meeting," said Duffy, "discussed a scheme for making a combination for controlling legislation on railroads and some other matters." Witness named nine members who were present, from memory, and by referring to the list of the board gave the other three members. They corresponded to Fullgraff's list.

He continued: We talked about the combination and about having more meetings, and we decided to have one about one week later at McLaughlin's house. At the second meeting Aldermen Delacy and Jaehne agreed about the roads. They put it to vote on the question of which road we could side with, and voted to pass and side with the Broadway Surface road. Aldermen Delacy and Cleary talked, and they thought there was enough to go around at $22,000 apiece, and the caucus voted and the proposition carried. At the third meeting, or the second one at McLaughlin's a week after, the talk was about where the money was going to be put up—who was to hold it. McQuade was opposed to Maloney. He thought he could not be trusted with so much money. He might walk off with it. [Laughter.] I proposed Mr. Keenan, and he was elected. The vote was unanimous. The bill was passed for the Broadway railroad, August 6. It came back vetoed. There was another meeting of the caucus at McLaughlin's house in the evening. McQuade and the rest were there. There was talk about Maloney getting other voters to pass it over the veto. It was said it would cost something to get those other votes, and it was all left to Maloney. He was to look up four or five votes and pay for them. [Laughter.] They talked the matter over and said there wouldn't be $22,000 apiece around, and I believe they got down to $20,000 apiece.

He continued: About a month after election I got $10,000. I met McQuade on the north steps of the city hall a few days after, and he stopped and talked. He said: "Did you get your money from the Broadway road?" And I said: "Did you get yours?" And he said: "It's all right, I got mine all right."

This finished the direct examination. The defense consulted and then excused Duffy from cross-examination for the present. Some witnesses to show that McQuade had considerable money about the time of the "boodle" transaction were examined, and court adjourned.

Fixing Labor Rates.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 19.—At a meeting of the general managers of the St. Paul and Chicago lines here to-day, a schedule of labor rates was agreed upon and a resolution adopted to maintain all other rates. Labor rates were fixed: From St. Paul to Kansas City and Council Bluffs, $7.40; to St. Louis, $10. The old rates were to Council Bluffs, $10.85; to Kansas City, $13.50; to St. Louis, $14.25.

London Socialists.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—The government deny they are making, as reported, extensive military preparations, including arrangements for the use of artillery in anticipation of trouble with the socialists on the occasion of their demonstration next Sunday.

Coal Found.

MOUNT VERNON, Ill., Nov. 19.—A vein of coal five and a half feet thick was struck here this morning. The coal is pronounced to be of the finest quality, very like anthracite.

School Building Burned.

MACOMB, Ill., Nov. 19.—The High school building burned last evening. Loss, $35,000; insurance, $13,000.

Brevities.

The young ladies of Brownell hall will present the drama of "Esmeralda" Saturday, November 20, at 8 p. m. Friends invited.

Franklin Assembly 2122, will meet Saturday evening at 7.30 in K. of P. hall, 107 S. 14th street. The hall cannot be had on Monday night.

The regular hop of the Parnell social club, which was to be given Wednesday evening, was postponed, owing to the storm, until Dec. 1.

The members of Kountze Memorial Sunday school meet in the music rooms of Prof. N. Franko in the exposition building, every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock for rehearsal in Sunday school music.

Hong Jung, the Chinaman, who was fined by Judge Stenburg yesterday morning for disturbing the piece, is the first Chinaman who has been confined in the county jail during Jailer Miller's term of office covering seven years. Hong Jung was released yesterday evening, his friends paying his fine.

Personal Paragraphs.

Emil Brandies, of Brandies & Sons, returned last night from New York city.

Hon. M. P. Kindaid, of O'Neill, is in the city attending United States court.

Mrs. Josephine Egan is lying dangerously ill at her home on South Twelfth street.

Mr. E. Wheeler, official stenographer for the Fourth district, was called to Fremont on court business yesterday.

Dr. E. D. McCurry, pastor of the M. E. church of Council Bluffs, heard Sam Jones at the exposition building last night.

A. B. Davenport, one of the gentlemanly and accommodating clerks of the Millard is missed from his post, because of illness which has confined him to his home for several days back.

Mr. Fred Badier, who has been in the office of D. A. Clark, superintendent of the coal department of the Union Pacific, left last evening for Rock Springs, were he will take a position as assistant in the department. Mr. Badier was accompanied to his new home by his wife.

Looking to Reform.

The county commissioners have hearkened unto the complaints which have been made against the dirty and dangerous condition of the court house steps and approaches. Mr. Timme yesterday introduced a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the janitors to keep the steps and sidewalks around the court house in passable condition hereafter.

The Poet of the Sierras.

