

THE DAILY BEE.

OMAHA OFFICE NO. 914 AND 915 FARNAM ST. NEW YORK OFFICE, ROOM 65 TRIBUNE BUILDING.

Published every morning, except Sunday. The only morning paper published in Nebraska.

TERMS, POSTPAID. One Year, without premium, \$3.00. Three Months, 1.00. Six Months, .60. One Month, .20.

ADVERTISING RATES. All communications relating to News and Editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor of this paper.

THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Props. E. ROSEWATER, Editor. A. H. Fitch, Manager Daily Circulation, Omaha, Nebraska.

It will probably be a cold day when Thomas Ballard is hanged. His execution is to take place in January next.

DR. MILLER'S assertion that Omaha and Douglas county never donated a dollar, or the fraction of a dollar, in bonds to the Union Pacific railroad, is a cold day when the doctor hasn't something to say in defense of the Union Pacific pirates.

MR. LANE, the superintendent of the census, has placed himself between two fires in attempting to settle the population fight between Grand Island and Hastings. He will find that his decision, whatever it may be, will be as unassailable as the decision of a base ball umpire upon a disputed point.

The Lincoln Journal in discussing the Omaha viaduct problem, which does not in any way concern that paper, shows that it does not know what it is talking about. This is nothing unusual, however, with that sheet. The fact is that nothing can be done in Omaha without the Journal poking its nose into it and invariably making false statements.

JUDGE NEVILLE has sentenced Thomas Ballard "to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and to pay the costs of the prosecution." We do not hesitate to say that this sentence is altogether too severe. The hanging part is all right, but it is certainly demanding too much, under the circumstances, to ask Mr. Ballard to pay the costs of his trial. Mr. Ballard will probably refuse payment.

DR. MILLER, who expected a cabinet position under Tilden, and also under Cleveland, is still harping about "the fraud" of 1876. The less said by Dr. Miller on that subject the better it will be for him. The people have not forgotten the part which he played in the conspiracy to steal the state of Oregon. It comes with very poor grace from such a man to stigmatize the republicans as thieves. Such torpedoes are harmless.

A TEN days' tour over that portion of Nebraska visited by the Burlington & Missouri locomotives has persuaded the writer that he has hitherto possessed but vague notions of the progress and prosperity of the state.—Lincoln Journal.

The writer happens to be one of the usual \$2,000 railroad commissioners. His notions of the railroad question in this state are about as vague as his notions of the growth and prosperity of Nebraska have been.

AN INTERESTING and novel church trial was held in Kearney last week, the defendant, a prominent and pious member of a leading church, being accused of lying in making his assessment returns. We are not surprised that the defendant, who is branded by one of the local papers as a money shark, liar, scoundrel, etc., was acquitted. Lying about assessment returns, and committing perjury in swearing to false statements of property, is a very common practice.

THE hungry democrats of Nebraska would like to know why it was necessary for President Cleveland to appoint an Illinois man to the superintendency of the Indian school at Genoa. They indignantly maintain that this is not a square deal, as there are enough patriots in Nebraska to fill all the offices in this state, and in several other states, and that it is entirely unnecessary to import Illinois suckers. They would also like to know what the Nebraska bosses of the democracy and the supposed dispensers of federal pay are thinking about anyhow? Why are they not awake to the material interests of the spool-hunters of this state? Why are they not doing something to prevent the importation of carpet-baggers?

THE Hill-Sharon divorce case continues to furnish sensations for the public. Every time there is a hearing in the case there is either a fight or some other exciting incident. Not long ago, the judge, fearing a general shooting match, which had been threatened, ordered every person in the court room to be searched and relieved of weapons, and the result was the capture of enough "guns" to stock an arsenal. The judge, however, neglected to take a similar precaution yesterday, and the result was that Sharon's lawyer was assaulted by Terry, one of the attorneys on the other side, with a cane. The assaulted lawyer, Kowalsky by name, drew a revolver, whereupon Terry, who it will be remembered killed Senator Broderick in the early days of California, whipped out his shooter, at the sight of which Kowalsky turned and fled. This is rather a forcible way of settling legal points, but it seems to be the prevalent custom in San Francisco courts of justice.

