

AFAIRS AT SOUTH OMAHA

City Clerk Is Authorized to Advertise for City Bond Eds.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AS TO PROCESS

After Voluminous Debate City Officials Determine to Have the Ordinances Revised—Paving Respects Considered.

Last night in adjourned session the city council authorized the clerk to advertise for bids for \$50,000 of city bonds. This action was taken after a discussion which caused merit to be attached to the proposal to have the city bonds issued in the amount of \$50,000, authorized by special bonds for paving streets, \$17,614.45, grading districts, \$4,799.52, curbings, \$2,835.43, making a total issue of \$24,539.71. This last set of bonds are not to cover districts which have been bonded. This action was taken after a discussion which caused merit to be attached to the proposal to have the city bonds issued in the amount of \$50,000, authorized by special bonds for paving streets, \$17,614.45, grading districts, \$4,799.52, curbings, \$2,835.43, making a total issue of \$24,539.71.

When it came to the matter of advertising this issue of bonds there was a difference of opinion between Johnston and Martin. The former wanted the bonds advertised in the Omaha papers and some financial paper for six times and then close the bids twenty days later. This plan 314 was approved by the council. Johnston and Martin were in the majority and Martin was the best man in the city. As usual, Johnston had his way and the clerk was given his instructions to advertise the bonds as soon as the proper form can be drawn up by the city attorney.

Revising the Ordinances.

After debating the matter for many months, the city officials have finally taken steps to have the ordinances of the city revised. At the present time, 1,600 regular and about 150 special ordinances are on the books. Many of the ordinances passed in early days have been repealed and numerous changes made in the ordinance books. The only record of the city has been in the ordinances filed away and the notation on the clerk's records. Owing to the confusion of the records, the ordinance book is frequently out of date and in some instances the city has been compelled to pay damages.

Repairing Pavement.

The repairing of the pavement on Twenty-fourth street between E and F streets is now under consideration by the street and alley committee of the council. This pavement on the east side has sunk so low that there is a pool of stagnant water there most all the time. The man who has made the street commissioner lay a drain through the curb and allow storm water to run into the gully cast. This was objected to for two reasons. There would soon be a large pool of stagnant water in the gully, which is surrounded by residences and would create a great nuisance, than having a mud hole on a paved street. Again, if the storm water was turned into the gully the Twenty-third street sewer would be endangered and it is all that the engineering department can do now to keep the sewer from overflowing.

Grade Crossing Lights.

Another effort is being made by the municipal authorities to compel the railroad running through South Omaha to place and maintain crossing lights at crossings. Acting Mayor Adkins signed an ordinance yesterday providing for the maintenance of lights at crossings by railroad companies. One feature of the ordinance is that unless the railroad comply the city will maintain the same at the expense of the city. The fact that the city has a tax commissioner now makes this section of the ordinance feasible.

City Bonded Debt.

Below is a statement showing the total bonded indebtedness of the city of South Omaha at the present time. This statement includes both special and general bonds.

General bonds outstanding	\$397,000
Funding bonds	12,500
District paving and repaving	35,400
District grading	10,000
District curbings	1,500
District sewer bonds	11,200
Total	\$508,300

Maize City Gosnell.

Sam Sonnenberg has about recovered from his recent illness. The public schools, backs and city offices will be closed on Thursday.

Benjamin Bachor, a pioneer in Nebraska, died yesterday at La Platte.

The local board of health met last night and decided to close all shops all day on Thursday.

Mrs. Annie Proust of Lincoln is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James S. H. Hider, Nineteenth and P streets.

Tom Hooton says that he is going to nominate of his support to O'Keefe, the superintendent of the public schools says that more telephones are needed in the school houses.

Frank Burren, deputy tax commissioner, is at St. Louis, but will be back in a week and will be able to return home on Saturday.

Business places all over the city are decorated in mourning, and the columns of President McKinley draped in mourning.

The Knights of Fidelity met yesterday and installed officers. This lodge now has

thirty members. Myles Welch is the president.

Acting Mayor Adkins yesterday signed an ordinance providing for the laying of a two-plank walk on the west side of Thirty-fifth street from U street to the county line.

