SENATORS PLAYED THE GAME

Tall Stories of Old-Time Tussles at the Poker Table.

WARRIORS AND STATESMEN PLAYED HARD

Recollections of Roscoe Conkling, General Sherman, Zack Chandler and General Sheridan in

a Square Deal.

A young-old Washington club man, a gentleman who has been on terms of social Intimacy with the most noted men at this capital for more than a generation, was recalling, a few evenings ago, some distinguished poker-fiestas, the memory of which

tion for so brainy a man as Roscoe Conka poker antagonist as ever tried to fill an in-the-middle straight. Conkling was savited in public, but in private intercourse with his friends he seemed to shed his arrogance as if it had been a shell. For this hopelessly misunderstood, was a good deal of a pose. From the very beginning of his service in Washington the Washington correspondents paraded Conkling as a sort of opinion that it suited Conkling's fancy, when he perceived that it would be quite impossible for him to clear himself of this reputation, to study the part that had been

public career. "He was powerfully fond of the game of Conkling was one of the players. The well- each bet. stored mind and cultured intellect of the New York senator never shone more brightly nor more variously than during these memorable sessions at poker with his | think I'll just call you for safety.' friends and cronies.

A Great Bunch.

"Quite often some of those among us who were not so fortunate, or unfortunate, possess no more valued recollections than those that often recur to my mind of the Roscoe Conkling sitting at the other side of the table.

"General Phil Sheridan was often one of the players at these meetings, and when General Sherman was living in Washington he, too, would frequently 'happen around' and take a hand when the game was in progress at Chamberlin's.

"With Conkling and Sherman in the game the talk at the poker table was a good deal more interesting to some of us than the game itself, for both men would constantly hurl witty dabs at each other, and the oral sparring between these two remarkable men | musingly. 'Did you, Phil?' was brilliant and diverting in the extreme. good-natured and harmiess. Different as they were in profession and temperament. Conkling and Sherman were about evenly matched in wit and in their mastery of repartee, and both men seemed to find pleasure in practicing on each other in their hours of relaxation, especially at these

card meetings. "Conkling," said General Sherman, one game was in progress. "that Hyperion curl of yours may now assume an added twist, the effect of woe, and that Herculean chest prepare to array itself in a tunic of penitential sackcloth-for I've sure got you licked. Full house, knaves atop of eights. and General Sherman spread his hand out

on the table. Exchanging Bluffs.

"'Sherman,' said the New York senator a beatific smile flickering at the corners of his mouth, 'when you marched to the won't we?' turning to me. sea at that extremely theatrical period of your career, and reached the sea, it would have been a good deal better for you had you kept right on marching, even to the point of complete and final submersion, thus sparing yourself the mortification of this stage of your life by a mere civilian. Four deuces,' and Conkling raked in the pot with a flourish, while grizzled 'Old Tecump' chewed the extinct butt of his dgar thoughtfully.

But it was against General Phil Sheridan that Conkling played his hardest. The two men were great chums and confidants, but when they got into a poker game together-it was-of course in a perfectly good-natured sort of way-give and take throats, so to speak.

'Phil,' said Conkling one night when he ness-but. Phil, be advised. Consider your straight. Come at me. natural aversion to smoking a pipe. If you proceed with me on this, you'll be compelled to smoke a pipe, instead of cigars, virtually until your retirement. This time, you are not only twenty miles away. You are 20,000, 20,000,0000 miles in the distance. Michigander. the ground. Call me."

"'Conkling,' replied 'Little Phil,' with those two red fighting spots on his cheekbones burning brightly; 'you're a stupendons, a colossal bluffer, and I'll see you dangling from that sour apple tree of yours first. I raise you the limit.

DYSPEPSIA

'In that case,' said Conkling, stuffing





BUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

his hand into the deck. 'the pot's yoursnot that I haven't got you licked, of course,

"And Conkling, caught red-handed in one of his Brobdingnagian bluffs, took with the greatest good nature the long laugh that all hands gave him.

Mix-Up on Aces.

"I was in the game one night during the winter of '79, when both Conkling and Sheridan were playing. It was a fourhanded game and John Chamberlin himself was the other player. This game at Chamberlin's was always a \$5 limit game at first, with the understanding that along toward morning, after a few hours of warming up, anybody could suggest the remeval of the limit if he wanted to.

