#### THE FRUITS OF OLD AGE.

Chats on Longevity with Five Septuagenarian American Cit zens.

HOW FOUR SCORE MAY BE REACHED.

Temperance, Exercise and Marriage the Watchwords of Would-Be Long Livers-Words of Wisdom from Aged Men.

(Copyright, 1801, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Washington, April 30 .- Special Correspondence to THE BEE. |- In no city of the United States will you find so many energetic old young men as in Washington. Octogenarians and septuagenarians flourish here like the flowers that bloom in the spring, and in most of them, the blossoms of their old age are more beautiful and more fragrant than were those of their youth.

Where will you find a happier or a sweeter life than that of Dr. Scott, the president's father-in-law, who at ninety-one has full possession of his mental faculties and who takes his walks with all the enthusiasm and vigor of a young man of thirty.

Take Senator Morrill, who over four score, is one of the hard working members of congress, and who, long after he had passed his three-score and ten, found time to write a ook ridiculing the vanities of his fellows.

Senator Payne has reached four score. Benator Evarts passed his seventleth mile post, and there are a score and more of our great men who are leading active lives between seventy and eighty. It is now nearly a year since I began to collect opinions from these men as to longevity, and how young men by following a certain course might reach a profitable and a happy old age. I have interviewed them as to their habits; 28 to their use or abuse of intoxicants; as to whether they ate or drank to excess and as to the thousand and one other things which go towards the destruction or the preservalion of life. I find that each man has his own theories and that their views are as wide apart as the poles.

SENATOR HENRY B. PAYNE ON OLD AGE. One of the oldest young men in public life is Senator Henry B. Payne. He was born in New York state in 1810, during the first year of Madison's presidency. He was well educated and graduated when Andrew Jackson was closing his first term, and he began the practice of law at Cleveland two years later. He visited Washington city just after his graduation and he talks very interestingly about President Jackson and his visit.

In 1851 he was a candidate for the United States senate and came near being elected at that time, when Benjamin Wade was chosen H is now over eighty years of age, is in perfeet health and, though he lives at least a mite and a half from the capitor he has made It a practice to walk out to the senate at least once a day during his term. When the ather is pleasant be often walks out and back, and his heart is as young as his body, He can laugh like a boy and he enjoys the society of young men.

Upon my asking as to the secret of his health and spirits at this advanced age, he

"I attribute my good health and long years to a good constitution and to the fact that I control my appetite and am temperate in both rating and drinking. I take exercise regularly, chiefly walking, have but little to do with the doctors and I think I am the better for it. About forty-four years ago, when I was thirty-five years of age, I was forced to leave off my practice at the bar on account of hemorrhage of the nngs. I had something to do with at that time, but have not had much to do with them since." "How about your diet, Mr. Payne?"

"I cat everything that agrees with me and Irink what I like, but not to excess. I do not use tobacco, but I don't believe that long life depends on its use or non-use. The main thing is temperance in work as well as in ent-Ang and drinking. I believe many men are Miled by overwork and worry. Sam Randall fied from overwork. He had a splendid physique but he broke it down in working on a tariff bill and by laboring here all summer. I don't believe that activity hurts any one, but overwork does. Then I don't let things worry me. I like life and believe that it is worth the living. I keep myself young by having young men about me and keeping in the swim. I don't know about Adam, but I have little faith in the story of Methuselah and the other scriptural characters who are supposed to have lived ten times as long as men live now. There is no reason why they should have done so, and the statement is hardly probable."

"What advice, Senator Payne, would you give a young man who wishes to reach four

"I bardly know," said the senator. "I would urge him to be temperate, to study himself, cut what agrees with him and re-frain from that which disagrees, take life as easy as possible and not worr? or overwork. I would advise him to take regular exercise and to keep his eyes on the bright rather than on the dark side of things. The restraining of his appetites and the temperate use of ill of his faculties will enable him to live onger, though life is after all largely a mater of constitution."

