TRACK TALES AND TRUTHS.

Instructive Lessons Drawn from the National Report.

AN APPEAL FOR SAFETY APPLIANCES.

Ballroading in Siberia and Palestine - Marvelous Tales of Tick at Agents -Collaring H II for a Pass -Other Tales.

The last report of the Interstate Commerce commission, which was recently published in detail, presents many instructive figures.

The number of railway corporations in the United States on June 30, 1890, was 1,707, 74 of which corporations repeive 89 per cent of the total amount paid by the people for railway service.

The fact is interesting that 794,301 men are employed in running the railroads of the country, which carried last year 492,439,865 passengers and 633,441,-617 tons of freight.

The most suggestive figures, however, are those which relate to passenger tariffs as related to the cost of carrying. The railway corporations received per mile for each passenger carried last year 2.167 cents. The cost of carrying per passenger was 1.917 cents. Put in another form the revenue per passenger from a train run one mile was \$1.08.041 and the cost of running was .80,984

As promoters of graveyards the railroads are a melancholy success. During the year ending June 30, 1890, 369 brakemen were killed and 7,841 maimed while engaged in coupling cars. The total number of railread employes killed during the year was 2,451, and the number injured 22,390.

This is a cruel and largely a needless sacrifice," says President Harrison | to Aleppo, and thence across the divide in his last annual message. government is spending nearly \$1,000,000 annually to save the lives of shipwrecked seamen. Every steam vessel is rigidly inspected and required to adopt the most approved safety appliances.

All this is good, but how shall we excuse the lack of interest and effort in behalf of this army of brave young men who in our land commerce is being sacrificed every year by the continued use of antiquated and dangerous ap-pliances. A law requiring of every railroad engaged in interstate commerce the equipment each year of a given per cent of its freight cars with automatic couplers and air brakes would very soon very greatly reduce the present fearful death rate among railroad em-

This is the third urgent appeal of the president to congress for legislation to diminish this shocking slaughter of human lives, and it is to be hoped his appeal will be needed by the present

THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

A report has just been submitted by Colonel Nicolai Voloshinoff of the Rus-Finn army, discussing in detail the poswible routes for the projected trans-Siberian railway, and giving extremely valuable data respecting the navigability of the various Siberian rivers. Three are singled out as most feasible. The first is an all-rail route, 4,994 miles long, from Slatust to Vladivostok, estimated to cost 341,000,000 roubles, equivant \$170,000,000. A second route is from Tomsk to Stretensk, utilizing sixty miles of navigable water across lake Baikal, thus saving nearly 200 miles of railroad. From Stretensk the line would continue to Vladivestok. making a total of 1,972 miles of track, costing 122,000,000 roubles or \$61,000,000. The third line would coincide with the second, except that it involves the construction of the road around the southern end of lake Baikal, and in addition an extension down the Amur Jerunyeva, 480 miles, and from the Amur to Vladivostok, making 2,500 miles, estimuted at 218,000,000 roubles, or \$109, 00,000. The two latter routes would be the year, while the first, being independon of navigation, would be available at all seasons. The estimated time for passengers by this line from Vladivostok to Moscow is fifteen days. The importance of an early construction of this road, in spite of its enormous cost, is urged with great emphasis in Colonel Voloshinoff's report, says Goldsmith's Geographical Magazine The losses which Itussia would sustain in the event of war without such a communication with the Pa cific would unquestionably so far exceed this first cost as to render it insignificant in comparison. It is fortunate that the military needs of the empire will in this case coincide with those of commerce, and the trans-Siberian road will do infinitely more than the Saez canal toward devel oping Asia as a whole, and bring Asiatic commercial life into touch with that of European centers in the west.

VILLARD AND THE TICKET AGENTS. Henry Villard, the railway magnate, while in Scattle visited most of the railroad offices in the city, says the Times. He walked up to the counter of a down town Northern Pacific ticket office and said to Ticket Agent Johnson, who had not the slightest idea that he stood in the presence of the highest officer of his road:

'Give me a ticket to Boston over the Canadian Pacific,

"Canadian Pacific's blocked," laconirally responded Johnson

'Don't believe it," said Villard. "Fact," affirmed Johnson.

