THE HONOR THRUST UPON HIM.

Senator Teller on His Appointment as Secretary of the Interior.

A NEW STORY OF ARTHOR'S CABINET.

How Farmer Harpster Took Down Millionare Alley—Senator Evarts as an Epicure and His Thirty Thousand in Dinners.

[Copyright 1890 by Frank G. Carpenter.]

WASHINGTON, August 18.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The Colorado United States senatorship will be settled within a few days. It is generally believed here that Senator Teller will succeed himself. He is by all odds the cleanest and most able man that his state has ever sent to Washington, and I am told that his only opponent of any prominence is Tabor, who has to buy all the votes he gets. Senator Teller is one of the most remarkable men in this country. He is the son of a farmer in western New York, and he has the blue blood of the Knickerbockers in his veins. His ancestors came to this country from Holland in 1639, and the present generation is the first that has not been able to speak the Dutch language. His father was in ordinarily good circumstances and young Teller got a good education, studied law, and went by stage to Denver in 1858. Central City was then a great mining town and Teller moved here and practiced law. He is one of the brightest lawyers in Colorado and he has made several fortunes in his practice. He has lost as well as made and he is now a comparatively poor man. He left his law office in 1876 to be one of Colorado's first senators, and he left the senate for the cabinet in 1882. When Teller was a senator the millionaire, N. P. Hill, was also in the senate, and the two did not get along well together. Hill was jealous of Teller, and he was so angry with President Arthur when Teller was made secretary of the interior that he became Arthur's enemy as far as he dared to be. He

NEVER GOT OVER HIS DISGUST

at Teller's appointment and he is now opposing Teller's election to the senate.

The story of Senator Teller's appointment as one of President Arthur's cabinet ministers has never been published, and the inside history of it was known only to three or four statesmen. These were the president him self, Senator Teller, John A. Logan and Don Cameron. Now Arthur is dead, Logan is dead, and Senator Teller at my request gives the story through me to the public. The truth is the place was forced upon him. I had a chat with him regarding it the other night. Said he: "I had not the slightest desire for the position and it was ten days after the place was offered me that I consented to accept it, and I could not well afford the expenses of a cabinet minister. My wife did not want me to take it and I refused to accept it as long as I dared. Ex-Senator Chaffee was a candidate for the place and so was Senator Logan. Don Cameron and myself were pushing him for it. One morning I was called out of the senate by the president's private secretary, Mr. Phillips, who told me that President Arthur would like me to come to the white house that night at 10 o'clock and talk with him about the appointment of a secretary of the interior. I supposed that he referred to Mr. Chaffee's candidacy and when I saw him I again presented Mr. Chaffee's case. We were discussing the matter in a little private room which Arthur had reserved for himself in one corner of the presidential mansion. As I was going on about Senator Chaffee President Arthur said:

"There is no use of talking about Senator Chaffee's appointment. I have decided that I shall not have a man for my secretary of the interior who is not a lawyer and who is not

FRESH FROM A GOOD PRACTICE.

Ex-Senator Chaffee has not the qualities that I want for my secretary of the interior."

"I was rather nettled at this," Senator Teller went on, "and I referred to the fact that a number of the past sectaries had not been lawyers when the president said: 'I will tell you the elements that I want in my secretary of the interior and the kind of a man I propose to appoint. The secretary of the interior has to settle more important cases during the year than the supreme court, and he investigates twice the number of legal questions of the department of justice. Hence the man must be a good lawyer. He must have some experience with public affairs and with public men. He must come from the west,' and President Arthur went on to tell me the other qualities which he wanted his secretary of the interior to possess. As he went on I saw that he had some one in his mind, and I racked my brain to figure out who he was driving at. I ran over man after man from my locality, but I could find none who had the qualities he mentioned. His talk grew hazier to me as he went on and at last he concluded, leaning over and putting his hand on my knee, and saying:

"Now, Senator Teller, I have decided that you come the nearest to filling these requirements of any other man I knew, and I want to offer you the place."

"I was thunderstruck. I jumped to my feet and excitedly exclaimed: 'But I don't want it Mr. President. I am in the senate and I can't leave it. I cannot afford it and you must not offer me the place, for I cannot accept it. Besides I am here to push the claims of Mr. Chaffee.'"

"The president begged me to sit down and talk over the matter," Senator Teller went on. "I complied with his request, though I said there was no use in talking about it, and our conversation lasted until 2 a. m. As I left I begged the president not to tell anyone he had offered me the position and reiterated my statement that I could not take it.

"President Arthur replied: 'I don't want you to decide tonight.