A BACHELOR STATESMAN WHO WANTS TO MARRY. Ex-Senator Thomas L. Clingman is about two years younger than Senator Payne. He s as bright as a dollar and as active as a s as oright as a dollar and as active as a roung salyr. He has not been in public life much since the close of the war, but he was me of the most noted of our statesmen in the days of Tyler, Polk, Filmore, Taylor, Pierce and Buchanan, and he had one of the lamous duels of history with William L. Yancey of Alabama on account of a speech which he undo concerning Henry Clay. He was a member of congress, of the United States senate, a governor of North Carolina and a brigadier general in the confederate army. He is a delightful conversationalist and be considers nimself still in his prime.

said be:

"I will be seventy-eight years old in a
few weeks and I am in perfect mental and
physical health. I walk about three miles
every day and think I have been growing
rounger during the last three years. I find
that my mails grow faster and tougher and
the growth of my hair has increased. I
think that the improvement of my health think that the improvement of my health since 1885 has been largely due to the use of an extract of tobacco which I have invented which stimulates the perspiratory and other organs and opens up the whole system. I am a bachelor, but I have wanted to get married all my irfe and first fell in love at five. I have wanted to marry since then and I want now more than ever, but I can't

MODERATE EATING AND DRINKING. "As, to my habits, I have been temperate all my life, I do not eat more than half the amount of the ordinary man and I did not Amount of the ordinary man and I did not firink a drop of spirits until I was forty-eight. At this time I tried a mint Julep and thought it helped me, and since then I have taken from spirits just before my meals or some wine with my meals. As to my meals I can breakfast at 8 o'clock and confine myself to a big cup of coffee, a piece of meat and some stale bread. I am a great oread eater, but I do not like underdene biscults, and when we have warm biscults at my boarding rouse, I send them back and have them recoosed. The word biscuit means, you know, cooked twice. I am fond of cakes for breaktast, and my breaktast for years at Wilhard's hotel consisted of buckwheat cakes and coffee. At

sisted of buckwheat cakes and coffee. At dimer I cat one meat, one vegetable and a light dessert. I am very fond of soup and can make it take the place of meat and do so when it is good. I like ox tail, mock turtle and mulligatawney. I don't think much of consomme, but I am fond of cysters. When I sit down to the table I look ever the bill of fare and decide what is best for me and eat that and nothing else. I never use black pepper, but think a little red pepper does one to harm."

"How shout sleep, senator!"

"I sleep about five hours every uight and

am troubled somewhat with insomna. A usually go to bed at eleven and rise at dawn. As soon as I get out of bed I take a cold bath As soon as I get out of bed I take a cold bath and if my breakfast was then ready I would eat it. As it is not I roll around in the bed and read the paper until the breakfast bell rings. I have never smoked, chewed or snuffed and I can't say whether or not these habits are injurious. What is one man's drink is another man's poison. As to advice I would give young men I would say be temperate in habits, use no spirituous liquors before you are fifty and drink no wines except at meals. Keep the joints well olied with cept at meals. Keep the joints well olled with exercise, marry as soon as you can after a search of age, don't overwork and don't worry and if you have a decent con-science and a fair constitution, there is no

reason why you should not reach four score, A SUPREME COURT JUSTICE. Justice McArthur is one of the retired justices of the United States supreme court of the filistrict of Washington. He has led an active and hard working life, and now at seventy seven he does not look as old as many a man of 99. He is tall, erect and the lookers. a man of 60. First tall, erect and the loss ling. There are but few wrinkles in his handsome face, and his hair, though gray, is thick and sliky. He has a wonderfully clear complexion, and his blue eyes are bright and full of life. He is a fine talker, a good liver and of life. He is a fine talker, a good liver and be emjoys society as much as when he was twenty years younger. I met him at Saratoga and asked him his tocipe for longevity. "I am," said he, "naturally of a strong constitution, and I attribute my almost perfect physical and mental condition largely to a very good set of digestive organs. I can eat anything and drink anything, and am one of the few men of whom it may be said that they do not know that they have a stomach. I have been so throughout my life, and I attribute my continuing in this condition in that such excesses as I have committed in the past I have always made up for by rest and nothing. If I

