

DEATH NOTICES

KIEWIT—John, August 25, aged 77 years, 3 months, 22 days.
Funeral Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, from his late residence, 1001 South 14th street. Friends invited to services. Interment private. Keokuk, Ia. papers please copy.

MONUMENTS

Great Western Granite Co. Douglas 922.
1425 22d St.

LOST

LOST—A pair of spectacles, between 13th and 14th streets on 1st St., So. Omaha. Return and receive reward. F. McMahon, 619 N. 20th St. —M12 25

LOST—Coat containing pocketbook with small amount of money, \$5.00, and some papers between 7th and 8th streets, near Broadway. Finder will be rewarded if they return same to J. C. Johnson, 709 7th Ave., Council Bluffs. Lost—M12 25

LOST—A day book, return to J. T. McVittie, 1907 Harney street, and receive reward. Lost—M12 25

STRAYED—Jersey cow, fawn color, dark points, shell collar, and tag, near recovery. E. L. Morrow, 2721 Hamilton. Lost—M12 25

LOST—Dark sable collie bitch, white spot on neck, expect her to whelp about August 25. Liberal reward for information. M. Stoner, 978 N. 27th Ave. Lost—M12 25

MEDICAL

BEST nerve bracer for men. "Gray's Nerve Food Pills" 81 box, postpaid. Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Omaha. —M12 25

DR. PRIES, specialist, women's diseases, weak, nervous, irregular, cured painlessly and safely. Withnell block, 15th and Harney, room 2, Omaha. —M12 25

PILES—Most obstinate cases cured. Symmes Pile Remedy. By mail \$5.00. Box 372, Cincinnati, O. M12 25

MAGNETIC OSTEOLOGY—Mrs. R. H. Johnson, 10th and 16th, room 2, second floor. —M12 25

DR. HUTCHINSON, specialist of women and children. Office, 505 Cumming. Phone Douglas 2967.

PLUMBING

BUY plumbing supplies direct. Wholesale prices. Save on every article. Only first-class goods handled. Prompt attention to every order. Send for catalogue. B. F. Karol, 235 Harrison St., Chicago, Ill. —M12 25

OSTEOPATHY

JOHNSON Institute, 418 N. Y. L. Tel. Doug. 1994.

DR. W. W. BOWSER, over 1500 Farnham. Tel. Doug. 5373. M12 25

WANTED—TO BORROW

WANTED—To borrow \$500 or \$1,000 home money on a simple well rented residence property in South Omaha, at 7 per cent. Address N-37, Bee. —M12 25

RAILWAY TIME CARD

UNION STATION—TENTH AND MARCY

Union Pacific.

Overland Limited. Leave. Arrive.

Fast Mail. Leave. Arrive.

Chicago Limited. Leave. Arrive.

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TIMELY REAL ESTATE TALK

(Continued from Third Page.)

seemed that the Northwestern preferred to have the contract go to some Chicago firm.

For the first week in several, no sales of cheap Omaha suburban property were extensively advertised in the Friday evening and Saturday morning papers. But Council Bluffs came into the limelight with the announcement by Everett A. Greenwald of a big Saturday sale of 200 lots in Council Bluffs, not far east of the Douglas street bridge, and only eight minutes' ride from Fourteenth and Douglas. The compelling argument of this realty firm was the proximity of the land to this city.

By one thing, and another, the letting of the contract for the new Rome hotel at Sixteenth and Jackson streets has been delayed, but final bids are now in the possession of Architect John Latenser and the contract will be disposed of shortly. Rapid headway in placing the concrete piles for the building is being made, and the pressure of pile-driving is so unique in Omaha, that a large crowd gathers each day to watch the operation.

The Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company has bought from Mrs. Eliza Burdette Patrick for \$5,000 a block of ground adjoining its big station at 22d and Lake streets. The block is between Ohio and Miami, and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh, and is directly north of the block already occupied by the company. For the present use of the street car company the present quarters are large enough, but the company has made the purchase with the idea that Omaha will one day be considerably larger than it is now.

Work has been started by John Frensdorff, who secured the contract on the new brick business block for F. D. Greenwald, Co., wholesale dealers in teas, coffees and spices. It is located on Eleventh street between Dodge and Douglas. The building will be 22x55 feet, two stories and basement. It will be duplicated in the near future by another building on the same lot.

Philip Kuns has secured the contract for the erection of a brick store and flat building at Nineteenth and Vinton streets for P. Straubach, the druggist. Work is now well under way. The building will be two stories, 22x55 feet, and will cost about \$4,000.

