WILD PEOPLE.

The Wooden Nutmeg State Enjoying an Abundance of Them.

NORWICH, Conn., Jan. 5.—This season has been prolific in wild people in Connecticut. First a wild girl appeared to a party of hunters in a swamp near Madison. She leaped out of a thicket at them, poised her arms stiffly in a "Be gone, villain," gesture; laughing hysterically "tee hee" three times, and fled into the fastnesses of the woods. The hunters went the other way with corresponding alacrity. As she has not been seen since, the Madison people suspect that the villain still pursues her.

A day or two ago a well dressed wild man, who was about forty years old, and who had black hair and eyes and smooth face, swung at full speed into Jackson street, Willimantic, and yelled "Chloroform." Several fleet-footed citizens gave chase to him, and after he had been caught he said that he was "John Mullin;" that he had deserted from the Italian navy, and that the authorities were chasing him with a team with the intention of chloroforming him. Then he broke away from his captors, ran across lots, leaped into the Watcharag river, was pulled out by his pursuers, taken to the police station, and later released. He broke into a run, yelled "Chloroform," and vanished out of town.

Nightly a wild person appears in Prospect, High and West Main streets, in the village of Spofford. He is very tall, garbed in funeral black and he runs noiselessly up to women, touches them, starts back and silently vanishes into the engulfing darkness. He ran up to Mrs. William Brown the other night, touched her and she screamed and fell in the road. Mrs. Brown is a small woman, but her shriek was heard distinctly a mile and a half. The wild man has not been seen since she screamed.

At Cow Hill, near Mystic, there is a wild man of the woods. He wears a big black bear skin, and he looks hideous. His other clothes are not worth much. He says not a word, but he glares with a wild, determined stare. He advances on a man who approaches his lair in the forest of Cow Hill, glares straight in the man's eyes once and then runs. George Dunham was chopping wood in the Cow Hill region one day recently, and had felled a chestnut and sat down to rest on the trunk. The wild man rushed up to him from the brush, his bear skin bagging in the wind, halted at the distance of a stride from him, and then fixed a strong passionless glare on him. Mr. Dunham did not like his looks, and he sprang from his seat, reversed the ax held in his hands and whacked the wild man three times over the head with the handle. The man in the bear skin got away from Mr. Dunham as quick as he could and plunged into the woods with a sore head and he has not been seen since.

Another wild man tenants the woods in Massapoag, a lonely region three miles south of this city. On the wooded banks of the river in the Mohegan Indian reservation, is a methodical fellow of nocturnal habits. His favorite prank is to appear with a lantern in the woods, a stone's throw from Willard Church's house, at midnight, set down his light, dig a hole in the leaves and earth and yell "Murder!" until he wakens the neighborhood. About a week ago he paid his latest call to Mr. Church. He screamed "Murder!" until Mr Church hastily awoke from a dream about tom codfishing, and then he kept on screeching. Mr. Church arose, partly dressed himself, lighted his lantern, got a cart rung, drafted a neighbor into his services and advanced across the field in the direction of the outcry. A will-o'-the-wisp glimmer among the boughs of the adjacent forest guided the men. The yell "murder" was again heard, and the men hurried. They dashed into the outstanding fringe of underbrush. The light glimmered a few paces in advance of them, and they saw a brawny man with a wild-eyed look delving with a spade by lantern light in the leaves and earth. The man saw them, too. He stopped yelling "murder," caught up his lantern with one hand, threw his spade over his shoulder with the other, and without another word dashed madly into the depths of the forest. The men found a smooth hole about two feet deep in the sod where he had dug. They returned to the house, and are still in a maze of wonderment in attempting to pierce the mystery of the occurrence.

Lonely, isolated Block island is also troubled by a wild man this winter. He appears at dead of night in a wild, untenanted hollow of the hills, to which the throbbing of the ocean comes with a witch-like murmur, and he digs a hole in the the brittle peat. The swinging of a spectral light is seen in the drifting mists. The islanders go out to find him, and they stumble upon the hole, but the swinging light dances away over the hills with the illusions of an ignis fatuus, and no one is any wiser about the strange visitant. The spot that the wild visitor loves to haunt is locally known as Monets valley, and the people are divided in opinion whether it is a wraith from the phantom ship Palatine that was beached on the island 200 years ago, or a ghost of Captain Kidd's crew, who came with the great pirate to bury an iron box of gold with a bible at desolate Sand's point.

IS HE A SWEDISH FUGITIVE?

