FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNED.

A Discarded Maiden Wreaks Vengeance on a Lymphatic Lover.

SENSATIONAL SHOOTING AT FREMONT.

A Wagon and Driver Struck by a Flying Train at Chappell—Yesterday's Happenings in Nebraska.

FREMONT, Neb., Nov. 4.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—A sensational shooting affair occurred at 6:30 this evening in Davis' drug store, when William Patterson was shot by a young woman named Flora Leech. Two shots were fired, one of them taking effect in Patterson's right side, though not seriously injuring him. Patterson's story is that Miss Leech and himself have been keeping company for three or four years, but that recently he had told her that their relations must cease. The girl had been writing letters importuning him to restore her in his former good graces. Miss Leech lives at Bennington. She came to Fremont yesterday and this afternoon registered at the Eno. Just before the shooting they left the hotel together and came into the drug store together. Soon after entering the store the girl drew the revolver and shot Patterson in the back. Miss Leech says they had quarreled about exchanging photographs. Patterson would not enter complaint and no arrest has been made.

A Stabbing at Peru.

PERU, Neb., Nov. 4.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—This has been an exciting day here. This afternoon at about five o'clock a decidedly bloody and serious free-for-all fight took place. The row started over politics and an old family feud between two families named Adams and Dillon. Charley Adams was stabbed by a man named Garrison. More than a dozen were engaged in the fight, and blood flowed freely. All the participants were arrested.

Struck by a Flying Train.

CHAPPELL, Neb., Nov. 4.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—As Henry Oleson was crossing the track at this place this morning his wagon was struck by the eastbound flyer and completely demolished. Mr. Olesen was thrown against the signpost and perhaps fatally injured. Empty water barrels in Mr. Olesen's wagon were thrown twenty feet high.

THE SPEED RING.

Bennings Races.

BENNINGS, D. C., Nov. 4.—Summary of today's races:

Five and one-half furlongs—Bellevue won, Virgie second, Helen Rose third. Time—1:09.

Seven furlongs—Priceless won, Blantyre second, Tapahannok third. Time—1:31.

Six furlongs—Orafelce won, St. John second, Dover third. Time—1:16¼.

Mile and one-sixteenth—Foxmede won, Prather second, Golden Reel third. Time—1:50.

Nine furlongs—Gypsy Queen won, Corticelli second, Fannie H. third. Time—1:57.

Sale of Noted Thoroughbreds.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 4.—The most important sale of thoroughbreds that has been held in late years was the one conducted by Colonel Bruce in the Paddock here today. All the horses comprising the racing stable of Dwyer Brothers were sold, including such star performers as Hanover, Kingston and Inspector B, besides a number of others. The most important sales were: Sir John, to J. E. McDonald, $5,000; Aurania, C. Cornelison, $2,700; Houston, J. E. McDonald, $2,400; Extra Dry, F. G. O'Reilly, $2,800; Kingsbridge, E. C. O'Reilly, $3,000; Longford, J. E. McDonald, $2,600; Baldwin, E. C. O'Reilly, $2,600; Hanover, by Hindoo-Bourbon Belle, by Bonnie Scotland, E. C. O'Reilly, $15,500; Inspector B, by Enquirer-Colossus, by Colossus-Belle Meade, $10,000; Kingston, by Spendthrift-Kapaga, by Victorius, Philip Dwyer, $30,000; Meridan, J. H. McCormick, $3,300.

Nebraska and Iowa Patents.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Patents were issued today as follows: Richard C. Anderson, Pawnee City, Neb., cooking utensil; William G. Boster, David City, Neb., washing machine; Conrad F. Elrick, Omaha, Neb., vehicle pole tip; Fay O. Farwell, Dubuque, Ia., assignor to G. C. Bentz, St. Joseph, Mo., hammock or chair supporter; William H. Haley, Floyd, Ia., hay loader; James A. Hinron, Des Moines, Ia., friction buffer for railway cars and trail coupling; John Kellogg, Council Bluffs, Ia., clothes line apparatus; John M. Lemmon, Des Moines, Ia., flour dresser; Eloridge T. Likes, Des Moines, Ia., track cleaner; Andrew G. Samuelson, Slater, assignor of one half to J. H. Larson, R. P. Villard, O. O. Lognold, C. Soderland, O. M. Johnson, E. Peterson and A. K. Ersland, Storey county, Iowa, end gate for wagons; Charles A. Sely, Sumner, Ia., expansion drill; Herman C. Stolle, Davenport, Ia., pocket match safe.

Keeping Out American Cattle.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—At a meeting of the central chamber of agriculture today a resolution was adopted that the regulations regarding the importation of cattle should be maintained; also that a period of the six months ought to elapse after a country is declared from disease before its cattle are accepted. The resolution was based upon the report of the committee interpreting the American meat inspection act as a menace to Great Britain, and adding that it was impossible to ignore the fact that persistent and reckless efforts are still being made to secure the free admission of American cattle. The report further says that the fresh outbreak of pleura-pneumonia in New Jersey recently is a sufficient indication of the risk.

