FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

Points From Correspondents Which Show Activity and Growth in Nebraska.

NEW ADVANTAGES AT ALBION.

Creighton Organizes a Board of Trade-Red Cloud Forging Ahead -Anselmo's Rapid Strides -Fairfield Feels the Boom.

Reeping Up With the Times. ALBION, Neb., March 18 .- [Correspondence of the BEE. |-The boom which has struck other parts of Nebraska has reached Albion. Last week our citizens resolved to establish a board of trade, and in one hour's time the entire capital stock of \$2,000 was subscribed. At least double that amount could easily have been obtained, if it were thought desirable to increase the capital stock. On last Friday evening the subscribers met in the court room and organized by electing the following public spirited men as officers: M. B. Thompson, president; Loran Clark, vice-president; F. H. Smith, secretary and J. A. Price, treasurer. Articles of incorporation have already been filed, and the board of trade of Albion is now in working order. A meeting has been called for the purpose of organiz-ing a building and loan association, and from the known energy of the parties engaged in the effort, there is no doubt of its success. Its object will be to aid those desiring to secure homes for themselves, at a low rate of interest and on long time. The proprietors of the Albion house have completed arrangements to build an addition to their hotel, which will double its present capacity. The will double its present capacity. The improvements are to be completed by the middle of the month of May, when Albion will have a hotel equal to any village of its size in the state, both in its accommodations and bill of fare. Albion has always had good hotel accommodations, as is attested by traveling men ever endeavoring to reach our village when they have to remain over Sunday. The probabili-ties are that our other hotels will have to enlarge their buildings so as to meet the requirements of the traveling public. Our waterworks, which were built late last season, have been thoroughly overhauled, and are now in perfect working order. Water pipes have been laid in all of our principal streets, and our citizens are availing themselves of the opportunity to introduce pure and wholesome water in their residences. The reservoir is placed on ground high enough to give a pressure that will throw a two inch stream over the flag staff of our three-story elevator, thus giving us ample means, in case of fire, to throw two or more streams on the roofs of our highest buildings. Our large and commo-dious \$10,000 brick school house is a source of pride to all Albonites. It has a corps of teachers second to none in the state. All four of the large school rooms are well filled with pupils, and it ow looks as if the school district will now looks as if the school district will have to build an addition equal to the present building to accommodate our increasing school population. One school house was so planned and built that another building equal in size can be added without destroying the symmetry and and architectural beauty of the present building. The Omaha, Niobrara & Black Hills railroad company has surveyed and graded a roadbed north of Albion for about ten miles, and it is expected that work will be commenced continuing the Survey, as soon as the weather will permit. The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad company has its road bed all graded on the Albion line from Scribner to this place, and is now rapidly putting in bridges and culverts. The officers of this read say that they will have ers of this road say that they will have the road in running order by May 1, next, and that we may rely on trains running to Albion by the 15th of running to Albion by the 15th of May, prox. The same company have graded, and now are at work on the same—a spur road from Albion to Oakdale, which will be completed and trains running by the first of June. This is an important railroad for our village, as it gives us direct communication with the Black Hills country. Albion is a splendid business center, surrounded by a country the soil of which is equal to any in the state, and is settled by as intelligent. in the state, and is settled by as intelligent, robust and thrifty farmers as the world ever saw. We have some seventy busi-ness houses, three banks, four hotels, four churches, two elevators, and doc-tors and lawyers in abundance. Our doctors, however, have a struggle for existence, as they say this is a "horrid healthy country." Our streets daily present a lively appearance and teams are hitched to every available post, while the stalls in our four livery stables are crowded beyond their capacity. There has been no effort on the part of our citizens to induce immigration, and our growth from a couple of hundred of in-

