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1615 HOWARD STREET.

Offers for sale the following bargains in Omaha property:

The finest lots in HANSCOM PLACE, originally reserved by Mr. Hanscom, and now first placed on the market as the choice residence property of Omaha. Elegant east front lots, splendid corner lots; just on grade. Magnificent view, near street cars, park, and surrounded by beautiful homes and a splendid class of people. Over thirty substantial houses costing from $2,000 to $10,000 each, will be built this season in the immediate vicinity. Will sell these lots at PRICES AND TERMS THAT PLACE THEM WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL who desire "Handsome Homes." And for investment, these lots cannot be excelled, as their location, natural advantages and the great number of costly houses to be erected will cause them to advance rapidly in price during the next six months. Also offer 3 beautiful east front lots in Marsh's Addition, near corner 25th and Leavenworth, one block from street cars, pavement, St. Mary's Avenue and church, covered with fine shade trees; each $2,300. Seven fine east front lots in Leavenworth Terrace; two blocks from Belt Line railway depot on Leavenworth street; lots around are selling for $700 to $900; can offer these lots for a few days only at $550 each. Two south front lots in Clifton Place, three blocks from street cars, one block from Leavenworth street, with its proposed grading, paving and Cable Line, covered with large oak and maple trees—a big bargain—the two at $2,400. Eight lots in Burr Oak, convenient to street cars and railroad, at $800 to $900. Two lots fronting south on Leavenworth street, each 61 feet front, one a corner, will be valuable business property in one year, the two for $1,500. Two acres in West Omaha, will make ten good lots, high and sightly location, splendid neighborhood; lots beyond are selling for $1,000 and $1,200; can sell the two acres if sold at once for $7,000. Some nice lots in Hawthorne, near Thirty-third and Davenport; the nearness of these lots to center of town make them especailly desirable investments at $900. Five lots, one a corner, on Lowe avenue, near Dodge street, high and healthy location, splendid place for a home, very easy terms, only $1,100 each. Six lots in Hartford Place, just this side of new M. P. depot and canning factory, cheapest property in the market, only $300; $40 down, $10 per month. Two lots, one a corner, in Shinn's 2nd addition, if sold quick, the two only $1,600. A few choice lots in Ambler Place, Thornburg, East Side, Clark's Place, Walnut Hill, Washington Hill, West End, Orchard Hill and other favorite additions. Also offer a large list of improved residence property, ranging in price from $2,000 to $6,000. CAN OFFER FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS THE FINEST EIGHT-ROOM COTTAGE AND EAST FRONT LOT IN HANSCOM PLACE, ON GEORGIA AVENUE, ELEGANT NEIGHBORHOOD, CITY AND CISTERN WATER, A PERFECT GEM OF A HOME, ONLY $4,300 IF SOLD QUICK. Also several six-room cottages with cistern and city water, slate mantels, good location, only $2,250; $250 cash, $25 per month. 44-foot front on Harney, between Fourteenth and Fifteenh streets, at $2,000; first-class location for business. 66 feet on Howard, near Thirteenth street, only $18,000; easy terms; splendid site for wholesale or warehouse purposes. 166-foot front on Capitol avenue, next to Masonic Block, is splendid business property and rapidly improving; has eight brick stores all rented; can make this the biggest bargain in Omaha if sold soon. Also offer two sections of choice farm land in Howard county, near good railroad station and St. Paul, the county seat, a town of 2,000 inhabitants. No better soil in the state; can plow every acres; urrounded by a good class of people and cultivated farms. Can offer this land for the next thirty days at a low figure and remarkably easy terms. The above are a few of the bargains I offer for sale. Investors, and especially parties from outside the city will do well to consult the list of property I offer before buying elsewhere.

CULTURED MIND AND MUSCLE

Physical Training and Mental Discipline Must Go Hand in Hand.

Ancient and Modern Educational Theories Discussed—Lessons from Older Nations—Strong Points in College Athletics.

Professor Eugene L. Richards, of Yale College, in the Popular Science Monthly for July.