The Czarowitch in Austria.

VIENNA, Nov. 4.—[Special Cablegram to THE BEE.]—The czarowitch, who is about to make a tour of the east and who will embark at the Austrian port of Trieste, will arrive at the frontier of Austria between 2 and 3 o'clock this afternoon. By special request no official reception will be tendered him. Upon his arrival at the Northern railway station in this city he will be met by the Austrian emperor and a number of archdukes. A court dinner will be given in his honor at 6 o'clock and at 10 o'clock he will resume his journey to Trieste. Journals here hail the visit of the czarowitch as a welcome sign of friendly relations between Austria and Russia and of the love and peace which prevails everywhere.

Boone Notes.

BOONE, Ia., Nov. 4.—Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Charles Hall, proprietor of the Butler house, and a prominent and wealthy citizen, died this afternoon, aged forty-five. He had been a resident of Boone for fifteen years. Mr. Hall was a Mason of high degree, being a Knight Templar and member of the Mystic Shrine.

The Boon packing house, J. M. Doud & Co. proprietors, will start tomorrow with a capacity of 500 hogs per day. This enterprise was secured by the subscriptions of Boone's business men after sharp competition by several other Iowa cities.

Will Investigate the Charge.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Inspector Byrnes today came out with a strong letter in regard to Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby's recent accusation that a certain police captain had received $70,000 last year in blackmail from saloon keeper in his precincts. The inspector admits the gravity of the accusation and promises a rigid investigation.

The French Cabinet.

PARIS, Nov. 4.—[Special Cablegram to THE BEE.]—At the meeting of the cabinet today President Carnot signed the bill providing for the supply of fortified places throughout France with provisions in quantities sufficient to meet the requirements of the civil population for two months.

Owing to the rejection by the budget committee of the government's proposal to advance a loan of 60,000,000 francs to the Tonquin protectorate for the purpose of extending public works and building railways, Etienne, under secretary for the colonies, and the budget committee will prepare a new bill.

ADVERTISED FOR RENT.

The Widow of the Late Justice Miller Loses Her Home.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Mrs. Miller, the widow of Justice Miller, and her granddaughter, Miss Corkhill, are again back in their residence on Highland terrace, but unfortunately they can remain there for only a few days. The house is advertised for rent and the horses and carriages will be sold on Monday next. In addition to Mrs. Miller's great grief at the loss of her husband, she has another trying ordeal in giving up her comfortable home for a boarding house. It appears that Judge Miller, although he enjoyed a lucrative practice for many years and has drawn a salary of $8,000 a year for the last quarter of a century, left practically nothing except his homestead—not even a life insurance—and Mrs. Miller's income will no longer permit her to occupy the house without being extravagant. The home life of the Miller family was hospitable to a great degree and the justices always spent his salary every month.

When asked this afternoon concerning her plans for the future, Mrs. Miller burst into tears and said: "I have no income and I must rent my house and furniture to get something to live upon. This house and furniture is entirely my own, and it is all I have. While Judge Miller lived he had his salary, but the moment he died that was stopped. I have always been considered a rich woman, but now I must sell my horses and carriages. I have never been without the use of my own carriage. My father owned his own horses and I have always been accustomed to ride behind my own team. Now my team must be sold. It is very well known," continued Mrs. Miller, "that Judge Miller devoted twenty-eight years of his life to the arduous duties of the supreme bench, also that while holding that eminent position he was debarred from earning and making any money other than the salary the government paid him. He was debarred from speculating in real estate, from buying stocks or giving legal advice to private clients. Judge Miller had many obligations outside of his immediate household, and his private means were needed and used long ago. It is very hard to give up my home at this time, but I am obliged to do it."

The French Tariff Bill.

PARIS, Nov. 4.—[Special Cablegram to THE BEE.]—The cabinet has charged M. Roche, minister of commerce, and M. Develle, minister of agriculture, to request the committee of the chamber of deputies having in charge the consideration of the new tariff bill, to expedite its labor so that the chamber may debate the measure by the end of January. It is proposed to begin the arrangement of the new tariff in November of 1892.

Civilians and Soldiers Fight.

BERLIN, Nov. 4.—A detachment of soldiers who were engaged in guarding at a railway station a body of recruits, interfered with the relatives of the recruits who had come to bid them farewell. Several soldiers were attack by civilians, whereupon they drew their side arms and attacked their assailants. Several civilians were badly wounded.

The Tipperary Trial Adjourned.

TIPPERARY, Nov. 4.—[Special Cablegram to THE BEE.]—The case of the crown in the conspiracy trial was concluded yesterday and the trial was adjourned for a week to enable the defense to prepare their case.

Emperor William Hunts Bears.

