PART II. THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE. PAGES 9-16

EIGHTEENTH YEAR. OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1888.—SIXTEEN PAGES. NUMBER 157

BENNISON BROS.

STOP HERE! Read carefully. Every item is a great bargain, and from now on we propose to make Rome howl. Watch for us. Wait for us. We are the restless agitators of low prices. Great bargains next week in every department.

Dress Ginghams

7½¢

100 pieces new Dress Ginghams, worth 12½c a yard; on sale Monday at 7½c a yard. Remember, this is for Monday only

Blizzard Cloths

39¢

20 pieces heavy twill Blizzard Flannels, in grey and brown, 54 in. wide. They are only half price Monday — 39c a yard.

Beaver Shawls

$1.39

100 fine Beaver Shawls reversible in Brown and Grey. They are worth $3.50; our buyer now in the east, closed the lot at a low figure. You can get them Monday, at $1.39.

Fancy Ornaments.

3¢

Monday we will place on sale 310 dozen fancy Silk Tinsel and Plush Ornaments that our buyer closed out at a great loss. None are worth less than 15c and up to 35c each. On sale Monday, 3c each. Lovers of fancy work come early.

Bergman's Zephyrs

4½¢

Monday all day, Bergemans Zephyrs all colors, 32 laps to the pound. We give you Bergemans goods and not inferior trash, and we give you all you want and a full skein; Monday only 4½c a skein.

Ladies' Flannel Skirts

69¢

5 dozen Ladies' Flannel Skirts, with fancy colored embroidered bottoms, also fancy striped skirts, with quilted bottoms. They are worth $1.00 to $1.50. Your choice Monday, 69c. each.

Ladies' Kid Gloves

68c

Just arrived, 100 dozen fine 4 and 5 button kid gloves, with fancy and silk embroidered backs, in tans, browns, and blacks. They would be cheap at $1.25. You can take them away Monday at 68c a pair.

Indigo Blue Prints

6½¢

Two cases Satine Indigo blue figured Prints, in short lengths. They are copied from French Satines and are worth 10c a yard. On sale Monday at 6½c a yard.

Grey Twill Flannels

6½¢

One day more you can buy those heavy grey Union Flannels at 6½c a yard; and you can't buy them anywhere else less than 18c.

SCHOOL BAGS

35¢

Just arrived by express, 100 Children's Felt School bags, with handsome initial embroidered in silk on face of each bag; they usually retail at $1. Our price Monday, is 35c each.

Dress Flannels

45¢

Monday only. 75 pieces fine Dress Flannels and Tricots, all wool, all colors; this is a terrific low figure on these goods, but we must reduce stock. Remember — Monday, only 45c a yard.

Germantown Yarns

13¢

Monday, 75 pounds finest imported Germantown Yarns, all colors. They are worth 20c a skein; this is no trash, but best goods made. Monday 13c a skein.

Stripe Velvets

33c

75 pieces Stripe Velvets we bought at less than cost to manufacture. You have them Monday and all next week at 33c yard.

Silk Arrasene

13c

Monday your choice of our entire stock of Star Arrasene and No. 1 Chenille, all colors, 13c a dozen.

Robe Prints.

4½¢

Two cases fine comforter Calicoes, an elegant line of patterns. They are new, just arrived, and worth 7½c. On sale Monday at 4½c a yard.

Red Twill Flannels

20¢

One case heavy red twill Flannels, all wool and worth 35c. You can have them Monday at 20c a yard.

BOY'S HOSE

25¢

Just received 50 dozen Boy's heavy, All Wool ribbed black bicycle Hose in 8½, 9 and 9½; they would be cheap at 49c. You can have them Monday 25c pair.

Huck Toweling

4½¢

100 pieces fine Huck Toweling, worth 8c a yard. On sale Monday, 4½c.

Fancy Yarns.

5¢

50 pounds fancy shaded Yarns in blue and white; it is a fine quality, but being only one color, we will close the lot at 5c a skein.

Comforters

79c

Monday only, 3 bales good solid Comforters. They would be cheap at $1.00. On sale Monday 79c. each.

