MOUSIE AND PIDGIE AND THE GOOD MASTER

Unique Friendship of Three Inseparable Companions Seen Every Day in Streets of Chicago.

SQUAB A GRATEFUL PIGEON

Sleeps Between the Paws of His Dog Chum When Owner Turns Down the Lights.

CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday.—In North Chicago lives an aged man who owns—or rather has as friends—a dog and a pigeon, and the three are inseparable companions.

Wherever the man goes the two pets accompany him. The story of their friendship reads like a fairy tale.

Charles Noe, well known in his neighborhood as a retired opera singer, lives at No. 680 Sedgwick street. All around Lincoln Park the three are a familiar sight, and the residents of that vicinity have become accustomed to see them on their daily walks.

About ten o'clock regularly every morning they start out. The dog is old and stiff with rheumatism, and Mr. Noe walks very slowly to give her ample time to keep up with him. She is fourteen years old and was raised by Mr. Noe, as were also the parents of the dog. She is a cross between a black spitz and a pug and resembles both of these varieties enough to give her odd characteristics.

Between the dog and her master gravely walks the pigeon. If it gets tired it rides on the dog's back, or its favorite place, the head.

Mr. Noe always speaks to his pet in German. "We are all German," says he. "Come zu Mousie, schöna Mousie" (come to Mousie, pretty Mousie), is all he ever ventures as a rebuke when the pigeon neglects the dog. It always has the desired effect, and Pidgie at once flies to the feet of Mousie.

Their friendship, says Mr. Noe, began four years ago when he found the pigeon, half dead, in the deer pen at Lincoln Park.

It was only a squab two weeks old and it had fallen out of its nest under the eaves of the deer barn into the drinking trough below. It was nearly drowned, featherless and bleeding. He rescued it and took it home. "I had no idea," he says, "of keeping it, and after it had fully recovered and seemed old enough to fly I opened the windows to let it fly away. To my astonishment, it could not be driven out."

In the meantime, unknown to Mr. Noe, a strong friendship had sprung up between the dog, Mousie, and the pigeon. From then until now they have been comrades, sleeping and playing together.

Their way of sleeping is amusing. Birds go to their nests only when darkness comes, and the pigeon will not retire until the gas is turned down, even though it may be twelve o'clock at night.

Mousie could sleep regardless of time or light. But she soon learned that if she went to sleep her strange bedfellow would not be in its accustomed place between her front paws. Now they retire together, the bird nestled between the paws under the dog's neck and the dog with her head bent down over the bird.

The pigeon seems to have changed its nature entirely, never evincing any desire to mate or run away. On the contrary, it fights bitterly any intruder of the pigeon family that happens to come upon the premises.

In their daily rambles in Lincoln Park Mr. Noe, Mousie and Pidgie are invariably the centre of attention. Nor does this annoy the old gentleman.

"Why," says he, "when my dog and pigeon come in sight the monkeys and tigers and other animals receive no more attention. Sometimes hundreds crowd around us, amazed at the sight of so tame a pigeon and its evident affection for the dog."

On the street the attention they attract is just as great. Pedestrians will stop and look on in surprise, and it is no uncommon thing for a carriage or automobile to stop that its occupants may request a pose for their kodaks, or to make offers to purchase. Mr. Noe has often been offered substantial sums by admiring observers of his pets. He also received an offer from a dime museum agent. He was merely to sit on view with his pets and make a little speech, for which he was to receive $35 per week. The offer was declined.

Being asked whether he was not afraid that a strange dog or cat might kill the bird he replied:—"Not while Mousie is around."

When the weather is fine Mr. Noe frequently sits in the park and reads. His companions will play or sit contentedly near him until time to return home.

But Mousie is getting old and tires quickly. Sometimes in a spirit of mischief the pigeon pecks her playfellow mercilessly on the back, picking out the most vulnerable spots, and though Mousie howls with pain she never offers to harm the bird. Mr. Noe explains that this is because the pigeon wants to play and gets impatient because the dog is so old and lazy.

