THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

How British Commercial Tourists Live While on the Road.

SOME VERY PECULIAR FEATURES.

The Drummers' Outing Among the Mountains - Sensational Elopement of a Man of Samples-Notes Concerning the Boys.

Nothing interested me more during a recent trip abroad than the commercial travelers with whom I fell in on the cars and in the hotels of England and Scotland, says H. I. Fisher in the Merchant Traveler. The "commercials," as they are familiarly called, usually travel in third class compartments in the rallway cars, and are served in separate dining rooms at the hotels. There was at least a shadow of an excuse for proclaiming myself a commercial traveler, and acting on the suggestion of a Scotch friend I did so at the next hotel. Instead of being taken up to the coffee room, the porter took me up to the commercial room, a large, airy apartment, with bright peat fires burning at either end. and a heavy mahogany dinner table ready spread in the middle of the floor. A gentleman with a large sample case open beside him, was writing letters at a table window, He looked nodded pleasantly as I entered. A few minutes later a stout young Englishman with a picasant address was ushered in by the porter, who carried a pair of heavy gripsacks which he deposited in one corner of the room. The newcomer bowed to us as he entered, an act of civility that astonished me after my coffee room experience with English travelers, who almost uniformly ignored the presence of others in the room tureens were brought in and dinner "I believe I was first come, gentlemen,"

said the man who had been writing, as he took the seat at the head of the table. "And I last," said the other, taking the opposite end.

opposite end.

"Oxtail soup, gentlemen; may I assist you
to some of it!" said the man at the head, lifting the cover before him.

"Scotch broth, Mr. President; will you
try it!" replied the other, as he uncovered

When all had been served and the sour drunk, the dishes were cleared away and joint of mutton was placed at one end of the

table and a spitted fowl at the other. After the last course a plate was passed and each deposited a penny upon it. These were dropped in a wooden box on the mante

shelf and pipes were lighted.

The gentleman at the head was always addressed as "Mr. President" in conversation.
The commercial man who has been longest in the house is expected to preside at dinner and the last one to arrive sits opposite him and acts as vice or assistant presiding officer; the two must carve the roasts, and it is the two must carve the roasts, and it is customary for each to offer the other the first cut before serving the other grests. The gentlemen in the room when the gong sounds are expected to sit down together, but if one should come in late, as is often the case, he may ask permission to join them, a request that is always granted with a show of pleasure. There is no haste at these meals, an hour generally being consumed in discussing the good things, and there is no fuming over the waits when there is no fuming over the waits when one course gives place to another. Should a person wish to leave to catch the train or keep an appointment, he must address the president, state his reason for wishing to go, and asked to be excused. A person who would push his chair back and slide out in American style would be voted a boor.

The commercial travelers maintain libraries of the choicest English and American books in their dining rooms, take care of their orphans in schools of their own and accomplish much philanthropic and charitable work by the penny collections taken at the close of

fetch him a pair of slippers from the long row ranged against the wall when he comes in, and there he can always get a cup of tea and a slice of toast on a few minutes' notice. His breakfast and tea are not as formal as his dinner. He may go down when he likes in the morning and read the papers by the fire while his chop or fish is being broiled. The servant who takes his order will see that he has a cup of tea brewed especially for him and will flank his meat plate with a loaf of delicious bread, from which he may cut or break as much as he pleases, and a plate of butter balls, some salted like our own and others without salt. The meat and bread are inviting, the tea excellent and the coffee abominable. They add chickory to their cof-

fee and spoil its flavor.

The drummer abroad takes life leisurely, has comfortable, home-like hotels, gets a shorter bill of fare, but better cooking, dresses more plainly, makes shorter trips on faster but less comfortable trains and draws smaller salary than his American brother. but keeps the company of his kind, is treated with a dignified courtesy by his colleagues, compared with which the social life among our drummers seems rude, and is a good, fel low and a pleasant traveling companion.

The Drummer's Outing.

S. S. Whitney of Lincoln has a letter from Duncan A. Holaday of Denver, secretary and treasurer of the Colorado division of the Travelers' protective association, in relation to the annual convention to be held in that city on June 24, which will be of general interest to the traveling men of this state. The following is the letter: DENVER, Col., May 3.—8. S. Whitney, esq., Lincoln, Neb.—Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of April 29 is at hand. In reply thereto I will say that the national convention of the Trav-

tay that the national convention of the Travelers' Protective association will meet in Denter on Tuesday, June 24. It is the regular annual convention of the association and therefore, in a sense, "for T. P. A's only." But we are anxious to have representatives or delegates from all kindred organizations, that we may accomplish more for the good of all commercial travelers. Regarding the courtesies which will be extended to the guests of our division, I will say that all traveling men will be treated the same as far as possible. Our programme will be a varied one. The excursions you refer to will be free to all T. P. A's, and other traveling men attending the convention. We will run a train over the Union Pacific to Graymont and return, which takes in the grand scenery of the Clear Creek canon, the famous "Loop" above Georgetown, etc. Then we run a train over the Union and Midland and also one over the Denyer's Etcherode Signay and Clear Creek canon, the famous 'Loop' above Georgetown, etc. Then we run a train over the Colorado Midland and also one over the Colorado Midland and also one over the Denver & Rio Grande to Glenwood Springs and recture. Those going by one route return vin the other. We will issue a coin silver pass, handsonely engraved, which will pass the holder over the route mentioned. Our division anticipates a glorious time and we will be prepared to receive and entertain all fellow-commercial travelers in a royal manuer. The nore the merrier, and all will be welcome. We would consider it a great favor for you to

would consider it a great favor for you to secure a delegation from Lincoln and will promise them a reception unequated by anything accorded the drummer in the past.

