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Nebraska Clothing Co

OMAHA

Santiago Bombarded.

(Continued from page 1.)

ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge and they should do their work in a minute and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter. On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew and all of us will be in our under clothing, with revolvers and ammunition in water tight packing strapped around our waists.

PREPARED FOR EVENTUALITIES.

"Forward there will be a man on deck and around his waist will be a line, the other end being made fast to the bridge, on which I will stand. By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engine I shall jerk this cord and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy, which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life buoys and is unmistakable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until he has put it hard astern and then he will then jump overboard.

"Down below the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck and get over the sides as quickly as possible. The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time, I calculate the six men will be in the dingy and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her 300 yards of cable, which will be paid out before the anchors are cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the Merrimac on the starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

LIFE OR DEATH NOT AN ISSUE.

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of the lieutenant.

"Ah, that is another thing," said the lieutenant.

He was so interested in the mechanical details of the scheme that he scarcely stopped to talk of life or death. But in reply to frequent questions Hobson said: "I suppose the Estrella battery will fire down on us a bit, but the ships will throw their searchlights in the runner's faces and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the shore right under Morro castle. We will keep together at all hazards. Then I may be able to make our way alongside and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers and our surrender will only take place as a last resort."

IMPATIENT OF DELAY.

When the admiral's consent was obtained Lieutenant Hobson became impatient of all delay and that very night, Wednesday, after the moon went down, he set the time for the attempt. Volunteers were called for on all the ships of the fleet and to the credit of the American navy he it said that few flinched, while cheering crews stepped forward at the summons for the extra hazardous duty. About 300 on board the New York, some 180 on board the Iowa and a like proportion from the other ships volunteered but Lieutenant Hobson, like the hero he is, decided to risk as few lives as possible. He chose six men from the New York and the Merrimac, the latter being given to the service. They knew the ship, however, and begged to go. One man stowed away on board the collier. Six other men selected from various ships, with Ensign Powell in command, manned the launch which was to lie at the harbor mouth and take off those who escaped.

The Merrimac was made ready. Six torpedoes were strung along her port side with wire connections to the bridge. Her anchors were lashed to the bow and stern. Her cargo was shifted and her cargo ports were opened so that she would move readily in when the time came to cut her anchor lashings, open the sea cocks and torpedo her bulk heads. The work was not completed until after

4 o'clock Thursday morning, but with the sky paling in the east Lieutenant Hobson started on his desperate expedition.

STOPPED BY THE ADMIRAL.

After the Merrimac steamed forward, Rear Admiral Sampson, pacing the deck of flagship, looked at his watch and at the streaks in the east and decided that the Merrimac could not reach the entrance before broad daylight, consequently the torpedo boat Porter, which was alongside, was dispatched to recall the daring officer.

Lieutenant Hobson sent back a protest with a request for permission to proceed. But the admiral declined to allow him to take the risk and slowly the Merrimac swung about.

During the day Lieutenant Hobson went aboard the flagship. His once white duck trousers were as black as a coal heaver; his old fatigue coat was unbuttoned, and his begrimed face deep furrowed by tense drawn lines, but resolution shone in his eyes. So absorbed was he in the task ahead of him that, unmindful of his appearance and of all ceremony and naval etiquette, he told the admiral in a tone of command that he must not again be interfered with.

ASKED TO BE LET ALONE.

"I can carry this thing through," said he, "but there must be no more recalls. My men have been keyed up for twenty-four hours and under a tremendous strain; iron will break at last."

Such was the indomitable will and courage with which he faced death and glory.

When Hobson left the ship and the extended hands of his shipmates, more than one of the latter turned hastily to hide the unbidden tears. But the lieutenant waved them adieu with a smile on his handsome face.

This morning the Merrimac started in shortly after 3 o'clock. The full moon had disappeared behind a black cloud bank in the west, leaving only a gray mark of heaving waters and the dim outline of the Cuban hills showing against the unstarred sky to the watchers on board the ships of the fleet. It was that calm hour before dawn when life is at its lowest ebb and the tide runs out, carrying the lives of mortals with it.

