## CHATS IN THE CORRIDORS

Gossip Gleaned on Sunday Around the Hotels and Popular Resorts.

STORY OF A SECRET SERVICE SLEUTH

Diligence of Detectives Finally Rewarded-Waitress Becomes an Heiress-Tom Baldwin's First Parachute Jump-Buttercup in the Baggage Room.

There was an officer of the government secret service in Omaha a couple of days ago, and in the course of conversation with an old friend he got to talking "shop."

"There are sleuths and sieuths," said he, "but I met a man the other day, over in Iowa, who, in my opinion, is one of the best in the country, and he hasn't got a national reputation either, principally because he doesn't believe in notoriety and tries to avoid as much as possible getting his name before the public. Odd for a detective, len't it.

"Well, I could tell you of a lot of instances wherein this man's superior ability has cropped out in the exercise of his wonderful pudgment and reasoning powers, but I haven't the time. I merely wanted to tell you one case illustrating the pertinacity with which some men will hang onto a job.

"A number of years ago there was a case "A number of years ago there was a case of mysterious disappearance down in Missouri. A wealthy farmer (all farmers are wealthy and prominent when they get into print, you know) went on a trip to Australia. When the time arrived for him to materialize he failed to appear, and inasmuch as he was one of the really and truly well-fixed ones, and was also appeared to have had a considerable sum on supposed to have had a considerable sum on his person, it was taken for granted that

there had been foul play, and my friend, the detective, was sent for. "When he arrived on the scen e he found very slight grounds to work on, but he didn't stand around and look wise and then go away. He learned that the missing man had started from Australia all right, and that one person who lived in the little town close to his home thought he had seen him, about the time he was due to arrive, getting off the rear platform of a night train; but

the man was not quite sure.
"Well, sir, my friend made up his mind what to do in less than no time. He went and hired out to the missing man's wife as a larm hand, believing that, somehow or other, he would eventually learn more that way than in any other. For four-teen long months he worked in servitude on that farm without a single thread of evidence to reward him. Soon after going there he got the impression that the remark of the bound and the other that the woman of the house and the other hired man, who had been working there for some time previous to the farmer's disap-pearance, were a bit sweet on each other, and this impression led to a graver conclusion, so he kept a close watch, but nothing came of his vigilance during all the time of his stay. The suspects seemed to be on friendly terms, but did not act like two per-sons with a terrible secret between them.

"He had several times searched the house for something to put him on the right track, but to no purpose. Finally one day the suspects went to town to attend the circus and the detective resolved to make the most of their absence. The day before he had heard the woman order a boy, who worked on the place, to throw some rubbish down an old abandoned cistern, which was under the floor of the woodshed, and of the existence of which he had not previously known, so when he was left with the boy he sent the lad away on a long errand and proceeded to go through the cistern, which he found to be a deep one, with about six feet of rubbish in it. It took him quite a while to make any progress with the work, as the rubbish had become matted and settled, but he dug away and finally found just what he was looking for—the body of the missing farmer. About an hour later the guilty couple were under arrest, charged with murder, to which they afterward confessed, stating that their victim had come in on that late night train and was eating his supper when they, taking his own statement for it that no one had seen him arrive, brained him with an ax and threw his body into the cistern. The man was hung and the woman was sent to the penitentiary for life."

Mistook it for a Cyclone. "About the first parachute jump made in America was made by Prof. Tom Baldwin," said a traveling man at the Murray yesterday. "It was performed with success at Quincy, Ill. It was in 1885. The pro-fessor is an old Quincy boy and named his first balloon after the burg of his nativity.
"For months the feat of Baldwin's perilou

fump, which was 1,200 feet, set the country wild. He thereupon decided to adopt the parachute act as a profession, and has since followed it with overwhelming success. It soars high above every other profession on earth. The professor has few competitors. Very few men care to laugh in the face of death for a living.

