BURDENS OF THE BLUECOATS

Suffering Humanity Imparts All Its Woes to the Policeman.

DISTRUSTFUL WIFE HAS NEED OF DETECTIVE

Tales of Perjured Faith and of Various Tribulations Are Poured into Policeman's Ear in Fact as Well as Fable.

J. J. Donahue, Chief of Police:
Dear Sir—I am compelled to be out of the city until October 1 and fear that while I am away my husband will be rather gay. Will you please find out what company he keeps and what time he goes to bed nights and let me know. Find inclosed stamped envelope for reply. Very truly yours,
MRS. ——.

The man who coined the phrase, "tell your troubles to a policeman," sounded the keynote of a comic opera that has been enacted since the dawn of time and is being played today upon the streets of Omaha. The policeman is the father confessor for all creeds and all conditions. The newsboy who is "shortchanged" of a copper cent tells his troubles to a policeman and the millionaire banker who fears he will be held up while going home of a night does the same.

Some modern newspapers have sought to usurp this prerogative of the bluecoat by starting a "heart to heart talk" department, but the Beatrice Barefacts does not live that can take the place of the big man with the brass buttons. There is a suspicion that Beatrice Barefacts does not wear a uniform, and so, of course, she would be hampered in the giving of advice.

The note at the top of this column is an abridgement of an actual letter received by the chief within the last ten days. The writer seemed to think the police department of Omaha includes a bureau for the digging up of evidence to be used in the divorce courts, but in this she is no farther wrong than that large class of citizens who believe that the department is a gigantic collection agency, with the power and disposition to put men in jail for debt.

Suggests Drastic Remedy.

Another woman not long ago called at the station with a somewhat similar complaint, though in her case matters had progressed farther. She was positive her husband was untrue to her. She even knew the name of the "corespondent." "But I love my husband," she said, "and all I ask of you is to arrest that woman and send her to the penitentiary, and then bring my husband home to me. And by the way," she added, in leaving, "whatever you do, don't let my husband's name get into the newspapers."

This request showed that the woman's conception of a policeman was that of a man vested with imperialistic power. He could send her rival to the penitentiary, but her husband, who was equally guilty, he could let go scott free, and it would all be the matter of a few hours. The officer should have felt flattered, but the chances are he was bored.

It was along last May that a colored family living out on Lake street complained to the police that a mourning dove harbored by their next door neighbors, wept so bitterly at night as to keep the complainants awake. The bird would roost in a mulberry tree, they said, and pour out the anguish of its soul upon the night air, sobbing so violently as to be audible for blocks in every direction. They wanted it declared a nuisance and suppressed. The city prosecutor looked through the statutes, and not finding a chapter on the nocturnal lamentation of mourning doves, declined to take action.

The neighborhood of which Ninth and Pacific streets is the approximate center is especially prolific of queer plaints. One woman wanted her neighbor arrested because his barn afforded shelter for an especially fragrant skunk. She had talked to the neighbor about it and the neighbor had pretended to be as anxious to be rid of the beast as she was to have him, but she had made up her mind that this position was not taken by him in good faith. She seemed to think he had started a skunk farm, or something of that kind. The policeman suggested a steel trap, and nothing more was heard of the incident.

Hatching Young Snakes.

It was in this same locality that a report became current a year ago that a man was incubating a batch of snake eggs under a setting hen. Mothers were sure the reptiles would hatch out and bite their children. Nervous and imaginative girls couldn't sleep of nights without dreaming that there was a tangle of water moccasins under their pillows. The officer on the beat heard about it so often and in such bitter terms of protest that he finally went to the man and asked him for an explanation. Of course there was nothing in the story. The only foundation for it was that the man had recently returned from a visit to relatives in Arkansas, the snake's paradise, and that the eggs he had placed under the hen were spotted, being those of the guinea fowl.

