TALE TOLD BY A TILLTAPPER.

An All-'Round Crook and Gambler Gives His Life Story.

SECRET OF ALL GAMBLING AND STEALING.

How the Desire to Get Something for Nothing Becomes a Disease Which There's No Remedy.

The clock on the high school tower was anhounging the hour of midnight as I crossed Sixteenth street where it intersects Farnam and stopped for a moment to watch for the last motor train toward the south.

The night was one of nature's models. The moon, then in the third quarter, with the assistance of the electric light that swings over the intersection of the two streets, transformed the darkness in that immediate vicinity into day. Innumerable moth millers, butterflies and a host of other insects were fluttering and darting about the glittering globe from which the dazzling rays of the electric current shot in all directions. A pair of bats shot hither and thither like irregular meteors, darting close to the light and then away into the darkness carrying with them at each trip some doomed and captive insect for a feast.

An occasional pedestrian passed me, looked wistfully down. the street in hope of seeing one more motor train moving toward Hanscom park, but the last train had gone and with lagging steps

the straggling and pelated passengers moved

I had just about decided to pursue the same course when I noticed a man coming out of the Omaha board of trade building. He had evidently been taking a late luncheon. He came directly toward me and as I started across the street I met him under the full glare of the electric light.

"For heaven's sake, how do you do!" said I, as I looked him in the face and recognized the features of a playmate of my boyhood, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, but concerning whose career I was pretty well

"Excuse me, sir, but I think you must be mistaken," said the man I had just addressed. "O, no. I am not mistaken," I replied, for with the sound of his voice every vestige of doubt had vanished. "You are Fremont "Hush-sh-sh," he said raising his hand

and speaking in a whisper. "You know me Jim and I know you, but by all that used to be near and dear to us both, I tell you I must not be known here by that name. Do not mention the fact that you met me or saw me. "But hold up a moment," I said earnestly

as the man was about to walk away. "It certainly can't do you any harm to talk with me a few moments. I have no occasion for getting you into trouble," Well, if you must talk come away from

the light, come over here in the shadow."

And we walked to the steps of the Kountze Memorial Lutheran church and sat down.
"Now Jim," said the playmate of my youth when we had taken seats in that out-of-the-way place, what is there that you and I can talk about. You know my record, or a part of it at least. You know that I am ashamed to talk to you about it." Why don't you quit making a record that you are ashamed of, and make a man of your

You are capable of better things, and you know it "Yes. I admit all you say to be true, but let me tell you, Jim, after a man has once en tered upon my profession—we call it a pro-fession. I suppose, because there is hardly enough work about it to call it a trade—he seldom reforms. I have traveled a rocky road since you and I were in school together back there in illinois fifteen years ago. Do you remember how I used to beat you playing marbles at the old country school house? Lord, how I wish_I could live them days all

"Why not start in now and make the best of it from this out?" "There are a thousand reasons, Jim, why professional crooks and gamblers do not form. In the first place, the desire to In the first place, the desire to get something for nothing-which is the fountain

head and secret spring of all gambling and stealing—becomes a sort of disease. It gets into a man's very veins and he cannot shake it off. The excitement of the gambling room, the terrible hazard that must be constantly faced by professional cracksmen becomes sort of necessity in the life of the sporting man and the crook, and many of them would rather make \$2,000 a year in that way than \$10,000 at some legiti mate but prosy business where the elements of chance and danger do not figure so promuently. so prominently.
"No, I tell you, it is hard to reform a sport

a crook. You may reform a murderer, for may have committed the deed in the heat of passion or anger, but this thing of preof passion or anger, but this thing of pro-fessional gambling and stealing is a plant of deliberate growth and its roots take hold very deep. I had no intention when I began this business of ever degenerating into a safe-blower, but I will confess to you that I have turned several dellars that way. In fact, I have made more money by tapping the tills and going through the pockets of tender feet than I ever made at the game. You remember my first exposure? Well, that cut me up a good deal, but I soon got hardened and an arrest now is simply a plece of bad luck, just the same as a spell of sickness would be to you. It simply interfere for a time with my opera

"A man never becomes much of a success in this line until he has made a jail record, because he does not make the acquaintance of the skillful men in the business. They are afraid to talk to a tenderfoot. He may turn out to be a sleuth of the law or a blockhead and get experienced men into trouble." How many times have you been in jail?"

