

THE CITY.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of trade will be held this evening.

W. A. L. Gibson's horse, stolen several days ago, was found in Council Bluffs yesterday.

The Eighth ward republican club will meet this evening at its headquarters, corner of Cuming and Saunders streets.

John N. Arnold died yesterday at 218 North Ninth street. He was seventy-three years old, and had been a resident of Omaha for twenty years.

P. A. Hellman, driver of cab No. 10, was run in last night for fast driving across the Elvewood street viaduct.

Mayor Broach has gone to St. Louis. A. Moore, of Auburn, is a Millard guest.

Charles Richmond and wife, of Hastings, are at the Millard.

O. J. Berry, of Fremont, and C. H. Cornell, of Valentine, are at the Paxton.

B. R. Cowley and C. B. Allan, of Lincoln, visited the metropolis yesterday.

H. J. Jarvis, of North Loup, and P. A. Peterson, of Fremont, are at the Windsor.

Manager Boyd, of Boyd's opera house, left last night for Kansas City to be gone about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Higgins left yesterday for a visit to Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Niagara Falls.

Mr. E. Rosewater, editor of The Bee, left yesterday morning for Chicago. He will return probably via St. Louis in a few days.

John B. Henderson, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., secretary of the Farmers' Insurance company, is at the Murray. He is well known in Iowa sporting circles, and is interested in a large ranch in western Nebraska.

Had His Daughter Arrested. Hattie Johnson was arrested at the resort of Anacostia, D. C., on Thursday, and taken to the city of Washington.

Charles Goodwin who has formerly been a waiter in the Omaha house, entered room 14 in the Creighton block last night and made a wholesale appropriation.

Stole Everything in Sight. Charles Goodwin who has formerly been a waiter in the Omaha house, entered room 14 in the Creighton block last night and made a wholesale appropriation.

HEATHEN MISSIONS. Dr. Taylor's Interesting Talk on the Subject.

The fact that Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China inland mission, was to speak at the Kountze Memorial church caused that edifice to be filled to overflowing last evening.

Dr. Taylor did not preach, but gave an interesting talk, consisting of a string of facts illustrating the points he wished to present, and at the same time giving some idea of Chinese life, manners and ideas.

After a recent missionary labors. Dr. Taylor's interesting talk on the subject of heathen missions, was given at the Kountze Memorial church last evening.

Wedded on the Stage. New York Sun: Four couples, ladies of the ballet and supernumeraries employed in Imre Kiraly's spectacle of "Nero" on Staten Island, were married the other night on the stage at St. George in full view of the audience.

Diebold Safes. Call and see the large stock of safes and vault doors carried by Meagher & Whitmore at 419 S. 14th street, Omaha.

A Good Driver. Chicago Tribune: She was doing the driving about the parks and her husband was taking his ease, when she sweetly observed: "I like to drive you around."

Put a Tarp on It. Shoe and Leather Reporter: A New York politician is so fond of being "dendheaded" everywhere that when some of his friends were debating how to get him to attend church, one of them said: "Charge an admission fee and he'll be after a pass before breakfast."

Look at This. \$250 down and \$15 per month will buy a house and lot on South 16th street, two blocks from street car and paved street.

In the Vanderbilt Family. Chicago Tribune: It was reported upon reliable authority that William Fearing Gill, of this city, would in a few days apply to the courts to have the contract between himself and Miss Edith Olive Gwynne set aside.

who knows Mr. Gill well said it would perhaps be on the ground that Miss Gwynne is unable to support her husband. She is a sister of Mrs. Corbett's underbill, and her marriage, if marriage it was, to Mr. Gill, in latter part of June, caused a genuine sensation in society circles, where both parties are well known.

Mr. Gill was formerly a resident of Boston, and since his removal to New York, some seven or eight years ago, has been well known here as an author, publisher, amateur actor, journalist, speculator, poet and general dilettante.

It is said Mr. Gill is now going to seek to set aside the contract of the 25th of June last at No. 80 Madison avenue, the residence of the bride, while her sister and friends were away at a theatre, and despite the publicity given to the affair and the length of time which has since elapsed it has not appeared exactly what constituted the marriage ceremony.

