

Four Popular Omaha Girls

Who earn their own living now have an opportunity of taking their summer vacation, with all traveling and hotel expenses paid by The Bee. It remains for you to hustle for your favorite. Everybody can vote as many times as they have coupons and all votes deposited at The Bee Office before 6 p. m. July 1, '99, will be counted. No four such trips were ever given away before.

Who are They Going to Be?--the Ballot Must Tell



This trip is over the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad to the Black Hills and Hot Springs and return. The Elkhorn carries you through one of the most beautiful farming countries in the world--the Elkhorn Valley, with its fertile fields and well built burghs. Thence to the Black Hills, both picturesque and interesting, with its gold mines and typical western towns. The chief attraction there will be a two weeks' stay at the Hotel Evans, the finest appointed hotel in the west at Hot Springs, which boasts of the largest and finest plunge bath in America. This will include all the privileges of the baths without expense, and this is a treat to be envied. Pleasant paths and drives, wonderful caves, canyons, flowers and waterfalls go to make up the beauties which nature has abundantly furnished.



From Omaha to Chicago and return over the Milwaukee Road, the only electric lighted train between the two cities, through the vast farming districts of Iowa and Illinois. At Chicago will be a two days' stay at the Grand Pacific Hotel, which has been entirely rebuilt and refurnished, making it second to no house in Chicago. Then a two days' trip across Lake Michigan, with berth and meals on the magnificent boats of the Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation company to Mackinac Island, fragrant with the breath of the pines and its romantic old forts and remnants of Indian days. Two weeks at the Grand Hotel, with opportunity for plenty of fishing and boating and all the attractions which have made Mackinac and the Grand Hotel famous. The island is a wooded luxury, with drives, shaded walks and beautiful sunsets.



The young lady receiving the highest number of votes will have first choice of the four trips, the next highest second choice, and so on. No votes will be counted for anyone who does not earn her own living. No votes will be counted for Omaha Bee employees. The vote will be published each day in The Omaha Bee. The contest will close at 6 p. m., July 1, 1899.



From Omaha via the Union Pacific, the Overland Route, to Salt Lake City. This trip through the heart of Nebraska is an education in itself, teaching the resources of Nebraska and giving a view of the most thriving towns of our state. The altitude gradually increases until at Cheyenne one is 5,000 feet above the ocean, soon plunging into the Rocky Mountains, through the grandest scenery of all the continents. This includes ten days at the Hotel Knutsford at Salt Lake City, the reputation of which extends in either direction across the continent as one of the finest hostels of the country. When one goes to Salt Lake the Knutsford is the place at which everybody stays. Salt Lake will have more than its ordinary attractions this year on account of the Salt Lake festival. Salt Lake is within easy reach of Garfield Beach and Saltair, famous for their splendid bathing facilities. The return trip will be via Denver, with three days at the Brown Palace Hotel, the just pride of Denver. It is well named, for it is a veritable palace. A day's excursion around the famous Georgetown Loop and then return home via the Union Pacific.



This trip will be over the Great Rock Island Route to Denver, Colorado Springs and Manitou. There is only one Rock Island and everybody praises its splendid equipment and reliable service. A night's journey and then one is at Denver, with three days at the Brown Palace Hotel. A day's excursion on the Union Pacific through Clear Creek Canyon up to Georgetown, around the famous Loop, and then back again to Denver before evening. It is a pleasant trip between Denver and Colorado Springs, with another taste of the grandeur of the Rockies and ten days in the Switzerland of America at the Broadmoor Hotel, just outside of Colorado Springs. This is at the base of grand old Cheyenne Mountain, where Helen Hunt Jackson is buried and within easy reach of the wonders of the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak and all that is famous in Colorado. No more beautiful situation for a hotel could be found than this romantic spot, with its pure mountain air and magnificent scenery, combined with the luxuries of the most up-to-date hotel service.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Omaha Bee Summer Vacation

THIS COUPON, if accompanied by a prepaid new subscription to The Bee, counts 12 votes for each week prepaid, for the most popular young lady in Omaha who earns her own living.

(NO.) VOTES FOR MISS

SEND THE BEE TO (Name)

FOR WEEKS (Address)

WORKS FOR
N. B. This Coupon must be stamped by the Circulation Department of The Bee before it is deposited.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Omaha Bee Single Summer Vacation Coupon

ONE VOTE for the most popular young lady in Omaha who earns her own living.

Name of Young Lady.

MISS

WORKS FOR

CUT THIS OUT. Deposit at or Mail to Bee Office.