"I have had a pretty active career since I started out from home fourteen years ago. Have been in county jalls eleven times, staying all the way from ten days to six months Have served two short terms in the peniten-tiary and have seen the inside of a common city "jug," as you reporters call it, nineteer times. I went in the first time when I was not quite rifteen years old and the last time about six months ago, making a record of thirty-two times that I have been arrested in less than lifteen years."

"Do you feel discouraged when thrown in That depends upon the circumstances. An ordinary arrest and lockup simply as a suspi-cious character, or some such chestnut, is looked upon as a mere incident of the trade, but a penitentiary sentence for five to ten years or more is a serious matter with any one who is at all ambitious in his profession. A life sentence or the dead drop a man of my stripe is not likely to get unless he gets into a desperate hole some time and is obliged to cut his way out. But five, ten or fifteen years knocked out of a man's life is a serious matter. You take a man now for instance at my age, with the most of life before him—as we used to say in our school boy essays—and let him be lugged into the pen and have to squander ten good ripe years learning some stupid trade that he won't have any use for after he gets out, is a very discouraging feature of the business. Some young fellows just starting in imagine, as I used to, that the life of a professional gam-bler and all-round thief is a picnic; but I tell you when you come to consider the dis-couragements and risks that a man has to face you will wake up your mind that it is

about the bardest way on earth to make a living."
"You have no means of insuring our life or insuring yourself against loss in this line of business, have you?"

There is a movement on "No, we haven't. "No, we haven't. There is a movement on fost among some of the profession to organize a gamblers' and pickpockets' mutual protective association, which I think will be a very good scheme. Of course the whole business will be sub-rosa, but it will be soften up in first-class shape. You may wonder how we can trust any of our profession with the funds of the organization but let me tell you that laying aside all but let me tell you that, laying aside all jokes, there is such a thing as honor among thieves. If it isn't nenor it is something that acts a good doal like it, for I have known men in my business who would not steal from a poor man or a pard under any circumstances. have known professional gamblers and thieres who would divide the last nickel with a poor woman or with anybody in the hour of need. But I tell you, Jim, it always makes me feel uncomfortable to meet such men in my line of business. They are good secoush to be making an honest living and that is where they belong. A man in this

business ought to be consistent and if he t he will be a confounded villian from one end of the week to the other. I have permitted my sympathy to make a fool of me sometimes. A crook has no use for sympathy. All he needs is nerve, ability to play and a

ittle cash. "You have doubtless met with some very nsational experiences!"
"Yes, I have been shot in half a dozen places, and have more cuts and bruises about my tody than I am years old. But I don't like to tell about such things. They always remind me that I ought to have been an bon-est man. There is one little incident, though, that I will tell you about. It illustrates the

ludicrous side of the business.

A GRIP FULL OF GREENBACKS. "Five years ago this coming winter, in rive years ago this coming whiter, in company with a pard, I decided to try my luck in the pinerles of Michigan. We knew a wealthy old lumber man up there who had several hundred men at work in the woods, and he had an old-fashioned way of going out to the camp every two weeks with a grip full of greenbacks to pay off the men. We laid plans to intercept the old man's money before it reached the camp. He usually went up from the town where he lived, about thirty miles from the lumber camp, on Saturday, getting off at a small station in the woods and then driving about six miles to the camp. He thad a way of appearing very careless about the handling of an old weather-beaten grip that he invariably carried, usually throwing it under the seat in a very indifferent manner when he entered the car. His dress was rough and he affected the manner of some one-horse farmer struggling to make a living on a forty-acre farm in the brush. All this was for a purpose, and that purpose was to conceal the fact that he carried a big bunch of bills in that old weatherbeaten grip. The old man had followed this nethod of paying off his men with perfect se curity for several years and had begun to feel proud of what he believed was a com-plete success at deceiving any rouber who night have, at any time, been laying plans to

apture his money. The old man was mistaken. We shadowed him for two weeks and then iaid plans to re-lieve him of his conceit and his cash at the same time.

