A SLEIGHRIDE'S FATAL END

Twenty Young People Going to a Dance Struck by an Express Train.

TWO KILLED AND MANY INJURED

The Catastrophe Caused by a Careless Driver—Four Men Burned to Death in a Wreck in Texas.

Caused By Carelessness.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—The InterOcean's Fort Wayne (Ind.) special says: At 8 o'clock this evening the fast express, bound east under high speed, struck a sled containing twenty young people who were crossing the track of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, two miles east of this city, en route to a country residence for the purpose of attending a dance.

Mrs. Lizzie Lepper, aged twenty-three, and Mrs. Tina Menecker, aged seventeen, were instantly killed.

Miss Lottie Eix, had her right leg broken; Miss Lizzie Kanning, ribs broken; Miss Lena Haight, arm broken; Miss Emma Shuler, leg broken; Miss Gusta Heine, back badly injured; Miss Lizzie Welbke and Miss Bella Bishop, badly bruised and suffering from nervous prostration.

The party was being driven by Byron Westrumb, who saw the train approaching rapidly and was implored by the gentlemen to stop but did not heed them. The gentlemen jumped out but the ladies did not succeed in doing this until too late. The scene just after the accident was heartrending. A relief train was promptly sent to the scene with a corps of surgeons and the dead and wounded properly cared for.

Four Men Burned to Death.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 1.—Reports have reached here of a serious accident which occurred last night on the Southern Pacific road, near Devil's river, about two hundred miles west of San Antonio. The collision occurred in a deep cut, between a construction train and a regular freight. Many freight laden cars were wrecked and burned. Four men on the construction train perished in the burning wreckage. The railroad employes refuse to give any particulars.

A German Ship Lost.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1.—The German ship Bertha, which sailed from Hamburg November 11 for Philadelphia, struck to-day abreast of Ocean View Deland and filled with water. She has on board a cargo of merchandise consigned to merchants at this port. The ship has twelve feet of water in her hold and will, if the weather continues bad, break up and become a total loss. The vessel and cargo are valued at over $100,000. The crew were saved by the life saving crew, also the iron ship Salamanca ashore at Rehobeth and the schooners Ruth Carlisle, ashore at Fenwick's island shoals, and William Bailey, on the strand at Delaware breakwater. The vessel property bound to this port now ashore and in danger of total loss will foot up over $300,000.

A $40,000 Blaze in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Damage amounting to $40,000 was inflicted by fire this afternoon on the Otis block and contents. The building is a five-story $250,000 structure at the southeast corner of Wabash avenue and Van Buren street. Andrew Calahan's Laclede hotel occupies the greater portion of the building. Fifty guests were in the hotel. Most of them lost all their effects, and a number barely escaped with their lives. Callahan's loss is $8,000; insurance, $6,000. The Newberry Furniture and Carpet company lose $15,000; insurance, $10,000.

BENSON'S EYES AND WALLET.

What They See and Do for the Future of Omaha.

Mr. Erastus A. Benson, of Davenport, Ia., was yesterday a guest at the Paxton house. This is the gentleman who, as recorded in the BEE of last Thursday, bought, through the instrumentality of C. E. Mayne, the Cole Creek farm of J. D. Creighton, consisting of 866 acres, for $130,000. Mr. Benson is a man of medium age, hearty physique, swarthy complexion, and a man of rare intelligence and business foresight. There is no man more favorably known in real estate circles throughout the west than Mr. Benson. He has seen in advance the wonderful future of Omaha, based upon the remarkable development which has characterized her and the state of Nebraska during the past three years.

Mr. Benson is a man who has already purchased at least 500,000 acres of land in this state. Of these, he has still in his possession about 250,000 acres. Some of this he is selling and other parts of it he has sold, in every instance realizing a happy profit upon the price paid for the land.

Mr. Benson said to the reporter: "I have been in Omaha for three weeks, studying it and its resources, and comparing its advantages and the prices of real estate with those of other points. I am familiar with Omaha, and I am clearly convinced that no town in the west presents so many advantages to investors as Omaha. Prices, while higher than they have heretofore been, are, in my opinion, now very low, as a short time will prove. They are infinitely lower than those in Kansas City, St. Joe, St. Paul or Minneapolis. Omaha must keep pace with the wonderful development of the country back of it, and no man who is not almost constantly in the west can appreciate or know what the west is doing. The railroads know this and the western part of the state is being gridironed with railways. Every mile which is in this manner opened up is so much new territory tributary to Omaha. Five years ago I bought a number of thousand of acres of land in this state and those have increased five times in value since. The same future I see for Omaha. It is this fact, based upon the knowledge of Omaha of the past few years, which has prompted me to take the interest in her development which I have already taken as may be inferred from my recent purchases. It is but a short time since Omaha commenced to grow. Before that time, its streets were so soft and muddy in moist weather, that a man could scarcely get around, even from the depot to town, without wading through oceans of mud. I think Omaha is just getting ready to grow. It is yet in its infancy. Nebraska has almost nearly doubled its population between 1880 and 1886, and more people will come into this state during the next five years than have come here in any ten years past. I am satisfied that Omaha's commercial supremacy will be asserted in the near future and that she will not only be the market for Nebraska but also for a very great extent of the western country.

