LAST NIGHT'S SOCIALS.

Several Brilliant Events in Variou Parts of the City. The assembly at the Millard last night under the auspices of the Pleasant Hours club was a most elegant affair, and was at-

tended by the elite of the city. Judges, professional men. officers from Fort Omaha and the leading business men of the city to the number of 150 were in attendance with their number of 150 were in attendance with their ladies. Many handsome costumes were worn by the ladies. Nosrly the whole first floor was given up to the gay company, and the floral decorations and appointments of the rooms were in keeping with the splender of the fete. Messrs. McCord, Garneau and Drake headed the various committees, and the ladies and their escorts were welcomed by Mrs. Kountz, assisted by several of her lady acquaintances. The dining room was converted into a dancing hall, and the floor was thickly covered with canvas. Irvin and his orchestra furnished the music, each number being artistically rendered. each number being artistically rendered.
Lunch was served in the ordinary.
The next assemblies will be held at the
Millard January 12, 26 and February 13.

Mrs. McGrane's Party.

Mrs. McGrane's matince party at Exposi tion hall yesterday afternoon was a fitting commencement of the social events of the Christmas week. The party began at 2:30 p. m. and lasted until 6. Nearly three hun dred persons were present. The occasion was in every way a delightful one. One of the most pleasing feautures were the fancy dances by the little people. The local castanetts by Miss May Mount and Master Van Camp, and the Highland Fling by Eva Kennard and Master Goodwin were executed with wonderful ease and grace, and were warmly applauded. The "Moonlight waitz" was the great favorite of all the dances. The The gas was turned low and the orchestra played some of its sweetest and most sub-dued strains.

The Concordia Club.

The Concordia club celebrated Christmas night with a concert and ball at Germania hall. First, the following musical programme was presented:

Overture. Musical Union Orchestra
"Stændchea". Concordia
Cornet Solo. F. Luchainger
"Verlust". Concordia
Selections. Musical Union Orchestra Selections.......Musical Union Orthodia
"Lied des Lands Knechts"......Concordia
This was followed by a substantial supper.
This was tree was despoiled of its

Next a Christmas tree was despoiled of its trappings, everybody getting a present. Then followed the dance, comprising sixteen num-bers, only two of them quadrilles. Felix Blankenfeld acted as dirigent. A Joyous Occasion.

Christmas was appropriately observed at the Hamilton street Presbyterian church, and the event will long be remembered by all taking part. The Sunday school scholars generously and acceptably contributed to the entertainment. The efforts of Clara Harvey. Jessie Bunt, Jessie Johns, Laura Johns, Zelma Eppenter, Fay Neeley, Clara Gardner, Lester Hutchinson, Freddie Van Horn, Ray Whitney and others were agreeably received. Mr. S. Wilson personated Santa Claus admirably, and Mr. Fleming proved himself a

Knights of Pythias Dance.

thorough master of ceremonies

Over one hundred and twenty-five knights in full uniform with their ladies attended the grand U. R. of K. of P. ball at Exposition hall last evening. A good old time programme was given, comprising thirty numbers, among which were the Monie Musk and Dan Tucker. David Kaufman was master of ceremonies. The floor committee were Julius Meyer, Isaac Schiff, James Don-elly, jr., S. J. Fisher, Henry Creighton and C. W. Kyle.

Church Christmas Tree.

The congregation and Sunday school children of the Tenth Street M. E. church held a Christmas celebration at the church last night. A highly interesting and entertaining musical and literary programme was ren-dered, and many handsome and valuable presents were distributed among the children.

Welshmen Celebrate. The Cambrian society, comprising the Welsh residents of the city, held a social and banquet at at No. 1918 Cuming street last

souls, and the evening was most agreeably Cashington, the millionaire, Married a lady far from fair; But when smiles lit up her face You forgot her want of grace. SOZODONT gave brilliant teeth,

Riotous Celebrators Arrested.

