

The 99 Cent Store,

1319 Farnam Street,
3rd Door from 14th St.

H. HARDY & CO.

Wholesale and Retail,

The 99 Cent Store.

1319 Farnam Street,
3rd Door from 14th St.

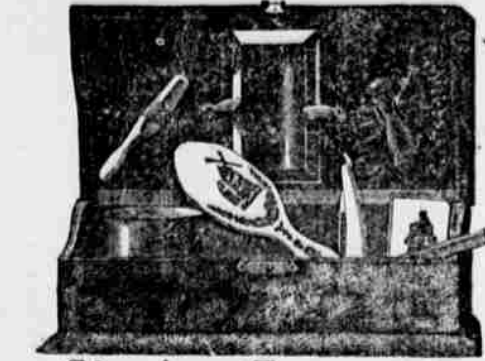
Our assortments are complete. We can deliver promptly. Can give you better attention now than we can the closing days before Xmas.



THE FINEST
TOILET CASE,
99c
Worth \$2. Finest
quality in the
line. Let cases
upward to
\$1.15.



Smoking
Sets
in fine silk
plush cases
49 cents
to—
\$4.95

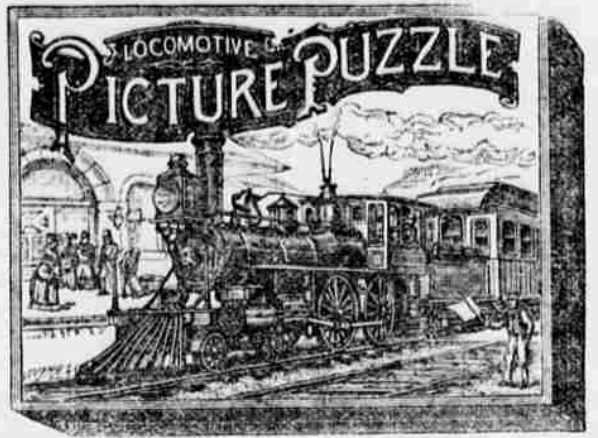


Shaving Cases, 99c.

Worth \$2.00. Others proportionately cheap at \$1.18 to \$1.35.



PUSH
Collar & Cuff
BOXES,
50c and up.
LEATHER
Collar & Cuff
SETS,
25c up.



GAMES—We have every desirable game made at prices from 10 cents to 90 cents.



SPELLING BOARD—The most instructive toy ever made.



Plush Work Boxes,
Furnished, 25c to \$6.98.

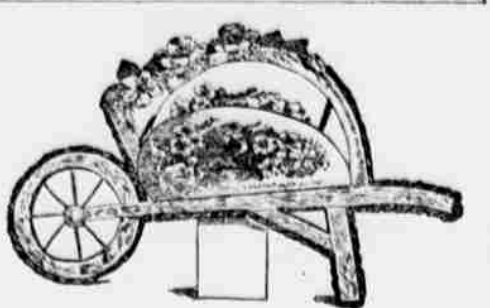
REMEMBER.

It is impossible to give you an idea from an advertisement of the enormous stock we carry. We are better prepared to please you than any other store in the city, as our stock is all new, nothing trashy, and prices are within the reach of the leanest purses.

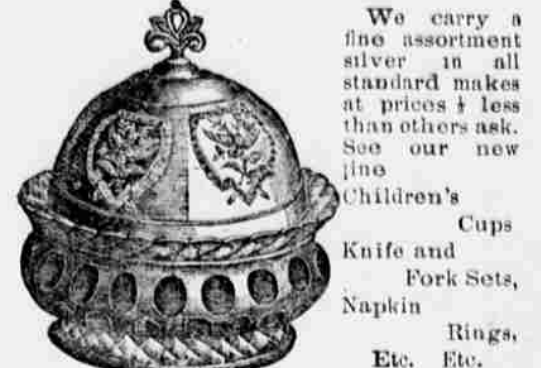
Goods selected now can be laid away and delivered day before Christmas if you desire it.



