KELLEY, STIGER & CO

Extraordinary Inducements to Reduce Stock —Lower Prices Than Ever

OFFERED FOR FIRST-CLASS MERCHANDISE

Tremendous Cut Prices in Every Department—Our Great Sacrifice Sale of Muslin Underwear Still Continues—Clearance Sale of Summer Fabrics.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN SILKS.
TO CLEAR THE LOT
AT
75c.

We offer all our choice printed India and China silks—this includes Cheney brothers celebrated handsome and reliable India silks. Our $1.00 $1.15 and $1.25 qualities all at 75c. Without reserve all of this seasons elegant designs and colorings regardless of cost

At 75c.

WASH SILKS AT 59c.

Our superior grade of genuine Habutai wash silks on sale Monday

AT 59c.

CLEARANCE SALE OF SUMMER FABRICS.

At 25c.

Kochelin Freres, best grade French satteens. All this season's pretty styles reduced from 35c and 40c to 25c.

At 25c.

French organdie mouselaine. A large variety of all the newest designs and colors, reduced from 35c and 40c to 25c.

At 25c.

French embroidered and figured mulls. All this season's fashionable, pretty figured and embroidered mulls reduced from 35c and 40c to 25c.

At 39c.

French mulls. The latest summer dress fabric, dotted and figured mulls, the most desirable summer dress fabric, reduced from 50c and 60c to 39c.

SWISS MUSLIN.

All our 36-inch Swiss figured muslin reduced from 20c to 12½c a yard, and are all fast colors.

PONGEE.

All light shades in "printed pongee" reduced to 15c.

BATISTES.

We have 75 pieces of batiste, pineapple tissue and French organdie that were sold at 30c, 35c and 40c, for Monday's sale at 18c a yard.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

(Ginghams at half price.)

125 pieces of fine dress ginghams in stripe, check and plaid at 6½c, formerly 10c and 12½c.

OUTING FLANNEL.

Our fine 30-inch French stripe tennis flannel at 10c a yard, worth 15c and 20c. Best 30-inch fleeced outing flannel at 12½c.

CHALLI.

We will close out the remaining 30 pieces of our fine half wool challi (20c grade) at 12½c a yard; 28-inch half wool challi (30c and 35c grades) at 25c.

REMNANTS AT HALF PRICE.

You can pick up remnants of every description from off our counter at Monday's sale for half price.

TOWELS.

200 dozen of fine fringed huck towels 23x43 for Monday's sale, 23c each or $2.75 a dozen, formerly 30c each.

CLEANING UP SALE OF LADIES HANDKERCHIEFS.

Prices cut regardless of cost.

100 dozen ladies' handkerchiefs, consisting of odd ends of about twenty different lots, in white, printed embroidered, scolloped and H. S. borders. Great variety of designs. Handkerchiefs that have sold at 15c, 20c, 25c and 30c each, all reduced to 10c each.

Ladies' hand embroidered initial H. S. unlaundered handkerchiefs

ONLY 5C EACH, worth 10c.

Ladies' fine embroidered scolloped Swiss and Irish handkerchiefs, latest designs,

At 25c.

Reduced from 25c and 35c.

$2.50 folding Japanese fans (new styles and colorings) that have been selling at 30c, 35c, 40c and 45c,

REDUCED TO 25C EACH.

Ladies' chatelaine bags at 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 up to $7.00 each.

Ladies' shopping bags at 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.75 each.

Ladies' grain leather traveling bags at $3.50, $4.50, $6.00 and $8.00 each.

Ladies' purses portmonies card cases and combination pocketbooks (latest styles) from 25c up to $5.50 each.

HOSIERY BARGAINS.

Fifty dozen ladies' fast black cotton hose, 35c quality for 25c.

Seventy-five dozen ladies' fine black and fancy striped cotton and lisle hose 50c, 60c and 75c qualities for 35c, or 3 for $1.00.

50 dozen ladies' fine lisle hose, fancy colored tops and black boots, value 60c, sale price 39c.

