THAT JOHN BROWN LETTER

A Secret of History Revealed After Thirty-Seven Years.

Anonymous Information of the Projects of John Brown Furnished the Secretary of War-A Chat with the Author.

After thirty-neven years of secrecy the facts about the famous John Brown letter have been made public, relates the New York Sun. Investigation as to the authorship of the letter at the time led to nothing. Suspicion pointed in half a dozen different directions, none of them the right one. Conjecture on the matter has formed a part of every work dealing with the events just prior to the civil war, and the letter bade fair to become an American historical mystery; but now, with the consent of the author of the letter, ex-Lieutenant Governor B. F. Gue of Iowa has cleared up the mystery and told the story of the writing of the letter in the Midland Monthly. His brother, David J. Gue, a well known portrait painter

After the ill-fated raid of John Brown the letter was published, and in the investigamatter of the raid and attack on Harper's Perry it was prominently brought forward. The committee was made up of Senators James M. Mason of Virginia, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, G. M. Fitch of Indiana, Jacob Collamer of Vermont and J. R. Doolittle of Wisconsin, and the efforts of the majority of the senators were directed toward implicating prominent republicans and abolition ists in the north in the instigation of the raid. The attempt failed, and a bomb was flung into the camp of the pro-slavery men when it was developed in the course of the investigation that the letter had been in the hands of the secretary of war, John B. Floyd, a Virginian and an ardent southern sympathizer, nearly two months before the raid took place, and that he had made no effort to stop the plans of Brown's men. THE LETTER.

The letter reached the Department of War in an envelope marked "Private" and stamped with a Cincinnati postmark, although it was not originally mailed at Cin-nati. It was read, as follows, to the sen-

CINCINNATI, Aug. 20 .- Hen. Mr. Floyd Secretary of War, Washington, D. C .- Sir: movement of so great importance that I feel It my duty to impart it to you without delay I have discovered the existence of a secret organization having for its object the lib-eration of the slaves at the south by a gen-eral insurrection. The leader of the movement is 'old John Brown,' late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the south to assist the slaves. They have one of their leading men (a white man) in an armory in Maryland; where it is situated I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready those of their number who are to the porthern etters and Canada are to in the northern states and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains of Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland and enter Virginia at Harper's

Ferry. Brown left the north about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, so that whatevar is done must be done at once They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous and are probably distributing them already. As I am not fully in their confidence this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but trust that you will not disregard the warning on that account."

SECRETARY FLOYD'S EXPLANATION. Before the committee Secretary Floyd testified as follows, in explanation of his having ded so definite a warning:

"I received this letter last summer in Virginia. My attention was a little more than usual attracted to it and I laid it away in my trunk. I receive many anonymous letters and pay no attention to them. I do not know but that I should have paid attention to the many anonymous letters and pay no attention to them. tion to this, notwithstanding it was anonymous, as the writer seemed to be particular in the details; but I knew there was no armory in Maryland, and supposed he had gone into details for the purpose of exciting gone into details for the purpose of exciting the alarm of the secretary of war and hav-ing a parade. I was satisfied in my own mind that a scheme of such wickedness and outrage could not be entertained by any of outrage could not be entertained by any of the citizens of the United States. I thought no more of the letter until the raid broke out. Then I instantly remembered it and believed the first intelligence that we re-ceived from Harper's Ferry to be true, be-cause I recollected the contents of the letter. I had shown the letter to nobody, except a member of my family, until the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. Immediately after the outbreak the letter was hunted up and pub-lished. The object in publishing it was to show that the raid had more significance than a mere local outbreak, and that the show that the raid had more significance than a mere local outbreak, and that the country might be put on guard against anything like a concerted movement. I had no means of kenwing who wrote the letter. A gentleman in Cincinnati whom I knew wrote to me for the letter, believing that the handwriting might be traced. The writer was not discovered, but they had strong suspicion that a certain person somewhere in Kentucky had written it.

Rentucky had written it.