A MENDACIOUS CHAMPION.

The Union Pacific is very unfortunate at this time in having Dr. George L. Miller as its foremost spokesman and champion. His shattered memory is very defective, and his disregard for veracity is simply astounding. If the managers of the Union Pacific had been personally indicted for grand larceny or burglary, and Dr. Miller were the attorney upon whom devolved the task of acquitting them before a jury he could not possibly have done greater violence to truth in defense of his clients than he has done in his recent open letters to Mayor Boyd and the citizens of Omaha. In fact as an attorney Dr. Miller's audacious denials of well established and notorious facts would have been sure to result in conviction, even if the prosecution had not produced a scintilla of evidence. The doctor's last letter certainly caps the climax of downright falsification. He boldly asserts that Omaha and Douglas county never donated a dollar, or the fraction of a dollar, in bonds to the Union Pacific railroad company. This is so notoriously at variance with the truth that it seems incredible how any man possessed of a grain of self-respect would resort to it. There is not a man in Omaha who has lived here since 1868 that does not know that \$450,000 in bonds were voted by this city and county as donations to the Union Pacific railroad on condition that the road should bridge the Missouri at Omaha, maintain its headquarters and machine shops in this city, and carry on the transfer of its terminal traffic on the west side of the river. It is true that the \$200,000 city bonds were not donated directly to the Union Pacific railroad, but the proceeds of the bonds were used to purchase the depot grounds and right of way which were donated to the road, under the conditions specified in the contract, recently published in this paper. Was not the donation of the depot grounds, bought with the bonds, equivalent to the donation of the bonds? Would any honest lawyer dare to go before a court with such a contemptible quibble? And how about the \$250,000 in bonds issued by Douglas county? These bonds were voted to the Union Pacific bridge company, and that company was just as much the Union Pacific railroad then as it has been since the supreme court declared the bridge to be a part of the main line.

Dr. Miller works himself up into a fit and gives himself away completely when he declares in his last letter:

"Any man who says that any conditions were made either about transfer or terminus states what is personally known to me to be false. All such conditions were expressly excluded from that contract by the decision of the directors of the company, and this decision was unanimously acquiesced in by the members of the Omaha committee."

"The continuous falsehoods that have misled even such men as Mayor Boyd to teach this community that a good amount of money has ever been 'donated' to the Union Pacific company for depots and transfers require correction when they are used to array this city against the great author and founder of its property and progress."

Any man who, for the sake of a few thousand dollars worth of railroad patronage, would so lower himself as to fly in the face of recorded facts and assert what everybody knows to be untrue, is bereft of all manhood. The a'mighty dollar is his god. If, as the doctor asserts, no conditions were made with regard to transfer or terminus by Omaha with the directors of the Union Pacific, why were these conditions embodied in the contract now on record in this city and county? That contract was signed in the presence of a large number of citizens by the officers of the Union Pacific before the Douglas county bonds were delivered over. Were these officers traitors to the company, or was it a magnanimous concession voluntarily made with the mental reservation that the contract should never be kept?

If it is true that no conditions were exacted by the committee, of which Dr. Miller was a member, he has placed himself and the committee in an unenviable attitude. No intelligent person believes for one moment that the committee, made up of leading citizens, would have agreed and contracted on behalf of Omaha to mortgage this city and county for \$450,000 without some guaranty of concessions that would more than make up in commercial advantage the subsidy given to the road.

