A STORY FOR BOYS. (Written for The Bee by E. W. Black.)

John Cole's heart heat high with anticipa-tion when the morning arrived that he should leave his home in the village and go out to a distant cattle range to begin the duties of tion when the morning arrived that he should leave his home in the village and go out to a distant cattle range to begin the duties of a real cowboy, the free and rollicking life of which had been the envy of all his boylsh years. True he had never been much away from home, and when the moment of parting arrived, amid many kind admonitions from his mother and sister. Hattle, he could only repress a tear by thinking of the gay times

he should soon have in riding his pony

hither and thither over the boundless plains. On his arrival at the ranch he was soon initiated by Mr. Braden, his employer, into his new duties, which consisted in driving out from the corral every day a large and apparently turbulent herd of cattle and keeping them from goring the stacks and from thyading the corn fields of the daring but scattered homesteaders who had been bold enough to penetrate into the "cattle beit," as the range country was called. This work. of course, had to be done on horseback, but John was full of pluck, and by the time he had been on the range two weeks he could ride like a Comanche warrior.

When he was given permission to go home and visit his mother and sister his place was filled by Willie Braden, the son of his employer, who was about two years his senior, and whose studies so his parents thought-were too important to be often interrupted, but one day Mr. Braden informed Willie that he was not to go to school that day, as his old friend, Mr. King. a cattle dealer, would be there that afternoon and his services would be needed in helping John to "round up" the cattle and "cut out" such as he should wish to sell. Mr. King arrived and was gladly welcomed to dinner by Mr. Braden, after which the dealer, accompanied by Willie and his father, rode out on the range and soon, with the aid of John, were bustly engaged in separating such cattle as Mr. King desired from the remainder of the herd.

remainder of the herd.

They were at times dashing hither and thither quite close together and at other times widely separated and both the cettle and their pursuers were occasionally almost enveloped in a blinding cloud of dust. On one occasion John and Willie were riding within a few yards of one another when the latter wideships and the second control of the second con latter spidenly turned his pony, slipped to the ground, picked up something brown and rapidly concealed it in his clothing. John's curiosity was aroused, but he held his peace, affecting not to have at all noticed the incident and was soon dashing away after a fine but wild animal that Mr. King was sepecially anytious to seemed. was especially anxious to secure. At length the selection was made, Mr. King explaining that he had some cash, but preferred hav-ing Mr. Braden draw on him at the bank at Ogaliala, the nearest railroad town, and the father and son assisted him in driving the newly-purchased herd off the premises.

John could hardly wait until he had an op-portunity with Willie in private, thinking that he would probably explain to him what that he would probably explain to him what he had found—he would never ask him; he was sure of that—but so great was his curicosity that he rode over and over the spot where Willie had dismounted, thinking to find something that would explain the mystery, but in vain. Time wore on. John and Willie were together repeatedly, but, so far from any secret being disclosed. Willie appeared cross and uncommunicative and hardly answered the necessary questions about the work with passable grace. His face seemed to grow careworn and unhappy, while John, on several occasions, thought he saw him shrink suddenly as if in fear and glance about him in a startled manner whenever he or Mr. Brain a startled manner whenever he or Mr. Bradon came upon him unexpectedly. John despised playing the detective, but he felt certain that there was something bearing heavily upon the mind of Willie and it required a strong effort on his part to avoid going out

family were seating for supper. Among the may. What if Willie should die and leave rest was a letter bearing the Omaha post- him the sole possessor of the fearful secret? rest was a letter bearing the Omaha post- him the sole possessor of the fearful secret? mark and addressed in a familiar hand and He passed the time until noon drearily

while this letter was being read, and before the first sentence had been completed Willie excused himself on some slight pretense and left the table. Mr. Braden, while showing deep interest in its contents, merely said that they would go out and look carefully over all the ground where the dealer had ridden, but he expressed a fear that, if it had been lest there, the chances were that the herd had trodden upon it until its contents yould probably be ruined if not scattered and

