwell.)

The peculiarity of the Irish character which makes a rich Irishman patronize a poor one, and hate one who is rich. Is this why all rich Irishmen associate with the shanty Irish—just to feel a pleasant superiority and enjoy the unbroken flow of flattery. Captain Moonlight behind the hedge and

overhead. Did he die in vain? No. We raised £60,000 for a suffering patriot who needed the carlsbad waters for a month, while his mother took temporary advantage. of his absence to starve, thus helping his on-

You drop your fund in the slot and see how it works. It works you. I am an Irish patriot of American and English parents. The one thing—the great link that binds me to the great line of Irish patriots—is my desire for funds. Can you ask any better proof my loyaity!

PARNEL I P. S .- My mother does not need anything. If she did I would take up a collection rather than have her suffer.

John Mohn Mahoney, carried to his grave on Irish shoulders, but accused of dishonesty during his lifetime by Irish tongues. Stephens teaching school in Paris, poor and neglected. Send him on a secret mission and have him petrayed by those who sent him.

The best way to free Ireland is to free it from the Irish I love Ireland by profession. Do I work? Yes, I work the Irish.

Any Irish movement can be stopped, not by arms, but by the British civil list. Make a point in alternating chapters of the eatly earnest Irishmen.

His success not entirely due to persona merit, but to the fortunate fact that his father was hanged. Envy of other agitators at this advantage.

If there are two Irishmen in a conspiracy one thing is sure, each' will be breaking his neck in the rack to inform on the other. If England were suddenly to accede to

Ireland's demands, what a number of patriots would be deprived of a livelihood and be com-pelled to seek other means of support! In this great case of rags vs royaltyadjudication of peasant and prince—the fault lies in that you can never reach it by laws Jus-tice can find its level, but each man must find his own mountain and, when he finds it, he will find it a very cold place.

SINGULARITIES.

The raven has been taught to retrieve most

creditably. A lady in Alton, Mo., gave birth to a round half dozen of children recently, four girls and two boys. "Mother and children doing well." It is said that in the northern lakes of England the foon has been taken fortw feet inder water upon hooks baited for a large trout.

Twin girls were born in the retreat for the sick at Norfolk, Na., the other day who weighed a pound and a pound and a half respectively.

Rupert Hansborough, of the firm of Crow-ley, Hansborough & Co., leather dealers, of Chilicothe, O., is the possessor of a natural curiosity in the shape of a cow which gives

A mouster grapevine at Athens, Ga., which covers more than a quarter of an acre, has been known to produce enough of grapes in a single year to make 100 gallons of wine. It It was planted by Prof. Rutherford thirtytwo years ago.

Two years or more considerable publicity Two years or more considerable parallely has been given to and no little interest excited by the discovery of red cotton and the efforts to perpetuate its growth, says the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record. According to the latest report the several attempts have been successful in the main. A planter in Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre

of cotton, every stalk of which is said to be of adeep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a field of cotton. If this variety can be perpetuated it will likely mean a fortune to the successful planter.

An old Swedish woman, by name Marie

Johnson, living in the outskirts of Lapeer, Mich., gave birth recently to her first child after having been married thirty-eight years without offspring. The woman claims that she is sixty dears old, and looks every day of that age. The physicians declare that the case has never had but two precedents in the

annals of the profession.

Edward Ferrers, an American resident of the village of Santa Magdalena, Mexico, recently dug up a petrified bee hive. The cells were perfectly distinct and contained, small, irregular shaped bodies which must have been bees. Many of them contained, besides, a thick black substance of about the consistency of tar, very hard to penetrate and very sweet and as inflamable as resident and which annals of the profession. sweet and as inflamable as rosin, and which beyond a doubt was honey. The hive was found on the dry bed of what must have been small creek emptying into the Rio del

a The petrified body of Miss Ella Sewell was a The petrified body of Miss Ella Sewell was dug up in a cemetery at anbury, Pa., the other day. The body was found to be well preserved, and but for the slightly sunken cheeks and marble pallor might have been taken for that of a sleeping girl. In life Miss Sewell was a brunette. When the body was viewed the hair was snow white. A careful examination was made, and it was found that petrification of the body had taken place. Even the flowers placed in the casket were betrified. Excerts pronounce it a perfect petrified. Experts pronounce it a perfect case of a petrified human body, and give as the cause the damp condition of the ground

caused by the flood of June, 1889. A singular phenomenon is described in a Scotch journal. A particular species of willow tree was in flower, and attached to these blossoms, which resembled an old-fash-ioned bottle-brush, were a large number of the "big black bumble bee," with which ev the "big black bumble bee," with which every schoolboy is familiar. They remained a whole day sipping the extract of juice and then dropped helplessly to the ground, hardly able to move, and the next morning were almost dead from exposure. One was observed to climb a vertical board of a few inches and when near the top to throw out his legs and fall back after the manner of the ordinary inebriate.

