(Copyright, 1898, by H. T. Quiller Couch.) In a one-roomed but, high within the Arctic circle, and only a little south of the 80th parallel, six men were sitting-much as they had sat, evening after evening, for divided the hours into day and night. a matter of fact, it was always night. But the clock said 8:30, and they called the time

The hut was built of logs, with an inner skin of rough match-boarding, daubed with pitch. It measured seventeen feet by fourteen; but opposite the door four bunks-two above and two below-took a yard off the length, and this made the interior exactly doors, with brass latches on the inner side;

burned always. It had no chimney, and examine the matter, they found but so the men lost none of its warmth. The there were thirteen. smoke ascended steadily, and spread itself "Let him say it. Let him say he didn't under the blackened beams and roof boards mean it, the rotten Irishman!" ran a line of small trapdoors with sliding shuffled across to the sick man's berth. panels, to admit the cold air, and below "Ay coorse I didn't mane it. It just took A newcomer's eyes might have smarted, me thoughts in this-wilderness. I swear but these men stitched their clothes and read to ye, George, and ye'll just wet your throat in comfort. To keep the up-draft steady to show there's no bad blood, and that ye they had plugged every chink and crevice belave me." He took up a panikan from in the match boarding below the trapdoors the floor beside the bunk, pulled a hot iron The fire they fed from a stack of drift and The invalid turned his shoulder pettishly. and fuel for the fetching strewed the frozen set down the panish and shuffled wearily beach outside-whole trees notched into back to his hammock. lengths by lumberers' axes, and washed The Gaffer blew a long cloud and stared

They were Alexander Williamson of Dundee, better known as The Gaffer; David cloow to another and pushed the Bible Faed, also of Dundee; George Lashman of nearer the blaze, murmuring, "Take us the Cardiff, Long Ede of Hayle, in Cornwall; foxes, the little foxes, that spoil our vines." Charles Silchester, otherwise The Snipe, of Rateliffe highway or thereaboutss, and Danlel Cooney, shipped at Tromsoe six weeks cheeks. The cards were so thumbed and before the wreck, an Irish-American by tattered that by the backs of them each birth, and of no known address.

by the light of a smoky and evil-smelling after night, the Snipe shrilly blessing of lamp. He had been mate of the J. R. Mac-Neill and was now captain as well as as a bolster. patriarch of the party. He possessed three books-the bible, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and an odd volume of "The Turkish Spy." Just now he was reading "The Turkish Spy." The lamplight glinted on the rim of his spectacles and on the silvery hairs in his beard, the slack of which he had tucked under the edge of his blanket. His lips moved as he read and now and then he broke off to glance mildly at Faed and the Snipe, who were busy beside the fire with a greasy pack of cards, or to listen to the pecvish grumbling of Lashman in the bunk below him. Lashman had taken to his bed six weeks before with scurvy and complained incessantly, and, though they hardly knew it, these complaints were wearing his comrades' nerves to fiddle strings-doing the mischief that cold and bitter hard work Long Ede lay stretched by the fire, in a bundle of skins, reading his only book, the bible, open now at the Song of Solomon. Cooney had finished patching a pair of trousers and rolled himself in his hammock, whence he stared at the roof and the moonlight streaming up there through the little trap doors and chivying the layers of smoke Whenever Lashman broke out into fresh quaverings of self-pity Cooney's hands opened and shut again, till the nails dug



PRINTS, OR THEY WOULD GO MAD,

hard into the palm. He groaned at length, exasperated beyond endurance.

"O, stow it, George! Damn it all, man!-He checked himself sharp and short, repentant and rebuked by the silence of the others. They were good seamen all and tender dealing with a sick shipmate was part of their code. Lashman's voice, more querulous than

ever, cut into the silence like a knife; "That's it. You've thought it for weeks, and now you say it. I've knowed it all along. I'm just an encumbrance and the sooner you're shut of me the better, says You needn't to fret. I'll be soon out of it, out of it-out there alongside of

"Easy there, matey." The Snipe glanced over his shoulder and laid his cards face downward. "Here, let me give the bed a shake up. It'll ease yer."

'It'll make me quiet, you mean. Plucky deal you care about easin' me, any of yer!" "Get out with yer nonsense. Dan didn't the invalid's head and rearranged the pillows | wreaths. "Heard anything more?"

of skins and gunny bags.

