

WAGNER'S TITLE IS CLEAR

Senate Confirms Him as United States Attorney for South Dakota.

END OF LONG POLITICAL FIGHT

Has Held Office Year and a Half as Recess Appointee, Kittredge Blocking His Confirmation Herebefore.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, April 2.—(Special Telegram.)—With the confirmation of E. E. Wagner, United States attorney for the district of South Dakota, made today by the senate, the fight over patronage in that state switches to Washington and the distributors are Senators Gamble and Crawford. Wagner was nominated for this position nearly a year and a half ago, but the opposition of ex-Senator Kittredge held up the confirmation. When Kittredge gave way to Crawford personal opposition to Wagner ceased, for there were no charges to be made against Wagner except that he was persona non grata to Kittredge. Wagner is said to be an able lawyer and estimable citizen, and the senate today gave him a clear title to hold his position for the next four years. During the fight on Wagner he has been holding the position of United States attorney by recess appointment and has been making good, according to the Department of Justice. This is another case where personal politics extends the term of an appointee a year and a half longer than possibly it would have been extended had not the personal equation been injected into the fight.

Now that the senators from South Dakota are assured of their position with the administration, they will probably take up immediately changes in the Boile Fourche land district, which are shortly to be due. Just what changes will be made in that district is not known, but it is a safe guess that Gamble and Crawford will name the appointees, and for that matter the auditor for the Interior department, R. S. Persons, who has been a personal friend of Senator Kittredge, will probably have to go under the reorganization which Senators Gamble and Crawford have undoubtedly in mind. Just what the senators have selected for Mr. Persons' place is not known.

Commissions in Army.
Robert Elton Guthrie of Lincoln, Neb., and George E. Nikirk of Cedar Rapids, Ia., will be appointed second lieutenants in the coast artillery corps as a result of a recent competitive examination open to candidates from civil life. The examination was held here about two months ago and the names of the successful candidates were announced today at War department.

Minor Matters at Capital.
The president today nominated postmasters in South Dakota as follows: Allie Lee, Ashland; Joshua F. Wood, Doland; Alexander W. Couts, Hudson; Sherman F. Lucum, Boonestell; Lyman J. Bates, Lake Preston; Amos H. Davis, Parkston; and James F. Turner, Faulkner.

These nominations were made upon the recommendation of Representatives Martin and Burke and with the exception of Davis at Parkston and Turner and Faulkner are re-appointments. Davis and Turner are new. It is said there was considerable rivalry over these two appointments.

George A. Blackstone was today nominated postmaster at Craig and Andrew Richmond named as postmaster at Orleans, Neb.

Senator Warren today introduced a bill carrying an appropriation of \$5,000 for the establishment of a fish culture station in Wyoming. This bill includes the purchase of a site, to be selected by the secretary of commerce and labor, and the erection of the necessary buildings.

Senator Warren also introduced a joint resolution providing for additional lands for Wyoming under the provisions of the Carey act. Should this joint resolution get through congress it will give the state of Wyoming an additional million acres of arid lands.

The comptroller of the currency has designated the Whitebank National bank of Chamberlain, S. D., as a depository for government funds.

BANKER'S BODY COMING HOME

Joseph R. Arnold, Who Died in Los Angeles, to Be Buried in Yankton.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 2.—(Special Telegram.)—The body of Joseph R. Arnold, banker and capitalist, who was found dead in a bath tub at the Hotel Avalon, March 25, will be taken to Yankton, S. D., his former home for burial. The trip began tonight. At Sioux City, Ia., the body will

be met by a delegation of Masons. From that city to Yankton the trip will be made by special train.

Arnold was one of the best known citizens of Yankton. He was never married and the fortune he leaves will be distributed among his nephews and nieces. T. E. Andrews, his partner in the banking business, and William Vincent, a nephew, both of Yankton, are now in Los Angeles and will start east with the body.

WIERD SPECTACLE ON PLAINS

Herd of Wild Buffalo Stamped into the Missouri River.

Captain W. R. Martin of St. Louis, a pilot of the old steamboat on the upper Missouri river, in an account of his experience in the Chicago Record-Herald, relates these incidents of local interest:

"I've been mixed up in American history a good deal. I landed the first passenger from a steamboat where Omaha now stands. When the Mormons left Nauvoo I took 'em to Council Bluffs on their way to Salt Lake. I knew 'em all—Highman Young, Orson Pratt, Heber Kimball. And their wives; I've danced with 'em many a time on the grass. A pilot was somebody in those days; it wasn't like it is now."

