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A SUCCESSFUL BOOK AGENT.

How a Youthful Book Agent's Love for Pears Prevented a Robbery.
By HELEN F. GARDNER.

"No, I don't want your book, an' I'm tired an' sick o' havin' you come here tryin' to sell me books. I told you the last time, Phineas Rankin, that I hadn't no money to spend in any such way."
There was asperity expressed in every line of Miss Spencer's crumpled old face, in the tones of her harsh voice and even in her attitude, as she stood with one hand holding the screen door open a very little way. The boyish-looking young man on the doorstep only smiled amiably, instead of retreating, as she had hoped and expected. He leaned against the door casing, looking up at her confidentially, as he turned the leaves of the book in his hand.
"If you would only look at it, Miss Spencer, I'm sure you'd be interested. Just think what an addition to your library 'The Lives of the Apostles' would be! It is beautifully gotten up, with this green cloth binding, and all the lettering in gilt. There are quotations from a great many authors, beside the 'Lives,' as written by Gleanon himself. There are fifty illustrations, and twelve of them are photographs. Just look at this picture of—"
"I tell you, Phineas, I don't want your book, an' I wish you'd stop comin' here to sell. I was 'way up in the attic when you come, an' had to tramp down two flights of stairs to get to the door. I've got library, an' there's a good deal of them that I hadn't read yet, an' I've been meanin' to for years. There's 'Fox's Book of Martyrs' an' the 'Memoirs of Hannah Crane,' an' 'Leaves from the Diary of some one—I've forgot who; they all look interestin', but I don't git the time."
"I can't seem to make a hit with you, Miss Spencer, for some reason; that is, I can't seem to hit your literary taste. I remember the first book I brought here was 'Mrs. Christian's Cook Book.'"
"Yes; the idea o' a woman o' my years buyin' a cook book! For thirty-five years I've used the recipes my mother give me, an' what I can get from the Christian Standard. I guess I ain't buyin' cook books, at my time o' life."
"Then the next book I tried to sell you was 'Beauty's Secrets Revealed.' I thought you'd like that, sure. Most every lady in the village bought a copy of that, Miss Spencer. It tells you how to dress, how to dye an' curl your hair and a lot more. You couldn't live without it if you once had the book."
"Phineas Rankin, I don't want your books an' you better get on your way. I'm sick o' havin' you bother me an' keep me talkin' about a lot o' nonsensical trash that I don't want. My Christian Standard gives me readin' enough for the present, an' if you can't earn the money to take you to college except by makin' yourself a nuisance to folks you'd better stay at home an' work on the farm. I guess your father could afford to pay your expenses, anyway."
"All right, Miss Spencer," replied the young salesman, cheerfully. "But if I happen to be selling a book that seems peculiarly adapted to your literary taste you mustn't mind my coming again. Good morning, Miss Spencer."
He bowed respectfully, shoved his "Lives of the Apostles" under his arm and sauntered down the path between the rows of fruit trees and beds of marigolds and phlox, whistling a merry tune.
Miss Spencer watched him depart with considerable satisfaction. She stepped back into the kitchen and closed the screen door, then glanced out again at the boyish figure

in the pepper and salt suit, sauntering along in the September sunshine.
Near the gate it paused and she saw him gazing with great interest at the heavily laden bough of a Bartlett pear tree that reached far out over the path. Then he reached up, gave a slight spring, secured a sample of the delicious fruit and walked on indifferently, leaving the bough shaking vigorously, as though palpating with the indignation of its owner.
"Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Spencer aloud. "I never see such cheek in all my born days. I never could bear any of the family since his father cheated me on that wood lot; or leastways, it seemed to me he cheated me. Phineas may be a good enough boy, but he's mighty cheeky, an' the idea o' takin' that pear!"
She opened the screen door, and walked out and down the two broad stone steps.
"Mis' Perkins!" she called.
"Yes, what is it?" replied a voice from somewhere on the other side of the apple trees. There was a house a short distance away and a stone wall separated the two farms.
In winter the houses seemed near together, but during the summer months the thick foliage formed a barrier. Miss Spencer knew very well that Mrs. Perkins was standing in her kitchen doorway, but the two women could not see each other.
"Has Phineas Rankin be'n to your house?" asked Miss Spencer.
"Yes a few minutes ago. Why?"
"Cause he's just be'n here an' I think he's an awful nuisance. He helped myself to my pears, too, as he went out o' the yard."
"He is sorter cheeky," replied the voice from behind the trees.
"Yes, I should say so. I was goin' to ask of you ever see him comin' here, will you send Gyp over?"
"For the land's sake! I hope you ain't a-goin' to set the dog on him?"
"No, I ain't, o' course but I'd jest's soon scare him with it; that's all!"
"Here," said Miss Spencer, half aloud, as she came back into the kitchen—she had lived entirely alone so many years that she had acquired the habit of talking to herself.—"There, now, I'll go back to the attic, an' get out the silver to clean. I should a-be'n well started by this time, ef I hadn't be'n interrupted. She closed and bolted the heavy inside door, as was her custom when she brought out her valuables; then started for the attic.
Twice a year, on a certain day in the months of September and March, Miss Spencer closed her silver. During the remaining 363 days of the year it was packed away in the attic, but Miss Spencer allowed nothing to interfere with the duties of those two days.
The dates were never changed, unless they came on Sunday; neither extreme heat or extreme cold, equinoctial storms or rheumatism, interfered with the anticipated task. Since she had lived alone, Christmas and birthdays had come to be less and less regarded by the solitary spinster, but the silver cleaning days were never forgotten. There was her grandmother's silver service of six pieces; spoons that had descended to her from both sides of the family, and a pair of silver sconces that had been brought from England by Miss Spencer's ancestors. She gazed fondly at them as she arranged them on the kitchen table.
The September sun poured into the little kitchen, and the beads of perspiration stood out on Miss Spencer's forehead and upper lip as she worked.
"How dreadful warm it is," she murmured to herself. "Such a hot wave as

