OUT OF AFRIC DARKNESS.

News at Last From the Great Explorer Stanley.

A LONG AND GRAPHIC LETTER.

How the Brave Man and His Followers Battled With Famine and Hard Fortune Among the Hostile Natives.

Stanley's Letter.

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LONDON, April 3.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—The great African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, has at last been heard from in a long and graphic letter, dated on the Aruwimi river, in August last. It gives a most dramatic account of the miseries through which he and his men passed on their way to the relief of Emin Pasha. Starvation, nakedness, desertion of native troops, pillage and desolation spread in his path. Months of gloom in the heart of dense African forests, and the joyful entrance at last into sunshine and a land of plenty, form his thrilling narrative of adventure.

After detailing a series of cruel mishaps, hunger and rebellion on the part of his native followers, some of whom he punished by death; after describing 160 days in the gloom of an almost impenetrable forest, it tells of the escape into the open country, and continues as follows:

On the 9th we came to the country of a powerful chief, Mazamboni. His villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly settled that there was no other road except through the villages or fields. From no great distance the natives sighted us and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages, about 4 p. m. on the 9th of December, and occupied it, building a rude fort as fast as bill hooks could cut brush wood. The war cries were terrible from hill to hill, pealing across the intervening valleys. The people gathered by hundreds from every point. War horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with little difficulty. A slight skirmish ended in our capturing a cow, the first beef we had tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who we were, and we were equally anxious to glean news of the land that threatened to ruin the expedition. Hours passed in talk, the parties keeping a respectable distance apart.

The natives said they were subject to Uganda, but that Kabbarega was their real king, Mazamboni holding the country for Kabbarega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show their King Mazamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. Meantime hostilities were suspended.

The morning of the 11th dawned. At 8 a. m. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mazamboni's wish that we should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received in the valley around our neighborhood with deafening cheers. Their word "kanwana" signifies to make peace; "kurwana" signifies war. We were therefore in doubt, or rather we hoped we had heard wrongly. We sent an interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was kanwana or kurwana. "Kurwana," they responded, and to emphasize the term, fired two arrows at him, which dispelled all doubt.

Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley, 250 yards wide; on the other side a valley three miles wide east and west. The valley broadened to an extensive plain, and a higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend. The broader valley was already mustering its army. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men was sent under Lieutenant Stairs to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jeppson was sent with sixty men east. A body of sharpshooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Lieutenant Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep, narrow river in the face of the natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectively and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until there became a general flight. Mr. Jeppson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, taking villages as he went. At 3 p. m. not a native was visible anywhere except on one small hill, a mile and a half west.

On the morning of the 12th we continued our march. During the day we had four little fights. On the 13th we marched straight east, attacked by new forces every hour till noon, when we halted for refreshments. These we successfully overcame. At 1 o'clock we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried:

"Prepare for sight of Nyanza."

The men murmured and doubted and said: "Why does master continually talk this way? Nyanza indeed. Is this not a plain and can we not see the mountains?"

After a four days' march ahead, at 1:30 p. m., the Albert Nyanza was below them. It was now my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters, but as I was about to ask them what they said, so many came to kiss my hands and beg pardon that I could not say a word. This was my reward. The mountains, they said, were the mountains of Unoro, or rather its lofty plateau. The wall of Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies. We were at an altitude of 5,200 feet above the sea. Albert Nyanza was over 2,000 feet below us. We stood in one degree twenty minutes latitude. The south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped about six miles south of this position. Right across the eastern shore every tent on its low flat banks was visible, and traced like a silver snake on the dark ground was the tributary Lanaliki flowing into the Albert from the southwest.

After a short halt to enjoy the prospect we commenced a rugged, stony descent. Before the rear guard had descended a hundred feet the natives of the plateau we had just left poured after them. Had they shown as much courage and perseverence on the plain as they now exhibited we might have been seriously delayed. The rear guard was kept busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall. A night attack was made, but our sentries drove the natives away.

