## IN AN OLD CATHEDRAL TOWN

Eights and Econes in and Surrounding Salisbury in England.

REARED ON A REMNANT OF ROMAN DAYS

Where All the Folks of "Martin Chuzzlewit Lived and Were Loyable-The Market Place Seen Through Tom Pinch's Eves-The Cathedral's Lesson.

SALISBURY, England, May 28 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE |-One cannot help really admiring Englishmen all the more because they love their "tight little island" with an arrant, defiant and uncompromising unreasonableness.

The admiration is not for their often mul ish defense of some features of English government, nor for all English institutions. It is because every square acre of England is so endearing in its age, association and beauty, and those who possess it will justly brook no benttlement of it all; any more than you would let some smart stranger come home and sneer at your sweetest and most cherished, if simple, belongings, without pitching both him and his airs incontinently into the highway.

It is such a beautiful country; such a well kept and delicious old garden; such a smiling land in sunshine and snug and comfortable one in storm; and withal gives to the stranger within it such a sense of constant interest, coupled with close human companionship and sympathies; that cynic and prig and incapable of interest in any land but his own though he be, he cannot now and then repress a kindling enthusiasm, be here and there pricked into secret admiration, in this place and that find tender and associative interest; and, however disloyal it may be to his determined "Americanism," in spite of himself meit under its innumerable appeals to his heart and intellect, until its good and sunny face cozens his rigidity into a bright, onsive look, and unwittingly his tongue

pays tribute with:
"Dear oid England! most venerable and mellow in all things, most cantankersous and obstinate in many, thy face has kinship and kingship in it, and thou art brightest and loveliest of all strange lands!"

Seen from a Car Window, And never will this be truer than when, after a tidy breakfast at some quiet old city inn, you are whirled away from the grime and slime of London across the shires of Surrey and Hants, to ancient Sailsbury

In that less than two hours' journey, on an English day in May time, what unumerable scenes of interest, of stirring quality and of restfulness and repose flash upon you from your carriage window! Passing from Waterloo station, or from any other railway station in the heart of London, through the lessening densities of the wonderful city to the first reaches of grassy fields, is in itself a tremendous social object lesson and historic

But here to the left is gay old Epsom. Over yonder to the right is brilliant Ascot, with the vest and turreted home of England's queen, at Windsor, a leaden gray silhouette piercing the sky beyond. To the south

-the downs of Bansted, edged with woods, while at Woking a glimpse is caught of s

while at Woking a glimpse is caught of a great English gipsy encampment.
Whisking into Hants, or Hampshire, you pass Odiham, birthplace of the grammarian, William Lilly; and to the north lie Basing, site of one of the lordliest castles of early England, and Silchester, to this day an exhaustless mine of Roman remains. Within its walls the Usurper Constantine was invested with the purple, and legend has it that King Arthur here received his crown. Far-King Arthur here received his crown. Far-ther toward the sea, near Alesford, are the great Tichborne estates; the sleepy ham-iet of King Sambourn, where John of Gaunt had his oid-time palace; Danebury hill, with its frowning head and Roman encampment; and beyond, the low, square tower of Winchester, behind which the purdepths, where the arrow from Tyrrel's bow pierced the heart of ruffian Rufus, England's second Norman king.

Features of English Landscape. These are a few of the things one will know about from the books. Still more gratefully feastful are the things one will see and feel, as innumerable hamlets, houses and halls are passed. Giorious old manor houses flash from parks and demesne forests. Thatched roofs of village forests. Thatched roofs of village homes, yellow with lichen, are varied here and there by red tiling. Avenues of ancient elms, beech and limes give tempting vistas above broad roads, tesselated with some old cathedral floor. Cropped hedge with trim, tiny fields give place here and there to downs rolling away in billowy hills of heather, spangled with the golden aspho del, or wide meadows and tiny marshe del, or wide meadows and tiny marshes where flames the yellow marigold, or where the forget-me-nots are so dense and blue that their surface seems like a breeze-rip pled pool. Hawthorn lanes are white above and beneath as banks of driven snow. Great masses of honeysuckle trail from copse and hedge; and it around and above all this May-lime nature heaven, thrushes and black-birds, high above the rearing of your train,

flood all the morn with song.

Almost enraptured one descends into the valleys of the downs of South Wiltshire. Here, where the tiny Bourne, the southern Avon, the Nadder and the Wiley songfully meet in a rich and beautiful valley, are seen the gray masses of the old cathedral town Remnant of Roman Days.