PART I.

Many old theories of education are being mercilessly discussed. Many new theories claim the places of the old. The classical scholar still claims for the ancient languages the greatest educational power. The advocate of modern languages says life is too short to study dead things, and that modern languages furnish enough discipline, and are besides, useful. To the scientist, science is god of all, even of education. To him no man is properly educated unless his mind is stored with scientific ideas and trained by the scientific methods of the nineteenth century. Languages, ancient and modern, mathematics, science, philosophy, all advance their claims to be the best educators of the coming man. Meanwhile the coming man is nothing but a child, and must submit himself to his elders to be experimented upon according to the theories of teachers or parents.

For men, women, and children alike, I wish to enter a plea for a part of them much neglected in most discussions on education, and too much left out of sight in most theories of education—the body. In fact, for centuries past, many educators have seemed to regard the body as a rival of the brain, if not an enemy of it. They have apparently been filled with the idea that strength and time given to the body are strength and time taken from the mind. Unfortunately for the cause of good education, this erroneous idea is not held by teachers alone, but is a very prevalent one generally, the current dictum being that, representing by unity a person's force, whatever part of this unit is taken for the body leaves necessarily just that much less for the mind.

To combat this idea, and to replace it by a much more reasonable idea, I had almost said by the very opposite idea, shall be the chief though not the only aim of these pages.

To all races which have shown power in any direction the main source of that power has been physical. This is acknowledged to be true with regard to the conquering races of the past. With regard to the present, we are too apt to think that the progress of civilization has changed the conditions of power, so that races physically weak, if they are only wise, can successfully compete with and finally overcome the strong races.

Take the Greeks. For a long time they were a conquering race—masters of the world of their time. But their influence has extended far beyond their day and beyond the limits of their little world. "It is no disgrace to a nineteenth-century American to go to school to the Greeks. They are still, in their own lines, the leaders of mankind. They are the masters." Attica was about as large as Rhode Island. Rhode Island is a noble little commonwealth. Yet it has enjoyed political liberty longer than the democracy of Athens lasted, and in the midst of the blazing light of this much-lauded century. What now is or will be the influence of Rhode Island on the world's history compared with the unmeasured and imperishable influence of Athens? Whence the difference? The causes of the difference were manifold. One cause was their physical education. Hand in hand with their mental discipline, which was simple but thorough, went gymnastic exercise. "Until the time of Alexander, the main subjects of education among the Greeks were music and gymnastics, bodily training and mental culture. The first duty of a Greek boy was to learn his letters, a feat which was also coincident with learning to swim. By the fourteenth year the Greek boy would have begun to devote himself seriously to athletics." Could such a careful and continuous training of the body fail to have its effect upon the mind? It gave the body power. It gave the brain force. Had this force not been converted all the while into intellect and æsthetic sense, the Greeks would have formed a race of fine animals only. But their mental discipline saved them. Unfortunately for the permanence of the Greek power, that power was not built upon a moral basis. When, by means of their conquests, wealth and luxury came to them, the Greeks met the usual fate of nations weak in the moral sense. Their discipline was relaxed, and they succumbed to the strong.

The training of the Romans was largely physical. They were trained for war. But they, too, were overcome by stronger races when they relaxed their own discipline and gave up their martial games and athletic exercises—hiring gladiators for their sport and mercenaries for their battles.

What are the conquering races of to-day? Are they not the nations strong in body—strong by inheritance and keeping their strength by exercise? Germany keeps her men strong in the army by compulsory gymnastic drill. Her schools teach gymnastics. Many of her inhabitants in the cities maintain their strength by the exercise which they have in their excellent Turner system.