this is kinder hard to bear, this time of year. I've a great mind— She glanced toward the door, but did not finish her sentence.
She worked on about half an hour longer, then leaned back in her chair with a gasp. A drop of perspiration trickled slowly down the bridge of her nose.
"I can't stand this," said she aloud. "I'm goin' to open the door an' let in some air." She opened the inside door, and reaching far behind it fastened it to the wall with a strong hook, placed there for that purpose.
"I wish this screen door had a hasp," she said to herself; "but I guess no one'll come." She looked out down the path, where all seemed peace and flowers and summer sunlight. Then she returned to her polishing.
She had worked on a few minutes longer, when there was a step on the path. She glanced up, and there on the top step stood a man, his face pressed close to the wire screen of the door, and his greedy eyes gazing straight at the silver treasures at her side.
"Gimme somethin' to eat!" he commanded rather than asked, without moving his fascinated eyes from the silver.
Miss Spencer half rose, her eyes fixed upon him, and terror written on every feature of her pallid old face. Her lips felt parched with fear, and it was with difficulty that she articulated her words.
"Hain't got nothin' fer you," she said.
"Yes, hain't!" replied the man with an ugly chuckle. "Yes, yer look poor."
"I'll give yer some doughnuts or a piece o' pie, ef you're really hungry," said Miss Spencer, hastily coming to the conclusion that a charitable course might be the safer one to pursue.
Without removing her eyes from his face she backed slowly into the pantry and reached into a jar, filling her hands with doughnuts.
She walked back across the kitchen and pushed open the screen door a very little way. But the man did not take the doughnuts. With a sudden movement of his left hand he threw open the screen door, and, with a rough motion of his powerful right arm, thrust Miss Spencer out of his way and sent her reeling against the wall at the back of the little kitchen.
The next instant he was inside the door and in another moment had gagged the trembling woman and had secured her hands behind her.
He dragged a folded burlap bag from his pocket, into which he began to thrust the articles.
Miss Spencer watched him helplessly, her face pallid and her eyes protruding with terror and dismay.
Suddenly she saw something that she stamped, with his back to the door and the rattle of the silver in his ears, did not perceive. A slight, boyish figure in a pepper and salt suit was sauntering leisurely up the path. Just outside the door it paused, and in an instant seemed to grasp the whole situation.
With a catlike movement the screen door was thrown open, and Phineas Rankin, with the "Lives of the Apostles" held high above his head in both strong young hands, dashed into the kitchen with one spring.
Before the tramp could turn, the heavy book descended with stunning force on the back of his head, and he reeled back a step and fell heavily against the kitchen table. In another instant he was on his feet again, and turned upon the boy.
Phineas had raised the book for another blow for it was his only weapon, but it would have availed little that time. At that moment he heard a yell and growl and saw Gyp bound up the steps. Mrs. Perkins had not forgotten Miss Spencer's request.
Miss Spencer closed her eyes to shut out the scene of the next few moments, but to her dying day she remembered the savage yelps and growls of the dog and the mad-

