BIG FEDERATION SCHEME PROPOSED.

Programme of the Convention-A Drummer's Brave Act - Died Among Strangers-Trouble in the Camp-Samples.

There are 250,000 traveling men in the United States and a majority of them are members of the Travelers' Protective association, which wall hold its eighth annual convention in Denver, beginning today and

lasting one week. Delegates will attend from every state in the union and it is expected that fully 10,000

commercial tourists will be in Denver during The official programme of the convention is

Monday, June 23-Reception of delegates and assignment to hotels.

Tuesday, June 24—Procession forms at na-tional besidquarters, Albany hotel, at 9:30 a, m.; moves to the Oddfellows' hall on Champa street; short addresses by Governor Coeper and Ma, or Londoner on behalf of the state and city; convention meets and reconvenes at

Reception of citizens and delegates and members or the Travelers' Protective associ-ation at Collseum hall, Champa and Eighteenth streets, at 8 p. m. Wednesday, June 25.—Convention meets at Oddfellows' hall at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. for

regular business.
All traveling men and guests of the associa tion will meet at the Colorado division head quarters of the Travelers' Protective associa-tion club at 1649-51 Lawrence street at 1 p. m. and form in line for a procession and march through the principal streets.

Thursday, June 26 **Convention meets at

hall at 10 a. m.
At 10:30 a. m.—Carriage ride to ladies and escorts from the various hotels. 8 p. m .- Free for all. "The city is yours.

Friday, June 27-Excursion starts for three days over the Midlaud and Deaver & Rio Grande railways to Leadville, Aspen, Glen-wood Springs, Buena Vista, Manitou and Colorado Springs. June 28.-Excursion over the

Saturday, June 28.—Excursion over the Loun by the Union Pacific to all who do not go on the longer excursion. After return of the Glenwood excursion such of the delegates and their wives as desire to go over the Loup will be given a similar excursion the members of the order in this state will go

on their own responsibility and not in a body or by special train, as do some of the delegates from other states. The lowa delegates arrived over the Rock Island yesterday afternoon and immediately proceeded on their way to Denver by a special train over the Union Pacific. There were

over one hundred traveling men in the party. headed by H. B. Hedge, president of the fowa branch of the association. The Iowa delegation was met here by George P. Moore of Columbus, Neb., formerly a traveling man for Metcalf Brothers, Council Bluffs. Mr. Moore will pilot the special train to Columbus, where the delegates will be tendered a banquet by the business men of

The National Order.

In 1882 a mere handful of commercial travelers, belonging to small local associations, conceived the idea of creating a national oranization for the purpose of making a united effort in the direction of obliterating obnoxi ous license laws then existing in many states and territories. In the line of minor concessions the association sought to elevate the standard of hotels where they needed cloyating and also aimed to regulate livery and 'bus charges throughout the country. The association started out on the plan of amalgamating commercial travelers, i. e., permitting members from all sorts of commercial travelers' insurance societies to become member of a national order. Up to the time of the enactment of the interstate commerce law enactment of the interstate commerce law members were being enrolled at the rate of five hundred per month and everything pointed toward most successful results. When the interstate act was passed it marked the beginning of the decline of the association. Railway concessions which had been gained up to that time were wised out and old rates were reof the association. Railway concessions which had been gained up to that time were wiped out and old rates were restored. The working element of the association recognized the tremendous odds that faced them at this point, but never once faltered in their determination to carry out their objects. As time grew apace the discontented element, which heretofore had entered many titue of the street of the contents o had enjoyed many items of saving, now began to cry, "What are you doing for us!" The brain and sinew of the association sought to appease this clamor, for the time being, by working all the harder in fields less formidable than the congress of the United States and at once preceded to clean out state and territorial laws which exacted a license from all traveling men before they were permitted to show their samples. In this undertaking the association was highly successful, and in less than two years wiped out the last yestage remaining of those obnexious laws. In the line of small game the state divisions have succeeding in securing innumerable concessions from hotels, liveries, etc. Still concessions from hotels, liveries, etc. Still the cry of the kicker rent the air with: "What are you giving me for my great, big two dollar bill." The rank and file of the leaders began to doubt their senses and lost all faith in the good judgment of the traveling men. Paid national officers began to join the ranks of the disaffected and added fuel to the flame can within the leaters. fuel to the flame, and within the last six fuel to the flame, and within the last six months the association has witnessed the disgraceful conduct of a national secretary and others hiring out to a private individual scheme set up by a lot of enterprising individuals for the ostensible purpose of benefiting the traveling men, but more especially for the purpose of improving the condition of their own pocketbooks. While all this scheming has been guized or Colonal M. I. Elektronic and the second of their own pocketbooks. ing has been going on Colonel M. J. Picker-ing, ex-president of the association, has been quietly at work, as chairman of the national legislative committee, carrying out his plans for a hearing before congress. Little or nothing has been heard of his work until lately and then Mr. Pickering surprised the kickers by having introduced in congress a bill amending the interstate commerce act. The bill provides that nothing in the commerce act shall be construed to prohibit any com-mon carrier from giving reduced rates of transportation and a permit to carry a weight of sample baggage in excess of the amount allowed the ordinary traveler to commercial travelers, whether employer or employee, who travels to sell merchandise for a wholesale business, taking orders from dealers for goods for subsequent delivery.