At home the two pets have the freedom of the house. Mrs. Noe is as fond of the pets as her husband, and that only kindness is shown them is readily believed when one sees how they trust their master. When either Mr. or Mrs. Noe returns home after an ordinary absence they are affectionately greeted by the dog and the pigeon flies to the hand or shoulder to show its delight. The same good fellowship is shown when Mr. Noe gets his cap and coat preparatory to leaving the house. Mousie is too old to make the wild demonstrations of a puppy, but she barks and shows in every move a readiness to go along.

The behavior of the pigeon is far more amusing. It waltzes around the floor, ruffling its feathers, bobbing its head up and down, and uttering its continuous "gook-a-too-goo, gook-a-too-goo."

"It is hard for me to refuse their requests to go down town with me," said the old gentleman.

On Christmas Day Mousie received a present from her master in the shape of a plush robe or dog coat. One of the results of her old age was the falling out of a great deal of her hair. She gradually became quite "bald" and had no way to protect herself from the Medicine Hat blizzard, but now when she goes out for a walk she gratefully permits herself to be enfolded in the coat that her master has so kindly provided.

Odd companions they are, to be sure. But where in all the world is to be found as remarkable a chain of friendship as that which links Mr. Noe, Mousie and Pidgie?

Baseball scores IN FULL are always to be found in the FINAL edition of the Evening Telegram, the only afternoon newspaper which has them. Also full race reports.

Not To Be Quoted.

Philadelphia Telegraph:—The reporter boarded a Chestnut street car at Broad street. Two minutes later a bulky gentleman dropped into the seat by his side and jammed him against the window. The reporter grunted, but the newcomer was cheerful.

"I knew Chestnut street before it had car tracks," he announced pleasantly. "Used to run omnibuses up one side and down the other."

The reporter wasn't interested.

"Yes," he continued, "I've lived here all my life. I like to see the old town grow. I was born in 1844—on the 22d of 1844."

The reporter tried to imagine just when the momentous event happened. The information was somewhat hazy.

"Yes, those are facts," he went on. "I went to school— What, not going?"

"Yes," replied the reporter, "here is where I belong."

"Say, young man, what's your business?"

"I am a reporter."

"A reporter? Great heavens!" he cried, "and here I've been talking so freely to you. Say, now, don't quote me. I wasn't talking for publication."

But he was, even if he didn't know it.

Two Women Nonagenarians; One Dances, Other Is 'Business'

First Says Dancing and Music Will Keep One Young—Second Is Hetty Green of St. Louis, and Keeping Eye on Main Chance Does Not Shorten Her Life.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Saturday.—Two remarkable women are living in St. Louis, both natives of Sunny Italy, each ninety years of age, both born in Genoa in the same year, and almost the same month, yet they are remarkably different in disposition and characteristics. Both are wonderfully well preserved and give promise of rounding a century of life.

One is Mrs. Geronima Saglio, whose home is at No. 2,115 Clark avenue, who is as active, as blithe and as gay as a girl of twenty. She dances like a fairy and is as volatile in her manner and speech as a maid in her teens.

The other, Mrs. Marina Sambucetti, of No. 1,721 North Grand avenue, is the Hetty Green of St. Louis, in all but the famous New Yorker's economy. She is the soul of hospitality, and the best is none too good for her friends. In body she is not as active as her friend and country woman, but her mind is as alert as that of a clever business man in his prime.

"If you would be young when you are old you must dance, dance, dance," declared Mrs. Saglio. "Music, music," she cried as she clapped her hands in childish delight and caught her five-year-old great-granddaughter by the arms and commenced dancing the "Valse Vienna," while her granddaughter played the piano. There was the buoyancy of youth in her steps. Her figure swayed gracefully. She has a small foot, high arched and perfect in shape. When the pair stopped dancing the child was gasping for breath, but the woman of ninety years was laughing and talking.