A Famous Murder in Stockholm Recalled at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 5.—Late in the '70's the world was startled by a daring crime committed in Stockholm, Sweden, where the janitor of a bank was murdered and the bank robbed of gold and securities to the amount of $1,000,000. The burglar escaped, and so far as heard no traces which would indicate the direction he had taken were left. Three years later a Swede located on a farm in Waukesha county, from which point he often made visits to Milwaukee. He seemed to be well supplied with money, which he spent lavishly. His name was K. A. Krona, and was often inscribed on the blotter of Central station. Among his associates he was known as the count. When searched at the station large sums of money in gold and bills were invariable found on his person. At one time $6,000; at another, when his slumbers on an ash pile had been disturbed by a blue coat, $2,800. For two years Krona made periodical visits to Milwaukee. On one visit, in 1883, he met a young woman named Matilda Thurein, whom he subsequently married. The first part of the honeymoon was passed at a South-side hotel, where Krona's lavishness in the purchase of silverware for his bride so startled the proprietor that he notified the police he had a gang of thieves in the house. The detectives who were sent over to the place in answer to the notification found a whole wagon-load of silverware, but the proof that it was all honestly come by was indubitable. A few days later Krona and his wife left, ostensibly for St. Paul, and that was the last seen of them.

About a month after Mr. and Mrs. Krona's departure two men arrived in the city, and then went to Waukesha. They returned in a few days, and then called at the police station and asked for information in regard to Krona. They were referred to Gustave Frellson. The men informed Frellson that they were members of the Scotland Yard force, and were looking after the Swedish bank robber. They had information that he had come to this country, and they believed Krona was their man. The two men went on to St. Paul on the trail of the Krona's. A few weeks later a report was received that Krona had been captured. This was followed by another that the man had been taken to Stockholm, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Then the matter dropped until Monday, when Inspector Reimer received information from Logansport, Ind., that Krona was living near Lawrenceburg, Ind., and was now serving a term of imprisonment for a prolonged spree. Agent Frellson says he knows positively that Krona is the man wanted for the Stockholm affair. It is stated that in the past three years Krona has dissipated $20,000, besides investing $50,000 in Kansas, Missouri and Iowa lands.

During Krona's stay here he boarded with Mrs. Caroline Nelson, on Clinton street. Mrs. Nelson says Krona is no bank-robber, but a real, live count. She claims to know his family in Sweden. He was rich himself, and his fortune was added to by the death of his first wife, who left him a large sum. His full name is Knut Adolph of Lion Krona, the order of the lion having been conferred on his family by Queen Christina. It is stated here that the case has been given into the hands of the Pinkerton agency.

BURNED WITH VITRIOL.

A Wronged Girl's Terrible Revenge on Her Betrayer.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 5.—Mary Brophey, a comely girl of nineteen years, in company with her mother, went to the residence of Harry Coleman, her former lover, asked him for the last time if he was going to keep his promise and marry her, and he refusing, she threw a tumblerful of vitriol in his face. She had the deadly acid concealed under her cloak. The young man was horribly burned about the face and neck. One eye is entirely destroyed, and the physician thinks he will also lose the sight of the other. Miss Brophey was arrested, and this morning was released on bail for the criminal court. She did not attempt to deny the charge. She stated that she and Coleman had been lovers for two years, and that last June, after he had solemnly sworn to marry her immediately, she became his victim. When he found that she was in trouble Coleman ceased to visit her and sent her word that he did not intend to marry her. Coleman had been repeatedly asked to fulfill his alleged promise, both by the girl and her father. The latter went so far as to offer to provide for his daughter for a year after the marriage. Coleman then consented, and the father went to considerable expense, preparing a home for the young couple. Coleman, however, again failed to come to time, and has ever since turned a deaf ear to all entreaties.

The story of last night's assault was told by the girl's mother, Sarah Brophey, as follows:

"Mary had been at me for some time to go and see Harry again, but I told her it was scarcely worth while. Last night, however, she begged me to go with her, and at last I consented. We had been refused admittance to the house before on the plea that Harry was out, so we waited to see him go in from work. He was already at home, however, and after waiting some time we saw him go out. He came home again about 10:30 o'clock and we then went to the house and asked for him. He came to the door and I asked him if he was not going to marry my daughter as he had promised and as he ought to do. I used all the arguments I could think of, but he did not answer. Mary then asked him to make her his wife but got only a sneer for an answer. Then with a rapid motion, and before I realized what she was about, she dashed the contents of a tumbler in his face and threw the tumbler in the street."

Mary, when asked why she had inflicted such terrible punishment on her lover, said, as she sobbed violently:

"So that no other girl would marry him—so that he could not take advantage of any other girl as he did of me, and for spite, because he would not marry me."

"Had you any reason to fear that he would not marry any one else?"

"Yes, I had; my father was present when he got a license. He had gone there to get one to marry me, but he got one to marry another girl instead. That was about four months ago, but he has not married her yet."