as I have committed in the past I have always made up for by rest and bathing. If I am up late at night, I take pains to sleep late the next morning, and if I am at a big dinner, I see that my pores are thoroughly open the next day, so that any deleterous matters that I may have taken into my system may spass away. I don't believe in asseticism, nor in the mortification of the flesh by rigid rules of diet, by limiting the appetite and by denving one's seif that good may come. I believe that may should take as much pleasure out of life as he can consistently with his work as he goes along. The desire for enjoyment is natural and it The desire for enjoyment is natural and it should be gratified as much as hunger and thirst. The very fact that it exists is an evidence that nature intended it to be gratified. But of course every man must be a law unto himself in such matters, and that which suits one may not suit another."

HOT AIR BATHS.

"You were speaking of bathing, Justice McArthur. What kind of bathing do you

"I am a great believer in hot air baths," relied the justice.
"I keep myself in good condition by one of these every week. I think the Turkish baths are good, but my favorite bath is the alcohol not air bath, which I take regularly when I am at home. When I am away I take the hot water bath, making the water red hot and soaking myself in it until the perspiration flows freely out of every pore of myskin. I don't believe in the use of much skin. I don't believe in the use of much soap in bathing, and think that the peres of the skin are not helped by the alkali that is taken into them. Our skin is, you know, made up of thousands of little peres through which a large part of the waste of the system is carried off. These peres relieve every part of the body, stomach, liver, kidneys and every portion of the system. Each pore has a little portion of the system. Each pore has a little oil duct in it to protect it from injury and to keep it in good condition. It is a delicate piece of machinery, and I do not believe this oil should be scoured out with soap, nor should the skin be scratched and roughened with a flesh brush."

THE ALCOHOL BATH.

"Of what nature is your alcohol bath?"
"It is a bath of the vapor of alcohol. I take
it in my bath room and do it by putting pernaps a gill of alcohol in an iron cup. I light bi- and place it under a chair, then, having this and place it under a chair, then, having undressed, I seat myself over it and throw a large thanket over me and around the chair, making a hot air chamber of myself. In a snort time I begin to perspire, and the perspiration runs out of my pores in streams, washing out my skin and making me perfectly clean. When the alcohol is burnt out, I throw off the blanket and lump into my bath tub which is filled. and lump into my bath tub which is filled with water at a blood heat. After a short stay there I rub off myself with a crash towel implete the drying with a softer I then lie down for a few minutes when I get up I am a new man. Such a bath makes you feel that you have never been clean before. It revives your whole system and the alcohol acts as a tonic. You get only the good qualities in the alcohol, the burning having precipitated the injurious mes and these solutions your satemathers. ones and these going into your system through the pores as vapor act upon you as a tonic. Some people rub their skin with the raw alcohol, but I do not advise this nor do I think it beneficial."

"As to marriage," said Justice McArthur, I decidedly think it tends to the length of lays, and I would advise every young man o get married. Man needs association. It in the course of nature, and it seems to me that I have never known when I was not married. As to smoking, the abuse of to-bacco is, I think, injurious, but I do not think it hurts me to smoke in moderation. I smoke two cigars a day and enjoy them."

"How about exercise The only exercise I take," replied Justice McArthur, "is walking. I walk about three miles a day when in Washington, and I am very fond of it. I usually see the bright side of things, and in looking back at the difficul-ties I have surmounted in my life. I am surprised at my confidence in myself. I believe in work and not worry, and I think that any young man who will use the cri-terion of common sense in his life, enjoy it as much as he can, treat himself as he would a good machine and conform to nature and nature's laws has a good chance of many days.

