

THIRD NEBRASKA REGIMENT

Gov. Holcomb Goes to Washington in Its Interest.

ADVISES MUSTERING OUT.

Steps to Be Taken Also to Secure a Prompt Settlement of the Claims of Nebraska Against the General Government.

Lincoln dispatch: Governor Holcomb left last night for Washington, D. C., where he will give his personal attention with Colonel Stark to securing a prompt settlement of the claims of the state against the general government on account of the mobilization of troops in Nebraska for enlistment in the volunteer service. He will also urge on the president the advisability of returning the Third regiment to Nebraska to be mustered out of the service.

The governor is impelled to this action on account of the alarming increase in sickness in the regiment, the abnormal death rate, and at the request of many hundreds of the relatives and friends of the enlisted men. Letters from the regiment indicate that more than nine-tenths of the private soldiers are anxious to be mustered out, having enlisted for the war with Spain, and not for police duty in time of peace.

The condition of the regiment has been made known to the governor each day through the reports of Colonel Bryan, made in compliance with a request for this information made by the adjutant general to the commanding officers of both the Second and the Third on August 19.

The first daily sick report from the Third was for August 20, just one month ago. This showed that there were twenty-one sick men in hospital and twenty-six sick in quarters at that time. The report for September 20 was received today, and this shows that there were today 127 sick in hospital and 176 sick in quarters, a total of 303.

The report does not include the eighty-one men who were sent home on the hospital train last week, nor those who are absent on sick leave or furlough, and who left at other times. The last list is estimated to include about twenty-five or thirty names. If this is near correct there are now in hospital or otherwise unfit for duty by reason of sickness over 400 out of a total of 1,323 men and officers in the regiment originally.

The death list of this regiment already includes nine names.

Second Nebraska Boys.

These are quiet days in old Fort Omaha, writes a correspondent, as so many of the boys are absent. For those who are here, whether officers or men, there is plenty of work. The officers are busy striving to straighten out their records and account for the men who were sent home on sick furloughs preparatory to the final muster. It seems to be the general impression now that the regiment will really be mustered out when the boys return from their furloughs, October 10. Two days after that date the boys are expected to participate with the Twenty-second United States Infantry in the great peace jubilee. These two regiments promise to attract much attention. The Twenty-second returned with eleven officers and 178 men out of 510 which left here less than five months ago. Those who returned look worn and weak from disease, and the regiment is but a ghost of itself. When they march down Farnam street, if they do, they will attract much attention. Of course the Second Nebraska volunteers will be there. It is expected that they will be in good condition, as those who are ill will have recovered and the entire regiment is expected to be in line.

Wants to Find His Brothers.

William Kealey of Edgar, Clay county, has written the governor and asked the latter to assist him in finding his two younger brothers, Try and Gibbey. The story, as told by the letter, is that in 1855 the three boys, William, 6 years old, and Try and Gibbey, at that time 4 and 2 years respectively, were sent to the home for the friendless at Lincoln. In a short time William was taken out of the institution by a Mrs. Kilpatrick, and from that time he has never been able to hear from his brothers or get any information that would satisfy him as to what became of them. He says that officers of the home have brought only the answer that no trace had been kept of the children. He asks the governor, if possible, to help him in his quest.

Thirteen Have Died.

Two more deaths have been reported in the Second Nebraska volunteers. The first was Private Johnson, of G company. Private Paul Jenkins, of company A, died in Leitch hospital at Chickamauga. Two more are expected to join the innumerable caravan from the hospital at Fort Crook very soon. Eighteen are sick there yet, and sixteen will recover. One or two are expected to die in the Omaha city hospitals. The death rate has been very low in the Second. Thirteen men out of 1,323 officers and men does not form a high percentage. It is, perhaps, the smallest number of any regiment in the service.

Many of the boys who are away on sick furloughs are writing in regarding them. Some are reporting for duty, but the majority are taking extensions.

Arrested on a Serious Charge.

Albert Herman, a farmer living six miles southeast of Columbus, near the Colfax county line, came in and caused the arrest of Charles Booth, a young man who had been working for him, on the charge of adultery. He alleges the act was committed with Mrs. Herman. Booth was arraigned before County Judge Robinson, and the case continued. His bond was fixed at \$500, in default of which he was committed to jail. None of the parties are over 30 years of age.