dened curses and yells of pain from the tramp that filled her ears. Almost, without her knowledge Phineas removed the handkerchief from her mouth and unbound her hands.
"Go over to Miss Perkins," he commanded. "I'll lock up this brute an' the dog'll watch him till I can get the sheriff here."
Hours after, when the commotion was all over, Miss Spencer had related the episode to each neighbor separately and she was trying to rest and compose herself in her cool, quiet sitting room, a question entered her mind and she wondered that it had not occurred to her before.
"Phineas," she asked—had come after his book, which he had left in the morning and which he found had not been improved by its encounter with the tramp's head— "Phineas, how'd you happen to come back this mornin', jest when that man was here?"
"Well, Miss Spencer, as I was leavin' your house this mornin', the first time I called, I took one o' your dainties pears. It was a mighty good an' after awhile it occurred to me that perhaps we could strike a bargain. I'd give you the 'Lives of the Apostles' for a bushel o' those pears."
"You can have a bushel o' them pears, Phineas," said Miss Spencer slowly. "An' I've been thinkin' of the want on meditative, 'I guess I'll buy a copy o' your book for each o' my Sunday school class. That'll make fourteen copies. An', Phineas, when I die them silver sconces will go to my niece, Matilda Spencer; she's my only livin' relative. But the silver service an' the spoons 'll all be willed to you."

FAKE TORNADO PICTURES.

Deception in Photographing the Funnel.
The efforts of photographers to make the public believe that they have succeeded in getting photographs of tornadoes have gone so far that the United States weather bureau has taken cognizance of them, and the Kansas City Star, an article in the monthly Weather Review, published by the government, from the pen of Alfred J. Henry of the weather bureau, makes light of these triumphs of photography. Mr. Henry believes, like many other citizens, that when a tornado is tearing up railroad tracks and moving buildings within the range of an ordinary camera, men are not disposed to spend their time trying to get pictures. They are more likely to be thinking of cellars than of dry plates, films or other photographers' supplies.
But each tornado had had its photographer, who caught it just at the right time. A year ago there was a tornado at Waynoka, Okla., and the Tribune's Press printed what purported to be a snap shot photograph of it a few Sundays since. That picture has a history. A photographer furnished a copy of it to Observer Connor of Kansas City, who thought it so good a counterfeyt that he sent it to Washington. The photographer told him he had snapped the camera 1,900 yards from the cloud and then dodged into a cellar like a prairie dog, but somehow Connor wondered how he happened to have the camera so handy and how, when the dark, low-hanging clouds that accompany a genuine tornado have covered the earth and clouds of dirt fell to the darkness and confusion, a photographer could get the right kind of light to make a good "snap shot." Meditating over these things he sent the picture to Mr. Henry, who refers to the picture in his story. Mr. Henry says:
"We have watched with interest and curiosity the efforts of some manipulators of the camera to reproduce the phenomena of nature in all her varying moods. There can be no particular fault found with the enterprise of the photographer, be he amateur or professional, who sallies forth at high noon, or soon thereafter, and under the friendly shadow of an unaccommodating cloud makes moonlight views by the score. We confess,

too, that we can pass into the waste basket without hesitation the many poor attempts to fabricate the funnel cloud of a tornado. We received one such not very long ago from Mr. Connor. It was better than the average, and instead of going into the trash basket it went into a convenient drawer. Now we are glad that we kept it, for along comes a photograph kindly sent up by Mr. Goewiech of the tornado cloud that brought death and destruction to so many homes in Kirksville, Mo., on April 27, 1899.
"We thought we had seen that tornado cloud before, and the more we looked at it the more certain we were that we had met an old friend. When we first saw it our funnel cloud was stirring up the dust and incidentally frightening the inhabitants of Waynoka, in far off Oklahoma, and this was more than a year ago. The scene has now changed to a quiet road in Missouri across which our Oklahoma tornado cloud appears to be crossing, while a couple of artistic Rubens watch its progress in wonder and amazement. The job is well done. There is no particular fault to be found either with the conception or the execution, but it pains us to think that people will take such liberties with the business end of a tornado. Only think, it was taken at 100 yards! We sincerely hope that the pioneer who 'took it at 100 yards' will some day meet a real, robust tornado.
"It is possible that the Waynoka picture was made by superposing a tornado funnel upon a beautiful photograph of sunset clouds and landscape. The Kirksville picture retains the funnel and clouds of the Waynoka picture, but substitutes a view of a road and its orange hedges, such as might occur in Missouri. But where did the original funnel come from? It is evidently not a photograph from nature of a genuine tornado funnel. It has every appearance of having been drawn in India ink on glass and then photographed by printing upon the landscape negative. The retouching of original negatives so as to convert a portrait from nature into a beautiful work of art is carried on in great perfection by modern artists, but any application of this art to photographs that are to be used for scientific purposes does more harm than good.
"The latest turn in the history of this picture has been given by its publication in the Philadelphia Press of Sunday, June 23, 1899, where our Kirksville picture with its Missouri landscape appears as the Waynoka tornado. This change of distance would seem to have been necessitated by the perspective distance inherent in the beautiful Missouri landscape; the change of date is possibly a misprint.
"We shall doubtless see the Waynoka clouds and funnel reproduced again, at no distant date, in connection with some other dreadful disaster. The argument seems to be: 'If there was a disaster it must have had a tornado; if a tornado, it must have had a funnel; if a funnel, there must be a picture; this is a photograph, therefore it will do.'"
Incidentally, it may be remarked that Mr. Henry is the first of mortal men to put humor in a government publication.