Creighton's Good Showing CREIGHTON, Neb., March 18 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Creighton has organized a board of trade. All of the business men taking a lively interest in the growth of the town and surrounding country have joined the organization to build up the town and settle up the country by a system of advertising. All must admit that printer's lnk has done more to settle up and improve the great west than railroads or any other enter-prise. The country weekly papers, with the great metropolitan dailies, have ac-complished a great work for this new country in a few short years by their sys-tem of free advertising, and for their la-bors should receive the hearty support of their communities. Creighton is situated on a beautiful elevation and surrounded by a rich farming and stock raising country. It has a population of about 1,000 and was named after Mr. Creighton, of Omaha. It was located by a colony from Omaha, consisting of about ten families, Joseph A. Bruce, a former resident of Omaha being president of the colony. In 1871 this little band started north to find a location for a town which would some day be their pride. At present the town is the terminus of a branch of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, being forty-two miles from Norfolk, and ten hours' ride from Omaha. This is one of the best stock countries in the west. Over 700 cattle by a rich farming and stock raising councountries in the west. Over 700 cattle and 1,500 hogs have been fed for market here the present winter. This is also one of the best horse markets in the state, over 500 horses having been sold from this place during last year. We have over 70,000 acres of state school lands in over 70,000 acres of state school lands in the county for sale on reasonable terms at 6 per cent interest and twenty years' time for payment. We also have 200,000 acres of vacant lands owned by eastern parties. Creighton has one of the best markets in Northern Nebraska, having shipped 543 cars of freight and received 770 cars, being more than any town north of Fremont, except Norfolk and Chadron, during the past year, and has paid better prices for all kinds of produce and stock, drawing trade from a distance of forty miles. The town is incorporated and has a fine public solool building, which cost \$4,000; aix church buildings, namely, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal,

Catholic, German Lutheran, besides an organization of German Methodists. Of the civic societies we have a lodge of Masons, Odd Fellows Knights of Pythias, G. A. R. and A. O. U. W., all having a large membership. Creighton's business is represented by three banks, six general merchandise stores, four groceries, three drng stores, two hardware stores, three drng stores, two hardware stores, two furniture stores, four livery stables, besides three of the liveliest newspapers in the state. We have a flouring mill, a large elevator, and two warehouses, three lumber yards, three coal yards, an opera house, Masonic hall and G. A. R. hall. The Knox county agricultural society is permanently located here and ciety is permanently located here and owns forty acres, on which are located all of their buildings valued at \$4,000. We can offer inducements to those want-ing a location, and expect a large immigration to this section of country this

Red Cloud Joins the Rush, RED CLOUD, Neb., March 18 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Red Cloud, the gate city of the valley, as spring approaches, is catching the inspiration of the boom that is sweeping over Nebraska, and all the branches of business indicate that the present season will show greater prosperity and improvement than any previous one. Numerous brick buildings are being planned and the boom can hardly wait till spring opens. Private residences are being erected in all parts of the city. The new county clerk's office will soon be completed and our county officers will again enjoy sufficient room in which to transact the business of the county. It seems difficult to keep pace with the rapidly increasing business. A \$10,500 jail will adorn the north side of the court yard before the leaves fall again. All arrangements have been completed by which we will get a fine iron bridge over the Republican. Red Cloud is rapidly becoming a point of centralization from which business interests are operated to the west, northwest and southwest. Some of our merchants have at present branches at other points, and this spring Mr. Charles Weiner, of the Gol-den Eagle clothing store, estab-lished two branches in his line. The increasing demand for George Lindsay's meats has caused him to make ar rangements to greatly improve his facili-ties for handling the porker and the ox, and his business bids fair to at least thribble that of last year. Another pork-packing establishment is on the tapis and and possibly in a few days we will be able to announce its immediate erection. There are parties investigating the city with a view to locating a \$100,000 twine factory. There are also a few other manufacturing interests that will possi-

bly locate here in the next few months.

This is as it should be. We have as good water as can be found anywhere; natural drainage of the best and exceed-ingly healthful and beautiful location. Real estate has already begun to change hands. From \$2,500 to \$3,000 was refused for business lots on East Webster street yesterday. A new addition called Holland Place is being platted and will be on the market in about two weeks. This is a beautiful tract of twenty-five acres, situated in the west part of the city south of Fourth avenue, and most admir-ably adapted to either business or resi-dence purposes and will sell rapidly as

Anselmo Thriving.

