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RAILWAYS OF CHINA

Interior of the Great Empire to Be Penetrated by the Iron Horse.

LABORS OF THE VICEROY OF HUPEH

He is Now Building the Great Trunk Line of the Future.

PLENTY OF CAPITAL AT HIS BACK

Immense Shops and Vast Rolling Mills Turning Cut the Material.

QUEER SIGHTS ALONG THE YANGTSE

Carpenter Describes the First Railroad Operated in the Celestial Kingdom and Its Devil Engine-A Birthday Stops the Building.

(Copyrighted 1894 by Frank G. Carpenter.) HANKOW, China, May 8 .- (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)-This is the Chicago of the Chinese empire. It is nearly 700 miles from the seacoast, and there are at this point three cities which face each other, much as New York, Jersey City and Brocklyn, which have an aggregate population of something like 2,000,000 of people. Standing on Pagoda Hill, behind the city of Hanyang, you look down in fact upon the homes of almost 3,000,000, and you seee hundreds of villages, thousands of boats, in which families live and die, and have spread out before you the three great cities of Han-e kow, Hanyang and Wuchang. In front of you, facing the south, flows the broad Yangtse river, which is at this place still a mile wide, and which is so deep throughout its course that the biggest steamers that sail the ocean can come up here and anchor at its wharves. The city on the opposite side is Wuchang. It has, perhaps, threequarters of a million people, and the high wall which runs around it is twelve miles in length. It is the home of one of the most progressive governors of China, and is the capital of the state of Hupeh, which is bigger than the whole of New England. Turn to your left and you see at your feet the city of Hanvang, with its vast iron works, for the making of steel rails. Beyond it across the river Han, which is so filled with boats that their masts make you think of a thicket of hoop poles, is the vast plain covered with the buildings of Hankow, which is even larger than Wuchang, and which is the commercial capital of this part of the empire. As you look over the landscape your eye meets as much water as land. The mighty Yangtse above and below you flows on like a great inland sea, its bosom loaded with a score of steamers and thousands of queer looking junks. There are boats before you which have come 2,000 miles down its waters through the deep gorges of Ichang, and mixed with them are ships from Canton, Amoy, Foo Chow and cities along the coast. are tea tunks from the big Poyang lake and localities, each having a build and make pe

As you look you realize the force of the as sertion that China has more boats than all of the rest of the world put together. The Yangise is here cut into by canals and the great lagoons lying back in the country are spotted with sails. The river Han, which has flowed 1,300 miles in its winding course from its source to its mouth, has brought down hundreds of river junks and ships are being loaded at scores of these wharves for all parts of the empire and of the world. about \$37,000,000 a year and every dollar's worth of this has to be carried away by water. In the years to come a large part of will go by land and railroads may make Hankow the greatest city of Asia, if not the

biggest on the globe. HAS A GREAT FUTURE..

The probabilities are that this place will be some day one of the great manufacturing centers of the world. There is coal and iron near here in close proximity to one another and the water communication is such tha coal can be shipped here from almost any part of the empire. Already a population of more than 100,000,000 are tributary to this point by rivers and canals, and the trunk line of future China will probably run through Hankow from Peking to Canton, taking in more big cities and a greater number of people than any other railroad on the globe. Peking has a million of people. Tientsin has more than a million, and it would be on the line only eighty miles south of the imperial capital. From thence it would cut its way further south about 500 miles through one of the most thickly settied parts of the empire to Hankow, where it would strike these cities of 2,000,000. From here on to Canton it cannot be more than 500 miles and the land is rich in the ex treme and it teems with millions. Canton is one of the great trading centers of the world, and it is said to have about three millions of a population. The whole length of the road would be less than 1,500 miles and there would not be a waste spot on it. It will take but little grading, and it would, I judge, be a comparatively cheap road to build. It would be a bee line from north to south China and would be largely patronized as soon as the Chinese discovered its value. There are no people on the globe quicker to make use of a good thing and a cheap thing than these Chinese.

As it is, they have the dearest modes of

travel, and though their wheelbarrows and boats carry goods for almost nothing in comparison with the labor spent in running them, they are dear in competition with steam. As it is, the steamers in the Yangate are kept up by Chinese freight and passengers, and every steamboat I have seen has been crowded with them. They ride first and second class, and many of them take a sort of steerage passage, sleeping in in a large compartment in the rear end of the steamers.

PROGRESS OF THE RAILROADS.

The first railroad in China was from Shanghal to Weesung, a distance of about twelve miles. Woosing is the bar at the mouth of the Whampoa river, and this road did a big business till some of the Chine'e thought it was injuring their luck, and they complained to the authorities. The officials bought the road at a high price from the foreigners who owned it, and threw the locomotive, which they said contained a devil, into the river. Some of the rails are still left, and it may be that the road will be again built in the future. One thing is very certain, and that is the moment the Chinese appreciate that they can make and run roads of their own their superstition will not stand in the way of making them, and many of the officials are experimenting to see what they can do. I saw a locomotive which had been recently built by the Chin-ene machinists at the Kiagnan arsenal near Shanghal, and it runs as well as any of our engines. I was shown railroad iron— I mean steel rails—which they had made there with Chinese iron, and there seems to be no doubt but that they can manage a rolling mill very well. There is a vast deal of waste now, it is true, and this will con-tinue as long as the work is done by the officials, who expect to get a big living out their stealings, but it will be different

when factories of this kind are started as | means of defense, and the other wants them private enterprises. Just now the chief movements in the direction of railroads are from the government, and the idea is to from the government, and the idea is to render China impregnable in case of war. This is the purpose of the viceroy here. He hates the foreigners, and he wants to drive them out of the country. He is using them to build factories, and he has a cotion mill run by steam and filled with modern machinery, which is one of the largest in the world. It contains a thousand looms, and it is located on the banks of the Yangise, in the city of Wuchang. It is now making the city of Wuchang. It is now making money, I am told, and it is profiting off the rise in foreign cottons through the fall in the value of silver.

