

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

Two Fremont women, for using vile language on the streets, received a sentence of forty days in jail.

The corn crop in the vicinity of Anale will not be over 60 per cent of last year's crop, owing to the drought.

Secretary Freshman of the Beatrice Commercial club received a letter from H. Lomax of Broken Bow, stating the State Sunday School association had accepted Beatrice's invitation to meet there next June.

Emma R., a valuable racing mare belonging to C. B. Michaels of Wyoming, is dead. The horse was one of the most beautiful of race horses, and had won \$5,000 in prizes at equine exhibitions.

A special election will be held October 1 for the purpose of voting \$100,000 bonds for the erection of a new court house for Dawson county, the present one having been standing thirty-six years.

The election of \$50,000 in bonds for the erection of two new school buildings for the city of Lexington carried. Forty thousand dollars is to be invested in a high school building and \$10,000 for a grade school on the south side.

J. M. Jensen, a Cass county stock dealer, shipped a carload of stock to South Omaha recently and failed to return home, which suggested a possibility that he had met with foul play. A search has been made but up to this time nothing has been heard of him.

While Albert Woitsel, a Cass county farmer, was using a hay loader attached to a wagon, it caught fire. The team, the loader and the front wheels of the wagon were saved, but the rear wheels, the rack and the load of hay were very soon reduced to ashes.

The gold-bearing sand found near Bloomfield begins sixty-five feet below ground and extends down 1,220 feet. It was a sample of this sand that showed \$24 per ton of gold. The field is considerable, therefore, abundant and easily workable.

The spinal meningitis epidemic that has been prevailing to such an alarming extent in north York county and south Polk county in and near Stromsburg, has, by strictest quarantine, the physicians believe, been brought under control.

The total property valuation of Gage county for this year is \$11,985,281. This includes real, personal, railroad, telegraph and telephone properties. This is a decrease of \$53,928 in the county's total valuation as compared with that of last year, which was \$11,138,309.

Albert Mount, a farmer living north of Kearney, got mixed up on his dates and drove into town Sunday with a load of oats and eggs and other produce. He tried to get into a grocery store and was at a loss to understand why the mill office was closed. He thought the day was Saturday.

Mrs. Ed Boyd, residing on the east side of the river near Nebraska City, was terribly mutilated in a runaway accident. She was dragged over the rough ground and her left ear completely torn off, her scalp badly lacerated and her left shoulder broken. Her injuries may be fatal.

Barney Cassen, a prosperous farmer, met with a fatal accident at his farm, about four miles west of Albion. Mr. Cassen was stacking hay, when he was struck by a large hay elevator propelled by horse power, knocking him to the ground and breaking his neck.

The Plattsmouth Telephone company has received permission from the railway commission to issue stock to the amount of \$45,000, in addition to its present stock of \$150,000, for the purpose of paying off \$23,000 of debt and improving its plants at Weeping Water, Louisville and other places.

A New York dispatch says: Tolf Hanson, who until last winter operated two restaurants in Omaha, and who went into bankruptcy there, committed suicide here by inhaling illuminating gas in a lodging house. Samuel Edgar, a dry goods merchant, said Hanson came here from Omaha in July after he had failed in business. "He wrote me that he could not stay in Omaha and face his creditors any longer so he came to New York," said Mr. Edgar.

The remains of Mr. T. G. Bartlett of St. Paul, this state, who was killed by accident near Northfield, N. Y., on the 27th inst., were received last week. Mr. Bartlett was making a trip to Saratoga, N. Y., to attend a conference of his church, intending en route to visit a sister residing at Franklin, N. Y. The train passed his station, he started to walk back to his destination along a railroad track. Near Northfield he was struck by a train and fatally injured, dying a short time after.

Ernest Keiser and Charlie Davis, two farmer boys west of Humboldt, reports a narrow escape from what appears to have been an ambush when they were on their way to town. While passing the farm of Gus Boeck, the German farmer ordered to the asylum for the insane, someone took several shots at them, some of the missiles coming uncomfortably close, striking the buggy and passing through their clothing. Fortunately no damage was done.

