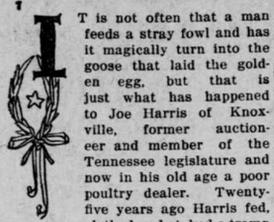


MADE TRAMP MINER'S HEIR



It is not often that a man feeds a stray fowl and has it magically turn into the goose that laid the golden egg, but that is just what has happened to Joe Harris of Knoxville, former auctioneer and member of the Tennessee legislature and now in his old age a poor poultry dealer. Twenty-five years ago Harris fed, clothed and staked a tramp miner, William Robinson, whom he picked up on the streets of Knoxville, and the other day through London solicitors he learned that he is the beneficiary of Robinson's will. The one time tramp died recently in Melbourne leaving an estate said to exceed two million dollars.

When he befriended Robinson Harris was a famous auctioneer and went from city to city through the south conducting sales. He was a picturesque figure. Tall and gaunt, a little stooped, always in frock coat and high silk hat. Harris attracted crowds wherever he went. He had a tremendous stock of funny stories and knew how to tell them so that when he mounted a stand to cry his goods men pushed as close as they could to listen because they were sure of entertainment. He was quick to see funny incidents and could always get back at any wag who tried to be facetious with him. Sales were often delayed until his services could be secured.

He made from three to five hundred dollars every day he worked and sometimes by taking a commission would make as much as \$10,500 a day. Generous to a fault, he spent and gave away money as fast as he earned it. No one in distress was ever refused help by him.

One day as he waited for a train in Virginia he saw a woman crying in the station. She held a baby in her arms while a little boy about five years old sat beside her, trying to console her. "What's the trouble over there?" Harris asked a native of the place. "She's been turned out and has to go home to her folks," came the answer.

"Why?" asked Harris, touched by the woman's grief. "Did you see that rich Col. W.—at the sale today? Well, he sold her husband a little house for \$1,000. They were to pay for it on the installment plan. Her husband died last week owing the Colonel \$271, so he turned the woman and the children out because, he said, he knew they could not finish the payments."

"That amount don't represent a day's work for me," said Harris. "Call some responsible man. I'll leave the money to finish paying for the house." Harris was already opening a wallet containing more than \$1,000 which he had just made in that particular town. "Let the poor thing stay in her home!"

The train was whistling, and Harris handed over the amount, adding, "I'll be here again Monday and will settle any minor expenses incident to the deal."

The favor was forgotten by Harris until a day or two ago he had a letter from the little boy, now grown to manhood. He had read an account of Harris' good fortune and wanted to congratulate him. He and his mother had never been able to write their thanks for his kindness to them because all they knew of their benefactor was that his name was Harris and that he was an auctioneer. They did not know where he lived.

This was only one of many like incidents in his life. He once gave a beggar whom he found in a pitiable physical condition in the streets of Nashville \$150 with which to go to a hospital for treatment.

It was in January, 1887, that Harris met the man who has just left him more than \$2,000,000. At that time Harris operated an auction house in Knoxville. As he went into town one morning he stopped by an old freight depot that he had just bought and was having torn down. While he was looking about giving orders to the men at work, he noticed Robinson tip his shabby old hat to him. Harris stopped and looked the man in the face. Robinson was evidently hungry.

"Have you had breakfast, young man?" Robinson was then 28.

"No, sir, I haven't."

"Take this quarter," began Harris, "and go over to Ronner's saloon and get you two drinks. They'll brace you up. Then I'll take you home for breakfast."

At the table Harris offered Robinson \$2 a day to oversee the negroes at work on the old depot. Robinson accepted eagerly. When Harris passed the depot at noon he called to Robinson and took him home to dinner. After the meal was over Robinson

picked up a violin belonging to Harris. "Never in my life had I heard such fiddling," declared Harris in an interview last night. "That's the same old fiddle there under my bed. I turned it to my wife when he finished playing and I said, 'You can expect this man home to supper tonight. Anybody that fiddles like Robinson here can find lodging as well as food in my house.'"

So the medley played on the old fiddle changed the course of events for both men. Harris can still hear the old tune echoing down the years, but now to the accompaniment of clinking gold.

