THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Thrilling Experience of an Old Timer in New Mexico.

THE SKELETONS UNDER THE BARN.

They Explain Many Mysterious Disappearances—The Jeweler's Narrow Escape—Samples from the Grip sacks--Omaha's Visitors.

Campbell Hardy, a jeweler from Boston, is in the city, and yesterday, when in his apartments at the hotel, related some of the experiences he had when in New Mexico ten years ago. Mr. Hardy made the money that gave him a start in life when a packman. He traveled through all the far western states, but the most exciting time he had, he says, was in New Mexico.

"One day, when much fatigued and hungry, I stopped for dinner at what appeared to be a pioneer's cabin," he began. "The house was miles from any other habitation. I had about $800 worth of stock and $1,200 in money. When I entered the house I found the occupants to be a man of about sixty, his twenty-five-year-old son, and two women. The appearance of the old man caused me to mistrust him, and I heartily wished I had not visited the place two minutes after I entered it. Of course the men and women wanted to see what I had for sale, and the women purchased about $8 worth of goods. The old man, whose name was Moody, was particular to ask me whom I had last seen, and to learn whether or not I had any friends in the country. Afterward I found out he wished to find out if I would be missed if he made away with me.

"Just before I sat down to dinner I happened to look out of the window and I saw the son go into the barn with a shotgun in his hand. His stealthy manner put me on my guard and I took good care that my gun was within reaching distance. I can not say I enjoyed the meal. I quickly swallowed a cup of coffee, took a few mouthfuls of bread and slipped what I could into my pocket. Then I prepared to leave.

"'But you must see the blooded stock I have before you go,' said Moody. 'Probably I can trade one of the animals for a silver watch.'

"But I knew if I ever went into that barn I would never come out of it alive, so I made some weak excuse and started down the road, keeping a sharp lookout from behind. The old man was much enraged at my not falling into the trap, and just as I stepped out of view I saw him enter the barn. I determined to watch and went into a grove a little farther down the road and I stood where I could see what was going on at the barn. I saw Moody and his son come out, each armed with a rifle. They walked into the woods not far from where I was hid, evidently meaning to head me off farther down the road. I am certain they meant to lay in ambush for me and shoot me down as I passed. But I made up my mind to fool them, and instead of going the way I intended went in the opposite direction, passing the house in the woods so the women would not see me. I kept close to the road and when about half a mile from Moody's I saw two trappers walking in my direction. They looked like honest fellows and I confided my suspicions to them. The first comment one of the men made was: 'I always believed that old wretch was a murderer.' As I was not in search of adventure I declined to return to Moody's house and in the trappers' presence demand an explanation. All I asked was their protection for a mile or two. For an old silver watch they consented to accompany me, and we started. I did not suspect Moody or his son were within a mile of me, but when I suddenly walked our from a little clump of trees a bullet went whizzing past me and lodged in the trunk of a hickory. I jumped back into a thicket of underbrush and was almost scared to death. I got out my revolver, however, and prepared to defend myself. I lay there about five minutes. Suddenly there was another loud report not far from me. The shot was immediately followed by another and then I heard one of the trappers, who had taken up positions near me as soon as the first shot was fired, say: "I think they are done for."

"My trapper friends called me from my hiding place, and lying behind a fallen tree were the bodies of Moody and his son. The old man was shot through the temple when he was looking over the log for me, and the son's back was broken, he having started to run away after his father was killed. The bullett passed through his stomache. Both men were dead when we reached them. We then returned to the house, but finding it empty, looked into the barn and there found the two women in a big cellar under the building, digging a grave—my grave. We found no less than twenty skeletons in the place. That old wretch and his son had killed every stranger who had visited that part of the country for years. There was no end of excitement when the news of the ghastly find in the den went abroad and before I left the country the two women were strung up to a tree. Mood's remains and those of his son were also hung up as a warning, on a tree near the side of the road. The old pioneers in that part of the country can tell you a much more thrilling story about Moody's den than I have."

A High Five Party.

One of the most enjoyable high five parties of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. B. Edholm at their residence, 2936 Charles street, on last Saturday evening to their intimate friends. The first prize was won by Mr. W. W. Ford, and the booby prize fell to the lot of Mr. J. De Bartele. After the conclusion of the game supper was served and music and singing brought the evening festivities to a close. The event proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the season. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Grandin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. B. Westerdahl, Mr. and Mrs. C. Westerdahl, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Walther, the Misses Kate and Ella Smith, Clara Edholm, Louise Grandin, Della Ford, and Otto E. Jacobson, Charles Edholm, J. De Bartele and Cassie Westerdahl.