About three miles from the station where the old man got off there was a bridge in the road where he had to pass. At that point we decided to make the attack and secure the

We knew about the hour the old man usually came along, and a few minutes be-fore he arrived at the bridge we pried two of the boards off and left the bridge in bad shape. We then concepted ourselves in shape. We then concealed ourselves in a brush patch near the road and waited for the lumberman. Pretty soon we saw his sleigh coming through the woods, winding around the trees that lined the crocked road. There was a man with him—a Methodist preacher, whom we had seen before at the lumber camp—but we did not permit that to interfere with our plans in the least. When the lumberman ame to the bridge he saw the boards off and he and the preacher got out to put them in place. They tied the team about four rods rom the bridge and not more than a rod from where we lay. I made a dash for the grip and my pard covered the two men with his revolver, but he did not intend to shoot. He thought they would throw up their hands, but they weren't built that way. The old man hauled out a wicked looking old horse pistol, and seeing by this time that I had the grip and was putting off through the woods my pard just fired once at random and then took to his heels and followed me down brough the woods at about the livliest rate of speed we ever made in our lives. We didn't stop until we reached the edge of a lake about a mile from the bridge. Here we buckled on our skates and then before making a dash down the side of the lake we decided to throw the grip away and we opened it to divide the money. I perked the old weather beatin bag open and we gazed in ewilderment at its contents.

"Full of greenbacks of course!" "Not by a long shot. That confounded old grip contained nothing but a pocket bible, three nymn books, a night shirt, two clean handkerchiefs and a sermon written on forty pages of letter paper, and on this text, taken from the twelfth chapter of Romans and the seventeenth verse: "Provide things honest

n the signt of all men." "What did you do?"
"What did we do? Well, you can imagine one thing we did. We swore. But we had to get out of there, and that right early. We shid down the lake, caught a freight train and rode down almost to Grand Rapids, and then jumped and sneaked into town before daylight. The papers gave the whole thing away next morning. They told about two bungling highwaymen attempting to rob a realthy lumberman. how they got hold of a minister's grip and ran away with some testaments and tracts, while the grip containing \$3,500 in greenbucks lay under the seat of the sleigh unmo-lested. The old preacher happened to have a grip that was a dead match for the one carried by the lumberman, and I got the wrong one. I have always remembered that passage of scripture, but I have violated it nearly very day of my life since. Now don't talk o me about reform, for I can't listen to it. Go on home to your wife and I will go my way. I hope you will never tell any one that you have met me, Jim, and try, if you can, to forget that there ever was such a boy and

hearty shake of the hand and walked away. A Sea Side Fancy. Jack Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly. would, O Sea, thy destines were mine

And the crook and gambier arose, gave me

To shape for one short day. I'd give to thee The rest which I am sure thou'ldst not decline, If thou to have thy way were wholly

This endless beating on the sandy shore, This constant undulation on the deep, This never-ceasing din of thy dull roar.

Do testify the vigil thou dost keep. Methinks if thou couldst in quiescence lie For one full day 'twere better for mankind-

For them that dwell the sounding coast hard For them that homes unfathomed find

And so I'd say, had I the sovereign power, Were all that is subject to my will For but one day, one minute, or one hour, "Whilst I am reigning, Sea, do thou be still."

ABOUT WOMEN.

Kate Field, who has made Washington her home for the last eighteen months, calls both New York City and Boston "idiotically An-

Miss Nanette McDowell, granddaughter of Henry Clay, lives with her father in the old Clay homestead of Ashland, one of the most beautiful and romantic places in all

The Maine girls are no cowasds. Down in Washington county the girl raspberry pickers run across a bear now and then, but keep right on picking berries. New York World: Each year of Chief

Justice Fuller's residence in Washington has witnessed the debut of one of his seven charming daughters. This year Miss Mary Fuller returns from her long stay in Berlin to enter society at the capital.

Mrs. Douglas, wife of the once famous physician who attended General Grant on nis deathbed, has just received an appointment to a subordinate position in the treas-ury department at Washington. Her hus-band, by his unremitting attention to the dying president, lost his practice and has never regained it. He is now broken in health and almost penniless.