An omnibus driver one day found a little rat in the hay loft. As it was of a piebald color, he spared its life and took it home. In course of time it grow quite tame, and be-came a great friend of his children. At night, it used to lie on the rug before the fire, and when the fire went out it crept into its master's bed. The driver taught it to obey, him, and at the word of order it would jump inty his top coat pocket, and stay with him all day. Occasionally its owner placed it in the boot of the omnibus to watch his dinner, and if any one dared touch the food, it would fly at him out of the straw like a fierce tiny terrier. When the rat had grown old and white, and had lost its teeth, it still remained

the family favorite, and was fed just as if it The Hartwell (Ga.) Sun relates this curi-ous case of somnambulism: "A little boy in ous case of sommanoulism: "A little boy in Hartwell, aged twelve years, walks in his sleep frequently. In the front yard of his father's house is a large rosebush, and whenever he walks in his sleep he gets up, takes a pillow and quilt or coverlet off the bed and carries them to the rosebush and spreads them down underneath that. A few nights age the writer was there. The little boy was lying on his bed asleep, but the family had not retired. When we were conversing the lying on his bed asleep, but the family had not retired. When we were conversing the boy got up and pulled a coverlet and pillow off the bed. We were told to watch him. He walked out of the door and straight to the resebush, where he deposited the pillow and coverlet. His mother called to him and told him to bring them back in the house. He obeyed, and iny down on the bed without ever awaking. He has done this many times."

The chaplain for congress seems to pray hard enough, but still he does no good; not so with Dr. Bull; his Cough Syrup has never failed to cure the most stubborn cough or

No cure no pay is the motto of Salvation Oil because it cures every time. Price 25

A Few of the Many Funny Things the Wits Are Saying.

NOT THAT KIND OF A CHICKEN.

Johnny Was More Enterprising Than Generous-A Safe Inference-His

Dreadful Fate-A Boy's Composition-Not Willing.

Jeweler's Weekly: Wun Yan - How nuchee smallee lawtch? Jeweler-Seventy-seven dollars. Wun Yam-Me no takee. Buy clock tlicees big two dollee.

Down to a Fine Point. Indianapolis Journal: Uncle Haicede-Say, that there dwarf really as little as the picare makes him out? Sideshow Shouter-As little | Did you say

little? W'y, old man, that dwarf uses a postage stamp in the place of a porus plaster. Wonders of Science. New York Weekly: Lady-Do you take instantaneous photographs?
Photographer-Yes, madam: I can photograph a humming bird on the wing, or a

swallow in its flight.

Lady—I want my baby's picture taken.

Photographer—Yes, madam. Get the little fellow ready and I will prepare the chloro-A Doubtful Compliment.

Chicago Herald: Apropos of stories, there are some funny ones going the rounds about awoman who is the autoress of a most charming cook. She is very enthusiastic, and not long ago at a dinner party said: "Men in this country don't know how to love. If you want to see real love you must go to Russia; there a man says, 'Be mine or you will die." Speken dramatically and with her eyes flashing, everybody looked im mensely interested until a courtly old gentle-man rose up from his chair and bowing most raciously, responded: "O madam hankful we are that you came back to this country alive.

Encouragement for Jack. Jeweler's Weekly: Amy-I see that there is a female minister in Cincinnati. Now. would you call her a clergyman or a clergy

Jack-O, a clergyman. There's no such word as "clergywoman." The word "man," you know, embraces "woman," too.
Amy—Does it really, Jack! How nice!

Seriously Afflicted. Lally Spongee-Something seems to be the mattaw with the balance of me waweth." Jeweier Sharps—Yes, I'm giad you brought back. I'll keep it till the balance is settied to my satisfaction.

