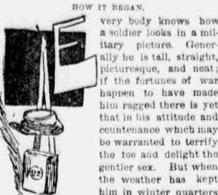
BRACING UP.

A Story of Camp Life in War Times. By John Habberton, Author of "Helen's Ba-

bies," "All He Knew," Etc., Copyright 1891 by the Author.



a soldier looks in a military picture. Generally be is tall, straight leturesque, and neat; the fortunes of war happen to have made him ragged there is yet that in his attitude and countenance which may be warranted to terrify the toe and delight tho gentler sex. But when the weather has kept

him in winter quarters a long time, he is likely to be as unwarlike in appearance as any tramp that roams the streets. The ground is too soft for military movements or drill, so except for occasional turns at guard and picket duty the men have absolutely nothing to do. Left to his own devices, the soldier reads a little. talks more, plays cards a great deal, and sometimes, in sheer desperation, organizes a camp prayer meeting, but the favorite occupations are lying on the floor of tent and but and smoking. After a few days of this agreeable pastime the soldier begins to feel that something is the matter with him-and there for if he has a physical weakness of any kind, camp lounging in winter will bring it out. Sooner or later, he begins to go daily with a lot of men similarly affected, to the generally with quinine, which makes him better for a few days and worse afterward. Finally he becomes permanently cross or listless; whichever may be his fate, his comrades wish it were the other.

A large assortment of such soldiers might A large assortment of such soldiers might have been found in the winter camp of the fighting 200th in Virginia, in the winter of 1863. One of them, Tom Mottray, had before the war been a model of dress and deportment, but no one would have imagined it, could Tom and his actions have been studied one raw January morning. He energed from could Tom and his actions have been studied one raw January morning. He emerged from his hut at role-call with a slouching gait, his hair was uncombed, his face covered with hirsute studdle and his clothes with spots and patches of dried clay. The instant roll-call ended he slouched back to his hut and lit a pipe which he smoked until breakfast call. He growled at the coffee the cook gave him, he threw his portion of meat into the him, he threw his portion of meat into the cook's fire, and he eyed his hard biscuits as if he were munching them merely for revenge. Then he began again to smoke—an exercise in which the two other occupants of the hut joined him, all three sprawling on the floor. As the building was only seven feet square, and the roof was bareiv high enough to clear the heads of the occupants, the atmosphere soon became "close" to express it mildly. The tiny chimney did its best to relieve the hut, but the fireplace at its base was very low, while the smoke spoiled the floor as much as pessible. The svoided the floor as much as possible. The trio like castaway mariners, or dejected horse thieves, or the remains of an artic expedition-anything but representatives of a Suddenly Tom Mottray started his com-

panions by exclaiming, "Great Caesar! I'll die or desert, or do something dreadful if this thing doesn't end." "What thing!" drawled one of the tobacco

This thing of lounging and smoking as a steady occupation. I've sprawled on the floor on my side of this but until I've rubbed two rough boards smooth, and Pve rubbed the color of the boards into my un-iform—my front view is almost as gray as a Johnny Reb. Every angle of my bones has been rounded by changing position on this floor. As for smoking, I wonder I haven't turned the color of an ancient meerschaum

-I've certainly absorbed enough oil of
smoke. The hut and everything about it is saturated with tobacco, The blankets smell as if old pipes had been wrapped in them for ages, the bark of the logs of the walls smells of tobacco, you can taste the stuff on the edges of every tin cup—why, if you want a toothpick and pull a sliver from the clap-boards of the roof, it tastes almost as strong as a pipe stem. I'm disgusted with the whole

'A soldier must have some comfort-smoke "A soldier must have some comfort—smoke is the only one that can be got at present," said Jim Fait, proving the honesty of his sentiment by drawing, in quick succession, several immense clouds from a pipe which to use a venerable military pun, outranked everything else in the regiment.

"I don't believe it." oxclaimed Ton. "It.

thing else in the regiment.

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Tom. "It seesn't seem possible that a man is doomed, just because he bappens to be a soldier to have all his strength and spirit and sense coze out of him at the very sesson when men everywhere else are feeling their best. Why, if I were at home now I could lift any man of my own weight and raise him above my head—here, my arms are about as strong and shapely as a couple of spoonhandles. My chest was full; now 'tis flat, and my shoulders want to meet in front. I sleep only by fits and starts; I wake with a dull headache and a most disloyal detestation of the service, and the Union, and everybody who wants either to help or harm it."

