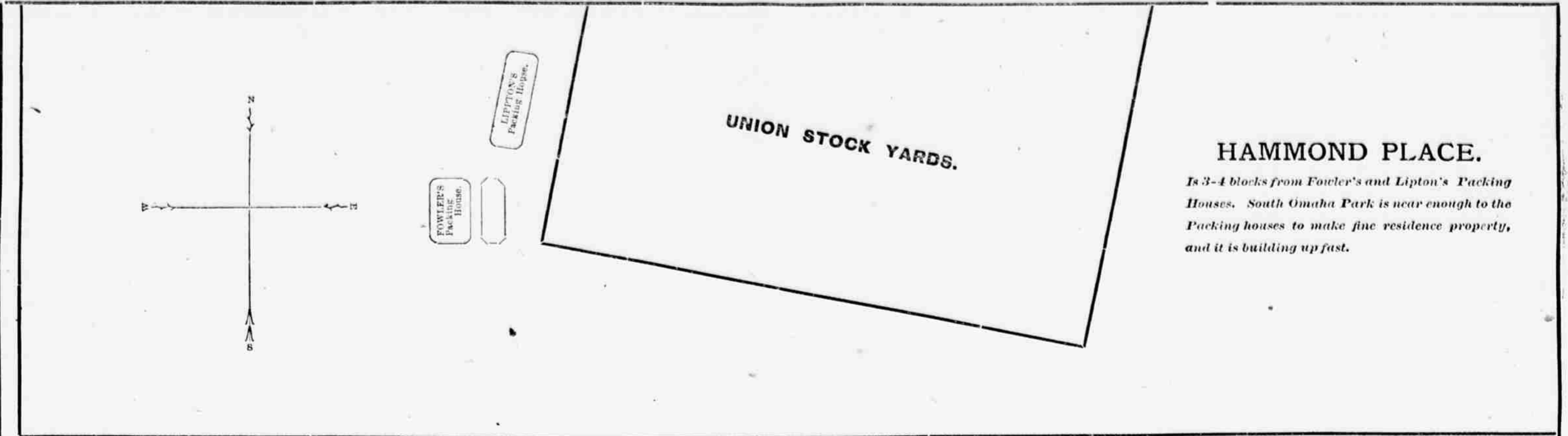
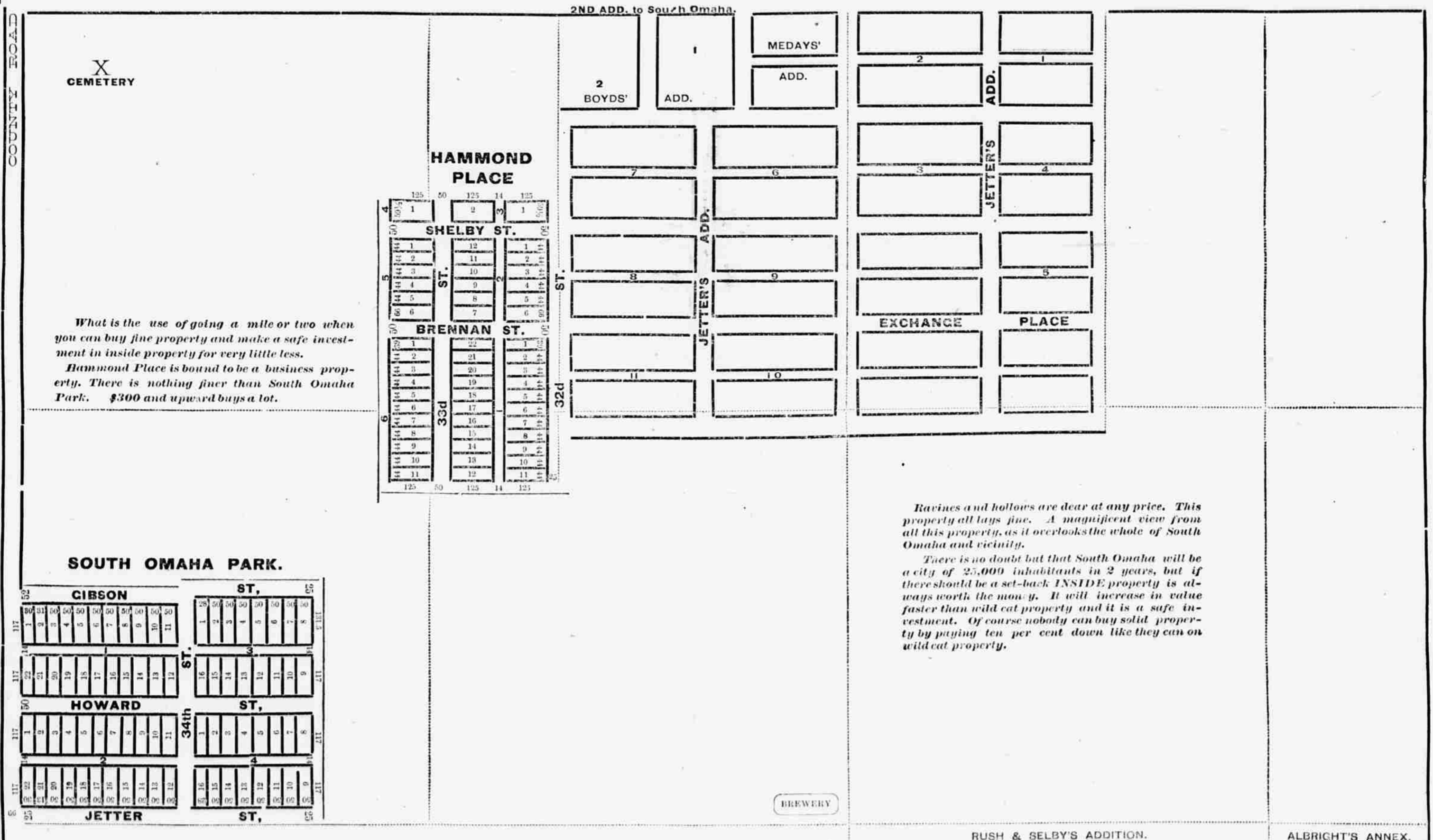


