COL. HENDERSON'S FRIENDS.

The Iowa Man's Admirer's Hint of Hidden Strength.

LIKE HOSTS OF RODERICK DHU.

After the Third Ballot Reinforcements Will Rally 'Round the Hawkeye Man as Though a Bugle Called.

WASHINGTON BUREAU THE OMAHA BEE, 513 FOURTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24.

Congressman Conger of the Des Moines district, in talking to THE BEE correspondent today in reference to the speakership matter, said:

"Of course the Iowa delegation is for Henderson first, last and all the time. I believe that he will make a good speaker, and furthermore I believe that his chances are infinitely better than have generally been admitted."

Mr. Conger declined to give any information as to the basis of his belief, but stated that Henderson has a great deal of reserve strength. He expressed the opinion further that if Reed or McKinley is not elected on the second or third ballot that the other western candidates would be astonished at the vote which Mr. Henderson would poll. He believed a break in the ranks of the Reed and McKinley forces inevitable after the third ballot.

Ex-Governor Gear, who is one of the most active of the Hawkeye delegation of republicans, has taken quarters at the Shoreham, where his colleague, Colonel Henderson is located, and he is doing some very effective work in favor of his friend for speaker. Henderson has gained more votes during the last two or three days than any of the candidates, as he seems to be raking in the far western members with great success.

Representative Struble of the Sioux City district is also here doing good work for Colonel Henderson in the direction of the speakership. Judge Struble regards the recent election in Iowa as detrimental to the interests of prohibition. He said to your correspondent today that the republican majority was so close in the legislature that if there should be some republicans who were dissatisfied with the present form of prohibition the law might be repealed. The judge is well satisfied with Iowa's prohibitory law and believes it is very well enforced. He said that there was no doubt of Senator Allison's re-election. "His defeat," said Judge Struble, "would be a calamity to the people in all political parties. Senator Allison's services are national in importance and he will undoubtedly be retained in the senate as long as the Iowa legislature is republican on joint ballot and he deserves to keep his position."

All five of the candidates for speaker of the house were members either of the committee on ways and means or of the committee on appropriations in the last congress. Messrs. Reed, McKinley and Burrows were members of the committee on ways and means, while Messrs. Cannon and Henderson were prominent members of the committee on appropriations. In the event that Mr. Cannon is not made speaker he will be chairman of the committee on appropriations in this congress. Should another than Mr. McKinley be speaker the Ohioan will be chairman of the committee on ways and means, as McKinley naturally ranks Reed on the committee and is the leading tariff man in the house.

ARKELL'S PROPOSITION.

W. J. Arkell's proposition to pay $100,000 a year for the privilege of having an advertisement on the back of the postage stamps is not without precedent. Many years ago the stamps in England contained advertisements and sometimes the British government went so far as to permit an advertisement to show through the face of the postage stamp.

There is no fear that the United States government will ever accept an offer of this kind. The revised statutes forbid it. Then there is no necessity or excuse for it. The government has more money already than it can find practical use for and the people would condemn any arrangement of this kind. It would certainly be a great advertisement for any business to have simply a dainty little monogram or a combination of letters indicative of some article for sale. Every person in the world would soon learn what was meant by the characters.

MAJOR WEBSTER'S AMBITION.

It is stated on the best authority that Major William Webster, the chief examiner of the civil service commission, is making a hard fight to succeed General Hiram Smith of Missouri as first deputy pension commissioner.

One of General Raum's first orders on succeeding Mr. Tanner was to grant General Smith an extended leave of absence, and as the deputy commissioner has been very heavily rerated, it is very generally accepted that he will never return to his desk. Major Webster is making a very earnest struggle for the place, though up to the present time little is known of his prospects nor was it known that he was anxious to leave the civil service bureau at all. His present salary is $3,000 per annum, while the salary of the first deputy is only $600 more. The commission is sure to be very searchingly investigated at the coming session of congress and much surprise is felt that Major Webster, who has been one of the leading spirits of the commission almost since its birth should be anxious to leave it now.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Some time ago Senator Paddock at the request of the citizens of Crawford made formal application to the war department for the use of an unused portion of the Fort Robinson military reservation for fair ground purposes by the people of Crawford. He has been informed by the department that papers have gone forward to Fort Robinson and that upon their return properly endorsed the request will be granted. This will give Crawford a commodious piece of ground directly adjoining the depot large enough for a local ground and race track.

All the Nebraska delegation has reported except Congressman Connell who is expected this week. Congressman Laws has busied himself for the past two days in fixing up the postoffices in his district, and will tomorrow make a number of recommendations of postmasters. Senator Manderson is still in New York purchasing furniture for his new house.