THINK OVER THE MATTER

until Thursday night and in the meantime I will say nothing to anybody about it.' I replied that I would think of it, and with that I left. On Tuesday or Wednesday I called at the white house on some other business, and the president said: 'You are coming around Thursday?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but I have nothing new to say.'

"On Thursday I met my appointment and upon my again refusing, the president asked me to go and see Don Cameron at the senate and talk over the matter with him, and to tell Cameron to come and see him after he had had his conversation with me. I saw Senator Cameron, and Cameron urged me by all means to take the place. He said: 'If the president will not have Chaffee you must accept the place and I am for you.' I gave Senator Cameron my reasons for not wanting it. He said: 'You cannot help yourself. You will have to take it,' and with that he left to go to the white house."

"The next day when I came out of the senate Senator Allison met me with a sly wink in his eye and asked me if the governor of my state was a republican and whether he would appoint a republican successor to my place in the senate. I saw from this that the story was out, and the next there was a line in a New York newspaper saying that it was rumored that I had been offered the portfolio of the interior. This statment was telegraphed to Denver, and I got a hundred telegrams next day

URGING ME TO ACCEPT THE POSITION.

In the meantime Don Cameron telegraphed Chaffee, who was in Florida to come to Washington, saying that while he could not have him appointed secretary of the interior, the president would make an appointment which would be perfectly satisfactory to him. He came and he also urged me to accept the position."

In the meantime the telegrams from Colorado continued to come in. It was the first time that a cabinet office had been offered to a man from Colorado, and the people of my state would have considered it an honor to have a man in the president's cabinet. The pressure became so great that I could not refuse it and I went to the white house and told the president that I would accept the position. I found the office a very pleasant one and my relations with President Arthur were of the most pleasant nature. I found that what he said as to the legal requirements of the office was true and I don't believe there is a more important position in the appointing power of the president from a legal standpoint, than that of the secretary of the interior."

The question of the wool tariff has brought one of the most remarkable farmers in the United States to Washington. This is David Harpster of northern Ohio. He has thousands of sheep on the western reserve and he is one of the millionaire sheep raisers of the country. He has large estates scattered over other parts of the union and to look at him you would not suppose him him to be worth a dollar. He is about five feet four inches high, is as broad as he is long and has a round cannon ball head, pasted down upon a pair of broad fat shoulders. His roly poly form is clad in rough goods which might have been put together by his wife and a big derby hat comes well down towards his ears and shades his fat florid face. Harpster is a great friend of Senator Sherman. He was sitting the other day in Senator Sherman's committee room when John B. Alley, the ex-congressman from Massachusetts who was so prominent in the days of the Credit Mobilier scandal, came in. Alley is a millionaire. He is proud of his riches and he is, I am told, a little inclined to pose. When he entered Senator Sherman's room Mr. Sherman introduced him to Dave Harpster, saying, "Mr. Alley, I want to make you acquainted with one of our representative farmers, Mr. Harpster."

"Ah, indeed!" replied Alley, as he shook hands. "You are a farmer, are you? I am always glad to meet farmers, for I am

SOMETHING OF A FARMER MYSELF.

I have a farm in Texas consisting of 40,000 acres."

"You have," muttered out Harpster, "and where is it?"

"It is in such a county," said Alley, naming the county, "in the central part of Texas."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Harpster. "It must be good land, for I own the whole county next to it."

This surprised Alley and took the wind out of his sails. He said little more about his farms, but his actions showed that his respect for Mr. David Harpster, the Ohio farmer, had perceptibly risen.

Speaking of Alley recalls a story which I heard lately of a dinner, which he is said to have given at Washington, and which may be true and may be not. The truth, however, does not hurt the story. It seems that at his dinner Alley had a number of prominent statesman, among whom were Senator Evarts and other leading men of the land. As soon as they had gotten through the soup, Mr. Alley began to tell stories, in all of which Mr. Alley was the hero. These stories ran clear back to the days before the war. The fish, for instance, reminded Mr. Alley of an important conference he had had with President Buchanan, and he describes graphically what Buchanan had said to Alley, and what Alley had advised Buchanan. The first entree brought in the story of Lincoln, and incidentally Mr. Alley had, so it seemed, saved the country and the president himself. The game was eaten under a well told tale of how Alley had helped Johnson and Grant, and so it went on. At last when the Roman punch was being served, and the faces of the guests had grown rosy with the choice old wines with which table was furnished, Alley happened to catch the twinkling eye of Senator Evarts. He was telling one of his most remarkable adventures at the time and he took Evarts' smile for interest and applause. He called upon him to make a response to something he had said and asked him if he did not remember some incidents in connection with it. "I do not," replied the eagle faced senator from New York, as he stretched his long six feet to his full height and threw the heavy white damask napkin on the table beside his plate, "but Mr. Alley's story reminds me of one of the most remarkable anecdotes that Truth has ever told. It happened several hundred years ago. This broad continent on which we stand was then unknown and the savage reigned supreme without knowledge and fear of the white man. At this time a bold man with his faithful friend started out on a ship with a company of brave sailors to discover a passage to the far east. It was Columbus." Here Senator Evarts went on to describe in his four hundred word sentences that wonderful voyage, and at every other line he referred to the faithful friend who upheld Columbus in all his troubles.

