country were mortgaged in consequence thereof. He thought a reversal would be more equitable. The senator dealt out hard, cold facts in a plain, homely way that could be understood by all. He spoke for about two hours but his speech was so interesting that the people did not tire in listening. He made many new friends and made still more solid and lasting the friendship of those who had previously been attached to him.

Richardson County Politics.

FALLS CITY, Neb., Sept. 18.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The political pot begins to boil and bubble. Colby's creation of a second jud ship in this district is bringing forth a whole swarm of candidates for judicial honors. Among the prominent democrats mentioned in connection with this office is E. W. Thomas of this city, who certainly stands at the very top of the legal profession in the state. The brainiest republicans in this county do not appear to aspire to judicial honors. General C. H. Van Wyck has been raising the echoes at the old settler's meetings and county fairs and is voicing a sentiment that is taking strong hold of the popular heart.

Should Van Wyck be the republican nominee in 1888 for congress from the big First he will beat any man the democrats could nominate.

The fifth annual exhibit of the Nemaha Valley District Fair association commences on on the 26th inst., and no pains have been spared to make this the event of the season in southeast Nebraska. The grounds and track are among the best in the state and are in the centre of the best agricultural district in the west.

The railroad bridge across the Missouri river at Rulo will be completed, so they say, by some time in October. It is a splendid structure and will place Richardson county on one of the main thoroughfares of the world.

A Correction.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Sept. 15.—To the Editor of the BEE: Calling your attention to the BEE of August 15, and the article wherein reference is made to the suit of Joseph Ochs vs Olof Bergstrom et al, it is due to Mr. Bergstrom and Mr. Nordgreen to say that the check was refused because the names in the mortgage were misspelled and the person sending the check to this bank was so informed at the time, and a written memorandum to that effect pinned to the check. When the error in the mortgage was corrected Mr. Ochs was advised that the check would be paid on presentation with papers as agreed, but this was declined by Ochs. In the meantime no one had suffered except on account of the few days delay. No fraud was perpetrated or attempted. Mr. Nordgreen and Mr. Bergstrom are respected citizens and so far as we know honest in all their dealings.

Mr. Ochs evidently belongs to that very large class of men who believe Nebraska to be peopled with rogues, and the article in your paper does the parties to the transaction an injustice which we trust you will promptly correct. The bank does not complain of any injustice to itself, but only to Messrs. Bergstrom and Nordgreen. Very respectfully, A. A. ARNOTT,
Vice President Grand Island Banking Company.

A Colorado Phenomenon.

HOLYOKE, Col., Sept. 17.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—The above name may be new to BEE readers, but it is nevertheless destined to become as well known as Hastings or Grand Island. Land was bought here several months ago, and the Cheyenne branch of the B. & M. has been in full operation for six weeks. Business of various kinds has settled on the naked prairies. A committee representing a population of 5,000 people, has petitioned to know the location of the town, in order to vote on the county seat, but still there is delay in order, probably to enhance the value of lots.

Holyoke is destined to be the great center of eastern Colorado, not only on account of its natural location, but also on account of the plans of the B. & M., whose three branches centering at this point are built in the most substantial manner possible. The rails are steel, sixty-six pounds to the yard, the ties extra heavy oak and cedar, the cuts are few and wide. The grade is mostly above the level of the prairie and therefore snow proof and the grades eastward from Cheyenne to McCook, a distance of 262 miles, nowwhere exceed six inches per hundred feet. It is evidently built to stay, and as a trunk line from Wyoming east. This is the main line. The branch from Holdrege to Olsson, a distance of 235 miles, crosses the main line at Holyoke.

