Queer and Grussome Secrets of the Vast Watergate of the Nation.

ETCHINGS OF ITS LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

Thousands Working on Its Waters, Many of Them in Ways that Are Dark - Expert and Amateur Thieves-Work of Police.

in the United States so remote that it ought not to be interested in New York barbor, for through that great water gate and under the towering torch of the Statue of Liberty come the great ships from all paris of the world which bring to us 80 per cent of our imports and from it go out the ships carrying 75 per cent of our exports. And there is no person from the bootblack in Scattle to the richest ranch owner in Texas, from the Missouri mountain girl to the best-dressed woman of fashion in Chicago, who is not affected by our European trade in some way, however, slightly. New York harbor's waters bear messages or supplies every year to or from pretty nearly every human being in America

These are the busiest days of the year

It is a queer place.

More than 30,000 men and women are engaged in doing your business and mine for us in New York harbor and nowhere in the world are there stranger people than may be found among them. Yet New York harbor has had no historian. Dickens wrote of London's Thames and Hugo, Dumas and a dozen others have told the story of the Seine of Paris, but New York's great harbor and its two rivers, with enough anchorage ground for every vessel afloat on all the oceans in the world and with over sixty miles of docks, has not been recognized by the great ones who have told true stories.

It is the under current of life about the harbor which are more interesting, and being under currents they are, some of them, as dark and devious as the black bottom waters of the rivers which touch the coze and twist and turn among the piles below

A dark night. Two men creep carefully to a slightly remote water front such as that of Astoria or Bayonne. They slouch and lurk along until they find a small boat un-Silently they slip its moorings, crawl slowly in and row out to the deep channels where ships pass. They wait there, drifting, until a schooner bound out to sea | them tell with certainty what ship it was comes near, with sails set or towed by a steam tug. From its stern a rowboat or dingy is trailed by a rope. The silent watchers become animated. They pull quickly but quietly between the small boat and the passing schooner's stern. They cut the line. The schooner passes on. The men have set themselves up in trade. They have secured the first and most important tool.

Started in Trade.

They conceal their acquisition under some dock and carefully return the stolen boat to its original moorings before daylight. It has been stolen too near home and they would be in danger of arrest if they kept it. But the schooner which owned the second one has gone to sea and the theft cannot be reported before they have had plenty of time alter the appearance of their prize by tar, by paint or by mud so completely that there will be no chance of capture. They are perfectly equipped now for river

Jerry McAuley, who has turned from the leadership of a desperate gang of river thieves to become a useful missionary among the sailors, tells how he and one of his boy chums in this way got their start in the business which they pursued so successfully thieves. Their rendezvous was under a dock | a murder. at the foot of Franklin street, where the aesthetic tastes of their leader were later demonstrated by elegant furnishings. The expensive carpet was stolen from the cabin of a palatial steamboat and the chairs and sofas came from whatever craft were not sufficiently guarded. The place was amply

When the leader and his young accomplice learned the larger way of gagging or sandbagging the night watch of a pier or vessel, they used to lofter on the docks and when opportunity offered roll a barrel or box of goods into the water. One would be waiting "down the tide" with their boat and towed their plunder to the Franklin dock under cover of the night. As it was not always easy to tell by the looks of a package whether it would float or sink, they lost many of the things which they dumped from piers. But this difficulty was overcome to a considerable extent when a young oysterman joined them and suggested the use of oyster tongs. In time this gang became so expert in the various methods of grappling that it made no difference to them whether property went to the bottom or not. It was only when women had been admitted to this rendezvous that the noise of midnight orgies attracted the police. Then, of course, the place was no longer safe as business headquarters.

Great is the ingenuity of these thieves. Constantly they steal wines and liquors from the docks in a way which almost defies detection.

A rowboat puts under a pier in the dark. Its occupants are provided with a barrel and a long auger. The rest is simplicity itself. A hole bored through the floor of the pler and into a barrel of anything which will run transfers the property to other owners and if they manage to evade the police patrol they have no difficulty with the watchmen on the piers. Nor do they have much difficulty in disposing of a barrel, for instance, of wine or spirits, at the price which they can sell with good profits.

Sometimes a Murder.

There are many of these thieves. They are cunning and often desperate. They kill a man occasionally in spite of the water Four murders were attributed to them last year. And there were others.

