HENRY CLAY'S BENEFACTORS.

One Notable Instance Where They Preferred to Remain Unknown.

THE USELESS MARINE CORPS.

Stories About People Who Couldn't Read Their Own Handwriting—Genius Buried in Goverment Offices—Ingersoll's Generosity.

Made the Overdraft Good.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special to the BEE.]—Perhaps no man in public life in the United States ever had so strong a personal following as Henry Clay. His friends were everywhere, and they were so numerous that he himself never knew them half by name. When the "Mill boy of the Slashes" was the candidate of the whigs for the presidency it became known that he had overdrawn his bank account at the Maysville bank for a considerable sum. One day three gentlemen, strangers to President Scott of that institution, called at the bank and asked Mr. Scott how much Clay had overdrawn. He replied tersely that that was none of their business and that his bank was not in the habit of telling strangers the private affairs of its customers. The visitors said that they had come to make the account good and that they had asked the question that they might know how much would be required of them. That placed a different phase on the situation and Mr. Scott told them that Mr. Clay's account was overdrawn to an amount approximating $30,000. The visitors opened their saddle bags and immediately paid over the amount. Mr. Scott tried to find out who they were but was unsuccessful and up to the day of his death he never knew who were the benefactors of his customer. Mr. Scott's son, now a resident of Bloomington, Illinois, would be interested to know who were the riders who carried $30,000 in their saddle bags to save the name of Henry Clay but no one has yet been able to enlighten him.

The Useless Marine Corps.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special to the BEE.]—"I think that the next move of importance to the military service of the United States will be the abolition of the marine corps," said an old army officer to your correspondent to-day. "My reason for this belief," he continued, "is the fact that the corps is absolutely useless in this country. In countries where the crews of naval vessels are not regularly enlisted it is necessary to keep them in check with a company of 'sea soldiers,' but in the United States navy sailors are regularly enlisted and the use of the marine is difficult to understand. The corps as now constituted contains about 2,500 officers and men. They are used as guards for the navy yards and for similar duties. Each vessel in commission is of course supplied with a compliment of them, but it would require a sea lawyer to define their duties. It is true that the corps did good work in protecting the rights of the American residents on the Isthmus of Panama a few years ago, but beyond that I do not recall anything done by them since the war. It is argured that they are necessary for shore duty in case the commanding officer of a vessel finds it necessary to send a party ashore. But Jack Tar is an excellent fighter himself and he does not need a soldier to show him how to use a musket. Marines are a useless expense to a country like this one, and I think they are doomed. Within the past few years a number of investigating congressmen have been making inquiries as to the value of marines and several have told me that they intend to take the necessary steps at an early day to secure the abolition of what they have come to consider a useless, though ornamental, adjunct to the navy."

Crooked Chirography.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special to the BEE.]—In this correspondence last week an amusing story was told of the difficulty which a certain official experiences in trying to decipher his own handwriting. A number of gentlemen were talking over that story in front of the Ebbitt house last evening when one of them said: "That reminds me of a story which Lot Morrill told me of his own writing. It was at the time when Major Dunn, of the army, was paying attention to the senator's daughter. The young people had come to an understanding but Miss Morrill thought that papa's consent ought to be obtained before they proceeded further. Major Dunn wrote a nice letter to 'papa' in which he requested that the future of the young lady might be confided to his care. Senator Morrill could read the signature but the rest of the letter was worse than Greek to him. He devined its contents, however, and at once wrote a reply in which the desired consent was given. Dunn took it to his lady-love with the remark:

'Here's your father's letter.'

'What does he say,' eagerly enquired the young lady.

'I have been trying to find out ever since I received it,' was the answer, 'but I can make nothing out of it.' Miss Morrill tried to read the note, but she, too, failed.

'Never mind,' said the lover. 'We will get married anyhow.' And they were married. Mrs. Dunn has both these letters framed. She says that there is not a person on earth who can read either of them.

Here is another: During the war a quantity of personal property belonging to a resident of Washington was seized and confiscated by the United States. For years the original owner made repeated attempts to secure an order for its restoration from the quartermaster who had charge of it. But he was obdurate and insisted that it should be restored only through an act of congress. Still the attorney for the claimant persisted, and again he wrote to Quartermaster General Meiggs for an order of restoration. This was about the seventh attempt and the officer had grown impatient. He wrote an exceeding vigorous reply, in which he emphatically refused to do as requested. The handwriting was frightful. The attorney saw his chance. He hastened to his client, and thrusting the letter to him, said: "I have succeeded at last. Here is the order." The "order" was taken to the corral, where the officer in charge recognized the signature, and at once turned over the property. When General Meiggs asked what had become of it he was told that it had been restored on his order. He saw the order, and as he could not read it, he simply said: "I do not remember signing that."