Coleman does not deny being responsible for the girl's condition, but claims that immediately after it was made known to him he offered to marry her, and she refused, saying he was too wild. Since then he has refused, believing that he had done all he should. The girl's mother is also under arrest.

Massachusetts Legislature Meets.

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—The house and senate met to-day. Both branches went into joint convention at 12 o'clock and Governor Oliver Ames and Lieutenant Governor J. Q. A. Brackett were sworn in and qualified. Governor Ames then made his inaugural address.

Filed Schedules.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The commission house of D. D. Decastro & Co., which recently made an assignment, has filed schedules showing $1,231,304 liabilities, $1,691,427 nominal assets and $1,096,758 actual assets.

Four Men Killed By a Blast.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 5.—Reports just at hand say by a premature blast four men were killed and seven severely injured while at work on the new branch line of the Lehigh valley railroad near Laurel run. The men are said to be Italians whose names could not be ascertained.

RAILROAD NOTES.

A MONTHLY MEETING.

A regular monthly meeting of the Nebraska State association of general passenger and ticket agents was held at the B. & M. headquarters yesterday forenoon. Every road was represented with the exception of the Missouri Pacific. Only business pertaining strictly to the association was transacted.

PERSONAL.

Assistant General Passenger Agent Lomax, of the Union Pacific railway, departed yesterday for Chicago on business.

H. A. Johnson, first assistant general freight agent of the Union Pacific railway, has returned from a trip to Chicago.

BENCH AND BAR.

United States Court.

BOARD OF TRANSPORTATION ENJOINED.

Yesterday the Union Pacific company filed a bill asking for a writ of injunction against the board of transportation of the state of Nebraska. The plaintiff charges that the said board claims the right, power and authority to fix and establish rates and tariffs for the transportation of persons and property over the Union Pacific road, and is now in deliberation upon a schedule that will reduce to two cents per mile the passenger tariff, both inter-state and domestic, through the state of Nebraska, making besides a corresponding reduction of tariff on freight. The company claims that this will so disable them as to make it impossible to pay their operating expenses. Judge Dundy granted a temporary injunction and the date fixed for hearing the case was January 17.

District Court.

Duhme & Co. brought suit against William E. Coburn yesterday. They estate that they hold a chattel mortgage on the stock of Walter Sams, and that the sheriff has about $3,500 worth of the goods in his hands and refuses to turn them over. Duhme & Co. also asks $500 damages.

County Court.

SUED BY STEVENS BOTHERS.

Stevens Bros., the real estate agents, filed an action yesterday against Joseph W. Bishop to collect $903.75 with interest, the same being due as percentage for the sale of real estate.

A JUDGMENT RENDERED.

County Judge Shields rendered a judgment yesterday in favor of Frederick N. Terrill in the sum of $462.38 against Carl Brandeis.

Police Court.

Huego Schushardt, Tom Anderson, Ernst Meyer, Joe Bauer and William Gremawald, for disturbing the peace were fined $5 and costs each yesterday.

J. W. Tooey, W. F. Dorsey and James McGuffy engaged in a triangular fight in the rear of the Continental clothing house yesterday evening, and they knocked each other about in the snow at a lively rate. Five dollars and cost each.

J. U. Buggy, August Westloff and M. Cunningham, drunks, were sent up for five days each.

Lindsay Arrested as a Vagrant.

Jimmie Linsay, who is distinguished in sporting circles as champion middle weight pugilist of Nebraska, and who holds the Richard K. Fox medal, was arrested about midnight last night by Captain Cormack. He is charged with being a vagrant and was taken to the central station and thaust into a cell with the other common drunkards and vagabonds.

AMUSEMENTS.

PEOPLES.

Lew Johnson's "Black Baby Boy" minstrel company at the People's this week is an excellent organization and is deserving of large patronage. The fun is constant and of a high order while the singing is superb. The specialties are new and unique. In fact the performance is first class in every way.

An Over Officious Copper.

Yesterday Deputy Sheriff Houck went to the house of John Shannon on Capitol avenue to levy on a piano in the name of Woodbridge, the music dealer. An over-officious policeman ordered the plucky major to get away from the premises, all of which he did not do. He, however, reported the meddlesome copper to Chief of Police Seavey, and it may cost him his buttons.

Another Saloonist Arrested.

The police are waging an unflinching war against the saloon men who have violated the law by keeping open their saloons after midnight. The latest arrest is that of Henry Marsells, who was taken into custody yesterday by Officers Horrigan and Mostyn. He will have his trial this morning.

Public Works.

