

SHORT STORIES OF THE WEEK

Widespread Influence of a Handsome Portrait  
Printed in The Illustrated Bee.

NATIVES OF THE HILLS OF OLD KENTUCKY

Servant Girl's Mishap Causes a Brief  
Sensation—W. H. Kent in the Role  
of a Multi-Millionaire—Judge  
Estelle Once a Brakeman.

That the influence of the publicity of a handsome portrait printed in The Illustrated Bee extends to bounds few people would be shown by developments in the case wherein the original became at once the recipient of various letters from citizens and friends anxious to make her acquaintance. The Bee printed one of these letters not long ago from an enthusiastic cultivator of the fair sex residing at Altica, Ind., which publication has brought on this protest from the Ledger, the local Altica paper.

The Ledger would naturally have no remarks to make about this letter, for we know where the young man is right if the girl was a "returner" but then it is not a native home industry and we call him down on that score. If we can in any way assist the young man in winning the admiration of this amorous young man, we shall be glad to do so. We will take pleasure in publishing the portraits of any who wish to enter the race against the smaller lot.

The hint is a good one. What is the matter with the Omaha men that they do not pick their own field?

It will be hard to convince the average Kentuckian away from home that if Goebel was shot by a native Kentuckian it was not done by an anti-Goebel democrat. "I saw a man from the 'dark and bloody ground' yesterday.

Outside of the larger cities, where the influx of immigrants has destroyed local traditions, there have been but few murders on account of partisan politics, and you will remember that the last murders in Frankfort which caused such widespread comment were the result of a quarrel among members of the same party.

The character of the native of the hills of Kentucky is a peculiar one. Murder is not looked upon with the same degree of horror as by people of other parts of the country and the punishment meted out for the killing of an enemy is regarded by the people of other states as entirely inadequate to the gravity of the crime; and yet under conditions peculiarly Kentuckian the punishment is generally just.

This condition is the result of years of local traditions and training. The original settlers of Kentucky were men of the strong hand; men who fought Indians with Daniel Boone and who had the disregard for law that marked Dick Johnson, the popular hero of the Kentucky Breeds who is credited with the killing of the famous Indian chief Tecumseh, and who married one of his negro slaves and afterward offered any white man who would marry either of his daughters a hundred measure full of silver dollars.

The descendants of these pioneers have lived for 100 years in a land considered inaccessible to railroads and other influences of civilization. Some bright minds have been produced who have made Kentucky famous in the union, but the large majority care little about what is going on in the world at large. Confined in the small area of their native hills they take interest only in local and family affairs. They could tell you very little about the war against the Boers or even that in the Philippines, but they can tell you the Christian name of their ancestor who first settled in the country, and in many instances of all of his descendants, and that is the reason why so many of the murders, accounts of which fill the columns of the papers, for these men remember and hand down from generation to generation the story of how these pioneers were better vengeance upon their enemies when they came to believe that theirs was the only manly way of punishing crime committed against the person, and that the man who falls to wipe out an insult with blood is a degenerate son. I know of two cases where men have been forced by their own families to leave the country because they refused to declare their intention of killing those who had injured them, and are now exiles from home because they would not be bound by the traditions of their race. Aside from their belief in the law of revenge these Kentuckians are good neighbors and friends, and many a man has been defended by them even to the taking of life for no other reason than that he was in the company of a friend when trouble arose. In my opinion there is only one solution to the question of Kentucky murders and feuds, and that is the smallest fraction of a second, the breaking up of what might be properly termed "tribal influences."

During the recent cold snap the proprietor of a certain boarding and rooming house on West Farnam street was sorely pressed for a means of heating the upstairs rooms. The current of air rushing upward from the furnace seemed to lose all warmth by the time it reached the second floor, and the roomers were "kicking." Something had to be done, and the proprietor went to the basement and found a small fraction of a second, while climbing the stairs to the second floor, held his hand over the hall register.

A faint, sickly breath of tepid air arose. This would never do. With monkey-wrench and screwdriver he took off the register to let more heat pass up.

One-third of eight. In the dining room on the first floor a dozen boarders were seated about the long table, waiting for the midday meal. By each plate rested a dish of crabapple sauce. The big bunches of celery looked temptingly fresh and crisp, while from the kitchen floated the odor of roast turkey and sage. The boarders were hungry and impatiently awaited the advent of the hired girl with the steaming bird. But the hired girl was upstairs.

