

FIRST TRIP UP THE RIVER

Just Eighty Years Ago the Steamer Western Engineer Touched at Omaha.

PLANS TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY

Some Details of the Historic Event as Narrated by the Government Officials Who Accompanied the Expedition.

The somewhat unusual spectacle of a steambot plying up and down the Missouri from Omaha to Ft. Union recalls the fact that it is now almost exactly eighty years since the first steamer pushed its nose against the current and passed the almost unbroken wilderness of bluff and forest that then occupied what is now the site of Omaha.

A detailed narrative of the trip of the Western Engineer is contained in an old publication that is now a part of the Byron Reed collection in the Carnegie library and which was published in London in 1823. It is in three small volumes and is entitled "An Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains Performed in the Years 1819 and 1820, by Order of J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and under the Command of Major S. H. Long of the United States Topographical Engineers."

The book was written by Edwin Jones, who accompanied the expedition as botanist and geologist; from the notes prepared by Major Long and the other members of the command of Major S. H. Long of the United States Topographical Engineers.

In connection with the approaching anniversary a brief reproduction of Mr. Jones' narrative becomes of interest. There is little in the history that suggests the Omaha of today. Neither geographical names nor the narrator's descriptions of the scenic and natural conditions would be recognized were it not for the references to the trading post at Bellevue and to the Council Bluffs.

The exploring party left Pittsburgh early in May on a craft that river men of the present generation would hardly consider capable of the projected trip through the "Mississippi" in the fall of the year.

The first successful steambot, was invented only twelve years before, and the Western Engineer was a decidedly crude and unwieldy invention as compared with the river craft of the present.

Two weeks later a deputation of 400 Omahans presented itself and this visit was also made the occasion of elaborate ceremonies. Long speeches were made by Big Elk and Big Eyes, and these have been preserved almost verbatim by the historian of the expedition.

Two weeks later a deputation of 400 Omahans presented itself and this visit was also made the occasion of elaborate ceremonies. Long speeches were made by Big Elk and Big Eyes, and these have been preserved almost verbatim by the historian of the expedition.

Franklin was noted at that time as the point that was reached a few weeks before by the steamer Independence, of Louisville, the first steamer that ever ascended the Missouri. Major J. D. Wilcox, father of William P. Wilcox, later of Omaha, was one of the guests at an elaborate banquet that was tendered to the captain and passengers by the citizens of Franklin in honor of the event.

Major Long and his party were also received with exuberant hospitality by the Franklin people and it is significant that, in his reference to their visit, Mr. Jones declares that, in his opinion, it is only a question of time when the town will be swept away by the river. After a short stay at Franklin the expedition passed on up the Missouri and on September 15 it arrived opposite the mouth of the Platte.

NAME OLD PLATTE

That the characteristics of this river have not materially changed is indicated by Mr. Jones' description. He says: "Its mouth now exhibited a great extent of naked sandbars. The water, which was transparent and of a greenish color, flowed almost unobscured through a number of small channels. Masses of sand accumulate at the mouth of the Platte, rendering the navigation of the Missouri at that point extremely difficult."

Two days later the steamer reached what was then known as Fort Lisa, a trading station operated by the Missouri Fur Company, which was located just above the present site of Omaha. Here the explorers began to cast about for a suitable location for a camp in which to spend the winter, and this was found two days later at a point about half a mile above Fort Lisa, or

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

"Steamboat" Worm Makes Its Own Craft and Navigates Hancock Park Lake.

SKIP DUNDY AND THE MOON CONCESSION

Novel Horseless Carriage—Why the Countryman Dodged—Fusion Convention Anecdote—Mean Men and Women—Beggars' Trick.

News that the army bugs were ravaging the parks and destroying the lawns in Chicago led to a rumor that the pests had been taken to Omaha. An inquiry among the parks and lawns of the city, however, fails to find any of the army bugs, which are causing the common caterpillars, however, are causing much annoyance in the north part of the city, where they infest the shade trees. The people get rid of them either by scorching by the liberal application of hot water.

At Hancock park the men who take care of the trees and lawns said they had heard nothing of the army bugs, but they had discovered a new worm, which was playing havoc with the water lilies. This new pest is a brindle-colored worm about half an inch in length. Thousands of them appear on the leaves of the water plants and cut them to pieces and in some cases eat the worms is to cut out a piece of a leaf about the size of a nickel, which floats away on the water with the worm on the upper side. This system of cutting the leaves of the water plants into miniature canoes is causing much annoyance and work for the keepers of the park and a strong effort is being made to destroy the worms.

