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Remarkable Freaks of the Cards that Put a Stop to the Game.

NEW DECKS FAIL TO CHANGE LUCK

All the Players Had Massive Hands Together or Else Nothing to Speak Of_Extraordinary Sequences and Flushes.

case British army officers in India-each of whom, in the progress of a game, caught the thirteen trumps of a suit on one deal," said an Oregon man to a New York Sun corinstances of one man's having phenomenal a two, four, six, eight, ten of clubs. bewitched cards that some of the old-time | tion of valueless sequence. tin horns talk about, for we changed the decks repeatedly, and almost shuffled and riffled the spots off them at that in our efforts to force them to come out in the ordinary, conventional way. They wouldn't do it. During that whole night's play we found that hands which would generally be counted pretty good and worth any man's money up to their proper poker value did not actually pan out one, two, three. It was like playing poker with a euchre or a pinochle deck, if you can figure out how puzzling that sort of draw would be.

"It was an impromtu sort of game. Al four of us were residents of Portland, friends of long standing, and our personal checks were as good to each other as pieces of eight. We just happened to be in Baker City at the same time and at the same hotel and, as the after-dark amusements of Baker City are not particularly alluring except from the purest redeye point of view, we started this queer poker game a-going along about fourth-drink time after supper. The top-notcher among us from the financial point of view was a well known Oregon man who had a good deal to do with the building of the Columbia river jetty. Then there was a calmon canner, a meat contractor and myself. The meat contractor didn't particularly want to play, for he had been welted pretty hard a couple of weeks before in a Portland game, and he said that he felt like catching up before he did any more pasteboard bandling. He didn't have to be pressed very hard, however, and he was measurably glad when the session was over

"The Oregon game is quarter ante and dollar limit, and the California game of no straights and no pat flushes never worked insidious way up among the Webfeet. We played straight eastern poker then, as we do now. I dealt the first hand myself, and I treated myself pretty kindly. I picked up three aces, which had always been re- on. garded by me as a pretty fair sort of draw flatfull. It was the salmon man's first say, and he played for a dollar's worth of it, the limit. The jetty man came back at him for rible. Then something remarkable hap-

squeezed me out of it, eh?" said the meat eighteen times. Then the meat man served contractor, whose ante had been pulled up them out. The salmon man decided to stay of the other players sort of worried me,

in chorus, and I did. My ace full wasn't "I read in a newspaper the other day in it. The saloon man had four fours, the the story about four whist players-in this letty man had four fives, and the meat man took down the pot with a straight flush. It took us ten minutes to get over talking amazedly about this proposition for a first hand around, and then we went at it again, the meat man serving them out. I caught "The four officers duly sat down a lallapoloosa-the worst hand known in and made their individual affidavits as to poker; that is to say, a putrid full handthis occurrence, and a mathematician to three cards of one suit and two of another, whom the thing was submitted figured it I threw the hand down in disgust just at out that such a thing could only happen the moment all the rest of them did the once in ever so many hundreds of billions of same thing and then I saw that all three of times. I would like to have that same math- the others had lallapoosas, too. We ridiematician's calculations on the probable re- culed the meat man for a while, and then currence of some poker hands that I got the salmon man riffled them to deal the jackmixed up with one night in Baker City, pot. The jetty man had the first stay, and my state, back in '91. I've seen lots of he gave a snort, throwing down, face up, luck for protracted periods at the game of heaved the same cards in spades, face up, draw; I've had my own share of that kind on the table, the meat man showed up his of luck. But on this occasion that I'm ace, three, five, seven and nine of diaspeaking of all four of us had massive monds, and the salmon man revealed his hands, not on any one round of cards, nor ace, three, five, seven and nine of hearts. on any one man's deal, but right along for We had to look at each other for a while a solid six-hour sitting. It wasn't a case of when we saw this extraordinary manifesta-

All on the Bluff.

"The jetty man declined to have anything further to do with such a deck as that and the first mess of five. I have the habit of picking up my cards in poker one by one in was the second.

