THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: MONDAY, JULY 11, 1892.

Bulge in Provisions Was the Feature of the Doy. -SHORTS WERE IN A PANIC LATE At the Close There Was a Rush for All

competent engineer.

passenger train or an "officers' special.

Despair, however, had no place in his heart, and he still revelled in the fan-

cled joys of pulling the fast express,

and dreamed of that happy time when,

to the customary inquiry as to the time of his departure, he would be able to

Gamblers say that if one is but pos-

sessed of sufficient capital, the most per-

sistent (un of ill-luck may eventually be

broken, and so it proved in Hosselkus

An "officers' special," carrying the

ending magnates of the read upon a

division, and Bill Pearson, an engineer

tracked, and satisfactory "meets" with the passenger trains about figured out,

when he was laterrupted in his study of

the train sheet by a nervous ring at the

house announced that Pearson was sick,

"That's bad," mused the dispatcher

but added, a moment later: "Well, send

"They ain't none," replied the round-

"No other engineer?" shouted the dis-

"Well, there's only Perkins on the

yard engine and Hard Luck just in on

Scott's worktrain-might double him

The dispatcher rushed into the ad-

"Hard Luck? nonsense!" said the su-

joining room to consult the superin-

the next best man, and get a move on;

and unable to take the special out.

they'll be here in ten minutes."

ness for some time to take them out.

answer: "I go out on No. 3."

case.

house.

patcher.

tendent.

foreman.

out again-that's all."

for him to get sick!"

immediate action,

Products at Once-It Took Bidding at High Prices to Get Anything.

Curcano, Ill. July 9. - A startlingly sudden buige in univisions was the feature today in the Board of Trade. For two or three days the talk had been that Cadahy and other big operators were selling out. The market has gone down under it with the whole scalping trade tailing on for still further decline 1 prices. The east of the decline was reached this morning. Pork for September was off to \$11.45 from the \$12.0) mark. September lard was at #7 07% and ribs at \$7,17%.

The trade played for another downturn with grain today, but the heavy selling in-terests of yestering quickly turned in the last half hour to the buying side. This startled the trade and put the shorts in a pan c. There was a rush for all products at once. It took bidding at higher prices to gat anything. Pork jumped 35c to \$11.80 and closed at \$11.72%, about 22%c better for the day. Elibs rebounded 2242 to \$7.45 for September, closing De higher at \$53716; Inra was up 12 he from last night at \$7.20 for September.

This sharp turn in the dealings caused a mid reaction, but at a needine of the for July and he for September compared with yesterday's resting prices. Nothing could lift wheat day's resting prices. Nothing could lift wheat from the double depression of the expected government report and the financial and commercial lecisiation at the financial and commercial lecisiation at the financial and figure to 75 as vestorialy. It was estimated that there would be only a small decrement if any, in the visible supply of wheat. Choicera talk made the decline in Great Britain. There was free soling at earn early in the hope of distoignet the Loopoid Bloom hold-ings, but the raidors were disappointed. Oats opened steady, declined 200 ge, and re-meted as, following corn closely. A good deal of ally was changed to September, and a good deal of september was sold by the elevator people. At the opening July and September were keenart. They there can togetter and sold at the same price, but closed about from be to be upart.

sold at the same price, but closed Set to be upart. The estimated receipts for Monday are: Wheat, 141 cars; corn, 281 cars; outs, 3 9 cars; bozs, 32,400 head. The total receipts of Logs hows, 32,400 head.

