

INDIANS AT THE EXPOSITION

The Red Man Not Greatly Interested in the Grand Sights.

A TOUR OF THE GROUNDS

Serene and Solemnly Passing Through the Great Buildings Without Looking to the Right or to the Left—The Tent-Field of the Various Tribes.

Noon at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition! In the Court of Honor the blue lagoon was motionless, save for the rippling gleam that followed the lazy gondola. Reflected in its depths were the classic fronts of the great buildings surrounding it. The shadows made black blotches on the white walks. In the shelter of one of the curving colonnades sat a group of Turks, placidly smoking and viewing the scene with appreciative eyes. The varicolored flags that surrounded the roofs of the buildings stretched languidly with a passing breeze, and then dropped wearily back as though exhausted with the effort. The echo of a Venetian boat song, chartered by a stalwart gondolier, floated across the water.

Down the steps of the Government building came a brilliant procession. Wrapped in blankets of gaudy hue, their faces daubed with many colored paints, coarse, unkempt hair hanging over each shoulder, beaded moccasins and leggings—as picturesque as a group of Sioux braves as one can often see. Their carriage was dignified and stately, their impenetrable faces unmoved by the splendor of the scene. The snowy facades of classic architecture, the shimmering sweep of the lagoon, the languid gondolas, the distant song—not one incident of the picture before them caused one flicker of interest to cross those stoic faces.

Suddenly they stopped. Intense interest was manifested in their every movement. They crowded eagerly around their chief who had evidently found something unusual, and was gestulating violently. I crowded up to see what strange thing they had discovered. I found them intent on a "penny-in-the-slot" machine! "Rain-in-the-Face" was slowly untying from a greasy corner of his fringed blanket, a penny! Impressively he put it in the slot; impressively he pushed the button! As a narrow bar of chocolate fell into his greasy palm, a shout of triumph went up from the noble braves. They danced with excitement. They laughed with glee.

Then their faces straightened into gravity, they wrapped themselves in their accustomed dignity, and serenely solemn once more, started on down the court. They walked through the buildings with never a sign of interest, turning their faces neither to the right nor to the left, until in the Manufacturers building they came to a great board which advertises a well known brand of whisky. Here was something they could understand. With grunts of satisfaction they surveyed it from all sides. "Hold heap lots firewater!" said "Rain-in-the-Face," thirstily.

On out of the building they strode down to the end of the Grand Court and up the steps of the great viaduct which connects it with the adjacent bluff tract. Straight on, not once turning their heads to look back at the splendid scene spread below them. What cared they for shimmering lagoon, they who knew the dancing waterfalls and the hidden purring brooks. What cared they for the splendor of the buildings, who slept beneath the majesty of the sky? What cared they for a demonstration of the riches of the West, who had known its woods and mountains and plains before the white man had come?

Turning to the left they entered the Midway. The Moorish village with its reproductions of the Alhambra's beauty, the golden domes and gaudy minarets, attracted from them no sign of recognition; but in front of the Mystic Maze they stopped again and once more they went into ecstasies of delight. This time it was the great concave mirrors that excited their interest. Holding their sides in laughter they turned this way and that, hugely amazed and entertained by the sight of their gaudy bodies extended in girth to the size of a bulky barrel. "Fat man!" grunted one, "eat heaps' ugh!" and his squaw, grinning with enjoyment, held her brown papoose up to see.

The "spielers" next attracted their attention, and they stopped in wide-eyed admiration to listen to the man who bawls through the megaphone. "Have you seen the See-Saw? Don't say that you have saw until you've ridden on the See-Saw! See!" One aged warrior, freely daubed with yellow ochre, wrapped in the most brilliant of blankets and wearing, to cap the climax, a pair of green goggles, evidently considered it a new kind of battle cry, and danced gravely around the howling medicant, trying in vain to imitate him.

They looked with haughty scorn at a group of almond-eyed celestials, curiously at a clumsy camel laden with lagging Arabian dancing girls, and then proceeded unconcernedly on their dignified way toward their own camping ground.