25 dozen ladies' fine silk plaited hose, in solid colors and boot patterns, regular price, 95c, sale price 50c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

100 dozen ladies' fine gauze vests, low neck and sleeveless, low neck and ribbed arm, high neck and ribbed arm, regular 35c and 50c qualities, all at 19c each.

Children's white ribbed vests, low neck and sleeveless, sizes 18 to 26, at 10c each, or 3 for 25c.

Special prices on parasols, carriage shades and umbrellas, with the finest assortment in the city to choose from.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.,
Cor. Farnam and 15th streets.

At Courtland Beach this afternoon, balloon ascension and parachute jump.

How's This?

New train to Lincoln leaves Omaha daily at 9:10 a. m. from union depot via C. R. I. & P. railway, arrives at Lincoln 10:40 a. m.

Restaurant Privileges.

Sealed proposals will be received until July 10th, at 5 o'clock p. m., for the leasing of the restaurant privileges for a term of years of the Commercial club of Omaha; said rooms for lease are located on the fifth floor of the Chamber of Commerce building, northeast corner 16th and Farnam streets.

Special inducements will be given to the right party. Inquire for further particulars at secretary's office, Commercial club, Chamber of Commerce building.

Frescoing and interior decorating designs and estimates furnished. Henry Lehmann, 1508 Douglas street.

Chas. Shiverick & Co., furniture and carpets, 1206-1208 Douglas street.

NOTE CHANGE OF TIME.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

Leave Omaha 4 p. m., arrive Chicago 8 a. m., leave Omaha 5 p. m., arrive Chicago 9 a. m. Returning, leave Chicago at 5 p. m. arriving in Omaha at 9 a. m. Vestibule limited trains and Rock Island dining cars. Passengers for the "fair" by taking this line can have baggage checked to Englewood and take electric line to main entrance, ten minutes ride from Englewood depot, thus saving time and the annoyance of transfer through the city. For time cards, rates, sleeping car reservations, call on or address,

CHAS. KENNEDY,
1602 Farnam St. G. N. W. P. A.

AT BOSTON STORE AGAIN

Hundreds of Immense Bargains in Desirable Dry Goods on Sale Tomorrow.

AT HALF THEIR FORMER SELLING PRICE

Tomorrow's Second Day of the Great Half Price Sale—Every Article Advertised Positively Sold at One Half the Former Selling Price.

40-INCH ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS, 12½C.

One hundred pieces all wool, 40-inch dress goods, worth 50c yd, like those we sold on our famous bargain counter last week at 25c, go tomorrow at 12½c yd.

200 pieces of imported all wool, $1.00 dress goods, go at 50c a yd.

SILKS AT HALF PRICE.

25c satin and surahs, 12½c yd.
50c black surahs, 25c yd.
75c Black China silk 37½c
$1.00 Printed China silk 50c.
$1.25 Black and Colored Shanghai silks 62½c.
Best 7c dress style calico 3½c.
Best 7½c indigo blue calico 3½c.
25c grade, 2 yards wide sheeting 12½c.
Best 5c lining cambric 2½c.
10c corded lawns 5c.
10c outing flannel, 5c.
10c fine chambrays, 5c.
17c white goods, 8½c.
20c table oil cloth, 10c.
25c all linen towels, 12½c.
25c Turkish towels, 12½c.
50c unbleached table damask, 25c.
75c hammocks, 37½c.
$2.00 gloria silk umbrellas, $1.00.
$3.00 silk serge umbrellas, $1.50.
$2.00 silk and satin parasols, $1.00.
$3.00 silk parasol, $1.50.

Continuing the greatest half price sale ever known.

ON OUR SECOND FLOOR.

Ladies' 50c percale waists, 25c.
Ladies' 75c sateen waists, 37½c.
Ladies' silk waists, half price.
Ladies' wash suits, half price.
Ladie's Eton suits, half price.
Ladies' wrappers, half price.
Ladies' muslin underwear, half price.

McCall's glove fitting patterns, half regular marked price; all latest Paris, London and Vienna styles in McCall's patterns received daily.

