AFAX

BULLDOG CARNEY.

MANN

BY W. A. FRASER.

Two miles from Dan Stuart's whisky dive,

the tawny gold and crimson of the dead rose aplashing down at Blazer's hoofs. leaves and the soft gray and cream of the

bleached bunch gram. the boulders and trees that fringed the trail.

jewel-like spots, on the instrument he had it anyway. He seemed to be a surveyor taking levels, sound of the water and struck with a sharp Just as three men riding bronchos came in sight at a sudden turn in the trail, he den side of the Kicking Horse, the rider bowed his head to the level of the instrument and looked carefully along its smooth

The bronches were coming along at swinging walk, their heads on a level with their withers, and the bridle reins hanging loosely in the hands of the riders

Suddenly there was a nervous tightening of the right hand grasping the instrument; a sharp click close to it; a puff of smoke followed by a sharp crack, and the man riding the second broncho tumbled from the saddle, shot through the heart. He rolled over as he fell, and the bright blots of blood splashed over the rose leaves by the side of the trail.

The first cayuse startled out of his sleepy plunged madly forward. As he took the first bound in the air a bullet glanced from the high horn in front of the man and went through the leather flaps of the big Mexican

The rider yelled and dug the spurs in the trembling flanks of the horse as he felt the hot lead scorching its way close to his

"D-n bad shot!" the man behind the stump jerked out between his square laws, as he pumped the lever of his repeater forward and back.

Evidently he had meant well, but the cayuse rearing had diverted the bullet from its intended way.

The third broncho and its rider were making good time in the other direction. The shot he had sent after them did not increase their speed any, for they were doing their level best.

The animal the dead man had ridden did not move. He stood beside the fallen figure, waiting with dumb patience for his master to rise and mount again.

Throwing the empty shell from the breech of his rifle, the man who had fired the shots when that ugly scar met her gentle eyes walked leisurely over to the figure lying on

"Well, Jack, old man," he said, addressing than your master. If he'd stuck to his pals | go back." as close as you're floing he'd be ready for

"And I guess he cached the 'stuff' in this big apperajos, too," he added, shoving promised your mother that I would find you his hand down in the ample, bag-like affair, Yes, it was there right enough; a whole bag full of it. Forty-four hundred dollars, as was found out afterwards.

Then he turned his attention to the man lying on his back, with the great ragged the hotel. I have a good guide with me, red gash in his chest where the encircling the friend who got her to come with me bullet had plunged through.

"Well, pard, you've thrown down your mate for the last time. Whisky drinkin' is bad business, but whisky tradin' is away up in 'G.' to jedge by this wad." And he handled the bag of money lovingly.

"You might a known better than to throw me down," he added, reproachfully, as though he were trying to throw the blame of the murder upon the man himself.

"Come on now, Jack, I'll use you for a



THEY WERE LOOKING INTO THE DARK DEPTHS OF TWO MURDEROUS LOOK-ING REVOLVERS.

little," and he leisurely threw his leg over the cayuse and disappeared down the Missoula end of the trail.

He had not gone far before he turned short to the left up a dry water course. Here he stopped, and, dismounting, proceeded to wrap some old bags he pulled out from behind a rock about the feet of

the cayuse. 'You're a tenderfoot, Jack; you've hit the trail so often that you're a bit sore in the toes," he remarked, in a dry monotone

as he worked at the bags. Then he mounted again and went across country for about three miles until he struck the big cedar swamp which runs for miles and miles from Golden.

As he rode along he let his thoughts work themselves out in words, firing them at "Jack," and punctuating them with swinging digs from the big spurs which hung rather loosely on his rather high-heeled

"They'll think that the prospector who laid your old man out has hit the trail for Missoula and lit out. "They'll pick up tracks there all right

enough, but they nin't yourn, Jack. "Let me acc," he added, pulling a watch

from his pocket; "Whiskey Saunders took that bad spell about 10 o'clock. The jay on the cayuse will strike Golden about noon. Old Steel and his Jim-Dandies will pull out in half an hour and pick up your tracks headin' for Missoula about 3.