There has been some discussion among people whom Mr. Gill has told of his intention to have the marriage dissolved as to why Mr. Gill has not all doubts at rest by this late date, and it has been even said that the object of the application was to establish the fact that a marriage had actually occurred, and in this connection the question has been asked how much money Mr. Gill will accept.

It is not yet known what are the grounds upon which the divorce will be sought, nor what court the application will be made in. It is considered by some that this action of Mr. Gill may be a result of the recent arrival on this side of the Vanderbilt and that the "negotiations" with them, which, it is said, Mr. Gill has conducted through the medium of a third party, may have been amicably concluded by an agreement that in this way he should give up all claim to the hand of Miss Gwynne.

Men and Women's Bones. joints and muscles may escape the agonizing tortures of rheumatism, if they will but "take time by the forelock" and annihilate the symptoms of oncoming trouble with the benignant and highly sanctioned blood purifier and alterative, Foster's Stomach Bitters.

Another Happy Coachman. Chicago Tribune: W. W. Boyington is one of the oldest and richest residents of the suburban town of Highland park. He has an interesting family, of which his young daughter Fanny used to be the pride.

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TRACING A DECOY LETTER.

The Veteran Inspector Found It in a Pretty Maryland Girl's Stocking.

Philadelphia News: Mr. C. B. Barrett, formerly chief inspector of the United States secret service, had a beautiful little town way down in Maryland. Mr. Barrett's long experience with this sort of work had taught him just how to dig a pit for his game, and as the train neared the village he walked thoughtfully through the mail car, asked for the mail clerk, showed his commission, and said he had something which he wanted done.

"What is it?" asked the clerk nervously, eyeing the chief inspector. "Where is the mail pouch you throw off at the next stop?" "It was produced."

"Open it." "It was opened, for an inspector has absolute authority, not only over mail clerks, but over the postmasters of the largest cities."

"Here is a letter," said Mr. Barrett, "addressed to James Lancaster, a fictitious name. The letter contains a \$10 bill. I want you to examine it, take the address, put it in that pouch and look it with your own hands."

All this was done, and Mr. Barrett went back to his seat in one of the day coaches, confident that the next move in the game would answer his expectations.

The secret service agent stood upon the platform of the mail car when the train stopped and the pouch was thrown off, when he at once stepped to the platform. A boy, whose business it was to carry the mail, took the pouch over his shoulder and started up the village street, never dreaming that a chief inspector of the postal service was following him on the other side of the street and was watching him like a hawk, while seeming to watch nothing.

It was a beautiful day, and the birds were singing, and although it was high noon the leafy, lofty trees lining the quiet street cast such deep, cool shadows that Mr. Barrett did not find walking unpleasant.

For about a quarter of a mile the boy followed by the inspector, and then turned into a small frame building, with a white and black sign over the door, labeled "Postoffice."

"Now," said Mr. Barrett, inwardly, "my letter has reached its destination."

There was a crowd of visitors inside of the little postoffice and outside who swarmed toward the desk "to get their mail," and Mr. Barrett waited some fifteen minutes until they had all gone before he entered the place, and saw a handsome girl, about sixteen years old, dressed in an old-fashioned bodice and light colored skirt, sitting behind the wire grating in a rocking chair sewing.

"Is there a letter here for James Lancaster?" said the inspector, and every one who knows his face and figure will not wonder that the girl took him for a well-to-do countryman.

"No," she said, after sorting some letters in a case marked "L."

"Won't you look again?" and she did look, but with better result.

"I am sure the letter must have come," said Mr. Barrett, and I, who know him well, can imagine how gently he said it.

"It's not here."

"Are you the postmaster?" "No, I am the assistant. My father is the postmaster."

"Who opened the pouch that came in by the last train?" "I did."

"No, that is to help you?" "No, sir."

The girl's bright eyes looked as innocently at Mr. Barrett as any girl's bright eyes ever looked at any man.

"Maybe it stuck in the pouch. I've heard of such things," he said. "Won't you look?"

She took the pouch, turned it upside down, shook it and looked inside. No letter.

"Won't you let me come in and help you look for it?" said Mr. Barrett.