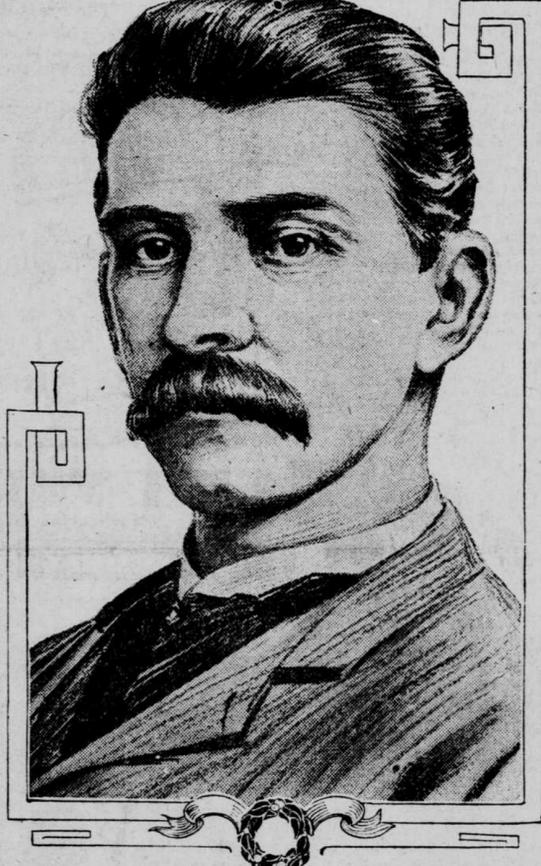
"You needn't go back to work those niggers this afternoon," Harris told Robinson as they left the house together. "You come to the auction house with me."

It was a new Robinson, freshly shaven and well dressed in new clothes from his shoes to his hat who went home with Harris that night.

When Harris went to Nashville to take his seat as representative from Knox county in the Tennessee legislature he took Robinson with him. Before starting he had his own tailor make Robinson a \$45 suit of clothes. Harris had won eight silk hats on Harrison's election and he handed one of them over to his new friend.

"If I wear a silk hat to Nashville you'll wear one too," he said.

They stopped at the old Maxwell house and Harris furnished Robinson



JOE HARRIS.

with plenty of spending money. Robinson never mentioned his relatives if he had any living. He appeared to be a man of refinement and culture, well able to take care of himself in the company of the legislators and state senators with whom he was constantly associated in the famous old hotel in Tennessee's capital. He was grateful to Harris and warm in his praise of him. He frequently expressed his belief that he would strike it rich some day and be able to return Harris' kindness.

One night as they were having a drink together Robinson declared that he wanted to play the grain market at old Col. Bell's place, and Harris gave him \$50 for the purpose. Later Robinson went to the Maxwell house with \$1,300 that he had made out of the \$50.

"Now, Robinson, you put \$1,000 in my friend H—'s bank here in Nashville. It is safe, and you can operate on the remaining three hundred," advised Harris, but a day or two afterward Robinson appeared to be much depressed and finally confessed that he had lost his last dollar on May wheat and was in debt \$50 to Col. Bell.

He has no children except an adopted daughter, now married, who lives in Kentucky. Since the news of his fortune has gone out over the country Harris has received hundreds of letters, many of them from women who want to marry him. If he is single, they write, please notify them and they will send their pictures.

"The notoriety is the only unpleasant thing about it," he laughed, holding the lamp over his head to light his visitors down the dark hallway of the old building, which he may soon leave for a luxurious home.

Mr. Dudgeon, director-general of the department of agriculture, states that the department is interesting itself in the propagation of the white egret which is a great worm destroyer.

Unfortunately, owing to the trade that is carried on in its feathers, the species had become rather rare in Egypt. A law has now been passed prohibiting the shooting of this bird with the result that while in the beginning of the year there were only 800 white egrets at Simbellawen there are now about double that number.—London Chronicle.

only for that aristocrat of snails, the Vignerone de Bourgoigne. Especially fed on vine leaves, he grows to noble proportions, develops a notable flavor and is therefore accorded a proud position upon the gourmet's table.

The Friends of the Snail are concerned with the posthumous reputation of this king among snails. It seems that rappers collect his empty shells by the thousand and sell them to nefarious dealers, who wash them with potash and then refill them with a compound of calves' liver

Butte, Mont., was a mecca then for all fortune hunters, and Robinson was anxious to try his luck there. So Harris paid his debt to Col. Bell, bought him a ticket to Butte and gave him a roll of money. Robinson left Nashville March 10, 1887.

Six years later Harris heard from him. The expressman brought him a package containing \$500 from Robinson, who was then at Cape Nome, in the gold fields of Alaska.

