

HOW WE DEFEATED THE LAW.

A Race for the Border Between a Sheriff and the Engineer of a Steam Thresher.

It was in the fall of 1893 that the western wheat crop was so unusually abundant, especially so in eastern Kansas and western Missouri, and along the fertile river valleys of this region, where perhaps the drought of that summer was the least felt of anywhere in that section, while still further east, as far almost as Indiana, the wheat crop was almost a failure in comparison.

The incident which I am about to relate happened early in October of that fall, just after my twenty-first birthday. Clayton Fisk, a young man about my own age, and myself, had resolved to start a new business. We were full of pluck and enthusiasm, determined to venture our last dollar in our enterprise. Kansas was just about this time developing some immense wheat sections along its border, and it was in this direction we took our course. We had a little over \$500 between us, and after more or less careful consideration of the matter and the outlook ahead, we concluded to purchase a traction engine and threshing machine, and with the intention of taking it eastward through the wheat regions. We went by rail to Jefferson City, where we stopped over and went to look at the threshing equipments manufactured there. Fisk had no knowledge whatever of engineering-in fact, I do not believe he knew the steam chest from the eccentric-but I had had a little experience, and I understood the points fairly well and felt quite confident that we would have no trouble as far as operating the peculiar thrills of nature. I felt we looked over the big black silent masses of iron at Jefferson City, and thought that before long one of those iron monsters would be putting little uncertainty and a great deal of advice, we finally selected a thirty-horse-power engine as one in every way adapted to our purpose, and upon asking the price of the machine in view we were informed that we might have it at a bargain—only \$1,200 for the whole outfit, consisting of the engine, the threshing machine, and the price was considerably more than we had calculated upon paying, and for a moment we were feeling rather discouraged, with only a capital of about \$500 between us, and I have just about that amount with me, and I am out of work, and if you will take me as a third partner we will buy the outfit and start out. I am willing to risk my share of all, and we wanted that particular thrasher pretty badly, so after Clayton and I had talked the matter over and decided to accept the thrasher's offer at once. After breakfast the next morning we went back down to the works again and closed the bargain, and we became the owners of the "Gonic," as we concluded to call her. After carefully inspecting and oiling the machine, I began firing the engine, which was an immense concern, the huge six-foot drive wheels being two feet broad in order to prevent them sinking into the soft soil of the prairie wheat fields.

Clayton and Gleason (our new partner) were busy about the thrasher, leaving me to my special charge of the engine. At last, about 9 o'clock, we were all ready to start; the thrasher was full of coal and the thrasher was coupled on behind, and the "Gonic" was making steam rapidly. Already the indicator began to creep up—40, 50, 60 pounds. I waited until the needle began to tremble at eighty pounds, then seizing the lever, I pulled the throttle slowly open. The monster shivered as the steam rushed into the cylinders; then, as the great drive wheels began to slowly revolve, I blew the whistle, and with Fisk and Gleason sitting beside me and looking after the thrasher, we were off along the country roads and across the prairie.

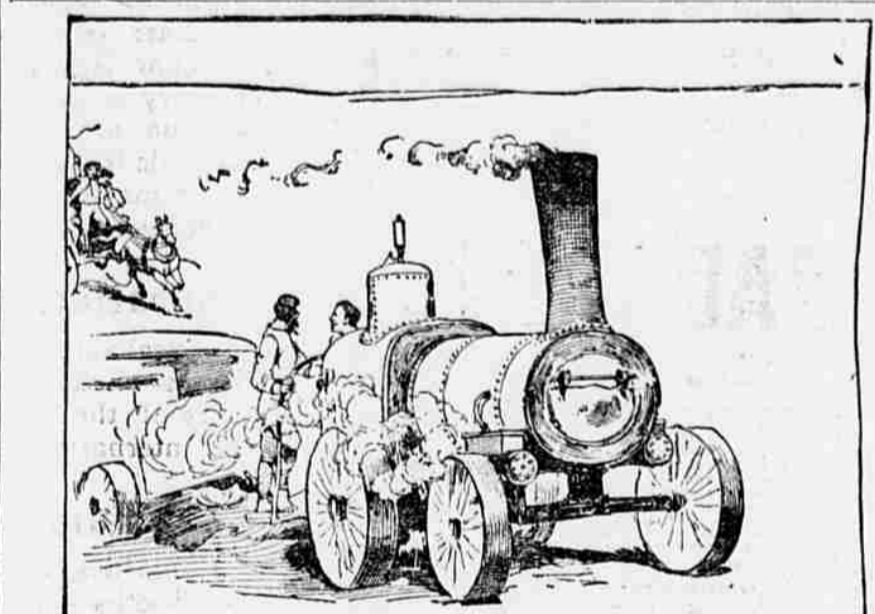
Probably no mechanic feels the peculiar love for his machine as the engineer does as he works over it, watching and tending it as carefully as a mother does her child, noting the willingness and quickness, and we might almost say, the intelligence with which it responds to every desire of its master, a feeling grows in his heart akin to the love one person bears for another.