"I have gone to so many balls that I cannot count them. I love to dance; it does my heart good; it gives me life. When I was seventy years old I led the grand march at the Italian ball given in St. Louis.

"If you dance much you won't get stiff and useless when you are old. I teach my great-granddaughter the Italian dances. They are prettier than your American dances and give the body a grace that cannot be had with the American and English steps. See, like this," and she demonstrated a step which required a graceful movement of the ankle, "and this"—then the graceful swaying of the body. "This keeps the body young and makes the cheeks rosy and the eyes bright.

"I can see the clock in the Union Station from my room and I can tell the time. I never wore glasses; they are ugly things," and Mrs. Saglio shrugged her shoulders expressively. "I don't see why young people wear them. They are not becoming or pretty. If the Lord is good to me and lets me live I will never wear them. The bright eyes without ornaments of gold and glass are the prettiest. They catch the hearts of men. Some people say they must wear glasses so that they can see. I will be ninety years old May 26, and I can thread a needle and sew without glasses."

"What is the secret of your perfect sight?"

"I have always prayed to Saint Lucia for good sight and hearing. I want to see the beautiful world, the bright sunshine and the pretty flowers. I want to hear the birds sing and the Angelus ring."

"Baby, pick up that pin," said Mrs. Saglio, as she pointed to the floor.

"I love the world," she continued. "I do not want to leave it. We all must go, but I want to stay longer. It is a good old world. Sometimes people ask me if I don't want to die and how much longer I want to live. Why should I want to die? I am young; I can work. I don't know how long I want to live. I cannot count the days, the months or the years. I hope the Lord will be good to me and let me live a long time, a very long time. My four children are dead, but I have four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

"If you would be well, if you would be young at ninety years, dance and be cheerful. Cheerfulness is the best of tonics; it keeps the eyes bright, the cheeks rosy and the face smooth. Worry and grief cause wrinkles and crow's feet."

MRS. SAMBUCETTI'S LIFE.

Mrs. Sambucetti has never danced, she attended a ball only once in her life—and that time she went to the Veiled Prophet's ball to see the beautiful costumes—but she has found the secret of youth.

Mrs. Sambucetti came to America with her husband and five children when she was thirty-eight years old. She lived in New Orleans for some time. During a yellow fever epidemic she came with her husband and children to St. Louis and then they returned to New Orleans, where they had accumulated a little property.

The war came and their property was destroyed, and they started for St. Louis, but could get no further than Memphis.

From the bearer of a fruit basket she became through her own efforts one of the richest women in St. Louis. She has trusted to the advice of none, but has followed her own judgment. When asked the cause of her remarkable success she said:—

"Hard work, close application, careful and right living—and ambition.

"Any woman can make a success in the business world if she will keep her mind on business and not on men and foolishness.

"A clever, hard working, ambitious woman can do more than a man. There are women and women, and there are men and men. Much depends on the individual. As a class I think the men are more successful; as individuals, I believe the women are in the lead.

"In my young days I worked very hard; I have always been active. I had no pleasure outside of my home, caring for my children and saving for a rainy day. I was not young when I came to America. It was hard for me to learn the ways of a new country, but I watched its progress. I watched the business men and the business centres in which I lived.

"I would give this advice to anyone going to buy property:—Never buy unless you can pay for it at the time of purchase. Don't pay interest; let the other people do that. To buy property with an interest mill attached is a bad investment.

"Twenty-two years ago a corner on Locust street was for sale. I had studied the city of St. Louis, and in my judgment this was a good piece of property. My friends advised me not to buy it. I purchased the property in partnership with a man. My friends all said, 'Marina, you are a fool; Marina, you have made a mistake.'

"They made me angry and I left St. Louis and went back to Memphis. Two years later I bought the interest of the other owner, paying for the whole property $44,000. A year ago my son refused $300,000 for it. Who was the fool, who made the mistake, Marina or her friends?" and Mrs. Sambucetti smiled with self-satisfaction.