"How?" inquired Villard. Mountain fell on track, cutting tunnel half a mile long,"
"Pil investigate," said the fiancier, as

he asked Mr. Jacob Furth to await his return, and started over to the Canadian Pacific office. Agent McGinnis looked up from his book, but did not recognize Villard.

"Want to go to Boston over the Northern Pacific," said Villard briefly. 'Can't do it," said McGinnis.

"Four feet of sand on the road at Pasco. Lake Pend d'Orelle overflowed and Indians on the warpath in Dakota.

'Anything else?" "Yes. Gang of train robbers near Helena. Prohibition in force in Dakota and a strike on the Eastern division. "Jewbilikens," exclaimed Villard. "Think I'll go and try the Union Pacific then. That's all right, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's all right," sarcastically observed McGinnis, who stopped telephoning to Johnson for assistance. 'That's all right, I said," continued Mc-Ginnis again, with a sort of lost-hope move of the hand, as his supposed cuser was about to leave "What do you mean?" inquired Vil-

"Oh, nothing. Go on and take the Union Pacific. You'll see time enough if you live through it."

good morning, Mr. Johnson, said McGinnis, greeting his ally as if he had not seen him for a month. "Have you any tidings of your father yet. Would you mind telling this gentleman

what you know about him?" Johnson, after struggling with his

feelings and wiping away several imaginary tears, spoke up sorrowfully;
"It pains me to speak of it, but my father started west six months ago over the Union Pacific. He died on the way of course, and we hope to receive the corpse before Christmas."

hearty laugh and handing each agent his card. "When the Canadian Pacific fails to appreciate your services come over and

'Well done boys," said Vilas after a

on that gentleman's shoulder in a fathorly manner, "some day you will take my place.'

A PALESTINE RAILROAD.

Public interest in oriental railroads has recently been roused by the fact that two American engines have been manufactured and dispatched to Palesine to be employed on a railroad now in process of construction between Joppa and Jerusniem. It is not generally known, however, that for many years an extensive system of railroads has been planned throughout Asia Minor, and that, indeed, an overland route to India by way of the Orontes and Euphrates alleys has not only been in contemplation, but that surveys have actually been made for the purpose of locating the road. During the last few years the scheme has gradually been taking more definite shape, until now it may be deemed a possibility of the not distant

When the project was first broached in 1857. Alexandria was selected as the starting point on the Mediteranean. A nore thorough examination and survey of the interior of this part of Asia proved, however, that this was an im-practicable starting point, for the vast mountain ranges north of Aleppo came down abruptly to the sea, and as they were practically impassable to railroad enterprise, they placed a barrier to progress in that direction. So the once old and famous city of Antioch was selected as the starting point. Thence up the valley of the Orontes it is designed for the railroad to pass by easy grades which at no point is more than 300 to 400 feet in height to the Euphrates at Kanlat Jaber, a distance from Antioch of considerable burden may ascend. The distance from Kaalat Jaber to Bassora is said to be 750 miles, and a line of steamers, small and of light draught, may traverse the stream at any season of the year without experiencing serious delay. It is not at present contemplated to extend the railroad down the valley of the Euphrates, since the river itself furnishes a natural means of transportation at once spendy and certain, and with a better knowledge of the currents, sands and rocks, it is expected that this distance will be made in less than four days. As the demands for transportation increase, it is hoped that the railroad will be extended down the river to

the Persian gulf. From Bassora to Kurrachee, the extreme western point of India where the railroad system of that country begins, is a distance of about 1,000 miles, which can be traversed in four days by fast steamer, and thus by the railroads of India any point in the peninsula may be, reached. This, in brief, is at present the projected route, but of course it is not impossible that it may be changed by circumstances, or even extended to cover districts of country not now contemplated in the original plan. Railroad lines now extend from Calais to Constantinople. From Constantinople to Bassora or Bagdad is a listance of about 1,200 miles; from Bagdad to Kurrachee, through Persia and Belocchistan, is about 1,200 miles. country is not especially difficult for ailroad construction, and it is quite possible, therefore, that men now living may be able to travel from London to Calcutta, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, with no more water travel than across the Straits of Dover and the Bosphorns.

HE GOT THE PASS.