The next morning all three repaired to the stables, mounted and rode out as nearly as over the same route as that taken by Mr. King on the day when the cattle were selected. Mr. Braden was perhaps the only one who searched with any interest. Though they rode back and forth by course over lines far longer than was necessary to cover the proper locality, it was all to no purpose. The subject of the lest wallet was, of course,

fully discussed at the dinner table that day and when Mrs. Braden turned suddenly to John and asked him if he had not found it, he felt as if he should fall from his chair and his face reddened with a feeling akin to conscious He managed to control himself sufficiently to give a proper and truthful answer, but whether or not his manner had betrayed

reason of Willie's strange deportment for the past several days. He knew nothing posi-tive, however, and his mind was becoming so tive, however, and his mind was becoming so distressed by the dread secret that he heartly wished he knew nothing whatever in regard to it. Since the arrival of the letter he had driveway, and, when left to itself, rolled off felt almost as ill at ease as Willie appeared

Mrs. Braden thought a great deal about Mrs. Braden thought a great deal about the lost wallet that afternoon. Her quick eyes had not failed to notice the effect of her touch of a loving mother's heart. Mr. Braden sudden query on John's face and about touch of a loving mother's heart. Mr. Braden

A few days later Mr. King appeared on the up the blackened prairies around the Braden cene and was much disappointed when inscene and was much disappointed when in-fermed of their fruitless search. To satisfy his mind to the utmost, Mr. Braden went out that had met its last temptation.

0 2020202222222222222

Willie continued his daily rides to school beings and not hyenas or something equally and John his daily drives to less cropped but ferocious. But talking at long range soon more dis ant pastures, as the early frosts and cloudless skies of autumn began to clothe the prairies with a cost of waving brown, which soon became as dry as tinder. Mr. Braden had employed an extra force of men to plow and burn out fire guards across the more vulnerable points along the border of his range and around such hay as had been put

more and more morose. His appetite faited; he grew thin and nervous and pale and hollow-eyed, and his mother finally compelled him to remain home from school, thinking that perhaps his nervous condition resulted from too close an application to his studies, and John pitied him from the bottom of his heart as he saw him moping about the ranch as if burdened with a load his now emaciated shoulders could scarcely bear.

One evening when John was returning homeward with the cattle, just as he passed over the top of a knoll and came in sight of the south hay stack, he saw Willie hurriedly rise from his knees at the southwest corner and pass behind the stack. In a short time he reappeared at the other end and walked slowly off toward home, apparently without

There could be no mistake this time; John had seen the exact spot where Willie had risen from the ground and he now felt almost certain that he knew why he had been there. As soon as the cattle were safely cor-ralled and supper was over John determined to gratify his curiosity. With a caution born of his long-concealed, but lately waning suspicion, he took a wide circuit over the now moonlit prairie, at length approaching the south haystack. He occasionally stopped to listen, but no sound broke the stillness save the cry of a solitary coyote in a distant canyon. The full moon cast her brilliant rays directly on the southwest corner of the stack and lighted it up with a weird and uncanny light and a number of barkless fence posts, which had been swung across the stack to weight down the hay, looked to John, as they glittered with frost, like a row of frozen corpses. As he approached, his heart leaped into his throat when a startled bird flew out of its snug shelter in the hay and almost struck him in the face and he and almost struck him in the face, and he turned to run. Then, summoning all his courage, he knelt down and carefully examined the hay. Sure enough, in the smooth edges of the stack where the wilted blades had clung closely together in curing, was a faint trace of an opening. He carefully slipped his hand into the space and it came in contact with a cold and clammy olly-feeling leather! He shrank from it and press d down the hay as if to hide it from his very mind! Just then a monster owl flew down upon the top of the stack with a piercing scream and John leaped to his feet and bounded away over the prairie.

bounded away over the prairie,

John slept but little that night. On the
day following he was tortured by a medley
of unworthy thoughts. Thirty-two hundred
dollars! What great things he could do with
that amount for mother! How easily might
sister Hattle have an organ take music lessons, and perhaps go to college. His head
swam as he tolerated the alluring thought.
But no! It was not his; he would never go
near it again! Neither could he tell Mr.
Braden about it. He could not—at least he
would not—disgrace and dishonor his employer and his family by making known the

ployer and his family by making known the orime.
Notwithstanding his respite from school of his way to learn what it was.