The bill bids fair to become a law and will,

in such case, infuse new life into the trav-elers' associations, both state and national. It is proposed at the meeting in Denver to amalgamate all the various state organiza-

proposition is meeting with much favor.

Drummers' Day at Columbus. The business men of Columbus, Neb., will give a monster demonstration on July 4, one of the features of which will be a parade headed by at least 200 Nebraska traveling mea under the escort of the ladies' band of Fullerton. A banquet will be tendered the kaights of the grip by the business men in

the evening.

Traveling men desiring to have a royal good Traveling men desiring to have a royal good time by a participation in the event should notify the committee on invitation and reception, composed of George P. Moore, C. H. Jackson, C. S. Martin, F. G. Rummel, R. H. Mosgrove, E. S. Streeter, W. M. Fuller, C. B. Towlin and J. N. Heater.

Died Among Strangers. Wednesday night F. S. Armstrong, a traveling salesman for the W. C. Stanley manufacturing company of South Bend, Ind., came to the Windsor hotel sick, says the Davenport, Ia., Tribune of June 20, and Thursday morning a physician was summoned, who, after a thorough examination, said that the man was dying with Bright's disease. Mr. Harford, proprietor of the hotel, telegraphed the man's firm and also his wife, who lives in Shoecraft Mich. At 3:30 Thursday afternoon he died. Mr. Harford notified the wife and the firm and received word to take care of the remains, as the wife would start at once for Davenport. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, and has been coming to Davenport for several years. That he war

faithful to his employers is attested by his keeping on the road until claimen by death. faithful to his employers is attested by his keeping on the road until claimed by death. The check for his baggoge is a Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern check, and from letters found on his person it was evident that he was traveling on that line when he felt the attack coming on and came as rapidly as possible to Davenport. He has a daughter who graduated from a school in Michigan

Atthe Mis.; E. A. Peterson, Arapahoe; John Love, S. B. Flemming, Chicago; W. J. Green, W. D. Galbraith, John M. Fitzpat-

ick, Hebron; James Johnson, St. Louis: Jeorge W. Munday, Burlington; D. Soper

George W. Munday, Burlington; D. Soper, Cnicago; M. E. Hughes, St. Joseph, Mo.; William P. Rooney, New York; James T. Grushmey, O. A. Goodrich, Grand Island; H. T. Miller, Lincoln; W. L. Van Horn, Denver; Wilfred C. Potter, Chicago; G. T. Vallarid, Hastings; J. Palmer, Kansas City; Charles S. Whitehead, Crawford; James Rielly, Sioux City; J. H. Hawkins, Lincoln; J. S. Groggendeim, Levington, Ky. Ben

W. B. Montgomery, Denver; John A. Leslie, Philadelphia; M. A. Greenfels, Eminence;

W. L. Pierce, Peoria; Joseph B. Bruner, Philadelphia; S. H. Williams, Kansas City; T. J. Moss, S. Louis; W. D. Barge, Dixon; E. F. Roberts, Rapid City; George C. Ingra-bam, Boston; George H. Collins, Oakland;

H. Stein, Cincinnati; Robert B. Stanton, Denver; C. A. Garlick, Chicago; M. P. Brace, Chicago; C. W. Hubban, Sioux Falls; David

Ritter, Pittsburg; Charles C. Parks, Sturgis; K. M. Lane, Trenton.

Samples.

Virginia's division of the T. P. A. has col-

W. C. Erlan is up in Idaho for Z. T. Lind-

Harry Loder is in from a successful trip

Sherm McCoy is home from a Black Hills trip for Z. T. Lindsey & Co,

City hat company's goods.

Gate City hat company's samples

Bill Bryant is up in the hills with the Gate

Jack Garrett will go out today with the

F. W. Smith, Z. T. Lindsey & Co.'s Iown man is home from a successful trip.

J. W. Bailey of the Gate City hat company is supplying the Mormons with straw goods.

participating in the travelers' convention

A Des Moines traveling man arrived home unexpectedly on a late train the other night

and was caught between two fires, his wife

in the house and a policeman on the street, both shooting at him, thinking him a burglar.

