Heyman & Deiches

WANT TO TALK TO YOU

If you are a thoughtful buyer, and a good economical housekeeper, YOU WANT TO IN-SPECT OUR STOCK OF

Ladies' Winter Ulsters. Ladies' Winter Jackets. Ladies' Fine Wool Dresses. Ladies' Silk Dresses. Ladies' Wool Wrappers. Ladies' Fine Tea Gowns. At Astonishingly Low Prices

DO NOT BE BLIND TO THE ADVANTAGES WE OFFER YOU. WE ARE THE PEOPLE who offer the finest selection of

Garments because you intend to buy

At Lower Prices Than Any House in Omaha.

Plush Cloaks. Plush Cloaks.

Are steadily advancing in price. We have a very large assortment and sell them at the following low figures before the cold weather:

PLUSH JACKETS, LATEST STYLE,

\$9, \$10, \$11.50, \$12.50, etc. PLUSH SACQUES, 40 INCHES LONG,

\$13.75, \$16, \$17, etc.

PLUSH NEWMARKETS, 60 INCHES LONG, \$30 to \$37.50.

1518 & 1520 Farnam Street.

1518 & 1520 Farnam Street.

IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU CAN FIND Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Cloaks, Suits, Jackets, Furs,

AS FINE AS THE FINEST AND CHEAPER THAN ANY.

FOR INSTANCE.

\$6.00 Will buy you a good serviceable dress.

\$10.00 will buy an All Wool Heavy Winter Dress, nicely made, and sold nowhere else for less than \$18.00. \$5.00 Will buy a good warm Winter Ulster.

Fur Astrachan Capes..... \$10.00 Black Coney Capes 6.00 Gray Astrachan Capes,

French Seal Capes...... 18.00 Alaska Seal Capes, London dye......\$35.00 to 50.00 Persian Lamb and Seal

Combination..... 82.50 Cloth Astrachan Capes.... 6.00 Gray Plush Capes..... 3.50 Corduroy Capes..... 4.00 Seal Plush Capes.....

A handsome assortment of Cloth Capes, price ... \$2.50 up Jersey Jackets \$2.50 Jersey Jackets, tailor made, bound in braid.

high sleeves..... 4.25 Black Corkscrew Jackets, with vest front, lined all through in silk, \$9.50. A lot of extra fine All Wool

Children's Jerseys, in all colors, handsomely braided, at 75c; regular \$2.00. Ladies' Fancy and Black Jer-

seys at remarkably low figures. A lot of Heavy Fall Jackets for Children from 6 to 12 years, at 78c; worth \$3.00.







HEYMAN & DEICHES, 1518-1520 Farnam St.

Also keep the largest assortment of fine and medium class

Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings

In Omaha. An entirely new stock of French hand made and domestic

UNDERWEAR.

Dress Goods Corsets, Corsets. Fine 54-inch dress goods in new of excellent shape, at 75c; worth \$1.25. We also sell the following: Double width fancy prilliantines, in all colors..... P. D. Corsets, These goods are the regular 50 cent

Dr. Warner's Corsets 48-inch fine French Serges in all the latest colors...... Worth \$1.25. C. P. Corsets. 46-inch French Serges, in all J. B. Corsets Worth \$1. THOMSON Double width, extra fine and

Glove Fitting Corset. the latest novelty (rough goods) striped dress goods, at linch wide all wool Henrietta cloth, in brown and green only,

worth 65c, at These goods are positively the greatest bargain ever offered.

Dress Silks

heavy pure camel's hair serges.

patterns.

quality.

Black gros grain silk 75c Worth \$1. Black all silk rhadame..... Faille francaise, superior quality Worth \$1.50. Faille francaise, the regular \$1.75 quality for \$1.25 All these silks are positive bargains and cannot be duplicated for any such price.

The famous R. & G. corsets in black spoon bust, at \$2.50. These corsets are of superior work-manship, excellent fit and compare fa-vorably with any \$3.50 corset in the R. & G. corsets in black, \$1,50; (not

Extra length opera hose in black and colors, 85c and \$1, worth\$1.25 to \$1.75.
Full line of French silk hosiery at remarkably low prices, from \$1 up.