Shoofly horses 75c, finer ones from 99c to \$2.95. Hobby horses 75c, better ones from 99c to \$9.80. Fine skin covered horses from \$6.95 to \$14.85.



Complete assortment Xmas Cards. Prices from 1c to \$2.95 each. Finest line manufactured.



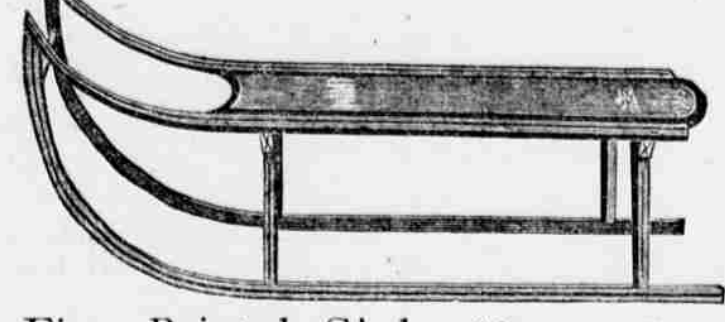
We carry a finer assortment of silver in all standard makes at prices less than others ask. See our new line of Children's Toys—Cups, Knife and Fork Sets, Napkin Rings, Etc. Etc.

DOLLS!

DOLLS!

DOLLS!

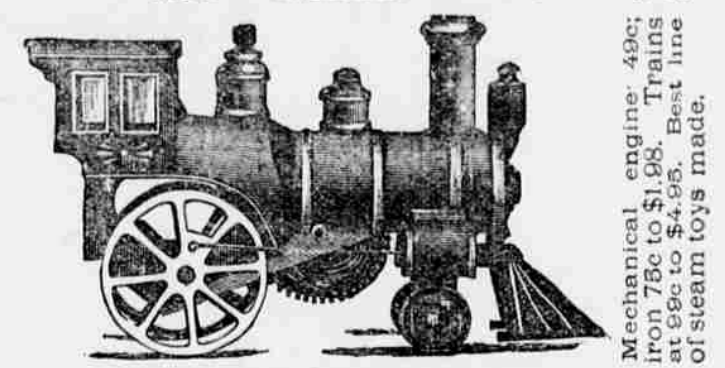
We have a special sale tomorrow. 1,000 kid body dolls at 19c, worth 50c; large kid body dolls, with moving eyes, at 75c, worth \$1.50; dressed dolls way below what they are worth today in Europe. Select your dolls from our mammoth stock.



Fine Painted Sleds 49c; coasters 69 cents to \$1.98.



Boys' Wagons 49c; larger ones 88c up. All iron wagons from \$1.98 to \$3.95.



Mechanical engines, 49c; tin toys, 25c; St. Charles, 50c; Best line of steam toys made.



Doll buggies 49c; good ones at 75c, lined, with parasol top; better quality up to \$9.80.

H. HARDY & CO. THE 99 CENT STORE. H. HARDY & CO.

THE SENATORS FROM WYOMING.

Who the Two Babies Are and How They Look.

WARREN'S GREAT STOCK INTERESTS.

A Story of His Boyhood and a Chat With Him About His State—The Farmers' Alliance and Ingalls.

[Copyright, 1890, by Frank G. Carpenter.]
WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—(Special to The Bee.)—The United States senate opens this year with two full grown babies. These are the twin senators from the new state of Wyoming. They are both bright fellows and they promise well. Senators Carey and Warren are of the same age, both were born in the east, both have made money in western stock raising and both come from the capital of the new state, Cheyenne. Senator Carey has a good standing here as a territorial delegate. He has served five years in congress and he is as straight as a string and as bright as a button. He has studied the machinery of congressional legislation and he goes into the senate well equipped for his duties.

