THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

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M'DERMOTT'S MEANDERINGS.

The Famous "Red Jim's" Graphic Recital of His Travels.

WANDERING OVER THE WORLD.

He Marries a French Countess and Secures Wealth and a Title--Denies That He Was a British Spy.

"Red Jim's" Ramblings.

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LONDON, Sept. 1.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—Red Jim McDermott, who made his home in Brooklyn for many years, who has been denounced as an informer by Irishmen all over the world, whose death in various shapes has been announced nearly a dozen times, and for information of whose whereabouts Henry Labouchere offered £50 during the sitting of the Parnell commission, left London to-day on an early morning train. He had been in London a week. He took no pains to seclude himself, and last night informed the Herald correspondent that he was afraid of no one, and that the heaviest weapon he carried was a latch key. This he carried in his trousers' pocket attached to a silver chain, after the English fashion. McDermott never looked more prosperous nor more contented than last night while he sat at one of the small tables with which the smoking room of one of London's principal hotels is lavishly furnished. He was one of a party of six. Five of these were Americans. The sixth might have been a native of Scotland or the north of Ireland, but he had very little brogue. Excepting his upper lip, his face was smoothly shaved. He wore a small sandy moustache; his hair, also sandy, was cut reasonably close and was plentiful. His face was fresh colored rather than florid. His attire smacked of the world of sport. It was of Scotch goods, a rather biggish check, and was fashionably made. In his scarf he wore a large cameo pin and on his head a brown derby. His age would be guessed at from forty to forty-five. His movements were quick, and his air youthful rather than middle-aged, though his manner was perfectly composed. This afternoon McDermott was perfectly at home, though he had known only one of the party for more than thirty minutes and only to one was he known as Jim McDermott, for his single acquaintance, a New Yorker, had introduced him to the others of the party under an assumed name. This, it should be said, was done without McDermott's connivance, and Red Jim informed me afterwards that it would not have bothered him at all had he been introduced as McDermott, as he thought many had forgotten him, while many more believed him dead. The subject of travels was introduced by one of the party, and it soon became evident that McDermott had seen more countries and more life than the rest of the party combined, at least his conversation made such a conclusion reasonable. He had been in America, over a good bit of it, he knew New York and Brooklyn as well as he ever knew prayers, though he at this time did not enter into details. He had been over England, Scotland and Ireland. He had traveled the continent from end to end; Australia has been his stamping grounds; much of Ceylon was familiar to him.

In the course of an hour the party broke up and left McDermott and the Herald correspondent together. Then he told something that will interest many Herald readers. He may at one time have been in fear of assassination, but he is so no longer. He snaps his fingers at those who threaten him. He denies most vehemently that he was ever in the pay of Scotland Yard, and while on this topic said:

"Why, I don't know where it is, except that it is in London. I have been hounded as a British spy when I never was one. When I was supposed to be getting money from the British government I was broke, sometimes without a pound to my name. I was driven from pillar to post, a man without a country, but in spite of all I have to-day all the money I want. I have none to throw away, but plenty for comfort and a little for luxury. Since I left America and was arrested on this side and thrown in the Walton jail at Liverpool, the same jail Mrs. Maybrick was in, I have talked to several Americans, but when they went home and said they had talked with Jim McDermott they were not believed. I met Charles McLean, the millionaire of Brooklyn, some time ago in Scotland. I was there with my yacht. He knew me and talked with me. They would not believe him in New York. I met Peter Mitchell, of New York, who is now a judge, right in this place, the Criterion (we had left the hotel), and talked to him for an hour. Soon after he got home there appeared a three column interview in the Brooklyn Union with him. I must say that he treated me fairly, but I don't think the interview was believed. I have been killed so often that people won't believe I am alive. They had me dead at Toulon of cholera. There was cholera at Toulon at the time and a cordon was drawn around the city, but I got away before the cordon was completed. I was last killed by a man named Flanegan. He was interviewed in London. He said: 'I met McDermott in France. We met face to face. He knew me and I knew him. The moment our eyes met he turned and ran. I followed. He took to the country. I followed.' 'And what followed?' asked the interviewer. 'Don't ask me,' said Flanegan, throwing up his hands as much as to say he would never hear of McDermott again, but you can't expect me to tell how I disposed of him. Now, I was within reaching distance of Flanegan when he told his story. We saw each other, but he took no notice of me, for he did not know me. So many lies have been told about me and some of them have been so ingeniously constructed that I was often puzzled by them myself. I was in Berlin once, and from a hotel went to live at a quiet place until I was told by the police I had been long enough in the place unless I had a passport. I could claim citizenship nowhere. The United States should have protected me, but did not. I was without a country. At the time I felt rather desperate, and I said to myself, by G—d, I'll go to the only free country on earth, and I went to England. There a man is safe, and my sympathies to-day are English. They say I betrayed the secrets of Irish societies and am accountable for the imprisonment of Mr. Gallagher and others. I say they lie. I have not belonged to an Irish society since 1865. I was a Fenian, but that was the only Irish society I ever belonged to. I belonged to none of their societies in America, and the only secret organization I belong to to-day is the Masonic. How could I steal and sell the secrets of societies or organizations to which I never belon ged? I was arrested in 1883 upon landing in England from America. I was in jail for six weeks. All my papers were taken from me, but they were all returned to me. It was after I was liberated that I began my wanderings. Talk of romance, no romance can compare with the story of my life. When I was aboard the ship, from which I landed only to be arrested, I met my good fortune in the form of a woman. Why she took an interest in me I can not say, but she did. My arrest did not lessen the interest. I am married to that woman now, but before that event occurred I suffered many hardships' traveled over many countries, sailed thousands of miles and had countless curious adventures in my wanderings. I have picked up several languages. My wife is French, a countess, and I speak her native language. I speak Danish and Swedish and can make myself understood in several other languages. There was a time when I was not worth a kroner. Now I own a chateau and estate in France. You can drive coaches through the main halls of the chateau. The estate is small, only fourteen hectares, or fifty-six acres, but the tenantry on it numbers 200. Owing to the ravages of phylloxera it has only paid enough for some years to keep the tenantry. There has been no profit in it. It used to pay 5,000 francs taxes to the government on it, but owing to its recent unproductiveness the taxes were lowered to 200 francs. It is the same in many parts of France. In marrying the countess I obtained the title of count. Everything she owned is mine, for in France, you know, everything is in the name of the husband. There is no tenant on the estate who can marry without getting my consent. They could in one sense, but such has been the custom for centuries, and none of them would think of getting married before obtaining the consent of monsieure le count. I own a yacht, a forty tonner, and I want to sell her. The yacht costs me £800 a year and she cost me about £2,800. I believe I would sell her now for what she costs for one year's keeping. I own a house in Stockholm, and one of my particular friends there is the American minister, Thomas, who was relieved by Cleveland, but has been put back again by Harrison. Thomas knew all about me and introduced me to his friends, and among his friends are some of the best people in the place, and a beautiful place it is, too. There is another property that I have, and you wouldn't guess where it is. It is in Chathan street, Colomba, the capital of Cylon. Chatham street seems a curious name for a street in Ceylon, but that's the name. This property, house and grounds, was left to me by an uncle I never heard of till he died. He died intestate. He had a son, but this son was eaten by wild beasts, it is supposed, for he went into a forest and never came out of it. It cost me a good deal for legal expenses to prove my title, but I did so, and the property pays me 80 per cent clear on what it cost. Since I have got this property I have great affection for wild beasts, and if I only knew the particular species that ate my lamented relative I would get one and have it stuffed. I can now look back with complacency on the times when I hardly knew where to turn for money. I will tell you of one of them. I was in Copenhagen. It was at the time I was kept moving. It took some money to keep moving. I was living at the best hotel. At this hotel I met an Englishman to whom I took a great liking. I was sitting at a table one evening, sipping a glass of wine, when I noticed a fine looking fellow sitting at a table near by. I knew who he was, though he was traveling in incog. He fell into conversation. He of course supposed I did not know him. After a while he hinted that he would like to see a bit of town life. It was agreeable to me, I said, and we started. I knew Copenhagen and when we got through my companion knew it. When we started out he said to me: 'We do not know each other and you will oblige me if you will call me Jack.' I said, 'All right, and you can call me Jim.' We struck to the bargain until we were about to part, when I said, 'good bye, your highness.' He looked much surprised and said: 'You know me.' I said 'yes, you are the duke of Braganza,' who is, you know, the heir apparent to the crown of Portugal. He said 'I wish you would come to breakfast with me.' I said, 'I could not refuse.' I went and was royally entertained. He was stopping at the palace, out of which he had slyly walked in order to see a bit of the town. As I was about to take leave I invited him to breakfast. It was bold, but I wanted him, and I wanted my English friend to dine with him. The duke came to the hotel the following morning with his attendants and he sat down to a more royal breakfast than he had given me. I felt bound to give him a better one. My English friend sat with us. Now, when I gave the breakfast I had just enough money to pay the hotel bill without counting the cost of the breakfast. I was thinking how I would manage it. My English friend asked me if anything was the matter. I told him my funds were short. He only knew me as a stranger he had met at the hotel, and with whom he had had a good time. He sat down and drew a check payable to me for £800, saying: 'Pay me when you are in funds. There was a lottery drawing in a few days. I was interested, but not largely. I won exactly £800 and paid my English friend half the debt on the spot. The other half I have since paid. He is a man whom I love above all others, and when I say good bye to the world he will get every penny of my property. I have no children. While I was at Copenhagen I taught school and among the pupils was one of the Danish princesses. You will see that I have come in contact with all classes of society. My troubles are now all behind me. More than once I have determined not to open my mouth in reply to any statements made about me. Some of these have been terribly aggravating, as they have been void of truth. With the exception of the interview with McLean and Mitchell, all the interviews with me have been manufactured. I have allowed myself to be killed in enough ways to satisfy a dozen men. I have been denounced as a dynamiter when I never was one; I have been denounced as an informer when I never was one; I have been described as a monstrosity, physically as well as mentally. You see what I am physically. I am fifty-four years old and have yet to see a stranger who could come within ten years of my age. I take good care of myself and in the last couple of hours have drank more spirits than in the rest of the last six months. As I said, some of the lies told about me were so skillfully put together that I had to read them twice to satisfy myself that they were lies. To give you an example, just before I was compelled to leave Berlin I dropped into the register office and in a spirit of devilry, when nobody was about, wrote in the register in a large hand, 'James McDermott.' Some time afterward, when I was in Australia, I found copied in a paper there an interview with me printed in an American paper. The interviewer said that he met me in Berlin. His description of me was incorrect, but he had evidently heard of me, for much of his story consisted of bits of old stories, but the only word of truth in the interview was the fact that he saw my name on the register. I have told myself it was not worth while saying anything about my enemies. They would always have the last word. I mean people on the other side of the water. Now take O'Donovan Rossa, for instance. I see that a man named Cassidy has brought suit against him, and that Rossa denied he had ever received a check from me for the defense fund. He was shown the face of the check drawn by me and made payable to him. He said, 'Look at the back of it,' and on the back of it was his own endorsement. Then he claimed that the check was given to him personally by me. Now, do I look like a man who would give Rossa $50? I gave him that money for the defense fund, and when he says I did not he lies. He says he never wrote me a line in his life and that I haven't a scrap of paper in my possession to show that he did. He has written to me more than once, but his letters I haven't considered worth keeping. In knocking about the world as I have been compelled to, a man generally gets rid of surplus luggage, and I have destroyed a great many letters, but I have something of Rossa's written by him to me when I was leaving America, and so Rossa will find out some day. I also have a word in writing from James Stephens. When it became a matter of general belief that I was in the pay of the British government I received a number of letters from men offering to sell information. Some of these were simply baits, but some were bona fide. I did not answer one of them, but turned them over at once to the proper authorities. What use they made of them I do not know, but unless I am much mistaken these letters are at the bottom of the enmity entertained by one set of English politicians towards another, both of whom were friends until lately. I don't know that I shall ever visit the states. There is no reason why I should. I am comfortable in Europe. It is certainly not fear that keeps me away. I fear none of them and you see the way I go about, without any more precaution than you take yourself."