Fast Black Hosiery Every Pair GUARANTEED

In cotton wool and silk, from 25c up. Fine assortment of Fancy Hose.

Our Special Infants' Outfitting Department

Is the most complete in the west. You will find everything a baby ought to have. Barry coats and bibs, shawls and shoes, coats and caps, cloaks and dresses, slips and jackets, wrappers, etc. Every species and variety of all these articles is represented. Children's short coats, in black silk, in colored silk, in plain and fancy flannels, in plaids, stripes, etc. Children's silk, merino and wool underwear. Our prices are guaranteed the very lowest and one trial will convince you.

HEYMAN & DEICHES, 1518-1520 Farnam St.

Attractions at the Various Places of Amusement the Present Week.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD CIRCUS DAYS.

Doings of the Men and Women Who Delight and Entertain the Great World of Theater-Goers.

Once a year I make it a point to go to a cir cus. Not so much on account of witnessing the performance, but to see the animals, the people and remark the changes time is working in the old, reminiscent ways of conducting

these popular entertainments. It does one's heart good now and then to be brought face to face with the past, espe cially when the past contains innumerable circuses; to travel over again the well beaten pathway of childhood; to inspect the old school house which stood under the brow of the hill, and sit down at the same worm-eaten desk which did service in boyhood and like Tom Brown, reverently trace out the first

uses to which the new jackknife was put. The menagerie, which so fascinated me as a boy, has still the same indefinable charm, and I gazed upon the lions, the tigers, the leopards with as intense an interest as in those other days when

"Every goose was a swan, 1ad, And every lass a queen." The mounts of the ladies triumphed over gloom and space. They went caracoling solemuly round the rings at a gentle dog-trot, as large as life and tranquilly undisturbed by the twinkling feet executing a bewitching pas on their backs. The large white horse in the ring left of the center was a fine looking creature of such a flawless white that had not Barnum forced upon our attention the absolute honesty of his circus, one might suspect that he had been putting a coat of whitewash on the animal behind the scenes. But there was something missing about the act that dampened the arder of my enthusiasm greatly; the clown failed to ask the queen of arena, "What will you oversight, an cons!" It was a shocking oversight, an elimination of a time-honored custom which

Then the old green painted boards which did service as seats in those other days! They too were missing. In their places were substituted real opera chairs, with tilting backs, but even if they had been upholstered in russia leather they could not have won me from the sad contemplation that innovation has robbed the old-times of many tender memo-

But let me lead you back to the menageric There was one lioness with two cubs—little furry, yellow, lop-cared fellows, born in cap-tivity. The restricted nature of their horizon did not seem to have affected their spirits. They rolled over each other, locked in what appeared to be a death grip, emerged from the souffle rather tousled, but happy, stored ut each other rather defiantly with pricked ears, then approaching the bars, thrust a sharp muzzle out between them and with two side world with an air of friendly and alert

watched their play with a sort of lazy affec-tion. Then, turning her face toward the bars, she glared outward at the light with a fixed and vacant staro-the absent, intense, stony glance or absolute mental nullity or th ionless gaze of the dreamer. She might have been looking beyond the bars of her cage, the canvas wall, the city without, straight away into the home of her freedom, and her old wild life-just as I was carried back in men ory, by her presence, to days long since dead. ory, by her presence, to days long since days. She may have seen once more the tangled jungle, the rank rich undergrowth through which she stole her noiseless, stealthy way, the cozy banks of the stream where the mud the coxy banks of the stream where the mud was trodden with huge cushioned paws; have heard again the snap of branches under

light the voice of her imperious mate calling And so I go to the circus once a year for the sake of auld lang syne.

DO YOU WANT

TO KNOW THE INS

AND OUTS ABOUT

Come to us. We will cheer-

fully give you all information

desired. Do not stand back

elsewhere. You are under

no obligations to us for any

such information.