The whist club of Hastings has been reorganized.

Look Out for the Swindlers.

Ashland dispatch: The principal subject of conversation on the street today is the collapse of the "flour bin" scheme. The first step had been completed and all the preliminary work done, but the plan was punctured before it reached completion, and the persons managing it left hastily on the midnight train last night. About two months ago two very smooth young gentlemen, Messrs. Borders and Brawley, came to Ashland and made the acquaintance of the business men, representing that they intended to remain some months and canvass the country for a patent flour bin and sifter combined. They boarded at the best hotel, hired livery teams and canvassed the town and country for orders. They agreed, it is alleged, to take any kind of produce or goods if they could make a sale, the purchaser signing a contract to take the flour bin about the 1st of October. They took about four hundred orders at \$5.50 each.

Last week they hired an office, furnished it and a new man appeared whose duty was evidently to bring the scheme to a climax. Substantial farmers who had sons were brought into the office or visited with the purpose of interesting them. They were shown the vast number of orders that had easily been taken in so short a time, and the great profit there could not fail to be in it. Propositions were then made to sell territory, and a number of men were already on the string. It was working finely, many of the business men, however, suspicious of the whole thing and did not believe it legitimate. Within the last day or two some letters from Washington, Kan., were received by residents of Ashland describing a great scheme that had been worked in that locality by flour bin men during the past spring. They claimed it was the same two men, Messrs. Borders and Brawley, and they were looking for them.

Hog Cholera in Nebraska.

Columbus dispatch: The old time hog cholera has again made its appearance in Platte county. O. D. Butler, a farmer living within a few miles of town, has lost some forty head recently, and he says it affects both the old hogs and the pigs, and no remedy seems to check its ravages. Several others have lost some, but not in such numbers as Mr. Butler. Those who have seen the hogs say it is the real old hog.

About two weeks ago John Foreman, a farmer living in Burrows township, had all of his stacks destroyed by fire just after he had commenced thrashing. He only saved about forty bushels of oats, which they had just thrashed. The fire caught by sparks from the engine. He at once brought suit against the owners of the machine—Stineholz & Peters—for the amount of his loss, and yesterday in Justice Fuller's court recovered a judgment for the full amount. It is believed that the judgment will stand, and that no appeal will be taken.

Something over two years ago George Smith of this city runs a catfish horn into the bottom of his right foot. Physicians at the time removed what they thought to be the bone, but the foot always gave him trouble, and at times he could scarcely walk. Yesterday he went to a physician and applied the X-rays to the foot and the bone was plainly visible. An incision was made and the bone removed, which was just one and a quarter inches in length. He thinks he will have no further trouble.

A Boy in the Penitentiary.

Charles Kennedy, a 15-year-old boy, was received at the penitentiary last week, having been sent up by the district court of Gage county for eighteen months for horse stealing. It seems that the boy, who is very slow witted, fell in with a traveler, who has since turned out to be an ex-convict from Missouri. The man had a horse he was driving, and seeing a better one in a pasture near the road, made the exchange without consulting the owner of the other horse. When captured neither the man nor the boy made any defense, and they pleaded guilty at the trial. The boy seems to be inoffensive, and much surprise is expressed at the Gage county authorities sending him to the penitentiary instead of to the reform school, and it is probable that an effort will be made to have the sentence commuted. The boy has relatives at Hastings, Beatrice and Plattsmouth.

Murder Over the Boundary Line.

Alliance dispatch: Trouble of long standing culminated in the murder of N. L. Sylvester, in Sheridan county, twenty miles northeast of this city, last evening, death resulting instantly from a Winchester bullet fired by John Krause. The fatal quarrel was the result of a dispute over the boundary line across a hay meadow, Sylvester coming on the Krause side and refusing to quit.

Krause started for Rushville this morning to give himself up and the body of Sylvester lies where it fell, awaiting the arrival of the coroner. Sylvester's reputation, it is alleged, is not the best, and as he is said to have made threats against Krause, public sentiment seems to excuse the latter.

Instantly Killed.

Joseph Kompost, a young Bohemian farmer, living south of Creste, was instantly killed by falling into the cylinder of a thrashing machine while feeding it. The whole left side of the body was terribly lacerated. Deceased was a member of the Z. C. B. J., a benevolent Bohemian society, under whose auspices the funeral took place.