INDIANS ARE EATING THEMSELVES TO DEATH

Sioux and Yankton Tribes Rapidly Dying Off on Account of Their Overfeeding.

TIME OF PLENTY IS FATAL

For a Buck to Gorge Himself with Twenty Pounds of Meat in One Night Is No Unusual Thing.

If Thomas A. Edison referred to the American Indians when he said that people were eating themselves to death, he could find plenty of corroboration of his theory on the reservations. Overeating is doing more to bring about the extinction of the Sioux and Yankton Indians than race suicide, firewater and all the diseases which haunt the wigwam of the red man.

The great tribe of Sioux Indians is disappearing. The members, it is declared, are literally eating themselves to death on account of the plenty about them.

If corroborative evidence was not easily obtained, it would scarcely be accepted as true that in the course of a night of feasting, dancing and story telling the average Indian will consume from ten to fifteen pounds of meat, and if he has an abundance of food and can make his own selection of the parts to be eaten he will swallow without inconvenience not less than twenty pounds of meat in a single night.

Car loads of canned meats are consumed by the overfed Sioux Indians, and some canned foods have become almost as sacred a dish with the red men as the fat dog stew of old for which the Sioux tribe is famous. Among the varieties of canned goods eaten to excess, the oyster holds first place. A hungry Indian will eat half a dozen cans and drink the liquor.

Besides the harm done by eating excessive amounts of food, the fact that it is not properly prepared makes it the more injurious. There is no variety or style about Sioux Indian cookery, no French methods, no necessity for titillating appetites already overkeen.

A pot full of meat and water is put on the fire by the squaw and allowed to heat, but there is no definite time for the meal to cook and no point in the cooking process when it is done. The dinner is ready whenever her lord comes in and grunts about being hungry.

If the Indian is especially hungry he may begin on the contents of the kettle by the time the meat is fairly warm. There is never any fault finding about the way in which the food is prepared, and whether it is half raw or done to rags, no objection is made by the head of the family.

The Indian knows the choicest tidbits of every animal and how to cook them. The hunt at this time of the year gives the Sioux Indian the fullest enjoyment of his appetite, and during the next three months the average buck will devour enough meat to satisfy four ordinary men.

Condiments are in great demand by the Indians, and the Sioux Indians probably consume more black and red pepper per capita than any other people in the United States. Their former favorite condiment was the gall of an elk.

The Sioux Indians are responsible for the reputation which nearly all tribes have of eating dog meat, but there are few other tribes which ever served dog meat, even at the feast of important ceremonies. The Cheyennes, Shoshones and Arapahoes, contrary to reports, never touch dog meat.

To remedy the gluttony of the Indians and prevent them eating themselves to death, the Indian Bureau is trying to make good housekeepers of the Indian girls. Ten times as much wheat flour is used by the Sioux to-day as fifteen years ago. It is said by the agents that, where cereals and wheat flour are used by the Indians, there is some hope of civilizing them and curing them of gluttony.

At the schools, among the first things in their course, the girls are taught to make bread. But these lessons have not reached the wigwams on the reservations to any marked degree. The Indian cares little for wheat bread anyway. Cereals don't interest him. The reservations west of here are places at least where patent breakfast foods are not fashionable.

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Montreal to Liverpool.
THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE.
Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque.
NEW FAST TURBINE STEAMERS.
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Around Porto Rico
Coamo, sailing April 7, and Carolina, sailing April 21 for San Juan direct. Ponce, sailing March 28 for Ponce direct. Best of modern accommodations for first and second cabin passengers. All rooms outside on deck. From pier 22, Brooklyn, adjoining Atlantic av. ferry, at 12 noon. Office, No. 12 Broadway, New York, or Raymond & Whitcomb Co., Union square, New York.