Children's Plush Cloaks,

$4.98.

Children's Plush Cloaks in 1, 2 and 3 years, Gretchen skirt, in mahogany, electric blue, codper brown, gobelin blue, cardinal, and all at one price,—$4.98 each, worth $8.

THROUGH THE TOKIO COURTS.

And a Chat With the Almond-Eyed Supreme Court Justices.

THE COURTS OF COMMON PLEAS.

Japanese Police and What They Get—Secret Service Department—Japanese Firemen and Japanese Fres—Country of the Little.

Carp's Letter.

TOKIO, Oct. 25.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—I spent a day in going through the courts. The present judiciary and judicial system of Japan is the outgrowth of twenty-one years. The crude trials which prevailed during the days of Japanese feudalism have passed away. Torture is now entirely unknown, and hanging has taken the place of hari kari, strangulation, crucifixion and decapitation in the administration of the death penalty. There is no more whipping of witnesses to make them testify. The French law has been as far as possible adapted to the Japanese wants, and one of the supreme justices of Japan told me that the code Nepoleon would be the law of the empire. The courts were established with the beginning of the new regime in the latter part of the sixties. Now Japan has more than one thousand lawyers, and it takes 1,500 judges to preside over her courts. She has 1,000 men who act as prosecuting attorneys, and her judiciary department contains 1,700 clerks. The minister of the judiciary has a seat with the secretary of state, the secretary of the interior, the secretaries of war and navy, and the minister of agriculture in the cabinet of the mikado, and the department of justice, ranks next to those of the war and navy in the number of its employes. Its number of officials is as great as that of our treasury at Washington, and it has three courts to our one.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

is a rambling structure of two-story houses united by long arbor-like passages. It has beautiful gardens, and a wide drive leads up to the main entrance. As I drove up this in my jinrikisha, the Japanese servants at the door bent themselves in salutation. They went down to the floor again and again as I presented my note from the state department of Japan. They were all dressed in white duck with brass buttons, and there seemed to be a messenger at every corner as I went through the department. They probably get $1.50 or $2 a week, and they have more limber backs than you will find in any American skin. They sucked in their breath as they bowed, so that the noise sounded like a tin whistle while I passed through the various buildings with an interpreter of the department, and they kotowed again and again in every instance.

Our first call was made on the acting minister of justice. As I entered, the minister, the guide and myself, put our hands on our knees and doubled ourselves up in Japanese saluation. We arose and went down again, and then the minister offered me his hand He motioned me to a seat, and chatted much more freely than does our own attorney general, Mr. Garland. His smile was more attractive than that of Garland's when I told him that we considered the Japanese the Americans of the west, and were glad to see them attempt the overthrow of the oriental for the christian civilization. He talked of the improvements in the Japanese judiciary and was very sanguine as to the future of his country. Leaving him we visited

THE VARIOUS COURTS.

In each case the superintending judge was our guide, and he led us from one room to another explaining the whole mode of Japanese justice. The Japanese judges are required to dress in Prince Albert coats when on the bench. They do not look half as dignified as their clerks, who sometimes wear Japanese gowns, but the judges confided to me that they were thinking of adopting robes like those of the judges of England, and the supreme court laughed immoderately when I told them that our supreme judges at Washington were as careful of the but of their gowns as a lady is of her dresses, and their eyes opened when I told them that the gowns cost $75 a piece.

A JAPANESE COURT ROOM

even now, is far different from an American one. Imagine a room, half of which is made up of a wooden rostrum about three feet high, and the other half floored with stone. Upon this rostrum the judges sit behind little tables, which are covered with green cloth. In the common pleas and the preliminary courts there are three of these tables. The judge sits at the center one. At his right is the prosecutor or prosecuting attorney, and at his left is the clerk. All three have little paint boxes before them with brushes for writing in black the Japanese characters, and no stenographers are used. Close up to this rostrom, in the pit below, there is a low railing upon which the prisoner places his hands and looks up at the judge as he is tried. There are no seats for the lawyers, and lawyers are not allowed inside the bar. At the extreme back of the room one or two benches stand for the accommodation of visitors, and upon these sometimes sit prisoners waiting to be tried.