'Enough to stay on,' I thought, and then I picked up my third deuce. 'I can bluff on these and still have enough to fall back upon,' I thought, and then I gathered in my fourth deuce.

"The other three had meantime gathered their hands up in bunches of five and they were looking at me expectantly. I put on the most bored expression possible, said something about hating to open a pot on a pair of knaves and skated a dollar chip into the middle. They all raised me without putting on any bored looks and I took a card just to make them think I was either four-flushing all say to having a show-down right now, or trying to fill a straight or two pairs. They all stood pat.

'I don't know who the bruffer is in the outfit,' said the salmon man, 'but I don't mind conveying the solemn assurance to all hands hereabouts that I'm not."

"I played them all for pat full hands or labored air of insouciance and called me. salmon man and jetty each had pat fulls.

this way, and then he raised us all the and to draw three cards. limit. I dished myself a pair of deuces, until there was close onto a hundred dolsettled, confident countenances of all three took three himself. and I suggested that a call would be about in order.

so he dealt the jack with my deck. I got order, I suppose, to prolong the enjoyment the cards served out to me are rank. The | ing-we resumed the game. first card I picked up was a deuce and so

bluffing. They all gazed at me as if they expected me to wither. We all bet until there was more than a hundred in the cen- full ter and then the meat man penetrated my won. The meat man had a pat flush and the this happened in a game between sheep herders,' said the meat man and then we went

"The salmon man dished them out this time, with a new deck, and we had to make it a jack, for the hands were something ter-

"'What's the color of your jacks?' ineach of the other three taking a card each. | quired the jetty man, and he, too, stayed Then we began to bet dollars. My ace and took three. I had a pair of kings, which full was as big as a house, and I stayed I thought were good enough to draw to, in view of the abominable way the cards had lars in the center of the table. Then the been running, and the meat man stayed and

"'Let's make this for five a throw,' said the salmon man, who had opened the pot. Uusally such suggestions are received with vituperation and scorn by the other players, but this time we were singularly unanimous in agreeing to raising the limit to \$5. I was agreeable myself, because I had caught another king in the draw.

Four of a Kind.

"When there was close to \$400 in the pothe salmon man, a bit scared by our determination, called, showing his three jacks. The jetty man said something about getting money in a letter, and placed his three queens so we could all see them. I had a remark or two to make then about an El Dorado, where folks pick money up in the streets, and I carefully spread my three

'When you see a good thing,' remarked the meat man, 'hit it with an ax,' and he tantalizingly laid down his three aces also, one by one, and hauled down the pot.

"We all agreed that four simultaneous deaths had often resulted from less cause than this, and I think it really tapped the nerve of all of us more or less. I know that the way the cards were going had me on the run. We summoned the proprietor of the of it. hotel-a man we all knew well-and put him through a severe inquisitorial process as to got into his hotel, and in sundry and divers ways endeavored to talk away the spell which seemed to hover over the cards. We declined to play any further with cards bought in the hotel, and sent a boy down the street to get a dozen packs at another hotel. Then, after we had all walked around in case they are coming my way, or, vice our chairs backward-each disclaiming any versa, to spread the misery out thin when superstitious beliefs, by the way, in so do-

"I had the deal. I shuffled and riffled the cards until there wasn't any more newness to them than there is to a last year's hat and then handed them out in sets of five caught a deuce full and, of course, stood pat when it came my turn. The other three also stood pat. We had, by the way, in creased the ante to \$1, and the limit had been raised permanently to \$5. We laid our hands face down on the table and looked

each other over. "There's something devilish and uncanny about this,' said the salmon man, finally. 'Now, I don't say it because I'm bluffing or because I'm not well fixed, but what do you just for curiosity, that we may all see what these weird hands contain and have some thing to go by for future play?"