"No one is allowed in here."

The chief inspector drew from his pocket his commission from the United States government, with its official signatures and seals, and showed it to the girl, asking, as she read it, "Can I come in now?"

"Yes," blushing, "I beg your pardon."

"You did perfectly right, my child," said the venerable agent of the secret service.

There was a board partition six feet high beyond the wire window, and a gate in the end of this partition, toward which the postmaster's daughter went, but Mr. Barrett thought she moved very slowly. At last she turned the key in the lock, and he walked forward a few feet and looked around.

There was nothing in sight, but bare deal shelves and the letter boxes, and he knew his mission was not there.

"Lancaster," he said at length, "that is a fictitious name. 'Lancaster' being my mother's maiden name. The letter was put in that pouch by the mail clerk on the train, who took a memorandum of it and looked the pouch in my presence. When that pouch was put out the station I followed it and kept it in sight until it was taken into the postoffice. Now you say you opened it alone, that no one else touched it. Where is my letter?"

"I never saw it, sir. If you doubt me you can search me."

Mr. Barrett said that he would not do that, and that he had never done such a thing to a woman, and he began to trace his finger along the thought.

The girl, more beautiful than ever in her excitement, sat down in the rocking chair, crossed her limbs and began to rock.

"Call your mother and she can search you in my presence," said Mr. Barrett. "My mother is dead."

Again the secret service agent paced the floor. He looked into an adjoining room, brightly and neatly furnished, and wondered whether the girl could have secreted the letter there while she pretended to be going toward the gate to let him in. As he paced back and forth he noticed the swinging feet of the postmaster's daughter, that one of her stockings had sagged down, and he understood that stocking was the shape of an envelope.

"Your stocking has dropped," he said. The girl turned scarlet and white, and stopped rocking. She caught her breath, as if to faint.

to take money from the mails for bits of finery, and had done so. Mr. Barrett bitterly accused the old man of being the one to blame, and he acknowledged it.

"I suppose you will arrest her," said the girl's father.

"Will you make a restitution of the sum [it was about \$10] she has taken on account of your miserliness?" "Yes; here it is," and it was handed over. "Will you arrest her?"

"If I did, what would be her future? No. Unless you or she tells this, it will never be known in the village."

Inspector Barrett left after forcing the old man to promise his daughter should never be compelled or allowed to handle the mails again, and when he submitted his full report to the head department at Washington his course was fully approved.

Get Your Railroad Tickets NORTH, SOUTH, EAST and WEST, and secure your sleeping berths at 1302 Farnam St., HARRY P. STELL, City Ticket Agent.

Exile by Administrative Process. From an illustrated article under the above title, by George Kennan, in the September Century, we quote as follows: "Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from most of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but, in the opinion of local authorities, his presence in a particular place is 'prejudicial to social order.' He may be exiled for any crime, and with the concurrence of the minister of the interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine his witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be 'prejudicial to social order.' He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity that has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. His communications with the world are suddenly severed that sometimes even his own relatives do not know what has happened to him. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection.