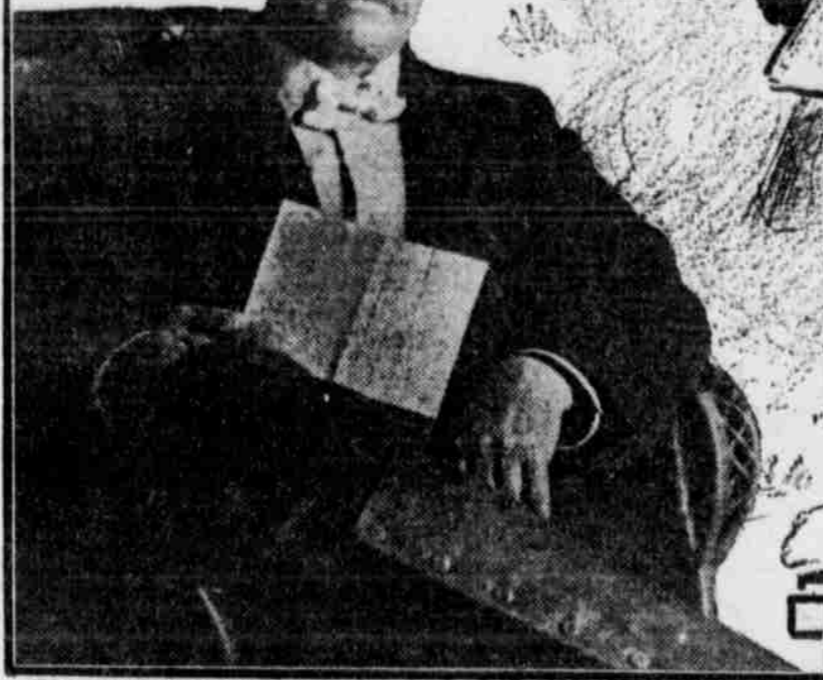
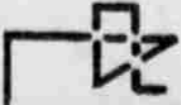
At Clay Center, Tom Bauer was convicted of wife desertion and given one year in the penitentiary.

OUR CAVALRYMEN LEAD THE WORLD

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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WASHINGTON—The riding test for army officers which was ordered by Theodore Roosevelt has not been discontinued under the Taft administration. From some of the comments that have been made on these "long, hard rides," it would appear that the public believes that the army officers never were given an opportunity prior to the Roosevelt administration to show what they could do in the way of covering long distances in quick time. No army in the world, perhaps,



EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

has had the same opportunities to test the endurance of cavalry horses as has the small regular force of the United States.

The long, level stretches of the plains and the activity of the marauding Indian mounted on his tireless broncho have been the conditions which gave to Uncle Sam's cavalrymen his matchless chances for long forced mounted marches. Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., collected the official records of long distance cavalry rides, and has made them public in a book so that they may be compared with the performances of the soldier horsemen of other nations. Col. Dodge declares specifically that he has rejected all "hearsay rides," of which there is no end, and has accepted only those proved by official reports. Col. Dodge says that Capt. S. F. Fountain, United States cavalry, in the year 1891, with a detachment of his troop, rode 84 miles in eight hours. This record is vouched for, and it is better than that once made by the Natal Mounted Rifles by about four hours, the distance being within one mile of that made in South Africa. For actual speed this forced march stands perhaps at the head of the American army record, though other rides have been more remarkable.

In the year 1879, when the Utes succeeded in getting some United States troops into what was afterward known as Thornburg's "rat hole," several mounted couriers succeeded in slipping through the circling line of savages. All of them reached Merritt's column, 170 miles distant, in less than 24 hours. The exact time was not taken, for, as Col. Dodge puts it, "rescue was of more importance than records."

It must be understood, of course, that all these American rides were made without changing horses. The steed at the start was the steed at the finish. The best rider, according to cavalry experts, is not the man who takes a five-barred gate or who can ride standing, but the man who by instinct feels the condition of his horse, and, though getting the most out of the animal, knows best how to conserve his strength.

Gen. Lawton in the year 1876, rode from Red Cloud agency, Nebraska, to Sidney in the same state, a distance of 125 miles, in 26 hours. He was carrying important dispatches for Gen. Crook, and though the road was bad his mount was in good condition when Lawton, looking five years older than he did the day before, handed over his bundle of papers to the black-bearded general.

Gen. Merritt has a forced march record that has no American parallel when the conditions of his journey are considered. He was ordered in the fall of 1879 to the relief of Payne's command, which was surrounded by hostile Indians. Merritt's command consisted of four troops of cavalry, but at the last moment he was ordered to add to his force a battalion of infantry. The "dough boys" were loaded into army wagons drawn by mules, and with the cavalry at the flanks the relief column started. The distance to be traversed was 170 miles, and it was made, notwithstanding the handicap of the wagons and trails that were muddy and sandy by turns, in just 66 hours. At the end of the march the troopers went into the fight, and in the entire command not one horse showed a lame leg or a saddle sore.



this was not a cavalry achievement it is not used for purposes of comparison. Touching the performance, however, the military writer says, that "excepting the ass, there is perhaps no creature on earth so stubbornly enduring as the broncho."

Col. Dodge does not think that if tests were made there would be much difference between the records which English and American soldiers would register. He says that a composite picture made of 500 British and of 500 American troopers would show that the three lines which establish the "seat" of the rider are practically the same, and that upon this and the proper care of the horse depend largely the matters of distance accomplished and speed maintained.

One of the longest and most perilous rides ever made by an American soldier was that of a private in F Company of the Seventh Infantry.

Early in July in the year 1876 the forces of Gen. Terry were in the field at the junction of the Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers in the Territory of Montana. Only ten days before Gen. Custer and his squadrons of the Seventh cavalry had perished at the hands of the Sioux under

mounting a horse he started southeast to the wilderness to look death in the face.

