THE BARS THROWN DOWN.

RESTRICTIONS REMOVED FROM THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TICKETS.

The Erie's Plan of Reorganization—The General Passenger Agents' Meeting—Eastern Freight Rates.

Following the announcements of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad removing the originally determined restrictions of Knights Templar excursion tickets for the annual conclave at Boston, August 19, 20 and 21, other lines have declared the same restrictions off. Several of the Kansas City ticket agents were notified yesterday to sell tickets on Boston with stopoff privileges at any point east of Chicago or St. Louis, without the requirement of the Boston stamp on return coupon, and good until October 2 and including that date.

Although the local lines have not all been notified of these removals of restrictions, it is practically settled that they will all be so notified within a day or two. This concession on the part of the railroads practically settles the Eastern rate situation for a time into an open excursion business at a very low rate, the round trip from Kansas City to the Hub being only $26, with proportionately low rates from other Western points.

The advantage given by the removal of restrictions is likely to greatly increase the sale of excursion tickets. It will mean a very low rate for a time to all points in the East, since the return coupons are negotiable in any city without the Boston stamp and will be received wherever presented on the return trip.

It will be remembered that the Christian Endeavor business went much the same way, although the first road to fly the track, the Erie, made its declaration just at a time when it practically [illegible]

REORGANIZATION OF THE ERIE.

Some Details of the Plan Submitted to the Security Holders.

New York, Aug. 10.—The new plan of reorganization of the New York, Lake Erie & Western railway, of which J. P. Morgan & Co. have general charge, has been put in printed form and copies were sent to Europe [illegible]

A Union Depot at Winfield.

Winfield, Kas., Aug. 10.—(Special.) The Santa Fe railway will establish a union depot in this city [illegible]

Spikes.

[illegible]

A WOMAN ROBBED.

Nearly $600 Taken From Mrs. Garier at a West Side Hotel—Most of the Money Recovered.

[illegible]

PASSED A COUNTERFEIT BILL.

A Stranger Obtains 50 Cents Worth of Groceries and $4.50 in Change From a Boy.

[illegible]

Received a Small Scalp Wound.

[illegible]

An Ice Cream Social.

[illegible]

Poker Game Raided.

[illegible]

Will Address the Old Men.

[illegible]

Arrested in Kearney, Mo.

[illegible]

SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT.

The Only Obstacle to the Trip of Veteran Company A to Southern Battlefields Removed.

Colonel Simonds, of the Third regiment, and Captain Taylor, of Veteran Company A, held a long conference yesterday, which resulted in the happy solution of a problem involving the most serious conflict of interests and dates presented in the programme for Company A's tour of Southern cities and battlefields next month. While Colonel Simonds had promptly indorsed Captain Taylor's application for permission to take his company out of the state and forwarded it many weeks ago through General Moore to Governor Stone, yet he has felt much disappointed over the fact that the original programme would prevent Company A from being present to participate in the big military demonstration to be had in connection with the Karnival Krewe parade festival week.

Colonel Simonds has taken a deep interest in the success of the Karnival Krewe parade, which his efforts were very material in carrying out so successfully last year. [illegible]

Shake Hands.

[illegible]

Tried to Steal Shirts.

[illegible]

A Porter Stabbed.

[illegible]

ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

FLOCKS OF THE BIG BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA.

Oranges Are the Things They Like Best, Though They Will Eat Everything in Sight—Plucking the Feathers and Counting the Profits.

There are two ostrich farms in California. One is at Norwalk and the other at Coronado Beach, the resort just across the bay from San Diego. Interest of tourists is divided between the little old adobe church of the Mexican village of Old San Diego, where Ramona, Helen Hunt's Indian heroine, is said to have been married, and the ostrich farm kept by W. H. Bentley, within a few minutes' walk of the hotel at the beach. The [illegible]

Safer Than Lightning Rods.

[illegible]

FLOWER THAT GREW IN SAND.

By Ella Higginson, Author of "The Takin' in of Old Mis' Lane," and Other Stories.

(Copyright, 1895, by S. S. McClure, Limited.)

Demaris opened the gate and walked up the narrow path. There was a low hedge of pink and purple candytuft on each side. Inside the hedges were little beds of homely flowers in the shapes of hearts, diamonds and Maltese crosses.

