that of his fellows until the baptism of

fire is passed, and the soldier who left Gaines Mill field without deserving the

hates brand of "coward" had no longer

envy in his hearts for the heroes of

Buena Vista and Chapultepec. He was in the swim with the "battle scarred." But the heads of the Jerseys were not

swollen with concelt over their exploit at Gaines Mill. There was a corner left

or some of that plebeian enthusiasm

they had shown in the training camp,

and one of their proudest boasts today is

pliment from "One-Armed Phil"

not their huge battle losses, but a com-

ny. It was at Glendale, in the "Seven

Days," just after Gaines Mill, when Kearny's division needed support in a

hot fight with Longstreet's column.

Then he sent a courier to another part

of the field to summon his old brigade.

and they responded by making a double-

quick march, enlivened by lusty cheers for the hero who had won new laurels

at Williamsburg and at Fair Oaks since parting with their company. The enemy didn't stand to meet the on-

slaught of fresh reserves and Kearny

took the will for the deed, as it was

given, galiantly, in a way the boys never

If Kearny or some man with

romantic legend clinging to him had

led the Jerseys in their next fight the

pages of history would glow with an ex-

ploit that one must search for with

Everybody huzzahs over Stone-wall Jackson's flank march around

Pope in August, 1862, and his

capture of the union army stores at

Manassas, the prologue to Second Bull

Run. The Jersey brigade happened to

be the advance of Franklin's Sixth

corps, sent out in a panic from Wash-

ington to find out what had become of

Pope, as the telegraph and railroad had

been cut between him and the capitol.

tion, until it crossed Bull Run bridge,

General Taylor put his men in line

confederate batteries and four brigades

of Jackson's infantry, under A. P. Hill,

opened from masked positions upon the

gallant column. As a matter of course

pursuing regiments, and in making a

stand at the bridge he was mortally

wounded. Stonewall Jackson witnessed

oss of about 350, about half the number

The next fight of the Jerseys is like-

Mountain, Md., September 14, 1882. The

brigade formed the third line, and when

the enemy was most defiant charged over rail fences and stone walls, all the

time under a peoplery fire from the mountain side, and at last scaled the rocky slopes over 200 feet high, where

Fourth regiment, just out of Libby

prison, captured two stands of colors and

enough muskets to rearm the whole

command. The work was done at a

spurt, but the loss was 174 killed and

At Fredericksburg, three months after

the Maryland campaign, the brigade

took the field re-enforced by the Fif-

teenth New Jersey and the Twenty-third nine months' regiment. The

Fourth regiment, led by Colonel W. B.

Hatch, and numbering 300 muskets,

charged, under a fire of grape and can-ister, upon an enemy posted in a rail-

way cut, carried the point, losing eighty

men in the attempt, among them Colo-

nel Hatch, mortally wounded. Just

over the crest of Marye's Heights, in

front of which this dash was made, the

whole command charged, on May

reserve to the column that stormed

Marye's Heights, and, following up the

successful assault, they ran into a heavy

force of the enemy that stood at buy be

tween a breastwork of logs and brush at

Salem church, three miles back of

Marye's Crest. The brigade, with the

exception of the Fourth regiment, was

engaged for two hours and a half in a

wrestle with superior numbers. The

commander, Colonel H. W. Brown, was

wounded; Colonel M. W. Collet of the

First was killed, Colonel Buck of the

Second wounded, and the total loss was

over 500. It was a hopeless fight, but a

plucky one, and the new Fifteenth regi-

ment gave notice that New Jersey's

fighting timber hadn't been exhausted

by the draft of Kearny's original 4,000.