Before the investigation had begun detectives were at work trying to trace it to its author, the slavery men believing that if they could find him he cuid be compelled to disclose the names of the prisons from whom he leaved the facts mentaged in the Floyd disclose the names of the hard he learned the facts mentioned in the Floyd heter, and evidence could thus be secured to implicate prominent abelitionists and republicans in the conspiracy. Suspicion was directed against Hugh Forbes, John Brown's against Edward Babb of the drill master, against Edward Babb of the drill master, against Edward Babb of the Cincinnati Gazette, against an nuknown Cincinnati reporter "who had procured the information from a Hungarian refugee who had fought under Brown in Kansas," indirectly against John Edwin Cook of Brown's University against John Edwin Cook of Brown's Corpes who was said to have talked for forces, who was said to have talked too much, and against Richard Realf, the poet, who was an associate of Brown at Spring-dale. Not the faintest inkling of the real authorship of the letter was gained.

IOWA'S PART IN THE RAID. Just before the writing of the letter, it must be remembered, John Brown had been at Springdale. Ia., which is largely a Quaker settlement, and had made many warm friends among the Quakers, who were strong abelitionists. Several young men of the village had joined Brown's little army. In August, 1859, a short time after Brown had left the place, three young men of Rock Creek, Is., drove over to Springdale to visit Moses Var-ney, an old Quaker friend of theire. Everybody in Springdale was talking of the mysterious expedition of old John Brown, and the three visitors, who were B. F. Gue, David J. Gue and their cousin, A. I. Smith of Buffalo, heard much that roused their curiosity. Their host, however, seemed concerned and Their host, however, seemed concerned and uneasy when any mention of the expedition was made. He probably knew more about it than any other person in the town. Finally, on the day when the young men were to return, he called young Smith aside and went out for a walk with him. During the two hours that they were gone the old Quaker revealed all that he knew of the proposed raid to the young man.

thee this in confidence," he said. Tyet thee can use it as seems best to thee. Something must be done to save the lives of those men. I can do nothing. I cannot be-tray their confidence, nor can I see them go to death, and take a course that will cause

"What can I do?" cried Smith. "In what "What can I do?" cried Smith. "In what way can this be stopped? You have influence with John Brown. Can't you dissuade him." All that is in my power I have done." Feplied the old Quaker. "He believes that he is ordained to oversthrow slavery in this ordained to oversthrow slavery in this replied the old Quaker. "He believes that he is ordered to overthrow slavery in this country. If I thought he could do that I would him go in God's name; but what good can come of this shedding blood? His whole band are martyrs in spirit. They know to what fate they go. How can I betray such men? I pray God I have not done freemediable wrong in telling this to thee; sume their peaceful occupations.

but something must be done, and I am bound and helpless. Thee must devise some plan of saving the lives of those men, thee and thy friends. Consult with them, and do as the Lord gives thee light to do."

PLANNING TO STOP IT.

Late into the night the three young men discussed the problem of stopping the raid without harming old John Brown, Moses Var-ncy having insisted that no harm must come ATTEMPT TO FORESTALL THE RAID to his friend. They were all young, David Gue, the youngest, being but 23 years old, and inexperienced in public life, and in their hands was an event of tremendous import. How far the national destiny depended upon their decision, they, of course, did not even faintly suspect. Had they been endowed with the apirit of prophecy their course might the apirit of prophecy their course migat have been more emphatic, but they were striving only to save the lives of a handful of men embarked on a quixotically deadly enterprise, and they could not see the shadow of the coming war cloud. Few there were, and those the wisest of public men, who saw it then. Confronted with so hard a troblem to be worked out in a brief a time problem to be worked out in so brief a time -for they realized the necessity of hastesue was to send two letters to the secretary of war from different postoffices warning him of the contemplated raid. Both letters were written in the little log cabin of the Gue family at Rock Creek, and were mailed in the morning. A. L. Smith wrote one, David J. Gue the other. It was necessary that the mailing of the

