

s strayed much further from the camp than was customary with Paul when he was alone, but as they had scaled several buttes without noting a trace of Indians each rode along unsuspicious of danger, lost in the en joyment of the perfect June day.

They had walked their horses up; pretty stiff butte and, arriving at the summit, were breathing the animals while taking a survey of the country. For miles around not a sign of life could be seen save in the far distance, where a black speck in the sky circling earthward told them of a possible breakfast awaiting the industrious buzzard which had already scented its prey. Grizzly had been discussing with Paul the best method of defense in case they were surprised by Indians and found it imsible to break away.

'I'd shoot the critter right thar, Mac,' said the old trapper, indicating a spot behind the mare's ear, "and she falls "ithout a quiver. Then down clost ter ther carkiss yer squats, an' behind these breastworks yer pumps lead into ther bloomin' savages an' stands 'emoff ontel ther boys gets anxious about us an' forms a rescue party. Et's jest ez simpie ez-'

But old Grizzly never finished the sentence, for at that moment up rose from the sagebrush, where he had lain concealed, a tall, bepainted Indian, who uttered a wild whoop, and in an instant the sagebrush all around vomited redskins, howling, shooting, yelling in concert, intent upon scaring the animals upon which the traders sat, so they would become unmanageable and handicap the riders in their efforts to escape. seemed to Paul's startled senses that where a moment before no sign of life was visible now circled thousands of whooping savages, eager for his blood. and if for the nonce he lost his customary nerve he was surely excusable.

Amid a Rain of Bullets.

The animal he bestrode was a wiry mustang full of energy, with a good deal of the devil in him. His gyrations under fire required all of Paul's skillful horesemanship to prevent his being unseated, especially with a dozen Indians firing crosswise over and under the brute's body. Apparently the redskins were more desirous of capturing Paul alive for the purposes of torture than to kill him outright, which may account for his almost miraculous escape from the hundreds of bullets that zip-zipped in the air all about him, As for Grizzly, he had encountered a chance shot at the first onset and, stone dead, sat upright in the saddle with his arms outstretched, his head bare, and a streak of blood trickling over his long, gray mustache that fell from a round bullethole sunk square between the eyes. Grizzly's mare, bearing her dead rider at first broke away from the Indians and circled over the plateau, but, returning, ran round and round in a still narrowing circle until a well-aimed shot dropped her in her tracks.

All this Paul saw before he managed to break through the cordon of Indians that endeavored to snare him., Several times the lithe savages were running neck and neck with his mustang, and once a vicious tug nearly pulled him from his horse, but he kicked loose, and with a yell of defiance galloped madly down the butte in the direction of the blockhouse, a hundred bullets singing in his cars, sent in deadly carnest by the Cheyennes, who viewed their intended victim's escape with deep chagrin that found vent in a chorus of savage yells.

A Ride for Life.

Straight to the blockhouse rode Paul chased for the first few miles by about a dozen braves, who fired as they ran, but without inflicting any damage save to wound his horse. So intent had he been on his escape that not once had he re-

turned the fire of his foes, although in CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR. addition to his rifle he carried two big navy revolvers in his belt that held six rounds of cartridges each. To a friend, later on, he confessed that it never occurred to him to use either the rifle or the revolvers, although he might have done some deadly damage with the latter when he had the Indians at close range.

The spectacle of their leader galloping madly over the prairie had a startling effect upon the little band of quasi-carpenters then putting the finishing touches on the blockhouse. It was not necessary for Paul to shout "Indians!" All knew well enough what his appear ance so clearly denoted, while the significant absence of Grizzly plainly indi-cated that there had been more than a passing scrimmage. Barely had Paul der of the world.

leaped from the saddle when the gallant animal that had carried him in safety to his friends fell forward on the ground, bleeding from several gaping wounds, gave one or two convulsive gasps and expired.

For a few moments Paul stood mutely watching the fallen animal, and the tead that crept to his eyes was not unworthy the brave fellow. But he felt it was no time for sentiment and, dashing his hand savagely across his face, he turned to his comrades and in a few graphic told them of the ambuscade to which he had nearly fallen a victim and which had proved a death trap to poor Grizzly. "But we must go back at once boys," he added, "and bring in Grizzly's body for decent burial. We can't afford to have it said that we left a comrade in the open to become food for coyotes and buzzards. Get a move on you and saddle the horses instantly. You, Sanders and Brooks remain here to guard the stuff, the rest of us will skin back to Big Butte.

