A YANKEE GIRL ON A RANCH

Experience of a Woman in "Holding Down" a Land Claim.

THE LIFE OF A FEMININE PIONEER

Resisting a Claim Jumper—Social Dissipation of a Six Months' Old Town—The First Marriage—An Appropriate Phrase.

A woman writes to the New York Sun from Springfield, Col.: The life of a woman on a land claim in this sparsely settled region is not without its novel and sometimes exciting features. I am sure that my sisters in the cosy homes and luxurious drawing rooms of the east cannot fail to find some points of interest in a simple recital of my experience in "holding down" a claim. By the way, that phrase "holding down" seemed strange to me when first I heard it applied to a person's residence on a land claim, but now, after two months on my claim, I can understand its peculiar appropriateness to this section of country, where the wind is as unremitting as the prairie is illimitable, and one has need to "hold down" his possessions in every sense of the word. I have become attached to the old Rockies, having taken several trips to enjoy the grandeur of scenery as well as for the pursuit of health, and I think that in few places can both objects be attained as fully as at Manitou—the "Saratoga of the West." But my first acquaintance with the prairies and southeastern Colorado was in March last, when I came to file my homestead claim. Lamar (on the Santa Fe railroad) south to Springfield the scenery is little varied, there being nothing but the boundless prairie, dotted here and there with claim houses. Frequently the mirage in the distance may be observed, bringing to mind stories of weary, sand-bound travelers on the parched deserts, and their fruitless, unavailing efforts to reach the water, which seemed so near, yet so far. The Twin Buttes, near Wilde, thirty miles from Lamar, form the one solitary break in the prairie for miles. They are two conical hills, symmetrical in outline, which rise abruptly from the prairie to a height of probably three hundred feet. They combine to form one mound until near the summit, where they form two cone-shaped hills.

The town of Wilde is not as savage as its name would indicate, being yet in its infancy, all that was observable being the town site, a livery stable, two houses and a hotel in progress of erection. I found Springfield equally unprepossessing, and had I been of a less determined and more easily discouraged nature I should doubtless have returned to Kansas City, where I was then living, without filing on the land. But as the climate was what I was mainly interested in, and it was here in abundance and of excellent quality, I fulfilled my intentions, and here I am. As though the surroundings the first night in Springfield were not sufficiently strange and novel to an eastern-bred girl, we had the added excitement of one-half the girls—or I should say young ladies—in town attempting suicide by taking poison. I was the guest that night of our genial stage driver, Mr. Harris. He was then living in a dugout and Miss Elesa Coigny kept house—or kept dugout—for him and his two little boys. I was preparing to retire to my lowly couch—lowly in every way, being quite ingeniously arranged a few inches from the ground—and mentally taking note of the wide, weird, gaping fireplace, the roughly plastered walls and immense cottonwood logs, covered with fac-similes of the brands used by the "rancheros," or ranchmen, on their cattle, which formed the roof of our abode, and wondering if I would be able to shoot a coyote with my pistol and have his skin to hang on my wall as a trophy as they hung here. While these thoughts were passing through my mind some one, a near neighbor, sent for Miss Coigny, as some member of the family was ill. In a few moments she returned with the intelligence that the only other young lady in town besides herself had attempted to take her own life, and she (Miss Coigny) wished to know what to administer as an antidote. I told her of some simple remedy, which she gave until the arrival of the physician. The cause of the young lady's rash act was said to be homesickness, but it is more probable that it was due to some more serious affection of the heart. However, her life was saved, and I hear she is living on a claim near an adjacent town.

