TO THE RETAIL MERCHANTS

AND BUYERS OF

Notions and Men's Furnishing Goods

The stock of Notions and Men's Furnishing Goods, formerly owned by C. M. Schneider & Co., and lately bought by us at public auction, will be placed

On Sale Monday, August 8th, 1892, At No. 1315 Howard Street, Omaha, Neb.

The Sale Will Continue from Day to Day Until all the Goods are Disposed of

The stock consists of a full line of seasonable Notions and Men's Furnishing Goods and is pronounced by all authorities, who have examined it, to be a well selected stock, in excellent condition. We intend to make prices on these goods that will close them out in a short time, and it will be a splendid opportunity for you to sort up your stock for the coming season. Those who come first will be likely to secure the most satisfactory bargains.

No. Goods Sold at Retail.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BA

Fird Wakeley Tests His Descriptive Powers on the Majesty and Glory of Pike's Peak.

WHAT THE ECSTATIC YOUNG LADY SAID

Three Able-Bodied Liars-Denver's Great Preparations for the Triennial Conclave-Will Turn Night Into Day for \$50,000.

DENVER, Col., July 31 .- [Special Corre spondence of THE BEE. |-But these recede. Above me are the Alps, The palaces of nature, whose vast walls Have pinnacied in the clouds their snowy

And throned Eternity in jey halls Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avaianche--the thunderbolt of snow.
All that expands the spirit, yet appais,
Gathers around these summits as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave
vain man below.

-- Byron. So wrote Byron many years ago, but that was before the days of cog wheel roads and narrow gauge railways. It matters little now to what extent earth may pierce the ethereal blue of heaven's vault, man manages to get there too. Some years ago I made the ascent of Pike's Peak from Manitou Springs, on the back of a horse of flesh and boneprincipally bone. Yesterday I made the as cent of the same peak, back of an ison horse with rips of steel and breath of steam. Like fabled Pegasus, the winged horse of old, whose home was in the clouds, and who ranged the sun-kissed heights beyond, this steed of today carries you upward and onward, swiftly but safely into the icy realms of grandeur, and through scenes of beauty ever which enchaptment throws her magic

The cor-wheel railroad to the summit of Pike's Peak, which was completed and put railway in the world. When it reaches its ective point above the clouds at a neight 14,147 feet above sea level, it renders almost insignificant by comparison the fa-mous cogway up Mount Washington and the flicinitie ratiway up the Rigi in Switzerland. From its station in Manitou, just above the Iron Springs, to the station on the summit of Pike's Peak, the Manitou & Pike's Peak sativacy is just cloth and railway is just eight and three-quarters miles in length. The cost of the construc-tion of the road was \$500,000. The road bed is solid masonry and from fifteen to twenty feet wide, leaving fully five feet on each side of the cars. The track is standard gauge ralls and a double cog-rail in the and is built in sections, each section being put into a lathe and the teeth cut. The nicety of the arrangement may be imagined when it is known that each tooth does not vary the afteenth part of an inch from a certain size. At intervals of every 200 feet the track is anchored to solid masoury to prevent any possibility of the track slipping from its bed. The cars are designed to happ low-within eighteen mehes of the rail hing low—within eighteen inches of the rails—and the engine pushes the cars instead of drawing them. A full description of the road would be too long to be gone into here; but, in brief, it may be stated that every mechanical arrangement and appliance which human lugenuity has devised is here brought into use to ensure the safety of the public, with the result that not a single accident has occurred in the history of the road, save the unfortunate killing of a lad on the Peak on the Fourth of

July last. This was caused by the boy's failing from the rear platform of the train beneath its wheels, and was not due to defect in the machinery of the road. The Fat Man and the Fussy Old Lady. We left Manitou on the noon train, with the usual select assortment of toucists that you meet wherever you go, and without which no trip would be complete. They were the same old crowd that you run against both on land and sea; that you have lways met, and will continue to meet for-

killing of a lad on the Peak on the Fourth of

good nature, and who took things easy; the wise man who had been there who knew it ail: the fussy old lady who worried over everything, and who was in con-stant fear that the cars would run off the track. There was the small boy who was continually asking questions of everybody, and who resembled nothing so much as an animated interrogation point. Lastly, there was the young lady just graduated from school, with an inexhaustrole supply of ad-jectives, and who went into spasms of cestatic delight over every thing, from a pine tree to a peak. The adjectives a pine tree to a peak. The adjectives she scattered slong the line would have easily ballasted the road, had it needed anything of the kind. I yearned to tie a string to her and fly her like a kite from the window-she was light-headed and

The Wild Desplace Scene.

