

THE RUSH INTO TOWN.

How the Innkeepers Through Are Pouring Into Omaha.

THE FAIR AND THE REUNION.

Scenes on the Street and By the Wayside—The Fakers and the Small Merchant—His Manners and Ways.

The town is loaded up to the muzzle and running out at the touch-hole with strangers. If she does not burst like an overcharged cannon, she is bound to sloop over like a trough with too many snouts in the swirl. She has begun to run over the edges already, and where the wayfarer cannot get standing room in the big hotels down town he is availing himself of the spacious accommodations offered by the late general police chief, Tom Cummings, in his cosy caravansary—not to mention other wayside inns that flank the north road. Further, it must be said that this same reckoning does not include the visitors who have pitched their cheese-cloth tents in the hazel brush near the highway, or who cling to the shelter which their wagons grant, while their horses crop the push-like mullin and the bright red show bill. All the way from town out the military road, beaten down by armies of feet and hoofs, rolled by innumerable wheels, with stray and fitful rain scattered from the ground compactly into the dust, the crowd surges both by day and night like exodusters from the drought regions. Whence comes this van-guard of the approaching hosts? Heaven knows—where it came like the way in which the fellow wanted Freedom to ring—"from every mountain side," including other sources. Why are they here? To witness, naturally enough, the grand multiplied programme of the aggregated attractions which Omaha has this week with the Fair and Reunion in star parts.

Some, however, do not come to witness in the mere sense of the word, but to lay themselves out as to be able to bear substantial witness of the success of the event when it is over. They are "on the make," and come in every devious shape that the ingenuity of this cute generation can think up. On the streets of the city, skirting the road to the grounds, filling every spare yard of space inside the fence and on the tented field of the reunion, the fakir, the pious and pious vendor hold forth irrepressibly. Each train that rolls into the city, each rumbling jolt wagon from the back timber, each travel-soiled pedestrian by the tie path or dirt road brings some new recruit to the vast army of broad winners who seek a temporary profit in town.

As first choice among favorites is the oratorical soap merchant who chews cotton and spits fire, as of yore, and palls twenty yards of red, white and blue ribbon out of his mouth, just as he did in the infancy of the oldest inhabitant. The same old crowd gathers around and steps on its own feet to see the show and yield to the inducements offered.

"I have here, ladies and gentlemen," shouts a man with a business eye, sitting on the curb by the postoffice, with his feet in the gutter and his hand in his pocket, "the only pure and refined stove polish offered in this market. I imported it at great cost and by special royal favor from the famous Rum-kumpool-doo-sook-poo factory. See how she works," and sopping the rag into a small tin box he rubs a black mixture on the pavement and then gets the box for a dime.

"This way, gentlemen; not that way, but this, and how 'dy do," cheerily calls a seedy young man rubbing his hands warmly and directing attention to a machine with a hose attachment. "This is not a fire extinguisher but the great original inventor of my own patent to test your lungs. That's right," as he takes the nickel and brushes the moss from the back of a victim. "You've got more wind than a congressman. Who's next?"

Then our ancient friend, the Italian lazzaroni, with his ear rings and black whiskers, his here en masse as it were. Whether he "grinda do org," or "playa de lid," or "sell de banana," it's all one, he will make a de mon," and he might as well have it.

And worse still the Salvation Army is recruiting up as fast as a rabbit colony in the rutting season. There were forty soldiers in last night's parade, and the man with the bass drum thumped away as though confident of forty more to-day. Then, as a sort of lying detail to tackle the skirmish lines of sin, the tom-tom evangelists have a blackboard inscribed with scriptural quotations and sage remarks from the company captain, such as, "I am leaning on the lamb with hopes for beef and mutton." These efforts are especially calculated to contribute to the howling success of the festal week.

"When the oleander blooms," sings a night-faring tooth-wash fiend in the glare of his gasoline torch, and picking up a banjo accompaniment to the melodious sentiment, he gathers a crowd. "Here we are, here we are kind friends," he yells as he curls up the tail end of the ball in a hurry, "with less than one holy minute I'll restore this young man's teeth from their present bad shape to their original pearly whiteness," and with much rubbing and lather and sputtering from the boy, the job is done as advertised and the dentifrice goes like hot cakes with sorghum molasses.

