## GRANT WAS GOOD TO MOSBY.

### Generosity Conquered the only Confederate Officer Outlawed.

Colonel John Mosby, the famous confederate raider, recently made a visit in Atlanta, Ga., and received much attention from the confederate veterans there. One of them asked him how he came to ally himself with the republican party, which he answered by saying:

"I surrendered at Lynchburg. I think I was about the last man to give in. I do know anyway that I was the only confederate officer who was outlawed by the United States government. When Lee surrendered I was in the lower end of the valley with about four hundred men. General Hancock was at Winchester with 40,000. He demanded my surrender and I declined to comply, asking for a ten days' truce, because I wanted to know what General Johnson was going to do. Hancock telegraphed Secretary Stanton the situation, saying that he would, under a flag of truce, have a conference with me. Stanton thought Hancock intended to come in person and telegraphed him not to do so, as I would likely be guilty of some act of treachery. Later I sent Colonel Chapman with a flag of truce to meet Hancock's man who was General Chapman of New York. An armistice of five days was agreed upon, but when it was out we had heard nothing from Johnston. Then Hancock made another demand and said if I didn't surrender he'd march his army up the valley and devastate it. I couldn't surrender honorably because I didn't know what Johnston was going to do. I disbanded my army and started for the James River. Before getting there I heard Johnston had surrendered and went to my father's home near Lynchburg. General Gregg was in charge there and through friends he began negotiating for my surrender. General Gregg telegraphed to Washington and was told to receive me, and give me my parole. This was brought to me and on the day agreed upon I went to Lynchburg in a buggy and went to my brother's law office. For safety I carried my pistols with me and laid them down on the table in the office. I then sent word to General Gregg that I was in town and ready to surrender.

"In the mean time," the colonel continued after a pause, "General Gregg had been instructed by Secretary Stanton to arrest me and send me on. Gregg was an honorable man. He knew that I had come in on his statement, that I would be paroled, and he sent a man to me telling me of his subsequent orders. The man said something about arresting me and I picked up my pistols, saying; 'I come here to be paroled and not arrested, and I'll kill the man who tries to take me.' The man left with a peculiar smile and I got out of Lynchburg. Gregg did not molest me then, but twenty-four hours later sent a squad to arrest me. They went to my father's house, but of course I wasn't there. General Gregg finally got an order from General Grant to parole me. Then I went in and gave myself up. I became an admirer of Grant and ought to have been. I have been censured for it, but not by those who know the story.

"With my parole I went to Warrenton, Va., and sat down to law. Every time I'd leave the county some petty provost-marshal would arrest me. It was a ceaseless annoyance, besides being a constant source of anxiety to my wife and children. My wife left home for Baltimore and in passing through Washington without my knowledge decided to call on President Johnson. Her father and Johnson had been bosom friends before the war and had been in the same congress. She made herself known to Johnson, and he not only refused her request but treated her rudely. As she was leaving the white house, my son Beverly, a boy seven years old, said: 'Mamma, go and see General Grant.'

"Mrs. Mosby did go and see General Grant. He received her kindly and treated her with the greatest courtesy. When he had heard her, through he wrote me a passport, which was ever after a protection, and I have that letter now in General Grant's own hand writing in my trunk at San Francisco.

"Then in '73," he went on, "when Grant and Greeley were before the people, Grant was terribly abused, and I took the stump for him to refute the abuse, and these were the only political speeches I ever made. I never accepted anything from Grant, because I promised the people in my speeches I never would.

"How many times were you wounded?" the colonel was asked.

"Six times; and I cary a Yankee bullet in my thigh now."

"Were you ever captured?"

"No, but I had two or three mighty narrow escapes. In December, 1864, after some hard fighting with Illinois troops, in which we were scattered, I, with Tommy Love, one of my best men, stopped one night at a Mr. Lake's, near Rector's Crossroads. Our horses were hitched outside the yard and a squad of Yankees in passing saw them. They surrounded the house and one of them shot at me through the window. The ball struck me in the side and passed around to my back-bone. I knew I was hard hit, but before the Yankees came in my coat was under the bed. I had put my hand on the bloody wound and smeared it over my mouth, giving me the appearance of an internal hemorrhage. The Yankees did not know me. They thought I was one of Mosby's men, but they were unable to prove it. I looked as if I was done for, and after taking my clothing and boots they left. I knew that as soon as they went into my pockets they'd find out who I was and would come back for me, so I got the family to put me in an ox-cart, cover me with fodder and a negro drove me away. Soon after I was gone the Yankees came galloping back. They had found whose clothing they had and they wanted me. But I was safe in the mountains."