I began to experience this feeling as we were rumbling along over the rough country about this chap, although he seems a good fellow enough. He never says much about himself to us, and I think we had better keep our eyes open a little anyway. "How can he do us any harm?" I asked. "He has an interest in the thing."

"That is more than I can tell," he replied thoughtfully, "yet I think he will be watching all right."

"All right," I repeated, starting up. "I'll go and fix the firing the engine and we'll pull out of this the first thing in the morning." We had just finished a large stack that day, and all the hands had gone off except Fisk and myself, and one of us generally stayed with the machine night and day. Just as I had finished hanking the fire in the fire-box for the night, I thought I heard a slight rattle in the straw, like a step I thought, at the other end of the engine, but it was too dark for me to see anything, and as I did not hear it again I concluded that it was only a field mouse among the straw. Gleason did not show up that night. In the morning by sunrise I had a roaring fire in the furnace, and the team had begun to make a little, when I noticed it escaping in small white clouds from the cylinder heads. This surprised me a little, for I knew that they were all tight when we shut down the night before, and I stepped around to investigate, and upon a close examination I found that the cylinder head had been unbolted and the packing removed. The throttle had also been tampered with, and it would not close tightly, thus letting the steam escape into the cylinder, and showing us the loss before we otherwise would have noticed it. I hastened to the tender where the spare packing was kept, but it was gone. I was by this time somewhat excited, and calling Fisk, together we made a more careful examination of the entire machine, but found nothing else disturbed. It was only too evident that some person or persons had removed the rubber packing from the cylinder heads for the purpose of disabling us. Who could have been, and what was their object, was more than we could understand, as there was no rival machine in the vicinity. While we were talking the matter over and wishing that Gleason would come, a man in a light buggy drove rapidly

up and asked: "Is this the Gleason and Fisk outfit?" Fisk quietly informed him that it was. "Your other partner, Gleason," the man in the buggy began, "has been inventing rather heavily in stock and bonds lately that kind of an security or property owned by the company, and as the investment has turned out badly, and Gleason can't pay, I have had to come by the proper authorities to ask you to settle the matter at once."



"THEY WERE NOW ALMOST WITHIN SPEAKING DISTANCE."

"What have we got to do with his inventions?" asked Fisk, with a scowl. "One member of a firm binds the rest in Kansas," remarked the man in the buggy. "And if we refuse to settle?" I asked indignantly. "Then, I'll have to serve an attachment on you," said the man in the buggy. "Let us see your papers," said Fisk, stepping up to the side of the buggy. The man unbolted his coat and began to fumble in his pocket. As he did so I noticed a sheriff's shield pinned on his vest front.

"Confound the luck," he exclaimed angrily. "I've left them back at Fort Scott, but never mind; it's all straight enough, anyway. I don't think you will doubt my authority," and he exposed his shield to us. "Well," cried Fisk, wrathfully, "I don't think you will attach anything here with the papers—perhaps not then."

"Forewarned—forearmed," laughed the sheriff as he glanced at the steam hissing straight ahead around the cylinder head. "I don't think that you will be apt to run away with the property before I can serve the papers," and then he drove quickly away in the direction of Fort Scott.

"Say, sheriff!" I called after him. He stopped his horse and looked back. "Is this bill of Gleason's all straight, or is it a game of this to fleece us?" The sheriff laughed a little at this, and then he said: "Well, to tell the truth, his ways are a little dark. I know him; he likes to keep his feet occasionally, but he has got the advantage of you fellows all right, because he's got the law on his side."

Fisk was about to make some sharp reply, but I shook my head and warned him, and the sheriff went on. "It won't do to make him mad," I said. "We are in a bad fix, and it will only make matters worse. Let us go and get the papers on us." "But," groaned Fisk, "to think what a precious pair of fools we are." "Yes," I replied, "but it's better than being taken in by a lawbreaker and all our prospects gone at once, and all owing to the rascality of that Gleason and our greenness."

