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ARCIS-SUR-AUBES TITAN. DR. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH'S SKETCH

OF DANTON THE REVOLUTIONIST.

Salient Points in Danton's Life-His Career in the Convention-His Personal Appearance and Eloquence - Motives and Manner of His Death.

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the greatest of the revolutionary giants was Danton. His given name was Georges Jacques; his birthplace was Arcis-sur-Aube, and the date Oct. 28, 1759. He was thus ten years younger than Mirabeau, between whom and himself history

has drawn many parallels and like nesses. While yet the revolution was at its height, the French people, both friends and enemies of the popular cause, discovered in Danton the natural successor of the dead Mirabeau. The former rose as the latter sank below the horizon; the manner of the man was such as to point him out as the necessary captain of the revolutionary

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the necessary captain of the revolutional forces.

Danton was a lawyer. He had prepared himself somewhat for his profession before leaving his childhood's home in Champagne and going to Paris. At the outbreak of the revolution we discover him at the capital, happily married, leading a cheerful life, a diligent student of men and affairs, practicing with success in the courts. The assembling of the states general found him thirty years of age, but not a participant—except by sympathy and occasional pant—except by sympathy and occasional speech—in the prevailing movement. At this time, however, he plunged into the tide and swam. Men saw him and began to wonder at the strength of his stroke. The wild waters fell away from his arms and breast as from the fins of a monster of the sea. He became a power outside of the states general and the first assembly, advocating and promoting the same cause which the Democrats advocated and pro-moted in the Hall of the Menus and the

moted in the Hall of the Menus and the Salle de Manige.

Now it was that a party sprang up in Paris, audacious in its advocacy of popular liberty. The policy of this party reached as high as the throne of France. A great club, known as the Club of the Cordeliers, was formed as the focus and life center of this club the focus and this party, and of this club the focus and life center was Danton. Not, however, un-til the early part of 1790 did the voice of this son of thunder begin to be heard above the roar of the revolution. Already the Bastile had fallen. Already the king and court had been compelled to remove from the security and quiet of Versailles to the insecurity and tumult of the Tuileries. Paris was a volcano, spouting fire and smoke. The throne itself began to quake, but was steadied for a season by the power ful hand of Mirabeau.

In April of 1791 that Hercules of the people and friend of order suddenly died, and for a short season the great parties into which the French nation had been divided crouched down, each in its place, tigerlike, with flery eyeballs, waiting to spring in death grapple upon the other. In this in-terval, including the latter part of 1791 and the beginning of the next year, no leader appeared, but at the latter date Danton arose, and with mighty outstretched arm-

Above the rest. In shape and gesture proudly eminent— Stood like a tower.

Young as he was he was hailed as chief Through Pullman and Tourist by the audacious party which had deter-At length, in 1792, the assembly declared war against Austria, and while the internal volcano of revolution continued to spout, a narrowing rim of fire and conquest was seen along the north-eastern border of France. Every patriot must now ask himself the question, "Does not this king of ours, this Louis Capet, with his Austrian wife, desire the success of the enemy? Would he not gladly see us all slain with foreign swords in order that he may recover his feudal rights, and Marie Autoinette still wear her high head and ostrich plumes in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles?" Such questions could have but one answer. Paris arose and made a rush for the Tuileries. The place was taken, the royal family expelled, the Swiss guards in their red coats slain or scattered; and, as the great equestrian statue of Louis XIV was turned over, the populace found inscribed on the bottom of the hinder horseshoe, "August 12th, 1692"—a hundred years ago, lacking two days!

Of the storming of the Tuileries and of the virtual overthrow of the monarchy Danton is believed to have been the principal inspiring cause. Certainly history, as against all men, was in the field; but of human wills Danton's was the most effective in the deed. His mind now began to corruscate and flash wild lightning through the dun smoke of the arena. His eloquence astonished all men. His passion for the patriot cause burned like a furnace. Though the Austrians were on the border—aye, had broken in the border—and though the fires of a wild revolution were flaming, not only in Paris, but in all the cities of France, this young giant, now but thirty-three years of age, placed himself with bared breast in the thunder blast and defled the storm. He openly declared that audacity, fearlessness, contempt of death and promotion of the revolution at all hazards were the only remedies. While Brunswick and the Austrian army came on, Danton stood in his place and cried out, "Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace"-that is, "Now we must have audacity, and more audacity, and audacity forever!" The people caught the echo, and the phrase passed into history as the key word of the French

When the French monarchy toppled down, Danton was at the fore along with Roland and the men of the Gironde. He was a member of the executive committee when the Austrian successes on the frontier threw Paris into a frenzy of rage and vindictiveness. It was at this juncture that the first great measure of terror was adopted, or rather adopted itself, in the ssacre of the prisoners and suspects in the Parisian jails. The event in itself was one of the most monstrous atrocities of human history. But still there was a The direct line to Ft. Scott, Parsons method in the madness, and Danton himself is said to have been responsible for the

This was the theory of that appalling butchery: The Austrians are gnawing into the vitals of our France. The king and the king's party wish the Austrians to succeed, to triumph over us, to destroy us.