"With regard to the property I have bought here, I may say that I have not yet perfected details as to in what manner I shall use it, beyond the fact that I shall improve it after the most approved style of eastern ideas and diversity. I shall, by means of roads, drives, boulevards, parks and other features, all of which shall be determined by one of the most competent landscape gardeners in the country, make it par excellence the place for fine residences which shall be suggested by men of business equal to no other place in town."

Mr. Benson has gone to Davenport to attend to private business.

Shipman Automatic Steam Engines. L. W. Wolfe & Co., western agents. Send for catalogue.

Valentine's Short-Hand Institute Removed.

Having out-grown our quarters in the Exposition building we have removed our school into larger rooms at 1515 Dodge street just west of the postoffice.

O. S. Wood, M. D., Homœopathic physician and surgeon, 15th and Capitol ave.

Electrical supplies, electric gas lighters, annunciators, bells, burglar alarms, &c. Send for catalogue and price list. WOLFE ELECTRICAL CO., 1614 Capitol ave., Omaha.

AARON CAHN, SON & CO.

Leading Real Estate Agents of Nebraska, 1322 Farnam St.

In August, 1856, Mr. Aaron Cahn came to the then straggling village of Omaha and opened a clothing store. He has seen the town grow from the cradle to stalwart and vigorous manhood, and has had no small portion in making it the success it now is. After a long and honorable business career he retired from the clothing business in 1886, intending to spend the remainder of his days in comfort.

The unprecedented growth of Omaha during the past few years had, however, rendered extremely valuable tracts of land of which Mr. Cahn had become possessed during his business life. Connecting with himself his eldest son, Martin, and former book-keeper, Mr. A. C. Woolley, he opened a real estate office. For this purpose he purchased several large tracts of valuable land, which, in addition to those he formerly owned, gave the new firm at once the control of much of the choicest business and resident property in Omaha.

In addition to the lots owned by the firm, particular attention is given to the sale of property placed with them for this purpose. To this end they have secured the agency for much of the choicest building property in Omaha and vicinity, which they will gladly show intending purchasers and sell at reasonable rates. Their outside property consists of many choice lots which they will dispose of reasonably and on easy terms, building for parties who are unable to build themselves, and repaying themselves by small monthly payments. There is no more honorable or reliable firm in business in Omaha than that whose name heads this article. And parties desiring to purchase or sell real estate may place the most implicit reliance upon all representations made by them, and rest assured that their interests will be as carefully and much more intelligently looked after than would be the case provided they handled the property themselves. To evidence their faith in Omaha property, Mr. Cahn proposes this year to erect a large seven-story stone and brick business block on his lot at the corner of Fourteenth and Farnam streets, at a cost of $150,000.

E. F. Ringer & Co., 119 North 15th St.

This well known and popular real estate firm has been located in Omaha but two years, yet their business has increased in such rapid proportions that they are frequently compelled to resort to additional assistance to show property that has been listed with them. The rapid increase in values which will follow the advent of 1887 will show the dealer where to make his investments. The above firm is one of the most reliable in Omaha, gentlemen of undoubted integrity, and all seeking safe speculation should at once consult with Mr. Ringer. Many things are said and many puffs are given for effect, but E. F. Ringer & Co. are reliable and have a record second to none in the city. A great number of the most valuable lots in Omaha have lately been listed with this firm, and considering the fact that they have gained the confidence of every one with whom they have had any dealing is a sufficient promise of reliability. Messrs. Ringer & Co. have lately secured additions and lots that will make the purchaser over 50 per cent profit before the flowers bloom again. The proper method would be for all seeking investments to at once consult E. F. Ringer & Co. and double your money in a short time. Correspondence solicited from outside parties. Loans made at the most satisfactory rates.

A NEW ELDORADO.