There was a better inquiry for vessel room, ut offerings were small. Rates held steady but offerings were small. Rates held stea at 10 for wheat and 14c for corn to Buffalo. The leading futures ranged as follows:

38.67830.0025	OPEN	÷	.111	GHL.	10).W.	CLO	ISR.
WHEAT NO. 2 July August September CEEN NO. 2-	•	17 1656 1635	8	1734 1659 1659	\$	17 16 703-6	7634	17.4
August September	429466 42956			4974 4956 4954		40 48% 48%		4094 1716 1916
OATS No. 2- July August September MESS PORK-		9144 3116 3154		3154 3154 3154		31 - 1016 30%		114 1144 1444
July	11	$\frac{35}{50}$	11	115 300	H	30 45	B	60 75
July September Enour Rins			1-1-	15 25		07 Hi 01 He	1-1-2	124 <u>9</u> 229 ₉
July September.	1	$1759\\20$	12.00	4712	7	$^{175_{2}}_{20}$	1714	35 1736

Cash quotations were as follows: FLOUR-Quilet and unchanged: winter pat-ents, \$1,2004.4; winter straits, \$3,7064.00; spring natents, \$4,0064.50; spring straits, \$4,306 4.40; bakers', \$1,0064.50; spring straits, \$4,306 4.40; bakers', \$0,2,404c; No,3 yellow, 486 48; straits, \$4,306,19; spring, \$100; spring, \$1

BARLEY-No. 2, 62c; No. 3, no sales; No. 4, no

ales. FLAX SEED-No. 1, \$1.01. TIMOTHY SEED-Prin.c. \$1.28@1.34. PORK-Mess. per bbl., \$11.60@11.62%; lard, per 0 lbs. \$7.12%07.15; short ribs sides loose; 475%07.75; dry saited shoulders (boxed), \$7.00; nort clear sides (boxed), \$7.63@7.65. WHISKY-Distillers' in/shed goods, per gal. .15.

1.15. Sugans—Cut loaf, 525%c; granulated, 4%c; standard "A," 4%c. Receipts and summents today were as fol-brought it in was cut off and hurried.

THE SPECULATIVE MARKETS | field" than any other man ever lived triumph, and the discordant canging of me the sign-she made through. And yet he was a thoroughly the bell of the Three Sevens sounded in with her lips, but all I could the bell of the Three Sevens sounded in his ears as the para of victory. "At last somethin' like may derin', an' she 'uz -at last," seemed to say its brazen As far back as he could remember, it had been the dream of Hosselicus' life tongue.

The last switch was passed, and Hosto be a regular bassenger engineer-in selkus, forgetting the lightness of his railroad parlance, to "pull varnished train, opened the throttle so suddenly cars." This was the goal upon the st-tainment of which the best efforts of his that the engine fairly leaped forward, while the passengers' necks received a life had been concentrated, and still. violent wrench. after twenty years' service, he seamed as far as ever from success. Many times he had almost achieved it, but always "This engineer of yours, colonel," said the general superintendent, spitting out

the end of a cigar he had involuntarily something had happened to prevent, swallowed, "is just off a pile-driver, is some unaccountable and unavoidable piece of ill-luck. Finally, his name behe not? The colonel laughed a joyless laugh. "The fact is," he replied, "the regular man was taken sick at the last moment, came so synonymous with disaster that

the "company" hesitated to intrust the valuable equipment of an express train and the lives of the traveling public to and we had no one but this fellow to put on. He is an old engineer, but not used him. Thus, as the years went by, old to the ergine. I think he will improve Hard Luck had become accustomed to when he gets the hang of it.' crawling out from under the disgruntlod engine of a sidetracked worktrain

"I hope so, I hope so," said the gener-al, fervently, as he lit a fresh cigar; "there is evidently room for improveor way freight to acknowledge the patronizing wave of the hand, as some former fireman of his whizzed by with a ment. But presently even the anxious super-

intendent was forced to admit they were moving. Telegraph poles that had appeared and disappeared with majestic deliberation began to flit by the windows with a frequency and abruptness very inusual in those stately objects; quicker aud less rhythmic came the click of the wheels as each rail was passed, and the caps of the engine at each revolution of the driving wheels were merged into a continuous, convulsive shudder. The passengers no longer experienced the ensation of being drawn along, but feit as though projected through space, and the more timid clung to their seats to