At 9 a. m., of the 16th we approached the village of Kakongo, at the southeast corner of Albert lake. Three hours were spent attempting to make friends. We signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood brotherhood with us because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any presents from us because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink and they would show us our road up to Myamstasi. But from these singular people we learned that they had heard there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of white men on the west side, nor had they seen steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had except such as would not hold men. There was no excuse for quarreling. The people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path and followed it a few miles, when we camped half a mile from the lake. Then we began to consider our position. With the light thrown upon it by the conversation with the Kakongo natives, my couriers from Zanzibar had evidently not arrived, or I presume Emin Pasha with his two steamers would have paid the southwest side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kalonga-longas, 190 miles distant. No canoe was obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. No tree anywhere of a size to make canoes could be seen. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me except that of retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send our party back to Kalonga-longas for our boat, store every load not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it and raise corn for us, march back again to Albert lake and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha.

This was the plan, which, after lengthy discussions with the officers, I resolved upon. On the 15th we marched to the right of Kavali, on the west side of the lake. Years ago Kavali was destroyed. At 4 o'clock p. m. the Kakongo natives followed, shot arrows into our bivouac and disappeared as quickly as they came. At 6 p. m. we began the night march, and by 10 a. m. of the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more. The Kakongo natives having persisted in following us to the slope of the plateau, we had one man killed and one wounded.

January 7 we were in Ibwiri again, and after a few days Lieutenant Stairs, with one hundred men, was sent to Kalonga-longas to bring the boat and goods up. I also sent Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers only eleven men were brought to the fort. The rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods he was sent to Urgarrowwas to bring the convalescent. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace.

Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm, but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and forty-seven days having expired I set out again for Albert Nyanza, on April 2, accompanied by Jeppson and Parke. Captain Nelson, who had now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys.

April 26 we arrived in Mozambini's country again, but this time, after solicitation, Mozambini decided to make a blood brotherhood with me, though I had fifty rifles less on this second visit. The example of Mozambini was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza, and every difficulty seemed removed. Food was supplied gratis, and cattle, goats, sheep and fowls were also given in such abundance that our people lived royally.

One day's march from the Nyanza the natives came from Kavali and said that a white man named Malegji had given their chief a black packet to give me, his son. Would I follow them?

"Yes, to-morrow," I answered, "and if your words are true I will make you rich."

They remained that night, telling wonderful stories about big ships as large as islands, filled with men, etc., which left no doubt in our minds that this white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to the Chief Kavali and after awhile he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strap, over black American oilcloth. The note was to the effect, as there had been a native rumor that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kabbarega, the king of Unyoro, and connected every steamer with him. However, the wife of Nyamsassic, a chief, had told a native ally of his named Mogo that she had seen us in Mozambini's country. He therefore begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The note was signed "Dr. Emin" and dated March 26.

The next day, April 23, Mr. Jeppson was dispatched with a strong force of men to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mawa station, the southern post belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jeppson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced, one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers.

April 29 we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on December 16, and at 5 p. m. of that date I saw the Khedive steamer, seven miles away, steaming toward us. Soon after 7 o'clock Emin Pasha and Signor Casak and Mr. Jeppson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by us. Next day we moved to a better camping place about three miles above Nyamsassic and this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp. We were together until May 25. On that day I left him, leaving Mr. Jeppson, three Soudanese and two Zanzibaris in his care. In return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and 102 Mahdi natives as porters. Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo, where were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwas twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, bringing with him, alas, only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers, whom I had sent with letters to Major Barttelot, had safely left Ugarrowwas for Yambuga on March 16. Fort Bodo was flourishing, with nearly ten acres under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was in the graneries. They had just commenced planting again.

June 16 I left Fort Bodo with 111 Zanzibaris and 101 of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson was second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers in order that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores which had been left with Major Barttelot. June 24 we reached Kalonga-longas and July 19 Ugarrowwas. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwas, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down the river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn and we went through and passed the wilderness unscathed, passing on down the river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet couriers, who had been stimulated by the reward of £10 per head, or the major himself leading an army of carriers. We indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal. August 10 we overtook Ugarrowwas with an immense flotilla of forty-seven canoes, and to our wonder our couriers were reduced to seventeen. They related an awful story of hair-breadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, and all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds. A week later, on August 17, we met the rear column of the expedition at Bunalya, or, as the Arabs corrupted it, Unarya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade whom I at first thought was Mr. Jamieson, but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonney, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"Well, my dear Bonney," I asked, "where is the major?"