I would be pleased to hear from you again, and to meet you in June. Yours truly,

DUNCAN A. HOLADAY,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Sensational Elopement. A special telegram received by THE BER from Owattonna, Minn., says: The sensation of the season here is the elopement of Mrs. Perry Rolfe with Andrew Bulson, a traveling salesman for a Chicago drug house. Bulson's home is in Michigan, and for the past year he has been carrying on a claudestine courtship with the pretty Mrs. Rolfe. Bulson made his last visit here about a week ago, and as usual he and Mrs. Rolfe took advantage of every opportunity to be in each other's company. Both parties are young, good looking and well connected, and the fair Juliet has constantly had more male admirers here than the better element of society thought just proper under the circumstances. Her hus-band seemed completely infatuated with his pretty and vivacions wife and was evidently blind to her weakness. The erring couple

Samples. Roy S. Tuttle of St. Louis spent Sunday at the Grand Pacific, Nebraska City. Sam Cool, one of St. Joe's jolly queensware men, Sundayed in Nebraska City

W. S. Troxell of St. Joseph called on his trade in eastern Nebraska last week. H. P. Rafter, representing the Detroit heatng and lighting company, was in the city last

George W. Tracy swept western Iowa like a cyclone last week. George is famous as a

George Van Houten, the handsome blonds who makes his home in Lincoln, visited Nebraska City last Tuesday.

Work has been recommenced on the Mor-rison hotel, Yankton, S. D., and it will be finished as soon as possible. Peter Wohlers, the big shoe man from Buf-falo, registered at the Grand Pacific, Ne-braska City, last Wednesday.

P. T. Wilson, with Kirkendall, Jones Omaha, worked the main line on the Missouri Pacific road last week. Dorsey Burgess left for the Puget Sound country Wednesday evening, to be gone until

est trips out of Omaha. Wash Aldridge of Denver has tackled the grips for the Denver Soap company, and started out for a trip through the southern country early last week.

George Kone, the popular night clerk of the Caser, visited his many friends in Ne-braska City the early part of last week. George is a great favorite with the traveling

Jack Garrett, the popular hat man from Omaha, spent Sunday with his best girl at Nebraska City. Jack is evidently in love with Nebraska City, as his face is always wreathed in smiles when he is in that Everybody knows genial Gene Houghton, M. E. Smith & Co.'s farmous fat man, who has never been matched in the telling of fish stories. It has been noticed, however, that he has of late been running short of yarns, so it need occasion no surprise to learn that he left for the Rocky mountains Saturday even-

ing, where he will spend several weeks hunt-ing and fishing—especially fishing. Will O'Brien, holding a house position with M. E. Smith & Co. of Omaha for the past two years, goes west the coming week to cover territory in Utah, Idaho and Montana for his present employers. He will operate in con-junction with his brother, Mr. Charles H. O'Brien, representing the same firm with headquarters at Ogden. Will is new to the ranks, but will be given a hearty welcome

and wished great success.

The Silverton, Col., Standard says: "Drummers show which way the trade flows. Every traveling man we have spoken to this spring says that he has done a good business here, and from the way our merchants are put-ting in stock they predict a good season for Silverton. There is something in the wind or there would not be so many drummers around. What is that saying about the agles! It is so long since we were at school we have forgotten.

At the Hotels.

At the Millard—W. C. Winton, Wauseon;
J. B. Brown, Atchison; S. A. Morrell, New
York; F. J. Barnard, Atlanta, Ga.; F. A.
Morrison, Toledo, O.; W. J. Robb, Philadelphia; F. Goodrich, Connecticut; E. L.
Strong, New York; W. Mac Millian, New
York; C. H. Jackson, St. Louis; G. B. Van
Valkenburgh, New York; F. W. Owens,
Seneca Falls, N.Y.; G. W. Watson, White
Pigeon, N. Y.; Ed Tilden, Chicago; E. W.
Docher, Chicago; J. P. Norton, New York;
E. G. Merriam, St. Louis; H. E. Billian, Chicago; J. Hickok, New York; L. A. Zehrung,
Toledo; H. M. Goold, Rochester;
W. H. Kent, Chicago; Sol Rosener, New
York; A. Rosenstine, New York; W. M.
Dickenson, Boston; Edward Cleary, Ireland;
E. G. Marsh, Chicago; W. Pillow, Rochester,
N. Y.; L. Wittemeyer, Chicago; L. Esenbach,
Chicago; J. C. Diggs, St. Louis; H. Simonson, New York; J. R. Cameron, Chicago;
Ascott Colt, Chicago; J. Litt, Chicago; W. H.
Colt, New York; J. W. Deggler, Chicago; W.
Brown, Chicago; W. D. McFariand, Belleview, Col.; C. Sturtz, St. Louis; A.
L. Gardner, Denver; C. M. Clark, Chicago;
M. L. Cohn, New York; W. G. Blymer, Defiance, O.; S. Manson, Madison, Wis.; O. W.
Jenks, Chicago; Frank Bray, Louisville; F.
B. Tillon, New Haven, Conn.; A. M. Galbreth, Frankfort, O.; B. F. Marx, Connectitheir dinners.