Speaking of extravagance in railroad building, I doubt whether there has ever been erected a more costly plant than that which is now being put up here by this viceroy for the building of cars, the making of rails and the turning out of a full equipment for the line which is at some future time to run from here to Pekin. The works are being put up by Belgians as foremen, and about fifty high-priced men are now employed here on salaries. I visited the works yesterday. They are located at the foot of a hill just above the mouth of the Han river and a short distance back from the Yangtse Kiang. Accompanied by the American con-sul and Mr. Burnett, an American who has lived for thirty years in the center of China, I rode in a long Chinese boat, sculled by a ragged-haired Celestial, up the Yangtse banks under the shadow of the Hankow wharves. We passed thousands of boats wharves. We passed thousands of boats loaded with all sorts of freight, from Stand-ard oil cans and cotton bales to baskets of oil, boat loads of peanuts, rafts of poles with bamboo houses upon them, and through hundreds of great junks of white pine, sometimes oiled to a rich yellow and in other cases black with age.

AS BAD AS AT BABEL.

Every wharf was filled with workers, and the coolies, with great loads on their backs, swarmed up and down them like gigantic The men on the boats and on shore grunted or sang as they worked and the air was filled with a noise as great and as indis-tinguishable as that of the tower of Babel at the time of the confusion of tongues. Passing Hankow we reached the shipbuilding yards of Hanyang, where men perched in lit-tle bamboo huts, built upon four poles at least fifty feet above the ground, were twisting ropes of plaited bamboo. Each hut was not more than four feet square and was just large enough to contain the ropemaker, who twisted at the coll which lay in rings within the poles on the ground beneath. Here and all along the banks of the river there were hundreds of bamboo huts, many of them no bigger than the top of a canvas-covered wagon and of exactly the same shape. These were the homes of some of the poorest of the million of Hankow and of many beggars. stopped and photographed some of these as we went by, much to the consternation of their owners, who ran from the camera and called me a foreign devil at the top of their

One attempted to grab my camera, but I gave him a shove backward and jumped into the boat. Similar cries greeted us as we landed at the wharf, where a score of Chinese coolies were unloading the great ingots of steel, which have been brought hirs from Europe, to make the first rails and to use until the Chinese shall be able to turn out their own steel from their own iron. Other coolies were unloading thousands of bushels of coke, also from Europe, and this carrying of steel ingots, coke and machinery has been going on for months. One of the ships on which I salied on my way up the river had about 100 tons of these ingots, and its hold was packed with big boxes of heavy machinery. It carried 2,000 bushels of coke, and the captain told me he seldom made a tr p without a lot of mate ial for the Hankow rolling mills. Money, in fact, has been flow-ing out here almost as fast as the current of the Yangtse river, and the viceroy has spent somewhere betwe n \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 already. The evidences are apparent that he will have to spend a number of millions more before he gets through, and at the present rate of extravagant mistakes he is likely to bankrupt himself and his state government before he builds his road. In he first place it costs Lim a fortune to make judge, at least seventy-five acres, the greater part of which is covered with buildings. There was a bill close by, where he might have located the establishment. He chose, however, the low bed of the river, which is overflowed every spring, and went to work to make it safe from the waters. Laying out his foundations he filled in this vast area to a height of fourteen feet, the dirt being carried by coolies at 10 cents a day in little shovellike baskets hung to the two ends of a pole which they rested over their shoulders. It must have taken an army to do it, but it is done, and there is now a railroad running upon it a distance perhape a quarter o

a mile from the rolling mills to the water. Upon this there were about 100 steel cars

and a steam engine or two of European

make at the time I entered the yard. The cars were loaded with machinery, and were

being hauled to the rolling mills in the rear BUILDING SLOW BUT SURE. I followed one of the trains. We first came to eight large bollers, near which were what looked like vast hay stacks, but which were sheds of mats, in which the coke was stored. Beyond these there were two massive furnaces for the smelting of the ore. Each was a hundred feet high, and climbed to the top of one of them by the spiral steps on its outside. Below me I could see the roof of the vast machine shops which are now being filled with expensive works. These shops cover at least twenty five acres, and there are here that many acres under one iron roof. A railroad runs by their side, and a smoke stack 150 feet high rises in the air behind them. Beyond them in the distance you see the buildings of the viceroy's arsenal, where he is mak-ing modern rifles and other guns, and near this is a brick works, where bricks are being made with the latest of improved European machinery. I entered the ma-chine shops. The din of an immense boiler factory greeted my ears, and I found my-self in the midst of hundreds of Chinese machinists, who were working in putting up all sorts of rolling mills and machinery. A large part of the works is already up, but it takes time to build a shop of this magnitude anywhere, and in China things go very slowly. The viceroy has been spending so much that he has reached the end of his pile, and he is now waiting to get an advance from Peking. The government, however, is getting ready for the celebranowever, is getting ready for the celebra-tion of the sixtieth anniversary of the birth-day of the empress dowager, and upon this will be spent enough to build a road from Peking to Canton, and the people will be taxed in consequence. It is not so easy, however, to overtax the Chinamen, as it is in other so-called savage countries and the in other so-called savage countries, and the government is trying to economize in every way. There is a railroad being built in the northern part of the empire, and the regular appropriation set aside for fais has been \$2,009,000 a year. I see by today's translation of the Peking Gazette that it has been decided by the board of revenue of the emperor to omit the appropriation this year, in to use the money to whoop it up for id dowager. It will put the road back the old dowager. ten months, but this makes no difference to

CURIOUS CONVEYANCES.