"He didn't, didn't he? Let him say it,

then." The Gaffer read on, his lips moving ouired this strayed and stained and filthy little demi-octave with the arms of Saumarez on its book plate: "The Sixth Volume of Letters Writ by a Turkish Spy, Who closed the trap. France)," etc., etc. "Written originally in down by the very edge of the eaves. thence into English by the translator of the It ceased. first volume. The eleventh edition, Lon- "He will not have seen aught," David Faed don: Printed for G. Strahan, S. Ballard"and a score of booksellers-"MDCCXLL."

nine-tenths of mankind for perdition, which erhaps made him tolerant. At any rate,

short clayy had sat, evening after evening, for s. They had a clock, and by it they it the hours into day and night. As ter of fact, it was always night. But book said 8:30, and they called the time of hut was built of logs, with an inner of rough match-boarding, daubed with it measured seventeen feet by four-but opposite the door four bunks—two and two below—took a yard off the, and this made the interior exactly s. Each of these bunks had two with brass latches on the inner side; at the owner, if he chose, could shut On the 19th of this Moon, the king and

doors, with brass latches on the inner side; so that the owner, if he chose, could shut himself up and go to sleep in a sort of cupboard. But as a rule he closed one of them only—that by his feet. The other swung back, with its brass latch showing. The men kept these latches in a high state of polish.

Acress the angle of the wall, to the left of the door, and behind it when it opened, three hammocks were slung, one above another. No one slept in the uppermost.

But the feature of the hut was its fireplace, and this was merely a square hearthsione, raised slightly above the floor, in the middle of the room. Upon this, a glowing mountain of soft gray ash, the fire burned always. It had no chimney, and

in dense blue layers. But about eighteen | Cooney flung a leg wearily over the side inches below the spring of the roof there of his hammock, jerked himself out and

these the room was almost clear of smoke. me, ye see, lvin' up yondher and huggin' with moss, and paved the seams with pltch. from the fire and stirred the frozen drink. wreck wood piled to the right of the door, "I don't mane it," Cooney repeated. He

thither from they knew not what continent. at the fire; at the smoke mounting and But the wreck wood came from their own the gray ash dropping-dropping; at ship, the J. R. MacNeill, which had brought David Faed dealing the cards and licking his thumb between each. Long Ede shifted from one cramped "Full hand," the Snipe announced.

"Ay." David Faed rolled the quid in his player guessed pretty shrewdly what the The Gaffer reclined in his bunk, reading other held. Yet they went on playing night cursing his luck, the Scotsman phlegmatic

> "Play away, man. What ails ye?" he asked. The Snipe had dropped both hands to hi

thighs and sat up, stiff and listening. "Whist! Outside the door." All listened. "I hear nothing," said David,

after ten seconds. "Hush, man-listen! There, again."

They heard now. Cooney slipped down from his hammock, stole to the door and listened, crouching, with his ear close to the jamb. The sound resembled breathing -or so he thought for a moment. Then it seemed rather as if some creature were softly feeling about the door-softly fumb-

ling its coating of ice and frozen snow. Cooney listened. They all listened. Usually, as soon as they stirred from the scorching circle of the fire their breath and the cruel loneliness had failed to do. came from them in clouds. It trickled from them now in thin wisps of vapor. They could almost hear the soft gray ash dropping on the hearth.

A log spluttered. Then the invalid's voice clattered in: "It's the bears-the bears! They've com

after Bill, and next it'll be my turn. I warned you-I told you he wasn't deep enough. · O. Lord, have mercy-mercy!" He pattered off into a prayer, his voice and leeth chattering. "Hush!" commanded the Gaffer gently.

and Lashman choked on a sob. "It ain't bears," Cooney reported, still with his ear to the door. "Leastwise we've had bears before. The foxes, maybe-let

me listen." Long Ede murmured: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes.' "I believe you're right," the Gaffer an ounced cheerfully. "A bear would sniff louder-though there's no telling. The snow

was falling an hour back, and I dessay 'tis pretty thick outside. If 'tis a bear, we don't want him fooling on the roof, and I mis doubt the drift by the north corner is pretty tall by this time. Is he there still?" "I felt something then, through the chink, here, like a warm breath. It's gone now. Come here, Snipe, and listen.