"As an illustration of the process of certain persons in the cities and provinces of European Russia is declared to be 'prejudicial to social order,' I will give you typical cases from the great number of such banishments. Some of the readers of the century still remember a naval officer named Constantine Stanukovitch, who was attached to the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis, at the time of the latter's visit to the United States. From the fact that I saw, in Stanukovitch's house in Tomsk a number of visiting cards of people well known in the cities of New York and San Francisco, I infer that he went a good deal into society here, and that he was well calculated to mind by persons who met him. He was the son of a Russian admiral, and had before him the prospect of a brilliant career in the Russian naval service. He was, however, a broad and liberal view, with a natural taste for literary pursuits, and after his return from America he resigned his position in the navy and became an author. He wrote a number of novels and plays which were very successful, but of which the government did not approve. In 1882 or 1883 he purchased a well known Russian magazine in St. Petersburg called the 'Diello,' and became its editor and proprietor. He spent a considerable part of the summer of 1884 abroad, and in the latter part of the year he left his wife and children at Baden-Baden, and started for St. Petersburg. At the Russian frontier station of Virzhobol he was suddenly arrested, was taken thence to St. Petersburg under guard, and was there thrown into the prison of Peter and Paul. His wife, knowing nothing of this misfortune, continued to write to him at St. Petersburg, without getting any answers to her letters, until finally she became alarmed, and telegraphed to the editorial department of the 'Diello,' asking for the latest news of her husband and why he did not write to her. The managing editor of the magazine replied that Mr. Stanukovitch was not there, and that they had supposed him to still be in Baden-Baden. He mailed a letter to the editor, signed Mrs. Stanukovitch, thoroughly frightened, proceeded at once with her children to St. Petersburg. Nothing whatever could be learned there with regard to her husband's whereabouts. He had then been some time in the rooms of the 'Diello,' and none of his friends had heard anything of or from him in two weeks. He had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At last, after days of torturing anxiety, Mrs. Stanukovitch was advised to make inquiries of General Orzhelski, the chief of gendarmes. She did so, and found that her husband was a prisoner in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress. The police, as it afterward appeared, had for some time been intercepting and reading his letters, and had ascertained that he was in correspondence with a well-known Russian revolutionist who was then living in Switzerland. The correspondence was perfectly innocent in its character, and related solely to the business of the magazine; but the fact that an editor, and a man of liberal views, was in communication with a political refugee was regarded as sufficient evidence that his presence in St. Petersburg would be 'prejudicial to social order,' and his arrest followed. In May, 1885, he was exiled for three years by administrative process to the city of Tomsk, in western Siberia. The publication of the magazine was suspended in consequence of the imprisonment of its editor, and the banishment of its owner, and Mr. Stanukovitch was financially ruined. If the Russian government deals in this arbitrary way with men of rank, wealth and high social position in the capital of the empire, it is not surprising that it will make a cheap and unscrupulous treatment is accorded to physicians, students and small landed proprietors, whose presence is regarded as 'prejudicial to social order' in the provinces."

Distress after eating, heartburn, sick headache and indigestion are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It creates a good appetite.

How He Came Out Ahead. "Well, Tamkins, how did you come out at the last race meeting?" asked a traveling man of a friend.

"As nearly as I can figure it, I came out about fifteen hundred dollars ahead."

"How did you do that?" "Well, Tamkins, I didn't bet. I just made a bet on the horse that I didn't bet."

"None. I had about fifteen hundred with me that I did not bet."

Continental Clothing House



GREAT FALL OPENING!

New Goods will be Shown in the Following Departments: MENS READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPT., Boy's and Children's Clothing Dept, Furnishing Goods Department, Hat and Cap Department, Merchant Tailoring Department. Freeland, Loomis & Co. Proprietors: Cor. 15th and Douglas Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. FULL WEIGHT PURE. MOST PERFECTLY MADE. Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the Great Medical Work of the age on Nerves, and Female Health, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the most serious consequences thereon, 200 pages, 8vo, 15 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, 10c mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Seal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association, Address P. O. box 1296, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. FARRER, grad. Univ. of Harvard Medical College, 35 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialties, Diseases of Man, Office No. 1, Philadelphia.

THE BEST MADE. We can give you the largest stock and give the lowest prices in the city. Robinson & Garmon.

SACRED HEART ACADEMIES. Under the Direction of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. BOARDING SCHOOL, PARK PLACE, OMAHA. SELECT DAY SCHOOL, ST. MARY'S AVE., OMAHA. Opens Wednesday, September 6th, 1888. Opens Monday, Sept. 2d.

MAX MEYER & BRO. WHOLESALE Jewelers and Music Dealers. STEINWAY, KNABE, CHICKERING and other first-class Pianos. Look at FOLLOWING BARGAINS FOR TEN DAYS.

HOW TO BUY LAND. Certified Checks, Payable at Sight on the Puget Sound National Bank Given as Security for Money Invested.

Nebraska National Bank. U. S. DEPOSITORY, OMAHA, NEB. Paid Up Capital \$100,000 Surplus \$50,000.

PATENTS Obtained. TRADE MARK. FOUNTAIN BRANDS. FINE CUT AND PLUG. Incomparably the Best.