



In order to give friends

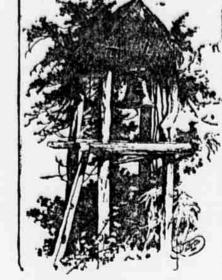
of the First Nebraska an opportunity of having a complete and correct history of the regi-

ment The Omaha Bee has at great expense placed this beautiful book within their reach-no coupon required-order quick as we have only a limited number.

an illustrated, true and concise history of the

Philippine Campaign

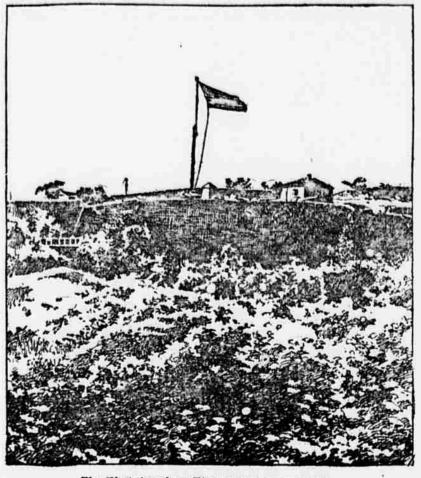
illustrations taken at the time by Douglas White, the war cerrespondent of the San Francisco Exam-



Special Pictures of the 1st Nebraska

-including the late Colonel Stotsenberg, Camp Mesa, the Hospital and the fighting line-a complete roster of the regiment, showing promotions, etc.

A Book to be Preserved for future reference.



On sale at the Circulation department of The Bee

50 cents each

Sent prepaid to any address upon receipt of the price.

Address, History Department Omaha Bee.

THE CREW OF YAWL THREE.

A LOVE STORY OF THE SEA. This is a Charming Bit of Romance, Dealing with Jealousy, Heroism, Sacrifice and Love Stronger Than Death. By W. BERT FOSTER.

Through the fog which lay a dead weight cleared the ice drift with his oar so that upon the water, the outline of a great sail they could get in without injuring the vawl. grew slowly. The fog made it loom into It was after noon when they landed at the fairly gigantic proportions, for there was pier.

little wind stirring, and it crept up in ghostly fashion. Suddenly the blocks rattled, the boom creaked and groaned as it swung about. For a moment the craft hung in the wind's back here in an hour. I'll go along up street eye. There was a clatter of feet; a yawl and buy the provisions we was sent for." towing astern was pulled up under the rail, and three men in yellow oilskins and varished sea boots tumbled into her.

Good-day to ye, lads! Drop down with the tide tonight and we'll pick ye up off the Hook, 'r thereabouts." The boarse voice of a broad-shouldered |

man bellowed this through the fog as he after a moment, their companion followed leaned over the rail. The yawl had been cast off and dropped astern. The boom creaked again, the sail flapped sharply, displaying a huge "8," and the pilot boat hand and a row of little shops and shipmelted into the fog once more, leaving the yawl courtesying on the gray waves. Mitchell, the pilot in charge of the yawl,

sat squarely in the sternsheets, a tiller rope them, lived scafaring folk, many of them in each hand. "Give way, you fellows," he said, "if you want to get to Gurnett time enough to have a yarn with that girl.' "How in blazes can we know where Gurnett is in this fog?" growled one of them. bending his back to the ash.

The bow oar laughed. "Terry's sulky, he said, keeping stroke while he talked. "Mina didn't care mooch to see him last time he was there-eh, Terry?"

"That's a lie!" declared stroke, roughly. "She was just as glad to see me as "Shut up, Carl! Don't tease the fellow," admonished Mitchell. "And you needn't be

so touchy, Terry." "You'd be touchy, Mitchell," declared Stroke, swelling with his wrongs. "Those two-he and Mina-jabber away in their own

confounded lingo and I can't understand half they say. And I knew her long before he ever came nosin' round," he added, ruefully. "Peoh! I wouldn't be jealous," said Mitchell. "It's like the girl would be glad to see somebody who can talk her own lan-

'Well, she can't have him and me both," declared Terry, "an' I'll tell her that." Carl from the bowseat chuckled and showed a broad, laughing face to the pilot. 'She'll be mooch obliged for that," he said. Then she not have to-what you call-ship Mina.

The other's eyes blazed with wassion and he dropped his oar and with an oath swung about to get at the Swede; but the steersman's voice recalled him. "What d'ye mean-you swab!" he shouted. "Want to swamp the yawl? Grab that car-

With a shamed face the recreant stroke

plunged his oar again deeply. 'Confound you and the girl both!" pursued Mitchell. "You'll lose a yawl next, an" no girl's worth that. 'F you'd been a married man's long as me you wouldn't get to fightin' over a woman.