Gettysburg, following Chancellors-

ville, the Jerseys missed so far as fight-

ing was concerned, but they made the

famous forced march of thirty-five miles

which put the Sixth corps on to the field

in nick o' time. After Gettysburg came

the long wait until the Wilderness, May, 1864. Meanwhile the Twenty-third reg-

iment was discharged, and the Tenth

took its place. Colonel Torbert had won

spurs too big for plodding infantry to

keep bright, and was given a cavalry

division under Sheridan, so for the third

time the brigade lost a dashing com-

mander. Colonel Brown of the Third

Two years of steady lighting had reduced the original Your regiments to

mere battalions. Eschihad its colonel killed in battle. With only a month yet to serve they entered the bloodiest

ampaign of the war, and every step

they took toward Richmond was marked

with dead Jersey boys of the brand of

1861. In the first day at the Wilder-

ness Colonel H. O. Ryerson of the Tenth was shot to death as a sort of ini-

tiation sacrifice to place the regiment

hardest fighting of the Wilderness, May

6 and 7, was shared by these men, and

at Spottsylvania the 80h 9th, 10th and

12th, the different regiments were fated

to get into every grand charge, now with the heroic Warres, now with the

fiery Upton, and again with Hancock,

In nine days—May 5 to 14—the First regiment lost 224, of which 49 were killed; the Second, 93, 14 of them killed;

the Third, 158, of which 47 were killed:

the Fourth, 185, of which 58 were killed

the Tenth, 146, 23 of them killed, and

the Fifteenth, that entered the shambles

with 15 officers and 429 men, emerged

with only 6 officers and 136 men. Its

killed alone in five days of the unequal

slaughter reached the enormous total of 116, or over 26 per cent., dead on the

highest roll of honor in the state. Its killed numbered 240, and 190 of them

belonged to the original 957 that joined

The original four regiments of Phil

Kearny's day were discharged at Cold

Harbor in June. Their death rolls were

the old brigade in 1862.

This regiment came out with the

on a footing with the old hands.

the superh.

regiment succeeded him.

It lost 150 killed and wounded.

Chancellors-

1863, in the Chance fight. The Jerseys

the men had to go on all fours.

wounded.

praised the Jerseymen for their

command. The instructions were

calcium light as things are.

forgot

position.

TALLYARNS OF WESTERN LIFE

Eome of the Stuff with Which Eastern Tenderfeet are Regaled.

THE MAN WHO RODE A CYCLONE

Jumping from a Locomotive-Sad Ending of a Desperado with an Appetite for Red-Haired Men-The Man Who Fit Bars.

"You talk about evclones in the east!" said the old man as he laid down his paper. "Why, they are nuthin' but summer zephyrs compared to real cyclones -reg'lar built, stand up cyclones like we hev out in Montana! They knock down a few trees, blow the roofs off a few houses and kill a baby or two, and then your daily papers make a great whoopin' over the awful destruction! It's 'buff to make a man laugh to see how hard they try to make sumthin' big out of a little bit o' wind."

"You've seen cyclones in Montana, I take it?" chirruped the religious editor of the New York Herald.

"Ten of 'em, sir," replied the old man. "Nine of 'em were about ten times as destructive as this one which occurred in Illinois the other day, but we only called 'em two-centers. The other was the genuine thing and was really worth talkin' about."

"I'm sure we'd like to hear about it." " Well, I'm no great hand at story tellin', but I'll do my best. It was in the Cedar valley to the north of Diamond City. That valley is made by a range of mountains to the east and the Gallitin river to the west. It was one afternoon in July, and I was on muleback and goin' north. It was as purty a day as you ever saw. I was feelin' powerful good that day, and I remember I was singin' a religus song when that cyclone come along. She started in about thirty miles north of me and come along down howlin' for gore."

"Couldn't you get shelter anywhere." "No. I was in the middle of a prairie twenty miles wide without even a bush to shelter me. And thar' wouldn't hey bin time anyhow. She was right at hand before I suspected what it was. With a scream, and a roar and a whoon she enfolded me. I had just time to utter a prayer before I was picked up."

"Wall, I was exactly sixteen miles above Diamond City when I met the cloud. I had looked at my watch, and it was fourteen minutes after 12. When I came to I looked at my watch agin and it was twenty minutes after 12. I was then in Diamond City. I had been carried sixteed miles in six minutes and deposited right in front of the best saloon in town, "Hurt nov?"

"Not a mite. I got up and walked into the saloon and called for three fingers of whisky just as calmly as if nothin' had happened.

"Didn't the cyclone strike the town?" "Certainly, and this was the only building not destroyed. Killed 107 people and destroyed 87 buildings in the city. It must hev bin the hand of Providence, fur I was very thirsty and the saloon man owed me a drink on our last deal. That eyelone killed 251 people, including Injuns and destroyed 140 buildings along the valley."