"Breath, ch? Did it smell like beer?" "I don't know. I didn't smell nothing, to otice. Here, put your head down, close." The Snipe bent his head. And at that noment the door shook gently. All started; and saw the latch move up, up and

falteringly descend on the staple. neard the click of it. The door was secured within by two stout bars. Against these there had been no pressure. The men waited in a silence that sched. But the latch was not lifted again. The Snipe, kneeling, looked up at Cooney. Cooney shivered and looked at David Faed. Long Ede, with his back to the fire, softly shook his feet free of the rugs. His eyes searched for the Gaffer's face. But the old man had drawn back into the gloom of his bunk, and the lamplight shone only on a

look, though, and answered it quietly as "Take a brace of guns aloft, and fetch us a look round. Wait, if there's a chance of a shot. The trap works. I tried it this

gray fringe of beard. He saw Long Ede's

afternoon with the cold chisel." Long Ede lit his pipe, tied down the earpieces of his cap, lifted a light ladder off its staples and set it against a roof-beam; then, with the guns under his arm, quietly mounted. His head and shoulders wavered mean it." The Snipe slipped an arm under | and grew vague to sight in the smoke-"Nothing since," answered the asked. Snipe. With his shoulder Long Ede pushed up the trap. They saw his head framed in a panel of moonlight, with one frosty star silently. Heaven knows how he had ac- above it. He was wriggling through "Pitch him up a sleeping-bag, somebody," the Gaffer ordered and Cooney ran with one.

"Thank'ee, mate?" said Long Ede, and Lived Five and Forty Years Undiscovered They heard his feet stealthily crunching in sight of the hut. And tomorrow he why in thunder don't you strike up?" anat Paris: Giving an Impartial Account to the frozen stuff across the roof. He was would come alone and cover those farther swered Dan Cooney, and fetched his conthe Divan at Constantinople of the Most Re- working toward the eaves overlapping the afield. Slowly he retreated his steps. The certina. The Snipe struck up then and there, markable Transactions of Europe, and Dis- door. Their breath tightened. They waited footprints-those which pointed toward the covering Several Intrigues and Secrets of for the explosion of his gun. None came. hut and those which pointed away from it the Christian Courts (especially of that of The crunching began again; it was heard lay close together; and he knelt before each, Lost" and joined in the chorus. Arabick. Translated into Italian, and from mounted to the blunt ridge overhead, then carefully hiding the blood. And now a was up and about again. He went about

muttered. "Listen, you. Listen by the door again." him. Once he turned northward and gazed, Heaven knows why he read it; since he understood about one-half and admired less was nothing to be heard. They crept back nothing and fell again to his long task.

The original reflections to the fire and stood there warming themthan one-tenth. The oriental reflections to the fire, and stood there warming themstruck him as mainly biasphemous. But selves, keeping their eyes on the latch. It

him; and, across the fire, he still stared at the latch. were the only two to be depended on for a A minute passed, and then they heard a day. The Gaffer liked Long Ede, who was cry from the roof—a cry that fetched them

he read on gravely between the puffs of his to get in. Why didn't yer open? It was for. Bill, I tell yer!"

shaking like a man with ague.

"Matey-for the love of God-" shaking.

and leaned out-"go back to your bed." "I won't, sir. Not unless-"

"Go back." "Flesh and blood-"

"Go back." And, for the third time that pushed up the heavy bolts and dragged the say, inceedently." night, Cooney went back.

The Gaffer leaned a little further over the ledge, and addressed the sick man. "George, I went to Bill's grave not six to it. Now go to sleep,"

Long Ede crouched on the frozen ridge Gaffer's feet. of the hut, with his feet in the steeping

logs on the blaze, and remained beside next? And who would be the last—the un- up younder on Bill's hammock."
cowering, with his arms stretched out, as buried one? The men were weakening fast; The Gaffer opened his mouth, but shut It, cowering, with his arms stretched out, as buried one? The men were weakening fast; The Gaffer opened his mouth, but shut if to embrace it. His shapeless shadow their wits and courage coming down to the it again without speaking. The Snipe went wavered up and down on the bunks behind last with a rush. Paed and Long Ede up the ladder.

