## 'MY FIRST HUNDRED DOLLARS'

Wealthy Citizens of Omaha Tell How They Started in Life.

SOME WERE COUNTRY STORE CLERKS

Dr. Miller as an Army Surgeon-Mr. Lininger's Experience With Molasses-How the Bankers Started -Some Advice Given.

A number of brainy men who lived and had their being at about the time that the constitution of the United States got ripe enough to pick declared some years ago that all men were born free and equal, and they didn't knew anything about Omaha and her millionaires either.

Yet if those same men could only have been here the past week and could have passed up and down Farnam street and heard stories of personal history of thirty or forty years ago that were poured into the ears of an inquisitive reporter of The Bes they would have been tickled half to death over their keen foresight and would undoubtedly be now urging their claims for appointment to the signal service.

And they might well be pardoned for such exultation, for if there ever were a lot of men who were born equal, they were these self-same Omaha millionaires. Their equality consisted in their early poverty, for none were born richer than the others and few were born richer than the others and few were poorer than the rest. They were all to-gether at the bottom, and are now very eleverly bunched at the top, so that there is little of interest in the two extremes to talk about, but in the happy mean, which was decidedly unhappy in some instances, their paths were as divergent and their experi-ences as different as the brilliant corrusca-tions that sciutillate from a watering place tions that scintillate from a watering place hotel clerk's "spark." It is of those days in their careers

when they were hustling for their broad and butter in whatever channel offered them the means of obtaining a livelihood that this

story has to do.

Three things will be noticed: first, that at some time in the careers of these rich men they have been possessed of \$100; second, that they worked hard for scant wages to secure it, and third, that they always either spent less than they received or received more than they spent.

If you can detect these three unfailing symptoms in your own experience it is possible that some day you will be likewise wealthy and able to eat thrice in twenty-four hours if your stomach will stand such a radi-

Now for the pot pourri of experience! Was a Sawbones for Soldiers.

Dr. George L. Miller is one of the oldtimers who is compelled to plead guilty to the soft impeachment when accused of being one of the wealthy men of Omaha, yet when found in the roomy office of the western man-aging director of the New York Life in-surance company in the Life building, and asked how he made his first \$100. he sol-emnly dectared that from the time he bought a few pieces of furniture for his office, when as a young man he first hung out his shingle, up to the present time he had never seen a day when he was out of debt.
"Then you believe that being in debt

conducive to the more rapid accumulation of wealth!" inquiringly asserted the visitor.
"I believe that a man works harder when
he has a hill to climb," answered the doctor. "If the sole object in life is the accumulation of money, I believe that being in debt will bring more success than being out of it. It will stimulate a man to greater energy and will bring out and develope abilities that

otherwise he would not know that he pos-Now then, I tell you candidly that I have been in debt all my life, so how can I tell when or how I made my first \$100? I can tell you about the first \$100 that I ever had in my possession and ownership at one time, if that is what you want to know?"

The scribe intimated that that was just the The scribe intimated that that was just the \$100 whose history he was after, and the ex-editor slowly crossed his legs and said, "well, I got it from Uncle Sam. I came to Omaha in the fall of 1854 when there were only eight people here, expecting to find a thriving town of respectable proportions. I had \$5 in my pocket and that was gone inside of twelve hours. Up to that time I had never had \$100 in my possession at one time. and I was here several months before I experienced that pleasant sensation. It was all an accident that I had the opportunity to make the money and it happened in this way: General Harney's Sioux expedition went out in the spring of 1855, and by an oversight the surgeon at Leavenworth did not accom-

any the troops. Cholera appeared among the soldiers, and the command stopped here and the territorial governor, Governor Cuming, was asked to name a surgeon to accompany the expedition to Fort Pierre, Dakota. I was recommended and went, taking my wife with me. We were gone six weeks, and when I returned I received \$240 in gold in payment for my services. I well remember how I poured it out of a little sack onto the bed in the little bit of of a little sack onto the bed in the little bit of a house that was then our home, and called my wife to look at it. It seemed to weigh two tons. I had been clerk of the upper house of the first territorial legislature some time before that at \$4 per day (and I had to work night and day) but my pile did not reach the \$100 mark until I became an army surgeon."