"Did I see any buffaloes?" Look here, young man, there's two women now living in St. Louis who went with me up to Fort Benton on the Twilight, when I carried 485 passengers at \$30 apiece, and I killed the same for all of 'em. How did I do it? Every day or two we'd come to a place where a herd of buffalo was crossing the river, and the boat would run in among 'em; I'd just rig my derricks-fall and let down a great noose right in front of a big fellow and haul him up on board. I didn't need no cowboy to rope stock for me; we got all the fresh meat we wanted that way. In '91 I brought down seventeen buffaloes alive—roped 'em right out of the river and hauled my catch on board with the derricks-fall. It beat any scene you ever saw. But the awfullest sight I ever saw on the river was 50,000 buffaloes drowning.

"It was about fifteen miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, and I was with my own boat, the Star Johnson. Charles B. Chouteau was with me that trip and we came out on deck together. You know what those plains are like—all light brown, and stretchin' away to the end of the world; you can see fifty miles each way. Well, out there on the prairie was a great black wave rolling toward us; it was a herd of buffalo on the stampede. It seems as if I could see it now, the dust raisin' under the hoofs of the forward ones in a sort of cloud that hid 'em from us sometimes. As far as we could see, up river and down, the country was full of them buffaloes. They never deviated; they came straight on; nothing could turn 'em."

There rose up before me for an instant De Quincey's tremendous description of the approach of the Tartar horde across the desert, as seen by the Emperor Kien Long; then it was gone, and I was with Captain Minsie again, watching the buffalo.

"The head ones reached the river and began to go over the bank; the water came out to us in great waves, and the noise was like a caving bank when a thunderer's big slice goes in all at once, only continuous. Soon the river was alive with 'em, and still they swept over; they were all around us, with their great big heads, wicked horns and great big shoulders all covered with heavy hair. I went over to the bank and laid up, and all the while that rear kept up, and that great brown dusty wave poured over the bank into the river. And then—the captain leaned forward and clutched my knee, while the horror of it all lived again in his face—"then the river was full—full! And they kept comin'; there wasn't no way for the front ones to stop but by the hind ones stoppin' first. For, you see, they couldn't get out on the other side, where there was a bank twenty feet high and as steep as the side of a house. They used to go or five deep in the river now; the bottom ones were dead; they came down against the boat and rocked it, as the current carried 'em under." Mr. Chouteau drew his breath in deep and hard. "I've been in this country all my life," he says, "but I never saw anything like that!"

The captain fell silent; the grimness of nature's tragedy held him, in the retrospect.

"Poor, bewildered brutes!" he said at last. "They used to get out on the ice, and not know it was ice; and the ice would start to breakin' up, and it would grind up and grind them up, until their bodies would cover the banks and the sandbars." And the veteran of fifty summers on the wild and turbulent Missouri, who has had so heavy and so honorable a share in the hardships and perils of that pioneer period whose sacrifices were the price of the comfort and security of the present generation, rose and bade me good day.

Blindness Comes for Few Hours

Total Loss of Sight Afflicts F. L. Chiverton Suddenly, Then Going Away.

"It's no fun to be blind," declares F. L. Chiverton, an artist living at 501 South Twenty-eighth street. And he is qualified to speak, for although he enjoys the full powers of sight, he was totally blind for three hours Wednesday evening while at home.

Both the loss of sight and its restoration a few hours later, following a period of greatest anguish over being deprived of one of his most valued senses, were most sudden. While sitting in a chair he unexpectedly found himself in complete darkness, which continued until his power of vision was as suddenly restored to him three hours later. Mr. Chiverton can offer no explanation of the remarkable experience, but will be satisfied if it does not recur.

SIGN OF CROSS SPOILS FEAST

Symbol on Missionary's Arm Stops Cooking Arrangements of Cannibals.

Stripped preparatory to being cooked for a cannibal feast, a cross that had been tattooed on his arm saved the life of Rev. Thomas N. Needham, who is well known as a part of the evangelistic army of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

In a recent sermon in Richmond Mr. Needham told a remarkable tale of kidnapping in his early youth, being taken on a tramp steamship, being finally abandoned among the cannibals on the coast of Patagonia, and of his deliverance at their hands because of the discovery of the cross, which had been tattooed by the sailors, the story of the cross having been taken to Patagonia years before by the Jesuits, and a superstition regarding it being still extant among the inhabitants. Dr. Needham was originally from Boston, Mass. He relates that as a child he spent all his idle moments on the water front, listening to the weird tales told by the old men of the sea. So thoroughly engrossed did he become with the life of the sailor that, according to his own admission, he frequently neglected duties which he should otherwise have performed in order to hear some old salt tell the stories of his adventures.