Some time after the visit of the cattle dealer at the Braden ranch Willie brought home a considerable package of mail on his return from school one evening and it was brought out for examination just as the family were seating for support. Among the may. What if Willie should die and leave may. What if Willie should die and leave may. mark and addressed in a familiar hand and Mr. Braden hurriedly fore it open and read aloud:

Dear Old Friend: The day I visited your

He passed the time until noon dreamly enough and was greatly relieved at that time by the appearance of Mr. Braden, who rode out to request him to go Dear Old Friend: The day I visited your ranch to get the cattle I had with me as large leather waller containing about \$3,200, mostly in large bills, which I regret to say was lost, and I have no doubt that it fell from my clothing while cutting out the cattle on the range south of your corrait. Pressing business compelled me to go to Chicago with a shipment of cattle or I would have returned at once to look it up. Kindly examine the ground carefully, as I do not think I could have lost it anywhere else. Yours in haste, JAMES KING.

John could scarcely conceal his surprise the western sky as John started on his re-turn trip. There was a burnt cdor in the air and little fragments of ash and char fell out of the sky and clung to his clothing. As he neared home and the hour grew later he could see a reddish glare far along the hori-

guards and were now sweeping down in serried array over the bluffs in Mr. Braden's range! No time was to be lost; the hay, if not the very buildings, was in danger! John dashed up to the corral, Jerked off his coat, dipped it in a pail of water and bounded off with the fire light and the corral of the coat, dipped it in a pail of water and bounded off the coat, dipped it in a pail of water and bounded off the coat, dipped it in a pail of water and bounded off the coat. with them in the fire light to where he could dimly distinguish Mr. Braden fighting alone near the south stack. The wind had arisen and long flames like demon's tongues shot by them on every hand. Soon the rushing line of flame struck the stack. Still they struggled. The wet clothes came down "thwack, thwack," with telling effect, but all without avail. It was soon seen that the hay was doomed and just as the smoked and

sweating tollers were giving up the unequal struggle they were startled by an object in white, which came leaping through the rolling smoke and the horrid, licking, seething, curling flames, like an apparition from the nether world. "Oh, don't let it burn," it shrieked, "for God's sake don't let it burn;" fire had not his father and John caught him

In their arms. across the prairie with a sullen roar. Willie was carried back to his couch and his poor eyes had not falled to notice the effect of her sudden query on John's face, and she could not tell, for her life, why she had asked him the question, for she had never had the slightest occasion to doubt his honesty, but she could not now dismiss the idea that he knew something about it that he did not care to reveal and that evening she confided her suspicions to Mr. Braden, giving her reasons therefor.

"Oh, Maria," he replied, "John just felt taken down to have you suspicion him. Why, he's as houest as the day is long. I've sent him to town to trade several times and he always makes returns to the last penny. John's all right; I felt sorry that you asked him that way. Maybe Mr King lost the wallet before he ever came here," and so the subject was ever came here," and so the subject was of life, and when the morning sun struggled through the smoky atmosphere and lightened

window on a shrunken and stiffened form

the case If Troubled with Rheumatism Read This. OLIS, Md., April 16, 1894.-I have rlain's Pain Balm for the best preparation

Exchanging Courtesies and Grub on the Banks of the Rappahannock. The Rappahannock river is narrow and deep for some distance below Fredericksburg. Va., says the Chicago Times-Herald. Pickets could visit with ease, so far as conversation went, while standing or sitting on their respective posts when once they had made a bargain to do no firing; and such a bargain became a common thing a year after the war began and the men had learned that in the main the two armies were made up of human became tiresome. It has always been so whether in war or peace, in the city or on the prairie. Farmers may talk for a time at long range, but they soon come together and rest their elbows on the top rail and a foot on the second rail. Women may begin conversa-tion standing in their respective doorways. range and around such hay as had been put up for the ponies on the raich and, so far as known, all was snug for the winter.

John had yet seen nothing of any apparent importance to keep alive his suspicions. True, he had, on several occasions, seen Willie furtively passing to and from a large hay stack which stood alone south of the corral, but a trip he had made to the same place later had revealed nothing and he almost felt as samed of having taken this initiatory step in the role of a detective.

As time pussed on Willie appeared to grow more and more morose. His appetite failed;

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I say, Yank!"
"What is it, Johnny?"
"We uns like the smell of you all's real "Do you want some of it, Johnny?"

"Just homesick for some real coffee."
"How's your tobacco supply?"
"Plenty of it." They were nearly always long on plug obacco, but short on coffee, real coffee, and our boys were often short on tobacco, but seldom so on coffse. "Lets dicker, Johnny."