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For La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, Curacao and Maracaibo, via Curacao; calling also at San Juan, P. R. Pier 13, adjoining Wall st. ferry, Brooklyn.
S. S. Caracas.....Saturday, March 31, noon
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For La Guayra, Curacao and Maracaibo.
S. S. Zulia.....Saturday, April 7, noon
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These steamers have superior accommodations for passengers.
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General Managers, 52 Wall St.

EXCURSIONS.

SCHOOL TEACHERS' EXCURSION.
Account the Easter Vacation, Savannah Line will sell to teachers and their friends tickets to Savannah and and return on April 7. Returning to New York 14th. Rate $32. All expenses, such as hotel bills and carriage rides in Savannah, included in rate. A delightful trip, six days on the ocean and one day in the Sunny South. For detailed information, reservation of staterooms, call on or write R. H. PANNILL, Agent, 317 Broadway.

EASTER TRIPS!! ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED IN RATE.
Washington, D. C., three days, only $12.
Old Point and Washington, five days, only $22.50.
Atlantic City, three to seven days from $10.25.
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Florida and St. John's River, return via Washington, only $75.
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Fitted with the incomparable Monarch Cushions, indorsed by all the prominent Billiard Experts in the world, professional and amateur.
PRICES AND TERMS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL REQUIREMENTS. BILLIARD MATERIALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. REPAIRS BY EXPERT MECHANICS AT REASONABLE RATES.
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Salesrooms, 227 and 229 4th av., corner 19th st.
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BILLIARD and pool Tables; lowest prices; bowling alley builders. MARX BROS., 24 Union square.
POOL, Billiard and Combination Tables; new, second hand; best grades, new styles; price low. GRIFFITH COMPANY, 16 4th av., Cooper square.

'I'LL BE BOSS,' HE SAID, THEN HIS BRIDE QUIT

Husband, Leaving Parsonage, Laid Down Law, "No Methodist Ministers in Our House."

WOULD WELCOME LUTHERAN

APPLETON, Wis., Saturday.—Cruel words and alleged officiousness caused Mrs. Fred Fischer, née Amanda Malchow, of Appleton, to renounce her husband a few minutes after the wedding ceremony had been performed by the Rev. M. Rollins at St. Paul's Methodist Church at Green Bay. According to the bride, the trouble started thus:—

"Why did you refuse to tell the Rev. Mr. Rollins where we were going to live?" queried the bride of her husband as they walked out of the church and prepared to take an awaiting hack to the home of her parents, where a wedding reception had been planned.

"Because I don't want a Methodist minister in the house," is the reply the bride credits her husband with making. Quoting her husband further, she claims he said:—

"A Lutheran minister can come to my home any time he wants to, but no Methodist minister need ever enter. Furthermore, since we have been going together I have been obliged to crawfish a good deal, but now that we are married I want it distinctly understood that I am boss. Every time I snap my finger I want you to jump. I'll be boss or I'll know the reason why."

Soon after arriving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Malchow, the former being one of the wealthiest farmers in Brown county, the young bride confided to several of her intimate friends who had been members of the bridal party that she had learned her mistake and that she could not live with the man she had just married. The next morning, after remaining at the home of her father all night, Mrs. Fischer came to Appleton and has since made the city her home.

The news of the hasty separation did not become known until the young bridegroom instituted suit for divorce. It is also said that he will sue to replevin three rings and other pre-nuptial gifts given to his bride.

The cosey little cottage which the groom had built and furnished in preparation for his bride now stands unoccupied, and on the front is a large placard bearing the inscription, "To Rent."

Flying Wedge.

Chicago News:—"Great Scott!" exclaimed the drummer who had put up in the old farmhouse over night. "What was that noise down below? Football rush?"

"Worse than that, stranger," chuckled the old farmer, as he snuffed out the candle. "You see, I have eight darters an' each one of them has a beau who calls on Thursday nights. Wall, the first couple that gets the parlor can have it. That's why they are running."

DRY GOODS, &C. DRY GOODS, &C.