This work of 500 miles necessitates a new division station with a full complement of local officers, material and supply yards, repair shops, eating house, round house, etc., and Holyoke has been selected as such division. The history of North Platte, with its 3,500 inhabitants, on one line of road and in the midst of the most desolate and unproductive expanse of sand hills in Nebraska, shows what the location of a division and nothing else can do, but without any division, Holyoke would make a better town than any of the central Nebraska county seats, because Nebraska counties only average 576 square miles, while Logan county, of which Holyoke is to be the capital is 3,200 square miles in extent and even when divided will have 1,600 miles of territory and, for trade purposes, more yet, as, with the single exception of Julesburg thirty miles to the north and cut off by the bluffs, sand and water of the Platte river, there is not another trading point in this whole region. The nearest are Sterling fifty miles west, the east fifteen sand, Akron fifty-six miles southwest, Yum, forty-five miles southwest, Wray and Haigler forty-five miles south, of which twenty is sand hills. To the east the nearest towns are Grant in Keith county, also thirty-five miles.

Holyoke is on Frenchman creek, at this point only a dry sand bed, but the whole basin of the Frenchman is unsurpassed for fertility, in width it is nearly thirty-six miles from the bluffs of the Platte to the sand hills and its sources are thirty miles west, and in all this region there is scarcely a poor acre. Everywhere along the creek and in its branches water is found at a depth of a few feet and on the table lands at 100 to 150 feet. Much of this land is still open to settlement, particularly within the limits of the Union Pacific land grant, sad sixteen miles and westward from Holyoke. The fact that settlers were fifty miles from a railroad delayed settlement. Those not ready to settle can still buy railroad land at $5 to $10 per acre, and for farming purposes this land is intrinsically worth more than eastern Nebraska land, for the mountain market makes all crops more valuable. Taxes ought to be exceedingly low, as there are 100 miles of railroad in operation, 200,000 acres of railroad land soon subject to taxation, and an equal amount of deeded government land to which title has been secured by pre-emptors.

To-day there is nothing at Holyoke, but in a few weeks a committee of our citizens expect to go to Holdrege and deprive them of their sign board, "Magic City," and nail the same to the depot in Holyoke.

The BEE, which will reach here the night of the day of publication, will be the newspaper of this region. Firstly, because it it is the best newspaper; and secondly, because the Colorado dailies are wholly devoted to mineral, range and irrigation interests, while this county is wholly agricultural, and thirdly, because four-fifths of the settlers are from Nebraska and already know the paper.

A SOUTHERN BELLE'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Montgomery's Passion For Life on the Stage.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 18.—Quite a sensation was created here to-day by the publication that Mrs. S. A. Montgomery, wife of S. A. Montgomery, secretary of the Memphis Jockey club, was a member of McCaull's opera company in New York, and nightly appeared as one of the chorus singers in "The Bellman," now being produced at Wallack's theater. Mrs. S. A. Montgomery, nee Mamie Thompson, is the granddaughter of the late Hon. Jacob Thompson, who was a leader of the southern confederacy. She is the youngest of two girls whom Mr. and Mrs. Thompson took to raise soon after the war, and is yet hardly out of her teens.

The elder sister, Kate, who, during her girlhood, was a reigning belle in Memphis society, and certainly one of the most beautiful and queenly women in Tennessee, is the wife of Mr. Van Kirkman, a wealthy man of Nashville. The two young ladies had every advantage that wealth, prestige and high breeding could bestow, and carried themselves in a manner to win the affection and admiration of all classes. Miss Mamie Thompson was a slightly built blonde, weighing perhaps 110 pounds, and thoroughly stylish from the tips of her delicate tarters to the point of the ostrich feather that trembled on her hat. In society she was ever a great favorite because of her vivacious disposition and independent spirit, and in the crowded ball room none had more beaux to come forward and claim her hand in the dance than she. For a brief season or two she thus held sway in the social world, and but a little more than a year ago went to Old Point Comfort for the summer.

Scarce had the pretty Memphis blonde queened it at that resort of wealth and cultivation a fortnight until she received an offer of marriage. This came from Mr. S. A. Montgomery, of Memphis, the son of Colonel H. A. Montgomery, president of the Memphis Compress and Storage company, and one of the wealthiest and most enterprising men of that city. The young people had known one another for years, and the proud young girl was not long in making up her mind. She promptly accepted, and they were married. After a season at the summer resorts they went back to Memphis and took up their abode in the grand old home which the Hon. Jacob Thompson had built before he died.

