

THE DAILY BEE. PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily (Monday Edition) including Sunday... For One Year \$10.00... For Three Months \$3.00... For Six Months \$5.00...

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS. E. ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

Table with 2 columns: Date and Amount. Rows include Saturday, June 4; Sunday, June 5; Monday, June 6; Tuesday, June 7; Wednesday, June 8; Thursday, June 9; Friday, June 10.

Sworn Statement of Circulation. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, I, s. s. Geo. B. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, do hereby swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending June 10, 1887, was as follows:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of June, 1887. N. P. FEIL, Notary Public.

THEIR are "planks loose" in the court house sidewalk yet, and Mike Lahey still continues as ex-officio county commissioner.

A CORNER in gold-headed canes is impending, owing to the numerous calls for our patent Fourth of July orator who carries the Third ward in his title.

Now that Omaha has had her spring cleaning by the weather clerk, the street commissioner should complete the job by having the gutters and alleys cleared of rubbish and refuse.

COLORADO, which formerly depended mainly upon California and Utah for her supply of barley in excess of her own limited product, now draws almost wholly upon Nebraska for this grain.

THE anxiety which always has been manifested by certain patriots to manage the public schools of Omaha without a dollar of pay, very naturally arouses a suspicion that there is some meat in that larder.

THE Mormons have been more than fifteen years building their temple at Salt Lake City. At the rate of progress which the contractor of the city hall basement has been making, Omaha will consume twenty-five years in constructing her city hall.

THE speculation in coffee, which forced the price of lower grades up to extraordinary high figures, advancing Rio and Santos just 300 per cent within a year, has been broken, and the market has gone to pieces in a panic.

A new campaign is being inaugurated by the friends of the movement in Dakota for the division of the territory and the admission of the southern part as a state.

It seems that the ship builders of the country are not exhibiting the interest and anxiety they were expected to in connection with the construction of the new cruisers.

The New Silver Market. The project of the new Western National Bank of New York, of which Secretary Manning is president, of creating a silver market in this country, has taken form and may now be regarded as an assured fact of the near future.

The plan is entirely simple and the business will be as legitimate as are the dealings in other articles of commerce, as grain, provisions and petroleum.

On the stock exchange, just as petroleum and other certificates now are, in presenting their applicants to the exchange, the projectors explained that "the primary advantage is to enable dealers and to afford a safe and easy way of handling silver bullion, but the principal object is to facilitate commercial transactions that are based upon its price."

In wider view it was urged that the policy of making a fair price for silver bullion is of the utmost importance to the whole business interests of the country.

The consensus of intelligent financial opinion is favorable to the project, which besides accomplishing all that is claimed for it by its projectors in a commercial way, it is believed will also tend to improve silver mining property.

London is the world's silver market for the reason that India, China and other countries that absorb most of the silver, have much closer business relations with that metropolis than with New York.

Ever since the board of public works was organized five years ago, there has been a lack of system and publicity in its methods of transacting business.

A movement has been started in some of the larger cities, notably San Francisco and New Orleans, to suppress profane and indecent talk in the streets and public thoroughfares by hoodlums, rowdies and general loafers.

on any question except as it became known through meetings of the city council. The new board of public works should, by all means, inaugurate a radical change of methods in transacting its business.

A competent and trustworthy man should be selected secretary. He should be required to keep the office open during business hours and afford access to city officers and citizens directly interested in public works to the records of the board and the plans and papers in its custody.

It has been found by experience that one city inspector of meats, milk and vegetables cannot possibly do thorough work in the city with its enlarged area.

The steady and vigorous growth of Nebraska is best shown in the progress and prosperity of its towns, to which our columns daily bear gratifying testimony.

The Omaha river is gathering in huge wreaths of foam as it trout stream. This is due to the fact that the game nibble and toy with the journalistic line and frequently hook on.

A ragged tramp entered a dry goods store in Fremont the other day, and seizing a package of fruit, carried a dozen pairs of socks, dashed out. The proprietor gave chase and soon returned with the socks and a bloody nose, but the thief escaped.

The wire fence seems to be getting in its work of destruction on the stock of the state as a lightning conductor. Of the scores of horses and cattle killed by the electricity this summer nearly all were in the immediate vicinity of wire fences.

The Lincoln Democrat utters a pleasant squeal against the magnificent proportion of the Omaha directory, claiming that it is an unfair record of population, because the work, it believes, was begun in October, and thousands of transient people have since been added.

The laudable undertaking of the New York Star to raise \$125,000 for the Grant monument by popular subscription, has not thus far met with very generous encouragement.

A movement has been started in some of the larger cities, notably San Francisco and New Orleans, to suppress profane and indecent talk in the streets and public thoroughfares by hoodlums, rowdies and general loafers.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Rock Island railroad shops at Davenport. The Roman Catholic Mutual Protective Society will hold its annual convention at the big towns in the order named above.

forced an opening about two blocks north of the mouth of the well, and there were grave apprehensions of trouble from the eccentric spouter. Micoely is the name given to a new profession in Rapid City. The professors confine their talents to sublimating syrapus.

A colony of about 200 people from the borders of the sea of Azov, in southern Russia, are locating in the eastern part of Edmunds county. The investigation of the affairs of the Yankton insane asylum will be carried forward in a thorough manner and concluded in about two weeks.

It has been found by experience that one city inspector of meats, milk and vegetables cannot possibly do thorough work in the city with its enlarged area. The ordinance now pending before the council to divide the city into two inspection districts is commendable.

Nebraska Towns. The steady and vigorous growth of Nebraska is best shown in the progress and prosperity of its towns, to which our columns daily bear gratifying testimony.

The wire fence seems to be getting in its work of destruction on the stock of the state as a lightning conductor. Of the scores of horses and cattle killed by the electricity this summer nearly all were in the immediate vicinity of wire fences.

The Lincoln Democrat utters a pleasant squeal against the magnificent proportion of the Omaha directory, claiming that it is an unfair record of population, because the work, it believes, was begun in October, and thousands of transient people have since been added.

The laudable undertaking of the New York Star to raise \$125,000 for the Grant monument by popular subscription, has not thus far met with very generous encouragement.

A movement has been started in some of the larger cities, notably San Francisco and New Orleans, to suppress profane and indecent talk in the streets and public thoroughfares by hoodlums, rowdies and general loafers.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Rock Island railroad shops at Davenport. The Roman Catholic Mutual Protective Society will hold its annual convention at the big towns in the order named above.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Rock Island railroad shops at Davenport. The Roman Catholic Mutual Protective Society will hold its annual convention at the big towns in the order named above.

nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

WIFE AND WEALTH WELL-WON

A Romance of the Rocky Mountains Which Ended at the Tomb. Maggie Carter's Fidelity—The Dream and Hope of a Life-Time Realized, Only to be Robbed of Its Joys by Tyrant Death.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

from hardship, toil and exposure—stod looking silently, and almost joylessly, upon all that vast, untold wealth, which was now his own, and nobody in the world to share it with him.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.

Nothing in romance, says a Helena letter in the Philadelphia Record, equals the story of Thomas Cruse, the millionaire widower of this wide-awake mountain town who, after years of prospecting, delving and labor in the mountain gulches near Helena, at last struck a rich mother lode of almost pure gold that made him a millionaire in one day.