

PIRATE TREASURES

Captain Edward England and the Treasures He Did Not Win.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

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One of the most notable pirates of the day was Captain Edward England. He flourished toward the close of the hey-day of piracy, that is, some time along in 1722 or 1723.

By this time the West Indies had ceased to be the great treasure house of the world. The power of Spain was waning and piracy was on the decline. The great treasure ships laden with gold and silver plate sailed from the towns of Carthagena and Vera Cruz and Panama, carrying their precious freightage from the new world to the old. Spain became too poor and too weak to hold fast to the western world, which slipped little by little from her grasp. The mines of Peru and Colombia became abandoned, and the forest paths along which treasure-laden mule trains used to pass soon became overgrown with dense tropical growth.

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For centuries and centuries the far distant east—India, Persia, China and all the nations of the far east—had been nations within themselves. Whatever treasure had been brought into them had been accumulated, until certain rajahs, princes and nobles, bankers and merchants in such cities as Calcutta and Bombay held sometimes inestimable wealth, chiefly in jewels and precious stones.

As this east began to open to the west, as Europe began sending her merchandise—her woolen and cotton goods and manufactured wares—to that far away land, bringing back those treasures which had there been accumulated, all the tide of commerce began to ebb away from the western world, flowing toward the far away East Indies. Every one who went there grew enormously rich in a short time, amassing in a few years huge fortunes which would have taken them generations to gather at home.

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FREE SILVER FALLACIES.

This brings us to the question as to whether a government, by coining a metal, can create a value for it. The answer is, no. The free coinage of silver, say because silver was demonetized in 1873, by reason of that act silver began to go down. The most that can be said in answer to the question, first, is a denial that the act of 1873 demonetized silver.

To demonetize a metal is to refuse by act of law to stamp it and to make of it a certain standard for the uses of trade. This was not done in 1873. By the act of that year any owner of silver bullion could have the same coined into trade dollars of 420 grains Troy (section 3530). The coinage of the standard silver dollar of 412 grains Troy was prohibited by this act (section 3516), and all silver coins were a legal tender in any amount not exceeding \$5 in any one payment.

Under the Bland-Allison act of 1875, passed over the objection of the government, it was authorized to purchase not less than \$2,000,000 nor more than \$4,000,000 of silver bullion per month at the market price and have the same coined into dollars of 412 grains Troy each and legal tender in any amount unless otherwise stipulated.

The Sherman act of July 14, 1890, required the secretary of the treasury to purchase 4,000,000 ounces of silver bullion per month at the market price and pay therefor in treasury notes, which were redeemable on demand in coin or in gold.

The holder of these notes would at once redeem them in gold, inasmuch as the government in the same act was obliged to maintain the value of the dollar. An owner can see what a snarl the silver bullion owner had under the declining price of silver under this act. A letter to the effect that the quantity which should be bought by the government, and, as is well known, under the repeal of the Sherman act large quantities of silver had to be sold to the government every month.

The government, for the purpose of protecting itself in not coining a metal which was on the down grade, and threats of such a nature, were by reason of its yearly depreciation, found itself compelled, unless it desired to assume a large deficit, to stop the purchasing of such a metal for 120 days of the company's own place its credit to the ultimate redemption of the dollar at a full 100 cents value.

So that the owner of silver bullion under the government \$1,000,000 in coin notes for \$1,000,000 in silver (less the cost of coining the same), and after the government stamps it, would have to give him \$1,000,000 in coin notes for \$1,000,000 in silver (less the cost of coining the same), and after the government stamps it, would have to give him \$1,000,000 in coin notes for \$1,000,000 in silver (less the cost of coining the same).

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PICTURESQUE AS A MEMORY

An Interesting Phase of Western Life that is No More.

THE REAL COWBOY AND HIS IMITATOR

Characteristics of the Vanished Kings of Trails and Round-Ups Contrasted with Their Successors—Changes wrought by Steam and Iron.

There is little in the life of the cowboy of today to recall the heyday of his predecessors. He is a reminiscence, a melancholy reminder of what was. He is a relic of former greatness who plods wearily over the diminished prairie, awaiting the summons of early dawn.

Comparatively brief was the career of the picturesque cowboy of bygone days. Twenty years spans his existence as a factor in western development. He sprang into being with the freedom and abandon of his surroundings, played his role with characteristic dash and recklessness and vanished in history as a unique and unequalled phase of plains life.

Memories of that life are awakened by a dainty brochure published by the Cudahy company, which tells of the "Vanished Heroes of the Ranch and Trail." "From the Ranch to the Table" is the title and the dainty cover, in black and gold, is the concluding chapter of a book of meaty facts, attractive illustrations and charming sketches.

Its production was no small task, and the author, Mr. J. S. Morton, has been very persevering, and was turned out from the press of the Burklely brothers of Omaha after competition with New York houses. The book is a unique and unequalled phase of plains life.