N. Henry and Fred Ruser, a couple of drunken rowdies, went to the Christmas tree entertainment at the Tenth street M. E. Church last evening, and beheaved in a most disgraceful manner. Thomas Bithell, one of the members, remonstrated with them, but they replied by heaping upon him the vilest of epithets. Bithell went outside to call a policeman, and then followed him. Catching him outside they proceeded to kick and beat him frightfully. Officer Dempsey learned of the affair and arrested Henry. Ruser is still at large.

AMUSEMENTS.

Edwin Mayo in "Davy Crockett" at

Edwin F. Mayo, a young man less than thirty years of age, has succeeded his father, Frank, in the well known character and play of "Davy Crockett," and played it at the grand last night. With the elder Mayo, this celebrated character had not ceased to be a drawing one. It was abandoned only to appear in other roles. As a consequence, it has fallen to younger hands with the hope that it bring to the young man the fame and fortune which it brought his father.

The eider Mayo's Crockett was a gem, a perfect picture of frontier vigor and manliness, idealized with a tenderness worthy of more cultured surroundings. It was the creation of a genius and will long live in connection with his name. To compare the delineation of the younger Mayo with that of the father would be unjust. And yet, in most things he imitates that worthy prototype in dress, gait, carriage, in many of his tones, and in all the business of the piece. But one misses the rich dialect, the masal sound, the drawling sentences which never failed to reveal beauty both in sympathy and reading. Besides the young man rushes through some of the lines without apparent care and seemingly regardless of their import and rugged beauty. He may have intentionally discarded his father's dialect, but, if so, he has set aside one of the chiefest beauties of the character. Mr. Mayo, too, was too indistinct, but this may partially be attributed to other causes. Notwithstanding his Davy Creckett causes. Notwithstanding his Davy Crockett is a commendable piece of work. It is an appreciation of all the bolder features of the work, with the promise of greater perfection in detail, which did not at first distinguish that of his father. Mr. Mayo was frequently recalled, and in the wolf scene was treated

ral applause. took their characters well, and some of them have played in the piece for years. Miss Leonard's Eleanor Yaughn is an uneven character, at times being good, at others

The well known Daly brothers presented their new piece, "Upside Down," at Boyd's yesterday, both at the matinee and in the yesterday, both at the matinee and in the avening. Everyone knows that Tom, Dan, and Bob Daly are clown aerobats and that in "Vacation" they gave a most laughable perforunce. Of a lithe idiotic and meaning less plays (if "play it could be called) ever produced upon any stage "Upside Dowu" is positively the worst. The piece is replete with old-time gags and not a single member of the excellent company is given an opporwere two large audiences present at the opera house yesterday but everyone who at-tended was disgusted with the performance.

Seidenberg's Figaro, the only 10e cigar for 5c. Ask your dealer for them. Max Meyer & Co., wholesale depot.

Old Time Billiard Players. New York Sun: A medium-sized man about forty years old, with rather

a pale countenance and a long drooping mustache is often seen at Sexton's and other prominent billiard rooms. Nearly everybody seems to know him, and he is greeted with friendly nods as he takes a chair to watch the games. It is Melvin Foster, at one time counted among the great billiard players of the country. Ever since he became prominent in billiards he has been regarded as a metropolitan representative. He played many games in his day, and won vic-tories from such famous players as Deery, Joseph Dion and Rudolphe. Foster does not give as much time to playing as formerly, but devotes him-self to the management of billiard rooms. He was in charge of the "Su-burban" during its brief sojourn on Broadway. Since its collapse he has been resting quietly. An Evening Sun reporter met the veteran a few days ago in Sexton's rooms. He was watching two amateurs play at three-ball carroms. As the game proceeded the re-porter asked Mr. Foster if the playing of billiards hadn't improved considerably since he first played the French

game.