Smith Gray & Co's Monthly: Dollver.—I believe I have the most remarkable six year old boy in the country. Brindle (getting weary).-Full of funny ways and smart sayings, I suppose ! Doliver.—Not a bit. That's what he's renarkable for.

Indigestible. Epoch: "Take back the heart thou "Why should I take it back!"

There was a hush of expectancy and the listeners leaned far out over the veranda to catch the dying note of loves lyric. 'Because,' came the reply, wafted softly on the wings of evening, "because the boarders won't eat it." It was the butcher. Not That Kind of a Chicken.

Judge: Cousin Nell (inculenting generosity)—Supposing your chicken should lay a nice egg, Tommy, would you give it to me!
Tommy-No; I'd sell it to Barnum. That chicken's a rooster.

A safe inference. Puck: Friend of the Family-Somebody

told me that your son George was now a prominent figure in politics out in Indiana. I ope he is sound on all the great moral issues of the day.
Paterfamilias-I think so. He has just been defeated for congress.

A Congenial Occupation Smith, Gray & Co's Moutnly: Mag-Are e workin', Chimmy Chimmy-Soytenly; I'm workin' in a soct an' clouk fact'ry, over in Williamsboyg.

Chimmy-Givin' jacket-makers de sack, His Dreadful Fate.

Chicago Times: "A Texas jury has given a man a verdict for \$30,000 for the loss of a leg," said Buiger "That's too much."
"Not a bit of it," said Bowser. "They
ought to have given him twice as much, for the leg left to him will hereafter be useless, "Why so?"

the Holy Fashionables. Dawson-Yes; he has entirely recovered from his dangerous "Because all of his rends will spend the ime pulling it lung trouble. His doctor says he will live for A Shrewd Move. O, how I love my teacher's face. General Manager: A. -You see that fine house? The man who owns it made all his O, how they'll miss me from this place
Just after Christmas day.

y as a cab-driver.

How did he manage to do it? A.—Easy enough. He made it a rule to know the exact minute when the train left in which his passenger was going, and reaching the station at the very last moment the pas-senger could not dispute with him, no matter

what he charged. Was Competent. Arkansaw Traveler: At a recent examina-tion of a young man who applied for a certifi-cate admitting him to the active field of edu-

cation, the examiner asked:
"What is a compound fraction?"
The man replied: "A compound fraction is a fraction of a fraction and partakes of the nature of the verb and adjective." "That's a new way of answering the ques-on," said the examiner, "but I reckon you

The Poetry That Pays. Kate Field's Washington: Poet (opening is mail)—Great Scott! The Squenchery has refused my noble poem, beginning: Wild through the lonely chambers of my

Poet's Wife (opening her mail)—Never mind, my doar, here's \$10 from the Warmed-Overland for a trifle I sent it, beginning: You bet your boots, old pard, thet's so!

Beginning Legislative Work. Pittsburg Chronicle: "You haven't taken your seat in the legislature yet, have you?" asked a citizen of a newly-elected member. "No," replied the representative; "the legislature hasn't met yet."
"Then how comes it that you have intro-

"Introduced a bill!" "Yes. I heard you say to a young tady,
'Miss Blank, allow me to introduce my son,

A Boy's Composition. New York World: A man wich was the sheriff on a jail his prisners kep' a gittin out nites and steelin' hens, cos the jail wasent strong enough to hold em inside. So the man he said, the man did: "He put a stop to the little game hartyrs!" and he had a other cote of paint put or, the jail. But the article he little game hartyrs!" and he had a other cote of paint put on the jail. But the artist he had put some salt into the paint, and some cows came along and licked the paint of off, and then the prisners got out a other time and steeled more hens. Wen the sheriff he seen what they had done he was so angry he sed: "This aint no place for theefs, you bet, so you fellers has got to either behave yourselves or lite out, and russle round for yor hash best way you can."

The Boy Got It Afterward.

Dexter Gazette: A certain Dexter man isn't a success as a mouser. Furthermore, he has a young son who has shown himself shockingly deficient in the way of compassion for the suffering. The other morning a mouse crept cautiously from the open door of the cellarway. The man of the house grabbed a broom, carefully poised his weapon and launched a mighty blow at the ventursome rodent. As he struck his toe caught in a rug and away he gaily went, head first, bumpthump-bang to the bottom of the cellarstairs. As he was trying to remember whether it was last year or day before to morrow, he became conscious of a face peeking over the door sill, a face quizzled with a twist of demoning gles. A pause, and then The Boy Got It Afterward.

the shrill voice of his youngest chirped, "D'yo THE FRUITS THAT WE FAT.