There was a creak and rustle in a low,

There was a creak and rustle in a low, narrow bunk across one end of the hut, and Harry Homer displayed a small coloriess face and a pair of weak blue eyes. Then, apparently with great reluctance, he took a pipe from his mouth and said:

"My symptoms exactly. If you know how to prescribe for them you'll save me a walk over to the doctor's tent this morning." "The first thing necessary, I believe," said om, "is to throw away those confounded

pipes."

In an instant three men—Tom was one of them—grasped their pipes firmly, as if to hold them more closely to their lips. Then Jim Fait exclaimed, in awestruck tones:

"The thought of it"

And Harry Homer, first puffing vigorously

And Harry Homes, first puffing vigorously for a moment, murmured, "Dreadful?"

"Of course," said Tom, bitterly. "What ought to be done, can't be done—you fellows wouldn't try it for worlds—neither would I, if I let myself think about it. But tobacco certainly isn't the soldier's only friend."

"No." assented Jim Fait, "there's whisky but we can't get it." "And gambling," suggested Harry Homer,



AFTER ROLL CALL.

but we haven't enough money left for that, and there's no knowing when we'll see the paymaster."

"They won't do-either of them," said Tom. "Boys, as there's nothing else possible -no other available vice upon which we can 'chauge off,' I'm going to take pattern after dying sluners, and reform." "Eh " grunted Jim Fait,

"I mean that I'mgoing to brace up—go into training, and, as a first step, here goes." Saying which he tosses his pipe into the little

Breplace.

Jim Fait sprang from the floor as if he had been a crouching lion, and snatched the pipe from the fire, where it had already begun to blaze, for it consisted about as much of oil as of wood. He blew out the flame—it took a great deal of breath to do it—and eyed the vile bit of briarwood as carefully as if it were a nugget of gold or a roll of greenbacks. Then he blew his fingers, which had been burned during the operation, and said:
"No you don't. I've seen fellows do that
before. Before the day was over they'd want
to borrow some other fellow's nipe. I' do almost anything in the world to oblige so good
a fellow as you, Tom, but business is busimess—I'll need my nive all day how messif." ness-I'll need my pipe all day long myself."

"There! it'll cool in a few minutes-about as soon as your virtuous resolution. as soon as your virtuous resolution."

"Nonsense; I'm in carnest," said Tom. Do bear with me, boys; you know I don't often afflict you with reform movements. Now, for bracing up. How's it to be done?"

"You'd better have thought about that before you burned your bridges behind you—or tried to. Gracious! Thinking of what nearly happened to you make.

happened to you makes me feel like smoking twice as hard, to keep the atmosphere of the hut from feeling lonesome." And, suiting the action to the word, Homer began to puff and smoke like a western steamboat.
"First," said Tom, slowly, as it talking to himself, "Pil get out of this smoke house—this Black Hole of Calcutta—this poison-lador, the state of the said that th

"Listen to the man!" interrupted Jim. "Now, converts are always the worst bigots."

'I'll get into pure air and fill my lungs with it, just to see how it feels," continued Tom. "Then I'll begin on my arms and chest and get them in condition."

"What'il you do it with!" asked Fait, "dumb-bells or Indian clubs! Of course you'll find plenty of both—military camps are always so full of gymnastic appliances. Ten pins aren't bad for the wind and muscle—suppose you roll two or three matches with somebody! But don't packet to lead of with somebody? But don't neglect to lead off with a Turkish bath. There's a capital place about five hundred miles from here, and you'll find a couple of tickets for it in the drawer of my

shaving glass, in New York "
Tom hastiy left the hut to avoid the ban-Tom hastily left the hut to avoid the banter, but really, as he looked around, it seemed to him that the suggestions of his tentmates were fully as practical as he could offer himself. He looked up and down the company street—it was as bare of anything movable as the top of a granite peak. He waked to the upper end of the street, and looked to the right and left, in front of the long row of officers' huts; nothing was visible but ailing soldiers, slouching to and from the doctor's quarters. He retraced his steps, went to quarters. He retraced his steps, went to the foot of his company street, and gazed along the line of cook houses, but not even a log of wood could he see, for the cooks were wise in their day and generation, and knew enough to keep indoors whatever wood they did not want stolen for the but fires of

lazy soldiers.
Finally the mother of invention took pity on him and gave him a point. He went into the hut, got the hatchet with which he and his mates prepared wood for the little fire-place—when they were not too lazy to prefer the warmth to be found in overcoats and blankets. blankets.