Knights of Pythias Biennal Conclave,

at Milwaukee, Wis., July, 1890.

For this great occasion excursion tick-

ets will be sold from all principal points

in the United States and Canada to Mil-

wankee and return via the Chicago,

Milwaukee & St. Paul railway at half

As its name indicates the Chicago,

Milwaukee & St. Paul railway is the

direct route to Milwaukee, and as the

camp ground for the Uniformed Knights

(to which point cars and trains will be

run through without transfer) is located

directly on this line, it will be seen that

the Chleago, Milwaukee & St. Paul rail-

way has great advantage over other

routes which are unable to furnish such

facilities, and visiting Knights, their families and friends should bear this

in mind when purchasing excursion

A circular giving detailed information

will be mailed free upon application to

A. V. H. Carpenter, general passenger agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

1501 Farnam Street (Barker Block),

An Innocent Man Dies in Prison.

Eight years ago Robin Shields, a negro was convicted in Marion county

of arson, and was sentenced to pass the

remainder of his life at hard labor in

the penitentiary, says a Columbia (S. C.) dispatch to the New York Sun. He has

been serving his sentence, but contracted

consumption, and for months past has been failing daily. Yesterday the board of directors received proof that Shields

was innocent. Shields had been em-

ployed in a store which was burned.

The clerk believed the negro to be

guilty, and the negro was convicted on

circumstantial evidence. He always de-nied his guilt. Now the clerk comes forward and says he is convinced that

Robin Shields is innocent, and that the

owner burned the store for the insurance

The clerk was very anxious that a

pardon should be granted, and the board

morning, and the governor promised he should. While at his office, about to

sign the pardon, the governor was in-

formed that Shields was dead. His vin-

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the aerves. A new principle. They speedily cure billiousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Squallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at Kuhn & Co.'s 15th and Douglas.

dication had come too late.

F. A. NASH,

Gen'l Agent.

tickets.

J. E. PRESTON,

Pass. Agent.

He represents the Gate City hat company.

Al Condon witt spend the week in Denver,

A Drummer's Bravery. H. J. Rhodes of this city, traveling agent of

the Western Oil tank line, saved a woman's Remarkable Results Attained by Mrs. life at Creighton the other day. Mrs. I. B. Frank Leslie-Military Marie Tis-Miller had got on the train and came out on the platform to tell her husband to get a serand-Education for Working small satchel she had left in the depot, step-Women-Art and Fascination. ping on a plank that connects the platform of the two cars while talking. While she was standing there the train was being made Every day brings news of the advanceup, and two cars were "kicked" back against the balance of the train with such force as to ment of women, says the Boston Travset all the cars in motion. The shock threw Mrs. Miller off her balance and she fell beeller. Slowly but surely they are work-

ing their way into the various profestween the cars with her limbs across the rail sions and trades and approaching that Mr. Rhodes immediately sprang to her assist-ance, and although he worked at a disadvantidea of equity in work with men which age and at great danger to himself on account of the narrow space between the depot platthe progressive woman has always per-sistently cherished. The appointment orm and the cars, he succeeded in getting Mrs. Miller out of her perlious position just in the nick of time. The lady was somewhat of Miss Belle Smith-who, by the way, is said to be only twenty-three years oldstunned by the fail, but otherwise suffered but little from the mishap. as resident physician of the woman's prison at Sherborn, a position of great At the Hotels. At the Murray—F. R. Blakeslee, Buffalo;
D. J. Pfeifer, St. Louis; L. Sweeter, George
B. Comstock, Peoria; M. R. Stevens, Buffalo;
J. K. Armsby, Chicago; D. J. Stark, Minneapolis; W. E. Buell, St. Paul; E. F. Weld,
St. Joseph; D. F. Eisenhort, New York;
John Cantwell, W. C. Hudgins, St. Louis; responsibility, is another evidence of the fact that in this country women are advancing, and advancing rapidly. In this connection it is interesting to note the increasing number of women who are John Cantwell, W. C. Hudgins, St. Louis;
H. M. Hunter, T. J. Godfrey, George H.
Hart, Chicago; Frank Adler, W. Hendricksen, Milwaukee; M. W. Cane, Nath Cohen,
Dave Brown, J. Owens, George Forrester,
W. M. Smith, P. A. Beddoe, New York; J.
B. Allan, George A. Hill, A. H. Wolf, Louis
A. Hohn, Chicago.
At the Merchants—A. R. Galbraith, Janesville, Wis. F. A. Pelerson, Aranahoe: John adopting the profession of medicine.