"Clayton," I exclaimed a moment later, springing up electrified with an idea, "bring me your rubber boots, and step quick, too!" He brought them speedily, and I slipped on them, and then I stepped on the rubber, and began cutting them out with my knife. "I guess that's the only way to get right for a little while," I said. "If it does," I cried, "we may give them the slip yet. Break up that old tar barrel and stick it into the fire-box, and save the Gonic. Only twelve miles lay between us and the border line—could we reach it before they overtook us?"

The Gonic did not. With a roar like small thunder she belched up huge clouds of black smoke and steam, and fairly quivered with the full pressure upon her, as she rolled along. Now and then we ran a foot line of barbed wire fence, but we tore through it like a network of twine. I looked back just after we had got well started, and saw on a knoll about a mile back the pursuing party—three of them—the sheriff and two men with him in his buggy, and their horse at a run, and then I opened the throttle a little wider. It was now a question of speed—if they overtook us before we reached the state line they might take us and our machine, too; if, however, we could get to the border before they reached our jurisdiction, and they could not serve the attachment. One, two, four miles were passed over, our engine at full speed, with an average of seventy pounds of steam on the cylinders, and we were still holding our own against them. Eight miles we had traveled now, and I was beginning to feel pretty highly elated over the success of our scheme, when I heard Fisk utter a cry of dismay. "The coal's all gone," he exclaimed. "It was true, for in the excitement I had not noticed its rapid depletion, and now it was not more than four or five shovelfuls remained. This new calamity almost stunned us both for a moment—perhaps we might be able to make it hold out—but I doubted it greatly. Ten miles—the coal was all gone now, and I emptied one of the oil cans into the fire box to keep up the steam, and then we began to break up the woodwork about the tender.

Eleven miles—only one mile more now and we would save the Gonic, but the last stick of wood was gone even to the last splinter, and I could see that the speed was already beginning to slacken down. The sheriff seemed to notice that we were beginning to slacken up a little, for he now laughed and roared to his feet and stood upright in the buggy and began to urge his almost exhausted horse on with shouts and free use of the whip. The light vehicle swayed and plunged about from side to side as the horse broke into a headlong gallop, while the two men hung desperately on as the horse plunged frantically forward, still urged by the whip and furious shouts of the sheriff. They were rapidly overtaking us now, and the "Gonic" was lost unless we could manage in some way to keep up the steam a few moments longer. I looked back again and saw that the sheriff was still coming and was now within 100 yards of us and still gaining on us at the rate we were moving. He saw me as I glanced back at him, and he began to shout something at me, but the engine made so much noise that I was unable to understand what it was that he said, but I could guess almost, for I could see the look of exultant satisfaction in his face and hear his mocking laugh as we began to slack down and almost stand still—the fire in the furnace having died down to a few smoldering embers. They were now almost within speaking distance, and still coming nearer and nearer, and I could plainly hear the labored breathing of the sheriff's exhausted horse, and I knew that he could not go much further, that that speed, and then I heard the sheriff shout:

"Hold on—you can't get away now! We've got you all right!" This was almost too much, especially with a grim determination that I would make neither man nor horse stop, in spite of them all, I pulled off my heavy woolen coat and, pouring what oil there was left in the can on it and saturating it thoroughly, I opened the firebox and shoved it quickly into the furnace among the smoldering coals. In another moment it blazed furiously up, and we began to increase our fast diminishing speed a trifle. The sheriff was now near enough to plainly see what I was doing, and as we began to gain headway a little he began to curse and swing the whip more furiously than ever upon his plunging horse. In a moment the coat was consumed, but it had held our own while it lasted, and we were now making good progress. In a moment I threw in my cap, while Fisk went one better by following suit with his hat, and in a few minutes the sheriff had died down the fire, and he had begun to gain again, but as soon as the fire blazed up he began to make steam rapidly once more, and the sheriff barely held his own with us now.

The coat and overalls did not last long and I saw that something more must be done to keep up the fire, for we were again beginning to lose ground—with Missouri half a mile away straight ahead, and the sheriff looking back at our pursuers; they were still coming at a headlong gallop. I opened the fire box and looked in—the fire was almost gone out now—not a narrow strip of embers remained. Then, without a moment's hesitation, I slipped off my overalls, shoved them into the furnace and shut the door. Just these heroic means we managed to keep enough steam to keep in motion a little—just out of the sheriff's reach—until we at last crawled slowly over the line into Missouri, the sheriff and his party following us at a distance of a few miles. We were now beyond the border line. We never saw anything more of our did not part—Gleason and all that autumn we continued to thresh in Missouri, and being quite satisfied with our investment, we gave up the idea of going further westward, and ran the Gonic successfully for several seasons before we finally sold out. GEORGE F. LYON.