BERLIN, Nov. 4.—[Special Cablegram to THE BEE.]—Emperor William, for the first time since his coming to the throne, engaged in the annual bear hunt at Grunewald on St. Hubert's day.

A Smallpox Hoax.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The report that there was smallpox on the steamer Belgravia, which arrived at quarantine yesterday is untrue.

Getting a Murderer's Autograph.

I was in government employ at Fort Smith when a half-breed named Hickett was condemned for murder and sentenced to be hanged, says the New York Sun. About two weeks before the date of the hanging a party of St. Louis people came that way. Among them was a lone female about fifty years of age, who was greatly concerned about the salvation of the Indian race. When she learned that Hickett was to swing she sent him a testament and some tracts, and a day later came to him and said:

"It has struck me that I would like the poor man's autograph. Would you be kind enough to hand him this album and ask him to write his name?"

I, of course, agreed to do so. It was a very fine album, costing not less than $10 or $12, and every page was still blank. I passed it in to Hickett and told him what was wanted. He called for me in about two hours and handed the album, neatly wrapped up. I sent it over to the hotel and fifteen minutes later the lone woman brought it back with eyes rolling in horror. Hickett had written on every page and he had written, "Going to hell July 28, 1867. Yours truly, and may we meet together there. Jim Hickett."

Liquor in the Legs.

It is generally supposed that intoxicating drink gets into the head says the London Daily Telegraph. This is a mistake; it is to the legs that the fumes of liquor fly. Such is the physiological discovery that has been made by Henry Bull, described as "a bald headed carpenter," who, being brought up at Marlborough street police court recently, explained that he had certainly taken too much "Old Bass," but instead of going into his body it had got into his legs. The magistrate recognized the value of this discovery by imposing "a small fine." Mr. Bull's theory was, oddly enough, confirmed in the same court on the same day, for Annie Lavey, "a good-looking young woman," having been likewise found in a doubtful condition, laid the blame on her legs. The fact is, she had been in the hospital for a bad knee, and they had given her such a powerful lotion that she could not use it without taking a drop of strong drink—of course, internally. As the case appeared to require medical investigation she was sent back to the hospital. Certainly one of the questions of the day would seem to be, "What shall we do with our legs?"

A Diamond Earring in Her Shoe.

One of the most singular happenings occurred in this city on Monday evening last, says the Lexington (Ky.) Press. A lady of East Main street, while walking home, was disturbed by an article in her shoe, which she thought at first to be a cinder which had gotten in while walking along. She went limping home, and on removing her shoe found a diamond earring. Her dress skirt had apparently caught it up in some manner and dropped it into her shoe. The lady is at a loss to know who lost the valuable, and cannot tell where she found it.

A Heroic Switchman.

A remarkable case of faithfulness in duty occurred in Hamburg. A switchman who was about to attend to the switches for an approaching train, saw his little daughter running to him with her clothes on fire. He did not leave his post, but set his switch first and then ran to her assistance. The child died of her wounds, but the train passed safely.

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.

The Omaha Club Tenders Edward Rosewater an Impromptu Reception.

THE WINE OF JOY WAS UNCORKED.

The Defenders of Nebraska Eulogized for the Work Done in Defeating the Prohibitory Amendment.

It was a little after 11 o'clock, when the returns from over the state favorable to high license and the defeat of prohibition were rolling in, that a committee from the Omaha club invaded Mr. Rosewater's sanctum, and carried him off to the club, where a reception had been hastily arranged in his honor.

His entrance into the dining room of the club upon Mr. Hy. H. Meday's arm, was the signal for a round of applause, that expressed more than the words which followed, the profound appreciation the members of the members of the senior social organization of the city felt for their guest.

After Mr. Meday succeeded in commanding attention he said: "I need not introduce Mr. Rosewater to you; he is too well known to all of you for that."

Mr. Rosewater in responding to the second enthusiastic welcome of the evening, said: "This is a hilarious meeting, where one is priviliged to express himself as he wishes, even for prohibition. I think now we have fought a brave fight, and are out of the woods, having snowed prohibition under by 25,000 votes. I hope when we can tell with certainty that we have counted out prohibition, without the help of Douglas county, that we will have a meeting of a more public character, where those who are now present here may meet others and celebrate with them the victory."

It was fully a minute before the clapping of hands and the lowly expressed "we will" died away. Then Mr. Meday called upon Mr. Offutt to extend to Mr. Rosewater the freedom of the club rooms and welcome him to this meeting of his friends.