McDermott asked how a number of New York and Brooklyn newspaper writers were prospering. For many of them he said a good word. He also asked how McGroarty, who keeps a place where strong liquors are sold, next door to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was getting along in the world, and mentioned the fact that he was accustomed to make McGroarty's "a sort of headquarters." He spoke of the time he first carried a revolver, and said it was after he had been shot in the cheek. For Rossa he expressed only contempt. Unlike the average Irishman, he is for the government, and displayed a pretty intimate knowledge of British politics. In talking of Labouchere's offer of £50 for information of his whereabouts, McDermott said he did not want and would not take the money, but he would like somebody to get it out of Labby, as he called him. He was in London, he said, when the offer was made, and did not try in any way to conceal himself. He even asked a friend, a Frenchman, if he did not want to make £50, at the same time showing him the printed offer. The friend refused on the ground that "it might harm the count."

Perhaps the information that there is more than one Irishman in the states who writes to McDermott and keeps him posted will not be uninteresting.

THE LONDON STRIKE.

Two Thousand More Out—Resolve to Continue the Fight.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—Two thousand coal heavers and barge men employed by Parker & Lambert have joined the strikers. A council of strikers last evening, after a long discussion on the situation, decided to continue the strike. A meeting of the strikers was held in Hyde park this afternoon. Mr. Burns, the socialist agitator, and other labor leaders made speeches. Resolutions declaring the men would continue the strike until their demands were conceded were unanimously adopted. The enormous crowd dispersed in an orderly manner.

Canon Lidden, of St. Pauls, has subscribed to the relief fund.

In a sermon at York to-day Canon Fleming expressed sympathy with the strikers.

Meetings to express sympathy with the strikers are being held throughout the country.

A Warning Note.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—The Chicago Trades' assembly to-day adopted resolutions declaring that the wonderful rapidity with which the great strke in London has spread from the dock laborers to other occupations in no wise connected therewith, and the active interest, sympathy and co-operation of the great masses of the people in that city, together with the tendered active help of the workers in the industrial centers of Great Britain, Europe, America and Australia, marks the existence in the minds and hearts of workers of one common and vital interest that makes practical and very probable a multitudinous uprising of such great masses of angry workers as will seriously endanger the existing social and industrial institutions, and emphasizes the immediate necessity for the employing class to concede such reforms as will remove the possibility of a revolution that threatens such terrible results to life and property.