England has in the bodies of her children the blood of those old rovers who were the terror of the coasts of Europe in the early centuries of the Christian era, mixed with the blood of that vigorous native stock, to subdue which, even when furnished with only barbarian arms, was no easy task to the Roman legions with all their military skill. In England, too, this physical force is still maintained by vigorous exercise taken by all classes. The higher classes have their out-of-door sports, and some of them of the roughest kind. The lower classes also have their sports. Wherever the English race goes it carries with it the love of exercise and the practice of it. Even their women engage in it. Some of them follow the hounds. They pull the bow. They take walks, the length of which would shame many an American man. So the vigor of the stock never decays. The race increases and multiplies. The little island cannot hold it. Away it goes to conquer and colonize the globe, and to infuse its strength into all the races of the earth.

What keeps us as a nation from deterioration? The bone and sinew of the land—the cultivators of the soil—the conquerors of our new land—the men who build our cities and the great highways between them, who dig our coal and labor with hand and body in all our factories. It is true that brain directs all this activity, but muscle is the motive-power. And the muscle of one generation is the source and support of the brain-power of the following generations. "What else accounts for the prodigal activity" of the descendants of the early settlers of this country but the fact that obliged, when cast on a land like ours, to battle with the elements and conquer the forests by their own bodily strength, they lived an outdoor life in the main, and stored up an immense "capital of vitality" which they handed down to their posterity? Some of that posterity are not content to use the interest of that capital, but are spending the principal. What is the consequence? Not only enfeeblement of body and mind, but sterility; and thus many of the old New England families are dying out in the homes of their race, and are giving place to the strong new-comers.

As to individuals, what kinds of men fight their way to the front ranks in all callings, and hold their places there, as men eminent in their day and generation? Men of strong body. Consider the premiers of England—men like Brougham, Palmerston and Gladstone—working at an age when many a weaker man would either be in his grave or be preparing for it. Some exercise—horseback riding or felling trees—keeps up their strength long after threescore and ten. It is only necessary to mention Washington, Jackson, Webster and Lincoln to call attention to the fact that among eminent American public men vigor of mind and vigor of body go together. Notice the great pulpit orators of to-day—such as Spurgeon, Beecher, John Hall and Phillips Brooks. Among moneyed men, did not Commodore Vanderbilt owe something of his vast fortune to his strong body? Could he have endured the strain of building that fortune, and would he have had the vigor to extend it, had it not been for the out-door life of his early manhood? If you find a really successful man, who builds and keeps either a reputation or a fortune by honest hard work, he is generally a man of vigorous body. "All professional biography teaches that to win lasting distinction in sedentary in-door occupations, which task the brain and nervous system, extraordinary toughness of body must accompany extraordinary mental power." Again, "To attain success and length of service in any of the learned professions, including that of teaching, a vigorous body is well-nigh essential."

It would be out of place to advise a farmer who is already tired of digging and plowing, or a mason who has had enough of bricklaying, to exercise his body. A little play to limber the stiffened muscles might be a good thing. A little brain-work might be better. But of real hard-working exercise of body each workingman gets enough from his day's labor. If he only get good food and enough of it, and have time for sufficient sleep, and get pure air to breathe, and clean water to drink and to bathe in, he will do well enough, as far as bodily health is concerned. But to brain-workers and to all persons of sedentary habits it can be truly said that vigorous exercise of the entire body is not only advisable if they would enjoy health, but that it is absolutely essential to that life. The London Times of December 11, 1882, records the physical and mental deterioration which has fallen on the civil servants of India, described by an Indian correspondent: "Since the institution of competitive examinations, out of a hundred-odd civilians nine have died and two have been forced to retire on account of physical debility. Ten more were considered quite unfit for their work on account of bodily weaknes and eight have positively become insane." Here is a record of twenty-nine out of a hundred persons physically deficient. The hundred belonged to one of the strongest races of the earth. Does not the fact testify to the great demands of civilization on the vitality of the people of modern times? But it will be replied that the climate of India had something to do with the facts. Well, read what Dr. E. H. Clarke says of our country: "No race of human kind has yet obtained a permanent foothold upon this continent. Mounds at the west, vestiges in Florida, and traces elsewhere, proclaim at least two extinct races." "The Indian whom our ancestors confronted was losing his hold on the continent when the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth Bay, and is now also rapidly disappearing. It remains to be seen if the Anglo-Saxon race, which has ventured upon a continent that has proved the tomb of antecedent races, can be more fortunate than they in maintaining a permanent grasp upon this western world. One thing, at least, is sure: it will fail, as previous races have failed, unless it can produce a physique and a brain capable of meeting successfully the demands that our climate and civilization make upon it." Read the following facts with regard to Chicago: From 1852 to 1868, population increased 5.1 times to what it was in the first period. The death rate increased 3.7 times. The deaths from nervous disorders increased 20.4 times. Chicago is perhaps a fast place, but the figures are significant of the wear of city life on the nervous system.