TWO SEPTUAGENARIAN CONGRESSMEN. The two oldest men in congress are General Vandever of California and Ge, eral N. Banks of Massachusetts. Both are several years past their three-score and ten Both are perfectly erect and both possess the highest degree of physical and mental vigor. Both have led lives of hardship. Both have served in the war, and both starting out as poor boys have made themselves famous. General Vandever is, I judge, six feet high. He was born in Marysix feet high. He was born in Mary-land in 1817, was a brigadier general in the Union army and was a member of congress when James Buchanan was president of the United States. Now at seventy-three he is again in congress and as I chatted with him today about the secrets of longevity he walked with a step more springing than mine and his only sign of age was in the white strands of his sandy beard. Said he:

"I cannot say that my vigor at three score and ten is due to any fixed hobbies of diet or exercise. I have been a hard worker all my ife and I have been ordinarily temperate. I am rather careful as to my eating and I lead a regular life. I married at thirty and I believe that marriage conduces to length of years. You ask me what advice I would give to young men who wish to live long. can only say that they should be temperate in eating, drinking and work, and that they should be centent to take the days as they come and not worry about the future. I believe that exercise in the open air is good and I sthink every young man ought to get

married. General Banks is the straightest man in Washington. He is about seventy-five, and he has led a life full of bardships. He worked in a cotton factory when he was a boy, went on the lecture platform before he was of age and was in congress over half a century ago. He was elected speaker in one of the most noted speakership contests of our history, and he was one of the roughest fighters and of the most vigorous among the union generals of the late war. During the war he was in constant exposure, but he came out of it comparatively a strong man and went again into congress. He has been in congress a number of times since then, and you will number of times since then, and you will now find no more pleasant companion nor philosophic cuttesman than he. He attributes his good health largely to a moderate care of himself and to a good constitution. He believes that the mind has a great influence on the body, thinks that marriage is conducive to longevity and sees no reason why he should not live in good health for years to come. FRANK G. CARPENTER years to come.

Are You Troubled With Offensive Send for particulars how to cure them in twenty-four hours with a harmless remody that has been used successfully over twenty years. Odoricura company, 337 Vine street. Feet?

Cincinnati, O. Do you know about Haleyon Heights? Crary & Crary can tell you.

#### HIS LIFE WORK UNFINISHED

Who Will Write the Sequel to "The Conflict, Love or Money?"

THE AUTHOR AND HIS PECULIARITIES.

How the Late "Father" Martin's Story After a Continuation of Many Years Closes Really Without an Ending.

"The Conflict, Love or Money," is ended, and yet it had no end. The author is dead, the tale survives him, but their lives no

human being who may furnish a sequel. "The Conflict, Love or Money," is the name of a story. Its first chapters were given to the public in the columns of the North Nebraska Argus when the author was the editor of that watchful sheet. The author wus the late "Father" Martin, the term 'father' being applied to him affectionately by brother editors because of his patriarchal appearance and the length of time he had

spent in the army of the scribes.

The Argus was published in Dakota City. The Argus was published in Dakota City, it made its appearance weekly. In it, every week, appeared a chapter of the tale. When the first installment was precipitated upon the people, but few now living can recall. When a paper appeared without a chapter nobody will dare to mention. It is firmly believed that from the day the first contribution made its appearance, there was an uninformitted flow of the romance until the day torupted flow of the romance until the day the editor-author retired from the sheet. The last chapter lies before the writer. It is headed as the 491st. The tale must therefore have commenced eight years ago, limagine an author bolding the attention of his readers upon one subject while others were running dry upon a dozen subjects. Imagine a set of characters jostling about for nearly a third of a century without becoming tired of one another and managing to escape the attention of their strange creator. And yet such is the work, such the creation of "Father" Martin who early last week, at the advanced age of seventy-five, fell into everlasting sleep at his

home in South Sioux City.

Had it not been for this tale, seemingly of woe, the fame of Father Martin had never transcended the limits of Dakota county. Had it not been for this tale the readers of the Argus would doubt less have been treated to a greater variety of local happenings than generally found their way into its columns. Had it not been for this story, who knows, the patriarch of seventy-five might have attained his full five seventy-five might have attained his full five score and been gathered to his fathers with the honor simply of a man proud of his profession and deserving well of the friends who survived him. Whether rain fell, snow filled the sky or piercing blasts went wnistling by, the story never failed. New joys were born into hundreds of rural homes and to some of them sorrow came and left after causing tears of bereavement to flow, but never failed the story. The here got into trouble, the hereine became involved in the tolls but they never relinquished the dear. oils but they never relinquished the dear, weet hold which they or the story had upon life. When the author's descriptive powers seemed to diminish and when it was thought the overtassed writer would find relief in a return to his narrative, he would astound his readers by the creation of new and most com-

plex charaters.

