

NEW VOLUMES OF POETRY

Joseph Leiser and His Verses on Philosophic and Religious Topics.

LIGHTER RHYMING BY JOE KERR

Patriotic Songs and Poems by Two Authors—Crockett's Latest Novel—About a New Story Writer—Old South Church Pamphlets.

A volume of poems, humorous, pathetic and otherwise, from the pen of Joe Kerr, well known from many contributions in recent years to the newspapers and familiar to readers of The Bee, has just been brought out under the name of "The Cherry Book." It is well named, for its purpose to make men cheery and more companionable ought to be a success. Joe Kerr's verses need not hard study that they may be understood. There is nothing deep and mysterious about them, nor are the subjects he chooses to write about so far above the reader that it is necessary to form clubs or societies to assist in mounting to a position where the lines can be read with comfort and understanding. The present volume is characteristic of the man. One of the poems is entitled, "Over Behind de Moon," and here is our stanza:

In dis land of de shadows, de deenther harts Of de ladies are smaller dan face lamp-mats;

Und de richians dere are all democrats, 'Tis—'Over Behind de Moon.

Not all of Mr. Kerr's work is of the stately humorous. Here is the opening of a poem on "If I Were Rich Today."

If I were rich today I'd ease this never ending strife for bread Ere all the sunning of my life were fled; My castles then would be of more than air;

I'd get acquaintance with trouble—care, And there would be no chance for noly toil. My grand ambitions and my hopes to foil.

From first to last the book is clean and wholesome and it will do to read in installments better than all in lump. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. \$1.50.

New poets are arising every day and it is reasonably certain that some of those courting the Muses will make a mark in the world that can be seen in after years.

One whose name has been doubted and whose ability is evident is Joseph Leiser, a young American who has been writing for a few years. He has engaged in literature under disadvantages, for at home he was taught a mixed jargon of Hebrew and German, which made him feel little in expressing his thoughts. But he was given a good education, studying at the University of Rochester and later at the University of Chicago. Afterwards he made a tour of Europe on a wheel and has since been called to the position of rabbi in a Jewish church at Springfield, Ill.

In his college he developed a strong literary tendency and his verses written then and during the first year of his professional life have been published under the title of "Before the Dawn." His verses are almost entirely philosophical and deal with the thinking hard about some of the problems of life and death. One of the longest and most presumptuous of his productions is on "The Day of Atonement," in which he says:

Then the heart of man grows lonely, Years for common fellowship; With the mind that moves and wills, There the mind of mortal sojourns; Must the heart of man be lonely, Both twinborn gifts of God.

Both twinborn gifts of God, Inward to the soul of soul, Picks the varied threads of feeling, Carries these again to God.

In a charming "Easter Greeting" there is a spiritual devotion that is wonderfully pleasing. He says:

We find our God in rock and tree, In Sirlah's valley on the setting year, In beast and man, in all that is, Divinity on earth we trace!

O greet the world! There is no end to life and man, through life and death; The sunset whistles in a land; And spirit is a living breath.

The volume is a beautiful one, thoughtfully couched in chaste language. Mr. Leiser need not fear the judgment of time on his work. Peter Paul Book company, Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.

In a small paper bound book bearing the title "Under Stars and Other Verses" Wallace Rice and Barrett Eastman have gathered a number of pleasing verses on themes suggested by the war and the victories of the American sailors. The title poem contains this:

Tell me what standard rare Streams from the spars; Red stripes and white they bear, Blue, with bright stars.

Red for brave hearts that burn With liberty, White for the peace they earn Making men free.

Stars for the heaven above—Blue for the oceans below, Where, in their country's love, Heroes shall sleep.

Other poems are "The Baptism of the Flag," "The First American Sailors," "Barrabridge, the Brig and the Blockade," etc. Way & Williams, Chicago. 25 cents.