The commercial room is the general rendez-vous and living room of the British drummer. There he finds a desk and chair when has an order to write out; his mail is deposited on a table where he can see it when entering; there is a cosy fire burning in the grate when the weather is damp or cool; a servant is always in waiting there to take his shoes and fetch him a pair of slippers from the long row N. Roge's, Chicago; W. L. Heaton, Detroit; D. Spukerman, Kansas City; G. K. Kellogg,

Chicago; M. A. Low, Topeka.

At the Casey—S. A. Bent, Denver;
B. R. Spratley, Memphis; C. D. Curtis, Philadelphia; W. L. Eyster, Chicago; William Hookfield, St. Joe; J. S. Walters, Philadelphia; H. F. Smith, New York; G. E. Carroll. Hookfield, St. Joe; J. S. Walters, Philadelphia; H. F. Smith, New York; G. E. Carroll, Chicago; A. Distone, Brooklyn; R. F. Leonard, Cincinnati; C. D. McIntyre, St. Louis; B. Stevenson, Kansas City; W. C. Spencer, Louisville; S. C. Schwartz, Chicago; J. C. Lewis, St. Louis; J. C. Roberts, New York; E. H. Norton, Chicago; L. C. Look, Chicago; J. E. Darbelly, Chicago; W. D. Withercup, Chicago; Charles D. Draper, St. Louis; O. G. Walrotte, Pittsburg; J. H. Temple, Chicago; B. F. Hill, St. Joseph; John Hingling, Chicago; C. M. Drake, Philadelphia; George Bright, Brooklyn; W. C. Haight, New York; J. S. Dudley, Rochester; A. Durston, Utica; M. Palmerlee, Rochester; A. Durston, Utica; M. Palmerlee, Rochester; F. Kruger, Milwaukee; C. A. Keefor, Chicago; C. E. Latshaw, St. Louis; G. C. Terwilliger, Chicago; John L. New, St. Louis; K. B. Howe, Chicago; John Ott, Chicago; C. C. Winters, Canton, O.; J. H. Moore, Chicago; A. D. Webster, New York.

At the Merchants-O. T. Hillhouse, Creighton; E. G. Rust, Grand Island; L. C. Fess ler, Chicago; C. L. Bartlett, Keokuk, Ia.; E. ler, Chicago; C. L. Bartlett, Keokuk, Ia.; E. C. Carns, Seward; F. B. Chase, Seward; H. T. Hayes, Seward; Bert E. Betts, Lincoln; A. L. Bissell, Philadelphia; Dr. D. C. Gibbs, Crawford, Neb.; George F. DeVere, New York; H. H. Coburn, Chicago; Mrs. A. E. Voris, Kansas City; W. Carter, Chicago; F. A. Groves, Kirksville, Mo.; W. H. Skinner, Florence, Mass.; Thomas Jones, Leavenworth; E. P. Marquis, Leavenworth; J. Splegel, Chicago; W. E. Ditto, Lancaster, O.; C. A. Roberts, Kansas City; J. W. Pierce, Gibbon; H. C. Banoroft, Omaha; F. N. Crowell, St. Paul, Neb.; S. Lewis, jr., Pittsburg, Pa.; J. A. Rensis, Kansas City; C. W. Pearsoll, Grand Island; F. W. Krass, Minneapolis, Minn.; A. R. Graham, Wisner, Neb.; W. H. Kintner, Wyalusling, Pa.; F. B. Kintner and wife, Towanda, Pa.; W. J. Gray, St. Louis; Jas. L. Byers, Leavenworth; G. F. Vistue, Chicago; Steve Smith, Chicago; A. Linton, St. Louis; M. R. Miller, St. Paul; J. Rableman, Trinidad, Col.; B. J. Flannigan, Chicago; J. H. Peterson, C. Carns, Seward: E. B. Chase, Seward: H. B. J. Flannigan, Chicago; J. H. Peterson, Chicago; G. T. McGruth, Chicago; E. N. Jones, Lincoln; F. H. Wood, San Francisco; V. E. Snyder, Portland, Ore.; R. M. Carpen-ter, Chicago; Ben H. Hayden, Omaha; Phil Owens, Philadelphia; Carl R. Haliguist, Sioux City; J. W. Buchanan, Chicago.

PONTIAC'S BURIAL PLACE.