Early Poverty in Omaha.

The recital of the occurrences of old days brought vividly back to the mind of the speaker some of the scenes of earlier years, and the doctor continued: "I really believe that I have known more extreme poverty than any other citizen of Omaha who is re-galded as an influential or representative man. In my boyhood I curried horses and man. In my boyhood I curried horses and did menial labor, and the very question of existence demanded the closest attention. My work was a matter of self-degradation to me, as I was an ambitious boy and antious to rise in my chosen profession, but I was compelled to work in that way to secure my schooling. I was subsequently assisted in college by relatives, but it was an uphill row for me for many years. I was disappointed in Omaha when I came here and would not have stayed but for ex-Governor Cuming. It was generally believed then that the soil here was of no account except in the valleys and for crally believed then that the soil here was of no account except in the valleys and for that reason I pre-empted land three and a half miles from here on the Pappio, instead of here where the city now is. Oh, this was as wild a prairie in those days as a wolf ever ran over, and many a deer was killed down there in the hollow where Seventeenth and St. Mary's avenue now meet. My little cabin was away out the other way where the Indians ought to have gotten me, and the wolves came mighty near it. Yes, it's fortunate for me that I stayed after I got here; but do you know I have after I got here; but do you know I have always felt that it would have been better for me if I had never come here."

In His Father's store.

Herman Kountze, president of the First National bank and a member of the wealthy New York banking firm of Kountze Bros., which is one of the most powerful financial concerns of the country, is another of the men who came to Omaha in the '50's, and while he has accumulated his millions behas also acquired a wholesome horror of infebtedness, and advises young men to be ware of going in debt. Unless they see their way entirely clear by buying into some well established and well managed business where the desire to get them in is because of an interest in their personal advancement and prosperity rather than of a desire to get their money, he is of the opinion that young men should not incur indebtedness. Borrowing money for speculative purposes he strongly discourages, and intimates that the ambitious youth should rile up a little age and experience before putting on too much flourish in the role of financier.

Mr. Kountze said that he was unable to state when he first scraped together \$100, but it was probably on or about the day that he became 21 years of age, when he was riven an interest in his father's stock of general merchandise in an Ohio country store. "I worked in that store," said Mr. Kountze, "from the time I was 9 years old until I was 21, with the exception of a single year, when I was allowed to go to school. My father was a man who believed that his children's time belonged to him until they saw their list printing and with the printing those years I worked without financial compensation. When they became of age, however, he made it in the Ferry Business and afterwards to lend us his credit.

Jordan Herman Kountze and the since in the time since.

Made it in the Ferry Business.

Frank Murphy, president of the Morchants which has the since company and the Omaha Street Railway empany, made his first money in the time since.

Frank Murphy, president of the Morchants which has the heart of the Council Bluffs & Nebraska Fational bank as well as a first made it in the Ferry Busine In His Father's Store.

But it was in that store that I made my first

While it is impossible to tell from what sale of butter, buttons or beans Mr. Kountze realized his first hundred, it is thus established beyond doubt or cavil that some nonest Buekeye citizen contributed the dollars that laid the foundation of a banking house that is today recognized as on a par with the wealthiest banking institutions of with the wealthiest banking institutions of Europe. When Mr. Kountzo and his elder brother came to Omaha they invested the greater part of their money in real estate, and a year later began a banking business in a small way, buying gold dust that came in from the western gold fields. Many a time it happened that there was not sufficient currency in the bank's vault to pay for a big day's receipts of the yellow dust, and the bankers would hustle around among the business men of the then thriving burg and borrow the necessary circulating medium, for row the necessary circulating medium, for which they would give exchange where it was desired, and in other cases accounts would be squared when the dust was sold and the profits realized.