Senator Paddock has had three conversations with the president this week upon offices in Nebraska already recommended by the delegation and hopes for results soon. The senator is pleased at the attack made by the postmaster general on the workings of the civil service examinations in the railway mail service. The principal effect so far, says the senator, has been to prevent the reappointment of old and faithful mail clerks who were discharged by the last administration. He will accordingly reintroduce his bill offered in the closing days of the last congress, exempting railway mail clerks from the operation of the law.

Major T. S. Clarkson of Omaha is in the city on business connected with the interior department. Major Clarkson is a member of the national committee of the Grand Army of the Republic and has been in attendance with Governor Alger, commander-in-chief, and staff, at the meeting in Boston which was held last week for the purpose of making the preliminary arrangements for the annual encampment which is to be held at the Hub. The date of the encampment was fixed for August 14 to August 18, and Major Clarkson thinks that the Hostonese will do everything in their power to make the occasion an enjoyable and profitable gathering.

Hon. J. R. Dolliver and Hon. G. R. Reed of Iowa, have apartments at the Shoreham.

PERRY S. HEATH.

Is It Guiteau's Curse.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Dr. Rudolph Tanshky, the noted expert on insanity, who became insane and attempted to kill his wife and himself in January, 1885, died yesterday in the Bloomingdale asylum. He was one of the experts in the Guiteau case.

Buying Chicago Breweries.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—It is authoritatively stated tonight that the agent of the English brewery syndicate had secured options on every brewery in Chicago but one and left the city tonight to confer with his principals.

IT WILL BE RACY.

A Case of Alleged Attempt at Rape on Trial Today.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock the case of Silas Hansen charged with assault with intent to commit rape comes up in police court. The case will be a very salacious one as regards evidence and if the story of the prosecution be true Hansen will doubtless find himself in a predicament.

The offense is alleged to have been committed on November 9, when Hansen went to the house of I. S. Lozier and made an indecent assault.

The history of the case is somewhat lengthy. Last summer Mrs. Lozier was a widow named Butler. She kept a boarding house at 809 North Twenty-second street and Lozier and Hansen boarded with her. Both men wanted a wife and so Mrs. Butler was and is a very pretty woman each sought her hand in marriage. Hansen had the inside track for a time, but one day he had to go to Wyoming territory and during his absence Lozier and Mrs. Butler were married.

When Hansen returned he swore by all the Egyptian deities that he would have revenge, that he loved Mrs. Lozier with all the intensity that a man of forty years and in good health could carry. And he further vowed that if he didn't get possession of her Lozier shouldn't live with her.

So on the day mentioned, while Lozier was out of the house at work collecting fares on the motor line, and while the children were absent at school, he went to the house and reproached Mrs. Lozier with having gone back on him. He then proposed that she quit her husband and go with him, and that when Lozier got a divorce they would marry. The woman's reply was for him to leave the house, that she wanted nothing to do with him. Then she alleges that Hansen seized her forcibly and tried to push her into a bed room and that she resisted and tried to scream, but he put his hand over her mouth and dragged her into a dark hallway when he tried to accomplish his base design. She managed to cry out and to her surprise and gratification her husband, who had unexpectedly came home, responded. Hansen beat a precipitate retreat.

But afterwards he came back and tried to get in the house, but was warned off. He then threatened to kill Lozier and left. The latter then had him arrested.

Cushman's Mentho inhaler cures catarrh, headache, neuralgia, asthma, hay fever. Trial free at your druggist. Price 50 cents.

A LETTER FROM STANLEY.

He Tells of Some of His Trying Experiences.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—A letter from Stanley dated south end Victoria Nyanza, September 3, says in part:

"It is amusing to look back and see how punishment has fallen on the rebels of the Emin government. The traitors without the camp and the traitors within were watched and the most active conspirator discovered, tried and hanged. The traitors without fell foul of one another and ruined themselves. Far away our own people, tempted by their extreme wretchedness and misery sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema, the slave trader's true friends. Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook, I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness. Little by little I gathered strength and finally gave orders for the march for home.

Discovery after discovery in this wonderful region was made until at last we came to a church, and we knew that we had reached the outskirts of civilization."