Mr. Montgomery is the secretary of the New Memphis Jockey club, and is fond of horses, and the young couple were frequently seen together at the race course, and were seemingly as affectionate and devoted as could be. It has not been so very long since the gentleman successfully piloted the horse he was riding in an amateur race to the front and besides his prize received a kiss, a smile and an approving word from his pretty young wife, who was among the spectators on the club house balcony. But though Mrs. Montgomery came regularly down town for her stalwart and handsome husband with a dog cart and drove him home, she seems to have longed for a broader and freer life than she could ever know in a city like Memphis. In fact, she aspired to become an actress, and not more than six weeks ago deliberately left her husband and her home and is at present among the great army of those who seek fame and fortune in the theatrical line in New York. If there was any misunderstanding between her husband and herself it has never been explained to the public. Mrs. Montgomery's stage name is "May Douglas." Last Saturday she accepted an engagement to play with the Hoodman Blind company, which is soon to start on the road from New York city.

A SUNDAY SPIN.

The Trim and Natty Volunteer Takes a Trial Trip.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Pious folks lacking patriotism might have called General Payne's activity to-day pernicious. He evidently did not take that view of the matter. He would rather keep the cup than the fourth commandment any day and probably that is why his skipper, Frank Hoff, got up sail on the lovely sloop at 10:30 o'clock and beat out to Sandy Hook light-ship against an inspiring southeaster that whisked through the rigging at a twenty-mile rate. As the Volunteer stood for Fort Wadsworth on the port tack, Captain Barr came to anchor in the Dutch Reformed church at Tompkinsville. The sleek cutter remained at her anchor al day. Mr. and Mrs. Bell returned from Washington and boarded her during the afternoon. As the Volunteer, under mainsail, jib forestay sail and gaff topsail got under way, a fleet of less distinguished but brave looking craft followed her example. She led the white robed procession through the Narrows. It included the schooners Dauntless, Magic, Rebecca, Comet and Rambler and the sloop Mischief. She came back like a storm-driven white cloud through a murky sky and anchored aft Bay Ridge at 5 o'clock. Sail Master Wilson went along with General Paine and Mr. Burgess to see about the set of the new sail. He ascertained that it would need tightening at the leech. This will be done to-morrow, when the new boom will be shipped. Just after the cup defender dropped anchor, General Paine and Designer Burgess were out on the bowsprit examining the iron work. They evidently don't mean to be beaten through lack of precautionary measures. This is characteristic of the general. It is said that he has not missed a day since the Volunteer was launched in finding out or trying to find out her peculiarities. He studies her as if she were a woman with moods or a mare with a record. That is the reason that yachtsmen say of him that he could get more speed out of the Mayflower than anybody. He is a yachtsman whom nautical sportsmen can trust to sail the Volunteer up to the last fraction of her capacity. He will take her out again to-morrow. Twenty pirates, according to the comic opera conception of the pirates, in tall, comical hats, in the jib and main sail boat Hoodoo, bore down on the Volunteer shortly after she anchored. The mate of the clipper looked as if he feared he was going to be boarded, keelhauled and treated otherwise in the highly nautical, atrocious manner usual with pirates, but before he could say "hoist there" and order the crew to load the long gun and clear the deck for action, the Hoodoo was alongside and a friendly-looking pirate leaned over the rail and handed a big Scotch thistle to the mate. Attached to the thistle was a card with this inscription: "May you always keep it astern. Compliments of the Hoodoo Pavonia Yacht Club." Then the picturesque yachtsmen sailed away with three cheers for the Volunteer. General Payne says he has not decided where he will dock the big sloop on Wednesday. She will be floated the day before, Tuesday, September 29, the day set for the first cup race.

BOULANGER.

