THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892-TWELVE PAGES

A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

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Written for The Bee by Elistbeth Collard. One rainy day in the early winter of 1882 I found myself bag and baggage on the railway platform at Grand Junction, Col. As the train lessened in the distance I took a survey of my surroundings. Not a tree, not a spear of grassmud which looked as if it might engulf one to be some time dug up as an unknown fossil-not a sidewalk visible except now and then the uneven remains of a brick pavement fast resolving itsel into its original clay. The town lay some distance away from the depot, but from my platform island I could see a good number of mud shanties, a few frame buildings and one solitary brick. I stood under the sheltering eaves for a moment and asked myself what fate it was that landed me here.

I had been traveling through the west during the summer and now on my way here I had stopped to see one who was my oldest and doarest friend, the wife of the superintendent of a mine on the headwaters of the White river, She had tried to prepare me for the discomforts of the journey after I should leave the railroad, but I found no words could describe it as vividly as I afterwards feit it, and I heartily wished myself-safe in the luxury of a Puliman and speeding castward. However, I pulled myself together and went to the agent to when the stage would leave 1181 for Meeleer and found I could not go till morning, so givsmall boy a quarte ing a to carry my grip I gingarly picked my way from brick to brick along the causeway that led to the town proper. The sun was just beginning to struggle through the watery mist in the west and colored the cloud a delicate rose hue and illuminated the blue Book cliffs and sent a beam to the far distant points of the grand canon of the Colorado toward. whence the Grand was rolling its swift turbulent and clay colored waters.

The next morning as 1 ontered the hotel dining room I heard, "Well, if that ain't the darmedest scheme. D'ye know that mine was salted for all it was worth and then they run a lot of suckers in here and loaded them all they could carry. Haw, haw." "I believe the Tin Cup mine upon the White is bonyfidy."

"Oh, yes, I guess so. They take out pay ore right along. Renfrow is a pretty straight feller and wouldn't run any salted concern. I'm going along up to Meeker to see about a claim. Can't run in any gum game on me."

With this the speaker, rose and in lieu of napkins combed their beards with their fingers and brushed the crumbs from their vests. I had discovered that they would be passengers on the stage which would take me to Meeker and I wondered if they were to be my only companions on a fifty mile ruse-not that I was at all afraid for they appeared to be merely shrewd, good natured, ordinary business men, but I began to feel the want of some woman's conversation for I had been months away from friends and home.

The morning was clear and pleasant, and the air bracing as we dragged laboriously out north through the almost bottomless clay road. There were no other passengers but the two men and myself, so I turned my attention to the scenery. To the right across Grand river rose bare and rugged peaks which suggested desolation instead of grandeur. Away to the west were the symmetrical outlines of the Book cliffs. while the great Hog Back rose toward the north, and about noon we began to ascend its rugged slopes.

The two men had eved me curiously at first, and then began talking of mines and the various arts and tricks of the unscrupulous to outwit the gullible tenderfoot. But gradually they overcam

ready." and by the time the men reached the door with their burden a bed was stripped to mattress and sheets, and they laid him upon it, while John said. briefly: "An accident to the machinery. He is not dead, but I don't know how oadly hart.

We scon found one arm and one leg proken, but no evidence of other injury. Mr. Renfrow, with the assistance of two f the men who, through many years of weste n life, had learned a rough sort of surgery, set the limbs, while the women waited the result in suspense. Through the long night we watched beside the poor fellow for some sign of consciousiess, and toward morning were rewarded seeing him open his eyes and recognize Mr. Renfrow. During the weeks of nursing which

followed we women had not much time to think of weather, but my friend at Meoker had been a true prophet, and the feathery flakes began to fall during the first night after my arrival and kept it up steadily for a week and trail and canon and side slope

were covered with a white pall. We were as securely shut up from the outside world as if we had been walled around with adamant. When one' sympathies cannot fly round the world with the click of the electric needle, one acturally seeks for subjects of interest in the humdrum life around, and so I be gan to study our charge as I sat behind him day after day, not that he seemed a difficult subject or wrapped in any mystery, but as he lay there swathed in bandages he seemed to be intently thinking. One day he abruptly asked how long since he had been hurt. I told him three weeks. He turned his head away with a deep sigh and said no more or a few minutes Then he asked. 'Bout how far is it to Cairo, Ill.?" said I did not know exactly, though

nearly a thousand miles. "Wish Iwas there," he jerked out with an offort.

