Some Remarkable Rides of the Celebrated Highway of the Southwest.

FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP AND ENDURANCE

Anbrey's Famous Race of 765 Miles-How Buffalo Bill Carried Dispatches from Fort Dodge to Fort Larned.

"The old Santa Fe trail," like many of the world's great highways, has been a race course at times, over which some of the most marvelous rides have been effected by put the question angered Major Weightman, men whose powers of endurance have never been excelled in history.

Among those who were famous as long distance riders in the days of the "Commerce of the prairies" was F. X. Aubrey. His remarkable feats in this particular have certainly never been excelled, if they have even ever been equaled, which is

Aubrey was a Scotch-Canadian by birth

first 150 miles. Weightman, a volunteer officer of the Mexi- catch his foot in the bride rein and stop, but can war, and at the time of the tragedy was | this he seemed to have no idea of doing. He publishing a paper in Santa Fe. He and was making straight for the wagon road, and Aubrey had been warm friends for years. After his second great ride Aubrey left Santa Ee for California, and, upon his departure for that region, Weightman published an account of his friend's leaving which, however, did not at all meet with Aubrey's approval. Upon the latter's return to Santa Fe in 1854 he and Weightman met, of course, adjourned to a saloon, where both ordered whisky, but before either had time to rise their glasses to their mouths, Aubrey said to Weightman: "Why did you publish that d-d lie about my going to California?" The manner in which Aubrey and he threw his whisky in Aubrey's face. Aubrey reached for his revolver, but be-

charge of murder. Aubrey lies buried in an unknown grave. On his last great ride he rode day and ; and emigrated direct from Quebec to the from his tired animal and spring on to a finally concluded that my prospects were Princeton graduate, taking special studies in remote west. He was a man of education, fresh one. He made more than 200 miles apparently, for I find that he was the every twenty-four hours, and all the sleep author of one or two meritorious articles he took aggregated but three hours during on a journey and sojourn in California, the entire five days. Aubrey's ride eclipsed which were published in one of the early that famous one recorded in the old English



"BILL" CODY AND HIS MULE.

magazines of the country about the time | legends of the outlaw. Dick Turpin, from of the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast. London to York. He had also traveled extensively through | Weightman was a dapper little fellow, exthe then almost inaccessible region of what tremely polite and affable, priding himself is now the territory of Arizona, and from upon "first family" connections, and alhim was first learned the fact that the ways sported a fine cane. He had a small savages of that remote Mexican country em- round ball of a head, bald on top, light ployed gold bullets in charging their crude hair, florid complexion, and small, plereing,

and enroute crossed the Colorado near the outlet of the big canon, where he met some millionaire and the purse of a pauper. He Indians, with whom, he informed Marcy, he resided in Atchison, Kan., for several years; exchanged leaden for golden rifle balls, and | was city recorder for one or two terms and that these Indians did not have the slight- was a candidate for re-election in 1861, but est idea of the relative value of the two was defeated. When deprived of his office metals.

was to ride.

destination, the Jones house, in Inde- were brought off the field and laid side by pendence, three hours before the expira- side upon blankets under the shade of the tion of his time. During this, his first same tree. ride, he killed a number of horses, the death of one when within twenty-five miles of tinued his wonderful ride.

the lion of the day. His fame spread plainsman and hunter of more than average through the entire west, including California, where he was well known.

Although people marveled much at the wonderful endurance of the man, and the allied Plains tribes during the winter of five miles-thefe and back-in twelve hours remarkable time in which he had made the 1868-9, in which celebrated campaign Gen- which included the time I was taken by the trip, still Aubrey himself was not at all eral Sheridan took the field in person, having Indians across the Arkansas. In the sucsatisfied with it. He determined to break such Indian fighters as Sully and Custer as ceeding twelve hours, I had gone from Fort that record, and the following season he his principal lieutenants. Cody tells the Hays to Fort Dodge, a distance of ninetymade another wager, of \$5,000 in gold, that story in excellent taste, and, although I was five miles. The following night I had would succeed in doing so.