"That's us, honey; how shall we deliver the goods?"
"Make a raft from boards on you barn and

me over."
"Mean it, Yank? Won't sneak us?" "On honor, Johnny; on honor. Come over."
Within an hour a confederate eraft, laden with one unarmed Johnny and a liberal supply of Virginia plug and long Tom, ran its jagged nose against the northern bank of the

river.

"No shenanigan, Yanks."

"Not a bit. You'll go back as soon's the goods are exchanged and you get ready."

That completed the treaty, with a reciprocity attachment, and the good-natured Virginian did not need a second invitation to partake of coffee, fried pork and hard-tack.

I wonder if Mr. Blaine didn't get his reciprocity idea from these deals between pickets.

ets.

When the ship sailed back to the confederacy and the captain displayed his stock of coffee and told of the banquet tendered him by the enemy, one of his brethren called over:
"Bully for you, Yanks! The war is over

"Bully for you, Yanks! The war is over until they change pickets."

And it was. There was not an hour in the day when the raft was not engaged in brin, ing the pickets together for social and commercial intercourse. They swapped goods played cards, discussed battles and had as good a time as the same men would have played cards, discussed battles and had as good a time as the same men would have today were they to come together, for with such as they the war had been over ever since Grant and Lie came together and shook hande at Appointant.

It made no difference what officer was in charge of the picket. One day the lieutenant who had winked at or turned his back upon these society and commercial enterprises was suddenly prestrated, returned to camp and a new lieutenant took his piace.

camp and a new lieutenant took his place. And he was new, brand new. He was a political pull officer. He had been commissioned by the governor at the request of his father, who had the pull, and assigned to a regiment of New Yorkers who had seen hard strice and had plenty of good material of regiment of New Yorkers who had seen hard a service and had plenty of good material of its own for officers. Of course the whole regiment felt insulted, but what could it do? Papa had drawn on the governor for a pair of shoulder straps for his son before he had earned them. By honoring the draft he had pleased one man and another temporarity. The young lieutenant was pleased until he ran upon the ice and secowls of the vetgra. New Yorkers. Then he was sad. I distinct to think, even new, that there was much of that kind of work done, not alone by the governors, and in both armies. It seldom worked well. There were exceptions, to be sure. This young fellow, who wanted to fight for his country if he could begin as are officer the third year of the war, was sent to take the course. the third year of the war, was sen take the place of the prostrated officer. He reached the picket line in time to see a Vir ginian land and shake hands with our mer Tout was the first rebel he had seen. Wha was he there for but to kill and capture rebels? "You are a prison r. Sergeant, takthis man to General Cutler with my compli ments, and tell him he was taken at Fitzhugh Crossing." It mattered not that our boys and the confederate protested; the Foutenan knew his business and did not want private soldiers to interfere.

The prisoner was sharply questioned by the gruff old general. When Cutler ascertaince the facts in the case-that hip boys had en tered into an arrangement to exchange courtibles-he stormed like an enraged aldsimar "Sirgeant, return with this soldier to the lieutenant and tell him to let him go back to his friends across the river and then re port to me, at once." When the lieutenam reported, the general said to him: "Young man, you have been guilty of a mean act. zon and he was startled to see that the do not say that the men did right to make flames had leaped or stolen through the fireit was infamous to violate it by making prisoner of that soldier. You may go back to your regiment. I will ask the adjutant send me a soldier to take charge of the picket."

> Acts at once, never faits. One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a se-vere cold. The only harmless remedy that vere cold. produces immediate results.

The Train Lit.

At a small railway station, in the hilly part of Alabama an old man, carrying a carpet bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first sent. the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started, and they both looked eagerly out of the window, and as the speed increased, a look of keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She bit whether or not his manner had betrayed his secret he was not so sure, and he felt a sense of great relief when the meal was over and the members of the family separated to go about their various duties.