I began to suspect that . 'The girl 1 left behind me" was troubling him and he wanted to talk about it and did not know how to begin. So I rather banterngly said: "Tell me about her."

Ho looked at me with a look of com-ical dismay and said: "Why, how did you know?" and then said, "I might as well tell some one, though there ain't much to tell. I used to live down in Cairo and was a roustabout on a Miss ssippi steamor. There was another fellow always worked on the same gang with me and we were thicker than moasses in winter. He was as vain as a waeoek and thought he was some when e got on his Sunday togs and he was purty sizable sort of a feller Well, there was a girl who lived down the river a few miles, whose dad run a ruck farm and sent garden sass to St. Louis, you know. Hank Simpson and me both met her to a dance one night. I got introduced first and danced twice with her before Simpson did and then she danced several times with him and when I come up once to ask her she said she couldn't, as she was going to dance with Mr. Simpson. That made me hot and I went and told Hank he was not doing the fair thing, not allowing her to dance with anyone but him. He aughed and said she didn't seem to think it any hardship. Well, we both got mad and I told him I would dance with her anyway, and I went back and said Hank couldn't keep his engagement. Well, she danced with me, but Hank and me were enemies and he did me every bad turn he could. Well, used to go down the river every Sunday to old man Lee's place and sometimes ound Hank Simpson there, and he went down sometimes in the week. I couldn't tell which of us Elsie liked the best or whether she was fooling both of us. She was pretty enough for better than

Here a tender note crept into his voice.

"I had to go down on the boat to Vicksburg, which would take about two the work may be a valuable adjunct to weeks, as we would have to wait for a It was a regular purgate argo me all the time I was gone, for I was afraid Hank would get the best of me and I made up my mind to have it out The next Sunday I when I got back wentdown. I had bought a ring Vicksburg, with two clasped hands holding a little garnet, to give her and thought maybe that would help me I found her in a little out. arbor in a corner of the garden. She seemed glad to see me but she acted the same to Hank, so I couldn't tell anything from that. She asked me about the trip, and wanted to know if] had lost my heart to any pretty girl in Vicksburg. I thought it was now or never, so I said, how could I when I left it at home? 'Who took care of it while you were gone?' she asked. 'I'd like to think you did,' I said. 'I' wish, Elsie, you could like me a little better than Hank Simpson. You know how much . care for you. "She looked down and dug her shoe into the dirt and said, 'How should I?' You never told me.' 'Welt, I tell you now, and I can't bear to think of Hank coming here to see you when I want you to marry me.

could have his arm out of its sling, but oven the fact of his injuries healing so rapidly had no effect on his spirits In the morning he said to me, "If I wer only in Cairo today! Elste will think I

am dead? A couple of days before Christmas two of the men had announced their intention of trying to get to meeker. Mr. Benfrow warned them to be careful, and above all things not to get caught in a slide. the afternoon I was sitting reading to Bob, who was lying with his face to the wall and apparently not paying much attention. Suddenly he turned over. 'Have I been asleep?'' he asked.

"No, why?" I asked. "I've been dreaming awake then? thought I heard Elsie's voice.

Then sitting straight up in bed without any regard for broken legs, he ejacalated with the greatest asionishment and joy, "Elsie?" I turned to the door, and there was

the living embodiment of the pretty girl whose picture Bob kept under his But only an instant she stood pillow. there, and then had her arms around Bob, crying and laughing by turns. It seems she had arrived at Meeker a

week before, but could get no one to venture with her through the snow to the Tin Cup mine until the fortunate arrival of the two miners. The only thing that prevented a wedding Christmas was that there was no ministor nearer than Grand Junction. As the warm weather continued took advantage of it to get to Meeker,

leaving a much more acceptable nurse in my place.