"Dead, sir, shot by the Manyuema about a month ago."

"Good God!" I cried.

"And Mr. Jamieson?"

"Gone to Stanley Falls to get more men from Tippoo Tib."

"And Mr. Troupe?"

"Gone home, sir, invalided."

"Where is Ward?" I said.

"At Baggala, sir."

"Heavens alive! Then you are the only one here!"

"Yes, sir."

I found the rear column a terrific wreck—out of 257 men only seventy-one remaining, and out of the seventy-one only fifty-three fit for service, and these were mostly scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuga to Cunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty-three days, according to Bonney. During the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuga, the record is only one of disaster, desertion and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which are incredible, and indeed I have not time, for, excepting Mr. Bonney, I have no one to assist me in reorganizing our expedition. There are still far more loads than I can carry at the same time. Articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuga with only a part of my campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers in the rear. Deserters from the advance column reached Yambuga to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers, but the officers accepted the report of the deserters as a fact. In January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess meeting, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonney. Accordingly my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles and provisions were sent down to the Congo as superfluities. Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked and deprived of even the necessaries of life in Africa. But, strange to say, I have kept two hats, four pairs of boots and a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately, not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact.

We only lost three men, one by desertion. I brought 181 Zanzibaris here. I left 59 at Fort Bodo, a total of 190 men out of 389, a loss of fifty per cent. At Yambuga I left 257 men. There are only 71 left, 10 of whom will never leave the camp. Loss over seventy per cent. This proves that though the sufferings of the advance were unprecedented the mortality was not so great as the mortality was in camp at Yambuga. The survivors of the march are all robust, while the survivors of the rear column are thin and most unhealthy looking.

I have thus rapidly sketched out our movements since June 28, 1887. I wish I had leisure to furnish more details, but cannot find the time. I write this amid the hurry and bustle of departure and amid constant interruptions. You will, however, have gathered from this letter the nature of the country traversed by us. We were 160 days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grass land was traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grass land are well marked. We saw it extending northeasterly with its curves and bays and capes like a seashore. Southwesterly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangiye to the southern borders of Monbuttu. East and west it embraces all from the Congo at the mouth of the Aruwimi to about east longitude 29 degrees, latitude 40 degrees. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The extent of the tract thus described, covered by forest, is 246,000 square miles. North of the Congo, between the Apoto and the Aruwimi, the forest embraces another 20,000 square miles.

Between Yambuga and Nyanza, we came across five distinct languages, the last spoken by Wanyoro, Wanyankore, Wanya, Ruandor, Wappa and the people of Karangwi and Ukerwe. The land lies gently from the crest of the plateau above Nyanza down to the Congo river, from an altitude of 5,500 feet to 1,400 feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grass land the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or polated mountains or ridges. North we saw no land higher than 6,000 feet above the sea, but bearing 215 degrees, at a distance of about fifty miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow and probably 17,000 or 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will probably prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be Gordon Bennett mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same. First, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter as given by me in 1876; and second, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennett. I might mention a third, which is that the latter is a perfect cone apparently, while Ruevensori is an oblong mountain, nearly level on the summit, with two ridges extending northeast and southwest.

I have met only three natives who have seen the lake toward the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza. The Aruwimi becomes known as the Sepali about one hundred miles above Yambuga, and as it nears the Nepako it is called the Nevoa. Beyond its confluence with the Nepako it is known as the Mowelle. Three hundred miles from the Congo it is called Niri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to the source. Ten minutes march from the Ituri waters we saw the Nyanza lake, a mirror in its immense gulf.

Before closing, let me touch more at large on the subject which brought me to this land—namely, Emin Pasha. The Pasha has two battalions of regulars under him. The first, consisting of 750 rifles, occupies Duffle, Honyn, Labore, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden and Rejal. The second battalion, consisting of 640 men, guards the stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi and Oswa—a line of communication along the Nyanza and the Nile, about one hundred and eighty geographical miles in length. In the interior, west of the Nile, he retains three or four small stations, with fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions he has a respectable party of irregulars—sailors, artisans, clerks and servants.

