

LADIES, THIS WILL BE A GREAT BARGAIN WEEK

HEYMAN & DEICHES' 1518-1520 Farnam St

The Largest Cloak, Suit and Fur House in the West.

The continuation of the warm weather into the Fall has left us a large surplus
In Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Dresses.

In preference to carrying over the same, we have decided to make a **SACRIFICE!**
We offer 250 Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks and Suits, single garment of a style

AT ONE-HALF THEIR FORMER PRICES!

SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, AT 8:30 a. m., SHARP.

FROM NOW UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS OUR STORE WILL BE KEPT OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

RUN TO EARTH AND CRUSHED

Mackenzie's Successful Expedition Against the Comanches.

HE TAKES SUMMARY VENGEANCE

Duel Between a Comanche and Tonkawa—The Village Surprised, and the Warriors Corralled—The Depredations Ended.

Indian Warfare.

For some years prior to 1872 northwestern Texas was the scene of more massacres, murders and abductions by Indians than any other state or territory in the union. One day after another brought to the frontier posts some harrowing tale of a family being killed, their houses burned and the children carried into captivity worse than death.

These stories were, upon investigation by the troops, amply verified. Little children, too young to travel, had their brains beaten out on the doorpost of the cabin, the men were stalked out so that they could not move, and fires built upon their stomachs, and the women, after being outraged were pinned to the floor by a lance and left in that position to die by inches.

This is not a fancy sketch, but a fact for which there are many living witnesses.

This having continued for some time, the United States troops were called upon to act, and they took ample revenge.

The state of Texas did organize rangers, but they were found to be of little use at the time. On their first expedition they were attacked and their horses stampeded and they arrived in Fort Griffin packing their saddles, a very scared and dejected looking crowd.

In the spring of 1871 General Mackenzie received orders for an expedition, and his regiment, the Fourth cavalry, and about one hundred Tonkawa Indians scouts were ordered out; in all about six hundred men. After marching for several hundred miles in a northwesterly direction, into the then unknown region of the pan-handle of the state, the site of the village was located; but being entirely out of rations Mackenzie returned to a point near Fort Griffin to rest.

After recruiting his command the general made a forced march and got within about eight miles of the village, but finding that the Indians were on the alert, by seeing them on the hills in his front, he again halted.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon while the horses were grazing and the troopers were preparing their supper, a sudden attack was made by about five hundred Indians, mounted on their war ponies and painted up in great style.

There was mounting in hot haste, and the Tonkawas on their war ponies led the advance. A charge was ordered; but the jaded horses of the cavalry could not begin to overtake the fresh, active ponies of the Redskins.

After an ineffective charge the cavalry would halt, and the Indian scouts would then take the field. Then followed a most interesting exhibition of Indian warfare.

About midway between the lines, about three hundred yards apart, they would meet. One line would turn to

the right, the other to the left, and throwing themselves to the right and left of their horses respectively, would dash past each other, firing as they passed. The war-cry of the Comanches, sounding like: Ha-ha-ha-ha, would be followed by the Tonkawa, Ah-kun-ak-ha, commenced in a whisper, but rising to the full power of their voices. The war-cry would be followed by such taunts as: "Come on you Tonkawa squaws," "Come on you Comanche old women."

Among the Tonkawas was an old man named by the soldiers "Joe;" he was the medicine man of the tribe; a fellow but little over five feet in height, and almost as broad as he was long. Becoming enraged at the taunts of a certain Comanche he challenged him to a duel. It was accepted. Both turned their horses at the same time and dashed towards each other, one lying on one side of his pony, the other on the opposite side. When within a few yards two puts of smoke were seen, and the Comanche chief dropped heavily from his pony. He had hardly struck the ground before Old Joe was upon him. His knife gleamed twice in the air as he stabbed his opponent to the heart. With a circular movement of his knife he removed the scalp and ears of his enemy, and shaking the ghastly trophy in the face of the Comanches who were charging up to capture him, he dashed back to the lines.

