FUNERAL OF C. H. DEWEY.

He is Placed Tenderly at Rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery.

A man who had spent a long life, bright with notable successes and warm friendships, was followed to the grave yesterday in Omaha. He was one of the oldest, one of the most useful and one of the most loyal of citizens. He had traveled in every clime, and, too, had shared the results with his friends and neighbors greatly to their enrichment. His was a life few months of which were not blessed with sunshine and flowers, and, by gracious decree these were not denied to lighten the gloom of the cypress-laden pall.

The hour for paying the last respects of love to Mr. Dewey's memory and remains was 1 o'clock, and that time found a very large number of particularly the older and more prominent citizens present at the family residence, No. 1615 Douglas street. It was possible for scarcely any of the gentlemen to secure admission to the house, it being occupied almost to overflowing by ladies.

The remains rested in a red cedar, copper lined casket of the Emperor pattern, with plush handles and gold and oxidized trimmings. It was covered with black silk plush, and bore a gold and silver plate on which was the following inscription.

CHARLES H. DEWEY,

Born Sept. 28, 1828,

Died Aug. 27, 1890.

About the casket and in great profusion were floral offerings from the employes of the Dewey & Stone company and other friends. A large pillow composed of carnations, roses, maiden hair ferns, white beverdia and sweet peas, with large fern leaves and smilax rested at the head of the coffin. In the center, worded in purple immortelle's, were the words, "At Rest."

At the foot of the casket there was a basket, seven feet in circumference, composed of carnations, with balsams for bedding, above which were tuberoses, naphetis roses, sweet peas entwined with rose leaves and asparagus, forming a complete bank. Beside this sat a large basket filled with carnations, roses, maiden hair ferns and smilax. On the foot of the casket, and extending nearly to the plate, was a bunch of seven dozen La France roses, tied with ferns and maiden hair for green. Just to the right, and over the mantle, was a standing anchor, a scroll with the initials "C. H. D.," and a star composed of naphetis and bridal veil roses and sweet elysum, with maiden hair ferns for green. Near this was a star, crescent and anchor. The base was of La France roses and Marguerites. The crescent was of white balsams tube, nephetis and brides' roses and sweet peas, with a star of roses and marguerites. The anchor was of La France roses and sweet peas. Near the foot of the casket rested a sickle of balsams, with artillery for green, worked with white beverdia and white roses. Several vases of flowers were contributed, among which was a beautiful bunch of red roses, "American Beauties."

In compliance with a request made by Mr. Dewey just before his death, Rev. W. J. Harsha, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, with whom Mr. Dewey had done much traveling abroad, had charge of the services and he in turn had requested Rev. P. S. Merrill, pastor of the First Methodist church, of which Mrs. Dewey is a member, to assist him.

After reading the burial service of his church Dr. Harsha spoke as follows:

"In a moment of intense fervor Lamartine once exclaimed: 'In my creation I cost God a thought!' It is a choice conceit to be meditated upon. Any man can say it of himself, can say it proudly and yet with true humility. In order to create me God must have thought of me—of my birth, my training, my career, my destiny, my immortality. The great sea cost God not more than a thought. The mountain that lifts its head so grandly into the sky cost Him not more than that. And this being the humblest man's high dignity he can never get outside of God's purpose and God's love.

"Some reflection of this kind was running, I am told, for some weeks before his death in the mind of him beside whose silent form we stand today. 'The grass!' he would exclaim, 'why, some great being must have created it in its greenness and freshness. The flowers could not have originated themselves. The trees wave with the splendor of some One's exalted thought. I do not understand the mysteries of the Trinity and the atonement and other matters of theology, but I lift my soul daily in prayer to the Supreme Being and I trust to enjoy immortal life.'

"Indeed he was never without serious thought as to the mysteries of the present and the future life. Born into a Presbyterian home, reared by Presbyterian parents whose faith was strong and definite, he could not well rid himself of the instruction of his childhood. In its broad principles he never tried to rid himself of it. When sacred trust nestled on his soul, soft as his mother's kiss, no one but himself ever knew.

"His has been a varied career. In him Omaha loses another of her early settlers. One by one they are passing away from us—the men who by their grit, generosity, farsightedness and public spirit have made our fair city what she is today. Among them all no one did more, according to his means, than Charles H. Dewey. He never lost faith in her splendid future. He never hesitated to put money into lots, buildings and his business because there seemed to be a lull in financial affairs and a stoppage of the incoming tides of population. He had had experience in the mining camps of the west and he was confident that Omaha would not have their effemeral growth and their quick decay. Any substantial improvements he saw in the cities of the old world he was anxious to see introduced here. The whole rugged career of the man had developed in him a clear appreciation of the advantages of applied science, and all that he saw he wanted his fellow citizens to have the benefit of.