Hills' 6TH AVE COR 16 ST

New Spring Season's Stock Complete.

We have been preparing for the past ten weeks for the great Easter business. You will now find our stock complete in every detail.

We Have 10,000 New Spring Suits

in more than 250 different styles and in every conceivable fabric. The very popular fancy grays, as well as all high art shades in Alice Blue, Coral, Reseda, Pearl, Navy and Black, in Chiffon Panama. It is just three weeks to Easter—not a day too soon to look after your

Easter Outfit.

Make selections now, allowing ample time for necessary alterations, and avoid all chances of disappointment.

Princess Suit.
The Most Popular Model of the Season.
Exactly as Illustrated.

New $24.50 Princess Suit. SPECIAL, 15.00

Extra quality Chiffon Panama—all high colors—Alice Blue, Reseda, Coral, Pearl, Navy and Black—also Gray Mixture. This Princess is tailored and designed by experts—the drape and hang of skirt is perfection. The Princess of skirt is perfectly molded to the figure. The Eton is beautifully styled and trimmed—the sleeve is a dream of art, the short elbow model. Suit and Princess silk lined and boned.

New $17.50 Model, SPECIAL, 12.98

Fine Panama in all high shades—Alice Blue, Coral, Reseda, Pearl, Navy and Black—this suit was selected for our $17.50 style—we needed a Special, and, having this suit in quantities, we will offer it Monday, $12.98—this suit is very elaborately trimmed with silk braid—the very latest model and silk lined—skirt the new full circular with folds.

New $32.50 Suits, SPECIAL, 19.98

Made of fine CHIFFON PANAMA, in all shades and fancy mixtures—the model of this suit is very beautiful, new full rounding style, trimmed with silk and braid, lined with taffeta—skirt the new full circular, with folds perfectly draped and fit.

New $42.50 Princess, SPECIAL, 25.00

Made of PANAMAS and SHEPHERD CHECK—the novelty of the season—skirt is correctly styled and draped Princess, with a full circular sweep—the Eton is the small rounded model, very handsomely trimmed and taffeta lined.

New Separate Silk Eton SPECIAL, 5.98

Made and trimmed very handsomely—in the new swell Eton models this with a new fine plaid skirt is the latest style—a regular $10.00 coat.

New Separate Plaid Skirts SPECIAL, 6.98

All the new plaids in the full circular model—with folds at foot—all our plaids are cut on the bias and perfectly matched—this requires one yard more goods than with straight off goods—regularly $12.98.

Our New Easter Millinery.

We will open the season on Monday with a rare showing of handsomely trimmed Hats, characterizing every new and fashionable Spring creation, every shade and combination. Our regular $7.50 to $10.00 qualities. MONDAY, 5.00

6th Ave., cor. 16th St.

BIG WHEAT FIELDS FOR THE INDIAN TERRITORY

Western Land Company Acquires Vast Holdings in the Creek Nation.

WILL PLANT 20,000 ACRES

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Saturday.—If the National Land Company, of which C. K. Marks, of Muskogee, is the head, carries out its plans there will be a demonstration of how modern farming as it is carried on in the Western States can be made to pay in the Indian Territory.

This land company has purchased thousands of acres of rich land in the Creek Nation. Until the present time the attention of this company has been devoted almost exclusively to purchasing land. Next summer and fall, however, the company will be ready to commence farming on a large scale.

Last year Mr. Marks purchased a modern steam gang plough, with a powerful engine to run it. This was the first plough of the kind to be purchased in this country. Last year it was used largely for breaking new land. It was a success in that respect, and proved the usefulness of such a machine in the new country.

Mr. Marks states that his company has still more comprehensive plans for farming this fall, as soon as they get all the land they can handle, and that they probably will undertake to put between twenty thousand and thirty thousand acres of land in the Creek Nation in wheat. It has been demonstrated that in the Creek Nation there is as fine wheat land as can be found anywhere, and this company owns vast tracts of land in that section, and proposes to go into the wheat business.