Buried Genius.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special to the BEE.]—It is an axiom which needs no demonstration that there are buried in the departmental service of the government in Washington, a great many men who are tied down by the salaries which they receive regularly every month, who would make names and fortunes for themselves if they should shake the dust of Washington from their feet. The wives of many of these men are potent factors in keeping them here. It is a well known fact that there is scarcely a woman in Washington who can be induced to leave the city, no matter what material advantages might be secured by her husband if he should strike out for himself. Occasionally there is a man who has been relieved from the service of the government, either voluntarily, or otherwise, who has shown since his official career was shut off that he was born for better things than an annual salary of $1,400 a year. About the year 1870 Congressman George W. Julian, of Indiana, secured the appointment of W. C. Hill, a young man from Wayne county in that state, to a clerkship in the census office. Hill was subsequently transferred to the land office where he passed an excellent examination and was promoted to the $1,600 grade. This position he held for several years until at last he was dropped for some political reason. Later it was found that a mistake had been made and he was offered his old position back again, but he said that he had had enough of the government service and declined the reappointment. During his term of office he had occupied his spare time in the study of law and after his dismissal he opened an office as a land attorney, and in that connection established a newspaper which started the crusade against the land grant railroads, which has since resulted in several land forfeiture bills in congress. Hill had very little money when he started business for himself, but he saw that there was an excellent opportunity to increase his bank account by deals in real estate. There were a number of old land attorneys who had a great deal of money tied up in "land scrip." They were anxious to unload, and were delighted when Hill came into the market as a buyer. He was ready to take everything that was offered at figures which he thought gave a chance to make a turn. His associates, who had not his nerve, thought that he was insane, but they took his money and his notes in exchange for their scrip. For about a year he had an exceedingly hard time to meet his obligations, but at last his turn came and money began to roll in upon him. His hundreds turned to thousands, and those who had thought him a fool began to look upon him as a genius. He had occasional reverses, but throughout everything he showed wonderful "nerve" and courage. Two or three years ago when the real estate mania first broke out he was among the first to see that the northwest part of Washington was the field for the speculator. Mrs. McKee Dunn had purchased the Columbia property, on the heights above the city, for $50,000. Hill gave her nearly as much more for her bargain. Again his friends thought that he had lost his mind, but he cleared $50,000 by the trade, and was again placed as a genius of the first magnitude.

He secured a ground floor place in the Gogebic mines in Michigan and caught the Seattle boom in Washington territory by the right end. In fact he has been phenominally successful in all his speculations, and instead of sitting at a desk in the land office in constant fear of dismissal, he can swing in a hammock all day, if he wants to, and calmly cut coupons from the bonds which his judgment has made for him. He is estimated to be worth $1,000,000, and his wealth is increasing daily.

Bob Ingersoll's Warm Heart.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special to the BEE.]—Some of the examiners of the pension office hear stories of army life that are not always published in the "annals of the war." One of these gentlemen tells one which illustrates the generosity of Colonel Bob Ingersoll, which will doubtless prove an excellent piece of evidence for that gentleman in the hereafter, if St. Peter hears of it. Said he: "Some years ago I was on duty in Illinois and while there was required to take the deposition of an applicant for a pension who seemed very positive about the date on which he contracted a severe cold, which resulted in a chronic lung difficulty for which he claimed the bounty of the government. His positiveness as to the date led me to enquire how it was that he could swear to an incident which was comparatively trivial when it occurred. In answer to my inquiries he said: 'I know that the cold was contracted on the 21st of February, 1862, because Bob Ingersoll was married on the following day. How do I come to remember that so well? Why Bob was the colonel of our regiment. I was on guard duty near Peoria on the night of the 21st. It was as cold as I ever felt it, and as I stood at my post Bob came along and after saluting him said, 'Bob, if you don't give me an overcoat, a bottle of whiskey, or relieve me from this duty I will freeze to death.' He replied, 'I'll do all three.'"

"With that he took off the overcoat which had been made as a portion of his wedding outfit, and handed it over to me. Then from an inside pocket he hoisted out a pint flask of prime old red-eye and chucked that over, too. After that he left me and returned to his quarters and I'll be blamed if he didn't issue order for the relief of the whole guard, as he said it was too cussed cold for guard duty that night. You see that event impressed dates on my memory and I am not likely to soon forget the day of Colonel Bob's wedding."

A Colored Citizen's Complaint.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The inter-state commerce commission to-day gave a hearing in the case of William H. Councill against the Western & Atlantic railway. Councill is a colored man who, having purchased a first-class ticket, charges that he was refused permission to go in a first-class car and was forced to go into the smoking car. The chairman said that here were charges of unjust discrimination against a class of citizens. If there were such a case it ought to arise upon facts which are open to the public and notorious, and there ought to be no difficulty in regard to them. After reading a number of depositions, Councill was sworn. He is a minister of the gospel and principal of the state normal school at Huntsville. In reply to inquiries by counsel he told the story of his ejection from the car in which he had taken his seat. He entered the car without objection on the part of any one. He was told by some one whom he did not recognize as a trainman that he must go forward, to which he paid no attention. He was finally approached by two men, one of whom carried a lantern and the other had his hand upon his hip pocket. The man who had the lantern seized the witness, hit him over the head several times with the lantern, cutting his head badly and breaking the glass. Witness appealed to the passengers, but without avail. His assailants then seized him and carried him into the forward car. This car was very filthy and was full of smoke. As he was being pushed from one car to another the brakeman told him this was what he got for not moving when requested.