In those days little business was done with Chicago, but a great deal was transacted with St. Louis, and Philadelphia had the call on New York. Now, however, all this, as well as many other things, have changed, but money earns money for Herman Kountze the same as in days of yore.

Didn't Make it on Molasses.

The visitors to George W. Lininger's famous art gallery at Eighteenth and Daven-port would never for a moment imagine that all those valuable works of art were col-lected by the present owner on a salary of \$175 a year. And they were not, but that was the munificent salary received by Mr. Lin-inger when he started out to earn his own living at the age of 17 years. He began work in the general merchandise store of Phelps & Johnson at Peru, Ill., and the very first week he was there he allowed a whole hogshead of molasses to run to waste. It was chilly December weather, and the molasses was in low spirits accordingly, so when the new clerk started to draw a gallon of it he found that he had a long job ahead. Before the measure was full the proprietors started for supper, first calling the clerk upstairs to attend to customers. The molasses was for-fotten until the following morning, when the frightened youth rushed down into the cellar and arrived just in time to save the barrol. He expected to lose his job, but told his employers just how it happened, and was retained in their service to lay the foundation of a successful business career. The second year his salary was increased to \$300 and the next year to \$100, and it was some time in the third year that his savings amounted to \$100, for at the end of the year he had \$200 on hand, and he invested it in a half interest in a tinning business that netted \$6,000 the first year. Mr. Lininger was given full swing in the grocery establishment, and was authorized o sign the firm's name to checks, which he sometimes did to the amount of \$8,000 or \$10,000 a day in the rush of the grain season,

when the firm was buying heavily. He had all this responsibility, too, on his second year's salary of \$300. "I was given privileges," said Mr. Lininger, "that I never in after years accorded to my cierks. My employers never praised my work or commended me, so I was much sur-prised when they found out that I was about to leave to have them offer me an interest in the business to remain. But I had already

made other engagements and left. "One thing I have always been cranky about, and that is notes. I have always made it a point not to give them, although I have held hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of other people's paper. It isn't business, but then it was a notion of mine." Mr. Lininger does not advise young men to saddle a load of debt upon themselves.

Hartman Struck It in Denver. Chris Hartman is another man who smokes ten cent straights, cash in advance, but he wasn't born that way. His taste is acquired, und he got it right here in Omaha, but he corralled his first \$100 in Denver in 1859. He came here in 1858 at the age of 13 years, and the next spring he went to Denver with Ben Hellman to help him seil a stock of goods that they took along with an ox team. The goods were placed on sale in a tent on Ferry street in East Denver, and they went like ice cream in the path of a summer girl. The juvenile dry goods clerk then secured employment as a ple salesman in Bronson & Black's bakery on the same street at \$40 per month, and in three months he received six shining \$20 gold pieces. That was the hour that he had been praying for, and he at once made arrangements to come back to God's country. Rube Woods was just coming back to Omaha with a horse team, which was a luxury on the piains in those days, and young Hartman reluctantly turned over one of his shiners to pay his passage home. The trip required two weeks, and the youthful adven-turer landed in Omana feeling richer than he ever did before or has since. He knows how The trip he got the money, but he couldn't tell for a million dollars what became of it. He went into the army soon afterward and

served three years and a half, receiving his discharge before he was twenty-one years of age. It will be seen that the rotund, good natured insurance inspector and fire and police commissioner bad a pretty rocky time of it in his youthful days, but, as he himself says, "it was harder than I have ever found it since"