"Did you ever find your mule?" was asked, after a long and painful silence. "That was also a queer thing," replied the old man. "He was carried along with me, dropped at the same time, and after I got my drink I found him standing at the hitching post in That must have been the good order. hand of Providence also, as he was my only mule, and his loss would have been

a sad affair to me "Did you go out and mount him?"

"And then ride away?"

"And tell everybody you met just what had happened?"

"And they appeared to believe it?" Well, no. I encountered three or four fellers who acted a leetle suspicious of me. They believed the main part of the story all right, but when it came down to the saloon and the drink they kicked on me."
"But why?"

"I told you I walked in and called fur three fingers of whisky,'

"That's what they kicked on. Under the circumstances they thought any human critter would naturally ask fur five or six, and buy a quart extra to resume his journey on.

"I suppose you have never been asked for proots?" queried our spokesman after another silence.

"Yes, twice. Both of 'em sleep in that same valley and their beadstones cost \$19 apiece. They were newcomers and I buried 'em tenderly. Does anybody in this car want any affidavits or

No one did. He pulled out a buckhorn handled knife and sharpened it on his bootleg, but it was a useless move. None of us had the slightest doubt of his veracity.

Jumping Off Places.

"Did you ever jump from your cab while the train was going full speed?" I asked a locomotive engineer the other

"Yes, three or four times," he auswored. "What's the sensation?"

"That's according to how you land. One night three years ago the train dispatcher got two of us headed for each other on a single track at a gait of forty miles an hour. The first thing I saw was the headlight of the other locomotive rounding a curve thirty rods away. I shut 'er off, threw over the lever and set the air brakes-then make a jump. I'd no time to pick for a spot, and as I jumped I realized that I'd have a bad time of it, as I knew every foot of the ground. It was on a level covered with a thistle patch. There was a strip of them forty rods long growing up like corn stalks. I expect they broke my fall somewhat, but I don't know that I ever hit the ground until I fetched up for good. It seemed to me that I just swept through that patch about knee high from the ground, and when there were no more thistles to knock down I 'anded 'kerchug!' against an old stump and uprooted it. The doctor es timated that the number of thistle points sticking into my body at one bil-

em out ever since and I feel 'em stick ing every once in a while yet.' "Landing in a mud puddle would be a soft thing," I surgested. "I've been there," he replied, with a flecting smile. "While I was running

tion. My wife and I have been picking

freight they built a sidetrack to a grave pit at a certain point. In excavating at the main line they dug a hole about twenty feet long by ten wide and four deep. As a rule this hole was always full of water and, as it was on my side of the engine and always came under my eye, I got to thinking what a snap

I'd have if I had to make a jump right

"But you never had to." "Didn't I? There was a little station ust a mile above this hole and it was a sharp up grade. One day while we were humping along to make the station a dozen cars broke loose from a freight sidetrack at that station, and down they came like so many roaring lions after their prey. By the time f had whistled for brakes and reversed my engine it was time to jump, and bless my soul! If I wasn't just where I wanted to be-right at the pond. I waited to pass the mile post and then shut my eyes and took a header, feeling sorry at the same instant for my fire

man, who d got to jump among the stumps. Well, I strock." "In the water?" I asked, as he paused and worked a finger into his ear.

"Oh, no. There had been a long spell of hot, dry weather and every pint of water had evaporated out of that pond. The mud was left behind though. There was three feet of it waiting to catch some sucker, and it caught one. went head first to the bottom. Then I rolled over and floundered around for five minutes and could never have pulted myself out unassisted. I didn't bread any bones, but-ugh!" "What?"

"Mud! I took twenty-seven baths before I got down so I could see my hide, and it seemed a month before mud quit working out of my ears, eyes, nose and mouth. I hated mud. I felt mud crawling up and down my back. I picked mud out of my pockets and scraped it out of my hair. The thought of it suffocates me yet when I think of it. I'm still on the road, but I'm not looking for any more mud holes to land in. On the contrary, if things turn out as I have figured them, my next jump will be into a patch of blackberry bushes with an old dead tree in the center, and I confidently expect to mow down everything in my path.'

