TRAGEDY OF LAST ISLAND

Story of the Havoo Wrought by Wind and Wave Forty Years Ago.

LIKENED TO THE GALVESTON CYCLONE

Famous Summer Resort of Southern Aristocracy Overwhelmed by a Mighty Wave and 500 Lives Lost.

The terrible cyclone that destroyed Galveston island is not the first calamity of the kind that has occurred in the Mexican Guif, relates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It vividly recalls an incident that will great Lafourche marshes lying along the ever live in memory. Over forty years ago there was a similar calamity in the destruction of Last Island, off the Louisiana coast, by a cyclone, September 12, 1856.

Last Island was a long, low streak of green, bound around the edge with a line days from the Louistana mainland ifficen miles away, the lower end of the parish of the bosom of the summer sea. As you drew nearer the land displayed its charms. The island proper was about seven miles wide by about twenty-five long. The soil Propinquity brought out as in a delicate photograph all its lines of radiant beauty. Of forest, so deep and dense in the far south, there was none. But a few enormous cay a bed of rich alluvium, which artificial The dweller on the mainland and the Teche means had greatly increased. The ever- and Lafourche planters had never before made the island coruscant with brilliant its most congenial home.

In the evening, when the sun went down and the warm south wind drew in of chemiere caminada. from the sea, the air would be heavy with sweet, but unfamiliar, flower odors. You would be enveloped in a very caress of watering place, with a most splendid surf To gambiers and games of the half world Last Island was as difficult as Paradise. other, for in Louisiana then

Enting and Drinking.

Once a year the very cream of the countryside gentry from the states I have men," merchants and factors from New Orleans, a few bankers, popular clergymen from the rich city parishes-who enjoyed good living and believed St. Paul was right when he exherted Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sakeall these people, with their wives and daughters, would congregate at Last Island and eat of the divinest combinations of the French cuisine, produced by cordons bleus, drink-sparingly generally -of the good red wines of France-for was of creole blood, never abused "God's good things"-take daily plunges into the warm surf and thus decorously enjoy a month of the doice far niente. Never were men more courtly. Never were of gentle, graceful, courteous attention to beautiful women. Here Cupid was enshrined, for who could resist the witchery of the perfumed summer night or the dark. away the vague fears that oppressed their eyed creole women? Ah, how often was that sweet old story told there-that old story, but ever new-which Adam first whispered amid the roses that bloomed supernal in Eden! And sometimes, but not often, the scene varied. Men were younger then and the blood of youth ever runs hot. A quick word on the promenade, a jealous look at the ball, and early next morning on the sands there would be seen the flash and gleam of the long. tri-colored dueling sword on the broad, hard, white beach, a pair of dueling pistols-part of every get tleman's personal belongingswould be taken from their mahogany case. A few passes with the steel and a man would tie prone as his blood reddened the sand, run through the body, or the sharp crack of the dueling pistol, and a limp. white-faced body, forever still, would be silently carried back to the hotel. But this was not often. It was the gentlekindly, harmless courteous life of the master of the monks of Thelema, whose sole injunction was Fay qui voudras.

ing rendezvous in great numbers, or in a pitiless sea. Men, women and little ones fuller, finer spirit of happiness and hope- were parted never again to meet until that ful expectation. The season was at its final day, "when the sea shall give up its height. Not only was the hotel proper dead." filled, but the dozen or so of cottagesgenerally known as "the bachelors' quarters"-were all occupied by as high-bred. as gallant and gay a company of gentlemen as the entire south could show. was agreed that a greater number Mississippi men and women had never been gathered together at any southern waterhose morning rendezvous upon the sands which have been mentioned before had occurred. The cool, white beach had not known the flash of the colichemards or the

Thus far had they escaped any of these horrors, and, for that, gentle hearts full of kindly happiness and good will to all the world, thank God.