"The way Conkling and Sheridan bluffed each other out that night was a caution to grasshoppers. Both men seemed to strike out luck altogether as an element in their good-natured play against each other, and, as both of them caught fine hands occa-The game of draw had a strong fascina- sionally when engaged in this tug-of-war game, neither of them could get an exact ling," said he, "and he was as delightful line on the other, and it was better than a play to study their faces at the showdowns. Conkling was having all the best of agely criticised for his hauteur, as exhib- it during the latter part of the scance, and it was fun to hear 'Little Phil' utter, under his breath, dark and woolly things when, time after time, Conkling would show a reason I've always believed and maintained | hand consisting of nothing at all after havthat the domineering manner he exhibited ing chased Sheridan out, or produce a in public, which often caused him to be gorgeous set of fours or a full hand at such times as Sheridan, deciding that the senator was bluffing, called him.

"Bite him, Phil, Chamberlin would say, amusedly, on these occasions, and then Ajax-defying-the-lighting, and I am of the Sheridan would invite Chamberlin to go to blazes and call for another deck of cards.

"We started the last round of jackpots with a new deck. Sheridan dealt the first mess himself, and, after it had sone around thrust upon him, and to portray it with and none of us could open it, Sheridan consistence and elaboration throughout his opened it himself. Neither Chamberlin nor I had any right to stay on our hands, and so it was left between Sheridan and draw, as I started to say, and during the | Conkling, who stayed along. Conkling took last four or five years of his senatorial ca- thre cards and turned his little pair into reer he would occasionally drop in at John threes. Sheridan dished himself out three Chamberlin's while congress was in session and bit his clear hard when he saw his to sit into a game there with friends, all hand. He made a small bet to draw Conkof them prominent public men, who enjoyed ling out, and the senator raised him \$25. the mental stimulus and excitement of It went back and forth between them till drawing cards, and who were always more there was nearly \$300 in the pot, both men than willing to engage in a game in which scrutinizing each other pretty carefully at

A Call for Safety. " 'Phil, I don't know so much about you

this time, said Conkling finally, but I "Both laid their cards down at the same time. Cokling had three sevens. But he looked at Sheridan strangely when he saw the color and conformation of Sheridan's enough to be swirlers in the vortex of three aces. Both Chamberlin and myself public life would be invited to take a hand also saw what was wrong at the same inat these poker seances; and I for one, stant, but we did not say anything, and let the two players have it out. Sheridan had a broad grin on his face, and was just about equasions on which I played poker with to rake in the pot. Conkling was gazing at the little man of iron with a puzzled

> look in his eyes. " 'Just wait a minute, there, Phil,' he said as the general was about to bull down the money. Do you really think

that pot belongs to you?" "'Belongs to me?' said Sheridan. 'Well, it does if my nose belongs to my face,' and again he reached out for the pot.

"Conkling, with a gesture, again stopped Sheridan. "'I don't remember ever having seen that sort of thing before,' said Conkling,

"'See what sort of thing before?' in Their pokes at each other were always outred Sheridan. What in blazes are you maundering about, Conkling?" "For reply Conkling put one finger upon one of Sheridan's upturned aces and then

> pointed to another of the aces. "'I never saw a jackpot won with aces, two of which happened to be acea of diamonds,' said Conkling, smilingly.

"Sheridan looked at his upturned cards, and his face became even more flery red night to the New York senator, when the than it was naturally. The constarnation on his countenance was ludicrous.

'Why, blame it all,' he said, after the funny pause. I ought to be turned into the street. Chamberlin, throw me out of doors, won't you?"

" 'And have the whole American army firing a volley over the ruins of my house?" replied Chamberlin, 'Hardly, Anyhow, I'd. ahead, the pair of you. We'll see fair play.

"Of course, the extra ace of diamonds had slipped into the deck accidentally before it left the manufacturer's hands. But Sheridan, when he had in a measure recovered from the surprise of the revelabeing thrashed right out of your boots at had known the whole thing right along. and convulsed the three of us by feelingly appealing to Conkling to refrain from exsort of thing.