The police are well organized and work desperately hard. Their work must not cease when darkness comes, and it is in bad weather that they are most needed. They go heavily armed and sometimes the cracking

of their pistols is replied to from the chore. But there are many things really outrageously dishonest, lurking in the shadows of the harbor over which they can exercise no control. Most of these concern the sailors who man the ships. Nearly all vessels coming into port except the great liners change their crews each voyage, and there are human sharks in New York harbor waiting to devour their wages when they are paid off, more dangerous than any sharks infesting southern waters. They are called "crimps," and they combine the traits of shipping agents with the business of keeping boarding houses of the dinglest sort. It profits them to do two things. First to get the sailors to spend the pay from their last voyage as quickly as possible, because if it be spent quickly it will be spent for rum. If it be spent for rum then the sailors may be easily swindled. Second, to ship the men again on some other ship as quickly as they can, so as to gather in the big commissions on their wages. There have been cases where men landing from a three-months' voyage early in the morning with their wages in their pockets have been captured by the "crimpa" and their "touts," piloted about the dives during the day and the night and landed-generally so drunk that they have to be lifted aboard on an out-bound

NEW YORK'S GREAT HARBOR ship the following morning. Not only had is supposed that the policeman killed all the policeman they had received liberal commissions on the other half, which had been spent in saloons and dives.

Little River Thieves.

A queer system of petty dishonesty practiced every Thursday, when the fishing smacks come into the piers about Fulton market. A hundred boys will be swimming there, a score of them scampering naked over the many smacks which come in to supply fish for the Friday demand. Every now and then a boy, watching his chance when nobody on the boat is looking, will slip his thumbs through the gills of a fine fish and dive with it into the water. After NEW YORK, Aug. 14.-There is no hamlet a while the lad will emerge from behind a boat, swimming on his side, with one hand low in the water, and disappear around the end of a pier. There stands a young "specslator," who pays 5 cents for the fish. The oy always carries his money away in his cheek, generally along with a bulging quid of tobacco.

"I gits 20 cents or a quarter for every fish steals," said he. They never mince the matter of stealing.

'Where do you sell them?" is asked. "Any old place. Anybody'll pay a quarter for a fish when de price in de market is

18 cents a pound."

So these boys stand sometimes just outside the market and compete successfully with the men from whom they have stolen their stock, for these fish run from three to five pounds uplece. Other boys, I am informed, have regular customers in restaurants and small hotels, boarding houses, etc. It would be tedlous to enumerate the various commonplace means of drawing legitimate livings from the river, such as ordinary fishing, wood gathering, etc., though

the day's work of many of these water folk would be excellent material for the novelist. But there are plenty of interesting sights to see by day and by night along this great waterway. You would be the richest man in the

world if you had everything that has been dropped into East river, even in the mile or so between its mouth and Brooklyn bridge. You would have a stock of goods which in extent and variety would make the vastest modern department store seem like a village knick-knackery by comparison. It would include all sorts of things. from a brass pin to a full-rigged ship, armed, provisioned and manned. Indeed, it was only half a dozen years ago that some workmen, excavating for a subcellar in Water street, more than two blocks distant from the present water line, came upon a ship which evidently had sunk at or near one of the early-day moorings. Arms, ammunition and the skeletons of men were there, but nobody has been able to make

On the Bottom of the River.

But some of the missing things are found by the grapplers who are sent for when anything from a capstan to a chronometer is lost overboard, and the number of things they fish up, besides those for which they seek, would make an interesting volume One day some ten years ago a party of students from one of the schools near the river came down to bathe. One of their number, a very expert swimmer, was full of pranks. It was his delight to dive from the pier and quietly come up behind a pile or in some other hidden place with a view to frightening his comrades. This day when he dove his companions were not in the least frightened. That trick had been played clothing and ran away. As they departed there was a commotion among some grapplers who were working just below the pler. The students returned and found that the grapplers had drawn the body of their comrade from the bottom of the river.

And this is by no means the only instance where the grapplers have brought gruesome evidences of human tragedy to the surface of North river when they were merly lookfor many years. These boys, with their boat, ing for lost articles. And sometimes the became the nucleus of what was afterward bodies they have found have been weighted known as the Franklin dock gang of harbor in order to keep them down, and that means

> The harbor police have funny experiences sometimes.