AFFLICTED WITH ABNORMAL SIGHT
Not Averse with His Many Eyes Could Frederick Bauffeld of Portland, Ore., who suffered an injury to one of his eyes three years ago, inflicted by a flying splinter in the East Side Southern Pacific shops, is just back from Vienna, after a course of treatment. While there he was for two months totally blind. His sight after it was restored is not a little remarkable, in fact, he is the most scientific authorities on diseases of the eye say that there is no similar case on record. Bauffeld's right eye became hypertropic and the cylinder to hold its shape, he could see nothing close by with his right eye, but at a long range he was enabled to discern the smallest object. "The" at a distance of twenty feet, the largest object was blurred to the left eye, but within six inches of it the most infinitesimal atom was magnified to an extent that he could see it were beneath the most powerful microscope.

Bauffeld is somewhat sensitive on this subject, as most abnormally afflicted people are, yet a few days ago he practically demonstrated to a few intimate friends the unheard-of degree to which he was suffering from hyperopia and myopia. On one of the recent clear afternoons he read the first page of a newspaper at a distance of 200 feet, while his left eye was blindfolded, but when the paper was placed immediately before him he was unable to decipher a letter. In addition he described the color of a very small piece of cloth one of his friends had projecting from a thumb nail 500 feet away, and the right eye being closed. A drop of water and a small piece of paper at the next moment were the objects. In both instances Bauffeld described with the use of his naked eye what the other saw only with the aid of a powerful instrument.

Present When Lincoln Was Notified.
Mrs. Frank Lord of Washington is one of the few living persons who were present at the notification to Mr. Lincoln of his second nomination for president. With two other ladies, who chanced to be in the white house at that time, she saw on a knoll before the stairway in the hall when the committee entered the east room. As the president came down the stairs the ladies in hiding revealed themselves and greeting the president, congratulated him.

PLAYING 'POSSUM WITH BEAR

Tragic Death of a Man Who Bought to Fool Old Bruin.

SAD FATE OF A SHEEPHERDER

Feigning Death Results in Being Fatally Mutilated by the Beast—Story of a California Tragedy.

The text-book story of the bear that was hounded by the hardy traveler, who feigned death when suddenly surprised to escape being masticated, which has awed and delighted the youths of many generations, has been hounded over as a huge work of fiction by the latest onslaught of old Bruin. The time-honored tale may be authentic so far as it relates to old Bruin's absence of the head, but a recent thrilling test of this old theory resulted in the horrible and tragic death of a Portuguese sheep-herder named Domingo in the wilds at the mouth of the Yosemite valley. Old Bruin was only too brutally alive to the attempted deception, for he mangled his victim in a horrible manner.

The herder was employed by Hiram Simmons, a well-to-do sheepman and stock-raiser of Porterville, who visited San Francisco recently and made known to the Examiner the fact of the thrilling encounter, in which Mr. Simmons himself played no small part. Mr. Simmons sends large bands of sheep out on the range every season, and the one under the care of Domingo was grazing along one of the tributaries of the Merced river, near Yosemite valley, when Mr. Simmons made his regular visit of inspection. Domingo complained that marauding bears had been making frequent onslaughts upon the herd that at times he was in fear of his own life. He had had several visits from them during the season, each executed in the manner of the tribulation which suddenly appear upon the scene, and rearing upon his hind legs, swoop down upon the flock; and with a few mighty blows with their fore paws, they would tear sheep upon which he feasted at his leisure, for these attacks invariably caused a stampede of both flock and herder and left the beast to his prey.

RIDDLED THE TEXT.
On one occasion an old grizzly descended upon his camp while Domingo was dozing in his tent, putting the startled Portuguese to flight, and undisturbed he proceeded to demolish the entire camp. With a single sweep of his huge paw the giant smashed the cooking utensils to pieces and the work of the tribulation which he accomplished with remarkable speed and dexterity, while the frightened shepherd looked on in bewilderment from a sheltering branch of a nearby tree, to which he had rushed for refuge. The work of demolition complete, the old grizzly moved on, apparently to make his camp a few minutes before Domingo ventured to leave his retreat.