Why, I do believe the fellow is going to "Why, I do believe the fellow is going to take his turn at getting firewood without having to be scolded into it," said Homer.
"Not he!" replied Fait. "He's going to try tomahawk throwing. Its grand exercise, the Indians say, when a fellow can have plenty of fire water first and is sure of a lively captive to marging an."

iively captive to practice on."

"Not a bad suggestion," said Tom to himself, making his way toward the woods from which the regiments obtained its fael. He took aim at a young pine tree, put all his force into the throw, missed the mark, and sent the hatchet so far into space and dead leaves that he was ten minutes in finding it. This was enough of tomahawk practice, so he reverted to his first purpose, which was to make a pair of Indian clubs. He chopped about as long as if his cutting tool had been made in the stone age—for a soldier's hatchet, like a woman's penknife, is always deplorably dull, but he finally secured two bulbous looking bits of wood about two feet long. They attracted much attention, as he carried them back to his hut, and as time is of no value in winter. ively captive to practice on." them back to his hut, and as time is of no value in winter quarters, all soldiers who were curious followed him and were about to

were curious followed him and were about to enter his but when he explained that while they were welcome their pipes were not. They all went away, sorrowful and profane, and Tom only Homer and Fait to tease him as with his pocketknife he tried to smooth the "grip" of the home-made clubs.

But "every dog has his day." When the wood was shaped to suit him, Tom suddenly rose from the scap box upon which he had been sitting and prepared to try his clubs. en sitting and prepared to try his clubs. He swung them to and fro gently two or

So saying, Jim drew down a particularly stout splinter of one of the roughly split claubours of the roof, pushed Tom's pipe behind to and to hand, held at arm's A loud how as the leader based the second length, the fall of the roof, pushed Tom's pipe behind to hand, held at arm's A loud how as the leader based the second length, the fall of the roof, pushed Tom's pipe behind to hand, held at arm's A loud how as the leader based the second length. length, "hefted," to ascertain its weight, and in other ways treated as if it were a string of fish, or a prize turkey, or a pig at a weight-guessing match. Finally, however, it reached Pat Murtha, the shortest member of the company, and shorter, apparently, than he really

was, for the smallest size of overcoat was vastly too large for him. Everybody began at once to banter, but everybody also began to be astonished, for the little fellow getting out of his overcoat about as a snake escapes from a worn-out skin, began to toss the clubs about with ease and positive grace. Excitement slowly replaced astonishment in the crowd; at each new manifestation of skill, some spectators would smoke more vigorously, or thrust their hands deeper into their pockets; in short, they acted just like any one of the listless cluster of dudes that always is found at athletic exhibitions nowa-days. Finally, when the little fellow con-cluded by keeping both clubs spinning in the air, barely touching them at times, there was a loud outburst of hand-clapping and cheer-

Where did you learn all that, Murt!" "Where did you learn all that, Murt-asked Tom Mottray.

The little fellow who had hurried back into his overcoat and buttoned himself closely in, drew himself up to a dignified pose and re-

"Didn't ye never hear tell of Wurrekin in the Tenth ward?" "It appears to me," said Tom, after some reflection, "that I've seen the name in news-

reflection, "that I've seen the name in newspaper reports of police court cases. Le me
see he had a 'kid,' or 'chicken,' or 'mouse,'
or some such juvenile bruiser, hadn't he?'
"'Twas 'Mouse,' replied the little fellow,
"'Wurrekin's Mouse,' that knocked out the
'Philadelphia bantam' in the fifth round.
Well, Wurrekin's Mouse was me." Murtha
couldn't stretch any higher, but as he made
this announcement he threw bank his head a his announcement he threw back his head a little and looked almost subline in his con-sciousness that he was being adored or

At least haif of the bystanders were profoundly impressed. Regiments and com-panies of volunteers during the civil war-were of human material decidedly mixed. were of human material decidedly mixed, and although some members of the company to which Tom Mottray belonged were of good breeding and tastes, and afterwards became distinguished in war and business, the greater number were of the the class that regards the prize-lighter as the bright consummate flower of humanity. So, while the impromptu symmasts slowly retired to their respective huts, two men, ex-farmers, followed Tom to ask for the loan of the clubs a few moments, the remaining twenty-seven crowded after Murtha, filled the hut which was lababited by him and six other warriors, stood in the doorway, or crowded as close to stood in the doorway, or crowded as close to it as possible, and insisted upon hearing, to the minutest detail, the story of the set-to between the company's newly discovered

hero and the Philadelphia bantam.

