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A CREED OF LIGHT AND LOVE.

The Great Infidel's Magnificent Tribute to the Life and Work of His Friend, Horace Seaver, of Boston.

A Poem in Prose.

Robert G. Ingersoll on Sunday last delivered the address at the funeral of Horace Seaver, editor of the Boston Investigator. The services were held at Paine Memorial hall, Boston, which was crowded with eminent free thinkers from all parts of New England.

Colonel Ingersolt's address was a most impressive one. Following is a verbatim report:

"Horace Seaver was a pioneer. torch-bearer, a toiler in that great field we call the world-a worker for his fellow-men. At the end of his task he has fallen asleep, and we are met to tell the story of his long and useful life-to pay our tribute to his work and worth. He was one who saw the dawn while others lived in night. He kept his face toward the 'purpling east' and watched the coming of the blessed days. He always sought for light. His object was to know, to find a reason for his faith-a fact on which to build. In superstitition's sands he sought the gems of truth; in superstition's night

Born in New England-reared amid the cruel superstitions of his time-he had the manhood and the courage to investigate, and he had the goodness and the courage to tell his honest thoughts. He was always kind and sought to win the confidence of men by sympathy and love. There was no taint or touch of in his blood. To him his fellows did not seem depraved—they were not wholly bad—there was within the heart of each the seeds of good. He act were forces uncontrolled. He wisely said: 'Circumstances furnish the seeds of good and evil, and man is but the soil in which they grow.' He fought the creed and loved the man. He pitied those who feared and shuddered at the thought of death-who dwelt in darkness and in dread.

KIND AND TENDER. "The religion of his day filled his heart with horror. He was kind, compassionate and tender, and could not fall upon his knees before a cruel and revengeful God—he could not bow to have who slew with famics around the could not bow to have who slew with famics around the could not be the slew with famics around the could not be the slew with famics around the could not be the who slew with famine, sword and fire—to one pitiless as pestilence, re-lentless as the lightning stroke. Jehovab had no attribute that he could love. He attacked the creed of New England a creed that had within it the ferocity of Knox, the malice of Calvin, the cru elty of Jonathan Edwards; a religion that had a monster for a God; a religion whose dogmas would have shocked canwhose degraes would have shocked can-nibals feasting on babies. Horace Seaver followed the light of his brain— the impulse of his heart. He was at-tacked, but he answered the insulter with a smile; and even he who coined malignant lies was treated as a friend misled. He did not ask God to forgive He was sincere. Sincerity is the true and perfect mirror of the mind. It rethe honest thought. It is the

above all station, above the noble, the robed, and the crowned, rises the sincere man. Happy is the man who neither paints nor patches, veils nor veneers. Blessed is ne who were us mask. The man who lies before us wrapped in perfect peace practiced no art to hide or half conceal his thought. He did not write or speak the double words that might be useful in retreat. He gave a truthful transcript of his mind and sought to make his meaning clear as light. To use his own words, he had the courage which impels a man to do his duty---to hold fast his integrity-to maintain a conscience void of offense at every hazard and every sacrifice in defiance of the world. He lived to his ideal. He sought the approbation of himself. He did not build his character upon the opinions of depths of his nature that he asked the profound question: . What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation, and fear their censure, more than our own? ... A LOYAL CITIZEN.

"Horace Seaver was a good and loyal citizen of the neutral republic, a be-liever in intellectual hospitality, one who knew that bigotry is born of ignorance and fear, the provincialism of the heart was sound and stainless the core. When he enlisted hate and scorn. Arrayed against him were all the forces, all the hypocrisies of society. All mistakes and lies were Even the theist was denounced as a disturber of the peace be-cause he told his thoughts in kind and candid words. He was called a blas-

phemer because he sought to rescue the repetition of his God from the slanders of orthodox priests. HIS WORK REWARDED. Such was the bigotry of the time that atural love was lost. The unbelieving

e knew the a

brain. He did not belong to the tribe, or to the nation, but to the human race. His sympathy was wide as want, and, like the sky, bent above the suffering world. This man had that superb thing which we call moral courage -courage in its highest form. He knew that his thoughts were not the thoughts of others-that he was with the few, and that where one would take his side thousands would be his eager foes. He know that wealth would scorn and cultured ignorance deride, and that all be lievers in the creeds, buttressed by law and custom, would hurl the missiles of like snakes, would fill the pathway of his life, and yet he told his honest thought, told it without hatred and without contempt, told it as it really was. And so, through all his days, his the army whose banner is the light the honest investigator was looked upon as lost and cursed, and even Christian children held him in contempt. The believing embezzler, the orthodox wife-beater-even the murderer-lifted his bloody hands and thanked God that on his soul there was no stain of un-belief. In nearly every state of our republic the man who denied the absurdities and impossibilities lying at the foundation of what is called orthodox religion was denied his civil rights. He was not canopied by the Ægis of the law. He stood beyond the reach of sympathy. He was not allowed to testify against the invader of his home, the seeker for his life. His lips are closed. He was declared dishonorable he was honest. His unbelief made him a social leper, a parian, an outcast. He was the victim of religious