THERE IS NO JURY,

and the judge examines the prisoner himself. The prosecutor states the case first, however, and the prisoner can employ counsel. I watched one or two criminal trials. A half-dozen offenders with handcuffs on their hands and with their arms tied together with ropes, which were also bound around their waists, were led by these ropes into the courts. The handcuffs were then taffen off and laid with the ropes on the seats while the trial went on. As far as I could see, the judge tried to get at the truth, and the trial seemed to be fair.

I then visited a court which we do not have in America. When a man is arrested by a policeman, he is brought to this court and the judge looks into the evidence for himself.

NO LAWYERS

are employed, and it is just a preliminary examination. There are a number of such courts, and they might rather be described as offices, for they consist of little cubby holes made up of a rostrum and pit. I saw a boy of twelve examined, who had been charged with arson. The judge put all kinds of searching questions to him, and compared his answers with those he had given to the policeman. Among the evidences against the boy were a pair of sandals and a pair of Japanese stockings, which the boy said did not belong to him. The judge unrolled them, and taking them into his hands jumped down into the pit beside the boy and buckled them on the boy's feet with his own hands. He then further examined the boy and evidently thought him guilty. If he decided so the boy would have to be tried in open court. If not he would be freed.

THE DIFFERENT COURTS.

The Japanese courts consists of the police court, of this preliminary examination, of the common pleas court, of courts of appeal, and of a supreme court. The court rooms of these various courts are all about the same, and the trials seem to be more by cross examination by judges than by lawyers. There are seven appeal courts in Japan, and each of these has from seven to eighteen judges. Each of the courts has its president, and all judges are appointed by the Mikado, and for life. Judges of the police court get from $300 to $800 a year, and there is a branch of this court that deals with the infractions of police regulations where the fines run from five cents to $1.05 each. Common pleas courts have jurisdiction of criminal and civil matters, and they receive from $900 to $3,000 a year. The appellate judges get from $3,500 to $4,000 a year, and the supreme jurdes receive from $4,000 to $5,000 per year. All of these amounts, however, must be reckoned in Japanese dollars, which are only worth seventy-five cents. So that the $5,000 man does not get 4,000 gold dollars, and the $4,000 man gets about three.

THE SUPREME COURT

is composed of twenty judges, and these are divided into four classes of five judges each, so that four courts are kept going at the same time. I was introduced to four of these judges, and not one of them could speak a word of English. They all wore European dress, and they shook hands after they had bowed in the Japanese fashion. I was received by them in one of the reception rooms of the supreme court and we chatted about Japan and its laws, while we sipped little cups of tea out of egg-shell china, and smoked cigarettes, which we lit in Japanese hibachis. I noted among these four judges some striking American resemblances One looked very much like Stilson Hutchins of the Washington Post, and another was the living likeness of Judge Cooley of Michigan. I spoke of the immense rambling structure composing the court, and one of the judges politely said that the Japanese believed more in the administration of justice than in fine buildings They were very much interested in the supreme court at Washington, and were pleased with the fact that our judiciary was next to the president in rank. They were surprised that so many of our judges were old men, and told me that the twenty judges of the Japanese supreme court ranged from forty to sixty years of age. As I arose to leave we again shook hands and bowed, and each of the great judges sucked in his breath and bowed again as we separated. It takes a great

MANY CLERKS

to run these Japanese courts, and the click of the typewriter is unheard in the clerical part of the building. Some of the clerks wear Japanese gowns and others dress in European clothes. They use paint brushes and black paint instead of pen and ink in their bookkeeping, and the documents of the court and the records are stored away in green oiled paper covered baskets, so that may be taken out quickly in case of fire. These clerks get from $12 to $75 a month, and the prosecutors receive from $300 to $2,200 a year.

THE POLICEMEN

are paid from seven to fifteen Japanese dollars a month. Think of "the dandy coppers of the Broadway squad" getting five American dollars a month, or a dollar and a quarter a week and board themselves. Still there are five thousand policemen in Tokio, and the great majority of them receive less than two dollars a week. They seem more orderly than our American policemen, and their little Japanese forms are not half the size of those of our officials. They dress in white linen duck during the summer, and their natty clothes are of European cut. They wear caps instead of hats, and carry long swords instead of short clubs. All of them are good swordsmen, and the policemen have a drill of fencing, and have to be proficient in the use of the foils before they can go on the force. When they arrest a man they tie him up with ropes as well as handcuff him, and instead of grabbing his shoulder and pushing him to the station, they drag him along by the rope.

There are 30,000 of these policemen in Japan, and the Japanese police system is organized after that of France. It has a large detective force, and the spy system is such that the government is kept very well posted as to what is going on politically as well as criminally. The police stations are scattered all over Tokio, and at the corners of the principal streets you will see little booth-like sheds in which one of these white dressed officers sits. There are inspectors of police, constables, and a commissioner-in-chief. The latter receives about twenty-seven hundred American dollars per year, and the constables get from $10 to $14 per month.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

Is under the police, and Japanese fires burn down more houses than those of any other nation of the world. The architecture is such that when a fire breaks out houses fall like they did in the Chicago conflagration, and I saw a statement in a newspaper las night of a fire in the interior of Japan which burnt 2,600 houses. It is said that Tokio burns down every seven years, and fires of from one to five hundred houses are common. When a fire breaks out in one of the interior villages of Japan, if the wind is blowing, the town is practically gone. The roofs are in many cases of thatch. There are no fire departments to speak of, outside of the large cities, and the six little steam engines which form Tokio's fire department, would not weigh altogether the more than two American steamers. The firemen of Yokohama wear blue hats like butter bowls. Their pants stop just above the knees, and their blue gowns have a round white ring on the back, inside of which is printed in flaring letters—the Yokohama fire brigade

THE HOME LIFE

of the Japanese is such that fires can hardly be avoided. Instead of using matches for lighting their cigars they have little bowls of charcoal called hibachis, and these are kept on the floor, which is usually covered with straw matting. The kitchen stove is merely a stone box, and the partitions of the houses are of thin paper or of boards which will spring into flame at a touch. There is no such thing as gas in the ordinary Japanese house, and the candle and the coal oil lamp are the illuminating powers. The lanterns are the ordinary paper lanterns which you see at American lawn fetes, or square boxes of oiled paper stretched over a wooden frame, in which a lamp or candle burns. The lamps and lanterns are placed on the floor and about them the children play and the family sprawl. It is a wonder, indeed, that there are not more fires, and when it is remembered that there is not a chimney on any of the houses of Japan, and that the fuel of the country is to a large extent charcoal, the danger from fire is appreciated. The ordinary Japanese smokes a pipe and the fact that this pipe must be refilled about two times a minute adds to the danger of fire. The bowl of a Japanese pipe is not bigger than the bottom of a thimble. It holds about two puffs of smoke and it is usually made of brass or metal.

THE BABIES.

But the smaller a thing is the better the Japanese seem to like it. This may account for their fondness for babies. The Japanese babies seem smaller than ours and their crack-like eyes drop little tears while their squeaky little voices cry out in the language of babydom which is the same the world over.

Japan is a country of the little. The men here are from five feet to five feet, six inches high and the women are smaller. Notwithstanding the fact that they raise themselves three inches off the ground on their wooden sandals I am continually looking down at them, and a fair-sized American girl towers above them like an Amazon. Japanese trees are dwarfed, and in fact all nature seems to be made on the six by nine plan.

EVERYTHING IS SMALL.

The chickens are nearly all bantams, and the cats with their bobtails look like kittens compared with our American tommys, and the horses are ponies. The houses of the common people are but one story, and the rooms look like children's playhouses. The country, though as big as several states, is full of picturesque scenery, but it is the pretty rather than the grand, and you have beautiful bits rather than sublime landscapes. It is the same with everything. If I ask for a cup of tea at a little wayside tea house it is handed to me in a little piece of shell like china, no bigger than an egg cup, and the little Japanese beauty gets down on her little knees when she brings it before me.