"Boys," said Tom Mottray to his tentmates, "the company blood is up. The clubs
and their maker deserve part of the credit,
but that little Hibernian runt is entitled to about ten times as much. Now, let's take advantage of it and coax the entire crowd to

"Do it yourself, Tom," suggested Fait, clutching his pipe as if he were dying and the brown briar-wood contained the clixir of ife. "We're not the men to steal any of the lory another man has carned, are we,

"Not we," said the blind bard's namesake, who was already smoking again and sprawl-ing in the remains of his bunk. "We never could descend so low, We don't mind helping, could descend so low. We don't mind helping, though, in a modest way; while you're doing physical reform and coaxing the other fellows along, Jim and I will smoke up your tobacco, to keep it from spoiling—ch. Jim?"
"Confeund you," exclaimed Tom, "tobacco smoke has replaced everything else in your lives. You'd rather smoke than eat, or chat, or read, or think or do anyting else but sleen."

"I really believe we would," Jim confessed,

after some puffs so voluminous as to make him cough, "and—isn't it strange—up to two hours ago any one could have safely said the same thing about you." same thing about you."

Tom looked for a moment as if he was trying to change the topic of conversation, but



"KEEP CLOSER TO THE LINE." SHOUTED THE JUDGE.

three times, then as the "balance" of each seemed to suit him he let them swing to their full extent. One knocked Jim Fait's pipe from his mouth and drove it with a loud rap against the logs, while both, in their backward swing, struck the front of Homer's bank and mixed up that bit of board and its owner in a manner quite unsatisfactory to the latter. Homer extricated himself just in time to catch one of the clubs, on its next backward swing, full on the left shoulder. Then Jim and Homer attempted to escape, but the clubs in their forward movement commanded the door and the window was immovable and the chinney was for several reasons impracticable as a means of egress, both of Tom's tentmates retired to rear corners, where they took positions suggestive of seconds at a prize fight.

"Hurrah!" shouled Tom, swinging the clubs about his head. There was a sharp sound, not unlike a rifle crack, and a clamboard was loosened from the roof, while the clubs feil to the floor. Tom caught it, and continued his exercise, taking care to keep the clubs lower, put soon a section of the

continued his exercise, taking care to keep the clubs lower, but soon a section of the front chimney—which was made of sticks, plastered with elay—flew out and across the hut into the corner occupied by Fait, upon whom the mass caromed on its way to the floor.

"Merciful heavens " groaned Fait, rubbing several portions of his anatomy in rapid suc-cession, "I came to the war to be killed in soldierly fashion, not to be slowly battered to death by a manua;" death by a maniac." "What will you take to stop, Tom?" shouted Homer.

ed Homer.

"Or to go out of doors!" said Fait.

"I'll go out, if you'll both come and help me," said Tom, without relaxing the vigor of his exercise. Again one of the clubs went a triflo toe high and again a portion of the roof parted its fastening with a loud crack,

"We'll have to go," said Homer, "to save our property. Five minutes more of this lunary will find us without a roof over our heads."

The clubs stopped swincing, and two pale, excited looking men made haste to escape. Tom followed, shouted "now," and tossed a club before Fait had fairly turned to catch it. so it struck the unfortunate man on the tips of his fingers, and the tips of his lingers straightway went into his mouth, while the other club being tossed to Homer, who had never practiced with clubs in his life, seemed to hit the unfortunate man on face, hands, belt, knees and toes all at once. But Tom did not feel any of this. He cheerily shouted.

shouted:

"Now the ice is broken, keep it up! Let it come! Give it to us again!"

Homer and Fait were quite willing to "give it to him," as soon as they recovered their self-control. They toesed the clubs clamsily, though with admirable vigor, but Tom was quite equal to anything in the exercise at which he had once them an admir

which he had once been an adept.