The most interesting of the new senators, however, is Governor Warren. He is entirely new to Washington and his only political service has been as governor of Wyoming territory, mayor of Cheyenne and as one of the leading politicians of his section. He is a man with a history and his life has been typically American. His father was a Massachusetts farmer who believed that all the learning a boy needed was comprised in the mastery of the three R's—"readin', ritin' and rhythmic." When young Warren was thirteen years old he had, to a certain extent, mastered these and he wanted more schooling. His father told him that if he got it he would have to earn it and he let him have his time to himself. From that age until now Warren has made his own living. He got a good education by working in the summers and going to school in the winters, and the most of his lessons was studied by the light of a tallow dip away up under the roof in his attic room in his grandfather's house where he boarded. He had progressed well in his academical studies when the war broke out, and he was at this time about sixteen years old. He wanted to enlist at once, but his father sent him word forbidding it, and according to the laws of Massachusetts he had to be considerably older before he could go without his father's consent. He was under contract to work for his master until he was eighteen. But on his eighteenth birthday, June 23, 1862, he came into town with a load of cheese, determined to go to the war. There was a meeting in the town hall that night for recruits, and Senator Warren tells me that when he went in he saw his father there, and he was afraid he might prevent his enlistment. He was also backward because a bounty of \$10 had been offered for him, saying that he had not wanted him to go before, but that he was a man now, and he had confidently expected to find him here, and that he went with his consent and his blessing.

Well, so young Warren started out to battle. He was only in service about a year and

had been offered a commission when sickness drove him home to Massachusetts. He had here for a time charge of the largest dairy farm in that part of the country and was making a high salary for New England when he DECIDED TO GO WEST.
He stopped in Iowa, worked there for a time and then went on to Cheyenne. He had no money to speak of, but he got into merchandising and cattle raising, and gradually increased his capital by successful turns and by his knowledge of stock until he is now one of the richest cattlemen in the country. He is the president and the chief stockholder in the Warren live-stock company, and this company has 100,000 sheep, 3,000 cows, and about two thousand horses. It has a couple of 5,000 Angora goats, and it has some of the finest imported rams in the United States. It owns 100,000 acres of land, and it is increasing the number of its animals right along. Wyoming is a state of thousands of hills, and Warren was well called the Job of the senator, for his cattle roam over the best of them. He is like Job, too, in his other possessions, for he is a man of many interests. His merchandising interests extend over the whole state, and the Cheyenne house has agencies in Salt Lake and Ogden. He has interests in the electric light plant of Cheyenne, and there are a few business interests in the city with which he is not connected.

Let me tell you how this Wyoming senator looks. I called upon him last night in his room at the Arlington hotel and found him a good looking fellow of about forty-six years of age, dieting like mad to a tipewriter who took down his words on a machine that rattled like a corn sheller. The senator left off his dinner jacket upon my entrance, but the infernal clicking went on during our conversation. Senator Warren is about six feet tall and his form is as STRAIGHT AS THE STRAIGHTEST PINE which hugs the Wyoming slopes of the Rocky mountains. His shoulders are as broad as an eastern pine, and his chest has been made deep and full by the raised air of Cheyenne, which contains, I am told, fifty times as much ozone as any air east of the Mississippi. Senator Warren is a blonde. His hair is of a light brown. His eyes are blue and he has a luxuriant straw colored mustache that comes well down over a strong and clean cut mouth. His forehead is high and broad, his nose is straight, and his face is, on the whole, rather handsome. He dresses well, talks well and, I judge, is a man of more than ordinary weight on the senate floor. I asked him as to the present condition of the new state. Said he: "The state of Wyoming is increasing in population right along. It is true the census gives us only 60,000, but we had only 15,000 in 1870, and I think our population today is really about one hundred thousand. We have a great many out of the way towns and districts in which it was hard to get an accurate census. Our state contains about ninety thousand square miles, and you could lose the six New England states inside of it. Some of our county seats are a hundred and seventy-five miles from a railroad, and I believe that we have about forty thousand more population than the census has given us. Nevada is decreasing in population, but our population will steadily grow and we will have, I think, one of the great states of the west."

