# THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

A Drummen' Parade a Feature of the Week at Orand Island.

THREE HUNDRED OF THE BOYS IN LINE.

Interesting Gossip Heard in the Hotel Corridors-Stories of the Road - What the Travelers Are Doing.

The traveling men's parade at Grand Island on Friday was one of the most attractive features of a week of attractions in the Sugar Palace sty, The boys were out 300 strong, and the business men of thecity joined them Inmaking a merchants' display that would have been creditable to a city many times the

The procession was a nded by Marshal of the Day b'. 6. Lockwood of the Workman, and the column was made up as follows: Archer Sons of Veterans' band. Mayor and city council in carriages, Norfolk Sons of Veterans hand.

Traveling men 300 strong.

Rearracy ladustrial School band, with F.
C. Philips of this city acting as drum major.
Uniformed Krights of Pythias, H. C. Miller in command.

Keneavy ornet band. Grand Island fire department, Grand Island wheelmen on bicycles.

Cornet band

President H. L. McMeans and staff fol lowed by becometive No. 1 and the overland Union Pacific fiver, which was a pleasing feature of the paraste. The monster looked like a vertiable locomotive and was beautifully painted lettered and decorated. Smoke and steam came puffing from the stack, the whistle blew and the bell rang towars people and vehicles out of the way. The tender and car were elaborately lettered on each side and it constituted a really soveleight, mov-ing along as if actually propelled by steam on

Next came the State Central bewery float, which was very beautiful and attracted much attention and many favorable comments as to

cucellence of make-up.

Following that came a prohibition float, which pumped pure coldwater along the way, while he occupants were taking a little beer on the siy.

Next came a float representing and advertising the sugar palace exposition, and last came very mique advertisements of various business firms.
All in all, the parade was a satisfactory

In the evening 200 traveling men and their friends basqueted at the A. O. U. W. temple

## In Hotel Corridors.

"Birmingham, Ala., is the posiestelty of the south," said E. W. Simpson, a St. Louis cigar man. "The people all seem to be in a transadous hurry, the streets are crowded with vehicles, the freight houses full of bus-tie and noise, and over it all the rush and rear of trains, that seem to be coming and going almost every minute. It is destined to be the metropolis of the great manufacturing and cotton belt of the south'

Colonel A.E. Coe is the representative of Colonel A.E. Coe is the representative of one of the largest firms who deal it men's farnishing goods in this country. Their goods are all imported. He said: "Yes, sir, the delay in the passage of the tanif bill is making itself felt inour trade. There seems to be a feeling of uncertainty that makes people held off and want to walt and see how things are going. I left New York on Angust 4, and there was then very little western trade comthere was then very little western trade com-ing in, and I have a letter totay which makes about the same statement. Our business will be affected considerably by the passage of the bill, and therefore people are very chary about buying, the usual plan being: We are not ready to buy yet; wewantto wait and see how this bill will go. It is now a little too late to affect the early fall business, but it will be heavily felt on the spring business. Goods in Europe are already going up in anticipation of the passage of the bill. The delay in passing or rejecting the bill is what is

causing the trouble row. This keeping the country in suspense is harring the trade." "The McKirrley bill isn't hurting my trade," said E. O. Marder, sales man for a New York leather house, "because I handle only done-site goods. I can't say that people are even any more backward in buying than before. It doesn't seem to have any effect

"I once had an experience with a man whom I believe was a hotel thicf," said a traveler for an eastern clock house, "I was in a St Losis hotel, and was in the elevator, when a man steepped in and asked for room No. 248. This is rather old, as men generally say simply the '109-floor,' or '209-floor.' To the inquiry of the elevator boy as to whether he had the key he said it was upstairs. The boy seemed unsatisfied and stepping over to the clerk asked who was in 243. Mr. So-andthe clerk asked who was in 243. Mr. So-and-So, was the reply. Then followed a whispered consultation between the elevator boy and the clerk, which resulted in the latter coming out from behind the desk and going up toward the maa in question, who now stepped out of the elevator again. To the aspect of the clerk that have not Mr. So. sertion of the clerk that he was not Mr. md-so he boldly replied that he was and that he was in norm 243. The derkwent to look at his register to make sure and before he could get out from behind the desk again the man made a break for the doorand got out. The house had from time to time been miss-ing things out of rooms, but after this inci-dent there was no more of it."