Notes.

Three grandchildren were born in the family of a Mapleton man within one week.

The accidental discharge of a shotgun will very likely end the life of Earl Mann, the delivery boy for the Pearl laundry of York. Mann, in company with three other young men, was hunting. On their way home they hailed a bander coming in on the Elkhorn railroad. While Mann was standing on the car the hammer of the shotgun struck on the edge. Part of the abdomen was carried away.

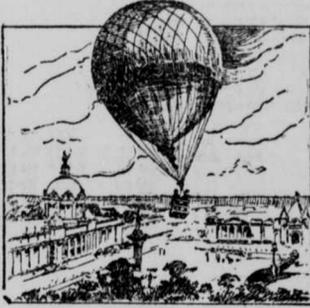
Government War Balloons.

Daily Ascensions at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition Grounds.

Among the many interesting features of the United States government's exhibit at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, none is attracting greater attention than the war balloons. Besides the monster captive balloon which was used by the American forces at Santiago, there are four other large balloons, each with a capacity of 21,000 cubic feet, sufficient to carry three or four persons, and a score of small signal balloons. In charge of the balloons and the half dozen carloads of apparatus accompanying them are Captain A. Warren Yancey and a detachment of twenty-

feet an excellent view of the exposition grounds, the cities of Omaha and Council Bluffs and the surrounding country is obtained.

A building forty feet square on the ground and fifty feet high has been erected on the north tract to house the balloon overnight. It costs in the neighborhood of \$80 to inflate, and it is cheaper therefore to retain the gas from day to day than to generate fresh gas for every ascension. In order that the gas may not be allowed to escape it is necessary to protect the balloon from the weather, for the varnished silk of which it is made, is very quickly ruined when a little rain gets to it.



GOVERNMENT WAR BALLOON.

three members of the United States Volunteer Signal Corps, of whom about one-half were engaged in the operations before Santiago.

The big balloon used at Santiago is an object of intense popular interest. One or other of the balloons makes several ascensions daily from the exposition grounds.

These balloons, as stated above, have a capacity of 21,000 cubic feet of gas. This is sufficient to raise about 1,800 pounds. The balloon itself, with the car and ropes and cable, weighs in the neighborhood of 1,200 pounds. Each balloon can carry four persons of average weight.

The balloons are equipped with complete telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, communication with the ground being obtained by means of insulated wire paid out as the balloon ascends. Captain Yancey has with him at Omaha two coils of this wire, each 2,500 feet long. The wire is five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and consists of twelve strands of copper. It is used for the double purpose of holding the balloon and of establishing telephonic or telegraphic communication with the ground. The wire is wound on a reel, connected with brass bushes and so arranged that the communication is not interrupted as the balloon ascends or descends. The daily ascensions are made to about the limit of one of these coils of wire, and from a height of from 2,000 to 2,500

In addition to the quarter of a hundred balloons, large and small, Captain Yancey has with him at Omaha two stationary generators and one portable field generator and portable boiler, two gasometers, one of which was made in Omaha, and 250 tubes each of which will hold about 150 cubic feet of gas compound.

Of almost equal interest with the balloon ascensions are the daily exhibitions of visual signaling which are given by Captain Yancey's men. Every member of the United States Signal Corps is an expert signaller either with the telegraph or the heliograph or with the flags. The flag signaling, or wigwagging, as it is termed, is very interesting to watch. The signalmen are provided with small colored flags with which they do their talking. A dip to the right or the left or some combination of such movements represents each letter of the alphabet in accordance with what is known as the Myercode. The two squads of men are separated by the signal at sufficient distance to prevent any verbal communication, but near enough for the public to watch both operators at the same time. The exhibitions with the heliograph, or signaling by means of sun flashes, are also of great popular interest. It is interesting to note that both the wigwagging, or the heliograph system of signaling were derived from the Indians

INDIANS AT THE EXPOSITION.

Graphic Account of the Sham Battle in Which They Engage.

Not less than 10,000 people witnessed the sham battle between the Indians yesterday afternoon, says the Omaha Bee, and when it was over and the dead and wounded carried away it was pronounced a great success. It was fought along substantially the same lines as some of the others that have been put on, and was carried out in every detail.