HE MENTIONED NO NAME,

however, until the last, and then in describing the mutiny which was about to break forth just as Columbus reached America, he said: "It was a terrible time. A day or two more and Columbus knew that he could hold his men no longer. Mutiny and death stared him in the face, and he counselled much with his faithful friend as to the situation. He arose early in the morning and with longing eyes looked out towards the western horizon. There was a strange softness in the air and just as the sun rose its first rays caught a line of dim blue in the far off west. Columbus gasped. He could not speak for a moment but as the sun rose and the line became more distinct he turned to his faithful friend, threw his arms around his neck and sobbed as he pointed, "Thank God! Mr. Alley, we're saved. There is land."

Speaking of Senator Evarts, there is no man in Washington who enjoys a good dinner more than he. He is one of the highest livers in Washington and notwithstanding that he is six feet tall and does not weigh more than 125 pounds, he can eat all around Philetus Sawyer who weighs 300 and has a stomach so large you could roll Evarts up like a watch spring, and coil him within it and have room to spare. He showed in fact no sign of his epicurean tastes, and once in a while speaking in New York, a Yankee who had arrived after the meeting had begun, asked the name of the man on the platform. He was told it was Evarts. "What," said he, "you don't mean to say that that lean little thing is E-varts. Why he looks as if he boarded."

Evarts spent

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ON DINNERS

while he was secretary of state and his state lunches are noted at the capitol. He has not been entertaining so much as usual this season, but his expenses must be very high. He was figuring on his expense account the other day while sitting just in front of Senator Sherman and was adding and subtracting at a great rate. He went over a long sheet of figures again and again and at last leaned back in his chair with a sigh and threw the sheet into the waste basket. Then wrapping his long legs around one another as though they were made of India rubber, he turned around with a sigh and spoke to Sherman. Senator Sherman said: "By the way, Mr. Evarts, I notice you've been adding up a lot of figures. What are you working at—the national debt or Washington real estate?"

"Well," replied Evarts, "it's rather a question of real estate. I have just been footing up my expense account and I find I have just rented a house for $8,000 a year, and this is going to enable me to come out just even. The consequence is I am happy."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

The Bed Bug Hunter.

At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical society President Wixon exhibited a specimen of the red bedbug hunter (opsicœtus personatus) captured in San Joaquin valley. The insect is about three-fifths of an inch in length, and to the naked eye is of a dark brown color, but under the microscope shows black with greenish tints under the eyes.

Though called a bedbug hunter, this little insect devotes but a small portion of its time to hunting bedbugs. It feeds on flies and worms, and has been known when hungry to attack sleeping humanity. The bite inflicted by this insect is very painful, and in some cases so poisionous as to cause death.

Dr. Le Counte said that many people bitten by this insect believe the bite to be from the spider or bedbug—as the wound produced by the insertion of the proboscis through the epidermis is much the same with all these insects.

Though not often resulting in death, the bit is always accompanied with an itching or burning sensation at first, and afterward by a hard and highly inflammatory swelling, which lasts two or three weeks and is exceedingly painful.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Ex-Judge Sawyer, of San Francisco, who is over sixty years old, was thrashed soundly about a week ago by an irate husband, who caught the agrd judge flirting with his wife.

A Notable Report.

"For disordered menstuation, anaemia and sterility, it may properly be termed a specific."

Extract from Dr. W. P. Mason's report on the waters of Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Eugene Geary in New York Sun.

I mourn in grief untold today.
The passing of a master mind—
A heart that throbb'd for all mankind
Commingles with the churchyard clay.

O, soul that quailed not, knew not fear—
O, pillar fallen from Freedom's dome;
Poor suffering Erin o'er the foam
Receives the news and drops a tear.

He sorrowed for her centuried sigh,
For her he toiled with hand and brain,
To burst her galling gyves in twain,
Ready he stood to fight and die.

Hushed is the lyre; the hand is stilled
That oft awoke its numbers strong,
That oped the golden gates of song,
Till generous music throbb'd and thrill'd.

He is not dead; the coming age
Shall know the glory of his fame,
Shall cherish and revere his name,
As poet, patriot, and sage.

