

THE DAILY BEE. PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly (including Sunday) \$10.00; For Six Months \$6.00; For Three Months \$3.50; For One Month \$1.00.

ADVERTISING: All communications relating to news and editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor of the Bee.

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS. E. ROSEWATER, Editor.

Table with 2 columns: Date and Circulation. Rows include Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Average.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1887.

N. P. FEIL, Notary Public. Geo. B. Tschuck, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of The Bee Publishing Company...

It now appears that the Chicago Tribune's hero, Walter Ridgely, robbed the train in Texas the other day.

O'Brien is to visit Niagara falls. He probably has no idea of shooting Niagara, but perhaps would like to shoot some of the natives near by.

There are being organized several base ball clubs composed entirely of women. We do not see but what the women can play ball as well as the men to this season.

No report has yet been received from the railway commission which at this time is supposed to be between Norfolk and Long Pine. The B. & M. should send out a relief expedition.

There is one thing gratifying regarding Queen Kaplanov's visit to this country, and that is she left no "style" or "fashion" to be twiggled by sentimental gushers or painted fashion plates.

Mr. Halstead wants to "have a rest on Keifer," and says he is "tired of seeing his name in the papers." Mr. Halstead understands that it is the duty of a great editor to voice the sentiments of the people.

Thos. Nast says the mugwumps are more numerous than ever, and that they are all for Cleveland in 1888. Mr. Nast, even while on a pleasure tour, remembers the policy of the paper upon which he is employed.

The Chicago bidders are now posing before the blinded goddess, awaiting the word of the outraged law. The way Sharp is being treated in New York the Cook county thieves believe there is a hope for them.

Buffalo Bill's daughter will share her father's glory—and is to be received at court. Mr. Shakespeare wrote it well when he said there is a tide in the affairs of man, in which if you catch on, leads to fortune.

Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, recently delivered a speech at Brooklyn in which he waved the bloody shirt until he shook it to shreds. The bloody shirt is getting to be a chestnut. There are arguments more modern and equally effective.

The Illinois legislature, since the disgraceful fight between two of its members has grown wonderfully and exceedingly virtuous. It is only grappling with great moral questions, and expects to continue until June 15. What is so rare as a legislature in June?

The extra session of the Missouri legislature is busily engaged passing appropriation bills. One railroad bill has been introduced fixing maximum rates, but permits railroad commissioners to adopt a lower schedule. Such a privilege to a railroad commission will never be utilized.

With a monopoly on the fresh beef supply of the entire country, the question is not "shall we live again," but how to live in the immediate now is a problem that will puzzle philosophers. All things are tending to "combinations." Even the truthful circus advertisements announce royal combinations.

The attempt of the Erie to telescope the Britannic, 350 miles east of Sandy Hook, will cause ocean travelers much uneasiness while crossing the banks this season. The twenty-four hours in which a heavy fog always hangs over that portion of the route will be long and dreary—more tedious than before this last disaster, although a similar accident is not likely to occur again.

Mr. William Nyk is evidently a close observer of human nature. During a residence of only a few months in New York he paints the following picture of Jay Gould: "Jay Gould would attract very little attention here on the street, but he would certainly be looked upon with suspicion in Paradise. A man who would fall to remember that he had \$7,000,000 that belonged to the Erie road, but who does not forget to remember whenever he paid his own hotel bills at Washington, is the kind of man who would pull up and pawn the pavements of Paradise within thirty days after he got there."

The Chicago Wheat Corner. Every day increases the interest in the great wheat deal in Chicago, which is attracting as much attention in commercial circles throughout the country as any one of the many similar speculations that have preceded it. It has been on now for three months, and as the time approaches when it must culminate, interest in it of course becomes more intense. One thing that has served to render this deal peculiarly interesting is the fact that no one knows who are the principals in it. There is abundant evidence that the combination sustaining the market is a very strong one financially, but thus far all efforts to ascertain who are its members have failed. The one fact that seems to be certainly known is that Armour is not in the deal.

