WAKEMAN WANDERS IN ERIN

Some Pathetlo Pen Pictures of the Leavetaking of Irish Emigrants.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF "CONVOYING"

Revole Struggles of Simple Folk in Tearing Away from the Scenes to Which the Heart is Rooted-In Irish Highway and Cabin.

[Copyrighted, 1893.]

LONDON, May 8 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE.] It may well be imagined that when from 100 to 200 souls leave Ireland for foreign shores every working day in the year there are heart and hand wringings innumerable, and dolorous mists from the region of tears. Few families are fortunate enough to get away all together. If help has come from America or the colonies; if the passage money has been saved in secret through years of deprivation by a single person; if an Irish family has after every manner of sacrifice provided for one to go to blessed foreign lands that the remainder may, one by one, eventually follow; however the going of all these people may hvaecome about, in every instance there is a struggle in tearing away from the things to which the heart is rooted of which we of better fortune and conditions literally know nothing.

So many of these scenes have I witnessed that I have perhaps some little conception of the real bravery of this act of illiterate, untrained men and women pushing boldly across oceans into untried, unknown walks and ways, with a love, hope and determination for one's own at the bottom of it all that have more real heroism in them than the average American is ever called upon to exercise throughout his entire life.

However lowly, poor and desperately goodfor-naught the prospective emigrant may have all his life been regarded among his fellows, the great and generous heart in hose around him melts into surpassing interest and tenderness when he comes to leave his neighborhood, and those whom he has been never so little apart of through the bitter days that have encompassed all. For every departure reawakens the heartaching memories of other departures, and in every Irish home I ever shared there is an empty chair whose former occupant is somewhere beyond the sea.

If it be a family which is to go, or some elderly man or woman, for days previous to the departure the whole countryside swarms to the cabin; and every man, woman or child of the townland at some time or another has come to mourn at the leaving and bid Godspeed at the going. If it be a youth or lass, or young man or woman, as it often is, for few but the very old and very young are left, then, on the evening previous to the departure, every companion, friend or acquaintance is certain to appear; and the whole night is passed in what is called "rising the heart" of the departing one.

"Tising the heart" of the departing one. The custom springs from the same kindly quality of extending cheer to those who mourn, that originally established the cus-tom of the Irish "wake," which many good people choose to persistently misunderstand and condemn. At this gathering for "rising the heart" of the emigrant the Irish peasant's character is in a most tenderly inter-esting state for study. Every one arrives in a hushed, embarrassed mood; and every one brings some little token of affection and re-gard. The poverty of these folk alone pre-The poverty of these folk alone pre-

vents outlandish generosity. One stealthily appears with yards of seed-cake; many with thimblesful of tea; some cake; many with thimblesful of tea; some with gewgaws and trifles of jewelry; the coattail pockets of another will bulge with heartsome potatoes; housewives arrive with great methers of milk, others with schowders, or oaten cakes, crisp and toothsome, still others with schrahags of shilk, a hearty mixture of potatoes, beans and butter, and some with apronsful of peat, for the slender resources of the family must heaver under these trying circumstances be never under these trying circumstances be drained. And the lads and lasses who come with pressed Irish flowers and ferns, and sprigs of hawthorn and bunches of the dear chamrock, with gifts of ribbons, and bits of this or that prized possession, are not to be counted at all. So, too, come those with looks of triumph and secreted bottles of poteen, that "never fot a touch," that is, are guiltless of the exciseman's descrating scal; for "grief is ever droothy" surely. Then the night is passed in eating, feasting and drinking. Loads of humble fare are there; oceans of tea; and timely drops of the "rale mountain dew." Tales are told; songs are sung; sometimes they dance to the music of an old tramp fiddler who has been impressed into service But the chords of mirth are minor enough the night long; and smiles, laughter and brave prophecies are all touched and chast brave prophecies are all touched and chast-ened by honest Irish tears. When morning comes, and those whose imperative duties call them to their homes have said good-bye with almost the same dread, reverence and pathetic forlornness as when lowering the dead into the grave, the rustic ceremony of "convoying" is be-gun. The subject of all this attention be-comes for the once, if for only this once in a lifetime, the hero or heroine of the hour. The chests, or plethoric bags, or whatever constitutes the luggage of the emigrant, is sent on ahead in some neighbor's proffered cart, friendly riots for the honor of the ournful privilege often occurring, or are slung over the backs of shaggy donkeys, a score more than necessary always being in readiness for this friendly mission. readiness for this friendly mission. If a whole family are to go the farewells to the wretched old hut which has housed them is something pitiable beyond descrip-tion. If it be but a single member of the household, the good-byes to the old, old folk too feeble for the journey of "conyoy" are more pitable still. These separations are often too great a load for such, and many a withered branch of the impoverished family withcred branch of the impoverished family tree breaks and fails into the earth from the keen, sharp sorrow. But if girsha or bouchal, the pride of the loved home, are departing, the maelstrom of emotion as the "convoy," or accompanying procession, sets forth, is beyond the power of man to reveal. On many occasions during my wan-derings about in Ireland I have come upon these excited crowds, as they were starting these excited crowds, as they were starting from the home, as they straggled down mountain boreen, as they lagged and wailed along the great stone highway, or as they neared some railway station whence tho emigrant must depart to the seaport city, and making myself one of the motley "con-voyers," have thus tramped with them miles upon their sorrowful way. Sometimes these grewsome processions will come from a point a score of miles away in the mountains, or remote valley districts, and though no one has ever seemed to think these touching and characteristic scenes worth a place in Irish literature, they are <text><text><text>