They will adopt modern farm methods and machinery, which can be used to advantage in the prairie country of the Territory. The introduction and use of modern machinery for farming on an extensive scale will mean much for Indian Territory, as it will redeem it from the "nigger and the mule" methods that were imported to this country from Arkansas in the days when title could not be had and the farmer was a renter and lived in a different section each year.

City Jottings.

Patrick Murphy, forty years old, of No. 169 East 112th street, a track walker, stepped from in front of a southbound New York Central train at Ninety-eighth street and Park avenue, yesterday, into the path of a northbound train, which instantly killed him. He leaves a widow and three children.

Mrs. Julia Di Rosa, twenty-four years old, of No. 338 East 113th street, was knocked down by horses attached to an ice wagon, at First avenue and 114th street, yesterday, and severely injured. The driver whipped up the horses and escaped.

Sarah Klein, sixteen years old, of No. 217 Seventh street, disappeared from a box factory where she was employed, on March 11, simultaneously with Pasquale Padula, twenty-six years old, of No. 530½ Broome street. The police say the girl was abducted by Padula, who was arrested yesterday.

Lost $1,000 in Denver to "F.W.C."

Initials in Stranger's Hat Proved That He Was "Famous World's Champion."

HOW HE PROVED HE HAD CASH

DENVER, Colo., Saturday.—Set to music the experiences in Denver of a man named Elton, of St. Paul, Minn., would make a great song hit.

In a letter written from the Commercial Hotel, McCook, Neb., while he was returning to his dear old St. Paul, Elton describes his adventures in Denver, and it's hardly probable that he will ever consent to come to the Colorado capital again without a guardian.

According to the letter he entered into a game of pool with the "Great De Oro," the "famous world's champion pool player." Elton knew De Oro was the "famous world's champion" because he had the initials "F. W. C." in his hat. There was a third party in the game who did not have the championship credentials in his hat, but who talked through his headgear so loudly that he talked Elton out of $700. Elton, according to his letter, realizes that he was bunceed out of the $700, and is willing to pay $100 for the arrest and conviction of the famous world's "champ" and the innocent bystander who helped to "turn the trick."

Elton, it seems, made a quick departure from Denver, and did not even breathe easy until he had reached McCook, Neb. In the form of an extract from his autobiography Elton's adventures are narrated as follows:—

"I was standing in front of a theatre looking at the lights, when a tall, medium built man, dressed in a brown suit and black derby, with a cane, came up and asked me for a match, which I gave him. Then we went for a drink, and from there into a poolroom. He told me he was De Oro, world's pool player. I had never seen a champion, and asked to see him play. I played a game with him, when a younger man asked if he couldn't join us, and we agreed. We played fifty cents on the middle ball, then one dollar, then five dollars, and after each game De Oro returned the money to me that he won, and kept the money paid by the other fellow.

"In the next game we played for $10, and in trying to pass the money back to me the third party caught us and it came near breaking up the game. Then each game we played for double the amount of the preceding game until I was broke. At last I got the middle ball and was going to quit. De Oro said we would go to the show. De Oro paid me, and the other fellow put $50 in my hand; then he took it back again, saying that I did not have $100 to pay him if he had won the game and it wasn't fair to play without money. Then De Oro said:—'Mr. Elton has the money, but not here.'

"We went back to the hotel and De Oro said he would watch the other man while I went to my room for more money. I brought down a check made payable to me for $700. We went to the poolroom and the third man paid me the money. We played a few games for $200 each and the check was gone. I indorsed it and gave it to De Oro and he said he would give it to me outside. I sat down. De Oro was going to play the other fellow, but the other fellow said he would rather play me. Now I had shown during the game that I was far his superior, so I played him. De Oro said he knew enough about pool to make a square and sure game. I thought that as he was champion he could do it. We played for $1,000. De Oro said I should get a handicap of 10 to 1. That is, I was to make the ball 10 times to the other fellow's once. I thought De Oro, the champion, ought to know, but the other fellow won the game. De Oro passed him over the check for $700, indorsed and all, and $222. You see we were a little short on the thousand. The third man said the check was no good and destroyed it or another check.