All the fine $1.25 table linen goes at 62½c a yard.

EXTRA SPECIAL—SHIRTS.

$2.00 shirts for 50c.

We have purchased from a great wholesale house their entire sample line of men's fine shirts, worth all the way from $15.00 to $30.00 a dozen. This lot contains about fifteen or sixteen hundred shirts, in all sizes, and comprising almost every style of summer, outing and negligee shirts. Take your choice of the entire lot tomorrow at 50c each.

BOSTON STORE,
N. W. Cor. 16th and Douglas.

O. K.—Bargains—O. K.

$40.00 china silk suit for $20.00.
$35.00 French challie suit for $17.50.
$20.00 finest gingham suit for $9.00.
$15.00 silk waist for $7.50.
$10.00 silk waist for $5.00.
$6.00 silk waist for $3.75.
Fine wash waist 90c and $1.25.
New Eton suits $10, $12, $13, $15.
World's fair mackintoshes, $4.00 up.

O. K. SCOFIELD'S CLOAK STORE,
Farnam St., Opp. N. Y. Life Bldg.

Old Friends Are Best.

Buffalo Express: I've longed for you today.

I've walked the streets and moaned in my anguish.

I've thought of you as I saw you last, standing by my bedside meek and worn and dejected.

Oh, the remorse that I have known! Little I thought when I left you and went away merry and happy with my bright new untried friends, that I should be longing and praying for the time to come when I could return to you for the peace and comfort that I lost when I so heartlessly cast you off.

I've mingled with the gay and happy.
I've been at the banquet and ball.
I've quafled the sparkling wine.
I've applauded sparkling wit.

I've fought to kill the torturing pain only to meet with defeat, and now I'm coming back to you, my faithful.

Easy old shoe.

How's This?

New train to Lincoln leaves Omaha daily at 9:10 a. m. from union depot via C. R. I. & P. railway, arrives at Lincoln 10:40 a. m.

Auction—Furniture—Auction

At Shiverick's every day at 10 and 1:30 p. m. R. Wells, auctioneer.

M. O. Daxon, bicycles, 120 N. 15th street, riding school in connection.

SPECIAL EXCURSION.

Southern Texas and Return.

July 15 the Texas Gulf Coast Land and Improvement company, 1324 Farnam street, office upstairs, will run a special excursion to southern Texas. For particulars apply as above.

Ames moved to 1617 Farnam.

New and rare drugs. Sherman & McConnell, Dodge street, west of P. O.

PUT CHICAGO IN YOUR POCKET.

You Can Do So by Purchasing a Copy of Moran's Dictionary of Chicago.

This valuable book has received the endorsement of the World's Columbian Exposition. It also contains a handsome map of Chicago and is the only recognized and standard Guide to the World's Fair City. For sale by George E. Moran, publisher, suite 213 Herald building, Chicago, Ill., and by all prominent news dealers. Price, 50c per copy. Silk cloth bound copies in gilt, postage paid, $1.00 each. Every person contemplating a visit to Chicago during the World's fair should avail himself of this opportunity to secure a copy.

How's This?

New train to Lincoln leaves Omaha daily at 9:10 a. m. from union depot via C. R. I. & P. railway, arrives at Lincoln 0:40 a. m.

Ames moved to 1617 Farnam.

Jewelry, Frenzer, opp. postoffice.

World's fair souvenir coins of 1893 for sale at First National bank.

Modern Methods

of car ventilation and car illumination are characteristic features of the Burlington route's tri-daily service between Omaha and Chicago.

Each and every car—dining, sleeping, chair and smoking—which forms a part of the equipment of its 11:45 a. m., 4:20 p. m. and 12:10 a. m. expresses is brilliantly lighted and splendidly ventilated.

The Burlington is the great free-from-dust route to Chicago.

Try it. One way rate, $9.25; round trip, $17.50.

Baggage checked direct from residence.

City ticket office, 1324 Farnam street.

MRS. J. BENSON.