HAMMOND PLACE, SOUTH OMAHA PARK

FOR SALE BY THEO. OLSEN, AND JAMES VORE, 218 SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET, OMAHA, NEB.



HAMMOND PLACE. Is 3-4 blocks from Fowler's and Lipton's Packing Houses. South Omaha Park is near enough to the Packing houses to make fine residence property, and it is building up fast.



What is the use of going a mile or two when you can buy fine property and make a safe investment in inside property for very little less. Hammond Place is bound to be a business property. There is nothing finer than South Omaha Park. \$300 and upward buys a lot.

Ravines and hollows are dear at any price. This property all lays fine. A magnificent view from all this property, as it overlooks the whole of South Omaha and vicinity. There is no doubt but that South Omaha will be a city of 25,000 inhabitants in 2 years, but if there should be a set-back INSIDE property is always worth the money. It will increase in value faster than wild cat property and it is a safe investment. Of course nobody can buy solid property by paying ten per cent down like they can on wild cat property.

COL. BENTON AND HIS DOG

A Cattle Ranch Romance of the Pacific Coast. A VERY USEFUL CANINE. A Modoc County Stockman Who Branded all the Mavericks in Sight—Patent Way of Cattle-Growing. San Francisco Chronicle: Among the many lovely spots which adorn Modoc county, Cal., not the least beautiful is that known as Fairchild's Springs, or the Nigger Cabin. Nor is the history attaching to the site without a certain peculiar interest to the stockmen of the surrounding country, who, though often insensible to the natural beauties of location, are keenly sensible to the advantages to be derived from a cold rivulet, whose waters keep green the adjacent pastures. The waters of the spring are as clear as crystal and have their rise in a little bunch of willows near by, which is a small stockade house in a dilapidated condition, which is known as "the Nigger Cabin." From this cabin is obtained a view of as pretty a stretch of meadow land as any in the United States, watered