Popping Red-Haired Men. We heard a shot fired across the street, followed by a rush of men along board walks, and went over to find a man lying on the floor of a saloon with a bullet hole in his side. The bartender stood behind the bar with a smoking pistol in his hand and he was the cool-

est one in the whole crowd. "Jim, how did this happen?" demanded the town marshal- who was on hand

with two deputies. "The usual way-just the usual way, Tom," was the bland reply. "You've known me for two years and you know I never take advantage of anybody."
"That's so. You've always played

I wonder who he is?" "Dunno. He was in here yesterday for the first time."

The marshal went over to the man, propped his head up on an overturned chair and examined the wound. The stranger's eyes were open and full of intelligence, and as he looked around on the crowd a faint smile passed over his face. He was a typical border man -rough in dress and ugly of visage.

"What's your name, stranger?" asked the marshal.

"Pete Smith." "Where from?"

"Nevada.

"How about this shooting?" The man chuckled and smiled as he lanced over at the bartender. Theu

e quietly said: "Look at his ha'r-the color of it! I've been huntin' that color fur the last two vears. He'd a made my tenth! The bartender's hair was red.

"I heard about him a hundred miles away," resumed the stranger, "and I com here to wipe him out. Hain't nuthin' agin him except his ha'r. "Then you meant to kill him?" asked

the marshal.
"Sartin. I'm down on that sort o' ha'r. I wanted to give him a show, though, and so I whooped as I started to draw. Gun got tangled and he got the drop on me. He plugged me plumb center and I'm a goner. "Does he talk straight?" asked the

officer of the man behind the bar. "Yes. I didn't know that he objected to the color of my hair, but when he whooped I grabbed my gun and dropped

"Do you know that you are dying?" asked the marshal as he turned to the stranger again. "Sure, but I've told you all you'll ever

know. Just plant me outside and make "What's this?" said the officer as he

moved the man's body so as to uncover his right hand, which grasped his "I-I didn't git it out in time fur the

bartender, and so I was layin' low fur somebody else. Is that a redheaded man in the crowd?" "No." answered the marshal, as he looked around.

"If thar' was I'd-I'd try a pop at him! Just my luck; take the gun! I wanted to make the number ten, but I've run up agin a barbed wire fence!'

At that moment a doctor who had been sent for came bustling in. He was a redheaded man. He knelt to examine the wounded man, but the latter waved him off, sat up and hoarsely shouted: "This crowd has played me low down!

You took my gun away and then rung n a redheaded man on me. Whoop He fell back, gave a sort of shiver and

"I suppose," he said, as he leaned for-

ward and touched the cowboy on the shoulder, "I suppose you've fit Injuns out west?" "Yes, sir; lots of them," was the

"And you've fit grizzly b'ars?"

"I have." "And you've killed six or seven men?" "My last victim was No. 13," was the

modest reply. "Wall! What a curus thing this 'ere world is, anyhow! While you've fit Injuns and b'ars and killed men and trav'lin' around, I've just stayed right at home and lost the end of my finger in a cider mill!"

Coughed Up a Federal Bullet.

W. D. Walton, a well known citizen of Petersburg, Va., recently coughed up a bullet which he has carried in his body ince the war. He was a member of company I, Twelfth Virginia regiment, and at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House he was struck by a ball, which lodged in his body and has been in him ever since. For years past Mr. Walton has been in very bad health. Some months ago an abseess began to form on his breast near where he was wounded. and he was compelled to close business and take to his bed. A few days ago the abscess broke, and in a coughing spell Mr. Walton coughed up half of the ball. He now looks like an entirely new man. Before he scarcely had an appetite; now he says his appetite cannot be satisfied.

Dr. J. B. Moore—Dear Sir: Have been troubled with cataern in my head and face frouthed with catarrh in my head and face for three years—at times was unable to hear had a constant ringing in my ears and for two years was almost deaf. Have tried everal so-called remedies and been treated by regular physicians and noted specialists, but failed to get any reilef. I tried one bettle of Moore's Tree of Life Catarrh Cure. It gave immediate relief and effected a permanent cure. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of this disease and will cheerfully give ers of this disease and will cheerfully give any further information on being addressed at my home, No. 228 Sweeney ave., Burling-

on, Ia. For sale by all druggists.