It was on that westbound trip, when he was walking to Denver beside an ox team, that Mr. Hartman took his first and only that Mr. Hartman took his first and only shot at a buffalo, and he bagged his meat. It was some distance west of Fort Kearney that the young tourist discovered a herd of buffalo. He had only a muzzle-loading single-barrelled shot gun, and he had expended all his shot some time before. He at once seized a hatchet and pulled several nails out of the dry goods boxes and chopped them in short pieces on the tire of chopped them in short pieces on the tire of one of the wagon wheels. He loaded his shot-gun with a double charge of powder, dumped gun with a double charge of powder, dumped in a handful of dessicated nails, and crept up behind a prairie dog mound to get a shot at the "trailer," an old bull which was too weak and stiff to keep up with the herd. He almed at the critter's heart, and the nails tore a hole through that buffale bull that the hunter could poke the gun through. The brute fell dead as the dry goods nails that had perforated his frame, and Hartman fell as hard in the other direction, but he came out of it alive, though the kick of the gun left a lump on his shoulder that remains to this day. That was the first fresh peef that the party had seen since leaving Omaha, and a hind quarter was amputated for mastication. The quarter was amputated for mastication. The loin was cooked until midnight, but even then the india rubber wasn't stewed out of it, and

the india rubber wasn't stewed out of it, and it was packed up and carried until the next night when it was beiled again. Fifteen hours cooking did not cause it to weaken a particle, and it was left beside the trail.

When Mr. Hartman was going to California two years ago be passed that very spot, and saw there the identical quarter of bull buffalo beef discarded by him thirty years before. It was somewhat affected by the elements, but the traveler avers that he could readily recognize it. From that time until Denver was reached buffalo beef was plenty, and it was of the palatable kind, as calves were numerous and easy to kill. Mr. Hartman saw millions of the animals subsequent to that occurrence, and tells of the thousands of tons of meat of the wantonly slaughtered beasts that were left on the thousands of tons of meat of the wantonly slaughtered beasts that were left on the prairies to go to waste. But he never took another shot, for fear that his reputation would suffer. He pursued the same tactics after catching a 265-pound jewish at Los Angeles two years ago, and has not touched a hook or line since.

to Omaha in 1861. And in Omaha he is to-day, and he is not in the habit of going IN A VICTORY FOR THE CITY

Began as a Telegraph Operator. Another bank president who began his money making in Omaha and has continued it to the present day is A. P. Hopkins, of the

ommercial National. Mr. Hopkins began life as a telegraph operator in Canada, at \$30 a month, when 16 operator in Canada, at \$30 a monta, when it of years of age, and four years later was receiving \$40 a month as operator and station agent on the Grand Trunk at Stratford, Ont. That was in 1836, and Mr. Millard sent for him to come here and accept a position in the Omaha National bank. He arrived here with \$7 in his pocket, and went to work for \$75 a month. He was the first teller of that bank, taking the place two weeks after the bank was started, and held the position for a year, when he resigned to go into the commission business, where he continued for three years with the exception of which he has always been engaged in the banking business

in Omaha and Fremont.
When Mr. Hopkins came here the Omaha National occupied a 20x40 structure in the middle of Fourteenth street, and six months later moved into its new building, which is now occupied by the Omaha Savings bank, Ezra Millard, Mr. Wallace, the present cashier, and Mr. Hopkins constituted the entire office force. The change was effected about the beginning of 1867, and on New Year's eye Mr. Millard and Mr. Hopkits slept on eve Mr. Millard and Mr. Hopkins slept on the floor in the bank. There was a new clock in the room—one of the then new fangled affairs that registered the day of the month and year— and the pair law awake until midnight to see how the blamed thing changed from one year to another, and also to render assistance in case the machinery was unequal to the task it was supposed to perunequal to the task it was supposed to per-

Mr. Hopkins swept out the bank and was general office roustabout at that time, but he does not develope his muscle in such an undignified manner nowadays.