In one of these moods, so disappointing to the studious reader, the author attracted attention to himself by bringing into being a character whom he named John D. Howe, it is said that many of Dickens' characters were caricatures. Those who read the description, however, of this leading personage in the plot and who were able to appreciate the analysis of the motives which actuated him, realized that he was not merely a creation of the plex charaters. that he was not merely a creation of the fancy, but a man whom one may expect to

find in certain circles of polite society.

Another character which was boldly drawn was that of Marshal Bierbower. He was not destined to long remain among the characters of the story. His was but a transitory glory, but such as it was, made a lasting im-pression upon the readers.

a gathering of eminent pisciculturists all parts of the country, "Father" Martir drew a picture of a man named W. L. May On his searf he planted a fish of diamonds and in his pockets he placed a treatise on the best manner of catching minnows without a hook. He had proceeded proceeded with a short synopsis of this able essay when the thread of story was lost and the heroine suddenly ap-peared upon the scene. What pisciculture has lost by this sudden irruption may only As a novelist Father Martin did not belong

to the French school. Neither did he lollow in the pathway of Scott or Buiwer or Cooper. If he belonged to any class it was to that of the drudges who, after long years of devotion to the prosaic recording of facts for the daily papers, enter the realm of fiction only to find that the poesy and fancy with which they may have been gifted in youth have vanished because of coldness and neglect. Father Martin was scarcely a poet. Neither was he a painter. He was not a historian, neither was he a sensationalist. He wrote as the reporter writes, detailing occurrences as the reader desires them, it the simplest of language and with but little striving after effect. In this manner tons of copy roiled from his pen. In this manner a book of three times the size of the bible was given to the public. Whether or not there now lives a man who read its every line or who could hope to give even a simple synopsis of the plot, is something which may not now be determined. Be that as it may, the old gentleman wrote to point a moral, and it is to be sincerely hoped that he dropped his pen with the satisfaction that he had attained the height of his ambition.

About two years ago "Pather" Martin re-tired from his beloved Argus, and then again entered the domain of matrimony. He was succeeded as editor by Judge Wilbur. He had foully hoped that he would be able the had foundly hoped that he would be able to complete his story where he had begun it, but the judge was not wilin. This is why the story remained unfluished. It came to a close as abruptly as did the life of its veteran author and will doubtless live long in the memory of those who knew of its great antiquity and knew also and respected its retiquity, and knew also and respected its pe-

Bus herewith presents the last chapter of this great romance just as it appeared in the Argus, but the closing parenthetical admonition (to be continued) has ne significance unless the well known author has reumed his labors in the realms of the super-

THE CONFLICT-LOVE OR MONEY. THE CORONER'S DOINGS.

CHAPTER CCCCXCXI The jury summoned by the coroner having been duly sworn, the watchman and Jav as vitnesses now had the oath administered to

The coroner then asked the watchman the llowing questions:
"Were you the first one one who came into the room after the pistol was fired !"

"Tell the jury what you saw upon entering here." "I saw the deceased lying upon the floor "I saw the deceased lying upon the floor with a revolver firmly grasped in his hand.
"Did you hear the report of the pistol!"
"I did."

"Go on and state the facts in the case." "Well, I was sixwly pacing back and forth in the hall and was only ten or twelve feet away from the door of this room when I heard a loud report as of a plate. "I know from the direction of the sound that it came from this room, No. 42, and on trying the door found it locked. "I then at once entered and ascertained that the deceased had shot himself fatally."

"Could any burglar have fired that shot

got out of the room without your knowldge: "No-it would have been impossible, for I was but a few feet from the door and the hall was well lighted." "Are you sure that no person entered this room before you came into it?"

