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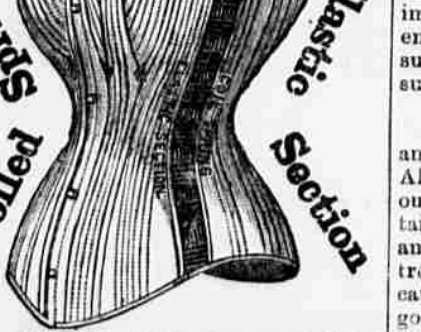
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THE RALLYING REBELS.

The Egyptians Flocking to Arabi's Standard of Liberty.

The English Admiral Confused by the Mysterious Movements of the Enemy.

The Marines Consider the Situation Dangerous and Look for an Early Attack.

Parliament Amazed by the Masterly Silence of Germany.

Words of Approval Received From All the Powers But Her.

The American Marines the Best Fire Fighters in the East.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

NO RELIABLE INTELLIGENCE. ALEXANDRIA, July 17.—The night passed quietly. No attack was made by Arabi's forces. All reports from English sources regarding Arabi's strength and movements must be received with great caution. The English have sent out no scouts beyond Alexandria. No reliable information of the status outside of the city is possessed by any one in communication with telegraph ship.

BRITISH TROOPS. Two British regiments arrived this morning, and were successfully landed at Ramleh palace and are now stationed there.

TURKEY WANTS TROOP SHIPS. LONDON, July 17.—The Turkish government is endeavoring to charter troop ships, and has offered twenty shillings a ton to ship owners, who generally refuse to rent unless security is given.

WHAT ARABI CAN GET. NEW YORK, July 17.—Rev. F. S. DeHaas, for two years American consul at Jerusalem, and an Oriental traveler of experience, in a sermon last night, said if true Arabi was in league with Elmeheled, the prophet, he would have 200,000 fierce, determined people at his back.

REINFORCING ARABI. ALEXANDRIA, July 17.—Port Said is crowded with refugees—women, children and old men. The defenses from the entire region about Alexandria is working to Port Said. The people of Egypt seem to be preparing for a great war. All strong men are leaving the children and women and moving towards the borders. Arabs are flocking in to join the ranks. Great numbers joined Arabi's forces at Damietta.

The forces of Arabi seem to be well disciplined and provided for fighting. Strong earthworks are being erected and great preparations are being made for a military movement of some kind, believed to be offensive. Seymour has issued a proclamation which states he has undertaken the restoration of the Egyptian forces' consent. He orders all incendiaries caught in the act to be shot without arrest, and all pillagers imprisoned. Nobody is allowed to enter or depart from the town after sunset. He urges the people to resume business and promises protection.

AT THE SITTING OF THE COUNCIL. At an informal council, Seymour and his officers discussed the situation. All admitted the situation more serious than ever, owing to the uncertainty of the whereabouts of Arabi and the continual discovery of his troops in localities unexpected, indicating a force of large numbers in good order. Damietta, a city of 20,000 people, commands the mouth of the east branch of the Nile, situated on the west bank of L's Menzacheh, given good land and water access to Port Said and the Suez canal by passing through the eastern part of the lake. Arabi has a force at Rosetta, commanding the mouth of the west bank of the Nile. The indication is that he is planting troops all over north Egypt for offensive and defensive purposes.

OPINION OF A NATIVE TURK. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 17.—Rev. Manager Mansueti, a native Turk, preaching at Bethany Presbyterian church last night, declared the Arabs goaded to opposition by English persecution. He said Arabi is a patriot and on his forming a junction with Elmeheled, the prophet, which will surely occur soon, 2,000,000 Arabs will spring to arms.

ROBINSON TO THE RESCUE. WASHINGTON, July 17.—Robinson, of New York, to-day introduced resolutions of inquiry into American imprisonment abroad, during which the stigmatized Lowell as Granville's detective; also calling on Secretary Frelinghuysen for information regarding American sailors doing police duty under the British admiral at Alexandria; also in reference to the injustice of closing the Suez canal.

QUESTIONING THE CABINET. LONDON, July 17.—In the house of commons this evening, an effort was made to compel the government to state how far the action of Seymour was endorsed by other powers in the conference Saturday. Dilke said that while the government had no written approval of his action toward Egypt from Austria or Germany, it had the verbal approval of both. The question was put to the ministers, but they were not willing to avow that Dilke's statement was correct.

The question was repeated to Dilke and he was asked to answer categorically. In the answer he said Austria expressed approval; so far Germany had not. This produced a sensation. Dilke explained further by saying Austria's declaration was plain, strong and unmistakable; that Austria used the words "Perfectly legitimate" in describing the bombardment. Gort, conservative, gave notice he would

THE SLOGGING SHOW.

An Immense Crowd of Sports at Madison Square.

The Nimble Englishman Proves Too Lively for the Champion.

Who Falls to Knock Him Out in Four Rounds.

A Challenge for a Prize Fight The Races at Chicago.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. NEW YORK, July 17.—The glove match between Sullivan and Tug Wilson at Madison Square garden to-night was probably the most extraordinary affair of the kind that ever took place in this country. There were less than ten thousand people present and the London police had to keep them in order. Betting ran high, Sullivan having the call at the rate of one hundred to eighty. All western sporting men at one time offered to bet \$500 to \$100 on Sullivan. It was rumored about town that the fight was not as fair as it might have been, and Sullivan was sailing that Sullivan did not exert his full powers. It is also rumored that Sullivan and Wilson will travel through the country and give sparring exhibitions.

Wilson forced the fighting from the beginning. He entered the ring at 100 pounds, though many present thought he was lighter. Sullivan weighed 190 pounds. Wilson's tactics were to keep close to his man and to drop to avoid punishment. There was not a square knock-down during the contest, though Wilson went down at every opportunity. So far as sparring was concerned he showed more skill than Sullivan. The second round was a mere repetition of the first. In the third round both men did some clever work, but Sullivan's attempts to get in his sledge-hammer blows were rendered futile by the cat-like activity with which his opponent dodged. In the fourth round the wind and rain came in, and a regular slogging match, in which Wilson held his own. When time was called he was not knocked out, and the referee, Harry Hill, so decided. Arthur Chambers and George Holden acted for Wilson and Joe Goss and Billy Madden took care of Sullivan. The receipts were \$16,000, of which Wilson got \$400 and Sullivan \$7,000, out of which he will have to pay the expenses.

Richard K. Fox has issued to-night a challenge to Sullivan on behalf of Wilson to fight four months from acceptance, according to the London rules for \$2,500 a side. Should Sullivan decline Wilson will claim the championship. It is also announced to-night that Sullivan and Wilson will appear in Philadelphia at an exhibition sparring match within a week.

Magnificent Crop Report Liars.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. CHICAGO, July 17.—The most encouraging crop reports are received from southern Illinois and Indiana. In the former the wheat yield is all the way from twenty-five to forty bushels to the acre. The crop is equal to that of any two preceding years. Corn in both states is late, but the present dry, hot weather will bring it up to a fair average. The new crop sells for a dollar a bushel.

Specials from Kansas report the wheat harvest practically closed. It is one of the most satisfactory in the history of the state. The yield in the state aggregates 35,000,000 bushels, which is 25 bushels to the acre. The quality averages three to six pounds above the required standard and for the first time in the history of the state all of it grades No. 1.

Hanged by a Negro Mob. NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. MUSKIEG'S FERRY, Mo., July 17.—Henry Francis, a young man living with a negro, was waited on last night by a colored mob, headed by Rev. Columbus Lill. Francis, fearing injury, fled into the crowd, killing Rev. Lill and mortally wounding Geo. Morris. Francis was taken away by the mob, and it is supposed he has been hanged.

Marine. NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. QUENSTOWN, July 17.—Sailed, Baltic for New York.

McGUIRE, July 17.—Arrived, Circassia from New York.

HAMBURG, July 17.—Sailed, Bohemia for New York.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Arrived, Servia from Liverpool, W. A. Scholten from Rotterdam.

A Mine Caving. NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. SHEENANOON, Pa., July 17.—The Kohnoor colliery, one of the largest mining operations in town, employing over 500 hands, will be idle to-morrow, owing to a "quartz" or "cave-in." A number of houses have already settled and the families have moved out. Considerable excitement prevails.

A Desperate Father. NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. CHICAGO, July 17.—Fred Williams, a drummer for a Chicago jewelry house, was arrested last night on complaint of a Mr. Price, of Lafayette, Ind., charged with adultery with Price's daughter Cora. This morning Price secured a revolver and fired at Williams as the officers were removing him from court. His wounds were slight. Price says he will kill him yet.

Indications. NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1 a. m. For the Upper Mississippi valley, clearing weather, winds mostly westerly, stationary or lower temperature, higher pressure.

For the Missouri valley, clearing weather, northwest winds becoming variable, stationary or low temperature, higher pressure.

Business Failures. NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. CHICAGO, July 17.—The Excelsior stove manufacturing company made an assignment this morning for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities, \$60,000; assets, \$1,500.

The suspension of G. A. Wheeler, commission merchant, was announced to-day. Amount of liabilities not known.

THE IOWA AMENDMENT.

Des Moines, Ia., July 17.—Returns from all counties show that the majority for the prohibition amendment is 29,751.

The Sun Dance.

Chicago, July 17.—An Indian territory special says the Cheyenne Indians are having their sun dance, a peculiar religious festival, the main feature, which is testing the courage of braves by putting sticks through the flesh and pulling them out with ponies. A large number of Indians

TOO PERFECTLY SPLENDID.

The Yosemite Valley, Repainted in the Ecstatic Colors of a Bewildered Bride.

"If This Be Earth, What Must Heaven Be?"

Correspondence of The Bee. REBO, Nev., July 12.—Your correspondent has just returned from a trip to that far-famed and lovely spot, the Yosemite Valley, and a sketch as brief as possible of our more than charming trip may not prove uninteresting to the readers of THE BEE and her many friends in Omaha.

But I pause when I think of attempting to do that "Garden of Eden" justice, when eminent writers have attempted, and the best of artists have painted it, but all have departed of giving expression to the awe-inspiring feelings which fill the beholder of the grand and mighty chasm. For I can say with all who have seen it that all the beautiful pictures and books you may read of this lovely spot can give you little more idea of its majestic sublimity than if you had not read a word.

In encountering beauty and sublimity of nature it far surpasses expression and must be seen to be appreciated, and even then its charms grow on one the longer they stay. Its towering cliffs, waterfalls like cataraacts from the clouds and gigantic vegetation, have no comparison in the world. And it far surpasses the wildest and most extravagant dreams of the tourist, as they all express themselves.

Your correspondent had always longed to see the matchless beauties of the valley of the Yosemite, whose fame has become world-wide. But it carried her out beyond her depth, and the first day exhausted her vocabulary of adjectives, and all she could write home as a description was, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" as the girl did who visited the Centennial, and I have since concluded that these three short words are about as expressive as all one may write of that place, for there is no end to it.

WONDERS AND BEAUTIES of Yosemite. Look which way you will, in the shady oak, gurgling brook or the highest cliffs in a picture that words or brush cannot describe. In fact, the tourist becomes really inspired on entering the valley, and after leaving it longs to come and come again, and he must be dull indeed who cannot appreciate this wonderful work of nature, and lift a prayer of thanks to Him who made it. By the way they have a nice little church in the valley, where they often hold services. And what a beautiful spot to worship God!

It was a charming June day, as balmy and clear as our California skies are noted for, when our eyes first had the pleasure of looking upon its wonderful beauty. We arrived in the valley the third day after leaving Reno, where we took the Central Pacific railroad for Sacramento and Stockton, where we connect with the train for Milton. There we take the stage for the valley and trundle along in good old style with a coach and six for eighty-six miles—almost a two day's ride. The first day the scenery is not so interesting, for our ride is mostly through the foot hills, but through a thin tremulous haze, the forms of the Sierras in the east, and the Coast range in the west, were faintly visible. The sky overhead was cloudless, a deep blue tint pervading in strong contrast to the earth tones of ochre and orange, and a strange combination of tint and tone, at the horizon, calling to mind familiar pictures of Egypt, Syria and the east, so it was not wholly tiresome. But at meal times we were eager to get out of the stage and ready to do the repeat justice. And at twilight we were only too glad to seek tired nature's calm restorative balm sleep." To arise early the next morning and resume our journey to the object of our trip. But the second day's ride we were more than repaid for any of the tediousness of the previous day, for it was one of

THE MOST DELICIOUS RIDES imaginable, as two of our traveling companions who had traveled nearly all over the world agreed, and further that it was the finest they had ever seen in all their travels. We cross the Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers, the last one we are ferried across, and further along we pass through the Tuolumne grove of big trees, and through the largest tree in the grove, "The Dead Giant," a stage, horses and passengers are driven right through, which to read about seems a little incredible, is nevertheless a fact, as also quite a novelty. This tree is over 100 feet in circumference.

Further on our ride is still more beautiful, though the grand old pines, one to three hundred feet in height, and the oaks, hung with the mistletoe. Then on we whirl through deep gorges and valleys, occasionally passing deserted villages which were once lively mining camps with their thousands of inhabitants. And not far in front of the horses we see a pretty deer bound across the road. The country around about is wild enough that an occasional grizzly bear is seen when roaming through the forests. To our right hundreds of feet below is

THE WILD TUOLUMNE GORGE. Along above that the grade is very steep, and timid passengers shrink back with terror, in fear with the gallop of the horses the stage might overturn, and take a tumble of one thousand feet or more.

But there is little danger on such a

five road, while on either side is seen a quantity of the glossy green Mazzeville bush. Taking the ride all in all it is one which we may often picture in our imagination and read about, but seldom see.

There are good routes to the valley, but this is said to be the finest and most pleasant. But at last we are entering Yosemite valley, and we are realizing one of the dreams of life. Back and forth we wind down the steep mountain side, and on the right we have a fine view of the appropriately named Bridal-Veil fall in all its silvery whiteness, and in time to see its beautiful rainbow colors.

At our left is Virgin Tears fall and the huge El Capitan mountain, whose name signifies "Great Chief of the Valley." It is 3,300 feet in height, more than perpendicular, of smooth, cold, gray granite. In the distance we see Cloud's Rest, South Dome, Glacier Point, Three Graces, Cathedral Spires, and other high cliffs (which we take more interest in later.) The highest of which is "Cloud's Rest," 6,150 feet above the valley.

Yosemite valley is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is said to have been scooped out by a large glacier during the glacial period. In many places the walls of the valley are nearly vertical. The mountains surrounding it will average about 4,000 feet in height. The valley is ten miles long, with an average of one and a half mile in width, which is hard to realize, as it seems less than a quarter of a mile wide, so gigantic are the walls inclosing it. The charming Merced river flows through the valley, and with its clear, sparkling water and beautiful cascades, completes the picturesque scene.

We arrived at Barnard's Yosemite Falls hotel at 6 p. m., in time to do justice to a good dinner. This hotel is charmingly located on the margin of the beautiful waters of the Merced river. The dining room and our room also, look out under shady trees, over green lawns, with a fine view in a direct line of the Yosemite falls, 2,634 feet high. Invalids and parties who cannot endure horse-back riding, can see most of the principal points of interest from the veranda of this hotel.

The next morning after our arrival we took a carriage for Mirror Lake (before sunrise) through the beautiful "Tina-sack park and drive," arriving at the lake in time to see old Sol rise fourteen times by walking along the shores of the lake, which at this time of day is in all its beauty, its water clear without a ripple, and

THE REFLECTION SO TRULY WONDERFUL one can almost imagine it to be some giant mirror, for there in its waters you see all the high cliffs and pines surrounding it, and every leaf distinctly, and one involuntarily steps back in fear that a careless step might cause him to fall to a bottomless abyss, as it in all reality appears when looking on its placid waters.

Our early morning ride had given us a good appetite for breakfast, after partaking of which, we mount our saddle horses at the hotel, and a party of twelve or fifteen of us, with guides, ladies and gentlemen, are off for Glacier Point, a ride of four miles, zig-zag trail up the steep mountain side, which, to look at from the valley, one would think it almost impossible to ascend. And we make a queer looking saddle train, for us ladies do not put on much style while doing Yosemite valley. But this is one of the most charming and interesting rides about the valley, presenting many grand and startling views. For almost the entire distance after an ascent of a thousand feet, we could look down into what seemed a bottomless abyss, it was impossible to see its greatest depth. Out of it came the roaring of distant waters and the lulling songs of pine tree forests. And although the trail is good, still its zig-zag windings and dangerous turns are apt to make the rider keep close to the mountain and safe side, for a slip or false step of the horse and down you would go two or three thousand feet and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. People who weak nerves cannot enjoy the grand view. And even men that are brave otherwise prefer to take the tiresome climb on foot rather than trust their horses, as did a German gentleman in our party, who was making a tour of the world, and one would think he was more brave; but your correspondent preferred her saddle and held on tight. Passing on we soon reach Glacier Point. From there we soon reach Summit. From there we look down 3,200 feet (perpendicular) to the green meadows below, and of

THAT GRAND AND SUBLIME VIEW no pen can give a true sketch. There can be but few places where so much of the terrible and beautiful are at once combined, and few can gaze into such a depth without a shudder, even though there are strong iron bars to support you while looking over. There over three thousand feet below is the clear Merced river rippling on in its many charming windings, and an idea of the immense height can be given when I tell you that looking down in the valley pines 300 feet high appear as shrubbery, persons as mere specks and the church (whose bell was ringing sweetly) appeared the size of one of those little toy churches we have so often played with when children. Directly opposite us, on the other side, Yosemite fall coming down half mile in three leaps, its silvery spray sparkling in the sunshine; and to the right we see the jewel of the valley, Mirror Lake, and further on Nevada and Vernal Falls, and towering high above them is Half Dome Cloud's Rest; and beyond all in the snow-capped High Sierra mountains, as yet untroubled by the foot of man.

At Glacier Point we partook of an excellent dinner, even though all the provisions have to be brought to that high pinnacle on horse back. From Glacier Point, a travel of a mile and a quarter higher leads to the summit of Sentinel Dome, which is 4,125 feet above the valley and about 9,000 feet above sea level, which none of the party cared to venture excepting your brave (?) correspondent, who was de-

termined to take it all in and which was a perfectly splendid view.

Our trip took the entire day, arriving at the hotel in time to enjoy a good supper, after which we took a moonlight stroll through the valley for we were fortunate to be blessed with beautiful moonlight nights while there, as well as delightful weather like that of sunny Italy, during our stay.

Another day we take the trail for Vernal and Nevada falls, which is another delightful trip. Our correspondent had the pleasure (?) of a genuine shower bath from the spray of the beautiful sheet of falling water called

VERNAL FALLS, which is a plunge of 400 feet; and two or three of our party thought we would descend the long ladders and go under the falls, the consequence of which was a severe soaking, notwithstanding standing rubbers and water-proof. But when there we had rainbows all around us and right at our feet, but did not find the bag of gold we have been told as children we would find at the end of the rainbow.

Our last day at Yosemite we had a most delightful buggy ride of sixteen miles, to and from the Cascade falls, at the south end of the valley, stopping on the way at the foot of "Yosemite Falls" and "Bridal Veil," where we gathered some of the loveliest of ferns, flowers and moss, and received another sprinkling from the spray; but then our ride was so perfectly splendid—a continual change of scenery. And another charm is added by

THE SWEET PERSUM that pervades the breeze throughout the entire valley. As we ride along the banks of the clear, cool Merced river, with its many beautiful cascades and the towering cliffs on all sides, one must indeed be happy—when all nature is gay, and, indeed, most every one seems so in Yosemite, and for my part I don't see how they could help but be. For point in your imagination one of the most beautiful of pictures, and I assure you it must come far short of Yosemite's wonderful charms.

I advise all my Omaha friends and readers of THE BEE to improve their first opportunity to see this sweet valley and paradise, and you will never regret it though it cost something. But you will be repaid by the enjoyment it affords. To my young friends who contemplate matrimony—wait if not too long—until you can take a bridal tour to Yosemite. There could not be a more delightful place to spend the honeymoon. I think you can then say as I heard an old lady say there, "If this is earth what must heaven be." As to the faithful, "See Mecca and die," so to the traveler, "see Yosemite, the last of earth."

EFFIE LOOMIS.

Another Cashier Ships.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. LOGANSPORT, Ind., July 17.—It now transpires that Oscar M. Goodwin, cashier of the Logansport National bank, who left this city June 17th, is a defaulter to the amount of \$175,000. On June 8th he instructed the bank clerk to charge the Exchange bank of Chicago, with the above amount. Suit will be brought against Goodwin's sureties.

The Fatal Toy Pistol.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. CHICAGO, July 17.—Twelve deaths have occurred since July 4, all caused by wounds of toy pistols.

SALT LAKE, Utah, July 17.—To-day the first case of lock jaw from wounds of toy pistols occurred. A boy not on the fourth of July has died, and two others similarly wounded are dying.

One of the wives of John Taylor, the Mormon president, died this morning.

Senator Hill's Condition.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. ATLANTA, Ga., July 17.—The condition of Senator Hill is such as to excite the gravest apprehension of his friends. Yesterday his throat closed up, and it became necessary to insert a tube in his throat, in order to allow him to swallow nourishment. The tube was withdrawn this morning, and he was able to swallow food in a natural manner, but the closing of the throat is considered imminent at any time. It is feared that the senator is rapidly approaching the end of his suffering.

A Bloody Riot.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. ATLANTA, Ga., July 17.—There was a riot on the line of the Cincinnati & Georgia railroad near Rockmart, Saturday, during which a white man named John Hicks was shot and instantly killed by a gang of negro laborers. Hicks was accompanied by a number of friends. A drunken row was started when the white man attempted to disarm the negroes. One of the latter resisting was shot and mortally wounded, whereupon the crowd fired and Hicks fell dead. During the melee several persons were wounded.

The Sunk.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. DETROIT, July 17.—The tug J. C. Clark was sunk this morning by colliding with the propeller Scotia in Lake St. Clair. There were no lives lost.

A Seduce Shot Dead.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS. LARDO, Texas, July 17.—W. E. Cumming, district attorney, was shot and instantly killed here Sunday night by Leonard Hayes, son of the collector of customs at Brownsville. Some months ago Cumming seduced Hayes' sister, a young girl about 19, and her brother has ever since been seeking an opportunity for revenge. The shooting occurred, without any words, in the door way of the Commercial hotel. The ball passed through Cumming's heart, and lodged in the frame of the door. Hayes escaped into Mexico.

WANTED.—A good second-hand bicycle.

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