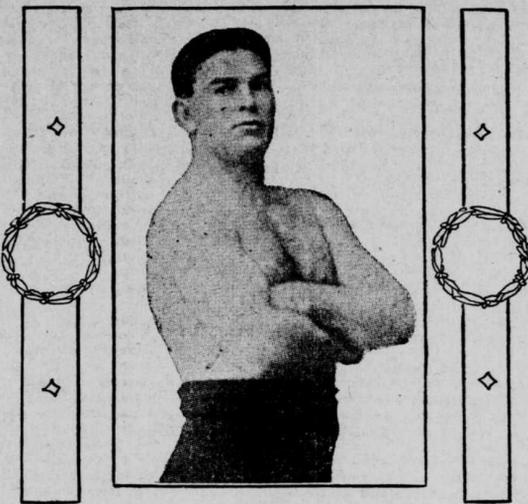
Since that time Harris had had many misfortunes. The great strain of auctioneering both indoors and out has almost ruined his voice. He suffers constantly with his throat. No longer able to conduct sales, he is connected with a small poultry business and is forced to live in a very modest way. His wife, still fond of the beautiful things to which she was accustomed until late years, has made her two rooms over an old store bright with window boxes of blooming flowers and green vines.

Everything about the place is neat and clean, but very plain. There are six or eight large bird cages in the combination living and bedroom, for Mr. Harris is a great admirer of song birds and loves to hear their music.

He does not seem elated over the news of his good luck, but will continue to go about his work as usual until the fortune has actually been turned over to him. As he sat in the light of a little oil lamp on a table beside him, never lifting his eyes from the floor as he talked, he did not appear to be over 50, for his hair and long mustache are still red, with no touch of gray. He is modest about his generosity in the past, constantly declaring that he never did much for charity.

"I never did anything more than I ought to have done," he frequently asserts. "I have made over \$100,000 auctioneering."

TRAINING HORRORS MAKE GOTCH SHUDDER



Frank Gotch, World's Champion Wrestler.

The mat game will know its greatest exponent, Frank Gotch, no more, according to Ed Smith, a close friend of the wrestler. Smith said:

"The absolute horror of training outweighs in the Gotch mind the love or need, as the case may be—of money. In other words, the champion will attempt to worry along now on what he has accumulated—and live in peace and quiet. Also he will live without the torture of having to think that within a certain time he will have to start the hideous grind of 'going on the road' in order to get himself fit for a hard match.

"Dante never pictured worse torture or harrowed a soul with more frightful ideas of an inferno than Gotch entertains about training.

"It's a strange situation, but a true one nevertheless. And other athletes who have reached a certain stage after the troublous years of the grind, talk in much the same strain as does Gotch.

"The other day I ran into Gotch in a downtown hotel. It was the first time I had seen him since last fall, when he wrestled Hackenschmidt here. Clad in a woolly overcoat and under a heavy cloth hat, the Iowa star looks as fat and sleek as a retired business man, whose one aim was to exact most of the good things out of this life.

"Gotch has just closed up the fall work on the farm and is casting about for something else to occupy his time. But a suggestion about wrestling again brought out the old Gotch smile."

"CENTER" BLEUTHENTHAL



Bleuthenthal, center for Princeton, is rated as the best middleman playing football in the east this year.

Mack Signs Football Star. Brown university has no chance of getting the services of Robert L. Stevenson, a member of last year's freshman team at Minnesota, and who was looked upon as a valuable acquisition for this year's squad. Stevenson came out second best in an argument with the Minnesota faculty eligibility committee last year and left school. Early this fall reports said Stevenson would enter Brown, but the athlete denied this. He has signed a contract with the Philadelphia American league team and will go south with the Athletics.

Lacrosse Growing in Popularity. Lacrosse, the national game of Canada, is rapidly becoming a world-wide sport. The Britisher has scattered cricket and association football wherever he has settled. Baseball is confined almost entirely to Americans and Canadians and is being taken up by the Japanese and Chinese. On the other hand, lacrosse is played not only by Canadian residents in foreign lands, but by teams composed of natives in the United States, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Japan, etc.

Reception for Cady. Catcher Cady, one of the heroes of the world's series, was given a warm reception when he arrived at his home town. Cady has invested his earnings of the world's series in farm lands near his home town—Bishop Hill—and expects to change the name in a short time to Cady Hill.

FOOTBALL TOO ROUGH

Pugilists Dodge Gridiron Game Because Too Strenuous..

Average Fighter Would Sooner Face Pack of Fallen Angels Than Take Any Part in the Popular College Pastime.

"If you want to get a fighter's goat just ask him to help out some team in a football game," said Bug Slattery to a party of friends the other day, writes Walter C. Kelly in the Cleveland Leader.