Miss Mattle Vickers, the vivacious singin and dancing soubrette star, comes to the Boyd for one night only, on this (Sunday) evening in her new and sparkling comedy, "Edel weiss." The scene of the play is laid in Switzerland and has a very interesting plot. The scenes and characters of the play have a fresh picturesqueness that is known only to plays of this character. Miss Vickers takes the part of Edeiweiss, a pretty little Swiss peasant girl. The supporting people are all very good in their parts, as may be judged from the following, which is elipped from the Reston Herald:

"Miss Mattie Vickers, a clever and versatile actress, and one of the most successful of singing soubrettes, began a week's engagement at the Bijou theater yesterday. Miss Vickers was well received, and the specialties and songs which she introduced were warmly applauded and encores were frequently demanded."

As a change from what we are usually given at the theaters, next Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mr. Alexander Salvini, supported by an excellent company of picked actors, will appear at Boyd's opera house in two plays that by his youth, fine force and absolute genius he has made his own. Monday night Mr. Salvini will appear as Cirrillo in his great play "A Child of Naples," in which he has won the greatest possible praise from the press and public in all parts of the country. Tuesday evening he will close his, all to engagement, by presenting the popular and fascinating character of Don Cazar de Bazan, in which part he has won much praise. The Boston Journal, of March 20, last said: "Salvini seems to have the full flush of the Spaniard, the reckless, car less spirit of the southern vagabond, who needed but a serious necessity to become erious man. In appearance he was an ideal Don Cazar. In spite of his rags he looked the grandee. His treatment of the king in this act was one of the most picturesque imaginable. There was a breadth and granden bout it that few actors have the physique or about it that lew actors have the physique of the nature to suggest, much less absolutely accomplish. Still on his knees, the words, 'I struck his face with my hand; I struck his heart with my sword,' came with the very ssence of chivalry and the realism of roman ic spirit. It is not remarkable that there should have been a charm about the performance, a spirit of humor and of splendor which makes all other Don Cæsars—seem duil and

"A good, hearty laugh is worth a thousand grouns in any market." This is the motto of the king of farcial festivals, "The Hustler," which will be given its first representation in this city at Boyd's opera house, Thursday, October 9. Why the management calls its enterprise the king of farcial festivals is eas-ily understood. The names of the artists comprising the company are familiar to all theater geers, and as a farce-comedy depends argely upon the people engaged to illustrate nt, it can be seen at a giance that what the management claims is true. The com-pany engaged to scintillate in "The Hustler" is by long odds the strongest combination of its kind ever formed. There is clever Mollic Thompson, one of the most popular com-ediennes on the farce comedy stage. Blanche seymour, the light opera prima donna; John Kernell, the most famous of all Irish com-dians; Max Arnold, who as a German diaect comedian, has no superior; Staccione, the premier danseuse, who until quite led the ballet at the royal theater, Vienna; William Buckley, one of the bright-est lights of negro minstrelsy; Georgie Linoln, who until recently was one stellar attractions at the New York Casino; John S. Marr and Lee Harrison, two very clever fun makers; Emily Vivian, the most eccomplished clog dancer on the stag, and Cal McCartby and his two puny boxers, Mar-

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Young's farewell concert to take place next Wednesday at Boyd's, is full of gems as will be seen by the programme. Two new songs by Mrs. Young will be sung and some of our most popular singers will appear, among them, Mrs. Martin Cahn, whose artistic style and beautiful voice always make her singing a real delight.

Manager Lawler of the Eden Musee hrs

give tri-daily performances of the most comic of all comedies, "A Trip to Paris." Nina Burton, the charming and vivacious soubrette, will sing the latest melodies and Burton. airs of the season and dance as only she can dance. The Lynch children will appear in juvenile songs and dances. Burton, the famous comedian and Edwards, the comic character impersonator, will also enliven the charming comedy. The appearance at the Musee this week These fantastic Parisian musical novelty stars have ast completed a year's engagement at the Alhambra, London, and the Folies Bergers Paris, where they won many laurels in their musical sketches, songs and dances. In their grotesque and operatic dances they introduce ome of the most original and unique musical instruments ever seen in this country.