"Hya yer carry-all to the grounds," roars a tough, stout man with a grizzled beard and his pants in his boots. Hya yer carry-all to the grounds, you say, twenty-five cents, two dimes and a half, the one-quarter part of a dollar, takes you right to the gates of the white big show. Who-a, President Cleveland, what yer skeet at now? As one of his bony mules rears back at the astounding apparition of a passing load of hay. Here's the great conveyance of these times. By the side of him where's your cable, electric or steam motor and speedy transportation. The citizen who despises the carry-all man is no patriot and that's all there is of it.

Beside and in addition to the foregoing there are some folks here to make money with less noise, and great is their anticipated harvest in view of the highly efficient and adequate constabulary of the city. These enterprising people are both hotel burglars, pickpockets, shell workers and confidence men. They are not nice people but there is no way of warning folks against them. They are best known by their fruits—and then it's too late.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

To Grand Army Reunion Grounds and Omaha Fairgrounds. The Union Pacific Railway Company will run special trains September 5th to 10th inclusive, between 10th and Leavenworth streets and Grand Army Reunion grounds, stopping at foot of Davenport street and at Fair grounds station each way as follows: Going out—Leave 10th and Leavenworth streets at 8:10 a. m. and every hour thereafter until including 11:10 p. m., arriving Davenport st. 5 minutes later, arriving Fair ground station 20 minutes later, arriving at the Reunion grounds 25 minutes later. Returning—Leave reunion grounds at 8:40 a. m., and every hour thereafter until 11:40 p. m., arriving at Fair grounds station five minutes later, arriving Davenport street twenty minutes later and arriving at Tenth and Leavenworth streets twenty-five minutes later. Fare single trip ten cents; round trip fifteen cents.

A Saint's Anniversary. Yesterday morning in St. Philomena's cathedral, was celebrated the anniversary of the patron saint. Five priests with Bishop O'Connor participated in the sacrifice of the mass. The church was well filled. Father McCarthy preached. He related the story of St. Philomena, a young girl born in Greece; her parents were rulers in that country. When she was thirteen years of age she went to Rome to make a contract with the Emperor Diocletian, who was a persecutor of christians, and had already slaughtered his wife and daughter because they became christians. He saw Philomena, loved her and married her, and sought to marry her. She had previously, with her parents, become a christian and made a vow of perpetual virginity and refused to marry the Roman emperor. She was tortured and beheaded. The reverend gentleman preached a good sermon on the grandeur of faith that bears the soul to the portals of death and beyond.

Lewis-Spiegel. Last evening Miss Nellie Spiegel, daughter of Henry Spiegel, was united in marriage to Abraham Lewis, the furniture dealer at 711 South Thirteenth street. The ceremony was performed at the Jewish synagogue by the Rev. Dr. Benson. At 6:30 the bride came down the aisle accompanied by her father and mother. Next followed four little flower girls and six bridesmaids, after which the groom appeared accompanied by his uncle, J. Tendes, and the six groomsmen. After the impressive ceremony the guests adjourned to the Germania hall, where a magnificent supper was spread. After supper the eternal health and happiness of the newly wedded pair, was wished by Dr. Benson and A. Brandes. The rest of the evening was most delightfully spent in dancing. About 200 guests were present.

Iowa State Fair. Held at Des Moines from September 3 to 9. Tickets for the round trip from Council Bluffs, including admission to the fair, \$4.45, on sale from September 1 to 9, inclusive, good to return on or before September 12. Tickets will be on sale at the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific ticket office, 1305 Franklin street. S. S. Stevens, general agent.

Notes. The "Shoshone Falls," painted by Dr. J. J. Curtis, is the most striking work of art in the collection. It is a front view of that famous cataract, with the towering bluffs and rocks lit up by the morning sun. There is a bold and striking originality in the coloring, and a fidelity to nature that attract the attention and charm the eye. The painting is 6x3 feet, and the doctor has devoted his leisure moments to painting it during the past three years.

The Hotels Filling Up. The hotels are already crowded and cots in the corridors are being improvised for sleeping purposes. "We are taking care now of 400 people," said Mr. McDonald of the Millard, "against 250 provided for last year at the opening of the fair, and every indication points to a large and lucrative hotel business for the next ten days."

THREE TOO MANY. "You don't mean to tell me that you are engaged to marry four men? Four men, and all at the same time! Kate Withum, I'm astonished! I did not think of this when I took you from your dying mother's arms, and promised to love and care for you as my own," and Miss Tabitha Laurence, a spinster of forty, looked at her seventeen-year-old niece with that severely righteous expression that no one else could assume as well as herself.