by a running stream, forming here and there deep pools, over whose bosom float the gigantic flowers and leaf of the water lily. This prospect seemed especially attractive to Colonel Thomas Benton, who claims for himself the proud distinction of being the son of the chief statesman that Missouri has produced and also of being a brevet colonel in the southern army during the late trouble, when he arrived there some eleven years ago at the head of sixty cattle and established himself with the intention of entering into the stock business. A MAN OF RESOURCES. Colonel Benton was a man of resources and fertile in expedient and though without means himself, he possessed the confidence of moneyed people, and was backed in his enterprise by a widow and a man called Baggett in Siskiyou county, Cal., who gave him this sixty head on shares. Notwithstanding the fact that Colonel Benton's manners were urbane and that his hospitality was of the most unbounded order, the colonel was looked upon with considerable suspicion, mingled with jealousy, by his brother stockmen, on account of his sudden acquirement of wealth and extraordinary celebrity with which his cattle increased. In the course of a month the colonel's cattle soon numbered over 100, while his lean kine not only rapidly developed into beef, but also doubled their number. As a stockman the colonel had no competitor. His knowledge of the range was infinite, and his only cowboy was a huge white bulldog, who was known by the familiar name of Spot. Spot and the colonel were inseparable companions, and the colonel never made a ride with

out Spot, nor did Spot ever take a constitutional without the colonel. Never was there greater accord between master and man than between the colonel and Spot, and consequently ugly rumors began to circulate that neither the colonel nor Spot were quite as honest as all good stockmen should be. WATCHING THE COLONEL. However, both held their counsel, and though their movements were matters of suspicious jealousy, no rough hint or eavesdroppings disturbed the serenity of the colonel, whose lands still maintained their rapid increase, whose good nature kept pace with his prosperity, and whose hospitality kept abreast of both. Nevertheless calves were always bellowing on his secret corrals, sturdy steers bearing his brand were continually found upon the mountain, mink milk cows not originally in his hand of sixty also carried his brand. Still no one accused the colonel of direct dishonesty, yet it was determined that Colonel Benton, notwithstanding his aristocratic connections and his colonelcy, should be watched. Despairing cowboys rode up to the Nigger Cabin with eyes wide open and hands on pistol, determined to enter into explanations with the colonel, but were met by the affable stockman with the cheeriest "How do, slip off your horses, gentlemen. Glad to see you. Plenty of hay, boss. Cut off a slice of that thar beef. Killed a calf this morning, gentlemen. Step in, step in" and the fearful foe was converted into a grateful guest. MAYHEM AND DEATH AT WORK. The colonel was rarely out of the saddle. Well mounted and well equipped, he was always on the range, followed by

Spot. His horse was perfectly broken, and with his riata and his branding irons the colonel was ever ready for service. Whenever the colonel sighted a band of cattle Spot would dart forward and pin a calf to the ground by the ear. Spot rarely made the mistake of "atching a branded calf. "Hold him thar, good dog!" would the colonel exclaim, delighted with the sagaciousness of his dog, while he leisurely dismounted and heated his brand at a sap-brush fire. After the branding was completed away would Spot bound after another calf, and thus ere night the colonel would be fifteen head the richer. Spot was a terrible dog, possessed of as much pluck and daring as his master, and no bull or cow or steer walked that ever succeeded in escaping him. Once on a round-up Spot attacked a four-year old steer, which turning on him, sent its horns through the dog's shoulder and pinned Spot to the ground. On the steer withdrawing its horn Spot again attacked the steer and held him down while Colonel Benton triumphantly put his brand on his hide. A DOG OF RESOURCES. Spot was a dog that brooked neither insult nor interference. There was not a man who dared touch him, and even the colonel, whose ascendancy over the dog was complete, never attempted to scold Spot. Spot had an eagle eye for a mallet-head (which means a large-sized calf without a brand which has been weaned) and there was not a mallet-head within sixty miles of headquarters which Spot or the colonel did not know. Before the settlers became that the cattle were numerous in the mountains and round-