letters should be so arranged as to preclude the possibility of their being traced to their of New York City, is the man who wrote the the raid. To spur the Department of War letter. of the leader, already known throughout the country for his assaults upon the institu-tion of slavery and his activity in the undertion by a committee of the senate of the ground railway. Furthermore it was agreed United States in December, 1859, into the that no names or clues should be given in the letter through which witnesses against John Brown and his men could be secured. Smith's letter was dated Philadelphia, August 18, 1859, and inclosed in a stamped envelope, which was addressed to the sec-retary of war at Washington. This enretary of war at Washington. This en-velope was inclosed in a larger envelope directed to the postmaster at Philadelphia. It was mailed at Wheatland, five miles from Gue's cabin. Whatever became of it is not known or whether it ever reached its desti-nation. In his testimony Secretary Floyd says that he frequently received anonymous letters, to which he paid no attention, menor may not have been A. L. Smith's letter. No mention was made by Mr. Floyd of a letter corroborative of the famous letter. PRECAUTIONS TAKEN.

This was David J. Gue's production. inclosing envelope was addressed to John B. Floyd, secretary of war, Washington, D. C., marked private, stamped, put into an-other envelope addressed to the postmaster at Cincinnati, O., and marked at Big Rock As stated in Secretary Floyd's testimony, the letter reached him in Virginia, having been rwarded. Had he heeded it emancipation ould have had a different slogan and John Brown's soul would hardly have gone marching on to the music of what became the greatest of the northern war songs. There is no occasion for rehearsing here the events that led up to the hanging of the leader of the terms of the market and based and the leader of the sould be sould

on him in his studio last week. Mr. Gue is a small, slight man, with a clear cut, resois a small, slight man, with a clear cut, reso-litte face, who looks, many years less than his age, 60 years. He seems little changed from his photograph taken a year after the writing of the letter, largely because he writing of the letter, largely because he wears much the same style of beard now as

'It seemed," said he to the reporter, "that it would be well for the much-disputed matter of the letter to be cleared up, and when my brother wrote to me asking if I had any objections to the secret being made public I replied that I was perfectly willing that that closed page of history should be opened. Moses Varney is dead. A. L. Smith is dead. My brother and I were the only living persons who knew about the letter, and neither of us could see any reason why the secret should die with us.'

KEY WEST A QUEER PLACE.

Few Americans Live There-A Great Market for Fruit.

who recently has returned from Key West, Fla., tells the Chicago Chronicle that the first impression a stranger gets of that place at the present time is that the city has gone on a perpetual holiday spree. Bunting files from almost every housetop, and the colors are about evenly divided be- group of merry girls from the American tween "old glory" and the emblem of the Cuban republic. People of all classes and ages wear pins or other symbols bearing the motto "Cuba libre," and if Uncle Sam would outsiders, who, taking advantage of the con-only nod consent or say nothing at all about fusion, have entered the court and are oct the 15,000 patriotic inhabitants of this seagirt isle would skip across the channel and tack the queen of the Antilles to the star-spangled banner without any more fuss.
"Castillo del Morro," or Morro castle, is only sighty-seven miles from the government ock at this point, and our swift cruisers, ould cover the distance in a little more than or hours. The detenses of Havana are obsolete and out of date, and a Cuban colonel, now here, a member of Gomez's staff, openly eclares that any one of our armored ships ould pass the fort and take the city without lifficulty; that is, as far as the land defenses

he tropics, is the only town of importance below Mason and Dixon's line that was ever under the stars and bars of the confederacy. The population is about evenly divided between white Cubans, colored Cuans and white Bahamians. There are not nore than a score of real American familie resident on the island, but notwithstanding this fact the great mass of the people are loyal to the union first and to Cuba next. It curious, though true, that of all the uses, dwellings, stores, hotels and other buildings that dot the island from one shore to the other, not one of them has a chimney r anything that will answer the purpose o a chimney. Handsome residences and lowly hovels are alike in this respect, and from an eminence, gazing out over acres of roofs on ill sides, one is at once struck with the want something to complete the symmetry picture. Wood and coal or fuel of any kind are unknown quantities, as the tropical atmosphere furnishes at all times of the year all the heat required, and for cooking purposes sticks of carbon are used, which are sold by peddlers, who hawk their wares about the streets.

