TRAVELERS' TOPICAL TALK

Colonel Moss Says that Joaquin Miller's Poetry is Not Original.

SIMPSON SAID TO BE THE SUBSTITUTE

Political Ingratitude in Kansas—Why Mr. Jacks Shaves Himself—Victims of Asphyxiation—General Gossip Around the Hotels.

Colonel W. H. Moss, the press agent for the Calhoun Opera company which was in Omaha recently, is very much of an iconoclast. He will, if afforded half a chance, not only shatter every idol or ideal one may cherish, but will also nearly convince his listeners that the world "do not move."

Ever since we were boys, we have deluded ourselves with the idea that Joaquin Miller, the picturesque poet of the Sierras, was in the habit of writing his own poetry, not to mention the various unique prose effusions, with which he has gladdened the silly world. But now, alas! Colonel Moss would have us brand the sweet singer of the coast range as a rank imposter, who does not know a jingle from a jimpson-weed, and wot's less of iambics and hexameters. Colonel Moss says:

"Why, my dear boy, any one who ever saw Miller knows he can't even sign his name intelligently. He—"

The gleaner of fact and fiction informed him that he knew Joaquin's signature to be so bad that the magazines didn't know where to send his checks.

"No, but I'm giving it to you straight," replied the colonel, who went to the coast in his tender youth and was prevented from being a "49-er" merely by the simple fact that he wasn't old enough just then.

"I knew the Miller family when they lived in Eugene, Ore. Mrs. Miller, Joaquin's mother, was a very eccentric old lady, and married when over 70 years of age a young man of 25. This, I believe, was what caused Joaquin—by the way, his name was Cincinnatus H. Miller, and he afterwards changed the first part of it for the Spanish cognomen—to leave home.

"Well, he became the protege of an old French physician at Corvallis, whose name I forget, and the old gentleman gave him about all the education he ever got, which wasn't much. It was while he worked for the old doctor that Miller first took to poetry. In an early collection of his efforts appears the following:

"'The sun sat down on an old pine stump and watched the boys do the hop and jump.'

"Now, there's a bid for immortality and a laurel wreath, isn't it?

"Now let me tell you. One of the first things that drove poor Miller to committing poetry was the fact that his wife, Minnie Myrtle Miller, was something of a versifier, and Miller became impressed with the notion that her possession of the divine inflatus imbued the whole family with it, so he took to grinding out sonnets and things on his own hook, trying the while to convince his brainy spouse that he was a new Shakespeare. It was on this rock that the Millers split. Two poets in the same family were too many and they parted.

"Joaquin never made any sensation until he went to England, where he stayed from 1868 to 1872. Then he came into prominence and has held his own ever since. When I say his own, I mean his own counsel. Joaquin is just bright enough to know what a close mouth a wise head keeps, and he doesn't tell anybody the part of the story that I am going to give you.

"After Joaquin Miller, having made more or less of a success at signing poetry, which I think seriously was written by some one else, he fell into a large piece of luck. In Corvallis was a young attorney named Sam L. Simpson, a graduate of Willamette university. Simpson was a remarkably bright young fellow, much like Edgar Allen Poe physically and as regards mentality. He had Poe's great failing, largely developed, and that was what ruined him, as it did the author of 'The Raven,' who never was anybody until he became an angel.

"Simpson could write poetry, drunk or sober, the only trouble being that he wasn't picturesque enough to sell it. Miller, who knows a good thing when he sees it, got hold of young Simpson and—well, you know the rest. A delighted reading public has ever since enjoyed the poetry and other things signed by Joaquin Miller, most of which was written by a disciple of Bacchus and rejoicing in the plebeian and unromantic name of 'Sam L. Simpson.'"

This is tough on the hairy and unkempt Joaquin, but it is just as Colonel Moss told it to a BEE reporter. The colonel reiterates that every word of it is not exaggerated in the least.

Political Ingratitude.