Mr. Offutt prefaced his remarks by stating that he was from Kentucky and when leaving the beautiful blue grass country bore with him to Nebraska a letter from the "star-eyed goddess of reform," Henry Watterson, to Mr. Rosewater. And, said Mr. Offutt, "Mr. Watterson told me that the king of all other men in earnestness and will in any cause which he undertakes is Edward Rosewater. And I have found it so. His love for Nebraska, for Omaha, has been demonstrated in this great campaign. His devotion to principle has been the guiding star of his busy life, and I know of no man in the great state of Nebraska who so merits our appreciation, our love as Edward Rosewater. And I make bold to say that this sentiment not only prevails in the Omaha club, but in the heart of this great municipality. And I wish that some public meeting can be arranged in honor of the commander-in-chief of the forces opposed to prohibition and his able lieutenants for the part they have so nobly taken in this campaign."

Then some called for Mr. Rosewater stating that they could listen all night to his story of the campaign and the glorious victory.

"I feel, my friends," replied the editor of THE BEE, "that a great load has been lifted off my shoulders. We have reached the stage where we can lay aside the burdens and responsibilities and feel that our duty has been done. But the credit of this victory is greatly due to the aid and assistance which was received from the business men of the city. It has been said that in councils of war there should be no fighting. In this case if there was any fighting it was done by myself.

"Now that the question is settled, I hope for all time, we can truthfully say that 1890 will be a memorable year for us as a city and state. There is nothing to prevent our going forward shoulder to shoulder to build up this rapidly growing metropolis and Nebraska.

"This campaign has been memorable in one thing at least, it has brought our people together with a corresponding better appreciation of the work that is yet to be done, and this getting together will help to work out the destiny of the city and state. With the defeat of prohibition Omaha is bound to have a half million people inside of twenty years. [Applause and cries "That's right! That's right!"] What I have done to help defeat this question has been done for Omaha and the boys."

And the applause which followed this reference to one of the shibboleths of the prohibitionists might easily have been heard a dozen blocks away.

Mr. Charles Coe, the treasurer of the business men's and bankers' association said that he never made a speech but would take the opportunity to refute what had been said about the money Mr Rosewater had received from the association for his work. "To my personal knowledge," said Mr. Coe, "I know that Mr. Rosewater has been paid but $100 for his expenses in this campaign. The work he has done has been done for Omaha, for Nebraska. I know that his course has lost to his paper many subscribers, but this did not in the least deter him from doing what he thought to be right, to be just, between man and man. No honor you can put upon him will be lost, for he deserves all the honor, all the credit for the victory."

Mr. Annin said that it was a pleasure to him to rise and add to the eulogies of Edward Rosewater. Years ago he was an employe of THE BEE. He felt then as he did now, that the persistence, the energetic, devoted loyalty to Omaha, then exhibited none the less than now, the splendid virility of the manhood, the honesty and integrity of Edward Rosewater. THE BEE is now recognized as one of the leading papers of this country, and this impromptu reception of our guest of this evening is only an evidence of what we propose to do in the future for the consistent and honest champion of Omaha.

Other speeches of an eulogistic nature were made by Messrs. C. S. Montgomery, J. P. Johnson, Dudley Smith, and then the chairman appointed a committee to arrange for a reception in the near future in honor of Mr. Rosewater and his able lieutenants, Hon. John L. Webster and Mr. E. P. Roggen, after which the hundred members of the club present raised their voices in a psalm of praise for the guest of the evening and then adjourned to the club parlors to listen to still more cheering news of Nebraska's field day.

Unearthing a Roman Monument.

An interesting Roman monument, says our Vienna correspondent, is being unearthed by order of the Roumanian government, says the London Daily News. Prof. Tocilescu watches over the excavations. The ruin is called Adam Klissi by the people of the neighborhood, which is situated about two hours' journey from Rossava and fifteen hours from the sea. Field Marshal Moltke first described the monument in his letters from Turkey. Some of the beautifully hewn stones have been carried off by the peasants of those parts and used as tombstones in the churchyards. The ruin contained numerous interesting and well sculptured reliefs, which have been placed in the museum at Bucharest. It is believed that the monument was erected in honor of a great victory won by the Romans over the barbarians north of the Danube. There is one inscription which points to Trajan, but there are many proofs that the monument dates from a later period.

Brine Baths for the Poor.

A scheme is on foot for the erection at Droiwach of a new brine-baths hospital for the poor, affording increased and much needed accommodation. The entire cost of the building will be borne by a lady whose name is at dresent withheld.

Two Bears From Siberia.

The Jardin Des Plantis, says our Paris correspondent, has lately added to its show of wild beasts two magnificent specimens of the white Siberian bear, says the London Daily News. They have received temporary lodgings in a cage usually tenanted by a lion. A new bear pit is being dug, whither they will be removed as soon as it is ready. The collection of wild beasts now consists of nine bears, three hyenas, an ocelot, a black panther, two Abyssinian lions, four royal tigers, and five panthers, besides a score or so of smaller animals. The Jardin des Plantes boasts of the first cedars brought to Europe. It is rich in botanical specimens, has a museum of natural history, newly rebuilt and endowed by the state, and is, with the Louvre, one of the most interesting lights of Paris. It is quite free to the public. Buffon was at one time the director of it, and so was M. Chevreul quite recently. The latter died in a little house adjoining the museum of antediluvian skeletons.