# Mount Adams' lee Caves.

Jack Clarrett, with the Gate City hat company, made a trip to the far north west last month. Jack is a pretty good single-handed talker and here is a story he tests of a wonderful ice cave he saw and visited up in the Columbia river district:

About four thousand feet above the Columbia river, at the base of Mount Adams, whose symmetrical cone-like peak is covered with perpetual snow, lies a beautiful little lake surrounded by broad mealows and fed by a stream of purest water, taking its rise in the snow fields tenor twelve miles away, The caves are within a few miles of Trout lake, for sethis mountain gem, like hundreds of others in this wonderful country of takes, called for the reason that trout-filled ba-has are so common that the discoverer, averse to taxing his brain for an original name, has seen fitto dub his find with his first thought. As yet only six large caves have been discovered, but as the whole country gives forth a hollow, reverberating sound to the hed-tap of the hobballed mountain shoe of the visitor, it is highly probable there

are many more,
"One of these ice caves, the largest one, is used by the farmers as a cold storage ware-house for butter and milk, and certainly answers the purpose admirably. The en-trance is like unto a distern, and the advent-urer lowers himself into the chilly atmosphere by means of a rope. The interior of the cave is composed of one large apartment about eighty feet square. The cave is walled with ice around, abore, and below, with huge icicles of stalactite and stalagmite formation, obstructing a complete view, as well as forming obstaces to exploration, but afforting the most georgeous pictures in the light of a

saming pileh-torch.
"The effect is simply indescribable, but at the same time most fascinating, especially when see on a hot August day. The huge pendants of pure, traslucent be reflect and scintillate the fuddy glow of the torch in a bewildering maze of color and a thousand

an is clear dry cold even on the hottest day, There is no dampaess or moist-ure; the ice is not melting, but is hard and cold and dry, as in midwinter. A few mo-ments in the cave and one's veryphood is chilled, a fact which is as yet, no doubt, the cause of a thorough exploration of the cave never having been made. There are, perhaps, other and affoiding cavers which very prob-ably open out from the main apartment and form an icelandic lubyrinth."

## A " Masher" Whipped.

M.S. Van Evera, a traveling salesman for St. Louis hardware firm, was severely beaten over the head and face with arevolver in the hands of W. A. Jones at Nevada, Mo., on Saturday. Van Even had visited the fair during the afternoon, and while there addressed a remark to Jones' daughter, who was a stranger to him, at which she became indignant Her father, who was ring super-intendent at the fair grounds and a highly

up Van Evera, who he chastised severely. Van Evera is in bed at one of the hotels with nine cuts and a number of braises on his head

Commercial Men in Lincoln. The following commercial travelers spent Sunday in Lincoln:

At the Windsor Hotel-T. Spence, J. C. l'ibbetts, D. J. Samuels, F. H. Duy, W. H. Fitbush, Chicago; J. T. Manden, St. Jee;
Ben Bergfield, New York; John L. Tooters,
Charles Reigieman, Jake Simons, Des
Moines; G. W. M. Koeh, Chicago; H. T.
Lemist, Atchisson; H. W. Loomis, Council
Bluffs; A. Engleman, Ornahu; E. C. Harris,
Council Bluffs; G. H. Whoffle, Chicago;
Lotren L. Boyle, St. Joseph; C. G. Stewart,
W. Whitfield, P. F. Fedderson, E. L. Gioser,
Chicago; L. L. Allerdt, Omahu; J. C. Fluteson, Philadelphin; J. K. Wever, St. Louis;
John Morrell and wife, Omahu; W. H. Sibberhern, Chicago; John Kendrick, New
York; Duvid Bradley and wife, Chicago;
William A. Barnett, Dayton, O.: Helen M.
Gouger, Lal'ayette, Ind. Joseph C. Diggs,
St. Louis; W. L. Eller, St. Jaseph; H. G.
Leichnart, Chicago; Robert Uter and wife,
Milwaakee; A. G. Moseman, St. Louis; C.
E. Preliman, Chicago; R. K. Lovell, Omahu;
F. A. Tripp and wife Chicago; F. N. Hackett, Detrout, Thorn A. Edwards, John Dillon,
P. W. Britton, T. S. Parelsh, Chicago; C. N.
Crewdson, St. Louis,
At the Capital-James F. Pershing, Chicago; B. E. Fenner, Omahu; G. A. Reelee,
Council Eller's, F. Hallis, Comed Bluffs; Finbush, Chicago; J. T. Manden, St.