A special meeting of the board of public works was held yesterday afternoon. Mr. Mayne was absent. The following estimates were allowed:

Final Estimates—C. E. Fanning, grading California street, Twenty-seventh avenue to Thirty-sixth street, $2,635. Same, grading Thirtieth street, Cass to Cuming, $2,602. Same, curbing Leavenworth from Seventh to Eighth street, $516.

Miscellaneous — Barber Asphalt Paving company, repairs on Saunders street near Cuming, $12. C. L. Davis & Co., watch house and coal box, Sixteenth street viaduct, $104.

Colonel Floyd Fined.

E. G. Floyd, the proprietor of the Diamond Palace saloon, on Douglas street, was tried before Judge Berka yesterday afternoon for keeping his place of business open between the hours of midnight and 4 a. m. He was found guilty and, in common with the other violators of this ordinance, the colonel was fined $100 and costs.

Special Services at Trinity.

Special services of Trinity cathedral chapter are to be held this morning and evening. Some fifteen clergymen of the diocese are to be present. The morning service commences at 10:30 with an address by the bishop. In the evening Rev. John Hewitt, of Fremont, will deliver an address.

They Will Marry.

Jeremiah Lewis, aged thirty years, of Macedonia, Ia., and Miss Imogine Crampton, nineteen years old, had the honor yesterday of being accorded with the first license to wed that has been issued by Judge Shields. They were the only ones that applied.

Personal Paragraphs.

T. J. Mitchell, of Sloan, Ia., is at the Paxton.

F. E. Abbott, Aurora, Neb., is at the Windsor.

Joseph Ellis, DeWitt, Neb., is at the Windsor.

C. B. Allen, of Lincoln, Neb, is at the Paxton.

J. H. Pratt, of Summer Hill, Neb., is at the Paxton.

S. Downey, of Kearney, Neb., is at the Windsor.

F. B. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., is at the Paxton.

John J. Cagnep, of Plattsmouth, Neb., is at the Paxton.

H. C. Kellar, of Leavenworth, Kan., is at the Paxton.

J. K. Longnecker, of St. Joseph, Mo., is at the Millard.

Robert McDonald, of Burnett, Neb., is at the Windsor.

F. E. Brewster, of Des Moines, Ia., is at the Windsor.

Douglas White and wife, of New York, are at the Millard.

J. K. Sully, of the Dan'l Sully company, is at the Millard.

Ex-Congressman E. K. Valentine, of West Point, is in town.

F. E. Baird and wife, of North Platte, Neb., are at the Windsor.

W. F. Scott and J. H. Hamilton, of York, Neb., are at the Millard.

W. H. Fulweiler and wife, of Clay Center, Kan., are at the Paxton.

Messrs. B. F. Selknitter and G. W. Merritt, of Centerville, Ia., are at the Millard.

Mr. S. S. Beman, the well-known Chicago architect, was in the city yesterday. He left for home last evening.

J. W. Keeney, wife and two daughters, of Pocatello, are at the Millard. Mr. Keevey is the manager of the Pacific Hotel company's hotel at Pocatello, and is largely interested in Stock raising.

Crushed to Death.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 5.—A portion of the Central viaduct, in course of erection on the flats in this city, fell this afternoon. H. C. Burton and Daniel H. Oakel were killed and five others were more or less seriously injured.

AN EXPEDITION'S FAILURE.

They Searched in Vain For the Buffalo.

The car load of speciemens secured by the expedition sent to Montana last October from the American Museum of Natural History is daily expected to arrive in this city, says the New York Times. It contains a number of valuable additions to the Central park collections, and the trip may be considered a success, although no buffaloes were secured. The primary object of sending a party west was to secure a number of buffaloes for a herd group at the museum, and the entire expense of the expedition was borne by Mr. Jesup, the president of the Museum association, and Mr. Constable, vice president.

A full account of the expedition was secured yesterday from Mr. Jenessee Richardson, taxidermist at the museum, who, with D. G. Eliot, two guides, a teamster and a cook, left Miles City, Mont., on October 5, for the headwaters of the Big and Little Porcupine rivers. It was through this region and the "Bad Lands," 200 miles northwest of Miles City, that the Hornrday expedition went last year. It was surmised that some remains of the buffalo herds seen by that party might be found, but in that the museum party were disappointed. The bleaching bones of the great animal were found in hundreds of small white bunches dotting the plains as far as the eye could reach, and bones enough for ten complete skeletons were secured from about one hundred and fifty carcasses, but not a live buffalo was seen. The bones secured are remarkably good specimens, owing to the dry climate of the region where they were found. They are white and well preserved. The best will be selected for Central park; the rest will be sent to other museums in exchange for specimens of other things. Two skins were brought back, but they were bought from guides and were from buffaloes killed last year. It was learned that parties of Crow and Assiniboin Indians had been through the "Bad Lands" during the summer, and what few buffaloes were there were probably killed or driven south by the savages.

