He Hails from Ireland and Controls an Effective Pull.

POLITICAL POWER OF PETER GILLINGHAM

How He Helped Two Young Americans to Interview President Kruger-Held in High Esteem by the Dutch.

President Kruger of the Transvaal is a tropical simile of the old burghers, it will face. the orisons. Then the president is ready to hold an informal leves on the quaint lit. Mr. Kruger through him." tle veranda, up the posts of which creep sleepy-looking nasturtiums and vari-colored

morning glories. From 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock Mr. Kruger sit. in a rocking chair, giving rapid little puffs oped in a long frock coat. at a meerschaum pipe, filled with Boer tobacco, sometimes talking very rapidly, with a semi-sputter to one of his executive council on state affairs; sometimes lapsing into silence, his eyes narrowed to a mere glint, and again reaching forward his puffy little right hand, which is minus a thumb, to greet an old Boer who may have trekked eighty miles and camped over night in the church square in order to consult oom (uncle) Paul about something of vital interest to the rural population. In this respect Mr. Kruger has not departed from the pastoral and patriarchal government under which the Boers lived when they made their "great | trek" from Cape Colony in 1835, on which

savages. And it is for this reason that he is loved so much by the old Boers. Mr. Kruger, however, makes one exception to the guests at his early levee, and I give the word. that is newspaper correspondents. will occasionally talk with a representative of the Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News, the Pretoria Press or the Volkstein, all of which papers are subsidized by the Transvaal government, but for the correspondents of foreign papers it is next to impossible to gain an audience and secure

an interview. Mr. Ellerthorpe of the London Daily Telegraph and a representative of Black and White had been working unsuccessfully for two months to this end when the writer reached Pretoria, though they were handicapped by Mr. Kruger's intense dislike for everything English, so intense that he will not allow the language to be taught in the

It was therefore with no little misgiving that we set out to accomplish this desideratum, which had been on our minds ever since leaving New York, three months before, and which was brought about by a man who occupies such a unique position in the Transvaal government that he interested us equally with Kruger himself.

Home of the Boss. Living in a modest frame house, the front part of which is occupied by a bakeshop and confectionery counter, holding no position other than justice of the peace, and not even having the merit of being a native Boer or Hollander, this man wields an influence equaled by no other resident in the Transvaal. He is, in fact, the political boss of two days before we found him at home. In the South African republic. He is consulted company with numerous speculators and by nearly all the members of the raad, in foreign agents we haunted the sign of "P. both the progressive and conservative par- Gillingham, Baker," underneath which is ties, advises the executive council and is per- | another legend in smaller type, "And Jussona grata with President Kruger, who treats | tice of the Peace." him as his most intimate friend and looks one of the men was from Dayton, O., and kles, and we hastened to reply in the negative in ticklish political sought Gillingham's influence to sell Oom tive. "They're both good Irishmen." added first class track—Hartford, Poughkeepsie, able to drive him home. They carried the

OOM PAUL'S SIDE PARTNER scarch that McBride the weighmaster was located in the second level, 2,000 feet below the surface, whither the American manager gave us permission to descend on a passenger car.

This was not an inviting expedition and it was rather discouraging after the run, to have Mr. McBride tell us he could not fur-nish the introduction. "I will give you a he will send you to Gillingham and Gillingham owns Oom Paul."

McCann the Tailor.

Our next step toward securing the interriew, therefore, was to meet Mr. E. C. Me-Cann, proprietor of a little tailor shop, near the reception accorded us there nearly honors, is never written about and poses man who may be classed as approachable. | turned us from our purpose. Neither of the as a strictly neutral person. In this cawith limitations. Through all seasons he two employes at work on the counter looked pacity Kruger accepts his advice on the rises in the morning at 5:39 o'clock, and at or spoke to us for some time. "What most important national and international immediately fortifies himself with a cup of do you want," finally inquired a large man, questions, and the only way he profits is strong black coffee, so hot that, to use a with immense shoulders and a forbidding

burn the hair off a lion. After this he reads "We want to see Mr. McCann," we replied surd purposes. One man has the exclusive the Bible and prays exhaustively, some of modestly. "We have a letter from the narright to make jam in the Transvaal. The "We want to see Mr. McCann," we replied surd purposes. One man has the exclusive his most intimate friends at times joining in tional alliance in New York. We're good dynamite concessionaires give the govern-Irishmen and wish to get an introduction to ment five shillings on each case and clear

adjoining room and from the doorway vastly superior in quality, as to practically emerged a tall man with an exceedingly red nose, a gray dragoon mustache and envel- bitter against Mr. Kruger on account of