A FRENCHMAN I MET.

By Charles H. Cressey.

(Concluded from last Sunday.)

CHAPTER II.

"My father was one of the French nobility," began the interesting old gentleman, "and my mother a Grecian lady of high birth. They met while my father was traveling in Greece, and a year later they married, he taking her to his home in Havre. My birth was honored with a great fete at which my mother prevailed upon my father to record a pledge that he would ever do all in his power to encourage my becoming a trained and ardent ally of the Greek church, and to secure my marriage with a Grecian lady. Toward attaining these two ends my youthful career was shaped and guarded with a scrupulous fidelity such as only two loving parents in the happiest consonance of burning love and devotion for each other, aided by abundant wealth, could mould it. At the age of sixteen they told me I had disappointed them not a particle in my studies nor in the genuineness of my claim to the high scholastic honors which were accorded me.

"Within forty-eight hours after my graduation my father and mother took me upon a leisure tour of the world. Our travels consumed two entire years and embraced, I may say, everything that was worth seeing. I possibly need not tell you that our longest stay was at the old home city of my mother, Athens. The delicately studied pains with which she sought to interest me in some one of the truly noble daughters of that famous place, comes all back to me as a veritable dream enclouded in the incense of a mother's most passionate interest in her only child, and the darling wish of her life.

"As is perhaps seldom the case under such circumstances, I did in fact become infatuated with the daughter of my mother's most cherished friends, a gentleman and his wife who were of rank and great fortune. Now, to my memory, as then to my vision, her's was a marvellously pure type of beauty. The face was oval, the nose Grecian, lips delicately curved in a sad yet sweet expression, the chin small and rounded, the hair golden, the eyes large and gray, and out of them looked a soul and a nature so true and so pure, so spirited, so refined, so far removed from the grosser elements of earth, that one was almost led to ask, is this really the face of some living woman, or is it the ideal of the master artist, a lovely vision pictured by genius and pecilled by art! My mother said to me 'she is tender, sweet and loving, the reverse of all that is subtle, cunning and revengeful.'

"Suddenly one day my father recived a message notifying him that his counsels and and his vote were needed imperatively in a complication of affairs which had arisen at home. My mother, as I afterwards learned, hesitated for hours between having him take her and me with him or leaving us and thus venturing nothing as against my sealing my infatuation for the Greek girl with a confession of love and a request for her hand. It was finally concluded, however, between my parents, that the journey was to long to venture intrusting me with the responsibility of taking my mother home, and so we all left Athens—left my infatuation no further progressed toward the culmination for which my mother fairly prayed, than simply the infatuation point."

"Of course we exchanged pledges to write to each other by every mail, but with me the affair proved one of 'out of sight, out of mind,' after the first half dozen letters had been written.

"To hasten to my story's close, I will say that within a year after our return to France there were being entertained at our house none other than the object of my old infatuation, and her mother. At the time of their arrival I saw in that return visit simply a chance happening, and so it was in many respects.

"In this short year which intervened between my mailing my last letter to mademoiselle in Athens I had become blindly bewitched by a flower gardener's daughter, whose marechal neil roses seemed more exceeding rare than any among the great assortment in my father's conservatory.

The shadowy twilight of the day which saw me press a coldly formal kiss of courteous greeting upon the hand of the Athenian maid, fell soft and rich upon the lips of my marechal neil rustic, whereon I left a dozen kisses, fired with little less than love itself.

"This dainty rustic was also marvelously beautiful. Not as to strict regularity of features or typical style, but her face, her figure, in truth her tout ensemble, possessed a fascination for me that was increased ten fold by the dulcet, limpied accents of her clear sweet voice. There was a naivete in what she said and in her manner of speaking, unsullied by affectation, which put my heart in pawn at once. And even now in quiet moments I can hear her humming in an almost indestinguishable voice the dashing air of a charming chansonnette, which was at that time en vogue with all the boulevardiers at Paris. There was a spice of romance and adventure in the incumbent secrecy enjoined upon our meetings. The permissible and carefully arranged rendezvous at stated times, possessed a charm that never was tainted by rashness. The mischevious coquetry she subjected me to when I chanced to purchase a marechal neil of her in the presence of others added a piquancy to her many fascinations. We were enacting an idyllic drama of the romanesque school, as I thought in those whilom days before sorrow came.

"I did much driving, strolling and boating with the fair foreigner, for I decided, more for my mother's sake than otherwise, to test myself fully. But I experienced no revival of the old fascination. Her's was a face loftier in point of classic beauty, innate intelligence and refinement—it was ideal as to all of that, and yet, study to appreciate its finnesse as I would and think upon the loving respect I bore my mother's ambition, my father's pride, all, as I would, I could not bring myself to say to her of the Grecian blood that which surely would have acted to blight my indefinable hopes in the direction of the rose de la marechal neil, to say nothing of the lie-acting which such a step would involve.