"Altogether," he said, "if I consent to go away from here we shall have about 8,000 people with us."

"Were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment or a second in doubt what to do."

"What you say is true, but we have a large number of women and children—probably 10,000 people altogether. How can all be gotten out of here? We shall want many carriers."

"Carriers for what?" I asked.

"For the women and children. You surely would not leave them and they cannot travel."

"The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on donkeys. I hear you have 2,000 of them. Your people will not travel very far in the first month. Little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why can't your black women do the same? Have no fear of them. They will do better than the men."

"They would require a vast amount of provision for the road."

"True; but you have thousands of cattle which will furnish beef, the countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food."

"Well, well, we will defer further talk till to-morrow."

May 1, 1888, we halted in camp at Nsabe. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer Khedive about 1 p. m., and in a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments above we repeated. He said:

"What you told me yesterday has led me to think it best that we should retire from here. The Egyptians are willing to leave. There are of those about one hundred men, besides their women and children. Of these there is no doubt, and even if I stayed I should be glad to be rid of them because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavors for retreat. When I had informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians it was a concerted story and that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars, who compose the first and second battations, I am extremely doubtful. They have led such a happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married and several have harems. Many of the irregulars would retire and follow me. Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave. You can imagine my situation would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and munitions, and on returning all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and slaughter until none were left."

"Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?" I asked.

"Oh, these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you."

"Now will you, Pasha, do me the favor," I said, "to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to sea, for we have been instructed to assist him also should we meet."

Captain Casati answered, through Emin Pasha: "What the governor of Emin decides upon shall be the rule of conduct for me. If the governor stays, I stay; if the governor goes, I go."

"Well, I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibility will be great."

A laugh followed. The sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant captain replied: "O, I beg pardon, but I absolve the Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, because I am governed by my own choice entirely."

Thus, day after day, I recorded faithfully the interviews I had with Emin Pasha, but these extracts reveal as much as is necessary for you to understand the position.

I left Mr. Jeppson with thirteen of my Soudanese and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united expedition to the Nyanza within two months. The Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jeppson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new road.

Yours respectfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Dr. Gluck eye and ear, Barker blk.

THE RAILWAY WORLD.

A Union Pacific Train Meets a Peculiar Accident—Other News.

No. 1, the Pacific express on the Union Pacific, leaving here at 7:25 in the evening, came very near being wrecked at Mercer station Tuesday evening. Mercer has but one siding and it was upon this that a Rock Island box car was left standing yesterday. About dusk last night the wind blew a gale and the car, not having its brakes set, was driven by the wind from the side to the main track and was out a distance of two miles when it came in contact with the westbound passenger. Engineer Kirk, on the passenger engine, discovered the obstruction, but not in time to stop his train, and he dashed into the car at a thirty-mile gait. The box car was smashed into splinters, and the headlight, smokestack and boiler of the engine was badly dilapidated. Kirk was slightly injured by being struck in the head with a flying piece of debris. No other personal injury resulted, although the passengers were badly shaken up. The engine was rendered useless and another was dispatched from Omaha. The debris of the wreck, together with the engine, were brought to Omaha yesterday morning.

Exorbitant Rate Investigation.

To-day the state board of transportation will meet at Tekamah, Neb., for the purpose of investigating the charges of discrimination and exorbitant rates preferred against the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, by Senators Southerland and Manning, and applying on the rate on live stock shipped from Tekamah to South Omaha. In view of the shipments being handled by the Belt line from Omaha to South Omaha, the Missouri Pacific is also made a party in the defense. The same individuals have filed a complaint against the Omaha road alleging that exorbitant rates are charged on lumber, coal and such classes of freight between that point and Omaha.

Fast Trains Abandoned.