A. B. Davenport, the well known hotel man, who was in Omaha recently on business connected with the change of affairs at the Murray, related a tale about a case of misplaced confidence that was harrowing in the extreme. It was in reference to the prohibition question in Kansas. That question, in the Sunflower state, is always a serious one, because prohibition prohibits more in Kansas, in some places, than it does in any other prohibition state in the union.

"Do we go dry in Abilene?" asked Mr. Davenport. "Well, I don't think so. Not to any serious extent, anyway. We have clubs in Abilene. We may sell butter and eggs and all that but we do put on a few frills just the same in the way of clubs and that sort of thing. And if a man belongs to a club he doesn't have to get real thirsty, you understand.

"But say, talking about sad cases I can tell you the worst you ever heard. A man named Nisley belonged to our club and he had political aspirations.

"He wanted to be mayor of Abilene first and I suppose would also have liked to been governor, senator and president, and several other things.

"Well, he's a rattling good fellow, so we went to work and elected him mayor, thinking how nice it was that we could have one of our own kind of people in authority. And what do you suppose he did?"

"Give it up."

"He didn't do a thing but get in with the radical prohibition gang and close up every club in town, not even giving his own club two minutes grace. Umph!"

And Mr. Davenport fell into a fit of brown studies, out of which not even the scintillating wit of the newspaper man could bring him.

Called Down by a Piano Mover.

An Omaha man just returned from the World's fair, tells a little story about his visit to an Arabian sideshow in Midway plaisance, that is "worth the price of admission."

"I drifted down there in the wake of quite a crowd which was gathering at the call of a noisy person who was announcing the fact that he was speaking for the most bloodthirsty man on earth. The gentleman represented was a big, husky Arab, who would stand about six feet in his shirt sleeves and without socks. He was built accordingly."

"Walk up ladies and gentlemen, and see Mustaph Ben Lodid, the human hyena, the lapper of blood, the terror of the Saharas and heavyweight defender of the faith," vociferated the loud voiced man. "Line up, my friends, and see Mustaph Ben Lodid, who has never been defeated by mortal man, and who bathes in human gore."

"All this time Mustaph Ben Lodid was walking back and forth on a parapet back of the 'capper' off, carrying himself with a swing of the shoulders that would have been the center of admiration in the Bowery, and peeling his teeth in the manner used by a coyote when he can't get into the chicken house. He looked as large as a restaurant check at the World's fair.

"The more timid ones in the crowd held their breath with both hands at the mere sight of him."

"Would some gentleman in the crowd like to try conclusions with Mustaph?" asked the vociferator. "If so, let him stand forth. I will guarantee that in less than four rounds Mustaph will not only knock out his opponent, but will mop the parapet with his prostrate form, lick up the blood of his enemy and drop the defeated man's mangled form into the through of water which, you observe, lies near the parapet."

"Here was a large bluff, and I did'nt think any one would go against it," said the Omaha man, "but one man did. He was a small, but muscular German, quite close to the ground, but built on a liberal plan so far as he went. He slowly skinned off his coat, ignoring Mustaph's withering glances, and went up the steps to punish the haughty Oriental and meet his large bluff.

"They squared off, and then something happened very suddenly. The quiet but plucky German reached once, caught Mustaph by the slack of his Oriental pants; spilled him off his feet; jolted his prostrate form heavily against the parapet several times; then lifted him up and dropped him into the trough of water afore mentioned. Of course a big howl went up, and everybody wanted to get a closer look at the little German.

"The new hero was modest. He quietly came down the steps and picked up his coat as if nothing had happened. Then, as he was about to put himself inside the garment, he remarked, in the most nonchalant matter-of-fact manner imaginable that clearly indicated the pride of his profession: 'I haf been a piano mofer already yet.'

"His ability in his profession was unquestioned by the delighted crowd after it saw the ease with which he played mumble peg with the Arabian champion. The red skinned product of the Orient slowly arose from the trough and sneaked into the sideshow with his laurels trailing in the dust."

Victims of Asphyxiation.