Samples.

E. H. Holly has quit the road. He got rich but will remain in Omaha.

Charley Hann is spending a vacation at Grand Island.

George Mead left for the Hills yesterday with a line of the Koch-Kilpatrick dry goods company's goods. George was married recently and makes his home at Chadron.

G. Marty, L. B. Farrell, D. S. Leitz and George Savage will take the road today with spring goods for the Koch-Kilpatrick dry goods company.

S. F. Kohn starts Wednesday to look after the Kock-Kilpatrick dry goods company's trade in northwestern Iowa and South Dakota.

"Slide" Kelley, city man for the Kock-Kilpatrick dry goods company, is home from a visit east.

A. Mannheimer, who does the western territory for a New York clothing house, was at the Paxton over Sunday.

M. Michaelis, the senior member of the clothing firm of Michaelis & Son of New York, tarried over Sunday at the Paxton. Mr. Michaelis is on the road half of the time, alternating trips with his son.

Marie Roze.

There is one gentleman in this city, says the Chicago Post, who feels something more than ordinary interest in the domestic affairs of the famous prima donna, Marie Roze. This gentleman is Prof. H. S. Perkins, the well known composer and teacher. His brother, Jule E. Perkins, the noted basso, was Marie Roze's first husband. He was the primo basso of the Mapleson Italian opera company when he married her in Paris in 1874. Jule Perkins, who had before him a brilliant career as an artist, died a year after his marriage in Manchester, England. In the hope of getting some information from Prof. Perkins as to the marital difficulties of Marie Roze and her husband, Henry Mapleson, the saunterer sought, found and talked with him on the subject.

"Marie Roze," said Mr. Perkins, "is one of the most amiable of women, refined, extremely modest, wholly devoid of that indelicacy one so often notices in members of the dramatic profession, and a lady of the highest type in every particular. I know that my brother always declared that his wife was one of the most punctilious and refined women that he ever met. He and Marie Roze were the most devoted couple that one could find. She was very deeply attached to him and he fairly worshipped his wife. I am quite sure that Marie Roze and Henry Mapleson were married. I am sure Marie Roze would not do so foolish a thing as to live with any man before the marriage ceremony had been performed, even under the name of wife. I was not a witness of any ceremony, nor have I any other proof of their marriage than the fact that Henry Mapleson introduced her to everyone as his wife and that she introduced Mapleson to me as her husband. There is hardly any room to doubt the marriage. And Mapleson's course seems to me to be a very brutal one. He deserted his first wife and she secured a divorce from him on that ground and is now living in New York city. I am very sorry, indeed, to read of Marie Roze's troubles. She is a woman who deserves the best things of this life."

LAWS THE PEOPLE WANT.

A Conservative Independent View of the Agricultural Depression.

PEORIA, Neb., Jan. 12.—To the Editor of THE BEE: The present national depression in agriculture is the result not alone of reported shortness of crops, but of a wrong adjustment of economic forces, for which the farmer is not responsible, and which must be righted in part by legislation.

Agriculture is, in the United States, the basis of prosperity. Its prosperity is the prosperity of the land. Through the present distress all trades suffer, and well nigh the whole country. Legislation for the farmers is relief for the nation. Our legislators and congressmen have been incapable of remedies or have culpably neglected the farmers' welfare, and are rightly being retired to private life.

The Nebraska farmers have been unjustly treated by the railroads, and our legislature should lower rates to the Iowa figures. There should be strict national oversight of railroads and telegraphs in the interest of the public, and if necessary government management or ownership, or both.

The money lenders in these hard times have been oppressive and extortionate. The state rate of interest should be fixed by law at 6 per cent, and no more than 10 per cent allowed on contract, and violation made to forfeit interest and principal.

It should be in the power of no class of men to make the hard times which come from contracting or expanding according to their selfish interest and will the money volume of our land. Banks should not be allowed to issue and to retire money; but this should be the privilege of the United States government alone.

There should be an increase in the volume of currency by the coinage of remonitized silver dollars and the issuing of silver certificates secured by bullion in the treasury until there is speedy and manifest relief.

Farmers should have three years in which to redeem farms, or if possible three years of "grace" before foreclosing of mortgages.