A good story is told at the president of a certain railroad in Illinois, and how he obtained a pass over the Great Northern railway from President Hill. The gentleman in question walked brusquely nto Mr. Hill's private office, not since, and said he would like to see President Hill. Mr. Hill informed the caller that he was talking with the personage he was seeking, whereupon the stranger asked in blunt tones for an

annual pass. "I have sent you a pass, and I think I ought to have one." he said.

Mr. Hill questioned the fellow rail road president about his road, and found that it was only thirteen miles long. The man who controls one of the largest systems in the country hardly thought that a pass was due the president of a thirteen mile road.

"Your road," he replied, "seems to be rather short. And we have so many calls for passes from officials of small roads that I really don't see how we can grant them.

"Well," exclaimed the visitor, "my road may not be quite as long as yours, Mr. Hill, but, by gosh, it is just as

The argument was unanswerable, and the man who is president of a road as wide as the Great Northern got the pass

he wanted. IN A QUICKSAND.

Says a locomotive engineer according to the New York Tribune: "I once had an interesting experience with a quicksand. My engine ran off a low bridge near River Bend; about 100 miles east of Denver, and fell into a small creek filled with quicksands. A wrecking train came up in a few hours, but the engine had entirely disappeared. The railroad officials ordered it raised, but it could not be found. We sounded with rods to a depth over sixty feet, but not a trace did we discover of the engine, which had vanished as completely as if it had never existed.

"Four years after it was found at a depth of over 100 feet and was raised. We then ascertained there was scarcely bit of rust on it, the breaks were few and after a little tinkering it was put on the road again. The sand had kept out the air and prevented the iron from oxidizing."

A LIVELY RUNAWAY.

Locomotive runaways are not uncom mon. Two engines once collided on a track of the Boston & Maine railroad in lewksbury. The shock opened the throttle valve of one of them. gineer had already jumped down and off went the locomotive like a shot, headed for Lowell. Reaching the end of the track at the Lowell station it overturned the bunker as though it were a mere wisp of straw, went plowing through the station for a distance of seventy-five feet and entered the express office. Crashing through the partition that separated this office from the station quarters, it wrecked one end of the baggage room in passing. At last it grated its head against the brick wall At last it which adjoined the public sidewalk, and had torn out quite a section before the floor gave way. Down plunged the engine into the basement, emitting clouds of steam and smoke, but now comparatively harmless.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bldg.

DRIVEN TO MARKIAGE,

B ston Glove.

Everybody declared that Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville.

He was young, handsome, and well educated; then, just as he was preparing to light his way to fame with poverty arrayed against him, he had suddenly been made the sole heir to the fine e us, Mr. McGlanis."

"Johnson," he said, laying his hands od estate of his eccentric aunt, Miss

Betsy Colewood, recently deceased. What more was necessary to the happiness of a gay young fellow like Hugh Colewood? Nothing, it seemed to the envious bachelors.

However, there were conditions, or one, at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must love and marry the girl of her

choice, one whom he had never even Hugh Colewood caught up his aunt's last letter to him and read it again and again, hoping to find some little loop-

But it was there in merciless black and white. This is the part that wor-

"If you cannot comply with my wishes for you to meet Ethel Wayne and love and marry her, you forfeit your heirship in my estates. Ethel's mother was my dearest friend, and if you marry her daughter it will be fulfilling my fondest desires. You cannot help loving her.

"I could not rest in my tomb peace fully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estates, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston. will arrange for you to meet Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore I give you warning that I will not allow you to inhabit my houses and lands as one of that disagreeable crusty

So had written the eccentric spinster. Hugh nibbled the ends of his mustache impatiently as he pondered on the conditions which the will imposed.

Hugh loved the Colewood estates, and could not bear to think of giving them up. Now, if the will had not specified whom he must marry, but left the selec-tion of a wife entirely to himself, Hugh believed that he would have enjoyed the

romance of tooking for a bride. He picked up his hat and rushed from his room, going up to the hotel where Mr. Cranston was stopping while he arranged some business matters with

"Hello, Colewood! Have a sent" said the lawyer, scrutinizing the flushed face and nervous manner of his visitor. He was just wondering to himself if the unexpected good fortune had turned young Colewood's head, when his visitor remarked:

"You are aware of that one peculiar feature in my late aunt's will, Mr. Cranston?" Light at once dawned upon the lawyer

and there was a twinkle in his eyes. However he asked, indifferently: To what peculiar feature do you refer, Mr. Colewood?"