Here the group of tents belonging to the different tribes were scattered about in picturesque profusion. In the center was a great artificial pond of water where the red man, be he Apache or Navajo, chief or warrior, brave, squaw or papoose, took his morning plunge. The flaps of the tents were looped back, and here and there one caught glimpses of brown faces, of gorgeous beaded trines, war bonnets hung with feathers, and time worn tomahawks. In the center of the Apache encampment loomed up a sinister war teepee of painted buffalo skin. These war teepees are greatly prized by the tribes to which they belong, and this particular one is over two hundred years old.

The most gorgeous array of beaded trappings belonged to the Flatheads. Wonderful moccasins, fringed leggings and befeathered headgear; the Navajos gloried in their characteristic native blankets; the Zunis women wore their dainty blankets and looked with shy, smiling faces at the groups of visitors; over at the edge of the village stood a great cabin, and here the curio hunter will find relics that will gladden his heart.

Grateful Acknowledgments.

The following letter will be of interest to every Nebraska relative of the boys at Manila, as it shows in a measure what the Red Cross society is doing there. The ten dollars deducted from the whole amount sent by the Beatrice society is the amount charged for membership fee:

California Red Cross, State Association, San Francisco, Aug. 20, 1898.—Mrs. O. N. Wheelock, Treasurer: Your letter of August 25, enclosing your very generous donation of \$8.15, has just been received and we thank you most warmly for this splendid contribution. We greet the Red Cross of Beatrice, Neb., most cordially into our association, and feel assured that your kind co-operation with us in alleviating the sufferings of the "boys in blue" will seem to lessen the distance between our two states. We will take the greatest pleasure in forwarding the amount, \$8.15, to company C, First Nebraska. I know you will be gratified to learn we have a field hospital at Manila, with a corps of trained male nurses and equipment for 125 beds, and that by both the Arizona and Scandia, we have sent every conceivable kind of delicacy for the sick in this hospital. We have also fitted out a hospital ship for use at Manila (which the government provided), equipped with all those necessities and comforts that are so essential to the sick and wounded, besides providing it with trained nurses, both men and women. To day we will direct our financial agent, O. H. C. Schmitt, who is now in Manila, to expend the value of the amount, \$8.15, (which will probably be double in the coin of the Philippines), for the boys of company C. It is supposed that the Scandia, which left last Saturday, is the last of the transports to go to Manila, so it may be impossible to forward the box of books to company C. If this is the case, what disposition do you wish made of them? Very sincerely and gratefully, LUCIAN K. WALLIS, Corresponding Secretary.

Robbed of \$925.
Omaha Bee: Harry Stockton, a Burlington engineer, with his bride came down from Lincoln yesterday on a wedding tour and went to the exposition. Stockton is still on his wedding tour, but he is \$925 poorer than when he left the grounds yesterday afternoon, for he was robbed of that amount while getting on a street car at Twenty-fourth and Pinkey streets. Stockton had traveled about the grounds and had become pretty tired, so about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon he and his wife concluded that they would go down to their boarding house at 2606 Blondo street. Passing out of the gate at the southwest corner of the grounds, they were caught in a jam and another woman upon the car remembers being jostled by a number of men, some pushing him one way and some pushing him another. He thought nothing of this until he had nearly reached the place where he was to leave the car, when reaching around to his right hip pocket he discovered that his wallet was gone, which contained all of his money. It was then that he called to mind the fact of the men jostling against him as he was getting on the car. He also remembered that one of them pushed his coat aside and at the same instant leaned heavily up against him.