The third and last incident of this class belonging to the neighborhood was a clothesline fight between two families because the stovepipe of one emptied its volume of vapor into the parlor window of the other. The offending pipe projected from the roof of a shanty standing on low ground, whereas the parlor (or, in this case, the reception room) was of a cottage built upon an eminence, the difference in altitude being just sufficient to bring the mouth of the pipe opposite the window of the cottage. When the woman told her story to the policeman she said she thought from the smell of the smoke that her neighbor of the lowlands had converted her kitchen into a tallow rendering factory.

One woman complained to the chief early this summer that an enemy of hers living on the same street had come in the night and sowed weed seeds in her onion bed. Another, who had rented her house furnished to a friend, returned to find a mirror broken and rushed forthwith to the police station with a hard luck story. She was sure that this meant seven years of misfortune for her and hers. It meant death, disease, famine and pestilence. The captain finally convinced her that the hoodo worked against the breaker of the mirror and not against the owner thereof, which seemed to satisfy her. For, of course, a captain of police should know all about black art, hoodoes and things like that.

To sit for a day in the office of a police captain is to be convinced that superstition is not yet dead. One day last week a well-dressed and apparently intelligent woman called to say that she believed she was under the spell of a medium whose fell purpose was to make her leave her husband. She loved her husband and had no reason for leaving him, yet several times of late she had found herself on the verge of doing so. Once she caught herself starting to pack her trunk; at another time she found upon the center table a note she had written to him bidding him farewell. The note was in her own handwriting, yet she had no recollection of writing it. She knew that this particular medium was in love with her husband, and was satisfied that the Sibyl was exercising her diabolical art to wreck her home. The best advice the captain could give her was to wake up.

A. R. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night and had severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. It's guaranteed.

True Success Defined

Dr. Edward Everett Hale in Success.

Success is described and defined in many ways—some good and some bad.

I am afraid that a very cheap or vulgar habit is coming in of measuring success by the amount of money a man has scraped together. Do not people mean money when they ask: "Is he a successful man?" "Is he a successful author?" "Is he a successful minister?" or "Is he a successful inventor?"

Now, really, an inventor is a successful inventor when the machine he invents does what it is made to do; an author is a successful author if his book does what he wrote it for, and a man is a successful man who does well what a man is made for.

When, therefore, I read in a newspaper that a successful merchant has died, I ask myself if that man had really done well what a merchant is for. A merchant is a man whose business is to transfer the different things which people want, from those who have them to those who need them. If a merchant succeeds in delivering to me a piano in my log cabin in Montana—by such methods that it is not injured—and in less time than would have been needed, but for him, and so arranges between me and the man who made the instrument, that I can have its use with less cost than I could have had it at without him—if in such ways he brings me nearer to the piano-maker—and if the latter receives what he ought to have—and I have my piano in good condition, and the merchant is fairly paid for the work he has done—why, then he is a successful merchant.

With this success of his, the business of accumulating money has nothing to do. It is a test, of more or less value, of his temperance, his honor, his industry. But his success as a merchant is to be measured by the answer to the question whether he did well or ill the business he had undertaken. Has he made a good arrangement between the people who produce the articles in which he deals and the people who need them?

I knew a very rich man, who rang the bell of one of his neighbors violently at 10 o'clock at night. It was just as the person visited was going to bed.

"Mr. Coram," said the poor old visitor, eagerly, "you do not know me, but you know my name. You bought my draft on Hottinguer yesterday."

Young Coram was startled indeed. Here was the model miser of the city they lived in.

"Mr. Coram, Mr. Coram, do hear me! I cannot sleep—I did not sleep last night. I shall not sleep tonight unless I have done something of some use to somebody! Tell me, Mr. Coram, of something or somebody to whom I can give $50,000. You know about such things and people, because you are with people who know. I am not. They do not come to me. But I shall die if you do not help me. Tell me where to give this money."

And young Coram told him. He wrote down the instructions for him—how he should give the money away.

"Oh, Mr. Coram," said the poor old skinflint as they parted, "thank God that you were not reared as I was! I was brought up to be praised always if I came home from a muster and had not used a cent of my spending money. My father told me I was a good boy—because I could show him the money he had given me. Thank God, you were never brought up that way."