"An amusing incident followed the re-nowned aeronaut's first ascension. It seems that when Baldwin sprang from his balloon,

after getting far beyond the height he first anticipated and swung to the earth under his parachute, the airship got away. It was filled, in addition to gas, with a roaming desire to explore the surrounding country. Accordingly it drifted miles away into a lower Illinois county. When the balloon 'died' it descended rapidly into a quiet died' it descended rapidly into a quiet cornfield, where the unsophisticated son of a borny handed farmer was at work. Instantly he took to his heels and rushed breathlessly to the farm house. He ran as he never did before. His eyes bulged out in abject horror, and he sank on the threshold of his home almost overcome with fear.

"What on earth is the matter with you. Liging?" exclaimed his father as he breaked.

'Lige?" exclaimed his father, as he brushed a handful of alfalfa from whiskers that had for years openly defied the scissors' artistic

jaws,
"Lock the door, pap," shouted the boy.
"Take to the cellar; it's a cyclone. One of
them 'air funnel-shape clouds has just lit
out in the cornfield and will yank up all this year's crop."
"The terror-stricken family secluded itself

in the cellar. After breathlessly waiting for the Pawnee City rotary zephyr that never came, the farmer and his son plucked up courage, went out and investigated the lifeless body of Tom Baldwin's bailoon, and afterward shipped it to him in response to a second baldwin a particultural course. card he had inserted in an agricultural weekly asking for the whereabouts of his

Charms of Popular Parlance.

Fire Reporter Nate Elliott, who has just returned from a visit to the fair, tells a little anecdote illustrative of the quick manner in which the untutored savage "catches on" to American vernacular. He was standing on the bank of the lagoon when a little Esquimau paddled towards him in a small canoe. The importation from the ice regions was such a funny-looking specimen of his kind that the Omaha man decided to draw him into conversation, so he bailed him with "Hello, Shorty, where do you hail from?" "Shorty," however, was not there to converse on personal subjects. He had a whole canoe-load of Arctic curies, and no was bent on exchanging them for depreciated American silver dollars.
"You want buy!" he queried, pointing to

"Not today," replied the visitor, "but, say, where are you from and how many are

By this time, with regular Yangee anxiety to get about his business, "Shorty" was some distance from the bank and casting eyes about for a prospective customer, but he did turn his head just long enough to sail back: "Labladoh, floty-nine, Tia-la-la-boom-de-lay—," and he was still singing that pnce popular air and laying for trade as far as the Omaha man could see him.

Baggage Was Slightly Mixed. "A laughable incident occurred here re cently," said a well known hotel clerk last evening. "It is customary in checking bundles and valises at the hotel stand to give a check to the guest and retain the other one

on the straps. Well, the other day two va-lises nearly alike were checked. Now, a check stand man makes an error semetimes and gets the numbers of checks twisted around. He checked these particular valies during a rush and excitedly gave the duplicate checks to the waiting guests. The result was a Little Buttercup

mixture in which the lady got the check belonging to the gentleman and vice versa. The baggage was taken up to the respective rooms. The young man, who is especially modest, was horrified on opening the value he received. It contained by actual inventory a box of pink powder, a curling iron, some immaculate linen, a veil, box of bread-guage hairpins and a glove buttoner.

box of bread-guage hairpins and a glove buttoner.

"A scream wafting over the transom of a neighboring room on the same floor demonstrated that the young lady had discovered the contents of the valies she received, which rightfully belonged to the horrifled young man. Its contents consisted of a bottle of McBrayer extract, a deck of Hoyie, one Smith & Wesson, one large stick of mustache wax, a paper of smoking tobacco and a temperance essay. There was a wild rush for the check stand, mutual explanations followed, and the error was stræthened out. But, say, it was so embarrassing don't you know,"

"Wilkins Was Witty, You Know." "Seeing a copy of London 'Punch' in the hands of a man who was sitting over on the other side of the lobby awhile ago, reminds me of a story," remarked the occupant of a big chair at the Merchants yesterday. "Some unking American invented it and put it on the rounds as illustrative of British

humor. "It appears that two Englishmen had exiled themselves from home for a time in order to come to this country and take pe-cuniary advantage of our growing industries. It happened, once upon a time, that they met one morning to keep an appointment, to which a third Englishman, named Wilkins, was a party. They waited some time, but Wilkins failed to appear. "'Bah Jove,' said one of them finally, look-

ing at his watch, 'this is really too bad of Wilkins; he's usually so punctual, don't ye