"I'm McCann, the tailor," he said, looking at us keenly. "Who are you?" But without giving us a chance to answer he snapped up the two letters and disappeared in the street. Astonishment gave way to anger at this shabby treatment and we were on the point of giving vent to the latter when the tailor attracted our attention from the opposite corner by winking violently and beckening.

"You never want to make a break like that," he said angrily. "If you are good Irishmen, as you say you are, you ought to know that the English government has spies all through the Transvaal and you never know who you are talking to." With that he led the way to a basement saloon on Commissioner street, selecting a small room in expedition the little band killed 6,000 Hons, and fought innumerable battles with the

"Ben," he said to a tough-looking citizen, who answered the electric summons, "you see these gentlemen? Well, lock the door on the outside and don't let them out until

"Now," he continued, turning to 'what's your game? If you think you can come it over old McCann, why guess again. You are no more Irishmen than the prince of Wales. Your names are not Irish, neither are your faces. You are spies, by God! and you've come here to find out how strong the alliance is in Johannesburg. Well, you got in the wrong shaft. I don't require a stone house to fall on me before I tum-

That's Different.

It was not until we admitted that none of our ancestors had ever seen Ireland that the eccentric old tailor's eye softened and a genial smile illumined his face. "Now, boys," he said, "that's different. I see your game. All you want is to meet Oom Paul through Irish influence. You're straight Americans, which is something unusual to see down here. I like you, and if you come to my store in two days I'll have the way prepared."

McCann's preparation consisted in writing to the "boss," who undertook the mission, apparently, with the impression that in ome way it was all for the good of "old Ireland." The tailor gave us our credentials and bid us goodby, with the parting injunction: "For heaven's sake, don't refuse coffee, should the president offer it, even if it scalds you speechless."

"Boss" Gillingham is the busiest man in the Transvaal. We had been in Pretoria

crisis. And yet Mr. Peter Gillingham claims Paul a phaeton. Another represented an Gillingham, and the half dozen members of allegiance only to Ireland, though he speaks American marble firm and he wanted to the raad, Paymaster General Van Alpen, Cleveland, or one of those further south. the Dutch language fluently and is heart and build a mausoleum for the president and his Commissioner of Mines Kroebler and Comhand with the Boers in their differences family. Some of them had already seen and missioner of War Smidt, all of whom came about this fall, but my announcement is out eyes he asked for me. with the English. He has been in the talked with this influential "fixer" and testi-Transvaal thirteen years, going there from fied that he was no myth, as we had con-Cape Colony in the capacity of a general cluded after being told continually that he speculator. How well he has succeeded in was "not at home" or "had a meeting to atthis no one knows, but Pretorians say that tend." Eventually we were ushered through behind the counters where he dispenses the bakery into a small sitting room, where ginger cakes and bread, Mr. P. Gillingham, the president's right bower receives all his



Transvaal, but could not promise that they business." were in such close touch with the Grand welcome reception. In this predicament we! a well-known New York journalist, at that time secretary of the Irish National Alliance, who, looking over a time-worn volume on

his deak, found the name of McBride. "Here is a man," said he, "who will put you on the right track. Our directory gives him as a weighmaster in the mines of the Landlaagte estate, two miles from Johannesburg, near the Simmer and Jack I have of the man, but if you give him this letter; ness and tell him you are a good Irishman he'll get you the introduction, for we are very

strong in that country." after the Landlaagte had been located it plucky Irishman got together some of his seemed to be operated entirely by Mc-

Old Man of South Africa as to insure us a himself and evaded all questions bearing on were directed to C. O'Connor McLaughlin, he was but 39 years old. He was born at

though a mighty shrewd old no idea where that is, and I never heard and politician, has points of weak bordering on fatulty. Gillingham his first coup with Kruger made at the time of the Jamison raid, when England threatened to wipe out the little re-It was not such an easy matter to find public. With the hoats of England arrayed McBride after getting to Johannesburg. Even | against the Transvaal, and no friends, this countrymen and offered to raise a regiment thus

America and proposed that they arm and equip forces to send down to aid the Boers. Oom Paul, who is just as generous as he is vindictive, was quite overcome by this offer, and he has ever since kept a warm spot it his heart for the Irish.

More than this, however, Gillingham has a long head, knows when to advise, when letter to McCann, though," he offered, "and to keep quiet, and is so genial and adaptable that he is always "in the know." This is appreciated by Oom Paul, to whom the Irishman is loyal, for such is the political strife in the Transvaal, that Kruger is often at a loss to know whom to trust.

Gillingham has no other position than Jus the Barnato buildings in Johannesburg, and tice of the peace, seeks for no public by concessions.

Concessions are granted for the most ababout 50 shillings. Such a high duty 1 At this there was a great clatter in an put upon the American article, which is exclude it. The unsubsidized press is very this concession business and goes so far as to ask how the president could amass a fortune of more than \$1,000,000 on a satary of £7,000, and how his son-in-law, Eloff,

could build a \$250,000 palace on no salary. Gillingham is in the front rank of con cessionaires and it was one of these concessions that kept him engaged while we were there. Among the questions put to Mr. Kruger

"Are you not afraid that, without a seaport, the English will starve you out?" "If God wills it," he replied, "they can

in our interview was the following:

do it. If not, the English might build a wall around us high as Jericho and we would live comfortably." At this he looked to the wily Irishman as though for assent and Gillingham informed us later that Mr. Kruger was greatly delighted at his proposition to erect huge cold storage ware houses, wherein 25,000 beeves could be stored-a safeguard against being starved

Brides, and it was only after considerable to fight for it against the British. Furthersearch that McBride the weighmaster was more, he communicated with Irishmen in SOME OLD TIME ROAD RACES to Fuller George again. Then he began to need the weighmaster was more, he communicated with Irishmen in SOME OLD TIME ROAD RACES to Fuller George again. Then he began to need a second with a sharp jerk. If the rein out to Kansas I had an ambition to kill heads around with a sharp jerk. If the rein out to Kansas I had an ambition to kill heads around with a sharp jerk. If the rein out to Kansas I had an ambition to kill heads around with a sharp jerk. If the rein out to Kansas I had an ambition to kill heads around with a sharp jerk. Reminiscences of Warm Brushes Between Noted Horses and Drivers. LOWERING THE SIX-IN-HAND RECORD

Lawson N. Fuller Rendy to Make the Trinl-Recollections of Vanderbilt, Bonner and Other Nota-

bles of the Road.

Lawson N. Fuller of New York, the veteran driver of fast horses, though 75 years his collisions with other drivers were freold, believes that he can break the six-in- quent hand team record of 2:56%, which he himself established in 1896, and he is eager to when the commodore ran into me. I was make the attempt. Mr. Fuller said the other

"I believe that six borses can be made to trot a mile in 2:45 or better, and that I own | I first saw him whizzing along like a streak the six horses that can do it. But since it is of greased lightning two or three blocks rather costly, both in time and money, to away, his horse swaying from side to side. train six horses to do their best, I should As near as I could tell he was due to be

ront of the club house we were going a :18 clip and you could have covered both horses with a blanket, as the reporters say, Vanderbilt looked across at me. I telegraphed Fuller George again and he jogged by easily. Then the commodore began to call on Small Hopes and the horse went right up in the air. There was quite a crowd at the club house and every man n it howled till be was hoarse. The commodore was so sore about it that he never cared to mention the circumstance.

Vanderbilt a Reckless Driver.

"Commodore Vanderbilt, though a skilled elnsman, was the most reckless driver on the road in the old Harlem lane days, and

"The narrowest escape of my life was driving a single horse. He was driving Mountain Maid and Mountain Boy. He was going up the lane and I was coming down.



LAWSON N. FULLER AND SKETCH OF SIX-HORSE-TRAM out in case of war with the English. He | not be willing to make the attempt entirely had just been granted the concession to without inducement. Five thousand dollars

Talking with 0om Paul.

embedded in puffy flesh, seamed with wrin- the winner to take all. kles, and we hastened to reply in the nega- "It would take me about a month to get heartily.

"What's your religion?" was the next trance, from which we were extricated again by the Irishman's wit. "The Reformed church is very strong in New York," he obtic, we were at the present moment stanch | shortest notice feasible.

At this Oom Paul puffed fast, smiled wide and eventually chuckled, whereupon we took ception. Dexter, the nigh leader of that occasion at Gillingham's suggestion to ply team, is dead. It was about ready to prohim with a volley of questions. At the end pose an attempt to make a 2:45 record when of the interview we hardly knew which in- he died and have been waiting since then terested us most, the shrewd old Boer or the to find a horse to take his place. I have clever young Irishman, who seemed to un- now found the horse and my team will be derstand each other thoroughly.

than Mr. Kruger, who dines with his coach- in the middle, and Fleetwood and Fleetman. His two sons, Joseph and Parnell, attend the town school (though Mr. Gillingham intends giving them a coilege educa- the old record." tion) and they may be seen at times behind the counter. Gillingham lives plainly and dines plainly, his only indulgence being team is usually on the go all day, for he is of reminiscences in Mr. Fuller's mind, in no one place for many minutes. He is closeted with Mr. Kruger more frequently calls at the bakeshop and chats in the rear room with the proprietor about doings in

Though seldom seen actively engaged in his place of business nowadays, no false pride absents Gillingham, and when we called in the evening to bid him farewell he was engaged in wrapping up some hot buns for a comely Boer maiden. He looked at us with a benign smile, shook hands warmly, and then tipped an almighty shrewd wink, as though he would say: "It's a smart man who can tell a valuable diamond in the

Polite James Hamilton Lewis.

PETER GIL LINGHAM.

Irishman and Boer, caresses a goodly fortune, which he has acquired by brisk Celtic hustle, coupled with the advantages provided by the patronage of the president.

On leaving New York for a tramp through south Africa with a fellow newspaper man on a very limited capital, one of the most important points, as it seemed to us, was to secure just such an interview with Oom Paul. Several foreign consuls offered to give us letters to their representatives in the Transvaal, but could not promise that they This evening James Hamilton Lewis mountains.

One moist, foggy morning he was thus de Gillingham was not disposed to speak of himself and evaded all questions bearing on politics, but told us with no little pride that he was but 39 years old. He was born at the Cape, of Irish parents, and there absorbed the customs of the Dutch so thoroughly that he is regarded in Pretoria as a stanch burgher and good Dutchman.

Secret of His Popularity.

Though born under the English flag he has no love for it, and that is the secret of his popularity with President Kruger, who, though a mighty shrand old housen the final profoundly simple the profound of the bone without first having secured invitation. He is so polite that it is impossible for him to pass a looking glass without taking off his hat and profoundly with president Kruger, who. saluting himself.

Detroit Journal: They strolled abroad under the starilt sky, and as they strolled they talked.

"He is a man of many sides?"
"The usual number, I think."
"Marmaduke?"
"An outside for clother and second.