and with some disdain, mvisible but mighty commissions on the tops of their beads. It is a weird sight to see scores of such as these appearing around a curve of some mighty mountain road, accompanying the emigrant to Stranorlar, wailing and almost keening as for the doad; halting and em-bracing, often struggling for priority in walk-ing beside the hero of the hour, and often so overcome with the violence of their grief as to make despairing rushes with the loved as to make despairing rushes with the loved ne back toward the old mountain home. I have many times failen in with these cavalcades winding down from the Derry yeagh and Glendowan mountains, or from the

Boultypatrick, Gatigan or Aghia hills, and have walked and halted, and parleyed and soothed in common with the honest souls for source in their way toward the railway at Stranorlar. On one occasion the "convoy-ing" party was from the far west, from away over by the howling cliffs of Maghrey bay, where life is very dull and drear at

best. It was a crowd whose faces and strange attire bespoke great poverty. Two children, a lad of 17 and a girl of perhaps 14 children, a lad of 17 and a girl of perhaps 14 were going away. The mother was to re-main behind until these two waifs could send for her. For the whole company it was the event of their lives, this few miles mountain journey; and the care for the brave young emigrants, the consideration for the wailing mother and the latter's grief ware touching to behold were touching to behold.

Half the time the lad's companions had their arms about his neck. The girls would carry the sisters on their shoulders, and in scats made by interlacing their fingers; while the mother and the children's luggage while the mother and the children's luggage had been piled in an old squeaking mountain-but, or cart, which was tenderly drawn by hand. The women crowded about the cart with all manner of endeating and reassuring words of comfort, but the poor woman could not be comforted. As she lay prostrate upon the bundles, there only came from her white lups the endless mean ups the endless moan

"Crosh orrin!-crosh orrin! My pastchee boght!-my pastchee boght!" (May the cross encompass me! My poor children!-my poor children!) Once when wandering in county Galway,

down by old Cloghmore I saw a stranger "convoying" party than could be found in any other portion of Ireland. I had been any other portion of freinnd. I had been sauntering among the Connamara "knit-ters," "fullers," poteen makers and anti-quities of the ancient Celts with which this region abounds, and my mind was full of the pagan and early barbaric life whose

rude stone monuments were on every hand. Suddenly looking down upon the sea, I be-held a scene in keeping with the times of which I dreamed. A fleet of rotten dories, ragged smacks and curraghs, or skin-keeled craft precisely the same as used in these slands 2,000 years ago, was approaching the

shore. The occupants were skinny and white. They were dressed in rags and with little of these. The men wore skin shoes from which the hair had not been removed, which the natives call "pampootas." The women were barefooted and barelegged to their knees, and their bonnetless heads were covered with great shocks of course black hair. It with great shocks of coarse black hair. It