The stroke hung his head and even Carl's merry face looked sober at the calamity which they had so narrowly avoided. He glanced behind him into the impenetrable

We can nefer see where the land is, even," he grumbled. "You leave that to me," returned the pilot. "I kin smell land. I don't need eyes

along this shore." It must have been by the sense of smell or Mina regained their breath. that Mitchell found the log pier at Gurnett. He steered the yawl almost directly in to the steps, although they couldn't see the

"Now we haven't more than an hour to more firmly upon his head. "If you go to see that girl. Terry, don't ye forget. "And I'll go along with you," said Carl with a wink. "Then I'll keep out of temptation, ch?"

"Just as well you do," growled Mitchell. "I don't want you fellows to get to fightin', now mind that."

He and the Swede moved away, and them. But at the end of the pier he turned into a side street-a street which fronted the water, with wharves and shipping on one chandlers' warehouses on the other. In this neighborhood, over the shops and ware houses, and in the courts and lanes behind

of foreign extraction. Terry turned into one of the little shops where a big Swede stood behind the counter. After greetings had passed between them, looked around as though he missed mething or somebody out of the shop. "You lookin' for Mina, eh?" said the "She vas joost gone to de kitchen

She back will be in a minute." But the girl did not come in a minute, nor in several. Terry talked at random, listening for the girl's step or voice. Somebody came into the room directly behind he shop; but it was Mina's aunt, the big wede's wife. He asked a question in his own language, and at her reply turned to

"She has comp'ny in de kitchen," he said. "I guess she vid he hars soon. I'll haf de wife tell her you vas here."

Mina did not come. The sailor paced the floor with anxious strides, his thoughts growing the more bitter as he waited. She knew he was there and yet did not come; is hour's leave was fast allpping away. inally the shopkeeper's wife stuck her sad into the shop and saw him.

"Vell, vell!" she exclaimed, with a laugh, les it you? Vy didn't you say so? Ge into de kitchen if you want to see

"John said she had company there," said Terry, brightening up. "Vell, dat iss ridt. But it iss no stranger to you. Go in," and she waved her hand get him to reduce his stroke. It seemed as toward the passage leading to the kitchen.

The sailor followed her directions, but as he approached the kitchen door his heart failed him. He could hear voices within-Mina's and a man's. They were talking in the girl's own tongue, and Terry's suspicions were instantly proused.

He hesitated a moment. The voices and laughter grew louder and his suspicion grew o a certainty. He strode forward and threw open the door. Mina, her face full of laugher, sat upon a heach beside and her hand was held by-Carl Jansen!

she crist, and sprang up as she saw her lover's frowning visage at the door. Carl sat still and laughed in the fealous lover's face.

For a single instant Terry stood without motion or speech, then he turned swiftly and was out of the house before either Carl

When Mitchell came down to the pier said. "Are you dumb, man?" pties twenty feet away. Carl stood up and to which yaw! No. 3 of the Halycon, offi-

cially known as Pilot boat 8, was tied, he and fell into silence again, found Terry there before him. The sailor

Carl appeared. Terry took his oar with a spurt between the strained seams. set, white face and waited for the pilot's

word to give way. "We've a nasty job before us," Mitchell, gloomily, casting off. "I hear there's a lot of loose ice coming down the waste here," said Mitchell, settling his hat bay. Tend right to business, boys, and boys."

coming over. Are you ready?" "Aye, aye, sir!" from Carl. Terry was silent, but dipped his oar deeply and in an instant the pier was out

of sight. It seemed as though it had sailor, at last aroused. drifted away from them, and had been smothered by the fog, not that they had been swept away from it. The tide had turned and was running out be saved! Mina-"

flercely. Occasionally the yawl crunched through a little ice drift. "Look alive, boys," said Mitchell. "Be tell you. Some of these cakes we pass might smash yawl 3 like an egg-

shell, if we give 'em the chance." Mitchell bent low, his sou'wester shading all he could do to see the boat's nose. Beyond was a blinding curtain of fog.

The wind, too, had increased. The tide was with them, but the wind drove across the yawrs bows and sometimes made her stagger. The fog signals of the few craft to Terry. belated in the outer bay sounded as though from a great distance. The only other sound beside the swish of the choppy waves was a low, crooning noise, which seemed to

grow momentarily "What is thet?" shouted Carl, still tugging at his car. Mitchell's face, such of it as was not cov-

ered by beard, was white. "That is ice, boys!" he exclaimed. "I've heard it like that up north. It must be a big fam coming down the bay."

Terry did not appear to hear him; his face was set and his thoughts seemed far away. "Are we in de vay?" bawled Carl.