April 7 the Burlington will discontinue passenger trains No. 5 and 6, trains west of Lincoln. The fast service will be confined to the territory between Lincoln and Chicago. On that date No. 1 will leave Chicago at 6 p. m., arriving in Omaha at 9:30 a. m. At Lincoln this train will be consolidated with No. 5 and will handle the local traffic west of Lincoln to Denver. Nos. 5 and 6 will be the fast trains between Lincoln and Chicago, now running between Chicago and Denver, and west of Lincoln will be discontinued. This will reduce the train service about 6,000 miles per week.

Contracts Awarded.

General Purchasing Agent McKibben yesterday awarded the contract for the furnishing of tools and machinery for the Union Pacific shops at Cheyenne as follows: Manning Maxwell & Moore, New York; Putnam Machine works, Fitchburg, Mass.; Niles Tool works, Hamilton, O. The distribution of the contracts has not been made, but the New York firm will get the largest portion of the deal which involves about $200,000. Bids will soon be received for equipments in the shops at all points on the Union Pacific system.

Wires Shattered.

The wind storm of Tuesday played havoc with the railway telegraph service as usual. No. 3 wire used by the train dispatchers of the Nebraska division of the Union Pacific is broken at several places between Omaha and Grand Island, and No. 1, the regular North Platte wire, was pressed into service by the train dispatcher to-day. The Burlington wires at a point in eastern Iowa are badly wrecked.

Trestle Work Burned.

The Burlington trestle works across the sluiceways in Montgomery county (Iowa) at a point near Stanton, was destroyed by fire and wind during Tuesday night, and in consequence no trains arrived from the east at this point until late in the afternoon.

Railroad Notes.

Trainmaster Foley, of the Union Pacific at Beatrice, is in the city.

Superintendent Swobe, of the hotel department of the Union Pacific, left for Chicago last night.

The crew of men injured on the Union Pacific in the wreck at North Omaha, Monday, is reported convalescing.

Engine 1169 is out of the shop with Pat O'Donnell on board. It was wrecked about two weeks ago near the smelting works.

The venerable P. Touhy, assistant superintendent of the Nebraska division of the Union Pacific at North Platte, is in the city.

The Union Pacific has completed its survey for a track to Lake Manawa and the suburban service will be extended to that point June 15.

The hotels on the Kansas division of the Union Pacific will be inventoried next week by Superintendent Swobe and will be absorbed by the Union Pacific May 1.

John T. Bradley, the man that was injured by a passenger train on the Union Pacific at South Omaha last evening, is at St. Joseph hospital in a precarious condition and it is thought he will not recover.

Thousands of Dollars

are spent every year by the people of this state for worthless medicines for the cure of throat and lung diseases, when we know that if they would only invest $1 in SANTA ABIE the new California discovery for consumption and kindred complaints they would in this pleasant remedy find relief. It is recommended by ministers, physicians and public speakers of the Golden State. Sold and guaranteed by Goodman Drug Co. at $1 a bottle. Three for $2.50.

The most stubborn case of catarrh will speedily succumb to CALIFORNIA CATARCURE. Six months' treatment for $1. By mail $1.10.

Marriage Licenses.

Following are the marriage licenses issued yesterday in the county court:

Name and Residence.	Age.
Erastus B. White, Gretna, Neb	59
Pauline Taylor, Omaha	50
John B. Roth, Omaha	25
Josephina Reineger, Omaha	24

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds and chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by Goodman Drug Co., at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

"Missouri" in Omaha.

Mr. W. A. Underwood, president of the American Waterworks company, is here looking after the interests of the company. He makes his headquarters in Boston and returns there the first of next week and will not come to Omaha again until about June 1, when the new waterworks at Florence will be ready for use.

The laying of new water mains on Farnam street is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and the head men of the company assert that in a week the work will be completed in the business portion of Farnam street.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

May Finish Their Terms.

The law reducing the number of justices of the peace of this county will not affect the present incumbents until their terms of office expire next January, as the enactment provides that no changes shall be made until that time, but that at the election next fall six justices shall be elected instead of eighteen, and that they shall take office on the 4th of January following.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25cents a bottle.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Ed Johnston on the Fourth Ward.