"'Aw! no doubt he's stopped to tell some one one of those jolly, funny stories of his. He's such a lad, is Wilkins, to tell lahffable tales, don't ye know?"
"'Ya-as, indeed,' responded No. 1, with languid enthusiasm. 'He's awfully witty,

'Witty, indeed! Why, man, I really think he's one of the most extraordinary witty men I ever met in me lite? said No. 2. 'Now, I say, just as an illustration of how per-fectly side splitting Wilkins' wit is, let me

"Do you know? Lahst summer we were up at Winnipeg, several of us including Wilkins, who was the life of the party, and meself. One absternoon, when we'd been having a right good time, and were feeling quite fit don't ye known. ing a right good time, and were feeling quite
fit, don't ye know!—"bowling up," as these
blahsted Yankees say—some one brought
word that there was one of those bloody,
bloomin', blahsted American circuses in
town, and one of the party proposed that we
go and see the show, just for a lahk.
""Well, we were all agreed, being ready
for almost anything by this time, so off we
word to see the show, we were the second were

went to see the show. We got very good seats, indeed, but the show was awfully coarse. It was an awful boah to sit and watch it, don't ye know? Why man, it was positively disgusting, yet those bloody, bloomin', blahsted Americans and Canadians seemed to enjoy it buggly.

eemed to enjoy it hugely.
"The principal feature of the whole thing was an extremely tiresome clown, who those bloomin' natives seemed to think was funny. Why, even his clothes weren't funny, yet every time he chahffed the silly crowd would lahff most heartily.

"'We stood it as long as we could, and finally, just to suppress the impudent buffoon,

we persuaded Wilkins to get up and chaff back at him. The clown would chaff and Wilkins would chaff; then the people would ahff very heartly. Again, the clown would chaff, but Wilkins was always ready for him, and would chaff back with interest, which fairly put the crowd in a roah, don't

'Finally the clown became quite vexed and quite angry, because he saw the people were lahfling more at Wilkins than they were at him, so he came around in front of where we were sitting and shouted;

"Give that callf moah rope!"
"Now, just to show you how witty Wilkins is, and how ready with a humorous or scathing answer, giving a Roland for an Oliver every time, without a moment's hesitation, without any premeditation whatevah, just like a steel trap, don't ye know?' He jumped 'Go to the devil, you bloody, bloomin',

blahsted, clownish puppy 'Now, wasn't that really a delicious bit of repartee?"

group of listeners tittered, and finally one of them changed the subject of conversation to the Ferris wheel.

Foundation for a Novel. A young lady with a bright yellow valise boarded a train at the Union depot yesterday, who figures to a large extent in a

For several months her sweet, girlish face offset, in a large degree, the horrors of onion fumes in the interior of an Omaha restaurant. She was the queen of the cafe. When she leaned forward and gently warbled an order to the guests, there was a wavy ripple in her soprano larynx that played "mumble peg" with the hearts of the masculine boarders. But alas! pretty, vivacious Aggie has per-manently retired from the beefsteak-smothered-with-onions life of a restaurant. Last week she received word from her far away eastern home that a rejected sweetheart had accidentally perforated a subdivi-sion of his heart with a 44-caliber Colt capsule. This was deeply regretable and pretty Aggie wept when she heard of it. She was deeply touched when a glance at the halance of the telegram disclosed the fact that just prior to his suicidal rebuke to unrequitted love, he insured his life for \$5,000 and left it all to the girl who had re-

The fair waitress went east yesterday. Prior to her departure she told a well known hotel man that, while she regretted the rash act of her ex-sweetheart, she would reluctantly accept the \$5,000 insurance money and never marry.

Extremely pretty, and the pink of provincial simplicity, this plucky girl is the heroine of a romance. Eagerly sought for by suitors in the little New Hampshire town where she was a reigning belle, she refused to marry her stern father's choice. She was determined. He was irrevocable. She finally ran away from home. Coming to Omaha, her soft white hands willingly handled the tray rather than caress the neck of a man she did not love. The sequel was a happy one—for her, at least. It was rather hard, however, upon the rejected lover, who sacrificed a life that was a buren without her and kindly threw in a life insurance policy and a large life-sized pic ture of himself, which will doubtless not be turned toward the wall as long as the \$5,000 lasts.

