HOW POLLY SAVED THE SCOUT.

A True Story from Virginia.

By Mrs. Moses P. Handy. Cunningham, living in a quiet Walter Scott's stories from the time she the sphinx. Once she flared up. "This is could read, had always longed for excitement and adventures; now she had a great deal more of them than she wanted. Her home in Culpepper county, Virginia, was near the very center of the battle ground between the union and confederate armies; so near the Brandy station that the roar of the cannon echoed through the house and the smoke of the battle was plainly to be

Her father and her brothers were in the southern army. But she and her mother Be quiet, Polly; don't you know they are remained in the old homestead. A few of only doing their duty?" and so the soldiers their old slaves still clung to them, notably Polly's "mammy" and her husband, who, trusted and confidential house servants, had believe he was in the house, all the same. never felt the yoke of slavery as galling. He's as slippery as an eel, that fellow." What they could have done without mammy Polly never dared to think.

She came into the dining room, where Polly was washing the dishes, after the frugal dinner, a meal which her mother, suffering with an acute attack of neuralgia, was too ill to share.

"Well, honey," she said, "Yo' ma 'pears to be easy now. I give her a hot foot bath un' a mustard plarster an' she went to sleep, so I put the bell whar she could tech it an crep' out. I reckon I mout as well take my ole man his dinner." Mammy went to the window and looked out, craning her neck to catch a glimpse of the drive leading to the front of the house. "Great Marster!" she said. "Here's a Yankee officer ridin' up to the do'. You keep still, chile, while I go an' sees what he wants." In a moment she was back, smiling, fol-

opened wide, among the others, but the presence of the panel was not suspected and neighborhood and nourished on she kept her face as immovable as that of an outrage, sir," she said, when she found that her mother's room was to be searched. "Our orders are imperative," answered the lieutenant, calmly, "Boys, stay outside. Excuse me, madam, but we are looking for Twyneman and cannot leave any possible hiding place unsearched."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Cunningham, rising to her feet in spite of the blinding little sleep. In the first gray dawn she pain. "When you are sure that he is not on stole to peep at Frank's hiding place, but the lounge, I should like to lie down again. withdrew, baffled and disappointed.

"He has got off, howehow, boys; but I said the lieutenant, as they walked to their horses. But they rode away, going in two or three different directions, as though to pursue the fugitive.

When they were out of sight Polly re leased the imprisoned scout, and led him to her mother's room, where Mrs. Cunningham, in spite of her aching nerves, insisted upon seeing him, and hearing in person all he could tell of her loved ones. They were still talking together, and Polly

was writing a letter to her father when Mrs. Cunningham's ears, sharpened by pain, heard horses' feet and voices outside "Hark!" she said, and almost on the instant the soldiers were inside the house.

There was no time to get to the closet whether or no the searching party had left one of their number behind, who had noise-

"We must search this house again. On of our men saw Twyneman enter and he cannot have escaped." "As you please. He is not in the house

however," she answered. "Come on," and once more she went with them through every room, while they explored every nook and corner. Her heart came into her mouth when the lieutenant raised the window in her room and leaned out, looking on th veranda roof. The wind blew fresh and she held her hand to shade the candle, so contriving that its feeble ray made the outside larkness blacker. "No, he isn't here; where in the

ans he gone?" They kept watch on the house all night and Polly in her mother's chamber had but stole to peep at Frank's hiding place, but he was gone and though they heard that he had made his escape it was not until many weeks afterward that she learned how he had slid down the rain spout within ten feet

FROM A DIZZY HEIGHT.

of a sentinel and stolen away in the dark-

A Chicago Athlete Plunges Into the

Murky River. A. Harmon, a bridge jumper plunged from the top of a six-story buildng into the Chicago river last Thursday afternoon. Pedestrians crossing Rush street bridge at 1 o'clock, relates the Times-Herald, saw a man walk to the end of a plank extended from the roof of the building at 4 River street and deliberately fall performed privately to settle a wager, and few knew the man or the object of his leap. Some thought it was an attempt at suicide The man fell almost perpendicularly from the plank. It seemed he would strike the dock and be crushed. The spectators stood



