********** A FORTUNATE FLOOD.

BY EMILY S. WINDSOR.

The drizzling rain which had been falling wardly all day had become a heavy downpour at the close of the short whiter afternoon, and this, with the many inches of snow with which the ground was covered, made walking anything but easy or agreeable.

Alec Rawson, trudging along the road with bat pulled down over his eyes and coat collar turned up, wished for the hundredth time that he was at home beside the cheerful fire which he knew his mother would have for

As he neared the flour mill a man came out of one of the storehouses with a lautern and locked the door.

"It is Downes, the watchman. I wender if that flour is still stored here," thought Alec. He called to the man, who came "Is that flour still stored here?" asked

man held his lantern up so that its light fell on the boy's face.
"Oh, it's you!" he said, gruffly. "What's "Well, they say the river is rising fast.

***************** mother not to ait up for him. But she in-wardly resolved that she would, and re-sumed her seat by the fire to think sadly over the events of the last two years. Her husband had been employed in the flour mill, and they had been very happy

flour mill, and they had been very nappy until one dreadful day when \$200 was taken from the offices: Circumstances seemed to point to Charles Rawson as the thief. He had strongly protested his innocence, and as there was no positive proof against him the mill owners had not prosecuted him, but had dismissed him.

had dismissed him.

He had died suddenly shortly after, his wife thought of a broken heart, for his good name had been very precious to him. Mrs. Rawson and Alec resolved not to leave the neighbortood, for the former fe't that some day her husband's innocence would be established. Alec had procured employment in the village, so that with their little savings-they had managed to live fairly comfortable.

along.

When he reached the warehouse he found It in darkness. Downes bad evidently not been there since.



MR. HAMPTON PLACED HIM IN ALEC'S ARMS. and if it is the flour will be ruined if it is, He walked around to the lower side of the left there," answered Alec.
"I s'pose it won't be your loss if it is,"

"It seems to me you'd better mind your own business. I've had no orders to bother about the flour, and, besides, I don't need

any thief's son to tell me what to do," re-turned the man sneeringly, as he turned and walked away. Every nerve of the boy tingled with indignation at the knsult conveyed in the watchman's last words. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to sun after him said knock him down, but what could he, a boy of 16, well built though he was, do against

a man of Downes' great size and strength.

His tumult of feeling had not subsided when he reached home. His mother noticed his excited face, but she made no comment until, his wet clothes exchanged for dry cres, he was comfortably seated at the supper table. Then her gentle questioning brought out the story of his, meeting with

"Never mind," she said, soothingly, "it is what we must bear. It will not be for always, The truth will prevail some day. I am sure of it."
"Mother, I believe Downes knows something about it. Why does he always taunt

"I'm afraid he is a bad man. But let us

"I'm afraid he is a bad man. But let us not think of that. Did you say the river is rising?" asked Mrs. Rawson.
"Over in the village they think there is going to be a flood, on account of this sudden thaw coming upon all this snow—and then this rain. You see the storehouse that flour is in is the lowest one near the river.



"O, IT'S YOU!" HE SAID, GRUFFLY. there once before when there was a flood.
"Yes," said Mrs. Rawson; "that was the
year before we came here. But surely Mr.
Hampton will see that this flour is taken

"He isn't at home. He went to Lapham on business yesterday. On account of the mill being idle all these weeks, there are none of the workmen around except Downes. He always was a lazy fellow."
"I'd be sorry for the flour to be lost.

"I'd be sorry for the flour to be lost. I lik Mr. Hampton."
"Yes, so do I," said Alec warmly. "He couldn't help about father. He had to obey the mill owner's orders."
"And he will be blamed if it is lost," said

building and caw that the river had indeed risen. A few more inches would bring it "Well when Mr. Hampton isn't home and no one else around to look after it, seems to me you ought to do it. Look here, I'll help you do it," wged Alec.

"It same to me would bring it into the warchouse.

Downes' cottage was not far off. He would run down there and urge him to make some effort to save the flour.

But when he because

total darkness and no response came to his vigorous knocking at the door.

Downes had probably gone to the village tavern, a customary resort of his.

He was turning away when he heard a cry. He stopped to listen and again he heard it; it was a child sobbing.

"Downes' little boy!" thought Alec. "They say Downes leaves him alone a good deal.
Poor little chap. I guess he has a hard
time since his mother died."