Mackinnon, chairman of the Emin relief committee, also received a letter from Stanley, dated August 5, in which Stanley, after describing how he had hunted up the missing rear column continuing: "The rear column was in a deplorable state. Out of 192 remaining I doubted whether fifty would live to reach the lake, but having large canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in such a smooth and expeditious manner that there were remarkably few casualties in the remnant of the rear column, but the wild natives having repeatedly defeated the Ugarrowwas raiders and by this having discovered the extent of their our strength, gave us considerable trouble and inflicted considerable loss among our best men, who had always to bear the brunt of the fighting and the fatigue of paddling. When progress by the river became too difficult the order to cast off the canoes was given. This was a four days' journey above Uganowwas station, or about three hundred miles above Banalaya, and we decided to try the north bank of the Itura river, although we would have to traverse for some days the despoiled lands, which had been the common center for the Ugarrowwas and the Kilonga-lonngas bands of raiders. We were about 100 miles from grassland, which opened up a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal, and mutton, and a pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking.

Stanley tells about the terrible time with smallpox among the Manyema, the mortality being great. At a village called Andikumu a large plantation of bananas and plantns was found, and after the severe starvation of fourteen days the party gorged themselves to such an excess that many died and many others were incapacitated for duty for some time. He tells of a severe struggle had for several days with the Wambutti dwarfs and many other dangers encountered by the expedition, and the tale of alternating privations plenty, and fighting is an extremely interesting one.

The rosy freshness and velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

Gossip of the Military.

Mrs. Webster, wife of Lieutenant Edmund Webster, Second infantry, now stationed at Fort Omaha, who for some time has been very ill, is somewhat better and there are hopes for her recovery.

Miss Waring, the charming daughter of Lieutenant J. K. Waring, Second infantry, Fort Omaha, is expected home on the 28th.

Mr. Wright, the newly appointed steward, who was assigned to duty at Fort Omaha, arrived yesterday.

The Omaha guards will give a dance Tuesday evening and quite a number of society people are expected to attend.

Nervous debility, poor memory, diffidence, sexual weakness, pimples, cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at Kuhn & Co.'s 15th and Douglas.

Valuable Horses Cremated.

VALLEY FALLS, Kan., Nov. 24.—The stud farm of I. C. Webster & Company at Orchard Hill farm burned this morning. The four noted stallions Evermond, Prairie Wilkes, Joe Larkin and Eaglemont burned to death; loss $75,000.

The Ballot Box Forgery Case.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 22.—The ballot box forgery case against R. G. Wood was called today and the preliminary hearing fixed for December 2. Woods, failing to obtain bondsmen, went to jail.

A Model Son as Yet.

New York Truth: Overheard in a Wagner car: Fussy old gentleman to a chance traveling lady companion:

"Have you any children, madam?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir; he has never as much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

A model young man, madam—a model young man. How old is he?"

"Two months."

Professed to Much.

Chicago Tribune: Capitalist — My daughter is homely, cross-eyed, hump-shouldered, and has a disposition like a hornet's nest. What do you want to marry her for?

Young man (ardently)—I love her, sir.

Capitalist—Then you can't have her, sir. I don't want to take a blamed fool into my family.

THE SITUATION IN IOWA.

A Plethora of Republican Speakership Candidates.

THE NEXT HOUSE WILL BE A TIE.

No Republican Wields the Gavel Unless by Democratic Concession —The Soldiers' Home— State News.

Brash Candidates.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 23.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The situation regarding the speakership and the organization of the next Iowa legislature is now the fruitful topic of conversation. Immediately after the election half a dozen republican candidates for speaker sprang into being. Some of them began an open campaign for the nomination, and proposed to capture the prize by traveling over the state and pledging members, a good deal as the base ball managers are securing the country to get players for next year. But when it is considered that the republicans have no majority in the house, both parties being a tie, and that if any republican is elected it will be by a compromise and concession from the democrats, then these pushing candidates were advised not to be so brash. A great many of the older leaders of the party think that at such an important crisis as this, when the fortunes of the party hang in the balance, that great care ought to be taken in the selection of a speaker, and that party interests ought to be put before personal ambition. Some of the men who have announced themselves as candidates, would be very poor speakers if chosen, and with the party a tie in the house, it looks as if they ought not to force themselves forward quite so rapidly. The result of some serious thinking and plain speaking has been that all the candidates for speaker are much more quiescent than they were, and there seems to be a disposition to keep back and await developments. When the time comes the republican members of the house will get together and select the best man they can for the interests of the party, and not for the personal gratification of the man who wants to be speaker, and then try and arrange matters with the democrats so that he can be elected.

The present situation recalls that of 1874. It was when the granger feeling was very strong, and the democrats by a combination with the grangers and anti-monopolists and greenbackers managed to elect as many members of the house as the republicans did. So there was a tie. The republicans wanted the speakership and so did the opposition. A dead-lock followed lasting nearly two weeks and then a compromise was fixed up. The republicans were allowed the speaker. The anti-monopolists were allowed all the offices except speaker. The chairman of each standing committee was to be a republican and the membership of each committee was to be divided equally between the republicans and the opposition. But the opposition were to have the chairmanship and a majority of the members of each investigating committee. This compromise was agreed upon, and as a result John H. Gear, afterward governor, was elected speaker. There were some very amusing scenes during the progress of the deadlock. One member, a greenbacker from Story county, proposed a resolution for settling the difficulty in this way:

"Resolved, That Mr. Dixon and Mr. Gear
Be well supplied with lager beer,
And he who drinks the largest share
Shall occupy the speaker's chair."