POLLY HIDING FRANK

young man in the uniform of a United States lieutenant, whose "Hello, Polly!" startled her so that she dropped ing upstairs. Twyneman took a package the cup she was wiping on the floor. looked at it ruefully, then her face lit up. "Why. Frank!" she exclaimed, "where

did you come from?" "Stuart's headquarters, of course; I want to find out what Sheridan is doing. I've a letter for your mother from the major. Can

you get me a mouthful to eat?" "It wen't be much more," said Polly, as she set out the remains of the dinner as quickly as possible. "Mamma has one of her bad attacks of neuralgia. Oh, Frank, how are papa and brother Ned and Jack? "All well and flourishing two days ago; why, this does famously, Polly," and he set to work at bread and butter, beef and otatoes with the hearty relish of a hungry

traveler. Mammy had taken the letter up stairs, sure that no other medicine would do Mrs. Cunningham so much good. Now she rushed back, ashy with fright. "For de Lawd" sake, Mars Frank, run out de back do' Here comes a whole troop of Yankees."

"No, Frank!" said Polly, who had flown to the back window as he started up, and seizing hat and overcoat made for the door They are coming that way, too. Quick! here! up stairs! I can hide you!"

The rear of the house was one and a half stories high, with sloping roof, and where the newer two-storied front joined it on either side were closets in the wall. They had been wainscotted instead of plastered and one of them had been given to Polly in her babyhood for a doll house. After reach ing Woodstock Polly had begged her father for a sliding panel in this closet, opening into the cuddy under the eaves of the old

Mrs. Cunningham had protested, say ing it would only be a rathole and do Polly no good, but her husband had laughed and yielded. "It was as good as any other toy," he said, and under Polly's supervision a country carpenter had done the job, so cleverly that no one not in the secret would have suspected the existence of the panel or found the spot, looking like a knot in the wood, which concealed the spring. Frank, visiting the house as a boy, had

often teased little Polly about her secre chamber, and like her brothers, had begge vainly to be shown the spring; but it had passed from his mind until now, when opening the closet, she pressed back the panel and showed him the cuddy as a place of refuge. A moment more and the pane shot back into place; the closet door was shut, and he heard her quick footsteps fly ing down stairs. The cuddy was as dark as a pocket, but larger than he had imagined, and the smell of provisions gave token tha it was used as a place of storage in view of frequent foraging parties from both sides. Polly found two United States officers in the hall down stairs, talking to mammy, who was barefacedly declaring that there was no one in the house but her mistress, her

young mistress and herself. As Polly entered the lieutenant in command of the squad turned to her. "Good afternoon, Missy. We have reason to believe that the notorious scout and spy, Twyneman is in this house. We captured his horse down there in the bushes and we mus search the house."

Polly paled, but she answered steadily. "Of course, you can do so if you choose but you will find nobody here! May I ask you to make no unrecessary noise; my other is ill and I don't want her frightened. Mammy, go stay with her please." But mammy stood her ground. "No. chile; I tole her dey was comin' an' she

tole me to stay wid you." The searching party indoors looked in every room, in wardrobes, closets, under beds, everywhere that a cat might hide, while outside their comrades kept guard ever doors and windows. Polly's closet was

lessly admitted them, they never knew, but it was plain that the soldiers were comfrom his pocket and was handing it to Polly. "Dispatches," he whispered. "No, no," she breathed; "quick-my room,

back there—the roof." He understood her. It was the old part of the house and the roof of the veranda came up under the eaves of the sloping roof. There was a wooden trough at the edge which did duty as a gutter and eaver and gutter together extended out for perhaps twelve inches. He had used it as a hiding place many a time in games of hide and seek. He was slender and it was dusk now. Anyway, the chance was worth trying and in less time than it takes to tell it he had darted across the hall into Polly's room and out of the window before the enemy had reached the head of the staircase; luckly the front one.

Mammy was heard protesting as they came up. "Dat Frank Twyneman? Yes, sah, I don't like him nohow; I never did, an' I wish you could ketch him, so I does, but he ain' here as I know on, 'deed he

ain't." Polly met them as they came up; candle

speechloss, but the diver fell safely. He cleared the dock by three feet and went into the water at the rate of 128 feet a second. A few seconds later he was hauled to the landing by means of a rope.

The peculiarity of Harmon's leap is that he turned a complete somersault in midair and struck the water with his feet. From an athletic standpoint the plunge was cleverly accomplished. Harmon gauged the distance of 115 feet so accurately that he was perfectly erect when he splashed into the water. He went to the bottom and struck his feet into Chicago river mud and came almost immediately to the top. The whole performance did not take eight sec-

Harmon was slightly injured by the fall. Small pieces of ice, partially submerged, struck his face when the water closed over him and cut a deep gash under his right eye. A physician at hand took a few stitches in the wound and an alcohol bath warded off a chill after the ley plunge.