An Aeronaut's Peril.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—An exciting scene was witnessed at the exhibition by Mrs. Beaumont, the aeronaut, at North Shields yesterday. In descending from her balloon with a parachute the woman got caught by a lightning conductor, from which she hung suspended by one arm far above the ground. There was a great crowd of spectators and the excitement was intense. Ladders were brought as quickly as possible and by their aid the daring aeronaut made a safe descent.

THE STRICKEN CHIEF.

John Grass Says That He Will Surely Die.

BISMARCK, N. D., Sept. 1.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The report that John Grass, the brilliant chief of the Sioux who led the Indians at Standing Rock to sign the treaty for the opening of the reservation, has been poisoned by Sitting Bull lacks confirmation. The cause of his prostration is claimed by the Indians and himself to be sunstroke, and although he himself says that he can not recover, there are hopes that he will. An effort will be made to remove him from his humble hut to the agency, where he will be given the best of medical treatment. The Indians are very much grieved over his illness, and a gloom has been cast over nearly every tribe on the reservation. Since the opening of the reservation Grass has been looked upon with affectionate admiration by his people, and his death would be a severe blow to them. The latest report from the stricken chief is that he is resting well, but he is very weak and helpless.

Boulanger Will Surrender.

PARIS, Sept. 1.—The Nineteenth Century announces that Boulanger has decided to submit to arrest the week preceeding the elections, in order to avoid seizure before his arrival in Paris.

UNDER CROOK'S EAGLE EYE.

Forces of the Department of the Platte Pass in Review.

THE FIRST SINCE THE WAR.

Precision Marks the Manœuvres of the Regulars, Showing Most Careful Training—Cavalry and Artillery Evolutions.

A Memorable Military Event.

CAMP GEORGE CROOK, (via Fort Robinson, Neb.) August 30.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The first grand review of the regular army in the field which has been held since the rebellion, took place to-day in the valley of the White River under the eyes of Major General George Crook, the inspector general of the army, and a host of distinguished veterans. The splendid spectacle of this afternoon has had no parallel for twenty-four years in this country. This, in itself, is sufficient to distinguish it. But in the brilliancy of its execution and the charm of its surroundings it has never been matched in the United States. The war witnessed larger reviews of tired and tattered veterans. The great gathering in Washington at the dispersal of the nation's armies in 1865 can, of course, brook no comparison as to numbers. A dozen states every year collect larger bodies of militia for gubernatorial inspection. But none of those mentioned, or all together combined, possessed the features of special and peculiar significance which distinguished today's pageant. An eighth of the army of the United States gathered on a field of peace, all arms of the service represented, every organization from company and troop to brigade and division, every rank present from second lieutenant to major general, line field and staff, and on historic ground once wet with the blood of pioneer, savage and soldier, passed in martial measure before the distinguished warrior who scarcely ten years ago led a victorious column of Indian campaigners up this little valley of the northwest.

General Crook and his party arrived by special early in the morning, paid a hurried visit to the camp, and arranged that the command of General Brooke should be reviewed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Orders to this effect were at once promulgated by the department commander.

At 2 o'clock Colonel Vroom and Major Richards selected the field for review and issued orders for the formation of line with the First brigade on the right and the cavalry on the left, extending along Soldier creek from the west end of the upper garrison to the east boundary of the cavalry camp.

The afternoon was a blessed relief from the excessive heat of the past week. The sky was dull and threatening. Great masses of clouds rolled up Soldier creek and black streaks of vapor surrounded the valley. Drops of rain in flurries began falling, stopped as if disgusted, started again and ceased, only to repeat the original programme.

Shortly before half-past 3 the trumpet calls in the various camps prefigured the coming grand review. Line after line of regiments took up the notes. They echoed from the artillery and cavalry camps on the right, rolled in brassy tones through the First and Second brigades and were re-echoed from the trumpets of the Twenty-first infantry on the left. Simultaneously there was a movement from the tents of the department headquarters. General Brooke, Major Vroom, Major Bache and Lieutenants Warden, Rowe and Truitt buckled on spurs and swords and prepared to mount their chargers, which a group of orderlies were holding to the south of the camp.

A moment later an ambulance dashed up to General Brooke's tent, and General Crook, General Breckenridge and Colonel Corbin alighted and were greeted by the department commander. The major general and his party were attired in full dress uniform. Colored scarfs crossed brawny breasts. Gold epaulettes graced blue bloused shoulders, and corded aguillettes depended from gilded buttons. There was an interchange of salutations, hardly concluded before the notes of the "assembly" rang out in seven camps on the field below, and fifty-eight companies dressed into line, the infantry by brigades, the cavalry by battalions the battery all by itself. Five bands struck up a stirring tune and fifteen mounted trumpeters on the left blew the rattling strains of a bugle march.

It is a pretty sight from headquarters tent where I sit.