natural love was lost. The unbelieving son was hated by his plous sire, and even the mother's heart by her creed was turned to stone. Horace Seaver foundation of character, and without it was turned to stone. Horace Seaver there is no moral grandeur. Sacred are pursued his way, he worked and

He lived to be rewarded for his toil, to see most of the laws repealed that had made outcasts of the noblest, the wisest and the best. He lived to see the foremost preachers of the world attack the sacred creeds. He lived to see the sciences released from superstition's clutch. He lived to see the orthodox theologian take his place with the professor of the black art, the fortune teller and astrologer. He lived to see the best and greatest of the world accept his thought; to see the theologians displaced by the great and true priests of nature, by Humbolt and Darwin, by Huxley and Hackel. Within the narrow compass of his life the world changed. The railway, the steamship, the telegraph made all nations neighbors; countless inventions have made the luxuries of the past the necessities of to-day. Life has been enriched and man ennobled. The geologist has read the records of frost and flame, of wind and rain; the astronomer has teld the story of the stars; the biologist has sought the germ of life, and in every department of knowledge torch of science sheds its sacred The ancient creeds have grown absurd; the miracles small and mean; the inspired book is filled with fables told to please a childish world, and the dogma of eternal pain now shocks the heart and brain. He lived to see a monument unveiled to Bruno in the city of Rome-to Giordano Bruno, that great man who 289 years ago suffered death by fire from having proclaimed the truths that since have filled the world with joy. He lived to see the victim of the church a victor; lived to see his memory honored by a nation freed from papal chains. worked knowing what the end must be, expecting little while he lived; but he knew that every fact in the wide universe was on his side. He knew that truth can wait, and so he worked patient as eternity. He had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a child. A MAN OF COMMON SENSE. "Horace Seaver was a man of com-

mon sense. By that I mean one who knows the law of average. He denied the Bible, not on account of what has been discovered in astronomy, or the length of time it took to form the delta of the Nile. But he compared the things he found in the inspired book with what he knew. He knew that antiquity added nothing to probability, that lapse of time can never take the place of cause, and that the dust can never gather thick enough upon mistakes to made them equal with the truth. He knew that the old by no possibility could have been more wonderful than the new and that the present is a perpetual him all miracles are mistakes, whose parents were cunning and credulity. He knew that mircles were not, because they were not. He believed in the sublime, unbroken and eternal marches of causes and effects, denying chaos of chance and the caprice of power. He testified the past by the now, and judged of all the men and graces of the world by those he knew. He believed in religion of free thought and good deed, of character, of sincerand good deed, of character, of sincerity, of honest endeavor, of cheerful hope, of sympathy, and above all, in the religion of love and liberty, in a religion of every day, for the world in which we live, for the present; the religion of roofgand raiment, of food, of intelligence, of intellectual hospitality; the religion that gives health and happiness, freedom and content. In the religion of work, in the ceremonies of honest labor, he lived for this world: if there be another he will live for that.

BOB INCERSOLL'S IDEAL MAN. the flips from which have is wrought as best he could in solitude and the did what he could not be destruction of fear, the destruction of fear, struction of the imaginary monster who tortures the many in percition. He was the friend of all the world, and sought to civilize the human race. more than fifty years he labored to free the bodies and souls of men, and many thousands have read his words with joy. He sought the suffering and oppressed. He sat by those in pain, and his hand was laid in pity on the brow of death. He asked only to be treated as he treated others - He asked for only what he carned, and he had the manhood to cheerfully accept the consequences of his actions. He expected no reward for the goodness of

HIS LIFE'S WORK DONE. "But he has lived his life. should shed no tears of gratitude. We should rejoice that he lived so long. nature's course his time had come. four seasons were complete in him The spring could never come again. He had taken life's seven steps; the measure of his years was full. the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of eve ning meets the dusk of night, beneath silent stars the tired laborers should fall asleep. To ness is a double death. To outlive useful-"'Let me not live after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger

'When the old oak is visited in vain by spring, when light and rain no longer thrill, it is not well to stand leafless, desolate and alone. It is better far to fall where nature softly covers all with with woven, moss-creeping vine. How little, after all, we know of wnat is ill or well. How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools, this stream of life that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never pressed. How little of this we know; this struggling ray of light twixt gloom and gloom; this strip of land by verdure clad, between the unfilled with love and pain; this dream that lies between the shadowy shore of verge of crumbting time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we min-gle with the dust and the 'knot intricate' forever falls apart. But this we know, a noble life enriches all the world. Horace Seaver lived for others; he accepted toll and hope deferred. Poverty was his portion. Like Socrates, he did not seek to adorn his body. but rather his soul with the jewels of charity, modesty, courage, and, above all, with a love of liberty. "Farewell of brave and modest man!

Your lips, between which ran truth burst into blessom, are forever closed. Your loving heart has ceased to beat, your busy brain is still, and from your hand has dropped the sacred torch. Your noble, self-denying life has honored us and we will honor you. You were silent clay I pay this tribute to your worth. Farewell!

> In Secret Places. Good Words.

Ungathered beauties of a bounteous earth,
Wild flowers which grow on mountain
paths untrod,
White water lillies looking up to God

White water lillies looking up to God
From solitary taus—and human worth
Doing meek duty that no glory gains.
Heroic souls, in secret places sown
To live, to suffer, and to die unknown—
Are not that loveliness, and all these pains
Wasted? Alas, then does it not suffice
That God is on the mountain, by the lake,
And in such simple duty, for whose sake
His children gave their very blood as price?
The Father sees! If this does not repay,
What else! For plucked flowers fade, and
praises slay?

The Famous Occidentals, Champion Ball Team of the West.

That Was the Record of the Falls

ONLY ONE DEFEAT IN TWO YEARS

City Team-How They Beat the St. Jos Haymakers-Old Time Ball Cranks.

How it Was Done Years Ago. A great many people talk and write about the base ball crank as though he were a novelty-a creature of the generation. What nonsense! Why, base bali

beat the railroads into Nebraska, and the fever raged with an intensity impossible to this hustling dollar-getting generation. Go back twenty years and recall the time when a lot of big, over-grown

farmer boys from the furrows around Falls City came out in red flannel shirts and velveteen pants and set the state by the ears with their playing. Falls City at that time wasn't half as large as Cleveland's vote in Posey

county, but every man in the place was ball crank. It was no unusual thing to see eighteen men get out and slug and stop and run the bases for hours every day, while the other thirteen inhabitants

bet even dollars on runs. Dave Holt was county treasurer at that time, and as game a fellow, so tradition has it, as ever lived. Dave liked the game and was a rattling good player himself. More than this, he had

money. Along about '68 he sorted out nine of the best players in the place and hired them to travel with him. Among them were Tommy Wilson, Frank Adams, H. N. McGrew, Amos Jennings, Elmer Frank, Alvin Frank and Will Dorrington. And what a green-looking lot of lads they were; called themselves the Occidentals.

All the local teams fell before them and one day Holt said he guessed he'd Nebraska City and make a fight for the state championship and the silver-tipped rosewood bat that accompanied the title.

On the Sunday morning before the day set for the start, several members of the team stood before the postoffice waiting for the mail to open. A couple of them got into the street and began to do a little battery work. Presently two tall, athletic country boys stepped off the walk and began to play with the others. And how they did swallow the ball! It didn't matter where it went or how swift, they caught it as thought it was the easiest sort of play. McGrew backed up against the post

office to watch the strangers. Pretty soon one of them stepped up alongside him and said: "Say, mister. I guess I know you."
"I guess not," said Mac.
"Didn't you play with the Carleton,
Illinois, club once?" the stranger per-

isted. "Yes, I just came from there, and guess I do recollect you now. Where did you come from?"
"Why, I'm Henry Finch, and that's Charley Finch, my brother. We're the

Yes, Mac remembered. These Jersevville boys had only the year before walloped the Carleton club so badly that it went to pieces through shee disgust. The Finch boys had worked straight through the diamond. Henry was catcher, Jim pitcher, and Charley second baseman, and there were no

better amateurs in the country. Mac's first question was about Jim. and the boys said he had stayed at Jer-

seyville. 'Well, what are you doing?" "That's our wagon over there," said Charley, pointing out a white-topped prairie schooner on the hillside oppo-

That night Mac went over to Captain Tommy Wilson's and told him about the Finch boys. "They're just the finest players in the west, and if we can get them we want to do it," he urged. "What can they do?" asked Tommy

"Do? why they beat every club in Illinois, and whipped St. Louis on her own grounds. They are wonders. Next morning old man Finch agreed to let the boys off for \$25 apiece and away the whole nine went in a huge noisy stage to Nebraska City. When and the boys tumbled out, their "jay appearance and homely uniform made lots of fun for the Omaha players, who sat outside watching the country clubs

come in and guying each in turn. The Omaha's then as now had good players and lots of money behind them. McNamara, the wholesale liquor dealer, (he is dead now) was their backer, and he had brought along \$6,000 to prove his faith in his team.