The readable quality of a modern love story depends wholly on the plot and less on the writer, and however much it may be subject to criticism for haste in the setting of his stories it can be said of Stephen R. Crockett that in "The Standard Bearer" he has built a love story on scenes that are so familiar that only an artist could make them attractive. But he does. It is a story, as he says, of times "when the passions of men were still working like yeasty sea before the storms of the Great Killing." It is a story of love and disappointment, of success and failure, of brave hearts and fair ladies—and they do not all die and ride along the by-roads of the Scottish highlands, for we have read of them before and have learned to love them. "The Standard Bearer" is in Mr. Crockett's best vein. It is worthy of his pen. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, is one of the oldest of American periodicals. In fact, the oldest if the somewhat broken line of descent is followed. It is the legitimate descendant of Benjamin Franklin's old Gazette, which he bought when he first went to Philadelphia and made something of it in his time. But the Gazette long ago gave way to the newer Post, under which name the paper was one of the most popular weeklies of America for a long time. Now it is in the hands of the Curtis Publishing company, with William George Jordan as the editor, and it is receiving new life and strength. The Post has a field not occupied by any other publication and its popularity is sure to increase rapidly under the new management.

A number of the younger magazines of America are insisting upon good American fiction only for American readers. The National of Boston is doing this, and with success. The July number of this magazine includes stories by Octave Thanet, Francis Lynde, Hayden Carruth, Winthrop Packard, Frank Bicknell, W. T. Nichols and others of the most popular young American authors. The stories will be superbly illustrated by a staff of famous young American artists. The July number of this magazine contains a very interesting account of the visit of an enthusiastic young American to the late Mr. Gladstone.

The late ex-Governor Carpenter of Iowa is the subject of a sketch in the July number of the Midland Monthly, from the pen of J. P. Dilliver, member of congress for the Tenth Iowa district. It is a sketch by one

who was as a son of the pioneer of northern Iowa, and his writes feelingly of the man and his work. They were also in the same magazine two good portraits and a sketch of Osborne Deignan, who went with Hobson to sink the Merrimac. Deignan is an Iowa boy and the sketch is reliable. The Midland is keeping up in the matter of timeliness of articles and enterprise.

In the writer is the following bit of gossip about one of the new authors: "Ned Stirling, His Story," in the June Atlantic lives in Omaha, Neb. He was born in 1866 in Dickinson college, Pennsylvania, where his father at that time held a professorship. His health through boyhood made systematic education impossible and, with a little judicious "herding," he was left to browse pretty much at will over a wide pasture of English literature. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, intending to abandon law for literature when he should be sufficiently ripened. In 1893 he wrote and sold a number of short stories, which were about about that time, but he found that he lacked judgment and insight into the subtleties of human character. "No one has any business writing fiction, and particularly short fiction," says Mr. Lighton, "until he has acquired ability to read human nature with a degree of accuracy." Therefore, he devoted himself to work in the law courts and to the study of men until last fall, when he began a second campaign against the magazines. Besides "Ned Stirling, His Story," in the June Atlantic, Mr. Lighton has had published one story in Scribner's for April—"Jim Cheney, Professional Politician"—and others in the Chap Book, Lippincott's, the Youth's Companion, etc. Other stories of his are to be published soon.

The old south historical pilgrimage to the King Philip country has prompted much new discussion of the early Indian history of New England and its literature. In the valuable series of Old South Leaflets there already appear three leaflets related to this field of our history—the first part of John Eliot's Indian grammar, Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel Among the Indians," written in 1670, and Wheelock's "Narrative of the Design and Progress of the Indian School in Lebanon, Conn." The school which was finally merged into Dartmouth college was founded in 1727. These three Indian leaflets are now added two more—the first giving the chapters upon the manners and customs of the Indians, from Morton's famous New English Canna, and the other the account of the beginning and end of King Philip's war, published by Hubbar's history of Philip's war, published just at the close of the war, in 1677. Hubbar's was the best of the three or four contemporary histories of the war and it is good that these two students and the people to have these little extra leaves from it placed in their hands at this time.

An interesting news item to the publishing world is the reorganization and incorporation, on July 1, of the Frank Leslie Publishing house, founded in 1855 by Frank Leslie and since 1880 the exclusive property of Mrs. Frank Leslie. The president of the new company is Mrs. Frank Leslie, while Frederic L. Colver, who has managed the property for the last three years, is secretary and treasurer. Extensive improvements will be made in the printing plant and in all departments of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly this fall.

Literary Notes. The Cosmopolitan Osteopath is the name of a periodical soon to be published in Des Moines.

The first installment of S. R. Crockett's new serial, "The Silver Skull," is to appear in the August number of the Pall Mall Magazine.

John Kendrick Bangs has succeeded Laurence Hutton as book reviewer for Harper's Magazine.