The rain has ceased dropping and the sun is struggling to break through the clouds, throwing deep shadows upon the valley below.

Masses of horsemen are slowly moving eastwards on the right. Long lines of blue, tipped with steel gray, flanked by regimental bands, are changing positions to the left. The movement in progress means the inversion of the entire line and its evolution on itself and backward an eighth of a mile, the First brigade, now westward, being placed on the extreme easterly portion, the Eighth and Twenty-first regiments changing positions with each other.

A low rumble of wheels, a mass of horses and eight dark grouts piloted by a scarlet guidon marks the advance of the artillery into position. To their rear, platoons of horses and riders cross and recross the line of vision. Guidons flutter and the light glistens on polished sabres. It is the Ninth cavalry forming into battalions preparatory to forming line of masses. A moment later General Brooke and staff have mounted and galloped down the slope towards the forming line.

Let us follow.

On the plain in the rear of the long line of quarters of the permanent camp the brigades are rapidly swinging into position. Midway between the line of the camps of the Seventh and Second Infantry and sixty yards to the rear, stand two mounted colored troopers motionlessly marking with fluttering guidons the reviewing point. Down the line to the right a group of mounted officers show the position of General Brooke and staff. On the knoll back of the reviewing position are four ambulances surrounded by ladies announcing the presence of fair visitors. Mrs. General Brooke, her sister Miss Stearns, Mrs. Major Worth, Mrs. Captain Wells, Mrs. Lieutenant Chynoweth, form the central group. Three other bevies of ladies from the garrison flank it right and left and scan with eager curiosity the mile long line of white gloved soldiery which stretches on the edge of the slope below, against the background of the glowering hills and bluffs across which the shadows are chasing each other.

There is a pause.

An aide gallops swiftly northwards. At the wave of General Brooke's hand, a puff of smoke, a sharp report breaks from the left center of the line, and Soldier buttes echo the thunderous sounds of a major general's salute of thirteen guns, from Major Kinzie's battery.

General Crook and staff are approaching.

Across the ridge they ride, chapeaus, epaulets, aiguillettes and sashes mingling their colors, followed by mounted orderlies, and take up their position in front of the guidons which face the center of the extended line of troops, the largest assembled together in review since the great march down Pennsylvania avenue in 1865. As they are saluted by and salute in turn General Brooke and staff, Major Vroom, Major Bache, Lieutenants Warden, Taylor, Day, Truit and Rowe, the great review begins.

It is a magnificent spectacle, the most splendid in military surroundings which the country has witnessed in twenty-six years, is this pageant which is now being enacted in this valley of northwestern Nebraska. General Crook has seen nothing like it for years, General Breckenridge admits its novelty, General Brooke since the days when he succeeded General Sheridan in the command of the army of the Shenandoah has looked upon no such scene.

Silhouetted against the encircling bluffs of the valley of the White river, rich in Indian tradition and martial story, stand like statues 2,500 men in line a mile and a quarter long, arms at parade rest, white gloved hands rigidly grasping rifle and carbine, guns and caissons and riders and troops silent and motionless. The clouds change. The deep shadows of the background lengthen and shorten, but there is no sign of life in that living line with its mathematical spaces for regiments and brigades which faces the brilliantly attired group of officers silent between the fluttering flags.

There is another flurry of rain drops which sprinkle the scarfs and chapeaus and neat blouses with their glistening shoulder straps and gleaming epaulettes. The groups of officers, division and departmental, mingle for a moment, then wheel to the left and gallop rapidly down the line to begin the review by brigades. The sun peeps from the clouds to look on the scene. Who can blame him for his curiosity.

It is now 4:30. The great body of troops, in formation of brigades, with the brigade commanders and their staffs forming clearly defined groups in their front, stand at attention. Two flourishes of trumpets ring faintly from the extreme right as General Crook, General Brooke, their staffs and attendant orderlies rein up before Colonel Merriam and his staff, salute the commanding officer of the First brigade, wheel and trot rapidly down the line of glistening arms which are presented in their honor. The Seventh Infantry band strikes up "Hail to the Chief" and swords drop gracefully into "salute" as the reviewing general passes to the Eighth infantry again to be greeted with a major general's flourish of trumpets, a crash of martial music and the gleam of polished steel. Down the long line to the Second brigade, Colonel Mizner commanding, in the absence of General Wheaton, past the serried fronts of the Seventeenth and Second infantry regiments, amidst blare of trumpets, the sharp commands of regimental commanders and the rattle of rifles thrown forward with the precision of clockwork, the brilliant group of officers ride. On again past the Third brigade under Colonel Blunt with the Sixteenth and Twenty-first regiments, every eye to the front, rigid, motionless, trumpets saluting and successive bands breaking into martial melody, the horses and their riders advance. The shrill trumpet of Major Kinzie's battery shrieks out its note of honor, which scarcely dies out before twelve bronzed trumpeters, on gray horses, in beautiful unison, welcome the reviewing general to the Ninth cavalry. How is it possible for horses to stand so absolutely quiet? How can men be drilled to sit so firmly and flash 500 sabres into "present" with a single gleam of steel. It is the crack colored regiment of the army not afraid to dispute the palm with any white regiment of troopers, which holds the left and completes the line of the review.