Is not this strain of the nervous system a peculiarly American danger? To be sure, all brain-workers in all countries are liable to it, but in our country climatic influences increase the tendency. Under these influences we have developed national characteristics, showing in form and feature. We do things in a hurry. We are in haste to get rich. We are in haste to be wise. We have no time for exercise. We have no time for play. Both exercise and play are by serious people often looked upon as a waste of time for adults, however good they may be for children and young people. A boy must be a man before his time, and a girl must be prim and staid, and must not romp like her more fortunate brothers, but must be a sober woman after she has entered her teens. It seems as if the battle of modern life (at least of modern city life) was a battle of the nerves. "From nursery to school, from school to college, or to work, the strain of brain goes on, and strain of nerve—scholarships, examinations, speculations, promotions, excitements, stimulations, long hours of work, late hours of rest, jaded frames, weary brains, jarring nerves all intensified by the exigencies of our school and city life." The worst of the mischief is that this strain falls most of all upon those from nature and circumstances least able to bear it—upon our women. Public opinion frowns upon their exercising like men. Yet, with a nervous system more sensitive than man's, they need the very exercises (out-of-doors) which, by a mistaken public sentiment, they are often forbidden to take. The healthy house-work is often deputed to a servant, either because too hard for our American girls or too much beneath them.

Of the five agents of health—exercise, food, air, sleep and bathing—exercise, to a certain extent, regulates the demand for the other agents. The muscles, when fully developed, constitute about a half of the full-grown body. The muscular contractions act upon the blood. The blood is the life-stream, carrying the atoms of nourishment to every part of the body, and receiving the waste particles which have already done their work. This process of depositing building substance and receiving waste matter goes on according to a law. This law, called, from its discoverer, the law of Trevíranus, is: "Each organ is, to every other, as an excreting organ. In other words, to insure perfect health, every tissue, bone, nerve, tendon, or muscle, should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. To do this, every organ must or ought to have its period of activity and rest, so as to keep the vital fluid in a proper state to nourish every other part." So that, if we give to the muscles their share of labor, as indicated by the ratio which they bear to the whole body, according to this law, we ought to give a large proportion of our waking hours to their use. But there are certain involuntary muscles doing their work all the time, night and day. In our usual vocations, too, however confining they may be, we are obliged to take a certain amount of muscular exercise. Consequently, in the really necessary work of any ordinarily busy person, the muscles do have a fair share of exercise. Still, there are a number of muscles which are used almost exclusively, so that other muscles, with their connecting tendons, bones and nerves, fail from sheer neglect to contribute to the health of the whole body. How many women exercise fully the large muscles of the back and loins, or the muscles of the abdomen? Women who wash, or those who work in field or garden. Yet these important muscles, when used, contribute much not only to the health of the body in general, but also to the vigor of the organs lying underneath them. So, too, in walking, how few use the muscles of the calf of the leg? Most people merely stamp along the path or road. They do not use the foot from heel to toe. They fail to rise on the toes at the end of the step, and do not push themselves along with those important members of the foot. Thus they lose the best part of the leverage of that important muscle or set of muscles of the lower leg. The fault is frequently in the shoe of the walker. That has too high a heel, and pinches the toes, making any movement of them painful, even if it does not prevent them from moving at all.