Not Lawbreakers Only a short time ago the watchman at one of the big piers on this river sent in a hurry call for the harbor police. A steam lighted by lanterns taken from boats and launch was sent quickly to the place where some thieves were reported to be operating under the pier. The policemen ran as close were new at the business, before they had as they could and threw the rays of a dark lantern under the pier. Sure enough, there were some men in a boat, keeping suspi-

> clously quiet. "Come out of there," called the rounds-

"Sh-h-h!" answered the men. "You'll scare every blamed eel out of the river." When they did come out they showed the policemen half a boatload of eels and said that it was a condemned shame that a peaceable and honest occupation should be betrayed by plaguey policemen, who are paid to protect just such industries.

I asked an old boatman the other day if he had ever run across anything of value floating in the river.

"Well, yes," said he. "I once found a floater and the family gave me \$100 for rescuing it." Then he fetched a tremendously long wink and added: "There was over \$200 in money and a gold watch, too, that nobody ever peeped about."

He did not seem to think he had done anything to be ashamed of in robbing the body for which the friends had paid him so generously. He also told me of another boatman who one morning, years ago, found a bateau affoat with a man's body in it. The man had been shot. It was subsequently found to be the body of Gus Sackow, whom Policeman Musgrove had killed in a night battle. Over 100 shots were exchanged between the policeman on the dock and Sackow and two pals in the boat. Sackow's

The Harbor's Dead. But the harbor does not always give up its dead so easily. There is one little bay on Staten island near to the government revenue and quarantine station, however, Into which an average of 100 human dereflets float every year. This is a harvest not to be despised for the local coroner, who is also an undertaker. He watches the New York, New Jersey and Brooklyn lists of missing carefully and tries to bring about identifications. If he succeeds the friends of the and these fees, added to the official payment for inquests, have made him very prosperous, His subjects are mysteriously taken to him by the currents of the harbor, although, strangely enough they land little other drift in "Dead Man's Cove," which is the name which has not unnaturally been given to the little indention in the coast.

exciting are the events in the lives of the legitimate harbor boatmen. Much of their work is commonplace—the transfer of people to and from ships anchored out, and such things. But there is a boatman near the Battery who had a lively experience one night which he reported to the police-later. was blowing a gale and was quite dark. He was making his boat fast to its moorings. A well-dressed man rushed up and wanted to be taken to the New Jersey shore. "Take the ferry," growled the boatman. This is no weather for a small boat."

"I'll give you \$100 for the job." The boatman did the work without an-other word, although it was a dangerous Then he reported it to the police They knew who the man was, but they have kept quiet the identity of the criminal who slipped through their fingers into another state so cleverly. The man knew that the ferries were watched and also knew how to

dodge them. There have been other big fees and other exciting trips.

A naval officer exceeded his shore leave

and caught his ship just as it was rounding the Battery with the assistance of a boatman from that historic point. They were nearly run down in doing it.

In one day, three years ago, when five big steamers had gone ashore in a dense fog, one newspaper alone paid to these boatmen and to tugs \$600 to carry its reporters around in their searches for the stranded vessels.

ONLY A HINT NEEDED.

And the Woman in the Case Was Not Afraid to Give It.

The best looking girl in the Pine mountain Susan Natter, and Susan was extremely, not had called for Dr. Wildes. to say foolishly, fond of Jim Davis, a young season, and who owned and conducted a good | wire. farm in the river bottom as a side issue. careless and stood a fair chance of losing stable, what ought to be his because he was too sure the end had surely come and it was all up my telephone again rang. with Jim, who was a favorite of mine as a winner of the Susan stakes.

got in the store, colonel," she said to me as I sat out in front of the commissary one day, "and bein' mighty partickeler, I want on them before. They knew a good one to you to wait on me," she added with a smirk play in return. Slyly they slipped into their not usual to Susan. "Oh, indeed," I said chaffingly, going

> around behind the counter, "something must be going to happen?" "I reckon thar is," she admitted, frankly. "Good for you," I laughed, "and I'm glad

> that Jim has got his senses at last." "Jim?" she sniffed disdainfully. "'Tain't Jim ez fer ez I know." "Not Jim?" I almost shouted, for Jim

was my choice for her. "Not Jim? Well, was opened from the inside and I passed in. me that the stranger is Davidson, who used who is it?"

gave me no further satisfaction. She bought the goods and went away, and two hours and half library. A leather covered lounge later Jim came in from work and said he was going over the mountain that night with one it lay a man of perhaps 60 years. An ugly of the Martin girls to a dance. "By the way, Jim," I said, "did you

married?" "Thunderation, colonel, no," he blurted "Ner she ain't, is she?" "I guess she is. I sold her a wedding

dress this afternoon, and she told me she was.

