GRAND ARMY DEPARTMENT

Official Information Concerning the Next National Encampment.

SERIOUS CBJECTIONS TO THE DATE.

Post Salutes to the Flag-The Stephenson Fund-Inquiries Regarding the Whereabouts of Veterans:

General order No. 6, from the army headquarters, Grand Army of the Republic furnishes the following information and in-

structions for the guidance of posts:

1. The commander-in-chief and the executive committee of the council of administration, met at the city of Washington, D. C.,

tion, met at the city of Washington, D. C., on the 11th and 12th inst.

At this meeting the citizen committee of Washington, composed of many of the energetic and substantial men of the city, presented their report and written agreements made by them with the lotels and boarding houses in regard to their charges and prices.

The evidence produced was entirely satisfactory to the evecuting committee, and us-

factory to the executive committee, and us-tifies the statement that liberal rates as a board and transportation will be extended to the Grand Army, and that great prepara-tions will be made to make the visit to the capital of the nation memorable in the history of our order: the executive committee, presided over by the commander-in-chief, therefore decided that the next, the twentysixth encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic shall be held in the city of Washington, D. C., on the 20th, fist and 22d-days of September, 1832. The chairman of the executive committee

The charman of the executive committee of the citizens of Washington, Comrade John Jay Edson, will as soon as practicable ferward to each post a circular containing prices of board, etc., of the hotels and boarding houses; the secretary of the same committee, Comrade Harrison Dingman, and the chairman of the committee on accommodation, Colonel L. P. Wright, are prepared to assist posts in obtaining suitable quarters.

The headquarters of departments will, for

business purposes, be located at the city hall; suitable headquarters will also be provided for the Woman's Relief Corps and the ladies of the Grand Army. It is also proposed to provide headquarters for corps of the army, grouped as near together as practicable, s that comrades can readily find those who served with them in the same corps; the mmander-in-chief will be quartered at the

The Grand Army will form for parade on the John of September, 1892, as follows: The surviving comrades of the Sixth Massachu-setts militha; the United States Veteran Signal Corps association; the departments of the Grand Army according to seniority, the Department of the Potomac having, how-ever, the left; then the National Association of Naval Veterans of the United States.

Many memories cluster in and about Washington, and the grand review of the army, a little over twenty-six years ago, is not the least of them. Once more an opportunity is offered as to meet and parade, the commander in chief hopes, in solid ranks and numbers, in the historic capital of our coun-try. Every member of our order who can possibly do so, and certainly every one who will be in Washington, should therefore be found in the ranks and in the parade, on Pennsylvania avenue, in memory of the past, for the honor and glory of our undivided country and the credit of the Grand Army of

2. The commander-in-chief observes with great regret that the number of suspended members is so large: in fact much too large. Under our rules and regulations each post has the power to remit the dues of a com-rade unable to pay them, and keep him

thereby in good standing.

The commander-in-chief has no authority in this matter, but desires to remind the comrades that suspension deprives members of moral and practical aid in times when they may need it most, and he recommends that, until suitable legislation can be had, each post appoint a committee to examine into the circumstances of members in arrears, carefully and thoroughly, and that, upon a favorable report of this committee, the post remit the dues unpaid, or all except so much thereof as may be needed to pay the per capita tax. Should worthy comrades not be able to pay even this small amount, he hopes that those whom Providence has favored, will come to the assistance of their unfortunate between the providence and the providence are the providence of their unfortunate between the providence of the providence are the providence of the nate brethren, for one of the piliars of our

order is charity.
3. The twenty-fifth national encampment directed the appointment of a committee to prepare a plan for systematic teaching of evalty to our country; this committee has been appointed and will no doubt formulate such plan and bring the same before the next encan pment, meanwhile every comrade of the order has it in his power to further this object by example.