Playing "Rip" in the Catskills. There is in the village of Catskill a Rip Van Winkle club, says Joseph Jefferson in the October Century. This society did me the honor to invite me to act the character in their town. I accepted, and when I arrived was met by the worthy president and other members of the club, among whom was young Nicholas Vedder, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the original "old Nick." Emulating the spirit of evolution, the citizens had turned the skating rink into a theater, and a very respectable-looking establishment it made, though in its transition state the marks of rollers did "cling to it still." I was taking a cup of tea at the table in the hotel when I was attracted by the colored waiter, who was giving a graphic and detailed account of this legend of the Catskill mountains to one of the boarders who sat nearly opposite me:

"Yes, sah," he continued, "Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he come byar in dis berry town his own folks didn't know him."

"Why," said his listener, "you don't be lieve the story's true!" "True! Ob course it is. Why," pointing

at me, "dat's de man." The town was filled with farmers and their wives who had come from far and near to see the opening of the new theater, and also, I think I may say, to see for the first time the story which Washington Irving had laid almost at their very doors.

As I drove to the theater the rain came down in torrents, the thunder rolled and the lightning played around the peaks of the disthat mountains under the very shadow of which I was to act the play. It gave me a very strange sensation. When I got to the very strange sensation. When I got to the theater I could scarcely get in it, the crowd was so great about the door—countrymen try ing to get into the ticket office instead of the proper entrance, and auxious and incredulous old ladies endeavoring to squeeze past the door-keeper but refusing to give up their tickets. The rush over, the play began. The audience was intent on the scene as it progressed and seemed anxious not to lose a word. During the scene in the last act when Ripinquires of the innkeeper, "Is this the village of Falling Water?" I altered the text and substituted the correct name, the village of Catskill?" The crowded house almost held its breath. The name of the village seemed to bring the scene home to ever man, woman and child that was looking at it. From this time on the interest was at its full tension. Surely I had never seen an audience There was a reception held at the club after

the play, and the worthy president in intro ducing me to the company was so nervous that he announced me as "Mr. Washington

An Actor's Intellect. M. Got, the famous French comedian, re cently surprised his fellow thespians by asserting that an actor required no intellect for the dis harge of his duties, says the Illustrated American. Yet M. Got himself is not only a great actor, but a man of undoubted

powers of mind. Perhaps he was only as-

serting that love of paradox which is an inte-

gral part of French cleverness. H s parahowever, is evidently looked upon as

THE LOUNCER IN THE LOBBY her cautious tread, the frightened rush of smaller animal life before her slow, crouching step and through the stillness of the two and through the stillness of the two and through the stillness of the two and the party has been secured for one week and will personal adaptability, training and expersonal adaptability, training and ex-perience are likewise unnecessary. The real requisites are good looks, rich dresses, and especially the most important, a highly-flav-ored notoriety. They are proving their proposition, too. Actors and actresses with thes desirable qualities have recently been drawlarge houses. New ones of the same kind are following in their footsteps. The heroine of a very unpleasant divorce suit is to be one of the debutantes of the coming sea son. A vulgar and illiterate ruffian, who has acquired an unenviable renhas acquired an unenviable rep-utation as a pugllist, has just made his ap-pearance in New York. These people do not begin at the foot of the ladder. They serve

no laborious apprenticeship. They take pre-cedence at once over the veterans who have devoted a lifetime to the study of their art and who have brought to that study intelli-gence, aptitude, and (despite M. Got) rare gifts of mind as well as of person. The pub-lic is not so stupid as to be cheated into the he is not so stupid as to be cheated into the belief that these would-be histrions are serious rivals of Booth or Barrett, or Modjeska. It knows they cannot act. It knows they bring ridicule upon themselves and upon their adopted calling—that they are degrading a noble art. Nevertheless, the public, fired by its love of cheap sensationalism, rushes to the theater to gaze at these notorices and pays in time and money for the ties, and pays in time and money for the privilege. Surely, this cannot last forever, or the stage will be turned into a respecta ble sort of a pillory, where criminals are exposed to the public gaze, not only with their own full consent, but to their great delight

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC. The Hanlons produced their new spectacu

ar play, "Superba," Wednesday evening in And now it is rumored that Mrs. Langtry is going to tempt the fury of the Parisians by appearing before them as Rosalind.