Mr. Dixon was the candidate of the anti-monopolists. The chair ruled this novel proposition out of order, so the other method of deciding the contest was adopted. It is probable that the speakership will be settled by some such compromise this time. If given to the republicans the democrats will claim the other offices and a fair representation on the committees.

The Soldiers' Home.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 24.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The wisdom of the general assembly in establishing a soldiers' home has been justified many times. There are now in the home at Marshalltown 295 veterans, including officers and attaches. Thirty-four new applications for admission have been received, and they will drobably be granted, so that in a short time the home will be filled nearly to its capacity, which is for 350. The board of commissioners have made their report to the governor, making recommendations for appropriations next year for the home as follows: Furniture and fixtures for the hospital $25,000; for the boiler rooms and heating apparatus, $6,000; sewerage, $1,250; salaries for officers and employes, $1,000 per month; furniture for employes, $7,500. The experience of two years has proved that the home is doing a grand work for the feeble and disabled and dependent soldiers of Iowa.

A Suit for Slander.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 24.—[Special to THE BEE.]—A suit for slander that is attracting much attention from the prominence of the parties involved is now in progress at Clarinda. The suit was brought by the Rev. Mr. Boggiss, who in 1887 was pastor of the Congregational church at Shenandoah, in the same county. He was young and unmarried and a social favorite among the sisters of the church. One of his members was Mr. Thomas Read, a prominent banker of Shenandoah. There came some difficulty in the church which led to Mr. Boggiss' resignation and he removed to Wisconsin. It is claimed that Mr. Read followed him up with a letter to his new parishoners intimating that their preacher wasn't quite right. There was trouble and the preacher was displaced and obliged to find a new church. He located in Newton, Kas., put in a short time. Stories reflecting on his character reached there, coming direct from Read, as he charges. About this time Mr. Read published an article in the Shenandoah village paper, making serious charges against the minister. The latter thought he and stood it long enough and so brought suit for $30,000 for damages, charging Read with malicious libel. The case has been attracting much attention and public opinion has been nearly evenly divided on the merits of the suit. Able lawyers have been engaged on both sides.

Their Real Sentiments.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 24.—[Special to THE BEE.]—There seems to be a great disposition on the part of the leading democrats to back down from the position they took during the campaign in favor of local option and high license. They said then that they favored it and would not disturb prohibition anywhere when the people wanted it. Now the democratic real sentiments begin to crop out. The Dubuque Herald, whose editor, Mr. Ham, has been a member of the democratic national committee, now declares that no local option will be permitted. That the prohibitory law will be repealed and that there are enough democrats to do the work in the legislature.

The Second Brigade Election.

DES MOINES, Nov. 24.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Yesterday the companies of the Second brigade of Iowa National guard voted for brigadier general to take the place of General Beason, who is now adjutant general. There were two candidates, Colonel Davis of Cedar Rapids who is at the head of the First regiment, and Colonel Stewart of Waukon who is at the head of the Fourth regiment. Each regiment naturally voted for its own commanders leaving the Sixth regiment to decide the case. Three companies have not yet reported, but it is altogether probable that Davis has been elected brigade commander.

Shipley Sues For Damages.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 24.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Representative Shipley of Guthrie county, whose ear was practically bitten off and who was otherwise injured by W. L. Edwards in a recent fight, has brought suit for $5,000 damages. Shipley had called Edwards a Missouri bushwhacker during the campaign, and the latter took this occasion to get even with him.

Walnut Items.

WALNUT, Ia., Nov. 24.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the Presbyterian church at 10:30 a. m., followed by a dinner and supper given by the Ladies' Aid society at Grace M. E. church.

There will be a grand ball at the opera house Thanksgiving night. The Walnut orchestra will furnish the music for the occasion.

AT COULTER'S NOTCH.

Ambrose Bierce in San Francisco Examiner: "Do you think, colonel, that your brave Coulter would like to put one of his guns in here?" the general asked.

He was apparently not altogether serious; it certainly did not seem a place where any artillerist, however brave, would "like" to put a gun. The colonel thought that possibly his division commander meant good humoridly to intimate that Captain Coulter's courage had been too highly extolled in a recent conversation between them.