The national flag, when carried by posts troops or other organized bodies, when hoisted on the flag staff in a camp or garcison or aboard a vessel, represents the people of this republic; it represents our country and our government: it reminds us that during rebellion 400,000 lives were given up an innumerable sacrifices made that it should continue to wave over us, and when we stand in the presence of that flag it is most proper that all, young and old, men and women should sainte it with love and pride, thank ing God that we are permitted to live under Grand Army of the Republic Tay the proper salute by uncovering to our glorious flag when the same is carried past him or he is passing it, thus setting the best example to teach loyalty to the rising generation.

The commander-in-chief also deems th

custom of rising and uncovering, as observed in some localities, when the national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner," is being sung or played, worthy of general observation by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as greatly calculated to impress patriotism on the hearts of air.

4. Whenever a post is in session it is emi

nently proper that the national color at least should prominently be displayed in the pos-room, and that it should be placed in position in an impressive manner. This is already practiced by some posts, and while the com-mander-in-chief does not order it to be done. he believes it will be for the best interests o the posts, properly to escort, receive and salute the flag of our country before proceed ing to business. It is not desirable that the ceremony shall be long and tedious, yet it should not be hurried, but executed with the dignity becoming the occasion.

In carrying out this suggestion the can

mander urges the adoption of the form in vogue in "United States Tactics."

5. The widow of our late comrade, Dr. B.

F. Stephenson, the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic, is helpless and in need of care. It is our duty to make smoot! the pathway of her declining years. To this end it is proposed to raise a fund sufficiently large, that the interest will comfortably provide for her during her life, the principal to be used only when absolutely necessary. After the death of Mrs. Stephenson, the fund or such balance as remains, is to be devoted to such other Grand Army charity as the National Encampment may determine

Every post of the Grand Army of the Re-public is requested to donate at least one dollar, or more if its funds will permit and i so desires, and transmit the same to comrade Thomas W Scott, assistant quarter-master general, department of Illinois, Fairfield, lil. The posts of the Grand Army of the Republic at Springileld, Ills, are directed to elect a board of trustees of the fund, consisting of one member from each post, which poard shall have charge of the entire matter, subject to the approval of their act by the commander of the Department of Illi nois. After the death of Mrs. Stephenson the board will render an accounting to the next national encampment.

The commander-in-chief desires to say to

the comrades that had Comrade Stephenson devoted to his family the time and talent given to the infant Grand Army, his widow might have been possessed of enough of this world's goods to make this appeal unneces sary. The benefits secured to the veteran soldier by the existence of this organization, make it the solemn duty of this order to make comfortable and free from care the welded for us the triple link: "Fraternity

Charity and Loyaly."
6. N. H. Powers Post No. 111, Department of lows, having requested that the sentence of C. W. Cressier, who was distonorably discharged by the action of a court-martial, be remitted, and such request having received the approval of the intermediate authorities, the commander-inchief, by virtue of the power conferred on him by the national encampment of 1880, removes the disability resting on C. W. Cress-

ler, and authorizes his remuster in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic. THE BRAKE-BEAM RIDER.

7. The proceedings, findings and sentence of a general court martial in the case of John G. Hutchinson of Post 3, Department of New Fronk B. Millard in the Agonaut.

Hatchinson of Post 3, Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, having been approved by the commander in-chief, the sentence will be carried out. 3. The commander in-chief desires to call the attention of all comrades to the "Biue

Hook," to be obtained from the quarter-masters, consultation of which will save a great deal of labor to all concerned. Depart-

mental and national headquarters are asked for information and decisions, etc., which can almost invariable be found in the buse book, containing the rules and regulations, and opinions and decisions explanatory of

them.
9 Mrs. D. Folder, 300 Graham avenue,

Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., desires to find a comrade or comrades who knew John Barry of company F. Second Provisional Regiment, New York Volunteer Cavalry, who married her under the name of Folder, and is

10. N. B. Mayhew, Post 190, New Bedford.

10. N. B. Mayhew, Post 190, New Bedford, Mass., desires to know the waverabouts of Nathan Bates, late company I, Seventh Minnesota Volunteer Infantry.