It traces the development of the cattle industry in the west, the hardships and privations endured, the fortunes realized, the grand, irresistible movement of eastern pack-trains to the source of supply. "The great cattle barons own ranches as large as a New England state; thousands of smaller ranches have occupied the foothills, valleys and 'parks' of the mountains, and the live stock interests of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and New Mexico are of greater value than their mining wealth.

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POKER IN ALASKA.

An Experience that Makes a New Yorker Want to Return to Juauan.

"A select little poker party was on in Juneau the night before last," said a man who has just returned from Alaska, to a Sun man, "and the game sweetened up the dog shape in a few rounds. Poker is the game in Alaska as it is in New York or Florida, only perhaps it's often, in the course of the game a jackpot assumed ample proportions, and a noted local player opened it with a bang. One after another laid down and only one man stayed in to fight it out. He drew one card and a straight flush, while the other player drew a pair of deuces. He pushed out a little stack of chips after the draw. His opponent threw down a boatful of cash, exclaiming:

"If I caught my man I would have seen you and raised you clear to the ceiling."

"Well, here's your man, said the opener, handing him the desired ace of spades, 'and now go ahead with your bluffing.' "The other player looked at the opener in amazement. The straight flush man, for that was what he had, bet stack and threw down an ace full on kings he said: "Dashy! the-bank-blank. Of course you have, I'm the oyster and I've been opened by you."

"My friend! Mr. Goodplayer had to set 'em up for the rest of the evening. Wasn't that a soft rag? I'm going back to Juneau soon."

Cummings' Story of Horace Greeley. Washington Post: "While I have the floor," said Amos Cummings, "I might as well tell a story about Horace Greeley. I worked with Greeley for years. He always called me 'Asa'; never could remember 'Amos.' One day I went out to see Greeley at Chappaqua about the newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he sat in his study, and he opened the door himself.

"Come in here, Asa," he said, in his high, mealy tones, as he led me into a fashion of parlour.

"I followed him into the room, and as I was only going to remain a moment, laid my hat, gloves and cane on a center table. Greeley, who had just entered the room, came and talked with Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. Now Mrs. G. was what one might call a spirited woman. The moment she entered the room she eyed me up and down, and as if she had been struck by lightning, she turned and looked at her husband.

"Then she left the room without pausing for speech, as one who had caught somebody else's eye. I was the place to go to for my cane and similar bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot; a man naturally might who sees his hat pounced upon and cast into the street. He could get up and say a word Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecating way and cheered me with the remark: "Never mind, Asa; she thought they were mine."

"Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recall what Greeley's hat used to look like I had my doubts."

Was a Sure Cure. Women are intolerant of their own weakness, and especially of their own hair loss. Men, however, are not so particular. Men lose their hair for the very fault and follies of the sex. The other evening an immense crowd got jammed in a theater lobby and some women grew hysterical.

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A week of Triumph

The word success is mild—the word crowds is tame—with which to describe this week's record of a

Week of Bargains

We're growing bigger every day—every department dilling up—but all being sacrificed for the sake of making a name for ourselves. If you're wise—if you're of a money saving turn you'll take home some of these bargain lots.

First of all

is the entire line of ladies' underwear and hosiery, probably the largest and certainly the best purchase ever made. These samples were shown a few weeks ago in New York—had never been on the road—and sold to us for about one-third of 50 per cent. Among them are the best and finest goods made in Europe. We don't hesitate to predict that Saturday's sale of this underwear and hosiery will be the greatest ever conducted in this western world.

Ladies' Jersey Vests.

Ladies' Underwear. Jersey vest, good that sell for 50c, our price 30c.

Balbriggan Underwear.

Ladies' Balbriggan underwear, summer weight, sold from \$1.00 to \$1.50, our price 75c.

Liste Trousers.

Ladies' liste thread tights, \$1.50 goods for 90c.

Children's Pantaloettes.

Children's pantaloettes, with front pockets, choice 15c.

Balbriggan Drawers.

Ladies' Balbriggan drawers, \$1.25 goods, 75c.

Sleeveless Vests.

Ladies' sleeveless vest, 50c quality for 25c.

Ladies' Striped Vests.

Ladies' fancy colored ribbed low neck, crocheted and sleeveless, these are 35c goods, worth all of 25c, our price 20c.

V Shaped Vests.

Ladies' fancy colored V shaped vest, with front pockets, choice 25c.

Ladies' Black Hose.

Ladies' absolutely fast black hose, the kind that Omaha's pay 20c for, 50c to 75c, our price 15c.

Children's Hosiery.

Children's Hosiery, fine ribbed, double heels and toes, 25c goods, worth all of 20c, our price 11c.

Misses' Tan Hose.

Misses' tan hose, in every shade, regular 25c quality, for 15c.

Ladies' Lisle Hose.

Ladies' lisle hose in fancy colors, mostly all of them 50c stockings, at 15c.

Ladies' Black Hose.

Ladies' extra fine quality black hose, worth 35c a pair; we sell tomorrow two pairs for 35c.