The counsel for the respondent opened his side of the case by reading a series of depositions. The conductor of the train was sworn and testified in substance that the colored car on that trip was similar in construction and appointments to the ladies' car, except that one end was partitioned off for a smoker, and was in a little better condition. If a white man should enter the colored car the witness would request him to go out, and if he refused witness would make him go. A white man unaccompanied by ladies would be compelled to enter the smoker, but after the train started he might go into the ladies' car if there were vacant seats. This practice was in compliance with the bulletin orders of the road, but the orders were not printed. The witness never did put a white man out of the ladies' car if he behaved himself, and never heard of its being done.

The defendant's briefs are two in number, the first maintaining right of the railroad to classify its passengers on the color line, and the second, discussing the question of jurisdiction. The complainant's brief admitting the right of classification, maintains that it is the duty of the railroad to furnish equal facilities and conveniences for the two races.

The commission has not cleared its docket of cases assigned for hearing during the present month. Commissioner Schoonmaker left the city this evening for his home in New York, and his colleagues will probably leave Washington next week. It is their present purpose to take a recess during the month of August, and to resume their public duties on the first of September.

Army Orders.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Captain E. R. Kellogg, Eighteenth Infantry, Ft. Hayes, Kas., is detailed for duty as executive range officer in connection with the approaching department rifle contest at Ft. Leavenworth.

Leaves of absence have been granted as follows: First Lieutenant E. S. Farrow, Twenty-First Infantry, four months from July 1st; Quartermaster G. Lee Brown, Eleventh Cavalry, a month whenever he can be spared; C. H. Grierson, Tenth Cavalry, leave extended one month; Lieutenant Colonel A. B. Buffington, ordnance department, three months. Leaves extended until further orders on account of disability: Captain G. N. Downey, Twenty-First Infantry; Captain J. S. McNaught, Twentieth Infantry; Captain W. W. Rogers, Ninth Infantry and First Lieutenant L. S. Welborn, Fifth Cavalry.

Second Lieutenant John C. Walsh, Signal Corps, has been ordered to proceed from this city on a tour of inspection to signal stations as far west as Wyoming. At Fort Washakie, Wyoming, he has been directed to see to the repair of the United States military telegraph line between that post and Rawlins. Captain George M. Downey, Twenty-first Infantry, Captain J. S. McNaught, Twentieth infantry, Captain William W. Rogers, Ninth Infantry, and First Lieutenant L. S. Welborn, Fifth cavalry, having been found incapacitated for active service, have been granted leaves of absence until further orders. The order assigning Major P. J. A. Cleary, surgeon, to duty at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, has been revoked, and he has been ordered to duty at Fort Assiniboine, Montana. Major M. B. Adams, corps of engineers, has been ordered from Burlington, Vt., to Fort Montgomery, New York, on public business. Captain Henry Metcalf, ordnance department, has been ordered from West Point to the Cambria iron works at Johnstown, Pa.; Midvale Steel works and Frankford arsenal, Philadelphia; proving ground, Sandy Hook; National armory, Springfield, Mass., and Watertown, Mass., arsenal on public business. Colonel George H. Mendell's corps of engineers has been ordered from San Francisco to San Diego on public business. Colonel George H. Lieut-Colonel A. R. Buffington, ordinance department has been granted two months leave; First Lieutenant E. S. Farrow, Twenty-first Infantry, four months leave; First Lieutenant L. K. Brown, Eleventh Infantry, one months leave, and First-Lieutenant C. H. Grierson, Tenth Cavalry, one months extension of leave. The following officers were ordered to report in person August 10, 1887, to the department inspector of rifle practice at Fort Snelling, Minn., for duty in connection with the department rifle competition: Captain David B. Wilson, Twenty-fifth Infantry; First Lieutenant David B. Mitchell, Fifteenth Infantry; First Lieutenant Samuel W. Miller, Fifth Infantry; Second Lieutenant George O. Cress, Seventh Cavalry; Second Lieutenant Harry A. Leonbocaser, Twenty-fifth Infantry; Second Lieutenant George L. Byram, First Infantry; Second Lieutenant William H. Sage, Fifth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Harry Freeland, Third Infantry.