Sickness in the Third.
The governor and adjutant general, says the Lincoln Journal, are becoming very much alarmed over the increase in sickness in the Third regiment at Jacksonville. Yesterday the sick report of the regiment showed sixty-seven sick in quarters and 112 in the hospital. General Barry said this condition was appalling and he and the governor at once set about doing all in their endeavor to bring about a removal of the men to some other location or a transfer in case they are to be mustered out. The following telegram was sent last evening:

Col. W. S. Stark, Washington, D. C.—Sick list in Third Nebraska has grown so rapidly that a proper regard for the health and lives of the soldiers request that they be moved to a healthier location pending determination whether they will be transferred or assigned active duty. Meanwhile it would seem wise to remove them to some northern state. I hope the war department will, if not incompatible with public interest, have this done, unless they are at once ordered to Nebraska to be mustered out of service. (Signed.) SILAS A. HOLCOMB, Governor.

As to the Crops.
The last Nebraska crop bulletin says that corn has generally deteriorated in condition and even in the northern counties, where the rainfall has been sufficient for the corn crop previous to the last week, the corn is reported as damaged somewhat during the last week. The amount of damage in this section is variously estimated, some placing it as high as 25 per cent and some claiming little or no damage. Much of the early planted corn has dried out so rapidly that it is hardened beyond injury by frost. Late planted corn is ripening prematurely and will be a very short crop generally. Corn has ripened so very rapidly the last three weeks that most of it will be beyond injury by frost in a week or ten days. The last week has been favorable for threshing and haymaking. The wild or native grass is being cut for hay quite generally and the crop varies from fair to good, but is above the average in most sections.

Heavy Yield of Wheat.
Exeter dispatch: Off of nineteen and one-half acres P. A. Murphy has threshed 570 bushels of wheat and of a fine quality, too. Other farmers around here who thought their wheat would not amount to much are meeting with similar surprises and are feeling a whole lot better than they did two months ago. Corn is doing well, but rain is needed badly to settle the dust and cool off the atmosphere.

Notes.
The seventeenth annual Cedar county fair will be held at the grounds of the Hartington Driving Park and Fair association on September 14, 15 and 16. This promises to be the best fair ever held in the county on account of the good premiums and purses offered by the fair association and the liberal premiums of the merchants.

A MARINE MONOPOLY.

HOW ENGLAND MAINTAINS HER SEA SUPREMACY.

No American Built Ship Can Obtain from the British Lloyds a Classification and Rating as Favorable as Those Accorded to British Vessels.

Marine insurance as closely follows the carrier of goods as trade follows the flag borne by the ship. This is conclusively shown by the history of marine underwriting in this country.

In the early days of the republic when our merchant marine was adequately protected by the imposition of discriminating duties, and when, thereby, the American shipbuilding industry prospered, American marine underwriting flourished. There was little or no competition in the market for freights; therefore these were comparatively high. At the same time profits on goods were large, and shipowners could well afford to pay full rates for insurance, while shippers of goods found no fault with the high rates of underwriters who guaranteed the safe delivery of the cargo.

The marine insurance companies doing business in this city in 1858 numbered thirteen, having an aggregate capital of \$20,000,000. The commerce of the country was comparatively large, and it had grown from about \$200,000,000 in 1838 to \$535,000,000 twenty years later. This capital was ample for the safe conduct of the business, and large dividends were paid by all the companies. These profitable conditions did not attract competition of foreign insurance companies, however, mainly for the reason that there had not, at that time, been much competition in the carrying trade, though foreign carriers were gradually forcing their way into the overseas field by means of their iron steamers.

The outbreak of the War of the Rebellion gave the foreigners their long-sought opportunity. American shipping was practically driven from the sea, the ocean-carrying trade was secured by Europeans, and agencies of foreign insurance companies followed the foreign flags to this city and to other Atlantic ports. Gradually American underwriters were forced out of the business, and today there is but one of the marine insurance companies

event insurance would most assuredly follow the carrier, successful competition with foreign underwriters would soon become possible, and it could be made entirely successful by a system of taxation which would adequately protect American capital employed in underwriting. First of all, however, an American merchant marine. After that, innumerable blessings and advantages will follow.

EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURES.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Record Breaking Year Just Closed.