ANSELMO, Neb., March 18 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Anselmo is the present terminus of the Grand Island & Wyoming Central railroad, although the track is laid some thirty miles west of here. It is located twenty-two miles west of Broken Bow, in the famous Victoria valley, and surrounded by a fertile country, which only four months ago was but partially settled. Since the advent of the B. & M. railroad the town has assumed the appearance of a thriving little city, while the surrounding country has been thickly settled. Although our town was begun at the commencement of one of the coldest winters we have had for a number of years back, by thrift and enterprise finds us with forty good business houses. As only three or four dwelling houses have been erected, this summer will witness the building of hundreds of them. Already preparations are being made for the erection of quite a number. Business of all kinds is well represented, but as there are always good represented, but as there are always good opportunities to buy from those desiring to go further west, parties looking for a business location will do well to come and look over the field or correspond with Dorr Heffleman, esq., who will answer all inquiries. There still remains some good govern-ment land within a radius of ten miles west of the town that will beat renting land in Iowa all to pieces. We have three general stores, one exclusive grocery store, two banks, two hotels, three restaurants, two blacksmith shops, two weekly newspapers, three livery barns, two hardware stores, furniture store, two growth from a couple of hundred of in-habitants five years ago to a population now of about 1,500 is the result of our favorable locality and the splendid qual-ity of our soil. We can but add a cor-dial invitation to any and all persons seeking a home in Nebraska to come and see us. We will treat you kindly and show you a soil that is the garden spot of Nebraska. drug stores, two coal and lumber yards, two meat markets, two billiard parlors, large elevator, stock yards, etc. The railroad material yard is also located railroad material yard is also located here, giving employment to fifty men. Every train brings in many parties—some to locate on land previously taken, while others come to seek investment. The town enjoys a good, healthy trade, as well it might, for it has a large and rich territory to draw from. The county will no doubt be divided into four new counties at this fall's election, when Anselmo will be made the county seat for this quarter of the county. The citizens are a law-abiding class, intelligent and active in the interests of the town and county.

A delightful drive of six miles east of Anselmo brings the visitor to the famous

Anselmo brings the visitor to the famous Victoria Springs, at New Helena, owned by Judge C. R. Matthews. These springs have already become famous for their medical properties, and at no distant day they will be Nebraska's favorite snumer resort. Capitalists seeking in-vestment would do well to investigate these springs. There are three of them and the volume of water from each is sufficient to afford excellent water power for a good sized mill. Beautiful building spots surround them, and to anyone who would erect suitable bath houses much would erect suitable bath houses much more money could be made in this way than half a dozen mills. The great Northwestern survey is within 100 yards, and this road will no doubt be built this summer. The B. & M. railroad, as already stated, is also within six miles of these beautiful springs, thus affording ample facilities for invalids and others to take advantage of the bathing houses that undoubtedly will be erected in the near future by some enterprising indi-

Fairfield in the Swim. FAIRFIELD, Neb., March 18 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-The rip-roaring boom which is fast becoming rampant all over the state of Nebraska has struck Fairfield "ker plunk." The completion of the Kansas City & Omaha railroad to

mand, and the real estate dealers are busy and happy. The citizens of Fair-field take especial pride in the character of her people, many of the new comers being attracted by the educational facilities and the moral tone of the community. There has not been a saloon in the town for four years and not one of the drug stores sell a drop of liquor for any purpose, the only recourse being the pripurpose, the only recourse being vate jug or the imported case of beer, vate jug or the imported case of beer, A dispenser of "christian science" been in town the past two weeks, raking the shekels of the superstitious and credthe shekels of the superstitions and day. ulous at the rate of about \$40 a day.
P. G.

No Grain Combinations. OAKLAND, Neb., March 19 .- The Farmers' union of this place has been paying 3 cents more for oats, and cent more per bushel for corn than our other grain dealers. In the near future it will be impossible for the com-binations in this part of the county to subsist. The union expects to make Oak-land the best market for grain and to down the monopolist.

LYNCHING AT LAS ANIMAS. How the Murder of Old Tom Jennings

Was Avenged. A Santa Fe, N. M., correspondent writes: "There is no use a-gassin', boys, there's a feelin' agin lynchin' comin' up in this here territory, an' I've done more's any other man to help it along."