I shall not attempt to give anything like a detailed description of the scenic beauties of the trip. They have been written up time and again by almost every tourist and newspaper correspondent in the country, until the theme has become a hackneyed one; while the railroad literature alone on the subject comparatively commenplace surroundings. the higher we ascended the wilder, more rugged and desolate grow the scene. 'Twas as if old earth, upon some eventful occasion, had given birth to a succession of earth-quakes, which in turn, had run their course. wrought their ruin and left their traces of desolation and detruction upon the land. Twas a series of frowning precipices; of granite cliffs whose piercing pinnacies tow-ering into space above seemed to defy all time and eternity; of capons so dark and ombre that the pirds never care to penetrate their solitudes, and into which the sun never shines; 'twas chaos, sublimity, grandeur. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in looking upon that sublime scene, and after viewing which would never dare to question the

power that nature possesses.

To me the most beautiful and picturesque feature of the trip was the almost constant succession of mountain streams in sight during the greater part of the trip. Born in heavenly heights as it were, and seem ugly partaking of the purity and freshness of the place which was their origin these liquid gymnasts came tumbling, tos-sing, foaming, flashing, rearing and rushing down the precipitons steeps, over broken rocks, under fallen pines and through stony grottoes, stopping for a time to form uttle lakes of liquid toveliness, and, again, to shape themselves into crystal cataracts of trans-parent purity or vaporing veils of virgin

I guess that is about enough of that kind of description, but it is part of the play, so to speak. A letter of this character would never be complete without more or less of what Bulwer calls "riotous ripple of rot," and I have followed the fashion, but not, I hope, to an undue extent. We passed the half-way house and soon reached "timber line," after which not so much wood as a match could be obtained for love or money. Soon also, we were among the clouds, the home of the thunder and the lightning. where thunderpolts are made to order, and where toundercosts are made to order, and lightnings of all kinds, sheet, zig zag, etc., is kept constantly on tap. About this time the ecstatic young lady expired in a spasm of delight over a certain red rock, while the small boy's mouth had become immovably fixed in the shape of an interrogation point-sort of inquisitive lock jaw, as it were. Then there was peace and comfort for everyone

We reached the Peak, a combination of par-We reached the reas, at, and indulged in renness, solitude and rock, and indulged in all the sports and exercises of which the circumstances and occasion admitted. We pried mighty boulders from their fastenings, watched them bound from point to point far down the mountain side, until they disappeared with a tremendous roar in a cloudof dust and fragments. The inhabitants in the valley below must have thought that they were being treated to a shower of meteoric stones, and, I presume, gathered them up as curiosities from the skies. We chased clouds about the peak, caught them and rode them. This was not unattended, however, without considerable danger. To look at those white fleecy masses, from down below, floating like gossamer veits far up in the soft bine sky upon a summer's day, one cannot imagine the wickedness and devility they develop

bucking broncho is not in it. We also had lunch -- a cold one, it is unnecessary to re nark. Snowball soup and icicies on toast were a few of the stomach-aching delicacies with which we regaled ourselves. Three Able-Bodied Liars.