Nebraska and Iowa Pensions.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The following Nebraskans were granted pensions to-day: Alice I. Kelso, formerly widow of James E. Gilmore, Phebe; Hannah D., mother of Joseph B. Wilgus, David City; Ann Cory, mother of Joseph L. Henning, Tecumseh; Joseph Burt, Firrfield; William Watson, Lincoln; Aquilla W. Stanley, Minden; Henry R. Merrill, Long Pine; Samuel Ghert, Stanton; Samuel K. Guy, Wood River; William Campbell, Central City; James E. Gilmore (dead), Phebe; Stephen K. Keyes, Cambridge; Mexican war, David Wahl.

Iowa pensions: Sarah, widow of Krilett Young, Eddyville; William, father of William H. Ketchum, Madrid; Abigal, mother of Isaac Taylor, Kellogg; Amanda S. Mapes, widow of Albert G. Trussell, Monroe; William M. Carpenter, Edgewood; John Jessup, Sigourney; James W. Lawrence, Brooks; Lucian Bartlett, Maxwell; James D. Starr, Millduff; Charles R. Anderson, Taylorsville; William Henry N. Bowman, Monroe; Simon Bible, S. A. Randolph, Samuel P. Glenn, Ascesla; Aaron R. Young, Fort Atkinson; William I. Yern, Des Moines; Jacob Ellis, Jr., Jones; Thomas Warner, Nugent; John Wellmer, Morehead; Harry C. Rosecrans, Segourney; Marks B. Pricelly, Des Moines; Abraham J. Peker, Sioux City; Isaac Redpearn, New Grandon; Samuel L. Kelly, Pomena; William O. Jackson, Chequest.

Postal Changes.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The following changes in star schedules in Iowa has been made:

Glidden to Rockwell City: Leave Glidden daily except Sundays at 3 p. m., arrive at Lake City by 8 p. m.; leave Lake City daily except Sundays at 8 a. m., arrive at Rockwell City by 11 a. m. Leave Rockwell City daily except Sundays at 2 p. m. arrive at Lake City by 6 p. m.; leave Lake City daily except Sundays at 8 a. m., arrive at Glidden by 11:30 a. m. From July 25, 1887.

Northwood to Fertile: Leave Northwood Mondays and Fridays at 6 p. m., arrive at Fertile by 12 m.; leave Fertile Mondays and Fridays at 2 p. m., arrive at Northwood by 7 p. m. From July 25, 1887.

Chariton to Weller: Leave Chariton Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m., arrive at Weller by 12 m.; leave Weller Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 p. m., arrive at Chariton by 6 p. m. From July 26, 1887.

The office at Danville, Gosper county, Neb., has been ordered discontinued. The mail will go to Arapahoe.

Torpedo Boat Ordered.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The secretary of the navy to-day signed an advertisement inviting proposals for the construction of a first-class torpedo boat, of the best and most modern design, constructed of steel, of domestic manufacture, and to have the highest attainable speed.

School Marm Rose Elizabeth.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the president's sister, will take the vice principalship of a Fifth avenue private school in this city at its fall opening in September.

The End of the Tournament.

KEARNEY, Neb., July 23.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—To-day all the teams which had not previously departed started for their homes. The York hooks went down to their special B. & M. car and had no sooner arrived than the city band came up to give them a serenade. After playing one piece the York boys gave them three hearty gated at the depot when the boys pulled out. The hearty cheers of all went with them. There is now the best of feeling between the Kearney and York boys. The car of the York team was gaily decorated. Twelve brooms were tied on top of the car, showing that they sweep clean, and on either side were the words: "Champions of the world. Yorks running team. Time, 44 4-5."

A large crowd gathered at the Union Pacific depot to see the Dorseys off for Fremont. The band played them some sweet music. In departing these boys, as well as York, leave many warm friends behind. Thus closes a most successful and satisfactory tournament.

Control of the Car Window.

New York Tribune.

A momentous but delicate question has been raised by a correspondent, and the Tribune feels called on to throw what light it can upon it. It is a novel question in many respects. So far as we know there are no precedents to be quoted upon one side or the other. And yet every traveler must have felt the importance of having an authoritative answer. The question is this: Of two occupants of a railway car seat, which has the right to control the window and the appurtenances thereto? Does the person seated next to the window enjoy the privilege of having it open or shut, or the blind raised or lowered, regardless of his neighbor's feelings and desires? Do both have an equal share in the window, and in case of a disagreement, who is to decide? Can the conductor be fairly called upon to act as arbitrator, and what redress, if any, is the defeated party entitled to?