Mrs. Eaton was stooping over a rosebush, but she arose when she heard the click of the gate. She stood looking at Demaris, with her arms hanging stiffly at her sides.

"Oh," she said, with a grim smile, "you, is it?"

"Yes," said the girl, blushing, and looking embarrassed. "Ain't it a nice evenin'?"

"It is that; awful nice; I'm tyin' up my rosebushes. Won't you come in an' set down awhile?"

"Oh, my, no," said Demaris. Her eyes went wistfully to the pink rosebush. "I can't stay."

"Come for kindlin' wood?"

"No." She laughed a little at the worn [illegible]

[illegible]

an' then rub your head while Demaris gits a bite to eat. I've plowed ever since sun up, an' I'm tired an' hungry."

He returned in a few moments and took Demaris' place. He sighed deeply, but silently, as he sat down.

Demaris set the table and placed upon it the simple meal which she had prepared.

"I'll stay with ma while you and pa eat," said Nellie, with a sudden burst of unselfishness.

"Well," said Demaris, wearily.

Mr. Ferguson sat down at the table and leaned his head on his hands. "I'm too tired to eat," he said, "hungry's I am." He looked at the untempting meal of cold boiled meat, baked potatoes and apple sauce.

Demaris did not lift her eyes as she sat down. She felt that she ought to say something cheerful, but her heart was too full of her own disappointment. She despised her selfishness even while yielding to it.

"It does beat all about your ma," said her father. "I can't see where she gits that pain from. It ain't nothin' danger's or it 'ud a-killed her long ago. It almost seems 's if she jest gits tired 'f bein' well, an' begins to git scared fer fear that pain's a-comin' on—an' then it comes right on. I've heard her say lots 'f times that she'd be'n well a whole week now, but that she w'u'dn't brag or that pain 'u'd come on—an' inside of an hour it 'u'd up an' come on. It's awful discouragin'."

"I wish I was dead!" said Demaris.

Her father did not speak. His silence reproached her more than any words could have done.

When she went into the bed room again, she found her mother crying childishly.

"Demaris, did I hear you say you wished you was dead?"

"I guess so. I said it."

"Well, God Almighty knows I wish I was! You don't stop to think what 'u'd become 'o me 'f it wa'n't fer you. Your pa c'u'dn't hire anybody, an' he's gettin' too old to set up o' nights after workin' hard all day. You'd like to see it all come on your little sister, I reckon!"

Demaris thought of those slim, weak wrists and shivered. Her mother commenced to sob—and that aggravated the pain.

Demaris stooped and put her arms around her and kissed her.

"I'm sorry I said it," she whispered. "I didn't mean it. I'm just tired and cross. You know I didn't mean it."

Her father came in heavily.

"Demaris," he said, "Frank Vickers 's comin' around to the front door. I'll take keer o' your ma while you go in an' see him."

It was a radiant faced young fellow that walked into Demaris' little parlor. He took her hand with a tenderness that brought the color beating into her cheeks.

"What!" he said. "Ain't you ready? Why, the boat leaves in an hour, an' it's a good, long walk to the wharf. You'll have to hurry up, Demaris."

"I can't go."

"You can't go? Why can't you?"

She lifted her eyes bravely. Then tears swelled into them slowly until they were full. Not one fell. She looked at him through them. He felt her hand trembling against the palm of his own.

"Why can't you, Demaris?"

"My mother's sick. Just hear her moanin' clear in here."

Young Vickers' face was a study.

"Why, she was sick last time I wanted to take you som'ers—to a dance, wa'nt it?"

"Yes—I know."

"An' time before that when I wanted you to go to a church sociable up 'n String Town."

"Yes."

"Why, she must be sick near onto all the time, accordin' to that."

"She is—pretty near." She withdrew her hand. There was a stiff-looking lounge in one corner of the room. It was covered with Brussels carpet and had an uncomfortable back, but it was dear to Demaris' heart. She had gathered and sold strawberries two whole summers to pay for it. She sat down on it now and laid her hands together on her knees.

The young man followed and sat down beside her.

"Why, my dear," he said, very quietly. "You can't stand this sort o' thing. It's wearin' you out. You never did look light an' happy, like other girls o' your age; an' lately you're getting a real pinched look. I feel's if 't was time fer me to interfere." He took her hand again.

