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CROOK'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A Thrilling Adventure With the Nez Perce Indians.

HE IS WOUNDED BY AN ARROW

And Still Carries the Flint in His Thigh—A Precipitous Advance and Retreat—A Shower of Arrows.

The Arrow Flint.

Nlast Sunday's BEE related the thrilling story of Gen. Crook's first Indian fight, to which was appended the promise in this issue of another of the old campaigner's adventures, which, while equally as authentic, will be found much more interesting and exciting. It had place in the same territory, Oregon, and within a few weeks subsequent to the incident previously narrated.

It was on a fine day in the latter part of October, forty years ago, when the regiment, to which Crook was attached in the office of first lieutenant, was stationed at the isolated little post of Brown's Hole.

Purchase a brief description of this old-time frontier post will not come amiss here.

Brown's Hole was one of the most remarkable forts on the whole Pacific coast. It was originally called Fort Davy Crockett, but shortly after its erection was termed Brown's Hole. It stood on the Sheekskadee or Prairie Creek river, and was more than a mile and a half above the sea level. Prairie Creek river is now marked on the maps as Green river. The plain upon which the post was situated was about six miles across and was walled in completely by a chain of mountains rising fifteen hundred feet above. The Sheekskadee entered the plain from the north-west side and sweeping around in a beautiful curve in front of the fort, made its way through the rugged cliffs full a thousand feet in height, where it moves ever with a solemn calm that is indescribable.

Not the least remarkable peculiarity of this plain is its climate. Forming a plateau, as it does, over eight thousand feet in height, one would suppose an eternal winter to hold reign. On the contrary the rich mountain grasses, with numerous copes of willow and cotton wood, were then growing the entire year, and when the blasts of winter whirled the snow in blinding drifts over the mountain peaks and in the country around, the horses of the cavalrymen could be seen cropping the herbage on the banks of the Sheekskadee, and the soldiers themselves in the height of enjoyment.

The fort originally was a hollow square of log cabins, with roofs and floors constructed of mud. Around the outside were numerous shanties, where the families of the white trappers remained while the latter were absent among the mountains on beaver runs. Many of the Shoshone or Snake Indians, as well as the Blackfoot-Sioux and Nez Perce, frequented the fort. They appeared in largest numbers during the winter months, when they brought large quantities of venison, buffalo and mountain sheep meat and exchanged the same with the post trader for beads, trinkets, ammunition, etc. A store house also stood on the outside, where the trappers bartered their furs, and the Indians their ponies for hatchets, knives, fish-hooks, lead and last, but not least, for whisky.

The Shoshones were the nearest assimilated to the whites, and during the severe months nearly the whole tribe would pitch their lodges on the plain around Brown's Hole, while scores of hunters and trappers congregated within the stockade or among the Indians' squaws, and a scene of enjoyment, such as they rarely experienced, was indulged in. There were gatherings among the redskin lodges, where both races assembled, and the wild song of the dusky warrior, mingled with the catarrhal screech of the old trapper's fiddle and there was dancing and love-making and marriage, in fact all that goes to make up life. And many were the wild legends related by some old saganore or grizzly trapper, who perhaps had hunted on snow shoes in Prince Rupert's land, or penetrated to the Frozen Sea for seals and walrus; many was the escape narrated by those hardy, venturesome spirits, who had stealthily secured their peltries on the shores of the far off Columbia, or among the wildest fastnesses of the Rocky mountains, in spite of the fierce and treacherous Blackfoot or Nez Perce.

But those days have faded like dreams and fables and romance, trodden into oblivion by the relentless foot of civilization, only to be revived now and then, in the manner of the present incident.

It was a balmy day in October, as I said in the outset, when a Shoshone scout arrived at the fort with the intelligence that the murderous Nez Perce were making extensive preparations for a formidable assault against the sparse settlements about Brown's Hole and Shullers, farther below.

General Rufus Terrell was in command in those days, and in order to be fully prepared for the contemplated descent of the savages, he detailed Lieutenant Crook and a portion of his troop of cavalry men to penetrate their country as far as was safe and take observation as far as possible, and ascertain whether or not the Indians were already on the move.

The scouting party was composed of men every one of whom had been selected as most skilled in Indian warfare. On the present occasion, however, Crook realized that celerity of action was much more essential, rather than any great fitness of movement or knowledge of contending with the bloodthirsty denizens of the north.