These men in the prisons are loyan and enemics of the republic. They are and of Louis and the Austrians. We will kill

them as a measure of terror. We will let in upon them the flerce Sansculottes, and

not one of them all shall escape our venge-ance. Austria will hear it and tremble. Of all this bloody syllogism and deduc-tion Danton may have been the author, but it was not from crueity of disposition, not from depravity of nature and hatred of men, but rather as one of the hardships of a death struggle which he could not well avoid. Around the doors of the seven prisons of Paris bloody courts are extemporized. The mob howls. The prisoners are dragged forth while the Sansculottes shout, "Vive la Nation!" The inquest is only for a moment. Death is the sentence. The prisoner is cast forth upon the sabers, axes and pikes of the multitude, howling for blood. Then another, and then another. The dead are a heap of corpses. The sewers are full of blood to the shoebuckles. All the crowd are splashed with blood. The walls of the houses are smeared with blood.
Pikes and liberty caps are dipped in blood until the work is done and aristocracy lies mangled and dead. It is not only a terror but a horror—a very effective horror, for Austria stands aghast, and all the world! Above this devastation Danton rose still higher. He went into the national

convention as the real leader of the revolution. There for nineteen months, from the fall of 1792 to his death in April of 1794, he stood and reigned as the supreme pro-tagonist of the epoch. Under the weight of his powerful hand the Girondins went down to despair and death. The king also came to the bar of the convention, and the president said to him, "Louis Capet, you may sit down!" On the trial Danton, while not the most bitter, was the most powerful of the prosecution. He voted for the king's death, and moved the appointment of the committee of public safety and those other executive bodies to whose hands all power was now virtually committed. The party of radical revolution-ists, known as the Mountain, was now victorious over everything. The monarchy was gone. The king and the queen were gone. The Girondins were gone. Everything was gone but terror and the Aus-

After the overthrow of Roland and his companions, Danton would have fain staid the tide of violence. He believed that the revolution had now gone far enough, that it should henceforth be directed into the milder channels of restoration and order. It was on these principles and in their de-fense that he began to break with Robes-pierre and Saint Just. He knew well enough that his colleagues were opposed to his policy, that they sought by every means in their power to supply new fuel to the flames, until every trace of the past should be consumed. But Danton feared them not. He feared nothing. His friends



GEORGES JACQUES DANTON. cautioned him in vain. Rumors of his arrest were abroad; but he simply said, with a titanic sneer, "They do not dare!" Nevertheless the enemy wove the mesbes around the giant, and on the 30th of March, 1794,

he was suddenly arrested. Still he feared not. Only when his right of defense before the convention was illegally denied did be

It seemed in those days that hell itself yawned to swallow the world. Danton, and says he to himself:

"Blast his eyes! but he's a traveling on Febre d'Eglantine and others of his friends, were hastily condemned to death, and on the 5th of April were hurried through the jeering crowds to the guillotine. He went to the scaffold fearless, haughty and con-temptuous. "I leave the world," said he, "in a frightful welter. Better to have been a poor fisherman than to have meddled with the government of men." Remembering his wife, tears burst from his flerce eyes; but he checked himself instantly, saying, "Courage, Danton; no weakness." To Camille, whose sensitive nerves had broken under the strain, he said, "Heed not that vile rabble." To the executioner this, touching his head as he spoke, "Show it to the crowd; it is worth seeing!" Thus in defiance and infinite scorn of earth and heaven and the nether world he died under the ax of the guillotine.

Danton was the most striking figure of them all. He was a giant both in body and in mind. Greatly over six feet in height, as he rose to speak his head was flung back and his great chest expanded with passion, while his nostrils dilated and his words roared like a storm. Nothing could stand in the wind of his denunciation. His features were coarse and broad and strong beautiful in their ugliness, glorified like a ledge of rocks under sun and shadow. Be fore him-before the days of his ascend-ency-was the lull of the storm which preceded the down rushing of the French monarchy. Around him were the wild scenes and uproar of the crisis of the conflict. After him came a welter of chaos and blood, until what time the little bronzed artillery captain from Toulon stood by his great gun before the Church of St. Roche, where the mob raged and stormed, and said, "Fire!" It was the beginning of the stilling of the tempest, and his name was JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

They Talked and Talked and Talked. Sterographers in the German reichstag have prepared a table showing the comparative abilities of all the great German political parties to kill time. The standard of judgment was the last debate on the emperor's plan for the legislative protection of workingmen, since in this debate all party leaders talked themselves out. On the subject in question the Social Democrats, although but thirty-five strong, spoke 182 columns of the big reichstag report; Ciericals, 5214; National Liberals, 3314; Conservatives, 3814. The average for each Social Democrat was five and onefifth columns; for each Clerical, half a column; for each National Liberal, fourfifths; for each Conservative, one-half.