"Who's she goin' ter marry, colonel?" he asked, anxiously,

"I don't know. She wouldn't tell me." "Well, she'll tell me, colonel," he said, with the lines getting hard across his face, and little wrinkles of doubt and fear show ing between. Jim was facing a possibility that had never presented itself to him in its full strength. He went out of the store and up the road leading to old man Natter's place. The next morning he stopped at the

store on his way to work. "Did you find out who 4t was?" I asked him at once, for I was interested more than he had been "'Course I did," he answered, with confi-

dence. "Who is it?" "Me," and he laughed the short laugh of

knew he should have done, and what he most wanted to do. "Oh," I exclaimed, "is that it?" And later I discovered that Susan had devised a pretty little feminine scheme to bring Jim to the point, and by my unwitting, but by no means unwilling, assistance, she had suc-

Judge Hilton is Very III. SARATOGA. N. Y., Aug. 15.—Judge Henry G. Hilton had a sinking spell today and was kow and two pals in the boat. Sackow's unconscious for some time, but railied and pals were never heard of after that and it at noon was resting emparatively easy.

HIS LATEST EXCUSE.

ceeded fully.



"You're a drinking man, I can tell by your swollen face."

"Oh, no mum, a kissin' bug k issed me."

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Romance of a Telephone Call Rung by Spirit Hands. By HELEN A. COUSINS.

the town, and during my four weeks' stay dead usually give him the work of burial, I had been favored with but few patients. I holding in its grasp the same peculiarlyboarded with an elderly lady whose grandson cared for the garden and stable. My coarding mistress was precise and methodical in everything, and was a model of punctuality, so I one day set my watch, and the clock in my little office, ten minutes fact, in order to be prompt at meals when at home. On the evening of that day, just Less gruesome, but somotimes much more before the clock struck 10, my telephone bell rang. I had only the day previous had the instrument put in, and hastened to answer my first call. "Come immediately to Millville No. 20 High street. Take the 10

o'clock train. "It is too late for me to catch that train, but I will drive over with my team if that will do. What is the case?" I asked. No reply. "Hello!" I called again, but all was still. Then I rang up the central office. "Please connect again with the parties

who called for Dr. Wildes," I said. "No one has called for Dr. Wildes," answered the voice of the operator in the central office.

"You must be mistaken, for I have just been talking with some one through the telephone who wants me," was my reply. "The wires must be crossed somewhere. will see if I can find out where the trouble is, eir," came in a sleepy voice from the central.

I put on my hat and started toward the stable, meeting Jimmie with lantern in

"I was just coming after you, doctor," he "Your horse seems to be dreadfully said. lame, and I can't find out what alls her

I sent the boy to a livery stable near by to procure a team for me, and was bathing and bandaging my own horse when I heard the whistle of the 10 o'clock train. Then remembering that my watch had been too fast. muttered a very unauthordox expression as I thought of the sixteen-mile drive must take in the cold March night. I had hastened in doors and put on a

heavy ulster, when I heard the boy drive up to my door with the team. Again I went to the telephone, and ringing up "cencountry, reports the Washington Star, was tral," I inquired if he had ascertained who "I cannot find that anyone has called for

man who was my chief timberman in the you this evening," came the reply over the

Suspecting that somebody might be trying Jim was the catch of the mountains, and, to play a joke on me, I stepped to the door like other men in that happy class, he was and had the team returned to the livery

I seated myself in an easy chair by the of it. Susan was just the girl for him, but fire and after reading a short time I fell he had almost worn out her patience by his asleep. I awoke just as my clock was strikdilly-dallying policy, and one day I thought ing twelve, and as the last stroke ceased I hastened to reply, and received the call,

'Come to Millville on the midnight train, "I want to see the best dress pattern you to No. 20 High street." "Who wants me?" I asked, as I knew not