A Ghastly Spectacle.

words

In a very short time the small body of determined men, led by the intropid McCormick, were on their way to the cene of the recent ambush. Few words were uttered by the party. All realized the errand was a sad one, and in his heart vowed vengeance on the murderous Cheyennes. But not a hostile was in sight when they reached the summit of Big Butte, up which they had cautiously stolen in a manner worthy of trained Indian fighters. Already the coyotes and birds of prey had assembled for the prey, some of the latter that had been perched on the carcass of Grizzly' norse boldly continuing their ravenous banquet in defiance of the appearance

of the rescuers. Paul was the first to stumble on the body of his late comrade, and it was the contemplation of that maimed figure, ts grinning tooth upturned toward the nidday sun, that produced the shock which had so peculiar an effect upon his physique. The fiendish redskins had completely severed the ong gray mustache, of which Grizzly been so proud, taking with it the entire upper lip, thus exposing the teeth and gums in all their hideous bareness. In a dozen other ways besides that of scalping their victim they had maltreated the defenseless dead much in the same manner in which the soor fellows in the Seventh cavalry were treated on the Little Big Horn a few years later. Small wonder that, as Paul McCormick stood by the body of Grizzly, fascinated by its horrible ap-pearance, and thought how narrowly he had escaped a like fate, a mighty revulsion of nature took place in his system, so that when he returned to camp his Lake Michigan.

raven locks had forever lost their pristine hue and had suddenly changed to the unnatural whiteness they have ever aince assumed.

World's Fair Souvenir, illustrated, being complete and concise history of the princi pat world's fai s from the Crystal Palace London, 1851, to the World's Columbian Ex position in Chicago, 1801. With explanator tables and mans. Published by The An abogue Publishing company, Chicago, bound neatly in cloth. It rarely falls to the lot of the reviewer Address

to notice so exhaustive a work as the "World's Fair Souvenir," which has been compiled with so much care by a former resident of Omaha, John D.

Jones. For purposes of reference, o comparison and for general information the work is a magnificent reflex of the push and energy of a city that is the won-

In its compilation expense has not been thought of, and the richness of its illustrations of the World's fair buildings, cuts of the men and women who are

directing to a successful issue what bids fair to be the greatest exposition of ancient or modern times, pictures of the colossal business blocks tha stand as monuments to the enterprise of heir owners and builders, is typical of the "Chicago gait," as the rush and bustle of the great city by the inland sea has been described.

The book has been arranged upon most comprehensive plan, the object of the publisher being to give a complex resume of what may be seen in Chicago in 1893, and at the same time give the nformation in a compact form, so that the work may be a valuable adjunct to he library and reading room. Its usefulness will not end with the close of the exposition, but on the contrary will

grow in value with years, for it is the most perfect compendium yet issued o an event which cannot fail to have an influence for many decades to come upon all lines of art, literature and commerce. As Mr. Jones says in the introduction to the work: "As an educator this event will leave its impress upon succeeding generations and bear fruit in all realms of human thought, ingenuity and progress."

In addition to its complete epitome of what has been done, is doing and will be done when the fair opens, it comes-to the general public at a most opportune time. It brings before the American people the forces that are actively at work to make the exposition a success worthy of a nation that in a little over a century has, from nothing, builded the mightiest republic of earth. It not only gives full page art type illustrations and descriptions of the principal buildings of previous world's fairs and all the buildings of the present World's Colum

bian Exposition, together with portraits and biographical sketches of its officers and chiefs of departments but it tells "How to Reach the Fair," gives descriptions of Chicago's parks and boulevards, its places of amusement, the wholesale and jobbing interests, its railroad facilities, and in general is the most complete guide book tr the city that stands at the edge of

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Band

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Omaha, Neb. LABOUCHERE AS A DIPLOMAT.

low He Handled an Irate Visitor While

British Attache in Washington, When Labouchere was about 23 years old he tired of his wanderings, and through his uncle, Lord Taunton, was appointed an attache to the British legation at Washington. Some odd stories are told of him there. The minister, Mr. (afterwards Sin John) Crampton's chief object in life

was to escape the wiles of the unmar ried ladies in Washington, who, one and all, were wont to lay siege to him. By way of forwarding the interest of the pelles of Washington it was a pure de light to young Labouchere to drive out to visit the minister accompanied by as many fair ones as the carriage would

The girls would, sit and chatter by the hour together, until Crampton would almost beseech Labouchere to take them away. At last, according t the World, Sir John denied him admit tance. There was nothing left for this practical joker to do but to keep up the bombardment with marriageable Indie by giving a letter of introduction to every lady who expressed a wish to be come acquainted with the unhappy bachelor. This practical joking had strange sequel. It was Mr. Labouchere who gave

letter of introduction one day to Miss Victoria Balfe, the prima donna and daughter of the composer of the "Bohe mian Girl." The lady went, and saw and conquered. She married the minister and became Lady Crampton.

