

ARMY DOGS.

Pets of Regiments Ugly but Intelligent Canines.

There is one class of dogs concerning which history has been silent—the dogs of the army. Probably there is no United States regiment in existence which does not possess two or three, and there are no dogs in the world more interesting. To see these canine soldiers at their best one must visit the greatest infantry camp at Tampa. There one of the first dogs to excite interest and attention is "Jo."

"Jo" is a dog with a history, and a sergeant, who stood at attention while a visitor at the camp tried to win "Jo's" interest and good will, told a little of his pet's trials, tribulations and fidelity to his human friends.

SAND PILE FOR CHILDREN.

The Cheapest and Most Satisfying Plaything in a child's world should be a sand heap if the young ones are quite young," writes Charles M. Skinner in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "Almost the first thing that human beings want to do, after they learn to eat, is to dig. A cart-load of sand is one of the cheapest and most satisfying playthings in the world. It is worth a houseful of dolls, and painted monkeys on sticks. Watch Johnny and Nelly at their work and you will wish most heartily that you could find the same novelty and enthusiasm in your employments. That sand pile is very common. Mountains are built from it with the use of tin shovels and beach pails; there are caves in the cool depths near the foot of the Himalayas—caves big enough for the cat to turn around in; Johnny makes a fort on his side, and Nelly lays out a garden on hers. Johnny's fort mounts murderous castles, and the garden has trees and flowers and fountains made of burned matches, wisps of paper and broom straws, while china dolls walk abroad there and take the air. "What trifling!" did you say? Not so. This is one of the most serious affairs in life. Don't you see that in this play the little ones are learning? Probably they acquire more exact information in an hour than they gain all day in school. They are gathering ideas—facts—about this physical world that they must use their whole lives long, for all knowledge rests upon them; ideas about substance, gravity, density, form, distance."

A LITTLE RHIME OF FOUR.

Margaret Johnson in St. Nicholas. Busy all day long, Like the cricket's song, Like the grasshopper, Working till each task is done, Thinking earnest thoughts which none may divine. That's Cora. Ruffles not a few, Slipped feet a-twinkle, Eyes like stars of blue, Prettily, Prettily, Like the cricket's song, Like the grasshopper, Working till each task is done, Thinking earnest thoughts which none may divine. That's Flora. Neat and sweet and nice, As all care can make her; Prettily, Prettily, Like the cricket's song, Like the grasshopper, Working till each task is done, Thinking earnest thoughts which none may divine. That's Nora.

Mrs. Cleveland and Her Little Girls.

A close friend of Mrs. Cleveland's tells the story of her in an anecdotal biography of the former mistress of the White House in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "Mrs. Cleveland used to be somewhat sensitive over the general regret so freely expressed before the last child that there was no boy in the family. It seemed to her to imply a lack of appreciation of her three little girls. A friend, who is married and has four children, visited the White House one day and when the children were brought in she exclaimed, "What a pity they are all girls!" "Quick as a flash Mrs. Cleveland knelt, put her arms about the children and rejoiced: "That shows that you do not know how nice little girls are."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

First Little Girl—Where's your new spring hat? Second Little Girl—I'm not going to have any this year. We have begun to keep a dog. "Johnny! Johnny! didn't I ask you once to stop whistling at the table?" "Yes'm." "Well, do you want me to ask you again?" "No'm, I don't want you to make no bad breaks." "Bad breaks! What do you mean, Johnny?" "Well'm, you said it was impolite to ask for things twice at the table."

PATSY OF THE SEVENTEENTH.