Strike of a Mining Treasure in Ozark Mountains.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec. 28, 1886.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Developments in this immediate region, along the course of the Ozark mountains, are of such interest as to prompt the hazard of communication. Showings in precious metals are a chief source of attraction throughout Montgomery, Garland and Polk counties, while in western anc southwestern Arkansas, the baser ores, together with rare fields of yellow pine, government lands and other natural resources of the country combine to bring much competition in the building of railways, cause a flood of immigration and bring to us representatives in the interest of different syndicates from eastern cities, in the purchase of mines, mining property and other investments. persons from Nebraska. The last Louisiana mine, in the showing made, is among the most remarkable discoveries of modern times and is likely to prove the greatest mine in the world, for its depth; as the body of ore comprises a depth of 80 feet in shaft sunk and 150 feet in cross cuttings made from the bottom of the shaft. The deposit carries silver and gold from the grass roots down and throughout the cross cuttings, as is attested in assays at every interval and showing from $5 to $500 to the ton in silver. The property is fairly established in pumping and hoisting machinery, engines, blacksmith shops and all other requirements. The cost of such fixture and development is already over $11,000, and work is being driven with the utmost energy. Shares, of which a limited number will be sold, are now

A principal showing in the most prominent interest attained is held in the Bear mountain mining district, of which Professor Samuel Aughey, late geologist and minerologist of Nebraska, has recently sent in a most favorable report. It is known as the Lost Lousiana mine. It is located sixteen miles due west from this city, among the foot hills of the Ozarks, and shows a great body of ore averaging in differeat assays made by thoroughly competent and disinterested parties, $150 to the ton, in siver ands carries sufficient gold to pay all working expenses. The find has created a furore. Nebraska parties are principally interested in the property, among whom are Samuel Aughey, formerly of our state, Orson Hager, of Bloomington, C. C. Chapin, C. G. Greve, of Franklin, W. C. Thompson, of Riverton and various others held at the nominal price of $1.50. R M. Luton & Co., brokers for the company, are established at the Sumpter house, Hot Springs, Ark., in such transactions and all who desire for information or negotiation should be addressed.

Other and most valuable properties are frequent throughout the Bear mountain mining district and the showing is sufficient to warrant the most general attention. It has long been known that Arkansas held the richest mineral deposits; that it was the scene of mining operations by the Spaniards; that traces of such work were lost or destroyed in the turmoil of war, and by a race of men disappearing from the country who wrought and delved in the district long ago. Evidence of such mining operations are everywhere throughout the district, the lost Louisiana showing most positively it is a rediscovery. Such workings were crude, the methods barren in all proper understanding, and the men who instituted them are known to have worked in mines warranting the largest returns. These facts but substantiate the richness and worth of the present undertaking. Men looking for investment, desirous to take chances where their money is certain of fair returns and may become fabulous, "to run the road where fortune waits," can find no better opportunity than is presented among the Ozarks in the Bear mountain mining district.

NEBRASKA.

SORROW SHADES THE HOME

Mrs. Logan's Happy Days at the Calumet Place House.

TWO PATRIOTIC DEMOCRATS

Sensible Work For the Street Arabs—Food For Mind and Body—Senator Pugh and the "Puffers."

Mrs. Logan's Grief.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—[Special Correspondence of the BEE.]—"Senator Logan's house has been for years the very lounging place of a great many people," said a lady to-day, discussing the domestic relations of the dead soldier and statesman. "I have been going to see Mrs. Logan nearly every week, often four or five times a week, for years. When they lived at Mrs. Rine's boarding house up on Tweifth street, it was the same way. But there never was a murmur from any member of the family. People who knew the senator and Mrs. Logan anywhere went directly to their house and made it their home while in the city. Relatives, friends, all were treated the same. Somebody visited them constantly. More old soldiers begged and received assistance of the senator than of anybody else. He never refused to do something for them. He would send them down to the dining room if he did no more, and bade them eat. I remember when the senator first conceived the idea of buying a home—not very many months ago. Mrs. Logan said if he was re-elected she hoped to have a place they could call their own. They had little means to buy with, and they would have to go out in the suburbs where property was cheap. She began to look around. For months she drove out in view of seeing her future home. Finally she saw the house they bought—a large, square, red brick two stories, called "Calumet Place," after the Calumet river, near by, I preume. It is an old place, with a beautiful yard, at the foot of the hills at the northern boundary Mrs. Logan said that if she could live there she would be happy; she would have a breathing place and room for her visitors. There she could be free from the rattle of street cars and the hum of voices. She wanted to get out from the city and see the sunshine, hear the crows caw, the birds sing and enjoy the breeze in the summer. There she thought she would be divorced from the hum-drum of the city and would bind her family and its ties closer together.

"And when finally they got the house and moved into it, how happy she was: just like a newly-married girl she was. You could see her with a turban on her head, with a broom or brush in her hand, sweeping, brushing, dusting and cleaning things up, happy as a lark. I remember how gay she was, and how she built air-castles of John and herself, as old people, retired to quiet life, as she used to say. For months she took pride in showing everybody who called through the house, pointing out the convenient and interesting crannies, showing the heirlooms, pictures, etc., and evidencing her happiness and interest in her future. They had lived so long at hotels and boarding houses that it seemed like simply playing married life for her. She used to tell me how she would have her flowers arranged in the yard, and how pretty the adjacent places were growing.