> a soul in Millville. I received no reply, although I rang sev eral times, and putting on my overcoat and cap I seized my medicine case and hurried to the railroad station a few rods away, where the night train stopped on being signaled. Before 1 o'clock I had reached Millville and found the place to which I had

been summoned. It was an old-fashioned house, which had een modernized by the addition of bay windows in the front, from one of which shone a faint light. I hastened up the steps, looked strangely familiar to him. He finally but before my hand could touch the door it A very old lady with pale face and snowy to be employed by your grandmother. She hair silently pointed into the next room. wrote me some little time ago that she had "Oh, that's fer me to know and you to find hair silently pointed into the next room. out, colonel," she laughed provokingly, and I entered and found I was in a good sized apartment that seemed to be half parlor was drawn up before an open fire and upon gash was in the right side of his head, which, with the partially dried blood upon know Susan Natter was going to get his face, formed a picture at which I shud-

dered. I bent over him and felt for his pulse. His hand was cold, but in his grasp he held a Comparison of the dates showed that this peculiar-shaped key, which I saw plainly in occurred at the very time I had been called the light of the fire. His lips moved, and to Millville. without opening his eyes he said, "The second bunch of grapes, the second bunch of

"The man is defirious," I thought as I

stepped into the hallway. "Madam," I called as I peered around in the darkness, "please bring me a basin of warm water at once." I heard no sound except my own voice. I could faintly see by the light of the fire that shone from the library that there were three or four other doors leading from the hall. One after another I tried to open them, but they were all locked fast. I ran back into the room from which I had just come. The leather covered lounge was still drawn up in front of the fire, but the man was gone. I looked wildly around the room, but no sign of him could be seen. I drew my hand over the lounge, the man who had been made to do what he and found my finger showed plainly on the dusty covering. The fire was burning low, and I seized my medicine case from the chair where I had placed it, stepped into the hall and hastily opened the front door. Once outside the house my courage returned, and looking back, I shouted, "Where are you, sir?" but no answer came. Then I grasped the door bell and rang peal after peal, but all I heard were the echoes dying away in the empty house. I may as well confess that I ran to the railroad station. When I asked the night watchman who fived at No. 20 High street, he replied: "I cannot tell you sir, as I am but little acquainted in the place." Still puzzling my brain over the mystery, I remained with him until 5 o'clock the next morning, when the first train took me home.

> II. The next afternoon, my courage having returned, I drove over to Millville and went straight to the house which I had visited the previous night. I went boldly up the front steps and was ringing the bell when a man at work in the next yard looked over

"There is no one at home, sir," he said. "Where are the people who belong here?"

"They are spending the winter in southern California, and have been away since last September," was his reply, On returning to my office I found a tele-

gram from my sister, who lived in an adjoining state. In response to it I started at once, and on arriving at her home the following morning I learned that an elderly physician, a friend of her husband, was about to give up active practice. Arrangements speedily made and I moved to my new loca-

During the spring and summer I was kept busy and had but little time to myself, yet often I pondered over my midnight visit to Millville, trying to persuade myself that it might be only a delusion of my brain while in some stage of somnambulism.

One evening at about 12:30 I had returned from a professional call and was about to affair affixed to one of the glant columns retire, when I picked up the evening paper, close to the altar rail. On its sides are which my thoughtful sister always left on a series of panels upon which have been my table. The first item I read was a notice in the society column: "Miss Marguerite events. The pulpit has a beautifully carved Lawton of Millville is visiting her grand-

mind the mysterious call I had once an- Proportions are perfect, and the effect is at swered. I placed the paper on the table once harmonious and artistic. A prodigious

I was a young man of 27, and had just just my elbow. As I did so I became aware tung out my sign in a little manufacturing of a feeling as if some one was in the room. village of about 2,000 inhabitants. There Giancing hastily around I saw that I was were at this time three other physicians in alone, but as my gaze again fell on the table I saw a moving figure of a man's hand, shaped key. The hand moved over the table until it rested on the paragraph I had just read and the key tapped once or twice on the name, "Marguerite,"

> The hand began to fade; already I could see to read the letters that were under itand, as the shape of the key began to grow indistinct, I seized a pencil and made a sketch of it on the margin of the paper, opposite the paragraph.

The key had barely faded from my view when my bell rang. A man stood in the door. "Come at once to Mrs. Lawton's, College avenue."

In response to my inquiries, he replied, "She is unconscious. It is probably a stroke of paralysis."