This northern railway is the only working road in China. I expect to go to Tientsin and travel over it. I understand that it has been pushed rapidly within the past year or so toward the Manchurian frontier, and that it was of service to the government in the recent rebellion there. It is for the purposes of defense that the Chinese will build rail-roads. The best thing that could happen to the country would be a first class war with the foreign powers. This would lead to the pushing out of enterprise in every direction. Roads would be built and their buttonhole eyelids would be stretched far enough apart for them to see that China is by no means the center of the earth, as they suppose. This northern road was first built to take coal from the mines to the Taku forts and the naval ships. When I was in China, five years ago, it was only about eighty miles long. It has, I am told, now about reached

for commercial purposes. Nefther, however, would advise the bringing of foreign capital to build them, and their metre is "China for

We went back to the city after visiting the arsenal, which was much the same as the one I saw at Kiagnan, though not so large. by the river Han, and as we did so I got picture of one of the railroad cars of th China of the past. It was a buffalo cart with wheels as large as the front wheels of a farm wagon, made of a single block of wood and fastened to the axie with a wooden pin. The shafts were tied to the axle, and there was not enough iron about the whole

to have made a hairpin. The chief freight car here is a wheel-barrow made entirely different from those have seen in other parts of the empire, t is stronger and it has handles at the front as well as in the rear. Two men usually work it when the loads are heavy and I have seen a ton carried on one of these barrows. They are made with a screeching bamboo attachment, and there is no fron about them except the tires. is no iron about them except the tires. The pieces are pinned together with wood and tied with rawhide strings. Each barrow costs about \$5 and it will last, it is said, for a lifetime. In some parts of China there are whoelbarrows which have sails fastened above them in order that the wind may help the men who push them along the road. These wheelbarrows, the Chinese eart and the boat form now the passenger cars of these millions of people. Hundreds of thousands of tons of goods Hundreds of thousands of tons of goods are carried over the country on the shoul-ders and backs of men every day, and the traffic of the far north is largely freighted by little fuzzy donkeys and big woolly

Frank G. Carpenter THE MODERN BONNET.

From Harper's Bazar.

Or is it a hat? Dome of St. Peter's tell me that. It is broadly conceived, crown, brim and It is grand with a grandeur grand, you know; But, somehow, I hardly seem made on the plan Of the grandest kind of a grand young

man;
And this, perhaps, is why at the play
My thoughts from Hamlet or Lear will
stray,
And why to the bonnet in front I turn
With "thoughts that breathe and words
that burn."

The modern bonnet! Ah, who designed This torment of torments to those behind! For women may weep and men may rage, The bonnet shuts out both player and stage; And soon, with its artless turns and jerks, Its nods and dips and turns and feminine outries Makes the poor wretch in the seat behind, Who has paid for his place, as good as blind.

And still its challenge appears to be—
"Poch, for the play! Just look at me!
My ostrich plume so long and handsome,
Is worth in itself a young king's ransom.
Two feet across and one foot high
Is little enough for such as I."

Oh, it spreads itself like a potentate!
And yet, do you know, I pity the pate,
The silly pate that is under or in,
And doesn't know it commits a sin.
She never suspects that the rights of man
Are all at war with her bonnet's plan;
And to gaze for three long mortal hours
At its wide expanse, its plumes, its flowers. At its wide expanse, its plumes, its flowers Is more than a man will care to do Is more than a man will care to do Who has come, one may say, with a differ-

ent view, Not to speak of the ticket's cost, And the time and tone and temper lost,

And now I think of a maiden fair, Crowned with the wealth of her clinging hair, Who weareth a turban close and trim, Her sweet face glowing beneath its brim; And I say to myself, "If ever I wed, "Twill be with a turban maid, instead Of the poor, misguided feminine soul Who flaunteth a beaver aureole."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS

Who flaunteth a beaver aureole.

"Now, children," began the gentleman who had been asked to address the infant class, "you must all keep very still, for I am going to tell you about Moses. Moses was one of the patriarchs; he was one of the grand old men of the bible-no doubt you have all seen pictures of Moses; he had white hair, long, white beard hanging from his chin Now, children, you all know what a long white beard is, don't you?" There the gen-tleman addressing the infant class paused for that reply for which such orators are seldom fully prepared. "Yeth, thir." p ped up the smallest boy in the room from some remote corner, "I've theen 'um—jes' like a billy-goat, thir!"

Bess is one of those astute juvenile auto crats who are strangely gifted in analyzing the secret and extent of their dominion over adoring relatives. "Oh, no," she was one day overheard to confide to another small girl, "grandma can't make me mind at al!she can't do a-thing with me; but grandpa knows how to manage me." "How does he do it, Bess?" asked the impatient male cousin who was cavesdropping in a ham-mock on the piazza. "Why, he waits till he sees what I'm going to do, and then he tells

Sammy-Mamma, when I went to see Ton Stapleford this morning the girl that come to the door said he wasn't at home, an' I know

His Mother-There may have been reasons why Tommy could not be seen. She toll you that cut of politeness. Sammy-Yes, she acted as if she was ou

Little Frank had long importuned his father to buy him a pony. At last papa said:
"If I were to get you a pony, Frank, you
wouldn't know what to feed him." "Oh, yes, I would, papa," replied the boy "I'd feed him horse radish."