It was an ideal summer night. There was not a cloud in sight. The blue vault of heaven was illumined by the bright, silvery moon and the brilliant stars. The heavenly illumination, shining in beauty with the display of the 64,000 electric lights of the Greater America Exposition, was being viewed with much admiration by a rather hilarious and happy-go-lucky quartet of young men. "Say, fellows, I wonder if that moon up there is a part of the exposition?"

Two girls, wending their way along a winding road, homeward-bound from a syndicate park picnic, were startled by some one yelling: "Get out of the way! Here comes a horseless carriage!" The girls jumped to one side, and turning round they saw, leisurely approaching, a mile train hauling a lumber wagon. The driver, enjoying the joke on the girls, invited them to ride with him. They declined the invitation, one of them remarking: "That's a horse on us."

The street car was coming in from the exposition and nearing Dodge street. A man with straw-colored whiskers was sitting near the rear end of the car, gazing about with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in the sights. He was evidently from the country, for he had a carpet bag with him and there were other unmistakable indications that he did not reside in town. As the car rattled over the Dodge street tracks the conductor called out in stentorian tones, "Dodge," and the man with the straw-colored whiskers, dodged as though he were about to be hit by a Cuban machete. There was a suppressed titter from the passengers who saw the incident.

In the food of convention anecdotes and stories occasioned by the late state convention one from the populist country convention should not be lost sight of. It is one of the worst mix-ups achieved by that body one of the delegates arose and in a loud tone of voice demanded recognition on a point of order. He was told by the chair to state his point, and said: "The gentleman is talking slander about another gentleman."

A curious character was recently taken into custody by the police. His name is Francis Clark and he moves in an orbit centering at Chicago. Clark describes himself as a "bird of passage." In the summer he migrates to the north, and in the winter he returns to the south. Clark admits he is an impostor and glories in his profession. "That makes no difference," replied the chair. "Slander is always in order in a populist convention."

When placed under arrest Clark would not admit he was "taking." He complained that the officers "burn him" when examining his mishapen hands. After he had gone to sleep the jailer visited his cell and found his hands were just like those of an ordinary person. Clark confessed and showed the policeman how he worked the deception. The trick, he explained, required years of practice, but it is worth all the labor executed for the reason that it enables him to live without working. Clark claims he is the only man who possesses this peculiar accomplishment.

Two men met in the office of a downtown hotel the other day and after exchanging a few curious glances approached one another and shook hands. "Seems to me your face is familiar," said the younger. "Yes, I think I know you, too," replied the other. Then they discovered they were from the same section of the country and that each knew a lot of the other's acquaintances. After they had chatted a few moments the younger man said: "Let's see, seems to me you married my sister, didn't you?"

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MEET

Receive Grading Bills, Set Justice Kinkead's Hearing and Transact Various Routine Business.

The complaint of Ed Morearty in regard to alleged unprofessional conduct of Justice of the Peace Kinkead was taken up by the Board of County Commissioners at its regular meeting and the hearing was set at 10 o'clock September 16.

Bids were received for 25,000 yards of grading on L street from South Omaha to a point one and one-half miles west of the city limits, as follows: Thomas Hyatt, 114 cents per yard; J. A. Beverly company, 17 1/2 cents; and John Jackson, 10 2 1/2 cents. The bids were referred to the committee on roads.

The board accepted the invitation of the Central Labor union to march in a body in the Labor day parade and passed the usual list of bills and claims.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

"Steamboat" Worm Makes Its Own Craft and Navigates Hancock Park Lake.

SKIP DUNDY AND THE MOON CONCESSION

Novel Horseless Carriage—Why the Countryman Dodged—Fusion Convention Anecdote—Mean Men and Women—Beggars' Trick.

News that the army bugs were ravaging the parks and destroying the lawns in Chicago led to a rumor that the pests had been taken to Omaha. An inquiry among the parks and lawns of the city, however, fails to find any of the army bugs, which are causing the common caterpillars, however, are causing much annoyance in the north part of the city, where they infest the shade trees. The people get rid of them either by scorching by the liberal application of hot water.