Each seller of commercial paper should be required to vouch for its genuineness with his signature and place of residence, and such guarantee should accompany each transfer. Every traveling agent should bear credentials of identity, of office and of power, and be required to exhibit such upon request from an expected customer.

There should be a reform in state and especially in legislative expenditures.

The Australian ballot in improved form should be adopted by our legislature.

Consumers should be protected as well as manufacturers. The public revenue should be raised on luxuries rather than on necessaries.

United States senators should be chosen by popular vote.

It having been repeatedly declared by our statesmen that the welfare of the nation requires the tillers of the soil to own the land, and farms in our country having by thousand passed into the hands of landlords, and hundreds of thousands more being hopelessly mortgaged it should be the great concern of state and national governments to save our country from the threatening tenantism and landlordism which is the great curse of the old world.

Great crisis justify extreme measure. Therefore the sub-treasury bill and the land currency bill are justifiable, if they are necessary practicable.

N. H. B.,
Secretary Alliance 1127.

The Usury Question.

OSCEOLA, Neb., Jan. 9.—To the Editor of THE OMAHA BEE: Allow a nineteen years' resident of Nebraska, whose farm is at the present time ground down in the mortgage mills of the law, to give his opinion in the present agitation demanding usury laws.

It has been my experience that a large majority of farm mortgages have been given to get money at low rates of interest to pay off local debts. It is amusing how local money lenders can prove to their skinned victims the profit of mortgaging their farms to nonresident mortgage companies at 7 or 8 per cent interest, to stop paying such extortionate interest as local money demands, etc.

Oftentimes when my notes due local money lenders (on which I was paying from 18 to 40 per cent per annum interest) were due, and owing to short crops or low prices I could not meet them promptly, I have mortgaged the homestead to get out of the clutches of local Shylocks; and though the mortgage on the farm is now being foreclosed by an Iowa mortgage company, it is an 8 per cent mortgage and was given to satisfy local usury.

It will be a dire calamity on our state if laws are passed which will deprive farmers of the privilege of getting money at low rates of interest; such laws will benefit only local money lenders, who are hiding their own avarice by urging the abuse of loan companies who have by loaning money at lower rates of interest helped thousands of farmers out of distress caused by resident usurers. If loan companies did not have bankers for agents they would not be made "cats-paws," as they now are, to pander their agents' interests, and farmers would soon realize who are their best friends—those wheedled them out of their money by usury, or the loan companies who relieved them of their embarassments at low rates of interest.

An investigation of the abuses of our usury laws may be perverted by the enactment of laws which will distress thousands of our farmers and force the sale of their homes, which under shrinkage of values caused from a great number of forced sales will enrich our local usurers, who will be ready to buy at low prices and try, then as now, to hide the wrong they have done to others by shouting "Wolf, wolf," at their cats-paws and victims.

If there were no borrowers there would be no usury, and in proportion as the supply of money is greater than the demand for it, interest will by competitition to lend be less; therefore, whatever legislation will place the farmers in condition that they will not be borrowers will be a remedy for distress caused by borrowing money.

I believe the law has a constitutional right to say what rate of interest it shall be used as an agent to collect, and if debts are contracted at greater rates it shall not be used as an agent for their collection.

For gold the venal legislator rants and jaws;
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

J. H. ANDERSON.

"Shenandoah" in the South.

The sentiment of the south toward "Shenandoah" is thus expressed by the Savannah Times:

While the south is proud of the glorious and illustrious record of her arms, she is naturally sensitive at the touching of her sacred memories by alien hands, and shrinks when the curtain is drawn back for the mere purpose of revealing a puppet show of those years of self-denial and heroism. If by so doing those memories can be hollowed a good purpose is subserved. But can scenes from that great drama be re-enacted on the mimic stage today and the spectator not go back in mind and sympathy to the moment and act a part himself?

The trouble with Mr. Howard's play from a southern standpoint is that the speeches, the sentiment, the action, and the coloring, while dexterously manipulated, it is true, are inequably distributed. One set of tones has all the warmth; the other is subdued. One side has the glow and the other the shadow. This is not so much in a positive way as negatively. The preponderence of glory and luster and patriotism and devotion is on the Northern side. Even the Southern girl's heart is divided between her country and her lover, who is fighting it, and, perhaps, naturally, though not empirically, the patriotism is not so strong as the affection for the tangible sweetheart. Here and there in the play are things which the southerner, though now as ardent a patriot as any, resents. The author did not so intend it, of course. Indeed, it is to be presumed that he would not have it so for a moment if he understood. * * * The war drama can well be laid away for a long time, and it is to be hoped that "Shenandoah" will not encourage the production of others.