THE SAME OLD STORIES.

Mr. J. A. Watrous in the Chicago Times-Herald tells a few war stories which should be read by the relatives of every soldier in the army. These short stories of the days of '61 to '65 will do more to allay foolish and needless fears than any amount of argument. The following stories of poisoned wells and springs and drugged pies are very appropriate just now:

"They are having the same experiences we had."

Then the old veteran, after a chuckle, born evidently of an old memory, explained what he meant.

"Did you see that report about the Spaniards poisoning the wells and springs at Chickamauga? That made me laugh."

"When our regiment went into camp near Louisville, Ky., in 1862, the first startling report that reached us was that the last regiment which camped on that ground lost nineteen men from drinking water taken from a well near an enemy's house."

"You can imagine the consternation such a report scattered through the ranks of a thousand men, would create. Some of us felt that our first duty was to slaughter that enemy and burn his house. When such a proposition was made it was learned that the man had gone into the confederate army and that the woman and her children had been sent north to poison wells surrounding camps of instruction."

"In the afternoon a man came around with a newly patented article for testing well and spring water. It was more than a test. If there was poison in the well or spring the tester would extract it, rendering the water perfectly safe to drink."

"The man did a roaring trade. Hundreds of the boys possessed themselves of the tester. His stock ran out. The dealer would go to the city or some supply and be back the next day. He never came back. The fact that none of the men died of poison was construed as proof positive that the tester was a huge success as a life-saver, until one day the colonel called in the surgeon, who was a chemist, and the baker, who was an expert in machinery. Before this board one of the water-testers underwent a scientific examination.

"These two pieces of painted tin," said the surgeon, "must have cost at least one cent. Soldering them together, and attaching this hook that shuts close to the tin, was done for another cent, and the black bag, filled with rice, may have cost one cent more. The original cost of the 'test-

er,' then, was three cents. Hundreds of them have been sold at a dollar each."

"Never mind what it cost, doctor—is it a good tester?" asked the colonel.

"The dried foot of a rabbit would be preferable," said the doctor.

"Is it any good at all for finding out whether there is poison in the water or not?" asked the colonel.

"A knitting needle would be better."

"Doctor, be good enough to answer my question—is this tester good for anything?"

"There was a net profit on it of 97 cents."

"Is it a fraud?"

"It is—an utter fraud."

"And so it was."

"A week from that day there wasn't a water-tester in our camp."

"Our experience did not differ from that of any new regiment that I ever heard anything about. They all had a scare over poisoned springs and wells but I never heard of a single spring or that report came from Chickamauga that a mule had died from drinking poisoned water and that the Spaniards had gone through the camps charging the water supply with arsenic."

"Such reports give the new soldiers a great scare, the reporters a rare sensation and the friends at home sleepless nights."

"The first month out, in the other war, but few pies were eaten by the green troops. After that no pie dealer got away from camp with any of his stock."

"The officers and especially the surgeons, did not want the men to eat pies. Mysterious reports of poisoned pies were started whenever we stopped for a day or longer. Such and such regiments had lost men by the poisoned pie route. These stories did their work for a time. One day I heard the colonel say to our surgeon: "Doctor, have you started the drugged pie stories since coming to this camp?"

"No sir, but I will do so at once."

"I sleuthed the heels of that surgeon until he had told half a dozen captains and lieutenants to sound the alarm on pies. One of them asked him what he should say."

"Oh, say that Mansfield's brigade lost ten men day before yesterday by eating poisoned pies peddled by secessionists."

"In half an hour the stories were flying through camp. In less time than that counter stories went over the same route."

"Right after dinner a delegation of one man from each company marched up to the colonel's tent and asked that official to appear."

"I was stage manager for the occasion, and when the colonel came out of his tent I saluted him and mournfully requested permission for the delegation to visit Mansfield's brigade."