It was dim twilight in the room now. Demaris turned her head aside. The tears brimmed over and fell fast and silently.

"Interferin' won't do any good," she said, resolutely. "There's just two things about it. My mother's sick all the time, an' I have to wait on her. There's nobody else to do 't."

"Well, 's long 's you stay at home it'll all come on you. You ain't able to carry sech a load."

"I'll have to."

"Demaris, you'll just have to leave."

"What?" said the girl. She turned to look at him in a startled way. "Leave home? I couldn't think o' doin' that."

He leaned toward her and put his arm around her, trembling strongly. "Not even to come to my home, Demaris? I want you, dear, an' I won't let you kill yourself workin', either. I ain't rich, but I'm well enough off to give you a comfortable home an' some 'n' to do your work for you."

There was deep silence. Each felt the full beating of the other's heart. There was a rose bush under the window, an old-fashioned one. Its blooms were not beautiful, but they were very sweet. It had flung a slim, white spray of them into the room. Demaris never smelled their fragrance afterward without a keen, exquisite thrill of passion, as brief as it was delicious.

"I can't, Frank." Her tone was low and uncertain. "I can't leave my mother. She's sick an' gettin' old. I can't."

"Oh, Demaris! That's rank foolishness."

"Well, I guess it's the right kind o' foolishness." She drew away and sat looking at him. Her hands were pressed together in her lap.

"Why, it ain't expected that a girl 'ad ought to stay an' take care o' her mother forever, is it? It ain't expected that she'd ought to turn herself into a hospital nurse, is it?"

Her face grew stern.

"Don't talk that way, Frank. That ain't respectful to my mother. She's had a hard life, an' so's my father. You know I want to come, but I can't. It's my place to stay an' take care o' her. I'm goin' to do it—hard 's it is. My leavin' 'em 'u'd jest take the heart out o' both of 'em. An' there's Nelly, too."

"Demaris—" he spoke slowly; his face was pale—"I'm goin' to say somethin' to you I never thought I'd say to any girl alive. But the fact is, I didn't know till right now how much I think o' you. You marry me, an' we'll all live together!"

Her face softened. She leaned a little toward him with uncontrollable tenderness. But as he made a quick movement she drew back.

"No, Frank, I can't—I can't! It won't do. Such things 's what breaks women's hearts."

"What things, dear?"

"Folks livin' together that way. There's no good ever comes of it. I'd have to set up with my mother just the same, an' you'd be a worryin' all the time for fear it 'u'd make me sick, an' you'd be wantin' to set up with her yourself."

"Of course," he said stoutly, "I'd expect to. That's what I mean. I'd take some o' your load off o' you."

Demaris smiled mournfully. "You don't know what it is, Frank. It's all very well to talk about it, but when it comes to doin' it you'd be tired out 'n a month. You'd wish you hadn't married me—an' that 'u'd kill me!"

"I wouldn't. Oh, Demaris, just you try me. I'll be good to all your folks—just 's good 's can be, dear. I swear it."

She leaned toward him again with a sob. He took her in his arms. He felt the delicious warmth of her body. Their lips trembled together.

After a while she drew away slowly and looked at him earnestly in the faint light.

"If I thought you wouldn't change," she faltered. "I know you mean it now, but oh—"

"Sister," called a thin, troubled voice from the hall, "can't you come here just a minute?"

Demaris went at once, closing the door behind her.

The child threw her thin arms around her sister's waist, sobbing:

"Oh, sister, I forgot to get the kindl'n' wood, an' now it's so dark down cellar I'm afraid. Can't you come with me?"

[illegible]

"Demaris," he said, and all his heartbreak was in his voice, "do you mean it?" Oh, my dear, I'll go if you send me; but I'll never come back again—never!"

She hesitated for a second. Then she said very coldly, without emotion—"Yes, go. You've been good to me, but—it's all over. Good-by."

He dropped her hands without a word, and went.

She did not look after him, or listen to his footsteps. She went to the cellar with Nelly to get the kindling wood, which she arranged in the stove ready for the match in the morning.

Then she went into her mother's room. She looked pale in the flickering candle light.

"I'll take care o' ma now, pa," she said. "You get to bed and rest. I know you're all tired out—plowin' ever since sun-up! I ain't a bit sleepy. I couldn't sleep 'f I went to bed."