It is astonishing, when on this peak, and apparently so near their Maker, how men will lie about the distance they can see. No matter how good a man's reputation may be for truth and veracity when at home, he invariably indulges in the most extravagant state ments about his range of vision from the point. Three able-bodied liars stood in a group that afternoon upon that peerless peak, and as they looked towards the east far off over that mighty plain which stretched away seemingly without horizon, number one cas ually remarked; "I think I can see—yes, am sure I can see Chicago; and I can plainly distinguish that city by its well known modest ways." Then he sat down, feeling that he had done all that could be expected of him under the circumstances. Number two rather scornfully said: "Your eyes must be weak; you should wear glasses. I am looking at New York, and I can plainly see her citizens engaged in the most active efforts to make the World' fair at Chicago a He stepped back, feeling that th prize was his. Number three, calmly but mpressively remarked: "Gentlemen both must have cataracts in your eyes; you should be treated for defect of vision. I can plainly see some honesty and truthfulness the approaching political campaign." deep silence fell apon the group, and number three today wears the diamond medal for truth and veracity upon his manly breast.

How the Sun Went Down. But all things must have an end, and our time came for leaving. Before that, how-ever, we were treated to a glorious sunset, which will remain fixed in my mind as loug as life lingers. Like an illuminated wheel whose blazing spokes filled the western heavens, the sun sank in a sea of gold against a background of shimmering masses of purple and crimson fires. Islands of purest pearl floated tramplingly over lakes of molten sliver, and opalescent peaks lifted their flashing heads in a maze of prismatic waves. Then we turned and went down, down, far down to the realms of little man and those titanic masses of rock composing this mighty peak—a peak which shall stand a monument of earth's greatness until time

sets in eternity's sea.

Manitou has become a typical summer resort, with any number of small hotels, dude men and maidens, high prices and everything that goes to make up a place where the world can spend its time and money and To read the descriptions in the guide books of Manitou and its surrounding attractions, one would think that heaven was not in it with this spot. But Manitou is a delightful place in which to spend the summer, if cool nights, good living, pleasant company and magnificent scenery can con-tribute to one's happiness.

Turning Night Into Day. As for Denver, well, nothing but Chicago now beats her for life and activity. The summer season is her harvest time, so to speak, and her highest aim is to treat her visitors so that they will come again. A present the city is turning berself inside out, as it were, in preparation for the tricare of and comfortably entertain 100,000 strangers. Think of that, If she does, and everything at present seems to indicate suc cess in the matter, her reputation as a convention city will be assured. The illumination of the city will be on a scale that will make the sun, meen and stars feel ashamed of their feeble efforts in the way of producing light. An idea may be gained of what will be done in this direction when it is stated that \$50,000 will be paid to one electric light concern for the purpose of turning night into day. Proud that He is an Omahan.

Omaha people are so numerous in Denver just at present, that I am frequently com-pelled to turn and look at the buildings to assure myself that I am not back in my na-tiue town. To give a list of those here would be to publish a large part of Omaha's directory. Whenever and wherever you meet them, however, you can shake their hand with pride, and with the knowledge that in enterprise, ambition, culture and fame their city is one of which they may well be proud, and of which they will still be prouder as time goes on.
Bind C. WARELEY.

when caught and straddled by a strauger. When they get their back up, so to speak, a THE OLD CALIFORNIA TRAIL were massive concerns built especially for when the savages the purpose by a St. Louis firm. They were it was discovered that

Fremont's Famous Pathway Through the Dasert.

LIKE A JOURNEY THROUGH A GRAVEYARD

story of the Old Trail as Related by Ger eral John C. Fremont Himself Two Years Before His Death, .

Two years before his death General John C. Fremont related to the writer the story of the old California trail.

General Fremont was justly entitled to his title, "the pathfinder." In 1843 he had made his famous exploration of the plains and the mountains. Several years later he had wou renown by his gallant conduct in California during the Mexican war. When the gold excitement broke out and the rush to California commenced. Fremont was instructed to "blaze a trail" through the wilderness,

and he did it with his characteristic energy.