Mr. Poppleton as a Pedagogue. Hon. A. J. Poppleton cut loose from all the restraints of civilized life at the age of 16 years, and tackled a country school in Michi-gan at \$16 a month. He served four months' apprenticeship, pocketed his \$64 and went to apprenticeship, pocketed his \$64 and went to college, from which he emerged when he was 21 years of age, and began teaching Latin and Greek in an academy at Remeo, Mich., for \$303 a year. The owner of the 'nstitution of learning failed and Mr. Poppleton received but half of his salary, amounting to \$150, but that included the first hundred that had fallen to nis lot in a bunch. Subsequently this man acquired extensive copper interests and extended Mr. Poppleton many favors. His property, however, was in litigation, but he promised his former employe that if the suit was decided in his favor he would pay the old claim. He finally won the case, making him immensely wealthy, but died within two or three months and Mr. Poppleton is still unpaid. He is satisfied that he would have received his money if his debtor had lived, and does not feel that he has any kick

Mr. Poppleton came to Omaha in October. 1854, and made close connections with the session of the first territorial legislature. It has been many a long day since Mr. Popple-ton really cared whether school kept or not. On His Father's Farm.

Dr. S. D. Mercer is the son of a well-to-do Illinois farmer, and he made his first \$100 on his father's farm in Marion county in 1859. In the fall of that year, when the son was 19 years old and Mercer senior had his fall wheat all in, he gave the poy twenty acres of ground to use as he chose for the next year.

The elated youth decided to imitate his father and sow it to winter wheat. He had about \$25 or \$30 that he had saved, and he paid the hired man to help him plow it, and drove the seeder himself, his father furnish future doctor went away to college, but returned the next summer to help harvest his father's crop and look after his own.

That wheat crop yielded a little over twenty bushels per acre and netted the young farmer about \$300. He went into partnership that year with a neighbor's son and rented nine acres of ground, which was planted to tobacco, hiring a man to planted to tobacco, hiring a man to take his place in caring for it. The venture netted a little over \$1,200. The doctor still says that be never saw anything turn out money like that tobacco crop and declares that there are acres of hillside timber in this vicinity that would make the very best tobacco ground and pay a handsome return for such cultivation. He asserts that the latitude has nothing to do with it, and says he has seen as fine tobacco growing near Fort Calhoun as ever tickled a planter's heart.

In the summer of 1860 the doctor joined with two of his uncles in the purchase of a threshing machine and worked with it for three months. "We were running one day," he said, "in the same neighborhood with he said, "in the same neighborhood with another machine and got to racing. We had an eight-horse power. Each of my uncles had a pair, I had a pair of my father's horses and we made the man we threshed for put in a pair. The race got hot, and I was feeding might and main. My band-cutter was a big, strapping fellow, and was using a big hookmife. I reached for a bundle, and—see that scar?" and the doctor exhibited an ugly mark that could only have been caused by a frightful wound. "That was where he caught me, stripping the fiesh from the bone. I went to the house and fixed it up as well as I could and then started to town to find a doctor. I have never seen to town to find a doctor. I have never seen that threshing machine nor the horses from that day to this. I went back to college and then into the army. I saved all the money I received while there, and after the war paid my father what I still owed for money ne had advanced to take me through college, and soon after came to Omaha, reaching here in 1866, with \$450 in my pocket. It was all gone before I got any more." Dr. Mercer hung out his shingle here, but

he pulled it in again some time ago, and he wouldn't turn out on a midnight call for a thousand dollars. He don't have to.

The Grippe Raging in Alabama.

"La grippe is raging here and I find Chamber:ain's cough remedy to be a certain cure for it," says W. G. Johns of Trimble, Culiman company, Ala. Mr. Johns ordered a supply of the remedy to be shipped by express as quickly as possible. There is no question but this remedy is of great value in the treatment of the grip especially on account of its counteracting any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. It is also a prompt and certain cure for the cough which usually follows an attack of grip. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Dr. Cullimore, oculistto Mo. Pac. Ry

NOT BORN TO HANG.

Trumpeter Dixon Says He Has No Idea o Stretching Hemp.