Harmon is one of those adventurers who says he would rather take a trip through space than eat a square meal. He puts the Chicago river down as the hardest piece of hand, holding the light so that her water in the world in which to dive.

JANUARY CENTURY.

LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S NARRATIVE.



THE sales of recent numbers of The Century Magazine have been very large, and the press notices have been most flattering. The January issue is a worthy successor of the brilliant Christmas number, the large extra edition of which was exhausted and the number at one time entirely out of print. In January Lieutenant Hob

THE WRECK OF THE "MERRIMAC." son tells the story of "The Run In" of the "Merrimac" and the blowing-up of the torpedoes. The dramatic

interest of the narrative may be gathered from the following sub-heads: "Disappointment at the Recall.— The Plan of Going in at Sunset.— Goodby to the Flagship.—Rehearsing the Work.—Clausen not a Stowaway.—Precautions for Rescue.—The Last Meal on the 'Merrimac.'—Making for the Entrance.—The Firing Begins.—Loss of the Steering-Gear.—Trouble with the Torpedoes.—A Crisis off Estrella Point.—Beginning to Sink.—A Focus of Fire.—The Final Plunge.—In the Vortex.—Clinging to the Catamaran.—Admiral Cervera to the Rescue."

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Include Paul Leicester Ford's Story An Interesting Article on C An Interesting Article on Carlyle, Franklin's life, - his schooling and "An American in Madrid During self-culture, - his great services to the War," the narrative of Edmond the cause of education, etc., with Kelly, Esq., a New York lawyer.

many entertaining anecdotes. Captain Sigsbee's Own Account of the wrecking of the "Maine," and Chapters in the Life of Alexander the Great, telling how Alexander, posing as a second Achilles, invaded the findings of the Board of Inquiry, with numerous illustrations indicating Asia and fought the battle of the the nature of the explosion, etc., etc.

Two Humorous Stories, "Uncle Still's Famous Weather Prediction," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, and "The Limerick Tigers," by Harry Still-

well Edwards. Nicaragua Canal."

The Illustrations in the January Century are very striking. Cecilia Beaux's portrait of Admiral Sampson, printed in tint; George Varian' pictures accompanying Lieut. Hob son's article; and Castaigne's supert Captain Crowninshield, U. S. N., reconstructions in the Life of Alextells of the "Advantages of the ander the Great, are especially noteworthy.

SPECIAL OFFER The January Century is for sale everywhere,—price
35 cents. A year's subscription costs \$4.00, and all
new yearly subscribers beginning with January may obtain the Newember and December numbers free of charge, thus beginning the volume and getting first instalments of the Life of
Alexander and the serials by Paul Leicester Ford and Marion Crawford. All dealers fill

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.

A Correspondent Sees Much to Admire in Climate and People.

BOTH IMPROVE ON CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE

Beauty of Landscape and Fertility of Soil-Opportunities for Development-Standard of Edu-

The first of the American correspondents Manila to pen an all-round glowing picture of the Philippines is Frank D. Mille of Harper's Weekly. Here is what he says of the country, the climate and the people; Those of us who have spent weeks in the swamps and bamboo thickets, and, since the capitulation, have been confined to the limits of the military occupation, have about as much idea of the country, of the people, and of the general condition of life in these islands as an immigrant has of the state of New York when, after a sojourn on Ellis island, he lands in the great metropolis, and finds language, dress, architecture, habits of life, entirely different from what he is accustomed to. With the exception of a single work on these islands, there has been no recent publication, either in book form or in newspaper or magazine articles, which gives the reader an adequate idea of the subject. The unanimous testimony of the authors whose descriptions were so carefully backward toward the water. The feat was studied by every one during the long voyage across the Pacific is against the climate. Their writings are full of accounts of the discomforts of life here, of the noxious repiles and insects, and of the dangers of fever and other illnesses. One must believe, after reading half a score of articles, that the Philippines are a region to be avoided, that the travelor takes his life in his tiands when he lands on these shores. The literature on the Micronesia is absolutely misleading, with the exception of the book above referred to, written by John Foreman; and the experience of thousands of Americans who have landed here this year, most of them living under conditions little calculated to endear one to the place, will undoubtedly show that a false impression has been given of the Philippines, which it

will take some time to correct. The Climate.