W. H. Crane says that the American pub lic is hungrier for American plays just no than at any time within his recollection... Thus far the local theaters have not bee loing the business the attractions warranted This state of affairs may be due to the agita

ion over prohibition. It is rumored that the ranch in Colorado which Mary Anderson-Navarro bought severals years ago and stocked with valuable cattle and horses is going to ruin.

Victor Capoul, a tenor, whose name has been known for two generations, has written a lyrical drama in collaboration with another Parisian. It is called "Le Prince

During the Grace church scene of "Th Old Homestead," when the play returns to the Academy October 6, the walls will suddenly become transparent, revealing the in-terior of the church with a choir of surpliced youngsters engaged in sacred song. Mr. Charles Stow, the press agent of Bar

num's circus is aspiring to dramatic authorship, having completed a drama of the Fifteenth century, which he calls "Le Gloricaux," or King's Jester. Those who have read the play speak very favorably of it. Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe has returned from Europe and will commence her tour early this fall, which will very likely this season extend to San Francisco. She will again be under the management of Henry Wolfsohn, who has already booked a large

number of engagements. Fay Templeton seems to be regarded as public calamity in Philadelphia. At least the director of public safety in that pruden burg has torn down all the posters in which the sportive and notiover-dressed singer was represented, and her manager has set in mo ion the mightymachinery of the law to get A. M. Palmer and Augustin Duly are the

only metropolitan managers who have costly libraries of books on the stage. Lester Wailack never badevens big Shakespeare in his library. Francis Wilson has a lot of stan-dard books in plain bindings. "They're piain, just quaker books," said he the other day. But I'm a quaker by birth myself. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal sailed last Saturda; in the Etruria from Liverpool. "All for Her, which they have been playing in England will be the second play in their repertoire a the Fifth Avenue thuter, New York. Their company will consist of Miss Florence Bennett, Miss Florence Corveil, Miss Violet Nan Brugh, Niss Nellie Campbell, Miss Barbara Huntley, Miss Fairbrother, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Ar. A. M. Denison, Mr. J. E. Dodson, Mr. and Mr. H. S. Riddell.

Monsieur Ovide Musin has returned from abroad, and is about to start on a prolonged western tour. M. Musin is a brilliant and sympathetic violinist who never fails arouse the enthusiasm of his audiences. He offers no exception, however, to the rule regarding the material results of concerts in which violinists are the attraction. No violinist, except Ole Bull, ever made money

It was on the stage of the Standard theater just before the curtain went up on the posing scene. Sybil Johnstone, robed in her homepathic tights, was standing in the wing. "Miss Johnstone," quiried Wilton Lackaye, "who designed that costume for you!" ian." "O," replied the satiric Laci ian." "O." replied the satiric Lackaye, "I thought Charley Meyer made it." For the benefit of those not acquainted with Meyer it may be stated that his specialty is the manu-

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

A fair collector-The sultan.

The most interesting sugar question is "How many lumps do you take?" The days are "short" now because there time is money. City Visitor-O Mr. Furrow, do cows ever

faint! Farmer Furrow-No, miss, but I've seen 'em turn pail. She-All poets seem to like the sunset. He
-Yes. It tells them that the have no more meals to buy that day.

Manager—Are you engaged for the coming season! Actress—Well, rather; 1 expect to be married next month. "Simpson is a curious fellow; I never heard him laugh at a joke." "Then it's evident you never heard him tell one himself."