The Colonel hesitated a second and then, with a peculiar smile, remarked: "And do you know, that negro ran away the very next day."

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The most fastidious husband, lover or brother, recommends Spanish Court Face Powder. For sale by all druggists.

### Couldn't Fine a Gentleman.

Many stories of the generosity of the late General Leonard Jerome are floating about, but one that is quite curious seems, so far, to have escaped attention.

At the time when his younger brother was a student at Williams college, Mr. Jerome donated a handsome sum, the interest of which was to provide an annual gold medal for the "most perfect gentleman" of the graduating class.

The faculty found so much difficulty in defining the characteristics of a gentleman that the donation was afterward withdrawn.

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Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over fifty. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

### Rockefeller's Mother-in-Law Married.

A special from Tiffin, O., says: On Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride, in this city, occurred a marriage ceremony uniting Mrs. Edna L. Goodsell and John I. Steiger. This union is of more than local interest, for the reason that the bride is the mother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, the Standard oil magnate, although the family relationship has not been recognized for years. Mrs. Steiger is nearly seventy years of age, the possessor of a competence, while her newly-wedded husband is scarcely forty. Many years ago Mrs. Steiger was married to a man by the name of Johnson, and after his death she became the wife of 'Squire Goodsell, who was the father of the present wife of John D. Rockefeller. For several years previous to his death Goodsell lived apart from his wife, making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Rockefeller, in Cleveland.

### Three Bears Fight for Mutton.

Nelse Carr of Bear Creek saw a half-grown bear cross the ice on the upper end of Monument creek the other day with the leg of a sheep in its mouth, writes a New York Sun correspondent from Scranton, Pa. Carr was cutting hoops on Pole ridge, and he was on the point of dashing down the slope to kill the young sheep thief with his axe when a much larger bear waddled across the stream in the wake of the little one. In a moment the big bear overtook the little one, pitched upon it, downed it in the snow, snatched the leg of mutton away from it, and began to tear the meat from the bone. The small bear picked itself up, squatted on its haunches, glared at the big bear and whimpered and whined as though the loss of the mutton had almost broke its heart. While it was giving vent to its feelings a still larger bear came thrashing through the brush. It dashed past the crying youngster, pounced upon the second bear, and surprised it so suddenly that it released its hold on the mutton. The second bear then gave battle to the third, and while the scrimmage was going on the little bear recaptured the sheep's leg and made off with it. The third bear soon licked the second one, and the latter immediately gave chase to the little bear, overhauled it, and forced it to drop the mutton. The little bear had another crying spell, and while it was whining the third bear took the leg away from the second one once more. It lugged the leg in its mouth to the little bear, and the latter took the leg in its teeth, waddled off a few yards and climbed into a beach tree.

In a few seconds the second bear ran past the third one and started to climb the tree. It wasn't quick enough, for the third bear pulled it down just as it had begun to hug the trunk, gave it a good cuffing and made it clear out.

As soon as the little bear saw that the second one wasn't likely to meddle with the leg of mutton any more it backed down the tree and shared its meat with the third bear. Carr said that so long as the bear family had given him the most interesting sight he had seen in the woods in many a year he had no business to molest them, and so he didn't try to.

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Pleasant to the taste, surprisingly quick in effect and economical in price—no wonder that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the leading preparation of its kind.

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"O woman! in thy hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please." With children hurt long hours she's spent. Do try Salvation Oil, the liniment.