was a Dantean picture of hunger and want, framed in a setting of ancient, barbaric times. They were a party of nearly 100 God-forsaken Arran islanders, accompany-ing a family of emigrants to Cloghmore, whence the latter would walk to the train at Galway. They nearly all stood upright as they neared the mainland and were chanting the wildest, most dolorous Celtic strain

human ears ever heard. What a host of shuddering reflections this sea pageant of poverty-stricken peasantry crowds upon you! Your eye follows the dark shore line. Behind are the mountains. There are the peasantry and the ruins. Two There are the peasantry and the ruins. Two thousand years ago, there stood the watch-towers, the raths, the places for pagan pyrolatry. In the valleys were the herds and the helots. The signals flashed from crag to crag. Some savage chief with his thousands of serfs has come to give battle perhaps to old Beola himself. The bellowing herds are huddled in the glen. The shrick-ing women are herded within the raths. On come the flerce invaders by land. Here, skulking along the bays and bights, come the invaders by sca. Their shields are of rawhide. Their war raiment is of rawhide. Their navy is afloat upon rawhide. Then,

Their navy is afloat upon rawhide. Then, slaughter by land and sea, while the day lasts. Fire and sword, rapine and pillage, while lasts the night. The grass grows richer in the valleys for the blood left there that day!

They set the departing ones upon shore in silence and tenderly. No words could depict the agony of that separation. These went forth to unknown dangers in untried lands; those went back to hopeless starvation upor Past old Cloghmore, past Ballynen, yes, past far Caher, the curraghs and the dories and their motley crews followed those that went, wailing farewells, fiercely shrieking that grahs and straining their eyes until the last fluttering rays disappeared beyond the Con-namara hills over against ancient Galway. Not until then did they, still waiting, turn toward the hovels among the howling Arran rocks. I can never forget a "convoying" incident and its strange outcome which I witnessed, and indeed in which I participated. I had been visiting the battlefield of Aughrim, where, on that awful Sunday of 1691 was a battle such as we who have been in battles know; where Ginkel's hosts, in that mad obayse upon leaderlas horses, and the rocks. charge upon leaderless heroes, runed the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty; and where the whirlwind of death which swept over Aughrim's morass and bog set the final sea of servitude, but never of servility, upon the people of Ireland; and, turning into the old Dublin and Galway road, towards Ballinasloe, was at once one of a singular "convoy-ing" party from the rural districts of Kil-reekill. The strangest feature of this, so i s variably a friendly procession, was its doubl character, and its remarkably contention nature. Some tremendous excitement seemed to wildly influence both lines of march. On one side of the way was a bright Irish maiden surrounded and protected, as it were, by parents, relatives and at last two score aggressively defensive followers. On the other, was a smart looking Irisn youth in a state approaching frenzy, surrounded and restrained from some violent purpose by a like retinue of family, friends and loyal followers. Dropping quietly into line behind among the nimble-footed, least partisan, and among the him hie-footed, least partisan, and one might say commiseratingly-blended fol-lowers, I speedily learned the cause of the otherwise inexplicable spectacle. Nora, the daughter of a Kilreekill peasant, had been wooed by and betrothed to Dennis, son of a peasant of Ballinasloe. The Kilreekill father disliked the match, and, bent on irrevocably breaking it off, had got Nora started thus far breaking it off, had got Nora started thus far toward America. Dennis, wild with grief, had scoured Long. ford barony for friends, for a rescue; and al the way from Kilreekill the factions had at the way from Kilreekill the factions had at-tacked each other, retreated, parleyed, blarneyed, scorned, truced; and so it went on again to Garbally hamlet, when a cheer of hope arose in the ranks of Dennis' follo wers, for down the hill from behind, a sight to do Cupid's sorry eyes good, came a host of "the byes" from about Oghil and Keltomer. These rushing down and reinforcing our side—and I say "our side," for in some way I found myself giving an elbow to the cause of Den-nis—we made as fine a rally and sally as any myself giving an elbow to the cause of Den-nis—we made as fine a rally and sally as any one would joy to see; captured the blushing and willing Nora; bore her triumphantly into Ballinasloe, and had her safely and se-curely married to Dennis by an obliging priest within a glorious half hour thereafter. EDGAB L. WAKEMAN.