He Addresses His Troops on the Subject of Offensive Tactics.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—General Boulanger, in an address to the officers in his command yester day, strongly urged the necessity of giving wider exercise to offense tactics, which were proper to the French army. He said: "The hour has not yet struck for the disarmament of the people's of old Europe. It is madness to believe it, a crime to say it, for it points to peace at any price as the goal to which our country should aspire and our enemies, who often appraise us at our real value better than we do ourselves, know well that we have not got as far as that. More than ever we must continue the work. It is France."

Gloomy Prospects for Ireland.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.—Dillon in an interview to-day said that it was impossible to deny the gravity of the situation. The outlook for the coming winter was gloomy. Balfour was apparently determined to get all the national leaders into the clutches of the law and he (Dillon) would not be surprised if in a month or so the majority of the leaders, including himself, were found picking oakum. The government's persistency in enforcing the coercion act would be certain to lead trouble.

They seemed determined to force an outburst of crime. Referring generally to the causes of disturbances, Dillon said the resident magistracy as a body was grossly incompetent and the constabulary were political agents of an unpopular government and in constant hostility to the people.

Cholera in Rome.

ROME, Sept. 18.—The cholera afflicting the inhabitants of Messina is of the most violent character. There is great misery among the people. Grave diggers refused to pursue their calling until compelled by troops. The epidemic has appeared in the prisons. It is reported that many new cases are occurring in Rome daily.

Land Leaguers at Mitchelstown.

MITCHELSTOWN, Sept. 18.—At a public meeting of the National league to-day Father O'Leary, of St. Louis, announced a belief in the doctrines of Henry George and urged that no rent be paid. Mr. Condon, member of parliament, advised the people to continue in the constitutional path now pursued for a redress of their grievances.

Defended His Mother's Honor.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—Maurice Bernhardt, in a duel to-day, severely wounded a journalist named Alexis, who had written articles reflecting on Mme. Bernhardt.

A Wife Deserter's Return.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Sept. 17.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—Andrew Parsons, a prominent farmer who jumped the county two weeks ago, leaving his family and a number of bad debts, has returned.

Proof of Merit.

The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used Allcock's Porous Plasters during the past twenty-five years is unimpeachable evidence of their superiority and should convince the most skeptical. Self-praise is no recommendation, but certificates from those who have used them are.

AWFUL SIN OF PROFANITY.

Rev. C. W. Savidge Talks to Young Men About Swearing.

A GREAT AMERICAN HABIT.

One Which is Growing Upon Our Youths and Fast Becoming a Crying Evil—A Reportorial Illustration.

"Profane Swearing" was the subject selected by Rev. C. W. Savidge for last evening's sermon at the Seward Street M. E. church. It was one of the popular series which have been delivered especially to young men at this church during the past six weeks, the text being taken from James v:12: "But above all things, brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation."

The first man, said the preacher, who swore a profane oath, was born a good while ago. On opening the oldest book in the world we see that they knew something of this baneful art. Job's wife told her husband to curse God. It is bad enough when a man has an oath in his heart, but it is far worse when a woman is profane. Men swear in almost every language and in nearly every land under the sun, but the English language is the great vehicle of profanity. Americans have taught other nations how to swear and drink whisky. In our country all classes swear. The drunkard lives in an atmosphere of oaths. The lost woman curses her associates as they walk to hell. In our own city you have heard a volley of oaths come from a company of little children. They call each other the vilest epithets. All about us we are growing profane men and women. Business men swear at their work. Husbands swear in the presence of wives and children. I even heard two reporters of our great dailies swear a few days ago. I have known profane church members in this town. When the devil can get a church member to swear he is pretty sure of him. Men swear everywhere—on the streets, in the home, in the place of business, on the train, in secret societies, on every hand men are cursing God and one another. In the name of all that is pure and holy, is it not about time to call a halt to this awful sin of profanity?

I have asked myself the question, and I have asked it of others, why do men swear? And of all the answers I have received there is not one valid reason. Men swear to give emphasis, but I pity the man whose knowledge of English is so meager that he must be profane in order to be forcible. Some tell us that they swear to drive the work along. Some of the mule drivers in the army thought the mules would not pull unless they were sworn at. I know a man in this town who is very profane while about his work and I am told the better business is the more fearfully he swears. His curses pollute the very neighborhood in which he lives.