Old as it is it was originally built piece b piece out of the Sarum, "the dry place," of the Romans. Old and New Sarum, the site As you approach Salisbury down the winding course of the Bourne, you about two miles north of the city. It stand upon a chalky eminence, the headland of a ridge of downs dominating all the beautiful

vally below. No one knows how long before its occupa-tion by the Romans it had been a fortified British camp. Six great roads, still tracea-ble, led up to it, and when Rome conquered Britain, Vespasian's legions gave it stil more imposing fortifications. A town was built about it. It was in turn a bishopric of the West Saxons, a great Norman garrison an English cathedral city from the time of King Alfred, and now, though for centuries in ruln, it is still to the antiquary and

archeologist one of the many marvels of England's early days.

Serene and reposeful is all the valley reene—the gray old city with its masses of stone, red roofs and splendid foliage, with 'ts marvelous cathedral spire piercing a cloudless sky; the mossy bridges with parapet loiterers, the outlying farms and sleepy hamlets. and the silvery rivers threading through and among odorous hedges and flowery meads. But awful slaughter has reddened and curiched the for a kingdom, Britons against their final Saxon conquerers, Saxons, in turn, against the murderous Danes, and the flume and sword and inconceivable, butcheries and rapine of Cromwell, who respected neither life nor shrine in the name of the Lord.

Rich in Historic Interest. Then what a little world of interest in this and that of historic moment antiquarian mar-vel and literary charm are found immediately roundabout. The famous British King Aure-lius Ambrosius lies buried at Amesbury, an hour's journey distant, though closer to the heart is Amesbury house, often the residence of the poet Gay. In the near little borough of Wilton is the splendid seat of the earls of Pembroke. Nearer still is Bemerton, the old home of George Herbert, and the fine memorial church to him who was noble by birth, gifts and nature.

birth, gifts and nature.

Over the southeast you will find one of the most imposing old castle ruins in England, Wardour castle, near the modern seat of the Arundels, and memoratic for the heroid defense against the Parliamentary forces in 1643, by Lady Blanche Arundel, fust over the border of Wilts, in Dorset, is Shaitsbury, where was buried King Edward the Martyr. Three miles to the northwest is the "Floid of the Tournament," one of the five places appointed for tourneying by Richard I. And but nine miles from Salisbury, and seven north of Old Sarum, will be found Stonehenge, the most remarkable monument of antiquity in all the British Isles.

But it seems to me that of all clee the

kindliest glamor and charm investing old Salisbury and neighborhood have been laid upon them by the gentle pen of Dickens. In upon them by the gentle pen of Dickens. In my loiterings in lane and highway, by riverside and in field-paths, how those folk of "Martin Chuzziewit" troop back into their old accustomed places. In this village or in that you place the Pecksniff home, and are sure that from that dormer window the unctuous old hypocrite's "pupils" in architecture, in company with tender-hearted Tom Pinch, traced the elevations of the far cathedral roof and spire. thedral roof and spire.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" Country. This little wayside inn, with its snowy curtains and vine-massed sides, must be the veritable Blue Dragon presided over by buxom Mrs. Lupin, where old Martin Chuzzlewitt came, cursed with gold and haunted by his vulture relatives, and where the dirty and jaunty Montague Tigg and his companion, the "strange instance of the little frailties that beset a mighty mind," Chey Siyme, e-q., entered upon their memorable but bootiess negotiations for a loan from Mr. Pecksniff. The little alchouse across the way must also be the Half Moon and Seven Stars, where all "the private loagings in the place, amounting to full four beds and a sofa, rose cent per cent in the mar-ket," as the vuiture relatives gathered.

ket." as the vuiture relatives gathered.

Here where the quiet country road, no more than a snowy hawthorn lane, stops short at the great highway, and of oid the stages dashed onward to mighty London town, is certainly the very spot where poor Tom Pinch, with a heavy neart, saw the stage, like some "great monster" bear away his friend, honest John Westlock, "more explant and rampant than usual." that greaty ultant and rampant than usual," that dreary

night of parting.
This bright highway athwart the ridge, bordered with chestnut, elm or beach, with here and there a sunny opening showing the clustered thatches and roses of a farmhouse, clustered thatches and roses of a farmhouse, undoubtedly was the very one over which Pinch came in his hooded gig; where the redoubtable Mark Tapely first disclosed his contempt for those vocations not sad and harrying enough to render a jolly spirit creditable; where the faces of fair lassies beamed upon Tom, and even roguish fingers tossed him kisses, and over which he at last reached Salishur, and over which he at last reached Salisbury and its snug old tavern in which at "half past 6" he so happily meets young Martin and the event is celebrated in a glass of punch each as hot as it could be made.