Though the flock tender protested that he could not face the dangerous task any longer, Mr. Simmons was inclined to look upon the stories told him as very highly colored, and he argued with Domingo that it would be better to let the grizzly alone, as neither man was armed the unnatural noise of the wilds during the night, suggestive of nocturnal prowlers, were not pleasant to the ear.

During breakfast on the following morning Domingo was retelling the story of the unexpected and disastrous visit of the old grizzly to the ranch, and he gave graphic detail when the sound of a loud rifle shot close at hand caused both men to spring in startled terror even at their seats. The shot had sounded from a turn of the mountain, and the men at once turned their gaze in that direction.

A FATAL MOVE.
The move was fatal, for the next moment a deep crackling sound behind them caused them to turn in alarm to behold a sight to shudder the stoutest hearts. Bounding down the hill directly toward them was a huge cinnamon bear, wild with rage from pain for the small bear he had just slain. Mr. Simmons speedily scrambled up the nearest tree to safety. Domingo hadn't time to move, but cried out to his employer: "Don't move, and let me get a sight of the bear!" and play "possum." And sitting action to word, he prostrated himself upon the ground. Domingo, in common with herding men, is a natural "possum," and the story that old Bruin is easily deceived by the appearance of death, but his unlucky shepherd's faith in this theory was shattered when the bear, after a moment's hesitation, stepped over him with many an angry growl.

It had been an awful moment for the unfortunate man, but Domingo never regained consciousness long enough to tell of the terror of his horrid situation, for the bear, having opened his savage mouth, and gripping him around the loins, began to mangle the body in a frightful manner, raising the struggling and screaming Domingo helpless in his iron jaws.

RESCUED TOO LATE.
Mr. Simmons, safely ensconced in the tree, watched the approach of the bear in agonizing suspense, and his worst fears were realized when he beheld the sickening sight of the savage attack. The deadly position of his herder nerved him to the quick, and dropping from the tree with more speed than he had scrambled into it, he rushed to the rescue with a heavy stick of cordwood for a weapon.

Mr. Simmons, who is six feet tall, is a giant in strength, and, wielding his improvised club with terrible fury, crushed in the skull of the wounded bear, but too late to save Domingo. Bear and man fell in a heap at Simmons's feet, both bathed in blood, and it was a sad sight for Mr. Simmons and the hunter who had fired the shot that had first startled them, and who came upon the scene just as the bear was laid low to gaze upon. An examination showed that Domingo had been hit twice, so severely that the lower part of his body was completely paralyzed. He lay unconscious upon his face, reeking with blood, and it required many minutes to shake the horrified pair that he was not dead.

A BIT OF HISTORY.
Why Corner Stone of the Old National Capitol Bears No Inscription.
A correspondent asks the New York Sun to print the inscription which was on the corner stone of the old National Capitol in Washington. We cannot do it, replies the Sun, because the building never had an inscription. It is a fact, however, that after the restoration of the structure, which had been nearly destroyed in the war of 1812, an inscription for the edifice was under consideration by the administration of Madison, but the committee on the subject was Jefferson, who gave his views to Monroe, then secretary of state, as follows: "If it be proposed to place an inscription on

the capitol, the lapidary style requires that essential facts only should be stated, and these with a brevity admitting no superfluous word. The essential facts in the two inscriptions proposed are these: "Founded 1791—Burnt by a British Army 1814—Restored by Congress 1817. "The reasons for this brevity are that the letters must be of extraordinary magnitude to be read from below; that little space is allowed them, being usually put into a pediment or in a frieze, or on a small tablet on the wall; and, in our case, a third may be added, that no pediment can be imparted to this inscription, every word being justifiable from the most classical examples. "But a question of more importance is whether there should be one at all. The barbarism of the conflagration will immortalize that of the nation. It will place them forever in degraded comparison with the executed Bonaparte, who, in possession of almost every capital in Europe, injured no one. Of this history will take care, which all will read, while our inscription will be seen by few. Great Britain, in her pride and ascendancy, has certainly hated and despised us beyond every earthly object. Her hatred may remain, but the hour of her contempt is passed and is succeeded by dread; not a present, but a distant and deep one."

Second-Hand Goods Come Cheaper.
By the old Saxon law, a maiden and a widow were of different value. The latter could be bought for one-half the sum which the guardian of the maid was entitled to demand. A man therefore, who could not afford to buy a maiden might, perhaps, be able to purchase a widow.