It is stated that a tenth edition of Richard Le Gallienne's "The Quest of the Golden Girl" will be announced within the month.

The change of the Critic from weekly to monthly has brought about a new tendency in all the other ways. Those who have been reading the era of the weekly magazine are disappointed.

The "Pride of Jennies" has just run into its fifth edition. The popularity of this novel in the face of the war excitement is noteworthy. In spite of the fact that the publishers have already had three editions for the dramatization of this book, they have recently received three further propositions for its appearance as a play.

Lamson Wolfe & Co. report for publication an early work of three books on love, namely, "Ye Little Salem Maide, a Story of Old-time Love in Braintree, Bradford, Mackie," by Bliss Curran Wall, and Other Elegies; "By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies," by Bliss Curran Wall, and "New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems," by Charles G. D. Roberts.

WINNIE DEABLE, HEROINE. Risked Life in a Blazing Hotel to Save the Remains of the Union Flag.

If the flames of San Francisco could do so there is little doubt that they would elect to honorary membership in their ranks Winnie Deable, who was a waitress in the Union hotel, which was burned a few nights ago. One man was cremated in the building and others would have shared his fate had it not been for the girl's bravery. When the fire started forty persons were asleep, and no one was aware of danger until the rear upper part was in flames, which were rapidly eating their way downward. Firemen were soon at work, but by that time the guests had become panic-stricken and were rushing about the hall, half suffocated by smoke. Then Winnie Deable called on several of them to follow her. She led them through a smoke-filled passage to the outer air and safety. Then she returned to further aid the work of rescue.

By this time Police Sergeant Conboy had found John McDonald in a room on the third floor surrounded by flames. He was so badly burned that he died in a short time.

After McDonald had been carried out Conboy went to one of the upper windows and looking down, saw William Rogers lying insensible on some planks piled in the little closed alley beside the building. It seemed as if the man was beyond rescue, there being no apparent way to reach him. Conboy shouted for some one to guide him to where Rogers lay. Miss Deable took the lead, and through heat and smoke that tested the courage of those who followed she went unflinching until Rogers was reached and rescued. He fell as he struck the planking in the hands of the Curtis Publishing company, with William George Jordan as the editor, and it is receiving new life and strength. The Post has a field not occupied by any other publication and its popularity is sure to increase rapidly under the new management.

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ODD WAYS OF SHUFFLING OFF

Feeble and Mysterious Are Some Visits of the Dark Messenger.

A DRUMMER'S DEADLY SET OF TEETH

Fatal Whisky Baths and Falls, a Pointed Twig, the Upper Berth as a Device for Crossing the Range.

Death comes to humanity in many forms. Some by diseases well known to men of medicine, some by accident, some from no assignable cause. But of all the peculiar cases which have ever struck the fancy of a drummer in Quincy, Ill., a few years ago, is about as strange as any. Technically described, it was a case of strangulation; actually, it was from swallowing a set of false teeth.

The unfortunate man, who lived at a leading hotel in the pretty little city by the Mississippi late at night. He was very weary and sought his room at once. He retired promptly and his neighbors knew he was sleeping by the snores he sent forth. Late in the night the drowsy clerk, who had the room, was called to the door by the drummer. A boy was sent in haste to see what was wrong, and met a wildly excited man, who waved his arms and made motions, but uttered no sound save a curious wheezing.

The boy returned frightened back to the office and said the man was either sick or crazy. A physician was sent for and a hasty examination made. The man struggled gamely for life, but as he could not speak and was too far gone to write, the doctor was in the dark for a long time. He did everything he could, but without avail. The patient died. As no visible sign of the cause of death could be obtained the coroner decided upon an autopsy.

As the man constantly clutched his throat, the region was first explored. In fact, the muscles and membranes of the throat the doctor found a couple of false teeth on a small plate. They had effectually shut off the victim's breathing when the parts began to swell. The man died of strangulation because he was unable to get his tongue to the top of the matter. It was supposed he forgot to remove the teeth on retiring and that he accidentally swallowed them in a snoring convulsion.

Killed by Whisky.

Drowning in a vat of beer is a death which to some men would be a positive pleasure. One weary Willie suffered death, however, in an even more attractive form. He was killed by whisky. This particular man was engaged in the delights of absorbing a barrel of liquor when his fate overtook him. He was not an invited guest, neither did he own the spirits. He broke into a cellar well stocked with proof spirits, and, as the family was not expected to enjoy himself, he loaded up on the whisky, occasionally toggling in a beaker of rare wine as a relish.