At Hancock park the men who take care of the trees and lawns said they had heard nothing of the army bugs, but they had discovered a new worm, which was playing havoc with the water lilies. This new pest is a brindle-colored worm about half an inch in length. Thousands of them appear on the leaves of the water plants and cut them to pieces and in some cases eat the worms is to cut out a piece of a leaf about the size of a nickel, which floats away on the water with the worm on the upper side. This system of cutting the leaves of the water plants into miniature canoes is causing much annoyance and work for the keepers of the park and a strong effort is being made to destroy the worms.

It was an ideal summer night. There was not a cloud in sight. The blue vault of heaven was illumined by the bright, silvery moon and the brilliant stars. The heavenly illumination, shining in beauty with the display of the 64,000 electric lights of the Greater America Exposition, was being viewed with much admiration by a rather hilarious and happy-go-lucky quartet of young men. "Say, fellows, I wonder if that moon up there is a part of the exposition?"

Two girls, wending their way along a winding road, homeward-bound from a syndicate park picnic, were startled by some one yelling: "Get out of the way! Here comes a horseless carriage!" The girls jumped to one side, and turning round they saw, leisurely approaching, a mile train hauling a lumber wagon. The driver, enjoying the joke on the girls, invited them to ride with him. They declined the invitation, one of them remarking: "That's a horse on us."

The street car was coming in from the exposition and nearing Dodge street. A man with straw-colored whiskers was sitting near the rear end of the car, gazing about with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in the sights. He was evidently from the country, for he had a carpet bag with him and there were other unmistakable indications that he did not reside in town. As the car rattled over the Dodge street tracks the conductor called out in stentorian tones, "Dodge," and the man with the straw-colored whiskers, dodged as though he were about to be hit by a Cuban machete. There was a suppressed titter from the passengers who saw the incident.

In the food of convention anecdotes and stories occasioned by the late state convention one from the populist country convention should not be lost sight of. It is one of the worst mix-ups achieved by that body one of the delegates arose and in a loud tone of voice demanded recognition on a point of order. He was told by the chair to state his point, and said: "The gentleman is talking slander about another gentleman."

A curious character was recently taken into custody by the police. His name is Francis Clark and he moves in an orbit centering at Chicago. Clark describes himself as a "bird of passage." In the summer he migrates to the north, and in the winter he returns to the south. Clark admits he is an impostor and glories in his profession. "That makes no difference," replied the chair. "Slander is always in order in a populist convention."

When placed under arrest Clark would not admit he was "taking." He complained that the officers "burn him" when examining his mishapen hands. After he had gone to sleep the jailer visited his cell and found his hands were just like those of an ordinary person. Clark confessed and showed the policeman how he worked the deception. The trick, he explained, required years of practice, but it is worth all the labor executed for the reason that it enables him to live without working. Clark claims he is the only man who possesses this peculiar accomplishment.

Two men met in the office of a downtown hotel the other day and after exchanging a few curious glances approached one another and shook hands. "Seems to me your face is familiar," said the younger. "Yes, I think I know you, too," replied the other. Then they discovered they were from the same section of the country and that each knew a lot of the other's acquaintances. After they had chatted a few moments the younger man said: "Let's see, seems to me you married my sister, didn't you?"

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MEET

Receive Grading Bills, Set Justice Kinkead's Hearing and Transact Various Routine Business.

The complaint of Ed Morearty in regard to alleged unprofessional conduct of Justice of the Peace Kinkead was taken up by the Board of County Commissioners at its regular meeting and the hearing was set at 10 o'clock September 16.

Bids were received for 25,000 yards of grading on L street from South Omaha to a point one and one-half miles west of the city limits, as follows: Thomas Hyatt, 114 cents per yard; J. A. Beverly company, 17 1/2 cents; and John Jackson, 10 2 1/2 cents. The bids were referred to the committee on roads.

The board accepted the invitation of the Central Labor union to march in a body in the Labor day parade and passed the usual list of bills and claims.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

"Steamboat" Worm Makes Its Own Craft and Navigates Hancock Park Lake.

SKIP DUNDY AND THE MOON CONCESSION

Novel Horseless Carriage—Why the Countryman Dodged—Fusion Convention Anecdote—Mean Men and Women—Beggars' Trick.