At the Capital—James F. Pershing, Chicago; B. E. Fenner, Omaha; G. A. Keelae, Council Bluffs; F. Hollis, Comeil Bluffs; Ben C. Kurz, St. Louis; C. Schalbenbuch, Omaha; W. S. Webber, Omaha; J. B. Wisson, New York; C. Knoblock, Racine; S. B. Thompson, Chicago; G. E. Achans, Chicago; W. C. Decscher, Chicago; C. G. Wallett, St. Louis; Charles Haaley, Chicago; George Ligge, Omaha; C. M. Whitney, McKee; J. Tetherleigh, Chicago; S. T. Wallace, Chi-Louis, Charles Haaley, Chicago; George Ligge, Orman; C. M. Whitney, McKee; J. Tytherleigh, Chicago; S.T. Wallace, Chi-

The peculiar enervating effect of summer whether is driven off by Floot's Sarsaparilla, which "makes the weak strong."

## MIXED UP THE BABES.

These Two Mothers Were Unable to Distinguish Their Progeny.

That's my haby! "It's not, it's mine!"?

"No, it isn't; this is yours!" And so the conversation ran for sevral minutes.

Mrs. Patrick Collins and Mrs. John Houston, who both live at No. 135 Delancey street, found their babies missing when they returned from market the other morning, and after a search filled with thrilling incidents found the two babies in the bed of a young man who drives an ice cart and who rents a \$1.50week room from Mrs. Collins.

Both babies were perfectly nude and both women claimed the same child, says the New York Journal.

Both were born May 28 last, both were boys, both had brown eyes and each weighed deven pounds and a half. Each nother was jenious of the other, and both claimed that her child was the best

The little incident caused no end of talk in the house, and both Mrs. Col-lins and Mrs. Houston received congratulations and teasing galore, which they took in perfect good nature until the last bit of pleasantry, which proved too much for them.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Houston left the cherubs sleeping and started out to do the day's market-They both asked Mrs. Commitzky, who lives on the second floor, to have an

eve out for the children. Mrs. Commitzky afterward found that she herself had to go out, so, after taking a look at the sleeping beauties, she decided that they would be all right until their mothers returned and went

It was only half an hour from the time Mrs. Commitzky went away until the mothers returned and found their babies

When the sweet little darlings were found placially sleeping, every woman on the block was brought in to give her opinion as to which was which. Noone, however, could tell one baby romthe other, and things looked as

though the whole business was going to result in a very interesting fight. Matters were finally quieted down a bit and Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Houston both took a child, though the latter was sure she had not got the right one. During the argument both babies be-

gan to cry. "You've got my baby. I can tell by the way he cries!" shouted Mrs. Hous-

"Get out; you're crazy."
"I'll have that child if I have to steal ," replied Mrs. Houston, and then Mr. Hickey, who owns a milk route, came to the assistance of the women.

"Let both the mothers go outside, "he said, "and I'll cover the kids up with a sheet all but their feet. Then let the mothers come in, toss upa penny for first choice, and whichever gets which, why, let them have no more talk about

After some talk that was accepted as satisfactory.

Mrs. Housion won the toss and chose

her baby. Mrs. Collins took the other. and both shouted with glee because each had got the one she wanted. As it is, both women are satisfied,

though the general impression about the house is that each has the wrong baby.

Just who "mixed the babies up" could not be learned, but it is thought to have been Hickey.

Van Houten's Cocon-"Best and goes

# A CAT-RAISING TOWN.

Felines Furnish the Principal Industry of New Harmony.

The idea of a village that is given largely to the industry of breeding cats being known as New Harmony furnishes additional proof of the non-applieability of some American names to lowns.