To Protect the Saucepan.

Jules Simon is worried about the pos sible loss of fame as cooks by the French people. He says: "We have a patriotic reason for keeping select the art of eating. It is, or it was, a French art. I still be lieve that our cooks are the first in the world. Our cooking and our milliners are first in universal estimation. But all these things we are in danger of losing. An admirable association has been formed to protect our language; there ought to be likewise a French union for protecting our DEAR LITTLE JOHNNY.

The Story of a Little Boy Who Loved His Mother.

Johney Green was the son of a poor widow whose husband went out to feed the hogs one evening, and never returned to the bosom of his dear family. It was sup-posed by some that he was abducted and held for ransom, and by others that he was devoured by a cow, but whichever way it was his wife was left with a mighty small farm and a mighty big mortgage drawing 10 per cent., and she couldn't waste any time

tying back her dresses or frizzing her hair. Had it not been for little Johnny she would have given up in despair. He cut all the wood, brought water from the spring, labored in the garden, and when she sometimes broke down under her bur-den of grief he stood before her and manfully said:

"Don't let her get the start of you, dear mother. Shut your teeth and hang on. It will all come right, and you'll ride around

will all come right, and you'll ride around in your own top buggy yet."

And then she was consoled and comforted. And she patted him on the head and said how glad she was that he had been spared to her. One day little Johnny found his mother weeping as if her heart would break, and when he demanded the cause she confessed that \$600 interest was due on the mortgage that very day, while she had only seventeen cents and a lottery ticket in the house. Old Stonehart, who held the mort-gage, would no doubt be there before night

"Gimme them interest or skip! What, no sugar! Then consider yourself skup-

ped!"
"Mother, do not worry," pleaded the boy.
"It will redden the end of your nose to cry, and besides, old Stoneheart cannot disturb

us. There's a hen on."
"My child, you speak queerly. What is
it? Do not keep me in suspense!"
"There is the mortgage, mother, and
here is the discharge of it in due form from

the county clerk." "Am I awake or dreaming? Child! child! What means this!" she cried.

What means this!" she cried.

"Only a little surprise, dear mother. Last June Elder Davidson offered me a cent for every ten tater bugs I'd kill on his vines, and during my spare hours, when you thought I was felling frogs and playing marbles, I killed seventeen billion bugs and got my cash on the nail. Tomorrow we go over to the Red Clay farm, which I now own, and there will be four loads of new furniture on hand before noon. There comes my carriage and driver now, and if you will put on these diamonds and lock up about five bushels of gold in the pantry we'll take a little whirl around the school house to show off." house to show off."

And wasn't that real nice!—Detroit Free

A Curious Coincidence

"Speaking of coincidences," said the man with the wooden leg, as he lighted a half consumed cigar he had been carrying in an old handkerchief—"speaking of coinci-dences, gentlemen, I can tell you a very singular thing. I was going up Niagara street, in Buffalo, when I saw a man with a wooden leg on the other side of the street coming down. We looked across at each other and stopped. Says I to myself, and says he to himself:

"That fellow lost his leg at the battle of Gettysburg, or I'm a sinner!""
"Well?" asked one of the group.
"We looked at each other across the

street for a moment, and then says I to myself, and says he to himself:
"'I'll strike him for a quarter, and an old comrade and fellow sufferer will shell

"Well?" "Very curious coincidence, gentlemen-very curious," continued the man, as he puffed away at his old stub. "We met on the cross walk. We shook hands. We struck each other for a quarter, but didn't get it. We were both dead broke. Neither of us was in the battle of Gettysburg, or any other battle. Then says I to myself,

his shape and telling a tale of woe, and he's no man for me to associate with!' and so we walked off. I don't like coincidences myself, there's no money in 'em."-New York

Too Transparent. A recruit was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him: 'Have you any defects?" "Yes, sir; I am short signted."

"How do you prove it?" "Easily enough, doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder on the wall?"

"Well, I don't."-Motto per Ridere. Her Thoughts.

"What makes you look so pensive, my dear?" said Dr. Blick to his wife. "I was only thinking," replied she, "that if the bait would only scatter itself around the back yard a little more we might have a real nice garden after a while."-Washington Post.

Worse Still.

Jagway-Was that you I saw driving around in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the five dollars you owe me. Travers-That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable.-Har-

Had a Good General Idea.

Judge (to youthful witness)-My son, do you know what would become of you if you should swear to what is not true?
Youthful Witness—Yes'r. The lawyers'd git me.—Chicago Tribune.

Not the Right Answer.

Officer-Private Schultz, after you have

served three years faithfully, what are you Private Schultz (saluting)-Three years older—From the German.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Out to the Zoo, kind sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"They might detain you, sir," she said.
—New York Sun.



l'eacher-Ladies, I am sorry to confess it, but I would rather have five young men from the high school than one of you Chorus of Young Ladies-So would we -Fliegende Blatter.

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