"General," he replied warmly, "Coulter would like to put a gun anywhere within reach of those people"—with a motion of his hand in the direction of the enemy.

"It is the only place," said the general. He was serious, then!

The "place" was a depression, a notch, in the sharp crest of a hill. It was a pass, and through it ran a turnpike which, reaching this highest point in its course by a sinuous ascent through a thin forrest, ran straight away toward the enemy. For a mile to the left and a mile to the right the ridge, though occupied by a line of infantry lying close behind the sharp crest and appearing as if held in place by atmospheric pressure, was inaccessible to artillery. There was no place but the bottom of the notch, and that was barely wide enough for the roadbed. From the confederate side this point was commanded by an entire battery posted on a slightly lower elevation beyond a creek and a mile away. All the guns but one were masked by the trees of an orchard; that one—it seemed a bit of impudence—was directly in front of rather a grandiose building, the planter's dwelling. The gun was safe enough in its exposure; the rifles of that day would not carry a mile without such an elevation as made the fire, in a military sense, harmless; it might kill here and there, but could not dislodge. Coulter's Notch—it came to be called so—was not, that summer afternoon, a place where one would "like to put a gun."

Three or four dead horses lay there, sprawling in the road, three or four dead men in a trim row at one side of it and a little back down the hill. All but one were cavalrymen belonging to the federal advance. One was a quartermaster; the general commanding the division and the colonel commanding the brigade, with their staffs and escorts, had ridden into the Notch to look at the enemy's guns—which had straightway obscured themselves in towering clouds of smoke. It was hardly profitable to be curious about guns which had the trick of the cuttlefish, and the season of observation was brief. At its conclusion—a short remove backward from where it began—occurred the conversation already partly reported. "It is the only place," the general repeated, thoughtfully, "to get at them."

The colonel looked at him gravely. "There is room for but one gun, general—one against six."

"That is true—for only one at a time," said the commander with something like, yet not altogether like, a smile. "But then, your brave Coulter! —a whole battery in himself."

The tone of irony was now unmistakable. It angered the colonel, but he did not know what to say. The spirit of military subordination is not favorable to retort, nor even deprecation. At this moment a young officer of artillery came riding slowly up the road attended by his bugler. It was Captain Coulter. He could not have been more than twenty-three years of age. He was of medium height, but very slender and lithe, sitting his horse with something of the air of a civilian. In face he was of a type singularly unlike the men about him; thin, high-nosed, gray-eyed, with a slight blonde mustache, and long, rather straggling hair of the same color. There was an apparent negligence in his attire. His cap was worn with the visor a trifle askew; his coat was buttoned only at the sword belt, showing a considerable expanse of white shirt tolerably clean for that stage of the campaign. But the negligence was all in his dress and bearing; in his face was a look of intense interest in his surroundings. His gray eyes, which seemed occasionally to strike right and left across the landscape, like search lights, were for the most part fixed upon the sky beyond the Notch; until he should arrive at the summit of the road there was nothing else in that direction to see. As he came opposite the division and brigade commanders at the roadside he saluted mechanically and was about to pass on. Moved by a sudden impulse the colonel signed to him to halt.

"Captain Coulter," he said, "the enemy has a battery of six pieces over there on the next ridge. If I rightly understand the general he directs that you bring up a gun and engage them."

There was a blank silence; the general looked stolidly at a distant regiment swarming slowly up the hill through rough undergrowth, like a torn and draggled cloud of blue smoke; the captain appeared not to have observed him. Presently he spoke, slowly and with apparent effort:

"On the next ridge, did you say, sir? Are the guns near the house?"

"Ah, you have been over this road before. Directly at the house."

"And it is necessary—to engage them? The order is imperative?"

His voice was husky and broken. He was visibly paler. The colonel was astonished and mortified. He stole a glance at the commander. In that immobile face was no sign; it was as hard as bronze. A moment later he rode silently away followed by his staff and escort. The colonel, humiliated and indignant, was about to order Captain Coulter in arrest when the latter spoke a few words in a low tone to his bugler, saluted and rode straight forward into the Notch, where, shortly at the summit of the road, his field glass at his eyes, he showed against the sky, he and his horse, sharply defined and motionless as an equestrian statue. The bugler had dashed down the road in the opposite direction at headlong speed and disappeared around the corner. Presently his bugle was heard singing in the cedars, and in an incredibly short time a single gun with its caisson each, drawn by six horses and manned by its full complement of gunners, came bounding and banging up the grade in storm of dust, unlimbered under cover and was run forward by hand to the fatal crest among the dead horses. A gesture of the captain's arm, some strangely agile movements of the men in leading, and almost before the troops along the way had ceased to hear the rattle of the wheels a great white cloud sprang forward down the declivity, and with a sharp shock which turned up the white of the forest leaves like a storm, the Affair at Coulter's Notch had begun.