Clarence E. Dixon, trumpeter of Fort Rob inson, who murdered Corporal Carter and was afterwards convicted of the crime and sentenced to hang, is now in the county jail, but he has no fears of leaving the earth via the rope route. United States Marshal Brad Slaughter has

positively prohibited Dixon from being subjected to interviews, but notwithstanding this the man gets a chance to say a word now and then.

Yesterday morning Dixon was seen, and not being adverse to talking, said: "You say to the public that I was not born to hang. I may be snot, but I never expect to pull hemp,"

When asked how he felt, Dixon replied: "Never better, sick or well. I have enough to cat and see the daily papers occasionally. When I was first put into this place I felt a little squeamish, but now that feeling has worn off and I feel first rate. Of course people are not allowed to come up and talk to me, but frequently the boys from the fort come down and stand nuder the window. Then we hold pleasant conversations, so that I am kept pretty well informed of what's going on in the outside world."

Dixon is kept in the cell that was occupied by Neal, who was executed last October. His health is excellent and he feels first His health is excellent and he feels first rate. He partakes of the regular jail fare and only kicks when he is not given double rations. Dixon's attorney has abandoned the idea of securing a new trial and will devote his energies to having the sentence of the court commuted to life imprisonment. A potition which will set forth all the facts is being prepared to present to the President of the United States at an early date.

Constipation poisons the blood; DaWitt's Little Early Risers cure constipation. The cause removed, the disease is gone.

Dr. Birney cures catarra. BEE bldg

End of a Long Drawn Out Damage Case Finally Reached.

GHOST OF THE DEPOT INJUNCTION

Mr. Stuht Commences Another Sult-Woes of a Chattel Mortgage Victim-Wants Hiw Name Changed-Other Litigations.

The courts vesterday concluded the first week's business of the February term and at noon adjourned until Monday morning. The morning's session was the busiest of the week, and any number of lawyers and clients are feeling happy over the results. Of the lawyers who are happy, City Attorney Connell is in the highest glee. His joy

comes from the fact that under his present

appointment he has won the first suit that he has tried as the legal representative of the The case in question has been upon the court dockets for years, and has been recog-nized as Mary A. Dugdale against the City of Omaha. The plaintiff owned property at Eighth and Douglas streets, and when the change of grade of the streets was ordered she felt that she was injured and at once brought suit, alleging \$10,000 damages, case was tried by the court a case was tried by the court and a jury and a verdict for \$1,500 in favor of the plaintiff returned.

The city attorney at once moved for a new trial, which is due time was grapted and the wase set for hearing at this term of court.
Wednesday morning a jury was empanneled

and the taking of testimony commenced. Friday night the case went to the jury and this morning a verdict for the do enuant, th city, was returned.

Trouble With a Loan Broker. Among the suits commenced was one by leorge W. Eastman against B. F. Masters, a short time loan broker. In his petition Eastman tells a tale of wos. He is and was a poor man, so poor that on September 25, 1888, he visited Masters and negotiated the loan of \$100, putting up his personal property for security. In July, 1889, he had paid the sum of \$57 interest. At that time he renewed the note and again when called upon in the month of October, 1893, he discovered that he had paid \$80.50 interest. Once more the note was renewed and interest was paid until Septem-ber, 1891. On that date when he ber, 1891. On that date when he went to settle he learned that he had paid \$95.70 interest on the renewal note, and that \$149.75 remained due. Eastman now figures out that he has paid out \$233.20 for the use of the original \$100, and that before he can read his title clear, he will be compelled to pay an additional sum of \$149.75. Masters was about to sell the personal property, but a restraining order of the court has stopped any such proceedings.

Ghost of the Depot Injunction. The ghost of the old suit of Ernest Stuht

against the Union Depot company bobbed up in the court yesterday in the shape of a suit brought against Frank Murphy by Ernest

Stuht.