'An outside for clothes and an inside for Presently they bid each other good night.

should be hung up, and if that is done I will put my horses into training at once, The first question asked us by President the entire purse to go to me if I lower the Kruger when we finally reached him was: record to 2:50. If not, I am to receive noth-"Are you from Rhodes?" He looked at us ling. Or I will trot my six horses against rather sharply from the slit of one eye, any other three pair team for \$5,000 a side,

first class track-Hartford, Poughkeepsie, able to drive him home. They carried the Of course it is too late to bring the event along to hear the interview, laughed in plenty of time to make it easy to arrange for the test early in the season of 1899. Judging from the crowd that witnessed my question, and this put us for a moment in a record-breaking performance of 1896 at old man of many words at any time, and he Fleetwood Park, the men who put up the had some hard thinking to do just then. He \$5,000 need not run the slightest risk or never spoke about the accident to me." loss for they could fully recoup themselves served carelessly as a cue. We remembered from the gate money, I should prefer to then that the president is a most bigoted trot my horses against some other six-in-Dutch Reformer and explained to him that hand, because I should be surer of winning while an American newspaper man's re- such a match than a trot against time, but ligious views must necessarily be very clas- I am quite ready for the latter, and on the

"The team would be the same as the record-breaking one of 1896, with one exmade up in this way: Snip and Wifkes, Gillingham lives in more simplicity even leaders; Flora and a mare I call Josephine, wing at the wheels. I haven't the slightest doubt that this team will be able to better

When Fuller Beat Vanderbilt. Mention of the lamented Dexter, named for the famous trotter of that name owned good cigars and a fine pair of horses. His by Robert Bonner, always awakens a train

"I thought a good deal of Dexter," he aid, "but I thought more of his sire, said. than anyone else and the president often Fuller George. I have owned scores of good lively steppers, but Fuller George was the best one of them all. He was true as steel. His temper was perfect. He was never in bad condition. He was positively the prettiest horse I ever saw. Best of all, he was never beaten on the road.

"I shall never forget the day he outtrotted Small Hopes, driven on old Harlem lane by Commodore Vanderbilt. Any oMtimer will tell you that Small Hopes was one of the crack steppers of his day, his track record being 2:181/2. My Fuller George had no track record. None of my horses have been track horses, since my only obect in owning fast horses has been that I might win pleasure and health by driving But Fuller George was a better hem. cooter than Small Hopes, as I proved to the commodore one pleasant June morning five years and computes that in that time about twenty-five years ago.

"A good many of the commodore" friends had told him that Small Hopes was counting such incidents as his collision with all right, but he wasn't in the same class as Fuller George. Vanderbilt pooh-poohed at that, of course. But, all the same, he understood full well that his horse must beat mine or be beaten sooner or later and so he was on the lookout for me.

straight behind his pride and joy, and I noticed that he had his eye on me and my horse. Small Hopes had his eye peeled, too. Highbred horses know when their drivers pull pretty steady for a while to the right C. P. WELLER, V. Prest. are getting ready to speed them as well as and then give a sudden jerk as hard as you the drivers do, and Small Hopes was perfeetly aware that he was about to be tested. I was ready, of course, and so was my horse. But, as I wished to beat the commodore in my own way, I let him drive up alongside me elbow tactics on a runaway team till one and get almost a length ahead.

"When the hind wheels of his wagon were stirred him up a little. Not by yelling at

on my side of the road about the time we were to meet and I looked for trouble. So did my horse, and it was hard work to keep him from turning short about and upsetting me right there. The crash came in less time after that than I can tell you of it, but I did the best I could by swinging my horse so that he wouldn't be pierced by the pole of the commodore's wagon. The way I fixed things my horse and Mountain Boy came together so hard that it knocked the breath out of both of them.

"Vanderbilt's rig was all smashed up and thought the commodore was killed, sure He went right down among the horses, head first, with his feet in the air and yelling like a wild Indian. The shock knocked him senseless. The wagon was not damaged be-yond the springing of the front axletres commodore to the clubhouse nearby and brought him to. As zoon as he opened his 'Oh, Fuller has driven home,' they told

him "What did he say? Nothing. He wasn't a

Bonner and Beecher. Mr. Fuller is almost the sole active survivor of the famous drivers on the fane in its palmy days. Russell Sage used to drive there a good deal then, and so did the Harpers and Robert Bonner. But the driving Harpers, like Commodore Vanderbilt, have long been dead. Sage is still with us in the flesh, but his present driving tame in comparison with that of the old times Bonner is alive, too, but he doesn't drive much on Manhattan Island nowadays.