What One Feels in Salisbury.

This delightful associative nearness to those whom Dickens has created for your ceaseless friendship clings to you in the fine old city as well. If you are here of a market day, as this one is, and as it was on the occasion of Tom Pinch's visit, the picture Dickens drew for Tom is the one you will find. You will see "the young farmers and old formers with smorth fronts more and old formers with smorth fronts more and the second farmers, with smock frocks, brown great-coats, drab greatcoats, red worsted comforters, leather leggings, wonderful staped hats, hunting whips and rough stick," just the same as Tom Pinch did.

Somehow the quaint shops are seen through Tom's kindly eyes. And when you tire of all this and come to that sweet cathedral close, you love all the ancient and sacred place better because Tom Pinch's friend was once associate organist here, and let Tom help with the stops, and when the afternoon service was over left Pinch alone in the organ loft. While he played and the tones resounded through the cathedral "great thoughts and hopes came crowding on his mind," which "seemed to find an echo in the depth of every ancient tomb, no less than in the deep mystery of his own heart."
And so it will be with you, for it is not so
much that the spire of this cathedral is the
tallest in all England, that many of its tombs
and monuments are the grandest and most ancient, or that its close is incomparable in sncient, or that its close is incomparable in its loveliness, tranquility and beauty, so that all these charms of association stir your mind and heart. Not so wonderful is what you will see at Salisbury, though that is wonderful indeed, as what you will feel. So much of this tender enthusiasm pos-sesses you that you can never tell another critically about Salisbury cathedral. No need for that. But you see a glorious assuration

for that. But you see a giorious aspiration wrought out in stone. Whatever your relig-ion, you realize that sublimest human effort sustained by sublimest faith and zeal have fashioned from earthly elements something indescribably grand and beautiful, to stand as place for prayer and type of endless up-reachings of human hearts to the mystery of the infinite. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A RAILROAD IN CANAAN.

From Mount Carmel Around Mount Tabo to the Sea of Galilee.

The infidel has at last succeeded. For many a year he has been trying to get permission to build railroads across Palestine. At last the sultan has affixed his signature to a decree giving to an English capitalist permission to build and operate a railroad from Acre to Damascus. The company is already formed and many of the contracts let, and work will be begun at once.

The route has been fully surveyed, says the New York Tribune's Constantinople correspondent. It has two terminals on the Mediterranean, at Acre and Haifa, the branches from the two uniting at the southeast of Mount Car-That the road should start from Acre is a bit of poetic justice, for that town was the last strong-hold of the Christians in Palesthe end of the Crusades. From Mount Carmel the line runs directly down to Jezreel, following, one may readily imagine, the very track of Elijah the Tishbite, who, after the famous Battle of the Go'ls on the mountain height, girded up his loins and ran before the chariot of King Ahab all the way back to the capital of Samaria Thus it passes to the south of Nazareth and Nain, and Mount Tabor, to Beisan. At the latter place it turns to the north and runs up the western bank of the Jordan. Before reaching the Sea of Galilee, however, it crosses the river and strikes off to the northeast to El Hamma, Khisfin and Nawa, and thence

straight on to Damascus. The length of the line is 120 miles, all but ten or twelve being on almost level The cost is estimated at about

\$9,000,000.

Mental Wear and Tear. Atlanta Constitution: Colonel Yerger has a negro man named Sam employed about his place, and yesterday Sam wanted some clerical work done. He

ter ter my gal in Waco." "All right, Sam, I'll do it."

"Boss, I wants yer ter write me a let-

"Has yer got de paper and de ink and Yes, Sam; go ahead."

"Write Thompson street, New York." "All right." "Has yer got hit written?"

·Yes. "All ob it?"

"Certainly." "What has yer got written? Read hit er me, boss. "Thompson street, New York." "Dat's right. Now write May de four-

"All right."
"Has yer got hit down, boss, al ready?"

"G'way, boss. You am jokin'. Read hit ter me "May 14th."