Now, I suppose that if that wretched old man had been found dead in the miserable attic he occupied in one of his warehouses half the newspapers in that city would have spoken of him as a "successful man." He was not a successful man. He was a very unsuccessful man. He was successful in accumulating wealth—some of which he had earned and some of which he had extorted from people who could not stand up for what was due them. But he was not a successful man.

Now, I do not remember any man who had been less "successful" than this poor creature. Yet, when he died, a year or two afterward, it was found that he had hoarded more than $2,000,000. He was what is called a "miser." This is a Latin word—which means what we call "miserable." It has come to be used to represent just such people as he—who live only to pile up dollars.

This man had not eaten an orange, or an apple or a strawberry for twenty years. He saw other people eat such things, but he would not eat them because he wanted to keep the money which they would cost him. He had made his bed, when anybody made it, because he wished to "save," as he would have said, the money which he would have had to pay for having it made. In such ways he had "saved" his two million dollars. But they were not enough to give him a claim to be called a successful man.

Money—as money—is simply vulgar. This is the bright phrase of one of the most charming women of the world. If I were a successful farmer I should not think of piling 500 turnips in my drawing room. If I were a successful engineer, still I should not have the pile of macadam behind the chair in my dining room. If I were a successful street contractor I would not have one of my garbage carts dump its contents on the floor when I gave a ball for my daughter.

For just the same reasons I should never talk of money if I were a successful merchant or inventor or the wife of one.

This is to be observed, that success for a man or a woman is to be measured by three standards, for each man—and the same thing may be said of each woman—is a child of God. He has the use of two tools. One tool is named body and the other tool is named mind.

A man, then, has to succeed first in using his body for all it is worth, in keeping it in good order, in taking care that it does not rust and in improving it, from time to time, as he goes on. A boy or a man should keep his body in order, just as one would keep his bicycle in order. This means daily exercise in the open air and means entire command of appetite, so that one can say "I will" and "I will not." He ought to be able to make his dinner from salt meat and hardtack, and, what is more, he ought to know how to cook the salt meat. He ought to be able to drink water, if there is no milk or coffee, and he ought to do this without grumbling. He ought to be able to walk fifteen miles every day, whatever the weather, and be none the worse for it at night. He must keep his body in order if he means to attain success.

Secondly, the tool called the mind is very closely connected with the tool called the body. But the details of the rules for managing it are different, and it does not do simply to have your body in good condition. People will tell you that it does, but these people are mistaken. Without going into detail any more than I have done in speaking of the body, illustrations will show where the detail belongs, and will be a good guide as one arranges his rules for the training of his mind. For instance, reading and writing are spoken of as if they were parts of mental training. A boy or a man wants to be able to read his own language well, so that he can read aloud to another and be heard with pleasure and be understood. He wants to write his own language, so that, if he have to convince another person, he can use the right words in the right way. There is no use in writing if what you write is so dull that nobody wants to read it, or is so much mixed up in language, perhaps, or in thought, that nobody can understand it when he does read it. A man wants to communicate with other men and with the women in the world. He wants, therefore, to know how to think carefully and how to express in words what he thinks. And, going beyond mere reading and writing, a man should so train his mind that he can understand reasonably well what other people are thinking or talking about.

We need not expect too much from school education, but the training at school or somewhere else ought to go so far that a boy or man can understand the language of his time. If he talks to an electrician he should understand what the electrician means. If he talks to a forester or a farmer he should understand either.

And, as I have intimated, behind the mere processes of speech or writing, he wants to think carefully. He wants to know if he is thinking as he should. He does not want to have other people fool him, and, for the same reason—nay, even more so—he does not want to deceive himself.

The secret of it all is not far off.

Here is God, who shines in the sun—who gives the glory to the sky—and who speaks in my heart to tell me what is right and what is wrong. If I make Him my companion and tell Him everything He is willing to take me as a companion and tell me everything.

That man or woman who controls body and mind, who succeeds with other people and succeeds in the future walks with God, talks with God, lives with Him and enters into His joy.

Quaint Features of Romance

A Bunch of Domestic Episodes.