As for the Japanese meals, they are carried about in boxes about the size of those which hold one hundred cigars. The farms are small in Japan. The fields are like garden patches and very small garden patches at that, and as for little babies, which are in course of time to grow into little Japanese, you see more of them to the square yard here than any other place on this big round earth.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Coughs and colds come uninvited, but you can quickly get rid of these with a few doses of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm. 25 cents a bottle.

ATTACKED BY THE INDIANS.

A Thrilling Adventure in an Overland Stage Coach.

A CHAPTER OF FRONTIER HISTORY

In Which W. A. Paxton, Captain Curran and Dr. McClelland Were Prominent Actors.

An Interesting Reminiscence.

Several well-known western men, while sitting in the rotunda of the Paxton hotel the other evening, related some interesting chapters from their experiences on the plains before the days of the railroad. Among the number was Hon. William A. Paxton of this city. Mr. Paxton, as is well known, assisted in the construction of the Pacific telegraph line, which was built by Edward Creighton. He also freighted from Omaha to Denver, and built a portion of the Union Pacific railroad. During the years which he spent on the plains he met with several thrilling adventures, one of which occurred while he was engaged in freighting.

"I shall never forget the time the Indians fired into the overland stage in which I was a passenger," said Mr. Paxton. "I remember it as well to-day as if it had occurred only yesterday. It was twenty-four years ago." Mr. Paxton then went on and related the following story:

In 1863-4 you remember that the Indians were quite troublesome. They burned up nearly all the ranches on the road between Kearney and Denver and had that big fight with the soldiers at Julesburg. We freighters had to drive our teams in double file, and escort them from Kearney with eighty of our own men, all well armed. I happened to be captain in these emergencies. We had several little skirmishes with the Indians, but no one was killed. In October, 1864, I was on my way from Omaha to Denver with the freighting outfit of Finn and Dick McCormick. I had charge of the train. At Kearney I was taken sick and had to stay there for a day or two. As soon as I felt able to travel I started out by stage to overtake my train, which was going to O'Fallon's. The overland stage had eight passengers and the driver. We started out in good spirits, and nobody anticipated any trouble, as the Indians had given us a brief rest in that locality. I occupied a place on the middle seat of the coach. On the front seat, facing me, was a lady—the only one in the coach. Her name was Mrs. Abbott. She was on her way home to Georgetown, Colo. Beside her sat an old man, who was very large and fleshy. He was crowding Mrs. Abbott considerably, and made her quite nervous. So I asked him to give her a little more room. This he did, and she thanked me. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening, just as we were going into a gulch. It was a bright starlight night. The moment we entered the gulch I began to feel uneasy. It looked like a good place for Indians, and a mighty poor place for white folks. I kept my eyes peeled to the front, to the right and to the left. I was looking for Indians, and I didn't have to wait long to find 'em. We had got into the gulch but a short distance, when I sighted a party of redskins coming for us. They opened fire on us, and wounded five out of the nine.

Mrs. Abbott was shot through the arm and the side with an ounce ball. Her arm was terribly shattered. She fell forward on my lap and I thought she was killed.

The old man sitting by her side groaned, and said that he was mortally wounded, and that he felt the blood running. He then commenced praying.

Everybody in the coach was terribly excited and frightened. They were all tenderfeet except myself.

"Get out your pistols," I said to them; "I guess we'll have to sell out."

They did so, but they handled their revolvers so excitedly and awkardly that I was afraid they would shoot each other. This made me swear pretty emphatically at them. With several oaths I told them to be more careful.

"Oh, Mr. Paxton, how can you use such language at a time like this."

This protest came from Mrs. Abbott. It was the first evidence that I had that she was alive. Meantime the old man kept on praying, and the coach fairly flew over the ground, although the horses were pretty badly shot.

I looked out and could not see any Indians coming.

The old driver, who was called Dan Rice, because he had traveled with Rice's circus, had by this time sobered up. He and his companion, a telegraph operator, had started out pretty well loaded with liquor, and they had kept filling up from a bottle until it was empty.

Suddenly the coach stopped. Theer was another gulch to cross. It was about half a mile from the spot where we were fired upon. I leaned out of the window and said, "Dan, what's the matter?"