Just as he reluctantly began to turn homeward he heard the rattle of wheels in the slush of the coad. He ran forward and held up his lantern. The vehicle, a light buggy, came to a halt, and a voice called: "Hallo

there! What do you want?"
Alec joyfully recognized the voice. It was Mr. Hampton's the manager. The boy went to him and briefly told him why he was out.

"The river rising?" repeated the manager, in a startled voice. ager, in a startled voice. "I knew nothing of it. I've just come from Lapham. That's far inland, you know. Why, there's a couple hundeed dollars' worth of flour stored. And Downes not around, you cay? Where can be be? What's to be done?"

"I think," suggested Alec. respectfully, "that you end I could get it out. Let's try.'

"Well, I have a key to the place, and there are lanterns there. Jump in" seturned the "I knew nothing

are lanterus there. Jump in," returned the

They drove quickly to the warehouse, and after lighting the lanterns they found there were soon at work removing the sacks of flour from the ground floor to the third story. It was not so difficult a task as more live stock papers and thereby keep Alec had thought, for there was an elevator connecting the two floors. It was nearly 11 o'clock when they descended after the last load of sacks had been taken up. It had not been done a moment too soon, for the water was already creeping in, Mr. Hampton clasped the boy's hand

"I don't know how to thank you. But for you the flour would have been lost, and I should have been blamed." "Yes." said Alec. "Mother said you would be blamed for it. It seemed a shame not to try to do something."
"I am glad that you and your mother feel kindly toward me. You know that I believed your father innocent," said the manager, kindly. "We know that you only obeyed orders, sir, in discharging him," returned the boy.

"I have been working over at the Glen-ning farm. Mother says she feels sure that father's innocence will be proven some

I hope so, my boy, I hope so," said Mr. Hampton, warmly. "Now we must hurry out of this place. See how the water is coming in! I shall drive you home. Your

mother will be worried."

It was not raining so heavily when they came out. Alec flashed his lantern around, but its feeble light revealed but little. They could not see the river.

They were about to drive away when there came a prolonged booming sound, followed by a terrific crash.
"What's that?" exclaimed Alec, in a frightened voice.
"Listen!" returned Mr. Hampton, placing his hand on the boy's arm. Again, that dis-

his hand on the boy's arm. Again, that distant booming.

"The ice gorge in the upper river has given away. There will be mischief done now," said the manager, gravely. It is fortunate that the village is on such high ground. The mill buildings are strongly built. I do not fear for them. And you and I are well up from the river, but all of the farm houses in the lowlands will suffer.

up Downes." And there was a tone in RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHNSON the manager's voice that boded ill for the

The child slept on. Mr. Hampton placed him in Alec's erms, and they drove away as fast as possible.

They found Mrs. Rawson in a state of great alarm over Alec's long absence. She gladly took charge of the still sleeping child, and Mr. Hampton hurried away to the village, while Alec, extremely tired, but satisfied, went to bed.

The next morning was Sunday.

Mrs. Rawson and Alec were just sitting down to a somewhat late breakfast, when there was a knock at the door. On Alec opening it, Mr. Hampton entered.

He looked fatigued, but was smiling as he glanced from Alec to Mrs. Rawson.

"I've good news for you. Your husband's innocence is proven."

Mother and son looked at him wonder-

ingly. The manager continued:
"Downes has confessed that he stole the "Ah!" exclaimed Alec. "I thought he had something to do with it."

Mrs. Rawson burst into happy tears, while in answer to Alec's eager questioning the manager briefly gave the details of the happy On his way to the village he had come

upon Downes in the road, where he had fallen as he was returning home. His leg The rain was still coming down heavily and it was so dark that Alec could see but a little distance ahead of him as he hurried ing of the ice gorge, and knew his cabin must go.

His relief on hearing of the child's safety

was very great, and when he knew it was to Alec he owed it, his remorse was equally to Alec he owed it, his remorse was equally so, for in the first burst of feeling he had confessed to stealing the money. Mr. Hamp-ton had taken him on to the village to the loctor's house, where he still was.
"He has given me the money; never spen e cent of it; has carried it about in his belt. He's a queer fellow. I don't suppose the mill owners will presecute him, as he has resto ed the money. I think he has had a lesson. For his child's sake I hope it will be a lasting one. But where is the boy?' he asked, looking around.

Mrs. Rawson explained that he had not yet awakened, and added that she would care for him until his father was able to do so His cabin was carried away, but generally there was less destruction than it was thought there would be. The worst is over now. The river will rise no higher. "But I must go. I've not been home yet. I'll go to the owners the first thing to-morrow with this news, and I know they will do all in their power to make repart tion for the wrong you have suffered." And with a hearty shake of their hands Mr

Hampton went away.
"Blessed flood!" chied Aleck. "Coly for "O, something would have conferred."