"One sees a whole lot of jokes about ruralists blowing out the gas," said Councilman Sol Prince yesterday, "but do you know it's nearly always those who ought to know better who get asphyxiated? It is usually the result of carelessness or drunkeness, and, by the way, a drunken man who has inhaled gas is far harder to resuscitate than a sober man.

"How do I go to work to bring an asphyxiated person back to the world? Now, there's something very few people understand, but which every hotel man ought to know. I have a method which I have tried in five or six cases, and it has never failed but once, and that was when the patient was too far gone for any earthly power to save him.

"In the first place, send for a doctor. Then, while waiting for his arrival, open the patient's shirt, take off his shoes and stockings and beat his neck and chest and the soles of his feet vigorously with a wet towel, sending meanwhile for two pitchers of water, one ice cold and the other boiling hot. Dip the towel in the hot water and apply it to the chest and neck, alternating this treatment with an application of the cold water. Then hold a sponge saturated with ammonia to the nostrils. If there is a spark of life left the patient will now begin to show it. The next thing to do is to force a few teaspoonfuls of brandy down the patient's throat and let the doctor do the rest; if he isn't on hand by this time he ought to be.

"The first thing to do, I should have stated, is to get the patient into the open air, and give him plenty of fresh ozone; this is the first and principal consideration.

"Very few persons asphyxiated by gas are so far gone that they cannot be resuscitated by this method, which is something everybody ought to know.

"It is a fact that every partly-asphyxiated person I have ever brought back to life has asked, 'What did you do it for?' and goes on to add that asphyxiation is pleasant, but resuscitation is horrible, or words to that effect. The sensations are much the same, I fancy, as those experienced by a drowning person."

Remedy Worse than the Cause.

"I am shaving myself now, if any one should ask you," said Mr. B. L. Jacks of Muscotah yesterday. "Why? I'll tell you. I patronized one barber shop for years and always got good service and all that, but I had a standing kick coming; the barbers would talk, you know. You've seen that kind, I suppose.

"Well, I used to go and complain to the boss barber and ask for surcease, but narry a surcease did I get. I tried all the new men as fast as they came in, and all that, but it didn't do any good. Finally I told the proprietor I was going to quit him.

"I have been afraid of this Mr. Jacks," he said, "and have tried to avoid it. I don't want to lose such a good customer as yourself. Now, if you will give us one more trial, Mr. Jacks, I think we can make it more agreeable for you. I have hired a deaf and dumb man who will go to work in the morning.

"That was satisfactory to you, I suppose," returned THE BEE man.

"Yes, oh, yes," replied Mr. Jacks, sarcastically. "Young man, do you see these scars? Well, that deaf and dumb barber tried to converse with his hands and shave me at one and the same time. That's all. Hereafter I shave myself and get the hired girl to cut my hair."

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

$400.00 lots $25.00 down; see page 7.

2 EXCURSIONS EAST

Via the Wabash Railroad.

No. 1. For the Epworth league convention at Cleveland, O., June 29 to July 2. The Wabash, in connection with the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation company, will make a rate of $10 for the round trip from Chicago.

No. 2. For the Y. P. S. C. E. convention at Montreal, July 5 to 9. Only $18 from Chicago via the Wabash. In addition to the regular sleeping cars elegant new tourist cars will be attached to this train at $1.50 per berth.

FOR TICKETS, sleeping berths or a tourist-folder, giving list of side trips, with cost of same, call at the Wabash offices, 201 Clark street and Dearborn station, Chicago; 1502 Farnam street, Omaha, or write G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Omaha, Neb

Samuel Burns inaugurates the semi-annual pitcher sale Monday morning.

50 decorated pitchers, 25c; formerly 50c.

50 decorated pitchers, 50c; formerly $1.00.

50 decorated pitchers, 75c; formerly $1.25.

Barn Burned.

The brick barn in the rear of 2220 Farnam street was damaged to the extent of about $200 by fire at noon yesterday. The building is owned by Chris Hartman and occupied by J. J. Johnson. The Johnson family is absent at Chicago, and the fire is supposed to have been the work of some children, who were playing about the building.