Here is an abstract of the log of the transport Thomas, which conveyed a precious cargo of schoolma'ams from San Francisco to Manila. It is vouched for by the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

Wednesday.—There are 600 teachers aboard, 160 of them women. Some are mere girls—others are merely girlish. All are bound for the Philippines. Many of them, no doubt, would be glad to touch at the port of matrimony on the way.

Thursday.—There is spooning going on everywhere, all over the boat. All the handsomest men are in great demand. One fine-looking fellow from Cleveland, in order to escape from attentions of six Boston spinsters, spends most of his time in the foretop. It isn't at all comfortable up there, but he says he prefers it.

Friday.—First engagement announced. He is just out of college and 23. She is a Portland schoolma'am and 37. The example seems to be contagious; three more engagements were announced by noon.

Saturday.—Captain says he can't work the ship unless the spooners get out of the way. The captain is not a sentimental person. All the sailors go round with broad grins on their faces. It is supposed to come from hearing so much lovey-dovey talk. The bos'n is the only one of them that keeps a sour face. It is said he has been married four times. The engagement roll now numbers eleven.

Sunday.—This was a day of rest for everybody, except the spooners. The steward says he doesn't care how much love-making they do on board. It's a great saving for him, he says. Those who are the deepest in love don't care to eat. Nineteen engagements to date.

Monday.—The captain says there's no use talking, the serenading business has got to stop. The sailors can't hear the orders because of the love songs. There's a Chicago schoolma'am with a mandolin, who makes life miserable for everybody. She sings the saddest love songs every night until 12 o'clock. The captain says he'll either put her in irons or feed her to the sharks. Twenty-four engagements up to 6 o'clock.

Tuesday.—Thirty couples petitioned the captain today to permit them to be married on board. He said he'd be jammed if he would. He was ordered to carry over to the Philippines a lot of salaried school teachers, and he meant to do his duty. He wasn't running any tootsie-wootsie shop, and he wanted them to know it. The kind of knots he was interested in were the kind that a ship is expected to encourage. He said a lot more about most of them being old enough to know better—and the Massachusetts girls didn't like it one bit. The thirty couples have agreed to get married as soon as they reach Honolulu, but the others have reluctantly concluded to wait until they get to Manila.

There is a romantic story of one couple in particular, reports the Honolulu Advertiser, referring to the foregoing. They were introduced by a mutual friend on shore as they stood at the rail when the transport was pulling out, some ten feet of San Francisco bay dividing the lady who presented the pair from presentees. This introduction, however, though not the most formal, evidently was very effective. They became friends, and by the time the shades of night had settled and the mainland had faded from the horizon it was evident that they had found in each other's company some consolation for the hardship of leaving their happy homes to journey into a far country.

The second day left them violently in love, and on the third day the young man led the blushing maiden to the captain, with the request that the twain be made one as fast as he (the captain) could tie the knot. Captain Buford, however, has had considerable experience, and has observed with some care the result of the moonlight sea, and he advised the young people to wait until they arrived at Honolulu. This they unwillingly did, but it is said that the ceremony was performed last night by a local minister—a honeymoon ride being taken by the newly-wed couple out to Waikiki, where the eloquent sea waves voiced sweet sentiments while they indulged in the wedding dinner.

A Clarksburg, W. Va., man has advertised for a wife in the following explicit and unique manner:

"A gentleman, a widower, 47 years old, a Pennsylvania oil operator, with two small children, wants a wife of the following description and character: A nice white girl, between 20 and 30 years of age, between 125 and 160 pounds in weigt, medium height, nice looking, fair education, free from all bad habits, such as dancing, chewing gum, all intoxicants and narcotics in any form, or bicycling. And must have been born on the 6th of May, or at least between the 2d and 8th of May, or on or between the 1st and 5th of February; a clean and neat housekeeper, of good moral character and respectable family; no wealth, but good health.

"Such a one can go on a tour of the lake region, of central New York, Niagara Falls and Pan-American exposition, beginning in September, 1901, and lasting one month. The writer is a man of no bad habits of any kind whatever, hates liquor and tobacco in any form and all useless frivolities and kindred fads, and believes only in the innocent pleasures of life, traveling and viewing the beauties of nature, etc.