Commencing at a point opposite St. Joseph Mo., he proceeded to Leavenworth, Kanthence northwest until he struck the Platte valley at Fort Kearney. From this military post the trail followed the valley of the Platte river until it became lost in the Rocky mountains, Winding its way through narrow defiles over lofty ranges, and crawling along the edge of dizzy precipices, the trail reached the high plain between the Rockies and the Sierras, thence through Echo and Weber canons and down the western slope to the gold fields. The path across desert and mountain was marked so plainly that none could go astray. Under direction of Fremont two furrows were plowed with ox teams, the furrows being from 150 to 200 feet apart. Where streams or natural springs could not be found wells were sunk at convenient distances to furnish water to the thousands of men and beasts that were to pass in a surging, never-ending procession along the route Immensity of the Traffic.

Although nearly thaif a century has elapsed since that trail was marked in the sands of the desert, its remains are still to be seen in many places along the Platte vailey. The writer has, within the past four years, rode in a buggy along the trail for miles, where the deep ruts had been cut into the yielding soil by the heavy wagon trains. These ruts were from twelve to twenty-four inches deep, and instead of there being a single wagon track, there were from six to tweive, side by side. In many places the trail was so besten and packed that the persistent wild bunch grass of the prairie had been unable to make any inroads upon its firmness, and these parts of the trail were, and doubtiess still are, barren of vego-tation, although a quarter of a century has elapsed since the small was finally abandoned. It will be difficult for the modern reader to gain any conception of the immensity of the traffic over the plains traversed by the old Kearney trail. To give some idea of the freight and emigrant business along the route mar be said that it was no uncommon even to stand at the door of any one of the many ranches along the trail and count from 700 to 1,000 wagons pass in a single day; and the writer has conversed with one settler who on one day counted more than 1,900 wagons that passed her door.

How the Business Was Done. The reader may also gain some idea of the magnitude of the business transacted along this great overland route from the statemen that one firm alone operated 6,250 wagons, with a team force of 75,000 oxen and with a capital invested of \$1,000,000. When it is nderatood that this was but the outfit of a single firm, and that it did not include the thousands of wagons belonging to private in-dividuals, it will readily be seen that the traffic assumed enormous proportions.
The wagens built for this overland traffic

constructed with a storage and carrying pacity of 7,000 pounds, and when loaded required the combined strength of eight to ten yoke of exen to haul them.

A train consisted of twenty-five wagons

under the command of a wagonmaster, who also acted as captain. He was assisted by a deputy, the extra hands, the night herder and the cavallard driver, whose business it was to drive the extra cattle. Besides these there were drivers for each team, making a total of thirty-one connected with each train. In the nomenclature of the plains the wagonmaster was universally known as the "bull-wagon boss," the teamsters or drivers as "bull whackers," and the train as a "bull outfit." Every man went armed to the teeth and all were in constant rendiness for

an attack from the thousands of savages who swarmed the prairies.

Pathway Through a Grave Yard. A volume might-indeed volumes have been filled with the recital of the desperate encounters with the Indians of the plains. It may truthfully be said that the old Call fornia trail is a pathway through a grave yard. Every mile of the route is marked by the graves of those who fell by the hand of the hostile redskins or succumbed to the many illnesses incident to an overland jour-

nev across the plains. The government established a chain o military posts along the trail, and the garri-sons were constantly employed in protecting emigraint traits which were daily wending their way toward the Rockies and be youd, and hardly a week passed that did not mark a bloody fight with the savage bloux

One of the earliest, if not the first Indian war growing out of the overland travel occurred in 1852 or 1853, the exact date being in dispute. It occupied the attention of the troops at Forts Kearney and Laramie, and briefly related the facts are as follows:

Foolhardy Lieutenant Grattan. A parts of Sioux Indians, related to the Brule tribes, had killed and eaten a cow be longing to a party of Mormon emigrants. The disciples of Brigham Young were unnocessarily indignant over the matter and at once hurried to Fort Laramie, where they told their story, not neglecting to embellish it with a few jurid details from their own untrammoled imagination. In fact, the un scrupulous Mormons magnified the theft of a bony, footsore and weary bovine into an attack from the redskins. A young officer named Lieutenant Gratian was at once sent to the scene of the alleged attack. Grattan had but twenty-eight soldiers under his commun-and there were 2,000 Brule warriors expect ing his approach. But when was an officer fresh from the triumphs of West Point frightened by the force of numbers! Plant ing his two small pieces of artillery on the brow of a hill overlooking the hostile camp, the young neutenant gave the wary chief five minutes in which to surrender. The were sent crashing through the fragili tepees of the savages. These two shots were all that were fired, for in another instant 2,000 infuriated redskins dashed up that lit 2,000 informated reasons that the lightenest tie hill and in another instant the lightenest and his soldiers had been swept into eternity. But one man, a half-breed interpreter. story of the utter annihilation of Lieutenant Grattan's command. The incident ied to a long and bloody war in which the Indians were, of course, subdued after they had lost the greater number of their warriors, The Grave on the Prairie.

In the northwestern part of Adams county may yet be seen the dim outlines of a lonely grave that was made in the prairie sod long before the present state of Nebraska was given even a territorial form of government. This grave was hollowed by the side of the old Carifornia trail and was for years an object of interest to the emigrants and freighters who hurried by on their way to the gotd fields beyond the mountains. It was the last resting place of a young wife who had been killed by the savages while crossing the plains with her husband. The story is but one of a hundred of a similar nature, but it possesses an element of pathor seidom found in the others. Her name will never be known; but it is known that she was a bride of out a few months and that her trip across the plains was her wedding journey. Late one evening, just as the entgrant train was preparing to go into camp for the night there was a sudden attack of the Pawness and

one of the victims. Her grave was hollowed in the sod where she had failen and the wagon train pushed on-all but the husband back over the trail until he reached Platts mouth. Here he bargained for a rude tomb stone and, carrying it on his shoulder, he retraversed the distance to the spot where he had buried his young wife. Placing the headstone over her last resting place, he pursued his journey to the west. The little stone stood until a few years ago, when it was thrown down and soon broken into

The most important military post on the California trail was at Fort Kearney, near the site of the present city of that name. It was located in the heart of the Indian country and its garrison was constantly employed in repelling the attacks of the hostile Sioux Pawnees and Arapahoes. The outbreak of the war of the rebellion created intense excitement at the fort. It is a fact not gener out Fort Kearney was a hotbed of secession. Although there were many staunch union men in and around the fort, the larger part of the officers and settlers sympathized with

The feeling between the contending parties ran bigh and several times an open rup-ture was narrowly averted. The officers whose hearts were with the south advocated secession and wished to take possession of the fort in the name of the confederate Two prominent officers, Henderson, both educated at West Point, gave up their swords and accepted commis ions in the rebel army, and both won major general's commissions.

Colonel Miles-now General Miles-was Sumpter was fired upon. He and his regi-ment, the Second infantry, were at once taken east to assist in the defense of the union, and Captain Tyler, a fiery southerner, left in command. Tyler did not long retain his loyalty. With his his own hand he spiked the fifteen can-non at the fort and deserted to the rebels. A patriotic people may, however, console itself by the reflection that Tyler was cap-tured by the federal authorities very early in the war and kept in close confinemen over a united country.

Rebel Prisoners in Nebraska. During the war several thousand rebel prisoners were confined at Fort Kearney. The word confined is hardly the word, now-ever, for the confederates were practically free to go and come as they pleased within certain limits. When the war closed many of these prisoners renained to the vicinity but they retained all their bitterness toward the people of the north. Fort Kearney might today be an important

military post had it not been for the mailg-nity displayed by these unrepentant rebels. The government fully intended in 1866 to enlarge the fort, surround it with complete fortifications, and make it the principal depot for he distribution of military supplies to all posts throughout the west and northwest. General Pope visited the fort and after a careful inspection was impressed with the importance of its location; and under his direction the work of enlargement and improvement commenced. Steam saw mills were erected, logs cut and converted into lumber, new residences for the officers built, and work commenced on a large hospital, commodious quartermaster's and commissary departments, adjutant's office, etc. These improvements were well under way when General Pope was succeeded by General William Tecumseh Sherman, now of onored memory.