Walter Besant says that a clever English girl of his acquaintance was employed some time ago by a man who brings out cheap novelettes. She got 50 shillings for writing a story of 30,000 words; that is to say, a penny for every fifty words. And she was not allowed to put her name to the thing, because, as her sweater told her, "if you put your name the people will ask for you and your price will go up.

All France is very much interested just now in the future of a young widow, the Princess Letitia, who is the only marriagea-ble princess of the Bonaparte family. The ble princess of the Bonaparte family. The princess is a woman of somewhat imposing beauty. She has a rather large figure, inclined to embonpoint, a florid face, and thick black hair. Her lips are full, almost to the point of sensuality. Of her shoulders and arms it has been said that they might furnish models for a sculptor, for they are superbly developed. In manner the princess is most vivacious, but she has an unpleasant is most vivacious, but she has an unpleasant way of making cutting and sarcastic re-marks. She has expressed a desire to marry again, and Paris is curious to know whom she will select for a busband.

KEELEY'S CUSSEDNESS CURES.

Wonderful Progress of the War Against Liquor, Tobacco and Opium.

BI-CHLORIDE OF GOLD'S WORK AT BLAIR.

Success of the Nebraska Branch of Recley's Famous Dwight Institution Fully Attested By Its Satisfactory Results.

"Keelevism" is just now the fashion. The man who has not heard of bi-chloride of gold and who cannot cite from among his acquaintances cases who are "remarkable cures" is not "in it," colloquially speaking. Not very long ago it was a difficult matter to find out anything about Dr. Keeley's cure for the atcohol, opium and tobacco habits, But since such great journals as the Chicago Tribune, New York Sun, and, latterly, THE BEE (to say nothing of hundreds of papers of lesser influence), have freely thrown their columns open to the testimony of the rescued, and, moreover, through humanitarian, not advertising influences, there is no excuse for anyone not knowing that drunken-

In a recent Sunday issue of THE BEE I wrote of Dr. Keeley's institute at Dwight, Ill., and of the cares that were being effected there through the instrumentality of bichloride of gold. It will be good news to many readers of THE BEE to know that there is now in Netraska a branch of the Keeley institute where bi-chloride of gold is transforming draudkards and opium habitues into sober and useful men. This branch is located in the beautiful little city of Biair, where Dr. Keeley's methods and medicines are working wonders.

ness can be cured.

bers of the brotherhood to which I am proud to belong-the brotherhood of men the manhood who havo make the effort to throw off the fetters of a destroying habit, and that I might be able to intelligently tell the people of the loophole so near home for the unfortunates who are

I visited the Blair institute recently for the

purpose of becoming acquainted with mem-

under the alcoholic ban. The choice of Blair for the branch institute in Nepraska has proven a happy one. It is easy of access, quiet enough for the necessary rest, yet lively enough to keep interes alive, hospitable, picturesque and has cool and leafy streets

The people of Blair have personally taken a great interest in the institute and its pa-tients, and many doors are thrown open to the men in the endeavor to cheer and encour age. Not long since Mr. Crowell, who owns one of the most beautiful estates in Nebraska, invited the patients out to his place, which is situated near Blair, and entertained them gracefully. This spirit, which treats the men not as outcasts, but as unfortunates, is

not only right, but very helpful.

On May 19 last the institute was opened with Dr. B. F. Monroe as physician in charge and Mr. W. J. Cook, the business manager, to look after the temporal wants of the patients. It was not long before its existent in a measure known and patients began to arrive.

The people of the west have not yet heard as much about the Keeley cure as those of the east, or the institute would have been crowded from the time of its opening. The news is gradually filtering its way into all corners, a man having been cured is not slow to announce the fact in his lit-tle world, and so the news spreads. The institute at Dwight started in a much smaller way and as the news traveled eastward and the truth and value of the remeas became known the newspapers took the mat-ter up and distributed the information broadcast. People who had been compelled to stand idly by and see alcohol destroy thou-sands of otherwise useful and brilliant men were aroused and realizing that here, for the first time, was an infallible remedy for the world's greatest cause and deadlest and most prevaient disease began to send patients to Dr. Keeley. And so, no doubt, will it be with Blair. When people realize that the drunken father, soo, brother or husband can be relieved of his malady, that he can return to them sound in body and mind, that the broken and unhappy home can be restored then bi-chloride of gold as administered by Dr. Monroe at Blair will do as much for Nebraska as it has done for the homes of the east. Skepticism will, no doubt, deter many from reaping this benefit for some time, but I confidently pre-dict that the time is not rar distant when in formation about the bi-chloride of gold reme dies and their uses will be as familiar to pco-ple generally as the home remedies of our grand mothers.