"Before our guests had spent a fortnight within our chatteau, I discovered that the object of my infatuation abroad had become with me exactly as was I with the little marechal neil merchant, though as then, so now I reflect, through no cause on my part. For during all her visit at our home my attention never went beyond the bounds of a cordial civility. And, too, I will add that her's were always the guarded words indicative of a fine sensibility and a consummate pride—a nature to which the words "stooping to conquer" appeared fit only for women of the street to comprehend and exemplify. Always had I read her as being deep, but never subtle.

"My parents gave a floral fete in honor of their guests. Now it happened that the little girl of the roses had, weeks before, expressed a great desire 'to get a good look,' as she expressed it, in upon 'a floral reception.' In the occasion in question I saw an admirable opportunity to gratify her wish.

"The evening of the truly grand affair came, and with it an engagement on my part to slip away from the brilliant throng for a few moments and conduct the little rustic through a certain arbor which I had arranged with our ground-keeper to have free from intrusion at the hour decided upon, and the termination of which commanded a near and perfect view of the principal reception salon.

"This fete was given near the close of the sixth week following the arrival of our guests and was calculated particularly as a farewell in their honor.

"'Twas a beautiful night early, but later on a tempest arose—arose as if to blow out all the stars that lit the skies, to shroud a shame which blotted broad and deep the lives of three families. I know not why I should have commenced the telling of these things from out my life, but your willingness to hear me to the end must pay a penalty, if tragedy has ought of gruesomness for you."

Here the relator of his life's romance laid aside the queer old meerchaum which he had been fondling as though 'twere the one solace of his life. As he bent toward me in greater secrecy and clutched his knees with nervous hands I discovered a strange medley of expressions trooping across his face. His eyes gleamed with a singular, an aweing brilliancy that seemed akin to that which darts from the alchemist's retort.

He proceeded in a strained whisper:

"It was 10 o'clock. The chateau was aswim with guests. My engagement with her of the marechal neil was for 10:30. She would be returning from an evening at a neighbor's without escort. I would meet her, conduct her to the arbor point of observation, then take her near her home, and return to the scenes of gaity.

"As I circulated amid the brilliant throng I heard several of our more intimate friends—those who had come to be quite well acquainted with our foreign guests—comment regarding their discovery of a very unnatural, very singular bearing on the part of madamoiselle from Athens, or the young Athenian beauty, as some called her. I noticed the same thing and once I tried to get near enough to make some investigation as to the ground for such comment but found or thought I found her eluding me. After that I gave the matter not a second thought, concluding that she was not feeling well perhaps, or possibly was a trifle nervous at meeting so many new faces, and, too, had come to think of me as little less than positively disagreeable. When the moment came for me to slip away I was only too happy to improve it as I confess, my thoughts had been elsewhere than at home, from the time the first carriages had deposited their burden of early guests at our doors.

"I found my sweet little sachet of curiosity awaiting me at the very spot she had promised. Leisurly we walked toward my home, chatting, laughing, perfectly happy over the success of our trysting. Cautiously we approached and entered the superb old grounds, found the keeper on the lookout for us, and passing him continued up through the arbor, the further end of which was our objective point. This arbor, having a width of fifteen feet or more, and being some three hundred feet in length, wound about in its course, making an unobstructed view from one end to the other impossible, and its interior a place of almost Egyptian darkness. And now I will not pause to make an apology for the seeming indiscretion in a young man of eighteen conducting a girl of fifteen through such a place at such an hour. Sufficient be it for me to say that I was acting simply upon a kindly impulse to satisfy a harmless caprice, and had no thoughts but what were as pure as hers, which, God knows, were as spotless and pure as her flowers.

"We had one more sharp curve to thread before arriving at that point where all the brilliant scene would be distinct before us and not thirty feet away.

"Have I told you it was the time of gentle summer? Yes, and the windows and doors of the place of so much joyousnes were swung wide open. The soft air of the night was heavy with the delicious odor of a myriad of flowers clustering in their beds everywhere about the grounds, and the rich, low harmony sent forth by musicians stationed within the chateau, completed the elesyian-like semblance of our surroundings. My little marechal neil was entranced!