She moistened her fingers with camphor and commenced bathing her mother's brow.

Honest Facts

Are represented in our prices for the coming week on the lines we have on sale of . . . .

Balbriggan Underwear,
Negligee Shirts,
Puff Bosom Shirts,
Hosiery and Neckwear,

And Our Entire Line of

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS

At nearly Half former prices.

WOOLF BROS.

MEN'S FURNISHERS,

710-712 Main St. 1118 Main St.

ONLY A FEW ITEMS,

But very interesting ones to all people of money-saving proclivities. There's apt to be something in the list that will prove entertaining, but if not you'll find it at the store, for these prices are simply representative of every article offered for sale here.

APRON GINGHAMS. If sold for what they're worth they'd bring 7 cents, **3 Cents.**

RED TABLE LINEN. Fast color Turkey Red Table Linen, worth 25 cents the yard, **10 Cents.**

DRESS GINGHAMS. Not a yard of it worth less than 8 cents, **4 Cents.**

DOTTED SWISS. A complete line of our 20-cent Swisses, to-morrow only **8½ Cents Yard.**

LADIES' BELTS. Here's something you'll appreciate highly. Belts worth all the way from 25 cents to $1; choice to-morrow for **5 Cents.**

BLEACHED MUSLIN. Yard wide bleached Muslin, worth 8 to 10 cents the yard, **6 Cents.**

HONEYCOMB TOWELS. Extra large fringed Honeycomb Towels, worth 7 cents each, **2 for 5 Cents.**

SWIVEL SILKS. A good thing to take advantage of. All our 50-cent Swivel Silks on special sale to-morrow at **15 Cents Yard.**

CHECK TOWELS. Linen check Glass Towels, worth 5 cents, **2 for 5 Cents.**

CHALLIES. All wool Challies, light or dark, worth 50 and 75 cents the yard, **23 Cents.**

The more you look around the more thoroughly will you appreciate the force of our motto, that

IT ALWAYS PAYS TO TRADE AT

THE BEE HIVE,

912-914 Main Street.

A CASE OF NERVE.

Dodge of an Impecunious One Upon a Railroad Conductor.

He sat in the hotel smoking room. The air was blue but the men were happy—happy and reminiscent. He stretched out his legs, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and between the puffs spun this yarn:

"For dead cold icy nerve I had always thought we traveling men took the cake. I thought our right there was none to dispute, unless it be among the newspaper men. But the prettiest game of bluff I ever saw was put up by a man who was neither a drummer nor a reporter; but merely an overworked bank clerk who had applied for a leave of absence and gone South to recuperate. He had drawn a certain sum for the trip and resolved not to exceed it. Foolishly he had neglected to buy an excursion ticket, arguing that he might want to return by a different route. And then, as a matter of course, he found that he had spent his money not wisely but too well; so that he was hundreds of miles from home, ticketless and friendless, and well nigh penniless. His check book was useless, for no one knew him and he must be identified.

"All this I learned later on. My acquaintance with him began on the train on one of the Southern roads when he asked me to stake him to enough to see him home. I had already been 'touched' several times that trip, so, expressing every confidence in his probity, declined the honor he would do me. He tried several other passengers with a like result. Then he gave it up, but made us all promise not to interfere with any game he tried to play.

"Presently the conductor came along. The Impecunious One, his hat cocked over one eye, was peacefully sleeping in one corner of his seat, leaning toward an open window. The conductor shook him, gently at first, so that he stirred and his hat drooped further over his eye, but he did not wake; then more roughly, saying: 'Come, sir, your ticket, please.'

"At that the Impecunious One awoke with a big start. His hat flew out of the window and he flew into a great rage. He swore at the conductor, abused him up and down, him and his forefathers unto the third and fourth generation. What did he mean by waking him in that way? Didn't he know that rest was invaluable to an invalid? That such a sudden, rude awakening might be fatal to a weak heart? Were his nerves of no account? And now he had lost his hat, and would catch his death of cold. It was outrageous.

"The conductor bowed before the storm and when it had somewhat abated offered to replace the hat at the first stopping place. 'And now, sir, let me see your ticket, please.'