We met with an endless variety of human nature here as elsewhere. Since my return here in June I have spent several nights with one very timid lady on her claim. I remember the first night I went out with her; it was also her first night there. She had heard that a stranger had been sleeping on her claim and was told that unless she took up her residence there it would be "jumped." She was armed with her deceased husband's 38-calibre revolver and evidently felt very brave, and declared she would shoot the man who dared "jump" her claim. As she is a woman below medium height, and very small and spare, her asseverations did not inspire me with any fear of a fulfilment of her threats towards the unknown supposed-to-be "jumper." We retired early and, being very tired, I was soon lost in sleep. About midnight we were awoke by a tramping near the house. Accustomed to such disturbances, I said it was some cattle from the range, or as we were near town, it might be a horse turned out for the night, and immediately dropped into a doze, but soon to be aroused by Mrs. Fleming, who was certain that some one was making his bed in a dry goods box, partly filled with paper, etc., which stood outside the house by the door. "I'll shoot him, I shoot him right through the house," she declared in a voice intended to intimidate the audacious party. So worked up and excited was she that it was with difficulty I could restrain her from executing her threat. But by dint of persuasion and ridicule I quieted her, telling her how absurd it would be for any one to sleep in a box of old paper with centipedes for bedfellows, and also that it was wiser to wait for something to shoot at, not to risk maiming some dumb brute. "But if he wants to jump my claim he would sleep anywhere," and kindred remarks greeted by persuasions. Feeling assured that it was a horse or some cattle, I could not help thinking what a ridiculous, cowardly act it would be to fire through the house, and I must confess that I wondered "what people would say," which certainly is a great failing of womankind, and mankind as well. Even while we were talking the disturber of our peace passed around in view from our window—it was moonlight, almost as light as day—and was discovered to be old Sam, a horse, owned for twenty-five years by a prominent man in town. When the story leaked out it occasioned some amusement. Although I might not be brave in the face of a great danger, yet I have no fear of ordinary times, and have more than once slept with my door unlocked.

There being no public places of amusement we have to find pastimes among ourselves and in the country surrounding. We have organized a Pleasant Hour club, which has been enjoying a dance every two weeks. One rule of the club is that no gentleman shall be admitted unless accompanied by a lady, and on several occasions the generous-hearted men, who were acting as floor-managers, musicians, etc., have kindly "loaned their wives" to their bachelor friends who, might otherwise have been left out in the cold, owing to the scarcity of ladies in these parts. Unlike umbrellas, the articles loaned were promptly returned to their respective owners. A few days ago three of us went to the creek to shoot ducks, but when within a short distance of them they took flight and we secured none. As the season for game is approaching I anticipate some sport in that direction. A camping party is talked of, the objective point being Trinidad, 125 miles southwest, and it will be a relief to the monotony to take a trip of that kind.

Twice this summer was I caught out in the rain, the storms coming up suddenly. The first time we were lost on the prairie for an hour or two. Two couples of us were out in the evening riding, and while about two and a half miles from town and near no dwelling, the rain came upon us in all its fury. Finding it impossible to travel in the face of the wind, we turned our buggies around and, with most commendable patience under the circumstances, waited for the storm to cease, which it did in due time, and we proceeded on our way, only to find after awhile that we were off the road. It being very dark, not one in the party knew in which direction to go. We could therefore do nothing, as to go forward would perhaps be only to go further from the road. Again we were compelled to wait, this time for the clouds to roll away and the friendly stars to appear. Our unwilling sojourn was passed in song and lively conversation, but it was with grateful hearts that we reached home late at night.

A few days later the same quartette started in the morning to visit a new town twenty-four miles distant. We reached our destination at 2 p. m. without adventure, unless the fact of my losing my escort's sombrero and having to return for it, and finding it in in the middle of the road a mile from where we were when I missed it, be called an adventure. We were to commence our journey home at 4 p. m., but again a heavy rain came upon us. When it partially ceased we started, but about two miles from town were glad to seek shelter in an old stone ranche house, now occupied by Mexican sheep herders. Although the accommodations were not all that might be desired, still we were glad of the shelter. Finally the rain ceased and a rainbow appeared, and a second time we started on our homeward way. In crossing Freezeout creek we narrowly escaped a serious accident. The banks of the creek are steep and at its best it is a dangerous crossing. After the heavy rain the banks were very slippery, and just as the horses reached the top of the bank their feet began to slip, they were unable to hold the weight of the carriage, and we slipped down perhaps ten feet or more, when one horse fell down. The young gentleman in the rear seat jumped out and supported the carriage so that it did not slip further until the other one contrived to bring the fallen horse to his feet. Then by using the whip freely we passed over, and the remainder of our journey home was safely accomplished, but not before the small hours of the morning were upon us.

The first wedding in town occurred on September 8, the bride being one of the early settlers in the town, and a plump, comely girl of seventeen summers. The groom proved up on his claim two days previous and, returning from Lamar where the United States land office is located, drove up to the residence of the bride and the justice of the peace made them one. I presume there was not a happier man in the country than he when he drove out to his 160 acres of land, feeling proud in the newly acquired ownership to the land and the equally new acquisition of a sweet mistress of his domains. The bride wore a buff lawn with yellow ribbons, at least so "they say," and of course it is correct. I was not able to ascertain further particulars, for which I am sorry, as a list of presents and the "menu" might prove of interest.