Respectfully,

R. L. Rein. For sale by all druggists.

Benefits of the Recently Expired "Relief for Deserters" Act.

PHIL KEARNY'S FAMOUS JERSEY BRIGADE

Resume of Its Splender Fighting Qualities Displayed in the War-Coughed Up a Bullet-The Washington Parade -A War Tragedy.

At noon on Friday, July 1, the "Relief for Deserters" act expired by limitation. This act was passed by congress March 2, 1889. The purpose of the act and its effect were to enable many deserving war veterans to remove the stigma "deserter" from their record and thus secure a pension which, under the law, would be otherwise denied to them. It was not intended to apply, and it did not apply, of course, to those soldiers who deserted through cowardice, disloyalty or disaffection.

There were many ways by which a brave soldier unwittingly became a "deserter," and the law was drawn to clear the record of those who, within a reasonable time after the charge of desertion was made, voluntarily returned to their commands and served faithfully to the end of the term or until honorably discharged; those who absented themselves from their command or the hospital white ill or wounded, and either voluntarily returned to their command, or were permanently prevented from returning because of their wounds, and those who enlisted as minors, without the consent of their parents or guardians, and were released from service by

order of court or on habeas corpus. The act was made to apply also to the Mexican war, and the secretary of war was authorized to remove the charge of desertion from the record of any regular or volunteer soldier upon proper application therefor and satisfactory proof that he came within the provisions of

Under the act many thousand soldiers were restored to all their rights and secured pensions from the government. The time in which applications could be made to the secretary of war was litaited to three years from July 1, 1889, and all applications not made in that time were declared to be "forever barred." Now there can be no more applications.

Phil Kearny's Jersey Brigade, Year by year the roll of heroes who lought the civil war grows shorter and shorter, yet the muster at Grand Army posts shows little diminution. The natural reason for this is that as the veterans fall out the ranks close up as in times of war, and the laggers behind begin to feel an exciting interest in matters at the front. At no time, indeed, have Grand Army meetings been more largely attended than they are today, and as a natural consequence of these gatherings of old veterans old war stories are undergoing a genuine revival. No story can be told within hearing of Jerseymen that does not bring Kearny and the First Jersey brigade to their minds, says the New York Advertiser. Kearny, to be sure, neither recruited the Jersey boys nor led them where the bullets flew, but they were "Kearny's Jerseys" nevertheless, and he was their 'One Armed Phil" in the fond illusion of the time, so it is all the same thirty years after, whether the pretty idea was spun from truth or fancy.

The surviving veterans look Kearny as having been their military father; they "reune" on his family manor and keep his memory green in countless ways as become brave soldiers for a fallen hero. While the gallant Taylor fell at their head and Torbe t ed them to many victories, and half a dozen other brigadiers as well, Kearny has been their idol "first, last and al-Surely he was a grand figure ways. for any body of men to tie to as marshal on the tented field, and the Jerseys were vali nt company for any man on forseback to fall in with while going to the wars. Being so well met, though their contact was brief, let their wraiths travel down fame's golden pathway to-

The First Jersey brigade was made up of certain odd volunteer companies left over from the three months quota in April, 1861, and other companies that took time by the forelock, got themselves up in military shape and were hoping the rebellion would not collapse without permitting New Jersey to get in a lick, when Lincoln's second call to rms-May 3, 1861-made it seem to them a pleasure just to live. The First, Second and Third regiments hurried to the front and served in the reserves at

In August the Fourth regiment and Hexamer's battery—"A," First New Jersey Light artillery—joined their comrades, and Philip Kearny, a hero of many fields, already wearing an empty sleeve, was commissioned brigadier to ead them. The old fighter was a stern, nbending martinet, and for seven months he put the Jerseys through a course of hammering that turned out 1,000 soldiers where 4,000 budding novices had been. The upshot was a crack brigade, ahead of all its fellows in deportment and drill. Kearny had done it, and the whole army, as well as half the country, admired the performance. So Kearny and his Jerseys were in fine feather before the fighting commenced. In April, 1862, when the army started for the Peninsula, Kearny was promoted to the command of a division and eparated from Jerseymen for good. They drifted into the Sixth corps and