Joaquin Miller, poet, and editor of the San Francisco Golden Era, dropped in at our editorial rooms yesterday, says the Washington Post. His yellow beard is cut off, his former hyacinthe locks are cropped short, and his neck now holds up a shapley and symmetrical head, and a face adorned only by a sandy moustache. He has been reconstructed, and it is the universal judgment of connoisseurs in human forms that he never looked as well as now.

To questions he said: "O yes, I am back at my pioneer palace out on Meridian hill. Have settled down there with Mrs. Miller and the baby, and mean to stay in Washington now. That is when I come back from California, for which I leave to-morrow."

In reply to "What is the very latest thing you have been doing?" he said: "Besides running my little magazine, I am now carrying out a scheme to set out out Goat island, opposite San Francisco, with trees, as a prelude to the establishment of Arbor day in California. We need more trees. In barren land is desolation. A tree is the finest thing in the world, and men care less for it."

Mr. Miller then showed a letter which he had written to Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard asking permission to plant a Greek cross of eucalyptus trees on Goat island, and Howard's response, acquiescing and offering to co-operate. The poet went on

"Trees are civilizing and strengthening. No architect that has ever been could build a tree. Artists can paint men but even the Titanic Titian hardly dared call attention to the trees he tried to paint as a groundwork for his figures. If I were in a position to chose my friend, from over the face of the earth, I would if consulting my own comfort and congenial taste, have no man or woman near me who did not love and have daily intercourse with trees and flowers."

Neat House.

Good lot, Leavenworth and 23rd streets only $2,800, easy terms.

CUNNINGHAM & BRENNAN, 1511 Dodge.

PRISONERS WITHOUT HOPE.

Sam Jones' Sermon at the Exposition Building Last Night.

A TRICKY COMMERCIAL TOURIST

The Italian's Revenge—Patrick Fallon's Death—Legal Patchwork—A Present to Post—Legal Notes—Other Local.

Sam Jones.

Fully four thousand interested hearers greeted Sam Jones at the exposition building last night. After an interesting song service, led by Mr. Excell and Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Jones delivered the following discourse:

We invite your attention to these words, the twelfth verse of the ninth chapter of the Book of Prophesy, by Zachariah: "Turn you to the stronghold, you prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare I will render double unto thee." The all absorbing theme with God and angels and good men is the salvation of the living, not the salvation of men who lived a hundred years ago; they have had their opportunities, enjoyed their privileges and have met their destiny. It is not the salvation of men and women who shall live a hundred years hence. They have yet to be born, they have yet to enjoy their privileges and their opportunities. The all absorbing theme with God and angels and good men is the salvation of the men and women who live and walk and talk to-day on the face of the earth. Is it not passing strange that this theme should engage the great heart of God and angels and good med, and so engage the heart and mind of

GOOD MEN AND ANGELS

and yet you, and you, and you, the only parties in the universe absolutely indifferent upon this great question. And now we select this text to-night because it may help us to that point in our life where we may decide something, where we may make choice and where we may have incentive to do the thing we ought to have done long ago. "Turn you to the strong hold ye prisoners of hope." Now we say in the first place, there are three classes of prisoners with hope, and there are three classes of prisoners without hope. We may locate ourselves somewhere along the line to-night. You may see where you are, as well as what you are. The first class of prisoners with hope that we mention are the good men and women who serve God and their generation by the will of God. They are prisoners with hope, they are hemmed in with the environments of the earth; they are imprisoned in these cumersome bodies, they are hemmed in by a thousand weaknesses and temptations yet thank God every true Christian is a prisoner of hope. The bare hope that I may escape the pollution of this world and make my way safe to heaven inspires my life, gives strength to every muscle in my body, gives courage to my manhood. It is possible that after all I may be crowned a saint in glory. I say the bare hop ethat such may be the case, the bare possibility that such may be the case, ought to inspire every man to a consecrated life and to a holiness in this world What is this world to a man who can sing I am the child of a king; this world with all its riches and with all that it promises to us? Oh brother, the time will come when even this body that I care so much for, the time will come when my spirit will lay aside this body like a child does its doll when it is tired playing with it. The time will come when this spirit of mine will push the doctor back from my dying couch and over leap the circle of friends around my dying bed, and go above the stars and moon until it shall over vault the very throne of God. The time will come when mortal interest shall fade away and immortal interests shall tower above all other themes, all other questions. We are here to-night in

OUR PILGRIMAGE TO ETERNITY.

