

MILLS AGAIN IN JAIL.

Brought Back From Chicago This Noon.

SHERIFF CLEMENTS ALL SMILES

Mills Enjoyed but Forty Days of Liberty and Was Retaken Through the Machinery of Bankers' Association—Changed in Appearance.

From Monday's Daily.
Sheriff J. J. Clements came in on the noon train from Chicago, where he had been after F. E. Mills, alias L. L. Winn, who broke jail at Madison October 13. The prisoner accompanied the sheriff and this afternoon was escorted to Madison, where he will be kept until the district judge finds opportunity to sit on his case.

Mills was arrested by a detective firm of that city, giving them the name of F. E. Maxwell. It is supposed that they got trace of him through his correspondence with his lady friend in Ohio, to whom he wrote while a guest of Sheriff Clements at Madison. Their method of securing evidence against him is, however, one of the secrets of the profession and they are not disclosing the exact mode of procedure. The sheriff was notified by telegram Friday of Mills' capture and was almost afraid to go to sleep that night for fear he would dream that it wasn't true. He left for Chicago Saturday morning and returned with his man today. He proposed to take no chances of the prisoner escaping during the trip and was accompanied on the return trip by Detective H. L. Loose of the Chicago force.

The detectives who were successful in apprehending Mills are Pinkertons, in the employ of the American Bankers' association, of which the Norfolk National bank is a member. This association has a protective committee, the duty of which is to protect banks against the manipulations of just such fellows as Mills, and see that they are apprehended and punished when captured. After Mills broke jail one of the detectives employed by this committee was here for a week looking up the matter, and made the assertion at that time that they would have Mills behind the bars again inside of 60 days. They more than made good their promise, barely 40 days having elapsed between the time Mills made his escape and his re-capture.

Mills is not the composed, collected individual that he was when he was first taken in this city and his appearance has undergone a decided change. After he had been dined at the Queen City hotel and was being escorted to the Union Pacific train, which was fortunately delayed by the wreck, he chewed the toothpick he had picked up almost savagely as though he might have wished that his teeth were crunching the laws of the land and the officers who endeavored to enforce them. There is one good thing to be said for Mills and that is that he consented to be removed from Illinois to Nebraska without putting the officers to the delay and expense of securing requisition papers.

As Mills is remembered here, he was smooth faced, wore glasses, was generously provided for as to waist measure, and wore neat and well fitting clothes. The Mills that Sheriff Clements had in charge today was considerably reduced as to avoirdupois, in fact was almost thin, with dark circles under his eyes, and wore clothes which appeared as though they had not had the care that he usually bestows upon his attire. He was minus the glasses, which were alleged to have been worn only for a blind in the first instance, and he had grown a moustache of quite generous dimensions, slightly red as to color. He lacked the well-fed appearance that he displayed when in Norfolk before, the result, no doubt, of long tramp across the country, indifferent fare and continual vigilance in the dodging of officers.

Sheriff Clements promises that as long as Mills is under his care he will enjoy few liberties, in fact will be kept in close confinement and he is hoping that there may be a special term of court to dispose of his case soon so that he may be secure in the penitentiary if it is decided that his crime entitles him to such punishment.

No reward was offered by the sheriff for the arrest of Mills, but he proposes to see to it as far as in his power that the detectives who apprehended him do not go unrewarded.

It will be remembered that Mills was arrested in Norfolk early last summer for forging school warrants, some of which he was successful in passing. He was bound over to district court for trial and escaped from the county jail on October 13.

Sheriff Clements is perhaps the best pleased officer in the state at being able to get him back and it may well be realized that he will exercise the utmost vigilance in preventing a second escape and will long for the time when he may be legally rid of his charge.

CHARGED WITH THEFT.

Joe West Accused of Lifting a Force Pump.

From Tuesday's Daily.
On complaint of B. C. Walters, Joe West was arrested yesterday on the

charge of having appropriated a force pump, valued at \$5 from Walters' place of business on Brasch avenue. West was brought before Justice Easley to answer to the complaint and was given until 1 o'clock this afternoon to present a defense. A jury trial was demanded, a number of witnesses were subpoenaed and every indication was that it would be a hard fought and interesting case. The court fixed the bonds for the appearance of the prisoner at court this afternoon, at \$100, and rather expected that the young man would spend the interim in jail, but Mary Clark who lives at the West place, said she would fix the matter and left the court room for a short time, returning with the \$100 in cash which she deposited with his honor as a guarantee of the appearance of the prisoner at the time wanted. The young man was therefore given his liberty.