remained there to the end. The first affair of blood was at West Point, on York river, May 7, where Hexamer repulsed a charge with canister and the Jerseys made a countercharge. The division comrades of the lerseys quickly concluded that Kearny hadn't erred in farming out his soldier-ly reputation among such ready fight-It was at Gaines Mill, though, that the Jersey boys learned that the rebeil-ion wasn't a bubble to collapse at the first pricking. They were called out in Slocum's division of reserves to aid Porter's Fifth corps in a struggle where the odds were two to one. Colonel Torbert got up from his berth, sick with a fever, to follow his regiment. In the Second there were only four companies for duty, but their leader, Colonel I. M. Tucker, put them in the front line to relieve a full regiment that had been cut to

Colone: Tucker was mortally wounded, and when some of his men started to carry him to the rear he called out, "Don't mind me, but go ahead!" The major, H. O. Ryerson, then ran to the colors, waved his sword to rally the men and was quickly shot down. In this little battalion alone fifteen were killed and forty-eight wounded inside of an hour. The Fourth regiment, of an hour. The Fourth regiment, under Colonel J. H. Simpson, refused to retreat when cut off from all support and defended its ground until fifty-two were killed and 163 wounded, and gave up only when completely surrounded. The Third tost fifty-eight killed and

GRAND ARMY DEPARTMENT 136 wounded. The first lost forty-four killed and eighty wounded.

Reserves always find the hottest place in a fight if they find any, and Kearny himself could feel prend of the ranks as follows: First, 153; Second, 96; Third. 157; Fourth, 161. Hexamer's battery made a wonderful record for execution, but it was fortunate enough to place the big death roll on the enemy's side, a that stood up until Bearly 600 bit the dust out of less than 2,000 engaged. Every man doubts bis own courage and

science for dash in fighting. The Washington Parade,

way those so diers have who substitute

Commander-In-Chief Palmer nounces that it has been decided not to admit into the parade at Washington any who are not members of a regular Grand Army post. He assigns as a reason that there will be 80,000 regular Grand Army men in line and it will take ten hours to pass a given point, and to admit all visiting veterans would make a procession that would be almost endless. he argues.

It is stated that the veterans will be taken over the same grounds that were traversed in the grand review of 1865.

ADVERTISING A BIG SHOW. How the Ringling Bros. Announce the

Coming of Their Great Exhibition. The readers of THE BEE, who have during the past week seen the lavish way in which the Ringling Brothers are advertising the coming of the "World's Greatest Shows" to Omaha, Monday, August 1, have undoubtedly been impressed by the seemingly rockless expenditure of money in that direction, and something about the methods employed in advertising this big show will be interesting.

The Ringling Brothers spend more in preliminary arrangements and in adver-tising their great amusement enterprise than any other circus management now before the people. Their agents and billposters alone comprise an army of employes more numerous than the entire number of people employed by many shows of considerable pretensions. Their contract with one printing house alone this season for one kind of lithograph paper was for the enormous sum of \$125,000. There is no printing house in America that could handle all their advertising matter and get it out with the rapidity with which they requireit There are a multitude of details

The four regiments mustered only 1,100 men. General G. W. Taylor was in which must be arranged before the big show can exhibit in a city, and each series of details is looked after by agents find Pope or the enemy,"and the brigade proceeded alone by rail without opposiespecially engaged for that purpose. The first intimation that the circus contemplates a visit is when the general where it was fired upon by a battery in agent and his assistants arrive. After they have satisfactorily arranged the license with the authoriand charged. The troops held their fire, relying upon the bayonet. When ties, they must secure a lot on which to within 300 yards of the guns two other give the exhibition. At first sight this seems a very simple matter, but it is not. The Ringling Bros.' show is so vast that no ordinary lot will suffice, and considerable difficulty is often experienced in getting a plot of ground lisaster fallowed. Taylor drew the men large enough to admit of the erection of back in good order in the face of Hill's the enormous hippodrome and menagerie pavilions, as well as the veritable city of other tents required to shelter the 350 head of stock and other accesthe fight, and in his official report sories of the show, to say nothing of the cook tents, the blacksmith shop and the The affair cost the brigade a sideshow. Then there are contracts for supplies of all kinds to be made, for the killed and wounded, but it taught the War department that Washington was hundreds of employes as well as the stock and wild animals must be fed, and in danger, and led to the speedy relief of Pope. the supplies for each day must necessarily be furnished by the people in the cities where the show is exhibiting. wise unknown to fame. It was the storming of Crompton's Pass, South