Tramp, tramp, we march to the grave and to eternity, and to-night every man of us can say our hearts are but muffled drums beating our funeral dirge to the tomb. God has afforded me these opportunities in order that I may acquit myself worthily and grandly and prepare myself for the world up beyond. Jesus said 1800 years ago, "I go to prepare a place for you." And, brother, one reason why I know that is a grand heaven up yonder, God makes that for the eternal abode of the good; and if God would make a grand world like this only for us to live in for a few days, surely it shall be a grand heaven that shall be the final and eternal home of the good. And as I look out yonder into the great beyond and realize that I am an immortal man, and realize that I am on trial for holiness, and realize that Jesus is preparing a place for me, then I pray: "Oh, God, help me to be prepared for that bright world that he shall prepare for me." I am not troubled about what we shall have when we get there; God's own hand shall adorn every heavenly mansion, God's own heart shall feed the people with the luxuries of love. But the eternal question is, shall I be prepared to enter the place that God has prepared for me, and with the star of hope shining over my pathway I will make my way to God like St. Paul when he said I will lay aside every weight. If my shoes burden me, off they come; if my coat burdens me, off with it; if my hat burdens me, off with it; I will run into the gates of God's city barefooted, bareheaded and hungry rather than miss my eternal happiness here, by mingling with the things of earth. Oh, brother, be inspired to-night to renew the battle, be inspired to-night to say I will fight the good fight of faith and fight my way to God. Oh, how inspiring the hope that by and by the warfare of life shall be over. God will say you have fought and I will help you, you have conquered and I will crown you. A prisoner with hope. My mother, precious mother, was once a prisoner of hope, but when I was a little eight-year old boy

GOD CUT THE LIGIMENTS

that bound her to to earth and she has been walking the golden street for thirty years. My father was once a prisoner but a prisoner of hope, and fourteen years azo it is a little more than fourteen years ago, he bade us all good-bye and he went home to roam the elysian fields of glory a free man forever. Thank God there is freedom in that bright world beyond, no more environments, but glory and freedom that shall abide forever. Brother let us be more faithful (amen, amen) let us deny ourselves and take up our crosses, for every tear you shed you will have flagons of joy and rivers of pleasure. Know this much it is a cross here but a crown hereafter; it is a sword here and scars here but up yonder it is a beautuous and glorious eternity of bliss.

There is another class of prisoners with hope. It is that man and that woman who say, "I am not a christian, but I wish I were." It is that man and woman who say, "I have improved every opportunity lately to make friends with God." It is that honest penitent who falls down at the mercy seat and prays, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Thank God that man who runs up a white flag in sight of heaven, that man is a prisoner of hope. Thank God an earnest, penitent prisoner is as much on his wao to heaven as any man, and no man who is an honest penitent can ever die unsaved unless he backslides from that position. God himself listens for the voice of every man crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." You are in earnest, you are honest in your heart of hearts, you want to be good, he that began this good work in your souls will carry it on to the day of the coming of Jesus Christ. Use every opportunity to foster the good impressions of your soul and find your way to heaven. I see men so reluctant to move, I see men so careless about their condition. Oh my brother, think of heaven, of the crown, of the palms and the harps, all that God can do for the soul and then think of the unutterable horrors of the lost soul but as for me I intend to make every endeavor to eschew the evil and make my way to God. That boy standing there

MAY LAUGH YOU INTO HELL

but he cannot laugh you out of hell, that man sitting by you may sneer you into perdition but he cannot sneer you out of perdition. Oh weigh those sneers and laughs at the judgment bar of God when the soul shall stand before him for judgment. Be earnest, honest and upright and you will be a prisoner of hope. Oh brother, to-night foster, cherish, keep that hope, and work it out with fear and trembling.

But there is another class of prisoners with hope. It is that man and that woman who have not made any demonstration at all. They have not stood up, they have not come forward, but away down in their soul there is an earnest desire to be a christian. And I say no man is a prisoner without hope when there lingers in his soul a desire to do God and keep His commandments. Oh brother, listen, as long as a man can run to Christ he shall be saved. As long as a man can walk toward Christ he can be saved; as long as a man can crawl toward Christ he may be saved; as long as a man call out to Christ he can be saved; as long as a man can look at Christ, he can be saved. "There is life for a look at the crucified One." I don't believe God ever suffers any soul to sink down to hell irreparably lost until that soul shall

WALK UP TO THE DEVIL

and strike his arms and surrender and give up forever. The prisoner with hope, you have had no concern, but to-night you wake up to the realization of your condition and say, "I am lost, I am lost, I am a sinner, I am unsaved, I want to be saved." Oh, brother, let me tell you in the arms of promise and in the arms of the invitation of God in His goodness and love the gates are thrown open to-night and God bids you enter in.