"On we moved, and in another moment the end of the arbor was reached, and the dazzling scenes of social splendor burst full into view. As she feasted her eyes upon the picture the little one impulsively clasped her hands before her and sent forth a subdued, bubbling little expression of extatic delight which seemed to come from her very soul. In her rapture over the scene she had pressed forward, ahead of me until, before either of us realized, she stood further out in the flood of light than was at all discrete, considering the chance roving of so many eyes from within. Springing forward I gently drew her back. We had stood gazing from a shadowed nook where we saw unseen for several minutes when I laughingly told her I must have a kiss for my pains. Her answer was an impulsive 'yes.' As I threw my arms about her and our lips met, a feminine voice, right at hand in the shadow, hissed

"'Tis the kiss of death.'

"O, thing most damned—most utterly beyond all human conception!

"Before our lips could scarcely part, a a gleam of steel flashed before our eyes—a dagger was buried to the hilt in the breast of the marechal neal rose girl.

"O, pitying Christ! The agonized death shriek that leaped from those guileless lips must have sent a shudder through the heart of the Almighty Himself!

"The hand that clutched the dagger's hilt was that of the young Athenian woman. She-devil, specter-like, her face demonic, the steel again in the air, she hissed with a hallow laugh,

'No kiss of love for me—then death for her, and sweet welcomed death for me!' and sent the steel hilt-deep into her own wretched heart.

"A score of guests who had rushed out tore forward upon the blood-freezing scene just as the fiend incarnate fell to the earth, her hand yet clutching the weapon, and just in time to see the murdered and the murdress breath their last, for the awful steel had been unerring in its errands.

"My position in the eyes of the scores of guests as they flocked about only to reel away in sickening, unnerving horror, can but faintly be imagined.

"Nature came to my rescue—I fell in a dead faint.

"When I regained consciousness I was lying upon a couch in my own room. Ere I opened my eyes I became aware that a terrifically wild storm was raging without, full of clanging booms of volleying thunder. Dazzling shots of lightning followed with such rapid, blinding succession that the very heavens seemed on fire. Oceans of water were descending with such unabated rush it seemed the entire earth must surely dissolve and be washed away to nothingness.

"As I opened my eyes I found about me my mother and father, their faces livid and drawn with terror, and with eyes fixed wide and staring upon me. There were two others in the room, our old nurse and an officer of the law, the latter regarding me with a keen and stern watchfulness. My strength returned as quickly almost as it had flown. I sprang up to a sitting posture and waving silence upon all, related the whole story, from the engagement to gratify the little flower girl's simple wish, on through to the moment of my becoming unconcious—I told the whole truth and only the truth."

"Scarce had I finished when the officer of the law, whose face I noticed had been gradually relaxing its sternness, turned to my father and with a look of satisfaction such as I shall never forget, said:

"'The same story exactly—in every particular as the one just told us by the sister.'

"'The sister—whose sister?' I exclaimed.

"'Ah, my dear son,' answered my father in voice almost powerless with emotion—'how preciously fortunate for you, for the honor of our family. Mamselle told her sister all about her apparently harmless engagement with you before she left home.'

"'Yes,' said the officer, now addressing me, 'and as the two—your story and her's agree perfectly, there is no further need for me here' and so saying he withdrew.

"The remainder of the story may be told briefly. To my breathlessly put inquiries regarding what had transpired during the moments of my uncounsciousness, my father informed me that the breaking of the news to the mother of the murderess had caused her death but a few minutes later, she being a sufferer from heart disease, while the dual tragedy made of the mother of the rose girl a raving maniac.

"At the legal investigation which followed on the succeeding day, and which occupied scarce an hour, a dainty note was read before the court of inquiry. It was written upon the family stationery of our Grecian guests. It was in the hand of her who had taken three lives and robbed a fourth of its reason. It bore date of the tragedy and was addressed to the officers of the law. It ran thus:

"'My love for —— was unconquerable. It was never to be reciprocated. I have watched and followed him and the flower girl for weeks. Tonight I shall kill her and shall kill myself.'

"It was now all over—as to the investigation.

"A few nights later, and while the untempered hurricane which for days continued bellowing down with breath of anger upon our tragedy-fevered city, was relentlessly tossing, bowing and dismembering huge trees—while Jove's artillery seemed waging a war a l' outrance, I took my departure from all the terrible memories. My whole being had been affected. I swung from the carefully pointed out and guarded course of my usual life. The relaps was upon me. I went to Paris and its mocking white sepulchres. There for the first time I pressed to my lips the dead-sea fruit of unmanliness; there I learned to trip

the name of woman lightly, as though her spotlessness was of no more consequence than the beauty of the boutonniere that chanced to grace my lapel but for a single evening.