F. W. Weed reports the following sales: W. D. Morsman to O. M. Druce, recently of Lincoln, large double brick building at 501-503 South Twenty-eighth street, for investment; Mrs. Nellie Sauter to H. Glickman, house and lot at 22d and 10th; Mrs. M. M. Morsman to E. D. Weed, Abraham Labovitz, house and lot at 172d Case street, \$1,000; J. H. Lenihan to H. Gross, house and lot on Seventeenth street near Nicholas; Carrie F. Sherwood to Louis Helberg, house and lot at 406 Seward street, \$2,500.

CLEVER TRICKS OF SMUGGLERS

Border Folks of Maine Outwit Revenue Officers When They Need the Goods.

Any person that lives on the border between Maine and New Brunswick and doesn't know anything about smuggling must be deaf and dumb and blind. There are many ways to evade the officers. In the Maine woods country, between Van Buren and Fort Kent, the settlers are the French Canadians, and all the customs officers of Maine, with the Sturge deputies thrown in if they were there, could not prevent them from getting their gin from across the river.

It was there once when the good women of Aronstock, backed by the law, sent a band of officers to prevent the poor Frenchman from spending his money for gin.

The water was high; there was no fording and every boat and ferry for miles was watched. It happened that Xavier O— was out of gin. He kept a public house and nothing for his guests to drink did not suit him at all.

But he had something up his sleeve to fool the officers. A barrel of gin from the Canadian side was hauled through the woods to the river, lashed to the underside of a log with hay wire and sent adrift with a man on the log.

Now, a log can be held at a certain angle in the river and the current will carry it across as if it were a ferry boat. The river men often cross in this manner and it excites no suspicion. There was plenty of gin and molasses at Xavier's that day for dinner.

In one place the line runs several miles along a side hill. I once saw a gang of boys coming on the crest some forty rods from the road. At the foot of the hill on the American side was a wood lot and a big pile of sawed wood.

The boys had an old pump and a close observer would have noticed that they always went in behind an old barn on the Canadian side to start; then they would go like the wind clear down to the wood pile in behind the fir trees.

And that very morning a man with a double team was hauling wood; the blue jays in the trees probably noticed that he was hauling a funny load in his big sled box; it was hollow in the middle, with wood piles at the sides and ends, and perhaps they noticed that every time the pump load of shooting boys came down the hill they brought a chest of tea.

The load was carefully covered with wood, taken to a village merchant, driven in the back yard and deposited in the cellar.

One of my neighbors once suddenly had a call to preach and finally went over into New Brunswick and spread the gospel.

In three weeks he returned and when he came back he hitched his old horse in the village street, near the custom house, and had a prayer meeting in the street, but no one mistrusted that he had fifty costly silk dress patterns in the bottom of his old wagon.

Mr. A had a farm that ran to the boundary line. His buildings were forty rods from the line, but his granary was only forty feet. Mr. B's farm buildings were close by on the Canadian side; a road ran between the granary and B's buildings; the road was on the line, never-failing.

A raised about 60 bushels of oats each summer and put them in his granary. Each winter he sold about 6,000 bushels. Of course, things looked very suspicious. The customs officers hid behind fences and rock piles and shivered many a winter night.

Spotters and spies were hired and a government detective loafed around the line all day for a month in plain sight of the little granary, but discovered nothing. It was dark and deserted nights, but in the morning A would come and help load his team.

The detective would sometimes saunter over and ask foolish questions, peck into the bins and look for tracks in the snow and then go back more puzzled than ever. I will tell you how the government was outwitted. Between the granary and B's buildings was a culvert under the road. A wooden spout was made of boards about a foot square and some dark, stormy night at the beginning of winter the snow was cleared away and the spout laid close on the ground in the culvert, under the road, under fences and in A's granary.

A belt with cups attached ran inside the

spout and a crank in B's barn was turned up to carry the grain and was down hill very little effort would carry a stream of oats into A's granary a foot square. A blustery night would obliterate all tracks. A pile of brush out from apple trees was piled between the granary and the road fence; this, covered with a drift of snow, hid the place where the spout entered the granary on the outside and on the inside it was covered by sliding back a wooden window.

This was always pushed over the hole in the wall when they were loading oats, to admit light, there being no other window. When it was closed the bin was in darkness.

Of course, the oats were delivered in B's barn in New Brunswick. When the snow began to melt in the spring the spout was removed and packed away until the next winter.

At one time a certain village planned to have a great Fourth of July celebration and it was planned to have it dry.

The local officers warned the saloon keepers that any attempt to sell liquor in any form on that day would be punished to the full extent of the law and the customs officers gave notice to each saloon that a force would guard the road leading from New Brunswick and all persons caught with liquor on that day would have their teams taken and be sent to Portland to settle with a United States commissioner.

The day dawned bright and clear and by 9 o'clock the trading post at the window end of the town was swarming with people to see the races. Half a mile away across the fields was a saloon on the boundary line.