Calm Before the Storm. The morning of September 10, 1857, was one of almost unearthly loveliness. The sea was sometimes as smooth as translucent glass, now as green as an emerald, then sapphire-hued. Its surface was covered with a faintish, misty haze. Its loveliness was supernal. The fishing boats in sight ing their wings as they basked in the Drug Store, South Omaha. morning sunbeams. They were softened in the semi-mist, delicately vaporized to an ethereal beauty. Toward the mainland the forest visible seemed gray and veiled in diaphanous, nebulous vapor. But is was early then, and the sun had scarcly had time to drive away the ghostly gray fog (blended with that of the sea) from the nearest shore. As the sun rose higher the sea mist vanished. But such a day as it The thermometric measurement of

New York or Washington. This day, how- story satisfactorily. So he put the book of intensely white sand. Seen in those ever, there was such a downpour of solar away and for two years it lay unfinished warmth that the island was almost burning. Gentle puffs of wind blew and rippled | the work from time to time without being Lafourche), and part of the parish of St. the sea water and turned it into opales. able to get any nearer the solution of the Mary's (the garden of Louisiana), it seemed cent green. But the cooling sea breezes re- plot. but a siender bit of green floating upon viving and refreshing all living things, did not come. The day was uncomfortable. Men wandered about listlessly. Politicsit was the great Know Nothing year, yet was very rich and highly cultivated ceased to charm. In the air there was a publisher, was accepted and turned out one stillness as though nature were watching and waiting in silence, baleful, mysterious, ominous. The sunset that evening affrighted the timid souls. It went down in the west live oak trees had grown upon the island, and the sky red as vermeil, an angy sun, and, in the weird light of the semi-tropic and left the occident biazing across the moon, covered from crown to lowst bough waves as though a world was in flames. with a long gray moss of the latitude. All that night the Dago fishermen (a curthey seem like great giants wrapped in jous, superstitious class, half Spanish -Italtheir funeral robes, waving their arms ian and half Creole, taking to the wave like sloft as they fied from a coming dies irae | sea gulls) heard out at sea strange sounds. Beyond these there were no forest trees, moans as though some supernatural being as I have said. The island was but one was in awful agony. The morning of the long sand spit (only a few feet above the 11th was like that of the previous day. Tohighest tide level of the sea), covered with ward night there came up a terrible thunder ever-living green. But it was a very Eden storm. The thunder was as unlike that of The fallen leaves of the live the northern dash of storm as a firecracker oak for centuries had created in their de- is to the crack and roar of a 6-inch gun.

warm air from the further south seas had seen such lightning. It flashed from the given to the shrub growth an extraordinary | zenith to the eastern and western horizon richness of verdure. The orange and lemon in great broad green, purple and flamed trees, the olive, the cleander (which in colored bands of electric blaze a degree in Louisians is a tree thirty feet high), all width. And after each awful crash, that of the tribe of japonicas, and the scented almost rent the ear drums there would be summer flower, jessamine yellow and cape. a distinctly sulpherous tinge perceptible in and hundreds of others unknown here, the air. Toward the morning of the 12th the thunder and lightning ceased, but the rain colored blooms. It seemed that all that continued, and the wind grew stronger from was rich and lovely and beautiful in the the southwest. The sail boats of the frightvegetation of the semi-tropics here found ened fishermen could be seen in the early morning light flying before the wind for secure landings in the safe streams and waters There was to be at the principal hotel that evening the grand ball of the season, for it was to be the last. The band of the perfume, direct from the heart of the French opera house was there from New great white Persian jessamine. Ah, the Orleans, then unequaled for its music in