Under some circumstances the main question can be determined with ease. When a lady sits next the window and a gentleman next the aisle there is no doubt that the latter is bound to adjust the window in accordance with the former's wish. If they are strangers, that does not alter the case. No gentleman will refuse to put his shoulder (metaphorically speaking) to the most refractory window sash, provided his neighbor wants to have it moved. But as between two ladies or two gentlemen how is the window question to be decided? The question has never, we believe, been tested in the courts, while nothing but a decision of the supreme body that sits in Washington would be binding upon the whole country. Can any one imagine those august judges engaged in the consideration of a matter so seemingly trivial, and yet so all-important, when on a wintry day you are threatened with pneumonia and your adjacent traveller insists on letting in an unlimited quantity of what he calls 'the bracing outer air?' Perhaps when the inter-state commission gets through with "long hauls" and "short hauls" and "substantially similar circumstances and conditions" it may give a few moments to the elucidation of this knotty point. If any one is anxious for an immediate, albeit temporary, solution, he might, if sinned against by the window fiend, take things into his own hands, bring about an assault and battery, and so get this vexed question into the courts as a side issue. What is really needed, though, is a decision on its merits. Until that is reached individual cases must be left to settle themselves—unless, indeed, some company furnishes cars in which every passenger shall have a window of his own.

For Trade.

If you have anything to trade, no matter what it is, I can accommodate you W. H. Motter, n w cor 16th and Farnam

To Exchange.

Some desirable city property for good mortgage paper. W. H. Motter, n w cor. 16th and Farnam.

Swimming bath at Cut-Off lake 25c.

WEEKLY BUSINESS REVIEW.

Wall Street Operators are Taking Their Summer Vacations.

NEW YORK STOCKS NERVOUS.

In Fact the Market is Undergoing the Annual Midsummer Dullness—A Great Improvement is Expected in Three or Four Weeks.

The Trend of Trade.

CHICAGO, July 23.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Local financial affairs remain in about the same condition as noted last week. The demand for money is not particularly pressing, and the supply of available funds in banker's hands is gradually enlarging. Borrowers as a rule were readily accommodated to the extent of favors asked when presenting satisfactory collaterals. Speculation paper was not offered very freely and all offerings were accepted. Shippers of grain were moderate borrowers and a little paper from the packing interest came to the surface. Lumbermen asked for few favors as they were gradually enlarging their yard supplies. Wholesale merchants were moderate borrowers as collections are a little slow at present and they are increasing their stocks for the fall and winter trade. Rather more money being forwarded to the interior chiefly to the lumber, wheat and live stock districts and rates of interest are well maintained at 6 per cent on call, and 6@8 per cent on time loans, the rate depending on the amount or money required and the standing of the borrower. Very little paper was offered on the street and there is some investment demand for local securities. In eastern financial centers money is moderately easy with only a light inquiry. Rates of interest range at 4@6 per cent. Foreign financial advices favor an easy feeling in that quarter, with plenty of money offering at very low rates of interest. New York exchange was in moderate supply during the past week and the demand fair. Quotations on prices were slight and sales were made 25@30c discount per $10,000 between banks. The market closed steady at 40 per cent discount. Foreign exchange was offered to a fair extent and the demand was moderately active. Exports of produce were quite liberal and shippers sixty day bills on London changed hands at $4.80¾@4.81¼, and closed steady at $4.81.

A nervous and unsettled feeling was noticeable in the New York stock markets during the past week, and the volume of business transacted was higher than for several weeks past. Many of the Wall street operators are away on summer vacations, and the market is passing through its annual midsummer dull season. Outside operators were not inclined to do much trading, and the few orders received are generally for smaller lines of stock than usual. The earnings of the principal railroads, while exhibiting an increase over the corresponding time last year, are not quite so large as during the past month or two, and reports of damage to crops in some sections traversed by the leading lines has led to the impression that earnings would be curtailed, consequently there has been some pressure to sell and prices have ruled lower. Foreign operators have transacted very little business and advices from abroad indicate a weaker feeling and lower prices from most of the American securities traded in. Sales on the New York stock exchange for the week aggregated 715,000. Produce markets have attracted considerable attention during the week just closed and speculator's trading was moderately active, more particularly in provisions. An unsettled feeling prevailed during the greater portion of the time and prices ruled with considerable irregularity and with a wider range than usual.

The reported drouth storms or ravages of insects was the main factor influencing the course of the grain markets. Reports from foreign markets were less favorable to sellers and eastern markets developed no particular elements of strength. The export demand was lighter than during the week previous and shipments from all ports were smaller. Arrivals of grain at western markets have been moderately free and especially of the new crops and the shipments quite liberal. The movement of grain from Chicago shows a further decrease in the supply in store here and elevator room can now be had easily for all new grain which will be consigned. Chicago commission houses are ready for all consignments which may be entrusted to their care, and there is little doubt but trade will greatly improve during the next three or four weeks. Money is easy and banks are willing to lend a helping hand in assisting to move the crops. Some damage to small grain by insects has been reported in some sections in the northwest, while dry and hot weather has checked the growth of corn in the west and southwest. Yet the increased acreage of farm land in the west which has been developed within the past year will tend to partially offset any damage inflicted by insects or unfavorable weather, and the general opinion is that so far nothing discouraging has been manifested which will bring the aggregate of all the crops below an average. The quality of the new grain so far harvested is quite good.