I call my claim "Prairie View," as there is a view of nothing but prairie, with the exception of a clump of cottonwoods two miles west and a knoll, or slight rise in the prairie, about the same distance east. The latter hides the town from our view. I am three and a half miles from town, and the town is fifty miles from a railroad, but for a place six months old, we are very thrifty and at present booming, with the prospect of a railroad in the near future. For two months I have attended no church service of any description, but we have nearly three hundred inhabitants now and a movement is on foot to organize a church.

DIGNITY OF PUBLIC OFFICE.

Timely Thoughts on a Sadly Neglected Subject—The Pernicious Fee System.

I. N. Stevens in the Arbitrator: Aspirations are very often not in harmony with the individual tastes. Frequently they are beyond the abilities of the individual. So anxious in our day are men for some sort of a position, either in society or in politics, that they do not always carefully consider what figure they are likely to cut in the desired position.

So careless are we about the selection of public officials, so influenced by reason of party issues and personal availability at the time, that we lose sight of the fact that the favored aspirant may have no qualifications to fit him for any public position. The interests of the people are sacrificed for party ascendancy. Good government is made secondary to the gratification of personal vanity. Thus it happens that men are sometimes seen strutting around like turkey gobblers in an office, the duties of which they have not the remotest ideas how to perform. Thus executive offices are sometimes filled by men who, with considerable training, might make good private secretaries.

Judicial positions are often occupied by men who would be safe investors in a produce market. Once in a while legislatures are composed of men who would have been brilliant lights in those ancient times when the laws were published by posting them at such a height that no one could read them.

However, the harvest of titles is annually reaped. Private citizens become fewer, and it is difficult to find men with whom an ordinary Mr. can feel easy to associate. The man who goes to a swell party for the first time, and who has never before wore a dress suit or a collar, cannot feel more uncomfortable than some of our public officials in their position. Both make sacrifices to their vanity. To call it ambition is a misnomer. Ambition leads men into channels of superiority and greatness. A man who voluntarily makes himself ridiculous can have no ambition. Vanity to a small soul is what ambition is to a great one. It longs for the semblance of that which it knows it can never in reality be. Ambition causes men to perform great deeds for mankind; to seek responsible positions that by great work those positions may be made famous. Vanity causes men to perform ludicrous deeds for themselves; to seek high positions that by the titles of these positions they may be made famous. Vanity is ambition without a soul.

The discipline of an army in time of war comes nearer, perhaps, true principles of justice and sense than any other human regulations. The same principle applied to men in times of peace, who desire to rule in the aggregate vast armies of people, are considered ridiculous. And yet it may well be questioned whether a people would ever have occasion for war if well and wisely ruled in time of peace. What would be thought of that army which should select its officers from men who had no military talent, no military training, and who had never seen any military service and who simply desired the position for the titles and the help such titles might be to them in society or in private business? The interests and the welfare of the people are constantly being entrusted to civil rulers who have no greater capacity and no higher motives. Public office, in our day and in our country, is generally for one of three purposes, namely for the emoluments of the office, for the title of the position, or for the help it will be in gaining social position or in aiding private business. Very seldom is it sought for a good which can be done to the people. Very rarely is the question of fitness morally, mentally or patriotically of the person seeking taken by him into consideration.

We are a people, avowedly, of the purest democracy, yet in no other country on the globe are position and title more sought for, and in scarcely any other country do they count for more in business influence or in social standing. Think of republican institutions creating a titled aristocracy! So vastly out of harmony with the theory of our government is such a condition of affairs that it cannot long exist and the government retain its force. Such influences stunt the growth of patriotism, dwarf the spirit of independent manhood and chill the fires of honest ambition. There ought to be no prouder position in a free land than that of serving one's country well in any station, howsoever humble. There should be no glory as bright, no standing as high as that of him who, by dint of toil and struggle, has so broadened his soul, that honestly and faithfully and wisely he is enabled to serve the people in some humble position in such a manner that they are made more comfortable and prosperous by such service. No rank of birth or title of wealth should have preference for public position over fitness, intelligence, industry and patriotism, however lowly the station. The fishermen of Gallile transmitted to us the teachings of the Savior. They were his trusted disciples.

The geatest ruler England ever had was the commonor, Cromwell. The greatest captain, statesman and monarch which France ever had was the "Unknown Corsican," Bonapart. The noblest man of our country, one of the greatest rulers of any country, was the "rail-splitter," Lincoln. Certainly the greatest general our country ever produced was the "tanner," Grant.