G. A. R. Comrades, Attention

The 27th annual encampment G. A. R. takes place at Indianapolis, September . The headquarters train conveying the department commander and staff, the president and staff of the Woman's Relief corps, department of Nebraska. ladies of the G. A. R. and Sons and Daughters of Veterans, leaves Omaha 5 p. m., September 2, and runs solid to Indianapolis via the C. & N. W. R'y. There promises to be at Indianapolis

this year the greatest assembly of veterans this country has seen. On the return trip, stop will be made at the World's fair, where a special program has been arranged for veterans of the G. A. R. Rates will be very low. We urge you to attend. We have secured free space in chair cars and low rates in tourist and sleeping cars. Hand in your name and accommodations wanted for yourself and friends, to your post com-mander as soon as possible, and see that our Omaha, Fort Omaha and South Omaha posts make a strong and creditable showing. R. M. STONE,

Commander U. S. Grant Post. J. B. West, Commander Geo. Crook Post, JNO P. HENDERSON, Commander Geo. A. Custer Post.

Lowest Chicago Rates Viz the Northwesters Chicago rates greatly reduced on both one way and round trip tickets via the Chicago & Northwestern railway. These tickets are first class in every particular. Extra accommodations for World's fair travel via this line. City ticket office 1401 Farnam street.

Coutant & Squires coal office removed to 1402 Farnam St.

AFFAIRS AT SOUTH OMAHA

City Officials Express Their Opinions of the Johnson Report.

POLICEMEN GATHER IN A FEW PEOPLE

creams Save the Life of a Burglar-Another Prize Fight at Sarpy's Mills Between Heavyweights-Magic

City Gossip.

It is now pretty certain that the members of the city council and the city officials who have been referred to in the Johnson report will not meet with the taxpayers committee at the appointed time next Tuesday night.

At the last meeting of the taxpayers committee a few of the councilmen were present and all they then asked was to see a comand all they then asked was to see a complete copy of the Johnson report. They were allowed to go to Mr. Johnson's office and make a copy. This work was done by a clerk in the city clerk's office and the copy was turned over to City Attorney Van Dusen. The Bee reporter was told last night that but one member of the council has ever called at the attorney's office to look over the committee allegations.

look over the committee allegations.
"I regret that 1 ever went near the committee." said one city official, "and one thing is certain, I shall not attend any more of their sittings. I consider the whole thing as

being done for political purposes."

Another city official said: "This whole work of that taxpayers, so styled, committee is nothing but politics. If these gentlemen desire any information in regard to official acts let them go to the officer who has the books and papers on file and secure whatever information they desire. It is not whatever information they desire. It is not business to call the council and city officials together at a public meeting to rehash what has been done during the past years. There is no business whatever in any such a proposition. If there was an action pending, something upon which the public official was about to pass upon, it would be all fair enough to call a mass meeting and set the opinion of tayangers, but to ing and get the opinion of taxpayers, but to meet for the simple purpose of casting in-sinuating remarks about officials for what was done one, two or three years ago is foolish and I do not believe that the present city officials will be led into any such trap. I for one will not. If there has been any mis-management of affairs in my department I am ready and willing to answer all questions and explain why and how every act was transacted. As to the political trap that these gentlemen have baited and set I can simply say that they are opening up the campaign way too far in advance. When the time comes for politics we will be with them."

Police Pickings. H. Hansen is a heavyweight, and Paddy Butler would be classed as a "feather" if he was inclined to be a pugilist. The two men were involved in a conversation Saturday night when Hansen pounced upon Butler and not only knocked him down but kicked him repeatedly. Hansen was thrown into jail, but later on was bailed out by a friend. John Maher was mixed up in the melee and he was also run in and bailed out. D. Goodman was locked up for disorderly

conduct. When arrested by Captain Austin Goodman was down on Railroad avenue creating a small sized cyclone in a bagnio. George Davis hired a horse and buggy from O'Neill's livery stable to drive out to the prize fight. When he reached the Mills he unbitched the animal and allowed it to run in the pasture. By the time the fight was over Davis had forgotten whether he went out on foot or horseback, and came home leaving the horse in the field. The outfit was reported to the police as stolen until Mr. O'Neill went out to the Mills today and recovered his property. The buggy was all smashed to pieces but the horse was all

Officer Mitchell went to Bellevue with a friend yesterday who drove a horse that ran away three different times. Mr. Mitchell was thrown from the vehicle and sustained a severe bruise on his left leg.