Who is your girl? Votes will be counted when made on a coupon cut from The Omaha Bee and deposited with the Circulation Department at the Business Office, in the Bee Building.

ROBBERY OF THE OVERLAND EXPRESS.

STRANGE FATE OF THE LEADER OF A BAND OF KANSAS HOBBOES.

In a little board shanty nestled serenely between a couple of peaks of the many hills that dot the country some ten miles north-east of the little town of "R" in southwestern Kansas three men were seated in earnest conversation. The little hut served as drawing room, parlor, dormitory and kitchen combined, but how the men could use it as either of these most useful additions to civilization is a mystery that can only be explained by those whose pathway in life has taken them far, very far into the backwoods, or the prairie districts of the far west. Furniture there was none, if you will except the three rude stools made from two-inch plank with four holes bored in the corners into which stakes were driven to serve as legs and they seemed about ready to collapse. Three little heaps of hay in three different corners of the little shanty served as beds for the occupants. No stove, no dishes and, like Mrs. Hubbard's celebrated cupboard, not even a bone was visible anywhere.

Outside the but three horses, saddled and bridled, were contentedly nibbling away at the fast-dying grass. The nearest abode of civilization was the railroad station at "R," ten miles distant, which boasted of a saloon, section house, several huts occupied by section hands and the station itself; therefore considerable mystery attached itself to the occupants of the hut described. They were hard looking men and there is no doubt that they were fugitives from justice and judging from their conversation they were beyond all hope of redemption.

"I tell ye, Pete," said Bill Simpkins, "me for one don't perpose to stick by ye any longer. Yer plans don't seem ter pan out. Money is what we want and d--n bad and I'm gona to hev it!"

"I know it, Bill. I've failed to live up to 'em, but I want yer to give me one more chance. I've been thinkin' today 'bout how I hev't done the square thing with you'n Hickey here, but I sware the best I could. 'Twasn't my fault that th' bank was empty when we took it."

"Ef we do give ye one more chance, what'll ye do?"

"Well, thar's the through express--carries lots of money into Kansas City--we can make a haul there ef ye'll agree to help me."

"Oh, yes! We're a fine lot of birds to show ourselves in Kansas City, or in the train crew, fur that matter. I'm through killin' fur money, but ef ye can fix up any scheme to do it so we can keep shady, all right and we'll both help ye, won't ye, Hickey?"

"Ye can count me in, Pete, but ye must hurry up."

"Well, do es I tell ye and ye'll soon know my plan. Firstwile, I want er plane; I hev a hand saw. Which of ye'll go to the village end borrow a plane and get a couple pair of hinges end a lock?"

Hickey being willing to undertake the borrowing of the articles mentioned, he mounted his horse and was soon galloping away toward "R," while Pete and Bill began to tear away part of their hut, selecting some of the longest and best boards.

Shortly after dark Hickey appeared, and from then until midnight the three men worked incessantly. Their evil faces, lit up by the dim light from the camp fire as they moved to and fro, looked more like what we are taught to believe are the inhabitants of Hades than earthly men of the nineteenth century.

The next day Bill went out early and returned about noon with a wagon and harness. Precisely at 3 p. m. the wagon, drawn by two of the horses, started for the village.

doorway, who in a dazed way told as near as he could what had happened. A search was made through the car for the robber. They found the side door partly open. Of the messenger could not tell how long he had been invisible, but it seemed ages. They even moved the coffin in their search, but finally gave up in despair.

At the next station the messenger telegraphed the particulars to the superintendent at Kansas City and when the train arrived there he was promptly arrested for the robbery. He stoutly protested his innocence, but no one believed his story, which was declared beyond all reason. "How," asked the superintendent, "could a man, granting there was one concealed in the car, jump from a train running fifty miles an hour? Preposterous!" Of course the messenger could offer no explanation of the affair and at last even his friends were forced to admit the utter hopelessness of his case.

Away back at "R" life was being made miserable for the express agent by the two men who had shipped the rough box, one of whom was constantly in attendance at the office, peering anxiously through the bay window at the instruments, listening to the incessant pounding of the sounders and inquiring hourly: "Any message for Bill Simpkins?" Each time a negative reply would be given him, when he would slouch out and resume his watch at the window. Three days went by in this manner and by this time the agent was thoroughly frightened, so badly frightened, in fact, that he wired the superintendent for relief, as the two men insisted on his remaining at his post until late at night to receive the expected message. At the end of the third day, as the preliminary hearing of the messenger was in progress at the Kansas City, a telegram was handed the superintendent that made him turn white and sick and he quickly left the court room. A moment later the lawyer for the prosecution announced that the charges against the messenger were withdrawn, as the real robbers had been found.

