

HOLY DEEDS OF PIONEER

Incidents Typical of the Generosity of State Builders of the West.

BIG HEARTS UNDER ROUGH EXTERIORS

Saintly Old Sinners Who Ruptured the Commandments and Helped the Poor-Faithful Vigil of a Hard Working Miner.

Henry Inman, author of "On the Santa Fe Trail," relates in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat several incidents typical of the large-hearted generosity of the pioneers of the west.

The east is firm in its belief that the majority of our pioneers were bad, wicked men generally, there was never a greater error.

I shall first present the sketch of "Old Zack Taylor," a California miner of the early days.

About him was an air of perfect contentment. Besides his rapidly blanching hair, there were deep wrinkles upon his face.

He was at home everywhere; in the saloons, his coming was always welcome; when he met a woman on the street, no matter whether young or old, fair or ugly, he always doffed his hat.

When hungry he went where he pleased and got food; when he needed clothes they were forthcoming in any store he applied for them.

Three or four years before Old Zack's death a courier announced to the people of the place that a short time previously, out near Deep Hole, in the desert, eighty miles from the nearest town, a party of Indians, who were making a party of the Indians.

In a few days after the report of the murder was known in the place the inhabitants began to be vexed by the evident presence of a mysterious thief.

One morning a horseman dashed into the town, his mustang rearing in a dead run. Reining up in front of the principal saloon, he sprang from his horse, and to the people who came rushing to learn what was the matter he explained that half a mile from town, around the bend of the hill, in the old deserted cabin he had found the widow of the man killed weeks before by the Indians.

When his story was finished men and women, half the population of the place, made a rush for the cabin. It was concealed from view of the road by a growth of thick bushes, and they found the poor woman there, and four little children. The woman seemed like one dazed by sorrow and despair.

When questioned, she replied that she had been there five weeks. "But how have you lived?" asked a dozen voices in concert. Then the woman said in a low voice that she and her children would have starved had it not been for a kind old gentleman who brought her everything that she required.

Indeed, she added, "he brought me many things that I did not need, and which I felt that I ought not to accept, but he overruled me, telling me that he did not know how rich he was; that his supplies were simply inexhaustible."

When asked to describe this man, she began to say: "He is a heavy-built old gentleman, wears blue clothes, his hair is as white as snow, but his eyes are black, and..."

The widow was taken to the town, a house with all its comforts provided for them, and there was thenceforth no more trouble from the ubiquitous thief.

ing, this great-hearted old heavenly lummer and Christian thief, had taken care of that family, and had done it because, despite the dry rot and the whisky which had benumbed his energies, his soul, deep down, was loyal to the core.

It is true that he had robbed the town to minister to the woman and her babies, but in the books of the angels, though it is written that he was a thief, in the same sentence it was also added, "and God bless him!" and these words turned to gold as even they were being written.

When Old Zack was asked why he did not make the facts about the family known, after waiting a moment, he replied: "You see, I've been teased about a powerful sight in my time; have drunk heaps of bad whisky; have done a great many no-account things and not a great many good ones.

Another of these saintly old sinners was Billie Smith. He was the majority of the men in camp, but he and his partner, a very fellow, had a claim which they were developing, hoping that it would amount to something in the future.

It is a wonder, then, that when the old man died shortly after, his body was dressed in soft raiment, placed in a costly casket, and that, preceded by a martial band, playing a requiem, all the people followed sorrowfully to the grave; and that, as they gently heaped the sods above his grave, he was buried in the ground with a heartfelt "all hails and farewells."

Gave Away His Bed. Another of these saintly old sinners was Billie Smith. He was the majority of the men in camp, but he and his partner, a very fellow, had a claim which they were developing, hoping that it would amount to something in the future.

"Yes, but we need them, too; need them more than anybody else," was the response of his partner.

"Yes," retorted the partner, "but what are we going to do for a bed? Our hair mattress and best pair of blankets are gone, and the cabin is cold."

"I can sew up sacks into a mattress and fill it with the pine straw and leaves, and use our coats for blankets," replied Billy.

"Well, that is the way to keep it, and so if any wild animal comes that way we can freeze him out. Brace up, partner! Why should a man like a fuss about the loss of a trifling like that?"