But where does Dr. Miller stand before this community? He tells us that Augustus Kuntze telegraphed Herman Kuntze "to send me (Dr. Miller) on the next train." He went, and accordingly to his confession he agreed to give away property and bonds worth half a million dollars, without exacting the slightest guaranty from Darant, Dillon and the other highwaymen who had threatened to destroy Omaha if she did not stand and deliver. It would seem now that the late S. S. Caldwell told the truth when he charged Dr. Miller with playing spy and traitor in that committee, and selling out Omaha to Darant and his pals for paltry gain. Caldwell was a member of the committee, and the recent controversy shows that he knew what he was talking about. Dr. Miller has corroborated Mr. Caldwell.

The allegation made by the doctor to a second repudiation on the part of Omaha reformers presume, to the suit brought by Douglas county against the Union Pacific to annul the county bonds on the ground that the company had failed to comply with its contract obligations. That such a suit was brought shows conclusively that the citizens of Omaha had been cheated out of a quarter of a million by a gang of sharpers, who had operated on their fears, and never intended to carry out their part of the contract until compelled. That suit was withdrawn by manipulations which

were not very reputable. Had we time or space to give the true inwardness of that transaction it would not be very creditable to the doctor's clients. Why the doctor should persist in defending the Union Pacific against the acts of former managers, which Mr. Adams himself would not approve or defend, passes comprehension, unless, indeed, the Herald is so pressed for patronage that its owners feel compelled to thrust their services upon the railroad company in order to oblige its managers. If it is absolutely necessary that the Herald shall be subsidized, would it not be more profitable to the railroad to hire Dr. Miller to keep still? No one would have stirred up or reopened those old sores had it not been for his open letters besetting with wanton misstatements. Such brazen falsehoods had to be contradicted, even when there was no disposition to create unfriendly feeling towards the Union Pacific.

A SOUVENIR OF VICKSBURG.

The Chicago Herald of Saturday issued an interesting supplement. It was a fac-simile of the Vicksburg Citizen, of Thursday, July 2, 1863, consisting of four columns printed on the white side of gold-leaf wall-paper, an evidence that the supply of printing paper had been exhausted. The Union army took possession of Vicksburg on July 4. For some reason the publishers of the Citizen had not completed the issue of July 2, probably having come to the conclusion that the city would be captured in a few hours. Some printers in the Union army put the form to press as they found it, with the exception of the last paragraph in the last column, in which they announced the capture of Vicksburg. Some of the "items" in this issue of the Citizen are at this time both amusing and interesting as they were to the Union soldiers immediately after the capture of Vicksburg. For six weeks the city had been closely besieged, and the garrison and citizens were reduced almost to starvation. The Citizen said: "We are satisfied that there are numerous persons within our city who have breadstuffs secreted, and are doing it out at the most exorbitant figures to those who had not the foresight or means to their command to provide for the exigency now upon us. A rumor has reached us that parties in the city have been, and are now, selling flour at five dollars per pound! molasses at ten dollars per gallon! and corn at ten dollars per bushel!" The editor, whose name was Swartz, gave to these accused parties a terrible scolding. Notwithstanding the mournful situation Editor Swartz indulged in several attempts at jocularities, no doubt with the expectation of inspiring the Vicksburgers with hope. The following item will no doubt be read with more than usual interest at the present time:

On Tuesday the great Ulysses—the Yankee Generalissimo, nicknamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the Fourth of July by a grand dinner and so forth. When asked if he would invite Gen. Joe Johnston to join, he said, "Not for fear there will be a row at the table." Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is "first to catch the rabbit," etc.

The last paragraph in the Citizen—inserted by the Union printers—was as follows:

July 4th. Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union flies over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has "caught the rabbit," he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The "Citizen" lives to see it. For the last time it appears on "Wall-paper." No more will it telegize the glory of our nation and incense the kites—very Southern versions to such diet nevermore. This is the last wall-paper edition, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity.