### Queer Old Hermit.

There is a queer character living the life of a hermit near the town of Hamilton, N. Y. His hermitage is a dilapidated old farm house in a lonely spot of the town, invisible from the highway and distant from other dwellings. His name is Thomas Church and his age is eighty-one years. He was born in the farm house and has spent the long years of his life on the seventy-acre homestead, keeping strictly apart from and wholly indifferent to the world outside its bounds. He never has slept a night nor eaten a meal outside of the house. He never rode in a stage coach nor railroad car nor attended a show of any kind. He never sent or received a letter, never took a newspaper and never voted at any election. He has never had but one timepiece in the house and that is a 100-year old clock that he inherited from his father. He has never bought a new suit of clothes, but continues to wear the patched and faded garments spun and woven from the wool and made up by his mother years ago. He lived as a batchelor until long after his parents were dead and until he had passed middle age, and then, to the astonishment of everybody who knew the pair, he married an old maid neighbor who was as solitary and eccentric in her habits as himself. She died six years ago, and since that event he has lived alone, except as he has had the companionship of a favorite dog. He says that he never found any pleasure in mingling with the outside world, and is only supremely happy and contented in his "dear old home." The few neighbors who have had occasional intercourse with him unite in saying that he is the soul of integrity and as guileless as a child.

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Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

### Wanted to Pledge Marriage Licenses.

William Harmon and John Tillotston of Charlotte were engaged to marry two girls of Eaton Rapids, Mich., but the wedding did not take place. It leaked out that Harmon and Tillotston procured their marriage licenses and felt so good over the matter that they went out to have a drink. One followed another and they were very drunk when they went after the girls. The prospective brides were together at the time of their arrival, and declared the match off. This made the young men very melancholy, and to drown their grief they again had to take to the flowing bowl, and kept at it until all their money was gone. The next noon they were so drunk to know what they were about, and being hungry went to the hotel to get a dinner, offering to leave their marriage licenses as collateral. It would not work and the pair had to walk home without either brides or dinner.

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For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood and curing sick headache and dyspepsia, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### Vindication Delayed.

Down in Kentucky there was a trial recently in which the fact was brought out that John Harvey called William Tillman a liar 150 times, a sheep thief seventy-one times, a swindler fifty-two times and offered to lick him 104 times. At this juncture William concluded that it was time for him to vindicate his wounded honor, and so he called in and gave John a thrashing. The jury, after thinking the matter over, concluded that he ought to have started in an hour and a half earlier.

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De Witt's Little early Risers: only pill to cure sick headache and regulate the bowels.

### Unpoetic Feet.

If would seem as though the stupid and pointless jokes about the large feet of Chicago women will never lose its piquancy with certain people. For months it has lain quiescent; but now comes a circumstantial story about a Nevada girl with phenomenally large feet, exhibiting herself in a museum as a Chicago girl. This coming to the notice of several Chicago heiresses, they paid the girl $1,000 to say she was from St. Louis, and the end is not yet.

### Story of a Dream.

It was some time in the spring of 1866 that Jethro Jackson went to Resaca to look for the grave of his son, who was killed in battle, says the Atlanta, Ga., Journal. Like many others he wished to find the remains and to take them to Griffin and inter them in the family burying ground. The comrades who laid young Jackson to rest gave the father a description of the spot where they had buried him, telling him about the rude pine coffin made from the boards taken from the bridge. After many days of tireless search Mr. Jackson failed to locate his son's grave, and returned to his home in Griffin. A few nights after his return he dreamed that his son came to him and pointed out the spot where he was buried. The dream was like a vision. He saw his son standing beside his bed, and heard him say: "Father, I am buried under a mound which was thrown up by the Yankees after I was killed. You will know the mound when you see it by the pokeberry bushes growing upon it. Go and take me up and carry me home to mother." So strong an impression did this dream make upon Mr. Jackson that he returned at once to Resaca, taking with him one of the comrades who had buried his son. The mound was found just as described in the dream and the pokeberries were growing upon it. An excavation was made and a few feet below the earth the rough pine coffin was found, and in it were the remains of young Jackson. He was fully identified, not only by the coffin and the shoes, which were a present from the father, but by the name which was on the clothing.

### Shark and Alligator Fight.

A surveying corpsat the mouth of the St. Sebastian river Florida, related the particulars of a most desperate encounter between an alligator and a shark. The engineers had pitched their tents near the river and, just above its mouth, and were eating their dinner beneath a small clump of palms. All at once their attention was attracted to a violent commotion in the water near the shore. At first the bodies were so active and made the spray, intermingled with blood, so heavy that they could not make out what the two objects were. Finally, after about half an hour of such work, the monsters seemed to be growing weak and weary. It was then discovered to be a fight to the death between a large alligator and a man-eating shark. The former seemed to be trying to get to shallow water, while the shark was equally determined not to go. The fight was still going on although growing less vigorous all the time, when one of the parties got his winchester and shot them both. On pulling them ashore the alligator was found minus a foreleg, bit off as smoth as if cut off with a surgeon's knife. The shark had numerous ugly gashes on his body which would probably have killed him soon. The party skinned the alligator and saved some of the teeth of the shark as mementoes of this singular and sanguinary encounter.