"You have a bright look, my boy," said the visitor at the school. "Yes, sir," replied the candid youth. "That's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face good."

Robbie-Mamma, doesn't it make your ands warm when you spank me? Mamma -Why, yes, Robbie, it does. Robbie-Wouldn't it do just as well, then, mamma, for you to go and hold them over the kitchen range?

Mustard and Marriage The London correspondent of the New York Herald tells this story: Did Mr. As-

quith get one of the mustard plasters? It seems that his bride-elect, Miss Margot Tennant, war staying in a country house where there was a hunting party. The guests were to return a very few minutes before the dinner began, and they all had their dress suits laid out ready to put on. Some sprightly genius sewed mustard plaster leaves inside the shirts.

In the hurry no one noticed the plasters, which were deftly concealed, but at the dinner it was observed that the men squirmed in their chairs and looked puzzled. Some turned pale; others perspired. One by one they excused themselves and presently

none but the women remained.

Comparison of notes revealed to the men
the fact that there had been a dire plot. English society is so prim that people mustn't talk about shirts in company, no general investigation could be held. It leaked out, however, that the scheme was the invention of Miss Tenant, but of course may be pure surmise or even crue

The Borrowing Woman. Indianapolis Journal: "How many things did the woman next door borrow today?"

asked Mr. Figg.
"Only the telephone," answered Mrs.
Figg. "It was the first time she had ever Figg. "It was the first time she had ever used one, and I don't think I ever saw a woman more disappointed. "Couldn't she use it?"

yes, she learned how to use quickly enough, but what broke her heart the great wall, and will soon penetrate Mon-golia. There are now two factions here in favor of railways. One wants them as a to keep till we called for it."

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

Resting Place of Seventeen Thousand Heroes of the Civil War.

THE HISTORIC SHADES OF ARLINGTON

Necropolis of the Nation's Dead, Its Natural Beauties, Artistic Gotes, Winding Paths and Drives, and Countless Monuments - The Crows.

Three miles due west of the national capitol, on the timbered heights of Virginia, sleep nearly 17,000 of the soldier dead. Of the seventy-two national cemeteri's

Arlington is regarded the most beautiful. Each of the others immortalize some great battle field, didicated as a resting place for the heroes whose life blood reddened its verdure. Arlington combines memories of many, and beneath its grassy slop s rest the remains of many of the distinguished leaders of the union armies. Sightly and beautiful is this hallowed spot. The rising sun salutes it among the first of Virginia's heights and is last to receive adicu at eve. while the rippling Potomac rolls an eternal requiem at its foot.

The cemetery is accessible by carriage road and street railway. Cable cars land the Washington visitor at Georgetown, where carryalls afford conveyance across the aqueduct bridge and connect with the trolley line, which winds around the hills breath Fort Myer, and lands you at the western gate on the Fort Myer road. This is one of the six gates to the cemetery and is known as the Fort Myer gate. The main entrances to the grounds are along the Georgetown and Alexandria road. The first of these is the Ord and Weitzel gate, flanked with tall columns inscrib d with the names of Generals Ord and Weitzel. Next is the Sheridan gate, a massive structure of four columns supporting a stone cross-piece, on which is inscribed the name of the great cavalry leader. The McCellan gate is an imposing structure of red sandstone of artistic design. Over the gateway is the name of the hero of Antietam and beneath it an appropriate inscription. The fourth is known as the new gate, which swings be-tween massive masonry that once formed a portion of the old War department building Near the southwest corner is the McPherson gate, leading into a circular grove form ing the apex of the irregular plots where sleep 10,000 of the soldier dead.

From each of the lower gates the road-ways wind through beautiful groves and all converge at the Curtis mansion. The Ord and Weitzel road leads the visitor through a narrow strip of ground, less than two acres, in which the first burials during the war were mide. Here are about 5,000 graves. Then the read, after winding around beds of flowers, suddenly plunges into a wood, so dense and wEd that the sunshine rarely penetrates to the ground, crosses de pravines, loops the hillsides and finally terminates in the open, well-kept space surrounding the historic mansion.

AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT.

The writer entered the cemetery by the Fort Myer gate. It was a warm, cloudless day in early May. Trees were in full bloom. The fresh trimmed sward gave evidence of loving care. No passing breeze stirred the leaves. Here and there a bird chirruped warily. Even the workmen, busily laying granolithic walks and repairing roads, spoke in whisper tones and permitted no harsh or irreverent sound to break the solitude of the city of the dead.

To the right, after entering the gate, are long rows of unpretentious headstones, extending far into the timber. They are of uniform size, granite or marble, rising a foot above ground and laid with such regimental precision and apparently so endless in number that the perspective becomes a line of white dots, fringed with green Each slab bears a name and a date. Along the edge of the general sections and fronting the walk are iron tablets bearing, in raised letters, a stanza from the famous elegiac poem of Colonel Theodore O' Hara:

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldler's last tattoo; No more on life's parade shall meet That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread.