"The hand being foul, the pot, of course was divided.

A Generous Player.

"Conkling was a peculiarly generous Zach Chandler was one of the players, and no quarter. When Sheridan was in Conkling was the beneficiary of a spreadthe game Conkling simply addressed all out that only happens to the average of his study and skill to the task of heat- poker player about once in a lifetime ing out the hero of Winchester, while, on Chandler dealt him four pat aces. It was the other hand. 'Little Phil' would pay a jackpot. Neither Chamberlin, who was bardly any attention at all to the other the other player, nor myself caught anyplayers, he was so eager to pummel his thing worth drawing to, and so the thing friend Conkling. Very often the rest of us was between Conkling and the senator would, at a sort of tacitly undestood sig- from Michigan. Conkling stood pat, and nal drop out, just for the fun of seeing Chandler, drawing two cards, filled, and Conkling and Sheridan at each other's had four nines on which to begin business. He bet \$100.

"'Pat or no pat, Conkling.' Chandles thought his hand was invincible, 'be ad- said to the New York senator, 'I've got I have your interest at heart. We that miserable skinflint straight of yours all admire your bistoric and present rash. walloped this time-even if you've got a

"Conkling folded up his cards and looked Chandler in the eye.

'You're a pretty rich man, Zach, aren't you?' he said to Chandler. 'Oh, middling well-to-do,' replied the

"'And you've a pretty good hand, eh ZachT

'Looks good to me, "Unbeatable, Zach?

'Practically.' 'Well, old man,' said Conking, 'you may be preity well fixed with that hand but I've got one here myself that I am convinced no gentleman ought to take advantage of in a game with friends,' and he spread out his four bullets.

"Chandler looked at the hand for a me ent in stience. 'Conkling,' said he, finally, 'you're teer mixture of Don Quixote, Old Nick and Prince Charlie-which means, or ought to mean, that you're a d-n decent fellow.

-Washington Post. Croup. Not a minute should be lost when a hild shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hourse, or even after

the croupy cough appears, will prevent the

attack. It never falls and is pleasant and safe to take. Picture Frames. Frenzer, 15th and Dodge

DIED.

BAKER-Sarah Richardson, wife of the late W. I. Baker, at her home, 318 North 17th street, December 23, 1998, at 5.29 a. m., aged 54 years.

Funeral at the house Tuesday, December 26, at 2 p. m. Interment private.

FELLINER — William F., 2008 Burdette street, aged 40 years 11 months.

Funeral announcement lazar

BUCKET SHOPS IN ACTION

How the Business Nowadays is Conducted and Financed.

IMMENSE SUM CONTROLLED BY BROKERS

A Look Into a Typical Clearing House on Wall Street Where Orders Are Received and Bucketted.

It is a babit of the respectable business folk of Wall street, when the bucket shop evil happens to become a topic of conversation, to speak of it in a very distant manner and on hearsay only. Their attitude toward it is like the attitude of respectable members of society toward the social evil. It is a subject on which one must not appear to be too well informed. The head of conservative commission house is horrified to hear that the bucket shop business centering in New York from outside points is frequently as large as the total transactions reported on the New York Stock exchange. Between the under world of finance and the better elements of Wall street there is as great a gulf as between the corresponding divisions of the social world, and whatever one in the upper division may happen to know of the lower division he had better keep to himself.

It has always been so, but in the last three or four years the bucket shop bustness has become so well organized that it York Stock exchange, and the fact is beginning to be recognized. At least 30 per the sheets of the offices outside where the eral hundred offices is cleared or "banked" the system takes all the risk and all the profit

Bucket Shop Clearing House. The clearing house of a bucket shop sysem is its headquarters. The inside of principal feature is a telegraph room, manned by a force of expert operators, who receive the orders from the outside offices. These orders go to the man who passes upon them. Before him he has a big sheet on one side of which are entered the sales and on the other side the purchases. He has also the current market quotations, and these generally are two or three minutes ahead of the quotations on which the people several hundred miles away are trading. Suppose a trader in the Providence office wants to buy fifty shares of the sugar at the market, the operator on the Providence wires the order and passes it on to the man who fills it. Then a report is made: "Bot 50 Sugar, 140." That is for the client. The bucket shop is at once short of fifty shares of sugar, theoretically, and the trade is entered up on the selling side of the sheet as a sale of that amount of the stock at 140. There