COLD WAVE IN NEBRASKA

SPELL of Rainy Weather Followed by Sudden Sharpness - Late Crops Nipped in Many Sections.

GOTHENBURG, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—It has been raining here for three weeks. Farmers have been unable to thresh their grain. Much small grain is in shock and is badly damaged. One-fourth of the hay crop in stock has been spoiled and corn that was cut a week ago is rotting in the shock. It rained again yesterday morning. Fully five inches have fallen this month and eight inches in the last three weeks. But little hay has been put up in the past three weeks. It has been too wet to sow much small grain. The average yield will be very large. Several cart loads of grain have been sold here. Most of the grain will be drilled in, as the last year's experience shows fully 100 per cent better yield where grain was put in with the present drill than where it was sown broadcast. There was a light frost this morning. More rain is expected.

SHELTON, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—The first frost of the season was last night. It was nearly cold enough to freeze. This is the earliest severe frost here for a number of years. Vegetables were damaged and late fields of corn will be hurried to ripening.

BATTLE CREEK, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—After two weeks of rainy weather it cleared up Sunday and there was a frost last night. But little damage was done.

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—The first frost of the season was last night. Little damage done.

HUMBOLDT, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—Two inches of rain has fallen here in the last few days. The temperature has fallen rapidly, resulting in a heavy frost last night. No damage was done to crops.

HARVARD, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—There was a light frost last night, but no damage was done.

SCHUYLER, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—The first frost of the season was last night. It was a heavy one. There is nothing it can injure except a few fields of late corn. Five inches of rain have fallen in this vicinity in the last ten days. The rain came too late to add crops, but it will refresh the pastures. The ground is now in prime condition for fall seeding, which has already begun.

WINNEBAGO, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—There was a heavy frost last night. Ice a quarter of an inch thick was found this morning. Corn will be considerably damaged, as late rains have kept it growing and there are a good many kernels on the ears that are soft.

South Dakota Also Fridge.

YANKTON, S. D., Sept. 17.—(Special Telegram.)—Heavy frost last night destroyed gardens where they were not protected.

RELIEF FOR CORN S. D., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—The cattlemen on the ranges of western South Dakota, eastern Wyoming and Montana are in good shape to withstand a hard winter. There is the biggest crop of hay-raising in the history of cattle-raising in the west. Cattle-men and sheepmen have hay on hand in considerable quantities. Cattle-men are bringing in many carloads of southern cattle to feed. These cattle will be fed on hay part of the time. Next spring they will be in prime condition for eastern shippers or to be retained on the range.

MITCHELL, S. D., Sept. 17.—(Special Telegram.)—The first frost of the season covered this section this morning. A thin layer of ice covered water standing outside. Everything that could be injured by frost was well out of the way.

GRAND FORT, S. D., Sept. 17.—The first snow of the season fell here today. There was a very little snow and the fall was the end of a slight shower. The weather is very unfavorable for threshing.

Frosts Feared in Dakotas.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 17.—The temperature throughout the two Dakotas and Minnesota has been dropping steadily since the last twenty-four hours and tonight there is danger of frost. Clouds alone will save the early farmers from serious loss. The weather report contained a warning and such garden stuff as could be covered was taken care of.

Fremont Shows Respect.

FREMONT, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—The city council last evening adopted resolutions in memory of our fallen chief magistrate, a copy of which was sent to Mrs. McKinley. Mayor Wilson secured a proclamation requesting that all business houses and public offices of Fremont be closed Thursday from 10 a. m. until 4 p. m. to show a proper respect for the memory of the late president and that fitting emblem of mourning be displayed. The Grand Army post last evening had a memorial service at Love's opera house at 1:30 p. m. Thursday. There will be several short addresses. The music will be under the direction of Prof. Preston of the Fremont Normal school. Flags on the city hall, court house and postoffice will remain at half-mast for thirty days.

Prairie McKinley as a Man.