Cape Cod Item: A thunderstorm was pre-vailing; the sky was dark and the rain fell in big drops. The lightning was vivid and the thunder's deep-toned reverberations were awe-inspiring. Little George, sitting near his mother, was evidently afraid, but being The Trade of Today and Twenty Years Ago Compared.

DECIDED INCREASE IS SHOWN.

a heavy crash of thurder. George was visi-bly disturbed. Turning to his mother he said: "Mamma, I don't think God intends The Supply and Demand is Far Greater in Proportion Than the Increase in the Country's Population.

Harry G. Forker.

And shall I ne'er again behold the old famil-"Well, it is not only remarkable, but is iar form? And grasp my friend-my staff and stay, my really wonderful how the fruit trade of this country has grown in the twenty years last past," said an Omaha fruit dealer the other Can I not for one moment lay my hand upon day, and that assertion, so carnestly made, interested The Bee man to the extent of an of one that I have loved for years, that stayed when others field? investigation.

A gozen or more small dealers, and a score

or more perambulators, whose voices may be heard on almost every street corner in the city singing praises to the sweetness of their wares, never forgetting to add the cheapness in price, were visited and talked with about the fruit trade of today and of twenty years ago. Very many of the dealers in Omaha know nothing of the trade years ago, but occasionally a veteran is met, and then in formaion of an interesting nature is secured. To one of these veterans THE BEE is indebted for much of the information gained. He is a wholesaler now; twenty years ago if, as a retailer, he had sold half as much fruit as some of the small retail dealers of Omaha do saler and a monopolist. But he was the only a retailer, and he laughs now at the picayune trade he enjoyed. He was asked if the trade had increased faster and proportionstely greater than had the population of the country and he ans wered:

"Well, here in the west, where the growth in population has been all but phenomenal from year to year, it is safe to say that the fruit trade has increased thirty times faster than has the population, and in the last, where the growth of the country has been slower, the trade has increased 500 per cent more than the population has increased." Naturally enough the next question was uggested by his answer to the first, and he readily scribed the marked increase in the fruit trade to the cheapness of fruit and to the cultivated palates of the people for, indeed, an appetite for a great many kinds of indeed, an appetite for a great many kinds of fruit, with a great many people is what we are pleased to term cultivated. A great many acquire a taste and appetite for pears, peaches, nectarines, olives and the white grapes from "nibbles"—just a bite now and then, the same as other people learn to relish tomatoes or the muskmelen, and when once that relish is cultivated it becomes lasting, and like the fruit trade itself constantly Binghamton Leader; Said one Front and like the fruit trade itself constantly

street girl to another recently: "At ma's suggestion the doctor called teday and had a little talk with me. Ma has been worrying about me lately, you know. Well, the doctor said he had reason to suspect that there of the fruit trade, and it has, but not to so was something the matter with my heart, and when I expressed a degree of wonder that he should find that out he looked surther that he should find that out he looked surther that he should find that out he looked surther that I had good reason to know the bulk of the fruit comes from the east. great an extent as we imagine. The bulk of fruit sold in Omaha does not come from Caliof it, and when he asked me about the symp-toms I told him that I experienced considera-ble fluttering and quicker pulsation, espec-ially toward s o'clock in the evening. He didn't know what to make of that, so I told him that was the hour when I expected Take the year through and the receipt of bananas in Omaha will average one car per day-450 bunches, which weigh about twentyfive thousand pounds, and most of the entire receipts are retailed out on the streets, though our wholesale dealers send job lots as fareast as the Mississippi river, all over Nebraska and into South Dakota.

Charley. He got up at that and prepared to go, and somehow or other I fancied that he looked cheap as he took his departure. I looked cheap as he took his departure. I guess he was a little disappointed because he wasn't the first to discover my heart trouble."

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

IMPIETIES.

In strawour, the car leads per day for a period of two weeks, and the demand was equal to the supply. Raspoerries and black-berries are not sold in such quantities, but would be, nodoubt, if the supply was equally as great. But the peach trade is immense, and the season lasted for many weeks, beginning with the Missouri crop and ending with California's surplus.

with California's surplus.