Now comes a very essential feature of the preliminary work. The show must be "billed," as the circus men say, and in order to do so places must be secured for the posting of the bright-hued circus paper. It would never do to wait until the billposters came along before securing places to advantageously display the announcements of the big shows coming. This would waste too much time, and, besides, after all the "dead" walls and fences and billboards and "daubs" in the city have been secured there are not half erough to satisfy the paste-bucket brigade, and whole acres of temporary billboards must be contracted for and erected before the billposting begins That means a lot of money spent with the carpenters and often a considerable sum left with the owners of properties where the lots are rented for the erection of billboards. About this time, also, the general press agent and his associates are arranging with the newspapers in the city as well as the rural press within a radius of sixty miles or more, to announce the coming of this great The newspapers are never slighted, for they are recognized as the most powerful of all agents in securing the attention of the public, and thousands upon thousands of dollars are expended in this direction every year. Following close upon the preliminary

arrangements comes the first of the four advertising cars used by the Ring-ling Brothers. It is designated as No. No novice would imagine that this magnificent railway coach was used for advertising purposes. It is the largest and finest advertising car ever constructed. From the outside it has the structural appearance of a Pullman palace car, except that it is painted pure white, with illuminated gold lettering and trimmings. This car occupied a prominent position on the tracks of the Elkhorn road in Council Bluffs on Monlay and Tuesday of the past week, and attracted a great deal of attention. The interior is finished in hardwood. There is an office for Mr. A. G. Ringling, who directs the first brigade, and sleeping accommodations for thirty billposters of which there is a full complement. In one corner there is a complete printing office and large press, and in another a great boiler, used in making the paste used in pasting the bills. Twelve barreis of paste are used by car No. 1 every day. Very early in the morning, if the car has arrived during the night, or as soon as possible after its arrival reaches town by daylight, the bill-posters are divided into squads and put to work. Some of the squads, with the aid of the regular licensed city billposter, cover all the boards in town, while the others take teams, the contracting agents have previ-ously arranged for, and driving out into the country cover every barn and fence and outbuilding for which permission can be secured with the beautiful pictorial paper used by the show, Within twelve hours these bustling fellows, with their paste buckets and paper, can literally cover thirty miles of territory in every direction. When they are through there is no longer any

doubt but that the biggest of big shows is coming to town. When advertising car No. 2 arrives a few days later the same operation is repeated, and much wonder is expressed as the second brigade covers all the paper put up by the first. The billposters on the third car also repeat this seemingly extravagant procedure, and thus insure the brightness and cleanliness of the "stands." The fourth car is devoted principally to excursion work and distributing the small bills and fold-

All this preliminary work is conducted under the direct supervision of the five Ringling brothers, who comprise the sole owners and proprietors of the show, and the system they have inaugurated is the admiration of all intelligent show-

ers of the show,

A contract involving the expenditure of \$2,000,000 has beed closed in St Louis. It is stated that nearly all the surface-car lines in the city will be consolidated, and connected tuto a single electric system

SANTA

I am a Trav'ling man! I'll tell you of my plan. In spite of all temptation I pursue my old vocation,

I'm still a Trav'ling man! A jolly Fairbank man!

For he himself has said it, And it's greatly to his credit, That he is a Trav'ling man! That he is a Fairbank m.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

Sold by Traveling men and Grocers Everywhere. Manufactured only b N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

********************** THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and always effectual. A reliable remedy for Biliousness, Blotches on the Face, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Liver Trouble, Diabetes, Disordered Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence, Female Complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite,

Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimthe Head, Sallow ComScald Head, Scrofula,
Diseases. Sour Stom
Diseases. Sour Stom-Torpid Liver, Ulcers, other symptom or dis-

Nausea, Nettle Rash, ples, Rush of Blood to Water Brash and every ease that results from

impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking one tabule after each meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. Price: One gross \$2, sample bottle 15 cents. For sale by Druggists, or sent by mail postage paid. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, New York. 60000000000000000000000000000000000



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