"We have the state to make it great?" I asked. "I thought it was all sage brush and mountains."

"We have one of the richest mineral regions in the United States," replied the senator. "Our coal and iron will eventually make us a great manufacturing state and we have

would throw a stream sixty feet in the air and there are in parts of the state ponds of oil eight feet deep, where the oil has run out from natural wells. It has been known in business. It is not really known how valuable Wyoming is, and the state is in a neighborhood, materially as well as politically. Cheyenne, its capital, is an enterprising town as you will find anywhere. It was a few years ago the richest town in proportion to its population in the United States. I now with a population of 15,000; it has as much enterprise and stir as many a town of a 100,000 in the east. It has electric lights, a 100,000 university, one of the finest rail road depots of the country, and it is full of snap and enterprise. You ask me what I think the government ought to do for Wyoming, I reply the same public buildings, like the state here, and the disposal of the arid lands and strengthen the military posts. We are on the edge of an indian country and some alarm is felt among the people as to the possibilities of an Indian war."

Senator Plumb tells me that Ingalls will probably be returned to the senate, and that he has a number of friends among the alliance legislators which, in addition to his republican friends, will secure his election. Senator Ingalls himself will say nothing about his election for publication, but I understand that he CONSIDERS HIS SUCCESS CERTAIN.

There is a general desire here that Ingalls be returned to the senate, and expressions of this kind are common, even among the senators who have been most bitterly attacked by him. The newspaper correspondents, without an exception, are anxious that he should remain, as he furnishes better descriptive material than Tyner. He is in a body, and always has a new idea to offer upon every subject that comes up.

I find a general impression that the alliance party will be ephemeral, and that it will not have much influence on the next presidential election. Senator Plumb said last night that he felt that the state of Wyoming may be better, and the effect of the McKinley law may show that it will be a good rather than a bad thing for the country. The Farmers' alliance party will have a number of offices to distribute. Its leaders will probably quarrel among themselves and may all go to pieces before the presidential election. Judge Tyner, ex-postmaster general, and now attorney general of the department, thinks with General Plumb, and he says it reminds him of the granger movement which struck Indiana about the time he ran for congress. He was advised not to accept the republican nomination on account of the strong farmers' element of the district, which would certainly go against him. He was a weaker candidate than Tyner. He was elected because the grangers fought among themselves and could not at the end agree upon a candidate. Roosevelt P. Flower thinks the alliance has

TOO MANY CRAZY IDEAS as to fit at money, etc. to hold itself together, and George O. Jones, who was the greenback candidate for the presidency some years ago, believes that the old greenback element will unite and that they will rally around Senator Stanford as the next candidate for the presidency.

I called on Senator Sanders of Montana last night. He says there are no alliance people in Montana and that the alliance party will be a thing of the past. "The people of the United States," said he, "do not support any party which holds its meetings in the dark. Such actions are against the spirit of American institutions, and they are a part only of the crazy ideas and theories now going into any crowd you will find more buttons and badges than you can count, and it would take more learning to read their meaning than it would to write a history of Moses and the prophets. Parties have been in a transition state for the last ten years and just now there is going on all over the United States a disintegration of parties and a change of social conditions which make it almost impossible to prophesy for the future. This is an age of trusts, of false values, and of great fortunes. It is an age of fortunes made dishonestly, and it would seem to me that a day of reckoning must come sooner or later. Our great corporation values are based on false estimates. Our railroads are operated so that their directors and managers and great proprietors are little better than thieves in regard to the public, and the balance sheet must be made sooner

or later. As to the alliance party, I don't think that it is the party that is destined to bring this about. It is only an evidence of Mr. Plumb's discontent among the people as to existing conditions. It is so constituted that I don't believe it can hold together, and I do not expect to see it alive in 1892."