Busy people have no time, and sensible people have no inclination to use pills that make them sick a day for every dose they take. They have learned that the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers does not interfere with their health by causing nausea pain or griping. These little pills are perfect in action and results, regulating the stomach and bowels so that headaches, dizziness and lassitude are prevented. They cleanse the blood, clear the complexion and put one up the system. Lots of health in these little fellows.

Raymond & Co., gravel roofers, 1406 Farnam.

$400.00 lots $25.00 down; see page 7.

Sunday Recreation.

Many people went to Hanscom park as usual yesterday and enjoyed the shade and music. All the parks and pleasure resorts were well patronized and the lemonade venders were supremely happy.

Fatigue and exhaustion overcome by Bromo Seltzer. Contains no opiate.

"The Picnic of the Season."

The third annual picnic of David Gilbert council American Order Steam engineers at Fremont, Neb., Sunday, June 25th. Special train leaves Webster street depot 8:00 a. m., via Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, returning same evening. Dancing, music, games, amusements and refreshments. Tickets, $1.00.

Samuel Burns has reduced the stock of refrigerators to 15, which he wants to close out at 10 per cent from factory prices.

HEAVEN IS A HOME OF REST

Rev. Frank Crane Discusses Work and Play in Various Forms.

PIANISTS OFTEN WORK WHEN THEY PLAY

Life is a Variegated Experience with Most People—Annual Address that Filled the First Methodist Church Yesterday.

The annual address to the graduating class of the Omaha High school was delivered yesterday at the First Methodist church by Rev. Frank Crane. The spacious edifice was filled to the doors. Seats had been reserved for the members of the class and the teachers and professors of the school in the center of the church. A large number of them attended.

Rev. Crane selected as his subject, "Work and Play." The text he applied to the subject was found in Genesis, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread."

The speaker said, among other things, that life was a variegated experience with most people. It was a succession of joys and sorrows, vaulting ambitions and distressing disappointments. Each day of school was divided into seasons of work and recreation or play. Each year had its time of work and toil and its season of relaxation and rest.

It was a rule of life that all men should work and all ought to have a time for play. This was true of animal life below the human species as well. The birds and fishes had their times and places for sport and for work. The old beaver built the dam while the young beaver frolicked in the water. Some horses pulled heavy loads up the hill while others were kicking up their heels in green pastures.

Distinction Without Difference.

What was the real difference between work and play? There appeared to be but very little difference from an outward point of view. The young man who rode a bicycle was employing the same sets of muscles as the man who tramped on the tread mill in the prison yard, but one was work and the other was play. The laborer who pulled the heavy bucket of mud out of the well was using the same sets of muscles as the man who pulled the oars on a boat that glides over the water like a swan, but one was work and the other play. The boy playing chess was exercising his brain perhaps just as severely as the lad who bent over his Greek lesson, but one was work and the other play. Why was one pleasant and the other irksome? Because in what we call play the individual was led, while in work he was driven.

Play was its own reward and gratification, while work had some other end in view. Work was the stepping stone that led to the most enjoyable and wholesome kind of play. Nobody liked to work until they had so thoroughly mastered their particular task that it had become play. All play spends itself in the exertion, while to work there is an after consideration of the greatest importance.

No Work in Heaven.

The speaker held that there would be no work in heaven. Everything would be play there. The God of the universe had got through with work. He had so mastered the task of building this world that it was simply play to attend to it now. People speak of children spending their earliest years in play. As a matter of fact the first exertions of a child were in the nature of work. The little fellow just learning how to make his first stem was not playing, by a long deal, he was working. He kept on working until he got control of his limbs and then he began to play. The young lady who wished to become a skillful pianist had to work the instrument for mouths before she could play on it. Her "one—two—three—four" on the piano was not pleasant to herself or anybody else in the vicinity, but that sort of work was absolutely necessary if she ever expected to play. The same was true of the young man who attempted to ride a bicycle. He had to work with it a while and sweat and fume over the machine for a while before he could make play out of the management of it.