Men swear because the evil habit has fastened upon them. A habit is something that has us, and this evil so fastens itself on men to such a degree that they hardly know when they swear. In many cases they swear because they have gotten into bad company. Profane company will make profane men. "Lie down with a dog and you get up with a flea."

But the great reason why men swear is the devil is in their hearts, and when they swear it is only the devil speaking out. You can't bribe him to keep still. He will talk and he never uses a pure language.

We have some arguments against this fearful sin and we would denounce it with every power we possess. All good men are opposed to profane swearing. Louis IX. of France punished anyone who was convicted of swearing by searing their lips with a hot iron, and when some complained that the punishment was too severe he replied: "I would to God that by searing my own lips I could banish out of my realm all abuse of oaths." Chrysostom was so opposed to swearing that he recommended that those who were guilty of the sin should be compelled to go without a meal for every oath they swore. But I think we could scarely find anyone, either good or bad, advocate the use of profanity. I have never heard a man uphold the practice.

Again, it is absolutely useless. No inducement is offered by the devil or any other person for swearing. The profane man bites a perfectly bare hook. The liar tells the falsehood for a purpose. The thief steals to satisfy his want. The murderer slays his victim for revenge or for gain, but the swearer swears for nothing.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one man of another. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheap to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends to suffer, and lastly, to risk your own precious soul, and for nothing. You certainly do work cheap."

It is not gentlemanly, no gentleman in England swears, no gentleman swears anywhere. The true gentleman is such at heart, but he is not profane. It is the one who wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution and shame that swears. It is disgusting to the refined and abominable to the good. It is a sin against the state. Most civilized states have made swearing a crime. In Great Britain profanity is punishable by the civil law. Scotland legislates against swearing, and we may add that in the United States also most of the state laws make swearing a punishable offense for which a fine may be imposed.

It is a sin against God. One of the first commandments God ever gave to men was: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." And in our text God says "Swear not." You know it is a sin. You remember how faithfully your precious parents warned you against this sin against God. You recall how much you were frightened when you swore your first oath, and then how your soul became callousted till you hardly knew when you added a new oath to your almost countless number. To invoke the vengeance of God is, perhaps, the most awful offense in the sight of our Father. The text says the swearer falls into condemnation. Swearing leads to other sins; it never stands alone. The swearer is usually a liar, condemning what God has not condemned.

"If you should ask me what the cure for this great evil is I would say, "Be a man and stop." Are you going to let a habit down you and hold you there and damn you at last? Put your will into exercise and stop this stream of profanity. Some men say, "I can't quit swearing, and I can't quit drink and tobacco." I say that I believe in the sovereignty of the individual and that a man can quit whatever he wants to quit, and whenever you want to quit swearing you can do it. You can't make me believe you have lost the ability and power to be a man. If there were no God and no future, you ought to stop this foul language.

Begin to pray. I never knew a man who prayed much to swear. The man of prayer reverences the name of God.

Let God cast the devil out of your heart. There was a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana and from Havana to San Francisco, and when in port he was even worse than when on sea. Conversion by the power of the Holy Ghost washed his tongue clean of profanity. God can do that for you—"Do not try to cleanse the stream—ram that hog out of the spring."

THE JEWISH NEW YEAR

It is Ushered in by Services at the Synagogue.

At sundown last evening the Jewish new year commenced. With this denomination it is the year 5648, and the eve of the new year was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. The usual feast had commenced, and shortly after 7 o'clock the service at the synagogue opened. The edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity, which demonstrated that it is not large enough to accommodate the increasing number of Jewish people in this city. Rabbi Benson officiated, delivering a sermon upon the good results of the past year and the prospects for the coming twelve months. The music for the occasion was arranged under the direction of Adolph Meyer, and the following programme was rendered:

"Hear me, O Lord!".....Novelle
Quartette.
Duet—"Hope Beyond".....C. A. White
Miss Chamberlain and Adolph Meyer.
Soprano solo—"Triegbiera".....F. P. Tosti
Miss Chamberlain.
"Bow down thine ear".....Geo. Loder
Quartette.