"This course I continued until when, weeks afterward, my parents arrived and my mother's voice constrained me to a more sane course even though it failed to win me back again to a readoption of the calling of a Greek churchman. No, I never resumed my preparations for that profession—I drifted into foreign trading and later into diplomatic life—but I have always worn this jeweled Greek cross, a love token from my mother on the day I completed my studies for the priesthood," and the old man fondled the precious trinket with a loving pride and pressed it reverently to his lips.

"You will not wonder," he concluded, absorbed deep in the spell of his thrilling past and calm present life, "when I tell you that I dwell much upon the thought of death, but,

"To me it often seems that death must be
Like going on a journey very far
Across the mountain and the solemn sea
To dwell in a new land where strangers are.
But if a friend is there we loved of old
Our eager thoughts fly faster than our feet,
And when in ours their loving hands we hold
The stranger land seems full of welcome sweet."

For rheumatic and neuralgic pains, rub in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. You will not suffer long, but will be gratified with a speedy and effective cure.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Drs. Betts & Betts

Physicians, Surgeons and Specialists.
1409 DOUGLAS STREET
OMAHA, NEB.

The most widely and favorably known specialists in the United States. Their long experience, remarkable skill and universal success in the treatment and cure of Nervous, Chronic and Surgical Diseases, entitle these eminent physicians to the full confidence of the afflicted everywhere. They guarantee:

A CERTAIN AND POSITIVE CURE for the awful effects of early vice and the numerous evils that follow in its train.

PRIVATE, BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES speedily, completely and permanently cured.

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND SEXUAL DISORDERS yield readily to their skillful treatment.

PILES, FISTULA AND RECTAL ULCERS guaranteed cured without pain or detention from business.

HYDROCELE AND VARICOCELE permanently and successfully cured in every case.

SYPHILIS, GONORRHEA, GLEET, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood, Night Emissions, Decayed Faculties, Female Weakness and all delicate disorders peculiar to either sex positively cured, as well as all functional disorders that result from youthful follies or the excess of mature years.

STRICTURE Guaranteed permanently cured, removal complete, without cutting, caustic or dilatation. Cures affected at home by patient without a moment's pain or annoyance.

TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

A SURE CURE The awful effects of early vice which brings organic weakness, destroying both mind and body, with all its dreaded ills, permanenty cured.

DRS. BETTS Address those who have impaired themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both mind and body, unfitting them for business, study or marriage.

MARRIED MEN or those entering on that happy life, aware of physical debility, quickly assisted.

OUR SUCCESS

Is based upon facts. First—Practical experience. Second—Every case is specially studied, thus starting right. Third—Medicines are prepared in our laboratory exactly to suit each case, thus effecting cures without injury.

Drs. Betts & Betts,

1409 DOUGLAS STREET, - - OMAHA, NEB.

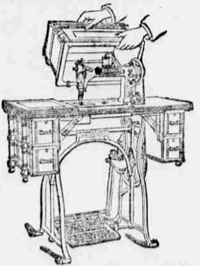
THE FIGURE "9."

The figure 9 in our dates will make a long stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It stands in the third place in 1890, where it will remain ten years and then move up to second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years.

There is another "9" which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in the respect that it has already moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, after a severe contest with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having received lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Government also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The "No. 9" is not an old machine improved upon, but as an entirely new machine, and the Grand Prize at Paris was awarded it as the grandest advance in sewing machine mechanism of the age. Those who buy it can rest assured, therefore, of having the very latest and best.



WHEELER & WILSON M'F'G CO.,
185 and 187 Wabash Ave., Chicago

P. E. FLODMAN & CO.
220 North Sixteenth Street.

TRADE E&W. MARK

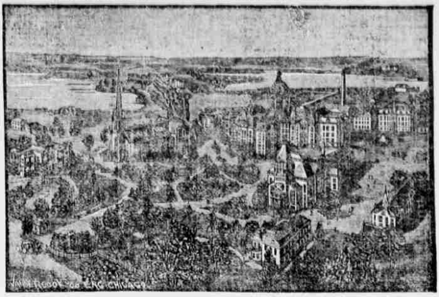
THE LATEST MINGO COLLAR

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOR LADIES ONLY—Dr. Leduc's Periodical Pills the French remedy, act on the menstrual system and cure suppression from whatever cause. Promote menstruation. These pills should not be taken during pregnancy. Am. Pill Co., Royalty Props., Spencer, Clay Co., Ia. Genuine by Sherman & McConnell, Dodge st., near P. O., Omaha; C. A. Melcher, South Omaha; M. P. Ellis, Council Bluffs. $2, or 3 for $5.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

The Ninety-third Session Will Open on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

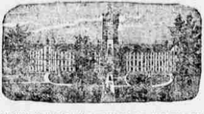
—FULL COURSES IN—

CLASSICS, LAW, SCIENCE, MATHEMATICS, MECHANICAL AND CIVIL ENGINEERING MUSIC, AND A THOROUGH COMMERCIAL COURSE.