"O, something would have brought it about. I've always felt your father's character would be cleared. I'm so happy," returned his mother.

LETTER TO LIVE STOCK MEN.

Explanation of the Purpose of the Re-cently Formed Organization. DENVER, March 21.—(Special.)—President John W. Springer of the National Live Stock association has just sent out in response to numerous queries the following letter in regard to the purpose of the organization:

"I have been asked as to the aims said objects of the National Live Stock associa-tion of the United States, organized in Den-ver in January, 1898, I will briefly suggest the most patent:

"At the close of the ninetecoth century we

At the close of the ninetecath century we see a general period of organization all over the world. A well directed effort to conserve all business interests and more certainly—by organization—centralize power, accomplish a certain enlargement of commercial business with a maximum capital which has been impossible with a miximum capital which has been impossible with a minimum capital said scattered efforts. Small stock organizations in every county in the union serve their purpose for the neighborhood needs, while district and state organizations are an aid to all men engaged in any branch of the live stock industry in a much greater degree. I organization is conceded to be beneficial in the county, district and state, why should not the largest benefit be derived from a union of the counties, districts and state into a national organization? Our objects can a national organization? Our objects can more powerfully be conserved thereby. All breeders, feeders and traders in live stock have interests which are broader than any state and thereby help to evente interstate

"First-In just and equitable quar laws between north and south. "Second—In federal consistent with our various sections with our various sections was to limit such legislation to a cent; a dl copresser statutes, easily under secretary a general replactions in a system of remains Developme recorded and known to all spok butter, there, which will protect honest owners.

"Fourth—In bounties for the descriptions of vicious does of welves and of the greater.

commerce. We are all vitally interested:

of vicious dogs, of welves and of the greatest posts—the prairie dogs. "Fifth-In a united effort, sustained by solid membership, to obtain just fees and charges at every stock yard in the United States and to prevent extortion, intimidation and discrimination against all dealers "Sixth-In dealing with all railroad mana-

gets from a business standpoint, to the end that rates should be just and reasonable for the service rendered, without discriminating as to locality, or dealer, or rates charged. "Seventh—A great annual gathering where the best talkers and writers can be heard in the special lines they are investigating, and a general encouragement of all organimore live stock papers and thereby keep better posted on the general markets. "A national organization with well directed and economical methods and with conservative management can accomplish more united than the sheep men, the cattle men, the hog men and the horse men can do either by counties, by districts, or even by states."

KILLED BY THE CLIMATE.

Peary's Band of Esquimaux Perishing in New York. The little band of Esquimaux that Lieutenant Peary brought to New York from the regions of ice lost summer is dying off. The only woman of the party of six died last week: Kushen, a man, died a few weeks ago and it is doubtful if eny one of the queer visitors will ever see their home in the far north again.

They were all fat end jolly when they arrived in midsummer, relates the New York World. Their supply of blubber and other fats had not been exhausted, and they looked with childlike wonder at the astonishing things of the great city. Kushan was allowed to take tickets on the ship from those who came to see, and his im-portance and almost infantile delight made

every one laugh.

The poor fellow is dead, and now Mrs. Nookien, or, as she is called, Aughar, has followed him. It was intended that they should go back in the spring, at the opening of navigation, and nothing could be done sooner for them.

Strangely enough, although from an in-tensely cold country, it was with colds that the Esquimaux were first afflicted. They had comfortable quarters in the top of the Museum of Natural History, and, although there was plenty of steam heat, they shivered continually and complained of the cold. Then they were moved to a cottage at High Bridge, on the place of William Wallace, superintendent of the museum.

There were a few happy days for them,

His Remarkable Campaign for the United States Senate in Tennessee.

HAPPIEST PERIOD OF A LONG LIFE

Reporter's Reminiscences of And; Johnson's Last Struggle for a Vindication Incidents of a Notable Contest.

Andrew Johnson's last political campaign was a notable oner As a vindication of his cause while president and a rebuke to his enemies he was desirous of again representing Tennessee in the United States senate, and early in 1874 began to make his arrangements to secure the election of legislators favorable to his candidacy. The first speech he made in the campaign was at Gallatin, some thirty miles north of Nashville. I was then connected with the Union and American (now the American) of Nashville, and went to Gallatin in order to report his speech. He and I occupied adjoining seats at the hotel at supper that joining seats at the hotel at supper that night, and, recognizing me as the reporter who had been on the platform with him that afternoon, he was very friendly, and when the meal was concluded invited me to spend the evening in his room, where, he said, he had an excellent article of "old Robertson county" which he would like to have me sample. This invitation I declined, sayingg that it was necessary for me to return to my room and set about writing up my notes of his speech.