"It is no wonder to me that Mrs. Logan, after recovering from her hysteries on Monday morning, began to talk of her home and the fear she entertained of losing it. Often has she spoken of the debt they owed on the house. It seemed to annoy her greatly. She feared that some misfortune would come to rob her of the place, as, next to the general and her children, it was her dream. Naturally she could not see how the debt would now be liquidated, and the thought of having to give up her home, and probably retire to Illinois, leaving the scenes of her happy and busy life and the landmarks of interest to her, came to her mind in all of her lucid moments after the general's death. But she will, as she has been promised, be provided for, and will continue to live here. But she will never be happy again. The general was her first thought. Everything he did was to her eyes and mind perfect.

LOGAN AND DOUGLAS.

There is one feature in the career of General Logan of which but little notice was taken during his lifetime, and which has been scarcely noticed since his decease, although during the few days which have elapsed since the telegraph flashed the news of the death around the world volumes have been written and published in regard to his achievements in the field and in the senate. It was given to two men to do a work in Illinois after the firing on Sumter such as fell to the lot of no two other men in public life. One of these men—Stephen A. Dougla—was a matured, masterful and brainy statesman, thoroughly armed and equipped for every contest in which he took part, whether on the public rostrum or in the senate chamber, the latter the scene of many brilliant victories won by him in hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot conflicts with the ablest men then in public life. The other was John A. Logan, then a comparatively young man, but who had already given many evidences that he was to play no secondary part in life.

In the spring of 1861 the situation in Illinois was rather peculiar. The southern half—the more populous part of the state—had been originally settled by emigrants from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. These emigrants were pro-slavery democrats to the backbone, and all their conjectures led them to look with kindly eye upon the efforts upon the slave oligarchy to overthrow the union and establish a republic, the corner-stone of which, paradoxical as it may seem, was human slavery. If any popular, ardent young man like Logan had at this crisis sprang to the front in favor of secession, there is no doubt but that he could have led thousands of young pro-slavery democrats into the rebel camp, and the reinforcements thus secured might have prevented the fall of Donelson and Vicksburg, and might have turned the tide of war in the west entirely in favor of the confederacy.

But John A. Logan was the same in 1861 as he always was through life—an honest, decided and patriotic man, and he did not hesitate for a moment. By his thrilling public appeals to the young democrats of southern Illinois he turned tens of thousands of men in that section in favor of the union cause, and gave such a patriotic tone to public sentiment that Illinois never wavered in her devotion to the whole country's cause nor in her firm support of their own great fellow citizen then at the head of the national government. Nor was General Logan content with using his voice. He offered to go into the tented field and give his life for the cause he upheld. Ohio might produce her Vallandighams and other traitors, who would have gladly cast the flag of the union under the heels of armed traitors; Indiana might be honeycombed with lodges of the Knights of the Golden Circle, plotting midnight treason and murder in behalf of a bloody and unhallowed rebellion, but none of it found a place within the borders of Illinois. And for that great and beneficent result the nation is indebted to the patriotic efforts of Stephen A. Douglas and John A. Logan. The former fell early in the conflict and went to his tomb amid the unutterable agony of a conflict which shook the whole earth. The latter lived to make his name immortal.

CARING FOR STREET ARABS.

This correspondence recently chronicled the success of a free night lodging house established here, and pointed out the advantages for good that such institutions have which are conducted on a secular basis over those under the auspices of church organizations. A club similar in design and management has been organized in West Washington and is proving a model of good sense and effectiveness. Its purpose is to keep boys off the streets and out of mischief and evil company, and although it is managed by the Rev. W. M. Barker and other religious people it partakes of none of the clubs and entertainments usually conducted by church people. The good accomplished by this club by the absence of all efforts to draw the members into church organizations and religious worship, has attracted the attention not only of all Washington but surrounding cities, and has put people to thinking that a great and fatal mistake has been made in the management of clubs, heretofore, and having in view identical aims. The direct religious teachings and the efforts to draw them into church membership has frightened away the classes designed to be reached.

At the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Twenty-second street is a large, three story, brick building, and here the West End club has its headquarters. Nightly are gathered here crowds of boys and men, averaging about one hundred, who would be roaming about billiard rooms, drinking rooms, the variety theatres, and other resorts, going into debauchery and participating in crime, were it not for this club. Games are provided, and all kinds of harmless amusements; but no religious exercises are held, no lectures given, no bores talk, and no one is annoyed or embarrassed. It is enough that the boys and men are collected here every evening, amused, and kept over the night, where no sin or harm can come to them. To their consciences is left the rest.

There is a well-stocked library, card and billiard tables, chess and checkers, and monthly dues of 10 cents are exacted of each member. Of course those who play billiards must pay a small sum for each game, but none other than members are permitted the use of the tables. This is usual in all clubs. Over 325 members are enrolled. Last year there was a deficiency of $150 in the running expenses, but this was made up by the christian people who take an interest in the club. A plain, common sense plan has been adopted of solving the problem of what to do with the boys at night. One floor is for the boys and the other for the men. The experiment has proved a great success, and has put the Y. M. C. A. and church workers to thinking. Anything of this character which can be made a success in wicked Washington can be operated successfully elsewhere.