Suspicion of the officers have for some time been directed toward the West place but they have not yet been able to accumulate evidence that could be used successfully, and the determination to fight this case on the part of the Wests is taken to mean that they do not intend to be put in a bad light before the law if they can prevent it.

RHEUMATISM CURED AT LAST.

Good News for All Who Suffer With Rheumatism Free.

To all who suffer with rheumatism I will gladly send free the wonderful story of how my mother was cured after years of suffering, together with the most elaborate treatise on rheumatism ever published.

No matter what your form of rheumatism is, whether acute, chronic, muscular, inflammatory, deformed, sciatic, neuralgia, gout, lumbago, etc.—no matter how many so-called "sure cures" you have tried—I want you to write to me and let me tell you how mother was cured.

I am neither a doctor nor a professor—simply a plain man of business—but I have a cure for rheumatism, and I want to tell everyone who suffers with rheumatism all about it. I wish to be clearly understood, and trust that all who are suffering with this terrible disease, however, apparently beyond the reach of cure, will write to me this day and I will send you by return mail this work of mine. I appeal especially to the "chronically ill" who are wearied and discouraged with "doctoring" and to those who have been cast aside as "incurable." All you have thought about rheumatism may be wrong. Let me tell you our experience. Surely, if you have a suffering friend, it will pay you to investigate my offer, anyway, and prove for yourself these claims I make.

Send me your address today—a postal card will do—and I will mail you this wonderful story. If you have any friends suffering with rheumatism no matter where located, send me their address, and I will mail them a copy. My address is Victor Rainbolt, Bloomfield, Ind.

YOUNG GRANT'S COLT.

The Story of a Purchase That Earned the Boy Much Teasing.

When Ulysses S. Grant was a small boy living in Georgetown, O., he wanted, like most boys, to own a horse, and one particular colt belonging to a man named Ralston he wished especially to have. To indulge the boy's taste and buy the colt his father offered Mr. Ralston \$20, but the owner valued the colt at \$25 and refused the offer, taking the animal home with him.

As the hours passed after the little horse had trotted away with its owner Ulysses' disappointment and eagerness for possession increased, and he finally begged his father to pay the \$25 demanded. His father said that \$20 was all the animal was worth, but since Ulysses desired it so much he might go to Mr. Ralston and offer \$20 again. If, his father added, he could not buy it for \$20, he might offer \$22.50, and if the owner would not let it go for \$22.50, he might, in order to obtain it, give \$25. Ulysses therefore mounted a horse and set out for Mr. Ralston's. He was at that time probably about eight years old.

When he found the owner, he told him, "Papa says I may offer you \$20 for the colt, but if you won't take that to offer you \$22.50, and if you won't take that to give you \$25."

The eagerness of the boy to gain the horse could not brook any barrier. It is needless to say that he paid \$25 and led the animal home.

Grant said, in writing his memoirs, that the story of this purchase of his got out in the village and it was long before he heard the last of it. The schoolboys delighted in teasing him about it; schoolboys are very often little barbarians for tormenting one another, and they did not let Ulysses forget this one instance when he was behind the rest in cleverness.

He kept the horse for several years and finally sold it for \$20, the poor animal having become blind. Later he found it taken from the road and working the tread wheel of a ferryboat which piled between the Ohio and Kentucky banks of the Ohio river.

Concett All Gone.
"That boy," she said when her husband reached home, "is just like you." "Been naughty again, has he?" he returned.
Long experience had taught him the circumstances in which she noted the resemblance between father and son, and years ago the remark had ceased to flatter him.—Chicago Post.

TWO RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

Yesterday Was Their Unlucky Day.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR YOUNG.

Derailing of a Car on the Elkhorn Saved His Life—Union Pacific Had a Bad Wreck a Mile This Side of Warnerville.