"Have no money; am not rich, but am going to be; make a good living and like to live quietly and good. Religious faith is Koreshan, belonging to no lodges or clubs, and never will; can give the best of references. Correspondence invited from any one who can meet the requirements and think they might wish to. Any one interested can begin negotiations by addressing lock box 465, Clarksburg, W. Va., for ten days only."

Married, with the renowned bridal veil of the Falls of the Yosemite before her face, is something to distinguish the wedding of Miss Annie Rippey to Harry C. Best. And there is a romantic story behind the event, too.

Miss Rippey, early in the summer, went from Los Angeles to the Lippincott studio in the Yosemite valley. She was to sketch there through the summer, returning home in September. But fate had decreed otherwise.

Harry C. Best, a San Francisco artist and a director of the Press club in that city, also went to the Yosemite with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thad Welch. The Welch-Best camp was near that of the Lippincott's. Young Welch saw Miss Rippey and became a slave. Both were interested in art. Both were musicians. Both loved nature and nature's moods as demonstrated in that famous valley of the beautiful. The little chapel in the Yosemite became the end of their Sunday walks, when both sang in the chapel choir.

There is only one ending to such a summer. The marriage day was set for July 28, and the bridal veil of the falls was chosen as the screen for the young woman's cheeks while the ceremony should be pronounced.

A motley crowd was there when the wedding party came to stand among the giant bowlders. The music was not "Lohengrin," but the thunder of falling waters. The couple went down the valley on a honeymoon trip.

Chance never figured in a prettier romance than that which has reunited Frank Parrish and his young wife and brought to them the delights of a second honeymoon.

The man and his wife were living in Galveston, Tex., at the time of the terrible tidal wave of last year, relates the St. Louis Republic. They were caught in the flood and separated. The man was nearly drowned, carried across the bay and lay an invalid in the house of a stranger for weeks. The wife sought him hopelessly for days, then donned widow's weeds and went to the home of distant relatives at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The man, as soon as he had partly regained his strength, sought among the ruins of his home for his wife's body. It was not there. He widened the circle of his search, but never did he find a trace of her.

Frank Parrish went to the home of his brother, Charles Parrish, in the mountains of Lincoln county, New Mexico. Slowly his strength and health came back, but the joy of life was no longer his. To work for work's sake was not the same task that it had been when work meant the building of a home, together with the delight of daily companionship and sympathy.

One of Mrs. Parrish's new-found friends was a Miss Ellen Alexander, who was about to leave Tennessee for New Mexico to teach in a private school in Otero county. Before the commencement of the term it was arranged that Mrs. Parrish should accompany her. In Mexico she would find different associations and the change would perhaps enliven her depressed spirits.

Late in July Mrs. Parrish and Miss Alexander arrived in Roswell. The day was Thursday. They learned that the stage by which they were to proceed to Lincoln and Capitan, at which place Miss Alexander has a married sister, would not go until Monday.

The next day Mr. Parrish came to town to purchase supplies and machinery. He wished to go back that same day, but was delayed until Sunday. He was disappointed. For two days the husband and wife were in the little town without knowing it, both detained there against their wills.

On Sunday at noon Mrs. Parrish left the hotel at which she was staying for a walk.

On Sunday at noon Mr. Parrish, his team ready, stepped from the postoffice to the sidewalk and in another moment would have mounted the vehicle, taken up the reins and been on his way to the mountains.

Looking up he saw before him what he thought was a vision. But the vision was so real that it did not melt in the sunshine of that Sabbath noon. Instead, it held out two longing, trembling arms, and the light of deathless devotion illuminated its face.

"My wife! My wife!"

And so it is that a second honeymoon has begun down here in the New Mexican mountains.

WHAT MEN SMOKE.

Their Taste Has Changed Greatly Within the Past Few Years.

"The taste of men in their choice of cigars," said a dealer to a Washington Star reporter, "has undergone a great change recently.

"Some years ago our customers demanded black, or maduro, cigars. The color known to the trade as colorado-maduro, or medium dark colored cigars, were second choice and light colored, or colorado or claro, had third call.