s no actual transaction, of course. Occasionally an order is received to buy pr sell an inactive stock that may be subject to abrupt movements either way. ders," which means that Wall street ma- saved and untold worry and vexation something that it is going to have a break, or short of something that is going to be put up. Such strategems are sometimes practiced on a large scale, and the bucket shops, if they are unsuspecting, lose heav-Orders that fall under this suspicion are filled, because the bucket shop, to do business satisfactorily, must stand prepared to buy or sell anything that people may want to trade in, but after the orders have been filled they are "put under cover," which is to say that the bucket rather see you and Conkling engage in a shop people themselves go into the market rough-and-tumble fight over the thing. Go and hedge against their risk by buying what they have sold or selling what they have bought. In that way they protect

themselves against loss. The headquarters plant of the bucket shop system is generally located in some inconspicuous place. There are several hidden away in the large office buildings tion, made a humorous pretense that he of Wall street without any legends whatever on the doors and nothing to show the character of the business going on within. An unknown visitor is not perposing him to the world, for the sake of mitted to penetrate further than the first on the upper deck just aft of the forecastle, small office of the suite. His further progress is effectually barred.

Capital Available. It is to be remembered that the backers of these systems command immense capital. They find, for example, that on their poker player. One night, when Senator sheets they are short 50,000 shares of Sugar at an average price of 140, having sold that much to clients, and that the average margin on the 50,000 shares is less than-5 per cent, as it probably would be, the bucket shop trades as a general thing are lightly margined. A break of five points in the price of the stock, therefore, would wipe out the Sugar account and sweep the customers' margins into the bucket shop treasury. There is then nothing to prevent the backers of the system from seizing a psychological moment to go into the stock market and raid Sugar. They can well afford to lose \$50,000 on that operation if the average margin on the 50,000 shares that they are short of on the sheet is 2 per cent, or \$100,000. No Stock exchange proker is permitted by the rules to transact business for a bucket shop, but he may accept business tendered to him by bucket shop backers as individuals. He may be unaware that the client who wants to make a turn on the short side of Sugar is in the bucket shop business. It doesn't matter whether he is or not. with the individual and not with the bucket shop. One of the largest bucket shop organizations in the west is generally supposed to be represented on the floor of the Stock exchange by a member who executes personal speculations and such of their the operations of this clique became so prominent as to be openly commented upon, but there was nothing illegal about them so far as the Stock exchange was South Brooklyn pler.-Brooklyn Eagle. concerned. The stock market is a public affair, and it is anybody's privilege to buy or sell stocks. In selling the market, presumably to break prices, this crowd got heavily short of certain stocks, and is supposed to have taken a big loss on its lin

of aborts. If losses and profits on fluctuations just balance, the bucket shop business is still very profitable. The bucket shop charges terest for carrying stocks that it does not carry, and the usual brokerage commission besides. The imposition of the state tax of \$2 each 100 shares increases its profits, for the bucket shop charges clients that tax and then itself evades the

payment of it.-New York Times. Londed for Tant. "Do you deny that you are a turncoat?" interrupted a man in the audience.

making a campaign for re-election. "More than once I have been compelled to turn my coat into money to pay a grecery bill as many a poor but honest man has to do

before me! The applause that followed was tremendous and the unfortunate man that had asked the question was shoved rudely out of the hall.-Chicago Tribune.

A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING

How the Dream of a Road Across

Great Salt Lake Came to Be

Realized. When the first survey of the Union Pa Weber canyon, a little southeast of the present city of Ogden, it found the Great Salt lake lying across its path westward o a function with the Central Pacific. Even at that early date some idea of the possibilities of the later day triumphs of railroad construction seems to have oc curred to the engineers of the survey, for they discussed a little, though perhaps more jocularly than seriously, the feasibility of driving straight across the lake, or at least across its eastern arm. Of course they gave it up. The idea then was almos in finance bold enough to undertake such s stupendous work nor the traffic to warrant such an expenditure. It may be doubted, too, if there was engineering faith equal to the task. So the line was built up through the hills around the north end of the lake.