"How's that, Bug; don't the mitt artists like the gentle gridiron pastime?" asked Harry L. Davis, who is an enthusiast on all branches of clean sport.

"The average pugilist would sooner face a pack of fallen angels than take part in a football contest," answered Slattery. "The professional fighter has a horror of the strenuous college sport. He does not like the roughing, and the terrific bumps that the gladiators of the gridiron are so accustomed to. A fighter likes to have a single opponent, and he wants him in such a position that he can keep his eyes upon him all the time. He dislikes to have a king upset him from behind, and then have a dozen or more other chaps stamp all over him and wipe up the mud with his physiognomy."

"They brought a big fighter to Buffalo a few years ago to play against the Oakdales. The manager of the visiting team thought his fighter could take care of anything they would place opposite him in the game, and he went in there with the express determination to knock out his man. But he counted without his host. The game had not gone the first half before the pugilist was being carried off to the side lines by his friends. He was a sorry looking specimen, and so sore about the body that he did not leave his room for a few days. That guy never tried the college sport again."

"I remember some years ago when the Detroit A. C. brought a team here to play against the C. A. C., they brought a fighter named McGee with them. It was to be his job to put Sport Donnelly, the C. A. C. captain, out of commission. Donnelly, who was a great football genius, and a fighter as well, was put wise to Mr. McGee's intentions, and he watched the D. A. C. slugger closely. Along about the latter part of the first period there was a scrimmage near the grand stand, and when the smoke cleared away McGee remained prostrate on the sod while Sport was in his position innocently chewing his finger nails.

"I guess the fighters were never known to make a success at football," said Doctor Kyz. "They do not understand the game in the first place, never having been trained to that sort of thing. Football is a college game, and it requires a different sort of tutoring altogether to develop players than what is given the pugilistic gentry. Then, too, it requires a different sort of pluck to that shown in fist engagements. Football is much more strenuous, and far more dangerous than fighting in the ring. The gridiron hero is more daring and reckless than his pugilist brother, and the football man is obliged to train much harder, and to suffer more hardships. He needs more moral courage than the fighter."

TIMING AT OLYMPIC GAMES

Novel Electric Method Used in Some Races to Get Exact Time—Device Settles All Disputes.

At the Olympic games at Stockholm there was used a novel electric method for timing the runners in some of the races, so as to get the exact time made by the winner, and also to decide who crossed the line first, even when the difference was very small. The starter gave the signal by firing a pistol and this was connected by electric wires with two stop watches and these commenced to run for taking the time. The start and finish were at the same point, and across the track a light string was stretched between poles and the string was also connected with the stop watches for stopping them. The first corner broke the string when crossing the line so that the watches were stopped and the exact time between start and finish could be seen. Breaking the string also served to work an electric device for the shutter of a camera which was mounted just on the finish line and above the judge's stand, so that the photographer had an image of the winner when crossing the finish line. This method is very useful in settling all disputes.—La Nature, Paris.

EDDIE GILLETTE



Pitcher Herring has been sent to the Atlanta team for a little-pickling. Gawe McBride of the Senators signed his 1913 contract. Yes, he got a raise.

The say a pair of tight shoes made Jimmy Archer the greatest throwing catcher of his time.

"I'll be right there helping Johnny Evers to a successful manager," says "Lefty" Leifield of the Cubs.

Miller Huggins, the newly appointed manager of the Cardinals, is confident the St. Louis players will hustle for him.

Quarterbacks have given more trouble to the Yale coaches this season than any other position on the Eli team.

Two players who are sure of their jobs on the Cleveland team for the coming campaign are Jackson and Graney.

Charley Hemphill, deposed manager of the Atlanta Southern league team, may lead the Youngstown club next season.

If Johnny Kling is to manage the Kansas City team, it's news to Charley Carr. Carr has a notion he will hold that job himself.

It seems there is about as much chance of Frank Chance managing the Yankees as there is of a snow-storm on July 4.

Coach Yost may begin to realize that keeping men in condition has as much to do with winning games as having good plays.

It has been rumored that Art Devlin of the Boston Braves will lead the Oakland team of the Pacific Coast league next season.

Yussif Mahmoud is in a dilemma. The Bulgarian wishes to remain to fight the Terrible Turks and is eager to return to battle Zbyszko with the toe hold barred.

Nebraska Directory

Jackson-Signall Company
Live Stock Commission
TELEPHONE SOUTH 82 SOUTH OMAHA

Mosher-Lampman Business College
One of the leading schools of the United States. Write today for our special money-saving offer. Mention this paper. MOSHER & LAMPMAN, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Byers Brothers & Co.
Live Stock Commission
SOUTH OMAHA

LINDSAY THE JEWELER
16th STREET, near Farnam. Visit our new store when in Omaha. Fine Assortment of Gifts for Christmas.