In a few days the old building near the

The Spot that Marks the Great Ottawa Chief's Grave.

corner of Fourth and Walnut streets. which marks the spot where Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, was buried, will be torn down to make room for a modern and commodious structure, says a St. Louis dispatch to the Chicago Tribune. Possibly the excavators may unearth some of the bones of the warrior, whose very name, a little over a century ago, made the redcoats tremble. The story of the closing days of Pontiac's career The historians of the United States have nothing more to say of him after the failure of the great conspiracy and his consequent consignment to oblivion. His name drops from the pages of their books as it did from the minds of his cotemporaries. But the musty old records of the early days of St. Louis give the closing chapters of his biography, and these records are too well attested to leave any doubt of their correctness. Yet few there are, even of the oldest inhabitants of St. Louis, who know that in the heart of the city, a stone's throw from the Southern hotel, rests all that is morial of Pontiac

In the summer of 1769 Pontiac arrived in St. Louis to visit his friend and old were seen to leave here together Tuesday night at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Roife's baggage being checked upon the mileage book of Bulson for Chicago. The distracted husband was ant of the French garrison at Fort genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. acquaintance, St. Ange de Bellerive.

visions of the treaty of Paris, he had surrendered that stronghold to the Eng-lish and had removed his troops to St. As commandant at Fort Charles he had been closely connected with Pon-tiac's ambitious schemes, and he alone been able to persuade the Ottawa chief to bury the hatchet when all his allies had descried him. The fame of Pontine at the time of his visit to St. Louis was as widespread as that of Grant or Sherman in these days. From the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and, indeed, throughout all Europe, his name was a ynonym for savage courage and cruelty His deeds has terrorized the English and delighted the French. Among the Indians he had been looked upon as the one who was to relieve them from the oppression of the whites and restore heir condition to its original simplicity and security. *He had formed that great confederation of many different tribes dwelling hundreds of miles apart, occu-pying the country between the Missis-sippi and the Allegheny, the Ohio and the great lakes, to resist the power and encroachment of the English. He had January 1, 1891. Dorse has one of the longwon the friendship and confidence of the chivalrous Montcalm at Quebec; had distinguished himself in the ambuscade and defeat of General Braddock; had planned the massacre at Michillimackinac; had matured the plan and appointed the time for attacking the forts and set-tlements of the English pioneers, by which more than 2,000 of them lost their lives, and had only been prevented from capturing Detroit by the treachery of an

These exploits had cast a glamour of omance about his name and excited in the people of St. Louis the most intense desire to behold the great chieftain. St. Ange Bellerive gave him a most cordial receptian at his own quarters in the house of Mme. Chouteau, and he was feted and caressed by the principal inhabitants of the village. About this time, however, it became evident that the plans of Pontiac, although promising in their inception, and aided by one of the greatest nations in Europe, had all failed. His Indian allies had all forsaken him, and his best friends among the French had perseaded him to sue for peace. Crushed by disappointment the chief sought relief for his sorrows in the flowing bowl. His life during the few months he lived in St. Louis was one continuous, inglorious debauch. The great Pontiac had fallen to rise no more.

While in this condition some French friends at Cahokla, a village across the river, made historic by the footprints of La Salie, invited him to make them a visit. Despite the entreaties of de Bellerive he accepted the invitation. Dressed in his richest robes and adorned with eagle feathers and sparkling beads, he crossed the river never to return alive. He took with him a few of his faithful followers to act as a military escort. For a few days Pontiac was a great attraction at Cahokla. People came for miles to catch a glimpse of the great chief, but instead of the great chief they saw only a bloated, drunken, degraded savage. He drank continuously, and one day while stupefied by whis ky he wandered into the woods surrounding the village, where he was tomahawked by a Kaskaskia Indian who had been hired by an English trader named Williamson to kill the Ottawa chief, for which act he was given a barrel of whisky, and the whole tribe proceeded to celebrate the event by getting gloriously drunk.

When de Bellerive heard of the assassination of Pontiac he caused the body to be brought to St. Louis and preparations to be made for an imposing Near the ancient tower which stood at the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets his grave was dug and there the fallen chieftain was buried with all the honors of war. There was general mourning among the inhabitants of St. Louis, for the village was a French one, and Pontiac had always been the friend and ally of the French. But that barrel of whisky, which was the price of his life cost the Kaskaskians dear. surrounding Indians, friends of the Ottawa, hearing of his cowardly assassi-nation, raised the war cry and almost exterminated the Illinois Indians in an indiscriminate slaughter. Such was the end of Pontiac, one of if not the greatest of American Indians.

The new offices of the great Rock Island route, 1602, Sixteenth and Farnam street. Omaha, are the finest in the city. Call and see them. Tickets to all points east at lowest rates.

HAD A RATTLING TIME. A Dray Horse Plays Havoc in a New York Saloon.

