

A WONDERFUL EXPOSITION

PAN-AMERICAN WILL USHER IN A NEW AND GREAT ERA.

Show Will Be the First Important Public Event of the Twentieth Century—Progress in the Western Hemisphere During a Century to Be Illustrated.

The achievements of the past century have been magnificent. The march of progress has been swift, and the triumphs of civilization have been manifold. The age of enlightenment is indeed here. Mankind has progressed in the culture of the finer side of existence and has turned to its uses the mysterious forces of the elements in a manner undreamed of but a few centuries ago.

Yet who can foretell what the Twentieth century has to unfold? Who would dare to predict what the achievements of another hundred years may be? Standing on the threshold of this era, we look into the past, and in the grand picture of progress to be presented in the beautiful buildings and

the confidence existing in the ability of the management to open the gates on May 1 upon a completed and perfectly embellished creation is justified. The financial prospects of the Exposition are all that could be desired. The advertising it has received is already bringing forth fruit, and an unprecedented large attendance is now as certain as anything can be which belongs to the future.

Seen from the distance of three-quarters of a mile away the Exposition grounds present the appearance of a grand and beautiful city, and when all is complete and winter's frost has given place to the sunlight and warmth of summer the charm of the scene will be such that the impression given will last a lifetime.

EDWARD HALE BRUSH.

UNCLE SAM'S GUNS.

His Biggest Pieces at the Pan-American Exposition.

Extraordinary interest will attach to the Ordnance Exhibit of the United States government at the Pan-American Exposition, showing the modern weapons of warfare, which were used in the recent wars. It will

THE HILLS OF HOPE.

"What saw you, child, on the hills of hope
(Where none may go that be overwise)
That a shining joy fades figuratively
Out of the depths of your eyes?"

"The hills of hope are roses and snow,
And the glad air of its own soft sighs,
And the dull world laid in the mist below
Is a gray, forgotten dream of things,
And, oh, but my heart was light and gay
When I walked on the hills of hope today!"

"What saw you, child, on the rainbow hills
(Where none may go that be overwise)
That you lay your cold little hand in mine,
With the shadow of fear in your eyes?"

"On the farther side of the rainbow hills
Is a forest of dead trees black and bare,
And a river cold as the river of death
And the ghosts of dead joys wander there,
And, oh, but my heart was light and gay
Today at that cold, dark river side!"

"Now be not afraid, little child, for see
The dream is gone, and the warm sunshine
Is bright on the paths of every day,
And your hand is clasped in mine."
—Charlotte Lowry Marsh in East and West.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

A Strange but True Tale.

By Frederick R. Guernsey.

There used to be, perhaps it still stands, an old hacienda house down in the state of Guerrero which, for many years, held an evil reputation as a place of sudden and inexplicable death.

The state is now undergoing the process so familiar in Mexico, known as "opening up" by railway construction. Few people used to go down into that region of heat and mystery; few came up from it to the capital city, for intercourse was difficult, a matter of stage riding over mountain roads liberally strewn with rocks, or else, in the lower country, deep with dust in the autumn and winter, and later on, as the rainy season advanced, there was mud—mud up to the bellies of the horses.

To many parts of the state one had to go on horse, or better, on mule back. There is no beast as safe as a mule, except for the fallen rider, to whom the unholly hybrid, before bolting, stops to administer a parting kick.

The house I have mentioned was on a large tropical estate devoted to sugar cane, out of which much aguardiente was made, and to various hot country products of local consumption, for the bad roads placed a prohibitory charge on transportation. You approached the house through great fields green with the cane, over a road which, though a private way, was none of the best, and finally you reached an avenue of orange and pepper trees and saw near at hand the low, one story white stone house and the plantation buildings, stables, sugar mill, peons' quarters, etc.

Back of the house rose a fringe of lofty palms, whose clash during a gale was as of the sails of windmills allowed to run at will. The house seemed so calm and cool and wholly delightful! The traveler, weary of the long ride, gazed with delight on the whiteness, palm shadowed. It was an oasis of comfort in a desert of blinding sunshine. It gave promise of rest for man and beast, of cool water and rural plenty.