"The jetty man and the meat contractor kicked over this, and so did I. I was sorry that I had, later. So was the jetty man, We bet on those four pat hands up to \$600 fushes, but I didn't think any of them was for the whole pot, and the meat man took it down with a nine full. The jetty man had a flush and the salmon man had a six "This was a bit too much, and we unant-

mously decided to pass the game up. "There's something wrong about this said the enimon man. 'It's a hoodoo. I'll 'There'd be a shooting if anything like bet my Astoria canneries are burning up, or

"'Let's have one more back at this thing." said the jetty man, ruminantly, 'and if anything like what's been going on happens again we'll have something to swear off on for the rest of the year.' "It didn't look exactly right for the three tendencies

where we stood, and we took a new pack of cards. I took the first cut. It was a seven of spades. The meat man but the eight of spades, the salmon man cut the nine of spades and the jetty man just turned what MADE A GOOD LIVING OUT OF IT circumstances. I found I could do more remained of the deck over and we looked at the bottom card. It was the ten of spades. We all looked around to see blue fire and sulphur fumes coming out of the floor. the thing looked so devilish in view of wha had been happening from the beginning of the sitting. We were a bit too flustered to comment on the thing, however, and the jetty man dealt the cards out after shuffling them and giving each one of us a cut at them. It was my ante and so the meat man had the

first say. He said he'd play, but not for any \$1. The limit was about the value of his hand. The salmon man remarked that he couldn't waste his valuable time playing for any \$6 all around and so he raised it the limit himself. The jetty man did likewise. So did I. Who wouldn't have with a straight flush of clubs, from ace to five, as I had? The jetty man asked me how many I wanted and I told him to help the others and himself; that I had all I needed just then. The

meat man told him likewise. So did the salmon man. "'I don't know how I could improve on these,' said the jetty man and he stood pat himself. There we were again, the four of us standing pat.

"'I think you're all taking advantage of what's been happening here this evening,' said the jetty builder, 'and you've simultaneously decided to bluff on the strength

"We told him together that we didn't have any hawsers on his thinking apparatus, how the cards purveyed at his newsstand had and the meat man started it going with a limit bet. We went on betting the limit for half an hour, with occasional long pauses, during which we regarded each other studiously. Then I called a halt. 'There are some hands in poker.' I told

them, 'which, I believe, a gentleman is not supposed to bet on because of their surething character. Now, I feel rather guilty for having gone thus far on this deal, for have one of those sure-thing hands myself.' " 'Why don't you call, then?' they asked

" 'That's what I'm going to do,' and I did. There was close on to \$2,000 represented in the pot by this time. I put down my ace to five straight flush of clubs with a considerable feeling of confidence, which was

immediately punctured by the fetty man's laying down a straight flush of dismonds, rom deuce to six. There was a heap of quiet around that table when the salmon man impressively laid down a straight flush of hearts, from three to seven. "'The man that beats that,' said the meat

out cards, 'takes the pot, don't he?' and then he suddenly spread a royal flush of spades down on the table. "We didn't count on the thing at all. We ouched the button and got a drink and then we repaired to our respective rooms and

man scrutinizing the salmon man's spread-

went to bed. We didn't afterward make out any affidavits as to the way those cards went, like the four British army officers l mentioned, but I know one man of tha four who didn't mingle with poker any for three solid years after that sitting."

Detroit Journal: From his seat on high Olympus the god Mars contemplated The Hague long and earnestly.
"Can you see your finish?" asked Jupiter, who as the putative father of gods and men

took a passing interest in affairs.
"No," replied Mars. "At this distance I can see nothing but Mr. W. T. Stead."
Sometimes it happens that personalities become so large as to get in the way of

Fun a Chicago Girl Got Out of Being a Professional Matchmaker.

She Wrote Tender Billet Dong for Lovesick Mnidens Who, in Turn, Sent Them to Their Unsuspecting Admirers.

In the city of Chicago dwells a woman Miss Rose Norman, who, through her cogent billet doux, has brought to a happy climax, via the altar, not merely one, but scores of pairs of hearts made happy as a consequence of the epistolary effusions of this mystic, cryptic "silent partner." No record has been kept, unfortunately, of how many unsuspecting men have been influenced by this clever medium to bestow themselves prise?" upon feminine worshipers, who, like poor Cyrano's rival, could keenly enough all the excruciating delights, hopes and fears of love, yet had not the gift of translating into rhythms and jingles of winning

words the "dead language of hearts." "Yes." said sly-looking Rose Norman to a Chicago Chronicle reporter, "the last match I made ruined my reputation and killed my business. And I rather think is will incidentally be the cause of fewer wed-

dings and more old maids hereafter." "Tell me, please," was urged, "about your far-reaching insight; whatever prompted you to adopt as a means of livelihood this psychological pursuit?"