ups were not conducted as carefully as they are now; therefore the colonel had plenty of opportunities for branding mallet-heads, and also for stealing calves and corraling them in some secluded mountain spot till the weaning season was over. Colonel Benton's nature was always obliging. Whenever he met a man on the range he invariably told him of the whereabouts of some cow of his brand having an unmarked calf, while in all possibility Colonel Benton was industriously driving the calf to his secret corral with his own brand upon it. BETTING FROM BUSINESS. Finally, after two years of unparalleled success in this business, Colonel Benton determined on retiring from the ranks of the stockraisers, and, much to the delight of everybody owning cattle in his vicinity, he made his final round-up, when it was learned that his increase from a mixed band of sixty head in two years amounted to 100 head of cows, 100 head of two-year-old steers, 200 heifers and 300 yearlings. The tactless remarks made by Colonel Benton are yet bitterly remembered by the old settlers. "You see that thar spotted steer, Chawley?" he observed when his cattle were being driven. "Me and Spawt took that from Massa Carr. Massa Carr is the best cattleman in this here appar country. Massa Carr's stock make good beef. You see that thar red cow; well, sah, I took that thar cow from Massa Carr. Massa Carr is proud of his Devon stock. His Devon brand, sah, is the finest in the land. That thar bull-faced cow I took from Jack Davis. Jack Davis is a good man. He swears frightfully. That bull, sah, I took from John Schalloek," and the rascal

would give vent to peals of laughter at these reminiscences of his own roguery. After the colonel gave himself a brief respite he entered into horse raising in Siskiyou county, but his ventures were not attended with much success, for an unsympathizing public had him arrested for horse stealing. After he got out of this scrape the colonel followed the occupation of a teamster, and is well known in northern California. Spot's career has been a trifle more dignified than that of his late master, for when the colonel sold out of the cattle business he presented his valuable dog to John Schalloek, who, too, was a mallet-head hunter, and who in turn gave him to a man called Forbes, who runs the Linkville saloon, and so now in his old age Spot does upon the steps of the saloon, defends his master during the day from the onslaughts of the bummers who affect the town, and at night he keeps watch and ward over the premises, and is now as great a terror to the burglars of Linkville as he was to the mallet-heads which grazed upon the hills of California and Oregon in the counties of Modoc and Klamath. OLD MOROSINI. "Tattler" in New York Star. I had a long talk with Old Morosini the other day. I will not identify him as the father of Victoria Schilling, because that was the burden of his plaint. I am convinced that he is a much abused man, the victim of a social ostracism that is as unjust as it is cruel. He told his own story well, with a spirit and picturesqueness that I cannot reproduce. He was a soldier in the Austrian army. He joined his fortunes with the patriotic cause in '48, and was a gallant soldier under Charles Al-

bert, receiving severe wounds at the battle of Novaro. He worked his passage to this country as a cabin boy. His large fortune is the fruit of his individual energy and thrift. He lavished money upon the education of his daughters and was a most kind and indulgent father. When Victoria was to sing for the first time at a charity concert, she said she must have a dress just like one that Patti had worn. It was given her at a cost of \$1,000. Then she must have diamonds like Patti's. Mr. Morosini bought \$50,000 worth to deck out his daughter's vanity. He trusted implicitly in the honor of his children, and when Victoria went off with the coachman the blow fairly staggered him. He has never communicated with her since. "She has chosen her own course," he exclaimed. "I will not even sanction a divorce. No, she is not in this country. I send her a certain sum of money to live on. Her conduct presses heavily upon me. Go where I can, do what I may, I am known as old Morosini, the father of Victoria. My own honorable career weighs as nothing against the social verdict. I take a box at the opera. I ask my friends to come. The men do; they leave their wives at home. Why? Because all the papers say who were in Morosini's box. I am a marked man, misrepresented, misjudged and ridiculed, and all for no fault of my own." As I have said, I cannot describe the pathetic force of this old gentleman's appeal against an unsavory notoriety. I think the press is largely to blame for making him the prey of idle tongues. Why not leave him alone?