THOUGHT Story of a Sharp Trick Played on General Doubleday. VIEWS OF GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

A Timeptece Worn by Abraham Lincoln -Urging Indians as Soldlers-Origin of Disie-A Ghastly Scene-His

Pension in Mind. Yesterday I met an old officer of the Second Army corps, which, as every one

knows, Hancock commanded, says writer in an exchange. He told me a good story about Joe Parker. He was a great character. He came from Carlisle, Pa., and of all the wild hawks of the war he was probably the worst. Like a mother who always worships the graceless boy of the household, General Hancock was "stuck on" Joe. Joe Parker was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and if there was any one he hated it was Doubleday. At the battle of Gettysburg there was an accident which gave him a chance to show his hostility

to him. Hancock was wounded, and Parker, who was his pet, rode off to find Doubleday, the ranking officer on the field, and he found him lying under a tree while shot and shell passed over him. The queer boy from Carlisle rode up, saluted the general, who rose to a sitting posture, and said:

"General Doubleday, General Han-cock has been wounded, and you will-" Just at this second a shell burst in the tree over Doubleday and his staff, when the general fell over on his back, and cried:

"I am dead! I am dead!"

This was Parker's opportunity. He rode off in haste to find General John Gibbon, of whom he was fond, and saluting him said:

"General Hancock is wounded and carried from the field. General Doubleday is dead, and you will take command of this wing of the army."

A few minutes later General Hancock and his staff, with many other wounded officers, were being transported south to Baltimore by a railroad train, when Hancock said to those about him, for he was more severely wounded than the rest:

"Poor Doubleday! I am sorry that he is killed." "Killed!" said an officer who was suf-

fering from a flesh wound in the leg; why, I saw him on the field two hours after you were shot."

Hancock was surprised and continued: "Why, Joe Parker said he was dead." The great general sent one of the orderlies into the front car to find Joe. where he was enjoying himself with some of the boys who were not injured. Captain Parker returned, in response to the call, when the remarkable man of war said:

"Joe, did you not tell me that Doubleday was dead?" "Yes, sir; I did."

"Well, this officer tells me that he saw him on the field two hours after you reported him killed." "Well, I know nothing about that."

said Joe. "I only took the old fool's word for it. He said he was, and I thought he ought to know." What Might Have Been.

I asked General Howard what he thought of General Meade's failure to make a counter charge when Pickett's division had been put hors du combat, says a writer in the New York Post. He replied in these words:

"I am not much given to criticising my superior officers whether they be living or dead. The question you ask is erning onstitution or psychology. If Grant had been in com-mand instead of Mcade there would have been an immediate advance as soon as Pickett's division was hurled back. So it would have been if Sheridan or Thomas had been in command. They were men of a different mental make-up from Meade. General Meade drew up an order for attacking Lee at Williamsport before the latter crossed the Potomac in his retreat, but he cancelled it. Lee had simultaneously issued a proclamation to the army congratulating them on their recovery from the recent disaster and upon their readiness to fight again. He had perhaps taken some pains to provide us with an early copy of this document. At all events, General Meade received it and changed his mind, although some of his juniors, including myself, urged him to attack. But, on the whole, I do not consider it a misfortune that the grand charge was not made after the repulse of Pickett. If Lee's army had been destroyed, there would probably have been a restoration of the union on a different basis from that which came later. I do not think that the north was prepared at that time to insist upon sweeping slavery away utterly. The south was not yet exhausted. It had a deal of fighting power left. It could have prolonged the war for a considerable time The question would have been presented to the north, Shall we go on fighting in order to destroy slavery, or shall we have peace with union now? No, I have serious doubts whether it would have been a real advantage to us to have annihilated Lee's army at Gettysburg.