Such was the hacienda of Valverde. The saints in heaven know that it was a pleasant looking place. Don Diego Prado and Maria Naranjo, his wife, were a quiet, hospitable couple of 45 and 40 years respectively, with several children grown to a companionable age, which means much in such a solitary place.

Travelers were welcome at Valverde; they brought the news of the outer world, and months after their departure their peculiarities of face and figure, dress and gesture, even their quaintnesses of speech, were subjects for conversation over the dinner table, or when the family gathered in the inner patio for an evening chat, the master of the house tranquilly smoking—a large, good natured man, quiet for lack of themes to set his tongue a-gallop. Maria Naranjo was voluble, fond of company, and enthusiastically hospitable; so much so that Don Diego used to say that she would welcome a blind mule gone astray on the roads.

There were several guestrooms, usually furnished with the proper and decent simplicity of the hot country, cot beds with just the canvas to lie on, thick "frazadas" for the cool nights, as it is often very chilly in the tierra caliente after the sun goes down and night advances, a chair or two, a bureau and a small German looking glass warranted to make one wish he had never contemplated his features therein. One could hardly use the glass for shaving without danger of cutting off an ear. The floors of broad red tiles, unglazed; the walls whitewashed so you could see, even with the feeble light of a candle, if there was a scorpion crawling about, suggesting how inscrutable are the decrees of Allah who embodies one intelligence in a horrid, creeping thing, and another in that strange biped, man, that is as a god walking the earth, and, as we all know, always and everywhere the glory and justification of the immense time given to his evolution.

The room of honor for distinguished people was a large one with two iron grated windows looking out on a large courtyard and a door which you closed at night, and then placed across it, the ends resting in each its hole, a great beam for perfect security against intruders. There were at least six chairs of Austrian bent wood, light colored, two of them comfortable "meedores," or rocking chairs, and there was even a sofa of the same material, one of the finest products of human ingenuity.

The bed was a masterpiece of brass, with a great canopy surmounted by some sort of carved crown, as if designed for an emperor happening by and asking lodging for the night. The bed foundation, as it were, was composed of boards painted green and laid

across the frame. And there was a mattress, very thin and hard, as is proper in tropical regions, if you employ so essentially strange a thing at all. A faded but ample rug was stretched at one side of the bed so that aristocratic feet need not touch the vulgar brick tiles on getting into bed at night or on arising in the morning, when the yellow sunlight filled the room, from the big patio. The room was pleasant, and one would not imagine it had had so sinister a history. Within six years three people had occupied it and had been found dead in the morning, and no one could say what had extinguished the lamp of their life. There was Don Carlos Arispe, who was a planter, living 60 miles away, and who had been lodged in the room of the canopied bed as a due tribute to his social consequence. He was 60 years old, and it was believed that he died of heart disease. Then came a lawyer from the City of Mexico, from the faroff city of palaces, on his way to Acapulco to arrange some business.

Surely so grand a personage as a lieutenant of the capital of the federation must be lodged in the grand room! He, too, died in the night, inexplicably. Still he was fragile and had been exposed to the sun a great deal, and the transition from his somber, cool and smoky office in the capital to hot roads and coarse fare was believed to have affected his brain. The servants said it was a case of cerebral congestion due to "insolacion," or overexposure to the sun. For ten months nobody was placed in the room till there came, one spring afternoon, a robust young man, a surveyor for a foreign company, accompanied by two mocos. He was a man of consequence, for he wore a pearl handled Massachusetts made revolver, and so, without giving heed to the grim history of the room of the canopied bed, he was placed there, and as he undressed that April night he whistled as only a happy German may and sang songs of the fatherland.

When old Ponciano, a house servant, went to call the surveyor in the morning, he was cold in death. His mocos viewed the remains, and in haste they rode off to bring the judge, who lived 20 miles away. He barely got there in time, for in the tierra caliente burial follows close on death. The judge pronounced it a case of sudden death (oh, fatal sapientia!) due to organic cardiac derangement—at least that is what his high sounding phrase implied, and the sonorous sound of the words satisfied the dead man's faithful servants and all the onlookers. There was no sign of a woman on the fair body of the young man. He was buried that night out in the little cemetery where had preceded him two other victims of the fatal bed.