"I am sure."
"Who was the second person to enter!" 'Mr. Jay Carisie.' "After you get in here how long was it be-fore Mr. Carlisle made his appearance!"
"A very brief time."
"Was it five minutes!"

"I should judge it was about three min-"What did he do after he came here?" "He stood viewing the corpse and then busrt into tears."

take the witness chair. Did you hear the re-port of the pistol which caused the watchman

"I did."
"How long was it before you got here!"
"Not exceeding three minutes for I did not step to put on my coat."
"Do you believe the deceased had deliber-

ately made up his mind to commit suicide "State to the jury your reasons for that be His letter addressed to me discloses the

would never have another attack of mania-a potu."
"At the time he said he would never have "At the time he said he would never have another attack of delirium tremens did youthink he contemplated suicide!"
"Not immediately. I supposed that he would be able to break off the habit of drinking whisky and thus escape another attack—but if he failed in his effort to reform that suicide would surely follow,"
"What was his state of mind when you last talked with him?"

talked with him?"
"He seemed to be very nervous and gloomy.
I knew that he preferred death rather than live the life of a drunkard."
"Did he appoint you his executor?"
"He did."

"Did he have much property?"

"He bequeathed \$30,000 to his two sisters and I now have in my possession \$1,572 of his money."

"You may now retire, Mr. Carlisle."

The doctor then stepped forward and the oath was administered to him.

"You may state to the jury what you know of this melancholy affair."
"I was summoned here as the hotel physician, When I viewed the body I found life extinct. On examination, I found a wound

upon the right temporal region. Upon closer scrutiny, I found the crifice to be thirty-eight hundreaths of an luch in diameter. "Before examination with the probe, I found the wound to be an ornice penetrating the scalp and the underlying thin layer of muscles and passing through the right temperal bone of the skull and entering the brain. peral bone of the skill and entering the brain.

"By the use of a probe, I found the opening to extend slightly upward and to the left. I could not follow the course of the orlice through the brain accurately to any great doubt, because the soft tissue of the brain will readily permit a probe to pass in any direction with very little force.

"I did not, by probing, discover any foreign substance in the brain. I then by the usual operation, removed the covering of the brain and found a leaden ball lodged against the skull on the left side of the head directly

the skull on the left side of the head directly opposite to the orilice first found and about an inch higher up.

"I here present you with the ball found. I give it as my opinion that this leaden ball was the cause of the death of the young man over whose body you are now holding an inquest."

(To be Continued,) But the story never was continued.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers; best little pills for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bad breath. TWAS DIFFERENT THEN.

Changes of a Dozen Years in Omaha Newspaper Work.

"In those days I. W. Miner was the local staff of the Republican, Will L. Visscher of he Herald, and Al. Sorenson of The Bee," said a newspaper man of a later generation who was an office boy in the days referred to. "The Bee was an afternoon paper and Sorenson had the field to himself and himself "Miner and Visscher used to work the field

together and swap news in McNamara's place about 11 o'clock every night, after which they engaged in social amusements until all danger of scooping each other was passed. They both made good papers in this way, and as no person thought of taking both the Heralu and Republican they got on nicely.

"Visscher feli in love This might be looked upon as a joke by those who remember the author of 'Black Mammy' back in 1875 or thereabouts. The other fact is still more astonishing, however, for his affection was represented by the boundary of the lower fact is still more astonishing, however, for his affection was reciprocated and the homeliest man in Omaha with the reddest nose in America married a charming young lady in the most conventional style. The bridal tour was short and sweet and the young couple settled down to housekeepnar just as if nothing remarkable had happened and Mrs. Visscher did the cooking and housework.