The clique is said to own ten million of the thirteen million bushels of cash wheat now in store. The culmination of the deal must be reached some time within the next thirty-four days. On the 10th of June there will be another delivery day, which is awaited with a good deal of concern, since the course of the clique at that time will determine whether the corner is to be maintained and the shorts subjected to a further squeezing. Until then there will be the doubt whether the clique will not after all transfer its operations over into July. It is believed its holding for June, including the cash wheat, aggregates 40,000,000 bushels. The stage has been reached in the corner when it is simply a question of money, and if the clique is financially strong enough to carry the deal on through June it is inevitable that the shorts must suffer heavily. This is the important point that will be determined when delivery day is reached on the first of that month. The manager of the deal is a Cincinnati man, Wiltshire, who has figured in other large operations. He claims not to know who his principals are, but that his orders came by telephone from the Cincinnati Fidelity bank. One clique brokerage house is the richest in the trade and can command, it is said, \$3,000,000 of its own.

Omaha's Market. No commercial enterprise is contributing so much to the welfare, prosperity and growth of this city as the live stock interests at South Omaha. Each day demonstrates more clearly that this is to become one of the great live stock markets of the west. The producers and shippers of this western country have now an advantageous market near home. By shipping to Omaha they make a great saving, as the shrinkage caused by the long haul to Chicago is avoided and the stock is promptly disposed of. This fact, coupled with the other equally important one that stock will bring more here in proportion than at points farther east, is what is building up this market. To prove this assertion that the Omaha live stock market is making gigantic strides forward, it is only necessary to glance at a few figures. In 1885 the total receipts of hogs were only 167,374, and in 1886 they reached 407,991. At the present time they are being received at the rate of five to seven thousand per day, and this is by no means the most busy season of the year. The most satisfactory feature of all this is the fact that every hog received is being slaughtered here and manufactured into the different products. Again, all the packing houses combined, last year, killed only 497,994 hogs or a daily average of about 1,350 hogs. Now one packing house alone is killing on an average 2,300 hogs per day, or more than all the others combined last year. There has not been as great an improvement in the cattle market for the reason that a general depression has affected the cattle industry all over the country. The building of the Swift packing house will give a great impetus to the cattle market, and it is only a question of a little time when it will be a rare thing to see live stock of any kind shipped beyond the Missouri river.

A Self-Satisfied Lord. On last Tuesday the National club of Toronto entertained Lansdowne, who responded to a toast complimentary to himself. The telegraphic report shows the speech to have been in some respects a rather creditable production, and as the audience was most thoroughly loyal it was of course received with many demonstrations of approval. A considerable share of it was devoted to the fisheries question, and it is to be noted that the governor general talked quite rationally respecting the relations that ought to exist between Canada and the United States. He was disposed to make a good deal of allowance for the irritation of the New England fishermen as being perfectly natural, but he counseled no moderation on both sides, and had no doubt if the right spirit were permitted to control there need be no apprehension of the result. The conspicuous feature of interest in the address, however, was the reference of the marquis to the event which has brought him more prominently into public attention than any other in his not remarkably brilliant career. His allusion to this was a quite neat example of rhetorical indirection. He remarked that a slight touch of electricity had been perceptible in the atmosphere, and that "certain stars have shot madly from their spheres into your quiet firmament," experiencing the fate which usually overtakes such erratic constellations; but the disturbance had been brief and inconsiderable, and he trusted would leave no traces behind. As to himself, sustained by the kindness of the class to whom he was talking, the affair did not for an instant interfere with his happiness or convenience. He went on to express his entire satisfaction with the situation so far as he is personally concerned, and to indicate that he felt as secure in the loyal confidence of the Canadian people as he had ever been.

This professed complacency may be real and it may be affected, but in either case it does not help the cause of the marquis of Lansdowne. The law was outraged, free speech was assailed, and violence was committed in Toronto and other Canadian cities by his adherents, and having the knowledge that these things were threatened and the power to prevent their occurrence, he did not move a hand or utter a word for their prevention. And while yet other outrages were being threatened and planned, the governor general, responding to a toast of loyal friends in his honor, talks flippantly of all this serious matter as a "touch of electricity," a disturbance caused by stars that have shot madly from their spheres, which, however, was inconsiderable, and he trusts will leave no traces behind. Not a word of regret or reproach for the lawlessness that has put an ineradicable blot on the record of the Dominion. Perhaps nothing better could be expected of a man who had not the honor to keep his contracts with his unfortunate tenants, and who drove men, women and children from their homes with relentless cruelty. The Marquis of Lansdowne is mistaken, however, if he fancies that the disturbance has been inconsiderable, or that it will leave no traces. It has made plain to the world the character of man he is, and the trace of that disclosure is so deeply made that nothing he may say can efface it. It has put a stain upon him that will remain an indelible part of the record of his life. Let him find what satisfaction he may in the approval of the courtiers and the truant worshippers of royalty, however unworthy it may be, but now surround him. The indictment that O'Brien has proclaimed and the great majority of English-speaking people believe to be true, will stand against him for all time—a trace of the "disturbance" which the marquis would undoubtedly be willing to make almost any sacrifice to wipe out, but which is beyond his power to remove or change.