"Now it is the cigar with a light colored wrapper that has the call. The strong cigar has dropped to third place. In fact it is almost impossible at times to supply the demand for colorado or claro wrappers and men, being animals of habit, are very insistent in their demands for just the shade they think is right.

"I well remember that I used to soak in a liquor obtained from a decoction of steeped tobacco leaves all of my light colored wrappers to make them very dark. Now they have processes for partially bleaching the leaf. During the Spanish-American war, when Havana tobacco was scarce or cornered, that grade and the Key West cigars were very dark and it tried our patience listening to complaints. The quality, too, was poor. The mild or medium cigar is the best flavored. The strong, heavy cigar is sure death to the nervous system, and it may be that men, after years of experience, are finding it out and are adopting the lighter grades in consequence.

"The sorting of cigars into the different grades is a skilled employment by itself, just as the women experts in the bureau of engraving and printing can by a glance reject a sheet of paper which will eventually become money from the thousands that daily pass through their hands. If it be too lightly or too heavily printed. The expert cigar sorter makes a similar classification, and with marvelous rapidity. See this newly opened box? As I hold it to the light each cigar is graded exactly and prettily as to color. Each cigar went through several handlings, finally to be tossed in a bunch of similar grade and then packed in the box. It is the wrapper that sells the cigar, as men take for granted the quality of the filler or accept the dealer's word."

To Heal a Hurt

Use Banner Salve, the great healer. It's guaranteed for cuts, wounds, sores, piles and all skin diseases. Use no substitute.

Why biscuit get stale

It's as simple as A B C. The atmosphere contains moisture, which is an enemy to crackers and biscuit. Now you see why biscuit or crackers exposed to the air in a box or barrel go stale and grow musty. To overcome this an inventor created the In-er-seal Patent Package, an ingenious combination of specially prepared cardboard and paper so peculiarly folded and securely sealed that it keeps out moisture and all kinds of badness. The In-er-seal Patent Package is used and controlled exclusively by the National Biscuit Company to keep their products fresh and good.

When you order Soda, Graham, Long Branch, Milk, Butter Thin and Oatmeal Biscuit, Vanilla Wafers, Ginger Snaps, and Saratoga Flakes, don't forget to ask for the kind that come in the In-er-seal Patent Package.

The In-er-seal Patent Package is identified by this Trade Mark on each end.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

IN ER SEAL

MINING IN THE BLACK HILLS

Tin Rears a Shining Crest Above Dark Debris of Past Scheming.

STRONG NEW FINANCING IN THIS METAL

Deadwood Business Men Pin Their Money on the Garden City District—Sioux Falls Takes Hold of Bee Lode.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Sept. 1.—(Special.)—It has taken a dozen years for the capitalists of the east to make up their minds that tin might possibly exist in paying quantities in the Black Hills. The Harney Beak Tin company, which was born with an eye on the millions of London capitalists, did the work and it resulted in temporarily covering up the actual resources of this metal in the Black Hills. Tin is in the greatest possible demand. There is a growing scarcity in these districts which have been furnishing the world's supply and there must soon be found other sections of the country where the metal may be mined. As a consequence the tin of the Black Hills is again bobbing up and this time there is apparently reason to expect that the development of the tin-bearing properties will be carried on in better shape than they were twelve years ago.

The Gertie Mining and Milling company, with a capitalization of 1,000,000 shares of stock, par value $1, has been reorganized by E. C. Johnson of Hill City and others. They have succeeded in getting straightened out the title to 157 shares of patented ground at Hill City, which went into one of the deals ten years ago and then failed. But enough work was done at that time to demonstrate that the property has a great ledge of tin ore, which averages 3½ per cent tin. This would be equal to something like $18 gold ore. This tin ledge is five feet thick and it has been sunk upon over 400 feet, with levels every 100 feet. Paralleling this tin ledge is a five-foot ledge of free-milling ore, which runs about $9 per ton gold. The company proposes to erect a mill as soon as possible, which will be this fall, for there is a great demand for the stock.

Burned Plant to Be Replaced.