A big dray-horse rolled down the basenent stairs and into the saloon of George Meyer, at 557 Pearl street, yesterday. For two hours the horse about owned things, and there was a general wreck within the reach of his heels. The horse was hitched to a dray belonging to a lithographing company, and at 5 o'clock was passing the Pearl street saloon. "Billy," the driver, was on the seat, says a New York dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Suddenly the horse and began to tremble, and somebody yelled that he had the blind staggers. "Billy" the driver, jumped down, and with the aid of a dozen men, soon had the horse lying on the sidewalk. In its frenzy the horse kicked itself free from the harness. Before the crowd was aware of it, the horse had struggled to the top of the stairway leading down into Meyer's saloon. The animal balanced there for a moment and then plunged to the bottom. The frame of the big double doors was strong, and it didn't give way under the 1600 pounds of horseflesh. The horse was jammed down on his haunches which were cut and bleeding from the broken glass. The fall had made it wilder than ever, and by using its head as a battering ram it broke down the door framework and rolled in upon the floor of the

saloon. Then the fun began. Neat little pyramids of glass piled up behind the bar came down with a clatter under the jarring, and the horse's hoofs began to fly out in all directions. They knocked the washstand, just inside the door, into kindling wood, and broke the supplypipe, letting the water gush over the floor. They split the long manogany bar rail, and left the imprints of their shoes on everything in range. Saloonkeeper Meyer kept at a distance in de-spair for a time, but finally saw his op-portunity and jumped on the horse's head. A few of the loungers in the saloon came to his assistance, and the quadruped's legs were tied. Meyer sent out for a policeman, but the officer shrugged his shoulders and said he would have to leave the driver to look

out for his own horse. The animal, meanwhile, was lying in a big pool of blood, which was flowing from a dozen cuts. It began to look as if Meyer would have to house his unwelcome visitor all night, and he made another effort to stir up the minion of the law. The policeman was finally persuaded to send for one of the big lances belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, When it arrived Meyer saw the horse windlassed up the stairs and carefully laid on a bed of straw. Then the crowd dispersed and Meyer sat up the rest of the night guarding his stock of liquors, with a big gap leading to the street where the door had been.

The Omaha Newspaper Men Pay Tribute to Their Dead.

GENIUS SHOWS RESPECT FOR GENIUS.

Hons. John M. Thurston, J. L. Webster, E. Rosewater, W. R. Vaughn and Others Speak of O. H. Rothacker.

A meeting was held in the court of THE Bee building yesterday afternoon by the members of the press of this city and invited friends to pay tribute to the memory of

Ottomar Hebern Rothacker, connected with

newspaper work in this city until the time

of his death, a few days ago. The respect felt for the genius that had placed him in the front rank of western journalists was manifest by the large attendance of those that gathered together yesterday afternoon to listen to the kindly words of eulogy from the lips of those who knew him best who loved him, and from others not so well acquainted with him personally who would pay tribute to the genius that made him extraordinary as a newspaper writer.

Elevated in a commanding position in the rear of the presiding officer, stood a large crayon portrait of the dead journalist that truthfully delineated his features.

Mr. Frank Morrissey, who was closely ssociated with Mr. Rothacker in life, was selected to preside over the meeting. Mr. Morrissey briefly stated the object of the

meeting, and said:
"We have met here in respect to a man distinguished in a noble profession. In many respects a remarkable character and one of striking individualities, which emphasize his memory with us today. His faults but served to embellish his noble qualities, served to embedish his noble qualities.

Gifted with a splendid mind he was still intense in his humanity as he was in all things.

It was his intensity that caused him to crowd all of a lifetime into half the allotted space.

His intensity perfected his friendship. Loyalty to a friend was with him a religious

Mr. Morrissey then spoke at length upon the loyalty of Mr. Rothacker to his friends, but he was a man whom few really knew. He was impatient with the man who could not understand him, and the exigencies of newsunderstand him, and the exigencies of newspaper work often conspired against his being
rightly judged. Many deemed him
erratic or eccentric, and while
freely acknowledging the compelling
power of his brilliancy and genius deplored
the absence of the plodding qualities which
anchor less capable men to the grind of existence. Above cant, defying the restraint of
greed he revered God and docated himself to creed, he revered God and devoted himself to the fellowship of mankind.

Major Howard, who knew the dead man well, read a biographical sketch of his life, together with many anecdotes of his life. At the conclusion of his remarks Major Howard offered the following resolution:

Whereas, In the providence of God and in coordance with the laws of nature, our prossional brother, O. H. Rothacker, has dled; therefore,
Resolved, That his professional brethren of
the press of Omaha, here assembled, do take
this occasion of expressing their sincere sorrow at his loss; their thorough appreciation of
his ability as a newspaper man; their hearty
recognition of his genial, generous character;
their unqualified admission of his personal
and professional bravery, and his thorough
loyalty to his friends.
Resolved, as the sense of the newspaper men
of Omaha, That O. H. Rothacker was, as we
knew him, one of the very brightest newspaper

of Omaha, That O. H. Rothacker was, as we knew him, one of the very brightest newspaper men of this country; that he was not only a forceful editor, but a tender poet and a caustic, yet kind critic. Thoroughly versed in literature, he could effect shams. Incisive in style, he could effectually expose them.