Omaha's Depot.

suspicion that Long Ede, in spite of some the foot of the ladder, "It's not him they want-it's Bill! They're amiable laxities of belief, was numbered after Bill, out there! That was Bill trying among the elect, or might be, if interceded The Gaffer began to intercede for him silently, but experience had taught him that George Lashman had recovered his strength At the first word the Snipe had wheeled such "westlings" to be effective must be -the Snipe came running with news of the

sense of failure. "I won't hush. There's something wrong awoke. It was 7 in the morning. Time hall-a hallu-what d'ye call it, I reckon. I here tonight. I can't sleep. It's Bill, I to prepare a cup of tea. He tossed an arm- was crazed, ch?" The Gaffer's eyes tell yer. See his poor hammock up there ful of logs on the fire, and the noise awoke | wandered from a brambling hopping about Cooley tumbled out with an oath and a Ede. He had not returned. "Go you up sea fowl wheeling above the ships; and then into effect on Sunday, when all east and "Hush it, you white-livered swine! to the roof. The lad must be frozen." The came into his mind a tale he had read once Hush it, or by-" His hand went behind Snipe climbed the ladder, pushed open the in the Turkish Spy. "I wouldn't say just him to his knife sheath. trap and came back, reporting that Long that," he answered slowly. "Any way," "Dan Cooney"-The Gaffer closed his book Ede was nowhere to be seen. The old man said Long Ede, "I believe the Lord sent a

door open. "Losh me! Here, bear a hand, lads!" Long Ede lay prone before the threshold, his outstretched hands almost touching it, bours agone. The snow on it wasn't even his mocessins already covered out of sight disturbed. Neither beast nor man, but only by the powdery snow which ran and trickled God, can break up the hard earth he lies incessantly-trickled between his long, dis-I tell you that, and you may lay heveled locks and over the back of his gloves, and ran in a thin stream past the

They carried him in and laid him on a bag, his knees drawn up, and the two guns heap of skins by the fire. They forced



AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR SHOOK: ALL STARTED, AND SAW THE LATCH MOVE I

the moment the clear tingling air was doing it was really a smile. him good. The truth was Long Ede had | begun to be afraid of himself and the way asked. his mind had been running for the last twenty-four hours upon green fields and visions of spring. As he put it to himself, something inside his head was melting Biblical texts chattered within him like ould almost smell the blown meadow scent Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for know,

might save them yet.

would have a search around.

Nothing now: but he had seen somesolid, but for a treacherous crust of fresh him. Five men kneeling and two on their snow. His foot slipped upon this, and down backs; that makes seven every time. Dear he slid of a heap.

Luckily he had been careful to sling the nipples; took two steps, and stood stock-till. whispered; There, before him on the frozen coat of now, was a footprint. No: two, three,

four-many footprints; prints of a naked human foot; right foot, left foot, both naked, and blood in each print-a little smear. It had come, then. He was mad for certain. He saw them; he put his fingers in them; touched the frozen blood. The snow

some going, some returning. "The latch lifted." Suddenly he recalled rugs. the figure he had seen moving upon the hummock, and with a groan he turned and gave chase. O, he was mad for certain. He ran like a madman-floundering, slipping, plunging in his clumsy moreasins, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes. My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the doorf and my bowels were moved for him. charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem. 1

charge you. I charge.'

He ran thus for 300 yards, maybe, and It breaking fresh snow over the hollows and great happiness filled his heart, interrupted with a dazed look in his eyes. He was count once or twice as he worked by a feeling ing, counting to himself, always counting that some one was following and watching

Within the hut the sick man cried softly the Gaffer's religious belief marked down did not move. After a while Cooney slipped to himself. Faed, the Snipe and Cooney me the other night. I wonder if 'tis on

laid across them. The creature, whatever our between his clenched teeth and beat its name, that had tried the door, was no- his hands and feet, and kneaded and rubbed where to be seen, but he decided to wait a him. A sigh fluttered on his lips; some few minutes on the chance of a shot-that thing between a sigh and a smile, half is, until the cold should drive him below. For heard. His eyes opened, and they saw that "Wot cheer, mate?" It was the Snipe who

"I-I seen-" The voice broke off, but he was smiling still.