And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS. To the left of the road are the sections set apart for the interment of officers. Here distinction is entitled to burial. handsome monuments have already been raised over the graves in these these sections. These attractive piles of granite and marble are in marked contrast with the severe simplicity of the acres of headstones across the road. The government here only permits a departure from the uniform style of headstone pro-vided elsewhere, consequently the fancy of admiring friends and comrades is permitted to riot in stony pile and epitaph. Further to riot in stony pile and epitaph. on, at a turn of the road, the most striking memorial in all Arlington view. It is a massive block of rough hewn granite containing the bones of 2,111 of the 4,394 of the unknown dead buried in the cemetery. The remains were gathered up by loving hands from the by ways of the various battle fields north of the Rappahannock, and suitably honored in the nation's necropolis. The bears this simple inscription: The sarcophagus

"Here lie the bones of 2,111 unknown Their remains could not be iden tified, but their names and deaths are re corded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in

Further east on the sloping ground are the sections reserved for the burial of officers of the army and navy who achieved high distinction in the service of their country The spot containing the remains of General Phil Sheridan, with its artistic monument, is a magnet attracting every visitor It is a few yards from the columned portico of the Curtis mansion. A gravel walk surrounds the plot, which is enclosed with a chain attached to granite posts. The monument is a block of highly polished dark gray granite. Upon its face is a bronze flag and medallion, the latter containing a head of the dead general in high relief. The bronze cast is the work of Samuel Elizon of Boston and is regarded as an excellent likeness. Beneath the medallion, in raised capitals, in the name "Sheridan." The location of the grave is the most sightly on the grounds. In life the gallant and dashing cavalry commander rose to the highest military office in the gift of an admiring people. So in death his resting place is commandingly in front, flanked and followed by the graves of brother officers and the countless host of troopers who in civil strife went down in sorrow and in triumph. Through the broad rift in the surrounding forest of oak the city of Washington is distinctly visible—a cluster of red and gray walls and towering spires, the capitol dome and the Washington monument overtopping all in massive and unap-

DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

Near that of Sheridan is the grave of Admiral David R. Porter, whose illustrious career on sea equalled the former's on land. A few yards away is a handsome shaft marking the grave of Surgeon General J. H. Baxter, who died in 1879. Here, too, rest the remains of General George Crook whose brilliant career in the civil war was capped with numerous notable victories over capped with numerous notable victories over the treacherous and revengeful Indians in the west and southwest. Other graves in this section are those of General Abner Doubleday, Brevet Major General J. H. Mower and General Samuel David Sturgis. But a trifle less illustrious are the names

on the monuments in the officers' sections, back of the amphitheater and rostrum. An object of general interest is the sarcophagus object of general interest is the sarcophagus of dressed marble containing the remains of General M. C. Meigs, quartermaster general of the army during the entire civil war, and those of his wife, Louisa Roger Meigs. Other members of the family are buried here, including Lieutenant John Roger Meigs. the eldest son of the general, who was killed in battle in 1864.

An undressed granite shaft marks the grave of Brigadier General William B. Hazen, for years chief signal officer of the United States, who died in 1887. Near by rest the remains of Brigadier General Gabriel R. Paul, who went down to death in a furious charge at Gettysburg. A granite column marks the spot. A beautiful gran-ite block marks the grave of Brevet Major General John H. Kirk, and near it the grave of the hero of Corinth, Miss., Brigadier Gen-

eral Plummer. A simple marble slab marks the resting place of the venerable General Harney. plain granite shaft rises above the grave of General James Frewerton Ri ketts, a veteran of two wars, a participant in twenty-seven battles of the rebillion, who died of wounds received while commanding the Sixth corps in the Shenancoah valley. A cube of granits, severely plain, marks the grave of General Myer. The grave of General Jones, for a number of years inspector general of the army, is marked by a tasteful shaft. A block of pure white marble with a carved cavalry sabre marks the grave of Captain von Dachenhausen. Captain Charles Parket of the Ninth cavalry is buried near by and his grave is marked by an upright slab of white marble. Other notable graves are those of Generals W. W. Belknap and W. W. Burns, both unmarked by monuments, and Rear Admiral Charles S. Stedman, whose grave is marked with an artistic pyramidal onument of polished red granite.

ANCIENT RELICS.

Adjoining the officers' section on the north a collection of weather-beaten shafts and slabs of sandstone and marble with quaint old epitaphs in antique lettering. They bear the names of famili's prominent in the colonial and revolutionary periods of American history. These ancient stones, eleven in number, marked the graves of officers of the revolutionary army and public officials of the early years of the century and were removed to Arlington from the old Presby-terian cemetery when the latter was de-

Directly south of the Curtis mansion is a large garden, in which flower beds are ar-ranged to represent badges of the different The names of Grant, Sherman army corps. Sheridan, Garfield and others appear in floral letters. In the center of the garden stands the "Temple of Fame," a circular structure composed of eight columns, surmounted by a dome which rests on an octagonal cornice of stone. Chiseled on this cornice are the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Farragut. The columns bear the illustrious names of McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys, Garfield,

Mansfield, Thomas and Meade.

Just beyond the garden is the rostrum and amphitheater, where Decoration day exer-cises are held. The rostrum is a raised platform of stone, resembling the remains of a Grecian temple. An ornamental marble slab serves as a reading desk, while twelve stone columns support a level roof of lattice work thickly covered with crepping vines. The amphitheater is a circular embankment of earth, enclosing a space large enough to hold 1,500 persons.

A BIT OF ARLINGTON HISTORY.