But that light talk of the early 60s was not without its fruit. The idea remained has its direct influence even on the New the dream, the hope, the faith, of one of the young men employed in building the Central Pacific. William Hood was of that cent of the business is backed by a few company of "across the isthmus" pioneers men commanding an immense amount of who have made their mark and their fame capital. Instead of there being thousands in the development of California and the of bucket shops all over the country, each | Pacific slope. As he worked his way up backed by an individual of limited re- to the responsible post of chief engineer sources, as in the old days, there are now of the Southern Pacific system, owner of several bucket shop systems maintaining the old Central Pacific, he never lost sight headquarters in New York, Boston, Chicago of the possibility of that line across Salt and Philadelphia, whose function is to back lake. Collis P. Huntington, the master of the Pacific railroads, was inclined to think business originates. The business of sev- that it might be done; but the time was not yet ripe, the traffic was not heavy by one system. The manager of an outside enough to justify the expense, and such office gets either a salary or a percentage | enterprises were not easy to finance. But on the business he sends in, or both, and after Mr. Huntington's death there came to the head of Southern Pacific affairs a man whose financial ability and boldness matched the engineering skill and pluck of Mr. Hood. In Edward H. Harriman Mr. Hood found a man who sympathized with such a place is well worth seeing. Its and believed in his plans and who was able and willing to provide the money,

The times had changed. The day of great and bold enterprises had come. The old era of pinching and often false ccon omy, that let roadbed and rolling stock run down in order to squeeze out an unjustified dividend, was ended. The condition had been reached where it was only necessary for the engineer to show how the interest on the investment could be made to be told to go ahead. Traffic had increased to such a point that operation over the steep and crooked old line was becoming constantly more and more vexatious and difficult. Relief must be had. Financier agreed with engineer as to how it could be obtained, and the result is the "Lucien cut-off," as it is called, the lir that runs from Ogden straight over Great Salt lake, which it crosses on a trestle nearly twelve miles long and on twenty miles of "fill," and over the desert flats, 102 miles in all, to Lucin, where it re joins the old road. It is a "cut-off" indeed. Forty-three miles in distance ar Occasionally, too, the bucket shop people lopped off, heart-breaking grades avoided, suspect that they are getting "wise or- curves eliminated, hours of time in transit tors have been sending out emis-, prevented, at the same time that exsaries to get the bucket shops long of penses of operation are reduced more than enough to pay interest on the whole cost twice over.-Oscar King Davis in th Century.

> HOT TIME ON BOARD SHIP Sixty Frisky Monkeys and a Kan garoo Make Things Lively for the Crew.

> The crew of the German steamship Neu enfels, in New York from Calcutta, is still discussing occurrences on board its ship as the Neuenfels was plowing its way through the calm Mediterranean, off the coast of Sicily, three weeks ago. It was a beautifu moonlight night, at four bells of the star board watch, when Sam Jones, A. B., and six of his mates were stretched out on the upper deck forward trying to keep cool during the tropical night. The Neuenfels had on board, besides a miscellaneous cargo, a huge crate in the forward hatch in which were confined sixty Simians, and a big box in which were stowed two valuable kangaroos.

As the seven sailors slept soundly on th forward deck one of the monkeys, the largest of the lot in No. 1 hatch, managed o twist two of the bars and crawl out of the cage. He was followed by fifty other monkeys of all shapes and sizes, and the entire troupe crawled stealthfly up the forward companionway and onto the upper deck. At the moment when the leader of the Simian procession arrived at the head of the companionway one of the kangaroos out his nose out of the box and found it promptly twisted by the ape. In another noment the leader of the monkeys had forced out one of the boards of the kanguroo box and out jumped the frightened Australian. Then the entire pack of monkeys landed on the lone kangaroo and fought the long-tailed animal until, frightened and mad with terror, the kangaroo managed to beat off all but two of its assailants and jumped backward. The jump landed the kangaroo immediately in the center of the sleeping Sam Jones. With a yell of terror the seaman jumped up, the blood flowing from his face where the sharp claws of the kangaroo had gashed his face and neck. The awakening of the sailors held the at tention of the horde of monkeys long enough to give the kangaroo time to jump across the deck, with the two original ape antagonists still clinging to his back. As the sailors were about to catch the kangaroo the frightened animal gave one big heavy commissions at times for its prin- jump and landed over the port rail into the cipal backer and his associates. They deal Mediterranean. For hours after the disapwith this broker as individuals, and it is pearance of the kangaroo and the two monnot for him to distingush between their keys clinging to him, the sailors were busy catching apes from out of the ships' rigoperations as relate to the state of their ging. Captain Werefols and his men bucket shop "sheets." Several months ago gathered in every one of the fifty-eight remaining Simians and stowed them safely in the cage below decks, where they remained in peace until the Neuenfels tied up at its

