

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

A Drummer Writes Up a Small Town's Centennial.

FLYING DUTCHMAN AT CHURCH.

Padlock Opening—Matrimonial—A Commercial Man "Worked"—Drumming Thirty Years Ago—Samples From Grips.

The Padlock Opening.

The grand opening ball of the Padlock hotel at Beatrice, given by the Traveling Men's Social club of Beatrice, will occur Friday evening, May 10.

The following correspondence explains itself: PADDOCK HOTEL, BEATRICE, Neb., April 27, 1889.—Mr. A. J. Conlee, President of the Traveling Men's Social Club of Beatrice: Dear Sir: Will you kindly state to the members of your club that the Padlock hotel will be furnished complete by May 1, and that upon any evening after that date we would be pleased to offer them the free use of the hotel parlors, dining room, or hall, and will serve their supper during the evening in the ladies' ordinary, also free.

Who would have thought it? Every old traveling man supposed that E. A. Oakes was a confirmed bachelor, and beyond the reach of the fascinations of the gentler sex, but great surprises are in store for all, and one of them is the marriage of this celebrity to Miss Mary Carver, one of Zeeland, Iowa's, most charming and talented daughters.

Well, about twenty years ago I left St. Paul, and reached Eau Claire, Wis., the next point on my route. Here, to my mortification, I learned that my only customer had just gone to the point from which I had just come. I also learned of a rather startling occurrence of the night before. It appeared that some enterprising hotel thief or thieves had gone through the rooms of the hotel during the night, had chloroformed the various traveling men, and then relieved them of all their valuables. This was so effectually done that eight nights of the grip were left without money or jewelry, and had to make rather unexpected drafts on their respective firms. The majority had left their money in the hands of one, a dapper, bright-eyed young fellow, my informant, remained behind. He stated he was sick from the effects of the opiate, and would remain until next morning, when he would continue his journey. It was overjoyed that had escaped by so short a time being one of the plundered, and I confided to my new friend, the dapper young fellow, that I was more than \$200 ahead, as I had just collected that amount in St. Paul. He congratulated me heartily, shook my hands warmly and invited me to share his room with him, as it contained two beds. This I gladly did, and we retired early, as my new acquaintance complained of being quite sick at the stomach from the effects of the chloroform.

Old Sim Engages a Team. Bob Vinton, the landlord of the Vinton house, at Cambridge City, Ind., was noted many years ago, for his partiality to drummers, for his love of a practical joke, for his good humor, and for his tidy, well-kept little tavern. I had stopped with him for two days and completed my business when he asked me: "Bob, how much will you charge me for a team to take my trunks to Milton?" (A town near by, but off from the railroad.)

"Ten dollars," said Bob. I agreed, used his team, and on my return tendered him \$10. "What's this for?" asked Bob. "For the use of your team to Milton," I replied. "Not much," returned Bob, "I told you it was \$10 to get there, but his \$10 to come back. So shell out another X, old fellow."

I demurred, but there was no way out of it, so I paid the extra \$10, and laughed with Bob at the extra joke played on me. Six weeks after I stopped with Bob again, and again engaged his team for \$10 to take my trunks to Milton. After he had left the little town, I wrote Bob from Indianapolis: "Dear Vinton: I engaged your team for \$10 to take me to Milton, but as there was nothing said about returning the same, I have had them put up at Lyford's livery, where you can obtain them by paying charges. Inclosed find \$10."

I heard later that the air was sulphurous when Vinton received this epistle, but I was even, and it was a long time before Bob attempted another practical joke on SIM.

The Centennial.

No doubt all the large cities of the United States have held proper ceremonies and exercises celebrating the 30th day of April A. D. 1889.

This was also true to a greater or less extent with smaller towns and villages, and in one little village on the B. & M. railway a banquet was held at which a few commercial travelers had the good fortune to be present. The spread was not what one might usually infer from the word banquet, but considering all this might be overlooked; still there was one thing among the many funny things, which struck me as worthy of space in your "commercial traveler column." Several "spread eagle" toasts were given by the merchants of the town, but let it suffice to merely quote the toast of a Dutch butcher of the orgy who endeavored in his own coarse way, to give a full history of George Washington's early life: Gentlemen! unt Ladies! unt Eferopydy—Dude you knows dot George Washington was a leedle boy vonce? Yess, dot dot he vos, unt apoud so many year old, (making a wild gesture and showing about how tall he was.) Unt he had got a grandfather, what vos his own mudder's fadder, unt what refer tole he. Von day George he did went out mit himself in de vood shed, nein, I mean in de orchard, for to get sum apples, unt he proke de axe, gentelmanns unt ladies, he proke de axe, just vonce dunt it.