Horse Killing Race. across the great plains in the marvelous excellent autobiography. It was commenced miles more to Fort Hays. Altogether I had time of only five days and thirteen hours. His objective point was the same hotel, the yet rather tragic, experience with Santata, hours, or an average of six miles an hour. Jones house, where he had ridden to on his the war chief of the Kiowas, when Cody Of course, this may not be regarded as former trip. On this one, when he reached "pulled the wool over the eyes" of the very fast riding, but taking into considerathat hostelry he was perfectly exhausted and in a fainting condition, his horse quivering from head to foot and white with Aubrey was lifted from the back of his faithful animal by his friends and carried into his room in the house, where he lay in a complete stupor for two days.

Six horses, which previous to starting from Santa Fe had been stationed at distances varying from twenty-five to fifty miles along the route, fell dead under him, so terribly fast did he force them on. He in volunteering, as it was considered a very members. Greer bet with Wooton that he tions, to draw conclusions, the play of his

TAPE

taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people." GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.



CURE CONSTIPATION.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-

deep-set eyes. He was a man of some abilhigh liver,

he was literally reduced to extremities The first ride Aubrey attempted was in Weightman was a most gallant officer in the 1850. He made a bet that he could cover Mexican war, and when hostilities comthe distance from Santa Fe, N. M., to In- menced between the north and south h dependence, Mo., over the trail, in eight joined the confederate forces, with which days. It is 765 miles between the two all his sympathies were enlisted. At the points via the "Santa Fe trail," as the terrible battle of Wilson's creek, at the head freight caravans traveled over it, and by of his brigade, he was killed at the very that route, on a wager of \$1,000, Aubrey summit of "Bloody hill;" three bullets pierced his body. He and General Lyon fell Aubrey succeeded in winning, making his within thirty paces of each other. Both

Cody's Remarkable Record.

William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) has made a Council Grove, compelled him to walk to remarkable record as a long distance rider, that place, carrying his saddle on his back, not for speed, but endurance. Cody's where he obtained another animal and con- famous ride over portions of the "Old Santa Fe trail," and its ramifying branches, was This feat of Aubrey's was regarded as of such a character as to call forth the enthe greatest ride ever made by any one comiums of General Sheridan, who refers to in ancient or modern times, and he be- it in his "Memoirs," as well as General R. came the here of the incipient border town, I. Dodge, himself a distinguished army of-Independence, where he was feted and made | ficer of high rank, who was, nevertheless, a

prowess.

Cody's remarkable ride occurred at the He accomplished his record-breaking dash from Cody's own version, as published in his Fort Larned, and the next night sixty-five on the day on which Cody had his funny, lie was the means of saving the famous full in the chapter of "Famous Men of the most dangerous one" Trail," in my "The Old Santa Fe Trail."

Fort Dodge was anxious to send some dis- a wager with Major Greer. patches to Fort Larned, but the scouts, like

As Fort Larned was my post, and as I the old army officer, making the trip in that I would carry the dispatches, and, if hard riding, as he belonged to the famous and inspired countenance, the flashing eyes any of the boys wished to go along. I would Second dragoons, but he failed to evince and appealing declamation amaze and charm happy to have me take the dispatches, if I weeks in advance of the major, who was horse, sir.' I said.

and honest government mule, if that will fifty miles an hour. do you,' said the officer. 'Trot out your mule,' said I, 'that's good enough for me.

I'm ready at any time, sir. 'The mule was forthcoming and at dark pulled out for Fort Larned, and proeded uninterruptedly to Coon creek, thirty miles out from Fort Dodge. I had left the main wagon road some distance to the south and had traveled parallel with it, thinking this to be a safer course, as the Indians might be lying in wait on the main trail for dispatch bearers and scouts.