GRANT, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special.)—Rev. J. Croker of Grant preached a memorial sermon on President McKinley in the Congregational church Sunday morning from the text, "The Memory of the Just is Blessed." Prov. 10:7. He said in part: "Today we mourn the loss of our president, stricken down by the hand of an assassin in the strength of his manhood. Today, as loyal citizens of this great republic, we lay all partisanship aside and with heads bowed in sorrow we pray for the repose of our nation's president. Narrow-minded, indeed, must be that person whose heart is not sad and who cannot drop a tear in this sad national bereavement. However people differ politically they all agree on this one point, that a good and noble character has fallen. Verily, 'The name of the just is blessed.'"

Special Services at Arapahoe.

ARAPAHOE, Neb., Sept. 17.—(Special Telegram.)—The churches at this place were draped in mourning yesterday. Each church had a picture of the president draped in black. Thursday memorial services will be held at the opera house. All business will be suspended from 2 o'clock until 5, when people of all classes will assemble to show their sympathy with the martyr president, but for his personality as a man and fellow citizen.

Master of Time.

WAYNE, Neb., Sept. 17.—To the Editor of the Bee: I have been publishing the columns of your paper information concerning the following: At 10 a. m. in Omaha, Sioux City and other points the official time is flashed over the telegraph wires from Washington, D. C. What time is it at Washington, D. C. when we receive this time every day at 10 a. m.?

A SUBSCRIBER.

I had a running sore on my leg for seven years," writes Mrs. James Forest of Chipewa Falls, Wis., "and spent hundreds of dollars in trying to get it healed. Two boxes of Chamber Salve entirely cured it. Beware of substitutes."

On the Forecastle Deck

By Morgan Robertson.

(Copyright, 1901, by S. S. McClure.) "Who goes on lookout?"

"I am the man and I call out my name. Watch out for a flashing white light on the port bow. Relieve the wheel and lookout. That'll do the watch."

A man goes aft to the wheel, the watch goes below, and I climb the steps to the forecastle deck, where my predecessor is waiting at the capstan.

"Keep your eyes peeled for a flashlight ahead and to port. Pass the word along."

"All right. Go below—but what do they expect? I know. Some lighthouse; we're on soundings."

He is gone. I rub the sleep from my eyes and scan the clear-cut horizon ahead. There is no sign of a light, and I pace up and down, back and forth from cathead to cathead, with an occasional glance over the sea. It is a beautiful night—the kind that brings meditation and retrospection. The full moon hangs in the southern sky, and depending from it to the horizon is a darkening of the deep blue which can only be likened to a shadow, or a curtain of shade, from a point a hundred yards from the ship to the base of this track of liquid fire.

There are a few stars shining faintly in the flood of light; there is wind, a southing breath aloft, just strong enough to belly the canvas; overhead is a tinkling, musical crash of water, as a ripple or two comes crashing under the bow as the ship buries her outrigger, and losing volume on the way aft to revive the swirling cross currents of the wake. I can hear the murmur of my watchmen's voice amidships, and the regular clumping of the mate's boots on the poop. He is pacing up and down like myself, perhaps from habit, perhaps to awaken himself; for we have all lost much sleep lately.

But I am wide awake—the moonlight and its beams have banished the sleep—and I halt in my walk to lean over the capstan, with no fear of the drowsiness which usually attends the first half hour of the watch on deck at night. It was just such a night as this when I once walked through a lane with a girl and stopped at the gate of a flower-filled yard. The girl's eyes were mechanically fixed upon the horizon ahead and to port, watching for that flashing white light, my mental vision is taken up with the image of the girl. She is facing me, one small hand resting on the gate, one small foot peeping from beneath her dress, the color gone from her cheeks and the tears starting in her eyes. In the strong moonlight I can see the womanly pity and regret in her sweet face, the twitching at the corners of her mouth and the slow, troubled rodding of her head. She is saying: "No, no, I am not for you. We are not alike. You must go your way and I must go mine. We cannot ever be friends, for there is no middle ground."

And that is why I am back before the mast this night, hanging over the capstan, waiting for a flashing white light and thinking of her. The rebellious heart in my breast chokes me, and the rebellious brain in my head throbs in pain while it tries to formulate the reason of it all—why I, who must love her through life, am debarred on this account alone from her friendship, from her love, from our acquaintance. I, who would give my all for a smile—for a glance of recognition, must not know her, speak to her, nor meet her. The stranger yet unborn is nearer to her than I am and of the millions of human beings in the world she is farthest removed from me.