His fader ask him "how he got de apples." Unt George, he say, I gan not tole a lie, I dunt it, fadder. I fell on de axe unt proke him. (It was apparent that the butcher was becoming more and more "lost" of "stage-struck," or whatever we might call it, for he was getting terribly mixed up, and his audience, and especially the toastmaster began to get weary.) You see he refer tole a lie in big matters, of sich consengivene. Den after dot, George was invited, by

his grandfather, out in de voodshed for to get agawanted mit a surprize barty. Ut seemed as dough his pants would brake—I mean, axouse, his heart would proke, for dot vos all he got vos not proke. He vos, always proke, dot vos his grate luck. (Many of the W. G. T. U. ladies had left rather suddenly, and finding only the commercial travelers, left to listen he said.) "Veil, I spe dot sum beehles have vont to go home, so I dink I go home, auch. I sit so far ovay, vay out, vay out in de over-skirts of de city, I must go mit mineself to mine Katrina.

Veil, boys, I dink I vish dot ve gome dogudder again, mit sum centennialis purty gewick, unt dalk dese dingis ovay again. Prost!" And his heavy cowhide boots echoed and re-echoed in the banquet halls, as he disappeared in the dark night, at N—C—

A Traveler's Accident.

GRAND ISLAND, May 5.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Thomas J. Blocher, who travels for the P. J. Sorg Tobacco company, of Middletown, O., met with a painful accident at Grand Island Wednesday evening. Just as he was starting for the train to go to Hastings Billy Collins, the clerk of the Palmer, drove up with a horse and buggy and invited Tom to get in and he would drive him to the depot. Just as they started a canvas covered wagon appeared, at which their horse took fright and commenced to lunge and kick. He turned suddenly around, and Blocher, finding that they were going over, jumped out of the wagon, and landed on the side and fractured his knee, besides bruising him considerably otherwise. The physician succeeded in getting his knee set, but it is difficult as yet to predict the result. In any event he will probably go on crutches for a month or so. As Tom is a persistent and indefatigable worker, this forced idleness will go nearly as hard with him as the injuries sustained.

Sim was Worked.

You must know, dear Mr. BEE, that I have been a drummer so many years that my hair has turned from a glossy black to an interesting silver since I first went into the business. I have had my share of business, of sport, of adventure, and I have concluded to give you an occasional reminiscence. Perhaps they may provoke a smile from my fellow traveling men, and they may possibly lead to the relation by others of something more entertaining than my memory furnishes.

Well, about twenty years ago I left St. Paul, and reached Eau Claire, Wis., the next point on my route. Here, to my mortification, I learned that my only customer had just gone to the point from which I had just come. I also learned of a rather startling occurrence of the night before. It appeared that some enterprising hotel thief or thieves had gone through the rooms of the hotel during the night, had chloroformed the various traveling men, and then relieved them of all their valuables. This was so effectually done that eight nights of the grip were left without money or jewelry, and had to make rather unexpected drafts on their respective firms. The majority had left their money in the hands of one, a dapper, bright-eyed young fellow, my informant, remained behind. He stated he was sick from the effects of the opiate, and would remain until next morning, when he would continue his journey. It was overjoyed that had escaped by so short a time being one of the plundered, and I confided to my new friend, the dapper young fellow, that I was more than \$200 ahead, as I had just collected that amount in St. Paul. He congratulated me heartily, shook my hands warmly and invited me to share his room with him, as it contained two beds. This I gladly did, and we retired early, as my new acquaintance complained of being quite sick at the stomach from the effects of the chloroform.

I was tired, and soon fell into a heavy sleep—a very sound one, indeed, for I was not awakened until the next noon, when I was with difficulty aroused to a sitting posture by the fact that I was being walked about the room by the landlord, the clerk, a physician, and a motley group of guests and chambermaids, who varied the monotony of their lives by prodding me with pins, pinching me, holding a bottle of hair-horn to my nostrils, and many such pleasantries. I learned, as soon as my mind was clear enough to comprehend, that my dapper new friend and roommate had left on the early train, telling me to be ready to start at 10 o'clock, and allowed to have a good, long sleep, as we had lain awake most of the night chatting. By the merest accident, it was later discovered that I had been chloroformed, and with the aid of a first-aid camp and restoratives my life was saved.