The price of tin is climbing higher and higher every year. It is estimated that there are 300,000 tons of tin ore blocked out in this mine, which would pay a handsome dividend as soon as treated. A steam hoisting plant stood at the shaft until a short time ago, when it was destroyed by fire. It will be replaced. The officers of this company are some of the strongest financiers in Chicago and Cleveland. E. C. Johnson, secretary and general manager, has been at Hill City several years working up the deal. He is considered one of the best posted men on tin ores in the country. The company proposes to demonstrate forever whether tin can be mined in the Black Hills profitably. The company will also mill the free-milling gold ore.

The Hidden Fortune company is feeling good again over the discovery of a two-foot ledge of free-milling ore that runs better than $15 a ton gold. It was found in the bottom of the shaft that is being sunk at the top of the hill. The formation in the shaft is changing and it is expected that it will soon all be in ore. This is one of several ledges that run parallel through this ground, being not more than 500 feet west of the Homestake mine. The richness of the strike is a surprise to many, but it is holding out the statements that are made by old Homestake miners that the ore in the Homestake mine grows richer toward the west side. The machinery for this shaft will soon arrive.

Exploration Seven Miles Away.

Local business men of this city have organized the Edna Exploration company, with a capitalization of 50,000 shares, par value $1. It is the intention of the company to develop further the old South Dakota company's ground on the Garden City districts, seven miles northwest of this city. There is considerable cyaniding ore blocked out at present. The company will also take other properties on long-time leases and develop them. S. Burns of Garden City is the originator of the company.

Numbers of Sioux Falls people are operating the Bee Lode Mining company on a promising property adjoining the Uncle Sam mine, on the south extension of the Homestake belt. A shaft is being sunk on a well defined ledge of free-milling ore and the company is expecting to open up a mine of considerable worth. There is ample water for a mill of 100 stamps and it is possible that the company will install a small mill yet this fall to treat the ore that comes from the development of the property.

The Chicago company that was organized to work the Golden Slipper mine four miles east of Hill City has ordered a small stamp mill, which will be installed as soon as possible. The mine is developing into one of the richest gold properties in the Hills. The ore averages better than $20 per ton gold and there are two or more strong ledges.

Bismarck Waits New Stampmill

Further development of the Bismarck mine at Keystone has been suspended until the forty-stamp mill is ready for ore. The mine has two or three strong ledges of free-milling ore, which will keep a forty-stamp mill in operation indefinitely. It is owned by the Elizabeth company of Milwaukee.

The Dakota Mining company will put into commission its new 100-ton cyanide plant about September 10. It will be the most complete plant of its kind in the Black Hills. Deadwood capital almost entirely has been used in its construction, the president of the company having raised over $30,000 among the business men. The plant is in the First ward of this city, near the smelter. The ore will come from the Jack Pot and Gunnison mines, in the Portland district west of this city, where already over 300,000 tons of ore are blocked out that will run better than $12 a ton gold. A thorough test has been made on the ore with the process at Central City, so that the operation of this larger plant is by no means an experiment.

To Roast All Refractory Sorts.

Next to this Dakota plant is another 100-ton mill in course of construction by the Imperial company of Pennsylvania. W. B. Milliken of Denver is the millwright at the new plant. It is the intention of the company to put in roasters, which will make it possible to handle every kind of refractory ore in the Black Hills by this process. The cyanide process will then be represented by every known modification. The Imperial company also has a sure thing. Several years ago a large amount of ore was shipped from the south end of the company's mining ground in the Blacktail district to a cyanide plant in this city and in every way it was a success. Since the Pennsylvania people became interested new properties north have been purchased and three shoots of ore have been opened up on quartzite half a mile from the old workings, which gives an abundance of ore. W. S. Elder, an attorney of this city, is president of the company.

Good Payroll from This Plant.

The Golden Reward company is building a cyanide plant in the First ward of this city. This plant will have a capacity of 200 tons of ore a day. It is to be built on the site of the old chlorination works that were destroyed by fire two years ago. This will make a total capacity of 400 tons of ore a day and it will give to this city a good payroll.