"Why, it all came about in a simple way

the outcome of a favor granted years ago to a dear schoolmate of mine. One day this girl confided to me that she had received a letter from a young man for whom she fell the deepest regard. Poor Elsie! I shall never forget how troubled she looked. Beauty, wealth, social position-all these were hers; she had everything in the world but brains. 'Oh, Rose,' she pleaded, 'won't you answer it for me? You can think of more nice things in a minute than I could in all my life.' What could I do? My letter brought a second and more fervent effusion. Then, in order to prevent detection of fraud, I was forced to repeat the favor, and from time to time we continued our game of duplicity. From the first that man's heart was mine; soon he proposed and in less than a year I married him off to Elsie. Happy

girl! Three months later the doting husband went away on a business trip and, as I refused to renew my outbursts on paper, Elsie wrote nothing but the briefest notes, excusing herself in various ways for not writing more. Afterward she told me how much the dear fellow' regretted that she had lost her 'knack of spinning love letters.' Later she confesed the whole affair to some girl friends, advising them to seek my assistance as she had done. But I failed to forsee any personal advantage in devoting so much time and brain tissues to matters which in no way concerned myself. Then offers of remuneration were timidly broached and I yielded to that temptation. Those girls, in turn, confided their experiences to their 'best friends' and in that way was created a demand for my guidance in like cases and by degrees I became not alone a matchmaker, but a verkable perambulating private history of countless lives."

Problem of Secrets.

"How did you ever convince the ladies with whom you dealt that one of their own sex could prove herself an exception to the rule and 'keep secrets?' "

"Bless your innocence, woman. You don't suppose they were ailly enough to trust their true loves to me body and soul? Though, of course, I could easily have proved traitor had I not constantly exer-

of my correspondents, and they happened to be friends of mine, but usually I carried on courtships with men whose names were never divulged, and I much preferred those conscientious work when I had no idea whether I was writing to a man named Percival or Pete, and whether he lived in Chicago or China. There was no need of my knowing, for all my letters were copied and sent by the other woman and all replies received by her. The latter were usually submitted to me, however, for in order to successfully carry on a deception it was imperative that I be informed of all particulars. From the very first conversation with

emphatically forbade the concealment of future incidents also." "Aside from the remunerative point of

clean breast of everything up to date, I

'Most certainly. The study of different characters and their vagaries was interesting and often educational. I derived infinite satisfaction in scientifically planning how to control various natures and I invariably the keenest responsibility over the destinles of people. Then there were all sorts of diversions. Frequently I have been employed to inscribe tender tributes in honor of birthdays, festal celebrations, anniversaries and other occasions unforgotten. And I have rhymed together many, many stanzas for St. Valentine's day and Easter tokens were always popular. Oh," here Miss Norman rolled her eyes ceilingward, "I could write booksbooks that would sell, too," she exclaimed. "I could tell things about some of the most prominent men and women in this city," and she rocked her pretty head in a way that implied volumes of secrets and romances. "The clandestine love affairs of which I have been made the innocent manager, a few blighted fives maybe, and the schemers for whom I have handled many strings to many bows would surprise the

arch destroyer himself." Funny Experience.

face suddenly vanished in a burst of merriment. "I must tell you one of the funniest experiences I ever had," she broke forth. Such a sweet young girl brought me her first love affair and begged me to write setters for her. I asked her to give use some idea of how many lines to a missive she would be willing to pay for, and stated my price per typewritten line.