"Yes, it has in many respects," replied the veteran billiardist, "but you must recollect that in my time such games were played on a 5ix11 table, and such runs as are made nowadays were utterly impossible. We played all around the table, and for safety, while it is next to an impossibility to play for safety on the small tables now in use. safety on the small tables now in use. recollect a three-ball game I played with Joe Dion in the Academy of Music in 1868. We played 300 points up, and I believe I beat Joe 4 points. My best run was 21 and my average less than 2. Either of these two gentlemen here could beat that record without an effort now, simply because it is easier to play on a small table. There was no rail playing then."

"When was the three-ball game first

played in this country?"
"Well, the first public game that I can recollect, and I believe it was the first ever played here, was that between Ralph Benjamin and Michael Phelan, in 1857. Benjamin, by the way, is still in the land of the living, and resides up in Yonkers. The match was played in Philadelphia, though both the players lived in New York. I don't know why that was. They played the best in seventeen games, each game to consist of sixteen points each. Not much of a game, you will say. Well, I tell you it took a heap of work and strength to make that many points on one of the old-fashioned 6x12 six-pocket tables, such as that was played on. They played for \$2,000. Phelan allowed Benamin odds of three points in each game. Phelan won the match, taking nine out of the first eleven games. The biggest run made was six. Not much of a run nowadays, I suppose, but it was a record

"Speaking of those old timers," con-

tinued the veteran after a slight pause,

reminds me of the great game played between John Secretter and Michael Phelan in Detroit in the spring of 1859. Detroit was Secreiter's home. I believe that was the greatest game of billiards ever played in point of money and excitement. The stake was \$15,000-\$7,500 a side. But that was a small amount compared with the immense sums wagered in all parts of the country on the result. The game was four-ball caroms on a six-pocket 6x12 table. Push shots and crotching were then allowed. A great crowd of New Yorkers and Philadelphians went over. There was Dudley Kavanagh, who beat Foley, of Chicago, in a game the night before; Chris O'Conner, then Phelan's partner; Neil Bryant, H. W. Collender, Johnny Cleveland, familiarly known as "Ten-pin Johnny;" Andy Shehan, Jack Colton, the stakeholder, and a host of others. I guess everybody who took any interest in billiards had money on the game. The price of admission was th game. The price of admission was \$5. The hall where the game didn't hold 12,000 or 1,500 people, and I guess three times that number wanted to get in. The New Yorkers were well heeled for money and took all the bets the Detroiters could put up. There was a gambler in Detroit called "Bigheaded Riley" who was said to have msrtgaged his house to bet on the game. He and his partner, Flowers, and a banker named Compo, were reported to have lost over \$30,000. I've heard it told that just before the game began Riley's and Compo's money gave out. Compo's father owned a bank there. company with Riley he went to the bank, unlocked the safe, and returned in a little while with a newspaper full of five-dollar bills, which was gobbled up by the boys from Gotham. Phelan won the game and his friends brought back a big pile of money. Chris O'Connor was reported to have won \$25,000 for himself and partner, and Johnny Cleve-

ner's average was a little over 12, and GEORGE DUVAL

land won \$10,000 for Charlie Ransom,

the well known sport, who died about a year ago. It was a well-fought game, and the New Yorker won by 96 in a

game of 2,000 points. Phelan's best run

was 129, and Secreiter's 157. The win-

A Notorious Three-Card-Monte Man With Some Good Instincts.

San Francisco Alta: In the early days of the Union and Central Pacific there was no more noted character on the road than George Duval. Unlike the majority of his companions, he was invariably dressed in the latest fashion, and posessed a bizarre manner that enabled him to pass muster as a jolly good fel-low if not a gentleman. At all events he got in his work on the thoroughbreds whenever he met them. He died last week in St. Louis, and one of his friends who stood over his coffin outlined his character in the simple sentence:

"He wasa monte man from way back!" He was this, indeed, and perhaps something more. Sharper and gambler as he was, he had generous instincts, and did many a deed of goodness.