There are few stores, as we understand such things, and no markets. Signboards in Spanish will tell you where a barber shop is located or where to buy coral ornaments. There are not more than a half dozen real stores conducted on the American plan in the whole island.

Instead of a market there is a daily aucon near the government dock, where everything in the way of provisions, furniture and fruit is knocked down to the highest bidder. Bananas, alligator pears and pincapples are the commonest articles of purchase, and here Bahamas, unload their cargoes and dispose of them at ruinous rates rather than risk voyage at this time of year to more north ern ports. Quick sales and small profits seem to be the prevailing idea with them. As a consequence Key West is, perhaps, the greatest banana and pineapple market in the world. On almost any day one can secure an enormous bunch of bananas, ripe or green. at from 10 cents to 15 cents, and can cart away all the luscious pineapples he cares to purchase at 1 cent, 2 cents or 3 cents each. Directly opposite to the harbor docks, on the further side of the island, and facing Cuba is a large dancing pavition called La Brisa where Monday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoons public dances are held. It has large, broad verandas overlooking the sea, which make ideal promenades, and a commodious dancing hall within, where those who desire can trip the light fautastic to their hearts' content, upon the payment of a small fee. The very best people attend these dances, and many go simply for the

New Year's Fete Made a Most Notable and Artistic, Event.

PARIS PAYS TRIBUTE TO BERNHARDT

Miss Helenn E. Wilson Writes a Charming Letter Concerning the Event Which Set the Theatrical World Agog.

The following letter, descriptive of the ceremonies of the Sarah Bernbardt fete in Paris last New Year's day, it is bolieved, will be of general interest to readers of The Bee. It was written by Helena E. Wilson, a young girl who is at school at Raincy, they decided that the wisest course to pur- near Paris, to her father, George W. Wilson, whose Nathaniel Berry in "Shore Acres" was so much admired by patrons of the Creighton theater last week:

" 'There are in France,' says the Paris Figaro, 'certain persons who candidly believe that the Legion of Honor should reward all genius, no matter of what sort. The talent of the actor, for example, is a the possibility of their being traced above all that source as the writers desired above all that nothing should come out to implicate the one any longer disputes it. On the conspringdate people in any foreknowledge of trary, nothing seems more natural than to find the "cross" upon the breast of those who have made us laugh or cry in inter-preting, and often enlarging, the thoughts of our best authors, and who have borne so ard of our national art. Among these art ists Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coque lin the elder spine with exceptional brilliancy. Why have they not been decorated? The answer is simple: Because Mme. Bernhardt is a woman and M. Coquelin has been the chief figure in several unfortunate dis-putes. All things considered, however, should the sex of the one and the humors of the other rightly be allowed to influence the importance of their creations, the continuity of their efforts and the inestimable work they have accomplished both at hom-and abroad? Yet no one dreams of bestow ing the cross upon M. Coquelin, and in or der to furnish a possible reason for decorat ing Mme. Bernhardt, M. Victorien Sardou, in his toast at the great actress' recent banquet, referred with special emphasis to her qualities as a benefactress. Perhaps we shall eventually see Sarah receiving the cross solely for her charities—who knows?

HER POSITION IS SECURE. "Whether Mme. Bernhardt gets this much talked-of decoration or no, she will lose none of her greatness in the eyes of the adoring French public. Today she holds a more enviable position on the Paris stage than ever before, and whatever else may be said of the testimonial tendered her last month, it is at least proved beyond a doubt the unfailing popularity of a woman whom 500 voices acclaimed as one! That testithat led up to the hanging of the leader of the deaperate and heroic cause.