Big Discount Sale for July.

10 TO 50 PER CENT

Reduction on EVERY ARTICLE in the store.

Our big cut in prices is selling a great many goods for us, but we have a big stock on hand.

Will continue to sell every article in the store at a cut price through July.

HOSIERY.

Our stock of hosiery is very large and the best that is manufactured. We are selling ladies' tan hose for 22c, 27c and 45c, worth nearly double the price.

An opera length black hose for 77c, worth $1.00.

An opera length drop stitch lisle for 90c, would be cheap at $1.25.

A spun silk hose for $1.75, worth $2.50.

WAISTS AND DRESSES.

Children's dresses for 2 and 3 years much below regular prices.

We have the largest and prettiest stock of white waists for ladies and children ever shown in Omaha.

Children's Lord Fontleroy waists from 87c up.

Ladies' white and colored waists, commencing as low as 25c for 60c quality.

Pongee silk waists for $2.75 that we have been selling for $5.00; others for $6.50 that we have been selling for $8.50.

See the new styles in tints and shapes in writing paper; 100 visiting cards, engraved with name, for $1.00, this week.

Brown's triple extract perfume, 22c an ounce, this week.

Remember, you cannot pay full price for anyting in the store.

MRS. J. BENSON,
Douglas, near 16th.

Six Weeks Summer School

Begins tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock at the Omaha Commercial college over Boston store, Douglas and Sixteenth. Now is the time to begin. Children over 8 years received. Prof. J. W. Lampman, the finest penman in the country, has arrived and will begin work at once.

How's This?

New train to Lincoln leaves Omaha daily at 9:10 a. m. from union dept via C. R. I. & P. railway, arrives at Lincoln 10:40 a. m.

Auction—Furniture—Auction

At Shiverick's every day at 10 and 1:30 p. m. R. Wells, auctioneer.

Ames moved to 1617 Farnam.

Samuel Burns is making special prices on hotel ware. Side dishes and bakers only 5c.

Masonic—Notice.

Special meeting of Nebraska Lodge No. 1 at Masonic hall Sunday July 9 at 1 p. m. to attend the funeral of late brother William P. Rouse. All master Masons invited.

E. R. DUFFIE, Master.

Cool and Beautiful

Is Hot Springs, S. D., best reached from Omaha by the Burlington route.

Through sleeper from Omaha to the Black Hills leaves at 10:15 a. m. daily.

City ticket office, 1324 Farnam street.

Discovered an Ice Mine.

In the north side of Stone mountain, six miles from the mouth of Stony creek, in Scott county, Virginia, has been discovered a natural ice house on a grand scale. One of the old settlers first discovered it about 1880, but owing to the fact that the land on which it is situated could not be bought, he refused to tell its whereabouts, and would only take ice from it in case of sickness. He died without revealing the secret to even his own family, and but for a party of "seng" diggers entering the region it might have remained a secret for generations, as it is situated in an unfrequented part of the mountain.

The ice was only protected from the rays of the sun by a thick growth of moss resembling that seen dangling from the oaks of Louisiana and Texas. Its formation was after the fashion of a coal vein, being a few inches thick in some places, while several feet in others. The formation indicates that it had been spread over the surface in a liquid state and then congealed. By what process it freezes or was frozen is a matter of conjecture at this stage of the investigation. Some think that it was formed in the winter, and had been protected since by a dense growth of moss which covers it, while the more plausible theory is that beneath the bed is situated a great natural laboratory whose function is a formation of either, and the process of freezing goes steadily on through the heat as well as the cold. The bed covers one acre.

Auction—Furniture—Auction

At Shiverick's every day at 10 and 1:30 p. m. R. Wells, auctioneer.

The lady aeronaut will make a balloon ascension and parachute jump this afternoon at Courtland beach.

Ames moved to 1617 Farnam.

Mustaches Among Women.