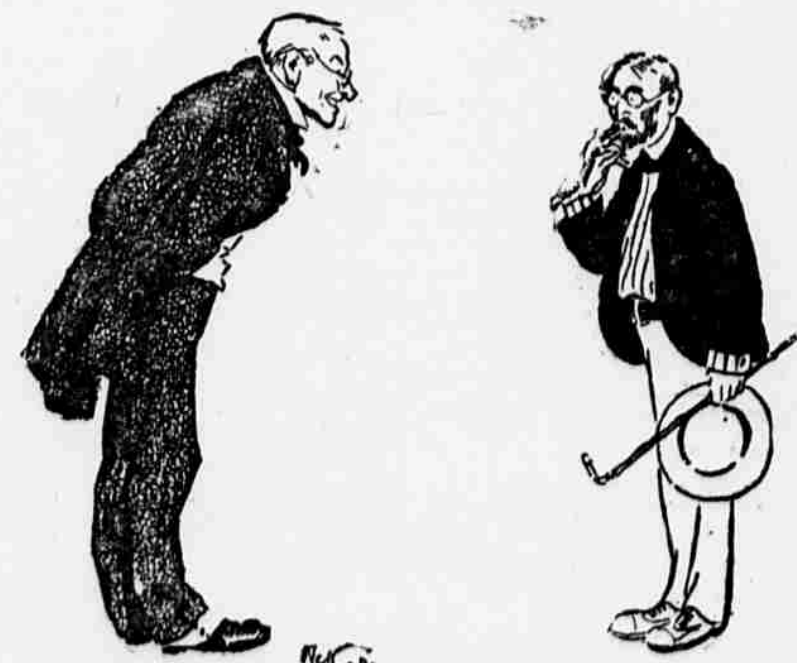
OLD PICTURE EXPERT.
It Took Him Forty Years to Get Into His Profession.
"Speaking of old pictures," said a New Orleans dealer to the Times-Democrat. "It is very interesting to see a really high-class European expert making an examination. The extent and diversity of the information of such men are something astonishing. Some years ago I spent a couple of days with a gentleman who is recognized as one of the foremost connoisseurs of Paris. We visited several country places which contained pictures said to be of great value and in all he inspected upward of two dozen canvases.
"In every instance he settled the questions

of date, period and painter beyond all reasonable doubt. The warp and woof of the canvas, the wood composing the backing, the nature of the boring made by the worms, the workmanship of the tacks, the character of the pigment and certain minute peculiarities in the mounting were all like so many pages of print to him. He was intimately acquainted with the style of hundreds of different artists, the models they used, the colors they most affected, their tricks of composition and their peculiar methods of expressing the effects of light and shade.
"To an outsider it seemed like magic. 'A copy,' he would say, for instance, after a swift glance at a painting. 'It was made by So-and-So, a pupil, who had very much the style of his master. The date is about (here he would name it with infallible accuracy), and if you clean that left hand corner I dare say you will find the signature in vermilion.' In several cases he was fully borne out by documents in possession of the owner and in all he was sustained by circumstantial evidence. He told me very modestly that he had devoted forty years to the close study of his profession and was just beginning to apprehend how little he knew."

Peculiar Legal Complication.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Lucius L. Sloan, who arrived here from Havana a few days ago and was arrested yesterday at quarantine on a charge of having been concerned in the theft of \$1,000 in Havana, was discharged from custody today. The detective who arrested him said in court that the Havana police had been notified of Sloan's arrest, but had failed to reply to the message sent to them.
Sloan's counsel said that even if his client were guilty, he could not be sent back to Havana for trial, inasmuch as no extradition or rendition treaty exists between this country and Cuba.

AN EXPENSIVE DISEASE.



Dr. Phil Graves—My patient is suffering from acute appendicitis. Oh, by the way, is he Billions, the millionaire? Dr. Woodbury Mann—Why no; he hasn't got any money at all. Dr. Phil Graves—Pshaw! I made a mistake in my diagnosis. He's only got a pain in his stomach.

HULLED.



"What's the matter? You look all broken up?" "Got caught in de pea-huller."