In securing specimens of other animals the expedition was unexpectedly successful. A very large and interesting series of antelopes were found at the head waters of the Big and Little Porcupine. Great success was met with in shooting the pronged-horned "antelopes of the plain," which is very swift and difficult to get at. Some time ago it was discovered that this animal, scientifically known as the antilocapra Americana, sheds its horns in a manner different from other deer, and intermediate between the horn-shedding process of the solid-horned and hollow-horned ruminants. The specimens of horns of all ages and in all stages which are now on their way to this city show this process clearly, and prove that as the old horn splits at the base and prepares to fall off the hair growing up around the pith of the new horn goes to form the new horn. Valuable prairie wolves were killed, varying in color from brick red to one so gray that the cowboy guides took it for a gray wolf. Blackbirds, sage grouse, prairie larks, pintail grouse, hawks, and magpies were shot in large numbers. Some wildcats, Canadian lynxes, and red lynxes were killed, also a small sage rabbit, unlike anything in the museum, and, probably, something not heretofore classified. The party also got a complete series of white-footed mice.

From the "bad lands," at the head waters of the Big and Little Porcupine, the expedition went thirty-five miles south to the Muscle-Shell district. This region has been but little explored, and they found great difficulty with the the maps, which were very inaccurate. At the Porcupine river camp the weather had been very cold and stormy, while at the new camp it was dry and mild. At this place a large number of mule deer were killed. The mule deer is one of the largest and finest of American deer and is fast becoming extinct, because large numbers are killed annually for their hides, which are made up into gloves. Shipments of five hundred to one thousand hides are frequently made from Miles City by one dealer alone. The ordinary Virginia deer and the white-tailed animals are not uncommon, and the last were found in great numbers. Half a dozen would run out of almost every willow patch, and they could be shot as easily as sheep. Birds were very numerous. Bohemian waxwings, which were very scarce a few years ago, and were imported from Europe at considerable expense, are very plentiful in the neighborhood of the Muscle Shell river. They were found in flocks like blackbirds, and as many as twelve were killed in two shots. A number of badgers and wildcats and one large gray wolf were shot. These wolves are fast disappearing. They run in small packs behind buffalo herds, living upon the injured and the stragglers. They are becoming quite as rare as the buffaloes. There is no specimen of them in the museum at Central park at present.

Rumors of buffalo in the north started the party back to the Big and Little Porcupine rivers just as the thermometer shot down to zero and a blinding snow storm set in, which had to be faced for thirty-five miles. The rumor of buffaloes seemed to have originated in the mind of an unemployed guide, who was quite as ready to guide the party after imaginary animals as after the real. No buffaloes were found—no tracks, even. Unwilling to give up, the hunters searched day after day for two weeks, camping on the snow all the while, with the mercury ranging from zero to 20 degrees below. At the end of that time they started back over the 200 miles to Miles City. The expedition supplied itself entirely with fresh meat. Some provisions were taken, of course, but there was a great plenty of venison, with an occasional duck, and the party fared well. Over four hundred pounds of fresh game were left at the Porcupine river camp.

"The way in which the buffalo is going is something frightful," said Mr. Richardson, in speaking of the failure to find even a track of the animal in the "Bad Land" districts. "We hunted the country most thoroughly, and were led by McNannie, the guide who conducted the Hornaday expedition last year. He knows the country thoroughly well, and is a very conscientious fellow. If there had been any buffaloes I think we would have found them.

In answer to a question as to whether further attempts would be made to secure buffalo hides, Mr. Richardson said that it was not at all likely that another expedition would be sent out expressly for that purpose. There are buffaloes in the Yellowstone park, protected by law, and there is a strong popular prejudice against poachers. A few men do hang about the outskirts of the park and kill whatever game strays beyond the limits. An occasional buffalo is secured in this way.

"Although we did not get what we went after," said Mr. Richardson; "we secured so many other things that the trip cannot by any means be called a failure. Wherever a large number of species can be examined at once and compared, opportunity is given for discovery of something new, even in well-known objects. Take the discussion in regard to the horn-shedding of the antelope. It has long been disputed whether the new horn was growing while the old one was going to pieces. By getting a great many horns of one type of the antelope, and in all stages of development, we have settled the question conclusively. Again, it has been claimed that the pupil of the eye in the antelope was vertical. We examined a large number of antelopes and found that this idea probably came from the fact that the angle at which the pupil is placed in the eye varies just as the pupil of a horse's eye varies. It is never vertical, however.

As soon as the car of stuff arrives from the west its contents will be classified and arranged, and the public may hope to see among other results of the expedition, a fine group of antelope added to the other groups at the museum.