Forsaken by a Mule. "At Coon creek I dismounted and led the mule by the bridle down to the water, where

TALES OF SANTA FE TRAIL vorite animal, noted for her speed and en- 1 took a drink, using my hat for a dipper durance, but she expired at the end of the While I was engaged in getting the water the mule Jerked loose and struck down the Aubrey was killed by Major Richard road. I followed him in hope that he would I did not know what minute he might run into a band of Indians. He finally got on the road, but instead of going back to fo Dodge, as I naturally expected he would. turned eastward toward Fort Larned, and kept a little dog troi just shead of me, but would not let me come up to him, aichough I tried again and again. I had my can i my hand, and several times I was strongly empted to shoot him, and would have prob ably done so had it not been for fear o bringing Indians down on me, and beside he was carrying my saddle for me. So trudged on after the obstinate 'critter,' and if ever there was a government mule that deserved and received a good round cursing. it was that one. I had neglected the prefore he could draw it Weightman sprang upon him and plunged his bowie knife into a few nights before, and I blamed myself Aubrey's heart, killing him instantly, for my negligence. Weightman was, of course, acquitted of the

"Mile after mile I kept on following that There was nothing to hold the mule, and a year. I was all the while trying to catch him. Just as day was beginning to break, we, that is, the mule and myself, found ourselves on a hill looking down into the valley of the Pawnee Fork, in which the fort was situated, only four miles away; when he morning gun belched forth we were

within half a mile of the post. "Now, I said to myself, Mr. Mule, it is my turn, and raising my gun to my shouller, in 'dead earnest' this time, I blazed away, hitting the animal in the hip. Throw ing another cartridge into the gun, I let him have another shot, and I continued to pour lead into him until I had laid him completely out.

"Like the great majority of government nules, he was a tough one to kill, and he clung to life with all the tenaciousness of his obstinate nature. He was, without loubt, the toughest and meanest mule ver saw, and he died hard.

"The troops hearing the report of the gun, came rushing out to see what was the matter. They found that the mule had 'passed in his chips,' and when they learned the cause, they all agreed that had served him right. Taking the saddle and bridle from the dead body, I proceeded into the post and delivered the dispatches to Captain Parker. I then went over to Dick Curtis' house, which was headquarters for the scouts, and there put in several hours of solid sleep.

Doubled Out. "During the day General Hazen returned from Fort Harker, and he also had some important dispatches to sco to Coneral Sheridan. I was feeling clared over my big ride, and seeing that I was getting the better of the other scouts in regard to making record, I volunteered to carry General Hazen's dispatches to Fort Hays. The general accepted my services, although he hought it was unnecessary to kill myself. told him that I had private business at Fort Hays and wished to go anyway, and t would make no difference to the other couts, for none of them appeared willing

to undertake the trip. "Accordingly, that night I left Fort Larned on an excellent horse, and next morning found myself once more in General Sheridan's headquarters at Fort Hays. General Marcy met F. X. Aubrey in 1849, ity, a fierce southerner and defender of still more so when I teld him of the time who had just returned from California, slavery. He was poor as he was proud; a I had in riding from Fort Dodge to Fort Larned. And when, in addition to this, I mentioned my journey of the night previous the general thought my ride from post to post, taken as a whole, was a remarkable one. He said that he did not know of its equal. I can safely say that I



"UNCLE DICK WOOTON."

have never heard of its being beaten in a country infested with hostile Indians. "To recapitulate: I had ridden from Fort breaking out of the war declared against the Larned to Fort Zarah, a distance of sixtyin active service at the same time, and was traveled from Fort Dodge, thirty miles on cognizant of the facts, I shall quote fully horseback, and thirty-five miles on foot, to ridden and walked 355 miles in fifty-eight wicked old savage regarding some cattle tion the fact that it was mostly done in the which had no existence in fact, creatures of | night and over a wild country, with no roads on the lookout for Indians, it was thought

In 1851 "Uncre Dick Wooten" made a Cody says: "The commanding officer at famous ride over the "trail" from Taos on

A small party started together, of which those at Fort Hays, were rather backward both Major Greer and "Uncle Dick" were who sent for me, and said he would be the end of the long journey almost two genius ould stand the trip on top of what I had laid up on the way. It would be considered already done. 'All I want is a good, fresh a remarkable ride, even today, on horseback, 'I am sorry to say that we haven't a method of traveling, as the passage of the

HENRY INMAN, Colonel, U. S. A. (retired). Unusual Caution.

