Services of Henry Smith.

There are always several letters awaiting Speaker Carlisle's eye, which show how completely some people are willing to make use of the public servants of the country. These letters are communications requesting the speaker to decide some parliamentary point which is troubling some organization. Occasionally a debating club gets all torn up over something in Cushing's Manual and agree to refer the settlement of the whole dispute to the speaker of the house of representatives. Mr. Carlisle usually hands all such letters to Mr. Henry H. Smith, the journal clerk and author of the book of 500 pages containing the manual and digest, and rules and practices of the house. Mr. Smith is what the boys call a "parliamentary shark." He sits in front of the speaker's desk and follows the course of the legislation more closely than any member upon the floor. When the house is in a tangle, and a dozen men are upon their feet making this or that parliamentary inquiry, Harry Smith is the coolest man there. Not only does he know the proper rulings, but his fingers fly over the leaves of the reference books, and in half a minute the speaker has before him all the precedents by which he can justify his position.—[New York Telegram.

She Got Acquainted.

"Hold on to the young man in front," said a young lady's escort, as they seated themselves on the toboggan. "But I don't know him." "Well, take hold of him and get acquainted." "Sir!" said the Puritanical miss, with an offended look. Her escort chuckled and dropped the conversation. The toboggan started. "Oh, my!" squealed the nervous young lady, taking a very light hold of the blouse of the young man in front. The escort chuckled a little more and the toboggan flew faster. As the sled struck the level the young lady bobbed into the air. She threw her arms around the neck of the young man in front and clung to him like a well licked postage stamp to a letter. When the toboggan came to a standstill the young lady was still tightly clasping the stranger. "Well, did you get acquainted?" inquired the escort, with a grin. "You horrid thing!" was her only answer.

Wine Deteriorates.

One by one the ancient myths depart. The old notion that wine improves by age it seems is a humbug. One Winkleman, a German chemist, has been experimenting on the subject, and says there is an age at which all wines, including the very best, cease to be wholesome. He ordered some of the famous Bremen Rathskeller, Rudesheimer Rose, 1652, and Hochcimer Apostel, 1726, highly recommended for the medicinal value, and found that they were deficient in natural glycerine and contained as much acid as the cheapest new wines in poor seasons, so that they were positively injurious to health.

The Veracious Senator Camden's Voracious Alligator.

Washington Letter to Baltimore Herald.

Senator Camden, of West Virginia, has just returned from a brief sojourn in Florida, whither he went to seek relief from Senatorial overwork. He is chock-full of stories about the adventures he had in the land of orange blossoms. "One day," said he, "I went out hunting alone. Of course I'm not the man to brag about my skill as a hunter, but, between you and me, I'm no slouch with a gun. After killing a few deer, one or two bears, thirty or forty squirrels, and a dozen or so wild turkeys, I concluded to return to the hotel. It was still early, but I was tired packing round my load of game. I was going along the bank of a creek, and coming across a friendly log I thought I would sit down and rest. I laid my rifle and game down by the log and took a seat. I had a lunch of cold chicken in my haversack. I had breakfasted at daylight, and was pretty hungry. So I took out the chicken and began to eat. When I had finished my repast I took the pocket-knife I had been using to cut the chicken and drove the blade into the log, intending to let it rest there until I could get out my pocket-handkerchief and wipe my hands. But, great scot! You ought to have seen that log! It was the most sensitive log I ever saw. When I drove my knife into it, quicker than lightning, it humped itself like a bucking mule and gave me a flap with its little end that sent me sprawling about thirty feet away. Blame my buttons if that log wasn't a Florida alligator twenty-eigth feet long, with a tail like a cross-cut saw and teeth as sharp and long as tusks of a boar.

"When I scrambled to my feet and looked at the log—I mean the alligator—there it was, standing rampant on its feet, with eyes glaring and its teeth grinding savagely together. I dared not run, for I was told never to run from an alligator, as he would be sure to pursue and overtake me. So I stood transfixed to the spot. What did the alligator do? Keeping his gaze fixed steadily upon me, he deliberately backed to where my pile of game lay and pitched in. First he ate up the bears, then the deer. Smacking his chops like a regulation boarding-house hash-eater, he then turned on the squirrels and wild turkeys, and when he got through there wasn't a hair or feather to be seen. I'll undertake to say that no alligator ever before had such a rare banquet. How the alligator held all that feed I don't understand, but he did. When he got through there wasn't a thing left but my rifle, and he noseyed around that for several seconds as if he intended to eat it too, but he didn't. What did he do then? Well, sir, that alligator deliberately turned his tail to the bank, and keeping his eye on me, backed to the edge. Then, with a snort and a bellow, he plunged, tail foremost, into the water. I got to my rifle in the fraction of a second, rushed to the edge and looked down. I was panting for revenge, but I couldn't see anything except a succession of waves impelling each other toward the other shore. The alligator was at the bottom of the stream. I stayed there an hour watching for him, but he was too sharp to come to the surface. I bet you he's got that knife of mine sticking in his back yet, for I drove it in pretty deep. You see the alligator was sound asleep when I was sitting on him, but sticking the knife in him woke him up."