regiment is named "Skate," but "Skate" was left in Nebraska. It is said that "Skate" is fond of posing himself under stacked muskets and likes nothing better than to be photographed that way. The Thirteenth regiment possesses something unique in the way of dogs. "Flossie" is her name. "Flossie" is a long, wiggly dog, much smaller than "Curly" or "Jo," and any one on first sight of her is apt to exclaim: "That's the queerest looking dog I ever saw!" But that is before having seen "Spot." "Flossie" is "Spot's" mamma; his papa is a dog which also belongs to the regiment. When asked his name, the dog's mother ("Spot's" grandmother) died while he was an infant. At this critical juncture he would have perished had not a motherly cat come to the rescue and reared him. "Spot" has certainly inherited some of his leading characteristics. Now it does seem almost nothing more freakish could possibly exist than "Spot" until a soldier comes up with "Patsy." "Patsy" has been with the regiment fourteen years and has gone with it everywhere. "Patsy" resembles a pig, and no other animal of any species probably ever had such a tail! It is really a surprise to hear "Patsy" bark instead of squeal. While these three dogs certainly stand head and tail beyond all others in regard to the peculiarity of their physical features, the most intellectual dog of which the regiment boasted has been left behind in New York. This is "Sneezor," the property of the bugler. "Sneezor" is two years old and has a name which sneezes. He stands upon his hind legs and salutes and goes through other military motions, just like the men. His proud

PARADISE OF THE CARIBBEAN

There the Population Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin. HAYTI A HEAVEN FOR THE WEARY With Broad Growing on Bushes, Meat Running Wild, and a Revolution Ever Ripe; the Haytian is Always Happy.

TOM REED AND THE BARBER.

Reply of "De Speakah" to the Inquiries of the Tonsorial Artist. The Hon. T. Reed, speaker, reclined in a hotel barber shop chair the other afternoon, relates the Washington Post, looking like an aproned Buddha far plunged in contemplation of the limitations of the infinite. Inscrutably gazed steadily from his penetrating little eyes. He seemed to rock not that the burly, selfish world was amove. He gazed with a continuously focused gaze upon the knob of the barber shop door—whether attempting to hypnotize himself or to hypnotize the knob, who knows?—and he spoke no word to his barber, but he was straight through, and, as has often been proved, when taken from the barracks or from the camp, their friends will follow no other master in existence, but sadly pine away and die.

Humor of Grim War.

There is such a thing even if most of it is not intended. Grim visaged war has its humorous as well as its terrible side, observes the Baltimore Sun, and Captain General Blanco is not the only humorist in the present conflict. The cablegram to Madrid from that redoubtable commander about the mule that was killed at Matanzas set two continents laughing and thousands of rhymers to writing verses. And it is a dull day when he does not in a dispatch to the Spanish government destroy several American men-of-war.

Humor of Grim War.

But as a humorist the captain at Manila who requested a cessation of hostilities while he went ashore for more ammunition is entitled to the cake. The ashore, the officer's feet chased a gunboat up the Pasig river. Seeing he was cornered the captain of the Spanish gunboat went to the Petrel in a small boat under flag of truce to make terms. The American captain told him he must surrender or fight. "He are willing to fight," replied the Spaniard, "but I would low to send for ammunition because our store is exhausted."

Humor of Grim War.

There was decidedly no humor, however, in the misuse of the flag of truce, by the Spanish captain, Sista, at the Cavite arsenal. He hoisted a white flag when he was sore pressed, and when the Americans, believing he had surrendered, came to take possession, they found the Spanish still under arms. The withdrawal of the troops with their arms pending negotiations for surrender was an instance of treachery and bad faith. The coolness with which Commodore Dewey interrupted the battle for breakfast was decidedly humorous. The crews of the war ships were shut up below decks, with hot boilers within and a tropical sun without and the intense heat would possibly have done more damage than the Spanish guns. So breakfast time came most opportunely. But it is not likely that a breakfast was ever deliberately interrupted before by the sound of the breakfast bell. An incident took place at the battle of Mobile Bay where a breakfast was kept waiting for the close of hostilities. Rear Admiral James E. Jouett of Montgomery county, Maryland, then a lieutenant, was commanding a vessel. A lieutenant named Murphy, who had resigned from the United States navy, had command of one of the small confederate boats in the bay. Jouett and Murphy had been warm friends before the war at the naval academy. So Jouett had a delightful breakfast prepared when they set themselves in to capture Murphy's boat. This he succeeded in doing after some delay, and Murphy came aboard with his arm in a sling to surrender his sword in the most formal manner. Instead of taking the sword Jouett reproached Murphy for keeping him from breakfast. Murphy said: "Murphy, who was very hungry, said: 'Jouett, if you had only sent me word about this breakfast I would have surrendered an hour ago.'"