The fun was great for a time. He would amble about—for so his tracks proved—from one barrel to another, and, as he proceeded like a man with a lovely thirst and the present means to care for it. But after a long time of these drowsy wanderings, motion of any kind became very difficult. He was also sleepy, so he decided to bestow himself where he could get at the whisky as soon as he should awaken. He lay down near the whisky barrel, his mouth near the open faucet, so he could take a fresh one when agreeable.

He forgot to turn it off, and also lost track of most other things as he passed peacefully to sleep. He rolled over a time or two and finally lodged, snoring, drunk and openmouthed under the faucet. He swallowed a couple of times, but the whisky was coming too fast and he choked. He was too drunk to move, and he litly drowned under the rain of old wine. He was found dead under the faucet, with evidences of suffocation as well as drunkenness to mark the course of his flight to another world.

He Fell One Hundred Feet.

When one of the big hotels in Kansas City was in process of construction a structural iron worker, John Cartwright, fell from the sixth story to the basement from a passage and dropped to the ground without coming in contact with any intervening beams. He lay upon the floor for a time, then slowly rose and without assistance departed for his home. He was driven to the southern portion of the city in the foreman's buggy, went back and in two weeks was apparently all right.

Everybody marvelled that he escaped with his life. For two months he seemed as well as ever. Then queer notions began to form on his back and he experienced acute, agonizing pains in the lower regions of the back. He was forced to put in the time lounging about his home. A couple of weeks after he stopped work paralysis of the extremities supervened and he was bedridden. Everything medical skill could devise was resorted to, but he steadily grew worse and finally died some three months after the original accident.

An autopsy was held to determine if possible what ailment carried the man off. The spinal region was explored thoroughly from the neck to the sacrum without any serious trouble being located. The vertebrae of the necks saw a diseased filament from the medulla and caused the vertebra there to be sawed open. There the doctors came upon a pus sack, showing that the spinal cord had decayed for a couple of inches. A closer examination revealed that all of the bones in Cartwright's system, subjected to a shock of fall of nearly 100 feet but one, and that a vertebra had suffered fracture. A small piece of one of these had ruptured the membrane of the chord, secondary inflammation had followed, in turn succeeded by death.

A Pointed Twig.

About as peculiar an ending to a man's life as has been recorded was that of Thomas R. Rogers of Fort Scott, Kan. Rogers was a cattleman whose herds roamed in the bottom lands near the Neosho river. The owner was injured in the left eye by a sprig of ironwood and he died in great agonies three days later, with no signs on the surface to indicate that he had received a fatal injury. It was a most singular case and caused a large amount of comment at the time, now a dozen years ago.

Rogers was out on the range with a bunch of cowboys to put out the cowboys for marketing. He rode with his men and they soon had a likely looking bunch ready for the train corral. But there was one beast that was determined not to surrender his freedom without a run for it. This animal made a dash for the thick underbrush and woods which skirt the river and Rogers set sail after him. Into the woods steer and pony plunged, Rogers forcing the pace.

The steer was a good dodger and kept horse and man guessing. Finally, in making a sharp turn and a quick spring, Rogers felt something strike him violently in the left eye. Of course the pain was frightful and the graser forgot about his steer. He returned to the home corral and turned over the bunch to his foreman. His eye was discolored, but not much blood could be seen. Rogers maintained that the wound was more than superficial, but the surgeons said it would get well in a couple of days.

In three days the wounded man was dead, of brain fever, the doctors said, but he was dead. Then a coat-mortem was held to locate the blood clot and a surprising state of affairs was revealed. It seems that the twig, long and pointed and hard as steel,

Death on the Wheel.

It does not require much of a blow or pressure on the esophagus to strangle a man. This organ, the upper portion of the breathing apparatus, is exceedingly sensitive to injury, as will be remembered when the trifling accidents which result in death are considered. If the nerves controlling the esophagus are started sufficiently to form a stricture, as is in lockjaw, the patient rarely escapes suffocation. This is illustrated by the fate of a Chicago cyclist who died suddenly after an accident much less serious than a hundred he had experienced before.

This man was riding his wheel home one evening carrying another around his neck. He was a skillful rider and made light of the task of holding the extra wheel and balancing his machine. But there was a latent weakness in his left eye, which resulted in the fall of the extra wheel, which in violent contact with his throat, causing acute pain for a moment, with a sensation of shortness of the breath. But the rider rose and placed his broken machine in a place of safety and thought no more of the matter.

He never reached home alive. Before he had gone far his throat began to close and he started for a doctor's office, requesting a friend to run with him. They never reached the office, as the suffering man fell before he got there. The friend secured the surgeon and returned to where the victim was still alive, but failing rapidly. The history of the accident was told and the doctor bent all his energies to relieving the stricture. It was unavailing for the man died in a few minutes. No external marks of violence could be observed, the nerves merely having become excited and clamping his throat in such a manner as to shut off the breath as effectually as the hangman's rope could have done.

Strange Death in a Sleeping Car.

Every man who has ridden in a sleeping car in recent years has noticed the wire cables used to brace down the upper berth. These are one-fourth of an inch in diameter and are fastened to the lower division, so the upper berth cannot close without their breaking. But the reason for this is possibly not known to every reader. It grew out of the death of a passenger in an upper berth, a suit for damages and the loss of the action by the railroad company.

The accident happened, if memory is not at fault, over in Ohio. A passenger train was traveling at express speed, when the axle of the sleeper broke, the car lurched and the truck and axle went overboard, and then the vehicle settled down partly on one side. The drawhead was broken and the rest of the train escaped injury. Nobody on the sleeper was hurt so far as could be learned at first. All the passengers were accounted for and the work of clearing up the wreck and transferring the passengers to another car was commenced.

All at once the porter remembered that upper five had been occupied. He looked through the passengers and asked for this man, but nobody knew anything about him where he might be. Then the fact that the berth had been occupied was verified and the trainmen rushed back into the car to investigate. The upper five was closed, jammed shut by the lurching of the car. For a long time all efforts to force it open were unavailing. Finally, when it was found that the man was still inside, smothered to death. Every effort to resuscitate him failed, he was dead. This accident and the resulting lawsuit brought about the bracing of upper berths open in all sleepers of modern make.

THEY STUMBLED ON A FORTUNE.

How a Rich Find Was Made in Idaho by an Old Prospector.

An old prospector tells a story of the first days of mining in Idaho which sounds like a romance, relates the Denver Republican, but which he vouches for as being strictly true, and which agrees with what is frequently told by the late Judge Craig of Douglas county, who was one of the party that staked off the first claims in Idaho. "The first find of placer gold in Idaho," said the old prospector, "was made early in 1860 by Jim Warren, a prospector, who put in the time when not engaged in the field in patrolling the gaming table. A little camp had been established at Florence, but the diggings were poor and there was so little to be made that the men drifted away in little squads to find better pay elsewhere. Warren was one of the first to go together, but soon afterward a disagreement arose and Warren left the party to go it alone. After two or three days he camped one evening on the stream now known as Warren creek, and there being fair indications, the next day was spent in prospecting."

Panning seven pans of dirt he saved the proceeds, and taking samples of the quartz went back to Florence, where the gold was weighed and found to be worth 75 cents, or 10 cents to the pan. Warren did not stop for those days, but it led to the expectation of better strikes, and an expedition of sixteen men was organized to investigate the new find.

"On their way to Warren creek they came across Warren's four companions, from whom they had parted the day before. They were 'tin horns' and poor prospectors, and had been unsuccessful. Seeing Warren with the crowd, they concluded that he had made a strike, and followed him. Warren and his friends, not caring to share the discovery with the four men, resolved to refuse to throw them off the scent, and spent several days on Seesh creek—so called from the war of secession, which had then been recently heard of. The four gamblers, being nearly out of provisions, were frozen out of the claim by Warren's men, who had refused to share the discovery with them. The expedition then hurried to Warren creek and staked out the Warren meadows for themselves and their friends. Eight men were sent back to Florence for provisions, the rest remaining to work the claims. While the eight men were gone some of those who returned discovered a vein of silver at Summit flat, obtaining from \$2 to \$4 to the pan.