That very afternoon horses were saddled and stood at the fort front with their eager riders booted, spurred and armed to the teeth with such weapons as were in vogue with the army in those times.

At a given signal they were off, and when the hardy little band of horsemen had reached the last point from which their farms were visible to the soldiers watching their departure, they wheeled,

and a round of cheers, and then, ere the answering shout had died away in mournful echo, they were hidden, some of them forever, over the shadowy swell of the plain.

At sundown that night they came to a small river, a tributary of the Big Horn, where they struck camp for the night. And as yet no Indian "sign" had been discovered. The Shoshone scout was stolid and uncommunicative, and when asked when something of the enemy might be expected to become discernible, he simply grunted:

"Morrow!"

The stream upon which they bivouacked was narrow, but deep and clear, flowing swiftly over a bed of white pebbles, that could be seen glistening far out from the shore. The water, hardly ever free from the snow of the mountains, was of icy coldness. The grass along its banks was luxuriant, and the soldiers tethered their jaded animals, while they busied themselves with their evening repast. One of the soldiers gathered an armful of composites and pomme blancs, which grew plentifully around them, and these, with their hard tack, bacon and tea made a very palatable meal.

The comote is a vegetable resembling the common radish, and is found in all the river bottoms of the northwest, but the pomme blanc is a native of the hills, and much resembles, both in size and taste, our common turnip, although much more nourishing than the latter.

They were up and off early the next morning, and with few halts for rest and nourishment traveled through a wild and unbroken country until well along in the afternoon. Suddenly the Shoshone called a halt, and fastening his glittering eyes on Lieutenant Crook's face, and stretching out his long, naked arm, he pointed with his finger to the north-west, and said: "Nez Perce in de valley—war paint—on my way to Brown's, Sholler's, —kill soldier, run off horse—ugh! much heap bad Indian!"

The Indian's quick eye had discovered the proximity of the fort, and Lieutenant Crook, closely surging the country, discovered that the red scent was pointing directly at a deep rent, or arroyo that cut like a huge furrow in the earth transversely across the rugged plain on which they found themselves.

Next he discovered a spiral of bluish smoke arising from this valley, and knew that they were near the enemy. A consultation was held, short but conclusive. The Indians, if not in great numbers should be attacked. If the force was too large, the troops would draw off to a safe distance and watch their movements.

Two good men were sent forward to reconnoiter. They returned in the course of an hour and informed Crook that there were but twenty of the Indians, and that they were on the war-path. They were camped in a deep valley, walled on the side on which the soldiers were by a dangerous precipice. The Nez Perce were gathered about a fire preparing a meal of roast deer, apparently utterly unsuspecting of the nearness of any foe. The gulch, in which they had squatted was wild and desolate, with a broad stream flowing southward beyond their camp, while both sides was walled up by massive rocks, and shaggy shrubbery, to the height of a hundred feet or more. Along the summit of this precipice on the side the troops were, was a thick growth of under-brush, which entirely concealed the approach of the soldiers, who, at Crook's command, had dis-

mounted, and guns in hand, cautiously approached the rocky escarpment.

They were soon in a position to command a clear view of the Nez Perce gathered on the plateau at the bottom of the gulch; some were loitering idly upon the ground, while a number squatted about the fire in different attitudes. They were an ugly looking gang, and after a short scrutiny, Crook ordered his men to make ready, then to fire.

The volley was a deadly one, as the forms of several dead Indians attested, but the remainder with wild yells of dismay, leaped to their feet and scattered in all directions, fleeing for their lives.

Crook, calling to his men rushed down the steep embankment, followed by a number of the more courageous of his men. Once in the valley he beheld one big tufted buck, holding a bundle over his head, swimming the river. He ran forward, gained the shore, and lifting his carbine fired. The Indian sank and was seen no more. At this juncture a shower of arrows from behind the rocks and trees, where the frightened Nez Perce had taken shelter, sent Crook's men clambering up the sides of the canyon again faster than they had come down, the general saw that it would foolhardy for him to remain, and he turned to retreat and as he did so he heard the twang of a bow, and the next second a barbed arrow was sticking in his hip. With a cry of pain he pulled the shaft out, breaking off the head, which remained buried in the flesh.

Then amidst a very shower of arrows he ran as best he could, and with the assistance of one of his men, who had pushed to his rescue, he gained the top of the escarpment without further injury or accident.