Men may make public office great and glorious, but public office cannot make men either great or glorious. Under our government the humblest office offers an opportunity to the occupant to make a name for himself, if he be fitted for public service, by serving well and intelligently the people in such position. The sickly sentiment which prompts men of means and others to seek public office for the gilded title or for private gain is foreign to our institutions and should not be permitted to exist. If, in fact as in theory, the people are supreme and all officeholders mere agents, then the principles of agency have been entirely subverted.

It sometimes happens in private affairs that a clerk wears a profusion of diamond jewelry and assumes much more dignity and importance than his employer. But even then the employer has some rights which the clerk is bound to respect, and he usually has some little authority over his subordinates. But have you ever seen freshly-elected officials who treated the people as natural-born serfs, and who acted as though they were the annointed of God.

This is a remedial era. National prosperity has built mountain-high governmental abuses. Usage and custom have supplanted principles in public affairs. The phantom of greatness is pursued with more zeal than the substance ever was, Such things would be of no importance did they not control the lives, the prosperity and the happiness of all classes of citizens.

The remedies are, however, near at hand. That great chorous of patriotic demand for a change of methods in the public administration of affairs shows that the spirit which conceived our institutions is alive to preserve them in their pristine purity and simplicity.

The remedies for the evils suggested are few in number:

1. Public office should be no place to make a fortune. The fee system is a traversty on popular institutions and equal rights. Under it the most outrageous wrongs are perpetrated. The opportunity for making an independent fortune which it holds out leads to the most shameful corruption of the elective franchise. Friendship, honor, manhood and political integrity are readily sacrificed to gain such a rich prize. Innocent people's lives are blackened to obtain a fee. People's rights receive no protection from their servants unless the fee is paid. Justice is thwarted and felons go free because no fee is in sight. Judicial decisions are warped by the calculations pro and con as to how the cash drawer can be best replenished. Perjuries are common and over-charges frequent in the greed for fees. Men who can scarcely earn a living at a legitimate private business become rich and arrogant from bleeding their masters, the people, of fees. The whole system is on a par with that of feeing porters on Pullman cars and waiters in a hotel to be treated civilly. Of course public officers should be well and liberally paid. No one objects to that, provided they give up their whole time to the duties of their respective positions.

2. No title should receive any favor or recognition save that of service faithfully performed. Public sentiment entirely controls that. The servants of the people are entitled to just such standing and influence as the people themselves give them.

3. Public positions should be considered as places for industry and service and not as some for summer resort where the occupants can while away the time, dressed in the stylish garments of their official titles in order to attract the attention of fashionable devotees, to obtain social standing and influence.

Stripped of the temptations to fortune-hunters to seek wealth in their channels, blockaded as a boulevard against wealthy drones who desire to repose in their folds, and made highways of conveyance by which a great people make known their thoughts, their aspirations, and their moral and religious regard for the protection of all classes of citizens in equal rights, and their advancement in happiness and prosperity—through their servants, the public officials—then public office assumes the dignity intended for it by the founders of our government.

Certainly no prouder dignity could attach to any position. Surely it would elevate the ambition of all citizens and would send new life through souls which have become stagnant with skepticism about the success of our popular institutions.

For fear of losing a day's work, many persons put off taking physic until Saturday. The better plan is not to delay but take it as soon as needed, it may save you a hard spell of sickness. If you want the most benefit from the least amount of physic without causing you any inconvenience, loss of appetite or rest, take St. Patrick's Pills. Their action on the liver and bowels are thorough, they give a freshness, tone and vigor to the whole system and act in harmony with nature.

EDISON'S NEW PHONOGRAPH.

An Instrument Now Expected to Have a Place in Every Office.

New York Post: The stories which Edison tells of what his perfected phonograph will do are so extraordiuary that he scarcely expects people to believe him, and yet he says that that the apparatus is so simple, so effective, and so immediately useful that he is certain of its rapid introduction into business—far more certain than he was of the universal adoption of the telephone as a business instrument. Edison said of his newly finished phonograph; "You know that I finished the phonograph more than ten years ago. It remained more or less of a toy. The germ of something wonderful was perfectly distinct, but I tried the impossible with it, and when the electric light business assumed commercial importance, I threw everything overboard for that. Nevertheless, the phonograph has been more or less constantly in my mind ever since. When resting from prolonged work upon the light, my brain would revert almost automatically to the old idea. Since the light has been finished, I have taken up the phonograph, and after eight months of steady work, have made it a commercial invention. My phonograph I expect to see in every business office. The first 500 will, I hope, be ready for distribution about the end of January. Their operation is simplicity itself, and cannot fail. The merchant or clerk who wishes to send a letter has only to set the machine in motion, and to talk in his natural voice and at the usual rate of speed into the receiver. When he has finished the sheet, or 'phonogram,' as I call it, is ready for putting into the box made on purpose for the mails. We are making the sheet in three sizes—one for letters of from 800 to 1,000 words, another size for 2,000 words, another size for 4,000 words. I expect that an arrangement may be made with the postoffice authorities enabling the phonogram boxes to be sent at the same rate as a letter.