Because, for certain temperaments, there is no middle ground.

It is bitter speculation and not all men have known it. In my own case I can only work out the problem to this: I love because I can appreciate—I lose because I love too much.

A twinkle of light shows on the dark line of horizon. I stand erect to make sure and it is gone. As I watch it sparkles again.

Flashing white light on the port bow, sir. I sling out the glass of the telescope, with bitterness of mind—gratified that I had been first to see it.

"All right."

I watch the light. It is not regular in its coming and going; it has a reluctance uncommon in beacon lights; it expands to a flare and sinks to a glow; it expands to a nebula and breaks up into fragments.

"Keep her away for that light," I hear the mate call to the man at the wheel; then to the third mate: "Route out all hands; send up a rocket or show a torch. That's a slip up, sir."

A ship afloat! I turn and look again. There is no mistake—the mate is right. I can clearly make out two slim spars and a black funnel, sharply cut in the reflection. The blaze is aft and the steamer is heading toward our white flaring beams of searchlight.

I takes a position from the capstan on the port bow to one directly ahead. As though the powers behind the wind had taken direct cognizance of the extremity, the breeze freshens with our change of course and we rush down the wind with breaking spray curling under our counter. Yards are square as before, for the wind merely brings the wind from slightly on one quarter to slightly on the other. Soon we can make out the shape and position of deckhouses and the infinite shadow of hull beneath.

Over the sparkling flare and left behind by its motion a great column of smoke and there is a black thickening and rise of its sheer forward which can be nothing but closely packed human beings.

The watch below is out. Men are clewling up the courses; others are dancing aloft to the foreyard with holystick tactics; aft, the third mate and the ship's boys are clearing away a quarter boat and amidships the carpenter is sending up rockets. But I am on lookout and until called down or relieved can take no part in this.

With the increase of wind comes a lowering of the temperature and a brightening sky, a shiver, and buttoning my jacket snugly, my throat, resume my walk back and forth from cathead to cathead. A glance aft shows me the southern sky shaded with an almost opaque curtain of cloud; the moon is nearly obscured. A few flakes of snow, crushed my cheek; a keener edge comes to the pressure of wind and aloft the aerial song of a new-born gale wafts in the rigging. There will be trouble and grief tonight, I know—boat work in a show storm and rising sea.

"Keep a good lookout forward, there," roars the mate from amidships, and I answer, thankful with a sailor's irresponsibility, that mine is the easiest duty on board.

Past as we are squaring toward the flaming craft, the sparks are falling faster, and more and more I begin to understand the details of the hidden, nothing but red glow guiding the man at the wheel, and toward this rush at ten knots, while the blaze itself approaches at an equal speed, until again details are shown us. She is still head to wind, the engines stopped and steam is escaping in a muffled roar; the fire has reached the engine room, and we are just in time. To our ears against the gale come screamings and shoutings and we see frantic waving of hats.

"Check in starboard port fore and cross-jack braces," calls the skipper from the poop. "Leave the main yards square till we try her. Down with the wheel. Starboard—hard over."

Around we come with the swinging of the yards until the canvas on the main is a back; the helmsman is given a course and the ship is tripped. A little manipulation of the main yards satisfies the skipper, and we lie steady on the port-bow

of the steamer, drifting bodily to leeward, with vicious seas from squarely abeam pounding our weather side. We are directly to the starboard foreyardarm hovering over the boats on the forward house. A skillful maneuver, but ours is a skillful skipper.

"Over with the boats!" They are already cleared away, turned on their keels and the yardarm tackles hooked to the ringbolts. Up they rise, one at a time, with two men in each to unhook and drop the boat back to the main channels. Outboard they swing, until the two end tackles from the fore and main yards can take their weight, and they descend to the water. One at a time the three boats are launched to the tune of the mate's roaring orders, and not a man is hurt or a drop of water shipped. A skillful job, but he is a skillful mate.