tour of inspection, was expected, and avoid soaring off through the roof. engine 777, the fastest locomotive on the Prainmen who could traverse undisturbed the reeling roofs of a fast freight made their way through the swaying with a record, had been held in readicars with difficulty. Old "Hard Luck" was evidently "get-The engine, with a full tank of the best coal, and already been run out of the roundhouse, and the train dis-patcher had the freights safely side-

ting there," and the superintendent prayed silently that he might maintain the speed to the end. At the first stop he went forward to congratulate the engineer. The fireman

was under the engine "hoeing out," and Hosselkus, sooty and triumphant, telephone. The dispatcher answered it himself, and the foreman of the roundwas "oiling 'round." "How'd's that suit you, colonel?" he cried, as his superior 'approached; "the old girl's a-crawlin', ain't she?"

"You're doing line, Hosselkus-fine, but keep it up-pound her on the back, for the porter tells me the wine is getting low and they're hable to see something to beef about. Keep 'em a rollin', and the passenger run is yours.

The colonel had risen from the ranks, and at times, unconsciously, lapsed into the old main line dialect. "Don't you worry none, we'll git there. limme this mill, colonel, and none of he other boys on the division 'ud ever get a smell of my smoke. An' she does it so easy, reminds of your old maw's rocker--just handle her right; don't crowd her, that's the main point. Now,

perintendent when he was informed of the situation. "Tell Pearson he must my theory's like this, we'll say the cylintake the special out-this is a nice time But the colonel had fled. Hard Luck carried his theory with him, for he never succeeded in obtaining a listener The roundhouse was notified and replied that Pearson was "foamin' awfulto whom he could expound it. is wife's got him jacked up and two No accident occurred, however; the doctors workin' on him," yelled the speed was maintained, and the special eached Oleson's Siding so far in ad-"This is terrible! terrible!" groaned vance of the train-dispatcher's calculathe superintendent. "Perkins is only a boy, we can't put him on, and Hosseikus tions that quite a wait was necessary

while No. 3, the eastbound express, will never get over the division without toiled up the grade. Hosselkus lit the headlight, for the something happening-never in the sun was impaled upon one of the peaks world!" and the perspiration started upon his forehead. The whistle of the of the distant Sierras, whose eastern special aroused him to the necessity of

slopes were already purpling with shades of evening. It was the last stop. Below him wound the tortuous Gooseneck grade, with the division terminus at its foot.

The run was nearly ended. suppose," he added to himself. Having finished oiling, Hosselkus leaned against the cylinder-head and gazed abstractedly down the track. A

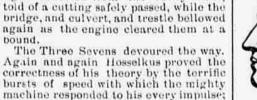
motions gone. Sometimes I think that queered me-I enever had much luck for that,

but I ain't never had none since, till today. An' they wonder why I can't get over the road, an' they wonder why I'm al-ways breakin' down-why, it's hard luck, that's what it is, just dead, hard luck-semethin's got a hoodoo on me. No, sir, I ain't mover had a day's luck since ole Mam Doherty run by my flag. I tell you, wimmen is queer machines an' complicated mighty complicated, They're some like these new fashioned compounds, an' tain't every man can bandle 'em proper.

"I min't never had no experience in that line. Oncet, when I'uz firin' for Jake Griggsey, his sister rode with us for a ways, an' she 'uz a joe dandy, with straight stuck an' high drivers-she set on my seat, with her feet up side the boiler, an' she had on low shoes an' stockin's with holes in 'em-not wore out holes, but these kind that's put in with a punch or somethin'. I got that ratiled I burnt every blamed grate in the 44, an' she dropped her fire an' laid us out for an 'our'n a half. I felt flatter 'n a wheel that's been slipped for seventeen miles. I never had no more dicker with wimmen folks since. That's nineteen years ago, an' I ain't got the run yet. It's queer the way a man gets set on a thing-some men take to wimmen, some to cards, and others to averything most 'cept to hard work; but I always judged that to pull a string of varnished cars 'ud be all the joy I'd want. The cotonel's promised me a run if I took 'em through in good shape; but it wouldn't surprise me if something happened at the last minit to knock it in the head-I've been side-tracked so often, you see. I'm get-tin' middlin' old, an' I'm dead tired-got a stitch in my side, too: feels like my heart had a cut journal or somethin'. get that often, though-went to a doctor oncet, an' he jacked me up, felt my pulse an' said he judged that I'd die on my en-