There are three classes of prisoners without hope and I purpose not to draw upon my imagination or try to impose upon your credulity at all, but I draw plainly from the word of God. The first class of prisoners we read of in that book are the angels that kept not their first estate. They sinned against God and were cast down in chains to everlasting darkness and without a ray of hope or spark of heavenly day they have lingered for these hundreds of years in darkness. And while the seed of woman was promised to bruise the serpent's head, while Jesus cried, "If I be lifted up I will draw all people to me, while his his blood atoned for all the race of man, yet there never has been a gospel note of promise of hope to fallen angels. Horrible thought to live forever amid the clanking chains and horrors of eternal despair. No hope, no hope. We never saw an angel, we know not how to sympathize angels, and they are removed far from us in sympathy. Oh, brother, there is another class of prisoners without hope, and that is the men and women of earth who have gone through the probationary life with gospel opportunities and gospel privileges around them and they die impenitent and unsaved. If my Bible teaches me anything clearly it is this: "There is no knowledge or device or repentance in the grave, whither we all are tending." "As the tree falleth so it shall lie." If a man dies impenitent, penitence and pardon is an impossibility through all eternity. I beg to consider what inducement God can offer any man in any world that would cause him to repent and be religious, that God does not offer to us in this world. Will you stop a moment and think what inducements can God himself offer to a man in any world that God does not offer you and me in order that we may repent and prepare for eternity in this world in which we live. Look at the interests of my children, look at the pleadings of my wife. But I want to tell you who are a husband, you who are father, if you are not a christian man you owe your precious wife a debt you will never pay until you pay it at the cross of Jesus Christ. If you are a father in this building to-night you owe a debt to your innocent children that you love better than life, you owe your children a debt that you will never pay until you love God and keep his commandments.

There is another class of prisoners without hope and that is the men and women who live to-day who have so sinned away all their moral powers that they never will repent. Do you believe me to-night when I make the assertion that there are men in Omaha by the hundreds who are out of the

GUNSHOT REACH OF GOD HIMSELF.

Do you believe I put it too strong when I say there are hundreds in this town, if my bible be true, that are just as certain to be damned as that they live and walk to-day. There are men in this town who have not heard a gospel sermon for twenty years and they never will hear another. Don't you know that there are families in this town of which neither the grandfather, nor father, nor children ever were religious. That is the saddest sight that angels ever looked at to see three or four generations, father, grandfather, children and grandchildren marching in a solid column down to death and hell without the power of God upon a single one of the family. That is awful, awful. When the older ones shall lead a generation and the second head shall lead the next generation and so on, until they shall stand on the bank of the river of death and halt for the others to come up and until finally ten generations shall stand shivering and then make the awful leap into the river of death that is lined from source to mouth with human wretches. My God, what a thought; and that is done by the thousands in this bright christian land of ours. A prisoner without hope. I wonder which man it is in this audience that is just as certain to be damned as that he hears my voice this moment. You say it is not you. God help me. God being my helper it shall not be me, it shall not be me. Will you say it? Will you say it? How many more sermons will you turn a deaf ear to? How many Sabbaths will you desecrate? How many times will you look God in the face and despise his offers and turn your back upon his cause? I beg you to-night to consider, in all the honesty of my soul, I beg of you consider; ought God to let you insult him to his face and crucify his Son afresh? Oh, the infinite mercy of God towards us, a wayward family. I believe that a man can so distort and misuse his moral powers that he can no more accept the mercy of God than he can fly. Yonder is a man, he is just forty years old. He has so misused and so outraged his digestive organs until I see him in an elegant mansion, with an elegant cook and a table loaded with elegant food. I see that poor fellow starving to death with a loaded table all around him. That has happened a thousand times. Here is a man in the image of God. He has so abused his moral nature and moral susceptibilities that he perishes forever amid the pouring of the water of life and rainbow of promise as it hovers over him. Prisoners without hope. This incidnt is given you and it is worthy of your most careful hearing. A prisoner without hope. Lost amid the wreck of other worlds. During our last cruel war between the states; it was a cruel war. It was a war between brothers. I know you are my brethren. I was a son of a captain in the confederate army. My father went forth to battle. I was young and tender in years. But I say to you when I crossed the Ohio river and came north of that river I found as

WARM HEARTED CHRISTIAN BRETHREN

as I ever found south of that river. Thank God for christian brotherly love from Maine to Florida and from New York to the Rio Grande. During that last cruel war one of our Georgia preachers received a telegram that his brother was mortally wounded. He hurried immediately to Virginia. As soon as he reached the point where the telegram told him to go he got off the train and inquired at a certain town for his brother. They said he was out about four miles at a country home. He hurried there and when he reached the comfortable Virginia home the lady of the house met him. He said, "is my brother Mr. so and so, a wounded southern soldier, in your home?" And she says, "yes, and he is very low." She lead him into the room and when he walked in he took his brothers hand. It was burning with fever, and he looked into his eyes all bright with the lurid flames of the fever scorching his body. He said, "my brother do you know me." He says, "yes, I am glad you have come." "Well, brother, let me ask you with my first breath, are you ready to die; you have been wicked when I have known you, how is it with you now?" "Oh," he said "brother, I have been wicked all my life and now I am wounded and suffering. Don't mention the subject of religion to me please. I have not the courage now to give the