An Acknowledgment.

OMAHA, Jan. 11.—To the Editor of THE BEE: Will you please allow me to acknowledge through your columns the receipt of the very generous donation of "Cash K" for the benefit of the poor of the city? I shall use it to the best of my judgment and ability in relieving the sufferings of such needy people as I may find. In the name of the deserving poor of Omaha I thank "Cash K" for his gift.

W. J. HARSHA.

At the Y. M. C. A.

Three hundred and seventy-one young men were present at the meeting at Concert hall, Y. M. C. A. building, yesterday, 4 p. m. Chess Birch, the musical evangelist, who is now assisting Rev. S. M. Ware, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, in a series of revival meetings, had charge of the service. It opened with a song service under direction of Prof. Kratz and male chorus. Mr. Ferringer, the association cornetist, and Mr. Birch, with his gold cornet, assisted in swelling the volume of praise. Rev. Ware offered a brief, earnest prayer, and Mr. Birch sang a solo in a rich full voice. The meeting was then varied with testimonies, experiences, naming favorite hymns, etc. Toward the close Mr. Birch rendered a beautiful cornet solo, which melted the hearts of his hearers. He spoke for a few minutes from the sixth chapter of Mark, about the man with the withered hand who was healed by Christ, and pointed out to the audience a number of sins which were to them withered hands, which could be healed if stretched forth to Jesus. Twelve young men expressed a desire to become Christians, and in an after meeting three three of them profession conversion.

Entirely Too Modest.

The Collector, an eastern publication in the interest of art, says: "The wanton mutilation of Bouguereau's charming allegory, 'The Return of Spring,' by a prurient, not to say obscene minded crank at Omaha, suggests the existence of a novel peril for public exhibitions of works of art. Only imagine what havoc this putrid-souled lunatic might wreak in a certain gallery in New York just now. Nor need the violences of such social Huns be restricted to the nude art, which, in the case of the Omaha imbecile, aroused his filthy blood to the boiling pitch of ungovernable fury. What is to prevent a rabid sectarian from destroying a picture which represents an adverse creed to that which he has chosen to adopt, a confirmed misogynist from butchering the pictures of all the pretty women he encounters, and so on? It is all very well to punish such scoundrels afterwards, but punishment does not mend the ruin they cause.

In the Omaha case the crime was really one of miserably-malicious rascality. The picture is a work which could arouse offensive ideas only in a mind of the basest lewdness. Spring, typified by a maiden in her adolescence, pure as the baby cupids that hover about and welcome her, stands erect, shivering just a little in the fresh zephyrs that linger in the track of winter. To find such a picture immodest is to invent the immodesty for it. Painted for the Salon of 1886, it was brought to New York in 1887 by Boussod, Valadon & Co., and was for a long time one of the gems of their Fifth avenue galleries. It is an important work, thoroughly representative of the artist and which would doubtless have brought at auction the price of $18,000 at which they valued it before the necessity of repair impaired its market worth a good 50 per cent.

It is to be hoped that Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. will exact from the Omaha exhibition authorities the extreme compensation possible to be secured. They owe a rigid insistence on this act of justice, not only to themselves, but to the whole world of art. Meanwile, until the Omaha idea of modesty becomes more civilized, it will be just as well for owners of decollete pictures to give ts loan exhibitions a wide berth.

UNION VETERANS' UNION

Permanent Organization of Colonel James W. Savage Command.

A large number of old soldiers met at the office of Judge E. A. Shaw yesterday afternoon to perfect the organization of Colonel James W. Savage command, union veterans' union.

The initial steps were taken a week ago, out officers were not elected until yesterday. The organization is officered like a regimental command and the officers elect are as follows: J. A. Bartlett, colonel commanding; J. S. Miller, lieutenant colonel; E. A. Shaw, major; L. B. Edmunds, adjutant; C. W. Allen, chaplain.

This is the first command organized in the state, the order having been organized less than two years ago.

All soldiers who served six months in the war of the rebellion are eligible to membership, making it more of a veteran soldiers organization than the Grand Army of the Republic.