gine one of these fine days. Well, here she's a-comin'." Hosselkus clambered to his seat, and is soon as the express train had cleared the switch it was opened by the brake

man, and the special was once more under way. Leaning uncomfortably now to this ide, now to that, and with angry grinding of flange on rail, it swept around the curves with ever increasing speed. A crashing roar, a flare of yellow sunset light reflected from the rocky walls,



but his nerves were no longer responsive to the exultant thrill of triumph. sickening foreboding griped his heart; vet, whenever he would have shut off

steam and slackened speed an uncontrolable impulse restrained him, for in the exhaust of the engine and the roar of wheels, he fancied he heard one word

repeated over and over again, with maddening persistency: "Hurry! hurry! hurry! hurry!" And the fireman, as he shoveled in coal and struggled to maintain his difficult footing, noted with wonder, not unmixed with uncasiness, that Hosselkus was working steam on grades where it was usual to "let them lown" under the restraining pressure of the airbrakes 27

The lagging summer twilight gradually deepened until the illuminated faces of clock and steam gauge stood out with pallid distinctness in the gloom of the ab. Lights in lonely section houses shot past, and occasionally a great flare of red rushed upward from the momen-tarily opened door of the firebox. The dazzling light of the furnace revealed old Hard Luck erouching forward on his seat, one hand on the throttle, the other grasping the reversing lever. His feaures were set, and sharpened, and so pale that through its grimy enameling his face looked positively blue. An occasional swift comprehensive glance took in clock, steamgauge and waterglass, and then his eves were again fixed upon the arrowy torrent of ties that treamed into the glare of the headlight and disappeared beneath the pilot with unbroken, dizzving swiftness. At last a white post flitted by and Hosselkus relaxed. He glanced at the clock. and the next moment a long, wailing blast of the whistle warned the yardmen at the division's end. The record was broken: the passenger run was his at last; old Hard Luck had actually got over the division without a mishap and in time never before equaled, but instead of exulting over it as he shut off steam, he found himself marveling how faint and far away the whistle sounded; had he not felt the vibration of the escaping steam, he would hardly have believed it was the Three Sevens' stentorian voice. Undoubtedly there was something wrong: he would have to fix it the first thing in the morn-The engine lurched over the ing. switches, and Hosselkus cursed the sudden fog that had dimmed the switch lamps so he could hardly tell red from while, but at length he pulled up before the railway hotel-fortune favored him to the last, he made a splendid stop. With a great sigh of relief he leaned back on his seat, while the eating-house gong banged and thundered a hospitable welcome to the belated guests.



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TS.

ARTICLES,	DECEDTS.	SHIPMEN	
Flour, barrels	20 000	3,	
Wheat, bushels	163,000	125,	
Corn, bushels	177,000	332,	
Onts, bushels	203,900	281,	
Ryc bushels	11,000	19,	
Barley, bashels	7,000	9	

On the Produce exchange today the butter market was easier; fancy creamery, 19619(se; fine western, 17618c; ordinary, 156216c; fine datries, 0.6017c. Errs, weak at 1346016c.

Crop Conditions.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—The July re-turns to the statistician of the Department of Agrical ture makes the following averages of condition: Corn. 81.1; whiter wheat, 80.6; spring wheat, 90.9; eats, 85.2; ryc. 92.8; burley, 92.9; potatoes, 99.0; tobacco, 92.7. The acreage orn is reported at 95.6 of the actual area of last year.

Milwaukee Grain Market.

MILWARKE, Wis, July 9.-WHEAT-Dull; september, 554c; No. 2 sprin z, nominal, Coun-Quiet; No. 3, 47c. OATS-Quiet; No. 2 white, 334@31c; No. 3 white, 324@31c; RyE-No. 1, 704c. BARLEY-Quiet; No. 2, 58257c.