IT RIVALED BALAKLAVA.

The Charge of the Ninety-Third Highlanders at New Orleans.

American valor is anually remembered and honored at Bhalmette. It is near the scene of the battle of New Orleans, where American stratagem and courage won a decisive victory over British bravery and dash, and is the object of many a pilgrimage throughout the year, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. Few of the visitors, however, are aware that the cemetery stands upon the exact spot where a regiment of English soldiers made a charge that rivals Balaklava for intrepidity and daring. The successors and descendants of the gallant Scots who made the charge—for they were Albion's men—now propose to erect a monument to those who fell on that occasion, and the interesting event will probably take place January 8, 1891.

The venerable historian, Judge Alexander Walker, formerly editor of the New Orleans Herald, in his narrative "Jackson and New Orleans," writes, in reference to the celebrated charge of the Ninety-third: "Keane, judging very rashly that the moment had arrived for him to act, now wheeled his line into column, (it had been, as we have seen, intended as a reserve to threaten, without advancing upon the American lines,) and, with the Ninety-third in front, pushed forward to act his part in the bloody tragedy. The gallant and stalwart Highlanders, 900 strong, strode across the ensanguined field with their heavy, solid, massive front of 100 men, and their bright muskets glittering in the morning sun, which now began to scatter a few rays over the field of strife. Onward pushed the Tartan warriors, regardless of the concentrated fire of the batteries, which now poured their iron into their ranks. At a more rapid pace than the other column the Ninety-third rushed forward into the very maelstrom of Carroll's musketry, which swept the field as if with a huge scythe. The gallant Dale, colonel of the regiment, fulfilled his prophecy, and fell at the head of his regiment. Major Creagh then took the command. Incited by the example of the Ninety-third, the remnant of Gibbs' brigade again came up, with Packenham on their left and Gibbs on the right. They had approached within a hundred yards of the line.

"At this moment the standard bearer of the Ninety-third, feeling something rubbing against his epaulet, turned and perceived through the smoke the small, black horse which Pakenham now rode. It was led by his aide, as he seemed to have no use of his right arm. In his left hand he held his cap, which he waved in the air, crying, "Hurrah! Brave Highlanders!" At this instant there was a terrific crash, as if the contents of one of the big guns of the Americans had fallen on the spot, killing and wounding nearly all who were near. It was then that the ensign of the Ninety-third saw the horse of Packenham fall and the general roll from the saddle into the arms of Captain McDougall, who sprang forward to receive him. A grapeshot had struck the general on the thigh and passed through his horse, killing the latter immediately. As Captain McDougal and some of the men were raising the general another ball struck him on the groin, which produced an immediate paralysis. The wounded general was borne to the rear and laid in the shade of a venerable live oak standing in the center of the field, beyond the reach of the American guns. In a few minutes the gallant young officer breathed his last. The old oak under which Packenham yielded up his soul still stands, bent and twisted by time and many tempests. * * * The Ninety-third, which had advanced with 900 men and 25 officers, could muster but 130 men and 9 officers. * * * At this moment Lambert, hearing of the death of Packenham and the severe wounds of Gibbs and Keane, advanced slowly and cautiously with the reserve. Just before he received his last wound, Packenham had ordered Sir John Tyndell, one of his staff, to order up the reserve. As the buglar was about to sound the 'advance,' by order of Sir John, his right arm was struck with a ball and his bugle fell to the ground. The order was accordingly never given, and the reserve only marched to cover the retreat of the broken columns of the other two brigades."

OUR ITALY.

The Future of Fruit Culture in Southern California.

The time is not distant when this corner of the United States will produce in abundance, and year after year without failure, all the fruits and nuts which for a thousand years the civilized world of Europe has looked to the Mediterranean to supply, writes Charles Dudley Warner in Harpers' Magazine. We shall not need any more to send over the Atlantic for raisins, English walnuts, almonds, figs, olives, prunes, oranges, lemons, limes, and a variety of other things which we know commercially as Mediterranean products. We have all this luxury and wealth at our doors, within our limits. The orange and the lemon we shall still bring from many places; the date and the pineapple and the banana will never grow here except as illustrations of the climate, but it is difficult to name any fruit of the temperate and semi-tropic zones that southern California cannot be relied on to produce, from the guava to the peach.

It will need further experiment to determine what are the more profitable products of this soil, and it will take longer experience to cultivate them and send them to market in perfection. The pomegranate and the apple thrive side by side, but the apple is not good here unless it is grown at an elevation where frost is certain and occasional snow may be expected. There is no longer any doubt about the peach, the nectarine, the pear, the grape, the orange, the lemon, the apricot, and so on; but I believe that the greatest profit will be in the products that cannot be grown elsewhere in the United States—the products to which we have long given the name of Mediterranean—the olive, the fig, the raisin, the hard and soft shell almond and the walnut. The orange will of course be a staple and constantly improve its reputation as better varieties are raised, and the right amount of irrigation to produce the finest and the sweetest is ascertained.