New railroads are being built out from Washington in every direction. Three new lines are being built in the west and the rails are already down toward the treasury and the patent office of the new G street line and cars will be running in six days, from the first of January. The business part of Washington is changing. A few years ago all of the business houses were on Pennsylvania avenue with a few second class stores on Seventh street. But eight years ago little shops began to spring up on F street, which runs parallel with the avenue on the north, and only about four years ago was it settled that F street was to be a great business street. Now the F street property is the most valuable business property in the city, and an evidence of its rise Hon. John W. Thompson, Washington's millionaire banker, bought last spring the corner of F and Thirtieth streets. Just below the Ebbitt house he paid \$25,000 for it. This was considered an immense price, and the conservative investors of the city raised the price to \$40,000. Mr. Thompson went off to Europe during the summer and after a nice trip through Norway and Switzerland returned a few days ago, and sold his property for \$100,000, making a profit of \$75,000 in six months. This G street railroad has made a great boom in G street property, and it will soon be as busy as F street is now. The owners of residences along it have grown rich, and houses which three years ago were worth \$800 any one could buy for \$2,000. General Denver, the man after whom Denver was named, tells me that his landlady was the other day offered \$25,000 for a house which she had bought for \$4,000. There is a negro woman who owned a little \$5,000 property on F street some years ago, who has raised her value to \$20,000. The owners of Pennsylvania and General Denver were chatting together last night of the wonderful growth of Washington and of its elements of prosperity. "The city of Washington," said General Denver, "can't understand it. They say the town has no manufacturers, no water front and no commerce, and they raised their value to \$25,000. It has, in fact, the biggest factories in the United States and its hands are the best paid. There is the Treasury factory, with its 3,000 employees receiving an average of \$1,000 a year. There is the interior department which has three or four thousand more high priced hands. And there is the Smithsonian and of Washington and the dozens of other governmental institutions which must increase in size and which distribute millions of dollars here every month."

"Yes," said Senator Burkealew, "and there is congress, with its 400 men getting \$5,000 salaries and spending more than \$8,000 a year here on the average. There are the thousand odd people who hang around congress waiting to get something out of it, and there are the nabobs who are coming here from all parts of the country for their winter residence and spending here the income of their millions. There are millions of dollars spent every year in the penitentiary and of Washington. I believe, the best elements of growth of any city of its size in the country."

"Yes," said General Denver, "and the transient element of Washington is one of the great deal into the city. Every inauguration brings a BEWILDERED THOUSAND STRANGERS, and he is a mighty close estimator who can pass through Washington without spending at least \$20 on the way. Washington gets \$2,500,000 of every inauguration, and an average of \$500,000 a year from this source alone, and it has conventions of all sorts from week to week, year in and year out. Today it is the denizens of the United States, tomorrow it is some branch of scientists, and the next day it is something else. The city grows right along every year in its population. Its people pay only one-half the taxes and the capitalists are not afraid of the voters voting more taxes upon them. It is a city of low taxation and of high salaries, and it will be the Mecca of the capitalists for years to come."

Speaking of the money spent in entertaining in Washington, Roosevelt P. Flower of New York gives some of the best dinners of the capital city. He dined nearly every member of congress last session, and he is now one of the most popular men in public life. I learned last night the secret of these

dinners. They were given on the ground of good fellowship in the first place, but in the second place they were also given to educate Mr. Flower to the peculiar tastes and natures of the men who dined with him. Under the sparkling bubbles of Flower's champagne the senators and representatives burst forth in their oval feelings as to public matters, and Flower now understands how to work each of them as to his own plans in regard to national interests and as to the axes of his constituents. Flower is one of the best diplomats in congress. He has a big head and a brainy one. When he smiles, he smiles all over, and he never smiles in vain.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Great Inventor.

Yankee Blade.