At the village of Tolox, near Malaga, a peculiar sect has been distributed by the interference of the authorities. The chief tenet of the believers is that every kind of covering of the body is displeasing to God. Why, if the creator had wanted man to be covered. He would no doubt, had supplied him with fur or a coat of feathers, or scales, they say. Man has no right to improve upon God's management of creation, and, therefore, both he and she should adodt the dress worn by Adam and Eve previous to the fall and the adoption of the fig leaf.

Instantaneous photographs of birds flying are valuable for physiological uses, but are certainly not artistic. The British Journal of Photography says of a collection of such pictures: "In some the wing tips are high in air, in others quite low, and beneath, and, indeed, in front of the body, while again in still different views of the same bird we seem to see nothing but wings apparently extended to imitate an umbrella. The pictures of the pelican are particularly ludicrous."

A Maltese cat belonging to a farmer in Genesee county, Michigan, for some strange reason was led to share the nest of a hen which was trying to hatch out a half-dozen eggs in an old shed. The hen resented the intrusion and had many a fight with the cat before she became reconciled to her. The two are now fast friends and have by their united efforts, despite the cold weather, succeeded in hatching two little chicks. The cat shares all her food with her feathered companions and seems to enjoy their company.

Ex-Minister Taylor, who recently returned to this country from Liberia, in speaking of missionary work in Africa, said the other day: "I boarded with a civilized man who had three children and a wife. The man belonged to one church, the wife to another, and each of the three children to a different one. Why? 'Oh,' he said, 'when the societies send over good things we can get some of all.' That father had only one regret, and that is that he had no more children.

CHEAP LIVERY.

The Pioneer Livery Stables.

For funerals the best hearses and carriages, $2 each. Carriages for calling, opera and party calls, $2. Best carriages for depot calls, $1. Other livery equally low. The finest horses and sleighs in the city. Horses boarded and delivered at $15 per month. Terms strictly cash. HOMAN & TERRY. Proprietors.

Ladies can attend the Eden Musee without an escort.

EARLY SURVEYS IN IOWA.

Return to Civilization After Four Months in the Wilderness.

HARD TIMES FOR EARLY SETTLERS

Difference Between the West and East—Then and Now—Marvelous Changes in Half a Century.

Dubuque Herald: Now for Dubuque, and then for home. The first settler's house we came to, after our cold bath in the Turkey river, had been occupied during the summer, but abandoned for the winter. It being evening, we took possession for night quarters. We found potatoes and onions in a little pit beneath a trap door in the floor. These were the first vegetables we had seen in four months, and, of course, soldier-like, we "foraged off the country." The next place was the Hewits', at the big spring. We found them at home. The ground had been frozen and there had been a little snow, but it had thawed some that day. We pitched tent, and as usual spread our blankets for sleeping, and built a fire. Mr. Hewit, seeing our tent, came down and gave us a warm greeting. Soon after he and Mrs. Hewit came down, bringing some fresh beef, a pan of honey and a bottle of whisky—new luxuries to us, indeed.

The next day we arrived at Dubuque. We put up at a boarding house and tavern kept by Cannon. The landlady seemed to run the whole business, the kitchen, dining-room and office. Here we rested up for a day or two, made a sale of our ponies and wagon, to Colonel Hempstead. I believe. Our boss was destined to Cincinnati to make returns, while the boys would skip on foot via Chicago back to their home in Michigan.

While in Dubuque there arrived a steamer from below, and would soon return. We engaged passage to Fulton. The captain of the boat was a young man, and we were told he had gone to Mineral Point to see his girl, but would be back in the evenidg, and the boat would leave on his arrival. So we took berths; but lo! in the morning were yet tied up to the wharf. We waited that day and at evening the captain arrived and we were soon on our way. Arriving opposite Fulton a halt was made and a yawl lowered, manned by two boatmen, and we were soon at the landing. The waves were running high, and we were told to jump. Part of us did jump and made out to get clear of the swells, but one was a little slow and when he jumped he broke down and a big swell dashed over him. The river steamers did not make regular trips at that time, I believe. They came up when they pleased and went back when they got ready.

While in Dubuque we learned of a tragic affair which happened a short time before our arrival. It appears that the men who worked in the mines were getting their supplies on credit till payday, which was once a week. A man had run an account at Dan Down's saloon, and on calling to settle up he disputed Down's account, whereupon Down dealt him a blow upon the head with a billet of wood, which may prove fatal. We did not learn that there had been any legal proceedings instituted in the case. The most we heard said was that Dan would probably lose considerable of his custom. That was thought to be punishment enough for a crime of the kind at that day.