Not many years ago the feeling prevailed among the unthinking people that women had no right to act as physicians; that by so doing they were guilty not only of impertinent intrusion upon the exclusive province of the male practitioners, but of indelicacy and unwomanliness as well. It seems strange that this prejudice should have been entertained, for from time immemorial women have been regarded as ideal nurses. Is it a sign of the advancement or of the retrogression of men that while women are entering the masculine profession of medicine Charles S. Whitehead, Crawford; James Rielly, Sioux City; J. H. Hawkins, Lincoln; J. S. Guggenheim, Lexington, Ky.; Ben Howard, Kansas City; Frank Dean, Sioux City; W. E. Page, John R. Dows, Chicago; John Hoye, Kearney; A. F. White, New York; W. A. Brayton, Chicago; C. E. Thompson, Boston; Samuel D. Emerson, Denver; C. H. Rogers, Sioux City; J. B. Hayes, Hastings; J. J. Wilson, W. D. Funk, M. E. Springer, Chicago; Robert W. Day, Topeka; J. L. Pratt, Troy; George A. Briggs, J. W. Brown, Des Moines.

At the Paxton—S. K. Hooper, Denver; C. C. Sullivan, New York; E. P. Schoonmaker, Troy; J. I. White, Fort Wayne; R. W. Green, St. Louis; J. W. Gues, New York; F. J. Taylor, Kansas City; A. J. Clarkson, St. Louis; George W. McCormick, Washington; H. Raymond, New York; John W. Hamer, Beverly; William M. Runk, Philadelphia; H. C. Graham, Milweukee; A. W. Cordes, New York; R. Loebenstein, Philadelphia; A. E. Spencer, Chicago; Fred J. Green, New York; A. A. Chouteau, St. Louis; D. E. Phelps, Menden; Sam, H. Katz, Chicago; E. J. Robinson, Rushville; W. C. Park, Kearney; R. V. Shoemaker, Denver; Theo. Springer, Chicago; George W. Evans, Washington; George McPherson, Boston; A. Jones, Hastings; C. M. Northrup, Kansas City; J. Henningway, Newcastle; William Holtz, Columbus; A. Beauagard, Chicago; E. S. Popper, New York; Ross W. Eastlick, Chicago; M. Rosenheim, St. Louis; W. B. Montgomery, Denver; John A. Leslie, Philadelphia; M. A. Greenfeis, Eminence; men are adopting the feminine work of nursing. And the difference between the functions of a nurse and physician is by no means a vast one, the physician's luties being, on the whole, rather more delicate than those of the nurse.

FAIR WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

What a Boston Contemporary Has to Say on

the Subject.

WOMAN'S WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

Another consideration which favors the admission of women to medical practice, and which, it would seem, ought to have outweighed all considerations against it, is the fact that they are peculiarly fitted to treat in certain cases the members of their own sex, and that they are gifted with a certain feminine intui tion (a quality, strange as it may seem, used by Mr. Grant Allen as an argument against the higher education of women) which would be invaluable to them in their diagnoses of those nervous diseases which are rapidly increasing with the advance of our civilization, the pressure of the competition for existence, and the ever growing demands which are made upon the faculties of the mind. There is no doubt that in a few years women, instead of being admitted to the practice of medicine on sufferance, will hold legitimate and honorable places in this most important and arduous pro-

A Women of the People.

Mrs. Leslie is undoubtedly the most famous woman in America Her beauty, refinement and grace of manner, combined with her remarkable business ability, which has placed her at the head of one of the largest publishing houses in the world, unite in giving her a reputation as unique as it is extended has demonstrated beyond a doubt. that there are women in the world who have all a clever man's shrewdness in business affairs, with ability to assume control large terests, and yet remain in every way refined and womanly. Mrs. Leslie is a native of New Orleans, and grew up in the French quarter of that quaint old She learned French, German and Spanish at a very early age, and when little more than a child she began the literary work which has made her fame world-wide. She was married when only fifteen. The attachment between Mr. Leslie and herself was extremely devoted; and at his death, she legally adopted the name of "Frank Leslie." less resolute woman would have quailed at the responsibilities involved in Mr. Leslie's will and at the burden of debt and care laid upon her shoulders: but this graceful, beautiful lady surrendered her magnificent mansion, con-tented herself with humble apartments. quietly took up the unusual task, gave the business her undivided and careful attention, sat early and late in her little office, and in a very short time saw herself free from debt and on the high road to fame and a great fortune, both of which she has secured in less than ten years from the date of her assuming the management of the publications-a record unparalleled in the history of any

legitimate business enterprise.