Is It Another "Trust?" A St. Louis paper is authority for the statement that a gigantic scheme is afoot to consolidate all the cattle interests of the Northwest and form a company which shall control \$15,000,000 worth of cattle and grazing lands. The cattle interests that are expected to unite in this project are those of Wyoming, Colorado, Eastern Utah, Western Nebraska, Southern Montana and Southern Dakota, and it is said that the scheme was precipitated by the failure of the Swan Brothers some days ago. The consequences of that failure forced the cattle men, according to the report, to take immediate action, and they proceeded at once with the business preliminary to organization. The capitalists said to be interested are located in Cheyenne, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and some of them in London, England, and Edinburgh, Scotland.

We called attention a little while ago to the organization of the American Cattle Trust, the purpose of which was supposed to be the care and protection of the cattle interests of all sections, primarily against the alleged abuses and injustice of the Chicago cattle mill. The proposed organization reported from St. Louis would seem to be something different, though in all probability, if there is anything in the report, the plan, if not the special object, is the same. It is not unlikely that the cattle interests of the northwest would deem it wiser to have their own organization than to pool with the interests of another section, while organization elsewhere would doubtless compel them to take similar action. But whatever the circumstances or motives conducing to this movement, assuming the report to be authentic, public interest in the matter will relate to the probable ultimate effect upon the market price of the commodity which these organizations will control.

It has heretofore been said with respect to the cattle "trust" that so long as it had to fight the Chicago ring the consumers of beef would probably get the benefit. But experience shows that the ultimate purpose of such organizations is monopoly, and however fair the promise and the basis upon which they start out they rarely fail to grow into monopolies. It is this experience which causes all such movements to be regarded with suspicion and distrust. There are certainly excellent reasons for viewing with misgivings all schemes for the consolidation of special interests and the consequent destruction of that free and unrestricted competition which is in the interest of the public.

The railroad bridge to be built higher up the river? The proposition to consolidate the bridge projects and let the Milwaukee road build a railroad and wagon bridge between the points fixed for the wagon bridge does not strike us favorably. A separate wagon bridge is preferable to a combined railroad and wagon bridge. The movement of railway trains and vehicles over a very long bridge is always a drawback. This will presently be demonstrated by the Union Pacific bridge. Omaha wants both bridges and we see no serious obstacle to their construction in the fact that the wagon bridge company has made its location at the foot of Dodge street.

The rowdy editor whom Governor Thayer refused to appoint on the police commission denounces Chief of Police Seavey as a bogus chief, and declares that any arrest made by him or under his authority is illegal. This may be very encouraging to sluggers and crooks, but they had better not rely too much on their ability to recover damages from the city, should the new chief of police or any of his force rudely interfere with their professional practice.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has accepted the invitation signed by 20,000 citizens of St. Louis, and will visit that town in September. From the length of the petition it appears that St. Louis is guilty of making a mad chase after party spoils.

It is estimated that between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000 will be expended in railroad construction in the United States during the current year. By the time this is properly watered, it will represent about four times the above amount.

The St. Paul Globe is already jealous of Omaha's proposed Yankton line. It says the business of Yankton naturally belongs to St. Paul, and she is not likely to give up what is hers by right.

EDITOR O'BRIEN looked in on an American legislature at Albany, and immediately left for Montreal.

Nebraska Jottings. J. H. Johannes, a Platt county farmer, is laid up with a broken arm, a memento of a runaway.

Samuel Workman, of Beatrice, has invented improvements to the express car designed to render it burglar proof.

Nebraska City wants a steam-paper mill, a mineral plant, oleomargarine and a new depot, as evidenced by the citizens of Reno will make it interesting to any company or individual that will locate a pork-packing house at that place.