It was on the quays of the Hub that the future Dr. Needham was kidnapped, carried aboard a vessel bound for a South American port and finally abandoned, to be delivered by means of the cross, which ultimately resulted in his own conversion and the dedication of his life to the saving of human souls.

"I sometimes feel," said Dr. Needham, "how that my own experience is all retrospect; that God in His infinite wisdom decreed that I should be tried in this manner; that He in His wisdom knew that I should be better fitted to carry the Gospel to all men after I had been placed in the balance and found worthy of the test."

Despite the wishes of my parents, whom I honor and respect and love, I was a constant frequenter of the wharves of my native city, which attracted me in a manner which I am at a loss to explain. The day on which I was abducted I had been listening in rapt attention to an old sailor telling a story of shipwreck and rescue. It was the same old story that I had listened to many times before, but it was ever new to me.

"I was taken from behind suddenly, hurried aboard a ship and thrown into the hold, from which I was not allowed to emerge for many days. In the meantime the vessel plowed its way across the-to me-unknown waters. When I was finally brought on deck the sailors taunted me, and in a spirit of devilry tattooed a cross upon my arm. Finally I was abandoned on the coast of Patagonia.

"This coast, as is well known, is infested by cannibals. I was captured by one of the cannibal tribes. It was decreed that I should be made into the principal dish at a great feast. I was accordingly stripped, preparatory to being cooked. When I stood before the savages naked the crucifix upon my arm was discovered. The preparations for the feast were at once discontinued and I was taken before the chief, who personally examined the marks upon my arm and issued orders that I should be treated with the greatest respect.

"I lived among those savages for several years, during which time they treated me with the greatest reverence. I finally learned the cause of my strange deliverance. Jesuits had visited the country years before and had left a sort of superstition among the tribesmen regarding the cross. "Finally I made my escape. Making my



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FORMERLY O. K. SCOFIELD CLOAK & SUIT CO
GRAND EASTER SALE OF BEAUTIFUL NEW TAILOR MADE SUITS

Exclusive New Tailored Suits at \$35.00
Regular Values \$50.00 and \$55.00

These suits are all new and exclusive models that just arrived for our special Easter suit sale. They have been carefully selected by Mr. J. B. Orkin, our resident New York buyer, who is known as one of the most critical buyers of this country. You'll delight in this selection of new suits; \$50.00 and \$55.00 values. Special Easter sale price. **\$35**

Stunning New Tailored Suits at \$25.00
Values \$35.00 and \$40.00

You will have to admit when you see this grand collection of suits at \$25.00 that you never saw such beautiful styles so reasonably priced. There are over 300 to choose from and every suit is perfectly tailored; the materials are finest suitings, French serges, prunella cloths, and soleils; in all the dark or light colors. \$35.00 and \$40.00 values—special Easter sale price. **\$25**

REMARKABLE EASTER OFFERINGS IN SMART NEW DRESSES

\$35.00 New Messaline Dresses at \$25.00

These beautiful dresses are made of finest quality messaline, in draped styles of self materials, with long sash and in lace trimmed effects; all are beautiful designs; \$35.00 values. Special Easter sale price, only. **\$25**

\$25.00 New Foulard Dresses at \$17.50

This will be the greatest offer of the season, and if you want to avail yourself of the opportunity in procuring a \$25.00 Silk Foulard dress at \$17.50, you must be here Saturday. There are over 100 dresses to choose from. All are new designs, made of finest Foulards in beautiful patterns, \$25.00 values, special Easter sale price, at **\$17.50**

way to the coast. I got a vessel bound for England. Years thereafter, while lecturing in the provinces of that country, a note was brought to me from a man who requested an audience. The request was granted. The man conducted me in silence to his home, on the walls of which I discovered a picture of the very vessel on which I had been abducted many years before.

"The man acknowledged that he had been the captain of that vessel. He said he had repented of his many sins, that the voyage had been his last one, and that he, too, had been delivered. This is the story of my deliverance. It is a strange story, but it is a true one."

Dr. Needham thereupon displayed to his audience the tattooed cross upon his arm.—New York Herald.

ELECTRICITY CAN'T FEASE HIM

Eighteen Hundred Volts Shot Into a Man Without Apparent Effect.