Of course the sport attracted a crowd of spectators. What a solemn looking assemblage it was! All were in overcoats for the weather was quite cold; these top coverings weather was quite cold; these top coverings were unbuttoned, however, for every man had to put his hands in his pockets, and the army overcoat is pocketless on the outside. Alany of the men were pallid, though all had been ruddy or brown a month or two before their eyes were lustreless and their manner untorly listless. Each because manifested. attorly listless. Each, however, manifested shough vitality to suck at a pipe, and most of

as he did not succeed he abruptly quitted the hut and went to that of Murtha. The crowd was still there, and the recital of the Mouse-Bantam set-to was still in progress, but as oon as it ended Tom elbowed his way in and shouted:

"Boys, I move that we start an athletic club in the company and make Murtha presi-Nobody seconded the motion; to admire a

Nobody seconded the motion; to admire a briser was very different from being willing to go into to training, which was the only idea most of the men had of athletics. Murtha looked quite uncomfortable; here was a positive honor proposed yet no one seemed eager to extend it to him. At last one brawny, slouching Irishman remarked:

"I'd go in far it, if there wuz any light weight to match Murt agin, but there isn't."

"Matches be hanged!" said Tom. There was a distinct murmur of dissent at this proposition, but Tom continued:

"If fighting is your only fun, you'll get plenty of it when the weather settles. See here, I'll tell you what I'll do, to start things. I'll offer a pound of 'Natural Leaf,' that cost me &?, to the winner of a foot race around the camp, just inside the guard line, and I'll bar myself out, in case I come in winner. Murt shall be judge, and—"

"Nobody could hear the remainder of the conditions for there was a general uprising and shouting of "I'm in," "Here goes," "The tobacco's mine," etc. There was a tumultuous shedding of overcoats and tying of shoes and tightening of belts by those who were them, and two or three fellows made a false start, from which they were recalled in a badly

and two or three feilows made a false start, from which they were recalled in a badly winded condition. winded condition.

"Everybody in the company shall have a chance," said Tom, hurrying from hut to hut to announce the coming event. The huts emptied promptly; even the sick, the lame and the lazy turned out, for a pound of fine tobacco, in the thea impseunious condition of the company, was a prize indeed. Even Jim Fait and Harry Homer arose with alacrity and exclaimed.

and exclaimed,

"Now you're talking!"

Tom led the crowd to the guard-house and explained to the officer of the guard and then to the officer of the guard and then to the officer of the day, for there were some desertions in those days and he feared the crowd might be fired upon, on suspicion that an attempt was being made to "break guard." Then there was some delay, for Murtha declined absolutely to act as judge—he proposed to win that pound of tobacco himself. The officer of the guard finally volunteered to act as judge, and walk on an inner line to see that no one played foul by trying to take short cuts. Corporals were sent out at the double quick, in both directions, to notify the guards of what was to happen, and the contestants, numbering about fifty, were placed in line, elbow to elbow. The officer waited until he saw the corporals meet at the opposite side of the camp then he shouted,
"One—two—three—Go." and exclaimed.

shouted,
"One—two—three—Go?"

The yell that arose as the crowd started might have been heard a mile away, it cortainly turned out the whole regiment, officers and all, it also caused one of the enemy's scentries, on a picket line half a mile away, to stop short in his listless tramp, bring his gun to the position of "ready" and look long and intently toward the breastworks that hid all of the camp excent roofs and chimney tops. uttoriy listless. Each, however, manifested chough vitality to suck at a pipe, and most of them were smoking very bad tobacco. Suddenly Tom Mottray gasped:

"Somebody clse by them. I'm clean out of breath."

As he spoke he tossed one of the clubs toward the crowd; everybody hastily made way for it, but after it had rolled about the ground some one picked it up, doing it so cautiously that Tom said:

"Pon't be afraid, it isn't loaded."

This assurance seemed to encourage the crowd—who were not to be blamed, for most crowd-who were not to be blamed, for most I lows almost abreast, and behind them was a

sentry, announced to those who looked be-hird them that Jim Fait had turned his ankle and retired from the race; the ob-servers also saw that sayeral of the sick and lame had dropped out and thrown themselves upon the frozen ground. Still there was a large crowd of contestants and as the judge kept shouting, "Keep close to the guard line," they ran almost in single file except when some one tried to pass the man in front

"Keep closer to the line," shouted the judge. "No short cuts when you reach the sentry at the angle! Get within three paces of him and then turn sharp?