I may add that I never again saw my dapper young friend, nor my \$200, nor my gold watch and chain, nor my diamond stud, and another drummer will be glad to make an unexpected draft on his house.

Drumming Thirty Years Ago.

"It amuses me," said the white-haired head of a jobbing house to a representative of the Hatter and Furrier, "to hear traveling men nowadays complaining of the hardships of the road, the taking of late trains, the traveling in cabcooses, and such like inconveniences. Lord bless you, they should have seen the drummers of old days and heard their experiences, and then they would have known something about the woes of the traveling man. Thirty years ago I was young, ambitious, full of energy and went on the road for a jobbing house. When I could not travel by river, and that could be done only in going through a certain portion of our trade—stage coaches and horse-back were the only means of travel. Many a cold and weary winter's day have I passed in the saddle, starting out early in the morning, going through snow or rain, fording creeks, and half frozen all the time, until I could hardly dismount when my day's journey was over. And then there were no banks or collection agencies through the country to facilitate the collection of debts, and the drummers had all of that work to do. We traveled with old-fashioned valises, which could be used as saddle-bags when we had to ride in a cart or on horse-back, and were used for what money we collected. It was sometimes pretty ticklish work stopping at lonely taverns with saddle-bags filled with good, hard money, but it had to be done. I slept on the floor of a jobbing house, and one night, with my valise under my head for a pillow, containing over \$1,500 cash. It was a hard pillow, but I felt safer with it there, and slept quite soundly. The drummers of to-day don't know what hard traveling is. They should have frozen, or half drowned, or starved with us of the old school back in the '60's."

The Flying Dutchman's Experience.

A number of years ago, I stopped at

Hemsted, Texas, writes the Flying Dutchman, in the Trinidad Daily Citizen, and called on a merchant and sold him two car loads of good merchandise. He asked me to remain over Sunday at the place and invited me to attend divine services at the church, in which he was a deacon, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in the school house which served as the church.

At 2 o'clock we had dinner and then sauntered out with lighted cigars to the place of worship. It was in January, the grass was green, the birds warbled their musical cadences and the day was lovely with the spring sunshine. Our cigars being smoked, we wandered across the public square and saw the people congregated in the old-fashioned southern schoolhouse. We entered and walked up the broad aisle, on either side lined with desks with their ink-stained marks of childish fingers, took our seats near the platform raised about one foot from the floor. Mr. Woodyard, my merchant friend, took a hymn book and called out the number of the hymn, read one verse and pitched the tune. After it had been sung we were seated.

About this time a tall man, in buttoned clothes and blue flannel shirt, with his hair "squiggly," came up the aisle and made for the platform. Mr. Woodyard tapped me on the shin, saying: "That's our minister."

The good minister took his sombrero hat on the floor, stood to one side of the desk, and opened his sermon. "Brethren and sisters: On account of sickness in the parish the past week, I have not prepared a sermon, but on my way here, through a Brother Lane field, I picked up this rock, and also this nut," both of which he produced from the side pocket of his coat. "and now I will give you a parable from these. I take the rock and break the rind of the nut, which represents this Methodist church, and the rind is unfit for use; next I break the shell, and this represents the Hard-Shell Baptist; this also is no good, and only fit to put under the heels of men. Next, I subtract the rind and shell and life, and down the nut, which represents our church, the old Presbyterian, and break the shell"—here he stopped and the kernel fell out as rotten as sin.

The congregation whooped and yelled like Kansas cowboys. An old woman in the corner of the church fired a hymn book at the head of the "flying Dutchman," and gave him a black eye. The congregation were boisterous and were dismissed. The deacon took the writer by the arm, walked up and down the street, saying: "Why didn't he get a gamlet and bore that nut before he gave that parable?—Say, brother, let's take a drink!" and if the writer had minded him he would have been slightly ailing by 8 o'clock.

The Hastings Banquet.