11. Eldridge McIntyre, 326 West Gooding street, Lockport, N. Y., desires the address of comrades who knew him in Ervsteelas ward of Gayoso hospital, Memphis, Tenn., in the spring of 1815, he was also known as the youngest boy in the ward, and was acting "medicine man" at time of his discharge.

12. The address of any officer of the Seventy-fifth United States colored troops, who served in Louisiana, is wanted by

who served in Louisiana, is wanted by George B. Loud, editor "Homeand Country,"

New York city.

13. Captain John McGill, North Hamitton street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., wants address of Clinton McGill, late company A. Thirty-second New York Volunteers, and later of some cavalry regiment in Custer's division, A. P.; last heard from about fourteen years ago at a place called "Custer's Mines." supposed to her video.

ago at a piace cated "Custer's Mines, supposed to be in Idaho.

14. The mother of John T. Laird, late
company I, Second Ellinois Cavalry, desires
his address; reply to his sister, Rebecca
Nickerson, Windfall, Indiana.

15. Torrence Post No. 2, Department
Iowa, has rejected the application for

membership of James Barry, late company F. Twenty-seventh New York volunteers, born in Pennsylvania, now 56 years old, and

by occupation a carriage maker.

16. Rueben F. Stephen, of Cassville, Occan county, N. J., desires the address of James Dunn, who is a member of the Grand Army

of the Republic and served with him in the

navy. 17. J. F. Capelle, Post 57, East Cambridge

Mass., wants information of Patrick II. Dolan, alias William G. Mason, company P. Sixty ninth New York volunteers; last heard of by his family as sick in hespital at City Point, Va., January or Pebruary, 1865.

18. Daniel B. Stone, who served under the

name of Nelson Davis in company B, Ninty first New York volunteers, asks for the evi

lence of comrades who knew him in the

service as of both or either names.

19. Mrs. Cornella F. Van Beuren, 29 West

Fulton street, Grand Rapids, Mich., widow of George H. Van Beuren of company C. Ninty-first regiment, New York volunteers wishes the cylifence of his comrades as to his

incurring disease of the lungs while in the

20. Since the promulgation of general orders No. 2 the commander-in-chief has

appointed the following as aides-de-camp or his staff:

Of the Department of Idaho—A. S. Senter,
Of the Department of Iowa—H. F. Andrews, W. F. Baker, E. C. Brown, G. G.
Chundler, E. A. Consigney, T. J. Doane, S. J.
Dutton, J. D. Fegan, D. B. Henderson, E. R.
Hutchins, J. R. Martin, S. D. McUnber, E.
G. Miller, M. P. Mills, L. F. Parker, E. J.
Rizer, J. W. Robinson, Lewis Schooler, L.
Shornered, S. E. W. Leet, Astin Warner

Sheppard, S. E. Walcott, Austin Warner,

21. The twenty-fifth encampment directed

the department commanders to arge upon our senators and representatives in congress

to provide by appropriate legislation for the maintenance of the Grant cottage at Mount McGregor, at the expense of the nation; the

executive committee of the council of admin istration requests that the attention of de

partment commanders be called to this, and

the commander-in-chief hones that all will comply with the resolution to the very bea

Objections to be D te.

date chosen for the national encampment

September 20, conflicts with the time for the

grand reunion of the Army of the Cumber

land at Chickamauga. If both are held at

the same time it is quite certain that in any thousands of western veterans and families

who otherwise would come to Washingto

profer to attend the other gathering and wi-ness the ceremonies that will take place i

connection with the dedicating of the mor

ment upon the great national park series pattlefleids in Tennessee and Georgia.