To-day a special service will be given at the synagogue, and the feast will continue until sundown. At 9 o'clock this morning the service will open, and Rabbi Benson will deliver a special sermon. The holy days will be closed September 28, which is the day of atonement. The holy season will be generally observed throughout the following ten days, and to-day all of the places of business owned by members of the Jewish denomination will be closed in observance of New Year's day.

Rabbi Benson in speaking of the fast progress during the past year said: "It has been wonderful. Our synagogue is now not large enough to accommodate all who wish to attend our services, and in a few months it will be a necessity for us to have a larger edifice. We have been very fortunate during our last year. Death has called away a very few, and we all thank God for that. In our treasury there is a solid surplus, and we have no outstanding debts. We all have reason to be happy, and as we bid each other a happy new year we look with pride upon the work and progress of the past twelve months, and express to one and all the desire that the future may be as prosperous as the days gone by."

At last evening's service Rabbi Benson made an appeal to his congregation for $1,000, which sum he wishes to expend upon the improvement of Pleasant Hill cemetery.

Personals.

J. L. Watson, of Sac City, Ia., is at the Arcade.

Fred Mulligan, of La Platte, is at the Merchants.

B. A. Gibson, of Weeping Water, is at the Millard.

Mrs. H. J. Smith, of Vallisca, Ia., is at the Arcade.

A. V. Weidee, of New York, is staying at the Millard.

T. F. Allen, of Grand Island, was in town yesterday.

A. H. Schaefer and A. Rowan, of Ord, are at the Arcade.

C. E. Robinson, of Nebraska City, is a guest at the Arcade.

Mathew Warner, of Chicago, was at the Millard yesterday.

W. J. Benjamin, of New York, was at the Millard yesterday.

James Wood and wife, of St. Paul, are registered at the Arcade.

Henry E. Lewis and daughter, of Lincoln, are registered at the Paxton.

Captain Peter Sonna, of Boise City, is at the Paxton. He is a well known cattle dealer.

James R. Carpenter, of Boston, is in town on business. He is staying at the Millard.

T. W. Patterson, a well known business man of Plattsmouth, is registered at the Millard.

Dr. A. Macdonald and wife and L. Mussetter, all of St. Paul, are guests at the Paxton.

N. C. Meyers, of North Platte, is registered at the Paxton. He is one of the prominent cattle dealers of Nebraska.

W. H. Bley, a well known farming machinery manufacturer of Springfield, Ill., is at the Paxton. Mrs. Bley is with him.

C. W. Balson, of Cedar Rapids, well-known in the general merchandise business, registered at the Paxton last evening.

J. E. French, of Cleveland, and W. M. Wilson, of Chicago, both of whom are well-known railroad supply men, are at the Paxton.

Charlie Reed, Albert Riddle, Mark Sullivan, Georgie Parker, Edith Jameson, Fannie Johnson and Marion Hornby, of the Rag Baby company, registered at the Millard last evening from New York.

Mrs. Andrew Borden, wife of the well-known railroad ticket agent, arrived in Omaha last evening. She has just returned to this country from Europe. In London she played a very successful engagement with the "Held by the Enemy" company.

"Years have not seen and time shall not see," the people sit down quietly to suffer pain, when enterprise can afford such a Panacea as Salvation Oil.

The old saying "opposition is the life of business" has not been sustained in one instance at least. Since the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup all other cough remedies have been dead stock.

Horn & Kemp.