In his petition the plaintiff avers that on December 30, 1890, together with a number of other citizens and in pursuance to an agreement, suit was brought to restrain the city of Omaha and the Union Depot company from disposing of \$150,000 of bonds voted to the Union Depot company by the city; also restraining the city from delivering any deeds of title to the company; also restraining R. C. Cushing and Alvin Saunders, trustees, from executing any deeds of conveyance of lots to the depot company, and restraining T. H. Benton, state auditor, from delivering any of the ton, state auditor, from delivering any of the bonds to the depot company, its successors or

assigns. The costs of the suit amounted to \$208.80, \$205 being for attorney fees and the balance court and other costs. The sum to be paid was pro rated, and of the amount \$18.16 was Murphy's share. This he has refused to pay, and Stuht now asks him to come into court and explain.

Other Litigations.

William Egbort Soydal has a grievance which is like this: He has filed a petition in which he asks the court to change his name to William Daniel Egbert. He avers that he was born in June, 1867, that when he was three years old his mother died, after which he was adopted by Daniel W. Egbert. On account of the kindness shown by the Egbert family, the young man now wants to assume the name worn by the head of the Egbert household.

There were two mismated pairs who found There were two mismated pairs who found their way into the court. T. H. Robinson and his wife Georgeatta were married up in the pine woods of Wisconsin some time in 1887. For a year they were as happy as two kittens in a basket of yarn, but just about Christmas time, 188, Georgeatta went to Chicago and the bad, after which there was lots of trouble. The bushand now again the of trouble. The husband now asks that the wedding ties which bind him to the woman

Ida Lowry would have the court divorce her from Frank Lowry, a man to whom she was wedded on Independence day, 1888. She avers that Frank brought her to Omaha, after which he was abandoned and allowed to shift for herself. to shift for herself.

In the case of George Bates against the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad the jury returned a verdict of \$5,082.80 for the plaintiff. Bates owned a valuable farm near Irvington. When the railroad was constructed it ran along the side of his farm for some distance and taking a turn cut his meadow and cornfield in twain. He asked for damages, which were refused, hence the

In criminal court George Hoffman pleaded not grilty to the charge of perjury and was released on bonds. The information charged that in a suit tried before Justice Brandies, Hoffman swore that he was possessed of a certain number of horses, when in fact he did not own a horse in the world. Pete Matza was arraigned and pleaded not

guilty to having committed an assault upon one Ben E. Mullen. Harry Crampton, a lad of 10 summers, was before the criminal court to answer to the charge of having stolen \$37 from Christian

Orff. He acknowledged the theft and pleaded guilty to having committed the crime of petit

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Throughout the entire entertainment a sensuous, dreamy rapture fills the onlooker's soul. The glorious verture of tropic scenes charms his gaze—a languishing happiness feeds his facuities. In imagination he feels the spicy breezes fan his cheeks, a blissful heretofore unknown confusion of his senses overcomes him, and he loses himself in rapture until he feels like the poetic Milesian when first overcome with love.

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NEW YORK LIFE

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HER MOTHER WAS COLD.

Death Was the Bod Mate of a Little Colored

Girl.

Mrs. Henry Curry, a colored woman residing at 1425 North Twentieth street, was found dead in her bed yesterday morning by her

dead in her bed yesterday morning by her little s-year-old daughter, with whom she was sleeping. She had been dectoring for some time for heart trouble, and it is supposed that heart disease caused her death.

Coroner Maul was notified, but after learning the circumstances decided that an inquest was unnecessary. The story told by the little giri was that she awoke feeling very cold and spoke to her mother. Receiving no reply she shook her mother's arm and tried to arouse her, but without success. She then arese and lighted a lamp only to discover that she was an orphan.