Cloak and Suit Dept.

We have bargains that cannot be duplicated anywhere. Are You Interested?

Silk Waists made of either Kai-Kai or Taffeta Silk.

12 colors to choose from, latest style, large sleeves, stuffed belt and collar, regular value \$5.50, Saturday we offer the choice of these waists for \$3.45.

Special bargains in Duck Suits and Lawn Wrappers at 98c and \$1.68.

Linens—Special Sale

We make this special for tomorrow to convince the people that ours is the stock that will reveal to you the most for your money and the best. Tomorrow we cut the price of our 65-inch heavy bleached damask table cloth, gold value \$5.50, to \$3.45.

60-inch cream damask, worth 75c for 50c.

64-inch satin finish bleached damask, \$1.00 goods for 70c.

Handstitched duck towels, 2 for 25c.

Extra size Turkish towel, worth 50c for 15c.

Pure linen toweling, worth 85c for 3c yard.

Good crash for 3c yard.

Kid Gloves—60c.

60c.

25c.

25c.

\$1.25.



MAROONED.

"Queen Anne's Revenge." In this vessel and with another he cruised about the Indian ocean for over six months, coasting along the shores of India, capturing peaceful merchantmen, burning and destroying and carrying devastation everywhere. Now and again he returned to Madagascar to refill his vessel and allow his men to spend their money as the pirates always did, in wild debauchery. Then to sea he would go again, and again the smoke from burning ships would rise to the sky.

Captain England himself seemed always to have looked forward to the day when he would capture his prize ship, the East India company's ship, the "Cassandra," in comparative peace and quietness at home. He never did earn it—how he would have returned to Madagascar to refill his vessel and allow his men to spend their money as the pirates always did, in wild debauchery.

But first it must be told about the famous fight between his two vessels and the East India company's ship, the "Cassandra," in the harbor of Junana, in which two or three hours' battle Captain England captured the East India man and her great and valuable cargo. For after this one day of show of generosity by which he missed that great fortune which he had always hoped to attain.

Didn't Mind the Fire. "The coolest man I ever saw," said a veteran fireman to the New York Sun, "I met at a fire in a dwelling house. We found him in an upstairs front room dressing to go out. The fire had by this time well blazed through the house at a great rate.

"Hello, there," he yelled to him when we looked in at the door, 'the house is all right. Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?' he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking around at us. He had on a low waistcoat, and his dress coat lay across a chair.

"Seeing us staring at him, he dropped his comb into his hat and went on combing. But as a matter of fact he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat, and picked up his overcoat.

"Now, then," we said to him, when we came to the window.

Chicago Tribune: "The growth of a few tiny rootlets," observed the teacher of the botany class, "has been known to lift a heavy rock from its place, and the root of a tree growing out under a stone sidewalk will sometimes push it up and break it. Other cases of a like nature showing the strong uplifting power of vegetable growth have occurred. I doubt not, within your own observation, is it not so?"

"Yes," said the boy with the faded hair. "I've heard my pay was his last year's corn crop lifted a mortgage off his farm."

Prince Bismarck received a large delegation of teachers at Friederichshagen recently, representing the higher Prussian schools. In his speech he referred to the influence of women on the national development, and called this influence an important mark of progress. Fifty years ago, he said, such a thing was unknown. Now German mothers foster the national feeling among

the laborer who was going to get any of this year's work? He would seem just and reasonable that the laborer who has done \$1.50 worth of work would want to be paid in a metal which would retain its value. He would want to be paid in a metal which would retain its value. He would want to be paid in a metal which would retain its value.

Offered by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, the short line to Chicago. A clean train, made up and started from Omaha. Baggage checked from residence to destination. Elegant train service and courteous employes. Entire train lighted by electricity by means of steam, with electric light in every berth. Finest dining car service in the west, with meals served "a la carte." The flyer leaves at 6 p. m. daily from Union Depot.

The Financial Debate. Cleveland Plain Dealer: Mr. Goldbug—My dear sir, you have made a frightful mistake in my financial communication.

Managing Editor (started)—What? Mr. Goldbug—I began by saying my financial mistake would be to be a "thinker" in financial matters.

Managing Editor—Well? Mr. Goldbug—Your compositor left the "h" out of "thinker."



Chicago Herald: "The stage is too small for me," said the lady with the blonde curls to the man with a black mustache, as they rode home on the grip of a North Clark street car after the performance. "I told her manager so tonight when he kicked. I says, says I, 'The stage is too small, an' I can't do me steps without a-bumpin' and a-thumpin' on a stage.'"

"What was it?" asked the girl in gray. "I'll tell you all about it," said the first girl, with the air of one eager to impart confidence. "You know he writes poetry; he writes the girls he gives sonnets and things."

"What?" demanded the girl in green, as he hurriedly mentioned the girl in blue, stirring her chocolate merrily. "He hasn't been to see me since Christmas, and I don't understand it, for I sent him a lovely present."

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