Humor of Grim War.

The Best Liniment for Rheumatism. Mr. P. Ketcham of Pike City, Cal., says: "During my brother's late sickness from sciatic rheumatism, Chamberlain's Pain Balm was used, and it cured him. I have used it since. Many others have testified to the prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords."

Humor of Grim War.

Some old-fashioned churchmen in England are very much shocked because Bishop Kenyon of Bath and Bristol has permitted Episcopal visitations to the parishes of his diocese on a bicycle. When riding he wears his gaiters, apron and black coat, but substitutes a soft black hat for the traditional bishop's hat.

Humor of Grim War.

friend was able to force her to confess and explain. "George teased me for just one little kiss for nearly two hours this afternoon," she said at last. "Well, why didn't you let him have it?" "I did." "Then what's the matter now?" "I finally told him I should have just one little bit of one, you know." "Yes. We always make that stipulation." "And that was all he took." "Why, the cowardly thing."

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The island of Hayti, or Hispaniola, as it was formerly called, is now the storm center of disturbance in the West Indies, and, therefore, assumes an importance never before known in its history. The beginning of this century, relates the Globe-Democrat, so little has been heard from the island that to all intents and purposes it might as well have been dropped off the face of the earth, but now that fleets are coming about it, and dispatches are being forwarded to its ports as to the position of ships, and especially since its inhabitants have developed an ability equal to that of the New Englander for bearing bombardments off shore, Hayti becomes a point of considerable interest, and ere the conclusion of the struggle may be of great importance.

The island of Hayti, small as it appears on the maps of the West Indies, is of considerable size, the greatest length being about 400 miles, from east to west, and the area something less than 30,000 square miles. It is three times as large as the state of Missouri lying north of the river. In an island of this size there is abundant space for diversity of scenery, particularly as the island is traversed by three mountain chains, and when this fact is borne in mind the distance from the coast to the interior of travelers that Hayti contains some of the most magnificent landscapes to be found anywhere in the Antilles. Wherever there are mountains there is opportunity for diversity of climate. Porto Rico has only a few ranges of hills of no great altitude, and consequently the climate is uniform. In Hayti the mountain chains are high enough to deflect the winds, and consequently there is every variety of climate possible in an island situated almost under the equator.

The two great chains of Hayti, to the north and south of the island, include some of the noblest plains in the world, the Vega Real, or Royal Plain. It occupies almost the center of the island, is nearly level, is watered by a number of streams flowing down from the foothills, and bounded by the two ranges, with its waving pampas, stretching away into all directions, is one of the most beautiful in the west, is a sight long to be remembered. Under proper cultivation the Vega Real could supply millions of people with food, for its soil in character closely resembles that of the famous American Bottom of Illinois, but the natives, beyond planting a patch of corn, cotton, rice and sugarcane, make little agricultural use of this noble property, and it is given up to grazing. Thousands of half-wild cattle roam over it, finding at all seasons a succulent herbage which satisfies their wants. In such a climate they need no shelter. Once or twice the cattle are rounded up, and the calves are branded for future recognition, and during the rest of the time they are left unattended.

Sugar and Cotton.

The island produces an excellent quality of sugar and cotton of good grade. During our civil war the cultivation of the latter was greatly stimulated by the want of the scissors with which to cut the hair, and over 7,000,000 pounds, but after the southern states came again into the cotton market the industry in Hayti declined, and now the island is an insignificant factor in the world's supply. Although by proper industry the island could produce a large quantity of sugar, coffee and cotton, its entire output is comparatively insignificant. In the mountain chains there are found many kinds of metal; gold, silver, iron, lead, copper and zinc are known to exist, but the indolence of the inhabitants has prevented their being developed, and the unreliability and insecurity of the government have forbidden the investment of capital by foreigners. The principal production of the island is the darky. Hayti is the colored man's paradise, figuratively, literally and politically. The climate is 81 degrees Fahrenheit, and what need is there of a house in such a climate? A roof and pretense of walls to keep out the rains are all that is necessary, so when the Haytians have constructed these, which are about all he does construct, he looks upon his work, sees what he has done, and so religiously crowns it with a thatched roof, and he is content. The Haytians, in the matter of clothing, are a considerable distance ahead of their fellows in Africa, but in the rural districts of the island the children go entirely nude until 10 or 12 years old, while the apparel of the parents is as simple and unadorned as that of the natives of the most uncivilized regions. The banana, the bread fruit, the plantain, grow without the slightest pretense of cultivation, and with food at hand and no particular need of house or clothing, the Haytian has no pretensions to work, and so religiously retires from any work calculated to make his ebony skin shine. He laughs and grows fat, and also multiplies to an extent that would give Malthus or any other student of political economy a fright arising from its overpopulation.