HE WAS DEAD many offers for the timepiece since, but has refused to sell. The watch is a stem-winder and setter, and was made by Ligne Droitei. It is a perfect time-keeper. many offers for the timepiece since, but no porter answered. "He's dead drunk out there in the smoker,' I said sticking my head

Indians Should Shoulder the Musket.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY MAY 21, 1893-TWENTY PAGES

Captain P. H. Ray, Eighth infantry, in command of a company of Indian sol-diers at Fort Washakie, in a recent interview on the value of the Indian as a soldier, said: "I believe and know that the Indian, if properly handled, can be made a good soldier. The trouble is that he is generally not so handled. The present practice is to subject him to the methods prescribed for the white man. This is a mistake. You cannot make of him a good imitation of a white soldier. He should be taken as an Indian and trained as such and his original traits and good qualities should be perpetuated. Except as to minor regulations, such as those relating to food and clothing, he should be governed as an Indian, pure and simple. As to the Indian's capacity for military service there is much adverse criticism. So many have failed in trying to make a soldier of him that the government is somewhat dis-couraged at the prospect. Sec-retary Elkins, the last secre-tary of war, shared this feeling. What the present secretary's policy will be I know not. I hope, however, that he will not take this view, for I candidly believe that there is not another influence so po tent for good upon the Indians generally as the idea of allowing them to partici-pate in millitary work. If the government could only regard the situation as I do it would adopt the plan of civiliz-ing the Indians through the medium of military service. It is the quickest and surest way and the most humane method that can be followed. I regret very much to see this failure to recognize the Indian's military worth, and hope that before it is too late the sentiment and

practice of the government may be changed, and that our people may learn to judge them from the standpoint of a friend and not from that of an enemy, have also found them to be honest, faithful and loyal as friends, and in the cardinal virtues to stand, as a whole, equal to any people I have ever been associated with."

Dixie a 'Foh de Wah Song

We had hoped to be able to present all the facts obtainable as to who wrote "Dixie," but we have not yet been able to secure the statement of General Longstreet, wherein he is said to declare that it was composed and sung years and years before the war by southern cadets at the West Point Military academy. It was but lately that we first heard of this claim of authorship. If General Longstreet's recollection is confirmed by the recollection of others it would dispose of other claims heretofore asserted, but we all know that memory is at best a fallible thing.

A decade or more ago the Magazine of American History undertook to show that "Dixie" was the alleged song of a lot of negroes from the south who were sold into the far south in advance of the approaching wave of abolition sentiment in their old homes. Later, statements of several persons were published that "Dixie" was written in 1859 by Dan Emmett for Bryant's minstrels as a "walk-The late Mr. Siegel of Richaround." mond, who was a musician in that troupe, was one of those who were firmly of the opinion that that was the real origin of the song.

We are, however, quite ready to be-lieve that Bryant's minstrels who played in New Orleans and other southern cities just before the war began, gave the song a southern popularity which caused it to be taken up in the camps and to become the accepted confederate national air.

A Southern Golgotha.

"I think that the ghastliest sight I ever saw," said Sheriff Barnes of Atlanta, Ga., "was during the late war on the field of Malvern Hill. I was in the battle and a more terrific engagement I never witnessed. But that is not the exact time to which I refer. About a year after the battle was fought my regiment was dered out into the neighborhood of same old field. We went over the same ground, and there in the open fi exposed to the torrid sun, were ble ing the bones of our comrades who in that awful engagement. It w sight I shall never forget. On e side lay the waste of skulls-skul almost every shape and size-a mo Golgotha. We could not identify them. I ever, and could only gaze with a fee of sorrow on the aggregate pile of hu heads that had once been full of life feeling. After the deeper emotions cited by the spectacle had worn aw thought of the infinite variety of sh that were presented by the heap. T were no two of the same shape or and it was rather a matter of cur though melancholy interest to ins the different skulls as they lay cr bling in the sultry atmosphere of August day."

through the curtains. "I guess I'll go and see,' said the in-

quirer, and I got up too. 'We found two or three of our party ahead of us.

"'Hello,' said one to me, 'did you have any trouble with the porter in the

night?' "'Don't know; thought maybe you had thrown him off the car

"But I hadn't, and then we began to look for him, and the conductor appeared and he couldn't tell us anything,

either. Then an idea occurred to me. "Wait a minute,' I said, and I went back to the berth the porter had made down for me, and throwing open the curtains, I found my dummy covered up comfortably just as 1 had left it, but driven clear through it, right where the heart ought to be, was a knife at least twelve inches long in the blade. "Then I called in the crowd.

"There,' I said, 'do you see the hilt of that knife? I'll give \$500 to know where the porter is.

