

ROCKEFELLER'S FIRST REST

World's Richest Man Indulges in a Summer Vacation.

SPENDS FIVE WEEKS ON A SPECIAL TRAIN

Interesting Anecdotes of the Inter-course of the Multimillionaire and the Peculiar Types of People Met Along the Road.

(Copyright, 1899, by the Author.)

The richest man in the world for the first vacation this summer that he has had in ten years. His name is John D. Rockefeller. His wealth figures well into the hundreds of millions. He has worked ten hours a day, six days in the week, for more than thirty years in order to bring himself to a point where he felt that he could be as merry as the average New York dry goods clerk who goes to the country for a summer's holiday. In his whole life—although, as I have said, he is the richest man in the world—he has only been across the American continent three times and been twice to Europe. These trips were not vacation trips. They concerned business.

This summer in two private cars he took with him his wife, his children and a party of relatives and friends across the continent and afterwards to Alaska. The richest man in the world amused himself on the way by talking with the poorest people he could find by doing those things which ordinary travelers do, and eventually by climbing a glacier. In all, he covered more than 10,000 miles by boat, by railway and by stage coach, and he devoted less than five weeks to his holiday.

The trip was unique with Mr. Rockefeller because it offered him the first opportunity he has had for many years of getting really near to the people of the country. He himself had begun as a poor man; as a discredited man; as a man whose dreams of the advantage of concentrated wealth came near to making him a madman in the opinion of his fellows. When his success finally came to him it came with a vast rush which has probably never been equaled in the career of any other man. But before it had come he was forced to suffer all the privations which had been known by the people whom he talked with on his western journey.

Only once on the entire trip did he speak of his own business. He went from New York to San Francisco and from San Francisco to Alaska and back without referring to his affairs except when he told why the Standard Oil company has been unwilling to recapitalize.

No presidential candidate on a campaign tour ever showed a greater eagerness to study the populace than Mr. Rockefeller did as he went through the west. The condition of the people and the state of the business prospects—everything that could possibly affect the common folk of the country, he asked the most minute questions about. Once off his train and his conversation was with bootblacks, porters, farmers, sailors and men of every description.

Relaxation a Novelty.

The trip itself with its novel experiences was an immense relaxation for the millionaire. This was shown when as the special train speeded westward he leaned back in a chair in the observation car and said with enthusiasm, "This is the way to travel."

It was not of his luxurious equipment that Mr. Rockefeller was thinking as he said this. This was evident when he added:

"I love tranquility. Here we are away from all strife and bustle, a party of good friends. It reminds me of my boyhood days in New York state, when we went to a picnic."

The trip afforded to all those about Mr. Rockefeller a demonstration of the ideal relations existing between him and his only son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Young Rockefeller has passed his twenty-sixth year. Shrewd business men have told me that if John D. Rockefeller should die tomorrow his son is in every way competent to carry on his father's place in the direction of all the great enterprises in which the elder Mr. Rockefeller is a moving spirit. The young man has gained his educational equipment to a great extent in the school of his own experience. His college course was interrupted by ill-health, and he went off for a year to ride horseback and split wood for a suburban home. He still practices wood-splitting every morning in the morning of his New York residence, but he is now a director—and a very active one—in companies conducting all sorts of business enterprises in all parts of the country.

The Richest Man's Vacation.

It was John, Jr., who had full and complete management of the trip from mapping out the itinerary to supervising the checking of baggage. He even looked after the "tripping," as he called it, at a restaurant where the party had stopped for luncheon. One of the members of the party, struck by the sad face of a delicate appearing waitress, slipped a half-dollar in her hand, as he supposed, surreptitiously. As he was leaving the room John D. Rockefeller did the same. An hour later, however, he approached the fellow traveler, saying reproachfully:

"John tells me that he gave all the waitress \$5 and he requests that we see no one."

Almost every day from start to finish Mr. Rockefeller met with an incident of his adventure that resulted in what he called a "good time," but he probably had more fun out of an hour spent in a Tacoma, Wash., court room than he had at any other place. He had his particular "chum" among his party went out to see the sights in Tacoma, in an orderly, elder-gentlemanly way. They traveled "inoc" and strayed into the court room, where a damage case was on trial. The plaintiff and defendant had had a free fight, resulting in considerable damage to the plaintiff, who, to get even, sought money damages.