Apart from the hallowed memories which now cluster about it Arlington possesses associations extending back almost to the foundation of the republic. As far back as 1669 it formed part of the grant made by Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, to Robert Howsen. Later it passed to the Alexander family, from which the city of Alexandria took its name, and from the Alexanders it was purchased by John Parks the immediate ancestor of George Washington Parke Curtis. With the latter's lift-closing in 1857, the history of Arlington is intimately associated. Within the porta's of the Curtis mansion, which crowns the crest of the hill, have assembled men and women distinguished in the history of the country. It was built early in the century and designed to suit the tastes and meet the demands of hospitality characteristic of the Virginia gentleman of the period. Tall, massive Grecian columns form the portico. Wide halls and spacious chambers, even in their present dismantled condition, bespeak comfort and eligance. Lafayette was a guest at the house in 1824. The Masons, the Fitzhughs, the Randolphs and other noted Virginians had the entree of mansion and grounds, and statesmen like Clay and Webster were partakers of its hospitality. In the main drawing room, where visitors are now requested to register their names, the dashing and esteemed young army officer, Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, wedded Miss Mary, only child of Mr. Curtis, on the evening of June 30, 1831. The marriage of Lieutenant Lee to the heiress of Ariington renewed the gayety of the estate. From Arlington Lieutenant Lee started for the Mexican war, in which he achieved distinction and promotion. From Arlington Colonel Lee started in command of a com-pany of Washington marines to subdue the raiders under John Brown at Harper's And in the historic mansion Les Ferry. penned the letter dated April 20, 1861, resigning his commission in the United States army.

FROM PEACE TO WAR

Five days after the letter was written and three days after Lee's departure for Richmond, the camp fires of the union army were lighted among the oaks of Arlington. The mansion became the headquarters of the commanders of the troops on the grounds, and the "pomp and circumstance" of war succeeded the sweet tranquility of domestic life. The trumpet of internecine strife sounded the future fate of Arlington, The establishment of Arlington as a na-tional cemetery is due to General Meigs, with President Lincoln, ordered burials there on the 13th of May, 1864. first to rest beneath its sod was a confederate soldier, who died in Arlington hospital

while a prisoner of war.

The impression that the property was confiscated as an act of retributive justice is a mistaken one. The necessities of war forced the government to use it as a field hospital. It was bought at tax sale in January, 1864, the government paying \$26,000, and subsequently after litigation extending down to 1882, the government se-cured valid title on payment of \$150,000 to the younger Lee.

DECORATION DAY.

Arlington presents an impressive sight on Decoration day. The beauty of the location, the vivid color of trees and grass, the perfume of flowers, the incoming crowds keep-ing step to the muffled roll of drums, unite in a composite picture of inspiring patriotism framed with oak and emerald. From early morning till noon approaching roads are crowded with vehicles of every conceivable description. Footmen are numerous and street cars thronged. The gates are con-gested with crowds, while the procession of the Grand Army with difficulty pushes its way to the amphitheatre. No grave is unremembered on this day. Over every nound floats the colors under which the occupants fought. Flowers are strewn in abundance everywhere. Here and there are floral pieces of special design marking the graves of loved ones. The vault of the unknown dead receives special attention, and usually covered with loose flowers and reaths. The graves of Sheridan, Porter, Crook, and other famous officers are covered with floral tributes from admiring comrader

After these tender evidences of love and remembrance come the oratorical flowers of affectionate regard and the inspiring notes of national song. The assembled throng, broken into groups, surround various monuments. Some comrade tells of the heroism of the occupants. Some are on bended knee uttering prayers. Others uncover and bow reverently before a modest

The crowds are rapidly hurrying back to the city. The sunset gun at Fort Myer salutes the passing day. Gathering darkness warns the lingering few, and soon the honored dead in Arlington are alone in the "undisturbed tranquility of endless sleep." T. J. F. BLOCK NO. ONE-FORTY-SIX

CROWS AT ARLINGTON.

Great Fleck: Have Settled Upon the National Cemetery.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that Arlington cemetery is oc cupied not only by the silent, sleeping heroes gathered from the soil enriched by their blood, but is inhabited every night by an army of a million or more of feathered natives of Virginia. Just before daybreak every morning, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, the soldiers of Fort Myer notice a stir in the tall tree tops, in the branches and on the extreme limbs of the primeval forest which has been set aside as a national cemetery.

The stillness of the early day surrounds the heights and the pulse of the night is making its last feeble throb. In the far east there is a very faintish flush, or rather the reflection of a flush, which indicates the rising of the sun. A golden hue, a purple tinge, and the silvery horizon becomes warm with the glow of commencing day.

As the light penetrates the leaves and branches of the forest the feathered sleepers are awakened and rise with a bound into the

are awakened and rise with a bound into the azure blue. The morning air is stirred with high-pitched notes as they are sung by the army of crows. Like an army with banners, well trained, mystic, wonderful, these denizens of the forest rise in graceful flight, and with the lightness and gracefulness of gyratory curves they fall into the line of march with tremendous energy and speed across the old Potomac river, where speed across the out remarks the Grant memorial bridge is supposed to be built, over ancient Georgetown and northern Washington, hiding the rising sunlight from the suburban village of Biadensburg, the ancient ducling ground for the national capital, the Army of the Potomac crows marches across the fresh morning into the upper the column usually reaches the bay and commences to settle down to work by the time the rear guard has left Arlington.