Marie Tisserand's Goings-On. The grand duchess of Gerolstein is by no means the only woman who has con fessed frankly her weakness for the mili tary, but Marie Tisserand carried her adoration further, says a Paris dispatch to the Daily Telegraph. Acting on the principle that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, she was in the habit of donning the uniforms of the soldiers who paid their addresses to her, and she loved to sally forth resplendent in a blue tunic and red trousers, with medals and crosses on her breast. Her mania

had on several occasions got her into trouble. Thrice had she been tried and condemned to various plans and penalties for attiring herself in war-paint of her successive Her last escapade of this kind was to lounge along the streets habited in the dark costume of a-policeman It is to be presumed that the men who had temporarily taken her under their protection found her rather a compromis ing acquaintance, for Marie Tisserand was finally compelled to console herself with an omnibus conductor, whose kepi

may at least have served to remind her of happier days, This time she did not attempt to array herself in the habiliments of her new friend, for which, with the exception of the kepi, she entertained probably a profound contempt. Unluckily she did worse. After a few days' flirtation with the conductor she disappeared, carrying away the man's savings, which amounted to 800 francs. The theft was reported to the police, and some time after-wards Marie Tisserand was arrested on the Boulevard Voltaire, down which she was strolldown which she was strolling with the Tonkin and Madagascar of directors immediately petitioned the governor to set at liberty the wrongfully imprisoned man. Shields received the information last evening with joy. He begged that he be released this medals affixed to her breast, the cynosure of all eyes. On being escorted to the nearest police station she admited frankly that she had stolen the money, and had spent every sou of it in the pur-chase of trinkets, which she had since pawned. Marie Tisserand was accordngly locked up pending her removal to the depot. She had not been long in custody, however, when the police, hearng a noise, entered the room of which

she had been the solitary tenant, and found that she had tried to hang herself

into the wall. To cut her down was the

work of a moment, and in a short time the young women was on her way to jail

in the prison van.

attaching her garter to a peg driven

THE PRIMA DONNA OF BALD KNOBS.

"Nora Marks" In Chicago Tribune: A long, yellow-elay road winding up an incline that grew steeper farther on and terminated in a bare plateau. The nighway was hemmed in for a space by serpentine rail fences, then farther led a perilous path slong the edges of ravines deeply wooded, campeted with ferns and moss, and cumbered with wild rose and grape vines. Therewas, done blooming, showed scarlet seed-pods where the foliage was thinest, and the grapes, not yet purple, hung in clusters high under their green canopie

Back in the valley lay a cloud of yellow dust-here it was dewy and sweet. The round red ball of the sun had tumbled over the tops of the higher knobs in the west, but blazed for a moment through a cleft in the hills. The skurrying white clouds in the zenith caught a reflection from the bands of scarlet and gold below and floated a luminous semblance off to the purpling east.

A young girl coming slowly up slipped her slat sun-bonnet back until it dangled by the strings around her neck. She carried a tin pail, stained with berries on the inside, which she shifted from one hand to the other. Little damp rings of sunburned-brown hair clung to her tanned forehead. She listened with a hill-bred ear for every smallest sound, hearing where a city devotee would have found silence. She paused a moment for the rustle in the stir of leaves that rushed from bough to bough and died out in cadences.

Once an insect impatient of twilight delayed sent out an imperative cry.

"Well, I reckon the aint no need o' g'ttin' mad," she said, and laughed. Then a bird far up on the hillside began his evening song. At this she stopped. "I aint never heerd that bird before. She began to imitate the call, softly at first, then more assured until the answer came. She laughed contentedly "I aint never heerd a sound vet I

couldn't make, except the ingine on the New Albany road. But that's jist noise an' the's a heap o' diffrunce."

As she neared the top of Bald Knob,

on which a half dozen houses clustered about "the store," she pulled her sun bonnet decorously over her face and walked timidly past the group of men who sat on the porch titled back against the wall with their feet on the rungs of their chairs.

A series of derisive shouts came from behind a little wooden church a few yards down the other side of Bald Knobs. A frown wrinkled her brown brows, and the deacon, looking up at ier, was reminded to say "They hadn't orter do it, they hadn't

But the other men, recalling their

own boyhood, grinned. She darted down the hill and presently stood breatless in front of the church. The boys of Bald Knobs were enjoying their hereditary pastime-tormenting Old Pete Connor.