There'll be a hell of a row, and they'll run in some poor devil before night. They'll cop almost anyone but me." Just as they neared the edge of the "Big

Cedar" a horse neighed a short distance chuckling softly. "He thinks we've

been a long time over the job." TH give you a drink," he said as he dismounted, and you'll hang out here until he'll have it cached somewhere about." some one throws a line over you tonight.

Bill'll cut you loose when it's time,

多多川()。《宋宗宗宗宗宗宗宗宗》《:) (Copyright, 1898, by S. S. McClure Co.) I ford on Kicking Horse river, just opposite the town. Halfway across he took a careful and eighteen from Golden, the Missoula pull to one side, letting Blazer feel his way trail took a sudden kink in its flesh colored carefully. Stopping the horse he took his ribbon and wound around the butt of a big winchester and threw it far out on the upper side of the ford; that is, he took a big Behind the stump a man was kneeling swing at it, but the loose end of the backle that gladsome September day-all among line caught in the breech and the rifle came

"A d-n bad throw," he said, grimly then he chuckled softly to himself. "I guess He might have been praying, so quietly this outfit'll cut loose better!" and he comwas he kneeling there, but he wasn't be menced firing 28.55 cartridges far out into was blaspheming softly to himself, as his the stream with vigorous swings of his long impatient eye wandered in and out among arm. "That's a cinch," he grunted complacently. "I wish the gun laid as deep, but it's The morning sun picked out little bright bad fishing now an' I guess they won't find

When Blazer's hoofs lost the muffled ring on the smooth worn stones on the Golgave his long legs a hitching swing and the horse broke into a lope.

It was the night before the day that the whisky smuggler lay out on the Missoula trail, stark and stiff, with his red lifeblood splashed all over the tawny mat of dried leaves and withered rose bushes, and a young English girl stood in Arvil Stanley's bachelor quarters, not very sumptuous quarters were they either, showing much of careless misrule and absence of order.

Santley was astonished and said so, which was quite right, for he had not seen Grace-Grace Alton-since he had left England. "I'm glad to see you, Grace," he said,

but you shouldn't have come here all the bia and work his way down into Montana. didn't do it." lope by the report and flash, reared and same. You always had sense, but this is fairly foolish." "That doesn't matter in the slightest, and,

besides (with a fine touch of womanly inconsistency), no one saw me coming here except the friend who is waiting outside; t's none of their affairs if they did." "Well, what's expected of me," he asked, resignedly.

"You're wanted at home; your mother wants you.'

"I suppose I ought to go, but I'm not going all the same," he added, taking a long breath as though the words scorched his throat a little. "Yes, you must go Arvil; I want you to go. This life is not the life for you. Your

mother sent this money to you to take you back to her, so you must go now." He stooped his tall, magnificent figure toward her a little that she might see better and with his hand parted the heavy black

hair which swept across his broad forehead

in luxuriant abandon.

"Do you see that big red scar?" he asked "Well, if I were back there my mother would put her hand upon my forehead, so as she did when I was a little boy, and she would ask how came it there. I could not tell her, neither could I lie to her. And it is that way with all the scars, both or the horse, "you're a damned sight honester mind and body; they are too deep-I cannot

"Arvil, I do not believe that. You were grub-pile at noon instead of bleaching out good when we were togehter as children in England and you are good now in spite of all you say, and you will go back. I here and tell you that she wanted to see you before she died. Father was coming here for a few days to look at his mines, and then we go on to the coast."

"You need not come back with me to called her Mammy Nolan. I know that you will go back for you've promised me, and you never broke a promise to me yet," she said as she slipped quietly out of the door. A little roll of bills was lying on the table where she had left it.