BURLINGTON, In., April 4, 1831. Dr. J. B. Moore-Dear Sir: Have be troubled with cataern in my head and face for three years --at times was unable to near, had a constant ringing in my cars and for two years was almost deaf. Have tried sev eral so-called remedies and been treated by regular physicians and noted specialists, but failed to get any relief. I tried one bottle of Moore's Tree of Life Catarrh Cure. It gave immediate relief and effected a permanent cure. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of this disease and will cheerfully give any further information on being addressed at my home, No. 223 Sweeney ave., Burlingon, Ia. For sale by all druggists.

Respectfullly, R. L. Raib.

Chicago and the World's Fair. World's Fair Souvenir, illustrated, being a omplete and concise history of the principa world's fairs from the Urystal Palace, London 1851, to the World's Columbian Exposition in Unleago, 1863. With explanatory tables and maps. Published by The Anabogue Publishing company, Chicago, bound neatly in cloth It carely falls to the lot of the reviewer to notice so exhaustive a work as the "World's Fair Souvenir," which has been compiled with so much care by a former resident of Omaha, John D. Jones. For purposes of reference, of comparison and for general information the work is a magnificent reflex of the push and energy of a city that is the won-

der of the world. In its compliation expense has not been thought of, and the richness of its illustrations of the World's fair buildings, cuts of the men and women who are directing to a successful issue what bids fair to be the greatest exposition of ancient or modern times, pictures of the colossal pusiness blocks that stand as monuments to the enterprise of their owners and builders, is typical of the "Chicago gait," as the rush and bustle of the great city by the inland sea has been described.

The book has been arranged upon a most comprehensive plan, the object of the publisher being to give a complex

resume of what may be seen in Chicago in 1893, and at the same time give the information in a compact form, so that the library and reading room. Its use-

THE WHALEMAN'S TERROR.

Copyright it is by Charles B. Lewis. Between the years 1840 and 1850 the

whating vessels of such nations as pursued the leviation of the deep for his commercial value, encountered no less than live whales who became famous as terrors of the sea. , "They were "Mocha Dick," "Spotted Tom," "Shy Jack,' "Ugly Jim" and "Fighting Joe. These names wore, of course, given them by the sailers, but they came to be known by whalers of all nations. You may think it curious that one whale could be identified from another of the same size and species, but it was no more difficult than to identify a particular horse in a drove of several hundred. In other words, each leviathan has some peculiar mark or characteristic of his own, and if sighted two or three times can be identified forever afterward.

"Mocha Dick" headed the list of torrors from the start and kept his place for nineteen long years. No whale was so flercely hunted, and none ever created so much damage among the hunters. What I am going to tell you is partly a matter of public record in England, Scotland and America, and was partly gleaned from Nantucket and New Bedford whaters who battled with the cachelot time after time, to suffer defeat on each occasion.

On the 5th day of July, 1840, the English whaling brig Desmond, being 215 miles due west of the port of Valparaiso, Chili, sighted a lone whale which breached his full length above the surface about two miles away. The boats were lowered, but before they were within half a mile of the whale he slewed around head on to them and advanced to meet them. He struck one boat with his head and drove her under stern first and then chowed her up He then sounded and was lost to sight for tifteen minutes. When he came up it was to lift the other boat thirty feet high on his head, and of course she was completely shattered. Oars and planks were ground fine by his teeth as he wallowed about, and two men were drowned before the whale went slowly off to the north. This was "Mocha Dick's" introduction to the blubber hunters. He was the largest whale any one aboard the brig had ever seen, and across his head was a scar about eight feet long, which showed almost white on the gray-black background. It was by this scar he was ever afterward identified.