Mental and Moral Gambols.

This same rule held good in mental and moral exertions. Great thinkers were obliged to plod and plod for years before they discovered the hidden secrets of nature and art and reduced work to play.

Real poetry was produced by brains that had learned to play. Great orators were those who could play upon the feelings of the people, not those who had to work when they got up before the audience. It was always painful to see a speaker work his way through his discourse by the assistance of manuscript. Men of talent usually worked, men of genius played, but genius had to work before it reached that state where it could play. The sublime exultation of play could come only to those who had known what it was to work. When Webster stood up in the United States senate and made that wonderful reply to Haine he was playing, but his ability to play was only made possible by years and years of hard work. When asked how he happened to make so masterful a speech with no time in which to prepare it, he replied that he had been preparing for that speech all his life.

The speaker said in closing that the right kind of Christians were Christian because they did not want to be anything else. The difference between real religion and mere morality was that in the former the life was its own reward while in the latter there was an object to be attained. People were moral because they thought it paid to be so, but people were religious because they enjoyed that kind of a life. The man who was religious because he thought he ought to be, or was forced into it, was either a hypocrite or a fraud. True religion and the genuine spirit of benevolence never stopped to ask whether or not the name of the donor would be printed in the newspapers. Those who had passed the irksome work period in religious and moral matters were satisfied with the inherent reward attached to every act of generosity and kindness, and looked for no other acknowledgement than the approval of a pure and upright conscience.

The address was evidently very much enjoyed by the members of the class and by the large audience.

Waiting for the Commission.

Hon. James E. North, the newly appointed revenue collector, has been watched for in Omaha for several days. He is currently reported as having said, however, that until his commission reaches him he is neither going to say a word nor move a foot, but that when the looked-for document does arrive, he will consider himself public property and conduct himself accordingly.

CUSTER COUNTY'S CLAIMS.

One of the Promising Districts of South Dakota.

CUSTER CITY, S. D., June 16.—[Special Correspondence.]—Custer county in the southern Black Hills country, where in addition to large mining interests, the people are engaged in a small way in agricultural pursuits and stock raising, is twenty-five miles in width by seventy in length and contains about 6,000 people, most of whom are pioneers in some part of the Black Hills. The principal towns are Custer City, Buffalo Gap and Hermosa. Oats and wheat are the leading grain crops and a small quantity of hardy vegetables are grown in the foot hills.

The county is very rich in minerals, there being no less than thirty gold mines which have been developed with shafts and tunnels, while mica and tin mines are almost as plentiful as the rocks themselves. All the gold ore of this section is of the refractory kind and requires special treatment, and so far no process has been discovered by which all the gold can be saved, though the Keystone works, near Hill City, are getting out considerable bullion. Considerable placer mining is and has been done through here, many of the gulches yielding as high as $80,000 in dry diggings, so that all the placer mining through here now must be deeper, and in water or bed rock, which requires some machinery and heavy timbers in tunnel shifts. In this section are located the great tin mines; the Harvey Peak Mill and Mining company owns eleven hundred tin mines and claims. It has been producing a large amount of tin, employing about 1,200 men, but March 1, owing to some disagreement between the English and American stockholders the mill was shut down, and all is quiet in the Harney Peak tin district till the stockholders can agree. Several large mica mines are found through here, and recently a Minneapolis company has begun developing one. As the workmen sink the shaft, great books of mica crop out from the ledges. Already several thousand pounds of this queer formation have been taken out, and this kind of mining promises to be one of the great industries of this part of the Black Hills, as there are now twenty-nine mica mines partly developed.