Charles Nest, who has been in jail a number of times for drunkenness, was

picked up from a gutter by Officer Thomas yesterday in a beastly state of intoxication. Nest was lying with his head in a mud hole and his body and legs about a foot higher up. It would only have been a question of time until he would have strangled or choked to death had he not been discovered by the officer.

Another Prize Fight. Walker and McCoy, local heavyweights, had a ten-round fight at Sarpy Mills early yesterday morning. Some time ago these men fought forty-six rounds and the contest was declared a draw. Since that time McCoy has made his brags that he could whip Walker in a punch, and has made all sort of tempting offers to get another crack at Walker. He finally made a wager that he could stop Waiker in ten rounds and \$100 a side was placed on this proposition. A large crowd of local sports and a few from Omaha went out to see the battle, but all came away disgusted, as the affair was decidedly tame. There was not a scratch on either man's face, and if anything, Walker made the best showing of the two. The only blows that McCoy got in on Walker were a few "body ticklers" that amounted to

Screams Saved a Burglar's Life. John Froeman, who lives at Twenty-third street and the Boulevard, was awakened early yesterday morning by hearing some person cutting at the screen on one of his oack windows. Mr. Froeman climbed out of bed and placing two shells in his shotgun took a convenient stand and stood nationally waiting for the fellow to poke his head through the window. In the meantime both Mrs. Froeman and their daughter had been advised of the condition of affairs and the child became so frightened that her cries frightened away the burglar. that her cries frightened away the burglar. For a time John felt certain that he would come marching down Twenty-fourth street with a burglar's scalp dangling from his belt and he was really disappointed that he did not get a pop shot at the intruders.

Wanted to Paint the Town A well known stock dealer from the wes tern part of the state was in the city yesterday, and every one on the street knew he was here. He said he was going to paint the "blooming burg redder than the comb of a gobbler." but before he put on the last coat Officer Kroeger took the gentleman in hand and gave him a shady resting place at the station house. When searched the fellow had \$135 in cash, which he was scattering in the saloons at a lively rate. Although the cow man was profuse with his abuse to the police, when he awakens this morning he will, no doubt, be thankful that he was taken into shelter before all of his money

was blown in.

Macie City Gossip. Rev. R. L. Wheeler left last evening for W. H. Doughty, city editor of the Ne braska City News, was in the city yesterday Denny Keane and bride returned yester-

day from Denison, Ia , where they were married last week. Another sick man was taken to the porice station yesterday. He gave his name as Mike Diffenbacker and said he had just walked in from Kansas City. He was examined by Dr. Solomon, who said the man was suffering from acute pneumonia and needed immediate nursing. The tourist

is still at the police station.

H. Pierce, a wealthy old gentleman from Lebanon, Tex., passed through Omaha Saturday evening on his way home from the World's fair. He stepped from the train and in a moment of atsent-mindedness laid down his caue, and when he went to look for it the stics was gone. It was a fine olive wood stick with a solid

silver head, and as it had been presented to him by his grandchildren, he prized it highly, He offered a substantial reward for the re-covery of the cane. Officer Cook found the cane in the possession of a young man who had picked it up. He sent it to Mr. Pierce.

Domestic Discord. About 7:30 last evening Willie Winans came into the police station and said that man named Barton, living on Fifteeuth-street

terr Jackson, was greating a disturbance with his wife and had drawn a revolver threatening to killsher. An officer was sent after Barton, but when

he arrived on the scene the couple had made up and peace had spread its white pinions over the household... No arrest was made.