Nothing was impossible to accomplish anything in the then condition of his horse, General Mackenzie went into camp. A council of war was subsequently held, and the war chief of the Tonkawa stated it as his belief that the Comanches were simply trying to draw the troops away from the village which lay as he believed some twelve miles east of their position. Acting upon this advice, after leaving a strong guard with the pack-mules, General Mackenzie at midnight moved out with his command, enjoying the strictest silence. At about 3 o'clock the village was seen, and dispositions made for an attack at daylight. One troop was sent to the further end of the village by a circuitous route; one was posted on the left, and another on the right, and two troops at the upper end.

The signal for the attack was to be two shots from General Mackenzie's revolver.

The moments passed very slowly to the waiting troops. Babble could be heard crying and roosters crowing in the village, the day was beginning to dawn, but still no signal shot was fired. Just before the sun rose an Indian came out of the wigwam nearest to the lines where Mackenzie stood and stretched himself. Immediately the signal shots were fired and a simultaneous attack was made. The surprised Redskins dashed out of the tepees, rifle in hand. They first charged to one side and were repulsed; they then tried the other side, with like result. They were completely hemmed in. All this time the effective fire of the cavalry was playing havoc with them. Finally, with a frantic rush they broke through the lines and made their escape.

On the field the bodies of fifty-three were found, and over one hundred and fifty squaws and papooses were captured, and in the neighborhood of six hundred ponies. Their whole winter supplies of pemmican (dried meat), etc. The loss to the troops was very slight, the surprise was so complete.

A sergeant, as he was passing over the field after the fight, saw in the three-year-old sliding through the long grass. Reaching down he gripped him by the breech-cloth and lifted him up to the saddle in front of him. He caught a Tartar, however. The baby did not cry, but he bit and scratched and fought

like a little fiend incarnate, and the sergeant was not sorry when he had turned him over to one of the captured squaws.

By General Mackenzie's order, the entire village and stores were destroyed by fire, the six hundred ponies shot, and the squaws and children brought to Texas.

The squaws and children were subsequently exchanged at Fort Sill for two white girls who had long been held in captivity.

This expedition of General Mackenzie's practically put an end to depredations in Texas. The Indians, after the loss of all their ponies and winter supplies, were only too glad to return to the reservation, and their raids completely ceased.

General Mackenzie, a major general of volunteers before he was twenty-five, and who was regarded most highly by General Grant and fairly idolized by the people of Texas, is now hopelessly insane in Bloomingdale asylum, in New York.

That "Terrible Oath."

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Dec. 1.—To THE BEE:—In your issue of Sunday appeared an article under the caption of "Facts about Little 'Phii'" written by Henry D. Gregg, a former private secretary of General Sheridan.

The writer says: "It is popularly supposed owing to Buchanan Read's poem that he [Sheridan] was addicted to using strong language at times. This is a mistake. All the time I was with him I never heard an oath from his lips except an occasional 'By gad.'"

Few people know what "the terrible oath" mentioned by Read really was. Riding along the ranks of his routed troops at Cedar Creek he shouted "Face the other way, we are going back to our camps. I'll give my camp to the first man who says 'hell'!" Truly this was a terrible oath but there was nothing vulgar about it.

With all due deference to Mr. Gregg I wish to enter a protest against a part of that statement. It was the fortune of my regiment the 116th New York Infantry, to be with General Sheridan in his campaign on the Valley of the Shenandoah. We were at Cedar Creek and participated in the defeat without Sheridan and victory with him of that historic battle. No soldier will ever forget the moment he saw Sheridan dash upon the field. He came as an incarnation of irresistible energy and invincible power, and it awoke the rank and file of that retreating army to a consciousness that that which Sheridan revealed was theirs as well as his. The courage of the soldier responded to the bravery of the general, and the invincibility of the line joined hands with the irresistible energy of its heroic leader. On the part of the army it was an instantaneous recognition of its own power which it had lost sight of in the suddenness of Early's attack, and the confusion which followed. Sheridan was intuitively conscious of all this, and he implicitly relied upon it, else he never would have "right about faced" the retreating columns or dared to assume the offensive.