Regular Business.

There is, however, no danger of any such catastrophe, for whenever the population becomes sufficiently numerous the people take measures to reduce the number by getting up a revolution which kills off a few hundred or thousand and so brings things back to their normal condition. The island has been the scene of many political upheavals as any other fragment of the former Spanish empire in America, for the Haytians are apt scholars and have easily learned to follow the example of their white brethren in other Spanish-American states. Ever since Hayti became a republic and a rather despotic one, its history has been that of its revolutions. Nominally the government of each is republican. As a matter of fact it is in each case a military despotism. A military man strong enough to pronounce against the government issues his proclamation deposing the president and pronouncing himself president, his army then sets itself in the available forces and fight a battle. If the "pronouncer" is victorious the president becomes an ex and runs away to some other country, generally Jamaica, and the victor becomes president, holding his office as long as he can against other officers who are just as ready to depose him as he is to "pronounce" as he was. The half million of people who inhabit the island are, therefore, kept in a constant state of expectation and are ever ready to clamor with enthusiasm the cause of any claimant to the presidency who promises reforms in the government and a reduction of taxation.

Snake with a Stinger.

form of government both divisions of the island might become important factors in the commercial world, but there seems at present no more probability of permanent government in Hayti or Santo Domingo than in Central America. "Knowing such a snake to be a curiosity I took it to my wife at the house and intended preserving it. My wife, Mrs. Nancy Smith, Peter Maycomb, Bethel Gladden, Mrs. Thomas Lancaster and all the others examined the snake and all saw the stinger clearly and plainly, watching it for a long time, and any time a stick or anything foreign would touch it the reptile would throw out its stinger menacingly. I took care of it the Sunday night sent it to Dr. J. L. Jones for him to make an examination of it and see what the stinger was like and if deadly poison, which I believe it to be. The neighbor who brought the snake in did not understand what was wanted and after a cursory glance at the snake the doctor told me that it was a copperhead and it was thrown out in the alley. I came in today to look for it and we made a diligent search, but failed to find it. I wanted some man posted on such matters to ascertain what kind of a reptile it was, the darkies having told of killing snakes that had stingers twenty-five years ago, and I wanted to tell myself if there was poison in the stinger as much like the head of a snake as the head itself. I noticed when looking at this tail that the snake turned it upward and what I took to be a stinger darted out

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quickly, lightning-like and threatening. I at once placed a forked stick on its head to prevent any danger from that quarter and a neighbor and myself examined it and found enough there was a stinger about an inch long on the tail. "Knowing such a snake to be a curiosity I took it to my wife at the house and intended preserving it. My wife, Mrs. Nancy Smith, Peter Maycomb, Bethel Gladden, Mrs. Thomas Lancaster and all the others examined the snake and all saw the stinger clearly and plainly, watching it for a long time, and any time a stick or anything foreign would touch it the reptile would throw out its stinger menacingly. I took care of it the Sunday night sent it to Dr. J. L. Jones for him to make an examination of it and see what the stinger was like and if deadly poison, which I believe it to be. The neighbor who brought the snake in did not understand what was wanted and after a cursory glance at the snake the doctor told me that it was a copperhead and it was thrown out in the alley. I came in today to look for it and we made a diligent search, but failed to find it. I wanted some man posted on such matters to ascertain what kind of a reptile it was, the darkies having told of killing snakes that had stingers twenty-five years ago, and I wanted to tell myself if there was poison in the stinger as much like the head of a snake as the head itself. I noticed when looking at this tail that the snake turned it upward and what I took to be a stinger darted out

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