is told of him that one day when he Union Pacific overland ran into Cheyenne, a poor emigrant woman got arms. She had no money. The pathetic story of her misfortune reached the ears of George Duval, and hastening to her elief, he furnished the means for the little one's burial, and then emptied his pockets of greenbacks into the woman's

ap.
"I can get a raise in a day or two," he said, "and you are in hard luck." And not waiting for thanks he turned away. This was the bright side of his character. He had another that was not so attractive. On one of his trips from Cheyenne to Reno he fell in with some gentlemen from Boston, one of whom was a tenderfoot of pronounced type. For some reason George selected the tenderfeet for a victim. It may have been the inherent wickedness of his heart, or it may have been his love of Anyway, he attached himself to the tenderfoot, who was as demure as innocence itself, and filled his astonished ears with wonderful stories of the rough

west and its lawless ways.
"Do you know," he said, "I had a curious experience on this road a few months ago."
"Indeed!" interjected his friend.

"Yes; I fell in with a gang of sharper fleeced me out of several hundred dollars."

They were alone in the smoking roor at the time and George determined to utilize the opportunity. "You see" he

three-card monte, played, as the mame implies, with three cards. I have been implies, with three cards. I have been trying ever since to learn how it was done," and with these words he produced three pieces of pasteboard. "The trick consists in guessing a certain card." And the trickster manipulated the pasteboards.

"That ought not to be difficult," sug-

gested the tenderfoot. "I think I could pick out the card every time."

The fish was hooked. An hour afterward the red-headed rascal emerged from the smoking room with \$1.000 of

the innocent's money in his pocket.

It was on the Central Pacific that
Duval and the famous Canada Bill met for the first time. They were each a prince in his calling, and by a strange coincidence each had set the other down for a "sucker." Finally the gen-tleman from Canada opened his game, and Duval took in the situation. He at once sat down opposite the card manip-ulator and commenced betting heavily. He picked out the right eard every time. In a very few minutes \$6,000 of the Canadian's money had passed into his hands. By this time the dealer felt convinced that he had encountered a master in the business. But he was too game to

squeal. "Well, shall the game go on?" inquired Duval. "I think not." replied the rattled gambler. "But I'll tell you what I'll do!

l'il put up the champagne at Reno if you'll tell me your name."
"With pleasure. I'm George Daval."
"I thought so, by heavens, and I'm Canada Bill."

The two sharpers thus strangely met shook hands, and from that moment commenced a partnership that many a ficeced victim on the overland had reason to remember. For years they followed the Central and Union Pacific, making their headquarters by turns at Omaha, Salt Lake; Reno and San Fran-

Finally their depredations became so numerous, and the complaints against them so general that the very strictest measures had to be taken by the railroad lines to rid the cars of their presence. In time they found their unlawful business unprofitable and finally abandoned it altogether.

THE IDAHO HORSE QUEEN. Romantic Story of the Rapid Rise of Kittle Wilkins.

San Francisco Examiner: Miss Kittie C. Wilkins, the horse queen of Idoho, is at the palace hotel. She arrived on Monday, accompanied by her brother, J. E. Wilkins, direct from her residence on the Brunean river, in Owyhee county. Miss Wilkins is one os the most noted women in the west. A Californian and educated at San Jose, she early engaged in the stock business and has amassed a large fortune. An Examiner representative sent up his card to her last evening and was promptly asked to come up. Miss Wilkins is somewhat tall, with a high forehead, regular features and rather light hair, being something of a blonde. Her eyes are dark and her manner very charming. Altogether she impresse one as a very intelligent young lady of about twenty-three.