"Bonner was one of the best drivers ever knew." says Mr. Fuller, "and he drove for pure pleasure. But a more awkward driver never handled the ribbons. That was because he didn't learn to drive when he was young. He never could hold his hands gracefully. All the same, the most impressive sight I remember on the lane was Bonner driving Peerless over its whole length one day with Henry Ward Beecher on the scat beside him. Peerless was in mighty fit condition that day and he go over the ground in record-breaking time. Bonner was clearly intoxicated with delight as the splendid horse came down the road at whirlwind speed. Beecher's face fairly glowed with excitement. His eyes were like stars and his long gray hair floated out in the breeze like the pennant of a crack man-of-war going at full speed

in a gale of wind. "Beecher was writing for the Independent at that time and the next week's issue had an article from his pen defending the speeding of horses. It was really a description of that drive down the lane behind Peerless. and it was such a beautiful piece of writing that I cut it out and preserved it. Once in a while I hunt it up and read it over, and when I do I see a mental picture in which Peerless and Bonner and Beecher are the central figures."

To Stop a Runaway Team Mr. Fuller has been driving over the roads of Manhattan island for more than fortyhe has driven 475,000 miles. In the fortyfive years he has suffered six runaways, no Commodore Vanderbilt. The best way to stop a runaway team, Mr. Fuller says, is to throw the horses.

"I learned that trick," he explained when a boy. I was champion wrestler in the county of Franklin, Vermont, 1 hail "As I drove down the lane that morning from. Coliar and elbow was my favorite saw the commodore sitting up stiff and | hold and constant practice at that made me strong in my arms and shoulders. You know how a man is thrown in collar and elbow wrestling. All you have to do is to J. C. RICHARDSON, Prest. can to the left. If you know how to do it you can down your man nine times in ter without tripping him.

"I never thought of trying collar and day I got in a pretty tight place with a pair of horses that took the bit in their teeth, about even with Fuller George's head I not many blocks away from where I had stirred him up a little. Not by yelling at beaten the commodore. At first I thought him or by using the whip. I just telegraphed | I could hold them, but I couldn't, and I along the reins by a slight pressure of the began to wonder what I should do. Then I left little finger. My horse knew what that remembered how easy it used to be to yank meant, and from that on the commodore a husky chap off his feet at collar and could not increase the lead. The race was clook. There was no reason why the scheme fairly begun at One Hundred and Forty- wouldn't work with horses as well as men, fifth street and it lasted till we reached so I pulled them steadily to the right, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth-just a mile, though gently at first, I wanted to down "The old Harlem club house stood at One them where there was a soft place to light Hundred and Thirty-third street and a short and presently when I neared such a spot time before we arrived there I telegraphed I let go of the off relo, grasped the night

had broken I'd have been a goner, sure, but it stood the strain all right. Just as I had expected, down went the team in a heap, the off horse on top. Was I hur? Well, I went flying about twenty feet and I lit on my shoulders, but I struck the soft didn't make any difference. Not a coyote to kansas I had an ambition to kill church had back to my friends in the east. I tramped all over that country with a gun, but I never could get nearer than within a mile of a coyote. I used to drive out in my buggy with the country with a gun, but I never could get nearer than within a mile of a coyote. I used to drive out in my buggy with the country with a gun, but I never that country with a gun, but I never could get nearer than within a mile of a coyote. I used to drive out in my buggy with the country with a gun, but I never that country with a gun, but I nev

shaken up a mite. "After that I knew how best to stop a long-range cannon. "One day I started out in a hurry and runaway team. It make a horse feel sheepish to be thrown, and he is sure to show it
in his looks, too. And the best of it is that
otes. The critters didn't even take the

I want to go on re-ord as saying that there but I have had great respect for the sense

pot I'd been looking for and was only ever got near enough so that he could have been reaches with anything short of a

once thrown he will never try to run away trouble to lope off out of sight. They just walked off two or three rolls from the roll and sat down and looked at me and yawned. For broken surfaces, sures, insect bites, burns, skin diseases, and especially piles, there is one reliable remedy, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. When you call for DeWitt's don't accept counterfeit or frauds. You will not be disappointed with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The Coy Coyote.