News that the army bugs were ravaging the parks and destroying the lawns in Chicago led to a rumor that the pests had been taken to Omaha. An inquiry among the parks and lawns of the city, however, fails to find any of the army bugs, which are causing the common caterpillars, however, are causing much annoyance in the north part of the city, where they infest the shade trees. The people get rid of them either by scorching by the liberal application of hot water.

At Hancock park the men who take care of the trees and lawns said they had heard nothing of the army bugs, but they had discovered a new worm, which was playing havoc with the water lilies. This new pest is a brindle-colored worm about half an inch in length. Thousands of them appear on the leaves of the water plants and cut them to pieces and in some cases eat the worms is to cut out a piece of a leaf about the size of a nickel, which floats away on the water with the worm on the upper side. This system of cutting the leaves of the water plants into miniature canoes is causing much annoyance and work for the keepers of the park and a strong effort is being made to destroy the worms.

It was an ideal summer night. There was not a cloud in sight. The blue vault of heaven was illumined by the bright, silvery moon and the brilliant stars. The heavenly illumination, shining in beauty with the display of the 64,000 electric lights of the Greater America Exposition, was being viewed with much admiration by a rather hilarious and happy-go-lucky quartet of young men. "Say, fellows, I wonder if that moon up there is a part of the exposition?"

Two girls, wending their way along a winding road, homeward-bound from a syndicate park picnic, were startled by some one yelling: "Get out of the way! Here comes a horseless carriage!" The girls jumped to one side, and turning round they saw, leisurely approaching, a mile train hauling a lumber wagon. The driver, enjoying the joke on the girls, invited them to ride with him. They declined the invitation, one of them remarking: "That's a horse on us."

The street car was coming in from the exposition and nearing Dodge street. A man with straw-colored whiskers was sitting near the rear end of the car, gazing about with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in the sights. He was evidently from the country, for he had a carpet bag with him and there were other unmistakable indications that he did not reside in town. As the car rattled over the Dodge street tracks the conductor called out in stentorian tones, "Dodge," and the man with the straw-colored whiskers, dodged as though he were about to be hit by a Cuban machete. There was a suppressed titter from the passengers who saw the incident.

In the food of convention anecdotes and stories occasioned by the late state convention one from the populist country convention should not be lost sight of. It is one of the worst mix-ups achieved by that body one of the delegates arose and in a loud tone of voice demanded recognition on a point of order. He was told by the chair to state his point, and said: "The gentleman is talking slander about another gentleman."

A curious character was recently taken into custody by the police. His name is Francis Clark and he moves in an orbit centering at Chicago. Clark describes himself as a "bird of passage." In the summer he migrates to the north, and in the winter he returns to the south. Clark admits he is an impostor and glories in his profession. "That makes no difference," replied the chair. "Slander is always in order in a populist convention."

When placed under arrest Clark would not admit he was "taking." He complained that the officers "burn him" when examining his mishapen hands. After he had gone to sleep the jailer visited his cell and found his hands were just like those of an ordinary person. Clark confessed and showed the policeman how he worked the deception. The trick, he explained, required years of practice, but it is worth all the labor executed for the reason that it enables him to live without working. Clark claims he is the only man who possesses this peculiar accomplishment.

Two men met in the office of a downtown hotel the other day and after exchanging a few curious glances approached one another and shook hands. "Seems to me your face is familiar," said the younger. "Yes, I think I know you, too," replied the other. Then they discovered they were from the same section of the country and that each knew a lot of the other's acquaintances. After they had chatted a few moments the younger man said: "Let's see, seems to me you married my sister, didn't you?"

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MEET

Receive Grading Bills, Set Justice Kinkead's Hearing and Transact Various Routine Business.

The complaint of Ed Morearty in regard to alleged unprofessional conduct of Justice of the Peace Kinkead was taken up by the Board of County Commissioners at its regular meeting and the hearing was set at 10 o'clock September 16.

Bids were received for 25,000 yards of grading on L street from South Omaha to a point one and one-half miles west of the city limits, as follows: Thomas Hyatt, 114 cents per yard; J. A. Beverly company, 17 1/2 cents; and John Jackson, 10 2 1/2 cents. The bids were referred to the committee on roads.

The board accepted the invitation of the Central Labor union to march in a body in the Labor day parade and passed the usual list of bills and claims.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

"Steamboat" Worm Makes Its Own Craft and Navigates Hancock Park Lake.