Resolved, That we recognize the very great loss that the newspaper profession has sustained in the death of O. H. Rothacker. We recognize also the loss that the literature of the country has sustained, because he could have been a great author and a great poet, and had his life been spared we believe he would have been both.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, duly attested be sent to his mother, who was denied the privilege of seeing him before his death.

death. He also read a letter from Mr. John Mulvany, the celebrated artist of Chicago, a friend of the dead man, who spoke of Mr. Rothacker most tenderly and lovingly. He volunteered to paint his portrait to be hung in the press Mr. E. Rosewater, editor of The Bee, was

then introduced by the president as "the oldest newspaper editor of Omaha." est newspaper editor of Omaha."

"In glancing over the editorial page of the Republican this morning," said Mr. Rosewater, "I was painfully struck by a brief article on Omaha journalism, clipped from an exchange published in a neighboring village. With evident malice the writer drew a sarcastic contrast between the generous tribute paid by The Bee to the memory of O. H. Rathacker with some bitter. memory of O. H. Rothacker with some bitter and uncomplimentary things said of him dur-

ing a heated political and personal controversy when he was editing the Republican. Now I despise all shams, shows and false shall not stultify myself even on this occasion by abject apologies for what I have ever written or said concerning Mr. Rothacker. Whatever I may have written or uttered I conscientionally believed to be true. But the critically believed to be true. tiously believed to be true. But the acrimonious conflicts of journalism do not and should not extend beyond the grave. 'For-give us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' I would not exalt or magnify the man. He had his faults, but he also possessed attributes which attracted and attached to him many whose friendship and esteem are desirable.

"For myself, I never was very intimately acquainted with him. The first intercourse between us was by letter, when I wrote to him years ago offering him a position on The Omana Bee, my attention having been at-tracted to him by a descriptive letter that appeared in a democratic paper over his itials. In reply Mr. Rothacker said he h permanent place in Denver and was not in a position to change. When he came to Omaha with the late Mr. Rounds he called upon me with the late Mr. Rounds as called and we exchanged cordial greetings. S and we exchanged corona greetings. Soon
after we were plunged into a
bitter political campaign and hard
blows were given and received.
In this line of newspaper work Mr. Rothacker was almost matchless. He wielded a pen as keen as a Damascus blade. Never very profound, he struck from the shoulder and cut a wide swath. Although impetuous ard aggressive, I found him a man willing to acknowledge his errors. Some months after our memorable encounter we met in the room of George Francis Train in the Paxton, and Mr. Rothacker came to me voluntarily and offered me his hand, acknowledging that he had done wrong. I made up with him and from that time forward he did not utter a harsh word against me and 1 don't think I

have against him. "Rothacker, with all his faults, was one of the most brilliant and forcible writers I ever knew. His friendships were warm and last-ing, and to these qualities I pay tribute with those who were intimately associated with The following original poem was then read

by Mr. Fred Nye: Life is a platitude and so is death.

And grief is one, and words of grief are so—
I count it doubly sorrowful to mourn.

Finding old songs to voice the newer woe. For each soul sickens for itself—and this Not merely once, but o'er and o'er again And each time springs the need of newer c To meet the newness of the eternal pain.

Pass through the years to Athens, where a bard,
The death of youth being called upon to sing,
Began his strain of grief in one great sob,
Crying, "Alas!—the year has lost its spring!"

saw a vision and it spoke and said "Doubt not that human promises are kept The dead you love and mourn as incomplete Waked to fulfillment even as he slept.

There are no 'half-caught rhymes' beneath Where are no has peased;
Words bloom like roses where your friend has passed;
The lost springs come—lost love, with outstretched arms.
Smiles in his radiant face and cries 'At last'

The next speaker was Hon. John M. Thurs ton, who paid a most glowing tribute to the memory of Mr. Rothacker. He spoke of his warm attachment to his friends, his genius and marked ability as a writer. In Roth-acker's hand, he said, the pen was either a stillette or a broad sword. He spoke of the power of the press and the responsibilities resting upon the shoulders of those connected

with it. Rothacker never put his pen to paper but that he attracted the attention of men. This made him great in journalism. There was about his writing and unstudied There was about his writing and unstudied naturalness and individuality that impressed itself into all he wrote. Rothacker was a good citizen because he defended good institutions and good society. These he never attacked. He was not a professor of religion, but believed in a God of the universe, a Father of man, loving, tender and gentle. I have no doubt that he went singing into his death trusting in the tender forgetoness of death trusting in the tender forgetoness of

death, trusting in the tender forgiveness of the God he acknowledged.

Hon. J. L. Webster was the next speaker. It would be useless, he said, for him to at-tempt to describe Rothacker. The peculiarity of his nature was such as to be beyond ordinary description. Not so marvelous as it was peculiar. He spoke of the brilliancy of Rothacker's mind and of the consuming fire that burned within him, of his intensity and poet-like genius. He could see beauties in nature that others could not dis-cern. From the clouds he could draw pictures of beauty, pictures of fancy, elevating not only to himself, but to those around him. But while he would give the dead writer full credit for his genius, his fervor and his imagicredit for his genius, his fervor and his hings-nation, it was but fair to say that there are editors in Omaha still living more competent to build up a great paper than Rothacker. Men who write to men's minds as well as to their hearts, who can make men think and see as he thinks and sees. Rothacker had not reached this standard, none possessed of his fervor could. Rothacker had not written for a day, but many of his better thoughts were stored in the libraries of the world to be read and read again.