While our wonderful export trade in the fiscal year just ended has attracted much attention, the most interesting and really wonderful feature of it has been, in some degree, at least, overlooked. While our exportations of agricultural products during the year have surpassed in value those of any preceding year in the history of the country, and thus attracted universal attention, the exportation of manufactures is, when considered in detail, equally interesting in its bearing upon the general commerce and prosperity, both present and future, of the nation.

The exportation of domestic manufactures in the fiscal year 1898 is set down by the records of the bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department at \$288,871,449, which is nearly twelve millions of dollars greater than any preceding year in the history of the country. This is especially interesting in view of the fact that the imports of manufactures during the year were abnormally small. In addition to this it is reasonable to suppose that the purchases of manufactures by the people of this country in the prosperous year just ended were unusually great, both by reason of their increased earnings and the further fact that during several preceding years their purchases in these lines had, because of the financial depression, been light. For these two reasons, the smallness of importations of manufactures and the probable increased consumption of manufactures by our own people, it is reasonable to suppose that the home demand upon our own manufacturers was unusually great, thus reducing, to some great extent, the attention which they had formerly been able to give to an invasion of foreign markets. In addition to this it had been feared by some that the in-

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Some Young Americans—What an Indian Has Done; A Story with a Moral—Washing a Wild Tiger; the Length to Which Fearlessness Will Carry a Man.

A Song of Winter.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The winter-king wrapped around him;
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him:
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door—by the palace-gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice,
That made the heart of their king rejoice:

For it spoke of strength, and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him;
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him;
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North,
On a mission high and holy;
And now in his pride he is going forth,
To strengthen the weak and lowly—
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from wan Disease.

We bow to his scepter's supreme behest;
He is rough, but never unfeeling;
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing:

By the comfortless hut, on the desolate moor,
He is pleading earnestly for the poor.

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
And there the future life he cherisheth;
Nor clinging root, nor seedling form,
Its genial depths embracing, perisheth;
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds from their wild horn blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the river checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry schoolboys all came out.

And see them now, as away they go,
With the long, bright plane before them,
In its sparkling glide of silvery snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them;
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health—our winter rose!

The shrub looked up, and the tree looked down,
For with ice-gems each was crested;
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested:
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holiday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of a coming sorrow
For never a brightly-beaming eye
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow.
Be free and be happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

Some Young Americans.

Whatever may be true of the young people of America in general, there is one part of the country concerning whose young folks it is asserted, on the best authority that they positively do not know how to be disrespectful to those older than themselves. The particular young people referred to are the children of the Inuit inhabitants of Alaska. A lady writer in the Outlook gives a pleasant picture of these young Americans, who are now being trained in American schools, according to American principles.

Inuit is the name these people give themselves. It means "the people." Americans call them Eskimos, "raw-fish eaters." They are not the stunted race they are usually supposed to be, but a tall, well-formed, muscular people, many of them standing six feet and more.

One of their teachers, who lives on St. Lawrence Island, near the entrance of Bering Straits, says of his pupils that they are apt scholars, as well endowed with mental capacity as American children of the same age, and that after a winter's instruction they are able to speak, read and write in English.

They excel in penmanship, and have an astonishing natural talent for drawing. At home they have been taught to carve in ivory the figures of the walrus, the bear, and other familiar animals, but in their drawings they will depict everything—their various amusements and duties, their hunting and fishing expeditions, their dogs and sledges, and the reindeer that are just being introduced among them. The drawings are neat, full of detail, and not without artistic effect.

There is one characteristic of these Inuit boys and girls that could not be excelled by young Americans in the more highly favored parts of our broad land. That characteristic is their tender compassion for each other. They have all learned what famine means, but let them be ever so hungry, they always divide the seal that has been caught with every member of the community.

During a time when food was scarce Mr. Gambell, the teacher referred to, often gave his school of thirty or forty pupils a dinner. On one occasion the meal consisted of beans. The hungry scholars had partly eaten their allowance when Mr. Gambell remarked that the tin cans in which the beans had come were of no use to him, and that the boys and girls might have them. Instantly the guests stopped eating, popped their remaining beans back into the cans, and carried them home to share with the rest of the family.