"The one that absurdly commands me to marry a girl that I have never seen."
"Oh, that?" returned Mr. Cranston.
"You are a lucky fellow, Colewood. That's the best part of the fortune.' "It's the most exasperating part," Hugh cried, desperately, "How can a fellow love and wed to order?"

"Well, its a deal of time and bother saved to the wooer," remarked the lawyer, puffing: "I've no doubt Ethel Wayne will suit you better than any selection you are capable of making.

Hugh Colewood flushed warmly at the

"I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. estates can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman, and I love my freedom yet a white. I don't want to be thrust upon any woman for the sake of a fortune, and I don't suppose Miss Wayne cares two straws about the absurd condition in my aunt's will."

"It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood and was very careful to humor all her vagaries," returned Cranston, much amused at young Cole-wood's excitement. "However, I feel unable to state whether the girl would accept Miss Colewood's last great vagary, in the shape of her impulsive

nephew or not." "I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, nettled at the lawyer's words.

"Hold on, Colewood, let's drop nonsense and come to business. You like our aunt's estates, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be proven that neither of you are opposed to fulfilling the condition.

"At least you must meet. I will ar range that. Ethei will pass the summer with my sister in the country, and I'll manage it for you to spend a few weeks You can very soon tell whether the condition is wholly obnexlous or not. What do you say?

"I will do as you advise, thank you sir," replied Hugh, who had now cooled off, and was trying to take a business like view of the strange situation. Four weeks later Hugh Colewood was speeding away from Greenville on the

morning express, bound for a little town among the blue hills of Virginia. When he stepped from the train he was disappointed to find no one waiting to convey him to the country home of

Mr. Cranston's sister, a distance of eight He was in the act of asking the way to

the best hotel when a buggy came rapidly up to the station and halted. The station agent hurried forward to

meet the driver, who was a slender young girl with bright dark eyes and hair as golden as the June sunbeams touching those hills.

"Is Mr. Colewood of Greenville waiting here to ride out to Mr. Thurston's?" inquired the fair driver, in a sweet voice which won Hugh's interest at 'I am here and waiting, thank you,

returned Hugh for himself, smiling pleasantly, as he came forward on the station platform. "I came to drive you to Mrs. Thurs-

ton's" she answered simply. "Shall I take the reins?" he asked, as they started away. "No, thank you, I like to drive," she

"It was too bad for you to take so long a drive for a stranger," he remarked, as he stole a side glance of admiration at he girlish form in dainty blue, "Oh, I didn't mind the distance at all,

besides, I rather had to come, replied; "I did wisn to go with the young folks, who are having a plenic this morning over on Laurel hill, but Uncle Jerry was sick, and, of course, he couldn't come for you.
"Then Mrs. Thurston and Miss

virtue of necessity and sent the last re-sort on the place," and she laughed "It is too bad my coming prevented you joining the picknickers," he said. I shall not be able to forgive myself.

Wayne never drive, so they made a

"That's nothing. I am enjoying my-self now too well to think of Laurel she returned, brightly. "Thank you, and at the same time let me assure you that I, too, am enjoying myself excellently well," and Hugh

bowed to the young girt, whose eyes dropped beneath the warm light of ad-

miration in his blue ones. "I hope you will dirloy your visit, Mr. Colewood, she sale, to change the sub-ject, "I know Mrs. Thurston and Ethel will do all they can to make your stay

"Thank you. I've no doubt I sha'll find it pleasant." returned Hugh. "You, too, are one of Mrs. Thurston's summer household. I suppose?"

"Yes," with a smile. "You see I am a distant relative to Mrs. Thurston; then Miss Wayne is my cousin, and ex-ercises a kind of cousinly guardianship over me, which, no doubt, is very neces-

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? 1 do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne," "How unkind in Mr. Cranston not to

prepare you for this meeting." and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes which Hugh did not see. "I had, up to date, regarded Mr. Cranston as one of my very best friends, but to ignore me so utterly when he knew I would accomhole of escape from the galling condipany Cousin Ethel here, looks like lownright intentional neglect."