"The receiver of a phonogram will put it into his apparatus and the message will be given out more clearly, more distinctly than the best telephone message ever sent. The tones of the voice in the two phonographs which I have finished are so perfectly rendered that one can distinguish between twenty different persons, each one of whom has said a few words. One tremendous advantage is that the letter may be repeated a thousand times if necessary. The phonogram does not wear out by use; moreover it may be filed away for a hundred years and be ready the instant it is needed. If a man dictates his will to the phonograph, there will be no disputing the authenticity of the document with those who know the tones of his voice in life. The cost of making the phonogram will be scarcely more than the cost of ordinary letter paper. The machine will read out the letter or message at the same speed with which it was dictated.

"I have experiented with a device for enabling printers to set type directly from the dictation of the phonograph, and think it will work to a charm. It is so arranged that the printer by touching a lever with his foot allows five or ten words of the phonograph to be sounded; if he is not satisfied with the first hearing, he can make it repeat the same words over and over again until he has them in type. For busy men who dictate a greot deal for the press, I am sure that the phonograph will be a necessity after a little experience.

"For musicians the phonograph is going to do wonders, owing to the extreme cheapness with which I can duplicate phonagrams and the delicacy with which the apparotus gives out all musical sounds. In the early phonograph of ten years ago, which was a very imperfect and crude affair compared to that of to-day, it was always noticed that musical sounds came out peculiarly well; the machine would whistle or sing far better than it would talk. This peculiarity of the phonograph remains. I have taken down the music of an orchestra, and the result is marvellous; each instrument can be perfectly distinguished, the strings are perfectly distinct, the violins from the cellos, the wind instruments and the wood are perfectly heard, and even in the notes of a violin the over tones are distinct to a delicate ear. It is going to work wonders for the benefit of music-lovers. A piece for any instrument, for the piano, or for an orchestra, or an act, or the whole of an opera, musical instruments and voices, can be given out by the phonograph with a beauty of tone and a distinctness past belief, and the duplicating apparatus for phonograms is so cheap an affair that the price of music for the phonograph will be scarcely worth considering. As the phonogram will be practically indestructible by ordinary use, such music can be played over and over again.

"My first phonograph, as you remember, consisted simply of a roller carrying the foil, and provided with a diaphragm point properly arranged by hand. In the new instrument there is far more complication, but altogether different results. My propelling machinery consists of a small electric motor, run by a very few cells. Strange to say, I have found more difficulty in getting a motor to suit me than any other part of the apparatus. I tried various kinds of clock work and spring motors, but found them untrustworthy and noisy. The motors I am now making are absolutely steady and noiseless. There is no part of the apparatus, the tools for which I am now working upon a large scale here, which is likely to get out of order or to work in an uncertain manner. The two finished phonographs are practically what I intend to offer for sale within a few months."

Athletics in New York City.

Hundreds of thousands of persons traveling on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad in New York City have seen young men at their games on the Manhattan Athletic grounds, Eighty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue. The cars are high enough from the street to overlook the track and the diamond and the grand stand. J. J. McDermott, Lieutenant and Captain of the Olympics, who almost lives there, says:

"For strained muscles, sprains, bruises, and external applications generally, I find nothing better than ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

AN OLD MURDER MYSTERY.

The True Tale of the Webster Bank Robbery Told.

BOSTON'S FALL AWAKENING.

The Fall Races—Mrs. James Brown Potter—Munkacsky's Productions—Calvary the Latest—Boston Gossip.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Now that the Volunteer has captured America's cup, and that the victorious owner and designer have been enthusiastically received, applauded and feasted, Boston is again reassuming its conservative tranquility and settling back to its old rut again. It has, however, been much shaken by the greet interest the local press have taken in the solving of a ten-year murder mystery, known as the "Webster Bank Robbery." Ten years ago the cashier of the Webster bank, (Webster, Me.), was found bound, gagged and dead! Murder was immediately suggested, but all trace of the murderers was so completely hidden that finally suicide was hinted at and at last affirmed, owing to some supposed irregularities in the deceased cashier's accounts. His poor widow has been suffering ten long years of suspense, positive of her husband's innocence; and now, owing to the confession of a young man who accuses his own father of the crime, the villain is to be brought to light, and her murdered husband's honor to be avenged. The accused has been for years living a life of pillage cruelty and murder; has been the terror of all the places he has ever lived in, and denies all the charges laid at his door. The trial promises to be an interesting and exciting one.