SKIP DUNDY AND THE MOON CONCESSION

Novel Horseless Carriage—Why the Countryman Dodged—Fusion Convention Anecdote—Mean Men and Women—Beggars' Trick.

News that the army bugs were ravaging the parks and destroying the lawns in Chicago led to a rumor that the pests had been taken to Omaha. An inquiry among the parks and lawns of the city, however, fails to find any of the army bugs, which are causing the common caterpillars, however, are causing much annoyance in the north part of the city, where they infest the shade trees. The people get rid of them either by scorching by the liberal application of hot water.

At Hancock park the men who take care of the trees and lawns said they had heard nothing of the army bugs, but they had discovered a new worm, which was playing havoc with the water lilies. This new pest is a brindle-colored worm about half an inch in length. Thousands of them appear on the leaves of the water plants and cut them to pieces and in some cases eat the worms is to cut out a piece of a leaf about the size of a nickel, which floats away on the water with the worm on the upper side. This system of cutting the leaves of the water plants into miniature canoes is causing much annoyance and work for the keepers of the park and a strong effort is being made to destroy the worms.

It was an ideal summer night. There was not a cloud in sight. The blue vault of heaven was illumined by the bright, silvery moon and the brilliant stars. The heavenly illumination, shining in beauty with the display of the 64,000 electric lights of the Greater America Exposition, was being viewed with much admiration by a rather hilarious and happy-go-lucky quartet of young men. "Say, fellows, I wonder if that moon up there is a part of the exposition?"

Two girls, wending their way along a winding road, homeward-bound from a syndicate park picnic, were startled by some one yelling: "Get out of the way! Here comes a horseless carriage!" The girls jumped to one side, and turning round they saw, leisurely approaching, a mile train hauling a lumber wagon. The driver, enjoying the joke on the girls, invited them to ride with him. They declined the invitation, one of them remarking: "That's a horse on us."

The street car was coming in from the exposition and nearing Dodge street. A man with straw-colored whiskers was sitting near the rear end of the car, gazing about with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in the sights. He was evidently from the country, for he had a carpet bag with him and there were other unmistakable indications that he did not reside in town. As the car rattled over the Dodge street tracks the conductor called out in stentorian tones, "Dodge," and the man with the straw-colored whiskers, dodged as though he were about to be hit by a Cuban machete. There was a suppressed titter from the passengers who saw the incident.

In the food of convention anecdotes and stories occasioned by the late state convention one from the populist country convention should not be lost sight of. It is one of the worst mix-ups achieved by that body one of the delegates arose and in a loud tone of voice demanded recognition on a point of order. He was told by the chair to state his point, and said: "The gentleman is talking slander about another gentleman."

A curious character was recently taken into custody by the police. His name is Francis Clark and he moves in an orbit centering at Chicago. Clark describes himself as a "bird of passage." In the summer he migrates to the north, and in the winter he returns to the south. Clark admits he is an impostor and glories in his profession. "That makes no difference," replied the chair. "Slander is always in order in a populist convention."

When placed under arrest Clark would not admit he was "taking." He complained that the officers "burn him" when examining his mishapen hands. After he had gone to sleep the jailer visited his cell and found his hands were just like those of an ordinary person. Clark confessed and showed the policeman how he worked the deception. The trick, he explained, required years of practice, but it is worth all the labor executed for the reason that it enables him to live without working. Clark claims he is the only man who possesses this peculiar accomplishment.

Two men met in the office of a downtown hotel the other day and after exchanging a few curious glances approached one another and shook hands. "Seems to me your face is familiar," said the younger. "Yes, I think I know you, too," replied the other. Then they discovered they were from the same section of the country and that each knew a lot of the other's acquaintances. After they had chatted a few moments the younger man said: "Let's see, seems to me you married my sister, didn't you?"

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MEET

Receive Grading Bills, Set Justice Kinkead's Hearing and Transact Various Routine Business.

The complaint of Ed Morearty in regard to alleged unprofessional conduct of Justice of the Peace Kinkead was taken up by the Board of County Commissioners at its regular meeting and the hearing was set at 10 o'clock September 16.

Bids were received for 25,000 yards of grading on L street from South Omaha to a point one and one-half miles west of the city limits, as follows: Thomas Hyatt, 114 cents per yard; J. A. Beverly company, 17 1/2 cents; and John Jackson, 10 2 1/2 cents. The bids were referred to the committee on roads.