There are many hundreds of old soldiers who served in Ohio, Penasylvania, New York and New England regiments under

Generals Hooker, Slocum, Geney, Tyndah and Kilpatrick in the Eleventh, Twelfth and

Twentieth and Calvary corps, who would enjoy as much pleasure in revisiting Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringzoid and

Chickamauga, as they would in attending the reunion at Washington,
"It is believed under the circumstances,

says the Press, "that the time for holding he Grand Army gathering will be changed. Until it is, the feeling of uncertainty will

Death of Two Veterans.

John H. Whitney died Sunday, November

22, at his home, 37 East Twentieth street,

New York, from blood polsoning, resulting from a gunshot wound received in the battle

of Antievam. He was at years old. Burth blomew Buckley, also a war veteran, died No

comber 25 at his home, \$11 Second avenu

New York, from paralysis of the right side resulting from a wound received during the

SOME MEY OF MARK.

John G. Whittler will celebrate the 84th an niversary of his birth December 17.

Don Dickonson is called the Jenness Mil

er of politics because he is charged with the

parentage of Michigan's bifurcated style of

Governor Toole of Montana is one of the

inest looking men in the state. He is not more than 38 years old, is tall and well pro-cortioned and has a fine face and a bandsome

read of hair. His wife is a daughter of Gen

Congressman Baker of Kansas has a daugh

ter who does a man's work about the home

stead farm, and can handle a plow and turn

a furrow with the best of them. And she does it because she likes the work and finds

The cluest son of John Brown of Ossawat

omic and the only living member of the fam-ily east of the Rocky mountains, bear, his

father's name and resides on a farm on the island of Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie. Mr. Brown raises fine crops of fruit and has had

Louis Peang, the famous chromo-liths

grapher, was a Prussian called printer at the age of 1s, and was traveling through Europe

for a Bohemian manufacturer to pick up in formation when the revolutions of 1848 brok

at. He was a sympathizer and was obliged

fice to Switzerians, and then came to New Tork in 1850, immediately afterward he

Of late Walt Whitman has refused to see

the visitors who come in numbers to call on him. He has been obliged to take this pre-

sity which brings them to his doors. What do they want?" he said recently.

some my autograph, others a portrait, and

e rest want to read their bad poetry to me

Baron Munchausen, the father in litera

ure of prodigious stories, whose name is synonym for exaggeration and wild creation

of misinformation, was Karl Friedrich Hier-onymus, a member of an ancient and noble family of Hanover. He was born on May 11,

720, at Hedenwerder, served as a cavalry of

ficer in the Russian campains against the Furks and died in February, 1797. A collect-

on of his marvelous stories, or stories at righted to him, was first published in condon in 1785, the compiler being Enrich

Raspe, an expatriated countryman of the baron's. In 1786 the German poet Bergen

ublished a German version. Several of the

adventures ascribed to the baron are knows to have appeared previously in Bebel's "Facetia," in the sixteenth century, and

thers in Lange's "Delicae Academicae," of

Why should I see everyone who chooses to

aution in self-defence against the idle

war. He was 69 years old.

dectoral vote.

eral W. S. Rosecraus.

good health in its labors.

ettied in New England.

nock at my door!"

The Philadelphia Press reports tha

John Palmer.

Communiter in chief.

Adjutant general.

of their ability.

Of the Department of Idaho - A. S. Senter.

New York city.

We were doing a little switching at a small station not ten miles from the gray stone that marks the boundary line between Utah and Nevada, That day would have been a good one on which to "lay up," for there was a sandterror hard at work along the line. Any brakeman on that particular division will tell you what it means to switch cars in a sand-terror, but as you may not meet such a man-they generally die young, anyway-I will remark right hear that it means a tough time and a good deal of swearing. There is a sense of continually having to brace yourself up against something, and that something is a strong, dry wind that pelts you with small hot shot from the desert. If you are in a caravan on the Sahara, you can turn your back to the sand storm and let it howl as it will, or you can lie down and cover your face, but what are you to do when you have to run along the side of a railroad track and make signals to an engineer who cannot see more than forty feet ahead of him in the storm, and does not care a brass button whether or not he crushes the life out of you when you run between the cars to make a coupling? And then there is that other horror-making a flying switch, while you stand on a box car, in the teeth of the "terror," with your eyes and month full of sand and your whiskers as dry and prickly as a lot of cactus spines. Yes, that is what it means, and it means a good deal more If you happen to have a big bellowing bull of a conductor to carse you if you make a miss in coupling or cut out a car that ought to be left in the train.