OLD MARD LUCK'S LAST RUN.

San Francisco Argonaut.

Every one admitted that he had a good heart in him. Even his bitterest enemy, Kid Alderson, was willing to make that concession, but qualified it by adding that he "was so blamed unlucky and peculiar, a body never knowed when he was in to clear."

This singularity extended to his name. H-o-s-s-e-l-k-u-s, "accent on the sel," he was wont to explain, with something like a shade of weariness, when a new operator faltered on his long patronymic.

Eben J. Hosselkus was engineer of engine Seventeen-Forty-Three.

With the meager data available, it is difficult to determine whether the name Hosselkus belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, Indo European or Teutonic family; but no such uncertainty attached to the origin of its unfortunate bearer. He was an unmistakable Yankee; rather below the medium height, lean and wiry; his mild, light-blue eyes were overshadowed by bushy and frowning eyebrows, and his grizzled mustache bristled with a singular ferocity, which the weakness of the mouth and chin immemediately belied. The whole man was decidedly contradictory. When first addressed, his manner was brusque and his voice gruff; but after a few expletives his tone would soften and his most positive assertions invariably ended with an appeal for confirmation. "Now, ain't it so, for a fact? Now, wouldn't you say so, 'f you 'uz me?'' he would ask, while his wistful eyes wandered from face to face in search of support or

sympathy, perhaps. He was the oldest engineer on the division, and the most unfortunate. Two decades of brakemen and conductors had twisted and distorted his luckless surname in every conceivable way, but to all appellations, from "Old Hoss" to "Hustle Cuss," he ever accorded the sume ready response.

Of late years he had been known simply as "Hard Luck." When a train crew would reach the end of the division, wan and famished from a protracted sojourn at some desert siding the first inquiry of their sympathetic breth en would be: "Who was pullin" you?" "Old 'Hard Luck,' of course,"

was the seldom varied reply. Old Hosselkus had probably suffered more "moving accidents by flood and

out of the way, while the huge, wellgroomed "Three-sevens" backed slowly down in charge of Hosselkus, whose heart swelled chokingly as the brazen clangor of her bell pealed out.

"Tell them to put Hosselkus on, and get him out as outek as possible-we are

in the hands of Providence anyway, I

But the beginning was ominous. The engine was unfamiliar to him and worked more stifly than he had expect-No. 3 ed, so that when he backed down to be coupled on he struck the train with a momentum that jarred its occupants uncomfortably.

"Lord! Lord!" moaned the superintendent as he wiped his ciammy brow and sought to divert the directors' attention from the mishap by suggesting some needed improvements in the "company's' water supply.

Presently he excused himself and went ahead to the engine to interview Hard Luck. He found him with an oil can in one hand and a bunch of waste in the other, engaged in the important duty of "oilnig 'round,"

Hosseikus had had no time to change his greasy jumper and overalls for cleaner ones, his hasty wash had merely imparted a smeary look to his counte nance, and the badge on his cap was upside down, but his eyes sparkled beneath their shaggy brows, his mustache bristled savagely, and the whole man was nervously alert as, with a squirt of oil here, a dab of the waste there, and teeling carefully each key and bearing

to detect any signs of heating, he worked his way around the mighty racer. was just finishing his round when the

superintendent came up. "Now. Hosselkus," said the latter, appealingly, "do be careful and try and get us over the division in some kind of shape—make time, and, for heaven's sake, don't break down on the road. you make a first class run, I'il see what we can do about getting a passenger run

for you. Hosselkus put away his tallow-pot, wided his hands on the bunch of waste. which he then carefully placed in his pocket to serve as a handkerchief, and at length spoke: "Colonel," he said, 'don't you lose no sleep over this excursion-we'll git there in the biggest kind of shape-this mill has got it in her, an', I I can't coax a move out of her I'll run a stationary the rest of my life. Now,