The board accepted the invitation of the Central Labor union to march in a body in the Labor day parade and passed the usual list of bills and claims.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

"Steamboat" Worm Makes Its Own Craft and Navigates Hancock Park Lake.

SKIP DUNDY AND THE MOON CONCESSION

Novel Horseless Carriage—Why the Countryman Dodged—Fusion Convention Anecdote—Mean Men and Women—Beggars' Trick.

News that the army bugs were ravaging the parks and destroying the lawns in Chicago led to a rumor that the pests had been taken to Omaha. An inquiry among the parks and lawns of the city, however, fails to find any of the army bugs, which are causing the common caterpillars, however, are causing much annoyance in the north part of the city, where they infest the shade trees. The people get rid of them either by scorching by the liberal application of hot water.

At Hancock park the men who take care of the trees and lawns said they had heard nothing of the army bugs, but they had discovered a new worm, which was playing havoc with the water lilies. This new pest is a brindle-colored worm about half an inch in length. Thousands of them appear on the leaves of the water plants and cut them to pieces and in some cases eat the worms is to cut out a piece of a leaf about the size of a nickel, which floats away on the water with the worm on the upper side. This system of cutting the leaves of the water plants into miniature canoes is causing much annoyance and work for the keepers of the park and a strong effort is being made to destroy the worms.

It was an ideal summer night. There was not a cloud in sight. The blue vault of heaven was illumined by the bright, silvery moon and the brilliant stars. The heavenly illumination, shining in beauty with the display of the 64,000 electric lights of the Greater America Exposition, was being viewed with much admiration by a rather hilarious and happy-go-lucky quartet of young men. "Say, fellows, I wonder if that moon up there is a part of the exposition?"

Two girls, wending their way along a winding road, homeward-bound from a syndicate park picnic, were startled by some one yelling: "Get out of the way! Here comes a horseless carriage!" The girls jumped to one side, and turning round they saw, leisurely approaching, a mile train hauling a lumber wagon. The driver, enjoying the joke on the girls, invited them to ride with him. They declined the invitation, one of them remarking: "That's a horse on us."

The street car was coming in from the exposition and nearing Dodge street. A man with straw-colored whiskers was sitting near the rear end of the car, gazing about with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in the sights. He was evidently from the country, for he had a carpet bag with him and there were other unmistakable indications that he did not reside in town. As the car rattled over the Dodge street tracks the conductor called out in stentorian tones, "Dodge," and the man with the straw-colored whiskers, dodged as though he were about to be hit by a Cuban machete. There was a suppressed titter from the passengers who saw the incident.

In the food of convention anecdotes and stories occasioned by the late state convention one from the populist country convention should not be lost sight of. It is one of the worst mix-ups achieved by that body one of the delegates arose and in a loud tone of voice demanded recognition on a point of order. He was told by the chair to state his point, and said: "The gentleman is talking slander about another gentleman."

A curious character was recently taken into custody by the police. His name is Francis Clark and he moves in an orbit centering at Chicago. Clark describes himself as a "bird of passage." In the summer he migrates to the north, and in the winter he returns to the south. Clark admits he is an impostor and glories in his profession. "That makes no difference," replied the chair. "Slander is always in order in a populist convention."

When placed under arrest Clark would not admit he was "taking." He complained that the officers "burn him" when examining his mishapen hands. After he had gone to sleep the jailer visited his cell and found his hands were just like those of an ordinary person. Clark confessed and showed the policeman how he worked the deception. The trick, he explained, required years of practice, but it is worth all the labor executed for the reason that it enables him to live without working. Clark claims he is the only man who possesses this peculiar accomplishment.

Two men met in the office of a downtown hotel the other day and after exchanging a few curious glances approached one another and shook hands. "Seems to me your face is familiar," said the younger. "Yes, I think I know you, too," replied the other. Then they discovered they were from the same section of the country and that each knew a lot of the other's acquaintances. After they had chatted a few moments the younger man said: "Let's see, seems to me you married my sister, didn't you?"

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MEET

Receive Grading Bills, Set Justice Kinkead's Hearing and Transact Various Routine Business.