"I have been referred to as the cattle queen," said she, "but this is incorrect. The Wilkins company of Idaho own both horses and cattle; and this is how the mistake originated, but my own specialty is horses. I now have between 700 and 800 of my own. They are Percherons, Morgans, Normans, Hambletonians and so on. I have no native Oregon or Spanish horses at all. Besides these I now have, if you will excuse my speaking in the first person singular, I have sold a great many hunlreds; I could not begin to tell how many Do I like living in Idaho? O, so much! I am perfectly fascinated with it. I go out to round up in the spring and fall and enjoy myself ever so much. It is a fascinating business and grows upon you. It was really romantic the way I got my start. The way of it was this: Over twenty years ago my parents had removed to Oregon and were returning to San Francisco, when our friends gathered round to give us momentos of various sorts. When they got to me they 'Well, now, she's only a little thing'-I was but two years old then. 'We'll just give her some money to be invested for her-' Two of them gave me a twenty-dollar gold piece each. Shortly after return-ing here my father concluded to Idaho and engage in the stood business. He went to Oregon and bought o lot of horses. When he went to pay over the money he him of my \$40, and seeing a fine little filly left offered \$40 for her. The owner valued her at \$80, but seeing that my father was taking the others, he finally concluded to let this one go, even if it was for less than she was worth. From the increase all my bonds have come. Of course I could tell you of many ups and downs, for it was not tnose early days, as I grew up from childhood, but I need not enlarge upon this. At length I came to San Jose to school, put in three or four years. and in addition traveled considerably in America, seeing all the large cities osities. But when I got back to Idaho was so lonesome I didn't know what to do. I used to say to my mother then the only man I cared anything about was the man in the moon. I got over being so lonesome, though, in a little time, and now I am already homesick to get back. As I said, the stock business is very fascinating, and horses are very profitable, much more so than cattle A three or four year old steer, for instance, is worth but \$20, while a horse of the same age is worth \$55 or \$100 anyhow. Another thing, horses are much more easily raised and do not require half the care. They paw away the snow and get at the grass better than cattle. Last year the average loss of cattle in Idaho was 60 percent. Some owners lost 100 per cent, or all they had. Although our home and many of our corrals and buildings are on the Bruneau river, fifty miles southeast of Boise City and twenty-two south of Moutain House, the station on the Oregon Short line, our range is seventy-fiue miles away. It is what is known as the '71 range,' and is there that many tle and horse owners gather twice a here every year and look on and see how the stock is coming in. I ride a round up. As many as forty men are oftentimes out rounding up and cutting

catout stock there during the season and things are very lively. I shoot a good deal-that is, I am a good shot; but I don't often go hunting, although there Miss Wilkins discussed in an entertaining way Miss Morgan, the eminent

lady writer on blooded cattle and horses, whose letters in eastern jour-Wilkins said she knew no reason why the judgment of women should not be as good as that of men if they gave the subject attention. Miss Wilkins leaves to-morrow for San Jose, in company with her brother, to visit her uncle, Judge B. P. Kankin, and family. She will remain there a week, when she will again return to her pretty home on the Bruneau.

is lots of fine game.

Geo. L. Fisher, architect, Room 47, Chamber of Commerce building.



ESTABLISHED 1856.

The Oldest One-Price Clothing House in. Omaha. The Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.

SENSATION

Only a few left at these prices. But the quality, kind, cut, material and price, all combined, have never been seen or offered in Omaha.

These overcoats are all fine material; nothing old, nothing trashy, but positively as good material and as well made as any garment at twice the price.

These garments are laid on counters, numbers 10, 11, 12 and 13. Each counter has four piles or stacks, in each stack being from forty to forty-two coats. We have placed the most startling and sensationally low price on each coat, and we can at present fit anyone regardless of size or build.

This is done to avoid carrying over a single overcoat, and if price is any object to one in need of a

Cold-defying, perfect fitting, good, smooth or rough, plainly, silk or satin lined, well made, durable coat, he will see, believe and buy one.



DRIVEN INTO THE BLIZZARD.

Big Ben's Cruelty to a Boy and the Ill That Followed.

TRAGEDY OF CHARLEY'S GULCH.

Incident of a Western Mining Camp. Cold and Poisen Followed by Misery and Death-Two Graves.

New York Sun: Were we afraid of

Big Ben? Well, yes, to a certain limit. There were five of us in a bit of cabin out in the silver country, and Big Ben was boss of the ranch for several reasons. First and foremost, he was too much for any one of us single handed, and, secondly, he had many good points about him. While he was overbearing and brutal at times, he was the best miner in the party, and no bad luck could discourage him. With any one else as boss we should have scattered at once, for the winter was coming on and we had been down on our luck all the fall.