these kid engineers of yours, they ain't up in mechanics like they'd oughter benot but what they're good boys-mind you, I'm not sayin' a word agin 'embut they waste her stren'th-they don't really savvy the theory. Now-"Yes, yes," hurriedly interrupted the superintendent; "I know, but we must be getting out of here, and don't forget hat passenger run-it's manslaughter,

if not murder in the first degree, he said to himself as he hastened back; but if we escape with our lives he shall have the run." The conductor waved his hand, Hos-

selkus opened the throttle slightly and the steam shrilled through the cylinder cocks as the special moved down the yard. Slowly he threaded the network of tracks, cut-offs and blind switches, and then more rapidly by the long siding opposite the row of cottages where the families of the conductors and engineers lived. And instinctively he felt the eyes

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of the womea upon him, and knew that they were saying: "Well, if there an't that crazy fool on Pearson's Three-Sevens, with a passenger special! Wouldn't that kill you?" for women are jealous divinities—they would not that nan should have any other gods or goddesses before them, and as Hosselkus worshiped only a locomotive, a thing of steel and iron, they made of him a byword and a reproach. But at that mo-ment Hard Luck cared but little for

brakeman was seated on the head-block of the switch, throwing stones at an adacent telegraph pole, and moodily speculating upon the probabilities of 'getting in" in time for supper, while an occasional breath of wind from the valley brought with it, from far down the grade, the puffing of the engines on

He had succeeded. The record would e broken beyond a doubt; but as the cool breeze of sunset blew in his face he suddenly became aware of the fact that ie was tired, and he remembered then that he had been on the road for over forty-eight hours. The smell of heated tallow struck him

for the first time as being a singularly unappetizing odor, and he looked over the huge machine with something akin to dissatisfaction in the expression of his face. He sighed, and the brakeman asked if she was coming-meaning the train.

"No," replied Hard Luck; "she ain't showed up 'round the bend yet-I 'uz ust thinkin' "Thinkin' how the other engineers ud have to take siding when they get

the figgers of this run, I s'pose?" "Naw! I 'uz thinkin' 'bout my fireman little Doherty, that 'uz killed the time 1 run into the burnt bridge at Rose It 'uz dark as pitch an' Creek.

blowin sixty miles an hour. I had the old Eighty-Three, with thirty loads of iron and material for the front. The Eighty-Three's airpump 'uz no good, and I didn't purtend to hold 'em. We cum down into the creek like h-il beatin' tanbark -the bridge had burnt an' fell into the creek; 1 felt her droppin', socked on what air there was, squealed for brakes, an' throwed her over-the next thing knowed 1 'uz sloshin' round in the creek dodgin' flat cars an' railroad iron. Lord! I thought them cars never would quit pilin' up-there 'uz twenty-seven stacked up inside of two car len'ths.

The caboose an' four or five cars stayed on the track an' I crawled out an' started back. God! but the wind blowed cold that night, an' Doherty-we couldn't get him out-took the wreckin' train half a day to get down to him-when the engine went over she fell on his side an' held him down in the water. He 'uz drowned but not burned none, which 'us some comfort. But how his wife did take on-you could 'a' heard her for a mile. When Pete 'uz alive, she never 'peared to take to him much; but you never see a woman so set on any one as she wuz when he 'uz dead. They say't she used to drink 'fore Pete uz' killed, but I judge she 'uz a whole lot worse afterwards. I tried to do the right thing by her, fixed up a house an' squared her at the grocery store, but she always had it in for me, seems like. She'd fill herself up till she 'az blowin' out the stack an' then she'd lay for me, an' when she saw me comin'-they'd taken me off the

main line then an' put me on the yard engine-she'd flop herself down on the track in front of the engine an', callin' me all the murderin' Irish names you ever heard of, yell for me to run over her an' linish the fambly. "Then she took sick, an' some say't

she really had 'em, but I judge it 'uz a fover like, brought on by grief an' stuff. She 'uz runnin' wild, 'an the doctors couldu't slow her down none, so one night, at 11:53, just as No. 6 'uz comin in, she took down her signals, split the switch an' pulled out light for the other side. I heard her when she put the blower on, an' judgin' that she'd got her orders I says to her: 'Ole lady, you're past the slow boards now, with a clear track an' no limits, but 'fore you open her out, just look back an' gimme the ment Hard Luck cared but little for their disdain; he only thought of his an' no kick comin', But she never gim-

"You made a magnificent run, Hosselkus. I'll fix it with the master mechanie-you go out on No. 3 tomorrow. called out the superintendent, as he hurried by.