They Booted Old Tecumseh. General Sherman certainly had no reasons for discontinuing the work commenced under the direction of General Pope until after he had made a personal visit to the town of Kearney, west of the fort. Here he was received with scoffs and jeers from the unre-pentant rebels, of whom the larger proportion of the population was at that time composed, Instead of receiving the plaudits of an en-thustastic populace, as the hero of the march to the sea had reason to expect, he was wel-comed by a howling mob with hoots instead of hurrahs. The disgraceful reception was too much for the feelings of the general and he returned to Washington in "a state of mind" that noded no good to the ambitious residents of Kearney. Before his indigna-tion had time to cool he gave orders for the immediate suspension of the work at the fort to the sea had reason to expect, he was well

was ordered away and the place was turned over to the ravaging tooth of time.

uson post until 1871, when the last soldier Abandonment of the Trail. With the completion of the Union Pacific railroad the old California trail soon fell into The state began to settle up rapidly

and the Indians gradually retreated before the advancing civilization of the white man. The last serious trouble with the savages occurred in 1894 when the Pawnees made a last desperate effort to wrest their hunting grounds from their new possessors, the whites. Early in that year the Indians laid their plans for a bloody campaign. They distributed their forces along the entire length of the Platte valley with the intention of exterminating the settlers at one blow. On Sunday morning, August 7, 1861, the first attack was made at Plum Creek. As a small party of omigrants were pushing their way westward over the trail the Indians dashed upon them suddenly and ruthlessly murdered the entire party, eleven in number. The attack took place but a short distance from the telegraph station and the operator at once flashed the news to every station ulong the line. A moment later and he was a corpse, but his bravery in remaining at his post saved the lives of hundreds of settlers, for the warning he had given had enabled them to seek places of safety and to pre-pare for defense. Attacks were made simultaneously at a score of places along the trail and the victims were numbered by the score. The government nurried troops to the valley and after months of severe campaigning the savages were subdued. The people of the Platte vailey have never been troubled by the savages since that memorable year. The Trail Only a Memory.

Today the old California trail exists only as a memory. The stirring scenes of the past linger only with the oldest inhabitants who are also rapidly following the past into the unknown. The days of the Mormon emigrant, the California argonaut, and the Pike's Peak adventurer are past. An undefined path across the prairies marks the trail of the hundreds of thousands who, spurred on by hundreds of thousands who, spurred on by visions of golden wealth, hurried in never ceasing procession over the plains, while a few rows of tall cottonwood trees alone stand sentry over the ruins of Fort Kearney and the intruder, whether he be emigrant or tourist, passes by unchallenged and un-needed. C. F. R.

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is the pure juice of the grape naturally fer-mented. For boquet it has no superior.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN. The real battle is always fought before a

The man who looks at everything through oney never sees far. That day is a failure in which you do not try to make somebody happy.

Temperance means the right use of right things. There can be no right use of wrong There are weak spots in your religion if

One of the poorest men on earth is the one who has no time or inclination to do and hing except try to make money. Tuo world is not dying because there at not more fine sermons preached, but because there are still so many cowardly people in he front seats.

If the government really wants to prove by experiments with the bicycle that war can be made greadful, why not get a thousand women together, give them whoels and turn them loose! The "No. 9" Wheeler & Wilson is a rapid

stitcher; so rapid that it will atitch three yards of goods while only two yards are being stitched on any vibrating shuttle mediae. Soid by Geo. W. Lancaster, bit S.

A franchise for the operation of electric street railroads in Montreal, Quebec, has just been voted upon the following terms of payment: The Montreal City Passenger Railway company is to pay the city 4 per cent of the green results. Railway company is to pay the city 4 per cent of its gross receipts up to \$1,000,000; 6 per cent of its gross receipts from \$1,000,000 up to \$1,500,000; 8 per cent of its gross receipts from \$1,500,000 up to \$2,000,000; 10 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,000,000; 10 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,500,000; 12 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,500,000; 15 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,500,000; 15 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,500,000; 15 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,500,000; 15 per cent of its gross receipts from \$2,500,000 up to \$5,000,000; 15