I was glad you may be sure, when we vere through handling those empties at that Satan's hole of a station on the legert, and there was a clear stretch of thirty miles to the next place where there was any more switch work to be ione. As the train started I jumped on a "flat" behind a box car, the better to avoid the wind, which by this time seemed to have half the desert in its teeth. There were lying on the flat cur a long iron smoke stack and a furnece that were going to Virginia City. I saw a boot sticking out of the end of the big ape, and I knew at once that boot had u it the foot of a tramp who was beating his way westward.
"Come out of that I shouted," in a

harsher tone than I really meant to use, for University and at least a grain of ity for train jumpers, unless they are oo soggy with rum to deserve kindness

But the man in the smoke stack old not come out. So I taid hold upon the protending boot, and jerked it so hard that it came off the foot, and I fell against the farmere, giving my elbow a hard whack upon the iron. This e bow knock made me pitiless for the time, and I pulled and pushed the poor fellow until I had him off the train, which was slowly moving away from the station. He was dressed in a dingy suit and had a very hungry and mouraful look. Somehow I fancled, as I thrust him off-none too gently-that he resembled me. It might be that he was several years younger, but he had my nose and eyes, and his build was about the same, while his hair

was fully as light. "If it hadn't been for that elbow knock," said I, as I threw the fellow's oot after him into the desert, "I would have let him stay on. It wouldn't have cost me anything-his riding in the smoke stack; and wandering about in a sterm like this is hardly the thing for a hite man, especially with a very black

glit coming on. The day losses itself very quickly in a and storm, and before the train had un many miles further, it was quite

We were at Bishop's Station and the wind had died down a bit. I had just comarked to the head brakeman how sool it was getting, when he said: "There's a tramp lyin' up on top o' that cattle car. Go an' fire him off while I look out for the switch.

1 did as 1 was ardered. Why, you're the same man nuted out of the smoke stack back at Descret!" I exclaimed, as my lantern

lighted up the brown features of the Where the -- did you come "Oh, i got ou again," said my teaiu

jumper, his face being as mournful as "Well, you'll go off this time for

good," I said firmly, and off he went into the darkness by the side of the reight shed. As the train pulled out I stood on the matform lantern in band, ready to jump

apon the rear step of the caboose when it should go by. There was a heavy straining of the engine, a cattering of cose beakers, a slow g inding of wheels on the rails, and all the other noises that a heavy freight train makes a getting under way. adging furniture car in the middle of he train and as it went by I saw, cronch ing down upon the beake-beam, my hungry looking train jamper. Now, any man who will ride upon a brake beam forces a certain sort of admiration from me in spite of myself, no matter how he may irritate me in other ways. The neam rider stretches out on his narrow perch between the wheels and goes gaiding along, with his body not two feet rom the ground, his hands grioping whitever he can get hold off-and that is next to nothing-always commands my respect. The light of my lantern lashed upon the min's face, but he did not cower. He only smiled and called Rough sort of Pullman berth, isn't

I said nothing and sprang upon the caboose. He could have his ride on the

Latter for you, Tom," said the conductor, as I went in. "I got it back there at the station."