"Break up! Hunt for luck!" sneered Big Ben whenever anything was said about abandoning our claim. "Well, you are a lot of coyotes-a cussed bad lot. You haven't the pluck of a sick wolf. I'd like to see some of you try to walk off and leave me in the lurch-yes I would. D-n your eyes! but I'll turn to and lick the hull crowd out of your boots if I hear rnother Frowl.

Big Ben insulted us a dozen times a day, and on three or four occasions he laid hands on us in a violent way, but somehow we stuck there. As I told you, he was a practical miner, the hardest worker of the lot, and we leaned on him in spite of the fact that we hated him. We could have shot him down in some of the quarrels, and the verdict would have been, "Served him right," but we knew that he had a good down in his bosom, and the hand which elutched knife or pistol was always re-

strained. One afternoon, while I was minding the cabin and the other men were at work in the tunnel or shaft, a stranger entered. He had come up from the forks, three miles away. a boy of sixteen or thereabouts, with a girl's voice and shyness, and he was hungry and in rags. It was bitter cold, and yet his clothing was of the thinnest kind, and he had hungered so long that he was hardly more than a shadow. I welcomed and fed and warmed him, and then he told me that his name was Charley Bland, and that he wandered out there to look for his brother James, from whom he had received no word for two or three years. They were orphans and both had been bound to farmers in Illinois. Both had been ill-used, and Charley had finally followed James' example in running away. This boy had been knocking around the silver camps for six months, sometimes meeting friends and sometimes treated like a dog, and he had found no trace of his brother. Some one down at the guich -it was a cruel thing to do-had told him that James was at our camp, and he had periled his life to come up there and see. On that day, as I shall never forget, there was a foot of snow on the ground, a blizzard raging, and the thermometer marked 10 degrees be-

The boy was asleep when the men returned from the shaft. Big Ben was out of sorts at the way things had been going, and no sooner did he see and hear the lad than he called out: "He can't stay here another hour. We

don't run a poorhouse, and we let no

baby-faced swindler eat our hard-earned

can," protested the boy with a sob in his throat. "There's no work for you. Yo'uve

got to move on to the camp above.' The four of us protested in chorus and we took such a firm stand that deadly weapons were drawn, and would have been used but for the action of the the row he had been the innocent cause of, and as the four of us had our pistols leveled at Big Ben and meant to shoot if he moved a foot, the boy opened the cacin door and glided out into the dark and bitter night with the silence and swiftness of a shadow.

"You are a murderer," we said to Big Ben, as we lowered our weapons, and he

"D-n him! If we took in every straggler we should be crowded out of house and home before New Year's. What is it to us whether he lives or

I think he felt conscience stricken rithin the hour, however, as he went to he door and acted as if he hoped to see he lad standing outside. The boy had been gone half an hour before we realized what his going meant, and their wo of us went out with the lantern and searched and called for him. The snow was being whirled about in a furious manner, and the wind was rising to a gale, and the bitter cold drove us back after a quarter of an hour. It was true that we had little enough to eat, and that we were cramped in our cabin, but the idea of driving that pale-faced orphan boy out to freeze was something we could not get over. It was just the thing needed to set us up in rebellion against our boss, and that night we threw off the yoke and gave it to Big Ben right and left. We had two or three rows before bedtime, and all turned in sully and indignant.

Whew! But what a night that was: The cold increased until the rocks were split, and the wind roared until our cabin threatened to toyple over at every blast. At midnight Big Ben crept care fully out of his bed and opened the door. and then I almost forgave him for his brutality. Conscience had been at work and his heart was touched. He hoped to find the boy crouched on the threshhold, and I heard him sigh and mutter to himself as he shut the door and re-turned to his blankets. The strongest man in our party, clad as we were for the winter, could not have stood against that blizzard half an hour, and I fell asleep to dream of finding poor Chrley's frozen corps on the trail leading down to the Forks, and of his big blue eyes being wide open and staring at me in a reproachful way.