Chicago Tribune: "I think I'll take a walk," remarked the commercial traveler as he strolled away from the hotel. "Which is the way to Dewey street?"
"We hain't got any Dewey street," said
the man on the hotel steps. "The city
council passed an ordinance changing the
name of Olive street to Dewey all right

ough, but the mayor vetoed it. Who is your mayor?" "He's a man named Sampson. He said he reckened we'd better wait till the war

was over."

## STORY OF A STRANGE CRIME

A Dismissed Professor Who Burned a College Building for Revenge.

RECORD OF INTELLECTUAL DEPRAVITY

Arrest of the Degenerate of Lafayette College Who Burned Pardec Hall and tommitted a Number of Other Crimes.

The arrest and confession of George Herbert Stephens, a former professor of Lafayette college, at Easton, Pa., brought to ligh the author of a number of shocking crimes committed in revenge for fancied wrongs. caution of tying one end of my lariat to his Stephens is in jail at Easton, and already bit and the other to my belt, as I had done psychological experts and admirers of the morbid are striving to explain his crimes on the theory of moral degeneracy.

The facts in this strange case, related by mule, and gvery ence and a while I in- the New York Herald, are: In the summe durged in strong language respecting the of 1893 President Warfield engaged George whole mule fraternity. From Coon creek to Herbert Stephens as assistant professor of night, stopping only long enough to leap Fort Larned it was thirty-five miles, and I moral philosophy. The young man was a very good for 'hoofing' it the whole distance, the Theological seminary. After a year's We-that is to say, the confounded mule and trial young Stephens was appointed assomyself-were making pretty good time, clate professor for two years longer, at \$800

> They were close friends a year or two which urged me on. I made every step then bitter enemies. Stephens criticised the count, for I wanted to reach Fort Larned president's theological views-did not conbefore daylight, in order, if possible, to sider his college methods sound. Warfield avoid the Indians, to whom it would have refused to reappoint him. He appealed to been 'pie' to have caught me there on foot. The trustees with an ingenious 15,000-word The mule stuck to the road and kept on attatement. They listened, were charmed, for Fort Larned, and I did the same thing. but sustained the president-said Stephens must go.

Caspar Wistar Hodge, also of Princeton, recesded him. Stephens retired to his home, near Montrose, in Susquehanna county, and planned revenge-to burn the college buildings one by one, that the stulents might be accused. They would resent it. In the uproar the president would be forced to resign as unfit to manage a great

Stephens reached Phillipshurg, just across the river from Easton, December 17, 1897. Some time after midnight on the 18th, disguised, he entered Pardee hall with his key, abstracted valuable books from the library for future reading, made a pyramid of furnisurmounted by Prof. Davidson's favorite motto, "Study Nature, and Not Books." The letters were of bones and handsomely framed.

Stephens thought it a great joke on his friend Davidson, with whose philosophical lews he did not agree. He shoved a lighted gaspipe into the pile, locked the door and tled to his hotel. The lack of oxygen mothered the conflagration. No fire was isible from Phillipsburg. Stephens thought his mission had failed, but was awakened at the break of day by the glare of the burning building.

Great Was His Joy. He went to New York, returned in a week,

visited the ruins, chuckling over the desolaon. His deviltry had proved a success. Then he began a series of desecrations un aralleled in the history of colleges. Being ell known and having a key he was able to o about unrestrained. One day he entered the chapel, improvised a nocturne on the big rgan, then proceeded to business.

He threw the chapel Bible and hymn book nto a well near the door, not to spite the Almighty, but to create trouble between the resident and the students. He disarranged he organ machinery and destroyed the hisoric big vine at the door.