The speaker, James Horn, late cowboy, and now manager of a cattle ranch on the Animas river, in Rio Arriba county, looked around the room with conscious dignity, as his six or eight cowboy friends laughed derisively at his complacent remark. Mr. Horn is long drawn out, both as to limbs and conversation, and for ome occult cowboy reason is universally called "Buckhorn," regardless of his baptismal designation, which everybody says doesn't fit his patronymic any

The boys laughed, because they remembered that when Buckhorn was a commom everyday cowboy-just two weeks ago-he bore the reputation of being a hard rider, a still harder drinker, and a straight and sudden shooter. Indeed, he is the one man who ever got the drop on the late Billy the Kid and lived to tell about it.

"Billy was travelling on his shape," Buckhorn was wont to remark in commenting upon the incident, "an' really didn't seem to think it with while to burry hisself in pullin' his gun on me. When I kivered him he caved-Billy knew lots-an' I pulled his teeth afore I let him go. If Pat Carrett hadn't filled him full o' lead the next week, down in Lincoln, I might a' been No. 26 on Billy's dead list.'

"Come, Buckhorn, I s'pose you wil want to tell us you're a law-abidin' citi zen," derisively remarked Pete, otherwise Nubbins Carhart. Nubbins had been Buckhorn's rival for promotion to the managership, however, and he was notoriously jealous. So the leader of the anti-lynching movement looked straight into the fire until the silence was broken by "Grover Cleveland," as cowboy Pete Marshall is invariably called. Mr. Marshall used to be deputy sheriff of Lincoln county, and became president of a cowboy debating society.

"Come, Buckhorn," he said, after a long delay, "tell us how you fought agin' lynchin'."

lynchin'."
"Well," began the old man, "a few weeks ago I was down to the Animas river ranche, and found the boys were frettin' 'cause old Tom Jennings had been killed, and they wasn't quite sure who did it. You see they hadn't had any fun for a fortnit', an' it riled 'em like to be cheated out'n a lynchin'. You know that little settlement on the Animas ain't very big when the census taker sizes it up, but it's as big as all creation when the boys want it to be. When I got there they told me that they had heerd a couple o' shots from Old Tom's doby two nights afore, an' had trotted over to see if thar wuz a fight on. But Mess Tom an' a low-lived cuss named Canton, who was said to be jest a leetle too perticularly perlite to the woman, appeared, an' said as how Canton had fired twice at a coyote an' missed it. The boys never did like Can-ton, so they as'ted him why he hadn't run out and ketched the critter. As they was ridin' away the perfessor—you know that New Yorker who learned a little bit at college an' came out here an' learned lots—well, he up an' swore he had heard a groan in Jennings' cabin. The boys told him he wuz a liar, and all

went back to poker.

"Well, the next day Old Tom did not turn up in the settlement to get a drink, so everybody said he was sick. Toward midday of the second day the barkeeper in Johnny Porter's pizin ranch said Old Tom hadn't been in for a drink for forty-eight hours. Of course the boys knowed Old Tom was dead then, an' so they com-

old Tom was dead then, an' so they commenced to look for the corpse. Sure enough they found it buried in a ditch. There was a hole in the back of his head where a chunk of lead had gone in.

"Well, I got there just as the boys was gettin' ready to search Old Tom's house and investigate the widder and Canton. It didn't take us long to find blood marks in the house an' we likewise cotched Canton a-visitin' Mrs. Jennings. That settled it. The boys said sech conduct was unbecomin' a brand new widder. So we arrested them in the name of the law, an' arrested them in the name of the law, an' by keepin' 'em apart an' lyin' to 'em sum we soon made 'em blab. 'They had shot Old Tom 'cause he nat'rally objected to

Canton's attentions.

"That night the boys sat down to poker—there was jus' six o' us—and we played \$100 freeze out. It was agreed that the feller who got busted first could be consoled like, by bein' allowed to boss the banging at sur up. Jennings.

be consoled like, by bein' allowed to boss the hanging at sun up. Jennings and the widder was tied up on the floor in a corner, and they seemed to take just as much interest in the poker as we did.