In a few minutes we entered the room where a slight girlish figure, clad all in black, was kneeling by the side of a bed, whereon lay an old lady. She was quite dead and but one glance was needed to show me that she was the mysterious one who had opened the door for me at the prin Millville house. "Here is the doctor, Miss Marguerite,"

said the man. The young girl rose and with a stifled sob held out her hand to me. "My dearest friend, my only friend on earth is gone,"

A few days later my eister and I called to see Miss Lawton, who had decided to close her grandmother's house and go away. "The only relative I have now is my mother's half-brother, in California. He has telegraphed for me to come to him. papa and I were so happy there until his sudden death last spring." Then she added, "I will show you his picture," and taking a photograph from a case on the table, she handed me the exact likeness of the man whom I had found upon the lounge with the

ugly gash on his head. I did not question her at that time, although my curiosity was difficult to control, as I saw that she was deeply agitated, and I felt that she must be kept as calm as possible. Destiny, fate or what compelled me to fol-

low Marguerite to California? I was score of churches in the city and surroundnot wholly impelled by the desire to obtain a solution to my mysof which I felt that sometery. how I held the key, having been to a blackemith and had a key made from the drawing on the newspaper margin. In the latter part of January I placed my practice in the hands of one of my medical friends who was not quite ready to settle down, and started out for a six weeks' vacation.

Marguerite and my sister had kept up correspondence, so I had no difficulty in finding the object of my search and in less than five weeks was on my way east with my

bride. Before leaving California I had learned the particulars of Mrs. Lawton's sudden death. Marguerite's grandmother, who had been a leader in society until her husband's death, was the possessor of some valuable diamonds, which a few years previous she had placed in her son's hands for safe-keep ing until Marguerite should be of an age to wear them. He very seldom mentioned the jewels to his daughter, and it was supposed that he carried them around on his person. One day in early March he was returning from a drive, when he saw a man skulking around the street corner, who said to Marguerite, "It has just occurred to discharged him because she found him one day trying to unlock her desk where her private papers were kept."

The following day Mr. Lawton was brought home unconscious with a cruel wound in his head. Robbery was evidently the motive of the assailant, for the diamonds were gone, also the money and watch of the victim. The poor man did not regain consciousness, but died in a few hours

Inquiry proved also that the grandmother had been in her own home, ill in bed with an attack of rheumatism on that night. Before going back to my practice I went with Marguerite to her old home. On arriving there I told her of my mysterious visit and of the key which had been held

out to me. I produced the one I had made and asked if she had seen one like it, but she never had. When we entered the dining room it was a bright summy day. I looked around the room and as my glance rested on the massive oak sideboard that was built into one corner of the room I saw along the top were carved grape leaves and bunches of grapes Suddenly there flashed into my mind the words. "The second bunch of grapes." and mounting a chair I managed to reach it After a few attempts I found I could move it a little and finally I succeeded in push ing to one side the entire cluster, leaving exposed a keyhole in a little door of iron four or five inches square. Producing my

ing diamonds. We soon went to the house of Marguerite's grandmother, where we have lived for the last eight years, during which time I have only once met with another ghostly visitor "But that is another story."

mysterious key I at once unlocked the door

and found that the aperture contained a

small iron box, in which we found the miss

BEAUTIES OF A MANILA CHURCH Remarkably Artistic Wood Carving Done by Natives.

There stands in the old walled city of Manila a church whose rare beauty should win it a place among the famed temples of the world, relates the San Francisco Chronicle. It is the Church of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and, as the name would indicate. was erected by the Jesuit fathers. The ten years that elapsed between 1879 and 1889 were consumed in its construction, and a success that was truly artistic crowned the effort of a decade. The exterior is neither imposing nor artistic, but it was upon the interior that effort was centered, and few structures in the world can boast of the perfect harmony of effect there attained. Practically the entire interior is done in the native hard woods of the Philippine islands that have been carved by master hands. A remarkable fact in connection with the work is that it was all done by natives. The designs were all made in Europe. but every credit is due the workman who so closely followed their models. This incident illustrates a peculiar trait in the Filipinos They lack the originality, but are wonderfu imitators. Give their carvers a model and they will duplicate to perfection. Let their painters see a picture and they will copy it to the perfection of detail. Permit their musicians to hear a composition and they will reproduce it on their own instruments. Probably the most artistic piece of carving in the church is the pulpit. It is a massive carved scenes depicting important scriptural base, and upon the outer side of the balmother, Mrs. Stephen Powers Lawton, on ustrade are the figures of Saints. The figures have all been perfectly carved, and The name of the town brought to my there has been a wonderful regard for detail.