It is not intended to relate in detail the progress and incidents of that ghastly contest—a contest without vicissitudes, its alternatives only different degrees of despair. Almost at the instant when Captain Coulter's gun blew its challenging cloud six answering clouds rolled upward from among the trees about the plantation house, a deep multiple report roared back like a broken echo, and thenceforth to the end the federal cannoniers fought their hopeless battle in an atmosphere of living iron whose thoughts were lightnings and whose deeds were death.

Unwilling to see the efforts which could not aid and the slaughter which he could not stay, the colonel had ascended the ridge at a point a quarter of a mile to the left, whence the Notch, itself invisible but pushing up successive masses of smoke, seemed the crater of a volcano in thundering eruption. With a glass he watched the enemy's guns, noting as he could the effects of Coulter's fire—if Coulter still lived to direct it. He saw that the federal gunners, ignoring the enemy's pieces, whose position could be determined by their smoke only, gave their whole attention to the one which maintained its place in the open—the lawn in front of the house, with which it was accurately in line. Over and about that hardy piece the shells exploded at intervals of a few seconds. Some exploded in the house, as could be seen by thin ascensions of smoke from the breached roof. Figures of prostrate men and horses were plainly visible.

"If our fellows are doing such good work with a single gun," said the general to an aide who happened to be nearest, "they must be suffering like the devil from six. Go down and present the commander of that piece my congratulations on the accuracy of his fire."

Turning to his adjutant general he said: "Did you observe Coulter's damned reluctance to obey orders?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, say nothing about it, please. I don't think the general will care to make any accusations. He will probably have enough to do in explaining his own connection with this uncommon way of amusing the rear guard of a retreating enemy."

"Colonel," said the adjutant general, "I don't know that I ought to say anything, but there is something wrong in all this. Do you happen to know that Captain Coulter is from the south?"

"No; was he, indeed?"

"I heard that last summer the division which the general then commanded was in the vicinity of Coulter's home—camped there for weeks and—"

"Listen!" said the colonel, interrupting with an upward gesture. "Do you hear that?"

"That" was the silence of the federal gun. The staff, the orderlies, the lines of infantry behind the crest—all had "heard," and were looking curiously in the direction of the crater, whence no smoke now ascended except desultory cloudlets from the enemy's shells. Then came the blare of a bugle, a faint rattle of wheels; a minute later the sharp reports recommenced with double activity. The demolished gun had been replaced with a sound one.

"Yes," said the adjutant-general, resuming his narrative, "the general made the acquaintance of Coulter's family. There was trouble—I don't know the exact nature of it—something about Coulter's wife. She is a red-hot secessionist, as they all are, except Coulter himself, but she is a good wife and high-bred lady. There was a complaint to army headquarters. The general was transferred to this division. It is odd that Coulter's battery should have afterward been assigned to it."

The colonel had risen from the rock upon which they had been sitting. His eyes were blazing with a generous indignation.

"See here, Morrison," said he, looking his gossiping staff officer in the face, "did you get that story from a gentleman or a liar?"

"I don't want to say how I got it, colonel, unless it is necessary"—he was blushing a trifle—"but I'll stake my life upon its truth in the main."

The colonel turned toward a small knot of officers some distance away. "Lieutenant Williams!" he shouted.

One of the officers detached himself from the group, and coming forward saluted, saying: "Pardon me, colonel, I thought you had been informed. Williams is dead down there by the gun. What can I do, sir?"

Lieutenant Williams was the aid who had had the pleasure of conveying to the officer in charge of the gun his brigade commander's congratulations.

"Go," said the colonel, "and direct the withdrawal of that gun instantly. Hold! I will go myself."

He strode down the declivity toward the rear of the Notch at a break-neck pace, over rocks and through brambles, followed by his little retinue in tumultuous disorder. At the foot of the declivity they mounted their waiting animals and took to the road at a lively trot round a bend and into the Notch. The spectacle which they encountered there was appalling.

Within that defiel, barely broad enough for a single gun, were piled the wrecks of no fewer than four—they had noted the silencing of only the last one disabled. The debris lay on both sides of the road: the men had managed to keep an open way between, through which the fifth piece was now firing. The men?—they looked like demons of the pit! All were hatless, all stripped to the waist, their reeking skins black with blotches of powder and spattered with gouts of blood. They worked like madmen, with rammer and cartridge, lever and lanyard. They set their swollen shoulders and bleeding hands against the wheels at each recoil and heaved the heavy gun back to its place. There were no commands: in that awful environment of whooping shot, exploding shells, and shrieking fragments of iron and flying splinters of wood, none could have been heard. Officers, if officers there were, were indistinguishable; all worked together—each while he lasted—governed by the eye. When the gun was sponged it was loaded, when loaded, aimed and fired. There was no clashing; the duty of the instant was obvious. When one fell, another, looking a trifle cleaner, seemed to arise from the earth in the dead man's tracks to fall in his turn.