The missive was from my mother, who crote from the dear old Vermont home that Joe-my own brother Joe-was on his way west and would reach Humbold! by the 18th. Aithough I had weeks beore received a letter stating this inten-

ing came to me as a sort of surprise. 'Humboldt-the 18th! Why, the 18th," I said to myself. "The letter had been delayed. Well, at any rate, we will get to Humboldt tonight and brother Joe will no doubt come in on the 9:15 express, balf an hour behind us.

tion on Joe's part, the news of his start-

Humboldt was the end of the run and they knew that Joe could find me there. had to go forward in the dark and take up a position near the engine. The through it seemed to cut to the bone, but the sand storm-thank the fates! had subsided. I had put on a heavy coat, and, lantern in hand, I made my way carefully over the swiftly moving We were on a long down grade. and the train always went at top speed on that part of the run. Seated on the brake handle of the forward car, I thought of Brother Joe and wondered how he would look after all the years we had lived apart. They had told me in their letters from

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home that he had grown up to be the living picture of myself in the days before I had wandered away from the old roof-tree. Now, I had always ancied that few people I had met reembled me. There was that trainumper Yes, he was one of the few. Where was he bound? Was there a brother to meet him at the end of his purney? Doubtless not. Why would en go wandering up and down the face of the earth in the aimless fashion of those railroad tramps? It might be that there was pleasure to be derived from the reckless, happy-go-lucky life riter all. But in the case of my friend on the brake-beam—what joy was he experiencing then? Very little, you may be sure. The cold air was piercing his thinty clothed form, stretched out here on the hard beam. His benumbed ands were grasping the cold iron rod, while the dust, caught up by the whire ng train, was choking his throat and liling his eyes and nostrils. His teeth vere playing rat-tat-tat with each other and his timbs were chilled to a log-like stiffness. Without witnessing any of his torture. I knew that he was suffering almost as well as though I were in his place, and, hardened brake-twister hough I was, my heart went out to the poor devil. Possibly he might have feit just a stray bit of comfort, after all, had he known of my sympathy, but I do not suppose he had the slightest notion in the world that there was anybody on the train who cared a copper whether his bed were hard or soft, or that his flesh vere warm or cold.

As if he had gone suddenly daft, that engineer of ours, brought the train up with a jerk by throwing on the "automatic, and at the same time nearly throwing me off the car into the ditch. I grasped the brake-handle to save myoff a fall, and in that instant an awfaell rang out above the rumbling of the to mean death. That blood-thirsty engineer-if what I say of him sounds too evere, remember that brakeman are always waiting for an excuse to condemn hear the shrick, and as, of course, the stradow on the track was only a shadow. he was letting his iron beast out again when I made a desperate signal and he hauled up short. When the train had stopped I did not give the brute in the cab the satisfaction of knowing that he rad killed a man, but ran back and bela ny lantern up, so that I could find what I would have given much not to have ound. Of course I did find it, and then | I ran back to the caboose.
"Dead, is he," the conductor said.

Well, he can't get away then, and he'll be there when Flanagan and his mon go out on their hand-car in the morning. But, hold on; I guess you'd better throw him over to one side of the track and pile some boards and rocks over him to eev off the covotes

Bill-the other brakeman-and myself carried out the un-Christian commands. It was all done in a few monents, and our train nearly made up the ust time before it reached Cow Creek. where we asked the station-agent to tell Flaungan, the foreman of that section. where he would find the body the next My brother Joe did not reach Hum-

holdt by the night express, though I was waiting for him when it came in I aid oif the next two days and strangely enough, he did not come. He was now hree days overdue, and I grew anxious. My conductor growled so about my staying off my run that I had thought I had best not lose another day, and so went te work, though with little cheer. At Cow Creek, on my next run out, I saw Finnagan.