Fairmont points to two school buildings going up, a Masonic block, a water-works and a new depot, as evidence of a prosperous building season.

Schuyler men rejoice that the rate of \$10 per car for Omaha has been put into effect by the Union Pacific. The rate had been raised to \$14 to placate the long haulers.

An outpost of the Salvation army was showered with decayed eggs in Grand Island a few days ago. The hoodlums who perpetrated the outrage earned a whole-souled whiffing.

The Fremont street railway company has applied to the city council for a franchise. The company agrees to begin the work of construction by July 10, and complete one and a half miles by the close of the year.

The Fremont Tribune announces for the ninth thousandth time that Omaha is not the state of Nebraska by a large majority. This is an interesting and venerable coonout of the whiskered variety.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Carson, celebrated their golden wedding at Fairmont, last Tuesday. The venerable couple were surrounded by scores of relatives and friends and enjoyed the congratulatory and joyous moments of the occasion showered upon them.

Omaha is crowded with interior decorators this week. The Presbyterians, homopaths and cracker makers are here displaying their wares, glorying in their art. As the center of piety and sugar-coated pellets Omaha scoops in the biscuit.

The Hon. John Peters, member of the legislature from Boone, is convinced that the railroad should be built and a railroad station here named after him. In Lincoln they honor their representatives differently. Additions to the town are named in their honor because they sell readily.

Last week the lightning attacked the boudoir of a Tecumseh editor and demolished the pewter bust of a number of great men reposing on the mantle pieces. A generous contemporary came to the rescue and replaced the bust by a bust of inspiration, thus averting the temporary suspension of the paper.

The Lincoln Democrat expresses amazement at the amount of cheek displayed by Traffic Manager Kimball in that city recently. He is reported to have been in a good round place for a plaster cast of it. It would make a whole show in itself, and would be worth more to the capitalist than a bubbling salt well.

Deputy Sheriff Carter, of the Dismal Swamp region, and again. That he strode out recently in search of the robber of Paymaster Bash, who was hiding in that section. The bold guardian of Gandy drove within rifle range of Farmer's territory, and shot him dead with a shower of lead. The deputy's judgment overcame his notions of valor, and he retreated in wild disorder. Parker proposes to die with his bootie, and no one was disposed to argue the point with him.

"The Yanktonians and the Wayneites," says the Yankton Press, "are stirring up Omaha and enticing its people by giving them a glimpse through the open gateway of the valley of the Jim, the garden of the West and a better country in every way than is now tributary to Omaha. No city has ever had so good an opportunity as Omaha now possesses for taking unto itself the sinews of wealth. The Jim valley is ready made and Omaha needs only the connecting link over which to communicate with its people."

When wicked woman stoops to devilment, mankind abhors the deed. The wife of an Arnold man conceived a dislike for her lord, and with the help of a muscular mothe made the freeds to ward for his shins. As soon as she had got the freeds they packed up all moveables and started grass once ranch in a new section of town. Procured a warrant and had the old man arrested for robbing a lumber yard, producing a pile or two as evidence of the theft. He was jailed and the mother and daughter are now enjoying a season of undisturbed hilarity with friendly callers.

lost beds. Truly the life of the base ballist is not a happy one. If he wins he is inflated with stale beer and if he loses, into the earth he is pounded by the whole crowd.

The Dubuque prohibitionists are said to contemplate an active war against the saloons, the date of the opening of hostilities having been fixed for next week.

Frank Pierce, a conceited, officious and cheeky Des Moines constable, after a long career of sneaking raids for liquor in private and public houses, ran against the federal authorities last week and was promptly arrested and fined for obstructing the mails. He raided the postoffice and refused to let the building until a policeman coaxed him by the collar.

Mrs. Fehleiser, the young wife of a local lumber dealer at Newton, has been quite sick for several days, and Sunday night, while the watchers were asleep, she got out of bed and left the house. When she was missed quick and anxious search was made for her, but it was not until several hours later that she was found two miles from home wandering around in a slough nearly exhausted. The malady had effected her mind.

A gas bore is ripening in Jamestown. There are 350 Farmers' alliances in the territory.

Extensive mine beds have been uncovered near Minot. Work has begun on Spink county's court house at Redfield.