Late in the afternoon, just about or a little before sunset, the observer will see a long and constantly growing army of these birds retracing their steps, or rather re-flying their tracks, southward to their nightly home at Arlington. The number of this migratory flock, as well as the regular, periodical character of their diurnal flight, periodical character of their distance produces a spectacle of more than ordinary interest. Their going and coming has attracted a great deal of notice and been a subject of scientific inquiry for a number of years. As a matter of fact ever since the Potomac valley was settled the ancestors of rotomac variey was settled the ancestors of this great army of crows occupied the woods and wooded hills along the river in Alex-andria and Fairfax counties. Before the war they occupied an immense strip of pines above Comments but the words were dethey occupied an immense strip of pines above Georgetown, but the woods were de-stroyed during the war, and the modern crows were obliged to forsake the homes of their ancestors and seek the'r nightly refuge in the natural groven about the ancestral home of the Lees. These wonderful birds occupied the primeval forests long before the coming of John Smith or the other ad-venturous spirits who plowed the Potomac venturous spirits who plowed the Potomac with their small boats so many years ago. It is probable that they will continue to dwell here and make their daily pilgr mages

for all time to come. The crow is not the enemy of the farmer The crow is not the enemy of the farmer in this section of the country, but rather his friend. It is true that he will follow the grain sowers and pick up a small portion of the seed that is sown, but the crow has an appetite for animal food, and is always on the lookout for cut worms and other enemies of the farmer. Thousands of these mies of the these digit toward the Chesapeake crows, in their flight toward the Chesapeake in the early morning, stop on their way, like stragglers and foragers from an army, and settle down upon the farms for half an hour or more, during which period they gather up millions of worms of various kinds, and relieve the farmer of them, while at the same time they satisfy their own appetites. They are helpful fellows, are these crows, and the farmers in this country do not put up scarecrows as they do in many portions of the

United States. There is a little legend which is told by the colored people and superstitious whites in the neighborhood of Arlington concerning the transfer of the crows from the George town side of the Potomac to Arlington for-ests. It is said that shortly after the grand review in Washington in May, 1865, the confederate general, Robert E. Lee, came several nights alone to his old home upon the Virhills and spent hours of prayerful soiltude beneath the grand old trees and in the midst of the numberless dead soldiers slumbering there. Immediately after this oc-currence the crows left the pines back of Georgetown and nightly roosted in the trees of Arlington. This is a very pretty legend which will be related in an elaborate manner by some poet of the future who will make the romance of the Potomac Valley ne of charming, interesting, sombre, yet lightsome and bright melancholy. Whether the crows go to join their cawing with the weeping of the defeated general or not, it is a very pretty legend and the crows are still there and will be there for the future ton, sleeping as a majority of them do until 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, seldom wit-ness this daily flight of the crows, yet it is one of the most interesting events of the day at the national capital.

The river men, that is those who dwell along the banks of the Potemac, or who are engaged in boating or fishing, generally see the entrance gates grow black in the evening as the wearied predatory peripatetics settle there. The render probably knows that at each of the entrances to the National cemetery iron gates are hanged from immense granite pillars, surmounted each with a slab bearing the chiseled name of some of our great military leaders. The pillars were for-merly used in the port cos of the old War department building. They can be seen with the naked eye from the Washington side of the river, and when the crows settle therewhole plateons of them—the entrance gates appear to be draped in gates mourning, while the trees are darkened into a semblance of crepe dressing, as though all animate nature were ready to weep for the fallen brave men and true who slum-ber there. In the spring time and fall, especially, when their numbers are greatest, the spectacle presented is truly imposing. Gradually the black speck settles upon the slab which crowns the pillar, grows before the vision, and as the advance guard covers the gate the remainder of the army, waving their black flags, sweep shricking over and beyond until every leaf is obscured almost

Fully an hour is consumed in making dispositions for every private in the ranks for the night, and the air is laden with the orders of the generals, the majors and the captains of hundred and tens. The crow quartermaster general must be a busy fel-low at nightfall, but at last be sees his troops comfortably settled, and the word "silence" is passed all along the line; then

the tremendous army sinks to slumber.
A signal officer at Fort Meyer says that these black soldiers of the air are drilled, observant of rules and subject to dis-cipline. Their daily course is regular when observed in its entirety; although ingly irregular and ragged to the casual observer. They travel in squads and com-panies, which have military cohesion, and all being related to each other in piatoons, regiments and brigades. Their discipline is rigid and their tactics as perfect as that of their human prototypes, albeit upon a differ-ent plan, fitted, of course, to theis circum-stances and conditions. They have skirmishers and outlying sentinels, whether in flight by day or at rest by night. Moreover, they are truly guardians of the dead, for neither man nor beast could enter Arlington at night without arousing the crow sentinels, who would give the alarm, and millions of throats would at once respond, cawing their innouncement of the intrusion and for action to repel the invasion.

Washington Star: "It's a good thing for a man to attend strictly to his own business," remarked Senator Schnso.
"Perhaps it is," replied the constituent, who had been keeping tab on absentees, "but it's funny that some men never seem to realize that until they get elected to congress."

Omaha's Rapid Growth Recalled by the Sa'e of the Lowe Property.

STORY OF A SIXTEENTH STREET CORNER

Residence Site Acquired by One of the City's Ploneers by Tre ty with the Indians-Lost Value Through Street Gradings.