LAST REMNANT OF A WICKED LIFE TO GOD;

Dont talk to me on that subject. I have six wounds, and the doctors say either one of them is mortal, and I am in so much pain I cannot talk about religion. Brother do not mention it to me again." He answered him, "Oh brother, I cannot let you die this way, you must try and give your heart to God. Jesus is merciful unto the uttermost." "Oh," he said, "please sir do not torment me now. Let us drop that subject." And he made his brother drop the subject. The next day his brother tried to approach him again on the subject. He waived him off and said, "brother, please sir do not talk with me about that. I know I am lost, but I am in so much pain, do not worry me now." The next day he tried to approach him again. He would not let him talk with him, and on the sixth night he had sat up so much with the dying brother and lost so much sleep, and the brother seemed to be quiet and restful, but very low, he said, "I will lie down on the cot here and rest for a few minutes, of course I will not go to sleep, but I will rest for a few minutes." And he laid down and in a moment almost he was sound asleep and he dreamed that his brother had died, and that he died with his mouth wide open, and that in an instant the devil came in bodily shape, tripping into the room, and walked up to the bed and looked down the brother's mouth and saw that the soul was dead. He said, "I thought my brother's soul had come out of his body at the approach of the devil, and had gone around and hidden in the pile of wood I had brought in to keep up the fire, and I thought the devil scented the soul, and started around the bed towards the soul, and as the devil approached the soul I thought I saw my brother's soul as it shrunk away from the presence of the envenomed devil, and then all at once it flew out of the room with the flutter of despair and cried lost, lost, lost, and in the distance I heard the devil as he caught the soul of my brother and stuck his infernal talons into the soul, and heard the agony and despair of the soul, but I awoke all at once, and the light had gone out and the room was dark; I jumped up and lighted the lamp and walked up to my brother's bedside. He was lying there dead, with his mouth wide open." He said, "I believe God closed my eyes to show me the scene that transpired in the room." [Here some persons in the audience laughed, when the speaker continued.] Laugh at that, God have mercy upon us. Laugh at the very gates of hell when the soul is taking its last flight. Before we dismiss this audience to-night I am going to ask everyone here who says "I determine here to-night to start a better life" to stand up." Then I am going to ask everyone of you that chooses the death that never dies that says, "To-night I make the eternal decision I never intend to repent, I intend to die impenitent," to keep their seats. Let us decide one way or the other.

Nearly everybody got up on the first proposition, and the balance got up on the last, and were dismissed with the benediction.

There will be no services during the day to-day, but this evening there will be services in the Presbyterian church, corner Seventeenth and Dodge, especially for young men.

AFTER A SWINDLER.

An Omaha Man After a Tricky Commercial Tourist.

In August last a well dressed, smooth tongued young man visited the harness merchants throughout Iowa and Nebraska, representing himself as a traveling salesman of the Atwood Manufacturing company, of Westfield, Mass., manufacturers and jobbers of whips and harness supplies. He managed to keep himself "broke," and was constantly calling upon the trade to cash small checks drawn against his alleged employers. In this manner he bilked a number of dealers in this vicinity out of amounts ranging from $10 to $50. On August 10 he got Henry Probstle, a Council Bluffs dealer, to cash a check for $50 for him, and on the following day induced Mr. Daniel Burr, a dealer in agricultural implements in this city, to advance $50 on a draft on his firm. The draft came back protested, accompanied by a letter from the Atwood Manufacturing company, stating that the man, who was going under the name of R. M. Chelsey, was not in their employ, but had one of their cases of sample whips which they were anxious to get from him, but were not able to find him. Since that time Mr. Burr has been on Chelsey's trail, and yesterday got word that he had been arrested at Independence, Ia., for some offense. Mr. Burr at once went before Judge Stenberg, and swore out a warrant for Chelsey's arrest on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. This document has been forwarded to the Iowa authorities, and Chelsey will be arrested as soon as he is out of his Iowa trouble. The Atwood Manufacturing company give assurance that they will see that Chelsey is properly prosecuted, as he has greatly damaged their trade by his tricky misrepresentations.

DIED IN SORROW.

Patrick Fallon, Formerly Well Known in This City.

The BEE of yesterday contained a reference to the death of Patrick Fallon, who died at the poor house. Mr. Fallon had attained to the age of sixty-five years, and when in business here had been universally respected. His last years had been spent in a little store on Fifteenth street, immediately opposite Creighton block, where he disposed of ladies' dress material, and at the same time kept employed a corps of dressmakers who had always enough to do to keep them busy. His wife had forsaken him, and a young daughter, in her case at least, cursed with the heritage of beauty, in whom the hopes of the father had centered, also forsook him. She was courted by unscrupulous scoundrels, and dropped from the plane of respectability on which the parent had enabled her to move, and finally left the city in shame. It is thought that she is in Cheyenne. These abandonments worked with deadly effect upon the old gentlemen. He dropped into the management of a small fruit stand, on the corner of Fifteenth and Douglas streets, and that being beneath his attention, and devoid of encouragement and means, he dropped out of attention into the poor house, where, attended only by strangers, as mentioned above—his death occurred yesterday. His funeral will take place at 8:30 o'clock from Barrett & Heafy's undertaking rooms on Fifteenth street, the expense of the same being borne by friends who had known the deceased in life.