In a few weeks cher began to look dyspeptic and sad. He had sworn off on late The but suppers, beer, pretzels and stimulating condiments. The shock was great of course, but this did not satisfactorily account for the wailing sense of wee which worked its way into his occasional verses and took the edge off his local lokes. In explanation Visscher is alleged to have

explained the situation in about these words 'You see my wife has a rich old man, and she never had to soil her flly white hands in dishwater or blister her face over a red hot cooking stove. I never kepthouse either and some way we don't make out as well as we might at it. Now I help her ali I can and we are about as sweet over each other as ever. but our means don't get to the right place and plague take the luck I haint feeling good. Now what do you reckou we had for break-fast this morning! Nothing under heaven

but ham and ice cream. Ugh! "As he grunted, his friend backed off be-hind the counter and exploded with laughter, while Visscher nibbled at the rye bread and coriander seed and gazed upon him plate glass mirror more in sorrow than in

anger.
"After awhile Visscher went away. "After awnite Vissener went away. He drifted about a good deal, did fine work in certain lines and was always genial but usually unlucky. The last I heard of him he was running a daily at Fairhaven, Wash, and on the high road to prosperity. I hope he is doing well, for with all his faults he is one of the best hearted men on earth and a the the best hearted men on earth and a who ought by this time to be famous. Viss-who ought by this time to be famous. Viss-cher writes fair verses, spicy paragraphs and cher writes fair verses, spicy paragraphs and cher writes fair verses. His three stanzas anecdotes. His three stanzas anecdotes. laughable anecdotes. His three stanzas
There's a Good Many Holes in a Skimmer, were written here and dedicated to Harry P enel, the well known ticket agent.
"A few years after Visscher 1eft Omaha

and the Herald Sam Donnelly came out from Binghamton, N. Y., and took the city page of that paper. It is no discredit to other reporters to say that he was the most tircless new-gatherer that Omaha had ever seen up to that period. He was a tall, lean, rather awkward looking young man with a sandy complexion. He had never done any metropolitan newspaper work, but he had the divine gift of knowing an item at sight ahd grasping its value on the spot. He made a record of scoops in Omaha that made Miner stutter and Sorenson swear. They were a trifle indifferent to the imported reporter when he came and chuckled to themselves as they thought of the tiresome, rocky road which so many other eastern journalists had followed in sorrow and tribulation to an early resignation. had not been in the city more than ten days, however, until he had paralyzed both the other papers and he never got through paralyzing them. The writer remembers how paralyzing them. The writer remembers how the Republican reporters from Miner to Edwards lay awake nights onaccount of Donnelly's dreadful faculty for scooping competitors. His presence and work braced up all the His presence and work braced up all the newspapers in the city. Poor fellow, he afterward went to New York and took a place on the New York Sun and was killed by a falling ladder in a burning building. His place on the Herald was taken by S. F. Woodbridge, who is now the city editor of the World-Hera'd. Woodbridge has seen the city grow from Woodbridge has seen the city grow from about 25,000 people to 140,000, and through all the changes has held to his profession and the changes has held to his profession and remained in the city. He left the Herald when the Evening World was started, to go back to it when the consolidation occurred. He is now the oldest newspaper reporter in the city in continuous service. He works just as hard and as faithfully keeps up his details now with half a dozen reporters under him as when he did all the reporting, read his own proofs and held the 'ad' copy for errors in the old office next to the Grand Central hotel. If he were not so modest a competitor the writer would say some very competitor the writer would say some very complimentary things about him, all of which would be deserved.

"As the city grew and the newspapers en-larged the force of reporters increased. There has been an army of them and it havily seems possible that twelve years ago hardly seems possible that twelve years ago three men covered the entire field for the three papers. The editor-in-chief of each paper was the managing editor. The foreman edited the telegraph. The city editor did the drama, the courts, the railways, the society, the churches, everything, and wrote special articles for Sunday. Every man read his own proofs and the city editor marked up the 'ad' galleys besides. Now there are but two daily newspapers, but the editorial and local force of each numbers over twenty men." men.

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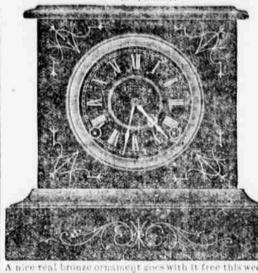
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