Verily time works wonderful changes. To-day a united nation mourns "the old commander," and the south through its representative, Gen. Joe Johnston, one of the most distinguished survivors of the rebel command, and Gen. Buckner, who surrendered to his schoolmate, Grant, at Fort Donelson, will shake hands over the grave of the illustrious hero, with Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Logan, Admiral Porter, and Rear Admiral Worden, the war representatives of the north, and thus emphasize the immortal words, "Let us have peace." With the burial of Grant let all sectional strife and bitter memories be forever buried.

The Bee suggests that the Grant memorial services be held in the open air, as Boyd's opera house is altogether too limited in its accommodations. Not more than two thousand people can find room in the opera house, while there are probably twenty thousand who desire to attend these services and pay their respects to the memory of the old commander. The memorial services of Lincoln and Garfield were held at the high school grounds where all found room. There is no good reason, the weather permitting, why the Grant memorial services should not be held in the open air at some suitable spot. Perhaps no better place could be selected than the high school grounds. If the programme can be changed in accordance with this suggestion, it certainly ought to be done, as it will meet with general approval. In case the weather should be unfavorable then the opera house is the proper place, and even if an out-door meeting is held it would be quite appropriate to hold either opening or closing services in the opera house. At any rate the opera house should be reserved to cover any emergency.

A church society in Omaha was recently allowed a good round sum for damages claimed by reason of the improvement of the street in which it had a lot. The improvement of the street at

once increased the value of all abutting property, all the way from 100 to 300 per cent. The church society alluded to has just sold its lot for \$10,000, which is about \$6,000 more than it was valued at before the street was graded. This is a financial goodend such as it never would have received had not the street been graded. With this money it is enabled to purchase a new site, to move its church building, and pay all its debts. Comment is unnecessary; suffice it to say that this incident demonstrates the soundness of the policy, which has since been adopted, of taking into consideration the benefits derived from street improvements, and making them a set-off for damages claimed.

The Lewis is opposed to the State Register running the democratic politics in Iowa. It is high time we proceeded to manage our affairs without the impudent dictation of the republican boss.—Des Moines Leader.

Having fallen in his recent efforts to successfully run the republican politics of Iowa, the Des Moines Register is naturally seeking a new field for the exhibition of Mr. Clarkson's ability as a boss.

In the matter of crops Nebraska this year is in the front rank. There is probably not a state in the union that can boast of a more abundant yield.

FAMOUS FUNERALS.

To a philosopher, of course, the death of the lifeless human body separates a man from his element; but to the great body of the people the funeral rites and resting place of one of its great heroes are matters of keenest interest. In view of the approaching obsequies of our own great national hero, it will be interesting to recall the honors paid after death to some of the great captains of history.

Long years were consumed in the formidable preparations for the funeral of Alexander the Great. Dying at Babylon, he directed that his body, which was immediately embalmed with elaborate care, by Egyptian and Chaldean adepts, should be deposited in the Temple of Jupiter on an Egyptian island. Unhindered by others the Egyptian adepts, long before his children down into Egypt to buy corn, these plains and valleys and mountains were here awaiting our coming to change the wilderness into fruitful fields; and they waited patiently through the long roll of the centuries to greet the dawn of enlightened civilization, coming to take the place of barbarism, and it fell to us to help to inaugurate the change. Here in Nebraska are seen the wonderful results wrought by civilization in a brief period of time, and none are more conscious of it than the more advanced in education and civilization, of the Omaha tribe. One of them whom the writer met not long ago entered into conversation with him, said in broken English, "Me Indian, when me travel over the prairie now, feel heap wender at what we see." It is to the honor of men and women who have lived and will establish communities in old states and strike out into new regions and help to found new communities, and to build states, that we do thus leave something behind for which to be remembered for good.