"Of plantid your thramp in foine stoyle," said he; "rist his sowl. The carriner tak our warrud for it, dian't hould no inkist at all. I was chafe moorner an' the coolles was the pall "Where did you bury him?" was my

not very interested query, for I had something heavier on my mind nowthan train-jumpers, dead or alive.

y, right beside the thrack, where yez feinded 'im. An' I made 'im a cross out o' two paces o' fince board, an' be slapes as sound there as anybody and who niver had no mass sid for his sowi, God rist 'im. An nobody end foind out s name, at all, from anythin' that waz on him; but he's got the howly cross above 'im annyhow, an' that's a blissin' an' all that Jim Flanagan end do fu When our train had run down the

line a few miles beyond Crow ere I exchanged places with Bill and sat aton a box car, with my feet hanging over the side, while I thought of Brothe Joe and what mischance had prevented his coming. That I should worry about him was natural, for he was only a boy my estimation, and was, as unused to the ways of the big Then, too, he was sent to me in world. trust by our mother-the tenderest mother who ever lived-and I was expected to "look out" for him as best could while he should be in the rough west, and to send him home again as soon as might be. I knew the boy had sketched a future of purple and gold as the result of his journey across the plains, and, in my elder-brotherly wisdom. I had smiled at the dreams of the sanguine fortune-seeker. however, I could not smile. Where was brother Joe? Brother Joe! Why bless his heart! was not he the little rasca whom I managed to get out of that watermelon stoaling scrape, when Farmer Lundy would have thrashed the life out of him? And looking further back into the the old farm life, I asked myself who but dear, little tow-headed Joe did I used to carry on my back across the creek, down by the old barn?

What a smile he had when a 6-year-old. I ticket. The conductor put me off here, How his big blue eyes used to stick out when I told him those wonderful stories about giants and dragons; and now he used to love to watch me milk the cows. Sitting up on the big freight car, its top grimy with cinders from the engine, milked the cows again. And the hills beyond the desert looked out of perspective and finally melted away, and in their place I saw the hazy stretch of woodland so often seen on my farm-life horizon; and right here on the white desert, over which the heat was quivering, appeared, for a fleeting moment, the waving wheat-field and green-levelled orchard of my old Vermont home. Just there, by the gate, was where Joe stood when I bade them all good bye, and the big tears were running down his red apple face, and he was mouning forth a plaintive wall that I should take him with me to the west, for I was his own Tom and he said he could not let me go. Yes, it was just there by the gate—just there—and up out of the green, of that very spot, was thrust a rude cross, breaking the spell and bringing the white desert back again like a flash of blinding light. Why, that was the cross that Flanagan stuck at the head of the dead tramp, whose face had borne such a striking resemblance to my own-as close a resemblance perhaps as my brother Joe bere to me, now that he had grown to manhood. Then, for an instant, my heart ceased to beat and I stared blankly at the cross and the little mound of earth on which its shadow fell. Great God! Could it be? He had left home in as good trim as any young man might need to set out. He had a passage ticket to Homboldt and a well filled purse, so the letter had said. But, ah! he was young and he was innocent, and there were harpies and flends by the way. Many a young man who train-such a yeli one instinctively knows had started forth as well equipped and to mean death. That blood-thirsty en- as light of heart as be had never reached the journey's end, and here nad I in my blindness, for no good reason reason whatsoever, blocked the way of engineers—had become frightened at a one whose face was a reflection of my shadow across the track and had slack- own and had become an accomplice in ened speed with a jerk and killed the his murder—for I might almost have brake-beam rider. The slayer did not known he would meet his death when I saw him forced, as it were, to the brake beam. I fixed my eyes upon the crosand as it grew smaller to my sight

it grow larger to my thought knew no peace. One ray of light pierced the gloom. If Brother Joe had been due at Humboldt on the 18th, by express, how could be arrive there the same night? Against this was weighed the torturing thought that the letter was full of mistaken notions as to times and places, and, now that I looked at it again, I saw clearly that if he had left home, as was stated, on the 25th, he should have been in Humboldt on the 11th and he had not been there at all Then I went through the whole chapter egain, revolving each passage of it in my wearied brain, and one part of it comed to stand out more strongly than all the rest-my strange bond of brothcity sympathy felt for the man while I sat upon the ear in the dark and cold and he was down in the death-tempting place under the furniture car. I knew little of psychology, and yet I thought it must have been revealed to me in a misty way at that hour that the mouch ful trainjumper was no stranger. My brain was in a whiri, and the ugliest thoughts would crowd themselves to the