The "hub" is decidedly awakening from its summer's rest. For a period of three months the upper part of this pretty city is devoid of any signs of life whatever. People seem to fear being seen in town during the summer, and a more doleful aspect than these beautiful avenues and streets, with all their handsome houses hermetically closed, cannot be imagined.

The opening night of the Boston Symphony concerts, and the first meeting of

THE FALL RACES

quickly bring back all the fashion and life to this gay city. "nobody" would miss the "first Symphony," and would feel very "out in the cold" had not they witnessed the "first race." No wonder people come from afar to hear the symphonies, for they are the best concerts given by the best orchestra (without exception) this country can produce. The leader, Herr Wilhelm Gericke, is a distinguished German leader and composer, who has handled the "baton" with such dexterity that he has brought his orchestra to a wonderful point of excellence. The concerts are a tremendous success, and the two weekly performances are always crowded to the full capacity of the hall that holds 3,000 people. The Bostonians are extremely musical and nothing suffices them but the most classical of classical music, and the interest these audiences exhibit is a proof of their thorough appreciation. Young and old flock to these concerts, and great numbers can be seen intently following every note in large scores they bring with them.

The "Hub" is decidedly backward in its horse car management. All the business part of the town is overflowing with them, making the streets so crowded that by walking one can make far better time than by taking a car. The "Hubites" have, however, made one step to improvement in the way of trying an electric motor car. On the trial trip of this new car it was filled with horse railway officials and electricians and was started off at a slow pace over a much worn and uneven line. Though it jumped the track twice and did not demonstrate any rapid speed, it will nevertheless probably be improved and horses will have to make way for electricity.

Both New York and Boston are in a flutter over the arrival of

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

The fair sex is especially on the qui vive to witness the debut of this much heralded artist. The question is, has she improved and grown less stagy and amateurish? The first-night seats are nearly all taken, and the audience will be the most select one New York has ever gathered. Mrs. Potter cannot but help feeling a little nervous at the idea of appearing before hundreds of people who know her weak points and faults only too well, and are prepared to criticise her closely and severely

There has been a great deal of talk made over Munkacsky's new picture, "Calvary," that has just come from abroad and is soon to be on exhibition in Boston. Munkacsky's "Christ Before Pilate," so long exhibited here, was not very favorably criticised, but, notwithstanding, it is a most striking and powerful work. The sad, humble attitude of Christ as he stands before Pilate, amidst the jeers of the multitude and the threats of the soldiers, immediately occupies the attention of the observer, and he stands still, gazing at that one figure and oblivious of all others that crowd that great canvass. People who come in boisterously from the outside to look at this sorrowful scene, soon subdue their laughing and talking into hushed whispers as if awed by that life-like presence of the divine being. The picture is loud and sensational but it is said that the "calvary" is still more so.

Stocks are low, money is scarce and people are feeling poor, yet at almost every corner new buildings are going up of gigantic height and dimensions. Fifteen years ago the

QUAINT CROOKED STREETS

of the business part of this city were composed of only two story buildings with narrow staircases and dingy corridors, but these plain edifices of the past are fast being swept away and in their stead stand monumental structures that nearly "brush the cobwebs off the sky." A law was recently passed in New York city limiting the buildings there to twenty stories! What a pity to cut the poor New Yorkers off in that way, for it would be so convenient to hail passing friends from the twenty-first story windows!

ISADORE BRAGGIOTTI.

It is a pleasure to recommend a good article; one which we know will give satisfaction and good service. The "Garland Stoves and Ranges" are undoubtedly the best that can be produced while their truly artistic features win favorable comment wherever they are seen. We are sorry to say that they are closely imitated. Our readers should bear this in mind.

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RIDDELL & RIDDELL, Storage and Commission Merchants, Specialties—Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Game, Oysters, Etc., Etc. 112 South 14th Street.
WIEDEMAN & CO., Produce Commission Merchants. Poultry, Butter, Game, Fruits, Etc. 220 South 14th St., Omaha, Nebraska.
GEO. SCHROEDER & CO., (Successors to Meshane & Schroeder.) Produce Commission and Cold Storage, Omaha, Nebraska.