Four months later he returned, played a hymn books, Bible and pews with pitch and otherwise desecrated the chapel. It should be explained that District At

orney Fox already had detectives on the The general was surprised to see me, and case. Laborer Messinger guarded the chapel at night. So a few nights ago in the darkness Stephens was heard in the building, remained. From that moment President with a piece of hosepipe. In his flight the professor left his key be-

and in the door. That little implement of crass proved Stephens' undoing. The janifor recognized it as his key. In a room where he had been temporarily sleeping they found his vallse and a lot of telltale artl cles, Later, when he was arrested near Harrisburg, at Duncannon, where he was about to accept the principalship of the schools of hat town, he collapsed.

He was taken to Easton. In the presence of trustees and a few friends, Stephens confessed. Never in the history of state institutions has there been a case having its startling features. Viewed from any standpoint, it is extraordinary. While friends ind foes denounce the burning of the building, good men seek excuses for the young professor

## A Barn Burning Record

And other facts are coming to light. It s alleged that barns have been burned inder suspicious circumstances in his home district. A Mr. Hammet at Hammetsford, Pa., loaned Stephens \$3,000. When pressed for payment the young man did not produce the money and disappeared. Suddenly, two barns on his father's farm mysteriously burned. Stephens collected the insurance money, depositing it in an Easton bank Hammet got the money by attachment Again Stephens disappeared and then Hammet's own barn went up in flame. No one could swear who did it.

The loss, however, did not prevent Hamnet getting the balance due on the note. He had the Stephens homestead sold at sheriff's sale, bought it in, and, to get even with his young Presbyterian friend, deeded it to the First Universalist church of Townnda.

Stephens is an imposing, athletic man, erfectly self-possessed, muscular and of great strength. He is nearly six feet tall and weighs about 100 pounds. His face is round, his hair a sandy red and his eyes something of a fishy blue. He has been described as having a weak face and a massive, intellectual brow-a sort of degenerate Cody's fertile imagination, yet the necessary to follow, and that I had to be continually Webster. His chin is certainly not that of a strong, well balanced man, born to comscout's scalp. The story will be found in at the time to be a big ride, as well as a mand, and there is a suggestion of sensuality-almost brutality-about the mouth which tells a story and explains how he came to commit acts not of a high-minded

cholar, but of a degenerate. Yet when the man begins to talk, to argue, to reason, to compare, to make fine distincpossessed a beautiful mare, Nefly, a fa- dangerous undertaking to make the trip. would beat him in, but the latter outrode intellect on his features works a miracle. Sensuality disappears. The brutality of the wanted to go there anyhow, I said to Austin seven days to Westport. Greer was used to jaw is forgotten; the high Websterian brow like to have them for company. Austin re- the power of endurance exhibited by the the listener. Suspicion vanishes and doubt ported my offer to the commanding officer, veteran trapper, and "Uncle Dick" reached gives way to admiration for the persecuted

Alas! Another change comes when you try to pin him down to a definite statement of his grievances, to define some of the but one does not have to resort to that charges against the president. In reply there is only evasive, vaporous explanation, decent horse here, but we have a reliable "trail" is made now at the rate of over with an idiotic smile, a cunning, flippant sparring for time, succeeded by elaborate, indefinite speech, requiring an hour for one to hear it to the finish.

"At the trial," said the professor, "the sad story will be told and the community surprised when it hears all the facts.' "But you have already confessed. What excuse can be made for burning a great col-

lege building belonging to the public, simply to be revenged on the president?" Stephens Expinius. With eyes flashing and countenance dark with indignation Stephens exclaimed: "This

college president is a hypocrite. I have

From the Surgeon General of the French Army:

hardships when using the mar. tration. velous tonic, Vin Mariani; it prevented fevers and sickness in the marshy and unhealthy ter-

H. LIELRMANN, M. D. Surgeon General French Army.

From Dr. J. Leonard Corning's Book "Brain Exhaustion."

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a plain statement of facts that will con demn him before the country." "But what are these facts? Mention a single act committed by him that can justify your burning the college building." Here a cold, foolish smile played in and out of the milky blue of the professor's eyes. It was an imbecile exhibition after the eloquence, the blazing rhetoric of his introductory remarks. "I am satisfied," he said blandly, "to let

my case rest until the day of trial. Then it will be my turn, and the public will hear my side of the story, how this man has humbugged pupils and professors. I shall unmask him-show exactly what he is, his shallowness, his trickery, his incapacity and his dishonesty toward the young mer he is supposed to instruct and guide.' "How did you come to make his ac quaintance?