With his chum the oil magnate climbed into seats in the back of the room. The trial was almost as free and easy as the had seen and the two voyagers from the east fairly ached with suppressed laughter, but out of respect to the dignified court they contained themselves until an adjournment was announced. Then they rolled out

into the street and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. For two blocks they had had it at every step. Suddenly Mr. Rockefeller's face straightened out and he pulled himself together with a jerk.

"Here, stop that. Stop it at once. We must behave ourselves. Here comes the judge."

And "behave" themselves they did in order that his honor might not be scandalized. Unfortunately for the millionaire's good time and evening paper printed the fact that he had attended the trial. The result was that when the two chums got around to the court room next day it was packed with a crowd of people curious to see the king of the Standard Oil. Mr. Rockefeller was disgusted, as he does not enjoy the center of the stage. Without waiting for the end of the trial he got out.

An Incident at Tacoma.

Tacoma was the scene also of another incident. A roughly dressed, powerful-looking fellow approached the president of the Standard Oil company on the street with the query:

"Say, would you mind telling me your name?"

"No, certainly not, if you will tell me yours," was the reply. Names were exchanged.

"My name's Joe Hazard," said the stranger.

"And mine's John D. Rockefeller," was the chummy response.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Rockefeller."

"And I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Hazard."

"But you are a well known politician of Tacoma, was consumed with a desire to be really hospitable and ask the visitor to have something." But he had heard that Mr. Rockefeller is a strict Baptist and a temperance man, and restrained himself. As the weather of the day, of the Klondike and of the politics in a guarded sort of way, and then they parted after a hearty handshake, Joe saying:

"Hope you will be out this way again, Mr. Rockefeller."

"I certainly hope so," was the response. "If you are ever in New York come and see me."

Joe has been kept busy ever since telling the story of his meeting with the famous Rockefeller. There were others besides Joe who knew of Mr. Rockefeller's strong faith and that with a few associates in the big Standard Oil building in New York. While in Seattle he clambered into a bootblack's chair and forthwith engaged the "operator" in conversation.

"How many pairs of boots do you black each day?" he asked.

"Oh, twenty or thirty."

"And you make \$2 or \$3?"

"Oh, yes; at least that much."

"And do you save any of it?"

"Yes; I put money in the bank regularly."

"That is right. Always remember that economy is wealth."

When the Rockefeller party started from Tacoma for a picnic among the huge trees of California, Lieutenant McMaster of the United States army, who had accompanied the party themselves, sent his guide, a Pole. To this man the millionaire took a great liking.

As for the guide, Lieutenant McMaster wrote for the trip that he had "completely hypnotized" him. This hypnotizing had been accomplished in the millionaire in a most unscientific manner. He won the Pole's heart completely by discussing with him at length stock raising, and had finally advised that the Pole devote his entire time to raising hogs. Nothing on earth could now induce the Pole to go into any other pursuit.

Another Rockefeller story, too, gained the interest of the great millionaire. This was a man whom he met at one of the resorts, who had just paid a freight bill of \$246 to take three cows to Alaska, where he could sell the milk for \$2 a gallon. The man, who was a man after Rockefeller's own heart.

It was curious during the trip to watch the efforts of the reporters to interview the famous traveler. One good-looking young fellow, promising the most interesting, was, however, finally got "close" to his quarry and, with a polite bow, asked:

"Mr. Rockefeller, may I interview you?"

"Yes, if you will deal fairly with me," was the cheery reply.

"When the reporter rose to go some little time later he said laughingly:

"I forgot to say, Mr. Rockefeller, that I think it is you who have interviewed me."

Family Good Fellowship.