Coal, Coke and Lime.
OMAHA COAL, COKE & LIME CO., Jobbers of Hard and Soft Coal. 209 South 13th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.
J. J. JOHNSON & CO., Manufacturers of Illinois White Lime. And shippers of Coal, Coke, Cement, Plaster, Lime, Drain Tile and Sewer Pipe. Office, Paxton Hotel, Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Telephone 511.
NEBRASKA FUEL CO., Shippers of Coal and Coke. 214 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Dry Goods and Notions.
M. E. SMITH & CO., Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods and Notions. 1102 and 1104 Douglas, Cor. 11th St., Omaha, Neb.
KILPATRICK-KOCH DRY GOODS Co Importers and Jobbers in Dry Goods, Notions. Gents' Furnishing Goods, Corner 11th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Nebraska.

Furniture.
DEWEY & STONE, Wholesale Dealers in Furniture. Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Groceries.
PAXTON, GALLAGHER & CO., Wholesale Groceries and Provisions. 705, 707, 709 and 711 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.
McCORD, BRADY & CO., Wholesale Grocers, 19th and Leavenworth Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.
D. M. STEELE & CO., Wholesale Grocers, 1219, 1221 and 1223 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.
ALLEN BROS., Wholesale Grocers, 1114 and 1116 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

Hardware.
LEE, FRIED & CO., Jobbers of Hardware and Nails. Tinware, Sheet Iron, Etc. Agents for Howe Scales, and Miami Powder Co., Omaha, Neb.
HIMEBAUGH & TAYLOR, Builders' Hardware & Scale Repair Shop. Mechanics' Tools and Buffalo Scales. 1405 Douglas-st. Omaha, Nebraska.
RECTOR & WILHELMY CO., Wholesale Hardware. 10th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb. Western Agents for Austin Powder Co., Jefferson Steel Nails, Fairbanks Standard Scales.

Heavy Hardware.
W. J. BROATCH, Heavy Hardware, Iron and Steel. Springs, Wagon Stock, Hardware Lumber, etc. 1209 and 1211 Harney Street, Omaha.
EDNEY & GIBBON, Wholesale Iron and Steel. Wagon and Carriage Wood Stock, Heavy Hardware, Etc. 1217 and 1219 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb.

Hats, Caps, Etc.
W. L. PARROTTE & CO., Wholesale Hats, Caps and Straw Goods. 1107 Harney Street, Omaha, Neb.

Liquors.
WILLOW SPRINGS DISTILLERY CO and ILER & CO., Importers & Jobbers of Fine Wines & Liquors. East India Bitters and Domestic Liquors. 1112 Harney

Lumber.
OMAHA LUMBER CO., All kinds of Building Material at Wholesale. 18th Street and Union Pacific Track, Omaha.
LOUIS BRADFORD, Dealer in Lumber, Lath, Lime, Sash, Doors, etc. Yards—Corner 7th and Douglas, Corner 6th and Douglas.
C. N. DEITZ, Dealer in all Kinds of Lumber. 13th and California Sts., Omaha, Neb.
FRED W. GRAY, Lumber, Lime, Cement, Etc., Etc. Corner 6th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.
T. W. HARVEY LUMBER CO., To Dealers Only. Office, 1423 Farnam Street, Omaha.
JOHN A. WAKEFIELD, Wholesale Lumber, Etc. Imported and American Portland Cement. State agent for Milwaukee Hydraulic Cement and Quincy White Lime.

LOST MANHOOD, Youthful, Imprudence, Nervous Debility caused through errors and bad practices CURED. GOLDEN SEAL CO., 19 Locust st. St. Louis

OMAHA JOBBERS' DIRECTORY

Lumber.
CHAS. R. LEE, Dealer in Hardwood Lumber, Wood Carpets and Parquet Flooring. 9th and Douglas

Millinery and Notions.
I. OBERFELDER & CO., Importers & Jobbers of Millinery & Notions. 208, 210 and 212 South 11th Street.

Notions.
J. T. ROBINSON NOTION CO., Wholesale Notions and Furnishing Goods. 403 and 405 South 10th Street, Omaha.
VINYARD & SCHNEIDER, Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods. 1105 Harney Street, Omaha.

Oils.
CONSOLIDATED TANK LINE CO., Wholesale Refined and Lubricating Oils. Axle Grease, etc., Omaha. A. H. Bishop, Manager.

Paper.
CARPENTER PAPER CO., Wholesale Paper Dealers. Carry a nice stock of printing, wrapping and writing paper. Special attention given to car load orders.