Patient, merry, good-humored and industrious, these Inuit Americans ought to make good citizens. They are never idle. In the short summer they endeavor to lay in enough food

for the winter, and in the winter they work on their clothes, nets, implements and carving.

What an Indian Has Done.

Many an American boy has obtained his education by overcoming great obstacles, but no American lad has ever accomplished it by greater persistence and determination than a young man who hails from the far north. This young American is a full-blooded Indian, whose home is in the island of New Metlakatla, Alaska.

He is a graduate of the Sitka Industrial School, of Marietta College, O., and of Lane Theological Seminary, from which he has just graduated. His name is Edward Marsden, and he is now on his way back to labor as a teacher and a missionary among the Indians of Alaska.

Very few American students attempt what this young Indian has mastered. Aside from the culture received in college and seminary, his requirements are almost amazingly varied.

Bricklaying and clock-repairing, house-painting and gardening, tin-smithing and steamboat engineering, storekeeping and bookkeeping, piano-tuning, machine-handling in general and land-surveying, typewriting and a few other incidental branches, have in less or greater degree been taken up by him, side by side with ordinary book learning.

Besides his regular theological studies, Mr. Marsden has given a brief time to study in the law department of the Cincinnati Young Men's Christian Association, and is a member of one of the classes of the Chautauqua literary and scientific course. He is thoroughly conversant with two of the three Indian tongues spoken in Alaska, in both of which he hopes to be useful to his people.

This is a fairly long list of attainments for one who began his career without the inherited qualities that come from a civilized ancestry, or the advantages and stimulus given by cultured associations in early youth. He did his first summer's work at nine years old, and gained by it a pair of trousers, a sack of potatoes, and three dollars. Then followed the accomplishment of a steady purpose to fit himself for usefulness among his people.

He owes some of his training to help given by friends in Alaska, who took an interest in his career, and cheered him by their confidence and encouragement; but his three years' work in the Sitka Industrial School, the four at the Marietta College, and the three at Lane Theological Seminary, have been secured solely by his own exertions.

Besides his college training Mr. Marsden has traveled somewhat in British Columbia and the United States, eagerly studying the educational and mercantile institutions, municipal government and social organization of the places he has visited.

If his future career develops in usefulness as his friends anticipate, because of the foundations thus laid, his life will be one of supreme good to his race. In its large-minded purpose and unselfishness it is a manifestation of public spirit that every young American should be ambitious to emulate.

Washing a Wild Tiger.

A story copied from "La France du Nord" illustrates the lengths to which perfect fearlessness may carry a man. The famous lion-tamer Pezon hired at Moscow a poor Cossack, who was as ignorant of the French language as of fear, to clean the cages of his wild beasts.

Instructions were given to the man by means of gestures and dumb show, and apparently he thoroughly understood what he was expected to do.

The next morning he began his new duties by entering with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame beast, but that of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and unterrified, to approach the tiger.

At this moment Pezon saw what was going on, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion on his part would increase the danger of the situation by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog, while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, purred and offered every part of its body to the moujik, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant.

Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage of the desert had not Pezon with difficulty drawn him off.

Ensign Bagley's Last Words.

The Chicago Chronicle says that a private letter gives a pathetic incident connected with the death of Ensign Bagley on board the torpedo boat Winslow at the engagement off Cardenas. Bagley had been fearfully wounded by a shot which practically tore through his body. He sank over the rail and was grasped by one of the enlisted men named Reagan, who lifted him up and placed him on the deck.

The young officer, realizing that he had only a short time to live, allowed no murmur of complaint or cry of pain to escape him, but opened his eyes and stared at the sailor and simply said: "Thank you, Reagan."

These were the last words he spoke. Many a man is out in the back yard bemoaning his luck when fortune, knocked at his front door.