Lewis and Clarke with their party resumed their journey up the Missouri, and on the 20th of August went into camp on the east side of the river, according to the description a little below there on the river. While they were there, Sergeant Charles Floyd became seriously ill, and died. He was buried on the top of the bluff with honors due to a brave soldier, and the place was marked by a cedar post on which was inscribed his name and the day of his death. To the bluffs they gave the name of "Sergeant's Bluffs," and to small islands they gave the name of "Floyd's river, names familiar to all who have journeyed in that vicinity. The place where one is laid away, does not affect the person, but there is something inexpressible sad in the thought of being laid to rest in desolate and uninhabited regions where the silence is unbroken save by the temporary storm, and the waves whoop at the savage, and where, it may be, no human footstep will ever come, and which spot no loved one can ever visit to beseech it with tears and garner it with flowers. The writer once passed a lonely grave away out upon the plains, with a rough pine board standing at the head, and upon it were cut in large letters the name "Edith," aged 10 years. "These her kindred were obliged to have her in the solitude of the desert as her perpetual home. Sad indeed must it have been for a father and mother to bury a loving child a way to rest in such solitary regions. The writer gathered a few wild flowers growing near by, and laid them upon the lonely grave, where none but a searching angel would thought, that when we shall have passed into the valley of silence, we shall be laid by the side of loved ones gone before, or who are to come after. There was something so touching and tender in the thought of Grant, that, wherever he might be laid, it must be where his companions, who had shared with him his trials in his days of adversity, as well as his glories in the days of his triumphs, would be laid by his side.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

TO THE ROCKIES AND BEYOND.

Progress of the Lewis and Clark Expedition Up the Missouri.

Events and Incidents of the Trip—The Rocky Mountains Reached—Crossed—Some Military Comment.

Written for The Bee. NO. VIII.

The writer left Lewis and Clark at the foot of the lofty knoll on the west side of the river, on what is now the Omaha reservation between Burt and Dakota counties, on which knoll the great warrior and chieftain, Blackbird, was buried, mounted upon his battle horse, with all the trappings of war. He has lingered so long with the Omahas in writing up these annals that he now leaves them with regret. There is much in their former history, great and powerful nation as they once were, to awaken a deep interest with those to whom it is a pleasant task to delve down into the histories and traditions of former times. And this leads to the thought of how much there is, back and beyond anything upon which he has touched, of unwritten history in all this region between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains. How many cruel and desolating wars have been waged by savage nations; how many battles have been fought, how many victories have been won, and how many defeats have been committed and what misery endured on these plains and in yonder mountains. If the voices of the centuries could speak, what a history of those very plains and mountains would they not unfold! For it must be borne in mind that the ages have been making this history all the while, and it must be borne in mind that the yonder mountains looked down upon these prairies long before Pilette sat upon his judgment seat and condemned unto death, him from the Heavenly Kingdom; long before the Persian hosts were stayed at Thermopylae; long before Homer sang the song of the siege of Troy and Virgil wrote his Iliad, and long before the Egyptian adepts long before his children down into Egypt to buy corn, these plains and valleys and mountains were here awaiting our coming to change the wilderness into fruitful fields; and they waited patiently through the long roll of the centuries to greet the dawn of enlightened civilization, coming to take the place of barbarism, and it fell to us to help to inaugurate the change. Here in Nebraska are seen the wonderful results wrought by civilization in a brief period of time, and none are more conscious of it than the more advanced in education and civilization, of the Omaha tribe. One of them whom the writer met not long ago entered into conversation with him, said in broken English, "Me Indian, when me travel over the prairie now, feel heap wender at what we see." It is to the honor of men and women who have lived and will establish communities in old states and strike out into new regions and help to found new communities, and to build states, that we do thus leave something behind for which to be remembered for good.