"He was a devoted lover of nature in all her beauteous forms. Flowers were to him a constant inspiration and delight. He must have had a remarkable delicacy of soul to love them so well. He was also a skilled student of human nature. Much of his success as a business man resulted from his amazing power to read men at a glance. He was a sympathetic and untiring friend to the needy. No worthy cause was ever presented to him that did not call out his quick and generous assistance. Mr. Kierstead, who of all men knew him best, has locked away in his pleasant remembrances of his friend numberless cases of help rendered and words of encouragement spoken of which the world has no record. There was no sounding of a trumpet before his charities.

"For myself, I shall never forget the readiness and cordiality with which he once offered to take me with him on a trip around the world. I regretted that I could not put myself in his entertaining and hospitable hands. I regret it more than ever today. There was no such traveling companion as he. There was no truer friend than he. When once he loved he loved unto the end, with the constancy of the flowers he so much rejoiced in, to the sun that shines upon them. He fell asleep quietly, unfearingly, as the flowers close their eyes at the going down of the sun. Let us trust that he was sustained by the divine presence of the Christ, and that his soul has been transplanted as an immortal bloom to the garden-like paradise of God."

At the conclusion of Dr. Harsha's remarks Rev. Mr. Merrill supplicated the Divine Father in a touching and earnest manner, expressing a fervent thankfulness for the useful and enabling life that has been permitted to bestow its benediction upon Omaha for so long, and a hope that those present and all who had known the deceased might profit and be of profit to others by reason of the life which Mr. Dewey had lived.

An opportunity was then afforded those present for taking a last look at the familiar, kindly face which as yet had been marred scarcely a particle, if any, by the King of Terrors. Nearly every one in the vast throng improved the opportunity, and among others the following old settlers:

Messrs. Creighton, Iler, Balcombe, Chase, Sweesy, Pritchett, Hamilton, Ijams, Ramge, Logan, Van Nostrand, Copeland, Swobe, Sharp, Clarkson, Mount, Van Kuran, Pundt, Carpenter, Emory, Furay, Perine, Coffman, Coburn, McClure, Megeath, Brown, Cahn, Alexander, Sexauer, Casey, McShane, Sargent, Manchester, Hills, Pugh, Kennedy, Nicholas, Ludington, Rogers, Bell, Curtis, Horbach, Redick, Lininger, Boyd, Bierbower, Meyer, Goodman, Morgan, Goetz, Brooks, Alexander, Josselyn, Gillespie, Rosewater and Love.

Long, lovingly, and with hearts which seemed breaking with grief, the widow and adopted daughter lingered after the world had gone its way.

The pall bearers were John A. Creighton, A. J. Simpson, William Gyger, J. A. Markel, W. W. Copeland, St. A. D. Balcombe, Jesse Lacey and Thomas L. Kimball.

The funeral cortege very appropriately were the family carriage and coupe of the deceased.

The interment took place at Forest Lawn, the last resting place being at the summit of the highest elevation in the beautiful city of the dead, and was one selected by Mr. Dewey himself while taking his last ride with Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kierstead.

MORE POLLING PLACES.

Tuesday Petitions Will Be Circulated by Bee Carriers.

In order to expedite the movement to increase the number of polling places in Omaha THE BEE has decided to circulate petitions in the various wards through its carriers, care being taken that none but known residents and legal voters shall be asked to sign the petitions.

Under the law no increase in the number of voting precincts can be made except a petition signed by at least fifty voters in any ward be presented to the city council.

Time is pressing. The new sub-division of voting places must be made within the next two weeks, and the registration books and blanks must be prepared in time for the new registrars.

All legal electors are requested to assist THE BEE carrier boys in securing the signatures of competent voters. With a little co-operation on the part of our friends the task will prove an easy one.

The petitions to be presented next Tuesday for signature will all read as follows:

FOR A DIVISION OF POLLING PRECINCTS.

UNDER THE LAW AT LEAST FIFTY ELECTORS IN EACH WARD ARE REQUIRED TO SIGN THIS PETITION.

To the Mayor and City Council of the City of Omaha:

Your petitioners, legal voters of the..... ward, in said city, hereby pray the mayor and city council of said city to divide said ward into.....polling or voting districts, and we hereby represent, show and make it appear that said ward contains more than four hundred (400) legal voters as appears by the election returns of the last city election held in said ward.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that a sufficient number of polling districts may be created in said ward to insure the reception of all votes entitled to be cast therein at the coming election.