Twenty miles from Evansville, Ind., lies this cat-manufacturing hamlet which is becoming known far and near as the place where one can at any time get the latest thing in Angora cats and the latest quotations.

The way of the village and its history is as follows: In 1840 a Mme. Bernstein, a noted vocalist, gave an Angora kitten to a hotel keeper. As the aristocratic little feline grew to manhood it had a difficult row to hoe. Its enormous size and bushy tail furnished a fine target for the abiquitous small boy; but, despite its persecutors, this cat grew, and inally died at the age of sixteen years, after a life of unremitting sentimentality. Could this Thomas the First arise from his honored grave today he could point with pride to a progeny so numerous that its members can be found in every

state in the union. The mixing of the Angera characteristics with those of the mongrel cat has produced a superior sort of animal. whose distinguishing tendency is an indiscriminate love of music. Quantity, not quality, is the foundation upon which the Angera's musical taste based, and he can hear even in the voluminous notes of a wet this drum ravishing strains that are lost to human Hence the name of "New Harmony." The "New Harmony" Angoras are the sicest, cleanest pets in the world, says the Cincinnati Times-Star, and were it not fortheir exaggerated love of music which they gratify from within if the means from without fail to pan up, the kind would speedily become universally

adopted as society's pets. If you could see your own scalp through an ordinary magnifying glass, you would be amazed at the amount of dust, dandruff, and dead skin thereon accumulated. The best respected citizen, became violently incensed and most popular preparation for cleansing as soon as he heard of the matter, and hunted the scalp is Ayar's Hair Vigor.

STAMPEDED ON THE PLAINS. A Wild Race in the Darkness With a Herd of Ca de.

After weeks of "roundinup," "cutting out," branding and marking says a correspondent in the Galveston News, we and gotton together 1,700 head of the mest steers to be found on the banks of the muddy Pecos, in New Mexico. Two days later the "boss" rode into camp, consulted with his foreman and eight men, including the writer, were chosen to drive the snorting, bellowing herd to Springer, N. M., a distance or 250 miles The evening of the sixth day was cloudy and cool and indications of an ap-

proaching storm were visible.

light, boys," said our foreman. "Looks ike we're goin' ter have some rais. The writer was on first guard. The cattle were restless, showing a decided disposition to run, and instead of walk ing our horses around the herd we were ompelled to travel at a sharp trot. Daylight faded out and pitchy darkness succeeded. The cattle were indistin

"Have ter watch 'em putty close to

guishable at a dozen paces, and frequently we were compelled to pull up short to avoid colliding with a steer or with each other. This continued until the arrival of the second guard, when the increased forces succeeded in quieting thom somewhat and the writer and is mate started for camp guided by the ight of the camp fire, which shone like star on a little elevation about a half a

We had scarcely turned into our blankets, fully dressed as usual, with the exception of our boots, when the rain com-messed to fail, in drops at first, but steadily increasing ton downpour, Blankets were drawn over heads and grunts of displeasure were heard on every side, w hen a rumble and shaking of the ground was heard, mingled with hoarse

"They're running, by --!" yelled the foreman, jumping from his blankets "Mount! mount! every one of you," running to his horse as he spoke, which was picketed a short distance away.

Not waiting to don' boots, the writer aulted into the saddle and tore off after the foreman, the flickering light of the camp fire, last being extinguished by the rain, revealing the remaining men hurriedly preparing to follow.

Guided by the thunder of hoofs the herd was soon overtaken, and in obedience to the foreman's yells I strove to "get in front of 'em." I could faintly discern in the darkness a line of bellowing, snorting beasts, and urging "Nigger Baby" to his utmost sucheeded in reaching the end of the line, and there found two of the boys galloping in the lead, shooting and waving their oil coats or "slickers" and trying to stop the headlong Hight.

The confusion of the scene was indescribuble. The terrified snorts of the cattle were almost drowned by the clashing of horns, thunder of the hoofs and shouts of the men. My oil coat was strapped to my saddle, not having had time to unfasten it. I tore at the leather straps, succeeded in loosening them, and turning in my saddle shook it before the leaders, adding my shouts to the din around me.