HASTINGS, Neb., May 5.—[Special to THE BEE.]—At a meeting of about one hundred and fifty traveling men who attended the grand ball and banquet given at the Bostwick hotel Friday evening, May 3, by the citizens of Hastings, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of all traveling men are due to the citizens of Hastings for the kindness and courtesy which they have always extended to the "angels of commerce."

Resolved, That we extend to the Hon. A. D. Yocum, mayor of the city of Hastings, our thanks, not only for his aid in furthering the success of the banquet and ball, but for his eloquent speech of welcome.

Resolved, That we acknowledge with pride our obligations to the ladies of Hastings, to whose presence the ball and banquet owed its most attractive charm, and whose politeness and kindness will always be gratefully remembered by the "knights of the grip."

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to Messrs. Dillon & Yarrall, proprietors of the Bostwick hotel, for their generous hospitality in opening this grand banquet and ball to the traveling men.

Resolved, That we express our high appreciation of the offers of the reception and floor committees, to whose generous and courteous aid we are indebted for the success of the ball and banquet was largely due.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the editor of the traveling men's department of THE OMAHA BEE, and the daily papers of Hastings.

Sampl's.

Robert F. Bacon, of McCord, Brady & Co., has bought a \$3,500 residence in Beatrice, and has also bought a lot for a leather house, a \$2,500 residence in Beatrice.

A. C. Aunett, formerly with Williams, Van Aernam & Harte, now has the northern Nebraska territory for the Omaha Rubber company.

Sherman McCoy is home from an extensive western trip in Z. T. Lindsey & Co.'s interest.

Genial Ed. Roe has returned from a successful trip west for Parrotte & Co.

The body is more susceptible to heat than from Hood's Sarasparilla now than at any other season. Therefore take it now.

The Benefit from Sheep Husbandry.

A Nebraska woman writes as follows to the Breeder's Gazette: A few sheep on every farm means an evolution from the crude bar-wire to the new slatting fence; a delicious change once in a while from pork to mutton; combing and coloring the long wool on the pelts for beautiful and durable rugs; local mills for cleaning, carding, and spinning; if the latter is honestly done; improvements in hand-looms and a revival and study of the weaver's art—a new and lucrative field of labor for women; plenty of warm winter blankets that we all shiveringly cherish there. Everybody knows of Birmingham's wonderful boom. Mr. Tomkins is also a barrister at law for all the large steamship lines in England, a member of the Historical society of New York, and a member of the council for the reform and codification of the law of nations.

Rev. W. G. Hawkins, vice-president, Wellfleet, Neb., U. S. A. Directors—S. D. McLellan, judge probate, Truro, Nova Scotia; Hinkle Condon, esq., Halifax, Nova Scotia; J. H. Hawkins, Lincoln, Neb.; Prad T. Condon, B. A., LL. B., barrister at law, Halifax, Nova Scotia; George D. Caldwell, London, Eng.; Freeman Dennis, Delray, Fla.; George W. Box, esq., London, Eng. It will be seen that the company is in a position to do any business that we all shiveringly cherish there. Everybody knows of Birmingham's wonderful boom. Mr. Tomkins is also a barrister at law for all the large steamship lines in England, a member of the Historical society of New York, and a member of the council for the reform and codification of the law of nations.

Rev. W. G. Hawkins needs no introduction to the people of Nebraska, as his pen has always been busy in her interests. For the last four months he has been in London, England, with Mr. Tomkins, working up this great enterprise, and they have been successful in every particular.

The main object of the corporation is to establish a beet sugar refinery. Analysis has shown that beets raised near Wellfleet are exceeding rich in sugar. The analysis is pronounced by experts in both Germany and England to show the largest percentage of sugar ever known—17 per cent, which is in excess of the best beet from France, France or England. This analysis has created a great deal of interest in the old country.

It is estimated that from fifteen to twenty tons of beets can be raised per acre, and the price paid for beets delivered at the factory is in excess of \$1. At this rate a farmer will make from \$20 to \$100 per acre from beets. This amount would be cash, and the beets always a ready sale. One man should care for at least ten acres of beets and do considerable other work. F. J. Tompkins and W. G. Hawkins have spent the best part of March and April giving lectures in all parts of Nebraska to farmers and others on the great state of Nebraska, particularly the beet sugar industry. They expect to bring a colony of about one hundred families, good

farmers, to this country, and locate them on land secured for them near Wellfleet. They are accepting none who have less than \$1,500 in cash.