HE NEVER WAS A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, was, by one of his fellow senators, seen walking very rapidly up Pennsylvania avenue, west from the capitol. The senator behind the Alabamian hastened his pace, in the effort of coming up with him. A hundred feet stood between the two senators. The one behind the other walked very rapidly, and after pursuing the chase for two blocks and not gaining on the Alabamian became impatient, and almost ran. When finally he came up with Senator Pugh the former said:

"Senator, you walk in great haste to-day."

"Yes," replied Senator Pugh.

"In a hurry?"

"Well," replied the Alabamian, "yes I am. I have been trying for two squares to pass those confounded stinking cigars there in front of me," pointing to two employes of the house, who were ten feet in front of him, walking like mad and puffing two of the most offensive cigars imaginable. "But," continued Senator Pugh, "the fellows seem to know they are a nuisance, and are keeping just ahead of me. The smoke smells like rubber boots burning."

Just at this point a street was reached, and the pair of senators turned off, much to the merriment of the men with the bad smelling cigars. P. S. HEATH.

Weinert & Mullen have established a wide reputation as to fair dealing in the grocery business and do a very large business. They handle all kinds of groceries and are located at 1723 Cuming street.

Grammercy Park—Low prices, easy terms, large profits.
WILDE, 1512 Farnam.

Police Court.

Business in the police court has followed the wake of increased population and the presence of prosperity and plenty of money in the city. The amount of fines collected during the year was $28,217.40, which is double the amount collected in 1885 and almost four times the amount collected during the incumbency of any of Judge Stenberg's predecessors. The number of arrests averaged 600 per month last year and October, 1886, goes on record with 813 arrests and $2,096.85 fines collected, the largest months' record in the history of Omaha's police court.

The man of moderate means should invest in Grammercy Park.
AARON CAHN, SON & CO., 1322 Farnam.

10,000 Acres of Land

For sale in western, middle and eastern Nebraska. $6 to $12 per acre.
GEO. H. PETERSON, 1412 S. 13th St.

Grammercy Park for quick returns.
WILDE, 1512 Farnam.

A CHANGE DEMANDED.

Lady Clerks Ought Not to be Compelled to Stand.

The requirements common in mercantile establishments that clerks should remain standing during business hours is terribly hard upon delicate girls. A lady in Virginia writes the following experience: "I have been suffering from 'whites' all the time, hardly missing a day. I could not stand still five minutes at a time. I am tall and stout and don't look as if I had ever been sick, with the exception of dark circles around my eyes; am twenty-one years old." This letter was written to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., and the writer adds: "I have been taking your Vegetable Compound with Pills also for two weeks and feel like another person."

Grammercy Park for safe investment.
AARON CAHN, SON & CO., 1322 Farnam.

Diamonds, Diamonds. Rare Bargains at Frank and Son & Co., 220 S. Fourteeth street.

Grammercy Park—Low prices, easy terms, large profits.
WILDE, 1512 Farnam.

Ladies Sold Gold Watches $15 and upwards at Frank and Son & Co., 220 S. Fourteenth street.

The man of moderate means should invest in Grammercy Park.
AARON CAHN, SON & CO., 1322 Farnam.

Books Free.

The physicians of the Omaha Medical Institute have been to great expense of time and money in preparing a very complete set of books and papers upon diseases and unnatural conditions of the human body. Unlike many books and papers sent out by medical establishments, they do not consist of testimonials with fictitious names or initials, accounts of impossible cures or rubbish of this kind, but are plain descriptions of diseases and methods of cure, new discoveries in medical science, and surgical and electrical appliances, and are well worth the perusal. Among the subjects explained are deformities, diseases of women, eye and ear diseases, piles, catarrh, and a book upon private, special and nervous diseases of the sexual and urinary organs. Any of the books or papers may be obtained free, by addressing Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute, 13th St. and Capitol ave., Omaha, Neb.

Happy New Year to Everybody. Walter, Jeweler and Music Dealer, 1512 Douglas.

Grammercy Park for safe investment.
AARON CAHN, SON & CO., 1322 Farnam.

Practical Slate Roofers.

Brownell & Hor, practical slate roofers, commenced business in this city last September and are receiving a large number of orders for work all over the country. The firm consists of Frank Brownell and Owen Hor, and their offices are at 1521 Douglas street, room 4. They are the only firm in Omaha who make slate roofing a specialty. Parties desiring safe, healthy, and permanent roofing for their buildings are cordially invited to call at their office, examine prices and read testimonials from the most prominent capitalists in Omaha, among whom are L. P. Pruyn, W. F. Sweezy, and J. N. Cornish, and many others. Satisfaction is guaranteed in all cases, and a visit or inquiries by letter will be promptly attended to.