Not everyone can go South for March, but almost everybody can spend a dollar or two for Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. If you have got a lingering cough or are run down; are weak and exhausted by reason of the Grippe, ask your doctor if Scott's Emulsion isn't just what you need in the emergency. The combined virtues of the Cod-liver Oil, the Hypophosphites and Glycerine as prepared in Scott's Emulsion will give you flesh and strength rapidly and help you back to health.

COOPERATION IN EUROPE.
Practical activity abroad greater than in the United States—Leaders of the movement honored—Summary of the proceedings of the Paris congress of the International Co-operative League.

FAMOUS FAMILY OF ACTORS.
Peculiarities, eccentricities and splendid genius of the Booths—An old actor's personal memories—The elder Booth, Junius Brutus, jr., Edwin and John Wilkes described by one who knew them intimately.

HONORS ON THE CINDER PATH.
Training for runners explained by a Harvard athlete—The importance of nervous energy—Sound advice for boys ambitious in that direction—Rules that should be strictly observed.

LIFE IN NORTHERN MEXICO.
An exhilarating climate and a hospitable people—Many wrong impressions corrected—A knowledge of the Spanish language essential to success in business—Luxuriance of the tropics.

DR. SCARLES' & SCARLES' SPECIALISTS IN NERVOUS, CHRONIC AND PRIVATE DISEASES.
WEAK MEN SEXUALLY. All Private Diseases and Disorders of Men cured. Permanent and successful cures. Method of treatment by mail. Occupation free.

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC FOR DRUNKENNESS.
It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will cure in a moderate time, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers in Liquors. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, O.

DR. SCARLES' & SCARLES' STRICTURE AND GLEET.
Cured of home. By new method without pain or cutting. Method of treatment by mail. Occupation free. DR. SCARLES & SCARLES, 119 N. 14th St., Omaha, Neb.

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC FOR DRUNKENNESS.
It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will cure in a moderate time, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers in Liquors. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, O.

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC FOR DRUNKENNESS.
It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will cure in a moderate time, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers in Liquors. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, O.

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC FOR DRUNKENNESS.
It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will cure in a moderate time, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers in Liquors. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, O.

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC FOR DRUNKENNESS.
It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will cure in a moderate time, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers in Liquors. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, O.

DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC FOR DRUNKENNESS.
It can be given without the knowledge of the patient in coffee, tea or articles of food; will cure in a moderate time, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers in Liquors. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, O.

Some Leading Special Features.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

MINE OF INTERESTING READING FOR NEXT SUNDAY'S PATRONS.

"The Mutable Many," Robert Barr's Great Serial Story. Last installment of "The Mutable Many." As a foil to the exciting situations in the contest, Mr. Barr introduces the happy-go-lucky character of young Barney Hope, who turns up unexpectedly in every emergency and in his own way helps in the solution of many difficult problems. The story abounds in the humorous, droll and lively invention which makes Mr. Barr the most diverting of the newer writers.

Co-Operation in Europe.
Practical activity abroad greater than in the United States—Leaders of the movement honored—Summary of the proceedings of the Paris congress of the International Co-operative League.

Famous Family of Actors.
Peculiarities, eccentricities and splendid genius of the Booths—An old actor's personal memories—The elder Booth, Junius Brutus, jr., Edwin and John Wilkes described by one who knew them intimately.

Honors on the Cinder Path.
Training for runners explained by a Harvard athlete—The importance of nervous energy—Sound advice for boys ambitious in that direction—Rules that should be strictly observed.

Life in Northern Mexico.
An exhilarating climate and a hospitable people—Many wrong impressions corrected—A knowledge of the Spanish language essential to success in business—Luxuriance of the tropics.

Special Sunday Supplements.
In Woman's Domain. For the Little Folks. Music and Drama. With the Secret Societies. The Realm of Sport. Gossip About the Bicycle. Social Happenings of the Week.

Unexcelled News Service.
New York World's Cable Letters. Associated Press Telegraphic News. Special Correspondents Everywhere. All the Local News.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

Is the acknowledged newspaper of the west—Advertise your city, state and the Exposition by sending The Bee to your friends.

Daily and Sunday by mail 3 mos., \$2.00
Sunday only, by mail, one year, \$2.00
Daily and Sunday delivered by carrier in Omaha, \$1.00 per week

And Omaha will stay by you—THE BEE

Is the acknowledged newspaper of the west—Advertise your city, state and the Exposition by sending The Bee to your friends.