"Give me a drink of whisky, Paxton, or I never can cross that gulch in the world."

While I was getting my whisky bottle for him, I said, "Dan, this lady down here is mortaly wounded."

"And this little operator up here has got the whole top of his head shot off," replied Dan, who added, "Give me that nervine, quick."

I handed him the bottle. He took a big drink. The next moment he whipped up his horses, dashed through the gulch, and soon we were out on the open prairie, with no Indians in sight.

The stage rattled on at a lively rate, the four horses being whipped into a full gallop all the time. Every moment we expected the Indians to give us another dose.

Meantime the old man kept on praying.

Fortunately, Captain Sterrit M. Curran, who was stationed at Plum Creek with a company of the First Nebraska cavalry, had heard our firing. He at once sent out a squad of cavalrymen, who rescued us and escorted us into the station.

I carried Mrs. Abbot in and put her on a bed. The doctor—he was an army contract surgeon—examined her and at once concluded that he would have to amputate her arm. She felt terribly over this, and said she would wait until the arrival of her husband, to whom I at once telegraphed at Georgetown. The doctor, however, insisted upon performing the operation at once, and got out his instrument. Mrs. Abbot wept bitterly when she saw that the doctor was determined about the matter. I asked her if she wanted to wait until her husband came, and upon her replying that she did, I told the doctor he could not cut the arm off while I was around. He became very angry and ordered me out of the room. I pulled my revolver and made him waltz out.

I then telegraphed for Dr. McClelland at Fort Kearney, thirty-five miles distant. In just three hours and ten minutes Dr. McClelland came galloping into the station with an escort of thirty-five men.

The moment the doctor dismounted I happened to think of the old man, who claimed to be mortally wounded. I took the doctor in to see him. We found him lying on the floor, his head against the wall, with no more color in his face than a piece of white paper.

We loosed his clothes and a bullet dropped to the floor. It had struck him on the left side of the stomach, and half buried itself without breaking the skin. I could put my thumb into the indenture. But it amounted to nothing; no blood was spilled whatever. We soon convinced him he was not hurt. He then offered up a prayer of thanks, and seemed to be a very happy man, as he didn't want to be killed so far from home.

Dr. McClelland said he would have died in twenty minutes more from fright. I had often heard about people being scared to death, but hardly believed it could be done. Here, however, was a practical demonstration of it.

Now about the telegraph operator, the top of whose head the driver had said, had been shot off. He was not killed. He had been hit with an arrow, and in trying to pull it out he had twisted it around and thus loosened the entire top of his scalp. He was the bloodiest man I ever saw, and we all thought he was dead until we got him into the station. Dr. McClelland patched him up and, as I afterwards was told, he came out all right.

Dr. McClelland made an examination of Mrs. Abbott's arm, and assured the lady that he could save it. He took charge of her, and brought her out all right. "An arm on is worth ten thousand arms off." That's is about what the doctor said, when I asked him what he thought about the case. The other wounded persons were only slightly hurt.

Ben. Holliday came down that night from Salt Lake. He was chased into Plum Creek by the Indians.

Next morning I struck out for O'Fallon's with a party. We got through all right the next evening, although we were fired upon by the Indians, who that night burned several ranches.

At 1 o'clock a stage came over from O'Fallon's Bluffs on a dead run, and when it drew up at my camp the solitary passenger inquired for me. When I came up I found he was the husband of Mrs. Abbott. He asked me about his wife, and I told him she was comfortable and being well cared for. He waited but a minute, and then ordered the driver to whip up his horses, and away he went.

Mr. Abbott, who was then a wealthy miner, was three miles from Georgetown when my telegram reached there. His clerk sent for him, and meantime arranged by telegraph a relay of horses at every stage station between Georgetown and Plum Creek. In thirty hours Mr. Abbott made the 345 miles, reaching the bedside of his wife at 2 o'clock on the second morning after she was shot.

Mr. Abbott is a poor man now.

For several years after this incident Mrs. Abbott used to write to me. I went to see them at Georgetown a few years ago, but they had moved to Leadville.