A quarter to five. The reviewing party wheels again to the left and passes in rapid gallop along the rear of the line whose front they have been inspecting. Once again, regiment by regiment, the trumpets flourish, the bands break out into stirring marches and the full military honors due to the highest rank are paid by officers and men.

They are back again on the front of the First brigade and here the reviewing group apparently breaks up. The grand march past is about to begin. A cloud of dust rolls up the great parade ground as Generals Crook and Breckenridge, Colonel Corbin and their orderlies dash along the line and rein into place around the reviewing station guidon. See! The troops are changing like pieces of an intricate mechanism into company front. That blue-coated line in an instant has become a series of masses of men, arms at "carry," faced at right angles to their former position, company distances as true as if measured with tape line, regimental and brigade spaces beautifully marked, colors fluttering gayly at regular intervals, all waiting for the word of command which is to pass them in motion of march before that gray-bearded, gold epaulETTED commander who sits his horse in the center of the valley awaiting their approach.

They are in motion now. A crash of music far to the eastward turns all eyes in that direction. General Brooke and staff head the review. The general never looked more soldierly as he gracefully leads his staff past the reviewing point and drops his sword in responsive salute to the reviewing general. A quick wheel of horses, and General Brooke joins General Crook by the fluttering guidon, his staff placing themselves in the rear to view the marching brigades. It is scarcely done before the First brigade passes in review. At its head rides Colonel Merriam with his staff. There is a flourish of trumpets, a dropping of swords, a raising of chapeaus. Colonel Merriam joins the reviewing group and the Seventh infantry, under command of Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Burt, marches past in company front arms at a carry, six companies strong, the band wheeling to the side of the passing regiment and playing a stirring march as it moves by.

And now comes the Eighth infantry, Major Kellogg commanding in Colonel Kautz' enforced absence. They march like the veterans they are, with their gray-haired captains several of whom commanded regiments during the rebellion now leading bare skeleton squads of clean, soldierly, well drilled men.

Glance across the field before the next brigade arrives. Three hundred yards distant the artillery and cavalry are slowly marching eastward in their position at the rear of the procession. The effect is that of a magnificent countermarch, the columns crossing each other's line of march, with the bluffs of the White river as a background.

But the Second brigade is approaching. In front rides Colonel Henry M. Mizner, of the Seventeenth infantry, who is brigade commander in the absence of General Wheaton, on sick report. Once more trumpets flourish, officers salute and its band deploys in front of the reviewing officers and plays a brilliant march as the Seventeenth infantry, led by Major Casey, passes between it and General Crook and his party. It is a fine command, and marches like a veteran organization, with almost perfect alignment and the distance of its ten companies as neatly spaced as if staked out by an engineer officer.

And now comes the Second infantry, so familiar to Omaha readers of THE BEE, led by Major Edmond Butler. The fine band breaks out with a crash of harmony as the six companies, in company front, march past presenting the fine appearance of well drilled and disciplined veterans, lines clean cut and well dressed to the right, legs swinging in soldierly stride as if moved from a single point, eyes front and rifles in perfect alignment.

The group of officers around the reviewing guidons is growing larger and larger as each brigade commander and his staff joins the distinguished party which cluster in the rear of Generals Crook and Brooke.

The Third and last brigade of infantry is now coming up. That grizzled and straight figure riding in advance is Colonel M. M. Blunt, of the Sixteenth infantry, one of the most rigid disciplinarians in the army, and the commander of one of the best drilled of batalions, regiments and brigades. Amid fanfare of trumpets and the blare of bands the Sixteenth, led by Major Parke, marches past, succeeded by Colonel Morrow's regiment, the Twenty-first, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Poland. Like the Second and Eighth regiments, the Twenty-first is well known in Nebraska, especially at Sidney, its headquarters. It sustains its reputation once again, as it always does, marching steadily, evenly, in perfect form and alignment.

"How remarkably well the infantry marches over this ground," remarks the inspector general of the army to General Crook, who answers with an approving nod.

A single trumpet now flourishes a salute. There is a rumble of wheels, a tread of hoofs, and Battery D, of the Fifth artillery, rides past under command of Major Kinzie. The scarlet guidons drop into salute. The two platoons of guns and caissons rumble past with gunners sitting on the black boxes, their arms folded, their backs as straight as ramrods, the alignment of guns and caissons, two front, as close to perfection as daily drill and an earnest and ambitious drill master can make them.

The succeeding interval is short, but as one glances eastward the plain seems alive with approaching masses of horsemen. A moment later the Ninth cavalry is before us, Major Randlett and staff riding ahead. The inspector general watches them closely. Well he may. If there is a better drilled regiment of cavalry in the army he has never seen it. Twelve trumpeters mounted on grey horses break out into the major general's salute, then wheel to the left and blow the march as the regiment in column of troops formed in three battalions under Captains Parker, Loud and Olmstead passes by. A wire drawn across the tails of that first troop of horses, as their riders, with a clash and flash of steel, salute General Crook and party, would be precisely at right angles to the reviewing point. What extraordinary alignment of troops and what marvelous preservation of distances between the moving horsemen. Slowly they march past, those nine troops of colored calvarymen with officers saluting and men drawing and carrying sabres with scarcely a movement of their bodies. As each troop passes by, the crimson and white guidons drop into salute. So, too, does the regimental standard; and its trusty guard of four non-commissioned officers proudly lets it fall and flutter for a moment only, in the august presence of the major general reviewing.

A last blast of trumpets, a last stamp of hoofs and the review is over. Generals Crook and Breckenridge turn to General Brooke and the brigade and commanders compliment them upon the entire success of the evolutions, then turn their horses' heads to the department headquarters, towards which ambulances and riders are already directing their way. It is now a quarter after five o'clock. The review has occupied something over an hour.

Within a few moments General Brooke's tent is filled with a bright party of visiting ladies, in anticipation of the reception to be given by General Crook to the officers of the various commands. Brilliant uniforms move among pretty gowns, and tanned and bronzed cavaliers chat gaily with peach-blossom complexioned maidens General Crook, with General Breckenridge and Colonel Corbin, as guests of General Brooke, shake hands cordially with the hundred and odd officers who ride up by regiments, each headed by their colonel or commanding officer, to pay their respects to the distinguished visitors. There are many well-earned compliments paid. Neither General Crook nor the inspector general of the army is at all chary of praise or hesitates to express his genuine surprise at the magnificent appearance of the command. General Brooke looks as pleased as is proper and soldierly under the circumstances, but he is naturally proud of what his command has been able to show themselves capable of. The two weeks' hard work at battalion and brigade drill has brushed up rusty tacticians, given confidence to bright ones and turned a command, brought together for the first time in its existence as individual units, into a great machine working with the precision of some mighty automaton. As the guests depart, a lovely rainbow breaks through the clouds on the east and hangs over the valley. The sky begins to clear. Patches of blue peek through from behind the bluffs. The sun comes out and shines brightly on the camp below, on tent and parade ground, on headquarters and company street, on the groups of dispersing men a few moments ago in marching masses. Even the sun could not long withhold its approval from the most brilliant display in the past quarter century of army history.

W. E. ANNIN.

STATE NEWS.

A Plattsmouth Chinaman Robbed.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., Sept. 1.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—A man named Haywood and two unknown men entered the laundry of Quong Lee to-day and extended a very cordial invitation for him to attend the church of the Sanctified and Love at Bethlehem, just across the river from this point. After a great deal of persuasion the Celestial consented to go. When the party landed their skiff on the Iowa shore, Haywood asked Quong for some money to buy whisky with before they proceeded to the church, and the demand was granted. All the men suddenly disappeared after getting the money and left the poor Chinaman wandering through the willows hunting the church. In a short time the two unknown men returned on horseback. One of them dismounted and handed the Chinaman a bottle of whisky, which he took, and while in the act of drinking the man attempted to rob him, but, being quite drunk, the Chinaman easily knocked him to the ground. The man called on his pal for assistance, and they succeeded in knocking "John" and down relieving him of $30. He climbed the deep fill at the B. & M. bridge and told his story to Bridge Watchman Dixon, who telephoned the Pacific Junction authorities to arrest the men.

Tampering With Cattle Brands.

HARRISON, Neb., Sept. 1.—[Special to THE BEE.]—For some time past it has been known to stockmen and others hereabouts that the brand of one of the ranches near Oelrichs, Dak., was being tampered with by some parties, and during the recent general round-up the outfit representing the "—T" ranch, near Oelrichs, found cattle whereon the brand "P" had been added to in two different ways. One manner of changing the brand on the animals was to prefix PA to the proper brand, the latter character crossing the bar of the original brand and making it read PAT. The brand PAT is on record in this (Sioux) country, owned by John Connor. He has acknowledged this tampering with —T cattle, and the company have taken all so branded. Another form was to place a vertical bar across the horizontal one, and also place a horizontal bar across the lower end of the T. The —T company are gathering such cattle as give evidence of having the brand so modified.

Pawnee Baptists Celebrate.

PAWNEE CITY, Neb., Sept. 1—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The Baptist denomination of this city celebrated their twentieth anniversary to-day. Rev. Hughes, of Chicago, is the present pastor, and since spring has increased the membership about one hundred. Appropriate exercises were held to-day, the sermon being on "What Baptists Believe." The church was packed and crowds turned away. The present pastor has freed the church from debt and now they have a very nice building and are prosperous and happy.