As well try to stop the torrent of iagara. The wild race was unslackened, and, from traditions, I knew that a misstep of my horse sufficient to throw me, or his fall, meant that I would be cut to pieces by the sharp hoofsof the cattle.

Then an unexpected event occurred. The herd divided into two sections, one of which I was the sole leader of, while theother portion galloped off at right angles, led by my two companions. For a few minutes I could hear their shouts, then they grew fainter and fainter, and were finally lost in the gallop of hoofs

and swollen from shouting, and my "slicker" had fallen from my hand. The rain had ceased, but I was wetto the skin and numbed by the cool air. I thought the sound of hous was not so deafening, and as the clouds blew away so that I see a few yards in front of me I found that I was leading about a dozen steers that had become separated from the herd. I had just made this discovery when they slackened speed and finally stopped, panting and quivering, all the run knocked out of them. Of what use was a handful of steers out of 1,700? Riding off a few yards I listened, but could hear no sound of my companions. Becoming conscious of a severe pain in my left foot I reached down and found that I was literally pincushioned with the sharp needles of a cactus, having ridden through a bed of the prickly

stuff, my foot unprotected by boots. In the excitement of the run I had not felt it, but now the pain was intense. I plucked such as I could and then delib erated what was best to do. My lone dozen steers had wandered away and I made no effort to overtake them, knowing the uselessness of the undertaking.

Here was a predicament. In the middle of the prairie, shoeless and shivering with cold, not knowing in what direction to go to reach camp and my horse blown with his fearful run. Knowing the instinct of horses I dropped the bridle reins and suffered him to go where he would.

He promptly wheeled around and started off on a slow trot which he kept upfor about fifteen minutes. I knew we were camped on the bank of a river, and supposed that he would go in that direction, but wishing to test his instinct I turned him from his chosen course, and to my dismay he complied and started off in the new direction just as willingly. I tested him from every point of the compass, and he seemed to go in any

direction just as willingly.
I gave up in despair then, and concluded to keep him moving until light, when I knew I could find the river. Gn he trotted, while I began to curse the fate that ever lad me to become a cow puncher. After riding I should judge an hour I was delighted to find myself on the river bank; but then a new question arose: Was the camp before me or behind me? Again I tested the horse. He would go up or down, just as I pleased. I peered through the darkness, trying to look for anything that might serve as a guide, when afar off in the distance I saw a faint light which grew to a tiny blaze and then died Where there was a light there must be life, and with renewed hope I galloped off in that direction, and about ten minutes later had the satisfaction of seeing the canvass top of the mess wagon

looming up before me. The light I had seen was a match in the hands of one of the boys, who had struck it to light the lantern, which had burned out. Its last flickering gleam had been seen by me quite accidentally, and his providential lighting of a match had guided me aright.

We were the only two of the outfit who had reached camp that night. The others, like myself, had chased the cattle until they scattered, and had spent the night in a vain search for camp. Daylight found many of them traveling in an entirely opposite direction, and one nearly ten miles from his destina-

Messengers were dispatched to a ranche across the river and to another twenty miles away. Men were sent to our assistance, and with a force of twenty cowboys the scattered cattle were rounded up in two days, and we continued our journey, having lost but six head in the wild stampede.

tle were plentiful in the broken horns, and two carcasses were found almost trampled to a jelly lyThe poor brutes, exhausted, had fallen to the ground, only to be cut to pieces by the sharp hoofs of their companions. Four times they stampeded before Springer was street never. renched, but the shimpedes fortunately occurred on clear unights, and were stopped with little difficulty.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to unicity cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

## WALL STREET. Henry Clews Describes the Great Financial Centre as It Is.

A recent issue of Frank Leslie's Illustrated newspaper contains the following nteresting description of Wall street: It seems to be the fashion among a greatmany people and pretty good people they are oftentimes, todeery Wall street and to declare that the influence of Wall street is detrimental to the business interests of the country. They speak of it as of some poisonous plant whose pes-tilential odors breed mischief and disease on every hand and they cry aloud for its utter annihilation.