SHERIBAN'S BONANZA

Bald

Mountain Pincer Mines Proving Wonderfully Rich. SHERIDAN, Wyo., Aug. 18 .- [Special Cor respondence. |-By way of the toll road, the famous Bald mountain placer fields are distant from Sheridan about forty miles. The range rises immediately west from the city. It is conceded by nearly all the miners and experts at Bald mountain that wealth in untold millions is buried in these great placer fields, the gold being fine and impossible to save through the various p.ocesses known to individual effort. The camp must therefore prove a machine camp, and with this knowledge the Fortunatus company placed a Bucyrus amalgamator in the field a

year ago and began experimental work. In the official report made to the stockholders on the 30th of last December, President Hawkins of Albany, N. Y., says:

on the 30th of last December, President Hawkins of Albany, N. Y., says:

As the result of my examination and observation before and after the plant commenced work, I am perfectly assured in stating that two things have been clearly demonstrated, namely, the richness of the ground and the certainty that the amalgamator will do the work required of it after a few changes are made in order to facilitate the handling of the tailings.

The engineer sent by the Bucyrus company to start the plant, a man of extended experience in placer mining in South America and Mexico, stated that he never saw a richer average placer ground than that owned by the Fortunatus company. He was confident that, taking acre for acre, it would average at least \$1 per cubic yard. I saw miners take from eight quarts of the gravel 50 cents in gold. The \$1 per cubic yard is estimated from the upper strata, while up to the present time bedrock has not been reached. In digging a ditch some ten feet deep a stratum was reached much higher than the upper one. This shows that the great possibilities of this property are yet to be fully developed. The only reason this company was enabled to secure this rich property at the terms accepted, was the fact of its using so remote from railroad facilities. But now its value is greatly enhanced on account of the railroad having reached Sheridan and a route surveyed within two miles of the Fortunatus camp. While this virgin placer ground is in itself rich in gold, it is the success of the amalgamator, capable of saving all the gold—though fine as flour—and the ability to handle larger quantities of the material, which renders this property of great value.

The amalgamator now in operation at Bald mountain, has a capacity of 500 cubic

The amalgamator now in operation at Baid mountain, has a capacity of 500 cubic yards per day of ten hours. Pushed to its fullest limit, day and night shifts, for twenty hours, means \$1,000 per day. But the ground has exceeded in value the most sanguine ex-pectations of the men interested. From \$1 the real value has risen to \$7, and again fallen to \$2, an average of \$3 per cubic yard. The amalgamator was recently run for fifty one hours, but the management would give nothing for publication. The result is at present locked up in a Sheridan vault in the shape of a gold brick, the value of which may be safely estimated at from \$5,000 to

The Fortunatus company has purchased the latest improved machine of the Bucyrus pattern, and this is at present being erected at Bald mountain. Its weight is 129,000 pounds, and it cost mearly \$5,000 to transport it from the factory to the placer fields. Its value is between \$30,000 and \$40,000. Its capacity is just five times greater than the machine now being operated, and computing the value of the ground per yard at \$3, it would clean up \$15,000 per day, \$105,000 per week, or \$450,000 per month.

Allowing that these figures are too high by 50 per cent, which would reduce the daily output of the small amalgamator to \$1,500 and the largest one to \$7,500, thereby reducing the month's cleanup to \$225,000; or if the admitted figures of the Fortunatus company are taken, the small machine is catching \$500 per day (of ten hours) and the month's work would show a gold result of \$15,000, while the new machine's gather would be exactly five times these amounts, namely,

\$2,500 a day; \$75,000 per month.

Lucius J. Boyd, mining and civil engineer, who recently arrived in Sheridan and has already accepted the management of the Dayton Gulch Placer Mining company of Bald mountain, stated that he believed the ome the greatest bonanza of the century. Mr. Boyd is a careful and practical man, having spent many years in the mines of Australia, Africa and Nova Scotia, and knows whereof he speaks. A report detailing the formation and other scientific facts, will soon be issued by this experienced man, and your reporter is promised a copy for

Thus it will be seen that there does not remain a particle of doubt concerning the wealth of the Sheridan mines, and it cannot be long ere a season of unprecedented pros-perity dawns upon the state, as the mineral wealth of the north will find its way naturally into all the veins of the commonwealth.