No doubt many of the persons who met the Rockefeller party during the trip were struck by the perfect understanding and good fellowship existing between the members of the family. This is characteristic. Mr. Rockefeller almost invariably counsels with his wife in regard to all questions which concern the family. He is surprised many shrewd financiers to learn that many a deal which has at once caused admiration and consternation in the business world has been talked over and revolved in all phases in the Rockefeller family circle for weeks before.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller have the good old-fashioned way of addressing each other as "papa" and "mamma," and during their journey they furnished a fine illustration of complete domestic harmony. They were fortunate to meet them and be with them. They both relish a good story and Mr. Rockefeller generally had one that was apt. One of these stories and its sequel were especially good. The millionaire narrated that one of his children let loose for a fine holiday. And Mr. Rockefeller always led the sport. He millions, during this trip, at least, weighed on him as lightly as a feather. He was a school boy once more.

A pure whiskey agrees with any food, in fact aids digestion. It tones the stomach, increases the flow of bile juices and so promotes strength and health. A pure whiskey like Harper Whiskey.

Enlarged Joints, Gout, Rheumatism, and kindred troubles absolutely cured by the free use of

Still and Sparkling.

Sole by Sheehan & McCoslin Drug Co., Omaha. Factory, Gallagher & Co., Distributors, Omaha.

SWEETNESS AT A LOW PRICE

Omaha Man to Place Lower-Priced Syrup on the Market.

WILL MANUFACTURE IT FROM SUGAR BEETS

Long Practical Experience in Cultivating Beets Convinces Him that Pure Syrup Can Be Produced from Them.

At 20 cents a gallon William Peterson

averts that he will be able to furnish a syrup of the purest quality which the household can get at the stores, instead of paying two or three times that amount for a like quantity of syrup now on the market. How to furnish a pure syrup at a low price, and still make the manufacture of the article profitable is a subject which Mr. Peterson has studied for a long time had under consideration, and he now is confident that he has hit upon a plan which offers a satisfactory solution. A close acquaintance with the growth and cultivation of sugar beets and their conversion into sugar has convinced Mr. Peterson that syrup, far exceeding in purity and palatableness that which is generally found on the market, can be made from sugar beets and the experiments he has made thus far have been most satisfactory.

In the course of his investigations he has also demonstrated one thing—that sugar beets can be successfully and profitably raised in Douglas county, something which has for a long time been doubted, and, indeed, oft-times disputed. Bearing out his statement regarding this matter, attention need only be called to a half-acre plot of ground which he now has under cultivation at his home, 2737 Fort street, near Fort Omaha, and shows as flourishing a bed of sugar beets as one could see anywhere in the state, noted as it is for its successful beet culture. Mr. Peterson lived in Douglas county for twenty-one years and is familiar with the raising of beets, having at one time cultivated a large acreage, but afterward abandoning the project because he found that the industry was unprofitable when the beets had to be shipped to Grand Island to a sugar factory. This was before the establishment of the Ames factory.

Nebraska's Adaptability for Beets.

For the last three years he has been a resident of Omaha. Regarding his belief in the success of beet culture in Douglas county, Mr. Peterson said:

"It is only necessary for any one who believes that sugar beets cannot be raised here to visit my field, where the growth of beets plants is so rapid and so abundant, and so familiar with the culture of beets knows that Nebraska is admirably adapted because of soil and climate for the successful growing of them. It is the belief in some quarters, however, that the best results are obtained by growing beets in the north, and that the beets will not grow on upland. This is a mistake and is the reason that an effort has never been made to grow beets in this county. I believe that the upland is better for the beets and produces a beet having a higher percentage of sugar."

For the purpose of converting beets into syrup Mr. Peterson's plan is first to use the usual process for the purpose of separating the sugar from the salt and albumen. When this separation is brought about, by "completely" hypotizing" him. This hypotizing had been accomplished in the millionaire in a most unscientific manner. He won the Pole's heart completely by discussing with him at length stock raising, and had finally advised that the Pole devote his entire time to raising hogs. Nothing on earth could now induce the Pole to go into any other pursuit.

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Accident to the Northwestern Fast Mail

Recalls a Deed of Heroism.

HOW KATE SHELLY'S CURVE GOT ITS NAME

At the Scene of Tuesday's Accident Kate Shelly Many Years Ago Saved a Trainload of Passengers from Certain Death.

"Kate Shelly's Curve," near Molineaux, Ia.,

where the wreck of Tuesday morning, August 11, has a history with which every one in this section was familiar in the early '80s, in fact at that time the whole country was ringing with the praises of "Iowa's Grace Darling," from whom the place takes its name. The fast mail was wrecked just at the approach to the Des Moines river bridge, which is at the foot of Molineaux bridge.

In 1881 Kate Shelly lived with her widowed mother on the banks of the river, which in ordinary times at that point was a comparatively insignificant stream. She was the daughter of a railroad man who had lost his life in an accident on the Northwestern road. Her mother and herself earned their own living and neither dreamed that some day Kate Shelly would be famous and the story of her heroism would be used in thousands of school rooms throughout the land to impress upon the little ones the importance of rising to the occasion when duty calls.

From her humble cabin door she daily watched the trains rush by as they came with the momentum gained on the long, high hills or crossed over the hills, yet to be them to make the climb. No trainman ever went by without watching for the girlish figure sure to be on the lookout in the daytime, or without mentally marking in the night that "that is Kate Shelly's home. She was always a favorite with the trainmen and was soon to become their idol.

Watches the Rising Flood.

Instead of the modern structure which now spans the stream there was in those days a long wooden bridge. On the night when Kate Shelly sprang into fame the heavy rain had been falling for some time and swollen by heavy rains until it was a raging torrent. None of the railroad men dreamed that the water would ever come up high enough to reach the top of the bridge. Kate Shelly, however, watching the rising flood all day and when night came she knew that it was nearing the danger line. The railroad company did not have any watchman on duty, but the time was coming for Kate Shelly to repay the cherty greetings and many kindnesses of the railroad men. In the darkness she saw the waters lapping the timbers upon which the rails rested. The flood continued to rise, and as the time drew near for the passing of the big westbound freight train she saw the water over the rails and the huge wooden structure was swaying in the torrent like a tree in a gale. Kate Shelly knew that the bridge in its weakened condition could never bear the weight of the approaching train, which would be due in a few minutes, rushing down at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

The crew and passengers of that train must be saved and no one was there to do it but frail, little Kate Shelly. The night was pitchy dark, the rain was coming down in torrents, and with the water running over the rails and the bridge tottering to its fall, the task of crossing it and flagging the approaching train was a Herculean one. It was the stoutest to shrink, but Kate Shelly was not built out of that kind of timber. Realizing that not a moment was to be lost she got down on her hands and knees, and foot by foot felt her way through the water over the swaying structure, the rumble of the heavy train, as it sped down the long hill, was already audible above the sound of the rushing water.

Flags Approaching Train.

It was slow work feeling her way over in the dark, but at last her feet were on solid ground. With all her remaining strength she hurried up the track to warn the approaching train of the danger. At the curve which still bears her name she caught the first sight of the gleaming headlight already dangerously close to the river. The engineer, espied the girl on the track

THE SHOW BUSINESS—

It is not all on the Midway—Drexel L. Shooman is making a great showing of boys' shoes—the \$1.50 shoes—this year a new line has been added so that now you get your choice of a tan or black shoe—in any size, for the small boy to the big boy—just so he is a boy—for one fifty—these shoes have been our special pride and we do not hesitate to claim for them the greatest value ever given for that money—shoe the boys at Drexel L's and they're shooer of being satisfied.

Do You Smoke?—

Then you want the best you can get for your money—why pay ten cents when five will do?—the Little Barrister is a ten-cent quality cigar for five cents—made just like the "Barrister"—made of the same tobacco—but the Little Barrister is smaller—but its large enough for a good, satisfying smoke—all first class cigars are made at the Little Barrister and you should insist upon getting it—by wholesale or retail—by the box or single—at our store on Douglas street.

Wm. F. Stoeker Cigar Co.

THE BARRISTER AGENT, 1404 Douglas.

Another Symptom—Talk No. 50.

Whenever you see a person place the lamp between his book and his face in order to see well, you may know that his glasses do not fit him. This is true without a single exception. If they did he would see better with the lamp behind his shoulder. When they do not fit correctly the eyes are more or less out of focus and the letters more or less blurred. The constant glare is ruinous to the nervous apparatus of the eye and the forced contraction of the pupil will weaken the muscles permanently. If you find yourself reading or sewing in this way you are taking chances which you cannot afford to continue. A pair of glasses fitted will both rest and preserve your eyes.