A VERY ROCKY OLD BOHEMIA

William Winter Bursts the Baubles Created by Fanciful Brains.

RUSTLING FOR A MEAL AND BEER

The Generally Believed Brilliant Gatherings of Spendthrift Geniuses, in Reality Only Accidental Meetings of Hard-up Writers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—About once in three months, somebody writes about the Bohemia that flourished in New York twenty-five years ago and had its headquarters at Pfaff's. In most of these accounts, the frequenters of Pfaff's are represented as geniuses of the first water, authors, artists and actors, all brilliant, careless and gorgeously profligate, spending much money for champagne, worshipping Ada Clare as the queen of Bohemia, and living in an ultra-unconventional style generally. Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, William Winter, Artemus Ward, Charles Gaylor and a dozen others are usually mentioned in these stories as members of the Bohemian band. In a play now running at one of the New York theaters, an attempt is made to depict this sort of Bohemia in the present day. In the stage scene a lot of dissolute authors and actresses live together in the most promiscuous manner, and behave with amazing freedom. Their house seems to be open at all hours of the day and night, and the men come in, sit down at a table, and get drunk on wine provided by the hostess to all callers. Mr. William Winter, the poet and dramatic critic, wrote that the depiction was a carcaiture. As he is a survivor of the old Pfaff party, Mr. Winter was asked by your correspondent to tell the exact truth on the subject. He did so, under a pledge of non-publication at first, but his reluctancy to let his account be printed is here overbalanced, and the first authentic description of the old Bohemia is given. He said:

All these stories about the Bohemia of New York of twenty-five years ago are foolish tales. The whole thing has been given an importance that it never merited. It was in reality trivial, and of no real moment, but it has been exaggerated and embellished and written about until one would suppose that the people who met at Pfaff's were geniuses like the French encyclopedists, which is very far from the truth. Had they been such men, I could readily understand why their gatherings would be worth remembering, reminiscences of their doings and manner of life interesting, but when it comes to men like—well, never mind names—it is ridiculous to write them up in that style. The simple truth is that a number of young and middle aged men, who earn meagre livings with their pens, met occasionally and accidentally, and had no idea that they were doing anything remarkable in taking a few glasses of beer together. Among them was a man named Clapp, who had been a Sunday school superintendent in Boston, and a preacher, perhaps, too. Somehow or other he had drifted out of that life and started in New York a paper on the Irishman's plan of, 'wherever you see a head, hit it.' He had bouyant spirits, a nimble wit and a ready pen, and made a bright, audacious paper. Of course he attracted the promising young writers who had matter to sell. Clapp didn't make money very rapidly, and he was obliged to spend it economically. He discovered Pfaff, a German who had obtained a barrel of beer and started a saloon and small restaurant, and he went there for his meals. Very soon a number of us commenced going to Pfaff's for the very good reason that we could get a dinner there for a quarter, and we were all poor and obliged to live cheaply. That was all the club of Bohemians amounted to, and now we are represented as having lived in the most reckless style, earning great sums and squandering them with most prodigal liberality. As a matter of fact, most of us were dependent upon what we could get for occasional articles on various papers, and those who were supposed to have regular salaries seldom got them. A man who depended upon the newspapers for a living then had to work hard for small pay, and he couldn't be much of a Bohemian in the generally accepted sense. In those days I endured a great deal of privation and hardship and disappointment. Friends in my old home got the notion that I was living in brilliant profligacy, a sort of Sardanapalus, and were much grieved: and when I heard that, and thought of my 25 cent dinners, it made me just bitter enough to tell them they were quite correct. Bohemia, indeed! The very word makes me ill. Many a time when I was supposed to be gorgeously revelling with gay and brilliant company, I dined on a sandwich and a cup of tea, because I hadn't money enough to get anything else.

"There were some bright young fellows among those who met at Pfaff's, and perhaps the most worthy of remembrance was Fitz-James O'Brien. When the circumstances under which he did his work are considered, the results seem remarkable. When all the money was gone, and he didn't know where he was to get the next meal, or where he was to sleep, he would go to work and write. Many a time have I put food in his way without saying anything, hoping he would take some, but he never would touch it. He would sit down and write something for Harper's, who thought a great deal of him, and would buy almost anything he brought to them, get his money for it, and then live like a prince. He would array himself in fine clothing, indulge in the best of dinners and never seem to realize that the money would not last forever. Not a stroke of work would he do while his money lasted. But I will do O'Brien the justice to say that he never went to Pfaff's when he had money enough to get a dinner elsewhere. He preferred Delmonico's to Bohemia. O'Brien was one of the few whose talents and achievements entitle them to remembrance. George Arnold was one of those with whose memory the scribblers about Bohemia have taken strange liberties. Arnold had a bluff, handsome countenance like a sailor lad's, and would have been taken for a devil-may-care fellow, but I never knew a more methodical exact man. He didn't live in any free and easy actress establishment, but in a plain boarding house, and he paid his board, too, with scrupulous promptness. He was exact to the point of being finicky in all financial matters, and in his dealings with men, and not at all the happy-go-lucky chap some people have described. Probably he was just the opposite, in his mode of life, of most members of Young Men's Christian associations, but a more honorable, manly fellow never lived, and beneath his cynical exterior was a sterling nature. Among all whom I recall to mind, these was but one genuine Bohemian, a man who didn't work and was determined not to work, and get a good living out of the world somewhere. He was a pleasant, bright fellow and good company. He died a pauper at Blackwell's Island, and was buried in the potter's field. Just before he died he received a letter from a friend containing a two dollar bill. Calling one of the hospital attendants he passed the bill to him and told him to go out and get some whisky. He was a Bohemian.