A learned German scientist makes the astonishing announcement that among women mustaches are commoner in the present day than they used to be in the past. In Constantinople one out of every ten women have unmistakable evidences of down on their upper lips. A similar proportion of mustached women is to be noticed among ladies in Madrid. And in Philadelphia a physician in cold blood has observed that fully 3 per cent of the women are mustached. What do these facts indicate? A certain Mr. Mott thinks they indicate the improvement of the human race, for, according to his theory, the race is destined eventually to be completely covered with hair.

Auction—Furniture—Auction

At Shiverick's every day at 10 and 1:30 p. m. R. Wells, auctioneer.

DIED.

Notices of five lines or less under this head, fifty cents; each additional line ten cents.

MILLER—George J., of North Bend, Neb., age 34 years, Saturday, July 8, 1893, 2 p. m. at Clarkson hospital, Omaha.

UNOUGST, Effie E., beloved wife of C. E. Unaugst, July 7, 1893. Funeral from family residence, 8th street and Avenue P, East Omaha, Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment Forest Lawn.

ELLISON—Aaron, age 21 years, 7 months, 2 days; son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ellison, July 6. Funeral from family residence, 3310 California street, Sunday, July 9, at 2 o'clock. Interment, Forest Lawn. Friends invited.

"PILE ON THE BACON, BOYS!"

A Bit of Wild Life on the Missouri in Early Days.

A RACE THAT WAS A RACE INDEED

It Was in the Days When Business Was Flush and Steamboating Led to Fortune—Cargoes of Butter and Bacon Used for Fuel.

As the railroads of the present day contest for supremacy in speed and good service, so did the steamboats of twenty and forty years ago struggle for position in the public eye. All that money could purchase and the hand of artist and artisan devise and construct to further the comfort and pleasure of the passengers was to be found on the packets of the western rivers. The high class boats stood on an equal footing in this particular. The point in contest was always that of speed. Many were the races of those early days. The long train of black smoke, the measured but labored exhaust of the steam pipes, the excitement of the passengers, the orders of the hatless and coatless captain, here, there and everywhere in search of ideas that might give his vessel the advantage; half way down the main deck the begrimed stockers, stuffing the roaring furnaces with coal, wood, oils, bacon and even butter, that the flames might be longer and hotter, to reach through the boiler flues and out into the black night through the stacks—in this you have the story of the steamboat race in part, but in part only.

Years ago the trade on the Missouri was prosperous. At least 100 boats ascended the stream every season before July, many of them going as far as Fort Benton in Montana. A boat that made this trip and returned to St. Louis in two months without a profit of $75,000, did a poor business. Those were the days when freight was freight. No competing vessel cut the rates. The boats ran independently, and when one captain fixed the tariff there was no other boat to be found that would offer cheaper transportation. Horses, chattels and food had to go to the west. The Missouri river boats were the means of getting them there.

It must have been early in the fifties that a wonderful steamboat race took place on the Missouri, writes Homer Bassford in the Detroit Free Press. The high water of 1844 brought many boats from the south, their owners gaining an impression that the Missouri became a veritable inland sea every spring. In 1844 chutes were abandoned and boats ran over farm and garden, through towns and across wooded patches, regardless of channel or landmark. It was this condition for one season that for ten years afterward crowded the river with strange boats. Early in the spring of one year the Henry K. Johnstone and the Martha Aull came from southern waters to try their fortunes in the muddy stream of the Dakotas. Both reached St. Louis at the same time. At the busy levee of the growing metropolis each vessel took on freight for the northwest. Owing to the large number of vessels out that spring, cargoes were in demand, but despite the brisk rivalry, rates were maintained in accordance with the ethics of early steamboating.

It happened that the two boats dropped away from the wharf about the same time. The Aull, Henry Sorgenson, master, was probably half an hour ahead of the Johnstone, Bristow, master. It was late in the afternoon. Each boat was loaded with merchandise and both cabins were filled, most of the passengers having been men who were headed for the boundless west in search of fortune. There were, however, women on both boats. The Aull steamed away briskly and by midnight had turned from the broad Mississippi into the dark, turbulent waters of the "Big Muddy." It was only a few moments later that the Johnstone passed into her wake. When daylight broke the boats were in sight of each other, both steaming away steadily, with no apparent effort to show high speed. It appeared, however, that the Johnstone was the faster boat. By noon the vessels passed St. Charles, within hailing distance of each other.