"He sought me at Princeton, where I was an assistant professor. He had heard of me, knew what I had been doing, became my warmest friend until we were ntimate. I liked him too until I discovered his intellectual weaknesses and the numbug of his methods. I mildly protested and by gentle argument attempted to show him the fallacy of some of his teachings. heavenly symphony on the organ, then He did not relish it, and seemed envious soured tar into its machinery, smeared of me. I had many friends, both in college and in the city. I joined the Pomfret club, of which he was a member. When his popularity began to wane he withdrew, intimating that I was to follow. "As it was a select club of the best men

in town I saw no reason for resigning. I Warfield became my enemy, Whether it was jealousy or because of his shallow nature I cannot say. Down in the district attorney's office in

Easton a very large sized cat was let out of

the bag. "It will be shown in court," said a lawyer, "that Stephens is a crook by nature who by chance has been well educated and urrounded by men of superior knowledge There is no doubt of his natural ability, but e has not the moral character to counterbalance his depravity and viciousness. He s a moral degenerate—a sort of educated philosophical bunco steerer, who is bad by nature, by practice and by ambition. He has an instinct of low cunning, with criminal strands running through his animal nature and his intellect.

"His profound egotism, his unblushing

knavery, his deep scated passion for revenge

are his undoing. I think he comes from a

oad stock somewhere among his ancestors He began life on his father's farm in Susquehanna county, near Montrose. He was a great reader in his youth and apparently superior in intellectual skill to the boys of his equaintance. He clerked in a country store and there acquired his remarkable knowledge of human nature and peculiar knack of bamboozling his fellows. He had a good record at school and after finishing off at the country seminary he went to Princeton thinking at one time of being a clergyman. These are some of the things brought against the man who made his remarkable onfession of burning Pardee hall, throwing Bibles and hymn books in the well, pouring tar into the mechanism of the big organ and smearing pitch over the pulpit, Scriptures, hymn books and the pews in the chapel. This is the man who not only confessed to these things, but said he hoped to drive the arch-hypocrite at the head of Lafavette college out of the country revealed to the world in nakedness and shame. This is the man SUPERINTENDENT BEE BUILDING. who said he intended to burn the other big college buildings on next Christmas day, hoping thus to create a panic that the president could not survive.

Yet as shocking as was the recital this professor had the sympathy of his good C S ELGUTTER, Law Office, paster. Every man in the room, including CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOMS, the trustees and the district attorney, was NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INnoved to tears, while Stephens himself wept on the neck of the clergyman. Even Detective Johnson and his assistants who worked up the case were overcome with the emotional features of the scene, and for a time CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ROOMS, the preliminary investigation following the R. W. PATRICK, Law Office, confession was suspended.

een committed, a sacred edifice and the E. W. SIMERAL, WM, SIMERAL, Law Holy Bible desecrated, yet teachers, students, clergymen and eminent citizens, with WEBSTER, HOWARD & CO., Fire Insura large number of townspeople, are hunting around for plausible explanations to account for the crime. Indeed, many practically ex-Lafayette college, chartered in 1826, em-

braces seventeen imposing buildings north of Easton, on the heights, commanding an inspiring view of the valleys of the Lehigh H. B. BOYLES, School of Stenography, and Delaware rivers. It is a Presbyterian G. W.SUES & CO., Solicitors of Patents, institution, with an attendance of about 400 PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMstudents annually and cost about \$1,000,000. A Remarkable Rescue,

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes C. E. ALLEN, Knigh the statement that she caught cold, which JOS. R. CLARKSON. settled on her lungs; she was treated for a R. H. LORD. month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless vis-tim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her drugglet suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; new does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at proof that he is a dangerous man, unfit to Kuhn & Co's drug store. Large bottles 59 control a great institution. I shall present cents and \$1.00.

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