The next craft to encounter "Mocha Dick" was the Russian back Sarepta. This was on the 30th of August, almost two months later, and she was fully 500 miles to the south of the spot where he was first seen. She lowered two boats for a lone whale and killed him. The bark was three miles away, and beating down to the whole under a light breeze when "Mocha Dick" suddenly shot out of the water between the vessel and the boats. Such was his impetus that nearly his full length could be traced before he fell with a crash which could have been heard for miles around. As soon as he had righted himself he made straight for the boats. One of them passed around the dead whale before he got up, but the other was caught by the sweep of his jaw as he came on and knocked to pieces. He then took up his position beside the dead whale and mained quiet for half an hour, during which interval the other boat pulled off to the bark. Three men had been lost and a fourth

had both arms broken, while the sailors had been given such a fright that they could not be induced to attack. The vessel hung about the spot for three hours, hoping the fierce leviathan would take himself off, but finally had to sail way and leave him in possession. The dead whale was taken possession of two days later by the whaling ship, John Bruce of Nantucket, but it was no longer guarded. The next authentic record of "Mocha Dick" was furnished by the Bristol whaler John Day, in May of the year following. She was then to the east of the Fatkland islands, and was trying out blubber as she drifted with a light breeze. A 2 o'clock in the afternoon a gigantic whale breached within 300 feet of her, shooting his full length out of water, and raising such a sea by his fall that the ship rolled as if us a gale. The whale then swam slowly about, and as soon as the men caught sight of his head they identified him as "Mocha Dick." His actions were menacing, but the captain at once decided to attack him. Three boats were lowered, and as the whale made off to windward the first mate put a harpoon into him. This was the first iron "Mocha Dick had ever felt. He sounded at once and ran for three miles, and when he came up it was to slue around and head for the boat. His action was so unexpected and his speed so great, that he caught the boat unprepared and ran right over As it went under he stopped short and turned as on a pivot, beating the water all the time with flukes which measured twenty-four fect across. Nothing was left of the boat but splinters, and two of her crew were killed or drowned. The other two boats advanced to the attack, but before they were near enough to dart, the whale settled away like a lump of lead. One of the boats got hold of the floating line, but had scarcely secured it when the tricky fighter came up under the other and seat it skyward with the bottom knocked out. He then pivoted and thrashed the surface as before, and another man was lost and two others severely injured.

yot put off on their raft, when three whaling vessels appeared in sight all at These proved to be the Glasgow meet whaler Crieff, the New Bedford whaler Yankee and the English whaler Dud-

All bad heard of "Mocha Dick," but all thought him dead. By So'clock the three whalers were up and had heard the story, but "Mocha Dick" had disappeared an hour before. It was agreed to separate and search for him, and that f he were found all three ships should take part in the attack and share in the credit of ridding the deep of such a ter-They did not have to hunt for the nor. fellow, however. While the enplains were planning he suddenly showed up about a mile to windward. After his usual fashion he came to the surface under such headway that he seemed to stand upright on the tip of his flukes befo e he fell over on his side with a crash like the fall of a great building. He wallowed about for a time, and then slued around head to the whalers and remained perfectly quiet. He seemen to be asking what they were going to do about it, and the query was answered by the fall of a boat from each vessel.

These had only pulled away when three more were lowered to support them. Lots had been cast as to which boat should have the first show, and the nonor had fallen to the Yankee. He boat took a circuit to approach the whale from behind, while the other two lay on their oars to wait. The whale seemed for a time to be asleep, but all of a sudden sottled away so quick that every one was dumbfounded. He was about to try his old dodge of coming up under a boat, and each one of them was pulled away from the spot and a sharp watch kept for signs of his

It was twenty minutes before "Mocha Dick" showed up again. He had hoped to catch a boat, but all were too lively for him, and while he lay wallowing in the seas his fall had created the mate of the Yankee put a harpoon into him The old fighter humped up as the iron went in, and for five minutes seemed to have been struck dead. Then he made a rush for the Scotchman's boat, ran right over it, and slued about for the Englishman. It was pulling away from bim when he rushed again, caught it with a swing of his long under jaw and the onloookers beheld a spectacle one of them ever forget. whale lifted his great head clear out of water with the boat in his mouth, and at one bite made matchwood of it and puly of two of the crew who had been unabl to tumble out. The crews of the two boats were now floating on the cars, and the whale pivoted and lashed the ser with his flukes to destroy them. In this manner he killed two men, but one of the reserve boats came up in gallant style and rescued the others.