Aft, the ship's boys, under the third mate, have lowered the lee quarterboat, and are off with a burrah, just ahead of the first: whaleboats from forward. Then follow the four boats' crews are racing to leeward to save life—cheering as they disappear in a thick smudge of snow from which they may not return. As the third mate is in the quarter boat, the other three must be in charge of the second mate and the two boatswains, leaving the first mate aboard, for I hear again his thundering voice from the poop: "Keep a good lookout forward, there."

I answer again, and watch in the direction of the steamer. The towering flame

light fast fixed in my eye, I hear a thundering voice from the poop: "Keep a good lookout forward, there!"

A shiver, colder than the snow, passes through me; the girl seems to move away into nothingness; the gray of the snow-filled air changes to the clear brightness of a moonlit sky and I am hanging over the capstan, still gazing at a point of light burning steadily on the port bow. It bursts into a flare for a second, then subsides to its steady glow.

"Aye, aye, sir," I manage to answer, while my brain reels and my legs quiver under my weight. "Flashing white light on the port bow, sir."

"All right—all right. Keep your eyes open on lookout, there. But he does not come forward."

I have slept on lookout. How long I do not know, until a watchmate appears with call and I halt him.

"How many times did the mate sling out to keep a good lookout?"

"Once. He saw the light 'fore you did. Been asleep?"

"About a second or two."

Edwards are curious in that they require a time that can be measured by units. That call from the mate to "keep a good lookout forward, there," which I heard twice at different times in my dream was the call which awakened me. A dream is an instantaneous photograph, not a moving picture.



On The Forecastle Deck

eyes to cut the snow in a line with my eyes; for, though I can see her distinctly, and apparently can see the crisp sea beneath my line of sight, the boats are invisible. I look slowly around at the inclosing wall of gray, and see nothing but our spars and the flames amidships are lit from a lookout could save a ship hoveled in this snow should anything under sail or steam come out of that gray wall; yet, I am on the lookout, and my duty is to watch. But I would now rather be in one of those boats, cheering with the rest as I pull to save life.

A rocket rises from amidships at regular intervals. We have a lazarette half full and the carpenter does not spare them. Up they go, whizzing and sputtering, high above the royal yards before they turn down and burst. It is this bursting in mid-air that is dependent upon the direction of the breeze, but it can be seen through snow and fog that would obscure the fiery lines of ascent.

I turn to the burning steamer. She is now on our starboard bow, drifting to leeward at a lesser rate than ours; for we are under sail. She is pointing our way, nearby the bridge near the foremast—the black thickening at the forward rail is now thicker, and I can plainly see little dots and spots descending from it—people jumping, probably into the water.

This is soon confirmed. The dots and spots cease dropping and a faint cheer comes over the sea. Rocket after rocket goes aloft until a rousing hail to starboard indicates the return of the first boat. It is the quarter-boat. She comes ghost-like and immense out of the snow, and the third mate is seen.

"Women and children, sir. Let's have a bosun's-chair."

The boat comes around to the lee side. Four men have been left aboard and the bosun's-chair is already rigged. Down it goes from the lee main yard and brings up a woman. Down again, up with another. Then comes a man with a child in his arms, then more men. The steward ministers until them and the boat disappears into the gray. The other boats heave in sight, one by one, and discharge their living freight, then—back to the steamer, and back to the ship. The decks are filling with men and boys, and here and there a woman or a child. Some seek the shelter of the forward house, and stare to windward at the red glare upon the gray wall. One slight figure leaves this group, steps upon the fore hatch, and looks steadily up at me.

The "Queen of Valor" is now on our port bow and our distance is increasing; but, as I watch, the black line on her forward rail grows thinner and thinner, while boat after boat comes out of the snow and returns to her quarters. The four together, and I hear the shrill, shrill call of the second mate: "Got 'em all, sir. Good thing, too. There's powder in her hold."

I step to leeward and look down on the confusion below, where three boats endeavor to keep clear of each other while a fourth makes a dash for an opening and at once bends toward the white statue.

Donna Tancredia was as rigid as marble, her body like a statue. Her hair was blown to her shoulders and she was rigid as marble. Her eyes were fixed upon the hull and for the first time in France at Roubaix.