"To my mind the seashore has one great disadvantage," said Mrs. Smithers, "and that is it's too near the water to be very dry.' Miss Superstitions-Do you believe there luck in horseshoes! Mr. Practical—Yes, if they are on the feet of the winning horse. De Gapp-I'll bet on my watch every time O'Gulp (noticing that it has stopped) -I don't blame you; it appears to be a dead open and

"Have you read my latest poem, Miss Can der!" asked the young poet, impressively. "No, Mr. Dactyl, she replied: "but honestly "Who is making all this talk!" asked the

vinegar bottle severely at a social repast. "I am," said the champague bottle proudly from the head of the table. He-My dear, would you like to wear minature of me in your breast pin? She (scornfully) -Nobody could paint you little ough to appear natural.

> Improves each shining minute, By monkeying with the primares For all there is in it.

The busy politician, he

Bloomer (to ragged urthin)-Your parents left you something when they died, did they not! Urchin-O yes, sir. Bloomer-What did they leave you! Urchin-An orphan, sir. Gargoyie (showing his curiosities)—This is an Indian hatchet 1 dug from a mound in Ohio. Miss Fangle—How interesting. I have read that the Indians are in the habit of bury ing the hatchet.

Philanthropist-You asked me for a nickel to get something to eat with. I gave it to you and here you are drinking a glass of beer. Tramp—Yes, but wait until you see me get at Stranger-How is it that some of your good

people here in Wisconsin oppose compulsory education. Citizen—They are afraid that if the hoodiums learn to read they might get hold of Peck's Bad Boy. "Do you know what the dead languages are Willie!" asked the minister. "Yes. Latin, Greek and English." "English." "Yep. English is dead, too. Pa said you murdered it in your sermon last Sunday."

Mr. Knight—From where would you like to view the parade. Mrs. Knight—From a Given Point. Mr. Knight—Where's that? Mrs. Knight—I don't know; but I notice that all parades are so long in passing that place Hesitating Young Woman (with a bundle What does it cost to do up a a garment?
Matter-of-Fact Laundryman—Ten cents for
the shirt, muo, and 16 cents for lying to your
brother about it when he misses it and comes
around here making inquiries.

How a Gallant Nebraska Soldier Saved the Life of a Refuerce.

AN EPISODE OF THE DAYS OF ABOLITION.

A Brave Soldier Remembered for His Valor by the Lowly Mortal Whom He Saved from Friends.

"Been here long? Well I should say I have," said an octogenarian to a BEE reporter. "I came to Brownville in 54 and have never been farther away than Omaha since. Guess I can tell you all you want to know about the oldest inhabitant. He is getting scarce now, though, and one has to think a good while before stating positively who helped lay the corner stone for this place and I won't be sure there are any of the boys' left beside me. But we had some great times here. We even had a smell of the late unpleasantness, something no other Nebraska town can lay claim to without displaying more gall than truth. How did it happen? Just as unromantic as though it

was an everyday occurrence. "At that period it was not an uncommon thing for negro fugitives to come here seeking protection and succor, and it was no more ancommon thing, in as loyal a section as this, for the runaway to find someone who was willing to give him shelter. Once, the philanthropist who threw his house open to a fleeing slave came very nearly paying dearly for his kindness. The negro he took in wa one of three who nad escaped from their mas ers in Missouri, crossed the river and hid for several days in a willow thicket south-east of town until the pack of human bloodhounds who were on their track, traced them to their hiding place called upon them to come forth and surren

ier or be shot in their tracks. "Slavery in Missouri was not what It was in Virginia and Kentucky. There were few kind masters, and fewer 'quarters' that had even the semblance of comfort, than in prob-ably any state in the union—or out of it at

"Knowing this; knowing that a life of toil, of bardship and privation awaited their return, is it any wonder they refused to come forth, that they refused to surrender, but that instead, when the 'drivers' opened fire, they returned it, and that in the little battle that followed, and before darkness had finally enveloped the earth, one of the whites and two of the negro fugitives had gone to make their peace with God!