By making regular daily use of the muscles—of all the muscles, if that were possible—we should do one thing toward establishing perfect health of body by allowing to one very large part of it a fair chance to appropriate its proper elements from the blood, and opportunity to give back its used-up tissue to be eliminated from the system in natural and healthy ways. We should be doing more than simply repairing the muscles. We should be also evolving heat—a very important factor of life. We should be assisting all the other parts of our organization to do their work.

Take the heart—itself a very bundle of muscular fibers. We know that as long as we live, whether sleeping or waking, that wonderful organ keeps up its regular contractions and expansions. But, when we use our muscles, their contractile force upon the blood-vessels helps the blood along its channels, and thus takes a little labor from the propelling heart. It beats faster but with less effort.

While helping the heart, muscular exercise helps the lungs also. More exercise means for the lungs more breath; that is, more air inspired and more carbonic-acid gas expired. By deeper breathings the involuntary muscles are strengthened. Moreover, we are made to feel the need of greater lung-room. Even after the age when full stature is supposed to be attained, that lung-room often comes, nature furnishing the supply according to the demand. McLaren notes the case of one man, in his thirty-sixth year, whose chest, under systematic exercise, increased in girth from thirty-two to thirty-six and a half inches in two months. There was an addition of four and a half inches to the circumference of the chest. "An addition of three inches to circumference of chest implies that the lungs, instead of containing 250 cubic inches of air before their functional activity was exalted, are now capable of receiving 300 cubic inches into their cells." This great increase of four and a half inches meant not only increase of lung-room, but increase of lung-power.

Taking the quantity of air inspired in the reclining position in a given time as the unit	1
In the same period of time the quantity of air inspired when standing is	1.33
When walking one mile per hour, is	1.9
When walking four miles per hour, is	5
When riding and trotting, is	4.05
When swimming, is	4.33

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SATURDAY.]

DETECTED BY A DUEL.

A Game of Cards Which Led to the Discovery of a Murderer.

By W. A. Stoddard.

A dozen men had gathered at the railroad station at C——, Penn., and were gazing at a placard that had been tacked on the wall.

The object of their attention was the following notice:

> $1,000 REWARD.
> The above reward will be paid for the capture, dead or alive, of the assassin of Mrs. Winslow, who was murdered at her house on the night of January 13, 1881.

The murder of the old lady was the talk of the village, and every means was being taken to capture the murderer. The reward offered was a liberal one and men were scouring the country for miles around in the hope of catching the villain. A week had passed and no clew had been found.

On the night of January 20, two young men were standing on the platform at C—— awaiting the night train, which was to carry them to S——, the station ten miles below. It was a clear, cold night, and it was a relief to them when the train came thundering in and they had taken their seats near the stove in one end of the last car.

The younger of the two men was about twenty-two years of age. He was tall and wore a small mustache. His companion was three years his senior. He was shorter and a full beard hid the lower part of his face. He was the first to speak:

"I tell you what, Fred," he said, "the reward offered for the old lady's assassin is a good one and would keep us in style at Saratoga this summer."

"Yes, you're right, Mott; but you don't catch me going around looking for a cut-throat. I'd rather stay in the one-horse place we're bound for."

"Well," said Mott, "we won't quarrel on that point, but you can rest assured that I'll bag the fellow if I get a chance."

By this time the train had reached S——, and buttoning their coats tightly around them Fred Blake and his companion, Mott Stevens, started for the hotel, which was situated a little way out of the town on the main road. It was about 10 o'clock when they reached the hotel, or, more properly, the inn.

The house was a small one and could not accommodate more than a dozen at a time. But at that season of the year it was almost deserted by guests. So Blake and his friend felt sure of a good room and bed.

In one corner of the room which the young men entered a large fire was burning in an old-fashioned fireplace. A bar running the full length of the room on one side, behind which stood rows of bottles and decanters of various descriptions, plainly showed that it was not a temperance place.

At the further corner of the room stood three or four round tables. At one of these sat three men, deeply interested in a game of poker, and, judging from the number of silver dollars scattered among the chips, the game was in good progress.