At a private exhibition in a small room at 145 Broadway, New York, Charles Quill, a man of 23 years, allowed himself to be strapped into an electric chair, similar to the one in Sing Sing prison, and a direct current of electricity drawn from a nearby feed wire, was turned into his body to the amount of 1,800 volts. This is 100 more volts than are used in executions at the prison. Quill seemed to enjoy it. He endured this huge voltage for fully a minute. During that time his assistant touched various parts of his body with an alcohol soaked handkerchief, which immediately burst into flames.

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A current of such intensity with one finger that he lighted a cigarette from the heat. Quill said he first came in contact with a voltage of electricity in San Francisco, when he was employed by the gas and electric light company. He got too close to one of the dynamos and a "shunt-off" of 2,300 volts entered his body.

"Although apparently dead," he said, "I was conscious through it all. I could neither move nor cry out. It seemed as though I was tied between two dynamos with the current flowing through my body and burning me up, and I was powerless to help myself. When I was revived I felt no ill effects."

Quill has offered to go to Sing Sing and make a test. He says that when a man is electrocuted he is only in a comatose state and that death comes when the autopsy is held.

A peculiar effect Quill attributes to electricity is the extreme lassitude it creates. After a shock he loses from two to three pounds. The electric chair feat he would not undertake oftener than once a week.—New York World.

HOW TO USE A LITTLE GROUND

Bit of Back Yard Can Be Made Attractive and Wonderfully Productive.

A space twenty by fifty feet may, under intensive culture, be made to yield fresh vegetables for a small family through half the year. With forty feet by fifty, or fifty by 100, there can be a garden spelling riotous plenty.

Have the spading done as early as possible, use thoroughly rotted manure, and supplement it with good commercial fertilizer, either broadcasted and raked in or put in hills or drills.

It is a waste of seed, strength and time to plant a garden in poor soil. The seed will come up, the sprouting plants will be harder to work than if they were luxuriant, and the resultant crop will be mostly conspicuous by its absence. So, if it be impossible to do more, make small rich beds, four feet wide and as long as the manure holds out, and sow them cross-

wise with such things as radishes, lettuce, cress, parsley, beets and onions. Make the rows a foot to eighteen inches apart, or sow the radishes broadcast. Lettuce also yields more from broadcast sowing. Pull out the thickest as soon as edible and leave the rest to grow. Radish tops make excellent greens, something better flavored than mustard. By sowing thickly you can have dishes of greens.

Say the garden is forty by fifty feet, this is something what the planting of it should be: Dwarf early peas, medium early and late peas; beets, early and later; beans in succession, including bush limas; carrots, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers. Do not adventure upon corn unless it be sweet corn planted on the pea space as a second crop, in come in just before frost. Make an asparagus bed all across one end of the plot, setting 2-year-old roots, and fertilizing the bed heavily in early summer just after cutting ceases.

"Peas are so hardy they may be planted before snow is past, provided, of course, the ground is right when they go in. Make it fine and light, cover the seed at least three inches deep, then tramp the earth over them, setting the feet so one track touches the other. A quart of seed will sow a 100-foot of drill the proper thickness. An ounce of beet seed will sow the same row length.—The Circle Magazine.

BARGAIN RATES IN FUNERALS

Jersey City Gives Baltimore a Strong Run for Its Cemetery Money.

If you want to get buried at bargain prices, now is the time and Jersey City is the place.

There is a war on there among the dealers in mortality, and humanity, which has to die some time, anyhow, at last has a chance to do so economically.

What the conflict is about does not matter much, but that it is deadly and likely to prove fatal to somebody's business is intimated by a full page advertisement which appears in one of the evening newspapers of the town across the way. In huge black letters this pronouncement

The French Way

That satisfied feeling comes when you put yourself in clothes cleaned "The French Way." It's a sure cure for Spring Fever and one dose does the business. Treat yourself to a dose by sending your spring apparel to us. **French Dry Cleaning Works**
Phones: Doug. 4172; A-2125
1908 FARNAM

begins with the rather paradoxical statement, "There is no doubt about us being on the level." Then the prospective patron is assured that if the goods delivered are not satisfactory, he doesn't have to pay one penny.

"Can we do any more than this?" demands the advertisement. "Let us reason together. Isn't it hard enough to get hold of a little money, without paying it to an undertaker, for which you receive no value? If one-half the people knew what they receive from these undertakers for \$200, and see what we furnish for \$100, they would be ashamed of themselves to think how easily they parted with their money."