The union, however, was not a happy one, and after the dissolution of her macriage with Sir John she wedded the duke of Frins.

One day an aggressively irate country man of the young attache with a griev ance presented himself at the legation and demanded to see the British minis-He was shown into Mr. Labouchere's room, who, with the suavity which never deserts him in the most pressing moments, explained that his excellency was not in. "Well." said the visitor, evidently

suspecting an attempt to bluff. "I must see him, and will wait till he come

"Very well," said Mr. Labouchere. pray take a chair," and he resume his writing. At the end of an hour the Britisher, still fretting and fuming, asked when the minister would be back "I really cannot say, exactly," the at

tache answered. "But you expect him back?" the visi tor insisted

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Labouchere At the end of another hour the irate visitor, bouncing up, insisted on knowter at that period of the day." Was he likely to be in in another hour?

"I think not," said Mr. Labouchers with an increased blandness; "the fac is, he sailed for Europe on Wednesday and can hardy yet have reached Queenstown. But, you know you said you would wait till he came in, so offered you a chair."

Do Witt's Saraaparilis is reliable.

JUIN MILLER AS HE LIVES	The shout
With the Poet of the Sierras in His	Lo! cunnon Oh, battie
Califonia Cottage.	Oh. glorious Oh. gloriou Oh. godilke Oh. manlil
OF HIS LIKES AND DISLIKES	Yes, riding t Why a sold But after th
it King" Wallick and His Gall-The	Ah, the ric

Poet's Opinion About Such Dramatic Drivel-At Work on a Life of Christ.

OAKLAND, Cal., June 6 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE. |-Recently, in company with one of his personal friends, J visited Joaquin Millier in the hillside cottage, a few miles from this city, where the poet has passed the last five years in a very quiet way, with a view of Oakland, Alameda, San Francisco and the bay spread out before him, a view which it is well worth a trip across the continent to see.

Reaching his modest house-a one-story building made of flooring, nailed up and dow, with no plastering-we found the door wide open and the poet in bed, though it was 11 o'clock in the morning and the sun had been shining with great brilliancy for several hours.

"I'm working hard cultivating my ground and planting out trees," said he. "Look at my calloused hands."

The "calloused hands" held out for in spection were soft and white, and on one finger glittered a heavy diamond ring of value Tacked against the wall were autograph letters from people of distinction, with here and there a photograph of some celebrity. I noticed a picture of Hamlin Garland, evidently torn from a book, tacked to the wall. and remarked that I had been reading in the Arena his story, "A Spoil of Office," and that I had been favorably impressed with it, as it was strikingly original.

"I never saw him," responded Miller, "but I like his style. I must write him and com-pliment him upon his description of a wheat field.

He held an Oakland paper in his hand and called attention to the notice of a play. "The Bandit King," then being performed at a local theater. "Such exhibitions," said he, "should be prohibited by law. They are demoralizing the boys of the land. By the way, that man Wallick, who is running that busi-ness, came to me in New Orleans a few years ness, came to me in New Oricans a few years ago, showed me his play and said he would give me \$50 if I would let him use my name as the author. 'But I didn't write this drivel,' I said. 'Ob,' he repiled, 'that don't make any difference. The people will think you did if your name is signed to it.' I thought that wasn't much of a compliment to me, but he meant it all right. I told him I could it afford to do that, but, on his urging. ouldn't afford to do that, but, on his urgin: couldn't allord to do that, but, on his urging, i did reorganize one act for \$50 and I think I left it in a less atrocious shape than it was before. But, then, he has no business to bring such rot to Oakland. There's one good thing about him, though; he's kind to his borses, and I like him for that."

horsen, and I like him for that." Something was said about the return of Mrs. Woodhull and her sister to this coun-try, and then he told a story of how, many years ago, they had invited himself and a South American of immense weath, then in New York, to partake of an elaborate break-test with them at one of the fashionable ast with them at one of the fashionable notels, at the expense of the South Ameri-an. Almost the cotire day was occupied with that breakfast, and in the Sun of the lowing day he and his friend were amazed to find a full column account of it, written by the enterprising sisters. "How many acres of land have you here?"

was asked.

'About 100," he responded, "but a good share of it is not worth much except to stand upon and look out from. I have some fine redwood groves and I have planted out a good many acres of fruit and forest trees, but about half of them die with great regularity each year." I happened to have this little postic scrap

JOAOUIN MILLER AS HE LIVES | entitled "After the Battle," which he had rs and cannon and roll of drum ! ing of men and marshaling! to cannon and earth struck dumb n song is a glorious thing!

a day riding down to the fight! us battle in story and song! man to die for the right! ke God to revenge the wrong! to battle on battle day.

dier is something more than a king he battle? The riding away? ding away is another thing!

ded him with a complimentary 1 bis 1 han He read it over carefully and ad mark. mitted that it might possess some merit. Miller is a man of striking appearance, entertuing talker, when he is in the mood, and gives evidence of having kept his eyes and cars open during the years which have passed since he was a backwoodsman in Oregon. He no longer wears his hair in mass over his shoulders. He had it cut re cently, making quite a change in his appear-ance from that shown in his picture.