The cause of this sudden change in the proceedings was the following telegram, dated Chicago: "Corpses shipped at 'R.' On October 1, remained undelivered for two days. No such address in the city. Was turned over to city morgue and when opened was found to contain no coffin, but instead a man heavily armed, but dead, while beside him lay the money and valuables stolen from safe, train No. 10, October 1. Cause of death asphyxiation. We find one side of the box has hinges and a lock on the inside which we think explains the robbery very clearly, the robber intending to make his escape at Kansas City or some local point on the line."

The messenger's innocence was established, but there were those who even then hinted that the dead man was his accomplice, but to show his faith in the man whom he had unjustly accused, and probably to atone for the mistake, the superintendent made him his assistant. On the morning of the fourth day the agent at "R" received a telegram addressed to Bill Simpkins which read: "All right, will be at 'R' tonight. Meet me."

There was no signature to the message, but the pair knew it was from "Pete" and proceeded forthwith to jolly up the inner man with a conglomerate mixture of alcohol and barley-corn and by night they were in a very high state of exhilaration and full of rosy hope and stale intoxication.

At last the train arrived and with a whoop! The two men made a rush for the car out of which leaped a half dozen officers, headed by the former messenger, with cocked revolvers. Resistance in their case was useless, even had it been possible, and almost before they were aware of what was being done they were securely handcuffed and an hour later were speeding along over the same line taken by their unfortunate comrade four days previous.

The death of the man in the box was accounted for thus: When the messenger and conductor moved the box which they supposed contained a corpse they wedged it up against some bales of silk so tightly that all air was excluded, and so like Haman he died a victim of his own invention.

DOGS IN LAW AND HISTORY.

Remarks of a Georgia Judge Upon Rendering a Decision.

One of the most interesting, humorous and entertaining opinions ever handed down by a Georgia judge, reports the Atlanta Journal, is that of Judge J. H. Lumpkin of the Fulton superior court, in which he holds that a dog is property. The question was raised in the case of Carl Wolfshelm, plaintiff in certiorari, against J. J. & J. E. Maddox. The dog in controversy was owned by Max Kecke, but came into the possession of Wolfshelm. The defendants in certiorari levied on it to satisfy a claim against Kecke, and Wolfshelm claimed the dog was not subject to levy. Judge J. H. before whom the case was tried, held that there was property in a dog, and in sustaining the lower court Judge Lumpkin said in part:

"The dog has figured very extensively in the past and present. In mythology, as Cerberus, he was intrusted with watching the gates of hell, and he seems to have performed his duties so well that they were but few escapes. In the history of the past he has figured extensively for hunting purposes, as the guardian of persons and property, and as a pet and companion. He is the much valued possession of hunters the world over, and in England especially is the 'jack of hounds' highly prized."

"In literature he has appeared more often than any other animal, except, perhaps, the horse. Sometimes he is greatly praised and at others greatly abused. Sometimes he is made the type of what is mean, low and contemptible, while at others he is described in terms of eulogy. Few men will forget the song of their childhood, which runs:

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful;
Gleef cannot drive him away;
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray."

"Nor can any of us fail to remember the intelligent animal on whose behalf Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard. Few men have deserved and few have won higher praise in an epitaph than the following, which was written by Lord Byron on the tomb of his dead Newfoundland:

"Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatwain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland May 3, 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1805."

"The dog has even invaded the domain of art. All who have seen Sir Edward Landseer's great pictures will know how much human intelligence can be expressed in the face of a dog. His picture entitled 'Laying Down the Law' will not be forgotten in considering the dog as a ligant."

"Thus the dog has figured in mythology, history, poetry, fiction and art from the earliest times down to the present, and now in these closing days of the nineteenth century we are called upon to decide whether a dog is a wild animal (feron nature), in such sense as not to be leviable property, or, if he is a domestic animal (domitoe nature), whether he is not subject to levy on the ancient story that he had no intrinsic value if he was not good to eat."