From Monday's Daily:
An accident occurred at the Junction yesterday afternoon, in which an old gentleman named Young nearly lost his life. It was about 3 o'clock when Mr. Young and three of his grandsons named Strong, living a mile east of town, attempted to cross the track of the Elkhorn road at the Junction depot. They had a large wagon and a team of horses. The flagman was there and stopped them while a stock train was passing. After that he signaled them that they might go on, but immediately after he discovered that a switch engine was backing a string of cars down the third or fourth track and he again warned them to stop. They did not heed the warning, however, but drove ahead. The first car struck the wagon and team, killing one horse and smashing the vehicle into kindling wood. The young men in the wagon were thrown clear off the track, but the old gentleman did not fare so well. He landed between the rails in front of the approaching cars, and the fact that the front car was derailed when it struck the horse and turned crosswise of the track, stopping the train, only saved his life.

Mr. Young was quite badly bruised and cut on the head and hip, but no bones were broken. Superintendent Reynolds sent Dr. P. H. Salter to look after the injured man and accompany him home. Mr. Young may consider himself fortunate that he is alive today, as it was a little less than a miracle that caused the car to become derailed and stop the train. Had the car continued on no power on earth would have prevented him being crushed underneath the wheels, as he was in such position between the rails that he could not have been rescued.

Nine Cars Ditched.

A disastrous wreck, but fortunately not serious to life and limb, occurred on the Union Pacific about a mile this side of Warnerville yesterday noon. The wrecked train was a special loaded with coal and beasts for the Norfolk sugar factory. It consisted of 30 cars and was bowling along at a lively rate when something went wrong with the ninth car from the end and it was thrown from the rails, together with the eight cars following.

The cars and the stuff with which they were loaded was scattered about in all directions, and the track for a distance of about a quarter of a mile was torn up and badly damaged. Something of the force of the shock may be understood when it is known that some of the heavy rails used on the track were thrown clear off the right of way.

A wreck train and laborers were sent up from Columbus to clear away the wreckage, but they were not successful in clearing the track and getting it in condition for the resumption of traffic until almost noon today.

The passenger car here from the south at 9 o'clock last night got as far as the scene of the wreck, and it being learned that there would be no chance for it to proceed to Norfolk, the train was backed up to Madison for the night. It did not arrive in Norfolk until about noon today. It is perhaps one of the most serious wrecks that has occurred on the branch of the Union Pacific between this city and Columbus for many years. It was one of those unfortunate accidents for which no one in particular is to be blamed. There was a weakness in a car that was not disclosed until the accident had occurred and then it was too late to remedy. The harm had been done. It was fortunate that no one was killed or seriously injured. The members of the crew in the caboose must have experienced a severe shaking up, but suffered no serious hurts.

Half Rates Plus \$2.00 One Way or Round Trip via Wabash Railroad.

Tickets sold on 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month to many points south and southeast. Aside from this, tickets are on sale to all the winter resorts of the south at greatly reduced rates. The Wabash is the shortest, quickest and best line for St. Louis and all points south and southeast. Ask your nearest ticket agent to route you via the Wabash.

For rates, folders and all information call at Wabash corner, 1801 Farnam St. or address

HARRY E. MOORE,
General agent passenger department,
Omaha, Nebr.

Can You Imagine

a speck of matter 1-150 of an inch in diameter. Some of the air-cells in the lungs are no bigger than that. When you have a cold, these tiny cells are clogged with mucus or phlegm. Allen's Lung Balm, in curing a cold, clears the tiny air-passages of effete matter and heals the inflammation in the bronchial tubes.

FOR SALE—2 tracts of 16 acres each in edge of town. GARDNER & SEILER.

THEY GOT FREE SEATS.

An Order That Was Promptly Honored at the Box Office.

Once when Nat Goodwin was playing in Chicago two men approached his manager, who was standing in the lobby of the theater, and introduced themselves as a couple of actors. Their names were entirely unknown to him, and they had nothing to show that they were what they claimed to be. Accordingly he refused to give them seats, but they were persistent. One of the men in particular was offensive to the manager's nose and demanded who it was that dared refuse him passes. "I'll see Mr. Goodwin," he declared. "I'll see if a little whipper snapper like you can refuse me seats. You don't know who we are, eh? Well, who are you? Let's see your card. I'll see Mr. Goodwin about it."

The manager, who feared a scene, handed over one of his cards and told the men he was responsible and quite willing to take the consequences of refusing to give them seats.