The following morning we rode down to Nashville together and the journey proved

Nashville together and the journey proved to e a very pleasant one to me. In the course of conversation the ex-president said that no doubt my experience as a reporter had shown that public speakers frequently made grammatical slips which did not appear well in print, and that if he could be given an opportunity to look over the proofs of his speech before it was printed he would take it as a favor. Of course i was willing to accommodate him in that regard and he came to the office that night and carefully read all of the proofs. As he left the room he invited me to call and see him at the Maxwell hotel, and at 10 o'clock the following morning my card was carried up to his room and I received a cordial welcome. For an hour or more I was entertained in the most delightful manner, and when I finally rose to leave Mr. Johnson said that that was the first time he had ever had a speech correctly reported in a Nashville paper, and added that if he was successful in his efforts to be elected senator he would be glad to have me go to Wastington with him. He also said that he was under such personal obligations that he desired to refund to me the money I had paid on the trip to Gallatin. I assured him that my expenses were paid by the paper, where-upon he took a folded bill from his vest pocket and urged me to accept it, saying that he had made it a rule of his life to not remain under personal obligations to any one. At first I declined, but as I was given to understand a refusal to accept the money would be deemed an affront, I took the bill, and found upon opening it that it was

a twenty CAMPAIGN INCIDENTS. Then Mr. Johnson went up into east Tennessee and began a systematic tour, speaking in every town of importance in the tate, drawing great audiences and concluding the campaign in Memphis the night pre-ing the state election. I reported a num-ber of his addresses and was always im-pressed by his vigor and force. At that time he had many coemics in the state and secrets of turbulence were cometimes witnesset. On one occasion some eggs, of ma-lure age, were hurled at the platform, and frequently Mr. Johnson's appearance would be greeted with shouts of "Who hung Mrs. Surratt?" "Who hung the woman with a

hood over her face?" which inquiries would be followed by yells of "Andy Johnson!" with groans and cat calls. Ten minutes inter he would have complete control of the crowd and the interruptions would cease JOHNSON AGAINST THE FIELD. When the legislature convened it was

found that in the senatorial election it would be Mr. Johnson against the field, and the question with his opponents was as to whether or not they would be able to effect a combination which would defeat him. Up to the hour of icalling the joint convention, in the morning, ufter the balloting began, Mr. Johnson would circulate about among his friends in othe capitol, and then would return to his groom at the Maxwell hote and, in a dignified manner, there quietly await the result, his opponents meanwhile buzzing here and there in representative hall and bringing to bear all the influences possible to advance their own Several days passed with no election. My Johnson far in the lead in the list of candidates, but still lacking a few votes. The the end came. It "was in the air" one morning that the first ballot would settle the question. The most intense excitement prevailed, as had been the case, in fact, from the outset. A young representative, of the name of Taylor, from East Tennessee, one of Mr. Johnson's most ardent supporters, had of Mr. Johnson's most ardent supporters, had his hat lying on his desk preparatory to making a hurried exit from the building in case of his candidate's success. The roll is called by the clerk of the house and Johnson gains one vote. That settled it, the tide had turned, and like sheep following their leader in jumping over a pasture fence, the legislators hastened to have their

voice recorded on behalf of Johnson. Taylor's seat was next to the aisle, and the moment the giin of one vote was noted he grabbed his coat and hat, dashed down the steps and down the street to the Maxwell and up to Mr. Johnson's room, bursting in at the door without stopping to knock and exclaiming: "Mr. Johnson, you're elected! You're elected!" and then fell on the floor in a faint. He was at once placed upon a lounge, water was dashed upon his face, a flask of "old Robertson county" was produced and its contents utilized, and in a short time the young man was all right. Then the telegrams of congratulation began

to pour into the roun; from north, south, cost and west they came; from newspaper offices, from the capitol at Washington, from halls of legislation in various states, from men distinguished in the various professions from railroad presidents, from men of all political parties and from men of no party. It was, without doubt, the happiest period of a long life filled with experiences of the most remarkable character, including service as legislator, twice governor of his state, a United States senator and president of the

Meanwhile, oh ambitious American youth! on a village street in the mountains of east Tennessee there had been, through all these forth, on which was inscribed:

A. JOHNSON, TAILOR.

WHY HE GAVE UP PONY RACING.

