

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c Per Copy—Per Year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For Advertising Rates Address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

ONE of the figures that looms large in American Journalism is Murat Halstead. For more than fifty of his seventy-five years of life he has been active in the newspaper field, and no man now before the public has had a wider or more varied range of experience. He has followed, as a war correspondent, the fortunes of the armies in the greatest wars of modern times. During the civil war in the United States he was a writer of unusual influence and a few years later he went to Germany and made the campaign with the soldiers under Von Moltke and Bismarck, returning to the United States in time to take an active part in the politics of 1872, when "anything to beat Grant" was the cry of the opposition to that great leader. Mr. Halstead was in the opposition at that time, and recently The Bee published his own account of the efforts of four great editors, Samuel Bowles, Horace Greeley, Joseph Medill and himself, to secure the nomination of some other candidate. The Grant sentiment was too strong and the disorganized democracy and dissatisfied republicans named Horace Greeley for their candidate. Murat Halstead's reward for his share in the preliminaries of the campaign of that year was to be sardonically dubbed "field marshal" by the bourbon democrats, a title that he still wears with more of dignity and appropriateness than his then detractors ever dreamed of. For several years he has not been actively connected with the direction of a newspaper, but has not let his pen lie idle on that account. During the war with Spain he went to the Philippines and made his presence in the islands known by a series of characteristic articles.

Murat Halstead was born in Ross township, Butler county, Ohio, on September 2, 1829, and was reared on a farm. He attended school during the winters and followed the plow during the summers till he was old enough to do for himself. He attended a select school one term and then taught school for two terms. Later he was graduated from Farmer's college, near Cincinnati, and took up newspaper work, beginning on a small literary weekly. He joined the staff of the Cincinnati Commercial in March, 1852, bought an interest in the paper in 1854, and in 1865 was the head of the firm of publishers. When the Commercial and Gazette were consolidated he became editor-in-chief of the new paper. When he retired from this paper it was to go to Brooklyn to become editor-in-chief of the Standard-Union of that city. He retired from that position a few years ago. In 1880 President Harrison nominated Mr. Halstead to be minister to Germany, but his nomination was rejected by the senate owing to articles he had written reflecting on that body. Mr. Halstead has written a number of books in addition to his journalistic efforts. He was married in 1857 to Miss Mary Banks of Cincinnati. Mr. Halstead's recent visit to Omaha proved that he still retains his vigor and comprehensive grasp of American politics.

At the same time Mr. Halstead was in Omaha another of the big figures of American affairs was here also. Samuel R. Van Sant has been a pretty big man in Minnesota ever since he quit the river, on which he was a successful steamboat captain, and took up his home at Winona. When the effort was made to consolidate the two great railroads having lines across the state of Minnesota, Governor Van Sant made himself a national character by successfully opposing a scheme of gigantic finance and heading off the absorption of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Burlington systems by the Northern Securities company. The final outcome of this case before the United States supreme court is yet to be heard, but Governor Van Sant won the first round by securing a decision in the circuit court of the United States at St. Paul. He will be 60 years old in May and is a native of Illinois. He was attending the high school at Rock Island, his native town, when the war began and he enlisted. After the war he finished his education with two years at Knox college, Galesburg, and engaged in steamboating on the Mississippi river, where he rose to the position of master. In 1852 he was elected to the legislature from Winona, Minn., his present home, and again in 1854. During his second term he was chosen speaker of the house, receiving every vote, something never before heard of in Minnesota. In 1861 he was elected governor of the state, and again in 1863. He, too, is a republican in politics. Governor Van Sant married Miss Ruth Hall at LeClaire, Ia., in 1868.



(Copyright, 1904, by M. Walter Dunne.)

HAD loved her madly! Why does one love? Why does one love? How queer it is to see only one being in the world, to have only one thought in one's mind, only one desire in the heart and only one name on the lips—a name which comes up continually, rising, like the water in a spring, from the depths of the soul to the lips, a name which one repeats over and over again, which one whispers ceaselessly, everywhere, like a prayer.

"I am going to tell you our story, for love only has one, which is always the same. I met her and loved her; that is all. And for a whole year I have lived on her tenderness, on her caresses, in her arms, in her dresses, on her words, so completely wrapped up, bound and absorbed in everything which came from her that I no longer cared whether it was day or night or whether I was dead or alive on this old earth of ours.