"Why do you wish to go to that brigade?" asked the colonel.

"They are to have a military funeral, sir."

"That is not a good excuse for allowing you to leave camp at a time when we are expecting orders at any moment to march."

"But this is not an ordinary funeral, colonel."

"Why isn't it an ordinary funeral?"

"Because ten soldiers are to be buried. They died day before yesterday—died at the hands of the enemy. They were poisoned. We feel as though we ought to pay their memories this much respect. Can we go?"

"Do you know positively that so many men in that brigade are dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom does this information come from?"

"A man close to you, colonel, the surgeon. I heard him tell our captain and the captain told others."

"I'll call the surgeon."

"When the medicine man put in an appearance he was asked how he knew ten men of Mansfield's brigade were dead from poison."

"Why, I don't know anything about it—I haven't heard a word from the brigade."

"I asked him if he didn't tell the captain of my company that he had better circulate the news that ten men in Mansfield's brigade died in one day from eating secessionist pies."

"The surgeon looked at the delegation, at the colonel, gave a general survey and then laughed."

"I obeyed orders, colonel," said the doctor, "relative to pies, and I guess I did say something about the losses in our sister brigade."

"I gave the delegation a signal and we ten men brought a left hand to the front and began to devour the pie that had been concealed from the colonel."

"The game is up, colonel," said the surgeon.

"I guess it is, doctor," said the colonel.

"As we filed right and marched away one of the boys called back: 'Yes, gentlemen, the game is up. We eat pie from this on!'"

"It is wonderful how quickly the pie incident traveled through the camp. The pie trade grew at a rapid pace. Our mess had pies for each meal as long as we remained in camp, which was a month."

Friends at home can well discount the stories of poisoning, other camp dangers and hardships that are made much of in the camps at Chickamauga, Tampa, Washington and Jacksonville.

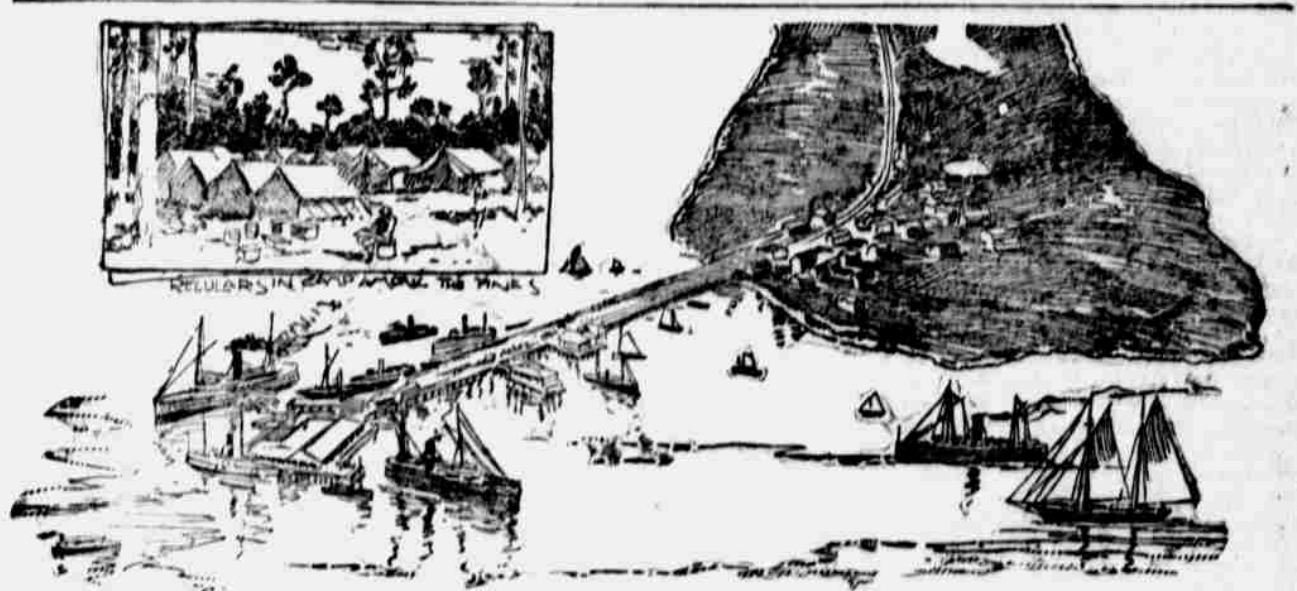
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SANTIAGO DE CUBA AND VICINITY.
Santiago de Cuba, where the Spanish fleet is now immured, is the second city in rank and population in the island. It is situated on the river Santiago, six miles from its mouth. It is well built and strongly fortified.