The great fight of the afternoon was started off by Captain Mercer marching all of his Indians up in front of the reviewing stand. The first detachment was composed of the interpreters, who clad in their new suits consisting of brown corduroy trousers, blue flannel shirts and light brown slouch hats made a very neat appearance. Then came the squaws of the different tribes, each band coming up separately. They in turn were followed by the Indians, marching in the same order, after which the horsemen appeared on the scene, tribe after tribe riding up at full gallop and yelling their war whoops. Behind each band rode its chief, and as they reached the seats, the name of the tribe as well as the name of the leader was announced. Old Geronimo appeared to be the lion of the occasion, and was cheered from the time he started until he halted his animal in front of the stand. The old man rode like a general, and evidently appreciated the ovation, as he doffed his hat and bowed as gracefully as a Chesterfield. This part of the program having been carried out, the Indians fled off over the field toward the east and back to the starting place, from which the horsemen rode in a body, yelling in a manner that made some of the timid white people feel like taking to the wood. After the sounds of the yells had died away, a volley was fired and everything was ready for the fight.

As the story goes, a Sioux Indian, Grass, had been over in the territory of the Blackfeet trapping beaver, and as the tribes were not on friendly terms, he had been doomed to die at the stake, a slow fire doing the business. Of course this was simply the play, and in order to carry it out there had to be a battle.

After the parade the Sioux and their allies, under command of Goes-to-War, took up a position on the east side of the grounds, while the Blackfeet and their allies, led by Bir Brave, went out into the space at the west end of the grounds. Then everything was ready for business. In from the west came a little band of Indians leading a horse, on which was mounted Mr. Grass. He looked sad, and his every action indicated that he was ready to expect almost anything. It was not more than a minute before 100 Indians, painted and ornamented with feathers, hustled in from the same direction as came the men with the Indian who was to be tortured. They whooped like mad, and one of their number, Cut Nose, made a speech. He told a tale of cruelty perpetrated by Grass,

and opined that he ought to die like a dog. Grass smiled and told his captors to do their worst, as he was ready to die. Then some of the fellows who were not singing war songs commenced to gather grass and straw that was lying conveniently around, waiting to be gathered. Grass was pulled from his horse and roped to an electric light pole. The next act in the war drama was to tie him good and tight. After that a circle was formed about him and the war dance was put on with a war song accompaniment.

About the time the Blackfeet were ready to fire the straw around Grass' feet a runner came in and reported that two Sioux were out in the bush taking observations. Big Brave selected a dozen of his most trusty warriors and sent them out to bring in the two men that they might be roasted with Grass. The Sioux got wind of the proceedings and scudded over the prairie, but one of them was not swift enough and was captured and scalped, while the other managed to get back to his camp. When the scalp was brought in the Blackfeet and their allies proceeded to have a jollification, and then started a fire around Grass. Their fun, however, was short lived, for about this time the Sioux came upon them pell mell, firing into their ranks and knocking out a dozen of the best men. The Blackfeet were routed and driven off, after which the Sioux had their fun. They brought in ten prisoners, and after releasing Grass, bound them all to the same electric light pole. Then there was a Sioux war song and a dance that went with it, and for a time it looked as though there was to be a high time in the camp for several men, and undoubtedly there would have been had not the Blackfeet gathered up a lot of reinforcements and renewed the attack. They came in like the wind and engaged the Sioux. They had but one motto, and that was: "When you see a head hit it." The hitting process worked with both sides, and for a time it was hard to tell which side would carry the day.

Will Work Next Week.

The president is making progress in the matter of preparation of the commission for the investigation of the conduct of the war, so far as it relates to the war department, says a Washington dispatch, and he stated to members of the cabinet today that he had so far completed the commission that he had invited the members to meet him for a conference at the White House on Saturday next, with a view to beginning their work next week.

Seven of the nine members of the body have definitely indicated their acceptance of the president's invitation, and he expressed himself today as being very confident of being able to secure the services of the other two gentlemen necessary to complete the quota of nine by the time set for the men who have been invited to serve conference. The names of the new men who have been invited to serve were not given out.

THE LATEST TRAIN ROBBERY

Safe and Express Car Shattered By Dynamite.

WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The Wrecked Car Burned—Robbers Tried to Cut Telegraph Wires to Prevent the Sending Out of the Notification to the Authorities.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 26.—The dull explosion that was heard in the southwestern part of the city last night was the work of the "quail hunters." It was not much after 10 o'clock when the "quail hunters" dynamited the express car of a south-bound Missouri Pacific train a few miles beyond Leeds and eight miles from Kansas City. That they did not blow off their own feathers was a wonder, for the car was razed, the great iron safe was shattered and, for a distance of two miles, waybills and papers and fragments of baggage were scattered along the track. The party of masked "quail hunters," thinking they had cut the telegraph wires to Kansas City, used no stint in the application of dynamite. They left a card with the express messenger stating that the supply of quails was good.

Chief Hayes has in his possession the only tangible clue of the men who did the work. It is a card handed to Express Messenger E. N. Hills by one of the robbers after they had finished. On one side is printed: "Vote for Robert W. Green, Republican nominee for county collector of Jackson county." On the reverse side this is printed with a dull lead pencil:

We, the masked knights of the road, robbed the M. P. train at the Belt Junction to-night. The supply of quails was good. With much love we remain, JOHN KENNEDY, BILL RYAN, HILL ANDERSON, SAM HIGGINS, JIM REDMOND.

The Pacific Express company declares it lost nothing except smashed express matter.

The whole affair took only a few minutes. At 9:40 o'clock the Wichita-Little Rock express stopped at the Pittsburg & Gulf junction, fewer than eight miles south of Kansas City, and in thirty minutes the sound of the explosion was heard in the city.

Word of the hold-up reached police headquarters and the county marshal's office about the same time, between 10:30 o'clock and 11 o'clock.

For two hours Deputy Marshals Wilson, Taylor and Leahy restlessly inhabited the darkness at Second and Grand avenue, waiting for the Missouri Pacific train to go to the scene.

D. M. Hisey, the Pittsburg & Gulf operator at Dodson, said:

"It was just before the Missouri Pacific No. 5 was due," he said, "that they came in. By them I mean the tall man and the short man. The short man had a black mask over his face. He shoved a Winchester into my stomach and ordered me to throw up my hands. The tall man had a cloth tied over his face. The mask on the short man slipped down and I saw his nose and the upper part of his face. He had a big, red nose.

"The tall man had a revolver and a pair of wire pliers. He tried to cut the switchboard with his revolver when he was unable to cut the cables."

To appreciate the scene it should be understood that the little telegraph room is just big enough to contain three men and a gun.

"Just then the train crossed the trestle, and as it always does, stopped," continued Hisey. "The short man shoved me along at the muzzle of the Winchester, down the track, to the train. I noticed that the mouthpiece of his mask was down over his chin. Around the engine were several men with black masks. They had the engineer and fireman down from the engine. They swore horribly. I think I saw seven of them. There was a shot. I was ordered, along with the engineer, to uncouple the engine and express car. We complied. Did we comply quickly? You bet we did. Then they said to us:

"Get on the train and stay on there or we'll kill you."

Then they whistled for a flagman and went off with the engine. About twenty minutes afterward we heard a tremendous explosion. The express messenger came running back, and said the express car had been blown up. I began fixing my instruments and sent a message to Kansas City. The big fellow who tried to cut off telegraph communication was a lobster and didn't know how to do it."

The engine of the relief train pushed the robbed and engineless express car ahead, for it was impossible to pass it. It held the track. It was a slow, noisy procession. About one-half mile further on the caravan of coaches came upon a strange scene.

The conductor of the ill-fated train, Hans Carr, several deputy marshals and a number of negroes with guns, were delving in a mass of debris by the track side in the weird torchlight. Broken trunks, women's finery, fragments of car roofs, a bicycle, men's underclothing, blackened valises and a pulpy mass of a hundred different things were piled and scattered in the ditch along the left hand side of the track. The telegraph wires were festooned with wreckage. Here the express car had been blown up, but where was the car?

"We're from the coal camp," said the armed negroes. "We heard the explosion and came over to find out about it."

The railway and express officials fell to heaving the fragments of baggage and express matter into the empty baggage car brought with the relief train.