The movement in provisions is not quite so heavy, still stocks are being gradually reduced. Arrivals of live stock were moderately large at the principal western markets more particularly of cattle from the ranges. Prices have been lower. The packing of the west is progressing moderately, and is now slightly under the returns of one year ago.

TROUBLED FINANCIAL WATERS.

Oil Does Not Quiet Their Uneasy and Seductive Ripples.

The failure of L. A. Stewart, oil dealer whose place of business was 1013 Jones street, caused but little comment in this city, although his liabilities are said to be $60,000. He has been in Omaha seven years and was considered a square, fair business man. Lately, however, he has been trying to dispose of oil at reduced rates and parties whom he approached began to wipe their business spectacles. Besides this when the representative of the commercial agency made his visits Mr. Stewart was unusually silent. Suddenly it was discovered on Friday that Mr. Stewart was absent from his usual places of business and residence. Rumor had it that he had bought a railroad ticket and had used it. Investigation by the curious showed that Mr. Stewart had a small chattel mortgage liability to settle with the Bank of Omaha, amounting to $19,957.50. This was a legal devil-fish that had within its grasp all Stewart's oil, teams, office furniture, warehouse, sheds, etc. A relative, W. B. Stewart, jr., of Des Moines, seems to have had a mortgage on the same property and also a deed to certain city lots, amounting to $3,500. The failure is said to have been caused by losses in oil, some $20,000 having been swallowed up during speculations in the slippery fluid. Mr. Stewart also lost in flour transactions and had to sacrifice some real estate he owned in this city. Friends say that he has gone east to straighten up matters and in due time he will be above board and doing business at the old stand. Those, however, who were acquainted with him and his business think otherwise. They place his liabilities at $60,000 and say it is a very large chasm to bridge over.

THE COMMISSIONERS MEET.

Another Session of the Fire and Police Board.

The police commissioners met again yesterday afternoon. The chief asked that Sargeant Matza be placed on the pension list, but the board decided they could not afford it. Commissioner Gilbert reported that he had examined the applications of all the old members of the police force and fifty of the new applications. A resolution was passed to the effect that old members of the police force and new applicants should appear for examination on Monday between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 12 m., and 2 o'clock p. m. and 5 o'clock. The petition of T. Rouane, discharged fireman, for a rehearing was denied. It was decided that a new patrol wagon was needed but the board couldn't agree where it was to be located. It was argued that four mounted officers should be put on the police force and horses bought for their use; also that on Tuesday next eighteen more policemen should be added to the police force.

A Cutting Affair.

About 11 o'clock last evening a drunken row occurred in a low groggery on Tenth street opposite Paxton & Gallager's, which resulted in one of the participants, L. E. Woolwine, receiving an ugly cut on the side of the neck from a knife in the hands of Ed. Sohl, a burly Swede. The story told by Woolwine and Sohl respectively are entirely at variance. Woolwine claims that he was quietly leaning against the bar drinking when without any provocation, Sohl walked up behind his back, and drew the knife and cut him across the throat. Stahl, who by the way, was the most intoxicated in the crowd, claims that the cutting occurred at one of the tables. That they had been playing cards, and Woolwine became angry because he was beaten by Stahl; that Woolwine became abusive, and finally, in self-defense, he drew the knife and cut Woolwine. Two witnesses, Wm. Clark and C. E. Brogan, corroborated Woolwine's story. The police were notified and they arrested the entire crowd, and closed up the saloon. The knife used by Sohl is a pocket knife with a large, ugly looking blade, and he came very near severing the jugular vein with it.

That Libel Case.

The case of O. H. Rothacker, charged with criminal libel against G. M. Hitchcock, was called before Judge Berka, yesterday afternoon. The case was continued until next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Realism in Education.

Oscar Browning in Science: There is no fear that in the present day realistic education—the learning of things instead of words—will be neglected. There may, indeed, be a danger lest we should teach things which are not the best worth learning, lest we should waste on mechanical arts or on the lower branches of science, powers which ought to be applied to the highest products of the human mind. Goethe tells us that Wilhelm Meister, a dreamy enthusiast, took his son Felix to be taught in the Paedagogic province. On returning a year afterward to see how he was getting on, he could not at first find him; but, as he was in an open field, he saw in the distance a cloud of dust. The dust developed into a troop of horses; and out of this troop galloped the young Felix riding a white bare-backed steed, from which he threw himself and fell at his father's feet. Charlton the rulers of the province explained that, having tried Felix at everything else, they found that he was most fit for breaking horses, and therefore set him that task. We now see Goethe's dream realized, not only in technical education, but in the schools which are growing up over England for the training of young colonists. Yet the extravagances to which this side of education may run are slight compared with those which have for so many years formed the bane of humanism. Some exaggeration is required to redress the balance.