Presently a yardman uncoupled the engine and waved his lantern. "All right!" called out the fireman, who was standing in the gangway.

The engineer made no move. "What's the matter?" inquired the switchman, climbing into the cab; "why in ---- " The light of his lantern fell upon the engineer's face; he paused suddenly, for it was white beneath the grime,

Hard Luck was taken from the engine, laid upon a bench, and a physician hastily summoned. Engineers, with smoky torches, and trainmen, with lanterns, crowded around with bated breath, while the doctor listened long and attentivel for a sound of life, but only the airpump on the Three Sevens sighed softly, as the light rings of smoke from her stack floated up, and up, and up in the quiet air, where stiff a tinge of twilight lingered.

"Dead!" said 'the doctor, and the tension was relaxed.

Then they all praised their late com-rade, and all agreed that the old fellow had a good heart in him anyway—that is, all but the doctor, who, as he rose and carefully wiped his spectacles, muttered something about "Organic weakness-told him so."

The next day, as the superintendent had promised, Hard Luck went out on Number Three, but he went in a box, lashed to the platform of the baggage car.





Wit: East side of 27th screet, N 29 ft of lot 8 block wit: East side of 27th screet, N 25 ft of lot 8 block
16. Shina's addition, 6 feet wide.
North side of Seward street. E 45 ft of lot block 2. Shina's addition, 6 feet wide.
East size of 25th screet, lot 7 block 1, Patrick's addition, 6 feet wide.
South side of Martha street, lot 1 and W 44 ft lot 25 ft lot 10 and East side of 22a street, lot a block 184%, city eing from Nicholas street 150 feet north, cet wide. And be it further resolved: That the Board of Fubile Works be and hereby is authorized and directed to cause a copy of this resolution to be published in the official paper of the city for one week, or be served on the owners of sold lots and unless such owners shall within five days after the buildeation or service of such copy construct said sidewalks as herein required, that the Board of Fubile Works cause the same to be done, the cost of constructing said sidewalks respective y to be assessed against the real estate, lot or part of lot in front of and abat-ting such sidewalks. President of the Council Attest: JOHN GROVES. Approved; GEO, P. BEMIS, Mayor, NOTICE TO CONSTRUCT SIDEWALKS. NOTICE TO CONSTRUCT SIDEWALKS. To the owners of the lots, parts of lots and real estate described in the above resolu-

Toys. dolls. albums . fancy goods house fur-

dren's carriages. Lais Farmam Street.

real estate described in the above resolu-tion: You and each of you are hereby notified to construct wooden sidewalks as required by a resolution of the city council and mayor of the city of Oaaha, of which the above is a copy. Chairman Hoard of Public Works. Omaha, Neb, July 2, 1872. j92-3-65-78 9-11 NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS, ACENTS AND I ESSEES

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS, AGENTS AND LESSEES. In parsuance of ordinance No. 303, requir-ing water and ras cornections to be made to and within the curb ines on certain streets, and alley within Street. Improvement Dis-triets Nos. 463, 464, 474 and 475. In the city of Omaha, you are hereby notified to make all necessary connections with water and gas mains, or latterals, and to complete such work on or before the 20th may of July, iso, as it is the purpose to mixe the streets, and alley in the said districts, and more pik-ticularly described as follows, to-wit: No. 431-rich street from south line of Pierces attect to Williams street. No. 431-rich street from Earnam street to Harney street.

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