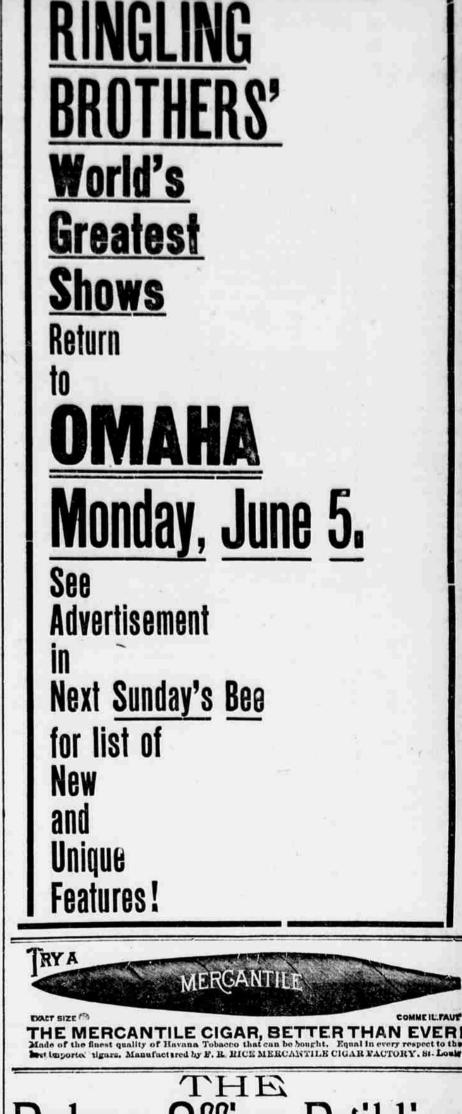
"The crowd stood aghast for a minute but nobody claimed the \$500, and that porter was never heard of again."

A VOCIFEROUS VEGETABLE.

Despised for Its Strength, Yet Possessing Many Good Qualities.

"Onions are looked upon with disfavor by many Americans," said Frank F. Seigel to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "Onions are too vociferous in their odor and too self assertive to be liked by anyone possessed of a very strong will. They offer too much opposition. There is more to the onion, however, than its mere odor. Onions are a kind of all-around good medicine, and every house wife knows this without knowing why. She knows that a solid red onion, eaten at bed time, will by the next morning break the severest cold. She also knows that onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness. But she does not know why. If anyone would take an onion and mash it, so as to secure all of the juice in it, he would have a most remarkable smelling of salts-an odor that would quiet the most nervous person in no time. The strength of it inhaled for a few moments will dull the sense of smell and weaken the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer ex-haustion. It all comes from one property possessed by the onion and that is a form of opium. Onions are narcotic in their tendencies and for that reason the very best kind of food. Any one who eats a late suppor and imagines that he will not be able to sleep had better order a dish of fried onions and close his meal with them. There will be no danger of wakefulness then. The amount of opium in a saucerful of fried onions will overpower the most sensitive digestive organs, even when disturbed by a late meal, and one can sleep just as well as though no meal had been caten. The Chinese understand the onion better than the other nations of the earth. A Chinaman will mix dried onion sprigs with tobacco and smoke that. They probably find it lends additional charm to a genial pipe and brings on that condition of dreamy wakefulness which is the final end of all smoking."

The sector of th Son. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. RHEUMATISM four years I gave up all remedies and began using S. S. S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume work. S.S.S. Is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."



A Queer Pigmy Chinaman.

There has arrived. in Soochow, says the Celestial Empire, a microscopic prodigy twenty inches in height, aged 51 years, and sporting a flowing gray beard almost as long as himself. The small man has a "cocky" sort of way about him which is all his own, and is dressed in English fashion-coat, hat, boots and all. He tells the gaping of bumpkins who uncereme niously jostle the city swells in their eagerness to hear him speak that he hails from the Dwarf Kingdom of the

western ocean, and he emphasizes his information by a flourish of a bamboo tobacco pipe which is much taller than himself. But when desired to give a specimen of the language of the country of his nativity he regales his sudience with a choice collection of English phrases, squeaked out in an uncertain tone of voice.

crowds

Chicago Record: Whatever the final ac-tion regarding this measure, it will have a great bearing upon the original exclusion act. The one supplements the other. It re-mains to be seen whether this nation will scribusly undertake the enormous labor and great expense of shipping the thousands of unregistered Chinamen back to China.