Opposite this table Blake and Stevens seated themselves, and after partaking of the drinks they had ordered they turned their eyes toward the poker-players.

The man who sat nearest Blake seemed to have all the money and luck. He was about forty years old, heavily built, and wore a large mustache and goatee.

Both of his companions were younger than he. The one seated opposite the man described, to judge by the number of winks and signs that were passed between them, was a confederate.

After Blake had watched the game for awhile he suddenly turned to his friend and whispered:

"Did you see that, Mott?"

"What?" asked Mott in surprise.

"What! I tell you that man is a fraud. If I'm not mistaken he has got a pack of cards under the table and is using them to fill his hands."

One of the gamblers dealt the cards. Blake's eyes were riveted on the sharper. He could see the cards he drew with perfect ease.

"Give me three cards," exclaimed he. Blake saw him throw down the three cards he held and pick up the ones dealt him. They were no good. With a quick movement the sharper drew three cards from under the table. They were two aces and a king. He now held four aces.

"I'll raise the blind fifty cents," he said.

At this his confederate dropped out, leaving one to fight for the pot.

Blake was determined to see fair play, so under the pretense of going to the bar he got near enough to whisper to the victim of the sharper, but quick as the movement was it was seen.

"D— you! Do you mean to tell my hand?" exclaimed the gambler in a rage.

"I mean to see fair play," answered Blake, coolly.

At this the sharper turned white with rage and made a rush forward as if to strike his informer. But at a look from his confederate he subdued his anger and quickly drew from his pocket a large pocketbook and took out a card on which was written, "Robert J. St. Clair," and handing it to Blake said:

"Sir, I have been grossly insulted by you in the presence of these gentlemen! I therefore demand your unqualified apology or you'll take the consequences."

"And the consequences?" said Blake.

"Is a duel, provided you are not a coward."

Things were getting interesting. Every one looked at the two men eagerly.

"I'm at your service," said Blake, his eyes flashing, but his voice under control. "Pray name the place and hour. I will be there."

"The place is of little importance to me," the gambler replied. "There is an open space in the woods half-way between here and C——. I think we will be undisturbed there. The hour is 5 a. m. I believe I have the choice of weapons. I will choose pistols."

"Very well," answered Blake. "I think we can settle this dispute in a very short time." Then the sharper said something in a low voice to his companion and strode from the room.

***

A month had passed. It had been a very sorry month to young Blake. On the morning following the night of his adventure at the inn at S——, the gambler found himself face to face with his denouncer. At the word "Fire!" two reports rang out.

When the smoke lifted and left the duelists to view the sharper was seen lying on his face, shot through the chest.

Blake had been struck in the shoulder by the bullet of his victim, but with the assistance of his second he reached his carriage and was driven to the village, where he gave himself into the hands of justice. As soon as his wound was healed sufficiently he was placed on trial for murder.

The evidence was against him. The last day of the trial arrived. The case was to be given to the jury who would seal his fate. Blake had been brought into the court room and was quietly awaiting his sentence.

The judge called the court to order. Suddenly a bustle was heard in the back of the room, and a man rushed up to the lawyer of the defendant and, whispering a few words, handed him a large sealed envelope. The lawyer quickly broke the seal and read aloud to the jury the following:

"I do hereby make fu confession on my deathbed of a crime for which no man must be punished. On the night of January 13, 1881, a murder was committed at S——, the victim a woman. The murderer has never been found, nor will he ever be, for by the time this is read he will be dead—killed by the hand of Frederick Blake in an honorable duel on the morning of January 21, 1881. I had no accomplice in the crime of January 13, therefore let no one suffer.

"I confess this before God.