"I am afraid I do, auntie, but really I couldn't help it," and Kate was an extremely pretty penitent, as she knelt and crossed her hands upon her aunt's lap, before beginning her confession. "Shall I tell you about them?" "I suppose I shall have to hear it," answered Miss Tabby, and, although her tone was severe, her hand rested tenderly on the bright head of the willful girl, for when Miss Tabby loved Kate best of all upon earth.

"Well," began Kate, hesitatingly, "you know we don't have a chance to meet many gentlemen in the seminary, and the rules are awful strict." "The very reason why I sent you there," nodded Miss Tabby. "And so we made the most of our opportunities," Kate went on, unheeding the interruption. "You know if you tell a person she cannot do anything, that thing is the very one above all others that she wants to do, and will do, too, if it isn't really wicked. That's human nature, auntie, and human nature is much the same in a boarding school as anywhere, only more so. Well, in the first place, there was Professor Nartlon—I never could understand why he fancied me, but he did, he said that I resembled some one whom he knew and loved years—but she jilted him I expect, he did not say. Why, auntie! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, child," but her tender, misty eye, belied her words, and her niece looked at her a moment in speechless wonder. Had she, too, had a romance, and were her thoughts busy with a never-to-be-forgotten past? "Did you accept Professor Nartlon, Kate?" "Why, auntie, didn't I tell you that he was the first one? I was a little afraid of him—only a little—and somehow I married him, but he didn't want me to marry him in the music-room that night," she confessed. "But then I don't think it was I that he cared for, after all. I think that he cared for me for the sake of his money, and no girl would want to be loved for another person, would she, auntie?" "And the next one, Kate," reminded Miss Tabby, tartly. "The next one was Johnny Talbot. I don't believe there is a single girl at the seminary that hasn't been engaged to him. His father is worth more than two millions of dollars, think of that, and he has the only child. His wife will be rich and have every wish gratified, but—well, he won't care much. He will be engaged to another girl in less than a week. I don't want a husband whose brains are in his money bags," concluded Kate, vehemently. "And the third one," suggested Miss Tabby. "Was Hal Weston. He was handsome, and smart enough, too, but he is poorer than a church mouse, and so consoled

I accepted him just for the fun of quarreling with him by and by. He won't commit suicide, I don't believe he could love any one but his darling self. Phoo! He don't care as much for me as he does for the set of his teeth!" "There is another one. You said four, Kate," reminded Miss Tabby, as Katie paused suddenly and looked dreamily from the window, with smiling lips. "Very evident that you do not care for those who have told me about. Do you care for this other one?" "I don't—know, auntie," she confessed slowly with crimson cheeks, as she turned, her hand to her forehead, and gazed dreamily out into the hazy beauty of the of the calm summer. "He—hasn't at all like any of the others. I am more than half afraid of him, although he is always kind. But he has such queer ideas of life, and he lectures me sometimes as though I were a naughty child—no, he doesn't lecture me but he talks so gravely that he makes me almost dread the responsibility of living. He is a mechanic, but he has invented something that he is sure to make a fortune with. He told me about it but I couldn't understand. He knows so much and I so little."

"You love him, Kate?" questioned Miss Tabby, keenly. "I did not say so," answered the girl in quick confusion. "I don't know—I can't be sure—but I think—I am almost certain—that I love him a little—just a little."

"Well, my dear, I don't see that you need the advice you asked for," Miss Tabby said at last, smoothing her dove-colored silk down carefully. "I see but one way for you to do. There is but one of these gentlemen that you like, even just a little. And you would not think of marrying where you do not love. I think you should write to them all. Three of them you can dismiss at once, and the other—"

"I'll tell him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, then—he will despise me, I know," faltered Katie, with a pitiful sob in her clear young voice. "But I shall tell him—even though I never see him again."

"That's a brave girl. Do right and everything will come right in the end. Don't begin with a secret, it might ruin your life for good. The last words were uttered under her breath and Katie did not hear them nor see the sad, regretful look that crept over Miss Tabby's grim face, and made it more youthful, and wonderfully like her own. The delicately scented air of crimson velvet, with flushed cheeks, tearful eyes, and disheveled hair, the picture of despair.

"Prof. Nartlon didn't get my note," she cried. "He has been away on business, and he writes to tell me that he will be here to-day, do you hear, auntie, to-day? And—George Roberts has forgiven me, he is coming too. He just awful three days ago, he threw her fingers into Miss Tabby's lap, and burst into tears.