Every traditional system is protected by a large number of means and appliances for study which have grown up under its reign. The very perfection of the school books makes it easier to study classical literature, and Greek and Roman history than any similar department of more modern date. The passive resistance of pupils, the absence of useful aids, the want of enterprise in teachers—all militate against the substitution of a rational education, such as Comenius would have given, for the complete and elaborate drills in the arts of expression which we owe to Sturm and the Jesuits. America has been less spoiled than Europe by the influences of petty traditions, and it is there perhaps, that we may look for the rise of a training which will begin with the kindergarten, will be inspired in its highest branch by the enthusiasm of Milton, will always pierce through the veil of words to the substance which the words are intended to convey, and while training to the full the senses of the individual and his mechanical powers, will not fail to see the highest value on the best products of the human mind, and will never, in the pursuit of material science undervalue the far dearer treasurers of poetry and philosophy.

A LONG BEARD.

Worn By An Old Soldier.

There lives at Corinth, Miss., writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, a characteristic man, personally and historically. Phillip Hensen is a person of imposing presence and appearance. He is a farmer of small means, but more progressive and wide-awake than is usual with his class. He is about sixty years of age, six feet two inches tall, as straight as an Indian, and, stanning erect, his beard reaches the ground. It is the growth of eleven years, and is still growing. It is unquestionably the longest beard ever seen in any age of the world.

His war history is as romantic as his person is unusual. A southerner by birth, he espoused the union cause, and early in the war was sworn into the secret service by General Rosecrans, but soon afterwards was transferred to General Dodge, under whom he served until the end of the war, visiting the armies of Bragg, Johnston and Forrest, as ordered by General Dodge. On one occasion, while returning from General Sherman's army at Meridian, he was captured by Forrest's cavalry, and was held as a spy for six months in the most rigorous confinement. During his confinement his home and all his goods were burned by the confederates, and his wife and child detained in the guard house for six weeks. After spending all his money in an effort to defend himself, he was started under a heavy guard to the Libby prison at Richmond. On the way he managed to effect his escape, and reached the federal lines. General Logan, however, doubted his statement, and ordered his arrest, but sent him to General Dodge's headquarters for identification.

The following from a letter of introduction given him by General Dodge to General Thomas shows that officer's appreciation of his services to the country:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI, ST. LOUIS, MO., March 31, 1865.—Major General Geo. H. Thomas, commanding department of the Cumberland: General—This will be handed you by Phillip Hensen, who will state his business, and I solicit for him such aid as you can consistently give him. I can vouch for Mr. Hensen. He was probably one of the best, if not the very best man, we ever had in our employ, and the information given us by him in all our campaigns was of incalculable benefit to us. He never failed us, and in all our campaigns in the southwest, up to the Atlanta campaign, he performed service that no other man would. He suffered almost death for us and deserves our assistance. I have no hesitation in indorsing him fully. Implicit confidence can be placed in him. * * * I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. M. DODGE, Major General.

Mr. Hensen has had seductive offers from the show people for the exhibition of his wonderful beard, but he has resisted all the temptations set before him. He fully intends to visit the Grand Army encampment at St. Louis, where he hopes to meet Generals Dodge and Hatch, Colonel Trousdale and other old soldiers with whom he served.

D. M. Sells, Att'y-at-law, 524 So. 13th.

BUFFALO BILL'S LONG RIDE.

How the Old Veteran Became Chief of Scouts.

A MULES MERITED DEATH.

Making 205 miles in Short Time—Cody as a Dispatch Carrier—Chased by Red Skins—Sheridan's Compliment.

London Globe: On returning from a long ride, in which I had been much harassed by the Indians, I was one night accosted by Curtis, the chief of the scouts, who was in a difficulty. The general was anxious to send some dispatches to General Sheridan at Fort Hays, some eighty miles off. The scouts available did not freeze on to the job. They urged that they were not sufficiently well acquainted with the country to go by night. The dispatch was important, and so Curtis came to me and asked me, if I was not too tired, to volunteer. It was rather a ticklish piece of work. The whole country was lined by Indians. It was a dark night and a storm was threatening. However, the dispatches had to be sent off, and so I assented, bargaining only that I should be provided with the best mount in the fort. This was readily assented to, the scouts took a fond farewell of me, and with their wishes for success ringing in my ears, I set out on my long ride.