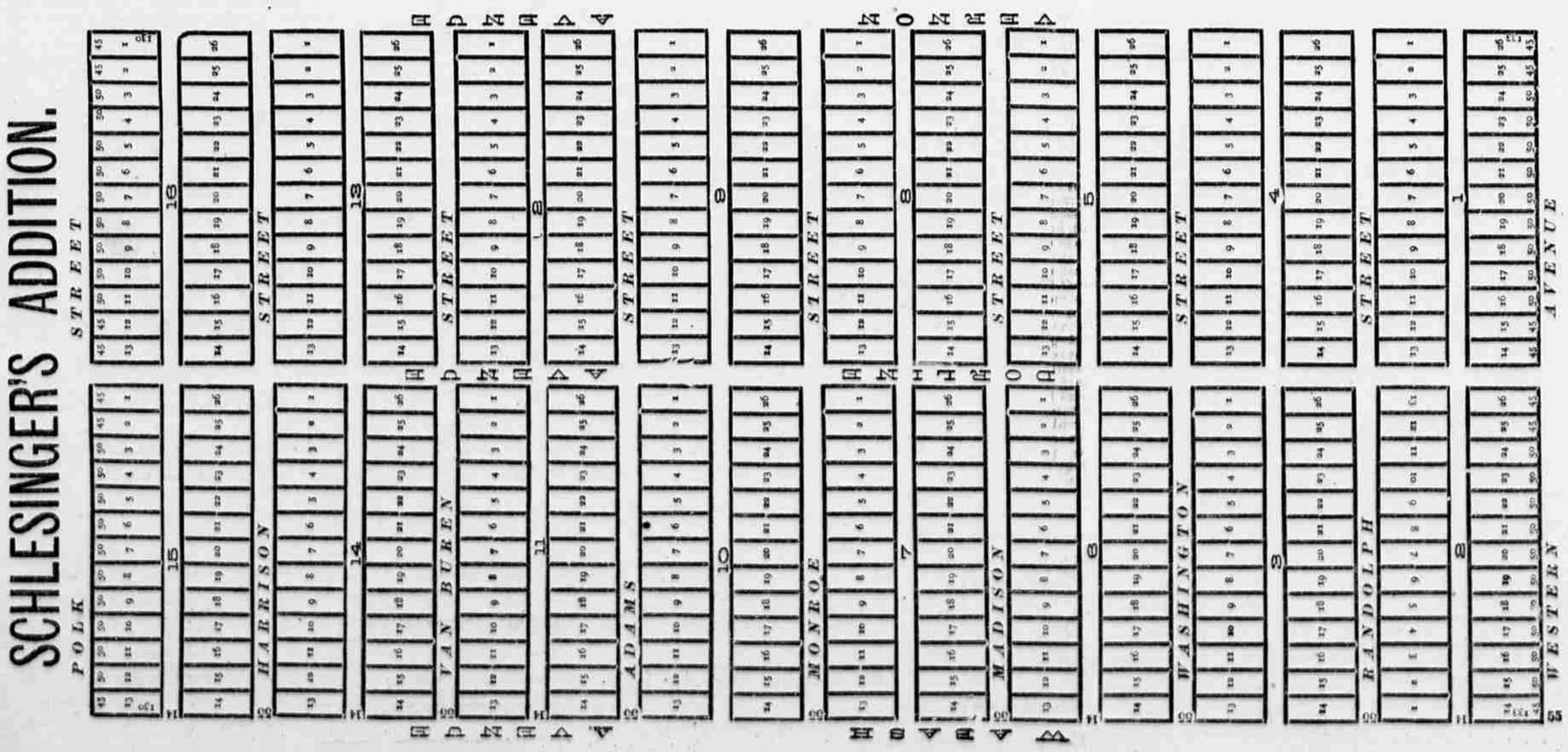
"ROBERT J. ST. CLAIR."

As this name was pronounced a visible shudder was seen to run through the court room. St. Clair was known as one of the greatest villains of his time

Blake was acquitted of the charge against him and liberally congratulated on ridding the world of one of her meanest criminals

The day after the trial a messenger arrived at C——, whither Blake had gone the night before. He inquired for Blake and delivered into his hands a package. It contained a check for $1,000, the amount of the reward.

Blake did not see exactly how he had earned the money, but it came in very nicely in building up a constitution somewhat impoverished in the county jail.



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