dreary, happy life of that wonderful isle America. There were no wind instruments in the days of long ago! True, it was a except the cornet. There were no flutes and similar sweet sound-producers; the others bathing on the side next the open sea, were strings. The ball room was distant But it had none of the garishness of sea- from the main hotel perhaps 20 yards, and coast places of later days. It could never was reached by a covered way, elevated haven been like Long Branch or Cape May. to the level of both buildings. It was built very near the sea, and set upon brick pillars six feet above the surface of the earth It was impossible to pass the Argus eyes The hotel was constructed in the same of the doyen who watched the gangway fashion, so that the breezes could blow of the boat, as the passengers came on under both edifices and produce better venboard for the enchanted isle, as for Adam tilation. Broad, wide plazzas surrounded to return to Eden when it was guarded the ball room on three sides, upon which by the angel with the flaming sword. The doors opened, so that, after each dance, one men who gathered there were not stran- might take a turn in promenade on the gallery and enjoy the coolness of the fresh everybody who was anybody knew of his light breeze from the sea. The plazzas social equal, if he was not a personal ac- were about a 100 feet long by 80 feet wide quaintance, no matter in what region he Around the ball room were two rows of lived. So here was a spot, not very much chairs, and the usual dressing rooms were in known to the outer world, where could the rear. The musicians occupied a high gather, when summer days became long dais that extended across the end of the and the dog star raged, the great cotton- ball room. The buildings were lighted with planting magnates of Louisiana, Missis- gas. So much in the way of description. Tosippi and Alabama, or the rich, courtly ward noon of the 12th the sun shone out creole sugar growers from the Bayou for an hour, but it was a dull, orange-Lafourche country or the Cote d'Or, on hued orb, surrounded by a yellow, misty the Mississippi river, and their con- haze that changed constantly. As night geners, the American sugar planters from came on the sky was covered with a cloud the Felicianas and wealthy, aristocratic of the deepest blackness. There was a renewal of the vivid sheet lightning, but no thunder. The sea was in such agitation as the oldest present had never before seen. Great, brillfant lights burst from the waves

named, with a sprinkling of wealthy "city as they were rolled in by the tremendous southwest wind. Deep phosphorescent fires, incandescent in serpentine forms, were seen rising from the waves like shadowy monsters. And, most terrible of all, there was distinctly audible at intervals in the blackness and gloom an unearthly moan from the depths of the sea. The women became seriously frightened, and the men realized that nature was in one of her most unusual and marvelous moods. Still, no one anticipated any real danger. There had been great storms before. This was but the beyour old-time planter, especially if he gining of the equinoctial blow. The ball room was lighted. There was nothing else to do but go to the dance. Women clothed in double boiler until it thickens; then themselves for the evening's ball, aided pour into custard cups. Make a meringue by deft-handed maids, but with hearts ill at case. Other thoughts than those of conwomen lovelier. It was the very paradise quests were filling their souls with dread of what might come. But they would go; perhaps the gay dresses, the brilliant lights, the soft, sweet dance music might drive

At 10 o'clock the dance was at its height. Outside the storm was raging. The intense blackness of darkness was broken by the constant broad flashes of lightning and phosphorescent blaze of the sea. A terrible wind blew, with torrents of slanting rain that was as warm as newly drawn blood. The band was playing one of Gottschalk's sweetest dreamy waltzes the was a Louisianian, you know), "Creole Eyes," when a girl screamed. Her white satin bottine had been wetted by water coming up through the floor! Terror then beset all. A rush was made for the hotel, but the covered way was gone. It had been carried off by a tremendous wave of the raging sea. Mothers had left their little children asleep in the other house. How should they get to them? It was utterly impossible, unless one had wings, to pass through the tossing, boiling flood of maddened sea that rolled between. Of the horrors that followed no living tongue could ever tell. But about midnight a strange sea moan that became a roar grew nearer and louder, un-The season of 1856 at Last island was til it was like 10,000 thundering Niagaras. one of the most charming ever known since It was a tidal wave 1,000 miles long, ten the lamous watering place had been es- miles wide and sixty feet high. And as it tablished. Never did brave men and rolled resistless, hotel, ball room, allcharming women congregate at this charm- all was swallowed up in the maw of the

Such a tragedy had never been known before in the nation's history. Nothing was sieve; add to the other materials; sprinkle left of the lovely isle but a few broken with a few drops of onion juice and tarrabrick pillars to mark where life and beauty had died so awful a death. For weeks pa- Then blend with cream mayonnaise seatrol boats along the mainland shore found scned with paprika. Serve in lettuce cups, representative Louisiana. Alabama and nothing but dead bodies. In one instance with thin narrow slices of bread and butthe corpse of a lady in the last putrescent | ter. stages was identified by nearly \$50,000 ing place before. The season had been for- worth of diamonds she had worn that fate- any plain egg custard recipe; fill a tunate in other respects. Thus far none of ful night. Think of the ghastliness of it. deep baking dish with the mixture and the The only two survivors were a strong, top cover closely with rather thick slices powerful negress, who blindly caught on of bread, well buttered and sprinkled with to a door that was floating by and was sugar and grated nutmeg. Let stand about carried in to the mainland. The other was ten or fifteen minutes until slices of bread

found on the Lafourche shore forty-eight hours after the storm. Nearly every househeld in southern Louisiana was in mourning, for 499 adults were lost. How helpawful mystle force and turns upon man.

