

ROADSTER RACES NEXT WEEK

Driving Park Managers Arrange for Good Local Races Next Saturday.

RUNNING RACES AT FALL FESTIVITIES

For the Latter Date the Promoters Promise Strings of Fast Ones from the Tracks of the East and Other Sections.

Meers, Tutbill, Dennison and Keith, who have taken the management of the Omaha Driving park, have determined to use every endeavor to revive interest in horse racing and will spare no effort to awaken the old-time enthusiasm in that sport.

Two meetings are in contemplation for the year. One is a matinee of the Gentlemen's Roadster club next Saturday. Probably there are a great many owners of fine horses and vehicles who do not know that there is such a club in existence, but the club has attained a considerable membership and almost any fine afternoon its members may be seen enjoying a spin on the boulevard enroute to the driving park to pull a little speed out of their favorites.

The big meeting, however, upon which the turf promoters of Omaha are relying will occur next September. It will be a ten days' running meet, with a list of purses that will aggregate from \$5,000 to \$10,000, according to the prospects.

John Tutbill, who is the active promoter of this running meet, expects to leave about the middle of August for St. Louis and Chicago, with a view of bringing to the meeting during the following month many of the fine strings of horses that will be at the races in those cities before they scatter to their winter quarters.

In the Wheeling World

The cycling race game promises to be a profitable one for the professionals this year. With only three months of the season gone \$24,000 has been taken in by sixty riders, ranging from \$5 to \$4,441, the latter sum representing the winnings of John Neeson, middle distance rider.

"Major" Taylor, the bicycle rider, was a passenger, with the millionaires, on the Deutschland. A few years ago the "major," who is a negro, was a servant in a Brooklyn bicycle club. He developed such speed as a rider that he was given an opportunity, to which he proved equal.

satisfy the "major," who is of a religious turn of mind, and he went to Europe, where he has defeated the best of the continental professional riders without exception.

Owing to the new order of things, which brings a half dozen or more middle distance riders into one race, the promoters of the National Paced Racing circuit have adopted rules on the right to the pole and the passing of motor cycles.

The best representative of France, so far as middle distance racing is concerned, is now in America in the person of Edouard Taylor, better known as "French Taylor." This is his third invasion of America and his record proves beyond question that he should depart for France in the fall with a goodly portion of American dollars and honors.

He was born in Paris twenty-one years ago, and started racing when 14 years old. The diminutive French lad did excellent work as an amateur in 1896, winning the championship of Paris. Next year as a professional he broke the indoor hour record, in addition to winning a fifty-kilometer match from Bourhours.

Only then Cecil came and—well, it was altogether too aristocratic for me even to want to interfere. If I had wanted, it would have made no difference, of course. They've been pressing me to go on living at Merion and I shall.

How tremendous is the wear and tear upon the ordinary bicycle chain is but little appreciated by cyclists. C. R. Garrard, an English expert of much reputation, has analyzed the subject carefully and the results obtained by him are calculated to make the ordinary rider who thinks that off his hat to his chain and thereafter treat it more kindly and politely.

"If we reflect we must see that chains work under the worst conditions that any mechanical device having bearings (possibly could, namely: Oil, wet, grit, such as flint, silicon, etc.); some 110 working joints, 110 working rollers and 550 separate pieces in all, loaded and jerked alternately from zero to 600 pounds.

A new woman is Mrs. Evan Devoe of Syracuse, N. Y. She has entered her 100th year and her ambition is to ride a bicycle and run an automobile.

"Why shouldn't I?" she said. "That is the thing to do these days, and don't want to be behind the times. I never was and I'm not going to drop back in the procession at my time of life.

"I work here every day, rain or shine, and I guess you won't find any words. My vegetables were all up this morning just as soon as any others in this neighborhood and a good deal sooner than some.

"I enjoy this garden and I'm having a pretty good time all around. The only thing I haven't got is that bicycle and the auto.

Tristram of Blent. Being An Episode in a Story of An Ancient House. BY ANTHONY HOPE.

(Copyright, 1900, by A. H. Hawkins.) CHAPTER XXX. Till the Next Generation.