Mr. Will Gurley and Judge Vaughn both paid high tribute to their dead friend and were listened to with much attention.

The resolutions offered by Major Howard were adopted by a rising vote and the meet-

AN INDISCREET YOUNG MAN.

A Mexican Lieutenant Says Naughty Things About His President. CITY OF MEXICO, May 18 .- [Special Telegram to THE BEE.]-Mexican papers are giving undue importance to the Yturbide incident. Yturbide is a young man, a grandson of the emperor of the same name, and is now a second lieutenant in a cavalry regiment with no official standing, though he has some money, which enables him to make frequent trips to the United States. During the last trip he is reported to have said that he represented the conservative party. The local press took up the matter, when he, boylike, to set matters straight, rushed into print, publishing a letter in El Tiempo, in which he criticised the government, the liberal party and also President Diaz, who is commander-in-chief of the army, and for this he was arrested and sent to the Tlaltalolco military prison, where he is undergoing a trial for complaining against a superior officer. authorities attach little importance to the affair, though they are inquiring to ascertain whether he was instigated by others. however, it appears that he the impudent letter without wrote consulting any one, and therefore the government is inclined to deal leniently with him, particularly as he claims that his ideas are purely republican and that he never dreamed of a monarchy. His attorney, Mr.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Verdugo, claims that even if he is found guilty he can be sentenced to only one or two

months' imprisonment.

The Night Despatcher in New York's Postoffice Buried in Quicksand. Woodside, L. I., May 18.-James S. Parsells, the night despatcher in the New York postoffice, met a terrible death Saturday evening in this village. Parsells was repairing a well when it caved in, burying him nearly to the neck. The quicksand continued to run down and the efforts of his neighbors to extricate the unfortunate man only increased the danger. A rubber tube was procured and placed in Parsells' mouth so he could broathe after the sand had covered his head. After several hours' labor the sand was cleared away again, but it was found that Parsells had been unable to retain the tube in his mouth and had been choked to death. He was a prominent citizen and leaves a widow and a large family.

A FIRST CLASS FUNERAL. Bismarck's Humorous Reference to

His Resignation. Paris, May 18.—The Matin publishes an interview had with the French journalist Des | their degenerate descendants to imitate Soux, who was recently entertained by Bismarck. Bismarck referred to his resignation as a first class funeral, but added that he was quite alive still. among other things, that Ger-would never attack France or many provoke France to attack her. Germany well understands that Russia would intervene to protect France if attacked, just as Germany would aid Austria if Ressia at-

Notes from Norfolk. NORFOLK, Neb., May 18 .- | Special to THE BER.]-Eleven saloons are now running in full blast in this city and the thirsty can cer-

tainly imbibe to their heart's content. There are several cases of scarlet fever here, but they have been of the mildest form, The Norfolk brick and tile company has commenced operations and employ about forty men. A few more such industries are

Negotiations are now pending between city council and a company represented by George A. Brooks of Bazile Mills and Henry McGurren of Chicago for a gas plant, which, if consummated, and the outlook is very flattering, will give 400 men employment for he next three months at an outlay of more

The future outlook for Norfolk is brighter than for many months. She has rid herself of asserted boomers and is now getting down to steady business. Miss Winnie Miller, who suffered from such severe injuries, as reported a few days since, is improving.

mayoralty contest is still on tap and will be tried next week.

Quite a novel case at law is being tried in this city in the case of Verdigre school district against George Quinby. It seems that the district, by mistake, built upon Quinby's land, and as soon as the building was finished Mr. Q. proceeded to move in with his family, household and cooking utensits, and says he is pleased with "his" new residence very

Niobrara's Coal Find. NIOBRARA, Neb., May 18 .- [Special to THE BEE.]-The coal discovery near here by John R. Joll, the practical miner, brings to mind a lecture Prof. Samuel Aughy, formerly state geologist and now geologist of Wyoming, delivered at Niobrara in the summer of 1877 after an extended trip with The Ber-correspondent. In speaking of the coal forma-tions he mentioned the Benton group of blue chalg rock as the one of most interest to this section. It is in this group that great bas of lignite coal are found, and in this kind of rocks the great coal beds of Colorado and Utah are found. But there these rocks have been broken up and the strata lie at angles and in this way the coal is exposed at numer-ous places. Here, however, although there are the same kind of rocks, they lie horizon tally, and the only way of finding the by boring in numerous places until it is found. There is not a particle of doubt but there is coal in abundance, and some day men will stumble upon it and find their fortunes Niobrara thinks it has stumbled upon the

Whipped by a Woman.

professor's foretold fortune.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 18 .- Yesterday afternoon David Lorrigan entered the house of Mrs. Vance, a widow lady, and attempted to assault her. The woman fought fiercely and finally succeeded in getting a bowie knife from a bureau drawer. At the sight of this Lorrigan fled, but she followed him and managed to inflict several severe cuts in shoulder. Mrs. Vance was arrested, but probably be discharged tomorrow, and Lorrigan is apt to go to jail.