Susie Wagner a laundry girl at Fargo, lost both arms in a mangle and died. It is a dark and dreary day in Rapid City as a new railroad is not born to vanish in the fog of twilight.

In the competitive examination of flour at Minneapolis, the Aberdeen roller mill flour took first place over all other entries.

Seven thousand men and 3,000 teams are working in northern Dakota, building the Manitoba railroad. The force is distributed over a distance of 125 miles.

The first settlement of Tower county was three years ago. The county now has 100 population, but only two deaths have occurred in the county.

Saturday's rain has been heard from all over Dakota, and it was heaviest where it was most needed, in the Red River valley, and lightest where it was needed, in the extreme southern portion of Dakota.

Edi Spotted Bear, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, has been drawn as a juror for the next term of the Hughes county district court. It is said he cannot understand the English language. The judge will probably excuse him.

A Stubb Manager. A malcontent witness turned up yesterday before the inter-state commerce commissioners, in the person of General Manager Stubbs, of the Southern Pacific railroad. This interesting person is evidently one of the graduates of that advanced school of railway management which teaches that the mission of railroads is to foster industries at one point and depress them at another in the interest of favored individuals or corporations.

To Mr. Stubbs, therefore, it seemed entirely natural that an oppressive charge should have been made for transporting produce from San Francisco to points in Nevada, for that, in his view, was only a reasonable method of building up agricultural interests in the latter state. Similarly, his objection was his explanation of the reason for fixing the rate for raw sugar from San Francisco to the Missouri river. The producers couldn't pay any more than fifty cents a hundred, and what the traffic would bear." So Mr. Stubbs' railroad brought Claus Speckle's sugars, east at a loss, and taxed local farmers to the hilt.

When the Stubbses of railway management introduced to reform the business methods that come in the guise of compulsory legislation they seem dazed and instead of meeting the popular requirement half way, lean back in their chairs, and expostulate with the inevitable. In studying what the traffic will bear they neglect to consider what the public sense of justice demands.

A Long-Haul Absurdity. The fourth section of the inter-state commerce law has revealed many curiosities of railroad management; but the greatest curiosity has only just been presented—and it is this: That the Canada Pacific road can take freight at San Francisco, have it carried 700 miles by ocean steamer to British Columbia, re-ship it and load it on cars at Port Moody, and take it to New York cheaper than our own Pacific roads can afford to carry it in a single shipment across the country, although the latter route is about 1,400 the shorter. And again: That the Canadian Pacific can take Claus Speckle's sugar at San Francisco, carry it by sea to British Columbia, thence by rail to St. Paul, and from there send it to Omaha—3,300 miles—cheaper than our own roads can bring it from San Francisco to Omaha, only 1,915 miles.

The phenomenon with which we read this extraordinary statement is explained when we read the fact that our Pacific roads, whose carrying capacity is thus depreciated by their own officials, have not the companies owning them; rather, they were built by money subsidies and land grants from the government; yet, notwithstanding this advantage, they cannot compete with a road built through the wintry wilds of British America in carrying freights between points in the United States.

No intelligent man can be made to believe that such a thing as a line of hauls freight 3,900 miles between two points can do it cheaper than a line that has to haul it 3,300 miles to connect with the same points. All the advantage in competition is in favor of the former; and please about hauling empty cars can explain away those advantages.

There is nothing in the new law that forbids our Pacific roads to compete with the Canadian Pacific; but the law merely requires that if they wish to haul freight between competing points at low rates, they shall accord the same privilege of low rates to non-competing points also; if they wish to carry tea, sugar, silks and wool 3,500 miles at \$500 per carload, they shall not charge more than \$500 per carload for carrying the same commodities 1,000 miles.

Asleep on the Track. Mike McCabo came near passing out of this world last night in a tragic manner. He was full of whisky, and insisted upon sleeping on the railroad track, near Boyd's packing house. He was pulled out of the way of passing trains several times by parties who had mercy, but finally summoned the patrol wagon and had him removed to the police station.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE. "Face the Other Way, Boys we are Going Back."

St. Nicholas Sheridan left Washington on the morning of Oct. 18, 1864, and passed the night at Winchester, twenty miles north of the battlefield. On the morning of the 19th he heard the firing of cannon, and sent out to inquire the cause, but was told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as to be told that it came from a reconnaissance. At 9 o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little while he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the