Nearly six years had elapsed since the first of these sinister happenings when, just after the close of the rainy season, the roads having hardened, there arrived from Acapulco a young married couple on their way to the City of Mexico. They were accompanied by six armed mocos, and all were well mounted. The young man, the Captain Felix Delmonte, and his bride were most charming people. The officer had just taken to himself a wife, having received news of the death of an uncle, a wealthy man in the federal capital, who had made him his heir.

It was a somewhat unusual thing to marry at the "very root" of a kinsman's death, but Soledad Marquez was an orphan, and the officer was madly in love with her and hoped to make arrangements to leave the service and settle down with this lovely young woman in the City of Mexico, there to enjoy the new wealth. Soledad was a tropical beauty, a daughter of the sun and the sea, a girl of the Pacific coast and with eyes deep, dark and dreamy, fit to fascinate a king. They asked accommodations for themselves and their escort for the night, and Don Diego and his wife were only too glad of their company. There were a grand supper that night and much merry-making, and all the news of the great and famous port of Acapulco was retailed, to the intense interest of Don Diego and his household.

How it came about that the young couple were assigned to the room of the canopied bed is told thus: They were first shown to a small room in which two cots had been placed for them and expressed their thanks for the lodging in the gracious Mexican way when Dona Maria, feeling a housewife pride in the fact that she had a grander room to show, remarked, "I could give you another room, but—" "But what?" inquired Captain Delmonte, and he added: "For myself I don't mind, but this little woman is very tired, and perhaps you have a mattress on which she could better rest. Excuse the trouble I'm giving you."

The married pair were shown the grand room, and Maria exclaimed, "What a very pretty bed!" The good wife dared not relate the story of the room, being ashamed, as she afterwards remarked, and then, too, she reflected that the mattress was a new one and the room had been cleaned and newly whitewashed. The young couple seemed so radiant with happiness, so strong and full of the joy of life, that Dona Maria told them to take the room and to say well their prayers on retiring. They laughed and promised to do so. Then she went to Don Diego, who, being a practical man, listened to her words of foreboding and laughed, saying: "The spell will be broken by this happy pair; they bring love and life and everything gladome with them. Don't think more about it, woman, and let us have a breakfast fit for our guests. To bed, to bed, and let us be up betimes!"

It was a lovely late October morning, the air touched with just a distant suspicion of a chill; the sun, big and white and glorious, rose from above the tops of the great sawlike ridge of mountains, the palm trees swayed in the breeze, and there was a contagious joy

in all nature. Repeating her prayers, Dona Maria asked the blessing of heaven on the young people and went out to see her maids and make sure of a grand breakfast, so the travelers might start away with pleasant memories of the hacienda of Valverde. There was a commotion in the huge kitchen, where the morning repast was preparing according to the direction given to the "ama de llaves" the night before by the careful Maria.

Seven o'clock came, and the young people were not astir, though the mocos of the escort were long before up and had had their coffee. Eight o'clock came, and Maria felt a sinking of the heart; a horrible clutching sensation seized her bosom; she grew faint and called for water; then, feeling better, she went to the big patio, tapped lightly on the door of the grand room and listened, her heart thumping.

No reply! Then she knocked louder, and then again with more force, and no answer came. She almost dropped, and cold sweat covered her body. Old Ponciano came hobbling along, his face worried. "Get up on that chair and look in the window," said Maria faintly. The old man did as he was bid, and said, "They are still sleeping."

Then he jumped down, and his face, though very brown, became blanched with fear. He recalled the young German surveyor, the lawyer and Don Carlos Arispe.

Then came the master of the house, Don Diego, tall, strong, and his face somber. He was choking with apprehension. He, too, looked in the window and shouted.