When amidst a very shower of arrows he ran as best he could, and with the assistance of one of his men, who had pushed to his rescue, he gained the top of the escarpment without further injury or accident.

Lieutenant Crook's wound was bleeding profusely, and his men gathered around him and did all they could to relieve his pain. The arrow head was still in his hip, and no one daring to attempt to cut it out, the wound was bandaged as best they could, and that that night the troop set out on their return to the fort, as Crook knew it was medical aid or death with him.

They were quite eighty miles from Brown's hole—a terrible long, rough ride—but they made it, reaching there the following morning about noon. The lieutenant was faint and weak from loss of blood and his laborious march, and to make matters alarming, gangrene had set in, and the surgeon at the fort was absent, had gone to Shaller's, seven or five miles away, that very morning.

Crook's brother officers cauterized the wound, and doctored it up as best they could, but the lieutenant would allow no one to attempt the necessary surgery to remove the barb of the arrow. The regular surgeon was sent for but he didn't arrive until the next day. The wound was then in such a precarious condition that he thought best not to attempt to remove the flint buried deep in the general's hip. And so it happened. To this day the barbed head of the Nez Perce's arrow remains in General Crook's hip, and on cold, damp days he suffers some from it, and cannot walk without a slight perceptible limp. Otherwise it has inconvenienced him none, and he will carry this evidence of one of the narrowest escapes of his life down to his grave. SANDY G. V. GRISWOLD.

Coquelin, it is said, has accepted an invitation to lecture at Harvard college during his coming engagement in Boston.

HOME OF OUR NATIONAL ODE

The Birth-place of the "Star Spangled Banner."

HOW THE SONG WAS COMPOSED.

A Visit to Fort M'Henry—Its History and Historical Connections—Present Appearance and Use.

Historic Ground.

ALTIMORE, Oct. 15. —(Special correspondence of THE BEE)—Situating at the extremity of a long, narrow neck of land, about two miles distant from Baltimore proper, stands a row of grass covered mounds like sentinels posted for the protection of a large gray mass behind. This constitutes that old historical place called Fort M'Henry. The fort itself comprises a large star shaped row of bastions constructed of brick with sandstone corners and capped with gray granite. Within these walls are several magazines, passages and store rooms placed in various positions for protection against bombs. The whole was, some considerable time since, covered with earth so that now the tops of the ramparts are entirely overgrown with grass. The exposed parts of the brickwork had, at one time, a thin coat of plaster and were either painted or whitewashed. At present the original red of the bricks may be seen in spots and streaks where the water has worn away the covering. At the front, which faces the Patapsco river, extends a long line of grass-covered earthworks, the regularity of which is broken by three rectangular mounds with stands of artillery rising above the surrounding works. The whole extent of this is probably five hundred feet. The view looking toward the bay is magnificent. In front stretches an expanse of water, broken in many places by passing vessels both large and small. To the left may be seen the scattered warehouses and piers of Baltimore, to the right lies a row of green hills, interspersed with groups of trees and here and there a farm house, but forming a portion of the country across the river.

The annals of this place are not only historic, but interesting in many points. The advantage of this promontory was early marked and made use of as a position for the defence of the upper part of the bay. A fort was erected at Whetstone point, as it was then called, and held throughout the revolution. In 1794, during the general hostilities between European nations, the neutrality of this country was often violated England, and the trouble at one time threatened war. Hence President Washington announced an embargo for thirty days and on account of the im-

pending danger, the inhabitants at Whetstone Point repaired the original fort and added the star-shaped brick works. Over the archway at the entrance the figures 1794 may yet be made out, but with some difficulty. This point of land was soon afterward ceded to the United States, receiving the name Fort M'Henry in honor of James M'Henry of Maryland, then secretary of war. It was made a regular government garrison, but occupied no attention until the war of 1812.

It was here then, that the attempted invasion of the British was checked and repelled. After burning Washington in 1814 the land and naval forces of the enemy turned northward, flushed with victory. They met a repulse by our militia at North Point, but looked forward to a triumphant capture of the batteries at Fort M'Henry and also those erected at Lazaretto, a projecting point of land just opposite. The actual bombardment began on September 12 and continued throughout the night and on the next day. Some of the ships passed up the Patapsco, but were almost annihilated in their attempts to force the rear of fort. Having lost their commander and being unable to continue the bombardment, the English retired. The treaty of peace signed in the following December put an end to hostilities, with the exception of the ill-fated battle of New Orleans.