These were the conditions created by Sheridan's appearance, and he was too great a soldier to hazard any advantage which they gave to the situation. In the emergency which then existed Sheridan's appeal was not to brute force, but to the heroic soul of his soldiers. It was not a requisition for more cannon, or a demand for more bayonets, but for the ignition of the fire of battle service in the consciousness of every veteran. In doing this he called upon the flying soldiers to "face the other way" with terrible earnestness, but

that he ever added "I'll sleep in my camp to-night or I'll sleep in hell!" is open to the grave suspicion of the original being enlarged upon by a fiery imagination. Such an expression from a commanding officer would have done more to destroy the fighting morale of the army than a successful flank movement by the enemy or an unexpected outflanking fire. The American soldier, underneath whatever rough exterior he chose to appear, maintained a conscious sentiment of dependence upon a higher power, to trifle with which in a great emergency would have been a greater shock than the shock of battle. What Sheridan did say, as I remember it, was "Face the other way," which left his lips as a command that must not be disobeyed, to which he added "We'll lick hell out of them yet."

He never stopped to see whether the men faced the other way or not, but with his spurs close to his black charger's flanks he dashed on to reach the immediate scene of battle. When he arrived there, Gustor rode up to him and exclaimed, "General, we're whipped." "Not by a d—n sight," replied Sheridan, who proceeded to give him orders what to do. I was standing within twenty feet of him at the time. Our column was at once faced about and the Nineteenth and Sixth corps commenced to form in line with their faces towards the enemy. We were then beyond the range of the enemy's bullets, but as soon as we could be got in readiness we were marched back to meet Early's victorious columns and to check their further advance. This we did. Then we were allowed to rest until quite late in the afternoon. I think until about 4 o'clock, when "attention" was sounded and General Sheridan rode along the line apparently looking every man in the face and remarking, "I expect every man to do his duty; we are going to fight the largest battle in the world." The result is well known; we did sleep in our "old camp grounds" and the next day our thoughts ever came to the warm regions below when Sheridan would remark as he rode among the boys who were pursuing Early's routed army, "Give them hell, boys!" It was not elegant, but we all felt that it was appropriate.

R. C. HUBBARD.

She Didn't Scare.

Detroit Free Press: "Say, fellows," he remarked to a crowd of grocery men the other evening, "I know how we can have some fun."

Several parties asked him to explain, and he said: "My wife is always telling how brave she is, and what she'd do in an emergency, and I want to take her down a peg. I believe she'd scare like a cat. I want one of you to go to the back door and do ugly and sassy and demand supper, and see if she won't fly out of the front."

One of the crowd said he'd cheerfully go, and he did, while the others posted themselves in front. By and by a woman came to the door, looked up and down, and said to a boy who was passing: "Bobby, won't you go over to the store and tell my husband to come over?"

"Yes'm."

"Needn't hurry any, but just drop in if it's convenient."

When the crowd came over they found the volunteer lying on his back in the rear yard, unconscious, and his nose broken, and the wife said: "He wants supper and was ugly about it, and so I laid him out with a flat-iron."

And an hour later, when the poor man felt his nose and wanted to know why he was so ugly, he sadly answered: "Who?"

FLASHES FROM THE DYNAMOS.

Facts, Figures and Fancies Anent Chained Lightning.

NEW SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHING

A Peculiar Case—Telephonic Revolution—American Electricians in London—Electrical Phenomena With Tornadoes.

A Peculiar Case.