First as to the climate. The temperature from July to September did not vary more than 10 degrees, day or night. My own thermometer registered once or twice as high as 88 degrees, but never lower than 78 degrees, except possibly in camp during much as to say: 'What the dickens are you one of the severe rain storms at night, when I was unable to see the mercury. For two or three weeks before the assault the weather was indescribably bad, with frequent violent rain storms and a long and heavy monsoon.

But it must be remembered that we were and suffered more from the bad weather than we would have done elsewhere. The Englishmen in business, many of whom here, agree that it is the most delightful climate imaginable; that there is an endurable hot spell in the spring, but that the rest of the year is agreeable, particularly during the autumn and winter, when at those remaining. the average temperature is a few degrees lower than it is now, and the air seems more invigorating. As for the pests of inso much about, I have been away up country, have slept in all sorts of places, and have mingled with various classes of people, but have never suffered any inconvenience more annoying than that of mosquitoes, which are not particularly active or aggressive. The natives are exceedingly clean, and their huts are gen-They are intelligent, bright, ready to learn, quick to acquire mechanical skill, and capable of intellectual development up to a certain point. The standard of education among them is. I am assured, very high, no less than 86 per cent of the people knowing how to read and write. This figure seems exaggerated, but in my brief but comparatively varied experience here I have not not write. They are diligent, frugal and apparently contented; the women are treated with great consideration; they take great care of their children and have a certain dignity and self-respect, particularly observable in the provinces, which are rather impressive. Exceedingly hospitable by instinct and tradition, it is a delight to travel among them, and if they are treated with justice I am convinced they are loyal and reliable servants. It is not difficult to see, nowever, that their amiable manners cover disposition capable of any treachery or cruelty and that if you scratch a native you will find a pure Malay. The revolutionists and all their leaders are from the lower classes of the population, not one among the active chiefs of the insurrection being of that stratum of Philippine society which calls itself, and with reason, cultivated. There are 200 or 300 men prominent in business and in the professions who have received university educations and who have traveled and know the world. Not one of hese men has given any important aid to revolution, although they all sympathize with the cause, which has for its chief purpose freedom from Spanish misrule. Now that it is comparatively certain that Spain will no longer have a foothold these men are coming fast to the front and declare, as openly as they dare, that they are in favor of an American protectorate, because they are positive their people are incapable of self-government. The mass of the insurgents are bent on having the revolutionary government recog-

nized and this burning question will continue to agitate the country until the decision of the Paris commission. Beauties of the Landscape. It is seldom that a landscape so beautiful to the eye suggests in such a stimulating degree possibilities of development, fairly enchanting the commercial and speculative mind. The great fertility of the soil and the extraordinary luxuriousness of the vegetation give the landscape a wealth of varied which I have never before seen equalled. The general aspect of the counry is by no means tropical. If one looks closely enough he will discover among the trees the little brown native huts, and here and there will be seen a feathery bamboo or a broad-leaved plantain; but for many miles around Manila the landscape resembles that of a fine valley somewhere on the continent of Europe, among mountains which do no rise above the line of vegetation.

Immense rice fields on the broad plain north of the town stretch away to grand mountain ranges on either side like im ense wheat fields in the northwest. A little further north the sugar cane is cultivated, and then the cocoa palm appears. hundred miles or so north of Manila the is quite different and much more tropical in appearance, on account of the groves of palm trees and the great plantaions of bananas. Still further north is the wonderful tobacco country, now almost inaccessible from the south on account of the high mountain ranges. The product is brought to Manila by steamers, but if the railway is extended over a low pass into the great tobacco valley in the northeastern province of Cagayan the shipment of this and other produce will be much facilitated. Not far from Manila, only two hours' trip in a steam launch up the river Pasig, is the large lake, Laguna de Bay-one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. It is surrounded for two-thirds of its extent with high mountains, some of them of the con- DRUG CO.. Omaha. Neb.

shadow fell darkly along the hall and stood directly in front of them. "Well?" she CHARMED WITH PHILIPPINES wentional volcanic shape, but other directly in front of them. "Well?" she ventional volcanic shape, but other peaks Fertility of the Soil.