J. C. Huteson, Manufacturing Optician, Kodaks, Cameras, 1280 Douglas St. and Suzzell, Omaha.

TO TAKE THE CUBAN CENSUS

Secretary of War Directs that It Must Be Entirely Completed by January 1, 1900.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The secretary of war has directed that the census of Cuba shall be completed by January 1 next, and General Joseph Sanger of the inspector general's department will be assigned to take general charge of the work, with headquarters at Havana. General Sanger was in command of one of the military departments of Cuba for several months after the Spanish evacuation and has been recently engaged in special duty here in connection with the administration of affairs in our insular possessions.

The manner in which the census is to be taken has been practically determined as a result of numerous conferences held between the Cuban officials and the officers of the War department and census office.

The immediate taking of the census will be under a Cuban official in each district. Each will have a force of Cuban enumerators, but the number of them is yet to be decided. The final tabulation of the counts will be made at the census office at Washington.

So far as decided upon, the questions to be asked will be as follows:

Name, age, sex, color, occupation or profession; married or single; or other family relations; sanitary condition of houses; ability to read or write; ability to speak or understand the English language and what elementary knowledge makes it probable that this understanding of English will be acquired; nationality, whether Cuban or Spanish; property, ownership or rental; area of land cultivated, and kinds of crops; schools and number of scholars in attendance and number of days attended.

The conferences are still in progress and may develop change, yet the census will be brought as far as possible within the above general scope.

TO ORGANIZE CUBAN MILITIA

General Carlos Garcia in Conference with General Miles Receives Encouragement in the Move.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—General Carlos Garcia of Cuba was engaged today in the presentation to army officials of plans for the organization of a Cuban militia. He had a long conference during the forenoon with General Miles.

The plan presented by General Garcia is to organize several regiments from among the soldiers who fought for Cuban independence into a force which shall constitute a national guard and at the same time perform duties similar to those of the gendarmes of European countries.

He thinks the force could be utilized to maintain order and to relieve many of the American soldiers now employed there. It could be classed as a part of the auxiliary force authorized by the last session of congress, but that the intention was that it should be officered by Cubans and paid out of the Cuban revenues.

So far as he has been able to present the plan among officials in this city General Garcia says he has received encouragement.

PENSIONERS FOR WESTERN VETERANS.

Survivors of the Civil War Remembered by the General Government.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—(Special.)—The following pensions have been granted to western veterans:

Issue of July 28, 1899. Nebraska: Original—John C. Thomas, \$20; Increase—Heinrich F. Drexler, \$12; George M. Cooper, \$12; William B. Workman, \$12; South Dakota: Restoration and Reissue—Oliver E. Franklin, deceased, Spearfish, \$6; Original widows, etc.—Mary E. Franklin, Spearfish, \$8.

Iowa: Additional—George Hensel, Rose Hill, \$6 to \$12; Restoration and Reissue—Lewis Meskinen, Shellburg, \$12; Increase—Sherman Pease, Muscatine, \$5 to \$12; George Halterman, Medora, \$5 to \$12; John Cleghorn, Omaha, \$10 to \$12; William H. Burnham, Kingsley, \$12 to \$17; John P. Harnden, Roland, \$6 to \$12; Corydon R. Elsberry, Vinton, \$8 to \$14. Original widows, etc.—Mary E. McCloskey, Kalos, \$8.

Treat the Matter as Trivial.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—It is said at the State department that the attention of the department has not been called to the reported criticism by Lieutenant Commander St. John concerning the military methods of General Otis. The authorities here are disposed to treat the matter as trivial and no meriting official attention and the State department will not act unless asked to do so from some other official quarter and there has been no such request thus far.

When You Consider—

That we can and do save the plane buyers from \$50 to \$100 on the purchase price then you all the more appreciate what it means for us to offer you the \$5.00 a month payment plan—over twenty different makes to make your selection from—you just pick out your plane—we will tell you all about it and twenty years from now you will be glad you planned with us and you it would be—that is the kind of guarantee we have always given on the planes we sell.