For breakfast next morning we had some canned meat—opened a new can from our slim store. We thawed it out from our slim store. We thawed it out and all ate our full shares, and were on the point of starting out to search for the boy when one of the men was taken ill. Inside of half an hour all of us were down with pains and cramps, and it was evident that we had been poisoned by the meat. We had no antidote of any sort, and one after another went to bed to suffer the most agonizing pains and to lose consciousness. Big Ben was the hardest hit of all, while I. perhaps, suffered the least. That is, all the others raved and while shouted and lost their senses, I was all the time dimly conscious of everything going on. The blizzard was still raging, and the thermometer was marking a still lower degree when the door opened and Charley walked in. I saw him, I was flighty, and it seemed to me that he was dead. I remember him looking down upon each of us in a strange, seared way, and starting to retreat when one of the men shouted a louder curse.

I was the first to come back to life, as t were, and that was twenty-four hours after being taken. The pains were gone as I opened my eyes, but I was weak and wretched, like one just over a terrible fever. The boy Charley was stand-

ing before me as I opened my eyes, and he bent down and whispered: "I'll work. I'll work as hard as ever "You have all been terribly sick, and I think one man is dead. Can you eat

something."
I did feel a little hungry and had no sooner signified it than he came to me with a bowl of broth. As I afterwards learned, the storm had driven a couple of hares to seek shelter at the door, and he had secured both of them. He suspected some calamity, and was prepared to feed us as soon as we could eat. It seemed that when Big Ben drove him out hd stumbled into the ravine a quarler of a mile away, and found shelter under a ledge. How he kept from freezing to death that night heaven only knows. Indeed, heaven served him. It froze our water solid when standing within six feet of the fire, and there he was, out in the cold in a threadbare suit. When morn-

ing came he returned to the cabin to make one more appeal. He found us suffering and out of our minds, and the fire was about gone out. Had it not been for him we should have frozen stiff as pokers, for on that day it was 31 degrees below zero all day long, and it went down almost to 40 degrees when night came on.

The boy kept up a rousing fire, dressed his rabbits for soup, and all day and all night long he kept forcing hot coffee down our throats. That doubtless helped us to pull through, or at least four of us. The other man, whose name was Hale, had his teeth firmly clenched and from the way his features were distorted and his limbs drawn up it was evident that he died in great agony. In a couple of hours I was able to be upand assist Charley in caring for the others. but it was far into night before the last man could use his tongue in a sensible manner. It was Big Ben, and when consciousness returned and he saw the white-faced boy bending over him, the great tyrant whispered:

"Aye! The corpse of the lad has risen up to confront and accuse mel It was a cruel thing I did to drive him out, and the Lord will never forgive me

While out of danger, we were yet weak and almost helpless, and none of us could attend the fire or do a bit of cooking for nearly a week. The whole work devolved upon the boy, and no one could have done better. He was cook, nurse, doctor and protector, all in one. He got three more hares and a couple of birds, and I don't believe a spoonful of the broth ever went down

his own throat. Well, I, for one, had been watching Big Ben to see weat he would lo. The first moment he was able to sit up he called Charley and ptlled the frail little fellow down on his breast, saying:
"If you'll only forgive me I'll pray to

the Lord to do the same. I'm rough and weeked, but to turn a lad like you out o' doors on such a night as that wasn't me at all. Old Satan must have had possession of me."
That great big fellow cried like a

child, and Charley cried with him, and I might as well own up that we all cried. What made it the more solemn was the fact that we had a corpse at the door. When it was known that Hale was dead, none of the other four of us could lift a hand. How the boy got the body out of doors I never could understand, but get it out he did, and it was three long months before we could give it chris tian burial.