Lewis and Clarke with their party resumed their journey up the Missouri, and on the 20th of August went into camp on the east side of the river, according to the description a little below there on the river. While they were there, Sergeant Charles Floyd became seriously ill, and died. He was buried on the top of the bluff with honors due to a brave soldier, and the place was marked by a cedar post on which was inscribed his name and the day of his death. To the bluffs they gave the name of "Sergeant's Bluffs," and to small islands they gave the name of "Floyd's river, names familiar to all who have journeyed in that vicinity. The place where one is laid away, does not affect the person, but there is something inexpressible sad in the thought of being laid to rest in desolate and uninhabited regions where the silence is unbroken save by the temporary storm, and the waves whoop at the savage, and where, it may be, no human footstep will ever come, and which spot no loved one can ever visit to beseech it with tears and garner it with flowers. The writer once passed a lonely grave away out upon the plains, with a rough pine board standing at the head, and upon it were cut in large letters the name "Edith," aged 10 years. "These her kindred were obliged to have her in the solitude of the desert as her perpetual home. Sad indeed must it have been for a father and mother to bury a loving child a way to rest in such solitary regions. The writer gathered a few wild flowers growing near by, and laid them upon the lonely grave, where none but a searching angel would thought, that when we shall have passed into the valley of silence, we shall be laid by the side of loved ones gone before, or who are to come after. There was something so touching and tender in the thought of Grant, that, wherever he might be laid, it must be where his companions, who had shared with him his trials in his days of adversity, as well as his glories in the days of his triumphs, would be laid by his side.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

Lewis and Clarke pushed on through the region camped by the Sioux, and entered the country of the Mandans, a light colored race of Indians living far northwest of the St. Louis. They traveled 1,000 miles from their starting place. In the spring of 1805 they moved on and reached the Yellowstone, passing through the hot springs region, now known as the geysers of the National Park, of which they were, undoubtedly, the first white discoverers. They arrived at the falls of the Missouri in June, and passed across a portage of eight or nine miles, and arrived at the head waters of the Missouri. Capt. Lewis took a part of the force and explored the country by land, ascending the mountains, discovered the headwaters of a branch of the Columbia, the balance of the party proceeded up the river. When they came together again they left their boats, and portaged horses from the Indians, crossed the mountains and were soon among Gen. Howard's old friends, the Nes Peres Indians, whose descendants he pursued so relentlessly for two months or so, giving them no rest until he drove them right into Gen. Miles' command, which was waiting for them at Miles' friends' camp. Gen. Howard does not believe in luck as having had to do with Gen. Grant's career, and in that case it is right. But there are officers of the army with whom luck has had a heap to do. It was a lucky thing for Gen. Miles that he married a niece of the late Sherman and sustained dangerous bullets. Dr. Hoetter was called in and dressed his wounds, and it is believed that he will recover.

plenty of newspaper backing. The writer is not to be understood as detracting from the merits of Gen. Miles. He is a brave officer and a good Indian fighter, but there are others in the army just as good, not yet colonels. If John Gibbon had been lucky enough to have had the extraneous influences which Miles has had, he would have been a brigadier general ten years ago.

That march of Gen. Howard, pursuing the Nes Peres, is one of the most remarkable marches on record. There was no letting up or halting. The Indians found they must make a stand and fight, or keep moving, and rapidly too, and they chose the latter, and they were followed, persistently and tirelessly. They must have thought that vengeance was worth them. The record of that march is worthy to rank with Xenophon's Anabasis, or with that of any of the remarkable marches of history.

JOHN M. TRAVEL. GRAND ISLAND, AUG. 1st.

STATE JOINTINGS.

The Dodge county hog crop promises large returns this year. Wahoo and Fremont will cross bats and crack shins the coming week.

A gang of horse thieves and traders were seized at Red Cloud last week. The man who stole a horse ran at 110° in the shade at Wilber on the 30th.

A herder named Eugene Plnk was killed by lightning near Columbus Saturday. Ezra Bowlin, a colored boy, aged 11, was drowned while bathing in the creek at Beatrice.

Hamilton and Platte counties were deluged with rain last Saturday. No great damage done. William H. Case and Alex. Stewart were killed by lightning in a barn at Aurora Saturday.

The contract was let for