No.	Name	Street Number.

W. C. T. U.

The annual meeting of the Buckingham Women's Christian Temperance union was held at the Young Men's Christian association rooms Saturday. The meeting wa opened by devotional exercises. After the report of the secretary and treasurer the president gave her annual address, which was received by a rising vote of thanks. Reports of the various superintendents were read and adopted. Mrs. G. W. Clark gave her Open Door report as follows: Girls sheltered, 102; children born, 50; girls in the home today, 18; children, 7; letters written, 549; postal cards, 115; money collected, $1,964.61.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Watson B. Smith; vice president, Mrs. Dr. Lankton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. G. W. Clark; recording secretary, Mrs. M. J. Richardson; treasurer, Mrs. Blackman; superintendent of jail and prison, Mrs. Jardine; superintendent of literature, Mrs. M. J. Richardson; superintendent of Chinese, Mrs. D. C. Bryant; superintendent of social purity, Mrs. G. W. Clark; vice presidents, First Baptist church, Mrs. W. A. Howland; First Presbyterian church, Mrs. J. C. Denise; First Methodist church, Mrs. Dr. Wilson; Beth Eden church, Mrs. H. M. Womersley.

Choir Boys on a Picnic.

Thursday afternoon the boys comprising the choir of St. Matthias' church on South Tenth street were treated to a most delightful outing in Fairmount park, Council Bluffs, by Joe Barker, jr. Mr. Patrick, in order to make the affair even more of a success, placed his tally-ho at his nephew's disposal, and the enjoyment the young singers got out of the roomy conveyance certainly compensated Mr. Patrick for his large-hearted generosity. In the absence of Bishop Worthington, the nephew of Bishop Littlejohn was called in, in the person of Mr. Nate Crary, who became the major domo of the party. Before leaving Mrs. Barker's residence, where the boys assembled to take the coach, the boot was loaded down with delicacies, but even that was found inadequate to hold all Mrs. Barker thought was necessary, consequently the Barker carriage was ladened also.

Following the tally-ho was Mrs. Herman Kountze's carriage containing Miss Terty Kountze, Mrs. Lacey, Mrs. Graff and the Misses Lionberger. Mrs. Barker's carriage brought up the rear, that she might keep a motherly eye on the procession. On reaching the park the outing party was augmented by Dr. and Mrs. Doherty and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ringwalt and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, Messrs. Weeks, Mrs. Wakeley, Mrs. Wessels, Mr. Bird Wakeley, Mrs. Joseph Weeks, Mrs. Lyon, and Mr. John C. Worthington.

At 6 o'clock a most bountiful supper was served and then the jolly party drove home in the moonlight, the boys full of enthusiasm for their young host.

Swedish Anti-Prohibitionists.

The Swedish anti-prohibition club of this city held a meeting Saturday evening at Green's hall to discuss plans to be adopted in prosecuting the campaign. There were nearly 100 members in attendance and the meeting was an enthusiastic one. Several addresses were delivered, in which the need of thorough organization in all wards in the city was set forth and especially the urgent necessity of looking after unnaturalized citizens who are entitled to their papers. It was recommended that committees be appointed in each ward to attend to this important matter, but action was deferred until the next meeting. Although recently organized the club is in a flourishing condition and already has a membership of over 400.

A Coaching Party.

Friday evening a pleasant coaching party was given in honor of Miss Mary Kauffman, Manawa being the objective point, where dancing was indulged in till 11 o'clock, when delightful refreshments were served: The guests were: Misses Mary, Kate and Ella Kauffman, Anna Elliott, Dollie Harpster, Bertha Leisenring, Nannie Godfrey, Norma Gluck, Dora and Anna Specht, Messrs. W. H. Thomas, C. A. Grimmel, R. J. Spoerri, Fred Hoagland, Ferd Dauer, Gus Drexel, G. B. Newberry, Frank Groves and H. M. Kauffman.

THE DOUGLAS COUNTY FAIR.

Everything in Readiness for the Opening—The Barbecue.

The Douglas county fair promises to be a great success so far as the entries of stock, machinery, farm and garden produce, needle work, etc., is concerned. Yesterday was Sunday, but the fair association felt the crush of work coming on them so heavily that they decided to put a force of clerks at work and open the gates for exhibitors who wished to pass in and out.

There were probably five hundred people on the grounds during the day, and a good deal was accomplished in a quiet way. The traditional Mr. Pumpkin has already arrived and his cousin, Mr. Squash, is also on the grounds, so that there can be no question as to the success of the horticultural exhibit. Floral hall, usually occupied by farm and garden products, has already put on quite an exposition appearance. There are some of the finest specimens of corn already in that have ever been seen in Douglas county.