On the moning when we got out of bed feeling pretty strong again, Charley went to bed with a fever, and before noon was raving crazy. I tell you it was awful to her him cry out every few ninutes in his delirium:

"Oh, Ben, don't drive me out. I'll work. I'll work as hard as I can! Every cry went through the big fellow like a bullet. He nursed and soothed the poor boy with all the tenderness he could command, and two or three times earried him about in his arms as a father would his ailing babe. There was a doctor at the Forks, and afte

dinner Big Ben braved the blizzard and made the trip down to and back. The doctor could not be induced to return with him, owing to the cold, but he sent some medicine. Poor Charley was be-yord human aid, however. He raved through the afternoon and night, and next morning was struck with death. His mind came back to him at last and as we stood over him he calmly said: "I know I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid. I'll see father and mother in

heaven, and perhaps Brother James is there, too." While we all felt bad enough, Big Ben was completely broken down. down on his knees and begged Charley to forgive him, and I never saw a man feel the bitterness of an act as he did. "Yes, I'll forgive you," replied the boy, "and if you pray to God, He'll for-give too. Has it come night so soon

again?" "No, my child," answered one of the

"But I can't see any of you any more. Good-by. Let me take your hand,

And with that he breathed his last, and there were two to rest in the snow until spring came. Did you ever hear of "Charley's Gulch?" Yes, of course you have, and if you have passed that way you hove seen the boy's grave. The head board contains only the name—cut deep by Big Ben's knife-but the story of the boy's heroism has been told to every mining camp in Nevada, and it has never been told without bringing

moisture to the eyes of all listeners.

Notice.

MATTER of application of O'Connor & O'Callahan
for liquor ficense.
Notice is hereby given that O'Connor & O'Callahan
did upon the 24th day of December, A. D. 1887, file their
application to the major and city council of Omaha
for license to sell mult. spiritnows and vinous liquors
at No. 1022 North lith street. Fifth ward, Omaha,
Neb. from the first day of January, 1888, to the first
day of January, 1889.
If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest
filed within two weeks from December 24th, A. D. 1887,
the said license will be granted.

O'CONNOR & O'CALLAHAN, Applicants,
J. B. SOUTHARD, City Clerk.

MATTER of application of John S. Stilling for Notice is hereby given that John S. Stilling did upon the 16th day of flecember, A. D. 1887, file his application to the major and city council of Opaha for license to sell mait, spritumes and vious liquetrs at Nos. Sil and Sil south Sils street. First ward, Omaha, Neb., from the first day of January, 1885, to the first day of January, 1889.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks from December 18th, A. D. 1887, the said license will be granted.

JOHN S. STILLING, Applicant.

MATTER of application of F. P. O'Brien for liquor M Hense.

Notice is hereby given that F. P. O'Brien did upon the 18th day of December, A. D. 1887, file his application to the mayor and city council of Omaha, for license to seel mait, spirituous and vinous liquous at No. 424 North 16th street, Fifth ward, Omaha, Neb. Irom the first day of January, 1888, to the first day of January, 1888.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks from December 18th, A. D. 1887, the said heense will be granted.

J. B. SOUTHARD, City Clerk.

MATTER of application of Fred Krug for liquor license.

Notice is hereby given that Fred Krug did upon the lish day of December, A. D. 1857, file his application to the mayor and city council of Omaha for inceges to sell mait, spirituous and vinous inquors at Nos. 187, and 102 Jackson street, First ward, Omaha, Neb., from the first day of January, 1889.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest pict within two weeks from December 16th A. D. 1887, the said license will be granted.

FIRD KRUG, Applicant.

J. B. SOUTHARD, City Clerk, GIS-26 Stockholders' Meeting.

THE regular meeting of the stockholders of the Omaha Fair & Exposition Association will be held in the Board of Trade building, in the city of Omaha, the second Theeday of January next, viz., Tuesday, January joth, 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of a board of directors, to serve during the ensuing year, and until their successors are duly elected, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary.

J. H. MCSHANE, Secretary, OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 25, 1887.

dec24d-j9

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