t may be well to digress slightly and say that it is now the generally accepted opinion that drunkenness is a disease and not a vice, prohibitionists to the contrary notwithstanding. For centuries alcohol has had its unrelenting grip at the throats of high and low, and he who could shake it off after it once became fastened was a remarkably strong Jenner, Pasteur, Koch and hosts of scientific men have discovered remedies and alleviators for the various ills that human flesh is heir to, but it was left for Dr. Leslie E. Keeley to discover a certain and painless cure for the greatest of all curses, drunken-ness. This remedy is the double chloride of gold and by its use alcohol, opium, morphine, cocaine, chloral, cigarettes and all similar poisons, which, for some unaccountable reason, are spread temptingly as traps for poor, weak humanity to fall into, are utterly routed and put to flight forever. Dr. Keeley's great success with bi-chloride of gold is due to the fact that he can administer such large quantities of the gold as are necessary to drive out the poisons, his preparation car-rying with it an eliminant to relieve the system of the gold after it has done its work. The success of the remedy cannot now be doubted, even by the most skeptical, more than nine thousand men having been cured by it, with no failures, and only five per cent of relapses to the habit which had been

As yet the great organizations of this country, whother temperance, religious or benevo-lent, have made no official movement to ap-ply the bi-chloride of gold remedy to the bet-terment of humanity, but the day will come when skepticism will be brushed away and drunkenness reduced to a minimum. The probabilion party whose putative object is prohibition party, whose putative object is the alleviation, by law, of the misery caused by drunkenness, has done nothing to investipate the merits of bi-chloride of gold as a eans to the end they wish to attain. The Chicago Evening Journal, one of the papers which has lately thrown off projudice and is advocating Keeleyism, says editorial-

"Apropos of nothing why is it that the robibitionists take so little interest in Keeley cure for the liquor habit! It either cures that habit or it does not. If it does it attains just the end the prohibitionists are seeking, and they should laud its inventor as the greatest of men. They are not lauding to any particular extent. Is it possible that the professional prohibitionist fears to see his occupation

At the Blair institute patients are received and cared for precisely as at Dwight. They are taken to a quiet, comfortable boarding house, and are soon taken in hand by fellow "students" and made to feel that they are among friends. The enthusiasm among the men is intense. They see the change that is working in each other's mind and body and cheerily congratulate one another, while they encourage and help the newcomer who has not recovered from his weakness and nervous-ness. It is a lesson to humanity at large to see the amount of unselfishness and hearty kindness displayed toward one another by erstwhile weak and nervous wrecks.

There are over thirty patients now at Blair and thirty-five cures have been effected. Abou a dozen Omaha men have been and are now undergoing treatment there, and they are representative men in every respect. Dr. Monroe has made some marvelous cures in the short time the institute has been open. He has completely cured the worst drunkard in Western Iowa, a man who was famed from Sioux City to the south terrible debauches. I talked with t on the day of his graduation, and I never met a more intelligent, sober and geutlemaniv man or one so thoroughly happy in his reformation. The doctor is making a successful cure of a man who consumed thirty grains of cocaine, thirty grains of morphine and two

quarts of whisky daily.