THE CAPITOL AT MIDNIGHT.

Congressman Cummings Views It in the Moon's Pale Beams.

TWO SCENES GRAPHICALLY PICTURED.

On the Dome in a Thunder Storm—The City of Washington Revealed by Lightning Flashes—An Impressive Spectacle.

There is hardly a schoolboy in the land who has not seen a picture of the capitol at Washington. You must see the marble pile limned against the sky to appreciate its beauty. It must be seen by day and by night, writes the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, newspaperman and statesman, in the New York Sun. It is only after such views that its perfect symmetry impresses itself upon the mind. It is the white hub from which the broad avenues of the city radiate. It is the only object of interest upon which all minds are concentrated during sessions of congress. Strangers usually visit it within twelve hours after their arrival. There is no place upon the soil of the great republic more attractive. The edifice is impressive at noonday, when the city is all life and animation, but far more impressive in the pale moonlight at dead of night.

Two years ago a representative was saunteering upon Pennsylvania avenue at midnight. A full moon hung in a cloudless sky. The representative was accosted by Colonel Joyce, the well known poet of the Grant regime, author of "A Checkered Life." He wore a white sombrero, and the long hair fell upon his shoulders. He has the face and bearing of a poet. There is nervous impetuosity in his words and acts, and many reminders of Macdonald Clarke. He glanced at the broad moon, threw his gaze up and down the avenue, and then said: "Come with me. You shall see a sight that would charm the gods of Olympus."

He hailed a hansom. The wheels of the vehicle emitted a metallic ring as they were whirled over the car tracks in the vicinity of the Peace monument, and turned toward the south. A moment later they began to climb the hill leading to the house wing. At the top of the hill they dashed over the plaza and came to a halt near Greenough's statue of Washington.

"Look up," said the colonel, waving his hand beyond the brim of his sombrero. "You will never see a more magnificent sight on this continent."

His eyes were glowing and his finely chiseled face was as white as the statues upon the portico above. He was drinking in the beauty of the scene. The great pile, bathed in the effulgence of the moon, shone like a temple of alabaster. Neither house was in session. Only one or two lights glimmered within the building. The shadows of its cornices and its Corinthian pillars were distinctly outlined upon its snowy front. The marble figure of Columbus with a globe in his uplifted hand, threw its shadow upon the portico where so many presidents have been inaugurated. The beautiful group of Persico, illustrative of the dangers of the early settlers, cast its shade across the tessellation at the vestibule of the edifice. The effect was heightened by the broad steps and chiseled pilasters adorning the two huge wings of the structure. The wings looked like two parthenons. The sculptured figures upon the senate facade were distinctly visible. The whole building was distinctly outlined against the moonlit sky. In the soft light it seemed larger than it really was. The white dome climbing hundreds of feet above the main edifice recalled the dome of St. Paul's in a light London fog. Above all, 380 feet high, stood the bronze statue of Liberty, with her Greek helmet.

For ten minutes the two men stood lost in admiration. Then the poet sprang from the cab. They crossed the plaza went around the edifice, and stood upon the marble esplanade at the back. Washington lay below them, bathed in the same soft light and wrapped in slumber. The city was nearly submerged in a sea of dark foliage. The patent office, the postoffice, and other marble edifices showed their heads above the foliage. Pennsylvania avenue was asleep. Its electric lights were aglow, but not a horse car nor carriage was seen upon its broad surface. Even the tiny red lights of the bicycles had disappeared. The Potomac and the eastern branch shone in the moonlight like bands of silver. But most wonderful of all was the marble shaft erected in honor of Washington. The moonbeams glinted its aluminum point, 555 feet above its base. It seemed like a sentinel, arrayed in white, standing guard over the sleeping city. The avenues ran from Capitol Park, like spokes from a hub, the long rows of gas lights adorning them looking like strings of golden beads. The rim of the huge basin of foliage was indistinctly outlined, miles away, by the round dimpled moon near the zenith. No more charming scene was ever witnessed. It was a fit setting for a scene upon some celestial stage.

The contrast two nights afterward was marvellous. The sky was overcast. There were no stars in the cloud rifts. The wings of the capitol were aflame with light. The great gas jet beneath the feet of the Goddess of Liberty high above the dome, glowed like a torch-light.

Both houses of congress were in session. Pennsylvania avenue was awake and alive with light and motion. Its pavements were frescoed with shadows exercised by the electric lights. A score of horse cars were moving up and down the broad street, and the little lanterns of the wheelmen looked like so many fireflies. Human rivulets poured into both wings of the capitol. The marble corridors hummed with conversation and the galleries were overrun with spectators. There were interesting scenes in the house. Filibusters were at work. Oratorical raplers were flashing in discussion, and wit and repartee were on tap. There were bright eyes, rosy cheeks, sparkling jewels, charming costumes and waving fans in the galleries. Banked with loveliness, they looked like fairy parterres. They added zest to the excitement and seemed to give point to the debate below.