Everything comes to him who waits," remarked the insurance agent.

Suddenly were the words spoken when there was a crash, a rattle of falling debris and the crackle of splintering laths.

Instantly every eye was directed upward toward the center of disturbance, where the smallest fraction of a second, every eye was closed with hands, napkins and handkerchiefs pressed over them.

The dust from falling plaster is peculiarly irritating to the sensitive eyeball.

But in that infinitely short space of time the boarders had caught a glimpse of something dark and shapely dangling downward from the ceiling—something that terminated in a No. 4 shoe.

Three minutes later all hands turned in to help clear away the wreck. The insurance agent got a coal scuttle, the window trimmer wheeled the broom, the dry goods clerk held the dustpan while the landlady whisked the things off the table and prepared to set it anew.

"Well, I never!" said the landlady, emerging from the basement. "Who did that?"

"You!" snapped his wife. "You had no business to take that register off the wall. The hired girl didn't come down for dinner that day. She said she wasn't feeling well."

Residents of Omaha who knew W. H. Kent, a newspaper reporter who worked here a few years in the '80s, will understand this story better than those who never had the pleasure of acquaintance with the errand, but clever Mr. Kent. In the summer of 1885 Kent was employed on a St. Joseph newspaper. He received a letter from a prosperous brother in Indiana without incident. The woman addressed herself to the old home. The invitation was accompanied by a draft for \$50 and a railroad pass from St. Joseph to Crawfordsville. Kent got as far as Chicago on his way to Indiana, and he might have gone further without incident, but for the fact that he met his old friend, William Lightfoot Visser, a well known public genius who has played engagements in all the larger cities of the country. Kent spent his \$50 in renewing acquaintance with Visser. Visser was also liberal with his funds as long as the money lasted. After they were broke they discussed ways and means for recuperation. At that time Visser was a space writer on the Chicago papers.

# Bennett's Money-Saving Supply House

OUR PRICES for best quality goods are ALWAYS lower than other stores who claim to sell at cut prices.

**Drugs and Medicines** We carry in our mammoth Drug Department as complete a line of Patent Medicines as found in any store west of Chicago. Our prices are lower than the lowest and are not of the "one day only" or "one package to a customer only" kind. We are always pleased to furnish our customers with all they want at the prices advertised.

- California Syrup of Figs ..... 30c
- Mennen's Talcum Powder ..... 11c
- Listerine only ..... 65c
- Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery ..... 73c
- Pierce's Favorite Prescription ..... 73c
- Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil ..... 73c
- BENNETT'S Malt Whiskey ..... 75c

The purest medicinal whiskey made—every bottle guaranteed.

**Prescriptions** Be very careful where you have your prescriptions filled.

Our name on the label of your medicine bottle guarantees the quality of the drugs and the accuracy of the compounder. Our prescriptions are all pharmaceutical chemists of long experience. You could do no better in prices where you pay double the price charged here.

- BRING YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO BENNETT'S.
- Royal White English Semi-Portland Tea Cups and Saucers—45c
- Royal White English Semi-Portland Plates, set of six—24c
- Table assortment of odd plates—saucers etc.—2c
- Crystallized glass Celery Trays—8c
- Imitation Spoon Holders—only—2c
- Crystal Mugs with handles—2c
- Tea Tumblers, set of six—10c
- Crystal blown thin engraved—set of six—24c

**Bennett's Basement, east side.**  
**Crockery** Lamps—All kinds, styles and prices.  
Will Rose, Decorated, Vase 98c  
Lamp, 1-inch globe—  
New line of embossed Stand Lamps—swivel—No. 2 burner with globe, engraved chimneys, special oil—49c  
Embossed Lamp, No. 2 burner, 29c  
Blain chimney—23c  
Fancy Salt and Pepper Shakers—Special for one day only, each—4c  
4-piece Cream Sets, assorted—12c  
Yellow Mixing Bowls, large size, 7c  
2c medium size, 5c small size, 4c