The Deceitful Accomplice

George W. Whitehead, appraiser of mer chandise at the port of New York, was talking about smuggling.

"Not long ago," he said. "a certain skip per halled a fisherman off the coast and asked him if he would smuggle ashore for him a cask of brandy. "The fisherman agreed, and two casks of

brandy were lowered into his boat. "'One,' said the skipper, 'is for you trouble and risk, my man." "Well, a week or so later the skipper called with a team at the Jersey fisher-

man's house for his cask of brandy. was night. He got the cask and started the dark and lonely way back home. "But the custom-house people have share eyes and ears. They lay in wait for the she responded, sweetly. "I believe that if

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cific railroad came out of the mouth of A bird's-eye view of Omaha has been made by E. J. Austen, the most experienced, in fact, the greatest living artist in panoramic work. This will show Omaha to its best advantage. The painting will be reproduced on a sheet 38x22 inches, heavy enameled paper-suitable for framing. This will be issued in connection with sixteen pages, printed on book paper, showing Omaha's best buildings in detail, together with carechimerical. There was neither the genius fully prepared information, with regard to what Omaha is, covering every phase of Omaha's commercial activity. Thousands of these will be sent to the friends and business connections of our Omaha people and will open the eyes of people who know nothing of the new Omaha and its wonderful progress.

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the fisherman's village, and there was the cask of brandy in the wagon.

"He said nothing. There was nothing to say. The cask was opened.

'We'll sample this liquor,' said a customs officer. "And he put his mouth to the bung, and

then drew back, amazed. The skipper was amazed, too. The cask contained nothing but water."-New York Tribune.

FENIAN PLOT THAT FAILED Hot Air Scrappers Invited to a Real Fight and Quickly Sidestepped.

In his recently published volume of "Rec ollections" William O'Brien, Irish member of Parliament tells how he conceived a plan in 1882 to capture Dublin castle. At that time there was a strike of the royal Irish constabulary against the government and Mr. O'Brien had been invited to address the strikers. He writes: "My notion was, without disclosing my plan to any body-except one to be presently mentioned-to go to the police mass meeting, to raise to the highest possible pitch th excitement with which they were boiling over, and straightway, under cover of deputation to the vicercy, to march my thousand constables through the streets to Dublin castle, helping ourselves to re volvers in the gunshops on the way, hav ing made arrangement, to seize upon the guard at the entrance to the upper castle yard the moment they tried to close the gate, take possession of the viceroy and his chief secretary, convey them to a place of safekeeping whence they and we could negotiate, and in the meantime get possession of the wires and precipitate a revolt of the Royal Irish constabulary

throughout the country to strengthen us in the negotiations. "My one confident in the matter was Parnell, against whose absolute veto there would be no proceeding further. He happened to be staving at Morrison's hotel and when I drove over I was surprised to find he thought the project less hair brained than I had anticipated. As he sat over a late breakfast with a heap of unopened letters and newspapers beside him he talked over the whole plan with the detachment with which he would examine a handful of alluvial gold from his own river at Avondale. The only glint of sentiment was the soft whisper: 'The one thing that can be said with certainty is that you can't come out alive from it-or perhaps ome more of us'."

Mr. O'Brien proposed to have fifty armed poration building, "who would be in a posisary at a moment's warning." Parnell ex- visit almost made me a convert to race naw the leaders of the two rival sections "When I returned to Morrison's hotel." says Mr. O'Brien, "Parnell received the tiding with a general pooh of the lips and the ironic smile with which he could conmy train at Harcourt street."

Psychological. His artient eves were upon her.