With the ruined guns lay the ruined men—alongside the wreckage, under it and atop of it; and back down the road a ghastly procession—crept on hands and knees such of the wounded as were able to move. The Colonel—he had compassionately sent his cavalcade to the right about—had to ride over those who were entirely dead in order not to crush those who were partly alive. Into that hell he tranquilly held his way, rode up alongside the gun, and in the obscurity of the last discharge tapped upon the cheek the man holding the rammer—who straightway fell, thinking himself killed. A fiend seven times damned sprang out of the smoke to take his place, but paused and gazed up at the mounted officer with an unearthly regard, his teeth flashing between his black lips, his eyes, fierce and expanded, burning like coals beneath his bloody brow. The colonel made an authoritative gesture and pointed to the rear. The fiend bowed in token of obedience. It was Captain Coulter.

Simultaneously with the colonel's arresting sign silence fell upon the whole field of action. The procession of miseies no longer streamed into that defile of death; the enemy also had ceased firing. His army had been gone for hours, and the commander of his rear guard, who had held his position perilously long in hope to silence the federal fire, at that strange moment had silenced his own. "I was not aware of the breadth of my authority," thought the colonel, facetiously, riding forward to the crest to see what had really happened.

An hour later his brigade was in bivouac on the enemy's ground and its idlers were examining, with something of awe, as the faithful inspect a saint's relics, a score of straddling dead horses and three disabled guns, all spiked. The fallen men had been carried away; their crushed and broken bodies would have given too great satisfaction.

Naturally, the colonel established himself and his military family in the plantation house. It was somewhat shattered, but it was better than the open air. The furniture was greatly deranged and broken. The walls and ceilings were knocked away here and there, and there was a lingering odor of powder smoke everywhere. The beds, the closets of women's clothing, the cupboards were not greatly damaged. The new tenants for a night made themselves comfortable, and the practical effacement of Coulter's battery supplied them with an interesting topic.

During supper that evening an orderly of the escort showed himself into the dining room and asked permission to speak to the colonel.

"What is it, Barbour?" said that officer, pleasantly, having overheard the request.

"Colonel, there is something wrong in the cellar; I don't know what—somebody there. I was down there rumaging about."

"I will go down and see," said a staff officer rising.

"So will I," the colonel said; "let the others remain. Lead on, orderly."

They took a candle from the table and descended the cellar stairs, the orderly in veritable trepidation. The candle made but a feeble light, but presently, as they advanced, its narrow circle of illumination revealed a human figure seated on the ground against the blank stone wall which they were skirting, its knees elevated, its head bowed sharply forward. The face, which should have been seen in profile, was invisible, for the man was bent so far forward that his long hair concealed it; and strange to relate, the beard, of a much darker hue, fell in a tangled mass and lay along the ground at his feet. They involuntarily paused; then the colonel, taking the candle from the orderly's shaking hand, approached the man and attentively considered him. The long dark beard was the hair of a woman—dead. The dead woman clasped in her arms a dead babe. Both were clasped in the arms of the man, pressed against his breast, against his lips. There was blood in the hair of the woman; there was blood in the hair of the man. A yard away lay an infant's foot. It was near an irregular depression in the beaten earth which formed the cellar's floor—a fresh excavation with a convex bit of iron, having jagged edges, visible in one of the sides. The colonel held the light as high as he could. The floor of the room above was broken through, the splinters pointing at all angles downward. "This casemate is not bomb proof," said the colonel gravely; it did not occur to him that his summing up of the case had any levity in it.

They stood about the group awhile in silence; the staff officer was thinking of his unfinished supper, the orderly of what might possibly be in one of the casks on the other side of cellar. Suddenly the man whom they had thought dead raised his head and gazed tranquilly into their faces. His complexion was coal black; the cheeks were apparently tattooed in irregular lines from the eyes downward. The lips, too, were white, like those of a stage negro. There was blood upon his forehead.

The staff officer drew back a pace, the orderly two paces.

"What are you doing here, my man?" said the colonel, unmoved.

"This house belongs to me, sir," was the reply, civilly delivered.

"To you? Who then are—were these?"

"My wife and child, colonel; I am Captain Coulter."

American Building and Loan Association.