**To Close**—An odd lot of orange and Berry Bowls, clear white crystal, 14c—less than half price.  
Extra large and heavy half gallon Water Pitcher, engraved band—while they last—8c  
New odd White Lilly Berry Bowl, only—22c  
New odd White Lilly Sauce only—5c  
Victoria Transparent China, extra fine gold band Tea Cups and Saucers, set of six—60c  
Tea plates, gold band—set—30c  
Decorated Underglaze Teas—set of six—55c  
Decorated Underglaze Plates—30c  
Royal White English Semi-Portland Tea Cups and Saucers—45c  
Royal White English Semi-Portland Plates, set of six—24c  
Table assortment of odd plates—saucers etc.—2c  
Crystallized glass Celery Trays—8c  
Imitation Spoon Holders—only—2c  
Crystal Mugs with handles—2c  
Tea Tumblers, set of six—10c  
Crystal blown thin engraved—set of six—24c

**Stationery** An elegant Bargains Teachers' Bible, leather cover, with combined concordance and maps—usually sold at \$2.00, our price only—98c  
Teachers' Bible, leather cover, with index, usual price \$2.50, our price—1.28  
Testaments, cloth bound, regular price 25c, Bennett's—12c  
Cloth Bound Books—works of leading authors, usually sold at 25c, our price, to close out, only—10c  
Webster's School Dictionary, cloth bound, 320 pages, gold, clear print, worth 25c, our price—10c  
Day Books, stiff board cover, 100 leaves, usually sold at 15c, our price—8c

**Valentine Day** Wednesday, Feb. 14. Only two days left to decide about the valentines you intend to send.

**Bennett's Candy Dept.** MIXED CANDY, per pound—7c  
BROWN MIXED, per pound—10c  
STICK CANDY, per pound—12c  
CHOCOLATE CREAMS, per pound—15c  
FANCY WALKNUTS, per pound—12c  
DATES, per pound—12c

**Stationery** An elegant Bargains Teachers' Bible, leather cover, with combined concordance and maps—usually sold at \$2.00, our price only—98c  
Teachers' Bible, leather cover, with index, usual price \$2.50, our price—1.28  
Testaments, cloth bound, regular price 25c, Bennett's—12c  
Cloth Bound Books—works of leading authors, usually sold at 25c, our price, to close out, only—10c  
Webster's School Dictionary, cloth bound, 320 pages, gold, clear print, worth 25c, our price—10c  
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FANCY WALKNUTS, per pound—12c  
DATES, per pound—12c

**Bennett's Hardware** O. S. Tin Tea Kettle, 15c  
Coffee Pot, 10c  
Covered Pail, 5c  
Galvanized Water Pail 19c  
Flour Sifter, 9c  
Asbestos Stove Mats, 3c  
Potato Parers, 4c  
Egg Beaters, 2c  
Can Openers, 4c  
Corn Poppers, 8c, 12c, 15c  
Tacks, per doz. papers 10c  
Sure Death Mouse Trap 3c  
Coat Hangers, 2 for 5c  
Scrub Brushes, 3c  
Hatchets, 13c

**Bennett's Butter** Fresh Country Butter, as long as it lasts, 24c, 22c, 20c, 18c  
FANCY FARMERS' BUTTER—2-pound box, 50c  
5-pound box—1.25  
BENNETT'S CAPITOL BUTTER, per pound—25c  
TUB CREAMERY BUTTER, only—28c  
BENNETT'S GILT EDGE BUTTER, per pound—30c

**Bennett's Jewelry** ROGERS' PATENT Solid Nickel Silver Tea Spoon, 48c  
ROGERS' PATENT Solid Nickel Silver Table Spoon, 98c  
Manufactured by the well known 1847 Rogers Bros., each spoon stamped "Rogers Bros.—Nickel Silver." Guaranteed to wear a lifetime.  
Crown Plate Silver Pitcher, made by 1817 Rogers Bros., 5c  
Rogers' Berry Spoon, "New Century" pattern, 98c  
Ladies' Back Combs, 11 fine white stones, 25c  
Ladies' Back Combs, 20 white stones, very fine, only—48c  
Pompadour Combs, imitation tortoise shell, 12 stones, only—25c  
Jewel Hair Clasp, 3 jewels, in pearls, rubies and amethysts—34c  
Fancy Chain Purse, up from—48c  
Silver and Gun Metal Chain Girdles, only—48c  
See the very latest in Parisian Girdles, 75c and up—98c  
Beauty Pins, six on card, per card, only—3c  
CLOCKS, CLOCKS, and oak, handsome, very only—\$5.75  
A BARGAIN IN RAZOR STROPS—2x2 1/2-inch, black leather, canvas back, rivet top, loop swivel, solid cotton tube, oblong wood, handle, safe price—14c  
Just received—a shipment of the Spectacles.