#### HARMONY NOW PREVAILS.

Labor Day Committee Setties One Contention in the Ranks of Organized Labor. When the regular meeting of the Labor day committee was opened yesterday District Master Workman Huntington and ex-Master Workman H. Cohen of district assembly 126 were on hand to protest against the selection of Dr. Mercer as one of the

After a lengthy discussion on the subject the committee thought best to instruct its secretary to notify Mr. Morcer that his presence on the occasion of September 4 was not desired. Mr. W. H. Dech will in all probability fill his place.

This was done in order to promote har-mony, as the Knights of Labor were bitterly opposed to allowing any candi late for office o make a speech at the Labor day celebra-

Some of the local assemblies had already declined to participate in the parade on this account and it was feared that all the assemblies might follow suit, thereby materially depleting the ranks of the men on It was decided to follow the same line of march as in 1891. C. L. Newstrom of the

Cigarmakers union was named as grand marshal, The choice of speakers so far has failen pon Dr. Charles Rodolph and D. Clem

At the marshals' meeting, which convened at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, only a dozen men were present and these concluded to hold the selection of positions for the different trades unions and Knights of Labor assemblies over till next Sunday, when a larger attendance of assistant marshals is expected, to avoid, if possible, any friction with regard to position in the parade.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry. Commencing Monday, August 21, the 'Rock Island' will inaugurate a new train service between Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln and the southwest, Oklahoma and Texas. A new train known as the Texas express will leave Omaha at 6:00 a.m., making direct through connections to Fort Worth, arriving there the following morning in twelve hours quicker time than via any other line. The Rock Island runs through the very heart of the famous "Cherokee Strip, soon to be opened for settlement. Cheap rates on August 22, September 12 and October 10s For particulars call on any Rock Island agent, or address CHAS. KENNEDY.

General Northwestern Passenger Agent A convenient and preasant place to obtain luncheon. Balduff, 1520 Farnam.

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD

Despair Follows Disaster, but Hearts Were Made to Stand Strains.

REV. HATHAWAY'S INTERESTING SERMON

Heroes with the Gentleness of Girlhood but the Pulse Beat of a Cannon-Sin Bobs Around On the Waves of Life.

At the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church yesterday morning the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Hathaway of Blooming Green, N. Y. His subject was 'All Things Work for Good," and the sermon was instructive and interesting. Hev. Hathaway said, in part: "Here is the pertection of faith. How

sublime, how inspiring this confidence in one who had endured the full measure of human trial; who had been made strong by weakness, conquered by defeat; who cast down was not discouraged and did not for a moment doubt the goodness and presence of God, though he suffered because of fidelity and was slain because of devotion to the truth. This language is not the mere sentiment of one lapped in ease and pleasure, not the perfume of a wall flower, but the calm avowal of a hero, whose faith has been tried; who has met and con-quered every calamity and every foe; who has vigor of ripest manhood and gentleness of a girl, a heart tender as the heart of a mother, sensitive as an aspen leaf, yet with the pulse beat of a cannon.

"So strong is assurance, so complete is truth, so perfect is spiritual vision, that the heart grasping the substance of its hope says: 'I know.' Not only is the sight clear, but the vision. but the vision is glorious, 'We know that all things work together for good.' Now this just touches the point of our most frequent and painful doubt—comes to our aid just when there has been most fear and skeptiwhen there has been most fear and skepti-cism. Each word of this remarkable text, as we study it, becomes full of precious meaning. No doubt in some things Paul spoke wiser than he knew, his language having a scientific verity of which he was not aware. Conscious of resting in the great truth of a perfect, universal divinity, he felt that he could not overstate too far. We that he could not overstate too far. know that all things work.' This is a literal truth, a wonderful fact of the material universe. Throughout the realm of matter there is ceaseless activity—perpetual, endless change. Nothing is at rest. Atoms, worlds, nebulæ, systems are governed by the law of perpetual motion and mutation. Each atom, closely as it seems packed with its neighbors, is believed to be in a state of incessant vibration, and all material bodies, however solid they may ap-pear, are supposed to be made up of an infinity of these whirling parts which never touch each other and never rest. Thus the study of matter resolves itself into a study of forces, showing that all things are not at work, and this leads to a new perception of that sublime tesson of science, the unity of the universe, 'all things work together.'