"When night finally took the place of day the 'drivers' threw out a picket line, which was instructed to shoot any person who should attempt to pass after being chal-"Every word spoken was distinctly heard by the survivor, and he resolved to make a

bold dash for town, and seek protection from some loyal man.
"The resolution was no sooner made than put into execution. Cautiously he felt his way through the underbrush. For several minutes he managed to so proceed as to make not the slightest noise, but just as he thought he was safe beyond the picket line and just as he saw a clear piece of ground ahead over which it would be necessary to crawl to avoid

letection, the ominous voice of a sentinel

"But instead of opeving the command the nunted being made a mad rush across the field, followed by a score of hastily-fired bul-

ets.
"Luckily none of them struck the black as he raced, at a most extraordinary gait, to the woods on the west which skirted the binds and ran to the edge of the town. "Some of his would be captors followed on foot, while the remainder waited to saddle heir horses, and then came thundering along "From the moment the negro was first scen

"In his flight he cast away his fire arms and trusted altogether to his speed for protection, and it is well he did.

"Afternanning a mile over hills and through rregular hollows he stumbled into a yard where a small cottage stood. A bright light gleamed through the window, and within he

saw a man dressed in the garb of a union solbearing the ensignm of an officer. He stood for a moment and gazet at the picture befre him. Seated beside the soldier was a young and handsome woman; while upon either of his knees was perched a little girl and a baby boy.

"For the moment the negro forgothe was a

fugitive, and stood in an attitude of respect-ful admiration.

"But the sound of angry voices, the curses of defeated men, brought him to a realization of his danger, and he hastily stepped to the door and knocked for admittance.

"A moment of delay and the door was pened by the young officer. "Without waiting to be invited in the thoroughly frightened man bounded in to the room and begged protection.
"The soldier was not a man to waste time

dly asking questions. His trained ear caught the sounds which had struck new terror to the hunted being who had asked protection, even before he closed the door, and he guessed that the trouble was.
"While he hastily locked the doors and

fastened the windows he instructed the negro to conceal himself in the cellar, and assured him that there were not enough rebels in the country totake him out of the house. "The preparations for resisting any at-tempts to force an entrance to the house had scarcely been completed when a heavy knock

"'Hello,' answered the young soldier in the You've got a runaway 'nigger' in there. and we want him "Well, you can't have him!" "You'll give him to us or we'll batter in

You can batter in the door, but the very first man who attempts to cross that threshold will be a dead man. You can't have that negro?"
Following that threat could be distinctly.

eard the clicking of revolvers.
"A hasty consultation was held, and after considerable parleying mother attempt was made to buildoze the soldier, but it proved as fruitless as their other attempt, and, after re-ceiving a quiet invitation to keep away from the door unless they wanted to stop some lead, they suddenly withdrew and pitched their camp on a ridge south of town Before the heavens were streaked with

red in the east next morning, the Missouri refugee was a good many miles from here, and when a committee of the 'drivers' waited on that young soldier and saw who he vas they had nothing to say.
They immediately turned their horsesteads toward the east and rode off dow Main street at a lively canter.

"By the merest chance the man shelter to the negro, had come home that aftermoon on a furlough, and as his heart was in the cause for which he fought, no negro fugitive would have needed to ask twice for aid

or shelter.
"But the most curious part is yet to be told." A lot of us oldtimers were down at the wharf several years are watching a steamer loaded with United States troops, as it came slowly to the dock. Before it was near enough for any one to disembark, we saw a negro climb upon the guards and leap hastily upon the shore; saw him run upthe bank, grabthe oldest and most gray bearded of us all by the hands, shake him heartily, as the tears rolled down his cheeks and heard him say: "Th never forgetyou; you saved mylife

over twenty years ago; I'm Pete. God bless you! I'm going to Yankton, but I'll see you again, sometime. Good bye!"
"And he ran a little farther up the river. made a gailant spring and succeeded in light-ing upon the apron which some of the deck hands considerately lowered when they saw the pilot was turning the loat from

But Pete will never see his benefactor

again in this world for hedied over two years ago and lies in the cemetery on the hill Only half fare to St. Louis via the Wabash, commencing October 4 to 11 inclusive. Good returning until the 14th. Tickets on sale at 1502 Farnam street; also at Union Pacific depots,

Omaha and Council Bluffs.