The Yankee's boat was the only one fast to the whale, and after vainly trying to seize or smash it, "Mocha Dick" sud denly started for the wreck of the conster, which was floating two miles away. He made a straight course, and the three captains were agreed that his speed, when fairly under way, was not less than thirty miles an hour. As he struck the wreck he bore it down, and it rose behind him bottom side up. To prevent a collision the boat had to cut her line, and the whale soon sounded and was lost to sight. The boat started back, but had not yet reached the ships, when the fighting leviathan breached under the bows of the Scotchman and carried away jibboom and bowsprit with smash He had planned to come up under she ship, but had missed it. As he fell upon his side and rolled over on an even keel. so to speak, he made a rush for the Yan kee's boat. He was so close on that all the crew went overboard, and he picked the light craft up and chewed it as a horse does his oats.

Had it been calm "Mocha Dick" might have sunk the fleet. Luckily the breeze kept growing stronger, and as soon as the mon from the Yankee's boat



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doctor, and advised to go and see him in the hope of getting relief at least, if not a permanent cure for my trouble. I was ow in making up my mind to make such a radical change in my treatment, as I knew a trial with the Chinese doc tor would bring me, but I finally con cluded to give him a trial, so I called at his office with that intention. 1 round the doctor a clever, entertaining gentleman, thoroughly posted on my condition, and it took only a very short time to convince me that he was the party I was so long in search of. He told me my case was curable, and that he could cure me, and prepared me a special treatment to suit my condition, and in two weeks I was so much better that I had the fullest confidence in the doctor's ability and committed my case to his treatment. I continued to grow batter rapidly and am now entirely well, 1 owe my cure to Dr. C. Gee Wo, and am

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 18, 1892

of the

constant sufferer for many years with catarrh, asthma and bronchial affec-

tions of the throat, and tried all the

patent medicines and remedies I ever

heard of, but with no success. I treated

country, but none of them could do me

any good further than giving me shor

temporary relief. I suffered night an day, and continued to grow worse not

withstanding all the medicine I had taken. I had almost given up my case

as hopeless when t was informed by a friend of Dr. C. Gee Wo, the Chinese

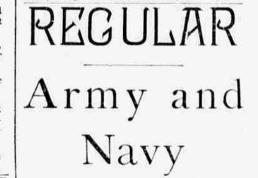
with doctors in various parts

not ashamed to admit it. I advise all who want relief from their troubles to call on Dr. C. Gee Wo, and they will be cured. For all particulars apply or write to MARTIN L. ANDERSON.

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their apparent diffidence in addressing a woman, and began after true American style to want to know all about my an tecedents, and above all my reason for taking such an unusual journey. When I told them I expected to visit Mrs. Renfrow at the Tin Cup mine one whistled expressively and said, "You'll be likely to stay for all winter.

Why?" I asked.

"Because if signs go for anything there is going to be an everlasting snowfall before long."

I glanced at the sky, and to my un practiced eye there was nothing unus ual. It was clear save for a soft Indian summer haze which hung over all the face of nature. So I laughed and said I wasn't afraid of a little snow.

It was late at night when our six panting mules drove up before what passed for a hotel at Meeker. How good was the sight of a lady's face as the landlady came to meet me and conducted me to a little unplastered halfstory room under the sloping roof But I cared for no aesthetic surroundings as 1 did for the familiar looking and billowy featherbed covered with a "China Rose" patchwork quilt. Every bone was aching from the rolling and lurching of the stage over a muddy mountain road.