"Whether we are or not, I reckon we'd better run inshore. I guess the Halcyon won't look for us tonight." But as he spoke a change had taken place The wind began to whip a cloud of fine, sleety snow across their course. The snow

stuck to the boat and to their clothing in heavy, soggy patches. "I kin stand fog," growled Mitchell, "but hang me if I like this. I dunno which way we're headed. We might as well go out with

the tide, I reckon, an' risk the ice. Don't pull too hard, boys; just keep her steady." He was obliged to speak again to Terry to though the turmoil in his mind had shut out all appreciation of the battle of the ele-Adding to their danger were the ice cake

which now thickened around them. Carl broke his oar short off upon one and only by the quick action of the pilot were they saved from capsizing, "Pull in your oar, Terry, and let me have

commanded Mitchell. "An oar's enough sight better than a rudder at such a pass as

Almost instantly, it seemed, the yawl was in the midst of the ice pack. The snow swept down with fury upon them, they could scarcely see the water for the white-capped cakes. Mitchell growled maledictions on his memory for not putting an extra pair of oars them in the very teeth of the storm. in the boat. Terry sat amidships, without epeech or motion, and finally the pilot's vexation turned against him and he cursed him

"You might be a stock or a stone!" "Will talking mend it?" replied the sailor,

stood like a statue on the string piece of and almost instantly the yawl crashed into flung them, and by its aid all three were the wharf, looking off into the fog. Mitchell a huge cake and was driven back by the force drawn into the lifeboat. had to speak to him twice before he could of the collision. As though it was a signal for a general attack, the ice advanced upon Then the provisions came down on a the doomed boat upon either side. It was the Halcyon, as the yawl's crew scramtruck they put them aboard, distributing crushed between two grinding, shouldering bled by them so that the yaw? rode evenly, and then walls of driving cakes and the sea began to

> "We was lost!" cried Carl, leaping up. The remarked Mitchell, caimly taking the tiller shock which followed threw him upon the and steering unerringly for the pilot boat, said ice pack.

"Overboard with you!" sang out Mitchell, guide them. "She'll sink in a minute. Get on a big cake,

don't have any such skylarking as you did | But only Terry heard him. Carl had disappeared. The pilot and stroke of the wrecked yawl found themselves clinging side by side upon a huge cake of ice. "Where is he? Where is he?" gasped the

> "Poor Carl! Poor boy!" groaned the pilot. "He mustn't drown!" cried Terry, standing upright upon the tetering ice. "He must

The yawl disappeared, sucked under by the tide. In the swirl of gray water where it went down was a man's upraised arm. ready to 'back water' on the instant if I The hand clung an instant to the ragged edge of the ice. Terry swooped down upon it instantly. He

caught the rough coat sleeve just as the hand slipped and with a mighty heave his eyes, striving to peer ahead. But it was brought Carl's head and shoulders out of the icy water. In a breath they had dragged their comrade out of the jaws of death. The Swede spit out the water he had

swallowed and recovered his breath. "That was noble of you, old man," he said

"Stow that!" was the rough reply. Carl's teeth began to chatter and Terry and Mitchell hugged him up between them, that the warmth of their bodies might in some measure counteract the chill he had received. The snow, which still fell, packed around and over them until they have been a part of the ice cake to which they clung. Mitchell raised his head occasionally the better to listen. "Can't hear a single horn," he declared.

We might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic instid o' a mile o' so off shore. I dunno but we'd better shout." "What for?" grumbled Carl.

"To keep you from going to sleep, you cold?" "N-not very." chattered the Swede.

"It's death, lad!" cried the pilot. "Rouse out and keep yourself warm." "I won't let him go to sleep, sir," said Terry.

"You're very goot-both of you," declared Carl. Then he added in his mate's ear. "She don't care notting bout me, Terry." "Who?" exclaimed the other with a nervous start. "Why, Mina. We vas joost teasin' you

It was her sister I lofe-not her. Her sis-

ter in the faderland. She vill be ofer here in a mont' and' we will be marry.' Suddenly Mitchell commanded silence. "I hear something yonder," he said. After several minutes the dull barking of foot-power fog horn reached their ears.

"The old Halcyon, for a dollar!" cried the pilot. "Let's shout." A quavering, long-drawn "Aho-o-y!" arose from the crew of yawl three. Again and again it was repeated. Occasionally through the falling snow and ever present fog the deep, grinding note of the horn cheered

them. It drew nearer.

"If we don't pass 'em!" groaned Mitchell, standing erect in his eagerness. Then a hail through a trumpet reached "Aho-o-y!"

"Help! Help!" roared the pilot. "We're starb'd of ye, in the ice!" The fog horn kept snorting to cheer them but they soon heard something else-the rattle of oars approaching. Of a sudden the bow of a four-pared boat pushed into view.

Suddenly there was a shout from the bow rope in his hand. Instantly the rope was of the Suez canal.

"So this is the way you go ashore for

provisions, is it?" growled the captain of "Well, cap, you come darn near losin' us as well as the yawl and the store truck,"

whose fog horn growled at intervals to But Terry put his lips close to the Swede's

ear and asked: "Is it true?"