"And then she died. How? I do not know; I no longer know anything. But one evening she came home wet, for it was raining heavily, and the next day she coughed and she coughed for about a week and took to her bed. What happened I do not remember now, but doctors came, wrote and went away. Medicines were brought and some women made her drink them. Her hands were hot, her forehead was burning and her eyes bright and sad. When I spoke to her she answered me, but I do not remember what we said. I have forgotten everything, everything, everything! She died, and I very well remember her slight, feeble sigh. The nurse said: 'Ah!' and I understood, I understood!

"I knew nothing more, nothing. I saw a priest, who said: 'Your mistress? and it seemed to me as if he were insulting her. As she was dead, nobody had the right to say that any longer, and I turned him out. Another came, who was very kind and tender, and I shed tears when he spoke to me about her.

"They consulted me about the funeral, but I do not remember anything that they said, though I remember the coffin and the sound of the hammer when they nailed her down in it. Oh, God, God!

"She was buried, buried! She! In that hole! Some people came—female friends. I made my escape and ran away. I ran and then walked through the streets, went home and the next day started on a journey.

"Yesterday I returned to Paris, and when I saw my room again—our room, our bed, our furniture, everything that remains of the life of a human being after death—I was seized by such a violent attack of fresh grief, that I felt like opening the window and throwing myself out into the street. I could not remain any longer among these things, between these walls which had inclosed and sheltered her, which retained a thousand atoms of her, of her skin and of her breath, in their imperceptible crevices. I took up my hat to make my escape, and just as I reached the door I passed the large glass in the hall, which she had put there so that she might look at herself every day from head to foot as she went out, to see if her toilette looked well, and was correct and pretty, from her little boots to her bonnet.

"I stopped short in front of that looking glass in which she had so often been reflected—so often, so often, that it must have retained her reflection. I was standing there, trembling, with my eyes fixed on the glass—on that flat, profound, empty glass—which had contained her entirely, and had possessed her as much as I, as my passionate looks had. I felt as if I loved that glass. I touched it; it was cold. Oh! the recollection! sorrowful mirror, burning mirror, horrible mirror, to make men suffer such torments! Happy is the man whose heart forgets everything that it has contained, everything that has passed before it, every-

thing that has looked at itself in it, or has been reflected in its affection, in its love! How I suffer! "I went out without knowing it, without wishing it, and toward the cemetery. I found her simple grave, a white marble cross, with these words:

"She loved, was loved, and died."

"She is there, below, decayed! How horrible! I sobbed with my forehead on the ground, and I stopped there for a long time, a long time. Then I saw that it was getting dark, and a strange, mad wish, the wish of a despairing lover, seized me. I wished to pass the night, the last night, in weeping on her grave. But I should be seen and driven out. How was I to manage? I was cunning, and got up and began to roam about in that city of the dead. I walked and walked. How small this city is, in comparison with the other, the city in which we live. And yet, how much more numerous the dead are than the living. We want high houses, wide streets, and much room for the four generations who see the daylight at the same time, drink water from the spring, and wine from the vines, and eat bread from the plains.

"And for all the generations of the dead, for all that ladder of humanity that has descended down to us, there is scarcely anything, scarcely anything! The earth takes them back, and oblivion effaces them. Adieu!

"At the end of the cemetery I suddenly perceived that I was in its oldest part, where those who had been dead a long time are mingling with the soil, where the crosses themselves are decayed, where possibly newcomers will be put tomorrow. It is full of untended roses, of strong and dark cypress trees, a sad and beautiful garden, nourished on human flesh.

"I was alone, perfectly alone. So I crouched in a green tree and hid myself there completely amid the thick and somber branches. I waited, clinging to the stem, like a shipwrecked man does to a plank.

"When it was quite dark I left my refuge and began to walk softly, slowly, inaudibly, through that ground full of dead people. I wandered about for a long time, but could not find her tomb again. I went on with extended arm, knocking against the tombs with my hands, my feet, my knees, my chest, even with my head, without being able to find her. I groped about like a blind man finding his way. I felt the stones, the crosses, the iron railings, the metal wreaths and the wreaths of faded flowers! I read the names with my fingers, by passing them over the letters. What a night! What a night! I could not find her again!