Now, the facts were these: A little below Billy's cabin was another, into which a family of immigrants had moved. They were dreadfully poor, going to and returning from town with their few belongings.

A Gambler's Collection. In Nevada a great many years ago there was a gambler who was known as Andy Finn, though it was said that for family reasons he did not pass under his real name.

For a long time Andy had been in sporting parlance, been playing in the worst kind of luck for a professional gambler. One afternoon he found that his whole estate was reduced to the sum of only \$15.

When he had paused for breath the man said quietly: "I like that; I like to see you fellows, that take the world so carelessly and easily, stirred up occasionally."

"Easy!" said Andy; "you had better try it. You think our work is easy; you are a mere child. We don't get half credit. I tell you to make a man an accomplished gambler requires more study than to acquire the learned profession; much less than is needed to become a deft artisan.

you are right; but that is not the question. What are you—a big, strong fellow—going to do to help those poor wretches in the cabin yonder?"

Andy plunged his hand into his pocket, drew out the \$15 and was just going to pass it over to the man, when a thought struck him. "Hold on," he said; "is this man an idiot that throws away his capital and then has to take his chances with the thieves that fill this camp. You come with me. I am going to try to take up a collection. By the way," he said, "do you ever pray?"

The man answered that he did sometimes. "Then," said Andy, "you put in your very best licks when I start my collection."

Not another word was said until they reached a famous saloon. Going to the rear, where a table was in prospect, Andy exchanged his \$15 for chips and began to play. He never ceased; hardly looked up from the table for two hours.

Andy went to the window on one side of the room and began to search his pockets, pulling all the money he could find on the sill of the window. The money was all in gold and silver.

When his pockets were emptied, with the quickness of men of his class, he ran the amount over shortly after, his body was dressed in soft raiment, placed in a costly casket, and that, preceded by a martial band, playing a requiem, all the people followed sorrowfully to the grave; and that, as they gently heaped the sods above his grave, he was buried in the ground with a heartfelt "all hails and farewells."

Faithful Unto Death. There was another old fellow by the name of Baxter in Amador county, California, in the days of '49, who worked in a mine at \$3.50 a day. He came there in the fall and worked eight months. His clothes were all ways poor, but he was a careful man, and such miners as happened in his cabin at meal time declared their belief that his food did not cost 50 cents a day.

Baxter appeared, and after he had the attention of the coroner's jury in the case of Murder and Suicide is Simple.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict yesterday to the effect that John Melchert, who shot and killed Lillian Morris and then himself, Sunday morning at Rinehart's photograph studio, had died by a pistol ball fired by his own hand and that his victim had died from the effects of a bullet wound inflicted by Melchert.

The jurors advanced the theory that Melchert was temporarily insane at the time the shots were fired. F. E. Rinehart, the photographer; Dr. Elmer Porter, Officers Morris Sullivan and Whalen and Dorcas Morris, mother of the murdered girl.

When he was taken to the hospital, he was found to be suffering from a brain ailment. The doctor said that he was a very good man, and that he was a very good father.

Building a Church. Bishop W— wanted to establish a church, and his first work was to select men who would act and be a help to him as trustees.

When he was taken to the hospital, he was found to be suffering from a brain ailment. The doctor said that he was a very good man, and that he was a very good father.

At the time it was just about impossible to get a full staff of trustees that would exactly answer the orthodox requirements. But the bishop was a man of expedients. It was sinners that he came to call to repentance, and it did, moreover, watched with care that right there he take him long to disengage himself from the matter.

Now Abe was the best and truest of men, but he would swear sometimes. Indeed, when he got started on that atrium, he was a hot terror. But the bishop put him down as a trustee, and he was.

When he had paused for breath the man said quietly: "I like that; I like to see you fellows, that take the world so carelessly and easily, stirred up occasionally."

"I don't care to discuss that point with you, Andy," said the man. "I expect that

wisdom and practicality of making the attempt. There was a general approval of the plan expressed by all present except Abe, who was silent until his opinion was directly asked by the bishop.

"Why," said the bishop, "I told you that I knew nothing about the church business, but I don't like the plan. If you were to get money at 15 per cent per annum, your interest would amount to nearly \$1,400 a year, or almost as much as you hope to raise for a commencement. I am afraid, bishop, you would never live long enough to get out of debt. You want a church, and it, why don't you work the business as though you believed it would pay? That is the only way you can get up any confidence in the scheme."