"Iss vat true?" "That about Mina."

"Of course it iss. An' if you a chump don't be, you vill marry her when I marry sophie next mont -eh?

CANALS COST MONEY.

But Their Profits Are Very Large Whenever They Prove Successful. The Manchester ship canal, connecting Manchester and Liverpool, cost \$90,000,000, or \$15,000,000 more than the original estimate, relates the New York Sun. the Nicaragua canal, to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific through Central America and thereby shorten the distance between New York and San Francisco from 15,600 to 4,900 miles is variously estimated at from \$100,-000,000 to \$200,000,000, according to the route The Suez canal cost \$100,000,000. The North sea canal in Germany cost \$37,500,000, the Holland and the Corinth canals \$15,000,000 each and the Panama canal has cost to date \$250,000,000.

Canals when successful are generously so. The khedive's shares in the Suez canal, pu chased by the British government in 1876 for \$20,000,000 are now worth more than \$120,-000,000 and there are many indications that the future value of the Suez canal shares will be even greater, in view of the fact that this canal enjoys a peculiar monopoly of business which enables it, without danger from competition, to charge very heavy tolls and to enforce their collection without danger of government interference, the canal being practically owned by the English government, which is administering the financial affairs of Egypt.

Another country in which the canal sys-tem is a source of large profit is Holland. Holland has nine miles of canal for every 100 square miles of area, a proportion not equalled elsewhere and four times as great as in the United Kingdom. The Dutch canals have an aggregate length of 1,830 miles and for their maintenance the state expends \$3,000,000 yearly. The Helder, begun in 1819 and completed six years later, s sixty miles long, 120 feet wide and twenty feet deep, allowing two merchantmen to pass abreast and navigable for the largest vessels. The North sea canal, built in 1863-74, is 240 feet wide and twenty-three deep and brings Amsterdam within fifteen miles of the sea; length, fourteen miles

cost, \$10,000,000.

The success of the Kiel canal, connecting the Baltic with the North sea, has led to increased popularity for canals in Germany try a company to construct a mid-European connecting Germany with European The proposed new route uses the existing connections between the navigable river and canal systems of Germany and the Danube, in Austria. There are now nearly miles of waterways in Germany, or which 67 per cent are rivers and 33 per cent canals, and while the proposed extension of the German canal system to Austria would entall a large expenditure, the benefits of it in a commercial way would be considerable Plans have already been adopted for con recting the Danube with the Elbe.

Unlike railroads, the revenues from the operation of which can be estimated in ad-vance with some approach to accuracy, canals are constructed without any assurance of repayment to projectors. canal, the chief canal in the United States the construction of which cost about \$100, 000,000, has paid in tolks collected \$130,000. 000, regardless of the fact that a mumber years ago the canal was made free and a toll charges were removed. In the general opinion the successs of the Nicaragua canal

A man stood upright in the boat, a coll of will be as great in a pecuniary way as that and removed his coat before leading in. A letter, in which he bade good-bye to his mother, was found in one of the pockets. Suicide with a Weight.

He was last seen in Skidmore Sunday. MARYVILLE, Mo., Sept. 6.—(Special Telegram.)—The body of Mark E. Wilkin-No Alaskan Modus Vivendi. son, aged 28, oldest son of Rector Wilkinson

LONDON, Sept. 6 .- The officials of the of St. Paul's Episcopal church, was found in foreign office say they have not officially acquiesced in any modus vivend; in the the Nodaway river near Skidmore. Wilkinson had engaged to teach the West Point matter of the Alaskan boundary dispute and school near Skidmore and was to have begun that no recent pegotiations have been under yesterday. He is a stone about his neck consideration here.



LIGHT WEIGHT CLOTH JACKET FROM HARPER'S BAZAP

A very thic garment for light autumn wear is the pattern jacket design shown on this page. The garment is simple in form, the chief requisite for its success consisting of a careful observance of the rules given for the use of Bazar patterns and careressing. The jacket has center, side back and under-arm scams, and an acute dart in the front piece that curves prettily to the form. The side-back seams are left free from the waist-line, and lap toward the center seam. The fronts are finished with long stole ends, extending eight inches below the waist line. The garment is stitched about the edges, and lined throughout with checked silk, which is also used for the facing of the collar. Straps of the same trim the close sleeve diagonally to the waist, and a wide stretched strap fastens at each side of the front by means of a large lacquered button. The lines of this design are also adaptable for an in-door tea-lacket if made of bright silk, and the apels claborated with fluffy lace trimmings, and the good home dreasmaker will find in this design a charming model for the black silk jackets that are

to be worn throughout the coming season To make this garment in standard size of broadcloth, kersey, homespun or other 54-inch goods one and one-half yards will be required. Of silk, twenty inches wide, four yards will prove sufficient. A similar amount of lining-silk will also be required.