PORT TAMPA AND THE CUBAN INVASION.
Port Tampa, Fla., the point of departure of the troops for Cuba, is situated on Tampa bay about ten miles from the town of Tampa. It is a railway terminus and owing to the war preparations going on there now is a busier place than ever before.

Millions of Bonds.

Continued from First page.

recognized any necessity of interest at all.

Another amendment was offered by Allen, to tax all yachts owned or used by citizens of the United States 1 per cent on their assessed value. Rejected.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, then offered an amendment levying a duty of 10 cents per pound on all tea imported. This prevailed by the following vote:

Yeas—38.
Butler, Caffery, Cannon, Carter, Chandler, Chilton, Cockrell, Elkins, Foraker, Gear, Gorman, Harris, Heitfield, Jones (Ark.), Jones (Nev.), Kyle, Lindsay, McBride, McLaurin, Mills, Mitchell, Money, Morgan, Murphy, Perkins, Pettus, Pritchard, Rawlins, Roach, Sewell, Stewart, Teller, Tillman, Turley, Vest, Wetmore, White, Wolcott.

Nays—32.
Allen, Allison, Bacon, Baker, Bate, Berry, Burrows, Clark, Clay, Cullom, Daniel, Davis, Deboe, Fairbanks, Frye, Gallinger, Hanna, Hansbrough, Hawley, Hoar, Lodge, McMillan, Morrill, Nelson, Pettigrew, Platt (Conn.), Platt (N. Y.), Quay, Shoup, Spooner, Turpie, Wellington.

The populists divided on this proposition, some of them voting the tax probably on the theory that it was better to pay for the war as we go than to go in debt. Senator Allen voted "no" probably because he concluded that if the millionaire's pleasure yacht couldn't pay a war tax the poor man's tea shouldn't with his help.

And so the bill was passed and sent to the house. The common people can go to the front and fight this war through. While they are fighting their wives can pay a war tax of ten cents per pound on tea. When the war is over the common soldiers can come home and pay the bonds. Meanwhile the corporations can gather in their millions free from war taxes.

How much longer shall this state of affairs endure in America?

GOOD TIMES HAVE COME AGAIN.

A Kansas contemporary which evidently believes that "goodtimes have come again" says: "More than half the recent bridegrooms here have married girls who have good positions. As a rule, men demand nowadays that a girl who wants to marry shall either have money or a job. A girl who got married here a short time ago had a good position at the time but quit it six weeks ago as she was married, and there is considerable indignation among the men." Well, we don't wonder at it! Why doesn't the husband sue that recent wife for failure to support?

Chicago Times-Herald.

The officers of the Nebraska Mercantile Mutual Ins. Co. are now in rooms 20 to 37, Miller & Paine block. During the month of May the company wrote a quarter million dollars of business in Nebraska, and the work seems to be enlarging.

No foreign loan for Spain.

New York, June 9.—A dispatch to the New York World from Madrid says: All negotiations for a foreign loan having totally failed, the minister of finance has agreed with the bank of Spain for more advances, to be guaranteed by the recent issue of perpetual 4 per cents. If necessary, the bank will take from its gold cash in hand money to pay for government war stores and ammunition.

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