THE ITALIAN'S REVENGE.

He Gets Himself Locked Up in Prosecuting Another.

Early in September a swarthy son of Italy named George Montillo, blew in from Lincoln where he had worked on a railroad during the summer. He had about one hundred dollars in his pocket and was looking around for a location for a junk shop when he met a pretty American girl, Nellie Gear, who broke his foolish heart and touched his pocketbook under a promise to marry him. George spent all of his money in purchasing fine dresses and jewelry for his idol, who proceeded to drop him as soon as his bank account was exhausted. George made an ineffectual attempt to have the girl arrested at the time but was not sufficiently encouraged by the authorities. Since that time he has been waiting for a chance to play even. For several days the girl has been making her home in a building occupied by some Italians in what is known as "Dago alley," between Leavenworth and Jones and Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. George claims that his slumbers have been disturbed by the girl's carousals with the other occupants of the building. Accordingly, he went before Judge Stenberg yesterday and secured a warrant for the girl's arrest on the charge of disturbing the peace. Court Officer Whalen went to serve the warrant and created a lively row in the quarters, and finally found it necessary to arrest Montillo along with the girl. Both were taken to the station. The girl claims to be a niece of ex-Governor Gear, of Iowa, and says her parents live at Stuart, Ia.

Legal Patchwork.

An attachment was issued from Judge McCulloch's court yesterday in favor of Claflin, Larrabee & Co., of New York, against the stock of goods of C. H. Patch, to secure judgment on a promissory note for $259.23. The attachment was served by Sheriff Coburn, who took possession of goods enough to satisfy the claim. This action was followed by a replevin action commenced for the possession of the goods by the C. H. Patch company. The matter grows out of trouble over a disputed account and will doubtless be settled by compromise.

Licensed to Wed.

Judge McCulloch issued marriage licenses yesterday to the following parties:

Name.	Residence.	Age.
Charles Lee	Omaha	27
Charlotte Peterson	Omaha	19
James Coleen	Valley, Neb	22
Tharza Miller	Valley, Neb	18
John Hawley	North Platte	46
Mrs. Catheride Smith	Pulladelphia	39
N. C. M. F. Kroh	Omaha	36
Anna Butenhoof	Omaha	35

The Hospital Plans.

The physicians chosen by the county commissioners to examine the plans for the proposed county and city hospital have not as yet made their formal report to the commissioners. The matter will be taken up by the board as soon as such report is made to them.

Flames Knocked Out.

Yesterday afternoon there was an exhibition of the well-known fire extinguisher, the Harden hand grenade, on Nineteenth street, immediately north of St. Mary's avenue. It was witnessed by about five hundred of the leading citizens of Omaha, and a host of others who stood upon the avenue and the neighboring piazzas and witnessed the exhibition with a great deal of interest.

For the purpose of timing the experiments, the following committee was appointed: Assistant Fire Marshal Salter, S. F. Bennett, C. A. Harvey and John Jenkins, the city boiler inspector.

The first test was upon a chimney of pine, two feet square and about sixteen feet in height. The inside was coated with tar and saturated with kerosene. At the base was a pile of shavings and an unlimited amount of kindling. These were fired and, in an instant, the interior of the tube was transformed into a column of flame which the strong wind at the time fanned into unusual intensity. The flames were permitted to burn until it seemed as if nothing less than a deluge of water could subdue them. The exhibitor, Mr. Robert Garrettson, quietly broke one of the grenades, a glass jug containing a quart of the Harden chemical, at the base of the burning shaft. In less than a minute, the flames had died away, and nothinti but a light, smoking chimney was the consequence.

The second experiment was upon a frame structure about ten feet high, six feet wide, with end walls four feet in width. This was coated with tar, saturated with kerosene, and supplied with shavings and kindling which blazed in an instant after the torch was supplied. Two grenades completely extinguished the flames in less than half a minute.

The third test was on a structure similar in shape to the latter, but about once and a half its size. It was also treated to coal tar, kerosene, shavings and kindling. This was worked upon by throwing the chemical by means of a small flower garden pump upon the flames. It required about a minute in which to transmute the flaming boards into a scorched interior, and about the same time to drive the flames out of sight. In doing this, the contents of one of the entinguishers, comprising about five gallons only, were used.

All of the experiments were a pronounced success and each was greeted with applause.