"You have not given me the plensure of knowing your name," said Hugh, both amused and pleased with his pretty "Oh, I'm a Wayne, too," she an-wered, laughingly. "Ethel Estella

swered, laughingly. "Ethel Estella Wayne variously nicknamed, as you will observe later on. Two Ethel Waynes! Here was a real surprise for Colewood. Why had Crauston not mentioned that strange fact to

If the Ethel Wayne referred to in the will was only half as animated and generally captivating as the one by his side. Hugh thought it might be an easy matter after all to obey that condition which had so vexed bim.

Colewood received a cordial welcome at Mrs. Thurston's pleasant home. He ound Miss Wayne to be a tail, dignified girl of about 23, with coal black hair and leep gray eyes. She was as unlike her ittle merry-hearted cousin as it was poslible to be

Yes, Hugh decided she was just such a woman as his eccentric aunt would be likely to select as the wife of her heir. In the weeks which followed Hugh's

arrival he saw a great deal of Miss Wayne, although much of her time was divided between her taste for literature and in remonstrating against the innoent pranks of her cousin.

It did not require a long time for the young man to realize that he could never ove Miss Wayne as the man should love tne girl whom he intends to marry. He made another important discovery, hat his life would be a failure without

the little cousin to furnish daily sunshine and wifely chepr for his own home. He resolved to let Miss Wayne have me-half of his aunt's estates and the orphan asylum the other. He would marry the girl of his own choice, pro-vided he could win her, and boldly light

his own way through life.

Having so decided, Hugh set out for a stroll along the river, feeling more manly for his resolve. He came suddenly upon a little figure in white, reading in a little viney nook by the river's side.
"Wait, Estelle," he called, for she had

started to run away; 'I shall leave to-morrow, and I have something to say to you which you must bear."

The tell-tale flush which swept over face and neck at his words might have

given some hint of an easy surrender. However, in a moment she had regained that customary piquancy which had more than once exasperated Hugh. "I'd be sorry to have you leave us ith any burden on your mind," she said, provokingly.
"It is needless for me to tell you why

it was arranged for me to meet Miss Wayne here," he said, unheeding her light words, "You know, I suppose?" "Some slight idea, I believe," she returned, fingering her book. "Well, I may as well tell you that that

condition in my late aunt's will can never be fulfilled. "And why not?" "Because I love another," he cried, passionately. "Oh, Estelle! can you not see how tenderly, how ardently I love you? Without you I shall make a failure of life. Won't you show mercy,

"Oh, Hugh! would you marry a poor girl when you have a chance to win a dignified bride and retain those princely estates?" she asked.

"Yes, darling, I prefer you with love in a cottage to the wealthiest woman with all the estates in the world!" "Rash statement, young man" "It is true. Do not torture me longer.

Estelle. Can you not love me a little?

"Then you do not love me?" "I'm afraid I do." "Do not mock me, Estelle." "I am not mocking you, Hugh," in a very sweet voice.

Then you do love me a little?" "No, not a little, but very much." He would have caught her to hi breast, but she cluded his arms, crying: "O, there's Uncle Cranston!" and she rushed forward to greet the little lawver, who had approached them unseen. is useless for me to ignore facts, said Mr. Cranston, pleasantly. "I did not mean to overhear your conversation. but I arrived unexpectedly, and thought I'd hunt up my sprite here and surprise her. I see you understand each other

pretty clearly."
"Yes, sir," said (), bravely, "I have decided to enj e in a cottage with this dear girl, ressier than keep the estate with Miss Wayne." "Love in a cottage! O, that's too

good! And Mr. Cranston broke into a hearty augh, in which the girl finally joined