His course took him close to the scene of the Custer massacre, where less than two weeks before 5,000 Sioux had gathered for the killing. He traveled only at night, and all day long he lay hidden in the timber or in the gulches of the foothills.

Two hours after sunset on the second night he left his day's hiding place and set his course southward along a range of low hills. He turned aside to skirt a bit of timber, and as he came to the edge of the trees his mount showed symptoms of uneasiness.

Bell dropped from his horse and stole forward. He saw not more than 100 yards ahead of him a war party of fully 50 Indians making preparations to camp for the night. They had come apparently from a direction opposite to that taken by the courier, for he had not crossed their trail. He stole back, remounted and made a detour, passing the Indian encampment on the right and without awakening their suspicions.

Notwithstanding the rough nature of the country through which he was passing and the necessity of spurring his horse, Bell made 49 miles in that second night's ride. When it was within two hours of sunrise he struck a small creek with a bottom of sand and pebbles. He knew that if the war party which he had passed the night before should find his trail that it would be followed, and that the reds would not spare their ponies in the attempt to overtake the wilderness messenger.

For two miles Bell led his horse down the bed of the creek, thus completely obliterating his trail, but he knew that the hoof marks showing where he had taken to the water were telltale witnesses of his subterfuge.

He reached a part of the creek where the banks were heavily overgrown with bushes. He pushed the green growth aside from right to left and sent his horse through. Then he cov-



THE PYRAMID DRILL AT FORT MYER



TRAINING CAVALRY HORSES TO LIE DOWN AT COMMAND

Sitting Bull. A detachment of troops pushing forward in search of the "yellow-haired white chief" had found the mutilated bodies of the slain, with the little heaps of cartridges at their sides, telling mutely the story of a desperately heroic defense. The detachment had joined Terry and the story of the Custer massacre was told.

The whole country to the northeast and the south was swarming with the Sioux not yet sated with slaughter. To the southeast 200 miles away, near the headquarters of the Powder river, in the Territory of Wyoming, lay the command of Gen. Crook. It was imperative necessary that the situation of affairs just south of the Yellowstone should be made known to the general commanding the southeastern forces.

Between Terry and Crook was an unbroken wilderness inhabited only by wild animals and wilder men. With Terry's column were six tried scouts and plainsmen. They knew every inch of the country, every trail, every hiding place in the mountain spurs and every patch of timber on the plains. To these men were intrusted the dispatches of the commanding officer, with instructions to carry them southward to the camp of Crook. The scouts started on their journey. Inside of eight hours all of them were back and the report to Terry was that no man could attempt the journey to Powder river and live.

In F Company of the Seventh Infantry was a private named James Bell. He had acquired a knowledge of the country in the campaigns in which he had served against the Sioux. His knowledge, however, was but a tinge of that held by the plainsmen, and his acquaintance with the ways of the Indians was as nothing to theirs, yet Private James Bell went to Gen. Terry's headquarters and volunteered to carry the dispatches through the heart of the hostile country and to deliver them to Gen. Crook, or else, if it must be, to forfeit his life.

Terry asked the man if he knew fully the danger of the undertaking. Bell's answer was: "The scouts came back." In the four words he expressed the whole thing, for the scouts never before had turned in their tracks.

Private Bell took his rations, a full supply of ammunition, his rifle and his revolver, and

ered the marks of the passage as well as he could, and finally crawled up on the bank himself, covering his own trail.

He found a hiding place for the day in a ravine about 300 yards from the bank of the creek, and after feeding his horse, and eating his own breakfast he put all thought of sleep aside, and climbing to a hilltop he watched the vicinity of the creek.

Bell believed that the reds could not have found his trail, if they had found it at all, until near sunrise and he knew that if they followed him it would take them the better part of the day to reach his hiding place and that by that time his horse would be fresh and their horses faded.

At three o'clock in the afternoon he saw something that set his heart beating, brave man though he was. The war party was breaking through the underbrush on the bank of the creek and Bell knew that his trail had been followed and that he had but a moment's time to save his life and his message.

He ran down the slope, vaulted on to his horse and shot out into the open around the base of the hill.

The reds chased the courier for five miles, firing now and again, but he distanced them and after two more nights of peril he gave Terry's message into the hands of Crook.

James Bell was given a medal of honor, and for five years he was a messenger in the headquarters of the department of the lakes in Chicago. Few people realized that the quiet unassuming "errand man" in the Pullman building was the courier who had taken on himself a mission that tried plainsmen had not dared to attempt to fulfill.

The Home.

Home and home life must never become commonplace. The little surprises, the remembrances of the birthday, the unexpected treat, the pleasure earned for one by the sacrifice of another—all these belong under our head of spiritual exercises. Nor is there any scene of our life which so demands such exercise as this familiar scene of home, which has to be reset every day.—Edward Everett Hale.