He had emigrated from Ireland sixty years before to these unfriendly hills. and retained yet in his manner a rem nant of chivalry that excited the pity and contempts of these rough settlers from the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. The rude log cabin stood back from the road defenseless against the volley of sticks and stones that bombarded it from behind the

"O, Pete!" yelled a boy. Then in a voice preternaturally nasal and quavering he sang-Is my name written thar!

A burst of laughter from the boys folowed by another shower of stones "O, Pete! What'll yer take fur yer

Rooster-crows, cat-calls and sheill whistles followed. The white head of an old man appeared at the single square window of the cabin, the soft. wrinkled flesh of the face quivering. The boys stopped. Then the old man knelt down, with his face turned skyward, and prayed, swaying back and forth in his agony and fervor of faith. "If it be Thy will, O my Heavenly Father, that these persecutors air to

torment me for my soul's sake, give me patience to bear Thy will, but if these oys are sent by the devil—"
Was he going to call down maledictions? The boys waited. Jenny Lind Bates, standing in front of the church,

"Father, forgive them—they know not what they do." He finished with the words of his Master. For a moment he remained kneeling, then disappeared.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Jim Taylor. "He ain't got a bit of gumption."
Then this Bald Knob ventriloquist
winked at the crowd and struck up a tune in imitation of the old man's blind wife, who always sang an octave higher

than any one else in the church: There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

The boys howled and a wrathful old face appeared at the window. But anger never found a place in that gentle soul long enough for a speech to be framed "If it's 'my lady' yer a mockin?—Boys t's ben sixty years sence I married 'my lady,' a red-cheeked gal from Kiltarny We're pore an' old, an' the light's gone out o' her blue eyes forever, but if you don't think I love'r jist same's ever, yer

The sad old face, lighted up with such strange emotions, was filled with despair as the boys howled in derision, and it disappeared for the last time. Clear and penetrating came a girl's voice: "Gustie, Gustie. Come huyr."

mistaken.

"See huyr, you young limb. Thar's Jinnylin a-call in fur you. G'long Jim Taylor picked a squirming young-ster up by the collar of his hickory shirt

and started off around the church, fol lowed by a grinning crowd. didn't know he was thar or I'd a

sent him a skitin'," he explained, with a wink at the other boys. They perched themselves along the top of the rail fence—brown-skinned, bare-legged, mis-chievous, alert—and listened. "Wo're jist havin' a little fun, anyow," said Jim.
"Mighty sneakin sort o' fun, pesterin

the life out o' an old man. Gustie shan't do it-at least not till he gits as big an' mean as the rest o' you." She clutched the child by the hand and started off down the road. "Boy's got to have some fun. I ain't goin' to stop emt afr you?" The rest grinned, and Jim leaned over the fence

with the air of one who was ready for She had stopped it before, and they were willing for her to do it again. To see Jenny Lind Bates get mad was almost as good fun as tormenting old Pete Connor.

"Boys," she said suddenly, "if you will stop pesterin' ole Pete I'll sing for you." If an electric light had flashed in their midst they could not have been more as-tonished. They had heard her wonderful voice only at meetin, when some hymn was started and the rest of the voices had dribbled to silence and left her singing alone.

The line of swaying figures with the dim background of darkening hills and woods terrified her. Standing there in the dusty road, her limp cotton dress flapping against her bare heels, the

prima donna of Bald Knob was struck

But she forgot herself in her song af ter the first few notes had been choked out of her half paralyzed throat. They were church hymns she sang and simple country ballads all she knew, but her audience was not critical. And it was like listening to an untrained wood bird. Such unexpected trills and variations on those old hymn tunes. She would'nt have thought it right to fix things sacred up in this way to suit herself if she had been in church.

with stage fright.

She lost herself utterly in the songs She was no longer there, but off after her voice to the strange world beyond the hills, down in the ravine where eches are caught and choked to death, and up in those unimagined deeps of sky stud-ded with pale stars that began to gleam

A few moments later Jenny Lind Bates rushed into a farm-house and against her mother.

Well, fur the land's sake, you come in 'if you was 's much in a hurry as the cyars over to New Albany. "Maw, I've got a new dres I'm goin' to

make like one I saw on the lady over to town. An' it's blue an' white an' has tucks on the waist an' a sash an' big sleeves gethered into cuffs. An'-say maw, turn 'round. You've jist got two big squares on yer back. I wish yer back'd a been bigger or the squares littler. "Good land! Ain't you ashamed to make fun of your maw's clothes?"