Captain Relates an Interesting Ex-perience in Mexico. The retired captain of the United States army crossed his left leg over his right, took a deep pull at a cigar and began: "That story in the Philadelphia Times the other day," he said, "about the horse's heart that was torn out of his body by a collision with an express train on the Reading and found still beating fifty feet away reminds me of the expression of the country of th It Mr. Hampton." As mind aloce warmly. "He yet will ge there in the warmly and I day." As ald his warmly and I day. The farm houses are a lew mappy gays for them, day to make the mail obey the mill owner's orders."

"And he will be blamed if it is lost," said his mother repretully.

After supper was cleared away, the mother and sons at chatting by the fire until a warmly and I are well up from the river, but all of the farm houses in the lovaluads will assume that the will be blamed if it is lost," said his mother repretully.

After supper was cleared away, the mother and sons at chatting by the fire until a warmly and the will be alone. He will be alone the will be alone the will be alone the will be alone the will be alone. He will be alone the will be alone the will be alone the will be alone the will be alone. He will be alone the will be alone the will be alone the will be alone. He will be alone the will be alo

Iville. Nebraska-T. E. Sedawick, York; O. 1

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affair between tribe and tribe-I was at have made the bet under any circumstances, that time so much in love with the sport although it's hard not to take a man up that I wouldn't have missed it for a good "Indian race meetings have been written

up time and again, and this one was nothing out of the ordinary. A regular nest of tepees had been pitched, and the big men and the youngsters of the tribes were making those blanket bets with that excitement masked under the stolid reserve which never leaves an Indian. I knew the horses pretty well; there wasn't one I hadn't been up against at one time or another, and I had come pre-pared to back my judgment. I hitched Ben Elder in the usual way with a lariat on a

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Elder couldn't be entered-it was just an If I hadn't been so cock sure I wouldn't bullet through his brain, even though he

when he has sporting blood enough to strip himself clean of everything he owns. "After the bet was made, and I can as-sure you that bet alone would have made that day famous—you could have heard a pin drop when I took the fellow up—there wasn't much delay in getting the horses up to the start end off. It was a straightway dash of between three-quarters of a mile and a mile, and my eyes were glued to the glass as the

two little dots came moving like wind to-

"The gray was already an easy winner. I could see that, a quarter of a mile from the tent peg, and leaving him in charge of an orderly I went over to make a wager or two myself.

"They had evidently been weiting for me, but you can't tell beforehand about that from an Indian's manner. A rawboned Sioux, a big man in his tribe, soon made the first move, and motioning to his squaw, who stood back of him, he had brought up two of the pretitest Indian ponies you would want.

"I was a coyote hole. He went down like a shot. The boy riding him broke his arm.
"I was holding my glass in my hand and the prettiest Indian ponies you would want to see. Now he was backing the horse of his own tribe, which was natural but injudicious, because I knew the gray pony belonging to the other tribe was lengths to the moment when, amid the wildest kind of

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ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY.

wasn't my property, and I'll swear the horse knew what I was going to do, for he looked as thankful as a humin before I fired.
"What had happened was this: The order,y had left Ben Elder, the horse had got fright-ened at the coise and he'd pulled up the per and started off, with the laviat swinging

through his legs and making him more frightened every step he took. He had come to a big pile of firewood, had tried to jump it and falled on account of the confounded rope. He had gone slam-bing into the pile, on the top of which protruded a limb of a tree which branched from a large log at the bottom of the pile.
"This limb had cut him like a knife, from

that he didn't drop right then. But for 500 yards that horse, hardly anything but four legs supporting a backbone and a head, went like chain lightning, then dropped like a

pretty hard, but you couldn't have told it from his manner. And I? I gave up racing after that." Hard to Hold. Chicago Tribune: The impassioned orator

who was addressing a New York audience paused a moment.
"But the question may be asked." he said. "Are we prepared for war? Are our harbor defences sufficiently strong and formidable to resist successfully an attack from foreign "They are!" answered an excited engineer

in the audience. "I have carefully examined all our fortifications and means of defense.

There is not a fleet in the world that could come within shelling distance of the city."

"Then," said the orator, in a voice that shook the building, "give us war-bloody war! I am ready!" Thousands of sufferers from grippe have been restored to health by One Minute Cough. Cure, It quickly cures coughs, colds, breachitis, pneumonia, grippe, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases.

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