As midnight approached, however, and the discussion ended in repeated roll calls, the galleries thinned. The mellow light poured through the glass ceiling as bright as earlier in the evening, but the bloom of the scene disappeared when the ladies went home. Many of the representatives became drowsy and sought the sofas in the cloak rooms and at the back of the hall. Jehu Baker of Illinois lay upon one of the lounges, shoeless and coatless, sound asleep. His stockings were fiery red, and the wristbands of his red flannel undershirt were plainly visible. He was only one of twenty similar pictures. Other representatives tried to cheer the weary hours with songs and stories. Poor Taulbee of Kentucky, who was untimely sent to his long home two years afterward, stood in the main aisle singing in a low tone:

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour would wander in the moonlight's pale beam.

Taulbee was a clergyman and sang nothing but psalms and hymns. In the cloak room, however, there were more hilarious times. Davidson of Florida was the center of attraction. He sang:

She had a fine waist and a very fine figure,
Which charmed de heart of dis yere nigger;
But, alas! alas! my rival came.
Ole Bull Sam Johnsing was his name.

Suddenly the representatives were blinded by a vivid flash of lightning. It was followed by a rattling peal of thunder. The reverberations were heard rolling over the sleeping city. Then came the sharp patter of rain. The elements without were warring.

It was a warm night and the lobby doors and windows were open. A cool breeze wafted over the floor. The representatives flocked to the south portico to see the storm. It was a tempest. The wind was howling like mad, and the rain was coming down in sheets. Huge trees in the park below the esplanade were bending to the gale. The heavens were one great black blot. The electric lights in the foliage along the avenue sparkled like diamonds. Sheets of rain driven by the wind, swept up the hard walks around the capitol like surf rolling upon the beach. Zizzag lightning rent the inky sky and illumined the landscape. The flashes were almost blinding. By holding your hand above your eyes, however, glimpses of the glorious panorama below were caught.

Away to the right of the portico the alabaster needle that is the pride of the city was revealed in the vivid light. The instantaneous panoramic views appeared and reappeared like pictures from an immense stereopticon. As the storm grew in intensity the clouds began to whiten. A fierce rain sifted the rain into the faces of the spectators upon the back portico, and drove many back into the house. The war of the elements did not disturb the sleepers, however. They preserved their picturesque attitudes. Little pages in knickerbockers were sprawled over the speaker's steps in somnolent repose. The clerk was still drawling the roll call, not one member in thirty responding to his name. The side galleries were empty. Not a ribbon fluttered in any part of the house. In the main gallery half a dozen negroes, anthracite in blackness, were asleep near the clock.

Gradually the warring elements without subsided. Æolus scratched the great black blot from the sky, and the fleecy clouds in its wake vanished. A gibbous moon shone at the zenith and threw a mellow flood of light upon the saturated landscape below it. It touched with renewed beauty the scenery of two nights before.

The contending representatives trooped anew to the portico. Lost in rapture they gazed at nature's loveliness. Then there were low exclamations of delight. Poor Taulbee hummed the hymn:

While shepherds watch their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glo-o-o-r-y shone around.

The calm beauty of the scene and Taulbee's quaint music apparently had a pacifying effect. After a few more roll calls the contending factions came to an agreement, and before 3 o'clock in the morning the house adjourned. The lights were turned off, and the members passed out by the marble arch of the house wing and slowly crossed the plaza on their way homeward. The magnificent marble structure remained bathed in moonlight, its halls and corridors echoing the tread of its watchmen.

HARNEY P. RUGGLES.

A Fitting Tribute to the Genius of a Western Celebrity.

News comes from Weeping Water, Ariz., of the death of Harney P. Ruggles. The chances are that the reader will not recognize the name, though its bearer perfected one of the most ingenious inventions of the age, says the New York Tribune. We doubt if Edison could have exceeded him in originality. Still, he dies unknown. Republics are ungrateful; they are also forgetful, and unless a man is president, or is pushing the sale of a $3 shoe, he is apt to be lost sight of.