Queer Prayers.

From the Boston Record.

The modern rage for abbreviations, especially in the names of societies, was strikingly exemplified at a certain women's prayer meeting. One of the sisters, who is very much interested in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, prayed fervently, with a charming certainty that she would be understood:

"O Lord, bless the W. C. T. U., and the W. F. M. S., the W. H. M. S., and the W. E. and I. U!"

"When I hear stories of odd prayers," said a certain colonel, on hearing the one just told, "I always think of one I heard offered by an old darkey down on Ship Island during the war. He prayed, "O Lord, ranshack the worl' all ober on a white horse and gib us all charity like bounding brass and a simple tingle!"

A distinguished Boston divine preached a few Sundays ago for a cousin who is pastor for a church forty miles out in the country. His relative was somewhat flurried by the presence of the city minister, and in the opening prayer, with which he prefaced the other's sermon, he prayed:

"Help thy servant who is to speak to us to-day. Without Thee—help him—for—" He stopped, tried to collect himself, and finished, "for, O Lord, he can't do much, anyway!"

The pastor of a south end church called on a bereaved widow of his congregation and began consoling her with scripture texts. Her husband had long been an invalid, and the minister's selections bore on the rest into which he had entered.

"Yes," she sighed, "and there is one beautiful verse in the Psalms that applies to me that I think of so much: 'Othello's occupation is gone!'"

An Enthusiastic Dry Goods Merchant on the Honesty of Women.

New York Star: "Do women embezzle?" "No, they don't," replied a dry goods merchant. I never knew a woman who handled other people's money to steal a cent. I have employed women as cashiers for years. They are quicker at making change than men; they will detect counterfeit money quicker; they keep their cash accounts clearer, and don't want to run the whole store as men do. They are almost invariably honest. I have heard of young women as clerks who have pilfered small articles—collars and handkerchiefs—but the cases are rare. Most sales-women and cashiers live at home, and that's the secret of it all. They keep out of the streets nights, and from questionable places of amusement. Many belong to good families and to churches. They are in every sense respectable.

"Newspapers nowadays are full of wicked embezzlements. Bank presidents run away with fortunes, wreck homes, families, lives, reputations and public institutions. Cashiers gamble, steal, forge, abscond, speculate and use money entrusted to them by poor working people. They lie, dissemble, deceive, and finally rob the directors of corporations employing them—but women do not steal. Look at the suicides, caused by these breaches of trust! See the beggars these sleek-tongued villians have made—but women do not embezzle.

Curious Facts.

From the Montreal Star.

Not a single case of hydrophobia has occurred in Berlin for three years. Every dog in that city, however, is muzzled.

A German observer has found that cows milked three times a day give much more milk than when milked twice only, and the proportion of fat is the same in both cases.

The marquis of Lorne, known to almost everybody, of course, as one of the sons-in-law of the British, queen, dips his private pen into an ink bottle made out of a hoof of Lord Clive's Crimean charger.

In the United States, with an estimated Jewish population of nearly 500,000, there is not a single Jewish member of congress. In England no fewer than seven Jews have been elected members of the house of commons.

In several villages of the Viatki province in Russia the peasants manufacture wooden watches, which work steadily, though they do not keep very accurate time. All parts of the watch are of wood, except the axles, which are of horn.

Each pheasant that is shot in English parks and preserves costs its breeder, it is estimated, a sum of at least three shillings. During some seasons so many of these birds are placed on the market that they have to be sold at the same price as domestic poultry in order to get rid of them.

Certain portions of New Mexico abound in petrifications of various kinds. It is no uncommon sight to see trees three feet in diameter and fifty feet long, petrified and often crystallized. The crystals—red, yellow, black or white—are often very beautiful, and would make handsome ornaments for eastern parlors.

"In the ordinary healthy lung," says Dr. Curtis, "perhaps even in persons who have a consumptive heredity, the germ which causes the break-down of the lung may not be able to make an impression; but if the physical integrity is destroyed by poor food or any debilitating influence, or by a cold, then the germ is able to get in its work, and to multiply and produce its kind, and to fill the lungs with tubercles."

The Fuegians are the lowest human beings in the scale of existence. Their language contains no word for any number above three; they are unable to distinguish one color from another; they have no religion and no funeral rites, and they possess neither chiefs nor slaves. Their only weapons are bone-pointed spears, and, as they grow neither fruits nor vegetables, and their country is naturally barren, they are obliged to live entirely on animal food. Even these savages possess, however, some social virtues. They are not cannibals; they ill treat neither the women nor the old, and they are monogamous.

An extraordinary colored man has been lately attracting attention. He claims to have two hearts, one on each side of his lungs, and from the pulsations on each side of the body, a good many believe his assertions. He has also two sets of ribs, one over the other and both moveable. Endowed with more organs than the ordinary run of mortals, he appears to be gifted with almost superhuman strength, as he can lift 900 pounds weight with one hand, and can bend a rod of iron, three-quarters of an inch thick, by striking it on his bare arm, and two strong men could not bend the iron into its original shape.