Major Duplay had taken a flat in town and Mina had come up to aid him in the task of furnishing it. The major was busy and prosperous in these days. Blakhampton was turning out trumps for all concerned, for Iver, for Harry, for South-end and for him; the scheme even promised to be remunerative to the investing public.

"I suppose we'd better be straightforward about this," he said. "Mina's so near Blent, you see. We're both very glad, aren't we, Mrs. Brodley?"

"I imagine so," said Janie. "You show no signs of pining, anyhow."

"And as to our behavior—there's not a father in the kingdom who wouldn't think us right."

"I was the worst—because I think I was in love with Bob all the time."

"I was just as bad—because I thought you were, too," said Harry.

"How could we do it, then?" she asked. "That's the odd thing. It didn't seem at all out of the way at the time," he pondered.

"You'd do it again now, if the case arose, but I shouldn't. That's the difference, said she.

Harry considered this remark for a moment with an impartial air. "Well, perhaps I should," he admitted at last, "but you needn't tell that to Cecil. Content yourself with discussing it with Mina or Mr. Need."

"I'm tired of both of them," she cried. "They do nothing but talk."

That night as he sat in the garden at Blent with his wife, Harry returned the compliment by talking of the Imp. He looked up toward Merion and saw the lights in the windows.

"I think Mina is with us for life, Cecil," said he.

"I like her to be," she answered, with a laugh. "First, because I like being loved, and she loves me. And then I like you to be loved, and she loves you. Besides, she's been so closely mixed up with you all, hasn't she? She knew about you before I did. She knew Blent before I did. And it's not only with you and me. She knew your mother, Addie Tristram, too."

"Yes; Mina goes right back to the beginning of the thing."

"And the thing, as you call it, is what brought us here together. So Mina seems to have had something to do with that, too. It comes all back to me when I look at her, and I like to have her here."

"Well, she's part of the family story now. And I'm sure Harry did."

"I think she liked it just as well as she thought it was. And I'm sure Harry did."

"O, he'll like that he'll never do for the British public, my dear. He may get their money, but he won't get your votes. After all, would you have the country governed by Addie Tristram's son?"

"I suppose it would be rather risky," said the Imp, reluctantly. But she cheered up directly on the strength of an obvious thought. "There are much more interesting things than politics," she said.

"And how is Cecil?" asked Lady Evenwood.

"O, she's just adorable—and Mrs. Iver's got her a very good house-keeper."

The old lady laughed as she turned round to welcome Lord Southend.

"I've just met Mr. Disney," he remarked. "He doesn't seem to mind being out."

"O, he'll be back before long, and without his incumbrances. And Flora's delighted to get a winter abroad. It couldn't have happened more conveniently, she says."

"He told me to tell you that he thought your young friend—he meant Harry Tristram—was lost forever now."

"What a shame!" cried Mina indignantly. "Just like Robert! He never could understand that a man has a history just as a country has. He is and ought to be a part of his family."

"No sense of historical continuity," nodded Southend. "I agree, and that's just why, though I admire Mr. Disney enormously, I—"

"Generally you're against him on critical occasions?" Yes, Robert makes so many admirers like that."

"Is his work at Blakhampton nothing?" demanded Mina.

"He got let in for that while he was dispossessed," smiled Southend. "I say, thank heaven he wouldn't have the vicarage!"

"That would have been deplorable," agreed Lady Evenwood.

"It's all a very curious little episode." "Yes. No more than that."

"Yes, it is more," cried Mina. "Without it he'd never have married Cecil."

Hair Was Coming Out in Bunches. "We have tested the merits of Herpicide and can now state, after a trial of same made by our Mr. Cadogan, that this article is all that you have claimed for it. Mr. Cadogan's hair was coming out in bunches, and, up to this time he has used less than half a bottle, and his hair has ceased to fall. We hope that all sufferers from baldness and dandruff will learn of your remedy and try it. Respectfully yours, CADOGAN & McCLURE, Manufacturers of Fine Rubber Goods, San Francisco, Cal.