side myself. We were at Red Buttes before nightfall, and there we were to pass the west bound express. The thought of that desert grave and the terrible meaning it had for me did not-now ten times the thought could not-prevent me from scanning, with intense eagerness, the into the station for supper, for Red Butte was marked "S" on the time eard. But, of course, I was doomed to disappointment. The passengers came and went, as light hearted as you please while I stood on the philform with a heart of lead, and cursed them for their gayety. Yes, I cursed, for 1 was a rough man in those days, and they had no right, I argued, to be cheerful when was so downcast. I went back to my cain, stamping the platform with my heavy boots, as I went along, and continuing my profamity.

on, so that, with it all, I was fairly be

It was with much impatience that I sought out Flanagan on our return to COW C 333% "You say there was nothing on the

body of the the tramp you buried, by which he could be identified?" I asked eargeriy "Niver annything at all." "Are you sure there were no letters-

no papers—not a scrap of— "Hould on—they was; but they was nothin betune the kivers uv it that showed annything at all," said the honest foreman. "Covers of what?" "Why, the note book to be sure.

told yez about that befoor, didn't Ol?" "No; let me see it at once." followed him with impatient step, as he hurried to his cottage, near the station. "Here it is," he said, taking down a red note book from a shelf, "an' if yez kin found annything in it that tells who the tramp was, ye'll do better thin iver ould Flanagan kin or anny one clse outd Flanagan around here, for the matter o' that, I glanced eagerly through the book There were some rows of figures, a mem brandum as to certain routes of trave between New York and Council Bluffs.

a number of blank pages, and then this written in pencil, and dated at Cheyenne a week back: "Dear brother Tom: A fool and his money! I met some men on the train who induced me to bet all I had on a card game. It was a swindling trick o course and I lost everything. I might have gone through after all, had not one of the villains stolen my railroad and I suppose I must remain until I can obtain some money. Can you send me

Then pride had made the point of the pencil run across the page in heavy lines again and again. The letter was Joe's, He had never finished the letter. had preferred to beat his way to Humboldi, like a common train jumper, rather than to call on any one for aid.

"Ol tould yez they was nothin' in it, said Flanagan, reaching for his pipe, "an' now ye see Oi know o' what I was talkin'. Yer conduction is talkin'. Yer conduction is the book?" yez. Will yez leave me the book?" Yer conducthor is wavin' fur But I thrust it into my pocket. I tried

to say something to Flanagan, but there was that in my throat which forbade speech; and so with laden feet I made my way to the train. It was the wrong time of year for

flowers, and there never are many at Humboldt, but I gathered all I could find and took them next day to that lone grave by the railroad track. That was after I had undergone the worst of all the hours of my life—the hour in which I wrote the letter to mother, which followed my telegram.

But Joe does not sleep in the desert now. He lies under the old elm on the hillside; and there is a white shaft of marble above his head, instead of the wooden cross.

The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure. The other one, not so old, "consumption can be cured," is considered by many false. Both are true and not

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Complat, one of the first Europeans who entered China, says, "Their physicians have a thorough knowledge of the nature of nerbs and an admirable skill in diarnosing by the pulse," (See Willard's Middle Empire.) It is well known that sunpowder, steam and electricity are old in Uhina, and that the Chinese were printing their delicate books 300 years before Guttenberg was born.

But it was to medicine the Chinese gave their attention, and when the emperor Chin Wong ordered all the books to be purned he excepted the medical works, and it was only by the merest accident that the great works of Confucius himself were saved, he having placed a set of his works in the corner-stone of his residence, which was found 2,000 years after.

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