A couple of highly recommended gentlemen have opened a first class meat market at 1820 St. Mary's avenue. Their room is new and neat and every article of furniture, including a magnificent refrigerator put up to their order, is also new and first class. They will keep all kinds of fresh and salt meats, also fish and game. Mr. Horn, formerly of Cheyenne, is a man of long experience in the cutting and care of meats, and is perhaps the best prepared man in the city to conduct a market. The public can rest assured that everything sent from this establishment will be first class in quality, put up in good shape and delivered on time.

Corners.

Lot 9 Block 4 A. S. Patrick's addition, $1,600. Lot 8 Block 11 Reed's 1st addition, $5,000. Easy terms. For few days only. Cooper, 1511 Dodge.

The Best Coffee in the World.

We still lead them all. McLaughlin's XXXX coffee, the best in the world, received the *First Premium at the State Fair at Lincoln* as the best coffee, also for their *magnificent display*. The immense sign pyramid reaching to the ceiling, composed exclusively of XXXX coffee packages, taking over half a ton of coffee in their construction, was one of the features of the fair. This celebrated coffee has kept the front rank and will so continue to time immemorial and is the leading coffee on the market. McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee.

Notice.

Any person giving information to the undersigned of the whereabouts of Gilbert Everton will confer a favor on him. He left O'Neill, Neb., three years since, and has not since been heard from.

B. F. ROBERTS, O'Neill, Neb.

NEW TALES OF A TRAVELER

Three Months in Europe on a Tour of Pleasure.

A TALK WITH JUDGE SAVAGE.

A Visit to Dover—The Sights of Paris—English Antiquities—The Cathedrals of Europe—Music Dropping From Heaven.

A few days ago a well known personage again made his appearance on the street in the person of Judge Savage. He appeared in excellent weight and heightened color in his good-natured features. These changes were the result of a trip abroad, a luxury to which the judge has been partial, at intervals, for some time past. He was met by a BEE reporter and in a short racy conversation the gentleman detailed a few of his experiences beyond the seas. The judge was accompanied by his wife throughout all his traveling, who not less than the gentleman himself is capable of appreciating those pleasures of foreign travel which may not be experienced at home.

"We left Omaha," said the judge, "on the 31st of May last, and sailed from New York on June 4, on the Aurania. We returned to Boston in the Catalonia, reaching there about the 27th of August, having been away about three months. We visited Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, the magnificent park in the environs of the gay capital, which contains the finest promenade in in the vicinity of Paris; the Hotel des Invalides. Here, as you know, rest the remains of the great Napoleon. I was particularly impressed with the wonderful richness of ornamentation of the marble and golden vaultings and roof of this place, which is indeed a fitting monument to the genius of the man whom it encloses.

"I was suffering from a cold while I remained in Paris, however, and did not enjoy myself as I could have wished as a consequence, so we returned to England. Our trip to France, through England, was a very pleasant one. It was taken in the middle of June and the air was delightfully clear. The scenery was especially beautiful and the fragrance of the scenes as we passed was a commingling of the odors of hawthorne, laburnum and lilacs, while the combination of flowers of all colors was most beautiful. The clover fields were wonderful in their magnificence. They were for acres one mass of bloom. Our first night in England was spent in Dover. The next day the cliffs, especially that known as "Shakespeare cliff," from the reference made to it in "Lear." We looked for the samphire and found it too. We paid a visit to the pier and watched the governmental practice in firing at the fort.

"On our return to England from France, we sought quiet lodgement out of Piccadilly and yet within easy reach of all the prominent and interesting parks, where we remained for six or seven weeks visiting the principle features in London and making weekly jaunts to Stratford-on-Avon, Limmington, Kemilworth, Canterbury, saw the celebrated cathedral, which I think the finest in England, and another old institution, St. Nicholas church and hospital at Harbledown. We also went to Saulsbury, Stonehenge and Sarem. At the last place we remained a day. It is a wonderfully steep, round hill, and shows in its ditches and moat the incontestable evidences of former occupation, though there is now not a stone of the fortification in place to show where the ancient Britons, Romans, Saxons and Normans, and all the tribes which conquered the original inhabitants held sway. Ten hundred or 1200 years ago there was a magnificent cathedral on the site, but it has all disappeared. Stonehenge, which bears a known date of an earlier period, has nothing to be seen that savors of that antiquity save about thirty or forty huge stones which are set around on end and show that they were once probably part of some great structure. But the history and the use and builder are alike forgotten and unknown. It is the wonder of antiquaries, and many books have been written on the subject and thousands of visitors have been to the spot, but no clue to its history can be found.