Your name and address on a postal card will bring you our new spring catalog, out about March 15th.  
**15th and Capitol Ave. W. R. Bennett Co. 15th and Capitol Ave.**

## The Triumph of Love is Happy, Fruitful Marriage.

Every man who would know the grand truth, plain facts, the new discoveries of medical science as applied to married life; who would atone for past errors and avoid future pitfalls, should secure the wonderful little book called

### "Complete Manhood and How to Attain It."

Here at last is information from a high medical source that must WORK WONDERS with this generation of men. The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power. A method to end all unnatural drains on the system. To cure nervousness, loss of control, despondency, etc. To exchange a jaded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power. To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. TO BE OBTAINED BY MAIL AND SCIENTIFIC, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable TO MEN ONLY WHO NEED IT.

**Free Trial Treatment**

We send one full month's Remedies of wonderful power, and a marvelous Appliance to strengthen and develop, on trial and approval, without pay, deposit or obligation. No exposure, no "collect on delivery" scheme—no deception.

A despairing man who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them that my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way? And another word to you, my dear doctor, I will never give up my gold as long as I will not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

In answering be sure and mention this paper, and the company promises to send the book in sealed envelope without any marks, and entirely free of charge.

Write to the **ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.**, and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD."

Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri, was his headquarters. It is said that Judge Estelle could set the brakes as quickly as any man on the road and he entered into the details of his work with the same energy and enthusiasm that afterwards characterized his career in the law. The judge quit railroad because he had long had inclination for the legal profession, but he declares he has a warm spot in his heart for trainmen and especially the men who twist the brake.

"It's too late to make any objection now," said the conductor of the Pullman on the fast train as it rolled into the depot, "but I would like to know just how you managed to get that dog into the car without being observed." The woman addressed smiled one of those sweet smiles which only a woman who has scored a notable triumph can, and bestowing a look of disdain on the conductor, swept out of the car without even replying. The small dog, which she held in her arms, looked as contented and thoroughly at home as though he had spent his entire life on a Pullman and was totally oblivious to the fact that dogs are strictly barred from the comforts of palace car service.

"I have been in the business a good many years," said the conductor, "and I have flattered myself that it takes a pretty smart one to get ahead of me like that. I never had a suspicion there was a dog in the car until just a few miles after leaving the last stopping point. I was passing the stationer when the door was opened, and I noticed that a chain was hanging down beside one of them, the other end concealed beneath the folds of her dress. I was a little curious and when I came back I glanced into the car and there, from behind the dress the nose of a dog was protruding. I didn't say a word, but I would like to know how the woman worked it to get that dog in the car. I congratulate myself, however, that the dog was satisfied with the service and slept well."

The improvement of the public highways and the building of cycle paths. These are the true interests, from which its attention has been more or less diverted by the squabble over race control.

Organized action in favor of good roads is growing steadily in the east. The latest recruits to the movement are the makers and builders of automobiles, comprising quite an army of energetic boomers as enthusiastic as the bicycle fans. Five years ago Representative Wood of the east and the old forces came together in New York City last week and mapped out a plan of campaign. Among the speakers at the meeting was General Roy W. Stone, chief of the roads division of the interior department. General Stone advocated the establishment of a good roads fund, the investment of the funds in county bonds issued for road improvement exclusively. "The campaign for postal savings banks," said General Stone, "is already half won. Another grand undertaking which I would recommend" is the progress of good roads in New Jersey as outlined by Henry L. Budd, commissioner of highways of that state. "Since 1892," said he, "the state has appropriated and spent \$2,200,000 and built about 140 miles of hard road. Last year the appropriation was \$150,000 and the number of miles built was 115. The zeal of the people for good roads is now greater than ever. It is now possible for bicycles and automobiles to travel over nearly 1,000 miles of good roads. State aid is necessary for the establishment of good roads."