Such is the true story of the famous John Brown letter. This account is taken from the Midland Monthly, amplified by what David J. Gue told a Sun reporter, who called on him in his studio last week. Mr. Gue

"At the 'gay capital,' however, it was quite a different matter. For weeks the more glorious,' and that her 'day' was the biggest triumph of the season in short, both of which opinions may be safely modified especially since it is rumored that the whole affair was arranged and executed by none other than the divine Sarah in per-son. How rather amusing it is to imagine Mme. Bernhardt in faultless attire, calling from door to door with a neat packet of ickets in hand and repeating the following humble request: 'Won't you please sub-scribe to my entertainment, ma'am?' or still better: 'Kindly take this ticket, sir; you will get your money's worth, I assure

"Regarding the event seriously, however, from a French point of view, a few de-tails, following the order in which they

occurred, may not prove wholly uninteresting. "'Half past 12, luncheon at the Grand hotel,' so reads the program of the day, and long before that hour the not too extensive court of the famous hosteiry is a busy scene of going or coming carriages and bright conversation as an occasional colony go laughing up the broad marble steps. Each arrival proves a source of un-failing entertainment to the curious crowd of cupying every available corner or doorway "Meanwhile the happy few have ascended the first landing and are entering the vast salons reserved for them. Here a half hour or so is given to promenading and the ex-changing of greetings and impressions; graceful women, and men who have writen some of the most beautiful thoughts i the French language, pass and repass each

ther in a bewildering mass; for the time using the very air breathes wit and beauty! Presently the big doors at one end of the resently the big doors at one end of the salons are thrown open, and guests and subscribers slowly descend the stairways to the Salle de Zodiaque, where the banquet table present veritable models of beauty in arrangement. One immense table, curv-ing like a horseshoe or rainbow, is magnifient with a green velvet canopy above itthe fringe of gold and the rich embroider resenting, 'Love victorious over Time This is the board of honor. Perpendicularly arranged, are six other tables, each con eniently accommodating 100 persons and all of which are speedily occupied.

WHILE WAITING FOR SARAH. "It is a fine assemblage, and one cannot telp believing that the woman is a queen indeed, who can bring together such repre entative men and women as these to d her homage. The actress herself, however, is not yet arrived and consequently the table of honor is vacant; but round all the others the guests are grouped according to their fancy. Near the center are seated the play-ers of the Theater de la Renaissance, who thus place themselves in order to be near Near the center are seated the play their fellow-artiste and to share in her an-icipated triumph. Especially prominent for his splendid physique is Albert Darmont, Sarah's leading man, whose role of the duke in the new piece, 'Lorenzaccio,' though not of the strongest, is at least a graceful and

To the left is a convention of nearly al he well-known actresses in Paris-chatter ing like so many magples and looking as if they had just stepped from the fashion ooks. Their interest and sympathy in the ccasion seem very sincere and, oddly nough, not one disagrecable or spiteful remark is heard during all dejeuner. Decidedly, they are on their good behavior.

"Over on the right is a veritable English and American colony, whose gay little uninventionalities are translated to admiring Cretchmen, by the very prettiest bursts of aughter. Melancholy is apparently not much in favor in that corner. Nor in any other, for that matter. Scarcely installed, everybody begins chatting with everybody else, and from one end of the hall to the other shoots a volley of sharp repartees and

"In the midst of this merriment there is a sudden movement of heads and a silence that is quite intense. Then the whole assembly rises and six hundred pairs of eyes are immediately glued upon the same spot. At the top of the staircase joining the Saile de Zodiaque with the first landing stands a slender figure all in white—it is Sarah! "As soon as ever they see her, 'tout le conde' bursts into a great roar of bravas

which seemingly so surprises madame that she remains quite motionless and even forgets to give her admirers one of those grace ful inclinations of hers. A moment late she recovers herself and begins to descend The staircase is a spiral one, and so con-structed that the actress alternately appears and disappears after a fashion that, to say the least, is a bit startling. However, she reaches the final step in safety and, followed by Victorien Sardou, begins her triumphal march across the hall; now clasping to the right and left the hands extended her, nor stopping to embrace a special friend, and all the while never once forgetting that gracious smile which seems such a charming 'I thank you,' for everybody.