This order made a great deal of fun-for-ookers on, for the effect to turn sharp caused lookers on, for the effect to turn sharp caused half a dozen men to stop short; it was only for an instant, but this was long enough to bring a lot of others upon their heels, and down went about twenty men in a heap that was not reconstructed into erect humanity until the lead was fully two hundred yards away. The disintegration of the heap caused a division of interest among the spectators, for so many men were injured in person and temper that there were three distinct sectios on the spot and four men had to be sent to the guard house for disorderly conduct.

Still there remained nearly twenty contestants in the race, and as some of them had by this time got their second wind there was a gallant struggle for first place, which little Murt was evidently losing. The run was far too long for the pace at which he had started, for as the camp covered more than a square quarter of a mile, the course was more than a mile long. "Wurrekin's Mouse" streye

quarter of a mile, the course was more than a mile long. "Wurrekin's Mouse" strove mile long. "Wurrekin's Mouse" strove bravely to hold his lead; he threw off his coat, which made him three posads lighter, then he tossed his cap, which decreased his impediment two or three ounces. But the men behind him fol-lowed his example until the air was alive with coats and caps. One determined feilow big Denny Gellaty, resolved to lighten him-self still more; he had once seen a clown in a circus reduce himself from trousers to drawers while running around the ring. But the clown had evidently practiced the trick in private, evidently the soldier had not, for he suddenly came to the ground in a state of shocking helplessness and profanity and was promptly dragged from the course by a blown-out contestant who had been longing for a plausible excuse to retire from the struggle. Two others retired at the same time to tell Denny what a fool he had been, so the runners were reduced to an even dozen.

oven dozen.

Within two minutes the survivors were seriously reduced in number, for they reached a part of the line where the waste water of the regiment's spring made a bog a few feet wide—just too wide, apparently, to be jumped, and dotted with little hum-mocks that were icy and appeared to be frozen, little pools of water which were not

frozen at all, and low, smooth expanses which might be hard ground or might be mud. At the edge of this bog little Murt sealed his doom by almost stopping to pick his way across; there was no hope for him after that, for Preacher cleared the bog with an immense jump, which gave him the lead. Tom Mottray followed his example, and almost reached dry land almost reached dry land—almost, but the ground upon which he really landed seemed pasty all the way down to China. His feet were caught, and he was about to give up when he saw that Preacher was going a little lame— it was learned afterward that the leap, or the end of it, started inward a nail in the heel of his shoe. Stooping quickly, and opening his pocketknife at the same time, Tom groped in the water, cut the strings of his shoes and with a violent effort extricated one foot after the other and flew away with only the thickness of a woolen stocking between his wet feet and the frezen ground.

Some of the other runners tried the some of the other runners tried the jump and failed—even to get out of their shoes. Some tried to tip-toe from hummock to hummock; they found the little elevations so treacherous that between slipping and sinking fully half of them found themselves flat in the bog, while those who got safely across saw that they had a lead of fully lifty yards to overcome. The leader's lameness encouraged two men to continue a little while

encouraged two men to continue a little while on the home stretch, but the others retired from the track and took a short cut to the guardhouse to see the finish.

And it is worth seeing. Preacher, unless he should break down and be passed by some one still in the rear was sure of the prize, for from had barred himself from claiming it. Tom, however, was running to beat, and evidently meant to go it if he could. The two were not unevenly matched; they were about were not unevenly matched; they were about of a size, and although Preacher was running and was heavier to the extenof a pair of shoes, the men in the rear said that whenever Tom's left foot struck the ground it left a blood-stain. (TO BE CONTINUED.)-

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This opinion was given after the discovery that the water of Regent Spring contained: Iron Bicarb. 4.1934 grains and Manganese Bicarb. 0.8445 grains.

Dr. Mason says: It (Regent) will be found very efficient IN ALL DEPRES ED CONDITIONS OF THE GENERAL SYS. TEM REQUIRING TONIC TREATMENT, and for DI-ORD-ERED MENSTRUATION, ANAEMIA, STERILITY and SEX-UAL DEBILITY, it may be termed A SPECIFIC.

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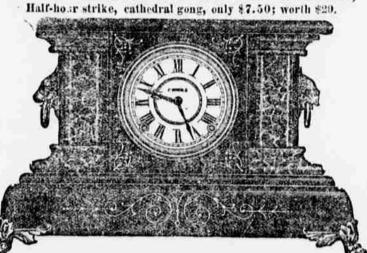
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