FOR HIGHEST PRICES SHIP TO

Wood Bros.

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS
South Omaha Chicago Sioux City So. St. Paul



Try Us—It Will Pay You

Consign your stock to us for good prices, good bills and prompt remittance. Write or wire us for any desired information regarding the market. All our quotations answered promptly. We are working for your interest and appreciate your business.
N. E. ACKER & CO.,
Live Stock Commission
Room 110-112 Exchange Bldg., Stock Yd. Station, S. Omaha, Neb.

BOSTON CHILD KEPT DIGNITY

Matron Meant to Be Kindly, But Youngster Was Not Conversationally Inclined.

This story has been going the rounds of Boston about the ten-year-old son of Director Russell of the Boston opera house.

One evening during an entr'acte at the opera house Master Russell was promenading alone in the foyer, in faultless evening dress—a very glass of fashion. A Boston matron, seeing that he was lonely, began to make herself "agreeable."

"You are Director Russell's little boy, aren't you?" she asked, with patronizing sweetness.

Master Russell resented this intrusion on his dignity, but his courtly manners were unflinching. "Yes, madam," he replied, with an elaborate bow.

"Where were you born?"

"In France, madam"—Slightly more frigid.

"What part?" continued the lady, feeling the conversation well started.

"All of me, madam."

And he bowed and walked away—Judge.

Why do so many German children commit suicide? No one seems to know, but there is no dispute about the fact. Indeed, it has been said that the majority of suicides are those of children, and experts seem inclined to connect the grisly epidemic with the educational system. That "the weak must go to the wall" has become an axiom that has been extended to the schools, and the undeveloped mind of the child seeks relief in suicide from the discouragement of failure. It would be interesting to know if any of the so-called heathen countries of the world have ever experienced such a horrid social phenomena as that of child suicide.

Marriage. The couple were being married by an out-of-town justice of the peace.

"Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in the usual form.

The man hesitated. "See here, judge, can't you make it an indeterminate sentence?" quoth he, after thinking a moment.—Puck.

A Civil Answer. "Do many strangers settle here, landlord?"

"They all settle, an' them without no more baggage than you got settles in advance."

Exceptional Child. First School Teacher—Does Edith's little girl ever make any bright answers?

Second School Teacher—No; she always knows her lessons.—Judge.

Good Reason. "Why do you call the popular game poker?"

"Because it stirs things up."

A Treat Anytime

Crisp, delicately browned

Post Toasties

Ready to serve without further cooking by adding cream or milk.

Often used with fresh or canned fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

SINGS PRAISES OF POVERTY

Writer Points Out Why in Many Ways It Should Be Preferred to Affluence.

Any man may brutally pay his way anywhere, but it is quite another thing to be accepted by your human kind not as a paid lodger, but as a friend. Always, it seems to me, I have wanted to submit myself, and indeed submit the stranger, to that test. Moreover,

EVEN A SNAIL HAS FRIENDS

French Society Has Been Formed to Prevent Him From Being "Adulterated."

A society has been formed in France called the "Friends of the Snail." The society does not concern itself with the treatment or maltreatment of the living snail. Millions of snails may be put to a lingering death in the salt can without disturbing the minds of the members. Their friendship exists

how can any man look for true adventure in life if he always knows to a certainty where his next meal is coming from? In a world so completely dominated by goods, by things, by possessions, and smothered by security, what fine adventure is left to a man of spirit save the adventure of poverty?

I do not mean by this the adventure of involuntary poverty, for I maintain that involuntary poverty, like in-

voluntary riches, is a credit to no man. It is only as we dominate life that we really live. What I mean here, if I may so express it, is an adventure in achieved poverty. In the lives of such true men as Francis of Assisi and Tolstoy that which draws the world to them in secret sympathy is not that they lived lives of poverty, but rather, having riches at their hands, or for the very asking, that they chose poverty as the better way of life.—David Grayson in the American Magazine.

pounded up with a little brown earth and other ingredients, flavored with saffron, parsley and various seasoning herbs. The spurious snail is then sold as the true Vignerone de Bourgoigne, whose price is from 20 cents to 30 cents a dozen. The inferior quality of snail, but still a real snail, fetches only from 8 to 10 cents a dozen.

The Friends of the Snail will now see to it that no shell and herb disguised liver shall in future bring discredit upon the Vignerone de Bourgoigne.