This man I also talked with and he is as confident as the doctor that he is being cured, SOME ANONYMOUS HUMORISTS.

he is a physician and is thoroughly cognizant of his position. It is not necessary, how-ever, to elaborate on the cures being made. A branch of the By-chloride of Gold club has been organized at Blair, and its meetings are being enthusiastically attended. The young ladies of Blair, with the tender pity of woman kind, have furnished and care for a comfortable club room for the boys. Fresh bouquets of flowers are placed on the tables every morning and bittures, books, magaines and musical instruments lie in picturesque confusion on the writing and card tables in the comfortable room. Almost daily I am asked as to the expense of the Keeley treatment. The charge for the treatment is \$25 a week, comfortable poard can be had for \$5 or \$1 a week, miscellaneous expenses, such as baths, shaving, cigars, etc., \$1 to \$2 per week, surely a moderate expense in propor

For the benefit of Nebraska and adjacent territory the brance of the Keeley Institute at Blair has been started. It is easier of acess than Dwight, patients from any part of the state having good railroad facilities by either of Omaha or Fremont, and the mini mum of hours spent in travel is very desirable to all new patients. Another great desideratum is the saving in railroad fares as between Blair and Dwight. O Omaha it is especially convenient, enabling friends of patients to visit them frequently and keep informed as to their The number of Omaha men now at the Biair institute undergoing treatment testifies the appreciation in which the remedy is beginning to be held hore. The case of an Omuha man sent to Blair last week is being anxiously watched by a large number of people, and his cure will result in a num-ber of other men going. A letter from him, less than a week after his arrival, states that he had given up whisky and was certain of a cure. This good news came in the face of the belief that he was a hopeless and incur-able drankard, bereft of health, moral con-trol, and all but a few faithful friends, whose faith will be rewarded when he returns a new man, mentally and physically, with his appetite for liquor gone forever.

Dr. Monroe, the physician in charge, is thoroughly competent, having received his training in the treatment of alcohol and opium habits at the bands of Dr. Keeley himself, which is all that is necessary to say of competency. He has practised for twelve years in Blair and has been remarkably suc-cessful in his practice. He is an ideal man for the place, Broad minded, a splendid dis-ciplinarian, gentle and sympathetic, he can be confidently entrusted with cases to whom the bi-chieride of gold is necessary.
W. Ghant Richardson.

The Jonraey.

"Fair child, where art thou going?" I asked a bright-eyed boy, Whose golden locks were glowing As he bounded on in joy. His cheeks were flushed and ruddy, In the morning air so cool, He replied, "I go to study," And he pointed to the school.

"Young man, where art thou going, With brightly polished gun And glittering sabre glowing In the rays of the noonday sun?"
"O, I thought to live in story, As my country's strongest shield, And I go to seek for glory On the bloody battledeld,"

"Old man, where art thou going-What great journey hast begun As thy silvery locks are glowing In the rays of the setting sun!" He raised his head; so heavy, Toward heaven's brilliant dome, And his eyes seemed lit with glory

As he said, "I'm going home! SAYING OF BRIGHT BUDS.

An luquiring Mind. Philadelphia Press: "Mamma, who Punkantel! "I'm sure I don't know, child. I never

"Does he love papa !" "I den't know. 'Does teacher love him!"

Love who! "Tunkantel." "Whatever are you talking about, my

"Well, I don't care. Anyway, I saw papa huggin' teacher on the stairs yesterday, an' teacher say she love papa better than Tun-

Too Old. Philadelphia Times: "Ma," said the smart 10-year-old boy, at the dinner table, as he cked up an ear of corn, "I do

"Why not, my son?" "P-cause it is too old." "You are mistakên my son. It is a ver/ sice and tender ear."

"Yes. What made you think it was old?" "Oh, because it has whiskers on it," he re-plied, while pulling off some of the silk the book had left on carelessly.

A Pair. Epoch: Timmy-Your papa goes out every light and comes home drunk. Jimmy-So does yours.

limmy-Who told you! Jimmy-My papa. Who told you about Timmy-My papa. Come on and let's play

Quite a Marksman. Kate Field's Wasnington: Anxious parent Jo Johnnie doesn't get on well with his studies? I am afraid you find him rather an

Teacher-Aimless!! You ought to have seen him hit me on the nose with an ingpot from the far corner of the school-room yesterday.

> Eddie's Explanation. H. R. Maginley

"Yes, the earth is moving always, Night and day, and day and night;" Said our Eddie to his playmate.
"And it is no more than right

That it should be, for if it happened
To cease moving, suddenly,
It would fly like space through lightning And be dashed to pieces. See

No Wonder They Quarreled.