The cranberry trade of Omaha isall but as tounding. Not less than 50,000 barrels were out into country towns, where the trade has increased proportionately as great as in the metropolitan cities.

could not do enough business to pay for keepmetropolitan cities.

"Twenty years ago," said one dealer, twenty-five cases of strawberries would glut the market of such towns as Fremont, Norfolk, Kearney and Hastings but in this age a half dozen or more of their retail dealers will order twenty or thirty Cora-Wonder why the pretty young min-ster calls us the "lambs of his fold?" Doracases a day during the season—and they sell them all. It is safe to say that the fruit them all. It is safe to say that the fruit trade of the country increased 1000 per cent in twenty years, and I mean by that over and above the growth in population,"

If watermelens and tomatoes may be pro-On account of the sheep's eyes we are always

perly classed as fruit their sale and consump tion in Omaha would very materially aid to the volume of its fruit trade, and to an extent far greater than those not posted on receipts would suppose. The Bee man was shown evidence to prove the assertion was shown evidence to prove the assertion that 142 carloads of watermelons were received and sold in Omaha this year, and ton upon tons of tomatoes, a vegetable that i constantly growing into favor with the per

Exclusive of the peddlers of grapes and bananas, there are over five hundred regular bananas, there are over hive hundred regular fruit dealers in the city who enjoy a satisfactory if not a flourishing trade. Beside the sale of the ruit mentioned these dealers sell 100,000 barrels of applies during the year. A good many apples to be sure, but us one dealer put it "not so many as we should sell." He thought that Comaha's 140,000 people should set as Soh, what was the hymn you played just after my sermon last Sabbath! Sampson (the organist)—O, itwas called, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"—er that Omaha's 140,000 people should eat barrel of apples each during the year in ad-dition to the other fruit consumed.

The orange and lemon trade, as well as the Muaga grape trade, increases in fair proportion with the sale and consumption other fruit; in fact there is not a fruit known to the market save the currant that is not grown and sold to a greater extent each year, a fact which is not to the credit of the currant certainly.

It is not so very long ago, less than thirty years, that year many of the provincia towns of the east could boast of an exclusive brother in Massai-land has written me that the heathen are so sparsely clothed there that fruit vendor. The trade was nearly all handled by the grocer, whose stock often consisted of but a few barrels of apples he finds very little use for pearl buttons, and he begs that the congregation will refrain from contributing them as generously as and a mixed-or half-and-half-box of orange and lemous. To be sure his dried fruit trad St. Peter (reading card)—Mary Ann Swipes; age, forty-eight. Methodist. Cor-rect. Spirit of Mrs. Swipes—Dear me, I reel so strange: Where do I sit? St. Peter —Third row to the left; right back of the Baptist benches. Spirit—What! Does the Methodists sit behind the Baptists! (Firmwas good, and his stock commensurate with it, but the fresh fruit in his store would hardly stock the hand wagen of one poor curbstone merchant of today. As the fresh fruit trade has multiplied the dried fruit trade has diminished and very many grocers in towns like Omaha do not have any trade at

all in that line. One grocer, who has been in the business for thirty years, said that his fried fruit trade was not now one-tenth of 1 per cent what it was twenty years ago. Another said that he did not remember of selling to one of his city "I am going to church, Saran," replied William, donning his overcoat. "I have become impressed with the belief that it is a man's duty to attend customers a dollar's worth of dried fruit in a year and the country people are gradually buying less of it, and more canned goods. "The dried fruit trade is knocked out, it is a thing of the past, service Sunday morning, and to put aside the pleasures of the world for a time. It costs nothing and does one good. Besides that," he added to himself, "the tide isn't right for fishing till after dinner."

and we have as many calls for tallow dips as we do for dried apples," said another.

"There are but few families in any city now but what eat fruit of some kind with their meafs—morning, noon and night"—said another, "and those who do not are those who are too poor to buy, but the time is com-ing when the poor can afford it."

ing when the poor can afford it."

Such a fruit eating people as we have grown to be, with such fruit producing soils and such fruit ripening climates, will certainly take advantage of soil and climate to produce the fruits they love and relish so much. And if the past is a fair criterion to judge the future by the market will never be glutted, for the demand has always exceeded the sunply, and the surply is increased each the supply, and the supply is increased each

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