"About 5 o'clock, Seven-Wise-Men—you remember that feiler Jake Goldstein, who thinks he knows everything about everything? Well, he had his last chip in, standin' pat on a bob tail flush, an' would have been mad ef he had not remembered about bein allowed to boss the lynching. All of a sudden a whole crowd of men galloped up to the house.

"I went to the door, bein' careful to take along my three aces an' a Winchester, and saw fifteen cow punchers who had come over from Tom Catron's ranch just south o' us. They'd heard the news just south o' us. They'd heard the news an' had come to help lynch Jennings and the widder, they said. Now the freshness of the boss of the crowd riled me, so I says, short like:
"'Who told you we was goin' to lynch

'em?''
"'Why, didn't they kill that measly tramp, Jennings?' asked the boss.
"'Sposin they did,' says I. 'This is a law-abidin' community, this is. We are going to take them to the county seat for trial.'

"'Oh,' said the fresh feller. Come,

but they wouldn't. Finally one feller said he could attend pienty o' lynchin's an' he wasn't goin' to fight for one. So they skipped.

'After this we boys confabbed an' decided that we would take the prisoners to the county seat, Tierra Amarilla, just to show those fresh cow-punchers that we were men of our word. Three days later we turned the prisoner over to the

While Buckhorn took a long drink the crowd told him that he was right, and deserved great credit for upholding the law. There was a dead silence for a while, and some of the boys were commencing to talk of a little game, when suddenly the envious Nubbins said:

"By the way Buckhorn, what become

"Oh, the widder, was let go for wan of evidence," was the evasive reply.
"Was Jennings ever tried and convicted?"

"Oh, no," drawled Buckhorn, slowly, of with evident reluctance. "You see, and with evident reluctance. "You see, after we got that receipt for him from the sheriff, we laid around town that night waiting for the mornin, to start for home. Well, it was awful dull, an' havin' shown ourselves to be law-abidin' citizens, we thought that—well—in short, we broke into the jail, and hung Jenniugs with the sheriff's lariat."

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the postofice for the week ending March 18, 1887.

Note—I'arties calling for these letters will please say "Advertised," giving the date at the head of the list, and inquire for same at the "Ladies" Delivery Win-

To avoid mistakes have your mail dressed to street and number.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST. Ahrendt C Ackley R C Alcott C Ansin J W Broun W D Blankesee M Archer G W Anderson W Anderson J K Borker J Burton E Barney R T Banks L J Bush E Burrel F Brown DC Bates J Berry F M Burt M II Browder J A Bates J Byron H Bryant J S Borge L Burr M Buford & George Co Barnes C R Benson M Bitner W Black M Budlong T F Bridgeman F L Bonsman A P Beterson J Batchelder J M 3 Boyd T S Byrnes J J Beck A A Bonman J Berry J Bancroft G F Barber J Burke D Bengtsson

Crowell S Catten S S Croll W Craven W W Carvey W Cudmore J Clements G P 2 Calvert J A Crawtord G E Cook G P Chambers W M Ciarry E E Conway J Champlin M Cole J Casten W Colleredge G W Congleton A B Cochran A F Cline A B Davenport J H Davis J Dougherty J Davis G 3

Ellington C

Healey T

Heintze A M Hartley T C Hillon H R Hollman G S

Howard R. Hynet W R

Hunt R T

Jones W E

Jordan A Johnson G T Jones N M

Jonte H Kraft V

Kalmer W Karcher G

Lane D Lee W A Love J A

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ewis J Morse R S Mozley W J Mathews T

anters J C

Lebman E Leonard H

Markmann W Moore J D Miskipnon J

Magnet H G

Maniy F
Moore S
Moses W J 2
Murphy M
Milbery A T
Miller E L
Murry P B
McDuff L A
McCready J H
Mclirov A

McCrea M A

McConnel A L

Newman A 2 Nichols W Nicholson C J

Olsen N Olf L Perkins O W

Panty J

Pomeroy H C Pritchard H A

Putnam W D

Proces J Rendink A Liques J A 2 Ritchey J 2 Riely M Richardson A A Rinsmith M S Rice L

Ripsmith M. S.
Rice I.
Riamsdell E W
Savage M J
Savage M
Stermen H
Simpson J J
Shelly J
Springlon C J
Scott G W
Strong G J

