

THE DAILY BEE

OMAHA PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS.

916 Farnham, bet. 9th and 10th Streets. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION...

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Leave Omaha—Passenger No. 2, 8:30 a. m. Accommodation No. 1, 8:30 p. m.

Arrive Omaha—Passenger No. 1, 8:30 p. m. Accommodation No. 2, 10:30 a. m.

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Furniture.

A. F. GROSS, New and Second Hand Furniture Store, 114 Douglas. Highest cash price for second hand goods.

Perce Works.

OMAHA PERCE CO. UST, FRANK & CO. 1215 Harney St. Improve a few boxes, free and Wood Fence, Office & Store, Cor. 15th and Walnut.

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WEST & FRITSCHEER, manufacturers of Cigars, and Wholesale Dealers in Tobacco, 1825 Douglas. V. F. LORENZEN manufacturer 1416 Farnham.

Florist.

A. DONAGH, plants, cut flowers, seeds, nosegays, etc. N. W. cor. 16th and Douglas streets.

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ANDREW ROSHWATER, Crelighton Block, Town Survey, Gravel and Sewerage Systems a Specialty.

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JOHN G. WIL, 1214 1/2 Dodge Street. D. H. FREEMAN, For details see large advertisement in Daily and Weekly.

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Western Cornice Works, Manufacturers Iron Cornice, Tin, Iron and Glass Roofing. Order from any locality promptly executed in the best manner. Factory and Office 1215 Harney St.

C. S. SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

Galvanized Iron Cornices, Window Caps, etc., manufactured and put up in any part of the country. T. S. HINCH, 1313 1/2 13th Street.

Crocker.

J. DONNER, 1309 Douglas Street. Good line.

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GEORGE H. PETERSON, Also Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions and Cutlery, 504 S. 10th Street.

Refrigerators, Canfield's Patent.

C. F. GOODMAN, 11th St. bet. Farn. & Harney.

Show Case Manufacturing.

O. J. WILDE, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Show Cases, Upright Cases, A. S. 1217 Cass St.

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1215 South 10th Street, between Leavenworth and Macy. All goods warranted first-class.

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ROSENFELD, 10th St. bet. Far. & Harney. Stoves and Tinware.

Stoves and Tinware.

A. BURMESTER, Dealer in Stoves and Tinware, and Manufacturer of Tin Roofs and all kinds of Building Work, Old Fellows Hall.

J. BONNER, 1309 Douglas St. Good and Cheap.

Seeds.

J. EVANS, Wholesale and Retail Seed Dealer and Cultivator, Old Fellows Hall.

Physicians and Surgeons.

W. S. GIBBS, M. D., Room No. 4, Crelighton Block, 15th Street.

P. S. LEISENRING, M. D. Masonic Block.

C. L. HART, M. D., Eye and Ear, opt. Postoffice. DR. R. R. GRADY, D. O., 11th and Farnham St. Dentist and Artist, W. W. 15th and Farnham St.

Photographers.

GRAND CENTRAL PHOTO, 212 Sixteenth Street, near Masonic Hall. First-class Work and Promptness guaranteed.

Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting.

P. W. TAPPY & CO., 216 12th St., bet. Farnham and Douglas. Work promptly attended to.

D. TITZPATRICK, 1409 Douglas Street.

Printing an Paper Anging.

HENRY A. KOSTER, 141 Dodge Street.

Shoe Stores.

Phillip Lanz, 1309 Farnham St. bet. 13th & 14th.

Second Hand Store.

PERKINS & LEAR, 1418 Douglas St., New and Second Hand Furniture, House Furnishing Goods, etc., bought and sold on easy terms.

Saloons.

HENRY FELDMANN, In the new brick block on Douglas Street, has just opened a most elegant Bill Hall. Hot Lunch from 10 to 12 every day.

"Caladonia" J. FALCONER 670 16th Street.

Undertakers.

CHAS. RIEWE, 1015 Farnham, bet. 10th & 11th. 90 Cent Stores.

P. C. BACKUS, 1205 Farnham St., Fancy Goods.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

A Cure Guaranteed. Dr. E. C. Clark's Nerve and Brain Treatment—A specific for Hypertension, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spasmodic, hysterical, involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over exertion, self abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to insanity, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. For further particulars, send for our free pamphlet, which will be sent by mail at regular price. Admly.

Genius Rewarded.

The Story of the Sewing Machine. A handsome little pamphlet, blue and gold cover, with numerous engravings, will be GIVEN AWAY to any adult person calling for it, at any branch or sub-office of The Singer Manufacturing Company, or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any person living at a distance from our offices.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

Principal Office, 34 Union Square, NEW YORK.

PILE! PILE! PILE!

A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer! A sure cure for Piles, Hemorrhoids, Itching and Smarting, has been discovered by Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the most obstinate cases of 20 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer the tortures attending applying this wonderful ointment. It cures Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all other ailments of the rectum, always the most efficacious (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for the relief of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffey, Secretary of Cleveland and says about Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of Piles cures, and I afford you my promise to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment." For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of 25c. HENRY & CO., Prop'rs., LEAVENWORTH, ILL. For sale by C. F. Peterson, 1215 Douglas Street.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

Secret Police Who are Really Secret Who Actually do Detect.