Sleep came to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care" and 1 only woke when the landlady called me to say that the burro train of provisions I was to accompany was nearly ready. It was with dismay I thought of an additional ride of twenty miles on horseback after my experience of the previous day. I wondered peevishly why my friends could not live in civilization or else not expect me to visit them. As I came down stairs 1 met my friend of the day before and he said: "Well, goodbye. I'll bet a quarter you don't see Meeker in four months

The ride was the personification of monotony. The trail lay along the bot-tom of a narrow canon and only now and then could a glimpse be caught of some prominent peak above the ragged side walls.

At noon a little incident occurred to vary the monotony. One of the men, stooping to straighten the pack on a burro, was kicked off a little shelf only four feet down, but his face, after I had done it up in court plaster, was a good plan of the battle of Waterloc, the patenes being in the form of a great A, with the sunken road of Ohain across the bridge of his nose.

All the discomfort of my journey was forgotten in the overflowing enthusiasm of my welcome. Over and over again did "My Margaret," as I had called her in oldtime school days rush in from her little log kitchen to ask me if there was naything she could do to ease my aching bones. As I looked around the little rooms, unplastered save with grout dug from neighboring hills, 1 began to appreciate the decorative possibilities of dotted swiss and red ribbons, but then Margaret could find beauty to utilize on the bleakest of desert isles. From my seat by the same window I could see the log mine buildings on the opposite slope of the gulch and the day shift coming out li'ce bees from a hive and scattering to tue various little shanties dotted along the side of the stream. As I looked Margaret came and looked over my shoulder and exclaimed: "There's and then, "why, what can be John. the matter," for just behind him, on an imp: ovised stretcher of pine boughs, four men were carrying another, so stiff and still it did not seem as if he could be

Margaret said: "Help me get a bed

"Elsie looked at me a minute as if had scared her, and then said: 'Why. Bob, I didn't know you meant anything

"Well, Miss Majors, she didn't make much fuss when I put my arm around her and kissed her. I felt as if I was in heaven, and even felt sorry for Hank Simpson. 1 wanted to do something great that would make me worthy to have Elsie for my wife. After she had given me her promise I didn't care for Hank Simpson and wasn't a bit jealous of him. She told me that she had began Hank Simpson and wasn't a bit to care for me at the dance, but had been afraid to cross Hank, as he had

such a temper. "Maybe you want to know why I am way out here. Well. Elsie and me agreed that it was no use trying to make any money to buy a home working for day's wages on the river. I heard that good men in the mines in the mountains got big wages, and so I thought I would I went to see Elsie the night be came away, and she cried hung to me till I almost lost my courage to go, but I did. I have been here a year now and saved a good deal. I have written to Elsie every time any one went to Meeker and had letters pretty We were to have been marrie at Christmas and now it is only a month away, and here I am laid up for the winter and snowed in, too! What will

Elsie think when she don't hear from me?" The poor fellow turned his head away with tears in his eyes By way of con-solation I said, "You may be able to send

try. 1 fore 1

often.

and

letter soon. "No, he said, "there's ten feet of snow

n White canon. He seemed in the depths of misery and left him.

The weeks slipped away and the weather was steadily cold, with occas-ional light fails of snow, and as Bob Traversley looked out of his little window at the rounded outlines of the peaks I could see that his heart was far away with the girl he loved, perhaps thinking that his rival was taking advantage of his silence to catch a heart on the rebound. A week before Christmas the weather suddenly moderated and the air felt as balmy as spring. The snow melted rapidly and began to disappear in our little valley and on the lower slopes of the mountain. Every now and then on some d stant peak we

could see a s'ide come down, leaving a black trail behind. Christmas day Bob

ulness will not end with the close of the exposition, but on the contrary will grow in value with years, for it is the most perfect compendium yet issued of an event which cannot fail to have an influence for many decades to come upon all lines of art, literature and commerce. As Mr. Jones says in the introduction to the work: "As an educator this event will leave its impress upon succeeding generations and bear fruit in all realms of human thought, ingenuity