"Originally all the animals which are now used by man were wild. One after another they have become domesticated and subject to his control, ownership and use. As time progressed they gradually lost their character of wildness, and became more and more subject to mankind, and more and more regarded as ordinary property. At this day no one would contend that the horse was not the subject of absolute property because

his ancestors were originally wild, and the same may be said of other animals now thoroughly recognized as domestic. Even in the days of Blackstone, while it was declared that the property in a dog was held by the owner, it was nevertheless asserted that such property was sufficient to maintain a civil action for its loss. (4 Black. Com., 226.) Since that day in the evolution of civilization the dog has not been left behind. He is now not only prized for hunting purposes, as a watchdog and as a pet, but it is common knowledge that many dogs have an actual commercial and market value. When annually there is held in New York a bench show, at which dogs take prizes amounting to thousands of dollars, and where they are bought and sold at prices which are frequently far larger than are paid for ordinary horses, it is rather late in the day to assert that they are not valuable property.

"Dogs are also trained for purposes of exhibition, being sometimes the sole means of support for their masters. It would be an interesting survival of archaic law to say that a showman could put up his tent, give nightly exhibitions of his valuable dogs, making large sums of money from them, set in debt to any given extent, laugh at his creditors and proceed with his daily exhibitions on the ground that his stock in trade was not subject to levy."

"If it be contended that the horse, mule and other animals are used for more practical purposes (some of them as beasts of burden), it need only be asked what animals draw the sledges of the Eskimos and other peoples in the northern latitude. Nor is this confined alone to the Arctic regions. Any traveler on the continent of Europe, and especially through Belgium, who has kept his eyes open, has seen these animals drawing heavy loads and often taking the place of other draught animals. To indulge in technical refinement and declare that the dog is not subject to levy, although he belongs to a debtor, is useful to the debtor, but he is actually used, may be transferred by him to another, and is as much the subject of bargain and sale as any other property, merely because in the remote past the ownership of his progenitors may have been considered qualified or base."

"The weekly newspaper devoted columns to his admiration. Had they pitched into him their action would have been resented on all sides. Colonel Tree ran a career of two long years. He must have had a big lot of gold coin planted somewhere at the end of that time, but I have never heard that it was discovered."

"I can't see how his relatives back in Iowa got on his trail, but one day, at a little town up among the mountains, a letter which had been knocking about for several weeks was handed him. He was just about to set off on one of his expeditions. The boys who saw him read that letter said that tears came to his eyes and he was all knocked out. He tore it up and cast the pieces away and for a time he didn't seem to know what course to take. Then he braced up and started off, but instead of a smile his face wore a look of sorrow and regret. As I was one of his first victims, so I was one of his last, although 200 miles apart. There were five of us in the stage as it crawled over the mountain road one afternoon, and as the miles were halting for breath after a long pull up Hill Colonel Tree stepped out on us. He passed the time of day with the driver, who was really pleased at being stopped, ordered the four of us down as coolly as I am talking to you, and it was only after we were lined up to be despatched that we noticed anything wrong with him. His face had lost its smile, there was no fun in his eyes and he was no longer the debonaire highwayman of the week past."

"It was plain that he was either ill or heart sick. He made a haul of about \$2,000 of the four of us, but he seemed reluctant to take up the bundle and make off. I have always believed that he was wishing he could sit down for a talk with one of us and lighten his burden by sharing it. It was while he was hesitating and off his guard that one of the passengers, who had hidden his pistol in his bootleg, drew it out and shot him dead in his tracks. The man was an outlaw, and all the rewards laid 'dead or alive,' but that shooting has always seemed to me to have been cold-blooded murder. Others regarded it in the same light and the shooter was cined instead of praised."

"I am not defending stage robbers, but I have many times wished that Colonel Tree had escaped the country or been captured and imprisoned. If he had been killed while resisting the legal officers it wouldn't have been so bad. You see, I have always felt sure that letter was from his mother or sister. It may have told of troubles and sorrows and death. There surely was grief and woe to have upset him so. He wasn't a bad man at heart or he wouldn't have shed tears over it. He turned away from that little town with a sob in his throat, and no doubt he had decided that that hold-up should be his last. He had robbed scores of people, but he had never harmed one, and had been as gallant to women as a knight of old, and it wasn't the fair thing to shoot him down like a dog when the tear-stained letter he had read with a heartache was dancing before his eyes and throwing him off his guard."

Vote a Bee coupon for the girls' summer vacations.

Greater America Exposition.

TO BE HELD AT OMAHA, NEB., U. S. A.,
JULY 1 to Nov. 1, 1899.

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W. M. Gallagher of Bryan, Pa., says: "For forty years I have tried various cough medicines. One Minute Cough Cure is best of all." It relieves instantly and cures all throat and lung troubles.

Quartermaster's Clerk Kills Himself. SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.--Robert Creighton, quartermaster's clerk on the transport Sheridan, has committed suicide