"There was no moon. What a night! I was frightened, horribly frightened in these narrow paths, between two rows of graves. Graves! graves! graves! nothing but graves! On my right, on my left, in front of me, around me, everywhere there were graves! I sat down on one of them, for I could not walk any longer, my knees were so weak. I could hear my heart beat! And I heard something else as well. What? A confused, nameless noise. Was the noise in my head, in the impenetrable night, or beneath the mysterious earth, the earth sown with human corpses? I looked all around me, but I cannot say how long I remained there; I was paralyzed with terror, cold with fright, ready to shout out, ready to die.

"Suddenly, it seemed to me that the slab of marble on which I was sitting was moving. Certainly it was moving, as if it were being raised. With a bound I sprang onto the neighboring tomb, and I saw, yes, I distinctly saw the stone which I had just quitted rise upright. Then the dead person appeared, a naked skeleton, pushing the stone back with its bent back. I saw it quite clearly, although the night was so dark. On the cross I could read:

"Here lies Jacques Oliviant, who died at the age of 51. He loved his family, was kind and honorable, and died in the grace of the Lord."

"The dead man also read what was inscribed on his tombstone; then he picked up a stone off the path, a little, pointed stone, and began to scrape the letters carefully. He slowly effaced them, and with the hollows of his eyes he looked at the places

where they had been engraved. Then with the tip of the bone that had been his forefinger, he wrote in luminous letters, like those lines which boys trace on walls with the tip of a lucifer match:

"Here reposes Jacques Oliviant, who died at the age of 51. He hastened his father's death by his unkindness, as he wished to inherit his fortune; he tortured his wife, tormented his children, deceived his neighbors, robbed every one he could, and died wretched."

"When he had finished writing the dead man stood motionless, looking at his work. On turning round I saw that all the graves were open, that all the dead bodies had emerged from them, and that all had effaced the lies inscribed on the grave-stones by their relations, substituting the truth instead. And I saw that all had been the tormentors of their neighbors—malicious, dishonest, hypocrites, liars, rogues, calumniators, envious; that they had stolen, deceived, performed every disgraceful, every abominable action, these good fathers, these faithful wives, these devoted sons, these chaste daughters, these honest tradesmen, these men and women who were called irreproachable. They were all writing at the same time, on the threshold of their eternal abode, the truth, the terrible and the holy truth of which everybody was ignorant, or pretended to be ignorant, while they were alive.

"I thought that she also must have written something on her tombstone, and now running without any fear among the half-open coffins, among the corpses and skeletons, I went toward her, sure that I should find her immediately. I recognized her at once, without seeing her face, which was covered by the winding-sheet, and on the marble cross, where shortly before I had read:

"She loved, was loved, and died."

I now saw:

"Having gone out in the rain one day, in order to deceive her lover, she caught cold and died."

"It appears that they found me at day-break, lying on the grave unconscious."—From the first complete English edition of the works of Guy de Maupassant, published by M. Walter Dunne, New York.

An Alarming Affair

Her head rested confidently on his shoulder, but it was suddenly raised.

"What's the matter, George?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said, reassuringly.

"But I can hear your heart tinkle."

"Oh, no."

"I can, too, George. Are you such a glut-

ton that your heart rings for supper?"

"I assure you—"

"I tell you I heard it. There was a distinct silvery tinkling, George; you'd better see about that heart."

"See a doctor?"

"No-o; see an electrician and have the wires disconnected. I won't marry a man whose heart rings whenever he's a little agitated."

"But Mabel, I tell you—"

"I heard it, didn't I? Do you suppose I'd live with a man who tinkled unexpectedly? Why, it sounds as if your heart had absorbed a Swedish bell ringer. Have you one of those variety stage people enshrined there?"

"Mabel, it's a watch your father gave me."

"A watch!"

"Yes; one of those new fangled alarm watches to remind a fellow of an engagement, but I didn't think he'd be mean enough to set it for 10 o'clock the very first night he gave it to me. I may be wrong, Mabel, but it looks to me like a hint. I believe I had better be going."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hardly a Good Kick

Agent—I see you are busy and I will not take up very much of your time. I want to talk to you a little while on the subject of life insurance.

Victim—Do you want to insure a man who is a murderer, and who may be hanged in a few months?

"Good heavens! Are you a murderer?"

"Not yet, but I may become one very soon if you dodgasted agents don't quit coming in here and bothering me when I am trying to work."—Kansas City Journal.