A Relic of Old Abe. It is, perhaps, a noteworthy fact that Abraham Lincoln left fewer relics behind him than almost any other of our presidents. Though his death occurred such a comparatively short time ago,

the objects which, so to speak, are permeated with his personality are exceedingly scarce. A token doubly valuable on account of the associations with which it is surrounded is in the possession of Harry C. Campbell, formerly chairman of the Campbell Burner company of Pittsburg, who is temporarily stopping at the Astor house in this city, says a writer in a New York paper. It is a Hall opened-faced gold watch with the case No. 14,964, which was

with the case No. 14,964, which was owned by President Lincoln and worn by him during some of the most trying periods in our nation's history. It came into Mr. Campbell's possession in a

rather curious manner. Charles Heyser of company D, Second United States cavalry, enlisted at Albany, this state, August 11, 1859. He was appointed acting orderly to Adju-tant General Thomas in 1861 and by him was detailed as orderly to President Lincoln. President Lincoln kept him busily employed during the war carry-ing messages to the different depart-ments and to the front, and seemed to be much attached to him.

Christmas day, 1864, the president presented Heyser with the watch he had been wearing as a Christmas gift. He afterwards took it back and had the inand returned it. Heyser carried the watch until February 27, 1889, when,

watch until February 27, 1889, when, desiring to raise money enough to get to his birthplace in Prussia, he sold it to C. B. Todd of Pittsburg, who in turn, on December 1, 1892, sold it to Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell has received a great

Thought of His Pension.

In a small village in Maine lives an old soldier who has for n years received a pension from government, which, with his s earnings by occasional jobs, makes comfortable. One day, while at win the house of a neighbor, he slip at the top of a flight of stairs and fe the bottom. The lady of the h heard the noise and hurried to h the cause. "Why, Ambrose," she said, "is

you? Did you fall down stairs?" "Yes, marm, I did," answered the

man, "and for about a couple of min thought I'd lost my pension.'

STABBED THE DUMMY.

How a Murderous Sleeping Car Porter Fooled.

The drummer had just finished or his unequaled stories, and a gray ha man in the smoking compartment him looked up as if he could tell a s himself if he were sufficiently ur says the Detroit Free Press.

"Go ahead with yours," suggested of those sympathetic kind of men know things intuitively. "It isn't much," said the gray ha

man modestly. "That's what the boy, said when was looking for the definition of word 'paucity,' but that's all right; a us the story," replied the intuitive

son. "Well," said the man, straighter up, "some years ago, when in a cer section of the west the sleeping car yet a novelty, they had a white man one of our roads for a porter. He w mean fellow, and had a way of domin ing around that wasn't pleasant. He w coward, though, and was afraid man that met him face to face. night I got on at the town where I l and this porter was uglier than us So ugly, in fact, that I pulled a gu him, and at the muzzle of it I ch him up and down and kicked him one end of the car to the other. were eight or ten passengers in the with me, and by midnight, when porter was about half drunk and were ready to go to bed, they ad me to watch him, as he would prob me to watch him, as he would prom try to get even by some underh method. I laughed it off and sa wasn't afraid, but just the same, w the porter was dozing in a seat in corner, I fixed up a dummy to take lower berth, and I got into a va-upper on the other side of the car.