"Foah God, you has got hit down all right. Now, boss, read it all over from de berry beginnin'." "Thompson street, New York, May

"Dat's right. Whew! I say, boss let's res' awhile. I'se tired. My head aches like hit was gwinter split."

Consistency. Pittsburg Bulletin: Faithful servitor (timidiy)—Pardon me, sir, but—ahem—I have served you for twenty-five years, and have never asked for a vacation. feel the need of two weeks' rest, Can I-Employer-Impossible, Jacobs - No one to take your place-By the way, fill me out a check for 200.

F. S. (hopefully)—To whom shall I

make it payable? Employer-To the Society for the Pre-vention of Cruelty to Children.

Living Pictures of Feminine Loveliness.

MRS. CROOK ON PARISIAN TOILETTES

Gowns for the Czarina-The Nude in Art Dectining to its Nadir-From the City on the Seine.

Charannes.

At the top of the stairs of the new gallery, ust under the dome, the walls are adorned with magnificent tapestries from the old Jobalin looms. The room is decorated with palms and shrubs, with here and there beautiful examples of the ceramic art, The sculpture hall, like the salon of the Elysee, is a veritable garden of shrubs, palms, flowers and fountains. The National Society of Fine Arts seems to have succeeded in reaching a big standard of excellency. The pictures are certainly not inferior to these of the salon of the Champs Elysees. I cannot see that they are better, but I am not allowed the salon of the Champs Elysees. but I am not a judge, the critics say they are

One of the most noteworthy pictures is Beraud's "Descent from the Cross." The Christ, the ideal figure, is surrounded by figures clothed in the garb of the present time, just such looking people as you would meet any day walking around Paris. The and weeping, while a man dressed like a French working man, supposed to be Peter, is shaking his fist at the city, which has crucified his Lord. It is night, and the scene is supposed to be on a hill overlooking

Noteworthy Pictures. There is a colossal canvas by Puvis de

sea, on a warm summer's day, with a group of pretty maidens frolicking in the water which scarcely hides their knees, while on the shore sit two other girls laughing and enjoying the pranks of their companions. A horribly realistic picture is "The Dream of Dante." It is from the easel of M. La Toude and represents the interior of the in-

ferno, with figures gashed, bleeding and tortured. This has a companion picture in the other Salon that seems to attract attention. Some people like horrors. It is the picture of a dead tree in the cleft of a mountain. An immense eagle has carried to his eyrie in this cleft a little burro, laid him across the tree and is devouring him. The little bit of coloring in the picture is the blood dropping from the entrils of the un-fortunate beast.

cradle, watched over by shadow angels. Another large canvas showing great he ony of color and wonderful detail is a scene in Paris of the Roman period. It represents what is now the "Isle of the City," with a

delicious canvas, "Coin de Jardin." an old fashioned garden with sunflowers

Tending to the Nadir of the Nude. as in the other Salon. Boldini, whose por-traits are miracles, has two, one of a child tressed in a gravish white frock, long this legs in black stockings stretched gracefully on a gray sofa, the little bit of color in this otherwise colorless picture being given by

white lace butterflies, with on, with ornaments of gold and Rhinestones,

embroideries to match the waist.

Some Lovely Gowns. congruous as one might imagine.

A well known firm in Paris has made some

real seed pearls.

A very beautiful gown suitable for a blonde A very beautiful gown suitable for a blonde is of heliotrope and pale gray. Around the skirt runs a rose quilting of three inches wide of satin ribbos, heliotrope and pale gray. The bodice is V-shaped back and front and filled in with purple crepe dotted with silver stars. The sleeves are short, made of the crepe. There is a heliotrope sash, very pointed in front, carried to the back and nung in Watteau pleats.

MARY D. CROOK. Mrs. Winslow's Scothing Syrup for chili dren teething produces natural, quiet sleep. 25 cents a bottle.

IN THE SALON AND ON THE BOIS
THE MORSE DRY GOODS CO

Paris, May 23 .- | Correspondence of THE Brr. |-The new salon in the Champs de Mars, result of the Meissonier art revolt, is fairly contesting the honors of popularity with the salon this year. We were not fortunate enough to secure cards for the vernissage, but we have since done our best to improve our opportunities of looking on the work of the disciple of the "great little painter," of Carolus Duran and Puvis de

virgin is painted as an old French woman with an ordinary cap. The other figures are clad in the blovse gown or coat of the French peasant. The Saviour wrapped in a white sheet is being lowered to the earth by tender hands. Mury Magdalen is dressed like a French widow, and is wringing her hands

There is a colossal canvas by Pavis de Chavannes, representing winter, which is to form one of the decorative panels of the Hotel de Ville. It is a wonderful representation of soft atmospheric effect, the scene being a forest covered with snow, with groups of husbandmen, perhaps, and woodcutters. The harmony of the coloring is magical.