"Poor old Clapp found that brightness wouldn't keep alive a paper that was devoted to sneering at the world, at religion, the home, and everything that makes society possible, and he finally went down hill very fast. I have seen him standing in front of Delmonico's holding out his hat for pennies—actually reduced to beggary. That is Bohemia. Clapp, I think, was a little unsound of mind. He had singular notions about reforming society, and I remember that friendly relations between us were suspended because I refused to subscribe to his cranky theories, and clung to some ancient prejudices in favor of paying bills and fulfilling other duties. Yet he had a nimble brain and a faculty for saying the unexpected that made people read his paper long after they ceased to have any sympathy with its course. The journal died once before its final disappearance, and when Clapp revived it, he said in his announcement: 'This paper was suspended two years ago for lack of funds. It is started again for the same reason.'

"Several others beside Clapp, whom I could name, became mere wrecks and died in miserable poverty. Bohemia was no glittering fairy land for them. A few who came to Pfaff's were well-to-do young men, with more or less taste for literary work. One was in an insurance office, and was comparatively wealthy. He had more clothes than any other human being I ever knew, no matter how wealthy, and was quite a dandy. He used to come down and read his poetry at the crowd, and he was so utterly innocent that he was named 'Daisy.' Another was the son of a wealthy Philadelphian, and wrote good verses. He was a student here, and when his studies were finished he went home. But the majority of us were struggling writers and we worked as hard as wood sawyers. All the glamour of those days has been put on since by people who don't know what they are talking about. And, by the way, a very remarkable feature of the everlasting writing up of this crowd is the number of persons who turn up with personal recollections and say they were of the number. They would make a procession from Canal street to Union Square, and strange to say I never saw one of them at Pfaff's. Why the thing should be written up at all, as Bohemianism, is beyond my comprehension. And poor Ada Clare? How they have descerated her memory. She came into Pfaff's once or twice from the theatre, and remained a few minutes, just for the fun of doing something unconventional. It was really nothing but a foolish freak, yet upon that basis what romantic stories have been founded. Ada Clare was unfortunate, but she was a noble-hearted women, and there was in her nature something humanly true and generous that commanded respect. She was the daughter of a wealthy southerner, and one summer he brought her to Saratoga to see the world. She saw too much of the world and Louis Gottschalk, the piano player. That was her ruin. Her father died and left her a fortune of $25,000—quite a sum in those days and she bought a house up on Forty-second street, where she lived for some time. She was a bright woman and tried writing and acting. While on the stage she won the love of a young actor, who asked her to marry him, and she sought the advice of a friend and was counseled to tell the young man the whole story of her life. She did so and he married her. At the house on Forty-second street Ada received her friends Sunday evenings. Writers, actors, artists, people who traveled about and were well known in the world called at such times, passed the evening socially and informally, and left early or late as they pleased, if not too late. If a few friends remained until 10 or 11 o'clock, they were invited to join in a lunch and perhaps a glass of beer. That was all the revelry indulged in. Champagne suppers were not known in that quarter of Bohemia, and the receptions were not in the least like Camille's, or like the scene in 'Tangled Lives.' Poor Ada died of hydrophobia, and of course that was made the excuse for raking up her history and fabricating stories about her. Her husband lost all heart after her death, and not long afterward he was found drowned in Harlem river. Accident, they said, but I think he let himself go down.

"Out of this material have they built the imaginary Bohemia of New York, and of these people have they made the brilliant assemblages of wits and geniuses. It is no such material as Edmund Yates had in his gatherings of men like Douglass Gerald, Thackeray and his associates, men of real genius and brilliant wit, whose club meetings were memorable, and yet Yates has not made as much of his material as the scribblers about Bohemia would make out of the accidental meetings in a cheap restaurant of a few rather bright chaps engaged in making their living out of New York newspapers. They aspired to know life and be men of the world, and doubtless they were very old-mannish in those days. But all that sort of thing becomes impressibly trivial when you get into it, and you come to detest the very name and all the accompaniments to Bohemianism. I don't want to say anything unkind about the play now purporting to represent the lives of authors and artists in New York, but where the playright got the idea of such a state of things as he depicts heaven only knows. I know it never existed in New York." OMAR JAMES.