John was indeed in a quandary and he knew not what to do. He had little doubt in his own mind as to what had become of the wallet and he thought he could see the reason of Willie's strange deportment for the series don't let it burn."

shrieked. "for God's sake don't let it burn."
and with all the mysterious strengh of wild delirium Willie clawed and tore into the fiery hay and snatched out the smoking lety gathered on the old lady's face. She strength of wild delirium Willie clawed and tore into the fiery hay and snatched out the smoking voice plainly audible to those about her:

"It burns my bands. I never stole it, Pa; indeed I didn't. I found it. It's all there yet, every penny," and the poor overthe wrought creature would have fallen into the fire had not his father and John caught him of her. There she stood, trembling from of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Mean-"Thank goodness! She's lit again!

> I like my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is

as fragrant as violets. Burns as a Newspaper Contributor. The Dumfries Standard recently published from the Dumfries Journal of July, 1795, a verse which it believes was written by Burns who was then an occasional contributor to the Journal. In this paper appeared haughty Gaul invasion threat?" initi B., and the sonnet on the death of Mr. Rid-dell of Glenriddell. The verse refers to the tax which Pitt placed upon hair powder Long have the learned sought without suc

To find what you alone, O. Pitt. possess!









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8:10am Sloux City Accommodation 8:15pm 12:25pm Sloux City Express (ex. Sun.) 11:55am 6:10pm St. Paul Limited 9:25am Leaves K. C., ST. J. & C. B. Arrives Omahs Union Depot, 19th & Mason Sts Omaha 9:48am.....Kansas City Day Express..... 5:30pm 9:45pm.K. C. Night Ex. Via U. P. Trans. 7:60am Leaves | MISSOURI PACIFIC Arrives Omaha Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. Omaha 5:30pm St. Louis Express 5:30pm St. Louis Express 3:30pm fl.Nebraska Local (ex. Sun.)... Omaha Depot, 15th and Webster Sts. Omaha Leaves SIOUX CITY & PACIFIC. Arrives
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PRICE, YARD.....

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tra fine quality, worth \$1.00, S. E. OLSON CO'S 59c

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to 65e, CHOICE ONLY, YARD......

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FANCY BRAID TRIMMING-A big lot, Morse's price up to 25c, CHOICE OF THE LOT, YARD DRESS FRINGES-Fast black and colors, in silk and chenille goods, Morse's price up to \$1.50 yard, CHOICE OF THE LOT, YARD DRESS AND CLOAK FROGS, BOTH COLORED AND

BLACK - Large and small sizes. Morse's price 10c to 15c, CHOICE ONLY, EACH

Morses price 20c to 35c, CHOICE ONLY, EACH

Boys' Clothing

We have just received from an overstocked manufacturer a lot of first class, well made, heavy dark colored Boys' Clothing. We bought these goods at about 40c on the dollar. They will be sold with the balance of the S. P. Morse stock of Clothing at about half manufacturer's cost.

BOYS' HEAVY SUITS—Double-breasted dark colored. 2.25 double seat and knee pants, well made and warm, all sizes, worth \$4.00 to \$6.00, CHOICE OF THE LOT BOYS' COMBINATION SUITS—Heavy all wool goods, dark colors (coat, 2 pairs pants and cap), all sizes, worth \$5.00 to \$7.00, CHOICE OF THE LOT ONLY.

BOYS' OVERCOATS—Dark colors, all sizes, worth \$2.50 1.50 to \$3.00, CHOICE OF THE LOT to \$3.00, CHOICE OF THE LOT ors, nicely trimmed with silk braid, all sizes, worth 3.60 \$5.00 to \$7.00, CHOICE ONLY

BOYS' HEAVY ULSTERS-Close nap, mixed color, chinchilla cloth, heavy, soft goods, warm and durable, well lined and well made, all sizes, worth \$6.00 to 4.39

\$8.00, CHOICE ONLY BOYS' REEFER JACKETS-Dark colors, heavily padded and well made, nicely trimmed, chinchilla cloth, 2.75 worth \$5.00 to \$6.00, CHOICE ONLY \$2.65 AND

Notion Department.

Sewing Machine Oil, per bottle, Morse's price 8c, OUR PRICELinen Paper Tablets, 100 sheets, Morse's price 12c, OUR Witch Hazel, large bottles, Morse's price 12c, OUR PRICE sheet Paper and 24 Envelopes, in boxes, Morse's price

18c, OUR PRICE Cheesebrough Vas aline, in bottles, Morse's price 5c, OUR PRICE Real French Bristle Tooth Brushes, Morse's price 25c, OUR PRICE

3c 11c

4c

7c

7c

120