Boulanger's Latest. London, May 18.—Boulanger has informed

a friend that the letter by which he dissolved the Boulangist national committee does not mean that he is renouncing his claims but de-sires the absence of any medium between universal suffrage and himself. A Prominent German Suicides.

special says: Gustave Eissen, secretary of again,

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the Fredericksburg browery, suicided there: cause unknown. Eissen was, until a year ago, a prominent business man in Milwaukee; was a leading member of the turners; secretary of a music society, and was widely known in German circles throughout the

Only the Cook Saved.

Boston, May 18.-The steamer City of Macon, from Savannah, brings Cook Polaski, of the schooner Hattie Clark, he having been found drifting in an open boat. Polaski says the schooner capsized in a squall and he be-lieves all on board but himself were lost. The crew consisted of Captain Lane and five men besides Polaski.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau. BISMARCK, May 18 .- The Passion play at Oberammergau promises to be a great success. The actors were excellent. Mayor was marvelous as Christ, and in the dress rehear sal tableaux the other actors were skillful with the exception of Judas, who overacted the play. The play lasts eight and a half Temperance Work at Chadron.

Chadron, Neb., May 18.—(Special Telegram to The Bee.)—Mrs. C. M. Woodward

spoke in the Baptist church on the evening of the 17th under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance union. This morning she spoke in the Methodist church. In the evening she addressed the railroad men at the

Accident in a Circus. KINGSTON, N. Y., May 18 .- During the per-

formance in a circus last night a section of the reserved gallery fell down, carrying several hundred persons with it. Many were severely cut and bruised, but none were fatally hurt. Victorious Wissmann.

Berlin, May 18 .- Advices from East Africa

are that Major Wissmann had captured Ma-

kindini, placing the whole coast from that place to Zanzibar in the hands of the Ger-1602. Sixteenth and Farnam streets is the new Rock Island ticket office. Tick-

ets to all points east at lowest rates. THE DECLINE OF DRINKING.

Why Young Men Cannot Uphold the Reputation of Their Fathers.

If the nineteenth century does not boast "two-bottle men" it must be attributed to the inevitable action of the laws of heredity. The fact is that our worthy but bibulous ancestors, by their unlimited indulgence in fermented liquors, have made it impossible for their example, says the London Telegraph. All their fine feastings and revellings, all those steady drinking bouts, when the cloth was removed and the ladies had gone up-stairs, and many of the gentlemen were quite content to finish the evening under the table, have left an unwelcome heritage in those contemporary disorders which run so glibly off the tongues of our doctors. Suppressed gout and tendencies to acidity and cruption of eczema, we owe them all, together with less disguised blessings, to the free and generous life

How many people nowadays could drink strong beer with their dinner, old port afterward, and then flinish up with more strong beer? Yet this was the normal habit of old university dons and country clergymen at the time when the 'sanded floor, which grits beneath the tread," was usually found in bar parlors and common rooms, before an era of enforced valetudinarianism, and thin French clarets have dawned for a feebler if not more moral humanity. We can only wash down our toasts in whisky and aerated water instead of "Trinity audit ale" and "Old Archdeacon" and wine of the comet year. The only people who drink port now are fox hunting squires and undergraduates who have just left school. Many of our smart young men, besides cultivating other interesting fads like vegetarianism and a belief in Ibsen's dreams, proclaim the virtues of blue ribbonism.

of our forefathers.

Dr. Birney, practice limited to catarrhal diseases of nose and throat. Bee bldg.

A BABY'S ROMANCE. Adventures of a Tot of Six Between

Philadelphia and Texas. Little Rosa F. Croom, the story of whose journey to Texas in November last was published far and wide, has had a

curious life history. The story of little Rosa and her adventures during her short span of six years of existence is a romance of real life which surpasses the most fanciful flights of fletion.

Rosa is the child of John M. Croom, ., and his wife Gay, and they lived at Wharton, Tex., says the Philadelphia News. Mr. Croom is a prosperous lawyer and real estate agent, but his domestic life was an unhappy one. His wife Gay was of a restless disposi-

Eventually the couple determined to separate, and the wife suddenly left her home, taking little Rosa with her.
The woman drifted to Philadelphia, and she took a position as saleswoman in the book department of John Wana maker's great store. Being dissatisfied with the work and anxious to go on the

tion, and she had dramatic aspirations.

stage, the mother determined to send her little daughter back to Texas in charge of her own relatives at Pales The baby was sent all alone on her long journey, with a placard on her tiny bosom, which read: "Feed me. I have

money in my pocket, ' Mrs. Croom, when she had got rid of her child, left Wanamaker. She went to a school of elecution at No. 1124 Arch On hearing, however, that her husband and not her own parents, had the care of her baby, she determined to make an effort to get her back again.

When matters had quieted down and suspicion was fulled she traveled quietly back to Texas, and has again succeeded in tearing little Rosa from the arms of her unhappy father, who is now moving MILWAURER, May 18.-A San Jose, Cal., heaven and earth to get his darling back

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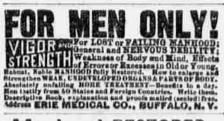
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