"Jinnylin's been a singin' to the boys down to meetin' house to git 'em to stop pesterin' ol' Pete," volunteered her little brother Gustie, who was present at the performance. "Stars alive! What won't you do next! Singin' to that passle of boys as your

paw thinks ort a ben in pennytentiary along with Jim Hauson!" Jenny Lind looked up, crestfallen, from her treasure. "Well, you said yourself't my voice wasn't jist to holler with. An' the boys liked it better'n they did plaguein' ol'

"Mebbe that's what it's fur. Well?" "Whenever you feel the fit comin' on an' you have to pester ol' Pete or do somethin', jist come up an' I'll sing fur ou," had been her general invitation to

that "passel o' boys. They came often, perched themselves on the rail fence in front of the house, and the primi donna never broke an engagement, and always had a new song. 'Never git tired singin'?" asked Jim Taylor, admiringly one night.

"Naw! No more'n the moon gits tired shinin." "It don't shine in the daytime!" he

said triumphantly.
"Bet you it does! Shines on the Chinese, Goggerfry says so," she replied to his utter confusion. 'Bet she's smart. Ain't stuck up

"Not once during this whole summer had the boys tormented the old man, but Jenny Lind was watchful.

nuther," he remarked to the boys going

"It's jist like throwin' a bone to a dwag. Huyr, Shep, come huyr. Now, see maw, when Shep gits a bone he ain't barkin' at his own shadder. That's jist like the boys. Some time when I'm not thar to sing fur 'em they'll go at it One night in early winter Gustie

rushed into the house. "Jinnylin, they're plaguein' Ol Pete." "An' the young lady I took berries to is goin' to learn me to sing so as I won't have to foller other folks. "Reckon you'll be wantin' a pianner

party soon. No bird on Bald Knobs rose earlier the next morning than this human song stress with the sun-browned throat and shabby plumage.

Her crest again was the slat sunbonnet, except when in the shadow of the woods she let it hang by the gingham strings knotted about her neck. Then her hair, burned bright by the sun and tangled by the wind, snared every blundering butterfly that came near her.

a blanket of leaves over the top and began her four-mile walk down the Knobs to the dusty valley, mimicking every cat-bird along the way. As she reached the edge of the town she stopped to put on her shoes and

When the bucket was full she placed

stockings, then walked decoriously through the streets-a butterfly soul prisoned in the chrysalis of her country garb and manner.
The lady, young, gracious, beautiful,

the top cream of a great city milk pen skimmed into a country town pitchar for a vacation, came down herself to open "An, my sweet child!" she said, as if

she were 'years and years older than Jenny Lind, and took the fruit-stained, orier-scratched hand in her own that showed traces of manicure powder in the crevices of the nails. 'Come right up stairs and visit me."

So the shy creature scrambled up the polished steps and into a room as wonderful as the blue dress. And presently she was relating the story of her adven-

tures of the night before.

Then the lady brought a book of ballads and simple songs, and the first lesson began. •

A long, happy summer followed, filled with service for the beautiful lady and learning the easy lesson of singing. Jenny Lind rend notes almost by in-

"They're just signs of scuds here in my throat," she said, clasping that flex-ible, brown column.

The lady brought the girl into the wider sphere of town society so that her life might be broadened, but the sweet wildbird hushed hushed her song in the cages of brick and stone and curiosity and wonder. When she got back to the pretty room she fluttered to her friend. "It's only up thar I can sing. Down mong these folks my voice aches. I reckon they want good singin' up in the Knobs as well as other places.

She was left alone. The summer was ended and the lady gone; but fixed in that delicate box in Jenny Lind's throat were half a hundred songs—old ballads that had stirred the hearts of generations before her. And she could learn from others, and never, so lonf as she lived, have to "foller other folks" singin'.

She paused not a moment, but darted up the Knob to the church. It was a dark night and she was guided only by the old, familiar stones, catcalls and the comical mimicry of Jim Taylor, She got into the midst of them before they knew it.

"Boys," she faltered, Those nearest her stopped and the silence rippled on to the edge of the crowd. The into the darkness she lifted her voice and sang "The Watermill"-one verse and the chorus:

With the water that is past. Slowly, strangely solemn and impressive on the repetition, like a prophecy of regret. Her voice stopped in a sob. Jim Taylor spoke flast.

The mill will never grind again

"That's so, boys. Can't do a thing but once. Mebbe we'll be sorry for tormentin' an' ol' man when we're growed up, an' mebbe he won't be huyr to know it, I'm goin' to quit. Now, how many goes with me.