Commercial Advertiser: There is a lady now living in Cleveland, O., upon whom an electric shock has left the most remarkable trace. Some fourteen years ago, during a thunder storm, she was so shocked as to be partly paralyzed for some days, and since then, whenever there is a storm, though she suffers no pain and retains speech and consciousness, she loses all muscular power, and only regains it when the weather grows calm. She feels sharply the difference in a storm confined to the upper currents and one that stirs all the aerial depths. In a mountainous, hazy region, she says, the electric influence is not so strong as in one where the land is level and the atmosphere calm. The only preventive she has is to go indoors and shut herself into a room darkened and lit with gas. Even there, if the storm lasts a few hours, she is overcome by it, though the fall or absence of rain makes but little difference in her condition.

American Electricians in London.

Electrical World: George Westinghouse's electric company has been awarded the contract for a plant to light the city of London, to cost about \$300,000. It will be the largest plant in the world. We understand that the sale above referred to has been made to the Metropolitan electric supply company, and that the apparatus for a first installment of the total 25,000 lights contracted for is already on the spot. We are glad to see that American electric lighting machinery has once more captured the English market.

A New System of Telegraphing.

Boston Advertiser: A new system of telegraphing has been invented by Dr. J. H. Rogers of Washington, D. C., which, it is claimed, will render the telegraphic messages cheaper than mailing. This system reduces the English alphabet to ten elementary characters; the messages being prepared by a typewriterlike machine which is similarly manipulated, and with the use of ten keys, one for each character, any message can be written. Its application in telegraphy is to make two wheels, one at each end of the line, revolve simultaneously, and the inventor says he can make one wire do the work that it now takes ten to accomplish by the present method.

Interception of Messages.

M. H. Discher, controller of the Austrian postal service, in a communication to the Berne Journal Telegraphique, suggests a method of preventing the interception of messages in war time. He remarks that whereas it was formerly necessary to cut the line, the invention of the telephone now renders it possible to read every Morse signal passing along the line from a considerable distance by erecting a parallel line of short length with a telephone in circuit. He recommends the employment of the duplex system, one station sending the proper telegrams while the other transmits some text determined beforehand. The signals then received by any instrument interposed on

the line, or by a telephone on a neighboring and parallel line, will be so concentrated as to be intelligible. He refers more especially to the employment of the Morse instrument, as this is the one most generally used in field operations.

Electricity in Agriculture.

Philadelphia Record: Prof. Wollay, of Munich, has lately been conducting experiments upon the action of an electric current on vegetation. The soil experimented on was divided into plots four meters square, plates of zinc thirty centimeters broad and two meters long being placed at opposite ends of each square. The lines were carefully insulated, and five Meidinger cells were inserted in the circuit. The test was kept up from seed time to harvest, but neither corn, potatoes nor any other vegetable or cereal were affected in the slightest degree.

Electrical Phenomena.

Electrical World: The signal office of the war department, in anticipation of obtaining data of future storms, has prepared for circulation a formula asking for information relative to tornadoes. The circular is being distributed throughout the war department, and the questions are the following relating to the electrical phenomena accompanying tornadoes: Were thunder and lightning observed, and if so in what portion of the horizon, at what time of the day, and whether violent or otherwise? Was lightning or any manifestation of electricity seen in the funnel-shaped tornado cloud as it approached, or in the dark heavy clouds surrounding it to the north and west? Note the deflection of a magnet needle before and after a storm. Is there any reason to suppose that the clouds approached from opposite directions preceding the first appearance of the funnel-shaped cloud? Did the upper portion of the cloud at any time present a glaring appearance like the colors of a brilliant sunset? Were "balls of fire" observed to occupy the tornado cloud at any stage of its progressive movement? What effect had the storm upon small vegetation and the foliage of trees? In the event of death or injury to any person or animal observe very carefully whether the effect resulted from the electrical discharge of the force of the wind. Did you notice any peculiar odor in the atmosphere during the passage of the storm? Can the roaring, which always accompanies a tornado cloud in its passage over the country, be distinguished from ordinary thunder? Is thunder ever distinctly heard as emanating directly from the tornado cloud? How were the telegraph wires affected?