AFTER LUNCHEON IS SERVED. "On approaching the table of honor she

M. Coquellin, the elder, her former companion of stage and glory. "This amiable little scene unded, Mme. Bernhardt sits down, an extretiely delicate figure, in a gown of whitish-gray, embroidered in silver and edged with the very narrowest

band of sable. "At her right is Victorien Sardou, at her left Henry Bauer, and among those grouped about her Francois Coppee, M. Coquelin, Ludovic Halevy, Armand Silvestre and Mau-rice Bernhardt with his wife, both looking

earful, but happy. "Thanks to the excellent service, luncheon is not over-prolonged. At last the champagne glasses are filled and M. Sardou rising proposes the toast in words that are at once simple and eloquent. 'I leave to the poets,' he says, 'the hones of glorifying bet-ter than I would know how to do the tragic genius of this unrivaled artist whom we feast today, this true creatrice of every role she assays, this true creatrice of every role she assays, this undisputed sovereign of the dramatic art, who is halfed as such by the entire world. My part is more modest. To all those who have seen her portray so many vivid emotions upon the stage, it has not been permitted the pleasure of viewing her in the intimacy of her home, surrounded by her children and her friends; nor, having recognized the tragedlenne has it always been possible to behold her the kind, benevolent woman. It is to her in the latter capacity that I wish long iffe and prosperity.

* And I raise my glass to the health of one who is both the great and the good Sarah. good Sarah.'

This little speech is applauded to the ecbo, not only by the men, but also by the women, the warmth of whose enthusiasm, especially at the last phrase, is truly infec-

"Mme. Bernhardt then rises and in a coice softened by agitation utters the fol lowing simple words: With my heart full of gratitude and emotion I can only say to

you all: I thank you, I thank you.'
"More applause, and after listening to a
hymn composed and dedicated to the actress by MM. Gabriel Pierue and Armand Silvestre, the company rises from the tables; Mme. Bernhardt, attended by a small cor-tege, again mounts the curious stairway and presently everybody is prepared for the drive to the Theater de la Porte Saint Mar-tin, where the second half of the program is to be carried out.

SCENE AT THE THEATER. "What an immense crowd is gathered before the theater! mounted municipal mintain the peace, but, generally speaking, every one is quite orderly and transport unpleasant occurs than a little crowding, which, under the circumstances, is perhaps inevitable. And how brilliant is the audience gathered within the walls! Absolutely all Paris of arts and letters, not to mention the social set, have come to show their appreciation of this extraordinary actress. Noted among many were: Victor Maurel, the Princess de Monaco, the Duke and the Duchess de Rohan, Mme, Alphonse Daudet. Mme. Segoud-Weber, 'Gyp,' the authoress, and Pierre Deconscelle, a very popular per-

run through its 350th representation at the "It is very nearly 4 o'clock when the curtain rises, disclosing the third act of 'Phedre.' Nobody pays much attention until Sarah enters, but then-after the great artiste has sighed as only she can sigh, has pleaded as only she can plead, and has uttered the famous avowal as only she can utter it—then the ovation is so tremendous, so prolonged, that the theater seems actually in danger of tumbling down-not that the Bernhardt fanatics would have cared much

sonage just now, by the way, and all be-cause of 'Les Deux Gosses,' which has just

just at that moment, I fancy.
"'Phedre' is followed by the fourth act of 'Rome Vanquished.' by Mr. Parode. In this the actress appears with white hair—a disguise that by no means proves unbecoming. As the great audience had before been thrilled by the passionate transports of the tempestuous queen, so now is it soft-ened to tears at the misfortunes of the poor blind Postumia. Better acted it could not have been, and Mme. Bernhardt might well place this character among her very greatest

"Et maintemant, comes the most important event of the day—an event of so delicate a nature, that the slightest hitch may prove nature, that the slightest hitch may prove aid of quicksilver we could get off with only fatal; in a word, the actress is about to be a few hours' delay. We were from the 11th

honored by the poets.
"Once more the curtains are drawn aside. Beneath a graceful canopy of paims, Sarah, still in the costume of Phence, is discovered on a throne of flowers. At the rear, serving as a background, is a curtain of red and water only six to eight inches deep, with white camelias. Several women, artistically costumed, are grouped about her. To the left stand the five poets, MM, Francois Coppee, Eugene Kostand, Catulle Mendles, Andre Theuriet and Edmond Hatancourt. The left aide of the stage is occupied by the artists of the Renaissance—their eyes fixed on Sarah and with a total forgetfulness of sell as refreshing as it is generally rare, on such

SALUTED BY THE POETS.