The story that the young man known a Charley Miller, who was sent to state's prison from San Francisco a few months since for stage robbery, was his son has ex cited no response from Joaquin Miller. The young feilow insisted upon its truthfulness, but friends of the poet say that he adopted the when 6n infant boy and has done everything in his power to make

man of him. Joaquin Miller's mother lives with him and is always spoken of by him in the ten-derest manner. I understand that his wife derost manner. I understand that his wife passes most of her time in New York, but that she is out here occasionally. The friend who made this visit with me

tells me that the poet is now, and has been for some time, engaged in writing a "Life of the prejudice against him which his first advocacy of Chinese interests cre-Christ," and that he is very much engressed in the task. John T. BELL, in the task. nted.

This is to testify that 1 nave tested the medical properties of Dr. J. B. Moore's Tree of Life remedy to my entire satisfaction, and cau most heartily recommend it to the suf-fering and afflicted everywhere, to be all claimed for it in the above statement. Last spring I was suffering from loss of appetite, constipation, etc., originating from kidney and liver trouble, and I had not used one botand liver trouble, and I had not used one bot-tie of this great life remedy until I was greatly relieved. My wife, also, being at a very critical stage in life, was suffering much at times, and by the use of this remedy has been saved from much suffering and possibly from premature Jeath. Our youngest son's health for several years has been very delicate. He contracted some lung trouble by taking cold with measles, which produced by taking cold with measure, which produced great nervous debility and occasional bleed-ing of the lungs; he has used some four bot-tles of Tree of Life, and feels and looks as though new life had been given him. If you areafflicted, try it. Gro. Minten, Pres. Elder.

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THE CHINAMAN'S FRIEND.

Colonel Frederick A. Bee, California Argo naut of '49 and Chinese Consul General.

Colonel Frederick A. Bee, Chinese onsul general at San Francisco, who died suddenly a few days ago, was a conspicuous citizen of California and steadfast defender of the treaty rights of the Chinese.

Colonel Bee was one of the argonauts who reached California in 1849. He was born in 1825 in Clinton, Oneida county, New York, of parents who were of En glish and Scotch descent. An academic education was followed by his entry into the study of law. While he was pursuing these studies the excitement over the gold discoveries won him to more adven-turous fields, and in August, 1849, the ship Elizabeth Allen landed him in San Francisco, in company with the late James L. Flood and others who attained prominence there.

After fifteen years in the mine he settled in San Francisco and became a pro motor of various enterprises. He was Instrumental in establishing a pony ex-press between San Francisco and St. Joseph, Mo. During the war he held the office of United States provest in ir

shal for the central and northern dis trict of California. The next enterprise that he was associated with was the San Francisco and North Pacific railroad, being superintendent of construction of that line from its inception.

In July, 1876, while the sandlot anti-Chinese agitation was at its height, congress provided for a committee of senators and representatives to go to California and investigate the Chinese question. Governor O. P. Morton of Indiana was chairman of the committee. In anticipation of the investigation the prominent Chinese of San Francisco tried to get several well known lawyers to represent them before the commission, but none asked would serve. Governor Morton, who was an old friend of Colonel Bee, telegraphed the latter a request that he act as attorney for the Chinese, and he promptly accepted. His bold opening speech unade a sensation in California, and throughout the investigation he conducted an able fight for the people he represented. It was this which first won for him the favorable notice of the Chinese government. In recognition of his services he was in the following year, 1877, tendered the appointment of viceconsul at San Francisco and accepted it. Not very long afterwards he became consul and held that office up to his death. He was always an able, honorable and popular protector of Chinese interests in California, says the San Francisco Chronicle, and his course soon dispelled

The Wealth of the Country. The census office has issued a prel'minary bulletin on the assessed valuation of property in the United States in 1890, and for the decades ending with 1860, 1870 and 1880; the estimated true value of all property and the value of real and personal property as assessed. The bulletin is as follows:

Estimated Assessed 1880 Should it be found, upon the completion of the inquiry in relation to the true value of all property in the United States, that the same relation exists in 1890 between the assessed valuation and true valuation as existed in 1880, the absolute wealth of the United States, according to the eleventh census, may be estimated at \$63,648,000,000. This is more than \$1,000 per capita, as against

\$514 per capita in 1860, \$781 per capita in 1870 and \$870 per capita in 1880.

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