The San Jose, Cal., Electric Road.

Electrical World: California has proved a good field for the introduction of electric railways, and bids fair to have a number of such roads on a wide proportion to its population. One of the most noteworthy of its electric roads is that which has been installed and put in operation by Mr. Frank E. Fisher, the electrician of the Detroit Electrical works, and of which we give an illustration on this page.

The San Jose & Santa Clara Electric Railway has been in successful operation since the 4th of September. The passenger traffic averages 130,000 per month. The present equipment consists of twelve cars, six dummies and six closed street cars. The construction is underground throughout, a little conduit on the Fisher system, with depressed rail, being used. The road starts at East San Jose, following Santa

Clara street to the city limits, proceeding thence along the Alameda to the limits of Santa Clara. The road covers a distance of four miles. A double track is used, making eight miles of track and eight miles of underground construction. The speed averages eight miles per hour through the city, and ten on the Alameda outside of the city limits. The power station is equipped with two of the standard dynamos built by the Detroit electrical works, a Hazelton boiler, and a Wheelock automatic engine. The fuel used is crude petroleum which costs \$1.75 per barrel in San Jose, coal at present price being \$20 per ton. Notwithstanding the high price of fuel there is a difference of 50 per cent between the cost of operating the electric cars and performing the same service horse cars.

Spain's New Electric Torpedo Boat.

Electrical Review: Spain is turning over a new leaf, and preparing to take her place among the naval powers of Europe. She adopts invention at its latest stage, and seeks to push it to its fullest development. She has just launched from the arsenal at San Francisco the very latest edition of the torpedo boat. If the Peral should be a success, "the glorious uncertainty" of naval warfare is indubitably increased. She will be large—at least 22 meters long—and fast. Her motive power will be supplied by 600 accumulators, and her propelling engines will have 30 horse power. It is stated that for two days she can remain submerged without needing to renew her provision of air. She will be furnished with torpedos of all kinds, and will herself, if it be desired, be capable of being converted into an immense explosive, fatal to the largest iron-clad. If all this can be realized, the day of the invincible Armada seems about to be renewed.

Only a Quiet Granger.

Chicago Herald: Prof. James Conley is an Englishman, but he is Chicago from Boston. He is by profession a prize fighter, and wants it to be generally understood that he can whip any man that ever stood on two feet. In short, he is the worst kind of a bad man, and while he toots for a Clark street ticket scalper as a means of making a living he does most of his bragging about his fighting qualities. He has been in the ring several times, and among local sports was looked on as a light second only to John L. Sullivan.

Professor was playing his vocation in front of the Grand opera house when a man who must have been born in Indiana came in. He was tall and rawboned, the bones disturbed the reddish growth upon his face, and his general appearance was that of a man who had taken so much quinine for the chills and fever that he had no vitality left. As he pumped a venerable looking carpet sack on the ground he asked the ticket seller: "How much to New York?"

"Seventeen dollars."

"I can get that for \$16."

"You're a liar," said the prize fighter. Just then something happened. That granger's good right hand lit out. His big brown fist landed on Professor Conley's left eye and the pugilist went rolling in the mud. He rolled and rolled and rolled, and after he was through rolling he lay where he stopped. He couldn't get up, and while that tall, lank, lean granger from Indiana went up-street softly whistling to himself the bad man, the pugilist who could whip anybody but Sullivan, the prize-fighter that even William Bradburn said he was afraid to meet, had to be picked out of the street and carried to a neighboring hostelry. He was knocked out by one blow.

ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

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	A fine outfit in artist's materials, at	A. HOSPE'S.	A Renowned Kimball Organ.	
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	A bamboo brass or wood easel, at	A. HOSPE'S.	A Washburn Guitar.	
	A plush or bronze lined album, at	A. HOSPE'S.	A Stewart's finest Banjo.	
	A Christmas card or novelty, at	A. HOSPE'S.	A Swiss Music Box.	

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