Now, it is perfectly true that speculative syndicates and pools are oftentimes organized in Wall street and advance the price of stocks and securities or depress them artificially, without any reference to their actual value or the conditions prevailing generally in the country at the time, or particularly with regard to the corporations which those securities represent. But movements of that sort are the exception in Wall street, and by no means the rule. Outsiders who know nothing of the neighborhood of the stock exchange may think differently, but a very casual investigation of the facts in the case will show that what I say is true. As a general thing, the condition of Wall street indicates not the result of manipulation on the part of speculators, but the conditions, financial and industrial, which exist throughout the country. Speculators may tamper with these at times, but it is impossible for any compination of men to change or direct the effect of these essential conditions for any considerable length of time any more thren it is possible for any human being to defy the laws of nature. An irreverent operator in grains once, commenting on the failure of the pool to put up the price of wheat and maintain it in the face of a big crop, declared that it was no use trying to buck against God Almighty. He can upset the bears every time; and the student hears more truth expressed in these few words than he oes in whole columns of sermons and tirades preached against Wall street by ministers and moralists, who only have vague and indistinct idea of the sub-

et about which they are talking. Wall street is the pulse of the nation. As the minute hard on a clock denotes he fractional changes of the hour, so the fluctuations in the Wall street market show the rise and fall in the business temperature of the country. Let there be any activity in mercantile or manufacturing circles, and it is immediately reflected in the stock exchange and on the other exchanges where values are depending on public confidence. On the other hand, when values are affected unfavorably in the country at large, a depressing effect is noticed in Wall street immediately, and the prices of securities and products take a lower Wall street is by no means the gambler's paradise that it has been pic tured. The tricky operator may for the time promote the effect of favorable conditions beyond what is legitimate, or unnaturally depress them, but in the long

run he is bound to be swallowed up.

Whatever people may think, Wall street is not polluled by operators who are intent on making corners or distribating unfavorable rumors concerning properties so that they shall make money on declining quotations. There is no place in the business world where more ard work, closer calculations, keener insight into affairs and philosophical conclusions are demanded and supplied han in the bankers' and brokers' offices n the neighborhood of the stock exchange, and there is no class of men who watch events more closely and more intelligently than the operators who beong in these offices.

It was to Wall street that the governnent came for help when money was needed to carry on the late war, and it was from Wall street that the assistance came which made the continuance of the government a possibility. Was it a gathering of gamblers and selfish specuators who gave this assistance? That juestion can scarcely be answered in the affirmative. Wall street has always been ready to respond to any claim, public or private, where financial or business problems were to be solved. It is true, repeat, that men who have the insigmas of a gambler have taken advant age of the opportunities afforded in Wall street, but these are not the men who conduct the real business of the street, and who represent the stock exchange. If it were so, Wall street would not be the place it is, where the surplus money from all over the world flows for invest nent. Investment in what? Not in pools and syndicates, but in the securi ties of the corporations which are de endent on the material development of the country, and on which the material

levelopment of the country depends. What would the railroads of the country have been without Wall street? What would their projectors have done if they would have had to have gone around from one large city to another to raise the money necessary for their construction? We would not have had the ailroad system that we have today if Wall street had not been in existence, and if it had not been possible to nego tiate the sale of bonds there wherewith to build them. That once granted, think of the fertile lands that these networks of rails have opened up to millions from all nations of the globe, and the enormous increase of wealth thus secured for the development of our national sources. If this line of thought is pushed to its conclusion, we must credit Wall street not only with, the railroads and the railroad system, but with having given employment to all the men who are engaged in the management and operation of the roads, and themen, also, who work in all the trades that contribute to railroad building including car building and locomotive building of all kinds. These amount to 2,000,000, and are a power in the country today. While it is unfortunately true that disreputable projectors and managers have, especially through the medium of construction companies, made use of railroads for the purpose of swindling capitalists, yet in spite of such great abuses, the railroad system propagated by Wall street capital has been chiefly instrumental in the development of the wealth and prosperity of this country.