What had he seen? Not the sun, surely! By the Gaffer's reckoning the sun would not unning brooks, and as they fleeted he weeks he could not say precisely, and some times he was glad enough that he did not

our vines have tender grapes. A fountain | They forced him to drink a couple of of gardens, a well of living waters, and spoonfuls of rum and wrapped bim up streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north warmly. Every man contributed some of wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my his own bedding. Then the Gaffer called to garden, that the spices thereof may flow morning prayers, and the three sound men out." He was light-headed, and he knew it. dropped on their knees with him. Now. He must hold out. They were all going whether by reason of their joy at Long mad; were, in fact, three parts crazed al- Ede's recovery, or because the old man was ready, all except the Gaffer. And the Gaffer in splendid voice, they felt their hearts upelied on him as his right-hand man. One lifted that morning with a cheerfulness dimpse of the returning sun a glimpse only | they had not known for months. Long Ede lay and listened dreamily while the passion He gazed out over the frozen hills, and of the Gaffer's thanksgiving shook the hut. orthward acress the sice-pack. A few His gaze wandered over their bowed formsstreaks of pale violet-the ghost of the "The Gaffer, Davied Faed, Dan Cooney, the urora-fronted the moon. He could see for Snipe and-George Lashman in his bunk, of niles. Bear or fox, no living creature was course-and me." But, then, who was the n sight. But who could tell what might be seventh? He began to count. "There's myhiding behind any one of a thousand buin- self-Lashman, in his bunk-David Faed, the mocks? He listened. He heard the slow Gaffer, the Snipe, Dan Cooney one, two, grinding of the ice-pack off the beach; only three, four-well, but that made seven that. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes." | Then who was the seventh? Was it George This would never do. He must climb who had crawled out of bed and was kneeldown and walk briskly, or return to the ing there? Decidedly there were five kneelhut. Maybe there was a bear, after all, be- ing. No; there was George, plain enough, in hind one of the hummocks, and a shot, or his berth, and not able to move. Then the chance of one, would scatter his head who was the stranger? Wrong again; there clear of these tom-fooling notions. He was no stranger. He knew all these menthey were his mates. Was it-Bill? No. What was that, moving, on a hummock, Bill was dead and buried; none of these ot 500 yards away? He leaned forward at | was Bill, or like Bill. Try again-one, two, three, four, five-and us two sick menseven. The Gaffer, David Faed, Dan Cooney thing. He lowered himself to the eaves by -have I counted Dan twice? No, that's the drift piled there. The drift was frozen Dan yonder to the right, and only one of

The Gaffer ceased, and, in the act of rising guns tightly at his back. He picked him- from his knees, caught sight of Long Ede's self up, and unstrapping one, took a step face. While the others fetched their breakinto the bright moonlight to examine the fast cans he stepped over and bent and

"Tell me. Ye've seen what?" "Seen?" Long Ede eschoed. "Ay, seen what? Speak low-was it th

"The s--." But this time the echo died on his lips and his face grew full of awe uncomprehending. It frightened the Gaffer. "Ye'll be the better of a snatch of sleep," before the door was trodden thick with said he, and was turning to go when Long Ede stirred a hand under the edge of his

> "Seven-count," he whispered "Lord have mercy upon us!" the Gaffer muttered to his beard as he moved away 'Long Ede gone crazed."

And yet, though an hour or two ago this was the worst that could have befallen, the Gaffer felt unusually cheerful. As for the others, they were like different men all that day and through the three days that fol lowed. Even Lashman ceased to complain and, unless their eyes played them a trick then stopped as suddenly as he had started. had taken a turn for the better. "I declare His mates-they must not see these foot- if I don't feel like pitching to sing!" the prints or they would go mad, too; mad as Snipe announced on the second evening, as he. No, he must cover them up, all with- much to his own wonder as to theirs. "Then "Villikins and His Dinah." What is more the Gaffer looked up from his "Paradise

> By the end of the second day Long Ede The Gaffer watched him furtively. Since his recovery, though his lips moved

frequently, Long Ede had scarcely uttered a word. But toward noon on the fourth day he said an extraordinary thing. "There's that sleeping bag I took with

off to his hammock; Faed to his bunk, slept uneasily, and muttered in their dreams, the roof still. It will be froze pretty stiff NORTHWESTERN'S NEW PLAN alongside Lashman's. The Gaffer had picked: The Gaffer lay awake, thinking. After Bill, by this. You might nip up and see. Snipe. up his book again. The Snipe laid a couple George Lashman, and after George? Who and "he paused-"if you find it, stow it

"Boys! boys!—the Sun!"