Mr. Alexander Harrison exhibits two remarkably fine marine pictures. One pictures the waves rolling in to the shore after a gale. One, called "The Brothers," a striking contrast to the other, shows a smooth, quiet

One of the favorably criticized pictures, and one that attracts great attention, is by Mr. Marcus Simons, entitled "My Kingdom is Not of This World." A cying monarch, ciad in regal robes, surrounded by all ffie circumstance and pomp of royalty, while near by lies the infant Jesus in a rude wicker cradle, watched over by shadow angels.

eathen temple upon it, and the galleys of he time unloading their merchandise on the banks of the Seine.

Jettel, the talented Austrian artist, has a

old fashioned flowers scattered around in picturesque confusion-a picture one would never tire of. There are not so many canvasses and not so much of the nude in these four magnifi-cent galleries of the palois des Beaux Arts

An admirable portrait of James Gordon Bennett is by M. Rundel. "Carmencita." beauty all in yellow and black laces. It is very like and very much admired.

But enough of pictures. Let me tell my

fair friends something about the fashions Hats are bigger than ever, some with very nigh crowns, almost in a peak, some with no crown at sli. The straw hats and bonnets come in all the delicate shades of pink, green and mouse. Then they are trimmed with black velvet, and flowers of a contrasting color. Flowers, flowers everywhere. An exquisite white chip hat has a high crown, broad brim, with white and purple lliacs, with their green leaves piled on top and covered with a dainty lace. Lilacs are the fa-vorite flowers this season. Another dainty hat is made entirely of delicate pink flowers velvet strings. A black open-work straw, trimmed with heavy gros grain vellow rib

s very recherche.

One of the prettiest and daintiest of gowns is a peari-colored cashmere, very fine in tex-ture, made in princesse style. Around the skirt is double pleating of silk, the same shade as the cashmere. The waist is em-broidered in the shape of a deep yoke, with silver and shades of grey silk, the top of the sleeves very bouffant, and from the elbow

One of the loveliest gowns I have seen was a very light heliotrope, embroidered in sil ver and black around the skirt, twelve inches in depth. A jabot of lace one-fourth yard in width gracefully draped on the skirt from left side to meet the embroidery at the foot of the skirt. The bodice was embroidered to match the skirt and the same kind of lace most artistically draped over it. Another gown made for a New York lady of world-wide reputation was of tan colored cloth. A double ruching of black lace around the skirt, above the ruching embroideries of gold and jet. The bodice was so covered with the embroidery and lace that very little of the cloth was visible. Lace on cloth is very much "en vogue" and does not look as in-congruous as one might imaging.

wonderfully handsome toilettes for the empress of Russia. One gown is of shot moire, blue and plak, so beautifully shot that looking at the dress one way it looked pink and the other way blue. There are rich panels of point de Venise over blue satin on each side of the skirt. The decollete bodice is draped with blue crepe. Bows of lined with pink are around the sgirt. pointed scarf of blue satin is fined with pink and has a diamond buckle in front. Another gown is an extremely handsome yellow brocade and velvet. It is made with a long train and slightly low bodice. The velvet is covered with seal gold bodice. The velvet is covered with seal gold lace, the lace outlined by an embroidery of

back and bung in Watteau pleats.

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Shandon Bells, 17c cake.

Pozzoni's Dove, 17c. Pozzoni's Medicated, 35c. La Duchesse, with cut glass

puff box, 17c. Lubin's Nursery, 10c. Roger & Gillett's rice flour, 250 Chordin's rice flour, 50c. Toilet Paper, medicated, six

Sponges, 5c up. Tooth Brushes, 10c up. Combs, 15c up.