The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley and the B. & M. roads run through the county, giving first-class railroad facilities for a new country. Lumber can be purchased everywhere through here for from $7 to $10 per 1,000 feet, and first-class building stone can be had by picking it up, so buildings need not be expensive. About six miles from Custer City is one of the prettiest spots as made by dame nature, picturesque, majestic, gigantic and beautiful, Sylvan lake. This was formerly Custer lake. Down in a valley, yet at an altitude of 6,000 feet, rests this beautiful little body of water, covering about 100 acres of ground or rocks. Being of very soft spring water it is remarkably clear and bright, while all around it tower great rocks hundreds of feet high, casting their shadows into the crystal waters. A short distance from here is the famous Harney peak, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea and upon another side the mountain known as the Medles, famous in the history of the hills and grand to behold. Here, too, is the government mound number eighty-two from which the mineral surveys of the hills country begin.

A number of springs surround this wonderful and beautiful natural resort and the parties owning it are making some improvements preparatory to opening it up as an attractive summer resort for tourists and invalids.

Custer City, the largest and oldest town in the southern hills, contains about 1,000 people and is the county seat of Custer county. The people are proverbial for their courtesy and liberality, nearly all of them being in at the first of the opening of the Hills to the ambitious white men. The majority of them are experienced miners and have valuable claims of gold, tin or mica, a part of which they are ready to part with as soon as the mines of this part of the Hills begin to become desirable properties. One national and one state bank, two hotels, a good court house, three churches and a good school house, a good class of business men go to make up the wideawake little city of Custer.

The Custer Chronicle, a weekly republican paper, furnishes the news and is largely responsible for the good conduct of its citizens and a handsome republican majority in its county. Captain Williard, the sheriff and Judge Robbins are making special efforts to encourage capital and people to locate in their county and with some outside help they will soon double the population.

The plain truth is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla. No need of embelishment or sensationalism. Hood's cures.

$400.00 lots $25.00 down; see page 7.

East From Chicago via Pennsylvania Lines to Mountain and Ocean Resorts.

Advantages peculiar to the Pennsylvania lines make them the desirable thoroughfares from Chicago to Bedford Springs, Altoona, Ebensburg, or any of the delightful summer havens in the cool Allegheny mountains. By no other route can Cresson, the ideal retreat on the crest of that romantic mountain range, be reached, as the Pennsylvania is the only line direct to it, and the only one leading past the Pack Saddle and the Allegrippus, around the famous Horse Shoe curve and along the Blue Juniata, the richest of America's scenic gems. For reaching Atlantic City, Cape May, Asbury Park, Long Branch, Ocean Grove, Sea Girt, Elberon, Ocean Beach, Berkeley, Newport, Narragansett Pier, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, or any of the numerous watering places that dot the Atlantic seaboard, these lines are particularly desirable. For a trip to the Adirondacks, the Catskills and resorts in northeastern New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, exceptional facilities for a delightful journey are offered via this direct route, over which 6 fast through trains run daily to the east from Chicago, as follows: 9:45 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 3:15 p. m., 5 p. m. 7:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m. The service includes Pullman vestibule sleeping and dining cars. For details address Thos. H. Thorp, Traveling Passenger Agent, Davenport, Ia.

$400.00 lots $25.00 down; see page 7.

Baking Powders Before Congress.

The Pure Food bill before Congress would be a righteous measure for the people, and should become a law. The public want pure food, and in order to protect themselves must know what is adulterated. All adulterated preparations should be so branded, including Baking Powders containing Ammonia or Alum. Then if people want to dose themselves with "Absolutely Pure" Ammonia or Alum, they will do it knowingly. The public have been looking up the composition of Ammonia and Alum and they don't like the idea of eating either in their hot biscuit.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

is a Pure Cream of Tartar Powder; free from Ammonia, Alum, Lime or other adulteration. And every investigation, whether in the laboratory or kitchen, confirms and emphasizes its superiority in every way.

ARE YOU GOING AWAY?

Whether You Are or Not You Need to Know Just What to Do, Both at Home and While Away.