"First, Paul Fixier is announced, who reads a letter to Mme. Bernhardt from the Students association. It is wery clever and well written, and calls forth much applause. "When, next, the poet, Francois Coppee, in a clear, deep voice, begins reading his son-net, the actress rises, and remains thus, in a charming attitude of attention throughout As he finishes, M. Coppee approaches Mme Bernhardt, and is about to take her hand but this, she will not permit, instead, pre-senting her chesks, which he salutes accord-

ing to the French fashion.
"All quite simply and seriously, the fou ther poets read their offerings, and each rehis fitting recognition, while as for Sarah, there she stands, her hands on her smile and her eyes full of tears, which with out the slightest doubt, come straight from her heart. A rain of flowers, cheers three

times renewed, so the day ends.
"It has been entirely successful of course upon this madam's worshippers may be safely congratulated; now it only remains for them to place the cross of the Legion o Honor upon their idol's breast and their mission in this world will be completed! "One thing was too apparent to go un toticed, and that was, the sphinx-like si lence of the Comedie Francaise. They migh at least have sent a line or a flower to their old associate,' some one remarked, 'for their own sakes, if nothing more.' As it is, ever body knows which is the grumpy side of th house, and grumpy people are not generally much in favor; so Sarah gains, if anything by their ill humor, for who does not know that under such circumstances, to be a publar martyr is to be a popular one?"

The most astonishing results in healing wounds have been shown by Salvation Oil. THEY STOLE A PILE.

Defalcations and Embezzlements Re corded in the Year 1895. The aggregate stealings of men who vio late public and private trusts by defalcation and embezzlement, are probably much

greater every year than those of the burglars and highwaymen put together. The record of stealings during 1895, as ompiled by the insurance companies which guarantee employers against the dishonesty of their employes, and the public against the dishonesty of officials, shows that the sum of \$9,465,921 was obtained. The cases of ambezzlement reported numbered 240. Of

these fourteen stole more than \$50,000, twenty more than \$100,000, one more than \$500,000, and one more than \$1,000,000. One more than \$500,000, and one more than \$1,000,000.

City and county officials stole \$1,393,975, banks lost \$3,996,970, agents embezzled \$1,045,875, forgers obtained \$341,500, building and loan associations \$479,578, postmasters atole \$32,815, and the miscellaneous defalcations amounted to \$2,175,7821. New York led with defalcations amounted to \$2,175,7821. with defalcations amounting to \$2,385,816, while the stealings of that sort in Delaware were the smallest, amounting only to \$1,100

CASTORIA

Pozzoni's Complexion

Joyless Experience of a Crew on the Father of Shallows,

An Incident of the 60's Reinted fo the Benefit of Would-Be Navigators In Columbus and Vicinity.

I was in Columbus, Neb., a short time ago and while there I heard some business men talking of the feasibility of building some large barges or flatboats to float some of the immense corn crop of that section down the Platte river to a southern market, be lieving it could be done much cheaper than shipping by rail. Their idea was to star as the water was going down, just after the usual high water, the last of May and first part of June. Thirty years ago I had some experience in trying to navigate the Platte, and although a long time ago, that stream still continues in its habits of long ago.

The first state legislature of Nebraska granted to the Forrest City Ferry company a charter to operate a ferry across the Platte between Forrest City and Ashland. Hon. George N. Crawford and Matt Shields were at the head of the company, and after considerable parleying, they purchased of Elder Shinn the boat so famous in its day, the "Shinn's ferry," and in June of 1867 Captain Profession. Physicians are antagonistic to pat-William H. Crawford, with a crew of three ent and proprietary medicines and seldom, if men, "tried and true," and the writer as ever, prescribe or endorse them.

Columbus down the Platte with the boat, their destination being Forrest City, a distance of 175 miles by the river. SHORT LIVED JOY.