Saline County Prohibs.

WILBUR, Neb., Sept. 1.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The prohibitionists of this county yesterday nominated the following ticket: Clerk, N. E. Holman, Tobias; treasurer, Allen McLane, Friend; commissioner, Noble, Crete; sheriff, N. H. Johnson, Brush Creek; coroner, S. L. Hall, Tobias; superintendent, Mrs. Merrick, Dorchester; judge, Guy Abbott, Crete; recorder, H. M. Hall, DeWitt; surveyor, McSaggart, Pleasant Hill.

Will Not Observe Labor Day.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Sept. 1.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Labor Day will not be observed in this city, as the celebration committee has not met with any great financial encouragement by the citizens. Mr. Ransom, the creator of the day in Nebraska, like the prophet of old, seems to be without honor at his own home.

Blair's Catholic Church Dedicated.

BLAIR, Neb., Sept. 1.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The new Catholic church erected here was dedicated to-day. Father E Smith, the priest in charge, was assisted by a Jesuit father in the ceremonies. The bells were blessed at 8:30 a. m. and mass was celebrated afterward. The service was very largely attended by people of all denominations. The church cost $3,000.

Bishop Dies From His Injuries.

ALLIANCE, Neb., Sept. 1.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Fred Bishop, the man who was shot by Sam Ditto yesterday afternoon, died from the effects of the wound at 6:15 this evening. Ditto is under arrest. An inquest will be held over the remains tomorrow morning.

AN AGREEMENT REACHED.

Wanamaker, Green and Mackey Have a Scheme.

THAT'S ALL THE PUBLIC KNOWS.

No Details Obtainable Yet—A Brief Biography of the New Inter-State Commerce Commissioner.

WASHINGTON BUREAU, THE OMAHA BEE, 513 FOURTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 1.

It now transpires that the object of the meeting between Wanamaker and Green, Saturday, was to continue in private discussion what has been carried on through the newspapers for the past two months regarding the price to be paid for the transmission of telegraphic messages. It may be said that Mr. Wanamaker is not so fierce in private as he is in print and that he does not intend to treat unjustly even so wicked a monopoly as the Western Union company. Dr. Green and he found a basis upon which they can agree as to rates, and it was also accepted by Mr. Mackey on behalf of the Postal company. The question of uniting the telegraph and the mail service and using the letter carriers to collect and deliver messages was only touched upon during the conference, but it is a pet plan of Mr. Wanamaker's and he will doubtless make some such recommendation in his report.

THE HEAVY BOND OFFERINGS.

Attempts are being made by certain self-styled financial writers with bearish tendencies to show that the recent heavy offerings of bonds for redemption are proof of a serious state of affairs in the money market. That this idea is correct is not believed for a moment by the treasury officials, or is it born out by the facts. The total purchase of 4's and 4½'s during the past ten days have aggregated about $22,000,000.

"The offerings have been remarkably steady," said Acting Secretary Bachellor to your correspondent last evening, "and there is not the faintest indication that they resulted from a panicky feeling in the money centers. On the contrary they came from excellent houses, and simply indicate that the holders of bonds have made up their minds that the government does not intend to advance the price which will be paid.

"It is worthy of note," he continued, "that while last year at this time the actual surplus in the treasury was about $107,000,000, it is now reduced to below $40,000,000, and this in spite of the fact that the price paid is 1 per cent below the figures prevailing a year ago. I consider the financial situation healthy and encouraging."

It is expected that the offerings will continue quite heavy during the present week.

JUDGE VEAZEY'S REMARKABLE RECORD.

Judge Wheelock G. Veazey, of Rutland, Vt., who has been appointed an inter-state commerce commissioner, is a native of New Hampshire. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1859, and studied law in Streetor Marston's office. Just before the outbreak of the war he removed to Vermont. He was a captain in the Third Vermont regiment and was successively promoted to be major and lieutenant colonel. Later he was made colonel of the Sixteenth Vermont. At the battle of Gettysburg he especially distinguished himself and led a charge that broke Wilcox's brigade completely. After the close of the war Judge Veazey resumed the practice of his profession in Rutland, and for the last ten years has been a member of the supreme court of the state. The legislature elects the judges biennially. Judge Veazey has for five terms received a unanimous election, which is believed to be the only case of the kind in the history of the country. Vermont does pretty well in this appointment. That state already has a cabinet officer, and the position of inter-commerce commissioner is next to that in honor and emoluments. This appointment disposes of the chances of Judge Groff for a position on the board, but it is still the belief among the interior department people that he will be given the commissionership of the general land office.

WANT THE TOBACCO TAX REPEALED.

Representative-elect Evans, of Tennessee, and General Goff, ex-congressman and recently candidate for governor of West Virginia, held a consultation here yesterday with the representatives of the Tobacco Growers' association with reference to a raid on the