'Will you have the goodness to explain what amuses You so much in my statement?" asked Hugh, not a little nettled. "Pardon me, Colewood. But really

ou are the victim of your own blunder. "Blunder? I don't understand you, sir," returned Hugha,
"Of course not," and the lawyer laughed again. "This sprite, whom you took to be the unimportant little cousin,

is in reality the Ethel Wayne referred to in your aunt's will, I did not tell you that there were two hishels, so while she was driving you over here, you jumped to the conclusion that Miss Wayne at the house was the Effrel. "You see, I have been told all about

your amusing mistike. Ethel would not explain her real identity with the girl whom your aunt had selected for you, and, as the other ladies believed on knew, you have remained the victim of your own mistake. Six months later the condition is Miss Colewood's will was cheerfully obeyed.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bdig. Feats of Memory. When Mr. Blaine was in congress he used

frequently to repeat bills under discussion after having read them once. Daniel Webster was able to repeat the word for word, including punctuation stops Lipsius, a professor at the University of Leyden, offered to recite Tacitus' history in its entirety in the presence of a person armed with a poniard, who should stab him with it

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CHASED BY MO	OUNTAIN LIONS.	on the long reach of the canon.	f smooth ice below	reports of the revol	

CHASED BY MOUNTAIN LIONS

E. B. Heaton in Chicago Inter-Ocean: In the autumn of 1870 two young men, brothers, by the name of Bruning, Louis and Rudolf, resolved upon spending the winter trapping in the valley of Tongue river, on the frontiers of Wyoming and Montana. Accordingly, supplying, themselves with the necessary packhorse outfit, they left Sloux City, Ia., late in September, following up the Niobrara river to its source near Powder river buttes. Thence, crossing over a narrow watershed, they struck the valley of Powder river, down which they continued some forty or fifty miles. Here they left the main valley to follow up a small tributary to its head in what is known as the Panther mountains. Crossing the back of these mountains they struck the course of Robbins' creek, an affluent of Tongue river, down which they continued to its mouth at the foot of Tongue river canon, the scene, not far rom this date, of a desperate battle with the Sioux Indians. Here the river emerges from the lofty and precipitous walls of the mountain, to continue its solitary flow to the turbid Yellowstone.

They at once set about getting ready or the winter's business. The dwelling which they constructed was partly dugout and partly cabin-that is, a portion of the front was logs. It was against he side of a perpendicular bluff on the north side of the creek, and close to the river. The valley here was all on the northwest, or left shore of the river, but ike all these streams it alternated with every crook in the channel. Along all the streams of this region the beaver and otter abound. Besides these, smaller species of the weasel family are numerus, and the beautiful silver fox is not nfrequently caught. Of larger game, while the bison have measurably disap-peared, the antelope, black-tailed deer and the elk, or moose, feed in the foothills of the mountains. Of dangerous game, such as bears, grizzly and cinnanon, and wolves, there is no searcity The mountains themselves hereabouts were named because they were the favorite habitat of numbers of mountain ions, or pantners, which latter name they received from Bridger, the famous scout, and such as he, men from the mountains of Virginia, where similar beasts bore that name.

During the months of November and December they had remarkable success in trapping ofter and beaver. They were congratuating themselves upon a season that should surpass anything in their father's experience. But Christmas eve a cold wave set in with terrible severity. That night the surface of the river freze as solid as granite and as smooth as glass. This weather lasted for several days, so that the brothers were fearful to venture to any great distance from the dugout. Consequently, only the traps in the immediate vicinity were visited.

While they were thus confined within doors they whiled away the time manipulating a pair of skates apiece from the antiers of the elks they had killed. They made them very strong, albeit not so artistically, perhaps, as the products of the east. They were first class skates, however, and answered to their complete satisfaction. They tried them thoroughly on the ice in front of the Dr. Cullimore, eye and ear, Bee bidg. dugout, chasing each other and racing turned, and seemed hewildered by the

The first morning that promised a fair day Louis, the elder brother, con-cluded to visit the trans set along through the canon. Accordingly, strapping on his skates, he started up the river, armed only with his revolver. "I'll be back by the middle of the afternoon," he remarkek to Rudolf, "and you have a warm dinner ready if you