The thirsty looked at it with wistful eyes, but to walk there for a drink through the grass and grain was too much and to go around by the road by team where officers were thick as flies was not to be thought of.

Behind the park fence, close to a little brook shaded by thick alders, was a dance floor and a little booth where lemonade and soft beer were sold. There was soon a noisy crowd at this place and by noon the town and lookup were full of drunks.

More officers were sworn in, the saloons were searched and men sent through the crowds to look for pocket peddlers, but none was found.

The guards on the line road reported all quiet, the main section was the drunks who questioned where they got their "boose" refused to tell.

It was a nine-day wonder, but at last it leaked out. Some farmers near the line were preparing to lay an aqueduct. They had piled up several large rolls of half-inch lead pipe.

The conspirators had taken this and with the aid of a plumber had laid it in the grain and grass from the line saloon to the dance floor and both near the race course.

The pipe came out under the counter in the booth and served both as a conductor and speaking tube. The night before a heavy load of empty bottles had been smuggled into the alders and in less than twenty-four hours 1,000 of them filled with liquor had been distributed among the 5,000 people at the celebration, besides all that was sold by the glass—Lewiston Journal.

AS IT USED TO BE IN DAKOTA

Thrilling Sights and Stirring Incidents Told by a Tenderfoot in the Old Days.

Did you ever wake up in the chill dawn of an October morning to find the hopes and longings of a lifetime suddenly taking on form and substance and all creation harmoniously responding to youthful heart throbs?

It was with something of this sensation that, at the age of 14, I looked from my bedroom window in the Northwestern hotel at Pierre, S. D., back in the '80s, and beheld the lifeless form of a man suspended from the top of a flagpole.

Yes, things really happened on the outskirts of the Sioux reservation. Here was no longer a dreary grind of grammar and geography, with organized society, especially the severe-faced school mistress, perpetually challenging and thwarting a boy's right to life, dime novels and transient fishing excursions.

And on this very day, ay, within two hours, I was to penetrate the great reservation itself, striking off across the trail in the Deadwood stage.

The lifeless form suspended from the flagpole, as I soon learned, was that of a man named Bell, who some weeks previous had had a misunderstanding with a fellow attorney from Blunt.

Bell finally had written to the man from Blunt: "Meet me tomorrow at noon, half way between Pierre and Blunt, and we will amicably discuss and settle our differences."

The next day, after the forwarding of this peaceful missive, the lawyer from Pierre and the lawyer from Blunt had each set out toward the appointed trysting place. Bell, it seems, took with him an ax and a spade. The distance was advanced on his side, with the ax, and he settled the matter, so far as he could, by burying, with the spade, the body of his opponent, and with it his own blood-stained overcoat.

The overcoat, discovered with the body after a diligent search, disclosed the horrible secret to the searchers for Blunt. The dead lawyer was a popular favorite in his town, and by night every available buckboard and saddle horse had been requisitioned in the cause of summary justice.

So quietly did the Blunt delegation do its work that it was not till broad daylight that Bell's body was discovered by his fellow citizens, hanging from the flagpole in the center of the town, where I had seen it from the hotel window.

From this sudden foretaste of real adventure I was soon brought to earth. Boy-like, I had spent all but 75 cents of my traveling money. I had my stage ticket, but my hotel bill was \$3.50, and I learned that every meal of bacon and potatoes at the stage station would cost \$1. I appealed to the first man I met, a man who was a former postmaster at Custer. When I told him my brother was cashier of a bank in the Hills and gave him my name he said: "Oh, that's all right. I'll give you the money and draw on your brother for it."

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had learned his whereabouts, and we came upon him at the very next stage station. The man was standing in front of the station as we drove up. Bill laid a short, smooth-bore gun across my knees and asked me to hold it while he got out and interviewed him. The interview was brief and to the point. Bill whipped out his two large six-shooters, poked them in the desperado's face, and told him he had come to collect a few bills for some people in "Scoop-town." There was not a shadow of a criminal charge against the man and, according to the eastern codes, no ground whatever for the intervention of a sheriff. The man demurred, but Bill told him if he didn't pay up he would shoot him full of holes, and Bill looked as if he meant it. The man had the money with him, and after a very brief delay he produced and paid over the required amount.

Then Bill jumped into the buckboard and it was "lickety split for Scoop."

In the new county of Meade there were busy days in prospect for Sheriff Souter—New York Times.

TWO BIG CITIES COMPARED

How New York and London Size Up in Area and Various Activities.

It is said of London in praise of its greatness that:

In London a child is born every three minutes and a death is recorded every five minutes. The city contains 700 railway stations, 5,000 omnibuses, 7,000 taxicabs, 14,000 cabs and 7,000 tram cars. Daily 1,000,000 persons travel on underground railways.