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fact that that official, when he goes abroad on his tour of inspection, rides in state, not on a horse, but on a bull. The governor of Guam is Captain Seaton Schroeder, one of the best known officers in the navy and a most popular society man. His face and figure are most familiar in the recollection of Washington society people as leading in dancing events and it is a sharp jolt on their fancy to imagine him astride a bull while performing his official duties.

Atlanta Constitution: Quite a party from here will go to the seaside next week and go in washing. Our corner weighs 250 pounds and when he sits on a man there's no hope on earth for him. We have given our pastor three months' vacation; he preached too much—I for hot weather. Two of our town poets have had their heads shaved close to where their brains ought to be.

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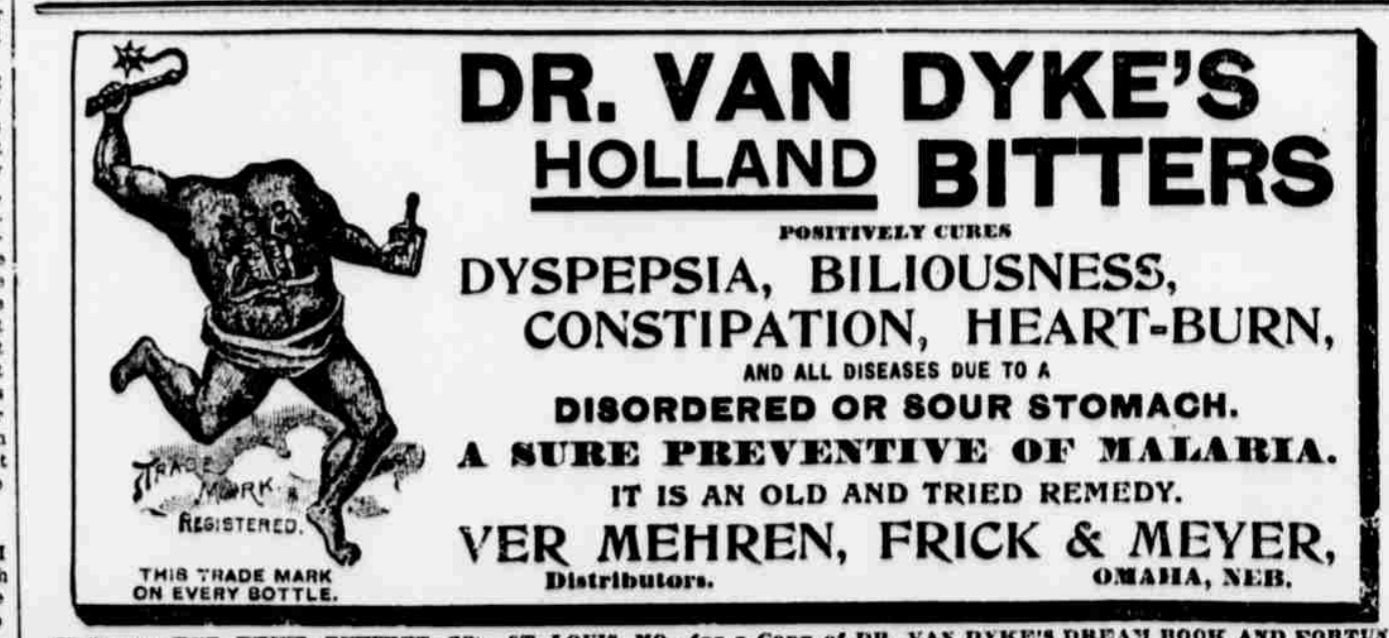
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Nebraska Sportsmen Have the Sun to Shoot Their Own Lawful Game. Omaha sportsmen are turning their attention these hot days to turtle doves, which, according to an old theory, are ready for the marksmen after July 1. According to the new game law it is lawful to kill doves and plover at this time of the year, but the law has failed to provide for the plover. A party of Omaha men, who are devoted to the gun that they are not stopped from hunting by the excessive heat, started to the western fields after plover last week. After two days' hunting, in which no bird was seen, they returned home and now go out in the early morning and shoot doves. The doves are said to be rather plentiful in this part of the country, but the average man does not like work well enough to carry a gun under a summer sun, so the birds are not hunted to a great extent.



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