A Card. The manufacturers of Banner Salve have authorized the undersigned to guarantee it for burns, cuts, scres, ulcers, tetter, eczema and all skin diseases. You have your money back if it doesn't do all it claims. scemed like great white sea birds trail- Myers-Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; Dillon's

AUTHOR MADE A HAPPY HIT.

Brought His Novel to a Close in Ad-

vance of His First Purpose. One of the most popular novels of the day, relates the New York Sun, had a strange history which might have been considered fatal to its success had it been known in advance. A New York author whose books are always sure of a certain degree of poularity finished all but the last September in Louisiana is not greatly dif- few chapters of a novel. Try as he might, ferent in its attitude of heat from that of it was impossible for him to complete the on his desk, although the author thought of

Finally he lost all hope of ever completing the work and decided to end it at a point several chapters in advance of that at which he had ceased to write. With this abrupt of the most popular novels this author has ever written. One of the most praised features of the book is its unconventional ending, which is said to be just explicit enough to satisfy everybody without going into inartistic detail. And the author was at one time so discouraged about the ending of the submitting it to any publisher.

TABLE AND KITCHEN, Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

Daily Menus. THURSDAY, BREAKFAST. Fig Marmalade. Cream. icon. Stewed Potatoes. Waffles. Coffee. Rice Waffles, LUNCH. Curried Eggs.

Hot Potato Salad. Thin Slices Bread and Butter. DINNER DINNER.
Barley Broth.
Roast. Browned White Potatoes.
Ewed Carrots. Creamed Turnips.
Lettuce and Chicary Salad.
Old Fashioned Bread Pudding.
Coffee. Pot Roast. Stewed Carrots.

BREAKFAST.

Cereal. Cream.
Boiled Mackerel. Sauce Tartare.
Baked Potatoes. Johnny Cake, LUNCH. Mayonnsise, Cheese Sandwiches.

DINNER. Oyster Soup.
Broiled Smoked Salmon. Tomato Sauce
Potato Puffs. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Egg Salad. Mayonnaise. Puree Souffle.

Fruit. Cream. Stuffed Potatoes. Coffee. Cream Sauce. Rolls

LUNCH.
Potato Chowder.
Spindled Oysters. Entire Wheat Bread

Cocoa.
DINNER.
Clear Soup.
Browned Turkeys. Rabbit Potple.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Cabbage and Celery Salad.

SUNDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Boiled Rice.
Broiled Oysters on Toast.
Ham Omelet.
Rolls.

Olled Oysters ...

Ham Omelet.

Coffee.

DINNER.

Cream of Cauliflower Soup.

Baked Rabbits, Stuffed with Chestnuts.

Celery Sauce.

Buttered Turnips.

Salad. Stewed Tomatoes Buttered Tur Apple and Nut Salad Fruit. Coree.

Tongue Salad. Cottage Cheese,
Baker Pears. Soft Gingerbread. Tea.

Recipes.

Bread Omelet-Soak one cupful of bread crumbs in half a cupful of milk for fifteen minutes; then add half a teaspoonful salt and dash of pepper. Separate four eggs; beat both yolks and whites until very light. Add the yolks to the crumbs and beat well Then carefully fold in the together. whites. Butter a shallow pudding dish well and turn in the mixture. Bake in the oven until set and a delicate brown. About ten minutes. Serve at once in same

Rice Cream-Soak one cupful of cold cooked rice in four cupfuls warm milk until soft; separate four eggs and beat the yolks, five tablespoonfuls sugar and a pinch of salt. Add to the milk and rice and cook of the whites of the eggs and eight level tablespoonfuls powdered sugar and heap on top of each custard. Slip in the oven and brown a delicate color.