A perfect volley of I's. Jenny Lind The old man tottered out of the cabin

shading a candle with his trembling hand. He had heard the latter part of the speech but not the low song.
"Eh, boys? Goin' to stop pesterin'

us? The Lord be praised. Is't fur reis worked there than in any other place spec' fur 'my lady'?"
"Naw! It wur Jinny---"

But the sentence was never finished. A rough, strong little hand closed his

more fur his 'lady,' an' three an' a tiger

their shouts. Boys are never so happy

as when making an authorized pande-monium. While the rocky gorges were saying "Rah—rah—ah—a!" Ikey Mounts

voiced the sentiment of the dispersing

"If Finnylin would favor us with an-

But for the first time the prima donna

of Bald Knobs did not respond to the

encore. She was half-way to the farm-

house, speeding down the yellow clay road, holding fast by Gustie's hand and orying all the way for pure joy.

The three outlets of disease are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys. Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdeck

SOUTH DAKOTA TIN MINES.

Supply the Country.

and last evening gave an interesting

account of their development to a re-

porter for the Tribune, Said he: "Enough tin will be produced in Dakota

next year to supply the entire United

States. One company alone—the Harney Park—has expended \$3,000,000 on its

mines. More than 2,000 men are now

at work on a new branch of the Chicago,

Burlington and Quincy road into the tin

mine region. The Harney Park company

ines to transport the o.e to one central

place and any amount of money is avail-

ble for other improvements as they may

be needed. After the work of getting

out the tin begins on a large scale the

tons on the market anually.

Harney Park company will put 12,000

"The statement that no tin could be

obtained in Dakota was invented by the

owners of the Etta mines, who for years

have been denouncing the Black Hills

tin. These men attempted to buy all

the tin mines in Dakota, but found it to

mammoth an undertaking. Failing in

this, they sent out reports that tin

could never be produced with profit in

this country. These people were acting

in selfprotection. The owners of the

Etta mines in Dakota control the tin-

plate of the world. They own the mines

ot the straits of Malacca, where 28,000 tons are produced yearty. More metal

is building a number of small railroad

crowd and made them stop.

How the woods and hills rang with

t makes him feel good.

his shaking hand

fur Jinnylin,

the Etta syndicate. As these men have a monopoly of the business it is for their interest to discourage any attempt to produce tin here. When tin was discovered in Peru this big syndicate "Lot him think it wor his 'lady,' Jim. "I'll go in an' tell her. Thank ye, thank ye, boys." He shambled into the cabin with eager, uncertain steps, his

bought up all the mines and then claimed white hair flying into his happy eyes and shading the feeble yellow flame with that the ore could not be worked at a profit. But their scheme won't work in the United States, and in a year they will have lost most of their trade with "Now, three cheers fur ol' Pete, three

> long time coming to the front, but success is at hand now." Van Houten's Cocoa-Pure, soluble, eco-

America. Black Hills tin has been a

in the world. The work is done by cool

labor. The tin is shipped to England.

About 9,000 tons are obtained at Corn-

wall, where the mines are also owned by

UNDER CONTRACT.

He Was Awfully Bad But Wouldn't

Fight After All. New York Sun: A man who was take ing in some of the sights at Brighton the other day was led to notice a shorthaired young man in a loud check suit, who was accompanied on his rounds by a couple of younger chaps, who seemed to dote on him and to imitate his actions as far as possible. After awhile he with the short hair seemed to get up an aching for a row, and he drove the first peg by approaching the man in a swaggering way and impudently demanding:

"Is you the cove that's got a cigar for Senator Pettigrew Says the State Will He received an emphatic negative,

when up went his eyebrows, and he con-Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota was in Chicago the other day. He has recently visited the Dakota tin mines

"De cove is inclined to be sassy, but perhaps it's cause he don't know me. Chollie, you and Dan give him an eyeopener," and while he assumed a sup-posed graceful pose, with his hat planted over his ear, "Chollie" approached and

"He's bad-awfully bad! He's de wickedest fightah in New York, he is. He's going to challenge any kid of his age to a finish—any kid in de world." "He'd better go and dig for clams!"

growled the man. "What's dat?" demanded the awfully "De cove wants his eye punched, and if it wasn't fur dat copper over dero l'd do it. Perhaps he'll do me de honoh o step around behind de pavilion!"

his coat the wickedest observed; "I begs de cove's pardon, but I just remembered dat I am under contract not to fight-until I meets de Oswego Whirlwind. I should like to put him to sleep, ut it would be agin de contract.

The man said he would, and did, and

as he reached a secluded spot and peeled

It was suggested that the other two might sail in for him, but he replied: "Chollie is me trainer and Dan is mo backer, and it would be agin do contract.

The man then suggested that he had a licking in store for the three, and that he should begin busines in thirty seconds, but before fifteen had elapsed he

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superior in style and shape, and you know they wear well. Call and see me or write for discounts, samples and price lists. Z. T. LINDSEY,
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