The following has been received by C. A. Crum, general agent of the American Building and Loan association, Lincoln, Neb.:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 15.—The new management have decided to issue financial statements quarterly, and the next statement will be issued January 1, 1890. Our membership has become so large that it is burdensome to issue monthly statements as heretofore.

It gives us pleasure to announce that the association has at this date assets amounting to $2,255,000, all in non-negotiable first mortgages. All stock in good standing on September 1, last, was earning 21 per cent annual interest.

JAMES H. BISHOP, President.

These mortgages are deposited with the auditor of the state of Minnesota in trust.

JEFF DAVIS' CAPTURE.

Sergeant Lane's Story as to How It Was Effected.

There is at least one man in this city who is reading of the dangerous illness of Jefferson Davis with peculiar interest, says a Pittsburg dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. His name is T. J. Lane and he is a conductor on the Fifth avenue traction line. Mr. Lane is the man who first laid hands on Davis when he was captured in Georgia while trying to escape after the surrender of Lee. The capture was made by a remnant of the Second brigade of the Second division, composed of the Fourth United States cavalry and the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry. Lane was a sergeant of Company M, of the latter regiment, and he and two members of the Fourth Michigan were in advance of the body of the troops. They discovered a female coming toward them supporting a person who appeared to be an aged woman. This person was attired in a man's dressing gown and wore a big sun-bonnet, which completely concealed the face. When the soldiers reached the pair the woman announced the person in the gown as her mother, and said she was taking her over the hill where she could get a drink of spring water. As the twain made a step to continue their journey the gown, which had not been fastened at the bottom opened slightly, and revealed to the soldiers a pair of cavalry boots. One of the Michigan men immediately branded the man as Jeff Davis, and commanded him to surrender. Davis, seeing that he was caught, threw back the gown and, baring his breast, exclaimed:

"Shoot me! shoot me!"

The soldier brought his rifle to a level, and was just about to fire, when Sergeant Lane rushed between the man and Davis and ordered him to lower his gun. The soldier obeyed, and Lane, stepping up to Davis, made him a prisoner, at the same time assuring him that none of the soldiers would harm him. This was a great surprise to the ex-president of the confederacy, as he afterwards told Lane that he expected to be shot down upon being recognized.

In the meantime Mrs. Davis, for it was she who accompanied her husband, had fainted, and the rest of the troops had come up. Lane turned Davis over to Colonel Pritchard, the officer in command, and Mrs. Davis was placed in an ambulance. The troops then returned to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where Davis was kept for awhile and afterwards removed to Nashville, and subsequently to Washington. A corporal in the Fourth Michigan, who happened to be near the place where Davis was captured, but took no part in the capture, accompanied the distinguished prisoner to Washington. Here the corporal was represented as the captor of Davis, and he was immediately rewarded with a lieutenant's commission in the regular army.

The real captors have not to this day been rewarded in any way, though Lane says he heard that Colonel Pritchard received some money for the capture. Lane says that Davis, after the excitement attending the capture was over, accepted the position philosophically, and was a very obedient prisoner.

Judge Over of the orphans' court of this county was also present at Davis' capture. He was a member of the Fourth Michigan cavalry.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

Looking Backward.

The Time: They had been having a very miscellaneous literary conversation, had Mr. Lit and Mr. Crit, and some very facetious comments had been made on all sorts of productions from The Works of Josephus and Called Back down to That Frenchman and The Life of Lincoln.

"Now, honestly," said Mr. Crit to Mr. Lit, "leaving all jokes aside, how do you like Looking Backward?"

And poor Mr. Crit couldn't for the life of him understand why Mr. Lit suddenly became so frigid and walked away so indignantly, until he happened to think that Mr. Lit was cross-eyed to the limit of the law.

Will be paid to any competent chemist who will find, on analysis, a particle of Mercury, Potash, or other poisons in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

AN EATING SORE

Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889.—"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. McLemore, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

S S S

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP.

DRS. BETTS & BETTS

1408 FARNAM STREET, OMAHA, NEB. (Opposite Paxton Hotel.)

Office hours, 9 a. m., to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m., to 1 p. m.

Specialists in Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Diseases.

☞ Consultation at office or by mail free. Medicines sent by mail or express, securely packed, free from observation. Guarantees to cure quickly, safely and permanently.

NERVOUS DEBILITY Spermatorrhœa, seminal Losses, Night Emissions. Physical decay, arising from indiscretion, excess or indulgence, producing sleeplessness, despondency, pimples on the face, aversion to society, easily discouraged, lack of confidence, dull mind, for study or business, and made life a burden. Safely, permanently and privately cured. Consult Drs. Betts & Betts, 1408 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

Blood and Skin