These English farmers will need an entire outfit, from a team of horses to groceries and crockery, iron and tin wares, furniture, lumber, boots, wagons, etc.

F. J. Tompkins and W. G. Hawkins will also endeavor to bring a number of gentlemen with them who have wealth and who represent wealth, and will show them over the entire state of Nebraska.

It is certain that they will not be the only place where English capital will invest. It is hoped sufficient influence will be brought to bear to have them visit in some of the localities that are situated about Wellfleet.

This corporation has already secured the entire town of Wellfleet and 1,200 acres adjoining for a townsite. Also the water power at Wellfleet. This will not be the only place where English capital will invest. It is hoped sufficient influence will be brought to bear to have them visit in some of the localities that are situated about Wellfleet.

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W. G. Tompkins' Beet Sugar Refining Corporation

MEN'S SACK SUITS.

- Lot 1683—A fancy dark brown stripe cassimere.....at \$ 8 50
" 1793—A fancy plaid (dark) cheviot, serge lined.....at 9 50
" 1661—A dark brown mixed fancy cheviot.....at 9 75
" 6041—A grey stripe cheviot, very nobby.....at 9 00
" 1638—A grey cheviot, salt and pepper mixed.....at 9 00
" 7593—An invisible Scotch plaid.....at 9 50
" 1254—A Wide Wide black worsted, very handsome.....at 10 00
" 1255—A blue black Wide Wide worsted.....at 10 00
" 4407—An elegant dark stripe cassimere.....at 10 00
" 1604—A black casket worsted.....at 10 00
" 7874—An elegant light colored cheviot.....at 10 00
" 1742—A brown plaid cheviot, a stunner.....at 10 00
" 313—A cinnamon brown melton.....at 13 50
" 315—An olive melton.....at 13 50
" 7706—A fine check cassimere.....at 14 50
" 8789—A handsome fancy mixture.....at 14 00
" 9091—A light grey fancy mixture.....at 15 50
" 3059—A grey salt and pepper Irish frieze.....at 16 75
" 6600—A grey plaid, satin lined.....at 17 00

MEN'S FROCK SUITS.

- Lot 1734—In fancy striped chevots.....at \$ 9 75
" 1642—A grey salt and pepper cheviot.....at 9 00
" 318—A cinnamon brown melton cutaway.....at 14 50
" 317—An olive melton cutaway.....at 14 50
" 2727—A sheep's grey imported melton.....at 17 00
" 9181—A black and white check cutaway.....at 17 50
" 1531—A blue Wide Wide cheviot, not bound.....at 17 50
" 2772—An elegant blue Wide Wide cheviot.....at 20 00
" 3058—Brown and black stripe imported "Irish frieze".....at 18 00
" 1218—Brown mixed, grey and slate, pinhead cassimere.....at 16 50
" 311

SPRING OVERCOATS.

In SPRING OVERCOATS we can offer an unsurpassed assortment at exceedingly low prices. All goods GUARANTEED to give entire satisfaction, and as represented, or money refunded. Mail orders solicited, and will receive our prompt attention.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS

Is the Capital of the Wellfleet Real Estate Company.

PROPOSING VAST IMPROVEMENTS

English Capital and American Enterprise Combined to Build Up Nebraska's Beet Root Sugar Industry.

A Magnificent Enterprise.

Articles of incorporation of the Wellfleet Real Estate and Improvement company were filed with the secretary of state Friday. The capital stock is placed at one million dollars, and is divided into ten thousand shares of \$100 each, one half of which is paid in cash, the balance on call. The principal place of business of the corporation is in the town of Wellfleet, Lincoln county, Nebraska. The business of the corporation is as follows:

- 1. To buy, hold, sell and improve real estate in any manner or form, in any town or county in the state of Nebraska.
2. To build and operate manufacturing, or other works, and to encourage the building and operation of the same.
3. To donate money or real estate to parties establishing manufacturing works.
4. To loan money on real estate.
5. To improve and perfect the water on Medicine creek in Wellfleet by building a dam or otherwise.