Printers' Materials.
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION. Auxiliary Publishers. Dealers in type, presses and printers' supplies. 513 South 13th Street, Omaha.

Rubber Goods.
OMAHA RUBBER CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Rubber Goods. Oil Clothing and Leather Belting. 1008 Farnam Street.

Steam Fittings, Pumps, Etc.
A. L. STRANG CO., Pumps, Pipes and Engines. Steam, water, railway and mining supplies, etc. 920, 922 and 924 Farnam Street, Omaha.
CHURCHILL PUMP CO., Wholesale Pumps, Pipe, Fittings, Steam and Water Supplies. Headquarters for Mank, Foost & Co's goods. 1111 Farnam St., Omaha.
U. S. WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO., Steam and Water Supplies. Halliday Wind Mills, 918 and 920 Farnam St., Omaha, G. F. Ross, Acting Manager.
BROWNELL & CO., Engines, Boilers and General Machinery. Sheet Iron Work, Steam Pumps, Saw Mills. 1213-1215 Leavenworth Street, Omaha.

Seeds.
PHIL. STIMMEL & CO., Wholesale Farm, Field and Garden Seeds. 911 and 913 Jones St., Omaha

Storage, Forwarding & Commission
ARMSTRONG, PETTIS & CO., Storage, Forwarding and Commission. Branch house of the Henney Buggy Co. Buggies at wholesale and retail. 1506, 1508 and 1512 Izard Street, Omaha. Telephone No. 536.

Teas and Cigars.
WM. A. WILSON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of Teas & Cigars. Spices and Daisy Baking Powder. 1416 and 1418 Harney Street, Omaha.

OMAHA MANUFACTURERS.

Cornice.
EAGLE CORNICE WORKS, Manufacture Galvanized Iron and Cornice. John Epeneter, Proprietor. 920 Dodge and 103 and 105 North 10th Street, Omaha.

Smoke Stacks, Boilers, Etc.
H. K. SAWYER, Manufacturing Dealer in Smoke Stacks. Britchings, Tanks and General Boiler Repairing. 1313 Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb.

Iron Works.
PAXTON & VIERLING, Wrought and Cast Iron Building Work. Engines, Brass work, general foundry, machine and blacksmith work. Office and works, U. P. Ry. and 17th Street, Omaha.
OMAHA WIRE & IRON WORKS, Manufacturers of Wire and Iron Railings. Desk rails, window guards, flower stands, wire signs, etc., 123 North 16th St., Omaha.
OMAHA SAFE AND IRON WORKS, Man'frs of Fire & Burglar Proof Safes. Vaults, jail work, iron and wire fencing, signs, etc. G. Andreen, Prop'r. Cor. 14th and Jackson Sts.
MEAGHER & SPROAT, General Agents for Diebold Safe & Lock Co.'s Fire and Burglar Proof Safes, Time Locks, Vaults and Jail Work, 1415 Farnam Street, Omaha.

Overalls.
CANFIELD MANUFACTURING CO. Manufacturers of Overalls, Jeans Pants, Shirts, Etc. 1102 and 1104 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

Sash, Doors, Etc.
M. A. DISBROW & CO., Wholesale Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds and Mouldings, Branch Office, 12th and Izard Streets, Omaha, Neb.
BOHN MANUFACTURING CO., Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Work and Interior Hard Wood Finish. N. E. Corner 8th and Leavenworth Streets, Omaha, Neb.
OMAHA PLANING MILL CO., Manufacturers of Mouldings, Sash, Doors, And Blinds, Turning, Stair-work, Bank and Office Fittings. 20th and Poppleton Avenue.

Brewers.
STORZ & ILER, Lager Beer Brewers, 1621 North Eighteenth Street, Omaha, Neb.

SOUTH OMAHA.

C. S. PALMER. N. P. RICHMAN. J. H. BLANCHARD.
PALMER, RICHMAN & CO., Live Stock Commission Merchants, Office—Room 24, Opposite Exchange Building, Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Neb.
McCOY BROS., Live Stock Commission Merchants. Market furnished free on application. Stockers and feeders furnished on good terms. References: Omaha National Bank and South Omaha National, Union Stock Yards, South Omaha.
LORIMER, WESTERFIELD & MALEY Live Stock Commission. Room 15, Exchange Building, Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Neb.
HORN & SHARPE, Commission Dealers in Live Stock, Room 23, Exchange Building, Union Stock Yds, S. Omaha. References: Union Nat'l Bank, Omaha, Union Stock Yards Bank, S