"Then another man came up. He said he was the chief's son and that he would get us arrested for gambling. De Oro said this was the worst offence in Denver. So I went out the back door and De Oro said he would get the money and meet me on Sixteenth street. I was so excited thinking of getting away that I did not think to ask him where he would be on Sixteenth street.

"I went to my Denver bank the first thing in the morning and told them my check was destroyed and to telegraph to St. Paul and have the payment of the $700 to me by duplicate authorized. They told me the check had been presented and paid, the negotiation being the first business of the morning.

"I can say that I am not a squealer all the time, but for the arrest of these two I will pay $30 each. I will sure come to prosecute them.

"P. S.—The initials in De Oro's hat are F. W. C. He said that meant 'Famous World's Champion.'"

DRY GOODS, &C. DRY GOODS, &C.

H. C. F. KOCH & CO.

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Every Floor Will Teem with Irresistible Chances Which No Discerning Shopper Can Afford to Miss.

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WOMEN'S FINE TAILORED SUITS in the Hip, Tuxedo and Eton Coat styles, of all-wool Panamas, cheviots, light-weight broadcloth, English tweed and mixtures; all the leading colors and black, including the desirable grays. Coats are lined with fine grade of taffeta or satin and handsomely trimmed. Skirts in all the new models. Regular value $27.50; special..... 21.50

WOMEN'S FINE TAILORED SKIRTS of all-wool fancy Panamas, in black and white and navy and white, also a variety of light and dark gray mixtures; circular and plaited models; finished with folds of self materials. Regular value $5.00; special..... 3.75

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IT'S like strolling through a conservatory of rare tropical plants, visiting our Millinery Salon. The eye is gratified and delighted at every turn. Here a Parisian creation—there an adaptation—over yonder an American conceit that attracts the visitor's ardent attention. There's a certain je ne sais quoi to the entire ensemble that beckons temptingly, and the prices are so low that no purse is greatly depleted.

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SILK STRAW BRAID SAILORS, hand made on wire frame; trimmed with straw, buckle, ribbon and quills; all the new colors and black. Value $3.00..... 1.98

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FINE SHEER LAWN WAIST PATTERNS, with embroidered fronts, collar and cuffs; plaited yoke, some with lace insertion, all with sufficient material to make any size waist; should retail at $1.98 and $2.50; Monday..... 1.25

Black and Colored Silks.

BLACK MESSALINE, pure silk, rich lustre and soft finish, 19 inches wide, value 75c. yard..... 55c

BLACK CHIFFON TAFFETA, all silk, pure dye; an elegant quality for coats and gowns, 20 inches wide; value $1.19, yard..... 89c

FANCY SILK TAFFETA AND LOUISINE; the newest effects and colorings, suitable for shirt waist suits; value 69c. and 79c., yard.... 49c

GUN METAL AND QUEEN'S GRAY SILK in stripes, fancy checks and neat figures, very popular, 20 inches wide; value 89c. and 98c... 69c

19c White India Linon, 11½c

FINE SHEER INDIA LINON, 32 inches wide; made from superior quality combed yarn; very much in demand for shirt waists, suits, &c.; 19c. quality, to-morrow, yard..... 11½c

Colored and Black Dress Goods.

FRENCH NUN'S VEILING; pure wool; all the new Spring shades, including cream and black; 40 inches wide. Regularly 65c. yard..... 44c

GRAY WORSTED SUITINGS, in all the new check and invisible plaid effects; pure wool; 48 to 54 inches wide. Regularly $1.00 yard..... 69c

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FINE SILKOLINE COMFORTABLES, Summer and medium weight, full size, sanitary cotton filled; value $1.25, each..... 94c

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