The passengers of each vessel sat on deck and watched the other boat pushing through the water but a few rods away. The crews, too, eyed the boats from their respective forecastles, commenting on the rival steamer. It was this talk from the idlers on the main decks that set passengers to thinking that something should be done to enliven the day. A young fellow on the Aull called to a passenger on the Johnstone:

"Tell your captain that we can leave him so far behind before sunset that he can't see our smoke."

This taunt was at once conveyed to Bristow, who appeared at the rail and shouted a response.

"And you can tell your man," said he, "that he can burn every side of bacon in his hold and not get a bend between us."

Then Captain Sorgenson came to the front for a word. "The Aull did not come into these waters to race any," said he, "but if you want to see what sort of a boat she is—why, I guess we'll have to accommodate you."

A shout went up from the Aull's passengers, drowning the reply that Captain Bristow made. As he concluded, however, he waved his hand to the mate below, who sang out: "Aye, aye, sir," with the air of an old salt, and ran back toward the boilers. In three minutes the lazy smoke that came from the Aull's stacks had changed to a rushing volume of coal black, streaming a quarter of a mile astern; seemingly dipping into the dark brown water of the river. Five minutes from the closing of the little speech making the Aull's engines began to move more rapidly. Then the blunt nose of the vessel crawled through the water faster and faster, until the wheelhouse of the boat was abreast the jackstaff on the Johnstone. A passenger on the Aull shouted:

"Better poke your fires up, or they'll go plumb out."

Bristow was not at the rail to respond. He was in the cabin in consultation with a number of the passengers.

"Well, what do you say, men?" he was asking.

"Do it!" shouted a stout youth of 22. "Would you let that stumpy scow beat us to St. Joe?"

"It's a matter of business," said the captain. "If she gets there first, my passengers will not have the pick of lodgings and outfits."

"That's the thing," observed the stout young man.

"I reckon you're right," said another of the party. Then another agreed, until finally the captain was satisfied that his most prominent passengers favored a test of speed.

"All right," said he; "we'll find out who's got the best bottom on this part of the river, and it won't take us long, either!"

Captain Bristow went below. His passengers gathered at the rail and watched the Aull as she steamed evenly and rapidly ahead. The cook house of the speedy boat, well astern, was now opposite the Johnstone's jack staff, and each second put the prows of the two vessels further apart. It was a good piece of river in which the boats were running. The bends were few and not severe; the water was deep and straight in the channel. The Aull's passengers crowded to the hurricane deck and stood far astern, shouting taunts at the sleepy looking Johnstone.

That was the state of affairs. Then the Johnstone's pilot pressed his foot on the whistle valve. A great white cloud of steam enveloped the top of the pilot house and then a shrill whistle sounded, the first of a chime. The others broke in with it ten seconds later, until all of the bunch of whistles on the Johnstone's pilot house were shouting musical defiance to the Aull. Music, indeed, came from the throats of those steamboat whistles. Whether from near or far, the whistles' chime always seemed to tell of calm, clear evenings, moonlit waters, soft music, the singing of plantation melody and the whisper of love.

With the Johnstone's whistle there came a stronger throb of the boat's heavy engines. With each vibration the hearts of passengers and crew beat faster. There was a hurrying of feet—a silence of voice. The race was on.

Throughout the afternoon both boats fairly flew along. It was plain to be seen that the Aull was working all of the steam that her boilers could raise. She had "a bone in her teeth," so sharply did her nose cut the water. A great line of yellow foam stretched away from either side of her prow. The Johnstone was cutting the water almost as fiercely, but her hull was shaped differently from that of her rival, and for that reason her effective work was not so apparent. The Aull maintained the slight lead that she had gained at the outset, but Captain Bristow did not appear alarmed over it. He coolly ordered his men and had the fuel sorted so as to have the best material ready for an emergency. Through the narrow chute by Catfish Island, around Bonhommie, by Cottleville without stopping, and through Ward's Hollow the boats raced, sometimes being forced almost to the grazing point by the narrowness of the channel.

Twilight found but little change in the relative positions of the boats. If there was any difference the Aull had gained a few feet.

The river was badly divided below Augusta and as a measure of safety the engineers lessened the speed of their boats until the dangerous point was passed. When it was deemed advisable to again push forward the night was well on. The moon was full, giving the pilots a splendid opportunity for good work. Its yellow radiance made a river of gold of the turbid torrent. No one slept until midnight, when a few of the passengers slipped off to take a nap.

On the Aull there was among the lady passengers Miss Letitia Bernard, a handsome young woman from St. Louis. She announced that she would remain awake until the Aull won the race or had hopelessly lost. Half a dozen men gallantly agreed to sit it out with her and together the party roamed the moonlit decks or visited the engine room and firemen's quarters to encourage the grimy workers to harder endeavor.

"I will give you $100 to win the race!" Miss Bernard said to the engineer.

"And the same to you," she cried, addressing the sooty-faced head stoker.

"We'll try, ma'am," the men answered, for money in those days was as glittering as it is today.

The morning found the Aull 100 yards ahead of the Johnstone.

"We're beat, cap," said a rough trader, addressing Bristow.

"No, we're not," returned the captain. "I'm running this end of the race, and depend on me to run it right."

All day the boats sped along, and each hour the Aull gained a trifle. Another evening found the sky again clear—a perfect night for racing on the river. Not a breath of air stirred. The stillness was only broken by the regular deep-toned throb of the engines, as the boats cut through the water. Washington, Portland, Jefferson City—the little state capital high on the bluffs—all had been passed in the afternoon with a whistle that brought the inhabitants out to see the speeding boats.

Soon after passing Jefferson Captain Bristow called the passengers on deck.

"What I want to say, friends," he began, "is this: We'll be in good water before very long—a narrow river with a deep channel and a rock bottom. It's the best water in the river. Now, we can beat that boat ahead of us easy enough with one thing. It will take some grease. If I can buy a few 'sides' of meat from the cargo we can go ahead."

A St. Louis trader was on hand with several hundred "sides." He stepped forward in an instant. "You shall have 'em, cap," he said, "and for nothin'."

It was a right jolly cheer that went up. Bristow hardly bowed his thanks, so hurriedly did he get away from the cabin and go below.

"Turn the boys loose, Jim," he yelled to the engineer, and before his words had died away across the water the choicest of inflammable materials was being rammed into the yawning furnaces. The hand on the steam gauge crawled up slowly, and as it advanced the engineer opened the valves wider. The increased speed was noted at once. So close together did the throbs of the engine come that they appeared like a steady vibration. In twenty minutes the Aull was so close that her every outline was clearly visible in the brilliant moonlight. Her captain saw that the Johnstone was gaining rapidly, and the volume of sparks that poured from her stacks in a roll of inky smoke told that Sorgenson meant to keep ahead if the expenditure of fuel would do it.

The Johnstone gained steadily. In two hours the boats were abreast, ten yards apart! The Swedish captain of the Aull could be heard shouting his orders to the men. He was everywhere. One moment he would be telling the engineer what to do, the next would find him directing the placing of fuel, at another he would have his hand on the wheel in the pilot house in an endeavor to make a short cut in the river. The lights from the furnaces of both boats gleamed on the surface of the water, rivaling the moon's brilliant rays. The passengers on each of the boats could hear the others, as they talked excitedly of the race. The noses of the boats were exactly together as they entered the long and beautiful stretch of river just below Rocheport. On the right, a rocky wall, covered with clinging ivy, rose to a height of 100 feet. Over it the full moon beamed, but the shadow of the great bluff extended across to the other side of the stream. Into this narrow, deep, black river the boats plunged like things of life. The Johnstone had a little advantage, and not a side of meat had been used.

"Pile on the bacon, boys!" Bristow shouted, and with a yell the grease was hurried into the furnaces. The Aull's captain felt that he was beaten. He had used the best of his fuel early in the race.

"Pile her on, boys!" shouted Bristow. "Keep her hot!"

Inch by inch the Johnstone moved ahead.

"There's butter on board!" cried Miss Bernard. "Burn it and I'll pay. The Aull must win."

So butter in cakes and baskets was smeared over sticks of wood and fed to the greedy flames in the boat's furnaces. Her engines responded, too, for the slight gain that the Johnstone had accomplished was soon overcome and the Aull passed the other boat. Bristow shouted orders and the measured "choo, choo" of the exhaust pipes became hoarser than ever. It was neck and neck. Then the Johnstone began to gain again. There was a bend ahead, where the bluff broke for a few feet, only to rise higher than ever a dozen yards beyond. For this bend the boats worked. The thing was to reach it first. Bristow with his own hands piled the meat into the furnaces until the Johnstone again passed the Aull. It was something akin to a curse that Sorgenson uttered when he found the last of his choice fuel spent. On, on sped the Johnstone. It was ten yards ahead and gaining! More food for the flames! Twenty yards and at the bend first! A mighty shout went up from the Johnstone's decks when the boat rounded so that the Aull could not be seen. It was soon visible again, however, but the Johnstone was gaining each minute on the time. In half an hour it was fifty yards ahead. In another hour it had rounded another bend and the race was won. It had a start that the Aull could not overcome.

Just after midnight the lamps at Rocheport landing were sighted. The passengers were still on deck, talking of the race. A pall of black smoke hung half a mile back from the Johnstone's stacks, and only by bending the ear could one catch the faint, measured thrum, thrum, thrum of the Aull's engines, far back on the moonlit river.

ANECDOTES OF FARRAGUT.

The Hartford a Model Ship to Him—His Victory at Mobile.

Ex-Governor Rice of Massachusetts, in his oration at the unveiling of the Farragut monument in the Marine park at South Boston on Wednesday, related the following:

"During the progress of the rebellion vast changes and improvements were made in the construction and equipment of naval vessels, including monitors, ironclads, etc., yet, in a conversation with the admiral after the war was over, I asked him what kind of a war ship he would build after all his experience. He waited for a moment and then said: 'She would be very like the Hartford, sir.'

"The Hartford, you will remember, was his old flag ship, in which he had suffered his greatest perils and won his most conspicuous victories.

"In the same conversation I asked him: "What did you expect when you entered Mobile bay?" He instantly replied: 'To take the place, of course.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'but why of course? To common observers the chances, if not even, would seem to have been against you. The confederates had about as strong a naval force as you had, and an equal variety of vessels; besides, they had planted the bay with torpedoes and had two co-operating forts, and the ordinary estimate has been that one gun in position on land is equal to four of like caliber afloat, and you yourself have given to Admiral Buchanan credit for high naval skill and ability—therefore the "of course" does not seem to be apparent. Do you mean,' I continued, 'that you had a clearly defined plan, the working out of which would give you victory?'

"He waited a moment before replying, and then said: "Well, I never go into a battle without a well settled plan, and I am never so wedded to my plan that I cannot abandon it at any moment when I find the circumstances different from what I anticipated.'

"This, I think, was very characteristic of him, and I have been told by naval men that this was probably the grand secret of his success in Mobile bay.

"His opponent, Admiral Buchanan, was not wanting in bravery and was well versed in naval tactics. He had probably anticipated Farragut's plan up to the time of the sinking of the Tecumseh, but when Farragut abandoned his plan he threw his opponent into confusion, and, by 'dealing with the circumstances as he found them,' snatched victory from impending defeat before the astonished eyes of both friends and foes."

Auction—Furniture—Auction

At Shiverick's every day at 10 and 1:30 p. m. R. Wells, auctioneer.

Balloon ascension and parachute jump this afternoon at Courtland Beach.