A. HOSPE,

We celebrate our 25th business anniversary Oct. 23rd, 1899.

Music and Art. 1513 Douglas.

Mr. Frederick Hatter—

Had a Senic Railroad ride last night—he says there is a sort of peculiar sensation in going over the hills of this road that is its own—a sort of self-satisfied Frederick hat wearing man feeling—a feeling that you've on your head the best hat that your money could buy. The young men that wear our hats are the leaders in the swell set—a look at the straw beauties give you an idea of what a real up-to-date hat is—course or fine braid—\$1.50, \$1.25, \$1.00, 75c, 50c—all prices.

FREDERICK The Hatter, The Leading Hat Man of the West, 120 South 15th Street.

A \$250.00 Sealskin Free

To the woman who secures the greatest number of White Russian Soap Wrappers—also nine other valuable prizes to the women of Nebraska and the city of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Save every White Russian Soap Wrapper and bring or mail them to our Omaha office, 306 S. 12th street and get a receipt for them.

Contest begins at once and closes Dec. 20th, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m. Prizes will be awarded by Christmas.

\$10 cash to the woman having the greatest number of White Russian Soap Wrappers to her credit at 12 o'clock noon, Aug. 31, 1899.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO.

frantically gesticulating, and it required no second look to tell him that something was wrong. The heavy train with its human burden was speedily, but none too soon, brought to a standstill, and the lives of engineer, train crew and passengers were saved by the heroism of a girl, for no human being could possibly have escaped alive had that ponderous engine and the heavy coaches once gone upon the bridge. Without Kate Shelly's warning the engineer could not have seen his danger in time to stop.

As the engineer realized what the little girl whom he had watched so many times at the cabin door had done he gathered her in his brawny arms and hugged her for joy. The excitement over and the incentive which had nerved her up gone, Kate Shelly was on the point of collapse. Strong arms bore her back to the sleeping car and passengers and crew did all that was possible for the wet and exhausted girl to whom they all owed their lives. A few minutes more and the bridge gave way under the pressure of the current and floated off down the stream.

Appreciation of Her Act.

Railroad men, not only on the Northwestern, but all over the land, subscribed liberally to a testimonial fund for the brave girl. The passengers of the train she saved gave her a beautiful gold watch suitably inscribed, and the general public in many ways testified its appreciation of her act. Finally the railroad company educated her.

From that humble home where few knew her and none dreamed of the latent heroism which was enveloped in a modest garb and still more modest demeanor, Kate Shelly stepped unconsciously into the glare of publicity and heard her praises sounded on every hand. She bore her honors modestly, continuing the even tenor of her way, meaning as they came life's pleasures and burdens as she had done in the one supreme moment.

Such in brief is the story of the event which gave to this place the name of "Kate Shelly's Curve."

One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures obstinate summer coughs and colds. "I consider it a most wonderful medicine—quick and safe."—W. W. Merton, Maynew, Wis.

TRUSSES—ELASTIC STOCKINGS—CRUTCHES—SUPPORTERS, etc., made to order by competent workmen.

Send us for measurement blanks and other information.

THE ALOE & PENFOLD CO., Deformity Brace Manufacturers, 1408 Farnam OMAHA. Op. Paxton Hotel.

THE SHOW BUSINESS—

It is not all on the Midway—Drexel L. Shooman is making a great showing of boys' shoes—the \$1.50 shoes—this year a new line has been added so that now you get your choice of a tan or black shoe—in any size, for the small boy to the big boy—just so he is a boy—for one fifty—these shoes have been our special pride and we do not hesitate to claim for them the greatest value ever given for that money—shoe the boys at Drexel L's and they're shooer of being satisfied.

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Then you want the best you can get for your money—why pay ten cents when five will do?—the Little Barrister is a ten-cent quality cigar for five cents—made just like the "Barrister"—made of the same tobacco—but the Little Barrister is smaller—but its large enough for a good, satisfying smoke—all first class cigars are made at the Little Barrister and you should insist upon getting it—by wholesale or retail—by the box or single—at our store on Douglas street.

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