Interesting reminiscences are brought to mind by the little item that appeared in the columns of The Bee not many days ago. The paragraph in question announced the completion of the sale by the placing on record of the deed from General Lowe and his wife of the old Lowe corner at Sixteenth and Harney streets to John Lowber Welch of Philadelphia. At the same time it was stated that Mr. Welch, who owns considerable property in Omaha and East Omaha, was buying the site as an investment, intending some time to improve it with a business building, General Lowe meantime continuing to reside in the house now standing

To the early day residents of Omahathose of 1857 and thereabouts-such as Major George Armstrong, Dr. Miller, First Postmaster A. D. Jones, A. J. Hanscom and Doc Smith, the reading of a bit of news of this sort must produce an effect like that of good old Rip Van Winkle's awakening. A single lot in Omaha for \$130,000, when (to them) but a few years ago the whole townsite could almost have been bought with the dollars represented by the first two digits and one cipher added instead of four! Although so short a time in point of years Omaha, like many people, has lived so fast and experienced so much in those years that the events of the early days are indeed history pure and simple and of great interest to all her children whether resident born or immigrated. The story of General Lowe's lot above indicated is the history of Omaha, particularly of its days of short clothes. Could it but tell its own story it would be a romance in real life, for it would tell tales of claim clubs, etc., which men are not so willing shall be paraded in public, and other tales, though perhaps not suf-ficently important to have made an indelible impression on the memory, still none the less interesting for reading. Block 146, the block on which is located

the Lowe property, has always been the home of General Lowe and was the home of Dr. Enos Lowe, his father, before him. The general's memory of the historical events clustering about this place is excellent and like Major Armstrong he is in his element apparently when he has about him a group

of listeners to his narratives.

The general in relating the way his father became possessed of block 146 says: "The founder of Omaha, my father, Dr. Enos Lowe, his brother, Jesse Lowe, Samuel S. Bayless, General Samuel R. Curtis and A. D. Jones, acquired title to the s.te by virtue of a treaty with Logan Fontanelle, chief of the Omaha Indians. Following this was the organization of the Council Bluffs and Nebraska Ferry company, under whose auspices the townsite was taken in the usual way. Distribution was made by lot to all interested parties. I now have in my possession the original allotment book, showing the names of the original owners of all lots in the townsite. On all timent various trades were made among the lot owners and my father selected

block 146 for his future home.' The records of the register of deeds office show this land to have been entered under show this land to have been entered under the homestead act, October 28, 1857, by one Cade W. Rogers. That the entry was sub-sequently cancelled and patent issued to John McCormack July 5, 1859, prior to which time or September 24, 1857, the Ferry company conveyed title to lot 1 to Enos Lowe. Lot 2 went to Samuel R. Curtis and 3 to H. C. Purple, and both soon thereafter to Enos Lowe, the latter through A. J. Hanscom. The rec-ords at Neligh, the then United States land office of this district, show also that McCor-mack made original entry July 5, 1859, about two years after the entry of Rogers. It is two years after the entry of Rogers. It is to be surmised that Rogers failed to comply with the provisions of the law as to living upon and improving his claim. Only two months after making the entry, however, Rogers sold his title to Je se Lowe, as mayor of Omaha, and David Belden, also as mayor, in 1859 conveyed to Enos Lowe, presumably count of Rogers' appearance in much for a chronological brief furnished by the musty records in the big vault at the

court house. This now almost sacred allotment book discloses some interesting things, among them that a certain number of these plo-neers conceived the idea of a railroad to the Pacific ocean long before the question was brought forward in congress and obtained a charter for the same and made it valid

y breaking ground for construction. The Lowe homestead was among the very first brick structures in Omaha, and all the mill work was brought by steamer from Cin-cinnati. Less the wonder then, as General Lowe says, in continuing his story, "that the original cost was about \$30,000." The general warms up to his subject when he touches on the question of grade, and with "good and sufficient cause," for although the street grade about him has been lowered three times, each time "permanently," he has never received a dollar of damages. The place once occupied a beautiful natural site, with the surface sloping to the streets in all directions, but is now perched up in the air thirty-one and a half feet above the sidewalk. The foundation of the house was placed on the level of the "official" grade of Harney street as established by Mr.

Phillips, a civil engineer brought here in those days from Pittsburg. Until, by the succession of "booms" through which Omaha has periodically passed, the ground has been demanded for building purposes, the north half of block 146 was covered with a variety of pines, cedars, shade and ornamental trees and shrubs, and also fruit trees, and the south half occupied as a vineyard. so long a struggle for existence as a distinct relic of Omaha pioneer days, the Lowe homestead will soon be a landmark CH. E. W.

MODES FOR MEN.

It is safe to say that there will be lots of the regulation soft flannel and silk shirts worn, and in these the same leaning toward quiet effects in colors are noticed.

Cuffs should be of the same material as the shirt. It is not now considered good form to wear white cuffs with colored shirts. The cuffs may have either round or square corners, fastened with link buttons.

In tourist hats there are the Albert and Eaton, the difference being that in the Eaton the fullness is in the back, while in the Albert there is a fullness pretty much all over the crown, with a leaning toward the front. If you have on hand a good sample of the

last year's regulation white straw hat, with its comparatively low crown and wide brim, you may wear it with safety this season and still be in style. There is not so great a change in straw hats as has been expected there would be, probably because last year's styles were held in such high favor.

In soft hats, which may be worn by those who prefer, the Alpine will be the favorite for street wear. The best tint is pearl. The colors run also from bellanutria, the lightest shade of brown made, to maple and dark brown. Black bands, as distinguished from last year's style of light gray, are affixed to them for stylish wear. The high-banded, turn-down collar, built

upon the plan of those worn by the West Point cadets, is in favor. It should be worn with a colored shirt and with a scarf of the club-tic pattern. Ties of various descrip-tions may be worn with any of these styles of shirt bosoms. That most in favor is