Stupka J Sinclair D J Snefe O J Sherlock S

Silvestern R

Stevens D Switzer O Y Stanford W Taylor B Tucker J

ineford F

Mclirov A

Mathews F Minard & Hanson Miller J H

Hamilton J A Halton I Harvey J A & Co Heiser F

Hanssener J Heitshowsen H Hamilton C W

Douglas J H 2 Denton S O Drake E E Disbrow H H Dennison S Dietrich J Dickason W S Donaway F De Frees W S Danforth A J Dunlap R W Emerson H Ewing E J Elledge O Ellis J E Ernst O Ewing W

Frisk R E fulker S Fry J Frienk A Frensh E Fietcher W Frensh J R Furst E Fredinburg P Fiddler F Foley J Gaft & Woodward Graves A Gerard M N Goff D R Gamph J Gilbert G W H Grevie G Goldsberry E Gibberson W H Goldberry D S Gumps & Bireeny Garner J A

Hartwell TJ Hansen F Hamilton J Hodge R Hart J Hanglebury J A Hollan B Harlan C

Jefferson A ensen James I Long & Allstatter Lansen E Lewis J 2 Lansterer J Laws N M Lindley G Lynch F M Lindquit E Lanters J Mankowski

Mathews J B Monahan T Moran T Mathews M Moore J A McNamara J G Marks & Goldsmith Maywood G W Madden W J

Marran A Michand O E Manly F McClean W A
McEldery J A
McSweeney D F
McEldwin H
McCain A J Narfield J N Nichalson W Noble T H Ogden E R Owens W C Pichard G Peister II Peterson L J Press II Runner J Roy J L 3

Slatter S Scott & Rosenberg Summers W S Seerwer C C Turiden P P Terry I K

LIFE IN THE CITY OF NICE.

Frenchmen Who Find Good Zest in Living. WINTER ON THE RIVIERA.

A Glimpse of Monaco-The Woman in Black and Her Winnings-Among Churchmen and Gamesters Where Labor is "Play."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, writing from Nice, says: France is a universal play house, where the farce, the comedy, the melodrama and the tragedy blend in one another, but where the curtain never falls. Whether it be an act of sin, sorrow or shame, or a spectacle of pomp and hypocrisy, all are clothed in the garments of pleasure and virtue. These French comprehend the true philosophy of life. Every phase of existence seems to possess its charm for them. Their work is not toil, with light hearts they transform it into sport. Their happiness is not ostentation and opulence, but the calm peace of occupation and a kind of electric energy that appears to extend its current to all classes. Their domestic tasks and social pleasures are all performed with the zest that a Freuchman alone claims, and so mingled that labor becomes play. Every shop-keeper and laborer takes two hours for his midday repast. He is enjoying the benison of freedom to the top of his heart. Liberty is all around-an emancipation of body and soul. The mystic forces made France for republicanism just as they made America and Greece for it. The soul of freedom throbs in the flying breeze, the restless wave and the fervent

The French of the south have not the passion for artistic and artificial effect in the same intrinsic way as the northern or Parisian French. The industry characteristic of the peasant woman in these sunny climes is picturesque. The sturdy wool stocking is always set upon the four steel needles, and her fingers move cease-lessly among the gray and brown threads, whether she be clamoring to sell her fish in the market-place or peacefully ascending the steep lanes which wind upward over the Maritime Alps to some high plateau, where she goes to look upon the sheltering hills, the glistening, snow-draped mounds and the little city below constructed with the mathematical percision of a Swiss toy. The peasantry of these latin countries are dominated and spiritualized, even in the lowest conditions, by a poetic superstition and pic-turesque imagination. They live in the radiance and serenity and beauty of the past. Their poet, their painters, their priests and their soldiers of a misty ear are still with them in some fragment of verse, some color in a fresco, some weird legend, or some mint-stamp on a

A STRIFE OF CLASSES. In what is known as the old town of Nice there is always stir and strife between the classes. Throughout the laby-rinth of narrow, dark, dirty footways there is the noise and trade of moneymaking. The pictures of human action in this section are unique. The damp streets are fined by cloud-piercing houses, whose outer walls are grim and grimy in the faded magnificence of a past glory. There are no signs of life in the upper stories, and festions of cobwebs wreathe and interlace the iron trellis of every window. The ground floors of these buildings are alive with a vigorous commerce. Every alternate house is a mar-ket stall. Men buy and sell, boys laugh and fight, women wash at the fountains, clash their metal pails upon the stones with shrillest clangor, or sit in the doorvays with plaited linen coif and black velvet banded over their heads, making material for the artist in his sketches. Wretched, half naked children wallow about their feet and under the forger's anvil, seeming to eradle pollution and death in the folds of their scanty garments. Portentous odors meet the nostril on every side.