A child could have done as well in extinguishing the flames as did Mr. Garrettson, so simple is the method employed—simply throwing one of the grenades in the flames sufficiently hard to break the glass. The liquid thus freed, on striking the flames, generates a gas which destroys the fire. It is a method as simple as that of throwing a bucket of water upon a flaming fire, yet in effect is a thousand times more powerful and successful. The chemical kills, while water only speeds the fire.

The right to dispose of this valuable chemical in Nebraska, Wyoming, southern Dakota and western Iowa has been purchased by George F. Wade, who will make his headquarters in Omaha at the Paxton house, with large quantities of the chemical stowed away in a warehouse for supplying the demand from the territory mentioned. This material is now used all over the country, in the most valuable structures, and in all the leading manufactories. It is invaluable in every instance of fire and can save thousands of dollars, while its cost is but a mere bagatelle when its absolute necessity is taken into consideration. The liquid is put up in glass tubes containing about a quart. This is designed for use in railway passenger coaches, school rooms, churches and theatres, but more especially for dwellings. Any lady can decorate them to suit her taste, and put them up, with the company's brass holders, in any hall or room in any house. They present a beautiful appearance as well as being necessary and useful household articles. They may be had, beautifully engraved and hand-painted, at a very slight advance from the regular price. Frames or boards are furnished for holding the extinguishers, either plain or finished to match your wall paper and furniture.

It is also put up in small blue bottles containing a quart. These grenades have made a record that stands without a parallel in the history of fire appliances. Their success has been phenomenal. Within thirty months from their introduction three millions of them were sold.

Besides these there is the Harden Star extinguisher, suggesting the old Babcock, but not so tall. This contains five gallons. The "Star" extinguisher has been adopted by many of the leading business houses and institutions of this country. It needs no attention after being placed in position, until needed for use. It cannot possibly corrode, as the liquid is contained in a glass jar. It is guaranteed not to freeze. A stream can be thrown on a fire at a distance of forty-five feet, and the last quart with as much force as the first. No other extinguisher possesses these qualities. It is simple in its construction, always ready and effective and can be used by anybody.

Besides, there is the Harden Star Chemical extinguisher. This appliance comprises two five-gallon tanks with complete hose attachments; two of the best hand brass force pumps, two dozen quart hand grenades, fireman's axe, crow bar, rubber bucket, funnel, lantern, etc. Wooden wheels will be furnished if wanted. Its weight is about 450 lbs. Price, $200.

This is just what is wanted in the smaller towns and villages and by large manufacturers, wholesale lumber yards, stock farms, etc.

It doesn't need to be looked after to keep it in order. It will not rust nor corrode, nor freeze at 40 degrees below zero, nor accidentally go off and ruin everything in reach.

The Harden tube grenades and extinguishers are all that are desired by any person in any business who wants to protect either his humble home or palace or place of business.

All the territory mentioned will be supplied hereafter by Mr. George Wade at the Paxton house.

The revenue collections yesterday amounted to $1,923.78.

DIED AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

John Lanigan, a Young Man From Abroad, Succumbs to Disease.

Yesterday a young man named John Lanigan, aged about twenty-three years, died after a short illness at St. Joseph's hospital. He was a fine-looking young fellow and had come to this city, to be treated by medical experts, from Shelby in Polk county in this state, although he had previously lived in David City. From papers in his possession, it was made apparent that his earlier home had been in Canada. The remains were carried to the undertaking rooms of Barrett & Heafy on Fifteenth street near Farnam. John Kavanaugh, of Shelby, was telegraphed, and that gentleman, who, it seems, is his uncle, responded immediately, stating that he would reach here this morning, and take charge of the remains.

A Dramatic Nightmare.

"Clio" is one of the most original productions that has ever libeled melodrama, and possesses the attribute of novelty above any other quality that might recommend it. It would be hard to classify this dramatic nightmare. It pretends to be a melodrama, but it is merely a vehicle for the appearance of Turks made up like a tobacco store sign, dancers whose fat limbs refuse to more than kick, tart damsels and ranting men. John Burleigh's chief mission seemed to be to display an unusually shapely pair of limbs, a voice that would do credit to a heavy villain and a style that savors of the barnstorming tragedian. His enunciation is distinct, but his strongest forte is his shape.

Miss Sybil Johnstone gave promise of better things, and saving a tendency to heroics, acted her part very creditably. The star of the entertainment, however, was Cornalba. She is a graceful and fairy-like as ever a ballet dancer, and provoked the only genuine enthusiasm during the performance

The ballet was a disgrace to femininity. It consisted of a number of women, who attempted to atone for lack of comliness by exposing as much of their persons as they dared without being raided. When dancers are not content to display their fat ungainliness in tights, but come before the public with about two inches of corsage, it would be an omission to let their shamelessness pass unrebuked.