An Incident Showing How Neatly and How Effectively They do Their Work.

MacMillan's Magazine.

Some five or six years ago, being on a visit to Paris, I went to see a friend, a French gentleman I had known for many years, who, with his wife and only daughter, lived on Second in a small house in the Faubourg St. Germain. I found the family, one and all, in the greatest possible excitement. During the night their domicile had been broken into, and property to the value of about 30,000 francs (£1,200), consisting of plate, jewels, money and bonds, had been stolen. My friend was by no means a rich man, and the loss was to him a very serious one. The strange part of the affair was that no one seemed to have the slightest idea by whom or how the lost things had been taken. They were kept in a large iron-clamped chest, which was never moved out of the seller a manger, and which was found in its usual place next morning, but with the lock forced open. The chest was not the only one in the number and consisted of an elderly man and his wife, who had been in the same service for more than ten years. They did not sleep on the same floor as their master and mistress; but, as is usual in Paris, occupied a room some stories higher in the mansard or attic. They had a key by which to let themselves in from the back stairs to the kitchen in the morning; but at the time of the robbery neither one nor the other was in the dining room where the chest was kept until after my friend's daughter had found out what had happened. The lady of the family had locked the chest—it was her usual habit before she had retired to rest the previous night. The key was found hanging on a nail at the head of her bed, its usual place. The theft must have been committed between 11 p. m. when the chest was locked and 8 a. m. when her daughter discovered the loss. The concierge declared that no one save those who lived in the house had passed his lodge during those hours. The door of the apartment opening on the main staircase was found locked and the key on the inside. Altogether it was a most mysterious business of which no one could make anything save that the property had vanished; therefore, it must have been taken by some one.

LE RUE DE JERUSALEM.

My friend resolved to go at once to the Rue de Jerusalem—the Scotland yard of Paris—and ask the authorities to inquire into the matter. I suggested an agent de police or policeman from the nearest station might be called, but was told that that was not the way they did things in Paris. The policemen that kept order in the streets, and those whose business it is to discover what has become of stolen property, are two departments perfectly distinct from each other. Being anxious to see how our neighbors managed affairs of this kind, and whether they were better than those of our own London detectives, I accompanied my friend to the Prefecture de Police, where he sent in his card, and we were at once ushered into the presence of a quiet-looking elderly gentleman, one of the sous-chefs of the department, who looked more like a bank manager or head clerk in a large mercantile house, than a man whose occupation was to indicate where the thieves and other "wants" could be laid hands on.

A Frenchman is nothing if he is not polite. The individual into whose sanctum we were shown welcomed us with a civility which nothing could exceed. He heard my friend's story of how from first to last, made a few notes which he had on his desk, and now and then asked a question or two respecting the house and apartment which had been robbed, the servants, visitors, and other matters. But he did not detain us long. The interview was over in twenty minutes. The sous-chef then told my friend that he would send one of his subordinates to see the chest the next day. In the meantime would my friend prepare a list and a minute description as possible of the property that had been stolen? As a rule Frenchmen, no matter to what rank the thief belongs, have the greatest possible respect for all who are in any way connected with the police and never dream of disputing what they say; but my friend was somewhat annoyed at what he deemed useless delay, and asked whether the police agent could not be sent at once. The sous-chef, however, overruled his objection, and said it was best for many reasons that agent should not go to the house till next day. "It is the first place," he said, "I do not wish any one but yourselves to know that the gentleman who will call on you to-morrow is in any way connected with the police. He will send up a card and you will be kind enough to receive him as a friend—talk to him of the robbery in the presence of your servants as you would to any casual acquaintance." He then turned to me and said, laughingly: "We do not manage these affairs as you do in London. We don't stifle the police; we don't send constables to make a fuss and put every one on their guard; we like to do things quietly. The result is better." He then ordered us out and we took our departure, not over assured as to what the upshot of the affair would be.

A PARIS DETECTIVE.

"Un monsieur qui desire votre voir," said my friend's man servant next day, putting a card into his master's hand, just as we were finishing our middle meal, and a gentleman-like middle-aged man was shown in. He was close shaved as to the chin and upper lip, but wore a wig, more like an Englishman of business of ten years ago than a native of the belle France. He was well, but not fashionably dressed, and carried a small cane, with which he kept gently tapping his boot when not speaking. While the servant was in the room he continued his conversation to generalities, and gave his opinions freely on the political subjects of the day. When my friend spoke of the robbery and pointed to the chest out of which the property had been taken, he merely glanced at it, looked at the lock for a moment, and turned the conversation.

He asked madame to call her maid and talk to her on some indifferent subject. This was done, and I watched his face during the time the woman was present; but he merely looked at her once, and continued talking to me.

The only point on which he seemed really anxious was to obtain a fuller description of the articles lost than that he had been already furnished with.