A few minutes later the two men came back to the theater. One of them had written "Pass two" on the manager's card. He presented the card at the box office, and it was promptly honored. Then they went in.

When, half an hour later, the manager's attention was called to what had been done, he was at first inclined to take some severe action, but later he saw the joke on himself. "Let them alone," he said. "If they've got nerve enough to do that, they are entitled to seats. You had better send an usher down and ask them if they wouldn't like a box."—Chicago Tribune.

Sam Jones to Reporters.

A prominent Baltimore physician tells in the Baltimore Sun the following anecdote about Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist:

When several years ago Mr. Jones was at Emory Grove camp, the newspaper reports of his sermons caused him to complain.

At the last service he looked down at the reporters, who sat at a table just in front of the pulpit, and said:

"And I want to tell you fellows that I like you a lot in spite of your manifold faults. You boys don't treat me right, though. You take my sermons and pick out a piece here, a piece there and a piece somewhere else. Then you string the pieces together, and, naturally, they read funny."

"Now, suppose I reported the Bible that way! A man asks me what the Bible tells him to do. I read in one place, 'And Judas went out and hanged himself.' I turn over and read, 'Go thou and do likewise.' And in another place I find, 'And do it quickly.'"

"Now, you see, boys, that sort of thing won't do. It ain't fair."

How a Great Surgeon Died.

While Bichat, the famous surgeon, was dying of typhoid fever he turned to an old colleague who was sitting beside his bed and said to him:

"My friend, I am lost, but it is some consolation to know that my case is very curious. During the last few days I have noticed some odd symptoms, and I am studying them carefully."

"Oh, you may recover yet," said the friend.

"That is impossible," replied Bichat, "and if it were not for one thing I would be quite willing to die."

"What is that?" asked the friend.

"I am exceedingly sorry," answered Bichat, "that I shall not have an opportunity to perform an autopsy on myself after my death, for I know that I would make some wonderful scientific discovery."

An hour later he was dead.

River Soap Grease.

The famous Chicago river is being sold by the bucketful to soapmakers. That classic stream, the passing of whose water by the city of St. Louis moved the state of Missouri to go to law with the state of Illinois for not keeping its nuisance at home, affords a lucrative employment to a number of men. In the south branch above the drainage canal they are kept busy the day long scooping the top layer of the stream off with buckets and putting it in barrels, in which form it is sold to packers at the stockyards to be transformed into soap. This takes place in "Bubbly creek," which is the name applied to that part of the river into which the waste from the stockyards empties through sewers.—New York Tribune.

Washing in the Orient.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a laundry.—Chicago News.

A Heartless Interruption.

A young Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, was asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office to affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial registry. He consented, but when the scene was reached forgot himself. Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities he broke out: "Gentlemen, cannot this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing this sad occurrence?"

LIGHT TOMORROW NIGHT.

Norfolk Gas Company to Illuminate the City.

GAS STREET LAMPS WILL SHINE

Norfolk Will Change the Refrain Tomorrow, to "There'll be a Light Time in the Old Town Tonight." Some Ranges Now Here.

From Tuesday's Daily.

Manager Snyder of the Norfolk Light and Fuel company proposes that his company will endeavor to do something toward making the people of Norfolk happy on Thanksgiving by turning on the street lights tomorrow night and also the night of Thanksgiving. The company has placed 34 street lamps on 34 prominent street corners in the city and those who have seen the light at the station anticipate that there will be a brilliancy on those corners and for several blocks of contiguous territory that will exceed any illumination that has been experienced since the town was organized. The several lamps are so situated that the illumination will be very general and the people in the more densely populated portions of the city will have an opportunity of judging just what the company is capable of accomplishing toward the lighting of their paths. The display will be anticipated with pleasure by those who have been accustomed to the darkness and gloom that has pervaded their several localities during the nights when the moon has been off duty or has had his effulgence smothered by heavy clouds.

The company has received its first installment of cooking ranges numbering 25, that are being placed as expeditiously as the limited force of workmen obtainable will permit. Mr. Snyder is anxious that the work should be pushed to completion and would give employment to a score or more of men expert at the work if he could obtain them. A carload of 125 ranges has been ordered and are expected at an early date and the company hopes to have all its customers supplied at an early date. The work is being pushed rapidly and is now well along, and only awaiting finishing touches to give the people of Norfolk the advantage of a complete gas lighting system.