And there was no reply. Then he tried the door, and, luckily, the young people had not put up the wooden beam. He got in, and touched the sleepers. They moved not. They were sleeping the last sleep! Don Diego was a strong man, but he felt deadly ill. "Demons haunt this accursed room!" he cried out. Then, Ponciano having called the men of the escort, they came and entered the room. Astonishment was depicted on their faces. They refused to believe that the captain and his bride, so calm in death, were not asleep. They groaned in spirit, and one of the men shouted in Captain Delmonte's ear: "Captain, get up! It is nearly 9 o'clock." But the captain was far away.

The same judge who had been sent for before was summoned. The judge came late in the afternoon. He recalled his previous visit, and yet he said: "No suspicion can attach to you, Don Diego, nor to your wife or servants. This is an act of God; this room, this bed, they are accursed. Let us remove the bodies; they may be buried in the morning, and next day I will draw up papers relating the mystery of this room, which should be barred, never to be opened again."

The men of the escort wept like children; they were good loyal fellows, and fond of the captain and his bride. Old Ponciano was so overcome that he fell in an attack and died inconspicuously. A whisper went about that he was a poisoner, and that his heart had accused him! So the servants gossiped.

At 5:30 in the morning the young couple were buried in the presence of the judge who also presided over the interment of Ponciano, not without some feeling of suspicion in his heart regarding the old man. But Don Diego said: "Ponciano served my father before me. He was the soul of honor, though poor and a servant. No, no; let us take down that bed, for so, perchance, we shall ease our minds, though I believe that the room is filled with demons."

Late in the afternoon the judge and Don Diego, with the men of the escort, went to the grand room. It was bright, as is the wont of windowed rooms after great tragedies. Servants began to take the bed to pieces, trembling with superstitious horror. When the canopy was removed, everybody was petrified and felt turned to icy rigidity. Concealed in the top was a nest of tarantulas! They scattered as disturbed, these demons in reality, and the men ran out of the room, fearing them. Here was the long kept secret of the fatal room. These creatures had descended at night and killed their victims and then returned to their nest in the canopy.

All was duly set down by the judge and attested by all the witnesses. And this closed the gruesome chapter of horrors at the hacienda of Valverde.—Boston Herald.

A Story From Dublin.

It was at a Dublin dance. What lent additional luster to the occasion was the expectation that a certain important peer would put in an appearance and, of course, dance with certain fortunate damsels. The guest of the evening was, however, late. An excellent and fussy person saw a very pretty girl sitting out dance after dance. He went up and, speaking to the mother, observed: "It is quite a shame that your pretty daughter should be sitting out in this way. You must really let me introduce her to some nice young men who will give her all the dancing she wants."

"Whist!" cried the mother. "Be aisy; I'm kaping her cool for the earl."

A Cart Reply.

The postmaster of Round Up, Kan., recently received notification from the department in Washington that he would be compelled to give a larger bond for the faithful performance of his duty, as the business of his office was increasing. The postmaster draws a salary of \$25 a year, and he returned the department's letter with the word "Nix" written in red ink at the bottom. At last accounts the postmaster was doing business under the old bond.



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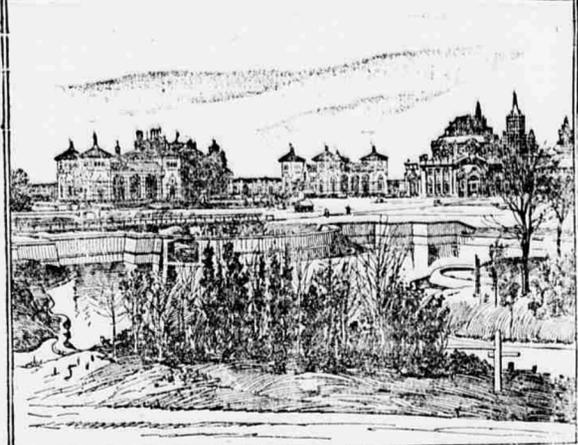
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NORTHWEST VIEW FROM THE OHIO BUILDING.

comprehensive exhibits of the Pan-American Exposition we see a record in graphic form of what mankind has accomplished upon this hemisphere during the 100 years now completed.