My friend offered to give him details then and there, but he declined to wait for it, on the plea that by prolonging his visit he might arouse suspicion among the servants. We suggested meeting him near the Rue de Jerusalem; but he laughed at the idea, saying that if he were once seen near the police office his occupation would be gone, as he would be no longer of any great use as an agent of the police.

So an appointment was made to meet at the Cafe du Helder on the Boulevard, where a more detailed description of the lost property should be given to him. He then took his leave, but asked me to accompany him down stairs, so as to impress the concierge with the idea that he was an acquaintance of some standing. Before arriving at the cafe I found my friend had managed to find my coat in a manner which necessitated his turning into the concierge's lodge to borrow a clothesbrush, thereby gaining an opportunity of casting an eye round the small room and on its occupier. To me, being initiated, the object was palpable, though quite unsuspected by the individual in question. When the brushing was over we walked out together, and in the course of the conversation he touched upon the way in which some persons can so disguise themselves as to hide their individuality from their most intimate friends.

EFFEKTIVE DISGUISE.

I expressed myself as being doubtful whether this could be really done, provided the parties to be deceived were on the lookout for such deception. My companion differed from me, and offered to disguise himself so effectually that he would in the course of the next twenty-four hours speak to me for at least ten minutes without arousing my suspicions. I accepted the challenge, and staked the price of a detective on any case he would like to name. He agreed, and the very same day won the bet in the following manner:

Shortly after leaving the detective I met an old friend, who asked me to dine with him at Versailles that evening. I agreed to do so, but could not leave Paris as early as my friend intended to do so, and therefore told him I should go down by the 5:30 train by the Gare St. Lazare. I did so, and as I got to a first class carriage I remarked a short, gentlemanly-looking man, with white hair, who followed me to the same apartment. Frenchman-like he began to talk about things in general, and we chatted, more or less, nearly all the way to Versailles. When within ten minutes walk or so of our destination my new friend quietly took off his hat, pulled off a wig, got rid of a moustache, and to my utter amazement sat revealed before me as my friend the detective! How he had managed to find out that I was going to Versailles—which I had no idea of myself when I left him—or how he had so effectually concealed his appearance that I, sitting within three feet of him, had no idea that he was the man I had left some four hours previously, are problems which I cannot solve. The detective himself only laughed when I asked him how he had contrived it. He was evidently greatly flattered at the amazement I displayed; but beyond showing me with some pride his wig and moustache, he was very reticent and would enter into no details. That he had fairly won the breakfast there could be no doubt, but he said he would rather put off the event until he could see his way as to whether or not he should be able to recover a part or the whole of the property which my friend had lost. We then parted, he taking the train back to Paris, and I going on to the house where I was engaged to dine.

THE ROBBERY DISCOVERED.

This was on the Thursday evening, the Monday, about 11 a. m., the waiter of the hotel lay in my way, and told me that a gentleman wished to speak to me. He was shown up, and this time the detective was not disguised. He told me that for reasons which I would learn later he thought it better to come to me than to go to my friend's house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He said he had good news; for that he believed the greater part of the stolen property had been found, and asked me to go to the prefecture de police on the following day, about 3 p. m., and to take my friend with me. We did so and found that what the detective had told me was true. Among other valuables that had been stolen was a canvas bag containing between two and three hundred napoleons. These had disappeared; but the jewelry, the plate, and what was still more surprising, the bonds payable, as all such documents are in France an porteur (to the bearer), had been found and were ready for my friend to identify. This was easily done, but nothing was allowed to be touched for the present, as it would have to be sworn to at the trial which would shortly take place. When my friend returned home he found that while he was at the prefecture the concierge had been arrested for concealing the theft, and in the lodge were found in a hidden cupboard, the bag containing the money. In a word, without fuss, publicity, or loss of time, the whole of the property which had been stolen the week before was in the hands of the police. In ten days more the trial was over. The concierge and two of his relations were each condemned to five years of travaux forcés (penal servitude), my friend and, next to me as an Englishman, secured much more extraordinary, the total expense of the proceedings came to something like 100 francs (£4). Even this payment was nearly all voluntary, for my friend insisted upon making a small present to the

ties, and gave his opinions freely on the political subjects of the day.

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detective who had done his work so well.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH METHODS.

To give any details as to how the valuables were found, or how the robbery was traced to the concierge, is not in my power. The French police are invariably very reticent, particularly in cases like the one I have attempted to describe. They have a theory that publicity on such occasions is a very great mistake, and hinders justice. I called with my friend, upon the sous-chef that thought him for the trouble he had taken. He was a very intelligent person and evidently a man of education. He had been in England on business connected with his office, and spoke very freely about our police and their way of doing business.

He considered that such of the force as were employed in maintaining public order as among the very best in Europe. But of our detective system he had a very poor opinion. As he said very truly, no sooner is a robbery committed in England than the most publicity is given to the whole affair, and the thieves are as well aware of what steps are being taken to unravel the matter as the police themselves. It is true that a certain number of our police were plain clothes instead of uniform, but it is certain that these