He made a new invention nearly every other week. But something always ailed it and it always seemed to shirk. Its functional activity was somehow very low; its whole vitality was low; the blomed thing wouldn't work.

He made perpetual motion things, but they would never move; And then he made a big machine for flying through the sky. But there was a slight obstruction in the piston rod or groove. And the only trouble with it was, he couldn't make it fly.

And he made marine toboggans for sliding on the sea. A very pretty compromise of bicycle and boat. And on the second trial trip he said 'twas his idea.

The thing would slide tremendously if he could make it float.

And he made a panacea that would cure every ill— The long-sought life elixir, to the world so long denied; He took the medicine himself—a large, green-looking pill— And, twenty minutes later he laid him down and died.

Interesting Information.

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: "That's an awful price this new company has to pay the government for every seal they kill in Alaska," said Mr. Wiggler. "Ten dollars; just that of it!"

"Ten dollars for every one!" asked Mrs. Wiggler.

"I suppose so. The old company never paid but \$3."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; it's a shame, too, the way the animals have been thinned out by the traders and the poachers, and I don't know what all!"

"I suppose so."

"Man up there from the Smithsonian Institution a little while ago says there ain't one now where there were twenty a dozen years ago."

"The idea."

"Seals are seals now."

"Well, I thought I'd kind of tell you about it, so you'd understand how I came to buy this beautiful silver-boutoner for Christmas, instead of the sea-kiskin saccus you spoke about."

Presbyterian Malcom (who admires the Episcopal ritual)—You don't know how much I envy you that beautiful service of yours, Mr. Kerret. Young Assistant (who prides himself upon his skill at tennis)—O, well, I know, it's only a good bit of speed, with a little effective cutting now and then.

Can Stand Experimenting.

Munsey's Weekly: Brown—I see by the papers that the latest is a cat doctor. Now his patients have some show. Mrs. Brown—How is that, my dear. Brown—Because they have nine lives.

A Slight Mistake.

Boston Traveler: Mrs. Cawler—who manages the affairs of your late husband? Battered Widow—His brother is his ex-customer.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bidg.

Ethel—How do you manage to distinguish the men who wish to marry for money from those who really love you? Maud—Those who really love me make such awful fools of themselves.

HERE'S LAUGHING GAS ON TAP.

Some of the Bright Things the World's Wits Are Saying.

A POEM BY THE PROOF-READER.

How Blossom Was Spirited Away—A Stinging Rebuke in Texas—Can Stand Experimenting—Got the Children Mixed.

St. Joseph News: St. Agedoro—Do you see that man over there taking moxie? One of the greatest antiquarians in this town. De Mascus—Hobby of his life? He publishes a patent inside comic weekly. He

Water Tight.

Harpur's Herald: "The seal-leak!" "No. It's had two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop can get out."

The Proof-Reader's Poem.

Sonerville Journal: After an unusually busy day these pathetic lines were found pencilled on the blotter of the proof-reader's desk:

Proofs to the right of him,
Proofs to the left of him,
Proofs all around him rattled and thundered;
But he sat in his chair,
With a contented air,
And marked where the miserable compe had blundered.

Spirited Away.

St. Joseph News: "Where is your friend Blossom, now?" "He has been spirited away."

"What! Kidnapped?"

"No, no. Died drunk."

A Stinging Rebuke.

Sonerville Journal: Old Soak—I fell off the bridge into the river last night. Indifferent Companion—Oh, well I guess it didn't hurt you much. You seem to have come out all right.

Old Soak—Yes, but I swallowed at least half a pint of water when I went down.

Once in a Lifetime.

St. Joseph News: "What is your punishment for horse stealing out here?" asked a stranger from the east.

"Oh," replied young Deacon of Texas, "we administer a stinging rebuke for that sort of thing. We generally hold a lynching bee."

Threatening to Turn State's Evidence.

Jewelry Weekly: Thief—Madam, here's the stuff me an' my pal took when we busted your trunk.