Leaving an Assessment. Abe sat down and the bishop's heart sank within him. With a smile one of the other gentlemen asked Abe what his plan for getting a church would be.

"I will tell you," said Abe, "I move that an assessment of \$1,000 be levied on each of the trustees, payable immediately."

It was a startling proposition to the bishop, who was just from the east and who had not become accustomed to mining ways. With faltering voice he said: "Mr. E. I fear that at present I cannot raise \$1,000."

"Never mind, bishop, we will take yours out in preaching; but there is no rebate for any of the rest of you. If you are going to serve the Lord you have got to be respectable about it. Your checks, if you please, gentlemen."

All were wealthy men, the checks were laughingly furnished with joking remarks that it was the first company ever formed in the town where the officers really invested any money.

The bishop had seen him coming and answered the summons in person. Handing him the certificate, Abe said: "Take that for a starter, bishop. It won't be enough for a church like an old quartz mill. The cost always exceeds the estimates. Go ahead; but go ahead and when you need more while the money lasts, whether assessment on the internal sinners."

The bishop preached and prayed over Abe's dead body three years after; he took a last long look at Abe's still, clear-cut, splendid face as he was composed in death. Abe never joined the church, and I am told that he swore a little to the last. His part in building the church was simply one of his whims, but for years he was a providence there to scores of people. No one knew half its acts of beautiful, delicate charity, or in how many more while the money lasted.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures a cold and stops the nose running. Price, 25c.

SAYS MELCHERT WAS INSANE Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the Case of Murder and Suicide is Simple.

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THREE NEBRASKA MEN DEAD

One of Them Was on His Way Home from Manila When He Died.

OTHER FATALITIES IN OTIS' COMMAND

Of Those on the List One Death Was Due to Wounds Received in the Fighting in Front of the City.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—The following dispatch has been received at the War Department:

MANILA, Oct. 23.—To Adjutant General, Washington: Following deaths since last report, October 16: Quartermaster Sergeant William D. Gillespie, First Idaho, gunshot October 16, Corporal Christopher Rockefeller, Twenty-third Infantry, typhoid fever; Private Jonas B. Adams, band, typhoid fever, September 17, Private George F. Hanson, First Nebraska, typhoid fever, October 20, Privates Ira Griffin, First Nebraska, typhoid fever, Charles H. Ruhl, Second Oregon, meningitis, October 21, Corporal William H. Jones, First Idaho, dysentery; Private Thomas F. Fitzgerald, Twenty-third Infantry, diarrhoea; Private Sage Preaton, First California, pneumonia, October 22, Private Daniel McElliot, First Montana, dysentery, date unknown, Sergeant John A. Glover, First Nebraska, pneumonia; Privates Henry E. of Company L, Omaha, and Charles E. of Company F, Madison. Ira Griffin belonged to Company E, David City, but his residence is given as Valparaiso. John A. Glover was corporal of Company A, York, and his home was in that city.

No George F. Hanson appears on the original muster roll of the First Nebraska. There are two Hansons in the regiment, F. E. of Company L, Omaha, and Charles E. of Company F, Madison. Ira Griffin belonged to Company E, David City, but his residence is given as Valparaiso. John A. Glover was corporal of Company A, York, and his home was in that city.

GOT INTO SEVERAL PURSES

Dishonest Bellboy is Arrested for Stealing Money from Guests of a Hotel?

Delegates to the Liberal Congress of Religions suffered a considerable inroad upon their finances owing to the dishonesty of a bellboy at the Delaware hotel. Early in the session Miss Helen C. Jones, sister of President Jenkin Lloyd Jones, noticed that \$10 was missing from her purse, but supposing she was unable to locate a package of gloves, she made no mention of the disappearance.

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It will Heat 3 Rooms with 2 Tons of Coal a Season.

Guaranteed to Heat 3 Rooms a Season with 2 TONS of Coal or your Money Back. (Image of a stove) Guaranteed to Heat 3 Rooms a Season with 2 TONS of Coal or your Money Back.