At Fulton we put up with a man who was having his house fitted up for a grocery store—residence above and store below. The lower room was furnished. A carpenter's bench and tools, with plenty of shavings upon the floor, a little box stove and some green wood constituted the furniture. Pointing to the floor around the stove he said: "Here, boys, this is all I can do for you; be careful about the fire." We took lodging and put in a good night's rest. At daylight in the morning he came in and told us he could give us no breakfast. He did not expect another boat up the river until spring, and his supply of provisions was scant; he was afraid he would not have enough to carry his family through. But if we took that cattle trail five or six miles we would find a settler who had lately come in, and he guessed he had brought provisions with him, and we would probably get breakfast with him. Accordingly, we struck out.

After some two hours brisk travel we arrived at the house, ordered breakfast and it was furnished. The bill of fare was hot corn bread, fresh pork, wild honey and coffee, a good wholesome meal for footmen to travel on. The next day we called for breakfast at a settler's near Sterling. The woman of the house said she could give us breakfast, "but what kind of money are you going to pay in?" Our cashier produced some bills upon a New York Safty Fund bank. She gazed at the bills and called to her son, a young man, and told him, "Go and tell Harry to come here," an older son. He came, staring at us suspiciously, and closely scrutinized our money, questioned us as to who we were and what was our destination, and finally told his mother that he guessed all was right. And soon we were served with the best meal we had partaken of for many a day.

Our next point of interest was at the Widow Barry's tavern, about ten miles west of Chicago, where we were told that we could not get to Chicago, as there had been no communication for four days. Recent heavy rains had flooded nearly all of that big flat prairie immediately west of the city, and the hard cold had frozen ice too scrong for teams or footmen and not strong enough to bear up either. We told the folks that surveyors had no such word as "can't" in their dictionary, and we struck out for the little town over the tender ice. The habit of running lines caused us to take a bee line, which soon led us into troucle. Where the water was but a few inches deep the ice was strong enough to bear us up, but as soon as we came where the water was considerably deeper the ice broke and let us down sometimes to our waists. Sometimes we had to lay down and slide to keep from breaking through. We finally reached the sandy beach of the lake, fatigued and heated in the upper half, but chilled and benumbed below. We hurriedly made our way homeward, which we finally reached the day before Christmas. We brushed the dust of the prairie from our garments, and proceeded to celebrate our safe return by taking in the holidays. The young people seemed to fairly lionize us on account of the journey we had made "away to that river and upon the boundless prairies inhabited only by wild beasts and savage Indians close to the setting sun."

Few of the younger people of Iowa and Illinois can now realize the wonderful change that has taken place since 1837. Michigan was but sparsely settled at that date, and northern Illinois was only surveyed into townships, and as for Iowa, the Indians held sway over all except the Black Hawk franchise, and I believe that was only a strip along the river about fifty miles wide. Seeing such a vast amount of vacant country, we naturally thought it impossible to become settled and fully inhabited in our day and generation. Where could the people come from to fill up this immense void of three great territories? These were reasonable conclusions then, but the experience of the last forty years holds up to our vision a very different history. In this connection we are led to inquire where the territory is that shall supply the westward-bound emigration for the next half a century, if emigration continues anything like it has been for the past fifty years? I would here further say that Indians were numerous upon that part of Iowa at the time we were surveying. We met with detached parties of Winnebagoes, Menominees, Cherokees, Sacs, Foxes, Osages and Sioux. They appeared to be hunting in small parties: The game was plentiful, especially in the vicinity of the Turkey timber. We saw deer, elk, geese, ducks, brant and prairie chickens in flocks too numerous to mention. Indians, wolves and the bald eagle had a fine field of game to feast upon. The Indians did not molest us, but we could see that they did not like to see the "shemakaman" measuring off their old favorite hunting ground for the white man to convert into cultivated homes.

EARLY DAYS OF M. CLEMENCEAU.

Four Years in America—Becomes a Tutor and Meets His Destiny.

Clemenceau, the French leader, was a physician, and he once lived in New York. He was well educated, says a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, of fine address and a manly-looking man. He hung out his doctor's sign, but succeeded only poorly. A medical practice is not to be picked up in a day here, or in any other city, and so Clemenceau found it necessary to turn to other work. He advertised himself as a teacher of the French language. In this he succeeded better. He became the professor of French in a young ladies' seminary. He was young and talented, and soon made hosts of friends. He continued the practice of medicine, too, and so made a respectable income.