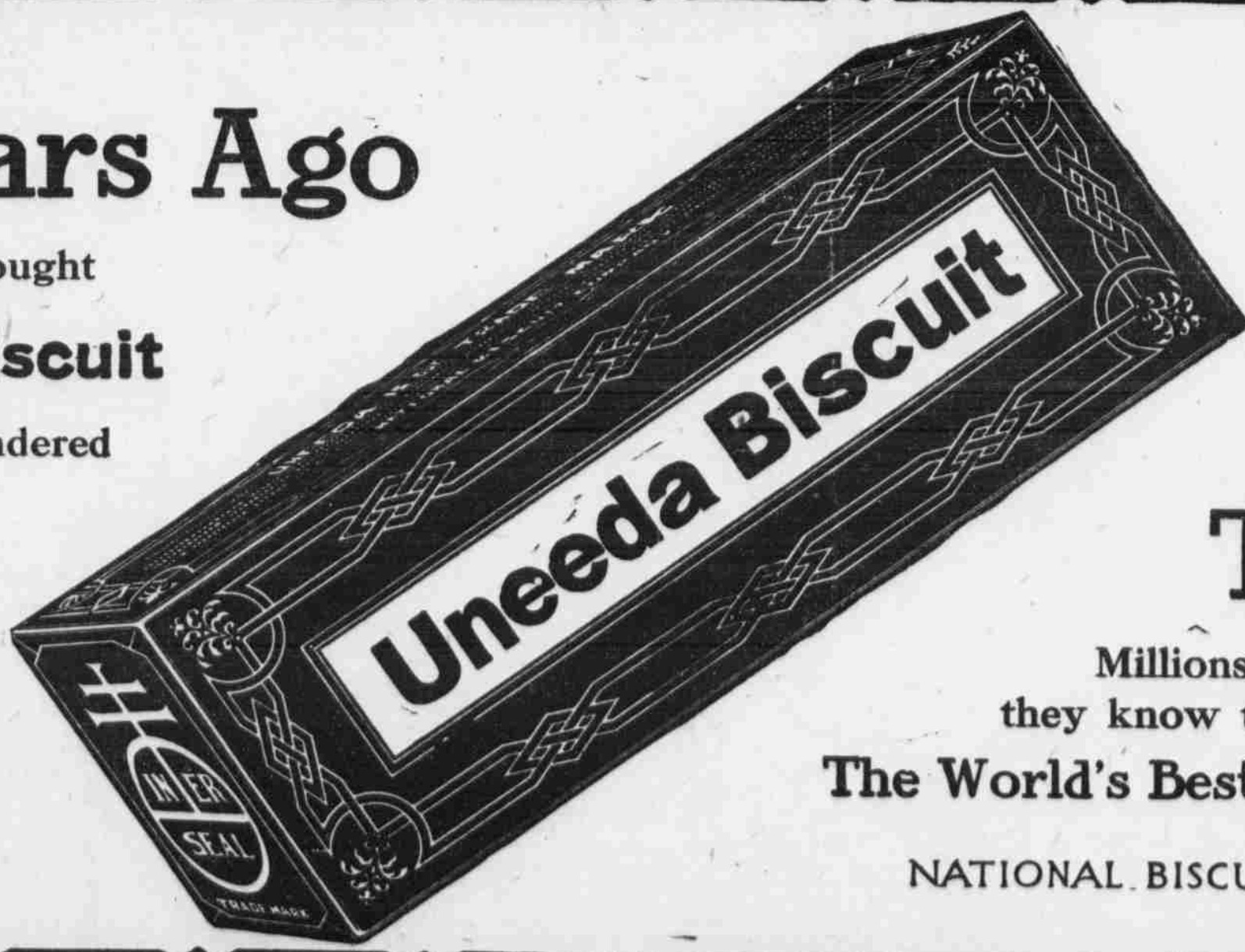
Here follows a violent attack upon "grafting" undertakers, accompanied by a touching appeal for sympathy for the "poor fellow who never gets flowers on his grave."

"You never saw the outside box padded for the laboring class until we started to get after those fellows," is the next explanation. There is much more in this aggressive strain, after which the advertiser catalogues his own bargain counter wares in such enticing language as "kings for such a tomb would die."—New York Herald.

Sturdy oaks from little acorns grow—advertising in The Bee will do wonders for your business.

10 Years Ago

Thousands bought
Uneeda Biscuit
because they wondered
what they were.



Sold only in

5¢

Moisture Proof Packages

To-day

Millions use them because
they know them to be

The World's Best Soda Cracker

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY