

The Omaha Bee.

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SOME of the star trout lightning strikes very near that rink of professed statesmen, Frank Hatton.

IF Caspar is to have the collectorship, what will become of poor Lorant? Is he to be content with the second-rate position of deputy?

THE cruel railroad war is not over after all. There is to be a little more blood letting, but the people must do the bleeding in the end.

ASSIGNMENTS happen to be the order of the day just now. As we get near New Years, thrifty business men want to start with a new ledger.

WILL Caspar wait for that collectorship sugar plum until Joe has warmed Saunders' seat in the senate, or does he insist upon Crounse going out instant?

ILLINOIS pays 20 per cent of the internal revenue income. Illinois is the commissioner of internal revenue and fully 20 per cent of the revenue patronage. She cannot complain of taxation without representation.

GENERAL BOMBASTUS LOGAN has demolished Grant with four solid columns of bird shot. Logan reminds one of the fable of the bull frog that roared at the lion.

MR. DORSEY, he of Arkansas and not of Fremont, still holds on to his position as secretary of the national republican committee. He is not likely to resign, even if he gets into the penitentiary.

MR. BREWSTER has been fitting up his office in Washington at an expense of \$10,000. Mr. Brewster is a good attorney general and the country can afford to pay liberally for his "ouffit."

A vigorous attempt is made to revive the Morgan mystery through a statement which comes from the grave of Peter Wood. As a sensation the Morgan mystery was played out years ago.

COMMISSIONER LORENG has favored the country with another ponderous report. We shall soon know how to grow sugar cane on the fertile loessbergs of Alaska, and how Chinamen can be transplanted into Massachusetts and gratted on Caucasian stock. Of course our Val will move another \$80,000 appropriation to give these useful and timely hints the proper circulation.

A NEW law goes into effect in New York on the first day of December imposing a fine of not more than \$5,000 and imprisonment not to exceed three years on any person "who shall circulate any false rumor with intent to affect the market price of stocks, bonds or other evidences of indebtedness."

THE Lincoln Journal says that THE BEE is shedding tears over Mr. Crounse's probable loss of the collectorship. The tears shed by THE BEE over this or any other alleged forthcoming event will not fill a thimble. As far as Collector Crounse is concerned, he is not over anxious to retain his position. But he doesn't propose to be forced out of it by a gang of disreputable political sharks.

SOME of the members of the late senatorial syndicate appear anxious to investigate the conduct of the election in this county. By the time they get through they may wish they had never asked to go behind the returns. If the legislature can ever get at the true inwardness of the late election in this county several high-toned members will be drummed out of their seats in the legislature to the tune of the roguish march.

Tax president has dismissed one government director of the Union Pacific for Star route rascality, and he ought to give the walking papers to the resident director who lives up in Burt county. That person is not only incompetent, but discreditable to the government in every particular. His recent connection with election frauds in that county, as to say the least disreputable, and the involuntary removal of one of his strikers, who is suspected of arson, would seem to indicate that he moves in worse company than George Spencer.

THE CANADIAN PROBLEM.

The noble red man has become a big elephant on the hands of the Canadians. For more than one hundred years the Indians and the Canadians have gotten along amicably. The aboriginal barbarian and the highly civilized European of French descent mixed almost as happily together in the cold climate of Canada as the proud Spaniard and the greasy descendant of the Aztecs did in more tropical Mexico.

But a change has come, even in slow going Canada. There are at present in the dominion over 100,000 Indians in all stages of barbarism and civilization. Some are perfectly wild and subsist by the chase; others are semi-civilized and live by hunting and rude farming combined, and others, as in Ontario—where there are 15,000—eke out a living by farming, laboring, basket making, etc., supplemented by small annuities, the proceeds of the sale of their lands by the government to white settlers.

A writer in the Toronto Mail, discussing the Indian problem, declares that the Indian "is rapidly learning all the vices of the white man—laziness, intemperance, dishonesty and untruthfulness," and that "the fraternal policy adopted by the government, which in bygone days was absolutely necessary to prevent unjust encroachment and extortion on the part of the whites, has now, in the great majority of cases, outlived its usefulness and has become a serious incubus upon the Indians."

Instead of continuing this policy, which "has been to make the Indians believe that they are, in every sense of the word, children, whom it is not expedient to treat as men," the writer suggests that they should be granted the rights of citizenship and be taught to accept its responsibilities.

He says that the Indians are beginning to understand that they are a privileged race and are nothing loath to take advantage of their position whenever they get a chance, and naturally refuse to accept responsibilities which really do not belong to them.

"For years he has systematically instilled into him the fact that the country still owes him a living, and that although it is a good thing to work, yet if he wants to get through life without working the Great Father (i. e., the government) won't see him sick. He has been denied the suffrage; has been exempted from civil actions, and has not been permitted to hold land except as a tenant at will." The assertion is made that the average white man placed in the same relative position as these Indians "would, in the course of time, become utterly degraded and demoralized, and sink lower than the Indians themselves."

Undoubtedly the Indian problem is one that will henceforward exercise the Dominion government more than it ever has heretofore, and it is no satisfactory confession for us to make that the only aid it can derive in its solution from studying the policy pursued toward aborigines by the American government is the lesson of its failure.

The capabilities of the Indian for civilization will remain an open question, after all the experiments made by philanthropists in that direction.

THE BEE is not in favor of a railroad commission unless that body can be granted power to enforce its decisions. Under our constitution all judicial power is vested in our judiciary. It would be necessary to pass an amendment to the constitution before any board of railroad commissioners could be constituted which would be able to deal with the question of railroad legislation.

Experience with the railroad commissioner system in other states has proved that the boards degenerate into a mere bureau for the collection of statistics. All complaints of abuses by the railroads against their patrons must be brought before the courts. The creation of a railroad commission could do no more.

What is needed is restrictive legislation. We want laws that will compel the railroads to exact only reasonable freight and passenger tolls; laws that will prohibit them from granting special privileges to any class; laws that will prohibit wholesale bribery of public officers through passes; laws that will compel railroads to extend equal privileges to all their patrons.

We want above all things laws that will compel publicity in railroad business. The people are anxious to have the table of tariffs published so that every producer shall know just what is charged for the various classes of freights. They desire the fullest information on the capital invested in these corporations, the amount of stock and mortgages and the amount of water which has been injected. The doctored up reports in the state auditor's office will not pass muster. They were compiled expressly to avoid taxation. They do not represent the actual conditions of the corporations. The laws passed by other states will afford a safe guide for our legislature.

OMAHA is not the only place where people who tumble into a ditch or through a sidewalk, ask for heavy damages through the courts. A suit for \$7,500 has just been commenced by Colonel E. D. Fenn, for tumbling into a sewer ditch by stepping on a cedar block in a torn up section

of a street that was being paved. The case is somewhat complicated however, by the fact that the city of Des Moines in its contract with G. R. Smith & Co., of Chicago, who did the paving required, that firm to become responsible for all damages that might occur during the progress of their work through their negligence. If the Colonel gets a judgment the question will be, can the city recover from Smith & Co.? Incidentally this is suggestive to the board of public works of Omaha.

THANKSGIVING.

In accordance with the proclamations of President Arthur and the governors of the various states, to-day will be generally observed as a day of national thanksgiving.

The country at large has good cause for congratulations over an immense harvest. We have garnered and stored in our stacks and bins over five hundred million bushels of wheat, or almost ten bushels a head for every man, woman and child in the United States. Our corn crop is the largest on record, and runs into the billions. Cotton has been a great success for the farmers and planters everywhere, and the crop is large enough to secure a prosperous year to the Gulf states.

Such a showing will discount any of the fears entertained that our industries are about to experience a period of depression. Food is plenty, and with cheap food the days of want and distress are still at a distance.

Politically, the country has much to be thankful for. The spirit of independence among voters, which was exhibited in the late election, is a cause for congratulation. Just at present the democrats imagine that they have greater reason to give thanks than the republicans. The gain of a few congressmen by that party may not in the long run, however, offset the value of the lessons taught republicans by the recent political cyclone, and in the end it may yet be found that the best thanksgiving will come from those who are now suffering under a self-inflicted defeat.

Nebraska in addition to her splendid crops has reason for thanks in the gratifying success of the anti-monopoly movement, the prosaics of wholesome legislation restricting the abuses of corporate monopolies and the growing sentiment throughout the state in favor of defining more clearly the relation between common carriers and their patrons. Omaha can congratulate herself that she has entered upon an era of public improvement, that paving has begun, that sewerage is almost an accomplished fact, and that the present gives assurance of a steady advance in the future.

So, taken all together, we can all set down to-day to our Thanksgiving turkey and eat our dinner with its cranberry trimmings with a hearty relish.

THERE is need of another bridge at Omaha every body conversant with the facts must admit. The present Union Pacific bridge, quite apart from the question of toll, is not in condition to promptly accommodate the heavy railroad traffic that must pass over it, much less the increasing travel of passengers and vehicles between Council Bluffs and Omaha.

That a second bridge would be of vast advantage to the people on both sides of the river, there can be no doubt. Owing to the peculiar location, Omaha does not afford the necessary grounds for a certain class of manufactures, cattle yards and freight transfer that can be accommodated on the east side of the river within one mile walk of the heart of the city. So long as there is no means of rapid transfer between Omaha and Council Bluffs a great traffic that would grow up in consequence must remain paralyzed. Council Bluffs, through the fertility of Pottawattamie county, would furnish Omaha an excellent and constant supply of farm and orchard products. There is also a need of a more available exchange of building materials between the two cities, and this can only be had permanently by a bridge that will accommodate the traffic. Of course there are those on both sides of the river who always fear some sinister design. They conjure up some terrible bugbear and tremble lest any change might be for the worse. Others again are influenced by parties whose interest it is to maintain the present bridge monopoly and to keep up the embargo that has made the river a kind of Chinese wall between the two cities. A few years ago there were people in St. Louis who bitterly opposed the erection of a bridge across the Mississippi. The bridge was built, however, and we now find the vast flats and swamps on the east side of the river covered with immense elevators, extensive factories and cattle and lumber yards. While East St. Louis has risen out of the swamp to become a thriving city, St. Louis proper has not suffered. Her business interests are just as prosperous as they were before and her capital invested in East St. Louis just as safe. So it will be when the second bridge is built between Omaha and Council Bluffs.

The senatorial contest in Minnesota is very exciting. The field is against Senator Windom, and according to latest accounts the opposition feel confident of defeating him. The contest is more or less personal, Senator

Windom defeated Mark H. Dunnell in his nomination for congress, and the latter is waging war upon Windom with a good deal of vigor. The country at large will regret to have Senator Windom distanced in the senatorial race. Mr. Windom enjoys a national reputation for strict honesty and solid common sense. He is one of the very few men high in public life who have dared to utter warning against the growing power of corporate monopoly. As the head of the treasury under Garfield Mr. Windom exhibited financial ability of a high order and shed lustre upon the state of Minnesota as no other man could have done. If Minnesota retires Mr. Windom now, when he can be still more useful to her and the country at large, she will not only commit an act of base ingratitude, but materially diminish her own influence in the national legislature.

The signal service office has officially reported that the coming winter will be mild. As General Hazen's predictions come true by contrast, there will be an immediate rush for blankets and overcoats.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

Principles First Party After—The Union of All Anti-Monopolists Urged.

Correspondence of THE BEE. FREMONT, Neb., November 29.—I have had the satisfaction of a daily reading of your articles on the subjects of anti-monopoly, anti-prohibition, free trade, civil service reform, and on economical and honest administration of government. No American citizen who has a reasonable regard for the credit and prosperity of a people of which he is a responsible party in the body politic can help but sympathize with you in your efforts so laudable a direction.

While I, as a democrat, have, for struggling in support of these patriotic measures, been stigmatized as a disturber of the harmony of the democratic party; so you, for the advocacy of the same measures as a republican, are condemned. But to you or me such condemnation, coming as it always does, not from the honest republicans or democrats, but only from government or monopoly bread-and-butter brigades, has very little edge or point to dread.

I see now that THE BEE is very properly considering the question of the organization of the state legislature and the election of a United States senator.

I think that you have no doubt, and I know that I do not doubt, but that the mass of the anti-monopoly and democratic voters of this state sympathize with you in your struggle for the reform of the party, while certain interested would be leaders in the democratic party and the stalwart republican party treat such principles as communistic.

That they should not the members of the legislature in the organization and election divide on these live issues instead of party names?

But you say in today's BEE, "there is no danger that the Nebraska legislature will elect a democratic senator so long as a candidate of a good anti-monopoly record who will vote with the republicans on national issues can be secured." But every national and state issue that you and every true anti-monopoly republican and democrat seek to reform, so far as appears in THE BEE, have been evils growing out of national and state republican rule. Then why fear the election of a true, none other, democrat or republican whose record is good on the party issues of to-day?

The fear of such a democrat or republican is without reason. Such a fear would make one fear the action of Senator Van Wyck in the United States senate.

You do not mean that any candidate for the chief offices of the legislature shall be such a republican as will go into a stalwart caucus and be governed by its action. If so, then in the future as in the past, must we look for such action from republican members of the anti-monopoly party as the stalwarts choose to dictate.

And this means exactly what every true democrat must avoid. It means that all government patronage worth having to be given to stalwarts, not anti-monopoly republicans.

While the election of a true anti-monopoly democrat, by the joint action of anti-monopoly republicans, would mean the carrying out of anti-monopoly measures in the state and its senator in the United States, with a republican administration, one senator and all the congressmen from Nebraska, it would mean all the valuable patronage to anti-monopoly republicans.

Why then do anti-monopoly republicans join anti-monopoly democrats in the organization of the legislature, and the election of a United States senator rather than to join stalwarts? Such a happy union would have given them two or three congressmen.

ROBERT KITTLE.

JOE THURMOND'S MIDE.

His Leap for Liberty and Where it Carried Him—A Hard Ride on a Wounded Horse—Thirty Miles in Three Hours.

Athens (Ga.) Banner. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Joe Thurmond," remarked a gentleman to us on Tuesday last.

We looked up from our work expecting to see a hardened outlaw, grided with pistols and bowie knives, standing at our side; but instead of that we met a smiling face, cleanly shaved with the exception of a heavy black mustache. In fact, the image of an intelligent farmer, well-to-do in the world, and perfectly content with his lot.

And this was the famous Joe Thurmond, an account of whose daring escape from the sheriff of Clarke county had so recently startled the state, and caused a thrill of applause to pass through the system of all as they read

of how a man braved death sooner than meet disgrace. We mentioned our visitor to a seat, and after a few commonplace remarks broached the subject of his escape. Without a moment's hesitation he gave us the following account of his career, from the time that he took leg ball until his voluntary surrender: "I had no idea of attempting an escape," he began, "when I was carried from the jail to the courthouse, but had determined to die sooner than go to the penitentiary. But while sitting in my chair in Judge Jackson's office a sudden desire seized me to make the attempt, and without stopping to consider for a moment or count the probable cost, I made a bolt for the window, but some one caught my foot, just as I was about passing through, that caused me to fall on my head and receive a fearful shock. I then rushed for my horse, expecting each instant to be shot down in my tracks, but I intended to die rather than surrender. You know how I made my escape. One of Browning's bullets grazed my leg, and, passing through the saddle skirt and blanket, entered the side of the nag I was riding after getting beyond range of the balls I headed toward Brooklyn, but when about two miles out of town the horse began to give way under me, when I rode out in a pine thicket to see what was the matter. Upon removing the saddle I discovered the wound, and knew that the beast could not carry me further, I turned it loose and started for home on foot, and a circuitous route had to travel fourteen miles before getting there. But my leaving my horse behind saved me from capture, as the officers thought I was still hid out in the thicket, and so did not telegraph. I only remained home an hour—just long enough to get some money, bid my family good-by and start for Lawrenceville, thirty miles distant. Taking my little brother in my buggy, we made the trip in just three hours, but it nearly killed the horse I was driving. I traveled at night, passing through Jug Tavern, and met several men on the road that I knew, but I had my hat slouched over my face and they did not recognize me, not even my uncle, whose house I passed. Just as I drove into Lawrenceville the train was steamed up ready to leave, and I got aboard. Had I been ten minutes later it would have left me. I met with another streak of good luck when I got to Swannock, the junction with the Airline. I got from aboard as soon as the cars stopped, and stepping into a dark corner, remained there until the regular train came along, which was just ten minutes. I boarded the smoking car that was fortunately unoccupied. When I got to Atlanta I did not wait for the train to stop before I jumped off and ascended myself near the Chattanooga train, that the conductor told me would leave in ten minutes. I feared a telegram had been sent ahead, and was afraid to risk even buying a ticket, preferring to pay my fare to the conductor. I had no time to disguise myself, as I was clearly shaved, and had to take the chance. Just as the Western and Atlantic train was moving off I jumped aboard and soon left Atlanta behind me. But I dreaded every stopping place, expecting to meet a telegram. When Chattanooga was reached, I for the first time felt pretty safe, but passed on to my destination, Canada, as fast as possible. I had determined not to be captured alive, and wanted to do as in my power to prevent trouble. In Canada I found a wealthy uncle, brother to my father, who kept a large hotel there, but whom I had never before seen. To him I went and made a 'clean breast' of my troubles. He welcomed me and I took charge of the business management of his house. Every week or so I wrote and received letters and papers from home through him, and knew all that was transpiring."

"But about your pardon?" we asked.

"Well, it was signed by over 2,000 of the best men in three counties, and Governor Colquhoun said it was one of the strongest documents ever laid before him. I felt certain that the would heed it, and as soon as ready, I came home and was promptly given myself up to Sheriff Weir, who very kindly refused to place me in jail until the governor had acted upon the matter. I had strong friends in Atlanta to plead my cause, among them Dr. King and Henry Grady, and so am once more a free man. It was whisky and cards that brought me all this trouble, and I have made a solemn pledge to my mother never, never, again, so long as I live, to allow another drop of the cursed stuff to pass my lips or throw another card. Her distress gave me greater pain than anything else, and I shall see that she has not further cause for grief on my account. This scrape has been a serious matter to me. Besides losing my crop, I had to spend \$1,000 in cash; I had learned me a lesson, and one that I think I shall always remember. I intend to try and lead a better life, and some time prove to the world that I am innocent of the crime for which I am convicted. I had no more idea of stealing that horse than you had. I was drunk and wore it a card, and while still under the influence of liquor, gave good grounds for the suspicion which resulted in my conviction."

"Among the ladies who may read this there may be several sickly ones who have made up their minds to act on the old saw which specifies that 'What can't be cured, must be endured.' While the truth of the old proverb is self-evident it is just possible they may have erred in judgment as to the possibilities of the healing art outside of the medical profession, and before giving up in despair they had better test the efficacy of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is now attracting universal attention.

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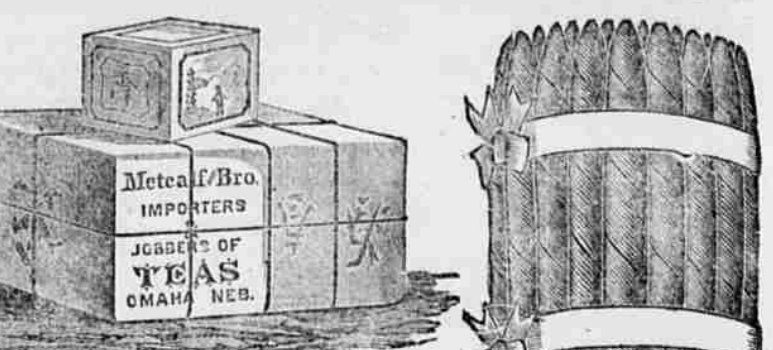
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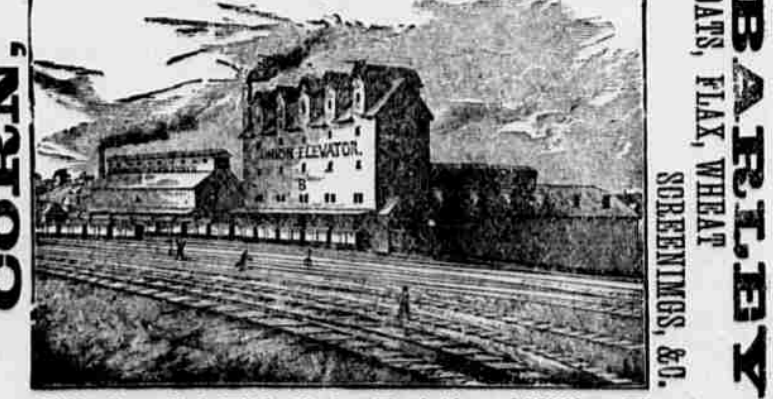
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