"The Impecunious One felt in all his pockets; went through them all again with a bewildered air. Finally he broke out: 'Why, you blankety-blankety idiot, you, all my tickets not only on this road, but straight through to Chicago were in the lining of my hat, and you knocked it out of the window. I'm in a pretty pickle now. I haven't enough with me to buy a fresh set. This piece of idiocy will cost you your job. I'll report you to the company and teach you to be more careful how you startle a nervous man.'

"The conductor tried to soothe him; offered to take him through to the end of his division. But the Impecunious One would not be appeased. Much good it would do to be landed in some little, nearby, one horse Southern town, hundreds of miles from nowhere. He wanted to get through to Chicago. He must get through. He had an appointment there that was worth thousands of dollars. Finally the conductor, by this time badly frightened, promised to get him tickets or passes all the way through, and the Impecunious One subsided. And to the end of that road the conductor, having replaced the dear, departed hat, maintained an humbly apologetic tone that would have wrung tears of blood from a stone.

"And it was only a bluff after all, so well carried out that the conductor was completely taken in, and the rest of us rubbed our eyes and wondered whether the Impecunious One's attempt to touch us was not after all a dream.

"Later on, traveling over that same road, I told the conductor how he had been worked. And he said he knew it, for shortly after that trip he had received a letter and a check, the former confessing the fraud, the latter paying him the full price of the passage. And he added: 'That fellow was a genius. If he had made a fuss at first about his tickets I'd have been onto him in a minute, but his tickets were forgotten. It was his nerves, his health, his heart, his hat that were of importance. And to think that he had no nerves, nor health, nor hat—nor heart. O, it was wicked! But that man has missed his vocation. He ought to be on the stage.'

"And," said the drummer, throwing away the stump of his cigar, "I thought so, too, for that was the prettiest game of bluff I ever saw and I speak from a large and varied experience."—Chicago Tribune.

BEATING THE ANTI-GAMBLING LAW.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

For months a thousand fertile minds have been busily at work attempting to devise ways and means to get around the Nicholson law. Many saloonkeepers and patrons of saloons have lain awake nights figuring on how to dodge this law. A saloonkeeper in Delphi claims to have discovered a way of getting around one of the rough corners.

It will be recalled that the law provides, among other things, that no games of chance shall be permitted in a saloon, which means that dice boxes and other similar devices have to go. The dice box was a great feature of the trade, and how to supply the deficiency and not violate the law was one of the questions that vexed the saloonkeeper. Flies and loaf sugar are all that is necessary to carry out the scheme of the Delphi man, and the dispensers of liquor in this city have provided themselves accordingly.

The plan of operating it is as follows: Say two men enter a saloon for the purpose of regaling themselves and desire to decide with the "house" which of the three shall "set 'em up." Three lumps of sugar are produced from behind the bar and a lump placed in front of the saloonkeeper and each of the others. The fellow's lump upon which a fly first lights decides that he is to pay for the drinks. The saloon men claim that this is not a game of chance in the strict sense of the word, and that the fly is the guilty party. They allege that they simply put the sugar on the bar and the fly does the rest. Heretofore all saloons have kept up screen doors and windows for the purpose of keeping out flies. They will be taken down now, and the festive fly will be made welcome. The more flies the more rapidly will business go.

One saloonkeeper in town has been detected in attempting to "cold deck" his customers. He has one loaf of sugar that he sets for himself touched with turpentine, the others being pure. The fly will never light on turpentined sugar, and he had a sure thing. In the winter time, when the flies have disappeared, the cockroach will take his place. Heretofore the cockroach has been the bane of the average saloonkeeper's life. Henceforth every encouragement will be given them to produce and multiply. The saloonkeepers are now figuring on educating flies and cockroaches.

Step-Sisters Die 170 Years Apart.

Although difficult to believe, it is nevertheless true, that the death of two half-sisters, the daughters of the same father, occurred 170 years apart. The grandfather of the British minister, Charles James Fox, Sir Stephen Fox, married in 1654, and had a daughter born to him in 1655, who died in the course of the same year. He had several other children, who grew up and married, but all of them died before their father, and without issue. Sir Stephen, not wishing his large fortune to fall into the hands of distant relatives, married again at a very advanced age, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727. She reached the age of 98 years and died in 1825, that is, 170 years after the death of her oldest sister. She saw Queen Victoria when the latter was a child, while her half-sister was carried in the arms of Oliver Cromwell.