"I was working away," said Hills, a

smooth faced, nervous young man, "when I felt that my car was starting without the rest of the train. I looked out and saw some figures of men. I realized it was a hold-up and ducked in. Then they came to the side door and beat on it with their guns.

"Let us in or we'll blow you up!" they said.

"Where was your riot gun?" asked Superintendent Moore.

"I got a shell jammed in it," explained Hills.

"And you let them in?"

"To be plain about it," replied Hills to his chief, "I didn't feel justified in losing my life. I had no chance to put up a fight. I opened the door and three got in. They were masked and carried sacks over their arms. One man got the drop on me. They cursed me and asked how much money there was in the safe. I lied to them good and plenty. They didn't ask me for the combination of the through safe because they knew I didn't have it. We had a good deal of talk. The mask of the man with the Winchester slipped and I tried to get a good look at him. Quick as a flash he hit me on the head with the butt of his revolver.

"Meanwhile we were moving away. They put seven sticks of dynamite on top of the safe, set the small portable safe, the local safe which I showed them was empty, on top of the dynamite. The car stopped and they set a fuse. I saw a match struck. They jumped out leaving me in the car.

"You stay and see how it goes!" they told me.

"It was an awful moment. I begged for my life. I pleaded with them and they let me jump down. We all moved up on the other side of the engine. It seemed an age and there was no explosion. They exclaimed that the fuse had gone out. I was afraid they would order me to go inside to investigate. Instead they told me to uncouple the car from the engine. Just as I was doing it there was a flash and roar. It seemed to me I was within a foot of it! I fell down.

"Gitt!" somebody said, and I got down the track!"

At a point which the railway men said was about three and one-half miles beyond the junction, burned a fitful, sullen fire. It was the wrecked express car and the killed engine.

What a wreck it was. The car was literally razed to the flat car. Twisted irons, and a flat, tangled mass of baggage, express matter and timbers burned like a gigantic spent fire cracker or a huge bit of "punk." On the left side of the wreck, on the ground, lay the great iron safe. Its top was stove in and it was shattered as if riddled by a 13-inch shell. The crowds pulled out lumps of the fire proof cement lining as mementoes.

When the train crew came up to the wreck they found it burning fiercely and pulled off a good deal of debris to stop the fire. The big safe hung on one side by its iron stanchions and the train crew and section men pushed it off.

"If there was anything in that safe," said Superintendent Moore of the Pacific express, "it was blown into smithereens! The robbers did not get a cent!"

LITTLE SPENT ON RELIGION.

The Porto Ricans, in Contrast to other Spanish Catholics, Are Not Zealous.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Major General Wilson, in a report to the War Department, submits the information gathered by Captain Gardiner and his staff in Porto Rico. The educational, political, religious and financial conditions of the island are dealt with at length. The report will be valuable in determining the form of government best suited for the island. He states that, while a large majority of the Porto Ricans are Catholics by profession, they are not especially zealous as religionists. He places the number of priests at 340 and the annual cost to the public treasury for their support at about \$120,000 in American money.

He Started as Station Agent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—John M. Toucey, formerly general manager of the New York Central railroad, died at his home at Garrison-on-the-Hudson late last night. Mr. Toucey was born in 1828. He began his career as station agent of the Naugatuck railroad at Newton, Conn. In 1855 he obtained a like position with the Hudson river railroad, and from that time until the day of his death remained in the employ of the Hudson River Railroad company, or its successor, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad company.

A New Poisoned Candy Case.

FORT WORTH, Texas, Sept. 26.—An attempt was made to murder Dr. W. D. Mason, a dentist of this city, by poisoning him. He received through the mails a small package of stick candy, of which he ate a small amount. Before he reached home he was in a precarious condition. A physician pronounced it a case of poisoning. It was discovered the candy had been gummed over with "rough on rats."

Chicago as Winter Quarters.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Colonel Jones, chief quartermaster of the Department of the Lakes, has received a telegram from Quartermaster General Ludington, requesting information as to available quarters for 50,000 men. Captain Palmer, assistant quartermaster, states that it is intended to quarter troops in New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and other large cities.

A \$150,000 Fire in South Dakota.

EDGEWOOD, S. D., Sept. 26.—Fire destroyed an entire block of business buildings last night. A gale was blowing and the fire threatened the whole town. Estimated loss \$150,000, partially insured.