The store of the Johnson Dry Goods company is one of the business houses that has been fitted up for lights and it will soon be demonstrated there what the company can do toward store illumination.

The Town Had Offsets.

"I had been knocking about a Kansas town in the evening," said a Boston drummer with a limp, "and in heading for my hotel I walked plump into an open sewer which had no red light of warning. I had a bad fall and broke my hip, and I wasn't yet out of the sewer when I made up my mind to sue for \$20,000 damages. I was taken to the hospital, and next day the city attorney called on me to know what I was going to do."

"I'm going to sue the town, of course," I replied.

"But what for?" he asked.

"For personal damages. There should have been a railing or a light, but there was neither, and my injury will lay me up for weeks."

"But don't you know what you escaped by falling into the sewer?" he asked.

"No."

"Then let me tell you that the roof of the hotel fell in last night and killed three men, and if you had been in your bed you would have been crushed to pulp. You really owe this town something instead of talking about damages."

"When able to get out," continued the drummer, "I found that public opinion was against me and the people ready to stand a suit, and by advice of a lawyer I settled the case for \$125. I didn't even get all that. In tumbling into the sewer I broke two planks and brought a caven, and the damages were assessed at \$5.66 and taken out of my money."

Still in the Business.

Lord Kames, a once famous Scottish judge, on his way southward to Perth from the northern circuit, had to spend the night at Dunkeld. Next morning he made for the ferry across the Tay, but, missing the road, asked a passer-by to show him the way.

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "I see your lordship does not know me. My name's John Gow. Don't you remember me? I had the honor to be tried before your lordship for sheep stealing."

"Now I recollect you, John," replied the judge. "And how is your wife? She, too, had the honor to appear before me for receiving the sheep, knowing them to have been stolen."

"Ah, we were very lucky to get off for want of evidence, but I am still in the butchering business."

"Then," quoth Lord Kames as he came in sight of the ferry, "we may have the honor of meeting again."—Scottish American.

Hardly That.

Cholly—Miss Mabel, do you know you've stolen my heart?
Mabel—Oh, well, that's only petty larceny.—New York Journal.

A Little Rough on Ma.

Daughter—The man I marry must be a brave man.
Father—He will be if he marries you while your mother is living.—New York Press.



WHEN BABY IS COMING USE Mother's Friend

Woman's greatest dream of beauty and glory is when nature has chosen her to become a mother. Every faculty is keenly alert as she foresees the joy, ambition, success and the life-long satisfaction coming nearer, day by day, in the dear and innocent being so soon to see light, and the uncertainty whether she shall see a sweet girl or a brave boy face beside her on the pillow adds zest to her expectancy. Mother's Friend applied externally throughout pregnancy will relieve the pain of parturition, and no mother and child can fail to be healthy, hearty, strong, clear complexioned, pure blooded and cheerful in disposition, who are mutually influenced by the continued use of this great liniment, MOTHER'S FRIEND. Buy of druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Our treatise "Motherhood" mailed free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATORY CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the postoffice November 25, 1902.

Wm. P. Anderson, E. A. Bodie, Egyptian Remedy Co., R. H. Fitzgerald Mr. Gendreau, Frank Hajack, Ben Klingler, Lord & Taylor, S. Secord, James F. Wheeler, Mrs. L. D. Wooley.

If not called for in 15 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

Parties calling for any of the above please say advertised.

JOHN R. HAYS, P. M.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

How to Get Rid of a Cold.

"Shall I ever be rid of this cold?" This is the daily question of a man racked by a cough that seems to tear his lungs. Let him cheer up and take Allen's Lung Balm. This remedy not merely overcomes ordinary coughs and colds, however obstinate, but it is recommended even in the first stages of consumption.



HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On November 5th, and 19th, and December 3rd, and 17th, the Missouri Pacific Railway will sell tickets to certain points in the South, Southeast, and Southwest, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. Final return limit 21 days from date of sale.

Fast Time and Superior Through Service. Reclining Chair Cars (seats free). Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.

For further information or land pamphlets, address, W. C. BARNES, T. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

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