The complaint of Ed Morearty in regard to alleged unprofessional conduct of Justice of the Peace Kinkead was taken up by the Board of County Commissioners at its regular meeting and the hearing was set at 10 o'clock September 16.

Bids were received for 25,000 yards of grading on L street from South Omaha to a point one and one-half miles west of the city limits, as follows: Thomas Hyatt, 114 cents per yard; J. A. Beverly company, 17 1/2 cents; and John Jackson, 10 2 1/2 cents. The bids were referred to the committee on roads.

The board accepted the invitation of the Central Labor union to march in a body in the Labor day parade and passed the usual list of bills and claims.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

"Steamboat" Worm Makes Its Own Craft and Navigates Hancock Park Lake.

SKIP DUNDY AND THE MOON CONCESSION

Novel Horseless Carriage—Why the Countryman Dodged—Fusion Convention Anecdote—Mean Men and Women—Beggars' Trick.

News that the army bugs were ravaging the parks and destroying the lawns in Chicago led to a rumor that the pests had been taken to Omaha. An inquiry among the parks and lawns of the city, however, fails to find any of the army bugs, which are causing the common caterpillars, however, are causing much annoyance in the north part of the city, where they infest the shade trees. The people get rid of them either by scorching by the liberal application of hot water.

At Hancock park the men who take care of the trees and lawns said they had heard nothing of the army bugs, but they had discovered a new worm, which was playing havoc with the water lilies. This new pest is a brindle-colored worm about half an inch in length. Thousands of them appear on the leaves of the water plants and cut them to pieces and in some cases eat the worms is to cut out a piece of a leaf about the size of a nickel, which floats away on the water with the worm on the upper side. This system of cutting the leaves of the water plants into miniature canoes is causing much annoyance and work for the keepers of the park and a strong effort is being made to destroy the worms.

It was an ideal summer night. There was not a cloud in sight. The blue vault of heaven was illumined by the bright, silvery moon and the brilliant stars. The heavenly illumination, shining in beauty with the display of the 64,000 electric lights of the Greater America Exposition, was being viewed with much admiration by a rather hilarious and happy-go-lucky quartet of young men. "Say, fellows, I wonder if that moon up there is a part of the exposition?"

Two girls, wending their way along a winding road, homeward-bound from a syndicate park picnic, were startled by some one yelling: "Get out of the way! Here comes a horseless carriage!" The girls jumped to one side, and turning round they saw, leisurely approaching, a mile train hauling a lumber wagon. The driver, enjoying the joke on the girls, invited them to ride with him. They declined the invitation, one of them remarking: "That's a horse on us."

The street car was coming in from the exposition and nearing Dodge street. A man with straw-colored whiskers was sitting near the rear end of the car, gazing about with eyes and mouth wide open, taking in the sights. He was evidently from the country, for he had a carpet bag with him and there were other unmistakable indications that he did not reside in town. As the car rattled over the Dodge street tracks the conductor called out in stentorian tones, "Dodge," and the man with the straw-colored whiskers, dodged as though he were about to be hit by a Cuban machete. There was a suppressed titter from the passengers who saw the incident.

In the food of convention anecdotes and stories occasioned by the late state convention one from the populist country convention should not be lost sight of. It is one of the worst mix-ups achieved by that body one of the delegates arose and in a loud tone of voice demanded recognition on a point of order. He was told by the chair to state his point, and said: "The gentleman is talking slander about another gentleman."

A curious character was recently taken into custody by the police. His name is Francis Clark and he moves in an orbit centering at Chicago. Clark describes himself as a "bird of passage." In the summer he migrates to the north, and in the winter he returns to the south. Clark admits he is an impostor and glories in his profession. "That makes no difference," replied the chair. "Slander is always in order in a populist convention."

When placed under arrest Clark would not admit he was "taking." He complained that the officers "burn him" when examining his mishapen hands. After he had gone to sleep the jailer visited his cell and found his hands were just like those of an ordinary person. Clark confessed and showed the policeman how he worked the deception. The trick, he explained, required years of practice, but it is worth all the labor executed for the reason that it enables him to live without working. Clark claims he is the only man who possesses this peculiar accomplishment.

Two men met in the office of a downtown hotel the other day and after exchanging a few curious glances approached one another and shook hands. "Seems to me your face is familiar," said the younger. "Yes, I think I know you, too," replied the other. Then they discovered they were from the same section of the country and that each knew a lot of the other