"All right," replied Rudolf, "the dinner shall be ready."
Louis pursued his way up the river,

not intending to make any stop until he reached the last trap, his intention being to examine as he returned. was a glorious trip. Past headland and cape he glided, often under the shadows of crevice anchored cedars and pines. Occasionally he stopped under a frownbuilt nests of the summer martins, which were numerous in all such places. kept an eye open for large and dangerous game; but he saw none, save once a huge grizzly sitting motionless on the edge of a precipice, evidently observing his proficiency as a skater. Louis, for sport's sake, emptied a chamber of his revolver in the direction of shaggy bruin. At one point in the canon the cliffs nearly met overhead, making a partial twilight. Only at one point was the ice rough, that was a short rapid, but even here it was smooth in shore. The bracing cold added strength and vigor to his limbs, and he was frequently surprised at the case with which he shot

over the transparent surface. It was fully soven miles to the last trap in which he found a marten. From thence he proceeded leisurely return. He had excellent luck, although from several of the traps he found that the game had been torn out and eaten He haid this to the account of the wol verine, an animal of thievish propensities, having some days before shot one in the very act of robbing a trap. Game, however, was becoming scarce for the larger animals, and they had already driven off lions that were hanging around the dugout, attracted by the smell of the flayed carcasses of the game. While thus liesurely skating, he was

startled by a shrill cry up the river. sounded piercingly down the trough or the canon. He listened attentively. scream was answered from a neighboring gorge. "Bah!" said Louis to himself, "it is only a cowardly mountain lion." Nevertheless he involuntarily lion." Nevertheless he involuntarily quickened his pace. He had just emerged from the examination of a trap in a side canon, when he gave a glane up the river and beheld what sent the sood tingling to the ends of his fingers. Not more than two hundred yards away were three enormous mountain lions, with hair all on end, their long black tipped tails apparently twice their nat-ural size, and which they were brandish-ing from side to side. They were evidently enraged, though at what Louis could not conceive. He felt apprehen-sive, however, and increased his speed. The lions uttered a tremendous cater waul and trotted a good gait after him.
"The brutes!" ejaculated Louis, Turning, he skated a few yards toward them to steady his aim, and fired his revolver at the nearest. The distance was too great. The bullet either fell short or went to one side. All except the last one, which struck the immense cat squarely in the side, tearing his skin but not crippling in the least. The beasts had checked thomselves when Louis

or twice, then seeming to divine from whence came the wound, fearful vell, and, followed others, made at full speed who was out for home with all his might. He bent over his skates and did his attermost. But on a straight reach the beasts gained on him, although they could not turn in the sharp bends of the river like the skates Nevertheless they gained time and Louis was constrained to drop a marten on the ice, hoping thereby to gain time. It did in-deed assist, as the brutes did their best to stop. The momentum had carried them so far beyond the game that instead of going back they continued the pursuit. This result seriously alarmed the young man, who now dropped all his ing shelf of granite to count the mud | game, but the lions were determined not to be balked of their prey. The revoiver in its holster flopping against his thigh impeded Louis somewhat and he unbuckled the belt and dropped it on the ice. All this assisted and his hopes arose. He was now less than two miles from the dugout. He had passed the rough rapids safely, over which the lions stumbled apparently helpiess. But they gathered themseives up with surprising quickness. It was not long before Louis heard their amazing leaps with fearful distinctness. Then he commenced a series of maneuvers on which his very life depended. Skating with all his power along one shore he would suddenly turn and shoot over to the other bank, while the lions, unable to check themselves or turn, would rake along the edge of the ice, catching at every-thing within reach. He had repeated this move more than once when the door of Robbins Creek came in sight and the door of the dugout. On the opposite side of the river he shot for dear life, the lions now close upon him. Timing himself with wonderful judgment, he turned just in the nick of time, leaped upon the low bank, the momentum carrying him the haif dozen steps to the door, through which he fell at full length on the floor. "Bar the door!" he gasped to Rudolf. That young man, though imm derately surprised, obeyed the command and aropped the heavy bar into its fasten ings. Scarcely was this accomplished when a heavy body struck the door with a thud that thoroughly tried its strength. A moment afterward the greased paper which served as a window was torn away from the aperture in the door and the square, cruel jaws of a mountain lion were thrust through. Rudolf grasped the situation and, seizing his carbine, discharged the contents fut in the savage face. It was effective, The lion fell in the struggles of death, but the opening was filled by a second, only to most the same fate. The third which was the wounded one, gave up the effort and was making off when Louis, wao had regained his breath and his feet, grasping his carbine, by a lucky shot, shattered the spine of the neck. Over the bodies of the lious, as they took off the pelts, Louis related the thrilling race.

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