Months later-it was June, and even right-about-face, and stood now pointing and noisy, and he dropped off to sleep with a whaling fleet. And on the beach, as they watched the vessels come to anchor, Long The Snipe stretched himself, yawned and Ede told the Gaffer his story. "It was a the Gaffer, who at once inquired for Long the lichen-covered boulders and away to the slipped a jumper over his suits of clothing miracle to us to save us all." "I wouldn't -aiready three deep-reached for a gun and say just that, either," the Gaffer objected. moved to the door. "The kettle won't be "I doubt it was meant just for you and five minutes boiling." But the Gaffer me, and the rest were presairved, as you

THE END.

**WORDS OF CHEER TO HOBSON** Secretary of the Navy Forwards Complimentary Letter to the

Brave Officer.

WASHINGTON, June 24. Secretary Long has sent to Assistant Naval Constructor R. P. Hobson, in care of the commander of the North Atlantic squadron, an inspiring letter, commending him for the extraordinary heroism he displayed to sinking the collier Merrimac. The letter was written shortly after the secretary recommended that Mr. Hobson be advanced ten numbers, but the recommendation was not carried out for the reason that Representative Pearson, the uncle of the young hero, requested that action be delayed until Hobson can be communicated with. A bill is now pending in

your exchange before addressing a letter of commendation to you on your success in sinking the Merrimac in the harbor of Sanfor has been delayed, the department will public of this city, ot wait for that action to take place.

Hobson's achievement, and says: ion to your extraordinary heroism on the

The department takes this occasion to you that it has taken steps to give you some professional reward, as recommended by the commander-in-chief, which the department hopes will be gratifying to you, and at the ame time essures you that your gallant set not only adds additional luster upon the traditional glories of the navy, but you are held in grateful remembrance by y fellow countrymen and appreciated by whole civilized world.

This letter was personally signed by Secretary Long. It will be held by Admira! prisoner in Santiago de Cuba.

WILL STOP BLOCKADE RUNNING. Sampson Sends Four Ships to Guard the South Const. (Copyright, 1898, by Associated Press.)

KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 23 .- (Off Santiago de Cuba, June 22.)-With the complete investment of Santiago de Cuba by land and by sea but a few days off. Admiral Sampson has decided to strengthen the blockade of the large ports on the southern this coast has been practically unprotected. The blockade has been simply on paper, in name only, with the result that it is known that quite a number of ships have run the blockade, and that an immense quantity of provisions have been smuggled into Havana. Most of the blockade runners have landed heir cargoes under the lee of the Isle of Fines, and the provisions, etc., have been taken in small boats to Batabano, whence the railroad runs to Havana, only thirty-

The majority of the runners have gone out from Jamaica, and two, at least, are known to have made several trips.

Only last week the steamer Purisima Conepcion, flying the Spanish flag, took a argo out of Kingston, ostensibly for Manzanillo, but probably for the Isle of Pines. The auxiliary cruiser Yosemite missed it y a few hours. The Purisima Concepcion carried, in addition to provisions, arms and ammunition. These cargoes were undoubtedly smuggled into the Spanish lines and will aid Captain General Blanco in withstanding the siege.

The admiral has now decided that block ade running must cease, and he has dispatched four fast steamers to protect the coast from Cape Cruz to the Isle of Pines.

Rownn Shows Great Speed. SEATTLE, June 24.—The torpedo boat was very satisfactory, a speed of

Must Vote as He Petitions. COLUMBUS, O., June 24.—The supreme court today sustained the Pugh law, which says if a man petitions for a particular party ballot to be put on the ballot sheet. he must vote the ticket of that party.

Finest Flavor and

are found in a cup of

Japan Tea

Absolutely the Purest, Cleanest,

Most Wholesome.

Fragrance

Suddenly the sick man's voice quavered a religious man. Indeed he had a growing all trembling, choking, weeping, cheering to GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN THE SERVICE

Change Which Goes Into Effect o Sunday Will Bring Eight More Passenger Trains Dally

to the City.

General Agent J. A. Kuhn of the Northwestern is in receipt of the time card and all the details connected with the transfer of the western terminus of his system from Council Bluffs to Omaha. The change goes west bound passenger trains of the Northwestern will commence to leave and arrive at the Union Pacific depot behind Northwestern crews and engines.