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Light Colored Silk Ties 🦒

# THE MORSE DRY GOODS CO.

SERGEANT LOMAX

Incidents of a Fight with Indians Who

Tried to Escape from Crook. New York Sun: There were two asses by which the Indians might eave the valley when Crook rode in on the east side to attack. They were ravines not over a quarter of a mile apart, and there were many signs to prove that the redskins made daily use of them. A lieutenant and twenty men were dropped out of the column here to hold these passes in case the hostiles got the alarm and sought to leave the valley without a fight. If they did not try to escape, then we were to advance up the trails as soon as we heard firing, and this would take the warriors in the rear. The lieutenant and nine men to one pass-Sergeant Lomax and nine men to he other. In twenty minutes we had a breastwork of logs and rocks and brush across the mouth of our pass, and were down behind it and waiting when the

ieutenant's orderly rode up and said: "Lieutenant Blank orders you to report as often as possible in case of at-

"Orders received and understood and will be promptly obeyed!" replied the ergeant stiffly. Dear old Sergeant Lomax! Wounded t Cold Harbor, again at Fredericks-

burg, once more in the Wilderness. He us on at Kernstown, when captain and lieutenants were wounded or pris-He was rallying us at Cold Harbor when struck down. He was fighting to save our regimental flag when a bullet hit him at Gettysburg. He had been hit twice by Indian arrows, and single - handed and alone he had "stood off" half a dozen hostiles until assistance came. A stern-faced man, whose only religion was army regulations-who seemed to have no world beyond the camp. A martinet n his way, but always just. If he exacted obedience, he also rendered it.

over their dead comrades. It must suffice that their memory is revered and defended. We had been waiting half an hour when the Indians appeared. Their lookouts had sighted Crook moving around the spur of the mountain, and they were making a break to leave the the valley. When they found the passes occupied they became desperate. Firing began at once in both passes. I was aiming for my third shot when the sergeant touched my arm and said: "Tell lieutenant Blank that I have been at-

Private soldiers cannot erect monuments

tacked. Also, that Private James White has been killed." I carried the order to the other pass and returned. While I was absent the Indians withdrew from a council. The result was a determination to break out y the way of the passes, and when the firing recommenced it was hot and heavy. I had fired three or four times, the sorgeant signaled me and said: "Tell Lieuteannt Blank that I am fighting at least 100 warriors. Also, that Private Jones has been killed and Corporal Taylor severely wounded."
I carried the order as before, finding the officer hotly engaged and having two men wounded. I returned, saluted, and took my place, and for the next seven or eight minutes the firing showed no evidence of stacking down. The bottom of the pass was thick with boulders, and the Indians used them as shelters. Their plan seemed to be to creep as near as possible and then make a dash for the breastwork. We had the Spencer seven shot carbines, and we

"Tell Lieutenant Blank that we are holding the Indians in check. Also that

poured in a fire which made them believe

vere holding them beautifully when the

sergeant movedover to me and shouted

we numbered a whole company.

Private Johnson has been killed at Private Adams mortally wounded." This time I found that the lieutenant

had had one man killed and two others wounded, and that the fire along hi front was hotter than before, I shouted the report in his ear, while he was using one of the carbines dropped by a wounded man. He nodded to show that he understood and I hastened back. As I reached the line the fire of the Indians began to slacken. I noticed that ours did too and looked down the line to see the causes could see only two others with carbines in their hands, while the sergeant was half lying down and facing me. beckoned to me with a hand on which I plainly saw blood and as I crawled over to him I saw that he was wounded in the

side. I kneeled to examine the wound, but he waved me back and said: "Tell Lieutenant Blank that the Indians are about to charge over us. Also, that I have only three men left. Also, that I am mortally wounded!" I hesitated to obey. He lifted his hand, tried to speak, and then fell back with the blood gushing out of his mouth and was dead in ten seconds. I had not yet reached the other pass when the Indians charged with a yell, broke over the breastworks, and those who still lived were wiped out in a flash. Hours ater, when we recovered the ground, there were nine mutilated and disfigured bodies asking for burial. When Crook saw them and heard the story, tears came to his eyes. That was his tribute, and it was a grander one in the

Died in the line of duty! Buried one can remember where!

CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

eyes of the living than a monument of

World's Fair Souvenir, illustrated, being complete and concise history of the princi-pal world's fal s from the Crystal Palace London, 1851, to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1803. With explanator tables and maps. Published by The An abogue Publishing company, Chicago, bound

neatly in cloth.