Art hall is rapidly being pre-empted by the ladies with fine specimens of needle work, crazy quilts, etc. Business college exhibits, musical instruments, etc., are there for the opening act, while the spaces still vacant are labeled with the names of others who will come in today.

The restaurant and lemonade stand are there, and the tent show will be ready to invite the crowds to step in and see the wonders of the century for a dime.

The speed stables are well filled with horses of excellent record, such as Mr. Paxton's Wallace G., with a record of 2:26¼; Honesty, pacer, 2:17¼; and Charles Creighton's three-year-old Bohemia, 2:34; Little Clem, also a three-year-old, 2:30; Harry Belmont, three-year-old, 2:25, and others of equal speed. The races will begin on Tuesday, and if the weather holds good there will be some clever going.

A temporary shed in one corner of the grounds attracted a crowd all the afternoon. Under the shed Mr. J. Frank was roasting a huge ox for the Labor day barbecue. It is an interesting process, and many carriages containing ladies and gentlemen drove by and looked on as the huge chunk of juicy beef swung before the fire and broiled and toasted for the palates of the hungry throng who will feast on the fair grounds today.

How do you roast an ox?

Well, the process is simple enough. The animal cooked yesterday weighed 1,050 pounds and was the gift of Adam Sayder to the Labor day celebration. The steer was dressed whole, simply having the feet, tail and head cut off, skinned, and the entrails taken out. A huge iron rod was then thrust through the animal lengthwise, and the ox was swung about three feet from the ground, the ends of the large rod resting in iron crotches attached to a heavy wooden platform that lay beneath the roast, with a large galvanized iron vat upon it to catch the gravy as it dripped from the cooking meat. The shed stood on a hill side, and a sort of trench was dug close by the side of the platform and the hill was cut down straight, so that the bank formed a background for a log fire kindled in the trench. The heat was thus thrown outward and upward against the ox suspended on the iron rod.

The fire was begun about 11 o'clock in the forenoon and kept up for eighteen hours at about the same temperature. As the meat began to show signs of cooking Mr. Frank sprinkled on the salt and pepper, and when the grease dripped into the vat below in sufficient quantities he dipped it up and poured it over the roasting meat. He occasionally took hold of a huge crank on the end of the suspending rod and turned the ox over. Mr. Frank is experienced in the work of roasting beeves, and said he would have this one thoroughly cooked by daylight this morning.

AN AGED CONVICT.

A Wife of Seventy in the Arkansas State Prison.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Widener has just been lodged in the state's prison here, says a Little Rock dispatch to the Courier-Journal.

She was convicted in the Pike county circuit court of having been accessory to the murder of her husband, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. She is a white woman, and heretofore has borne a good character. She is seventy years of age. She lived with her husband, Isaac, who was also three score and ten, near Antoine, Ark., where they owned a small farm which afforded them a comfortable living. They had several children, some of whom were married and had families of their own.

Sylvester Widener, aged twenty-five, a son of the aged couple, made his home with them. Between the father and son there had been ill feeling for some time, which culminated recently in the father having the young man arrested. The action created a breach between Widener and his wife, the latter taking sides with the boy, who upon being released from custody, swore to be revenged upon his father.

One night, a week later, a neighbor heard the ominous cry of murder issuing from Widener's house. He listened, but the cry not being repeated and the hour being nearly midnight he did not attempt to make any investigation, but hastened home, where he was followed by Mrs. Widener, who said she believed her husband was dying. Returning with her to the house, Widener was found lying dead on the floor of his bedchamber. His neck had been broken by a blow from a piece of furniture. Both mother and son were arrested. The proof against them was very conclusive, and only the extreme age of the woman saved her from the gallows. The case of the boy is set for trial at the next term of the Pike county circuit court.

The case is the most remakable in the criminal annals of Arkansas.

A Washington Pie Fiend.

A medium sized, stout, dark complexioned man, neatly attired, and evidently a foreigner, appears regularly every evening at an eating house at Washington, and as regularly asks the waiter who serves him, "What kind of pie have you today?" The waiter names the different kinds of pie, including peach, lemon, cranberry, apple and custard. The customer requests the waiter to bring a piece of the pie first mentioned and also a glass of buttermilk. As soon as he has devoured this course he calls for another piece of pie of a different kind and a glass of buttermilk. He then continues to order pie until he has finally eaten five pieces of pie of different kinds and drunk five glasses full of butter milk. The waiter who always attends this pie-eater says that he has been patronizing the house for some time, and that he has never changed his order, but always eats this strange combination of food.