Grand March to God, "The viewless atoms of green leaf, whose ceaseless action is a condition of organic being, move to the same harmony, are vitalzed, guided and bound by the same law that controls the countless suns, that shoot their beams of light athwart the universe. There is unbroken sympathy and unity of action everywhere, no vagrant atom or world, but all are marshaled in order and made to keep perfect step in the march of time and the

"This is the deduction of science. But that good is the final result of all and to all is a conclusion sometimes bard to realize and must be revealed. Here is a demand for faith. Nature's laws have a manifest general utility, but do they work for the good of persons, of the individual? I do not believe that man was made for any system, but that man was made for any system, but under the perfect providence of an all-wise Father all systems must promote ultimate good of every child of beaven. If not, a sparrow falls unnoticed. Can the child be forgotten! Will God forget that which is best! God is the infinite providence. His care is universal and perfect. But, exclaims the partial, selfish observer, nature is inex-orable and under the reign of law instead of orable and under the reign of law instead of good to all. I see countless evils, dark, mysterious and terrible. Yes, I know there are tempests, plagues and famines, here the bloom of garden, there the desolation of the desert. Not only life, but death. We see not only joy and brightness, but disaster and despair.

Into the Jaws of Death.

"We may see the gallant ship proudly sailing over a summer sea, songs and dances on her deck, hope and joy filling all her sails. And yonder in the wintry storm and dark-ness is the ill-starred Atlantic, with her thousands of precious lives, plunging through the gloom, on to the jagged rock-ribbed shore, sweeping through the darkness into the terrible jaws of death. What cries what shricks and prayers go up into the wintry heavens. A thousand souls call t God, and the desert shores and remorseless breakers seem to mock them, for not a mother, sister, wife or child is saved. The tower of Siloam falls and eighteen men are slain. An avalanche is started from a shelv ing crag and a village is buried beneath th

ing crag and a village is buried beneath the rocks and snow. Is God a present and perfect providence? Yes.

"Good comes from desert and frost, plague and famine, from a ship that falls a prey to robbers of the deep, as well as from the vessel that proudly enters the port. Comes from every tragedy of land or sea. lomes from every tragedy of land or sea from conflagration, destruction of mills from pangs of hunger and reproofs of win ter. Even Butler was a blessing to New Orleans, and since the great fire of 1666 puri-London it has not been smitten by plague. Every leap, from its Indian jungles of that fearful tiger, Asiatic cholera, whose fatal spring and havoe made the nations pale, has increased the health and sov-ereignty of the world. All the evils that come from ignorance and neglect, selfish-ness and lust, are divine advocates of righteousness and are leading the world on to the circles of the golden year.

Sin on the Stormy Sea of Life.

"Here alone is progress. But this assurance of faith must not end here, to be a source of comfort and strength to the great majority of those who fear and distrust. majority of those who fear and distrust. For there is a moral world of human agency and responsibility. Here as before 'all things work for that which is good.' Yet, while the activity is as manifest, the harmony is not so evident. It demands the clearest of faith in God to feel and rest in the feeling that here too there is unity of action all working together and that there action, all working together, and that there is a perfect plan and beneficent aim all working for good. Who, looking out on this stormy sea of life, where sin so often seems to triumph and where robbery and wrong prevail, where wickedness is often on throne and virtue in dungeon, where there is a cross for Jesus and a reward for Judas, a prison for Paul and a pallet for Nero, martyrdom for goodness and glory and ambition, who is not liable to sink in despair unless strong confidence in God sustains the heart. Here often must we walk by faith."

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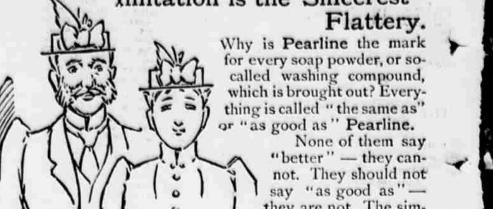
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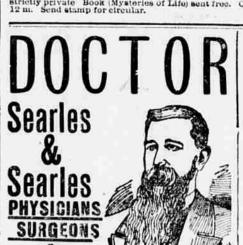
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