## NOT WANTED HERE.

### Clark is Evidently Held for Denver Authorities.

A dispatch from Ogden, which appeared in THE SUNDAY BEE, stated that a man named Clark had been arrested there on a telegram from Omaha. Clark, so the dispatch states, is a music dealer in Ogden, and is charged with forgery.

There is a mistake somewhere. No orders had been sent from here either by the police or sheriff to arrest such a party.

It is surmised here by the police that Clark is in some way connected with the fraudulent Pierce piano company, and that the telegram was sent from Denver instead of Omaha. There was a man named Clark connected with that swindle, and it is more than probable that this is the man wanted in Denver for working the piano scheme there.

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Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bld'g.

## HE IS IN JAIL.

### Mr. McIntosh, Who Abused His Friends, in Jail.

John H. McIntosh is with us again, but he is not the dashing John of a few days ago.

Detective Ellis arrived in the city at 6:45 o'clock last evening with Mr. McIntosh in charge. While being held in Milwaukee awaiting the arrival of an Omaha officer, McIntosh, with the aid of an attorney managed to obtain his liberty for a few brief moments on a writ of habeas corpus. He was, however, almost immediately rearrested and held until Detecative Ellis arrived with the proper papers.

Jack Wood called upon McIntosh at the police station last night and had a short talk with the prisoner. The conversation did not amount to much, as McIntosh's replies to questions put to him were very unsatisfactory.

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No griping, no nausea, no pain when De Witt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill.

### No Verdict Yet.

Up to 9 o'clock last night nothing new had been heard from the Warbington jury.

Deputy Sheriff Hunt took Jurors O'Connell and Murphy home in a cab yesterday to allow them to make a change of clothes. The jury is reported as all well and taking three square meals a day.

### Advertised Omaha.

Omaha got some excellent gratuitious advertising in the New York Press, a paper which is said to have over one hundred thousand circulation. Pictures of the committee of seventeen on plan and scope of the proposed pan-republic congress appeared in it grouped, with the chairman, Colonel Chase of this city, as the central figure. Around him appear such men as Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll of New York, Dr. Charles E. Cheeney of Chicago, Dr. John Clark Ridpath of Indiana, Judge William H. Arnoux of New York, General Lew Wallace of Indiana, General W. O. McDowell of New Jersey and others.

## ENTIRELY TOO FAST.

### Pace That Put Bellard and Blazer Out of the Race.

Following close upon the heels of the announcement of Walter Bellard's latest crooked deal, comes the report from Salt Lake of the arrest of C. L. Blazer for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Bellard and Blazer figured unfavorably in this city during the latter part of June, 1890, in connection with the Don Carlos lumber swindle, and the latter was bound over to furnish a bond and then disappeared.

Bellard posed as an innocent party, claiming that he was merely bookkeper for the concern, and was discharged. His testimony on the stand did not please Blazer, who swore out a warrant for him on the charge of adultery, but the case was not pushed. Blazer did not find the atmosphere of Omaha congenial, but Bellard was so much pleased with his success in getting out of tickish places that he continued to remain in and about the city.

He was next mixed up in an electric light deal in Council Bluffs, but again managed to squeeze out, leaving his associates to hold the bag. The last complaint filed against him was only a few days ago, when a too confiding friend with whom he was staying discovered that Bellard had sold all the furniture in the house to a second-hand dealer.

Before the warrant could be served Bellard folded his tent and departed. It is stated that he is now in Jersey City, where he has relatives.

During the months since his release Blazer has given this city a wide berth, but it is said that the Kansas City, Denver and Sioux City authorities want him for games similar to the one he was working in Salt Lake. He is now depending on Omaha acquaintances to come to the front and restore the money he secured under false pretenses, but these parties are letting him severely alone, and his prospects are getting no better very fast.

The local authorities are of the opinion that Blazer sets the pace altogether too swift and that he is getting very near the end of his string.