FAST BOUND TO THE CHURCH. Old men, maimed and withered, hobble into the cathedral, crossing them-selves with holy water as they go, and invoking blessings in a muttered patois of Italian, French and Spanish. They extend their umber palms for pennie and when the strangers' small coin falls in a shower of copper they only raise their voices louder in praise; but when they get no pecuniary reward for their prayers maledictious mingle in a breath-less confusion. These are the fathers of the thick-ribbed fellows yonder pulling out in their rude boats from the pier of St. Jean and spreading the madrague. They are blind to the gaze of those who are sufficiently fortunate to view the ex-citing spectacle of a tonnara, or the ar-ranging of a labyrinth of nets constructed in a series of chambers into which great shoals of fish which approach the shore successively enter. The women sit out in the weather on the shingle beach mending the nets which are spread to dry on the hot stones. They say their beads as the evening falls and the bells chime for the Ave Maria.

AMONG THE GAMESTERS. I have just returned from a visit to Monte Carlo. Nowhere on earth is gaming so much in favor of the player as it is in Monte Carlo. The roulette table has only one zero, and this gives the gamester thirty-seven chances against one to the bank. Out of a deep stillness, where no sound is heard, save a slight chink and the drop of the little ivory ball that the croupier sends coursing round the rim of the roulette frame, while with the other hand he sends the wheel cir-cling in the opposite direction, sixty times in the hour issues the French montone: "Messieurs, faites vos jeux," with the mechanical rigor of some intricately fashioned automaton

A PASSION THAT MAKES ALL EQUAL. Round each of the four long tables in

the first salon de jeu that is entered from the great marble-paved corridor are gathered crowds of human beings, most f whose attention is bent upon the play. Of the sixty or more persons assembled at every single table, male and female strike a balance. Those in the outer rows are standing and leaning forward to place their silver, or they may be observed their silver, or they may be observed pushing a few napoleons to a distant number by means of a little wooden rake. The sea of faces shows every variety of type of European civilization. The roulette wheel is a maelstrom that draws all the straws and garbage of society into its whirl. Here, then, is a striking illus-tration of the law of human equality, and that all things, in both the moral and the physical world, come to an average. Where else would the imperturbable, heavy visaged English lord and younger son of a duke have complacently brushed elbows with the little old man with a pro-file like the vuiture and a long, bony claw-like hand that exuitantly caresses the yellow coins as he adjusts them in piles before passing them to the winning point, and whose name appears in the police record of Nice for unlawful offence? And there, too, very near a dainty American girl, whose father counts his revenue in hundreds of thousands, is a black-haired, bold-eyed woman, meretricious alike in apparel and charac What other possible circumstance would place these women side by side? The black-haired Jezebel is only one of a great prevailing class, members of which

AS BLACK IN HEART AS IN DRESS.

The attention of those clustered about the table is directed to this woman, upon whose face and figure life has with a most cruel and accurate stylus cut in the hieroglyphics of her record. She is attired in a drapery of oriental lace made over a tunic of black satin, and where the corsage is cut away to expose the neck and shoulders under their gossamer covering every breath is seen to swell the upper portion of her anatomy into billows of flesh. Great rows of diamonds circle round and round each chubby arm and are clasped over black gloves which corrugate in ample folds to the elbow. This woman, like others of her denomi ation, is not here to stake her soul. That part of her human make-up has long been swallowed in the fiery gulf of sin, and must tend downward. She is here to make a fortune without giving an equivalent. She possesses the essentials for such success—courage, calmness, cash. She knows that more is won to the bank by rash and excited players than from its own fixed advantage. The bank has the supremacy over men in that its operations are purely mechanical; it has no emotions, therefore players should have as few as possible. She feels that she has a sure system of acquisition, and she is following it up.

are to be seen everywhere in the Casino.