" 'Spare no expense,' she adjured me, 'this fellow is trying his level best not to care

for me, and I intend to make him." "Some of my most telling strokes were daily brought to bear upon that particular chap's sluggish organ of affection, nightly my fair coadjutor emphasized my foregone assurances with blushes and persuasive glances, and between us we accomplished his surrender. The next thing I heard from the victorious miss was that she had tired of 'that slave,' and a new idol was already being worshiped. As she referred in no way to the re-engagement of my services I wrote inquiringly about it. What do you think she replied? That she had saved all my typewritten letters and, as she doubted if this second 'venture' would amount to anything more than 'a little flirtation' she would just use those oM letters over again and not waste money on 'an uncertainty. That struck me as sublime," and Miss Nor man twinkled her eyes as if the joke would never grow stale to her, "She never came back to me, and I've often wondered how many lovelorn youths have since found balm in those same magic doses of soothing promises, written long before they so simply grazing ground for cattle.

men were rash enough to tell me the names | swered sobering. "A strange and very sad commission it proved to be. A perfect stranger came to me one day on a peculiar errand. He gave me his name and address and stated that for certain reasons, which he preferred not to mention, he desired me to write an impassioned letter full of endearing terms and intense jealousy. I followed his instructions without the slightest curiosity, aside from thinking that he meant to plque an indifferent sweetheart by flaunting my letter. Having fulfilled my part of the bargain I dismissed it from my mind. Several months later in walked a patron of former days, a woman from whom I had carried on a most delightful courtship which ended with merry wedding bells and a prospective patron I would insist upon a bride's cake. She informed me that she had just received the papers which made null her marriage certificate. Her husband had proved faithless, she sobbed, and the convicning evidence was a letter from an unview, did you enjoy your unusual enter- known woman, found on the staircase where it had been dropped by accident. The envelope hore his name and address, he admitted his guilt and the divorce was granted. 'You married us,' she wept, wanted you to know the end.' I stared at the parchment before me and as I read the name of her ex-husband I knew that I had also

parted them." "But why did you give it up?" I asked, too curiously, perhaps, for she laughed in a most exasperating way, and said: "Some other time I will tell you-not today,"

TO ENDOW BOB WOMACK.

Cripple Creek's Discoverer Will Bo Cared For by Pioneers' Society.

A Denver, Colo., dispatch says that Bob Womack, the discoverer of Cripple Creek camp, which brought fortunes to scores of people, but failed to do anything for him, is not to be forgotten. A pioneers' society has been organized, with the express purpose of arranging for the endowment of the old prospector with a fortune of

Bob Womack was a cowboy in 1877. His father owned a ranch at Cripple Creek. Bob worked for his father. One day he was wandering over the fields in a spot The tragic expression of Miss Norman's that afterward came to be known as Poverty Gulch, and he saw what he supposed to be free gold on some float or drift rock on the bank of Cripple Creek. When he got to his father's cabin he wrote to two got to his father's caom he wrote to two friends at Clear Creek who were experi-enced prospectors and asked them to come up and examine the country. They came, looked about for a time and then pronounced the country worthless. Bob Womack was disappointed. He was no miner, but he was sure that he had discovered a gold field and he stuck to it. About a year later he ran across a big rock sticking out of one side of Poverty Gulch, and it looked to him as if it contained free gold. to him as if it contained free gold. He knocked off a piece of it and when he went to Denver next time he took it to an assayer, who told him it returned \$200 gold to the ton. He sent for his two Clear Creek friends again and told them what he learned. They make another investigation and concluded that the rock was a "pudding," which means that it was put there by somebody who wanted to "salt" a claim

> Worsack was not satisfied. He told his friends that if they would prospect all about the ranch he would board them free all summer, but they told him that it would be a waste of time and refused to stay. Womack wouldn't give up the idea that he had found free gold. His father sold the ranch and the family moved. Hob told everyhold that cold everybody that gold was there. Finally be made a number of prospectors believe him made a number of prospectors believe him and they made a thorough examination of the property and the great gold fields of Cripple Creek were opened. This was almost fifteen years after Bob Womack's first discovery. Womack got practically nothing out of his find, but if it hadn't been for his persistency the gold fields might still be simply graying ground for cattle.