Eleven railway bridges span the Thames. Four thousand postmen deliver 10,000,000 letters weekly, walking a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe. There are 10,000 miles of overhead telegraph wires, and the number of telegraph messages received in London in a year is 6,000,000.

Ninety million gallons of water are consumed daily. The railways, omnibuses, cabs and steamboats convey 1,275,000,000 passengers yearly and the underground railways 23,000,000 passengers.

The 115 electric miles of London are lighted by 474 electric arc lights, 1,182 electric incandescent lights, 56,000 incandescent gas lamps and 18,568 flat flame gas burners.

Well, New York can do something in the same lines of municipal greatness.

With a smaller number of inhabitants than London it exceeds it in the volume of travel, in the amount paid for work, in the volume of work done and in the increase in the number of buildings, occupants of a building and population.

Where London consumes 50,000,000 gallons of water daily, New York consumes 500,000,000. Where London has an area of 115 square miles, New York has 235.

In New York every minute two immigrants arrive—more than 1,000,000 in a year. Every six minutes a child is born. Every seven minutes there is a funeral. Every hour a new building is erected.

New York has more children at its public schools than London, fewer paupers, a lower death rate, fewer uninhabited houses, more parks, more bridges, fewer jails, a better distributed street traffic and a higher standard of health.

New York's subway carries more passengers in a day than London's underground. The number of crimes of violence is twice as large in London as in New York and the number of arrests for drunkenness in London is four times as great as the number of arrests for the same cause in New York.

New York has more fires a year than London and the annual greater loss. It has less shipping as a port than London, fewer clerks to the whole population employed, but more bosses or employers—New York Sun.

Limits.

The train was called the limited, but what was limited about it? It ran at an unlimited speed; the facility of the conductor and the brakeman was unlimited, as was the capacity of the porter.

"It's a mystery," exclaimed the little party of foreigners.

But in a moment they entered the drawing room car, and their wonder vanished.

"Of course, it's the good taste of the decorations," they whispered, and, remembering their manners, pretended not to notice—Flick.

Consequence of a Rash Act.

"Our wife," wrote the editor of the Spike-town Herald, "is sick from overwork. While she was snoring around our sanctum yesterday morning she found the office towel and insisted on taking it home and washing it. Such a thing never happened before, and with the help of the Lord it shall never happen again!"—Chicago Tribune.

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STATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

1308 Farnam St.
Between 13th and 14th Streets
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DOCTORS FOR MEN

THE RELIABLE SPECIALISTS

Established for the purpose of saving young men, middle aged and old men from the evil results of their own follies, or misfortune, and to save them the disappointment of failure, loss of time and money often spent in experimenting with incompetent specialists, new methods, quick cure delusions, no pay until cured deceptions and the various other misleading statements often used by unscrupulous and unreliable concerns or doctors for the sole purpose of obtaining patronage. The State Medical Institute has been the salvation of multitudes of men, and by its conservative, honest, upright and clean business methods, together with its unexcelled equipment and high character, long experience and scientific attainments of its specialists, it has established a reputation as a place where all weak, suffering men can go with full confidence, knowing that they will be fairly dealt with, skillfully treated and promptly cured.

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Men, if you want successful treatment and honest dealings, why not go to the reliable State Medical Institute, where you are not deceived by the many misleading statements, such as three day cures, no pay until cured, no money to begin treatment, money refunded if not cured, etc., etc. Such statements are misleading and are used for the purpose of obtaining patronage. Honest doctors of recognized ability do not resort to such methods. We do not say that we will treat you without any money in advance for the purpose of securing patronage, and then when you call demand money payments and notes signed far in advance of reasonable charges; neither do we promise to cure you in three or four days, knowing it will take longer; nor do we try to secure patronage by offering to refund money paid if a cure is not effected as we do not accept any cases we cannot cure. We guarantee a safe and lasting cure in the quickest possible time, without leaving injurious after-effects in the system and at the lowest cost possible for honest, skillful and successful treatment. Any man who is in need of special medical attention and unable to pay, will find the State Medical Institute ready to commence treatment without delay.

We accept no man's case without giving him value received for every dollar paid us. That is the guiding rule of the business side of our work, and we abide by it every time. The great work we are doing in curing men of their diseases makes the State Medical Institute famous as the salvation of every weak, sick, suffering man. Our special methods are guaranteed to be curative in cases we accept for treatment.

Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 1 only. If you cannot call, write.

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Practical Painter and Paper Hanger.

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After eighteen years connection with the old-time paint and wallpaper house of Henry A. Koster who has now retired from business, I beg to announce to my friends and the general public that I am now established at the above number with a full line of paint, wall paper, and decorative materials, and am in position to fill all orders in the above lines promptly.