WAITING FOR HER CHANCE.

She believes that everything turns up regularly at the equipoise of the scale at regular intervals, though the intervals are irregular. She watches for them; she is in no hurry; she rests her eyes, in a look of neutrality that only helf reils are look of neutrality that only half veils ex-ultation, on the vast concourse pitching their louis recklessly, while she studies long before she drives her blind bargain with fate. Here she uses the player's advantage over the bank: She waits; it must play on. WINNING BY A SYSTEM

There has been a series on black. She is sure a change must be near; so, being an adept, she rushes in to snatch a for-tune by playing on another color, just as an adroit woman subtly recognizes an opportunity for conquest and catches a heart in the rebound. She puts 6 louis on red and wins. She doubles her stake and puts it on black, and again she wins. So she continues to alternate between red and black before the inauguration of another series. On this method she has been seven times the winner. Now she waives the moment. When she next bends to place her wager it is upon red, for she remembers that the last long series ran upon black. "Meissiurs, faites vos jeux," and the wheel winds its tortuous way with the low, sweeping sound like the swish-swash, swish-swash of a hidden brook. "Le jeu ne va plux," says the voice of Parcae, as the gentle swish-swash gradually fades into silence and the little ball drops on red. Red it is; for fourteen consecutive games it is red, red, red; and each time as she passes her louis to the winning point the company gazes breathless, and as she gathers her golden luck amid a deafening approval of bravos she is convinced hers is the infallible system.

For Rent-Store building 83x182 feet, stories high and basement, 1114 Harney, formerly occupied by Clarke Drug

"Our Motto" Good Grades, Low Prices. Central Lumber Yard, 13th & California. Ramge can be found up-stairs in his old stand.

Filled case and Elgin movement for \$15, at Hubermann's Co-operative Jewelry store, 13th and Douglas sts.

Baled hay, car lots for sale, Strange Bro.'s, Sioux City.

At the Beehive, 1619 Howard, is the best place to buy your spring supply of dry goods, fancy goods and notions.

"Well, Celia, the jig's up; they're after us," exclaimed Jimmy Young, an Iowa boy, who absconded with another man's wife and was captured in Plattsmouth. The pair were from What Cheer, and Celia is a Mrs. Jones. She grew tired of the man and title and attempted to grow young again in fresh embraces. But the cruel code stepped on her trail and jugged herself and Jimmy.

Everything which belongs to pure, healthy blood is imparted by Hood's Sarsapavilla. A trial will convince you of its merit,

The agricultural experimental station bill which passed the recent congress will give to lows \$15,000 per year to be used by the State Agricultural college for this purpose. Five thousand dollars of of the first year's appropriation will be invested in buildings.

Spring Medicine

nedicine, for two reasons: from medicine than at any other season. 2d. The impurities which have accumulated in the

blood should be expelled, and the system given tone and strength, before the prestrating effects of warm weather are felt. Hood's sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine. It purities the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion, It eversomes debility, it builds up

the whole system. Try it and you will be convinced of its superiority. Purify Your Blood

Remember we do not say Hood's Sarsaparilla will do impossibilities. We tell you plainly what it has done, and submit proofs from sources of unquestion-ed reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low siste of the system, to try Hood's Sarsapurilla. Our experience warrants us in assuring you that you will not be disappointed at the

"I took Hood's Sersaparilla for general debility and was wonderfully benefitted by it."—J. P. Jong-son, Martin's Ferry, O.

"When in the spring Ifelt all run down and debil tated I found Hood's Sarsaparilla just the medicine to build me up. My wife also, after much physical prostration, found in its use new life and lasting benofit. Upon our little girl, who had been sick with scarlet fever, its effect was marvelous, entirely remov ing the poison from her blood and restering her to

"Hood's Sarsaparilla was a God send to me, for it enred me of dyspepsia and liver complaint with which I had suffered 29 years,"—J. H. HORNBECK, South Fallsburg, N. V.

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