It lacked half an hour of 12 o'clock when a French half-breed, Baptiste Gabrielle, galloped into the square of the police barracks at Golden on a cayuse reeking with the wet which is from the inside. The constable on guard, pacing solemnly up and down in front of the major's quarter's thought the fanatical looking rider was drunk or running amuck, and swore that he would put a hole in him unless he stopped.

But Baptiste wasn't drunk-he was only badly frightened. If there is any difference between a drunken man and a frightened half-breed it is in favor of the former s far as coherence is concerned.

Baptiste was a weird-looking object as e slid from the back of the jaded beast, standing there with all four legs braced time, he "fanned" his gun-turned it into like the posts of a sawhouse in sheer weakess, and flanks pumping in half spasmodic strokes as the wide open nostrils clutched t the air the lungs were clamoring for: 'By Goss! that fell' Whisk' Sand'son, he et keel," panted Baptiste with a face the

olor of a lemon in a bottle of alcohol. "By tain! a fell' wit' long neck he keep He didn't approve of toughness as a pastime him behint stump, an' he s'oot him soor. "Is he dead, Ba'tiste?" queried Sergeant Hetherington in a voice with a full flavor of peat bog about it. "Is he dead or on'y hu-r-rt?

"Bet you life that Whisk' fell' he dead," replied Baptiste. "That fell' he s'oot tree, fo'e time; an' Sand'son he kill for soor, he would get if they captured the man who dead w'atever. He try soot me, but I stan' him off, an' come quick tell police fell'." "March him to the major," said Hetherngton to a constable.

Before the major, Baptiste's harangue boiled down, read: 'Shot at 10 o'clock on the that they would be sure to have an early Missoula trail, about eighteen miles from start on the trail next morning. Over their Golden

'What was the man like who did the shooting?" asked the major. "Tall fell' wit' long neck," was the graphic description this query brought forth. "that Santley didn't do this job." "Indian, breed, or white man?" asked the

major. "Don't know; me tink he white. Tall the bridge of my nose, where his big fell'; tam long neck. That fell' he got sprawlin' English fist caught me unawares Whisk'; Sand'son stuff, too, you bet. Fo, five tousan' he get in appar'o."

That was all. Baptiste's face was the face of a man whose soul is in other gariens; his language that of a man too badly frightened to be anything but natural. The respect for the head of the force was even as a grain of mustard seed in the avalanche of fear which had swept him from that red-splashed spot on the Missoula trail Golden.

There was no doubt he was telling the truth.

"Who's tall with a long neck?" asked the major shortly, turning to the sergeant major, who was standing in front of his desk. "I will find out sir," replied the latter saluting as he passed out

"That long Englishman. Arvil Santley, a neck lik ean eagle; an' constable Grady says that he's been working the racket to beat two of a kind lately, sir," was the sergeant major's graphic report when he lined up in front of the desk again.

Let Sergeant Hetherington take two constables and rations for two days and get I guess Blazes smells you. Jack," he after this devil before his tracks get cold whisky smuggler and special constable, and Commence at the body. Send it back to Golden. Tell Corporal Ball to look up this Santley outfit in town. If he's got the stuff

That was the beginning, all in one day, picked up some tracks back there and herthe dead body lying out on the silent trail they are again. He doesn't seem to be in Then he mounted Blazer and rode in a so stiff and cold, with the glazed eyes star- any big circuit, skirting the cedar swamp, ing straight up into the mountain blue of tracks, his cayuse has been taking it pretty and upon the mountain side on his way back the smiling sky, and the hurrying of men casy. to Golden. It was dark when he got to the in brown lackets and dark, tight-fitting,

yellow-striped pants, as they saddled and crossing they couldn't find anybody who had known that he had been cleaned out before bitted the strong-limbed bay horses which taken Santley across the river.

vere to gallop and gallop after-the wind. or many a goodly mile, which time thereof the tall man with the long neck was workng his way along the mountain side to the ord. Many miles beyond Dan Short's place ley laughed when the corporal told him he he tracks vanished. Perhaps some one else had out bags on his horse's feet and led him across country.

"Corporal" Ball was the official recogniion of Mr. Ball's efficiency, but "Lanky" Ball was the godless form of expression his beastly slow down this way. lathlike superstructure provoked among the

"Lanky" Ball was more fortunate than the sergeant; he discovered something, Twenty-four hours after he started out e discovered that he could not find the man with the neck like an eagle-Arvil Santley-therefore he had disappeared-had lit out-had hit the trail-had packed his outfit and dusted; these were the bits of local-colored knowledge he picked up.

It was from Mammy Nolan, who kept a restaurant in a big tent and sold whisky on the side, that he found out about Santley, 'He lit out south yesterday," she said. "He got steered up agen a skin game up to Dan Short's, an' they corraled his last remittance from home. It's about time he did get out, for they had him stone broke. But he was a gentleman, all the same," said mammy, as she stood with her hands on her fat hips and looked up and down the corporal's ungainly figure. What did you want him for? Has he

en cracking some of the constables' which was, perhaps, good also-perhaps that heads? He'd do it quick enough for them was why he was corporal after twenty years if they bothered him." of service. "I guess he's done worse than that," said 1 the corporal, as he mounted his horse and, that trader up," said Santley, as they rode

"Looks as though he'd done the trick,"

said the major, when Corp Ball made his report. "He's got a good start and will likely If he did it I don't suppose that he'll come head for the second crossing on the Columback for the stuff-the \$50 he laid that you

There's a rough town at the crossing and

cussed simply because they couldn't help it

needed much guidance in their daily life,

men anyway the major had to put a special

"You'll need a good man, a rustler, to

"'Bulldog' Carney's the man, sir," replied

"Lanky" Ball found Carney after much

tribulous search; found him at Mammy No-

lan's; found him amidst the glamor of many

tin lamps, the smoke from which mingled

with the odoriferous steam of frying porl

and filled the big tent with a soft, sum-

Looked at from some angles Carney was

ust the man to go after the slayer of

Whisky" Saunderson. He was a big pow-

erful man, as big as the one they were

after. He could handle "Pearl." that was

his big Colt's, with a dexterity that com-

filed away the sights, and when it was nec-

essary to place several bullets to a limited

a miniature gatling. Apart from this pro-

ficiency, and a certain irritability of tem-

Sometimes the police were hot on his trail

as leader of a big whisky outfit, and some-

times he was on their side fighting shoulder

to shoulder to put down some tough gang.

"Be gentlemen," he used to say. "Gen-

tlemen can't work and gentlemen must have

money, but don't be tough for the fun of

When "Lanky" Ball explained to him

what he was wanted for, and that there

was a reward of \$500, half of which he

did the job, he replied: "Cert, I'll go, for

I'm getting stale here. The game's shead

of me here and I need a stake to start in

They rode out ten miles that night so

pipes, between "grub pile" and "blanket

time," they drifted on to the subject of

"I'll bet you an even \$50," said Carney

"I've got good cause to have a down or

him myself, for I've got his signature across

one night. But he'il show my trademark

right enough every time he parts his hair,

raged honor-"for I carved his lofty brow

for him, and if his skull hadn't been so

damnably thick perhaps we wouldn't be

chasin' him now. All the same he's not the

ort to lay a man out for the fun of the

thing; he never had any dealin' with Whisky

Sanderson, for he wasn't in the know. H

was all right for sport, but the boys hadn't

"I'll just go you fifty, Carney," said th

corporal. "The old man doesn't make many

mistakes and if we can get to the second

rossin' of the river before Santley we'll

"It's a bet, then," said Carney, and there

Then they chipped in with their two

blankets and slept under one cover, back

to back, with their feet toward the small

smoldering campfire; slept soundly, as just

'Lanky" Bail, plain corporal in the North-

"He's ahead of us," said Carney as they

hurry, though, for, according to the

galloped side by side the next day.

set so firmly in the square jaw.

men should-"Bulldog Carney,"

west Mounted Police.

bring back the man that laid Sanderson

any use for him when they were running

he added, by way of vindicating his out

the dead man and Arvil Santley.

the thing-there is no fun in it."

per, he was a high roller.

"Get him." commanded the officer.

with Lanky Ball

and because the post was always short of the river.

he's dead sure to head for that."

Santley

Corp Ball.

mer-like haze.

again.

the stuff in."

he went away. He would not tell where he "He must be on this side somewhere pet," got it, either. "None of their blessed busi-

Sergeant Hetherington and his merry men said the corporal. "If you stop here and ness," he told them. picked up the tracks the tall man told watch the crossing I'll try and look him up gambling dives, likely."

'He's a ourcer fish," said the boatman,

didn't want to cross till the morning; but

are orders, and I've got my man and I don't

see as I've any call to go after this crook."

and he thought of Pearl and Carney's beau-

tiful marksmanship and various matters and

"Lanky" Ball had a good head for obey

"That's queer," said the corporal, "Car-

ney bet me \$50 that you didn't do it, and

now you want to lay me the other way.

"What other one?" queried the major.

"It would be a bad one on us if it turne

energies to proving Arvil guilty, and the

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Own boys, the same as us common

people-they know how hard it is as a

can wear a few days without going to

pieces-After adjournment Drex L.

Shooman invites them all to come and

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is no good-you can't duplicate it for

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know this to be a fact so have no hest-

tancy in recommending to you this \$1.50

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to hold any one-The only way to have

comfort is to carry you own stool with

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1514 Farnam St.

At de convenshun-Say dem jewelers

wuz hot fellers-but dey wuzn't a cir-

cumstance ter de Tennysee editors-dey

skared de life out uf 2 girls at de bee

dey used up Stoecker eigars-I don't

beleve dey ever had so much smoke

fur five cents before-but den der is

lats uf de bluds—and dem fellers waz bluds. O. geel- dat don't by no more

ten centers-dey just smoke de Stoeck-

All dealers sell de Stoecker.

1404 DOUGLAS.

er koz its like most uf de ten cent ones

DID YER SEE ME

was a queer smile about the regular lips | bilding an dey shocked dis kid to de way

1419 FARNAM STREET.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS

hadn't been for one person.

ing orders, which is a good thing for

forefinger.

side by side.

THE MAN RIDING THE SECOND BRONCHO TUMBLED FROM THE SADDLE.

manded universal respect. Long since he had usual thing to get a shoe that the boy

gray moustache.

an escort, ch, corporal?

and the gamblers and those who were lookin' up the prisoner."

to go ofter

"It may hang you," said a friend, "if Blazes they would find, and followed them on this side. He'll be about some of the you don't tell." "Hang it is, then," he replied dorgedly. He looked him up. He found him. In the But worst of all was Baptiste Gabrielle's queen's name he was made prisoner. Santevidence.

'Yes, by Goss! Dat fell', he s'out t'ree, was wanted for murder. fo' time me. Steek has head up f'em day "It's some blawsted debt, I fancy," he stump. See him me soor," said, "and the murder racket is only a blind; but I'll go all the same. I'm half where Whisky Sanderson had met his fate

Then Mammy Nolan went out to the place sorry I left the beastly hole anyway; ICs so and she found something, too. The bullet that had killed poor Sanderson had been When they came back to the crossing Car- in a terrible hurry and had gone clean

ey was gone-gone, cayuse and all, over through and through him. the river; he had given the ferryman \$50 to Mammy Nolan followed up the line of take him across, so the ferryman told the sight from the atump across where Sander son had fallen and luckily located the bullet in a sand knoll thirty yards beyond, I was a case-hardened 38:55 Winchester bul

he got me down there by the boat and gave me my choice between \$50 and a plug of "That's the bullet that killed him right lead from that gun he spun around on his enough," mused mammy, "but it might possibly have been fired there some other time." It wasn't quite conclusive. The corporal was dumbfounded, "It's Then she found the bullet that had devilish queer," he muttered; "but orders

> day imbedded in his saddle. That was conclusive. Then commenced the search for the rifle itself. There was only one such rifle owned

scorched the leg of the foremost rider that

went thoughtfully back to Golden with his in Golden and it had belonged to Bulldog Carney. Now, Carney had been back in Golden

after the murder and he hadn't taken his corporal to have; but he hadn't much of a rifle with him when he went away with head for solving just such problems as this, Lanky Bill, so he must have hidden it somewhere. To return to Golden after killing Sanderson he would cross the ford at Kicking Horse. It was a forlorn hope, but she "I'll bet you fifty cases that 'bull dog' did made up her mind to drag the ford for the

When mammy found the rifle where it had dropped she knew she had forged one of the strongest links in the chain of evidence which fastened the guilt on Carney. It was mammy, too, who introduced a new witness to the court in the person of Grace Alton. She had come back from Vancouver

in obedience to mammy's telegram. Her

evidence was very simple, but effectually leared up the mystery of the money. "I gave it to him," she said simply, "to to pay his passage home to his mother. I told him a falsehood; I told him it was from his mother. He wouldn't have taken from me if he had known the truth, but wanted him to go bome to his mother, who was asking for him every day. We

were children together-Arvil Santley and

It was a revelation to that wild western life, this sweet, womanly girl, and the man who would rather hang than compromise her by telling that she had given him the

"I had too bad a name," he said when his friends rounded on him for a chivalrous Mammy didn't know about the money

when she sent for Grace; she only knew that Grace and Santley had met when Grace was in Golden. In the face of the new evidence, not much stock was taken in Baptiste Gabrielle's say-

shot at him. He had been too badly frightened to know what the man who had done the shooting really looked like. Besides the other, the man who had galloped on in front swore that it was a fair man who had shot, while Santley was dark.

It came out that Mammy Nolan was a

"I got the long Englishman, sir," reside was only a blind. Nobody but the ported the corporal to the major when they major had known this before. And then because the sergeant was away got back to the barracks; but the other After many moons of anxious tracing with two men and because the whisky men one's lit out—took his book when I was word of Carney came to hand. He was a

> "Bulldog Carney, sir. He skipped across "The extradition law is slow," mused the "That looks suspicious," thoughtfully rewe had Carney on this side the line we ied the major as he pulled at his iron

arrest him. v pricked his ears.

help you take this Englishman, for he's a out that he had done this and we had "Perhaps, perhaps," said the major, rehusky chap," said the major. "Who'll you carted him out of the country-given him Of course there was a trial with Arvil as the center of attraction. The other had gotten away, and they had to hang somebody if they could; so they devoted their

> Lanky Ball and the sergeant located Carstone's throw over the line

hances are they would have succeeded if His clearing out looked very suspicious and they found quite a sum of money on hotelkeeper and that night as Carney gently him when he was arrested, although it was slept the sleep of the just two figures stole

ing that Arvil Santley was the man who had

Pinkerton detective and the business of running a restaurant and selling whisky on the

St. Vincent, just over the borders from major, "likewise is it uncertain. Now if

At this the sergeant who was standing 'It moight be managed, sor."

lectively. "Corp Ball knows his man. He escorted him out; perhaps he'll escort him back again. You will need considerable money, for it's a long trip," and he wrote out a fair-sized order.

ney at a small hotel at St. Vincent, not a A little preliminary arrangment with the

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up the narrow stair which led to his room and silently slipped through the door. How still and dark the room was

not so dark now, for like the headlight of an engine a bullseye lantern was throwing its full glare upon them and they were looking into the dark depths of two muederous looking revolvers as Carney held shape to resume Memlay and it is like them above the counterpane. will pay the price named by the board. "O, that's you, Lanky, is it?" he said.

that fifty, I suppose. Just put it on the table there. I don't feel like getting up That's right; you can take one band down, "Just lay your gun lown on the table first, though. Quick, now, cough up that fifty, for you see you're burglars in my room and if I let daylight through the pair

of you it will be all right, you know." Then Lanky put up fifty cases of the good overnment money he had brought to pay the expenses of taking Carney back. That was the nearest they ever got to Carney, for he is still living the life of a gentleman.

Survivors of Late War Remembered

by the General Government. WASHINGTON, July 15,-(Special.)-Pensions have been issued as follows:

Issue of July 1; Nebraska: Additional—John G. Elis. York, \$8 to 10. Supplemental—George W. Ragan, Alliance, \$2. Increase—Louis Mik-klesen, Omaha, \$8 to \$12. lown: Original-Jonas Milligan, Des Moines, \$8. Supplemental-Annias Entsler, Rochester, \$12. Restoration and Supple-mental-Presley A. Jenkins, dead, Shells-burg, \$4. Increase-John W. Mattex, Shenandoah, \$12 to \$14. Original widows, etc.-Hettie Lewis, Frederic, \$8. Colorado: Original-Samuel J. Canns

Capps, \$6. Original, widows, etc.—Malvina Hazell, Colorado City, \$8. Issue of July 2: Nebraska: Increase—Robert W. Nutter, Velson, \$8 to \$14. Iowa: . \$6 to \$8. Additional-Asa Balley, Thornton \$6 to \$8. Increase—Henry M. Woodworth, Bagley, \$6 to \$8; Clinton M. Craul, Maquo-keta, \$6 to \$8. Reissue—Michael L. Jordan, Waterloo, \$17. Original, widows, etc.—Caro-line S. Philes, Truro, \$8. Wyoming: Original-Albert D. Shockley

Manville, \$8. Increa Cheyenne, \$10 to \$12. Increase-Charles E. Ward South Dakota: Restoration and Increase Francis D. Bridge, dead, Alcester, \$4 to

Recover the Remaining Bodies.

CLEVELAND, O., July 15.—The bodies of the ten remaining victims of the water works tunnel disaster were found by a rescuing party today. The bodies were blown back a few feet from the face of the drive by the explosion and were but slightly burned. The explosion had blown down a portion of the roof of the tunnel, the damage, however, being slight. The bodies were brought to the shore end, about 6,000 fee form the tunnel head, in a handcar,

Arbitrating Miners' Differences. PANA, III., July 15.—Six hundred min-ers continue idle here and watch the four mines daily to prevent non-union men re suming work. The men received an additional \$1,000 today to aid them in remaining out, making \$2,500 in the last two weeks President Horace R. Calef and the entire State Board of Arbitration arrived today by request of the union miners, who have day.

waived the scale price of 40 cents and asked the board to take evidence and name a price to be paid. All the operators and leaders of the miners' organization have been sum-moned before the board. The board will probably render a decision Saturday night. Although the operators stoutly refuse to agree to arbitration they are getting in

cheerfully. "Glad to see you. Come to pay LOUISIANA EDITORS LEAVE

Conclude Their Visit to Omaha by Thanking Everybody Concerned with Its Success.

All but five of the excursion party of the Legislana Press association departed for home Thursday evening in their chartered sleeper over the Port Arthur Route. A few minutes prior to the time set for the train to pull out a meeting of the party was held, over which Mrs. M. E. F. Comegys of Shreveport, second vice president of the association, presided. A resolution, presented by L. E. Bentley and seconded by PENSIONS FOR WESTERN VETERANS. A. G. Cook, thanking all who have contributed to the pleasure of the trip, was idopted by a hearty, unanimous shout of

aye." The members of the party who will remain several days longer to "do" the exposition more thoroughly are L. E. Bentley Mrs. Ella Bentley, Miss Ella Bentley and G. Donnand Bentley of the Donaldsonville (La.) Chief and Mr. H. Joseph Verret of the Assumption Pioneer, Napoleonville, La.

Waiter Skips with a Big Bill. CHICAGO, July 15.—E. D. Rowland, said to be a member of a prominent and wealthy New York family, after eating dinner at the Grand Pacific hotel, gave a \$500 bill to Frederick Keller, a waiter, in payment, Keller was unable to obtain change for the bill from the cashler and went to the elevator, and thence out of the hotel building. He has not been seen since. Rowland waited some time for his change, and when he found the waiter had left with the money, he demanded the amount due him from the proprietors of the Grand Pacific. This was refused and Rowland left the hotel in anger. Keller has been employed at the hotel only two days. He came here from Cincinnati.

Insurance Company Gets Injunction. TOPEKA, July 15.—United States Judge Foster has enjoined State Superintendent of Insurance Webb McNall from putting into effect an order made ou July 7, revoking the Kansas license of the Connecticut Fire Insurance company and from in any manner interfering with the company in the transaction of its business in the state. age is set for hearing September s McNall revoked the license of the company for refusing to pay the expenses of an examination.

Harrison Goes to Adironducks.

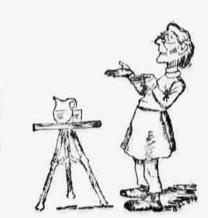
NEW YORK, July 15 .- Ex-President Ben-Jamin Harrison, who has been here with his wife and baby at the Fifth avenue hotel, left today for Valley Forge, General Harrison's cottage in the Adirondacks

LONDON, July 15.—Lord Roseberry's year-old bay colt, Velasquez, won Eclipse stakes of 10,000 sovereigns at indown park second summer meeting to-

CONVENTIONS AND CONGRESSES

Are all the go in Omaha now-we have a musical congress at our store every day in the year-while now, during these exposition times, we make an especially attractive showing of pianos -many of them made for this occasion -the Knabe—the Kimball—the Kranich & Bach-three of America's greatest productions-We have a special Kimball exhibit in the Liberal Arts building on the grounds-you should see this particularly the automatic pipe organ-the only one of its kind ever made-plays all kinds of music if you push the but-

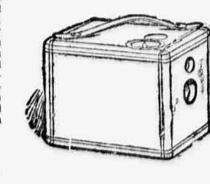
A. HOSPE. 1513 Douglas



TAKING PICTURES

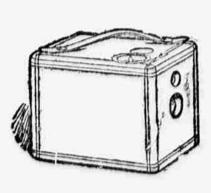
Nowadays is a very easy matter-you push the botton and the camera does the rest.-We have dozens of different kinds and sizes of cameras that attend strictly to business-some as low as \$4 from that up to \$35-Its just as easy for you to develop and print your own pictures-after you know how-Do you know we will show you how-and self the chemicals and all other things nee essary at the right price-We want outof-town visitors to use our dark room while in the city-it will be free-and we want to have you come in when ever you can.

The Aloe & Penfold Co Amateur Photo Supply House. 1405 Farnam Street. Opposite Parton Hotel OMAHA

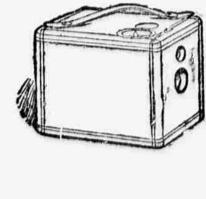


teeth-not every dentist knows howthe dentist with a record for "good, honest work" usually does the bulk of it This may account for our being busy all the time-then too we've been in the same location for over ten years-that's pretty good recommendation-Our prices are reasonable for the class of work-small gold fillings at \$2.00 -silver and gold alloy \$1.00-Extracting withant pain or gas 50c a set of teeth \$5.00 -We keep open till 8:30 in the evening to accommodate those that can't come in the day time-electric fans and all modern appliances known to dentistry

13 Years 3d Floor Paxton Hik. Experience. 16th and Farnam.



-Lady attendant.





BAILEY,