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that ne old	bind of the set of obsity. The band is worth your treatment of obsity. The band is worth twice the money it cost, for comfort. I have reduced my weight ten pounds, I weigh 233 bow, and I did weigh 245. Yours truly.	BASEMENT FLOOR: FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY, Mortgage Loans. MUIR & GAYLORD, Mortgage Loans, Real Estate and Insurance. MCCLELLAND & CO., Coal. WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Rem- Instruction Tynewitters and Supplication, Res. MCCLELAND & CO., Coal. WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Rem- Instruction Tynewitters and Supplication, Column 1, Column 2, Column 1, Column 2, Column 1, Column 2, Column 1, Column 2, Column
nutes	Dow, and I did weigh 245, Yours truly. H. M. BUBTON. They Are Doing Me Cood.	Estate and Insurance MCOLELLAND & CO., Coal. WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Rem- ington Typewriters and Supplies. REED JOB PRINTING CO., STEPHEN A. CROWE, Buffet. R. E. CAMPBELL, Court Rotunda, Cigars and Tobacco.
or Was	Earlytille, Ill., May 23, 1892. Loring & Co: Inclosed find \$2.59 for which please send me the other two bottles of Dr. Edison's Obes- ity Pills. I have used one and think hey are doing the work. B. M. HALEY, P. O. Box 75.	FIRST FLOOR: BEE BUSINESS OFFICE. CENTRAL LOAN AND TRUST CO. AMERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY. MERICAN WATER WORKS COMPANY.
one of aired	Talk So Much About Your Pills.	SECOND FLOOR.
with story urged, ed one h who	Peoria, Ill., June 18, 1892. Dear Sirs: After hearing one of my friendatalk so fuch about your Obesity Pills and the benefit hats deriving from them I think I will try them mysoif Please send me 3 bottles C. O. D., and obligs. J. MORRIS, 406 Ferry Street.	MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL LIFE INSUR- ANCE CO. C. S. ELGUTTER. Law Office. DR. CHARLES ROSEWATER. CHRISTIAWSCIENCE READING ROOMS. J. W. SQUIRE, Loans. HARTMAN & ROBBINS. C. HARTMAN, Inspector Fire Insurance. MANHATTAN LIFE (NSURANCE CO. MANHATTAN LIFE (NSURANCE CO. MANHATTAN LIFE (NSURANCE CO. MANHATTAN LIFE (NSURANCE CO. MANHATTAN LIFE (NSURANCE CO. DR. J. E. PRESNELL, Nose and Throat. J. W. SQUIRE, Loans.
aired	Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less Goshen, Ind., Sept. 18, 1892. Gentlemen: Inclosed Jond you \$1, for which you will please and methree bottles of the obesity plits.	THIRD FLOOR. B. W. PATRICK, Law Offices. UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO. / ANGLO-AMERICAN LOAN AND TFUST CO. DF. S. R. PATTEN, Dentis 1. DF. S. R. PATTEN, Dentis 1. DF. S. R. PATTEN, Dentis 1.
en he of the give per-	Am taking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh 13 younds less than when I began taking them. I will continue your treat uent. Mas. J. C. McCon s. South Sixth Strept.	R. W. PATRICK, Law Offices, UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO. / A NGLO-AMERICAN LOAN AND TEGST CO. DR. O. S. HOFFPAN. M. R. TRAU ERMAN ATICIDEY. EQUITY COURT, Room NO. 7. FOURTH FLOOR.
ening	An individual whose height is 6 feet 1 inch should weigh 155 pounds 5 feet 8 inches 160 " 6 feet 9 inches " " 160 "	PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. W. A. WEBSTER CONNECTIOUT MUTUAL LIFE INSUR- MACE CO STAPLETON LAND CO.
r was an on was a incer- was a	Dr. Edison says: "It may be well to point out that in my experience, which is necessarily very considerable, many troublesome skin diseases such, occasema, 'arone, psorials, uticaria, etc., are prim- arily exused by obesity, and as the fat and flash is reduced by the pills and Obesity Fruit Sait and the notion of the band these affections have almost	W. A. WEBSTER WEBSTER, HOWARD & CO., Fire Issurance, HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO. WESTERN CARSELVICE ASSOCIATION, J. L. BLACK, Civil Engineer, G. W. SUES & CO., Solicitors of Patents, BANKERS LOAN AND BUILDING ASSO- CHATUON CO., Solicitors of Patents, BANKERS LOAN AND BUILDING ASSO-
of a One lived, usual.	The Obesity Frait Salt is used in connection with the Pilis or Bands, or both. One teaspoonful in a tumbler of water makes a delicious soda. Tastes	STANDARD ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO., Percy B. Ford. Agent. DE GRANT CULLIMOSE, Oculist and Aurist. OMAIIA COAL EXCHANGE. J. M. BRUNNER, Renting Agency. J. W. BRUNNER, Renting Agency.
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