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MINING IN THE BLACK HILLS

Items of Interest from the Rich Mineral Regions of South Dakota.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Oct. 24.—(Special.)—Another rich strike of free milling ore has just been made in the southern Hills, about five miles north of Hill City, on Marshall gulch, by a prospector named Bill Pettit, who had been grubstaking by Joe Sharp, a small stringer of ore was found in the surface and this was followed down to a depth of about forty feet.

The ore is exceedingly rich, even better than the Holy Terror. The rock is yellow, with strings of gold. The average value of the shoot is said to be \$40 a ton, which for free milling ore, is unusually rich. About a mile south of this strike is the Sunnyside mine, in which an eleven-foot ledge of free milling ore was struck about two weeks ago. This ore is also very rich.

An important mining sale was made this week at Keystone. Al Amosbury of that place bought of Tom Blair and associates the Chilcott claims, two in number, for a consideration of \$40,000.

One of the best mines in the Northern Hills is the Boley property, in Blacktail gulch. This was the Matt Carroll group of claims. D. C. Boley of Chicago was instrumental in organizing a Chicago company, which has purchased all of the claims. There are about 2,500 feet of underground workings and five distinct shoots of ore have been opened up. The largest ore body is a vertical and averages about twenty feet in width and the average value of the ore is about \$25 a ton. A new vertical was struck last week, which has been crossed twelve feet and assays \$25 a ton in gold. The ore is hoisted through the Magpie shaft, which is 170 feet deep.

Over the side, south, in Sheephall gulch, is the American Express group of claims, owned by W. S. Elder of Deadwood and R. S. Jamison of Seattle. This mine is producing twelve tons of ore per day, which has an average value of \$25 per ton.

South of this property R. E. Rossiter of Deadwood has commenced a prospect on one of four claims in which he is interested. The prospect has been run ninety feet and four shoots of ore have been cut through. One shoot is nine feet wide. This prospect is to be run 300 feet to strike a large vertical of ore known to exist farther under the capping of the mountain.

Three miners named Mix, Stamus and Glassburn have struck a fine shoot of ore on the Mormon Chief claim, upon which they have a lease. The shoot is being cross-cut and seven feet have thus far been cut in ore. The outside run assayed \$11 a ton in gold.

A party of miners has a lease on some school land which includes the townsite of the old town of Crook City. This was at one time a rich placer district, on White-wood Creek. The gold has been worked out of the stream on both sides of the town, but the gravel has never been worked under the old site. The lessees have sunk a shaft to bedrock at one place and run a drift to fifty feet. They have found considerable gold.

William and Joseph Swift and W. G. and Henry Penneyaker of Wilmington, Del., have been in Deadwood this week. They are the principal owners in the Deadwood & Delaware smelter of this city and they also own several millions of real estate in the city and county.

Several capitalists arrived in Belle Fourche Monday from California, among them is Gus Spreckels, son of the sugar king of California. They are furnishing money for the railroad which is being built from Belle Fourche to the Hay Creek coal mines.

South Dakota News Notes. Kingsbury county's tax list this year is but one-fourth as large as last year. The state supreme court has decided that township boards have the right to locate roads at any time on section lines of land filed prior to 1890.

Wool Soap is a pure soap; so pure that it's white; so pure that it swims. More than that. It's so pure that it won't shrink wool. Made for fair skins and fine fabrics. Whenever you need a pure soap use Wool Soap.

The Factory Cost—On new pianos—that's the way we're going to sell them this week—just to get our floors cleared so we can bring in our exhibition exhibit and Midway-vented pianos—This stock comprises the latest makes in all the various solid and veneered cases—There are Knabe's—Kimball's—Krauch's—Bach's—Hallett & Davis Co.'s—Krell's—Hospo's—Howard's—Schluter's—Co's—Lindell's—Wheeler's—Entler's—Makers' and Victor's—pianos for \$372—\$500 ones for \$335—\$450 pianos \$318—\$400 piano \$298—\$300 piano \$248—Some as low as \$148—Easy terms.

A Handsome Face—Is not disgraced by our fine eyeglasses, but your beauty and eyesight is preserved at the same time. Don't neglect the impaired or imperfect eyesight! It is a great mistake, and none know it better than the experienced oculist or optician. "A stitch in time saves nine." We will test your sight free of all charge—and what we furnish you will be under the direction of a skilled optician—We grind our own lens, thus insuring correctness, which we guarantee.

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