With vision sharpened we look forward with prophetic eye into the mysteries of the future and get, in imagination at least, a glimpse of what the next century is to bring forth.

Can it be possible that the Twentieth century will see an advance in material and intellectual things as great relatively to that of other centuries as the Nineteenth century has witnessed? It scarcely seems within the bounds of possibility, and yet who can say whether even more wonderful discoveries and even more valuable applications of our present knowledge than the past century has given us do not await us in the one now just begun? The Nineteenth century saw the revolution in methods of travel on land and sea caused by the invention of the steam engine; it saw the invention of the telegraph and telephone and electric light; it witnessed the application of electric power to urban transportation methods and to the operation of the wheels of industry generally; it produced great improvements in the fields of medicine and surgery and of education; it gave us inventions in the way of machinery which have completely revolutionized industry and shortened the hours of labor for the manual workers of the civilized world and particularly of this hemisphere. To go on and enumerate in detail the features of Nineteenth century progress would require more space than is at my command. But it will not do to forget that great as this progress has been and proud as we have a right to be of it there are tremendous problems of a social and political character yet to be solved. Their settlement during the next century will do much to alleviate the misery yet existing in the world and render happier the millions who will be born, live and die during the next hundred years. It should not be forgotten that many branches of science are yet in their infancy. We have only begun to understand the mysterious force of electricity, and we have not yet succeeded in navigating the air. There are yet many worlds to be conquered by the daring, the inventive and the pioneers of human progress in the forthcoming century.

That the pulse of mankind will be quickened by the great Exposition of all the Americas so soon to be held there is no room for doubt.

No more appropriate time could be chosen for such an Exposition upon the American continent. No more appropriate place than Buffalo and the Niagara frontier could be selected, for it is at this spot, where the cataract of Niagara has been harnessed and science and industry have combined to concentrate all the energies and activities characteristic of the time, that the most fitting assemblage can be made of the things which portray most effectively this progress.

Never before in the history of exhibitions in either the New World or the Old has such remarkable work of a constructive character been done. Never before did six months show such a wonderful change in the appearance of tract of land as has been worked, without the aid of magic, in the 350 acres which comprise the site of the Pan-American Exposition.

Now that the principal buildings are practically constructed and the whole great enterprise has been thus far run on schedule time it can be seen that

include the best of former exhibits and will in addition have novelties never before shown. The heavy ordnance will be mounted outside the Government building. This branch of the exhibit will include the 12 inch gun, with disappearing carriage, so arranged that neither the man nor the gun is exposed except during the moment of firing, the recoil throwing it into its original position. Then, too, there will be shown the 16 inch seasort rifle manufactured at the Watervliet arsenal, the most powerful piece of ordnance ever constructed in the United States, having a maximum range of 20 1/2 miles. It will be the greatest display of heavy ordnance ever made, yet this is only one of the numerous features of the Government Ordnance Exhibit for the Exposition.

Another exhibit of ordnance will be made by manufacturers, but in a different part of the grounds. It will be very large, as all the makers will naturally want to make as good a showing as possible. Here a considerable number of important inventions not yet accepted by any government, but which may figure conspicuously in the possible defenses of the future, will be shown. There will be great guns and small guns and guns of all kinds and their accessories at the Pan-American Exposition. To many visitors this will be one of the most attractive features of the big show. The study of weapons with which the great powers wage war is ever an interesting one, and the many wonderful discoveries and inventions in this line during the past few years have a tendency very naturally to accentuate the interest. That the fullest opportunity to satisfy curiosity in this direction will be given at this Exposition is assured.

FOOD PRODUCTION.

Possibilities in Pan-America to Be Shown at Exposition.

Foods and Their Accessories, a division having a place in the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts building at the Pan-American Exposition, will show



A FLAZA LION

the possibilities for food production in Pan-America. The requirements of soil and climate for a great variety of foods and accessories now brought from the orient will be shown to be possessed by the countries of the Western World.