Nearly everybody is planning to do more or less travelling at this season. Many people who can afford it go to Europe and spend a great deal of time abroad. Today you meet a man in Boston, and next week you encounter him in San Francisco. Those who have not the time or means to take these extended trips go to some summer resort, or take a little trip occasionally. This is right and proper. We need change, but all this running about causes fresh risks to health and life, although the travelling may be taken for health and pleasure. Exposure, change of climate and habits, change of water and diet, loss of sleep, and all these things make people sick at every inconvenient times and in unexpected places. People under such circumstances are often seized with sickness where suitable medical help or remedies are not at hand. Old complaints are awakened which frequently take a fresh hold and often result in death. At such times illness may often be warded off by the prompt use of some good medicinal stimulant. There is no stimulant equal to pure whiskey, and the purest medicinal whiskey upon the market today is Duffy's Pure Malt. It has been before the public for years. It may be possible that some interested person may say that other whiskeys are just as good, but it should be borne in mind that other whiskeys do not accomplish what Duffy's Pure Malt has accomplished for the past twenty years. It has saved the lives of thousands, and its prompt use has prevented the dangers which changes of the season and incidents of travel always occasion.

DEPARTMENT OF POLICE, 27TH PRECINCT, CHICAGO, July 25, 1891.

I have suffered with rheumatism for years, have tried almost all remedies, but have found none to equal Ath-lo-pho-ros. I cheerfully recommend it.

WILLIAM K. STAHL, Sergeant of Police.

All druggists. $1 per bottle.

The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

LOST VITALITY and vigor quickly restored. Nervous Debility etc., surely cured by INDAPO, the great Hindoo Remedy. Sold with written guarantee of cure. Sample sent free. Address Oriental Medical Co., 59 Fifth Place, Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU A PREACHER?

Did you get up in your pulpit and tell the members of your congregation that "there's a land that is hotter than this?" Did some of the members look skeptical, and wear a "whew!—I-don't-believe-it-if-you-do-say-so" sort of a look when you told 'em?

ARE YOU A BANKER?

Did you tell your depositors that "a run on a bank" was apt to make a man hot, and the only thing to do was to keep cool, no matter what happened—it was more "interest"ing?

ARE YOU A COAL MAN?

Does it make you "warm under the collar" to see an ice wagon leaving great big chunks of frozen river at a man's house, when he hasn't paid you for the coal that kept him from freezing last winter?

ARE YOU A MAN?

Preacher, Banker, Coal man, Lawyer, Doctor, Traveling man, Laboring man, or any other man? Do you want to look well in warm weather? Did it ever strike you that the man that looked most comfortable looked best these days?

DID IT STRIKE YOU

That the man with a thin coat, russet shoes, negligee shirt, straw hat, and as few other things on as possible, looked much better than the "dressed up" fellow? Did it strike you that there's no place like ours to get these things at moderate prices?

DID IT STRIKE YOU

That our straw hats at a quarter are exactly the same sort of hats that our neighbors get fifty cents for? Did it strike you that the black alpaca coats that we sell for seventy-five cents are usually a dollar and a quarter?

DID IT STRIKE YOU

that we're opening thin coats, and coats and vests, this week, by the thousands? That we carry any and all kinds—alpacas—mohairs—serges—brilliantines—flannels—cords—drap d'etes—blacks and colors; regular—extra—and "long" sizes? That a dollar here is a dollar-n-a-haf anywhere else?

Nebraska Clothing Co
OMAHA

"ESPANO"

This wonderful preparation is Purely Vegetable: compounded from the prescription of the Official Physician to the Court of Spain. "Espano" recreates Mental and Nerve Power in **Man** and **Woman.**

An infallible remedy for **Nervous** and **General Debility, Nervous Prostration, Creeping Paralysis, Weakness caused by Debilitating Losses, Excesses or Over-Indulgences, Incipient Softening of the Brain or Paresis, Dizziness, Loss of Memory, Confused Thoughts and all Brain, Nerve or Sexual Weaknesses.** It has no equal in restoring the Stomach and Brain to its normal condition following the abuse of Alcoholic Beverages, or indulgence in the Opium, Morphine or Chloral habit.

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