"We had a most pleasant visit to Winchester, which is an old town with a fine cathedral. It is situated seventy-five miles from London and dates back to the history of the early kings of England. It is a favorite resort, and known as the home of Cardinal Buford, who founded the hospital of St. Cross, which is still standing. There are supported at this place, twenty old men, from the proceeds of the property. At the gate there is a porter's lodge and at the former, each visitor, according to the privileges, has a right during the day to demand a horn of ale and a piece of bread. We were not forgetful of our rights and had our portion of the beverage. The ale was not bad. I had drank worse. It is doled out by the wife of the porter who informed me that she sometimes gave away as many as 200 horns per day.

"We had a delightful trip to Cambridge and Ely. The latter is a cathedral town, and is situated in what was formerly known as the fen country, and was so much surrounded with marshes that it was seldom reduced by the early hordes. The country, however, is now drained and is both fertile and beautiful. This is the city where it is storied King Canute, in passing in his vessel on the water, hearing the matin chants of the monks in the monastery, commanded them to row nearer the shore that he might enjoy still more the beauty of the cloistered music. The cathedral is known as that of St. Etheldreda and is famed for its beauty. For many years an annual fair was held at the place, and in honor of the patroness of the place was called first Etheldreda. By a corruption of the word the name became St. Andry. At these fairs beads and filagree ornamentation of gaudy hues were displayed and sold, and were also called St. Andry, which later became again corrupted into 'tawdry,' and thus a new word was given to the language.

"After crossing the channel we went to Antwerp, Aix la Chappelle, Cologne, Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam. We were delighted with the industry of the people, the beautiful climate, the landscape and the canals. The Hague I consider one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen. It lies two or three miles from the German ocean, and is reached through a beautiful wood. On the beach at Scheveringen there is a lovely watering place, quieter, perhaps, than ours, but not less beautiful.

"The cathedral at Cologne was the crowning glory of all the cathedrals we had seen. It was commenced eight or nine centuries ago, and only completed, if completed it was, in the memory of the present generation. There are always people working upon it, because when one part is new another is old and requires replacement. We saw a vault in the cathedral, on the payment of a small sum, which contains jewels, regalia, and ornamention, alleged to be valued at $8,000,000. Of course, the visitor may believe as much of this as he chooses, but if the articles displayed are genuine such as represented, the estimate is not an exaggerated one. In this vault are supposed to be buried, under the cathedral, the remains of the three kings or the Magi who, on the first Christmas morning paid their visit to the Savior, and it is their shrine which is so expensively decorated. In the same vault are also a number of other curiosities and relics valuable and otherwise. The material of the cathedral has the color of sandstone gradually darkening from the weather. The interior is wonderfully grand and impressive. I felt overwhelmed. I feel at a loss to describe either it or its effect. It was overwhelming. So were all those English and German cathedrals.

"In some of the cities the chimes were perfectly delightful. In Antwerp and Amsterdam it seemed as if music were dropping from heaven. Every fifteen minutes the clocks strike and the chimes sound. To wake up in the night and hear the chimes of Olk Kirk, as they call it, sound, is to become filled with a perfect sensation of delight."

The judge then told of his visit to Yorkshire, to Aldborough, where he saw old Roman pavements, the tessellated floor of some bath or boudoir of some distinguished citizen when Romans were in the land, the ancient walls of York, their interior gates and portcullises, and finally a few episodes in London, among which were Buffalo Bill's success and the meeting of Mrs. Joseph Garneau and sister, Miss Carr, Mr. Callaway and brother, Guy Barton and party and J. N. H. Patrick of this city. After which the reporter retired.

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