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Gessler's Magic Headache Wafers. Cures all headaches in 20 minutes. At all druggists

## BEREAVED AND DESTITUTE.

### Missionary Reedy Appeals for Aid in Behalf of Children.

The relief department of St. Timothy Mission extends aid and sympathy in cases of sickness and death. The present case is that of affliction in a very poor family near Sixth and Leavenworth streets. Two brothers and a very young sister mourn the loss of their mother, who died Saturday night.

Without father or mother, their bereavement calls for public sympathy.

Generous contributions are needed for this and other calls and the readers of this item are asked to bring their donations to Missionary Reedy, 1417 Farnam street, today and tomorrow. The funds must be on hand to pay the moderate expenses incurred. Mr. Reedy's hours are from 1 to 3 p. m. If he is not in leave your gift just the same.

Missionary Reedy desires to acknowleage the receipt of $5 from Mr. Charles Marley to support the work of St. Timothy Mission.

### Don't Fool Yourself!

Notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry's new steam heated palace sleeping cars, with "electric lights in every berth," still leaves the Union depot, Omaha at 6:10 p. m. daily, arriving at Chicago at 9:30 a. m., in ample time to make all eastern connections. Ticket office, 1501 Farnam st.

J. E. PRESTON, C. Pass Agt. F. A. NASH, Gen. Agt.

### As to Idiots.

SOUTH OMAHA, March 19.—To the Editor of THE BEE: That worthy contemporary, the "Jackass Battery," so called, in commenting in a recent article upon the fact that the queen of England had partially rescinded her dictum as to the wearing of decollete dresses at court receptions, indulges in a frantic effort at witticism by asserting that to a woman of so few ideas as the lady in question the relinquishment of one of them must have been decidedly painful. The editor of that interesting sheet may consider himself qualified to form opinions of people he has neither had the pleasure nor the possibility of seeing, but in deference to his own interests he may find it more lucrative to seek other fields for his puerile idiocies, and not inflict such matter upon his English subscribers. Englishmen, I think, make as good citizens as any in the country, but the simple fact of a man's forswearing his country does not demonstrate that he desires in any way to disparage the queen nor the constitution of the country of his nativity.

As to the queen's abilities, we may judge fairly by her acts, but I fail to see that the editors of such a paper as the W.-H. are in the slightest degree qualified to judge of them. If the sheet alluded to would dedicate itself to the betterment of its editorials, both as to logic and language, we might, perhaps, overlook these temporary and periodical ebullitions of spleen on the part of one who apes the British, but who has not acquired the manners of a Laplander. Give us THE BEE. Evil be to him who evil thinks.

S. A. W.

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Complexion powder is an absolute necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

## ONE ON THE CAPTAIN.

### How Some of the Arrested Gamblers Easily Secured Freedom.

There is a horse on Captain Cormack, acting chief of police.

During the progress of the carting of the gamblers to the police station after the raid of Saturday night, and just when the station was crowded almost to its full capacity, the captain, who was standing outside the railing talking with a friend, saw a string of tough-looking citizens wander into the station.

Supposing the newcomers to be a lot of tramps looking for a roosting place for the night Captain Cormack turned to the aforesaid bunch of disreputable looking men and told them to be gone, that there was no room for them. The crowd, taking him at his word, promptly filed up the stairs and was lost in the throng which surrounded the station.

It afterwards transpired that the people the captain had so summarily bounced were a wagon load of prisoners from the Diamond. The mistake was not discovered until it was too late to rectify. The captain will have to set up the chips on the strength of his error.

### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Dan Sheedy of Denver arrived in the city yesterday and is stopping at the Paxton.

Lieutenant John A. Hutton, Eighth United States infantry, left yesterday morning for his station at Fort McKinnie, Wyo. Lieutenant Hutton has been in the city for the past two weeks being examined for promotion.

### DIED.

RITCHIE—Sunday morning at 1 o'clock, of pneumonia, Emma L. wife of Frank E. Ritchie.

Funeral services today at 2 o'clock. Interment at St. Louis.

LEHMAN—Mrs. Catarina Lehman, aged 69 years, at 4 a. m. Sunday, at the residence of her son, Henry Lehman, 2503 Cuming street. Funeral Tuesday, March 24, at 2 p. m. Friends invited.