He never wasted a moment. He parcelled out his time so that he could devote so many hours to teaching, so many to study and so many to literary work and the study of our institutions. He wrote on all sorts of subjects. He corresponded regularly with one of the Paris newspapers. He wrote essays and speeches, and he also translated into French John Stuart Mill's "Auguste Comte and Positivism." Ae quickly became accustomed to American ways. He took a deep interest in all our institutions. He visited the courts, the prisons, the forts in the harbor, and studied with great diligence our system of government. He was particularly interested in studying the condition of the poor. He was an omnivorous reader and in the four years he remained in this country he gained a very deep insight into the American plan of conducting a republic. He went as far south as Richmond. He told me the recollections of the war haunted him and he could not gear to go further. The west impressed him deoply. He spent a month in Chicago, and the bustle and activity of the busy western men and women impressed him favorably. His visit west and south were taken during brief holidays.

He found the practice of medicine so unremunerative that he finally took down hts doctor's shingle and devoted himself to teaching and writing. But he spent many hours in the big hospitals, and I remember a large and interesting letter that he wrote on the subject of hospital management for a Paris newspaper. He praised the system highly. He was particularly impressed with the proceedings of our government in Washington, and he spent many an hour in the house and senate galleries listening to the debates in those stirring days. In fact, there was no branch of the government that he did not take a deep interest in. I remember one night as I sat with him in his room, how eloquent he became on the subject of the future of America. He was and is a great believer in destiny. He told me that he knew he would one day be president of France. Who knows? Perhaps he will.

Not the least interesting part of his visit to the country was that in which he became interested a beautiful and wealthy young lady, Miss Mary E. Plumner by name. As I remember the circumstance now, it was a case of love at first sight. The young lady's father did not look with approval upon Clemenceau. The lady referred to was a pupil in Clemenceau's French class. Finally the lady's father took his daughter from the school, and the lovers were separated. Clemanceau took the matter deeply to heart. It was his first love affair. One day he surprised me by announcing that he had decided to leave New York and go to Connecticut as a school teacher. He could not bear the thought of remaining in the same city with the object of his love without seeing her. He did go to Connecticut, and taught school at Greenwich for a year. Distance, however, rather increased the love on both sides, and the lovers corresponded. It all ended as such things usually do. The lovers triumphed. The father relented, and they were married in 1869. A. Oakey Hall, then mayor, performed the ceremony. They took a journey to France on their wedding tour and have never returned. Clemenceau found a way to utilize his talents, and his pretty wife with her fortune helped him in many ways to gain the fame he now enjoys. He established himself as a physician in handsome quarters in Montmartre, of which place he rose to be mayor at the outbreak of the Franco-German war.

Since then he has lived in the fierce light that beats upon all great leaders of the people. In all the scenes that have stirred France he has taken an active part. He has been arrested time and again for disobeying orders of imperial superiors. He has made a record as a duelist by fighting with the famous Paul de Cassagnac. In the duel neither was hurt. At the time referred to Clemenceau had thrown over medicine for politics and had become a leader of the people and editor of the Justice. Cassagnac did not like Clemenceau and he again challenged him to a duel Clemenceau agreed. He notified Cassagnac's second that his principal would never again fight a duel. This news was carried to Cassagnac and he squlked out of it, for Clemenceau is a dead shot.

He takes the liveliest interest in American affairs, and two years ago he became connected with the Republique Francaise he wrote editorials from America without leaving his editorial room in Paris. He likes Americans and is never so well pleased as when he has some prominent American to his house to dinner, and they discuss always in English, the feeling of our country. In appearance Clemenceau is rather small, slender, and well built. His hair is cropped close and is quite gray. The eyes are black and shiny. The nose is large. He dresses neatly and in good taste. He manners are those of a polished gentleman of the world. He is a great smoker, a moderate eater and a great believer in water. He never drinks liquors of any kind. He is a splendid orator. When he rises in the assembly to speak he is listened to with great attention. He believes in the future of the republic. As a leader of the left he is a man of great power and influence, as has been shown by his frequent defeats of ministries and the success with which he forced his demand that Grevy should resign.

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	Leave Omaha.	Arrive Omaha.
UNION PACIFIC. Depot 10th and Marcy sts.		
Pacific Express	9:00 p. m.	7:50 a. m.
Limited Express	12:20 p. m.	2:55 p. m.
*Local Express	5:00 p. m.	12:25 p. m.
*Except Sunday.		
BURLINGTON ROUTE. Depot 10th and Mason sts.		
Chicago Express, Nos 2 & 1	3:45 p. m.	6:05 a. m.
Chicago Mail	9:50 a. m.	7:25 p. m.
Chicago Local	6:45 p. m.	10:22 a. m.
Denver Express	6:15 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
Denver Mail	8:00 p. m.	9:40 a. m.
California Mail	10:22 a. m.	5:45 p. m.
Kansas City Day Express	9:00 a. m.	6:55 p. m.
Kansas City night express	8:50 p. m.	7:00 a. m.