"The mayor's proclamation," said Mr. Johnston, "posted the legal period called for closing the polls at 6 o'clock. Inasmuch as Mayor Sloane personally notified the First and Second ward boards to keep open till 7 o'clock, and sent a written order to the Fourth ward to close at 6 o'clock, it looks as though he wanted to exclude the packing house vote, which he knew would be for me. Had the polls been kept open till 7 o'clock, I should have had at least twenty majority. Several illegal votes were cast for Mr. Jetter."

Caused the Third Ward Trouble.

"I wish you would state," said John J. Irwin, chairman of the democratic city central committee, "that the cause of the trouble in the Third ward was because outsiders came into the ward and tried to run the polls, to bulldoze voters and to run in illegal votes. The Third warders would not allow it and that is what caused the trouble."

Councilman Jetter Will Contest.

B. Jetter says he has the names of at least two illegal votes cast for Mr. Johnston. "I shall contest and am confident of success. The polls were closed contrary to law at 6 o'clock. H. H. Raven, with five men, were at the windows just at 6 o'clock to vote for me, and their ballots were rejected."

Jacob H. Eggers Will Contest.

Jacob H. Eggers says "in the Third ward a fair election was not had. I know of at least twenty friends prevented from voting by the rowdy element infesting the polls. I shall contest and am confident of success as I was justly and legally elected."

Notes About the City.

Bruno Strathman says he will contest police election.

Mrs. C. H. McCune has removed to the Hunt-Gould block.

Dr. H. Y. Bates will remove his family from Albright to Council Bluffs.

William Clark, of Red Oak, Iowa, is visiting his sons, Frank H. and Edward E. Clark, Albright.

Fred C. Van Liew and family, of Kenton, Ohio, are visiting Samuel P. and Albert E. Brignam.

Thomas L. Maloney, a large real estate owner, is here from Carroll City, Ia., looking after his interests.

George Atthors has commenced work in his buggy manufactory, No. 309 and 311 Twenty-sixth street.

Mrs. George W. Makepeace has returned from North Platte, where she has been visiting friends for some weeks.

William C. Wood, of Swift & Co.'s packing house, has removed from Omaha to Twentieth street, Brown park.

Mrs. R. F. Hall, of Red Oak, Iowa, is visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Clark, Albright.

A public meeting will likely be held this week to arrange to secure evidence and prosecute law violators on election day.

John Wells and family and Mrs. Higgins have removed from the Riley block to Seventy-sixth street, over the City Bakery.

Louis Stopler, of F. J. Roushor's force, has removed his family from Iowa and has taken a house on Seventy-second and S streets, Brown Park.

William Atkins, superintendent of the motor power at Swift & Co.'s packing houses, has removed from the Lister block to Twenty-third and Q streets.

Thomas Fox says the Third ward election was a fraud and states that when he went to vote he was knocked down three times, and Martin Spoettle was badly "done up."

H. L. Fisher and Thomas B. Whittlesey have been made happy by a check from the insurance companies represented by Ira B. Mapes, for damage caused by the Q street fire.

A prairie fire, starting just east of Oberne & Hosick's rendering works Tuesday afternoon, took a southeast run down to the heart of Albright. No particular damage was done.

Monday afternoon the barn of U. Omaton, residing in Sarpy county, south of Albright, was burned to the ground. The fire was probably due to the carelessness of children playing with fire. Some harness and other articles of small value were consumed.

Charles Cumings has identified John Dougherty, or "Reddy the Rough," of the Third ward, and his pal, who now he does not know, as the men who assaulted him in front of the Exchange Tuesday night, and has had a warrant issued for their arrest.

The ladies are making extensive preparations for a donkey party at the Emanon Friday evening. The amusement promised is great, and together with such a palatable lunch as is always spread by the ladies at these parties, create not a little interest, and will undoubtedly call out one of the largest attendances ever had at the club rooms.

The election interests and strong winds Tuesday evening kept many from attending the literary and musical social in the Methodist Episcopal church, yet a fine audience was present and liberal patronage was given in return for one of the pleasantest social evenings and most inviting lunches ever served by the deft hands of the excellent cooks of the ladies of that congregation.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER,"

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little women, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yclept 'balms,' 'creams,' 'lotions,' etc." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and *so* pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is *guaranteed* to do all that it is claimed to, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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