"Ah, child, you are beginning to pay for your indiscretion," sighed Miss Tabby. "But it may come all right, after all. What do the others say?" "A fig for the others!" groaned Katie. "Johnny raves as he always does, and Hal is calmly indignant, but they will both get over it, I reckon. It is Professor Nartlon and George Roberts that I am thinking about. What ever made me do it? There! A hack is stopping at the door! I am going to hide, Auntie! Tell them I'm sick, have the sunning—tell them I'm dead and this is a pest house!—tell them anything, anything to get rid of them. I'll be in the arbor, and when they are gone let me know. You will do this, that's a good auntie, I'm so miserable!" "I'll try to make everything right, child," answered Miss Tabby, in a strange voice, as she turned with trembling lips and white face to meet the visitors in the hall, while Katie stole out at the back door and ran to the leafy arbor, where she was safely hidden.

Miss Tabby managed to whisper to George Roberts as she alighted, telling that astonished young man out at the door, before following the professor to the parlor.

"Tabitha!" "Yes, John." "That was what he heard as the door closed, and then he walked quickly to the arbor where Katie was waiting in sobbing suspense. "Oh, George, I thought—I thought you would go away," she faltered, smiling through her tears. "And you would care?" he whispered as he took the seat beside her, and even drew her to him.

"You got my letter. Can you forgive me?" she asked, breathlessly. "I knew it all the time, Katie," he answered gravely. "If I had not loved you so well, and trusted you so fully, I should never have spoken to you. You were pointed in your darling. I do not fear that it will ever happen again."

"Never!" said Katie, earnestly, and the afternoon waned away as they sat and talked of the future, building fair castles, as lovers will, until Katie cried, at last:— "Look, George, what a beautiful sunset! Did you ever see one so beautiful before? Let's accept it as a good omen, and let's what must auntie think? The Professor has surely gone away long ago."

But Prof. Nartlon had not gone. They found him in the parlor with his arm around Miss Tabby, and with a noble air of ownership, while she looked really pretty and youthful in her confusion. "Tabitha has made your confession for you," said the professor smilingly, taking a hand of each of the young people and joining them between his own. "I can afford to forgive you for jilting me, and also thank you for our short acquaintance, since it was the means of my getting to know the only woman that I have ever loved, my future wife, your Aunt Tabitha. It is no wonder that I liked you for your resemblance to her, but I never loved you, child."

"I know that, and I am so glad and happy! I don't deserve it at all," cried Katie, hysterically. "But there is the supper bell, and I must confess that I am most unromantically hungry. Whether the others were or not, it was a very happy, quadruple party that sat at Miss Tabby's table that evening, and certain suspicious preparations that are going on, hint of a pleasant event so strongly, that we can imagine that a small orange blossoms and hear the rustle of white satin.

GIRLS IN A SWIMMING RACE. Miss Grace Blankley, aged 13, swims in the Half in 25 Minutes. New York Sun. The swimming contest for the gold medal offered by the Kings County Journal to the fastest swimming girl in the county was one of the attractions at West Brighton yesterday. Six girls entered for the race. They had been training for several days. They were: Alice Ward, aged 16, of Coney Island; Maggie Ward, 14, Coney Island; Tinnie Baars, 16, Coney Island; Grace Blankley, 13, Fort Hamilton; Daisy Blankley, 11, Fort Hamilton; Maggie F. Hogan, 14, Bath Beach. The course was from the bell buoy off the old wooden pier to an imaginary line drawn due west from the Brighton pier, about a mile and a half. About 4 o'clock the girls left Brighton pier in the cabin sloop Lamiana, which they used for dressing or rather an undressing room. When it was time they were prepared in a row on the starboard taffrail of the sloop in bathing

tights, which, what there was of them, were of different colors. At an announcement from the judges, who were three Kings county police justices, the girls plunged in and put for the pier. Thirteen-year-old Grace Blankley, a slim girl, tall for her age, at once took the lead and kept it. The tide was running out, and carried the lively little swimmers along very rapidly. Tinnie Baars thought she would get out a little further from the shore and get more tide, but in getting out she got so far behind that she gave up the race. She was picked up by the judges' boat. Grace Blankley won the race in 37 minutes, about fifty yards ahead of the next girl, Alice Ward. The others crossed the line in this order: Daisy Blankley, Maggie Hogan, Maggie Ward. A large crowd followed the racers along the beach.

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