"You and Charlie quarreled, I hear!" 'What about?" "He said he only wanted one very little kiss when I had half a dozen large ones all

ready for him." A Martyr to Duty. Mother (suspictously) -If you haven't seen in swimining how did your hair get so

Little Dick-That's perspiration-running way from bad boys who wanted me to disobey you an go in awimmin' Not to Be Repeated to Uncle Zake.

"Papa, is my Uncle Zeke a good farmer?"
"No. Dickey. He leaves his agricultural "No, Dickey. He leaves his agricultural applements out in the weather and they get all rusted." (After a prolonged mental struggle)— Papa, is that the way he got his teeth all

The Amiable Younger Sister. Munsey's Weekly: Young Sappy-Do you think Miss Amy will come down soon! Effic-I'm sure I hope so, for really I find you an awfully hard man to entertain. Beating the Drum.

Harper's Bazar: "Papa," said Willie, as

the bass drum went by, "that man ain't as strong as ne looks, is he!" "I don't know. Why!" "He doesn't seem to be able to break the box open."

Teacher asks a bright boy: "How many unces are there to the pound?" Bright Boy-That depends upon the grocer. The Sojer Boy in Summer.

That Depends.

When the cherries on the oranches are a fry-And the sentries are a plodding in the dirt, And the sun our human flesh is mortifying. O. 'tis then the gallant soldier sweats his

While he tramps in 'he battalion for the la-

The thermometer 300 in the sun. If you want to be prepared to freeze in hades, This kind of preparation yanks the bun.

-freeze in hades, This kind of preparation yanks the bun. To Avoid Summer Ailments. Drink Soterian Ginger Ale-Excelsion Springs Co.'s.

CHORUS.

If you want to be propared to freeze in hades

Their Work is Shown in the City's Signs and Placards.

SINGULAR AND STRIKING SENTENCES.

Samples of Original Orthogran'ty no Store Signs, Tombstones and Flanning Banners -- Arguments for Compulsory Education.

To the superficial and unobservant stroller, here is nothing to arrest one's attention in the partly vacant lot at the corner of Sixteenth and Dodge streets, designated in the engineer's plat of the city as block 86. The average saunterer can see nothing but an ordinary city lot overrun with a luxuriant growth of rank, noisome weeds, and in the back ground foom up in blank dreariness the time-worn walls of a few old ramshackte buildings, relics of former days, whose use fulness is so far departed as to be passed by in contempt even by the ubiquitous bill poster. They stand there in the heart of the busy ous tling city in all their deserted gloominess the broken casements hang rotting upon the eru mbling walls, and the doors swing creak-ing on the rusty hinges. Monuments of the past, they seem to gaze with jealous y on the magnificent piles rearing their graceful fronts around them, and to brood over the city, weighed down in sorrow for their departed greatness. But "venit sumna dies et ineluctable tempus," yet a lit tie while and this unsightly cluster of houses so long an eye-sore to the fastidious passer by will be swept away, and Uncle Sam will rear instead a splendid new postoffice, which bids fair to be the architectural gem of the city. In anticipation of this event and with a facetious, seeming solicitude for the prop-erty of our Uncle, some of the wags in the ightorhood have erected a large sign bearng the legend: Sacred to the Memory of Uncle Sam

Keep Off the Grass." Cutting a large swath in the high weeds that frange Sixteenth street, and raising a mound, grave-like in appearance, they have planted the sign above it. The reporter was attracted by the humor and originality of the thing, and stood around to see what effect it would produce on those burrying by. Several stately and dignified matrons, who were engaged in that most inalienable of woman's rights -that favorite employment of the sex which is generally termed shopping, happened by, leisurely engaged in discussing "challis at 12c per yard, and the decadence of cambric frilling." One of them caught sight of the sign and tried to attract her companion's attention, but in vain. Ignoring her entirely, they kept their tongues awagging about the only thing that seems really wholly to occupy their dear little minds and hearts-dress.