"I dreamed last night that I had proposed to you." he said. "but before you could answer something awakened me. What do you think of that dream?" "Well. I'm no psychological authority."

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> Wonderful New Discovery for the Positive Cure of Desiness and Head Noises,

At last after years of study and research, the wonderful Nature forces have been harnessed together and Deafness can be cured. If I did not know positively that my method could cure, I would not allow my name to be connected with this treatment. My standing is such that I cannot afford to misrepresent or distort the facts. I know what this treatment will do and what it has done and can safely say. 'It is the greatest, grandest and simplest in the world today.' It seems to make no difference with this cure as to age, how long standing or deep seated the deafness is, its cures are permanent. Test your hearing with a watch. If you no not hear it five feet away, you are deaf. Write me giving age, sex, cause, how long deaf. If you have Catarrh. Rheumatism, or Nervous trouble, and if you hear better in noisy places, and all particulars bearing on your case, and I will give you my truthful opinion as to whether your case is curable or not. I give an absolutely scientific opinion with a full explanation of your case and a Booklet on Deafness and Head Noises free without charge. The advice contained in this book has been the means of saving the hearing of hundreds of people. Write today to the discoverer, Guy Clifford Powell, M. D., 108 Bank Bldg., Peoria Ill., for free inform ation including his valuable free book.

just escaped nightmare."-Philadelphia child up and down nervously on her knee. Ledger.

SUICIDE PROMOTING RACE Perilous Influence of a Crying Infant on a Crowd of Pleasure.

Seckers.

the city he lives in, is a deplorable example of race suicide. "On that count," he said recently, "I ac-

cuse my town, to be sure; but on all other counts I praise it. Pittsburg is a beautiful, a rich, a desirable city. I particularly like here our politeness. I visited another city not long since, and the impoliteness Fenians concealed in the neighboring cor- I found there seemed strange. Such a spirit trip to Kansas City. seldom lifts its ugly head in Pittsburg. tion to make a rush for the gate if neces- And one piece of pastiness I saw on my pressed himself as doubtful. Mr. O'Brien suicide. It was a lovely autumn day, and was making a river excursion on a nto which the Irish republican brotherhood steamboat. The decks were rather crowded. was divided. They declined to do anything. We cut our way smoothly through the clear, deep water. On either side mountains affame with the red and gold of the autumnal foliage. And it was all fine, but suddenly a child, seated on its vey whole columns of comment on his re- mother's lap, began to cry. Frowns were ply: 'I told you what these gentlemen at once directed toward this child. They were worth. I think I've got time to catch had no effect, though. The hawling became louder. It annoyed you like a toothacho. And the passengers all showed their annoyance. Certain audible growls began to reach the mother. "'Don't see what people want to bring

kids for. "It needs a spanking. That is what it needs.

Confound the little brat.

"The mother sat with a stony face, "No!" thundered the crater, who was skipper. They caught him a mile outside a refusal would have pained you any, you guzing straight shead and jumping the Boosters.

All eyes, all thoughts were now turned to her and to her howling youngster. The acenery was forgotten. Suggestions floated in the sir for her to catch, " 'Maybe it's sick.'

"'It must have the colic to shrick like that.

"As these suggestions became louder and louder the woman became angrier. And all Dr. B. A. Booth declares that Pittsburg. of a sudden she seized the child and shook it violently

"'Cry as loud as you like, Millie,' she exclaimed. Tve paid your fare. "--Philadelphia Bulletin.

Rivers, who works on a newspaper, had

been trying to make arrangements for a He was routed out of bed at midnight to answer a telephone call, and this was the subsequent conversation;

"Hello! "Hello! That you, Rivers?"

"Yes." "This is Brooks, down at the office. There's a telegram here for you." 'Open it and read it to me, will you?" After a short pause the conversation was

resumed. 'It's from the general passenger agent of the X. Y. & Z. railway, and it says, 'I regret to say-' " "That's enough, Brooks. You don't need

to read any more. Good night."-Chicago Tribune Terrible Disaster Averted.

down, caused by dyspepsia, is averted by Electric Bitters. 50c, guaranteed. For sais by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

Bee Want Ada are The Best Business

The terrible disaster of nervous break