The night was dark as pitch, but this gave me all the better chance of escaping the Indians. My greatest danger was lest my horse should stumble in a hole, and run away, leaving me on the prairie. To prevent such a catastrophe I tied one end of my rawhide lariat to the bridle, and the other to my belt, a wise precaution, for within a few miles my horse fell twice in prairie dogs' holes, and got away before I could get hold of the bridle, but when he got to the length of the lariat he discovered that he was picketed to Bison Bill, which considerably abated his playfulness. In this way I proceeded through the night, and reached Walnut creek, twenty-five miles out, in good time. It was here that I met with my first adventure. Going slowly through the darkness, I suddenly found myself in the midst of a number of horses, which, becoming frightened, speedily moved off in all directions. I knew at once that I was near Indians, so without waiting to apologize, cleared out as quickly as possible. Just as I thought myself clear, a dog barked a few yards away, and then I heard some redskins talking. They did more than talk, too. They mounted their mustangs and gave chase. I urged my horse to full speed and succeeded in getting away without loss of life.

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I continued my way for several miles in a straight course, and I pushed on toward Smoky Hill river. I reached this point soon after 3 o'clock in the morning, and then pushing northward I struck the old Santa Fe trail ten miles from Fort Hays just as day was breaking. Arrived at the post soon after reveille. I made straight for General Sheridan's headquarters and presented my dispatches in person. I was most cordially received by the general, and, having taken food, and seen that my horse was well cared for, thought I would proceed to take a little rest. It was, however, not to be, for I was suddenly sent for by the general, who wished to see me. As I approached headquarters I noticed a number of scouts grouped together and evidently engaged in discussing something important, and soon learned what this was. General Sheridan wanted to send an important dispatch to Fort Dodge, a distance of ninety-five miles. Volunteers were requested but none responded. The general told me this, and what could I do?

"General," I said, "if there is no one ready to volunteer, I'll carry your dispatch myself."

The general expressed himself greatly pleased at my offer, but at the same time said that he had not thought of asking me to undertake the duty, as I had been fully hardworked already. But it was very important that the dispatch should go.

"If you don't get a courier by 4 o'clock this afternoon, I'll do the business," I responded, "but I must have a fresh horse, and meantime will take a little rest." It was not much rest that I got, but punctually at 4 o'clock I announced myself ready, and mounting a fresh horse, started on the road. I crossed Smoky Hill river at dark, and it was just daylight as I rode up to Sam Log Crossing, on the Pawnee Fork, where a company of colored cavalry were posted, under Major Cox. Here I got a fresh horse, and continuing my lonely ride, covering the remaining twenty-five miles to Fort Dodge, and arrived soon after 9 o'clock, without having seen a single Indian.

Having delivered my dispatches and rested an hour I was informed that the commander wished to send some dispatches to Fort Larned, my own post. I, of course, readily undertook to carry these, and my offer was gladly accepted by the general, "provided I thought I could stand the trip after my recent fatigue."

"All I want is a fresh horse, sir," I said.

Here was the difficulty. There was not such a thing as a decent horse available, the only animals to be had being government mules, of which there was a large choice. I made no difficulty about this. "Trot out your mule," I said, "and I am ready now."

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The mule was rapidly forthcoming, and at dark I started once more on the road for Fort Larned, and proceeded without interruption to Coon creek, thirty miles from Fort Dodge.

Here I dismounted and led my mule to a pool to give him some water. I also stood myself a drink, using my hat for a dipper, and, while engaged in procuring this refreshment, my mule suddenly jerked off and ambled away down to the creek. Then it flashed across my mind that in the hurry of departure I had omitted to make my lariat fast to him and that he was at large.

I followed him gently, in the hopes of getting hold of his bridle, and that he would perchance stop. He did not. He made straight for the wagon road, but instead of making for Fort Dodge, as I expected he would, he turned toward Fort Larned, and jogged merrily along with a most happy and unconcerned air. Several times I succeeded in getting just up to him, when he would put on a spurt and go ahead easy, slacking down as soon as I gave up chase. I was sorely tempted to shoot him with my gun, which I fortunately held in my hand, but the report would have probably brought the Indians down on me, and as he was, besides, company for me, I retained. And thus the mule marched along, and I followed on foot—cursing.

From Coon Creek to Fort Larned is thirty-five miles and we—that is, the mule and myself—made pretty good time. There was nothing to hold the mule, and I was striving hard to catch him—which urged him on. In addition to the excitement of this pedestrian competition, I had the knowledge that I might any moment be pounced upon by Indians, and have my hair lifted.

The mule stuck to the road, and I stuck to the mule. Just as day began to break we found ourselves still in the same order of procession on a hill looking down on the valley of Pawnee Fort, with Fort Larned looming in the distance, and as I surveyed the scene, and the mule surveyed me, the morning gun belched forth half a mile away.

We took stock of each other with expressions of mutual distrust. Then, addressing my opposite neighbor, I spoke:

"Time's up," I said, "and its my turn. I am deeply indebted to you for your company, but we part." Then I raised my gun to my shoulder and blazed away, hitting the beast on the hip. Inserting a second cartridge, I fired into him again, and twice more, until at last he lay stretched out nice and comfortable. Like all government mules, he was a tough one, and died hard.

My shots brought out the troops, and when they learned what had happened, they all said it served him right. I then walked into headquarters and del