☞ Special advantages are offered to Students of the LAW DEPARTMENT and of the DEPARTMENT of MECHANICAL ENGINEERING. ST. EDWARD'S HALL, for Boys under 13 years, is unique in the completeness of its equipments. CATALOGUES giving particulars, will be sent free on application to

REV. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C., PRESIDENT, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

St. MARY'S ACADEMY.



(ONE MILE WEST FROM NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.)

The 70th Academic term will open Monday, Sept. 8th

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

Conservatory of Music.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-writing taught. Buildings equipped with fire escape. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to MOTHER SUPERIOR, ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, NOTRE DAME P. O., ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, INDIANA.

The University of Nebraska

Fall Term opens Sept. 17

Courses in Language, Literature, History, Science, Agriculture and Engineering. Laboratories in Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Zoology, entomology, Geology, Agriculture and Civil Engineering. Library of 12,000 volumes and 300 periodicals.

Tuition absolutely free. The new gymnasium is partially equipped and will be open to students. For catalogue address the Steward

J. S. DALES, Lincoln.

$100.00 PER WEEK.

Agents Wanted

Portraits Enlarged to any size

Write for Special Terms and Catalogue

Chicago Electric Light Enlarging Co.
245 to 253 E. Randolph St.
Chicago, Ills.

DR. BAILEY,

Graduate Dentist,

$5  $5

Set of Teeth on Rubber

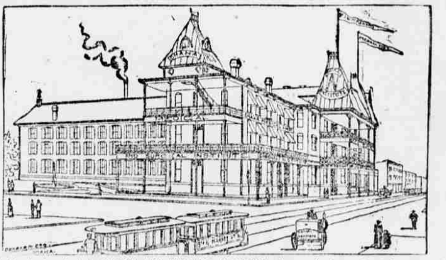
FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

A perfect fit guaranteed. Teeth extracted without pain or danger, and without anaesthetics. Gold and silver fillings at lowest rates. Bridge and Crown work. Teeth without plates. All work warranted.

Office Paxton Block, 16th and Farnam Streets

Entrance 16th street elevator. Open evenings until 8 o'clock.

The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute



For the treatment of all CHRONIC AND SURGICAL DISEASES. Braces, Appliances for deformities and Trusses. Best Facilities, Apparatus and Remedies for successful treatment of every form of disease requiring medical or surgical treatment. ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ROOMS FOR PATIENTS. Board and Attendance. Best accommodations in the west. Write for circulars on Deformities and Braces, Trusses, Club Feet, Curvatures of the Spine, Piles, Tumors, Cancer, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Inhalation, Electricity, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Bladder, Eye, Ear, Skin and Blood and all surgical operations. DISEASES OF WOMEN a specialty. Book of Diseases of Women free. We have lately added a Lying-in department for women during confinement (strictly private.) Only Reliable Medical Institute making a specialty of PRIVATE DISEASES. All blood diseases successfully treated. Syphilitic poison removed from the system without mercury. New Restorative Treatment for loss of vital power. Parties unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential. Medicine or instruments sent by mail or express securely packed, no marks to indicate contents or sender. One personal interview preferred. Call and consult us or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper our BOOK TO MEN FREE upon Private Special or Nervous Diseases, Impotency, Syphilis Gleet, and Varicocele, with question list. Address

Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute.

Corner 9th and Harney Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.

NO CURE! NO PAY.

Dr. DOWNS

1316 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

Seventeen years' experience. A regular graduate in medicine, as diplomas show. Is still treating with the greatest success all Nervous, Chronic and Private diseases. A permanent cure guaranteed for Catarrh, Spermatorrhoea, Lost Manhood, Seminal Weakness, Night Losses, Impotency, Syphilis, Stricture, and all diseases of the Blood, Skin and Urinary Organs. N. B. I guarantee $500 for every case I undertake and fail to cure. Consultation free. Book (Mysteries of Life) sent free. Office hours—9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 12 m.

WATCHES

C. S. RAYMOND

DIAMONDS

Cor. DOUGLAS AND 15TH STS.

Solid Silver OMAHA

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS

Have removed to 1207 Douglas St., opposite Millard Hotel.

Stove Repairs for 1500 Different Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

Water Attachment Fitted and Connected. Gasoline and Gas Stoves Repaired. Tel. 960.

ROBT. UHLIG, Proprietor. C. M. EATON, Manager.

DEWEY & STONE,

Furniture Company.

A magnificent display of everything useful and ornamental in the furniture maker's art at reasonable prices.