the rectors of the church, under whose direction much of the work has been done, balustrade occupied nearly as much time. Next to the pulpit the ceiling, which is entirely of carved wood, attracts the most attention. There are a series of intricate designs that show the genius of art and the skill of the carver and the effect is admirable. The columns, capitals and arches also been done in wood and they, too, enhance the beauty of church. The altars-one main and two specimens of the skill of the carvers. The floor is also of wood and the sheen its pollsh serves to heighten the general Most of the wood used is melave, best of all the fifty varieties of hard wood that grow in the Philippines. It is capable of resisting any of the insects that attack wood, and neither heat nor water affect it Steel is the only thing that will outlast It It is so hard that the fashioning of it is very difficult, but the excellent results obtained make it worthy of the effort. art of wood carving has long been taught to the Filipinos, and the traveler in their Islands sees many samples of their work has reached its greatest perfection at the Jesuit college at Manila, and the work in the Jesuit church is incomparably the best so far done. Twenty-three years ago the students of the college sent an elaborate

The arcihtecture of Manila may be truthfully said to be relieved of mediocrity by the churches, and that of St. Ignatius Loyola is the greatest of them all. The cathe dral-massive structure of the Byzantine period-attracts attention on account of its size and the fact that its foundation stones were laid in the sixteenth century, but neither interior nor exterior are particularly pleasing. Another remarkable church in the old city is that of St. Augustine, way back in 1579 from a design drawn by a nephew of the architect who planned the famous Escurial in Madrid. For over 300 years it has defied earthquake and typhoon, and the original walls still stand as a monument to the builders. The design is rather of the Tuscan order, but modern additions have rather changed and obscured the original lines. The Church of Santo Domingo Is another imposing structure. It has an exte rior of florid Gothic and an interior of nearly perfect Gothic, but the latter is marred by some impossible coloring and some inartistic statuary. The same complaint may be properly made of any of the ings, with the single exception of the

piece of carving to the Centennial exposi-

tion at Philadelphia, and with it won first

amount of labor was expended upon the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola. When the pulpit. Rev. Father Francisco Simo, one of tide of American travel sets toward the Philippines, and when Mantia is included in the itinerary of the globe-trotter between relates that the carving of the base of the Stugapore and Yokohama this really repulpit consumed two years, and that the markable structure will win its place in the

ADMITTED HIS PROWESS.

A Missourian Swears He is the Big-

gest Liar on Earth. In Gove and Logan counties there is at present a contest between the local papers ever the rather novel query as to which county has the biggest Har, reports the Kansas City Journal. And this reminds us side-are also of wood and show splendid that once upon a time Gove county had a citizen who held up his good right hand and made oath that he believed himself to be the biggest line in whom God ever put the breath of life. His name was Abernathy, and he was well known in the buffalo hunting days when he used to come into Buffala station and sell hides to Jim Thompson, One of his stories was that he was the man who killed Mormon Joe Smith in the massacre at Nauvoo, Ill., and he never came to the station without telling of one or more Indians that he had killed during the previous week's hunting. "I hev got forty-nine uv the red devils, an' I need only one more o make fifty," he said to Jim Thompson one day as held up for inspection an old blanket with a bullet hole in it in evidence of his latest slaughter. Now it happened hat toward evening of that day Company I, of the Third cavalry, which had been out on a ecout, rode into the station to camp for the night, and Jim Thompson conceived he idea of having some fun with old man Abernathy. So he set up a job with Lieutenant King, the commanding officer, and a sergeant and file arrested the old man and

onveyed him to the lieutenant's tent. "Mr. Abernathy," said Lieutenant King, as the frightened old Indian killer appeared before him, "I have been sent out by the government to apprehend certain men who have been ruthlessly slaughtering our wards. the Indians. I understand that you have killed forty-nine and need only one to make fifty, and now I want to know what you have to say for yourself."

"Swar me! swar me!" shouted the old man as he fairly quivered with terror, and with due solemnity Lieutenant King administered the oath.

"Mr. Officer, I swar before Gawd thet I hain't killed no Injuns. I said hit, but I am a liar, sir, the wust liar ye ever seen in yer bo'n days. Why ye kin take me back to Illinoy and the hull population will swar that no sich liar as old Abernathy ever lived before! I swar hit myself, sir, before the good Gawd!"

Needless to say, Abernathy had no more tales to relate of his prowess.

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