A Doctor's Duck Hunt.

Magazine of Western History: During the twenty years which Dr. Ackley practiced in northern Ohio his reputation became very great. He was a man who was very impulsive in his actions, as is shown by the following: One day while out duck shooting he was accompanied by a favorite dog. Another hunter was on the opposite side of the stream, and as the ducks which he shot fell into the water, Dr. Ackley's dog would swim in and get them. The man objected to this, but Ackley told the man he could have all the ducks retrieved by the dog. The man answered that should the dog retrieve another duck he would shoot him. Ackley replied if the man shot the dog he would shoot the man. Another duck was shot, and in sprang the dog, and was as promptly shot. Ackley reciprocated by filling the man full of shot from his fowling-piece, after which he immediately left the scene and returned rapidly to the city. Some time later a man came into the office complaining that some one had filled him full of bird shot. Ackley proceeded to pick them out one by one, at the same time condoling with the man, and at the close of the process charged him a good bill.

The Omaha Elevator and Grain Co.

This company, proprietors of the mammoth elevator at Council Bluffs transfer, report active business through the entire season. They have handled 7,589 cars of corn, 1,312 cars of wheat, 1,040 cars of oats, 126 cars of rye, 232 cars of barley 180 cars of flaxseed, making a total of over 6,000,000 bushels of grain. The storage capacity of their elevator is 1,000,000 bushels, with facilities for handling 300 cars per day. It will be seen that they are prepared to handle more than twice as much grain as now received by all the railroads centering here. With Nebraska's present ratio of increase continued in the next five years they expect to be receiving the full handling capacity of their elevator, 300 cars per day. Three-fourths of the independent grain dealers on the Union Pacifiesy stem in our state are their patrons, a fact which speaks for itself. The managing officers of the company are President H. W. Rogers and Vice President D. S. Barriger.

Mayne's Elegant Offices.

For models of neatness and comfort and convenience of patrons the public generally is recommended to the handsome and complete offices of C. E. Mayne, the prince of real estate dealers. These elegant offices and the retiring rooms adjoining are arranged in the most careful and systematic manner to be desired. The general business of course is done in the main offices, while the rooms adjoining furnish quiet nooks for the requisite arrangements of the closing up of all deals without any interruption.

The expedition thus secured is a feature not to be found in any other real estate office in the city. Mr. Mayne's rooms are in the Redick building on the northwest corner of Fifteenth and Harney streets. After entering the visitor steps into a spacious corridor which is compactly floored with oilcloth, on which rests a large stove that furnishes heat to the apartment. On the left is a hard pine, natural finished partition rising to the ceiling. It is massive in its construction and paneled in cut glass of exquisite pattern. A heavy door opens through this, and on entering the visitor treads the warmest, subdued-colored Brussels carpet that lines the floor. Overhead hangs from the ceiling a candelabra, in all its wealth of brass and stained glass globes. An inviting hearth with a marble mantel throws out a warmth which invites the occupants to make themselves comfortable. Mr. Mayne's private safe is in this inclosure, which is his private office. In the safe are twenty-seven compartments for the safe and systematic keeping of securities, deeds, bonds, and other valuables. Here is his desk, chairs, and himself, engulfed in business, which he works through at a regular gait and with distinguished satisfaction to his numerous clientage and to himself. Back of the corridor first entered is a heavy desk or counter, which acts as a railing and connects at a right angle with the desk and wired partition of the cashier; this desk connects with Mr. Mayne's room, forming with the wall and front entrance the enclosure. Inside of the desks are the corps of assistants, the type writers, the abstractors and the clerks. Here also is the ample fire and burglar proof vault, the finest in the city, in which are deposited the large books of the business. There is also a large letter file properly lettered and arranged for prompt reference, and for the absolute safety of the contents. Back of the cashier is an immense six-ton safe which contains a vast amount of valuable documents inside its ponderous doors. Mr. Mayne has another safe of the same dimensions. Up a carpeted stairway, leading from the corridor, the visitor proceeds to a finely furnished suite of rooms. Here the rooms are bright and rendered brilliant by the golden tinged paper that smoothly glistens from the walls. The floors are heavily covered with rich carpets, rare colored tints are in the coverings that are over the thickly upholstered furniture, the sofas, the carved and turned chairs in their heavy oak and mahogany framework, cut glass chandeliers are pendent from the ceiling, curtains are arranged on the windows to regulate the volume of light and marble mantles add their solid impressiveness to the interior of the apartments. A costly, nickle decorated stove stands ready to furnish its quota of cheer to the place and all these rooms are essentially cozy and homelike, giving an air of quiet, reflective and refined completeness to the establishment.