The two cyanide plants that have been operating on Whitewood creek below this city on the tailings from the Homestake mills, that have been deposited there in the last twenty years, are making a great success. The plants consist of tanks, a team and a scraper and a gasoline engine. The tailings yield about 80 per cent of their gold values and 60 per cent of their silver.

SCHOOL FOR WOMEN FARMERS.

Novel Educational Institution in Operation in England.

In the Woman's Home Companion Miss Knobe tells about "The Lady Warwick School for Women Farmers."

"In this rural spot, on the outskirts of Reading, only an hour's run from London, the beautiful and accomplished countess of Warwick is sponsoring a most original scheme whereby English girls may be coached in agriculture. There are agricultural colleges, to be sure, wherein limited instruction is given the wrongly named weaker sex; but in this singularly interesting school in England exclusively for women—the only one in England, if not in the world—is a thorough poetico-practical course, if it may be so called, from the raising of cabbages and chrysanthemums to the building of a pigsty and the making of a hay-mound. These sturdy daughters of Ceres, in other words, are fitted to run a farm.

"This unique school was opened in October, 1898. The minimum period of training is two years, and at the end of that time a certificate is awarded. The theoretical part of the course is systematically pursued in the agricultural department of the adjacent Reading college. Many of the lectures occur in the winter, with rigid examinations at the end of each term, while the practical demonstration is done at the hostel by the girls. There is only one man about the place a horticultural instructor, who comes three times a week. A registry department has been opened. Some of the students have already secured good positions, while others have started independently. In the meantime the students are gaining a snug income by the sale of their produce.

"These girl students are receiving more than a scientific course, for the social and athletic side is not to be overlooked. Though some of the students are up with the lark—and at Warwick hostel the lark is scheduled to soar at precisely 4:30—attending to tasks in the field, there are hours during the day and evening set aside for recreation. Lively contests in boating, tennis and hockey are arranged.

"That this work is excellent from the competitive standpoint of the world may be acknowledged when it is said these fair farmers dote on entering all the big agricultural exhibits thereabout and carrying off a string of the prizes, moreover."

Court Decides Farmer's Case.

One who undertakes, for a consideration, to do work requiring special skill, such as threshing grain, impliedly represents that he possesses and will exercise such reasonable degree of skill as the nature of the services may require; and, if he is to furnish his own tools, implements or machinery, there is an implied representation as to their fitness for the use to which they are to be put. 86 N. W. Rep. (Neb.) 1057.

Hospe's Guarantee—

It is easy to make a broad statement in one breath, then qualify it, or take it all back in the next. That means nothing.

That is the way with some piano guarantee. Scan them closely; you'll find they make broad and sometimes foolish assertions, but they are all qualified.

There is but one plain statement in our guarantee; it isn't qualified, and it means exactly what it says. It means that imperfections will be promptly made good with another instrument, without quibbling, excusing or telling you that your house is too hot, too cold, or too damp.

Good pianos at greatly reduced prices this week.

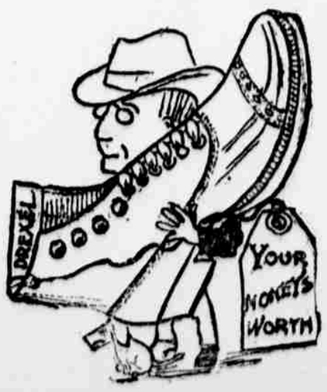
Payments to suit.

A. HOSPE,

Music and Art. 1513-1515 Douglas.

A Working Man's Shoe—

made so as to stand the hard wear incident to hard work—a genuine welt sole that has no nails to hurt the feet—with broad toe and wide foot-form last—that makes the new shoe a comfort—box calf uppers of a selected quality—the greatest value ever offered for $2.50—the only $2.50 shoe made that will give so much wear and comfort—We guarantee every pair of these shoes and recommend them to the men that must be on their feet most of the time—Our way is—money back if you want it.



Drexel Shoe Co.,

Catalogue Sent Free for the Asking. Omaha's Up-to-date Shoe House. 1418 FARNAM STREET.