Wall street is not only indispensable to this country, but foreign countries are feeling the necessity of its existence more and more every day. The London stock exchange and the Paris and Berlin bourses would become insufferably dull if the New York stock exchange were to be closed for a week or for day. The progress of great industries depending upon them would languish. just as our railroads, telegraphs, and other enterprises would suffer if deprived of Wall street. The talk about abolishing Wall street is nonsense pure Evidences of the wild rush of the cat- is fast approaching the point where it

will become the great clearing house of the world's enterprises and industries, As I have said before, in the course of evolution and a higher civilization we may yet be able to get along comfortably without congress, but without Wall

HENRY CLEWS. Fits, spasms, St. Vitus' dance, n eryousnes and hysteria are soon cured by Dr. Miles Nervine Free samples at Kuhn & Co.'s, 15th

"Water Lily Soap 5 cents a calle." BAKING CANOES.

The Northwestern Indians Use Fire to Build Bonts.

The way the Siwash Indians, of Puget Sound, build their canoes is very interesting. It is really wonderful how these dirty aborgines can, with the crudest means and with a few day's work, convert an unwieldy log into a trim and pretty cance.

One Monday morning a traveler saw buck building a fire at the base of a large cedar tree. This was the first step in the construction of a cance that he intended to use upon the following Saturday. He kept the fire burning merrily all that day and far into the night, when a wind came up and completed the downfall of the monarch of the forest.

The next day the buck acose betimes and, borrowing a cross-cut saw from a logger who was absent on a drunk, cut the trusk of the tree in twain at a point some fifteen feet from where it had broken off, and then, with a dull hatchet, he hacked away until the log had assumed the shape of the desired canoe. In

this work he was helped by his squaw. The old fellow then built a fire on the apper side of the log, guiding the course of the fire with daubs of clay, and in due course of time the interior of the canoe had been burned out. Half a day's work with the hatchet rendered the inside smooth and shapely. The ca-

noe was now complete, though it appeared to be dangerously narrow of beam. This the Indian soon remedied. He filled the shell two-thirds full of water and into the fluid he dropped half a dozen stones that had been heating in the fire for nearly a day. The water at once attained a boiling point and so soft-ened the wood that the buck and the squaw were enabled to draw out the sides and thus supply the necessary breadth to beam. Thwarts and slats were then placed in the cance and the water and stones thrown out. When the steamed wood began to cool and contract, the thwarts held it back and the sides held the thwarts, and there the canoe was, complete, without a nail, joint or crevice, for it was made of one piece of wood. The Siwash did not complete it as soon as he had promised, but it took him only eight days.

Sleeplessness, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, dullness, blues, cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at Kuhn & Co.'s, 13th and Douglas.

# Fixing the Damages.

While we were waiting at Trenton for the Long Branch train a lot of baggage had to be transferred, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. The manner in which it was handled excited the indignation of a score of passengers, but no one wanted a "scene" and no protests were made until the last trunk was reached. It was an ordinary zine trunk, well strapped and stout enough to go around the world with fair usage. The man on the truck ended it up, give it a twist and a swing and it struck o end with a crash good burst open. The owner had been quietly surveying operations, and as the climax came he stepped forward and asked:

"How much will it take to repair that

"Damfino," was the reply, followed by a chuckle. "Then I will post you in your busi ness!" quietly remarked the passenger. He was a solid, broad-shouldered man, and with one grab he had the baggage man by the hip and shoulder and held

him aloft as if he had been a bundle of "What's the damage?" he asked as he

prepared to heave,
"Here—stop—hold on—don't!" shouted
the terrified destroyer of baggage,
"What's the damage to my trunk?" "Five dollars, and I'll pay it!"
"O, you will? Very well."

His victim had scarcely reached his feet when he fished up a \$5 bill. His face was whiter than flour, and he trembled so he had to sit down. "Don't you forget that a passenger's trunk has all the rights of a passenger, said the man as he turned away to light

"Who is he?" I asked of the man on my right. 'Don't you know? Why, that's Mul-

a cigar and walk up and down.



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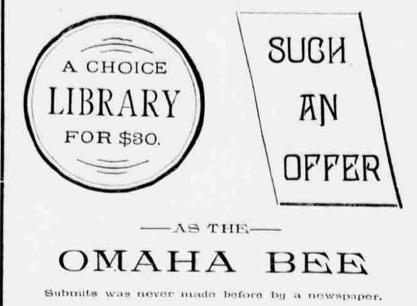
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