Actress—Police!

Thief—Tut, tut! Don't make any fuss, or I'll call in experts to testify to the value of the rubbish.

A Disgusted Ntice.

Chicago Tribune: First Stockbroker (pouring out his regular quantity)—Well, Hilton has been made president of the Union Pacific.

Second Stockbroker (stirring a little sugar in his)—I said all the time Gould was going to give him that position.

He Wanted No Expensive Prize.

Jewelry Weekly: Jeweler—Would you prefer a cup of solid silver or one of alhata? Yank Hawes—A solid silver cup! See here, mister, if yer want to throw in any clo's josh make it a straw hat.

Their Parting.

Chicago Tribune: She clung to him and sobbed in heart-breaking sorrow.

"Promise me, Harry," she pleaded, "that your last thought shall be of me!"

"I promise, darling," replied the strong

man brookly, as he strained her to his bosom and mingled his tears with hers. "I will die as becomes a brave man, but my last thought shall be of my dear little Bessie!"

One convulsive embrace, one last kiss and he tore himself away from the fainting girl and rushed from the house.

He was on his way to play in the rest liao at a game of football.

Sorry She Asked.

Epoch: She—Do you love me for myself alone? He—Yes, and when we married I don't want any of the family things in.

Got 'Em Mixed.

Chicago Tribune: "Business seems to be lively here," remarked the dignified stranger who was taking a stroll through the booming young western city.

"Lively! You bet!" replied the blushing thing the dry goods box. "Why, this year corner sold last week for \$23,500, and it's got about big enough to sit down on. Even so the boat of it."

"I think I have," mused the stranger. "I paid \$2000 once for a place to sit down in." And the dignified United States senator walked thoughtfully away.

Got 'Em Mixed.

Detroit Free Press: "Say, have you a lost boy down there?" asked a voice by telephone of police headquarters the other day.

"All right. Been gone a day or two, but will probably turn up all right somehow. Good-by."

"Got a lost girl down there voice asked?"

"No, sir."

"Excuse me, but I didn't know but you had."

"Aren't you the man who asked for a lost boy about an hour ago?"

"Yes."

"Yes, but there was a mistake. I've just married a widow with five children and haven't got to look for the latter yet. I thought one of the boys was lost, but it turns out to be one of the girls. Give me a week and I'll be all right. Good-by."

The Last Factory.

Cape Cod Item: A clergyman riding on the down train from Boston to Yarmouthport the other day had his attention attracted by the succession of factories as the train was passing through Brockton, the city of shoes.

"How many factories are there here?" he asked a neighboring passenger, "has the row no end?"

"That's the last factory," replied the passenger.

"There's another," said the clergyman; "there's another."

"I tell you that was the last factory," said the other, imperatorily.

"Madam, I assure you—"

"I tell you that was the last factory, or in other words, the factory where lasts are made."

Too Flattering.

Chicago Tribune: "Madam," said the tramp sauntering to the woman of the house, "you will have no objections, I hope, to my remaining on your back porch a few moments to rest myself and inhale the odor of that delicious young prairie chicken you are cooking."

"How do you know it's a young prairie chicken?" she demanded.

"Why, I—"

"How do you know that it isn't a quail, or venison, or Rocky Mountain sheep?"

"Madam, I assure you—"

"How do you know that it isn't canvas-back duck, or California pheasant, or blue-winged teal, or limoncello-backed terrapin?"

"It smells good enough to be any of them, I am sure, and—"

"If you've got any use of that rod nose of yours," retorted the woman, "you know well enough it's a leathery old barnyard hen. She's been cooking for six mortal hours, an' she's done yet, and I've got no time to waste on a smoking, hypercritical, flatterer, old victuals loper. You get!"

"The tramp lost no time in obeying the command."

"The next house I tackle," he said savagely to himself as he trudged on. "I'll ask 'em for some of their fried liver servers, by gosh!"

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bidg.