"Speaking about smart animals." said the call estate man to the Kansas City Journal, they knew I hadn't the gun I don't know,

# WORLD RENOWNED BEER

Budweiser, (The Original) Michelob, Muenchener, Faust,

Anheuser-Standard, Pale Lager.



The "King of Bottled Beers" -- holding the world's record for output as well as for quality--the universal beverage-served in every part of the habitable globe--now in the second half billion bottling.

"NOT HOW CHEAP; BUT HOW GOOD," is the motto of the

## ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N

Its brew commands the highest price, because of its choice flavor and absolute purity; the use of the best materials and full maturity before placing on the market.

Malt Sutiene the recuperative food-drink, the great up-builder, is prepared by this association.

"Biographical Sketch of the ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A." Free to all who desire it.

### **JOBBERS AND MANUFACTURERS** OF OMAHA.

**BOILER AND SHEET IRON WORKS** 

Drake, Wilson & Williams

Successors Wilson & Drake. Manufacturers boilers, smoke stacks and breechings, pressure, rendering, sheep dip, lard and water tanks, boiler tubes constantly on hand, second hand boilers bought and sold. Special and prompt to repairs in city or country. 19th and Pierce.

BOOTS-SHOES-RUBBERS,

merican Hand Sewed Shoe Co

M'frs & Jobbers of Foot Wear The Joseph Banigan Rubber Co.

.H. Sprague & Co., Rubbers and Mackintoshes.

P. Kirkendall & Co

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers Salesrooms 1102-1105-1106 Harney Street.

CARRIAGES.

Establish ed. 1858.

Side Spring Attachment-No Horse Motion. Get a Simpson Buggy with the Atkinson Spring-best and easiest rider in the world. 1409-11 Dodge Street.

CHICORY

The American Chicory Co.

DRUGS.

Growers and manufacturers of all forms of

Chicory Omaha-Fremont-O'Neil,

Dichardson Drug Co. 902-906 Jackson St.

E. Bruce & Co.

Druggists and Stationers. "Queen Bee" Specialties, Cirars, Wines and Brandles. Perner 10th and Harney Streets.

DRY GOODS.

E. Smith & Co.

Goods, Furnishing Goods AND NOTIONS.

CREAMERY SUPPLIES

The Sharples Company

Creamery Machinery and Supplies.

Bollers, Engines, Feed Cookers, Wood Pulleys, Shafting, Belting, Butter Packages of all kinds.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES.

## **\** \ / estern Electrical Company

Eletrical Supplies.

Electric Wiring Bells and Gas Lighting G. W. JOHNSTON, Mgr. 1510 Howard St. John T. Burke,

CONTRACTOR FOR *ELECTRIC LIGHT* and POWER PLANTS

FRUIT-PRODUCE. [ \nited States

424 South 15th St.

Supply Co . . . 1108-1110 Harney St. Steam Pumps, Engines and Boilers, Pipe Wind Mills, Steam and Plumbing Material, Belting, Hose, Etc.

HARDWARE.

ector & Wilhelmy Co

Omaha. ee-Clark Andreesen

Wholesale Hardware,

Hardware Co Wholesale Hardware.

Bloycles and Sporting Goods. 1619-21-28 Her-ncy street. HARNESS-SADDLERY.

H. Haney & Co.

HARNESS, SADDLES AND COLLARS lobbers of Leather, Saddlery Hardware, Etc. We solicit your orders. 1815 Howard St.

STEAM-WATER SUPPLIES.

Crane-Churchill Co. 1014-1016 Douglas Street.

Manufacturers and jobbers of Steam, Gas and Water Supplies of All Kinds.

For an up-to-date Western Newspaper Read The Omaha Bee