Moved to Penitential Tears.

Chicago Rambler: "John!"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you remember coming home last night and asking me to throw you an assorted lot of key holes out of the window, so that you might find one large and steady enough to get you latch-key in?"

"Yes, dear."

"And do you remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the night before that how you tried to jump into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"And still another night when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding-on, and then attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular wall?"

"Yes, dear."

"John, do you realize that you have come home sober but two nights in the past week?"

"Have I, dear?"

"That's all; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, too. The idea of a man of your age——. But, John, why, you're crying. There, there, dear, I didn't mean to be too severe. After all, you did come home sober two nights."

"Yes, that's what makes me feel so bad." And then the meeting adjourned."

Bowen's Budget, Fort Plain, N. Y., for March, 1886, says: In the multiplicity of medicines placed upon the market, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the meritorious and the worthless. There are at least two excellent remedies widely used, the efficiency of which are unquestioned. We refer to St. Jacobs Oil and Red Star Cough Cure.

Paris Disappointed.

News from across the Atlantic tells how the famous horse-chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries did not come out on March 20 this spring. In vain people looked for leaves or buds, the exasperating cold closed precedents and set back precocious bloom. This 20th of March horse-chestnut tree like almost all the old trees of the garden, was planted in 1680, the year that Louis XIV caused many trees to be set out, but soon there will hardly remain in garden of the Tuileries more than 200 trees of this ancient date. The other trees have not been set out more than twenty or thirty years at the farthest.

Solicitor of Patents, F. O. McCleary, of Washington, D. C., says the only thing that did him any good, when suffering with a severe cough of several weeks standing, was Red Star Cough Cure, which is purely vegetable and free from opiates and poison.

Stumped at "Whereas."

I recently came across an anecdote of John C. Calhoun, which will be as new to your readers, perhaps, as it was to me. It appears that a lady friend once importuned him to write an original poem in her album. Strange to say, he consented. After many attempts to fashion his thought fancifully, he wrote the word "whereas," but to save his life he could go no further. Having selected the unpoetical word in the language to start with, the muse fled from him in horror and affright, leaving the stern logician completely baffled. Despairing of the performance of his promise, he wrote to the lady frankly admitting his plight. She asked that the album be returned just as it stood.—[Washington correspondent Augusta Chronicle.

Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft hands.

Why go limping around with your boots run over? Lyon's Heel Stiffeners will keep them straight.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

THERE IS SCARCELY A DISEASE, of the human system, acute or chronic, which VINEGAR BITTERS will not retard and lessen, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will cure. In large doses the Bitters is cathartic and tonic, in moderate doses it is a tonic, a gentle purgative, invigorator, and corrector of the blood.

Fashion is now vigorously setting its face against gummed envelopes.

MANGE, Galls, Scratches, Cracked Heel, Thrush, and all diseases of the feet and irritations of the skin of horses and cattle quickly and permanently cured by the use of **Vetrinary Carbolisalve.** 50c. and $1 at Druggists.

Congressman George Taliaferro Barnes, of Georgia, weighs 300 pounds.

Clergymen and physicians recommend Hall's Hair Renewer for diseases of the scalp and hair.

Ayer's Ague Cure neutralizes the miasmatic poison which causes fever and ague.

The oldest inhabitant of Worcester is Mrs. Mary Gould, 107.

I have been selling your Athlophoros for a few months and have sold between one and two dozen. It gives better satisfaction for rheumatism than any other preparation of the kind I have ever sold. C. M. Treat, druggist, Adrian, Mich.

Mrs. Hall, of Omaha, has passed her hundredth year.

Be merciful to dumb animals. Heal all open sores and cuts with Stewart's Healing Powder, 15 and 50 cents a box.

The fourteen miles of street railway in Glasgow are owned by the city.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little NERVE Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

Food makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sickheadache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

Agreeable surprises are the perquisites of youth.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NEBRASKA.

We desire to place a copy of THE OMAHA WEEKLY BEE into every farmhouse in Nebraska during the coming campaign. The regular subscription price is $1.25 a year or 75 cents for six months. We will furnish the paper from June to December (six monts) for 35 cents, or in clubs of five for $1.50 for five copies.

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Edward Atkinson says that a man can live comfortably in Boston on $200 a year.

"What is Woman Worth?"

asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nineteen states and eight territories still have public lands.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase, Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

Rev. Timothy Dwight will succeed Dr. Noah Porter, as president of Yale college.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It appears that there are now in Paris 47,500 unlet flats.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Many things are dreadful, but nothing is more dreadful than man.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary, in treating a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balsam, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

Mary Brennan, of Chicago, has reached the extreme old age of 117 years.

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

It costs a great deal of money for a lady's dress in extremely bad taste.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1864. Advice free.

Sarah Bernhardt grows just a tiny mite outer than she was.

W. N. U., Omaha. - 311-21