One grieved to see their utter inability to one grieved to see their utter inability to catch the exquisite humor of the thing, and was sufficiently uncharitable to believe the most sarcastic things that have been said about the utter obtaseness of feminine natures to anything humorous. Who could refrain from thinking that if those women were east on a barren island together they would discuss a new fashion in fig leaves every day. Propably 200 persons passed by within an

Two well kept, urbane old gentlemen, re-tired merchants, out for their constitutional sauntered by leisurely. No sooner did the younger catch sight of the sign than his face wrinkled, and he broke out into a loud laugh, which somewhat startled his more staid com panion. He pointed to the sign, and his friend read aloud, dwelling emphatically on each word, then turning with an injured took, inquired:

"Well, John, where's the joke!" John started in to explain, and as they crossed Capitol avenue they were heard

arguing it out. That sign has been a cause of much merriment to many of the observant saunterers along Sixteenth street, during the past week and if the wags who placed it there have no other recompense they may rest assured that they have caused much innocent enjoyment. On Thirteenth street near Chicago, is a laundry run by a moon-eyed son of the "Flowery Kingdom." In the window is a sign in almost undiscipherable hieroglyphics: "Fail not in spite of much complaint

To give Ah Sin his dues; His people live in mild restraint And mind their p's and queues."
A fence in front of a tombstone shop on
Howard street has a grotesque sign which reads thus:

out at greatly reduced "Closing out at greatly red prices. Call early and secure a bargain." Artemus Ward would turn green with envy could be see some of the original orthography on signs which flaunt the breeze in the Bo-

hemian district.
"Planters Supplys," 'Bred Sole Her,"
"Milk for Sal," and hundreds of others equally as phonetic and ludricrous greet you where ere you go. One of the best things seen is in the neighborhood of Thirty-fourth and Cuming streets. In a deep pond is a poster which reads:

"Blank Brothers are Letting Down Prices." Right under this some careful person, de-sirous to warn boys of danger, has unwittingly posted a strip of board and crudely painted thereon:

"No Bottom. In front of a Douglas street fruit stand is a sign which runs:
"Pairs 7c apiece, 3 for 15c."

The owner, a swarthy son of sunny Italy, grew pugnacious and threatened to "usa a knifa ona damma reporta," when questioned sbout the import of the sign. A Harney street dyer thus proclaims his business:
"I live to dye, I dye to live."

On a neat little cottage on St. Mary's avenue is this:
 "This house for sale as soon as you can

raise wind enough to move her."

Nowhere do the foibles and eccentricities of poor humanity appear more than in the epitapus quaint and curious found in the last resting places. A philosopher or humorist turned loose in an old grave yard would find more food for speculation than in the crowded thorough-

fares of a great city,

Hoth in the marble that affection or remorse rears over silent sleepers, and in the inscriptions upon humble headstones, teiling of the virtues of the deceased or preaching from silent has sermons to the living, is there the same pathetic appeal against ob-livion as though the sleepers in their graves still clung to their human kinship; still

lasmed attention from the busy, bustling

world above. Many epitaphs, quaint and curious, are found in the cemeteries around Omana. Many are intended to be serious. One of the most unique and and original epitaps is in a lone grave on the road just beyond Fort Omaha. It is supposed to be the resting place of a desperado. It is as terse as it is ambiguous. On a plain board is painted the words "Gone Home," and a crude hand with index finger extended points towards a locality in which the great bonfire is popu-

arly supposed to be crackling, thus: Gone Home

Out in Laurel Hill, down in a little shaded dell, is a time-stained headstone so overrun with my that is very difficult to decipher the epituph. It is the temb of a certain Lem Aries, a sculptor and a shrewd business man who believed in advortising. This is what he cut:

"Here lies the body of Lem Aries' wife.

He is a marble cutter. This stone was erected by him as a sample of his work and a tribute to her memory. You can order inon-uments at the same style for 5 18." In a country burving ground, a few inlies rom South Omaha, is a stone which thus facetiously and sententiously tells the story

Poor Jockey Roth lies buried hero, Tho once he had both hale and stout; Death stretched him on his pitter bier, And in another world he hops about," Holy Sepulchre cemetery has a tomb with this inscription:

'Our life is but a winter's day, ome breakfast and away: Others to dinner stay and are well fed, The claest man sups and goes to bed; Large is his debt who lingers out the day— Who goes the scenest has the least to pay." Near by an affectionate, but unpostic parent gives his cherub son's memory this

"A short-lived joy Was my little boy; Ho's gone on high, So don't you cry.

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