The working power of the corporation is vested in a board of not less than five directors. The existence of the corporation is twenty years, and the professional officers and directors are as follows: Frederick James Tomkins, president and general manager, barrister at law, 6 Temple, London, Eng. Rev. W. G. Hawkins, vice-president, Wellfleet, Neb., U. S. A. C. G. Hawkins, secretary, Wellfleet, Neb., U. S. A. Directors—S. D. McLellan, judge probate, Truro, Nova Scotia; Hinkle Condon, esq., Halifax, Nova Scotia; J. H. Hawkins, Lincoln, Neb.; Prad T. Condon, B. A., LL. B., barrister at law, Halifax, Nova Scotia; George D. Caldwell, London, Eng.; Freeman Dennis, Delray, Fla.; George W. Box, esq., London, Eng.

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either side of the Medicine creek. Sixth, the variety of soil and country. Seventh, its position on the railroad. Eighth, the beautiful rolling town site. Ninth, the special inducements offered by the B. & M. Railroad company.

The corporation does not desire to see a wild wind boom, as it hurts in the long run; what they want is good farmers, not boomers. And for that reason but few lots will be sold at present, except to those who will agree to improve them within the next eighteen months.

Lots and land will be placed on sale Monday, May 6, 1889.

The corporation is desirous of receiving bids for building a dam across the Medicine creek, furnish a Turbine water wheel and electric dynamos. This is not only a big boom for Wellfleet and the western part of the state, but the whole state will see the benefit of it in the next two or three years.

What this state mostly needs is money. It is hoped that a number of beet sugar refineries will be started in the state. This corporation will gladly furnish any information in its power to those desiring to start a refinery, in any part of the state. If fifty more such refineries were started, the price of sugar for a time, at least. Opposition will be a benefit.

Mr. C. G. Hawkins, whose reliability and ability as a manager, is secretary of the company, and will give any further information needed.

The following letter gives the general points in regard to the country about Wellfleet as well as they could be got in any other way:

Wellfleet, Neb., March 20, 1889.—C. G. Hawkins, Lincoln, Neb.—Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiries in relation to the country about Wellfleet, permit me to say that I have resided there for the past eight years, having been one of the first settlers in that part of the country. When I first came to the country, the best position for a refinery was twenty-seven miles, nearest railroad station twenty-two miles, nearest voting place twenty-seven miles, nearest grist mill seventy-five miles, in 1887. Medicine creek was strong off and its vote was thirty-eight. It was twelve miles wide by eighteen long. This has since been cut into four precincts, and the vote has fallen in one precinct to 28.

School districts are organized in all this territory and school houses built. During the winter of 1887 the Cheyenne branch of the B. & M. railroad was built through this country, and towns established about ten miles apart.

There is a superior failure of crops in this part of the country. Wheat averages twenty-two bushels to the acre, oats forty, rye forty, barley thirty-five, potatoes 200. Carrots are raised to the acre. All garden truck grows almost spontaneously, and a German colony raises and hauls to North Platte, thirty-seven miles, almost all the produce that are used in that city. The population is steadily increasing, and its value of real estate is advancing.

The needs of Wellfleet are a grist mill, a physician, a bank, a good hotel and a hardware merchant. Other merchants would do well. The country is settled with a good, prosperous and respectable people from Illinois, Iowa and Indiana principally. If there is any other matter you wish me to inform you about, please let me know. Respectfully,

Justice of the Peace.

Agony is Courted

By persons who, attacked by a mild form of rheumatism, neglect to seek prompt relief. Subsequent torture is prevented by an immediate resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Slight exposure, an occasional draught, will bring this painful malady, where there is a predisposition to it, in the blood. It is not difficult to arrest the trouble at the outset, but well-nigh impossible to eradicate it when matured. No evidence in relation to this superb blood purifier is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy as a preventive and remedy for rheumatism. Not only is it thorough, but safe, which the vegetable and mineral poisons, often taken by curatives of the disease, are not. Besides expelling the rheumatic virus from the system, it overcomes fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia.

In this way every farmer who buys \$50 worth of merchandise in the town of Wellfleet in the next year will receive a ticket for each \$50 worth purchased that will entitle him to a chance at one of the lots. These lots will be given away to the farmers who do their trading in Wellfleet.

The corporation will soon erect a large brick building and will give the farmers one block near the center of the town and will fence and build a shed around it for the convenience of the farmers in town, thus saving a lively bill. The corporation will also offer prizes for the best crops raised in that vicinity