Cream Cake-Take six fresh eggs of uniform size, their weight in sugar and half their weight in sifted flour. Separate the eggs. Beat yolks and sugar together until very, very light; then carefully fold in the whites, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Sift the flour three times, with a pinch of salt. Add this carefully to the eggs and sugar. Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Turn into a long, shallow, well-greased pan and bake in a quick oven for fifteen mirutes. As soon as cold cut in halves and fil' with following mixture:

Cream Filling-Put one cupful milk in a farina boiler to scald. Beat four level tablespoonfuls sugar with three level tablespoonfuls cornstarch and yolks of three egg until light; then add to the hot milk and stir and cook until it thickens. Take from fire and add the grated rind of half an orange and two tablespoonfuls of the juice. This cake may be covered with boiled icin, and sections of oranges pressed

down into icing while soft. Croquettes - Three cupfuls smooth, mashed turnips; season to taste with salt, pepper, grated horseradish and mace; add a few drops of onion juice and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs and sufficient bread crumbs to make stiff enough to roll into croquettes. Dip and fry same as other croquettes. Garnish with lemon and pars-

Calcutta Salad-Chop fine equal quantities of apple, celery; add half the quantity of green peas and shredded green lettuce leaves. Scald until tender a few Chili peppers and rub through a coarse gon vinegar and let stand a few minutes.

Old-Pashioned Bread Pudding - Use crack of the deed'y dueling pistol that sea- a tiny girl baby, not more than is months are moistened, pushing them down under son. The southern women particularly old. She had been placed upon a billard the milk to moisten the top. Then bake in hated those things, but what could they do? table, which floated, and there she was a moderate oven until custard is set; no

longer, or it will separate. Custard should rice absorbs all the liquor and is tender. be like jelly, Spindled Cysters-Three dozen large burn, for twenty minutes and then turn cysters, three cunces of bacon cut into into a deep, hot dish. Two tablespoonfuls less we are when old nature looses her three dozen thin, small squares, and six of table sauce may be added to this to

long slices of toast. String the systems and give it piquency. Or by adding curry bacon squares alternately on six long, sien- powder you may have curry of egg plant. der skewers, wood or silver; run the skewer through the hard part of the oyster. Lay the skewers across a baking pan, but do not allow the oysters to touch the bottom of the pan; do not place skewers too close together. Place in a very hot oven, the broiling oven, if you use a gas range and cook five minutes. Serve on the slices of toast. Pour the juices from the addition of fruit juice or milk. the pan over the toast and serve at once.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. A. B. P., Detroit, Mich., writes: Will you kindly publish a recipe for plain, mixed pickles, containing cucumbers, onions, string beans, green tomatoes and cauliflower? As this is my first attempt at canning and pickling I would ask for a thorough

Mixed Pickles.-One quart of string beans, one head of cauliflower, one quart of tiny cucumbers, one quart of button onions, one quart of green tomatoes, a quarter of a pound of English mustard, half an ounce tumeric, two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of brown mustard seed, one tabelespoonful of black pepper. half a gallon of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, one gill of salad oil. Break the cauliflower into small bunches, cut the beans in inch pieces and the tomatoes and cucumbers in slices. Boil the cauliflower, onlone and talked of in Louisiana political annals—even and unexpected ending the novel went to a beans separately until tender. Cover the cucumbers and tomatoes with strong salt water and let stand twenty-four hours. Then drain out all the water from all the vegetables. The tomatoes should be scalded in boiling water and then salted. Mix all the vegetables together. Put the vinegar in a porcelain kettle, mix mustard and tumeric together and moisten with a little vinegar book that he had almost given up the idea of and stir into the vinegar. Stir and cook until it begins to thicken, then add sugar, mustard seed, pepper and oil and stir until thoroughly mixed and boiling hot. Have the vegetables in glass fars, pour the hot vinegar over them, seal and put in cool, dry place. Stand jars in hot water while filling to prevent breaking.