The change will effect sixteen trains altogether, eight departing and eight arriving, Of the former two will be St. Paul trains, one a Sioux City train, one a Boone train and the other four Chicago trains. Of the arrivals two will be from St. Paul, one from Sioux City and the other five will be Chicago trains, including the fast mail, to which a passenger coach is attached. In the past all these trains have really

started from and arrived at Council Bluffs, They all came over here, but they were drawn between this city and Council Bluns by Union Pacific crews and engines. They were cleaned and prepared across the river whereas now this work will be done on thi sside. The change means a lessening of anywhere between ten and twenty-five minutes in the train service. Another improvement in the service con-

sists in the adding of a diner to the passenger which leaves Chicago at 6:30 in the evening, and will arrive in this city at 8:25. The car will be connected with the train at Missouri Valley, and will enable Omaha passengers to take their morning meal before arrival, whereas, in the past, they have congress to promote Hobson to the line had to wait for their breakfast until they with rank of Heutenant commander. The reached home. secretary's letter is dated June 20 and be-General Agent Kuhn is considerably elated

over this improved service, for which he has Sir-The department has been waiting for been working for some time. It will place him in a position to more successfully compete with the other Chicago lines and will tiago de Cuba, but, as the exchange hoped be a great accommodation to the traveling There is also an improvement of the

Secretary Long then quotes rear Admiral freight train service into and out of this Sampson's letter, describing and praising city and South Omaha. The latter city is particularly benefited. In the past there It was exceedingly gratifying to the Navy has been considerable delay in getting trains epartment to receive from the commander- in and out of the packing house city, as most n-chief such a letter calling special atten- of them went by way of Bluir. Now arranguacture have been made by which Northwestern freights, coming or going, through Council Bluffs for South Omaha most heartily congratulate you on your most distinguished conduct and wishes to inform will be drawn by two crews of the North-

### ALL GET HEAVY SENTENCES

Judge Munger Pronounces Doom of a Patch of Postoffice Robbers.

Judge Munger had a wholesale lot of postoffice robbers to sentence in federal court Sampson until an opportunity is had to and he made the sentences in some cases so convey it to the young officer, now a heavy that it will prove a warning to persons who are given to interfering with the government's property.

The first man sentenced was J. H. Allen who has served in the Sioux Falls penitentiary before for the same offense and who was last sent there under the name of Harris. Allen was given five years, the i heaviest sentence ever imposed on a postoffice robber in the Omaha district. Joe Lyman, who, together with Allen, broke into the Callaway pastoffice, was given four years and six months. Judge Munger would const, west of Santiago. For some weeks had it not been that he perjured himself on not have given Lyman so long a sentence the witness stand in his attempt to take all the blame on himself and free Allen from the crime.

James O'Brien, William Redmon and James Peal were next brought before the judge and explained that they were in nocent when asked what they had to say for themselves. O'Brien was given two years and six months, Redmon, two years and four months and Peal two years and eight months. The three men robbed the postoffice at Rising City, Neb.

The men were taken to the Sioux Falls penitentiary last night by Deputy United

States Marshal Allan.

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### IOWA'S CHAMPION WHITTLER

Ettinger of Dunlap Brings Some Specimens of His Handiwork for Exhibition.

S. Ettinger of Dunlap, Ia., has brought to this city and will put on exhibition in Rowan has been given a preliminary trial the Liberal Arts building at the exposition The run made, to Tacoma and re- some samples of his handiwork which show what wonders can be wrought out from twenty-five knots being developed under 175 wood with a jackknife in the hands of a pounds of steam. It can stand 250 pounds, man who knows how to use it. One of and it would be no great surprise if it made the articles is a clock, which keeps correct in its official trial a greater speed than the time, is admirably fashioned and is mounted required twenty-six knots. The official trial on a very ornate and elaborate stand, all will be held next week. An eighty-mile of wood and fashioned entirely by the use course is to be laid out from Tacoma up of a jackknife. The clock and stand represent six months of persistent labor. Another piece of work is a beautiful mosaic stand. Altogether there are about 200 articles in his collection and on the strength of these specimens of work Mr. Etlinger lays claim to the title of the champion



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