The Occidentals said nothing but went in and won the series and championship, defeating every club on the ground and threshed the Omanas as adly as the Pawnees. McNamara and other Omaha sports lost over \$6,000, it is said, betting on their club.

After this there was nothing too good for the Occidentals. Holt took them to Lawrence, Kansas, Leavenworth, St. Joe, Kansas City, Omaha-all over the western country. They beat everyon the tour. The Haymakers of St. Joe gave them the toughest fight they had anywhere.

It was a warm clear day and thousands of people were out to see their crack team eat up the Nebraska men. Holt drove out to the grounds in an open carriage and bet with every man who would risk a dollar.

Luck seemed to be against the visit ors that day. They couldn't touch the

red-haired pitcher who opposed them, and at the end of the eighth the score was three to four against them. St. Joe couldn't score in her half, and the first Occidental struck out. The next man got to first, and stuck there "McGrew at bat," called the scorer.

"Come over here," shouted Holt from his carriage. When the player stood beside him Holt told him that every dollar he had on earth was bet on that game and if they lost it something would occur to startle folks, and he tapped significant

ly on his pistol pocket.

The batter faced the plate so fright ened he couldn't see out to second base and his knees knocked together like castanets.

"One strike," the umpire called then another, and the audience fairly howled with delight. The third bal-sailed through like a bullet, and in despair Mac swung out at it and ran for dear life clear around the bases. He couldn't see or hear much of anything and he didn't know whether he had hit the ball or not, but came home like

Then they told him he had knocked

cranks that day didn't let that boy touch grounds for hours. They carried him to his rooms, to supper, and out again, up and down the streets. The Nebraska farmers owned St. Joe that night, and no one said no to it.

When they got back to their native fields and brooks again they found a weighty contract to fill. The Cincinnati Reds were on their way to play the San Francisco Eagles, and they telegraphed ahead that they would play a game at Omaha with the campion team

Accordingly the lads with the velveteen trousers were summoned to play. It was their first and only defeat, but was excusable, for no team had hit McBride hard in those days, and the Occidentals were lucky to hold the Reds down to seventeen runs, After a few years the Otoes, of Ne-

braska City, won the championship (the Occidentals having disbanded) and Sayer, one of the Otocs, now employed in this city by Byron Reed & Co., has the rosewood bat with the silver tip. All the members of the team are alive yet, and all live within a radius of 500 miles of Omaha. are farmers near Phillipsburg, Kan. Tommy Wilson is dealing in mining stocks out at Aspen. Col. He was orstocks out at Aspen. Col. dained a minister, and for two or three years past has been preaching at Boulder, Col. Frank Adams is a

gambler and a corking good one. Col-

onel McCord and the boys about town

all know him. At present he is in Chicago on business. One of the boys who knew Wilson and Adams when they were youths, says that Tommy was the one whom everyone thought was on the highway, etc., and that never was there a more sanctified youth than Adams. But that's the way it goes in this world; just when you are most certain that you can call the turn on a man, you are reminded that white men are mighty un-

McGrew is connected with the Republican. Amos Jennings is in Lin-coln. Elmer and Alvin Frank represent Uncle Sam in the office of the clerk of the United States circuit court. Elmer was a very clever left fielder, and Alvin was not a bit behind him in center. Will Dorrington, who played right field, owns a furniture store at Falls City.

F. A. PUTNAM.

The Hills.

Harriet Francine Crocker, The everlasting hills! they hedge me round And hold me safe within this narrow vale. From all the world's great turmoil not a sound

Doth ponetrate these silences profound.

Ah, life is a paradise in this fair yale! At morning all the east grows vivid red

And all the hills reflect the rosy light;
At sunset warm and mellow rays are alled
Adown the valley, while the mountain head
Stands for a moment bathed in glory Then, like a being pure and fair as snow

The full moon rises grandly o'er the hills, And mounting zenithward, serone and slow, She pours a flood of light on all below

Ah, this is peace! to live at nature's side, To walk with her at morn and noon and Fo wander free with nature for a guide, To drift and dream upon hie's quiet tide, To find from worldly gares a sweet re-

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ali druggists.