Old-Fashioned Rice Pudding .- Mrs. W. G., St. Paul, Minn., writes: Your column is of emotions, your majesty," the agitated duke great interest to housekeepers. Many thanks replied. for old-fashioned rice pudding. Can it be right, only two tablespoonfuls of rice to two quarts of milk?

the recipe should have been printed two tablespoonfuls of well-washed rice to a quart of milk. It is the slow cooking with the frequent stirring down of the white fingers. cream that makes it so rich and creamy. It must not be stiff enough to need the addition of cream or sauce when served. This pudding was a great favorite in my own back of the range, where it could not possibly boil, until nearly done, then set in oven to brown a deep, rich color. Thank you for calling our attention to the

Egg Plant Pilau-The same correspondent requests rule for egg cutlets and one sword belt. egg muffins: Pare and cut a large egg plant into inch cubes. Put into a deep bowl and sprinkle well with salt and cover in her eyes. with boiling water and let stand for fifteen minutes; then squeeze but all the water; slice two medium-sized onions and fry a golden brown in a tablespoonful of butter. Skim out carefully. Wipe the egg plant cubes dry and turn into the saucepan with the butter, add a quart of hot water and a pint of good stock. Season to taste with down the garden and onward to the palace. sait and pepper and bring gradually to And Boy Cupid hidden by clustering vines boiling point. Add two cupfuls of well- peeped out and laughingly murmured;

Equals Three Pounds of Beet. Those who desire a tempting and nutritious meal that can be served in a second at a cost of 1 cent a person should buy Gran-It has a rich, nutty flavor. Onepound packages contain as much nutrition as three pounds of beet. It is thoroughly cooked and ready for immediate use, with

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WOOING OF A QUEEN.

Circumstantial Details of Wilhelmina's Proposal to the Dake. The Dutch queen looked at the German duke and sighed. They were alone in the garden. The queen had arranged all that reports the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Duke," she said in excellent high Ger

man, "you are very nice." "Ah, your majesty," he replied with a slight blush, "you flatter me."

He used high German, too, because he had not mastered the tongue of the lowlands. "It is the truth," she said. "I think you are the nicest man that ever came down the Rotterdam pike."

The duke trembled. He felt that he was on the brink of a proposal. "Your majesty." he said, "is pleased to raise the hopes of one of the most un-

worthy of her worshipers." The queen caught his large fluttering hand in her firm little white one

"May I call you Heinrich?" she murmured "Call me Hen if you want to," he hastily answered. "You know, Henry," the fair girl softly said, "that the etiquette of the court makes

my wishes law. Would you scream if I kissed you, Hennie?" "I would make a heroic effort to stiffe my

Then the fair girl changed her tone.

"Duke," she said in serious accents, "I have a confession to make to you." The young man drooped his closely cropped head and turned it bashfully away. But he let his large brown hand linger in her

"I ought to be going home," he stam-"Wait," cried the queen; "I will detain you only till I know my fate. You must

home and the method was to set it on the see that I love you. Will you-will you be my ownest?" The duke trembled so violently that his epaulets jingled.

"Oh, Willie," he murmured, "this is so sudden! Her firm, white arm stole around his

"Then your answer is yes, dearest?" The duke looked up and saw the lovelight

"I'm your'n-I should say yours, my queen!" he ecstatically murmured. A moment or two later the girl queen unhooked the garden gate.

"You may come in now, ma," she said with a girlish gurgle, "it's all fixed." And so, arm in arm, the happy pair drifted washed rice and simmer slowly until the "Wouldn't a proposal like that jar you?"

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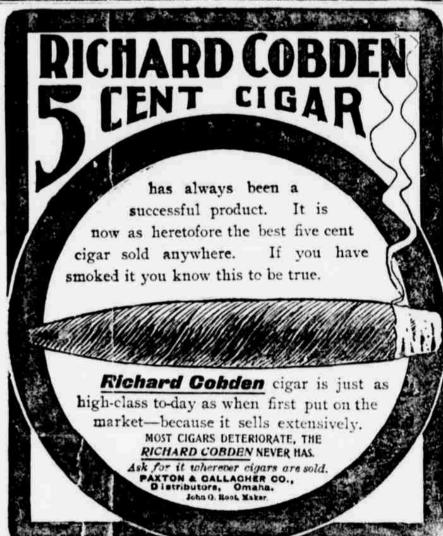
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the finest olive oil and has the same flavor.

It goes twice as far as lard or butter!

Ask your friendly grocer for it.