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bian Exposition, together with portraits and biographical sketches of its officers and chiefs of departments, but it tells "How to Reach the Fair," gives descriptions of Chicago's parks and boulevards, its places o amusement, the wholesale and jobbing interests, its railroad facilities, and in general is the most complete guide book to the city that stands at the edge of Lake Michigan. Do you want one of these books? A

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Ask him ten times a day why he has not published your sketch. Yours is the only sketch he has received in six months, and it should have appeared ong ago.

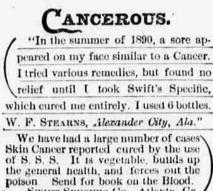
In short, walk right in and take charge of things. You are a natural born editor. and should never have spent your life in loafing around. Get in the editorial chair. kick the editor out and show the people how to run a newspaper.

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The crew had had enough of "Mocha Dick," and while he hauled off and lay waiting for another attack the remaining boat was hauled up and the ship sneaked away. The English captain had vowed that if he ever encountered that whate he would kill him or lose his whole outfit of men aud boats, but an hour's fighting satisfied him that he had undertaken too big a job.

The particulars of the several encounters recorded above were soon known to all whalers. Some captains decided to let "Mocha Dick" severely alone, while others were ambitious to secure the credit of killing him. However, he disappeared after the fight with the John Day and was not seen again for seventeen months. It had come to be generally believed that he had died of old age or killed in a fight with another whale, when he suddenly turned up in the Pacific ocean off the east coast of Japan. Hore occurred the battle of his life. A coasting craft had been blown off the coast by a heavy gale and was making her way back. It was about an hour after daylight when a big whale was seen to breach about two miles away. It was passed over as a trifling incident. but ten or fifteen minutes later the leviathian was discovered rushing down in the wake of the craft with all the steam he could put on. He was so close aboard and the sight of him threw the natives into such a terror that no effort was made to escape him. He struck the craft on her stern and wrecked her in an instant, and pieces of the wreckage were carried away in his jaws as he swerved to port and swam slowly away. As the cargo of the coaster was of lumber, the men soon knocked together a raft. The

could be picked up the three crafts se sail and beat an inglorious retreat, leav-ing the whale hunting about for more From first to last "Mocha victims. Dick" had nineteen harpoons put into him. He stove fourteen boats and caused the death of over thirty men. He stove three whaling vessels so badly that they were nearly lost, and he attacked and sunk a French merchantman and an Australian trader. He was encountered in every ocean and on every known feeding ground. He was killed off the Brazilian banks in August, 1859, by a Swedish whaler, which gathered him in with scarcely any trouble, but it has always been believed that poor old "Mocha was dying of old age. He meas-Dick" ured 110 feet long; his girth was 57 feet. his jaw was 25 feet 6 inches long. Eigh of his teeth were broken off and all the others badly worn down. His big head was a mass of scars, and he had appar-ently lost the sight of his right eye.



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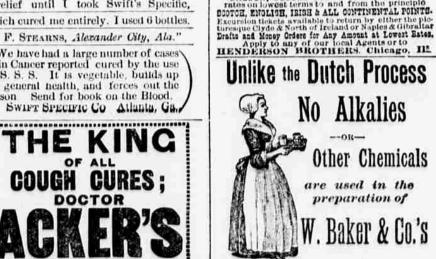
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at the same rates and under the same conditions as persons rendering the same service during the War of the Rebellion, except that they are not entitled

under the new law or act of June 27, 1890. Such persons are also entitled

to pension whether discharged from the service on account of disability or by reason of expiration of term of service, if, while in the service and line of duty, they incurred any wound injury or disease which still disables them for manual labor.

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of the death of the soldier was due to his service, or occurred while he was in the service.

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craft did not go down, but sank until her decks were awash, and the men had not