Grand Opera House. SATURDAY Feb. 13, 14 and 15.
Matinees Saturday & Sunday

The Palpable Hit of Modern Times. Rarest Beauties of Two Hemispheres.



larceny. The lad was released and sentence suspended that his parents might endeavor to try a little reform work. Judge Davis ad-ministered a lecture, the point of which was that if the boy was again brought before the court he would be booked for the reform

In Federal Court. Ex City Prosecutor Shoemaker filed motion in the United States court vesterday to have the case of the Kansas City Sur against him and other city officials dismissed He filed it on the grounds that there was molonger any such paper as the Kansas City Suo, and that the plaintist in the case had not filed a reply to his answer to the petition alleging contempt of court. Judge Dundy took the matter under advisement.
Attorney Breckenridge filed a bill of excep

tions vesterday in the case of the Republica Newspaper company against the Associated Press, intending to carry the case to the court of appeals at St. Louis next October. Judge Dandy signed an order calling upon the defendant to present amendments, if there are any to be presented, within the

No gripping, no nauses, no pain when De-Witt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill.

Dr. Cullimore, ocalist, Bee building.

MODES FOR MEN.

Clothier and Furnisher. The generally conservative tone of the offerings in men's clothing for spring will and ford but slight opportunity to err. The men in evening dress are to carry their heads higher than heretofore if the nev collars fulfill what is claimed for them,

Moderated styles of turnover collars made upon the neglige shirts, are happily in keep-ing with the conservative spirit of the times, It is imperative that a man be gloved in white or pearl kid gloves at any evening function when ladies in full dress are in at tendance.

The gentleman's visiting card is 11%x3 inches in size. It is also the very latest wrinkle to have the number of the address pelled out.
It is amazing how the American manu-

facturers have gone ahead of late years. One seldom hears nowadays of a European so-journer bringing home gloves, or neckwoar, or unorellas, or mackintoshes to friends as souvenirs of his trip abroad. Small in size, great in results; DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation, best for sick headache, best for sour stemach.

Dr. Cullimore, eye and ear, Bee building

AMUSEMENTS.

300 Reserved Seats at 50c each. THEATRE.

2 COMMENCING This, Sunday Ev., Feb. 7 NEW YORK & BOSTON GREATEST

5) Nights Standard. Comedy Triumph. 30 Ni hts Globe Theatre, N. Y. Comedy Triumph. 30 Ni hts Globe Theatre, Boston THE JOLLY DIALECT COMEDIAN.

John T. Kelley

PROF.HERRMANN'S COMIC PLAYERS



How Others View of Us.

THE COMEDIA'S. John T. Kelley. Dutch D ly Chas F. W. Lon. Chas. F. Wilson.

Chas' F. W. Lon. Chas, F. Wison.
Ha ry Kelley.
COM £DIE NNES.
Miss Flora West
Miss Josie La. Fontaine.
Miss Almer Angeles.
Miss Ida Fairbands.
Miss Flora Veltran
Miss Lizzie £n ris.
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A feast of fun.—N. Y. Herald. A paradise of merriment.—Bestou A paradise of metriment.—Besteld Globe.

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In Miss Florie West, England has sent us her greatest comedienne.-Chicago Herald

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A Mill quaire's Feast of Merriment.



M. B. LEAVITT'S New, Grand Spectac dar Pantomime Spider and Fly

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Opera, Spectacle, Pantomime, Comely and Specialty Brilliantly Blended in this Popular Success.

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## EDEN MUSEE. COR. ELEVENTH AND FARNAM STS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, FEB. 8. ONE WEEK ONLY.

squimaux

FATHER, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.



She then arrive and inglied a fam. Only to discover that she was an orphan.

"What did you do then!" was asked her.

"I ran out and locked the door and hurried over to the neighbors as fast as I could go," replied the still frightened child, and she sobbed and cried in a paroxysm of mingled terrors and sorrow. FROM THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUNZEZZZZZ Solves and sorrow.

The deceased was 45 years of age, and was the widow of J. H. Curry, a barber who died

ADMISSION, ONE DIME. 222222222220pen Daily, 1:00 to 10:00 p. m.