The earthquake scene was realistic, and the statues were excellently posed.

The French delegation to the unveiling of the Bartholdi statue occupied a lower box.

"Clio" will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

The Stonecutters' Ball.

The second annual ball of the Stonecutters' Protective union took place at Cunningham hall last night and proved a most successful and enjoyable affair. About sixty couples participated in the evening's pleasure. A dancing programme composed of twenty-eight numbers, including all of the popular dances, was carried out. At midnight a splendid supper was served at the European hotel. The successful arrangement and management of the affairs of the ball was due in a great measure to the efforts of the following committees:

Committee of Arrangements—James A. Gowen, Thomas Hamlin, John Gillespie, John Conlon, William Erath.

Reception Committee—James D. Greene, G. T. Thompson, C. K. White, Thomas Keaton, H. Curtis, J. H. Wright, John McCall.

Floor Managers—Thomas Hamlin, chief, John Conlon, Matt Boland, Joseph Travnor, Thomas Lee, William Erath, S. Keefer.

Fun at the Boyd.

The play outlined for presentation at the opera house, to-morrow evening by the German comedy company of Baureis, Puls and Schmitz, is one of the most humorous in the German tongue. "Dr. Faust's Zanberkaeppchen" or the Robbers' Inn of the wood." There are situations in this humorous piece such as has not been presented in any of the plays thus far given by this company. The cast includes all the favorites of the company and the effect of the whole will be most entertaining.

A Present to Post.

The employes of the office of the collector of internal revenue, twenty-three in number, who served under the administration of Mr. G. W. Post, the late collector, will send to his address at York to-day two elegant paintings, in full bronze frames, accompanied by a letter explaining the appreciation of the donors of Mr. Post's many courtesies to them while he was their superior.

A Small Blaze.

At 7:30 o'clock last evening, the fire department was called out by an alarm from box 28, at the corner of Twentieth and Cass streets. The blaze was found to be in the basement of a frame dwelling owned by Frank Murphy and occupied by Mrs. Caldwll. The damage was very slight and will not exceed $10.

The Omaha Team.

Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday of the Omaha base ball association. The association has a capital stock of $5,000 and is formed for the purpose of maintaining a team for the playing of exhibition and championship games of base ball.

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.—*Brown's Bronchial Troches* give immediate relief.

Check.

Texas Siftings: "Is the lady of the house in?" asked a tramp of the servant, who rang the door bell of one of the stateliest mansions in Austin.

"De lady oh de house don't come to de do' to talk wid de likes oh you."

"Then," said the tramp, elevating the remnant of a hat with a grace Chesterfield might have envied, "tell the lady of the house a gentleman wishes to speak with her in the parlor."

Catarrh in the Head

originates in scrofulous taint in the blood. Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh, is to PURIFY THE BLOOD. Its many disagreeable symptoms, and the danger of developing into Bronchitis, or that terrible fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla which cures catarrh by purifying the blood. Read the following letter:

"I cheerfully give my experience in the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had been troubled with catarrh to some extent for a long time, and had used various medicines with no good results, when I was so affected that

Speech Was Difficult

and my voice was entirely unnatural. I then began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy, and with such good effect that in a few weeks speech was easy, the voice natural, and my general health was much improved. Sometimes a return of the disease is induced by taking cold, when I resort at once to the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I keep by me constantly and always find relief. I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla as an invaluable remedy for catarrh, and judging by its effects upon myself I cannot say too much in its praise." J. S. CILLEY, Jersey City, N. J.

Catarrh may affect any portion of the body where the mucous membrane is found. But catarrh of the head is by far the most common, and, strange to say, the most liable to be neglected. The wonderful success Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in curing catarrh, warrants us in urging all who suffer with this disease to try the peculiar medicine. It removes and invigorates the blood, and tones every organ.

N. B. If you have decided to get Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other.

"I have been troubled with catarrh a year, causing great soreness of the bronchial tubes, and

Terrible Headache.

I read that Hood's Sarsaparilla would cure catarrh, and after taking only one bottle I am much better. My catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and my headache has all disappeared." H. GIMSON, Hamilton, Butler county, O.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of miller's catarrh, and built up my general health, so that I am feeling better than for years. It is the first med cine I ever knew of which would cure miller's catarrh." GEORGE FOYRER, Miller at Wright's Mill, Logan, Ohio.

Be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

IT IS WONDERFUL

how easily rheumatism begins, and how insidiously it grows in the system, until one is startled to find himself its victim in either the acute or chronic form. He then learns the fearful tenacity of its grip and the utter powerlessness of the ordinary remedies to give relief.

Probably to no disease have physicians given more study, and none has more completely baffled their efforts to provide a specific; and until Athlophoros was discovered there was no medicine which would surely cure rheumatism, neuralgia, and nervous or sick headache. Thous