It arely falls to the lot of the reviewer 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-

der of the world. 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 fall to have an influence for many decades to come upon

all lines of art, literature and com merce. 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

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

to the city that stands at the edge of Lake Michigan. Do you want one of these books? A few minutes' work will secure one for you. Send to THE OMAHA BEE one subscriber to THE WEEKLY BEE at \$1.25 and one will be sent to you by mail. The book sells for \$1.00, but THE BEE has secured a large number of copies, enabling the publishers to make this liberal offer It is the best thing in this line ever offered and you are sure to be pleased. You can have the paper and book sent to your address or the book al one and the

paper to some other person. Address THE BEE PUBLISHING CO.,

Omaha, Neb. THE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY.

Large Field the Present Company Canno

Control.

Notwithstanding the fact that all that s absolutely essential to telephony viz.: the transmission of audible speech by means of undulatory currents of elecricity, will be free to the world in less than a year's time, the position of the Bell company, from a business standpoint, will continue almost impregnable says Electricity. Many of the features that have contributed so largely to the commercial success of the telephone covered by patents which company now controls. Among important are those covering the use of variable contacts in transmitting instruments, but it is not at all improbable better and more rational method of con verting sound waves into electrical un dulations may yet be discovered. Another element of strength possessed by the existing monopoly is the fact that it already has the business. A telephone, like an advertisement, is of value only in proportion to the number of people i reaches, and a competitor in the will have the difficulty to contend with that it will be almost impossible to get his first subscribers, however low may place his figures, and without these in at lesst as great a number as those o the existing company, there can practi

cally be no competition at all. Successful competition with the Bell company, therefore, postulates an inexhaustible supply of funds, patience,

nergy and business tact, and the invention of many altogether new devices, at least equally efficient as those already possessed by the existing company. London is now on the eve of trying the experiment, and we may learn much of value from her experience in the undertaking. The new company which has been organized to compete with the monopoly, which in this case is the British government, has fully realized the necessity of a list of subscribers as a foundation to build on, of giving betterservice and of rendering this at a lower tariff. To accomplish this they promise that the first 5,000 subscribers will be taken on at per year, and that no c whatever will be made until 3,000 in struments are actually connected through their exchange. first 5,000 subscribers are obtained, subsequent customers will be charged \$70 per annum, instead of \$100 as at present, and improved service will be dered by the use of complete metallic circuits, instead of grounded circuits as now used by the government. The outcome of the undertaking, we think, is

exceedingly problematical, but it cannot fail to be instructive, whatever the result may be. But there is a large field for the teleshone that the Bell company cannot control. We refer to private lines and other domestic applications of the telephone. This branch of the business has never yet been veloped—in fact, has been prac-tically strangled by the tariffs charged heretofore. A thousand and one uses to which the telephone could be put are suggested every day, but into which it does not find its way for reasons entirely foreign to the question of adaptability. The phonograph has proved a failure from a business point of view, chiefly, we think, because of the short-sighted policy which has provented its sale outright. We believe that were it put on the market at a fair price its use would become at once more general. We believe, also, that the Bell company would find it to their advantage, financially, to sell their latest improved telephones and transmitters for domestic and other similar purposes. If the Bell company does not do this after the expiration of its funda-

mental patents somebody else will, and will doubtless receive a suitable reward. Tolebo, lows, April 6, 1891.

Dr. J. B. Moore, Dear Sir: My wife has used about six bottles of your Tree of Life, and thinks that she has received greater benefit from it than any medicine sire has ever taken. Yours traly, L. H. Burkin.

Gen'l Agent and Treas. West College.

Since receiving the above testimonial, I am inreceipt of a letter and check from the Rev.

preceipt of a letter and check from the Rev. L.H Bufkin of Toledo, Iowa, April 25, to send Rev. J. W. Kenworthy, Crestline, Kan sas, six bottles of Moore's Tree of Life. For sale by all druggists.

An Opal Worth a Million.

The most famous opal of history was that which was worn in a ring by Nonius, the Roman senator, in the days of the triumvirate. In size it was scarcely larger than the average hazlenut, yet its beauty was such as to render it the marvel of its times. The "money changers" and poldsmiths at Home set its value down at \$1,000,000. Marc Antony made overtures for its purchase, intending, it believed, to present it to Cleopatra. Upon the death of Nonius history loses all trace of it, there being no record of its transfer from him to any member of

"Late to bed and early to rise will shorten the road to your home in the skies." early to bed and a "Little Early Riser," pill that makes life longer and better