It was during the terrible bombardment of the night of September 12 that the famous "Star Spangled Banner" was composed. Francis Scott Key, then a resident of Baltimore, was detained on board one of the British ships while trying to secure a flag of truce, to effect and exchange of captive friends. Being of a poetic temperament, it was during that eventful night that he jotted down on an old envelope those patriotic words. Its composition has been described in the following extract:

"It was under these trying circumstances that he composed the Star Spangled Banner, descriptive of the scenes of that doubtful night and of his position upon the coming of morn uncertain of its results, his eye seeks for the flag of his country, and he asks in doubt: "Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming; Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming!" And then as through the mists of the deep dimly loomed that gorgeous banner fluttering in the first rays of the morning sun, he exclaims triumphantly: "And it goes on to tell how the song first became so popular. It is such scenes and stirring events that the historical old fort brings to the mind of a visitor as he gazes at the gray mass so unpretentious yet so formidable. It is now used, together with the surrounding buildings, as a garrison for United States troops. At present but three companies of artillery have their headquarters there. The grounds are neatly kept; the road beds are paved with broken oyster shells, forming a sort of macadam, the lawn back of the fort is used as drill and parade grounds and is set off by piles of shells

and captured cannon as ornaments. The soldiers' quarters are in comfortable looking brick buildings, while the officers' dwellings consist of separate frame structures, a kind of building quite uncommon in this part of the country. The chapel is a dilapidated brick building whose cracks and defects are partly hidden by the ivy overgrowing it. A small piece of the front wall has fallen out, and altogether it has an antique appearance, but it is not so old as the fort by over half a century. In the walk leading to the door there is imbedded a marble slab bearing the date 1850. All the buildings are of course of comparatively recent construction. Besides all these there are separate magazines and work shops and a dock belonging to the place. While they are interesting in themselves, they have not the historical attachments of the older structures, and are used for the same purposes as the other United States forts all over the country. VICTOR ROSEWATER.

IMPIETIES.

Handwriting on the wall is not terrific; but it is generally vulgar, and shows ignorance and bad feelings toward the Christian Martyr (in the spirit world)—Were you ever on a rack? Modern spirit-No, but I've been on a dentist's chair.

We believe Adam was the first man to walk his extraordinary theory that marriage is a failure. But we must bear in mind that Adam's opportunities for observation outside of his own family were very limited.

Minister (consoling Mormon elder over the death of his wife)—"I sympathize with you deeply, Mr. Brigham, in your sad affliction." Mormon Elder—"Yes, it's hard, it's hard!" Minister—"Still, Mr. Brigham, it isn't as bad as if you—only had one, you know."

A minister was questioning his Sunday school about the theory of Eutychus, the young man who, while listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down was taken up dead. "What," said the preacher, "do you learn from this solemn event?" Then the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt: "Please sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

"What is the trouble?" asked Heelzebub of Lucifer, who was walking up and down the infernal regions in a very disconsolate manner. "Trouble enough," was the response. "More people than we can accommodate!" "Worse than that, I'm afraid that we will have to shut up shop altogether." "Shut up the old place that we have been running so long and so successfully?" "That's it." "For what reason?" "I see that the coal dealers are about to enter into another trust."

EDUCATIONAL.

The freshman class at Harvard college this year numbers over three hundred students. Among the lecturers at Yale this year will be Bishop Potter and G. W. Cable, the novelist. Yacht Designer Burgess will deliver a course of lectures at Cornell university this year. Founders' day at Lehigh university was yesterday fully commemorated by exercises of a very interesting character. John Swinton's history has been thrown out of the Boston public schools by an almost unanimous vote of the school board. The Japanese government has established a college for women under English auspices. It is to be ruled by a committee of English women for six years. Clinton Scollard, a clever verse writer, has been made assistant professor of rhetoric at Hamilton college—a position in which he will be useful rather than ornamental. President Carter of Williams college, has received a gift of \$20,000 to found a library in honor of James Kuthven Adriance, of the class of '78, who died a year after graduation. Rev. Dr. W. E. Boggs has been elected chancellor of the university of Georgia. He is a brother-in-law of the rebel general, H. R. Lawson. He was born in India, where his parents were missionaries.