The slump in the popularity of wheel riding in Philadelphia is strikingly shown by the report of the park guard of that city for 1899. The statement is made that but 785,200 bicycles entered Fairmount park last year, being less by 327,228 than the figures for the previous year. What those who have abandoned the bicycle have substituted in its place is only partly shown in the report. There was an increase of 200,000 pedestrians over the previous year. A good many who have abandoned the wheel have doubtless taken to walking; a few have taken to horseback. The increase in equestrianism numbering 5,282. Others have taken to driving, the increase of carriages reaching 25,001.

**PRESENT CONDITION IN CUBA**  
Unless Careful, Inevitable Investors Almost Sure to Be Fleeced.  
**REAL ESTATE SHARKS FIND VICTIMS**

**Omaha Man Returned from Gem of the Antilles Tells How He Finds Business and Customs on the Island.**

B. F. Hake, an old resident of Omaha, who has returned from a visit to Cuba, is speaking the other day in regard to the island and his observations there.

"Cuba today," said he, "is a good place for investment by men who depend upon their own judgment and who watch their own investments, but prospective investors should beware of the man who is promoting a company or who is locating colonies. Early after the Spanish war a number of Americans went to the island and purchased land for a song which was dear at the price and their companies for the purpose of colonizing the lands. The native Cubans were not backward in seeing the profits to be derived and some of them have gone into the business.

"One of these companies was organized by two men, J. Harris and a man named Johnson, who purchased a tract of land known as the Ortiz grant, on an island near the Isle of Pines, and called by these men by the same name. These men succeeded in getting themselves interviewed and an interview appeared in The Bee under a Washington date last May. Mr. Harris told of the beauty of the Isle of Pines and the richness of the vegetation. He said that a line of steamers plied between the island of Cuba and New Gerson, a port on the island. I spent two weeks on the island. Unfortunately the Isle of Pines, which contains the port of New Gerson, is not the island which Harris and Johnson have for sale. Their Isle of Pines is a swampy tract of land without port or town. Much of it is below the sea level and all of the valuable timber which can be brought to the market has been cut and sold long ago. The other Isle of Pines is a good enough place, but little, if any, of it is for sale.

"A few days before I left Havana I was offered a tract of 9,000 acres of land fifty miles from the city for \$10,000. I went out to look at it. It was represented as being covered with rich timber and so it was, but so rocky and inaccessible was it that the timber could not be reached, and this is a sample of the land that is being offered by unprincipled promoters to American settlers. Just before I started home I met an American from Puerto Principe, who said that together with several families he had purchased land from one of the colonization companies, and when they came to settle on it they found that it was worthless. He further said that some of the colonists were destitute and had applied to the American military authorities for assistance.

time, and aside from tobacco all were edible. The system of employment of farm laborers is such that no one need starve. The owner of the plantation does not turn the land himself, but leases it to the tiller of the soil. The proprietor advances all necessary seed and farm implements, and at the request of the cropper will advance him food until the crop is harvested. When the harvest comes the crop is turned over to the planter, who sells the product of the entire plantation and after deducting the value of the advance turns over the remainder to the man who farmed the land. In addition to the land upon which the principal crop is grown, each owner of a plantation must provide the cropper with enough land, without rent, to raise vegetables for himself and family, so you see the lot of the poor Cuban is not a hard one, compared with the condition of similar classes in other countries.

"While Cuban soil brings surprising results, the introduction of American methods will greatly increase them. Almost all of the plowing is done with wooden plows. The land has to be irrigated and generally this is done by hand. At one place I visited I saw a Cuban drawing water out of an eighty-foot well for irrigation purposes. The bucket he used was a five-gallon tin can attached to the end of a rope, to the other end of which was attached an ox. There was no pulley, but the rope ran over a pole, the ox backing up until the bucket was filled and then pulling it to the surface. This water was poured into a tank until a sufficient quantity was secured, when the man carried it in sprinklers and poured it over the growing tobacco.

**Cancer.** Mrs. S. M. Idol, Winston, N. O., writes: "I have a cancer on my neck, my father, sister, aunt having died from this dread disease. I was thoroughly alarmed, therefore, when a malignant cancer appeared on my side, and at once sought the treatment of the best physicians. They were unable to cure me, however, as the cancer continued to grow worse and spread. I then tried S. S. S., which forced the disease out, and cured me forever."

**S.S.S. For Blood** (Swift's Specific) is the only hope for cancer. It cures the most malignant cases. Our treatise on Cancer sent free by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.