Half a minute passed thus. Then the door opened and in the shadow showed the enormous head of the bull. The spectators hardly breathed; with their hands. It was a terrible moment.

The bull was a superb animal, with a powerful neck and long, straight horns. He was as big as a horse, and his body was covered with a fine, golden hair.

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The bull started back, looked at his savage adversary, and then with a ribbed rump rushed up to the pedestal. The bull's head was high, but one more the bull stopped short without striking.

He drew back a few feet, and, taking advantage of this, Donna Tancredia jumped down and rushed around a screen, while the others drew off the bull.

The people breathed again. A long shiver passed through the crowd, and a applause were heard, and the "Queen of Valor" received a tremendous ovation.

Donna Tancredia, who was born in Paris, has appeared with success at Barcelona, Lyons, Calcutta, Madrid, New York and for the first time in France at Roubaix.

Came Near Being a Cripple.

Josh Weatherhead of Logansport, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is so valuable as this balm for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale at all drug stores.

Table and Kitchen

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

Daily Menus.

THURSDAY BREAKFAST: Fruit, Cereal, Cream, Hamberger Steak, Lyonnais Potatoes, Sully Luncheon, Coffee.

LUNCH: Escalloped Salmon, Stewed Tomatoes, Fruit, Soft Gingerbread, Tea, KAFFEE, Chicken Soup, Smothered Chicken, Rice, Fruit, Clam Chowder, Combination Salad, Coffee.

FRIDAY BREAKFAST: Fruit, Cereal, Cream, Tomato Omelet, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Toast, Coffee.

LUNCH: Clam Chowder, Corn Oysters, Tomato Catsup, Peach Cake, Coffee.

DINNER: Clear Vegetable Soup, Sauce Hollandaise, Carbonade of Halibut, Escalloped Potatoes, Corn, Stewed Tomatoes, Pineapple Cream, Coffee.

SATURDAY BREAKFAST: Cereal, Cream, Battered Tomatoes, Bacon, Corn Bread, Coffee.

LUNCH: Cream of Corn Soup, Vegetable Croquette, Mushroom Sauce, Egg Salad, Cereal, Coffee.

DINNER: Okra Soup, Lamb Chop, Breadcrumbs, Tomato Salad, Lima Beans, Corn Timbales, Cream, Peach Cobbler, Coffee.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST: Cereal, Cream, Omelet with Mushrooms, Grilled Tomatoes, French Rolls, Coffee.

DINNER: Roast Duck, Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Fried Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Canned Cranberries, Whipped Cream, Coffee.

SUPPER: Cheese Relish, Potato Salad, Fruit, Tea.

THE HAIR BRUSH

Breeds Dandruff, Which Causes Falling Hair and Finally Baldness.

Prof. Hansa, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says that dandruff is as contagious as any other malarious disease and that one common source of the spread of dandruff is the use of the same hair brush by different persons.

The way to avoid catching dandruff is to insist on the use of Nevbro's Herpicide. It not only kills the dandruff germ, but it is also an antiseptic that will prevent the catching of any disease whatever through contact of another's brush.

WOMAN CONQUERED A BULL.

Stood Still as a Statue and the Great Beast Was Awed.

A few weeks ago there appeared some alluring advertisements which were especially attractive to those Parisians who love excitement, and who had had their appetite for such things tickled by the races of the Rue Pergolosa.

The attraction this time was a woman, Donna Tancredia, who, made up to resemble a statue, was to wait, motionless in the arena, while the bull and the attendants arranged in the middle of the arena a pedestal of wood about two feet high.

When all was ready the impresario addressed the public and begged them to observe the most rigorous silence during the performance. This was indispensable.

Donna Tancredia mounted the pedestal, helped by the matadors.

She crossed her arms and the door which the bull was to emerge.

The woman looked exactly like a marble statue, her body was rigid as marble. Her hair was blown to her shoulders and she was rigid as marble. Her eyes were fixed upon the hull and for the first time in France at Roubaix.

The bull started back, looked at his savage adversary, and then with a ribbed rump rushed up to the pedestal. The bull's head was high, but one more the bull stopped short without striking.

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