Mr. Ruggles is dead, and it seems a fitting time to speak of his invention. Indeed, he would have died several years ago had it not been for his invention. Nothing ever more clearly lengthened his life. In the first place, we should say that the late Mr. Ruggles was not a particularly honest man. Not to put any point on it at all; Harvey P. Ruggles was a horse thief. He followed the vocation from his eighteenth year till the day of his death, but it is not to concluded from this that his taking off was one of violence, as he died calmly of peritonitis. Ten years ago when living in Deaf Smith county, Texas, Mr. Ruggles was taken one night by the efficient local vigilance committee and hung by the neck to a mesquite tree. The purifiers of Deaf Smith society then rode rapidly away. Ruggles hung for some four minutes when the limb broke and he fell to the ground in an insensible condition. He recovered, however, and made his escape, but the incident rendered him thoughtful. He could not seem to forget it. Even after the lacerations made by the rope on his neck had healed he would speak of it. The result was that for six months he did not follow his profession, but devoted the time to thought and study. But little came of it, however, until he one day read in a Memphis paper of a doctor inserting a silver tube in a child's throat for it to breathe through while suffering from diphtheria. Instantly a great light rushed in on the mind of Ruggles. He would have a silver tube put in his throat below the rope zone. The next morning he was in San Antonio, where he gave a doctor named Blake $200 to connect a silver tube with his windpipe. When Harney P. Ruggles rode out of San Antonio the next day all doubt had vanished from his face, and serenity and confidence were in its place.

Mr. Ruggles now returned to the scene of his former triumphs, and again took up his work with a vigor which surprised both friends and vigilance committee alike. He stole horses right and left and sold them openly in the nearest market. After two weeks the committee again took him in charge. They hung him to a cross-arm of a telegraph pole, and, as he had escaped before, sat down and waited, beguiling the time with pleasant stories. When he had hung thirty minutes they cut him down. He got up from the ground, shook hands all around, thanked them in a few brief but well-chosen words, got on the leader's horse and rode away. The committee was dumfounded. They were powerless to offer any resistance. They plucked up courage, however, to make one more attempt a week later. This time they allowed him to hang all night. The only complaint that Ruggles made when cut down in the morning was that they had disturbed him before he had finished his sleep.

From that time till he was taken ill a week ago Ruggles' history has been one of continued prosperity. He operated all over western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. Over one hundred different committees had him in hand at different times. Their usual course was to lynch him after supper and then retire, the intention being to take him down in the morning. Ruggles would help himself down shortly after midnight, secure a few good horses and pass on to another community. A handsome full beard always concealed the silver tube and his secret was never discovered by the committees. On one occasion the Willing Workers' vigilance committe, of Saint's Rest, N. M., kept him suspected for two days, but, though he suffered somewhat from hunger, that was all. He accumulated a fortune, during the last ten years and died worth over a half a million. Though we may not honor men of genius as we should, the fact remains that if they are willing to work they may be very successful in a financial sense.

BURGLARS CAPTURED BY A GIRL.

She Shoots Down One and Frightens Another Into Submission.

Two burglars attempted to rob the residence of John K. Connelly of Lowell, Mass., the other morning. The first that was discovered of the robbers was by Mamie, an eighteen-year-old daughter, hearing a peculiar noise in the lower part of an L connected with the house, says a dispatch to the New York Herald. She had retired for the night, but immediately arose, and making her way to her father's smoking-room, took a 32-calibre revolver from the drawer and proceeded to the room from which the noise had come. Here she saw that the burglars had entered the main body of the house. Upon following she found a hard looking specimen of manhood, who later on proved to be James Tobin, a notorious Boston crook and crib cracker. He was just rifling the drawer of Mr. Connelly's desk when Mamie entered the room and shouted, "either surrender or I will shoot!"

The ruffin sprang upon the girl, who proved equal to the emergency and emptied two chambers of the revolver toward him, one of the bullets striking him just above the left lung, bringing him to the ground.

At this point his accomplice, who was on watch outside, entered the house to assist his fallen pal, but the plucky girl covered him with her faithful weapon and he began begging for mercy. She forced him to sit down till the male occupants of the house had been aroused, when he was handed over to the police for safe keeping.

His name is Daniel Shuckers, and he hails from Norwich, Conn. He came near killing a police officer in Central Falls, R. I., about three years ago. At that time he could have been captured, but not one of the Pawtucket police force dared to face so notorious and successful a lawbreaker.

The wounded man is being cared for by the Connelly family, the medical authority having decided that the wounds may prove fatal. The plucky maiden, who is a general favorite in South Lawrence, is being congratulated on every hand for her capture of this noted desperado.

Making Smokeless Powder.

The men employed in the German factories in which smokeless powder is manufactured have been provided with rubber masks to protect them from the fumes thrown off by the chemicals entering into the composition of the powder. Heretofore the men have suffered greatly from this cause.

RAILWAY TIME CARD

Leaves Omaha.	CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & Q. Depot 10th and Mason streets.	Arrives Omaha.
4.30 p m	.....Chicago Express.....	8.00 a m
9.45 a m	.....Chicago Express.....	6.20 p m
9.30 p m	.....Chicago Express.....	9.50 a m
6.50 p m	.....Chicago Local.....	8.05 a m
Leaves Omaha.	**BURLINGTON & MO. RIVER.** Depot 10th and Mason streets.	**Arrives Omaha.**
10.15 a m	.....Denver Day Express..