"The claims at Warren meadows were abandoned and new claims staked out on the new field. When the men returned from the new find they were met by Warren, followed by about 600 miners, who suspected that rich dirt had been found, and swarmed along Warren creek and its tributaries, making rich finds everywhere. The original locators were extremely fortunate in the Summer of that year. Two men, named Besse and Osgood, worked together, and docked out 100 ounces the first day and forty ounces during the next forenoon. The assay office had just been established at Boise, and this 144 ounces of ore were the first mineral made in Idaho. The gang was found to be worth \$14 an ounce, the net returns of the two men for a day and a half being \$1,960. In three weeks that party of sixteen men had taken out from their claims on Summit flat 30,000 ounces of gold. Before the close of the season 100,000 ounces were taken out, and the original members of the expedition had enough money to keep them comfortably for life. About as much more was taken out during the next season before the bar was exhausted.

"The bonanza of the miners in those pioneer days was illustrated by an incident which occurred during this stampede from Florence. In the crowd of 600 that followed the eight men sent to Florence after provisions, the man nicknamed 'Butcher' of a thrift turn, who bought two barrels of whisky and a wagon hauled by a pair of mules, his knowledge of the average prospector leading him to the conclusion that

SHELD THAT HAS SEEN SERVICE.

Denver Man Has a Relic of the Spanish Armada.

Walter Cox, a resident of Denver, has in his possession what may be considered during the present crisis between this country and Spain a relic of more than usual interest, says the Denver Republican. It is a piece of Spanish oak from one of the Spanish ships which comprised the famous armada supposed to be invincible. The Spanish armada was fitted out by Philip II of Spain in 1588 to invade and conquer England, and was commanded by the Duke of Medina Sidonia. It consisted of 123 ships, of which 69 were more than 700 tons. It was manned by 8,000 sailors

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and carried 19,000 soldiers, more than 2,000 cannon and food for 40,000 men, for six months. Queen Elizabeth had 50 ships, manned by 2,000 sailors, under Lord Howard, Drake, Hawkins and Probisher serving under him. The Spanish ships came up the channel in the form of a crescent, which measured seven miles long from horn to horn. The admiral made such a plucky attack on the huge fleet with their small vessels that the Spaniards got badly rattled, a gale springing up, and the unwieldy and badly managed invading fleet was broken up. The battered vessels that were not captured or sunk by Queen Elizabeth's sailors were nearly all driven ashore on different parts of the English coast.

Mr. Cox acquired possession of his souvenir in this way: He was educated at Huddell's school, one of the oldest public schools of England, the interior woodwork and wainscoting of which was taken from one of these Spanish war ships wrecked on the English coast after the battle. Although the woodwork was jealously guarded, Mr. Cox decided a piece of this famed Spanish oak would be a splendid memento of his alma mater, and as such in spirit of daring as anything else, he surreptitiously chiseled out enough Spanish oak to make a small shield.

The old school is full of historical interest, such men as the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the late earl of Devon, Sir William Walpole, M. P., the first whip of the conservative party, Jack Russell, the hunting parson, Mr. R. H. Blackmore, the novelist whose "Lorna Doone" describes the old place, and many well known past and present leading Englishmen were educated at the old school.

Convicts Go on a Strike.
CLEVELAND, O., July 14.—A refusal to the Dispatch from Mansfield says that forty-five prisoners in the state reformatory are struck up for their thumps in dungeons and given only one scant meal a day, having gone on a "strike" because their tobacco supply was cut off. There were twenty-five others implicated, but they returned to work when informed what the punishment would be.

Find One Body in the Tunnel.
CLEVELAND, O., July 14.—A rescue party went down into the water works tunnel today and reached a distance of 5,000 feet, which is 300 feet further than any previous party has gone. They discovered the body of one of the victims, supposed to be that of McCauley, but owing to the falling condition of the rescue party, could not remove it.

California Populists Bolt.
SACRAMENTO, July 14.—After a long caucus the attachment populists have decided to bolt and have declared for Shanahan as their candidate for governor.



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The Sharples Company
Creamery Machinery and Supplies.
Boilers, Engines, Feed Cookers, Wood Pulpers, Shafting, Pelling, Butcher Packs, Etc.
927-929 Jones St.

DRY GOODS.
M. E. Smith & Co.
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods AND NOTIONS.

DRUGS.
Richardson Drug Co.
902-906 Jackson St.
Z. C. RICHARDSON, Pres.
C. F. WELLER, V. Pres.

The Mercier Chemical Co.
Wholesale