There is a highly fertile region all around

with a large and active population, and there are various summer resorts, hot springs, marvelous canvons and waterfalls. and several large country houses on immense estates close to the lake. From the eastern shore of the great sheet of water. which is perhaps twenty miles across at its widest part, it is but a dozen miles or so to the ocean, and from the summit of the ridge which divides the fresh waters from the salt the great expanse of the Pacific is overlooked and the bold summits of the coast range of mountains vanishing north and south in the distance. Under a proper government these islands would be the most charming region of the tropics. Of the commercial development of the archipelago I need not speak, because it has been often discussed. Without any doubt there are great possibilities here and plenty of openings for the investment of capital and the exercise of energy and enterprise. More encouraging opportunities certainly do not now exist in the world, for the Spanish system of government has completely isolated this portion of their possessions from the influences which have so transformed the colonies of other nations, and the ground so long fallow is ready, even eager, for the

SETTLING OLD SCORES.

Means Taken by Six Young Men to "Even Up" with a Coquette. don't know who proposed the thing." said the young man who was telling the story, "but that doesn't matter. There were six of us together one night last week and when some one suggested that we go and call upon a certain young lady the idea took.

way there. We agreed to go in one by one, and while there to look upon one another not only as strangers, but interlopers as well. It was a villainous thing to do, but the girl is somewhat of a joker herself, and we all had an old score to pay off. "We carried out the idea to perfection

was the first to call, and the girl said she was glad to see me. Before she had time to say anything else another young man was ushered in. She was glad to see bim. too. But when the third young man arrived she was somewhat confused and stammered a little over her welcome.

"The bell rang at intervals, and each time a young man was ushered in by the grinning maid. "To cap the climax, a strange young man,

who knew nothing of the plot, chanced to

call. "Then the fun began. We sat around the room and glared at one another as

doing here?" "The strange young man stood it exactly ten minutes. Then he fied, with the eximportant engagement.

"The conversation was short and disjointed. We addressed all our remarks to under canvas, in a swampy tract of land, the young lady, who got red and white by and suffered more from the bad weather turns, as she endeavored to keep six conversations going at one time, for not by a word or sign did anyone let on that he was have spent from twenty to thirty years aware that anyone was in the room but

the young lady and himself. "When we had stood to as long as we could without laughing we solemnly took our leave one by one, with a parting glare

"Since then the young lady has been doing a good deal of thinking. But I understand that she is unable to make up her sect life and the noxious reptiles we heard mind whether it was a joke or only a strange coincidence. "But the strange young man, who has

failed to call again, is no joke."

GUARDIAN OF A POET'S TOMB.

Over Edgar Allan Poe's Grave s Faithful Dog Watches.
For over half a century Uncle Daniel Spence has been the sexton of Westminster church, one of the oldest in Baltimore, relates the New York World. Around it is graveyard which contains a simple shaft of marble with the words "Edgar Allan Poe" cut in its base, while a medallion cut in the shaft is an excellent likeness of the dead

Many years after Poe's body was placed in this tomb there came a dumb brute which yet had dealings with any native who could now watches over his resting place. About five years ago Uncle Daniel was presented with a dog by the master of a Russian vessel which entered Baltimore harbor. The dog, on account of his ferocity, was dreaded by the sailors, and the captain determined to leave him ashore. Sailor was taken to the little office which is in a cellar of the church. Beaten paths along the sward between the graves were made by his daily footsteps, and by day and night he is on the

alert. The special object of his solicitude is the poet's grave. Here for hours at a time the dog will remain and even Uncle Daniel cannot persuade him to leave. One of his favorite attitudes is to stand over the stone coping. He seldom lies down, but will remain with his eyes fastened on the people who eye him, as if he was looking for some intruder. At times he leaves his dog house, at the back of one of the largest tombs, and goes to the grave for an hour or more at a time at night. Daily visitors come to Poe's resting place. When the gate is opened by the sexton to admit visitors Sailor guides the party to the place. They are allowed to come within a few feet, but if they attempt o touch the tomb the dog's teeth appear and a growl warns them to keep their distance. After the visit they return to the entrance alone; the dog will not follow them

Sailor is a cross between a bloodhound and a bulldog. He has done much to drive away rats and, according to Uncle Daniel, he has caught over 100 cats within the last three years.

away.

Canadians Defeat an Annexationist. TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 3 .- In the Toronto nayoralty contest A. MacDonald has been beaten by Mayor John Shaw by 998 votes. One of the arguments urged against MacDon ald was that he had once advocated the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

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