The boat had been rigged with long sweep oars, one on each side, and each end. The boat was sixty feet long and sixteen feet wide, and it was found that it drew three inches of water. In the center a tent was set up for cooking, esting and sleeping apart-ments. After getting into the channel the boat made good time considering its unwieldy size. We were in great glee at the prospects of a quick and pleasant trip; but, oh, ye deceptive Platte! We had made a run when suddenly the boat stopped, and the current whirled the boat around and around. We were stuck on a hidden . The beat had run about half way it before it stopped, and there we remained for sixty-three hours, when in the to rise and we floated off. For ten or fifteen miles we floated along without any trouble, when we sighted an island, and, as all hands were tired from their efforts to get off the enag, it was proposed and adopted to tieup until the next merning. So the beat was tied up near the lower end of the island. which was but a sandbar with a growth of

WELL GROUNDED. Well, the next morning at daybreak the captain called his crew, and when they emerged from the tent the nearest water to be seen was about 200 yards distant. The boat had formed an eddy and the quicksand settled and formed a bar, and there we staid for two weeks, all efforts and schemes being useless until some quick-silver was brought from Omaha. By this ime a person could pick his way from shore dry footed, as the waters had sunk, leaving a bridge of sand none too safe, but by avoiding the quicksand holes we could walk across it. A few feet from the upperside of the boat several holes were dug about two feet deep and several dropof quicksilver placed in each. In about three hours time the sand all about us was working as though it contained animal life and at the end of six hours it had cut the sand away so we were once more affoat. We ran onto bars several times before we reached our journey's end, but with the day of June to the 3d day of August making the trip. On that trip I saw sand bars no current; and a half a mile below again strike the current where it would come gushing up from its subterranean channel do not think that the grain merchant of

very profitable. Nothing Strange About This. A discoverer of useless facts states that Bank of England note twisted into a kind rope can suspend as much as 329 pounds one end of it, without hurting the There is nothing very novel about this, says an exchange. Financial statistics have often shown that the biggest con cial houses have been able to hang for ninet;

Columbus would find that kind of navigation

days on an ordinary promissory note, not twisted into a kind of rope, and printed on mighty poor quality of paper at that. Something of a Smoker. Harper's Bazar: "Have you ever been to Naples, Smith?"

uvius as fine as it is said to be?' fine; yes, quite as fine as it is ted a great many years, ch?"

"What impressed you most about it?"
"Oh, well, I think possibly that—it's
smoked for two centuries, and isn't in bad
shape, after all. Have a cigar?"

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Liebig, the great chemist, succeeded in making that sci-entific marvel, Extract of Beef, -the essence of all that is best in beef. The makers of

*Liebig **‡COMPANYS**‡ Extract of Beef

succeeded, over thirty years ago, under his direction, in making this product so perfect as to secure his endorsement and the right to use his signature on every jar.

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Union block, corner Fourth and Cedar streets,
St. Paul, former surgeon in the U. S. army,
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public statements in matters pertaining to his
profession, you cannot help but wonder at the
frank and positive terms used in the following
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AGED 63. MADE TO FEEL LIKE A

Buffalo Gap. S. D., Coroner for Custer County and U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon, writes, After receiving the box of Dr. Charcot's Kela Nervine Tablets I took them myself, and must say I have never taken anything for years that did me so much good. My nervous system was considerably debilitated, caused by constant practice, irregular meals and loss of sleep; also Chronic Rheumatism. Since taking them I feel like a young man. My age is sixty-three years, have been in practice for forty years. I consider them a specific in the above diseases; have ordered half a dozen boxes through our druggist. Truly and fraternally yours,

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Here is comparison, just to show how it excels—a comparison showing the actual amount of fresh news matter that did not appear in the morning editions:

| Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thurs. | Fri. | Sat. | Mar. 8 | Mar. 9 | Mar. 10 | Mar. 11 | Mar. 12 | Mar. 13 2591 | 212 | 2561 | 2851 | 2971 | 1871 World-Herald . | 197 | 1924 | 1624 | 204 | 191 | 158 The difference. | 624 | 194 | 94 | 814 | 1064 | 294

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