Colonel Savage command starts out with fifty charter members, about two-thirds of whom are Grand Army men.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Henry Watterson, the brilliant orator of the Louisville Courier-Journal, after seeing Clara Morris in Sardou's new play, "Odette," remarked: "There is but one American actress, and her name is Clara Morris." This evening Miss Morris appears at the Boyd after an absence of three years, restored in health and with a strong repertoire. Her novelty this season is a new play written by Sardou, entitled "Odette." Miss Morris will produce "Odette" on this a..d Wednesday evenings and "Camille" on Tuesday evening.

Miss Geraldine McCann, the handsome and dashing Gabriel of Rice's "Evangeline," is said to be the brightest artist who has yet assumed that role. The company open at Boyd's with a matinee Saturday, January 17, and closes there Sunday night,

Solomon's Wisdom Needed.

Detroit legal circles have been excited over the trial of a habeas corpus case for the possession of a fourteen-year-old girl called Annie Duggan. The child was in the possession of Mrs. John Mundary, who swore it was her daughter, while Mrs. Anna Moran, who also swore that she was the mother of the child, wanted possession, says a dispatch to the Philadelphia Press.

Each side produced a cloud of witnesses, including nurses, who had been present at her birth, doctors who had attended a child like Annie in babyhood and photographers who brought negetives of the girl's picture as a child, into court and identified the child by a mole on the forehead which was shown in both negatives. The evidence was the most conflicting on all points, the defense producing as perfect a claim as the plaintiff.

Judge Hosmer, before whom the case was tried, was in a quandary and resorted to all kinds of schemes to help him, but none of them worked. In summing up the case the judge said that he had never heard of a case since Solomon's time where two women were so positive of being the mother of one child. He lacked the autocratic power of using the sword test, but should allow the child to stay with Mrs. Mundary.

Mrs. Moran weakened her case by claiming the child as illegitimate, and the judge rather disliked to decide in her favor. The case will be taken to the supreme court.

Just His Style.

Browning, King & Co.: Customer—Hav you any soft young men's hats?

"Yes," was the reply, "plenty that will exactly suit you."

Clipped from Canada Presbyterian, under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, proprietor—I was cured of oft recurring billious headaches by Burdock blood bitters.

HOW ONE FEELS UNDER FIRE

The Sensation Described by a Man Who Has Been There.

EVEN THE BRAVEST GET NERVOUS.

Graphic Account of a Thrilling Ride on a Railroad Train Through a Burning Forest—Missouri Rebels Routed.

As much has been said and written about how volunteer soldiers feel and act, when first under fire. I will give my own experience. Some of the boys loaded and fired as fast as they could, but were so terribly excited that they fired too much at random. Others were less excited and fired more deliberately. I didn't fire at all until I saw some one to shoot at. Afterwards while in the service, I was afraid and terribly excited at the prospect of a battle, but when it actually commenced, after the first fire, I was as cool as a cucumber, fired low, and tried to do the enemy as much damage as I could. There is no such a thing as insensibility to fear. All soldiers realize the danger to which they are exposed. But do they flinch? Not much. They expect to conquer or die in the service of their country, and many times they expect to die.

Poor George Felt, he was the first martyr to the cause of his country from our regiment, the Sixteenth Illinois, and from our company. He had a presentiment that day, before we boarded the train, that he was soon to die. He wrote a letter that day to his father telling him that somehow he felt they were never to meet again in this life, and bidding him farewell. That letter arrived with his dead body. He was the only son of a wealthy farmer near Hamilton, Ill. He was a young man of much promises with brilliant prospects. His body was sent home with an escort of his comrades, where he was buried with civil and military honors.

Our regiment was again for a short time scattered by companies at different points on the line. The regiment at that time was 1,000 strong, each company having 100 fighting men in its ranks. A company of 100 men, with a hundred muskets, was more than the average Missouri bushwhacker wished to tackle, unless they outnumbered us three, or four, to one. Firing on the trains, had become so frequent that now, no train attempted to run for any considerable distance, without some soldiers aboard to protect it, and return the fire of skulking bushwhackers. As a means of protection for the engineers and firemen the cabs of the engines were protected by plates of iron, except the front windows.

Colonel Smith soon received information that the rebels were in force, some fifteen miles south of Monroe station, and he ordered the different companies to concentrate at Monroe, where we remained long enough for him to review and inspect us, when having received information of an outbreak at Palmyra, a place which was a regular hotbed of rebellion, he detached forty men out of each company, under command of a lieutenant of each company, the whole commanded by Major Hays, to Palmyra, while he determined to march with the remainder, 600 men, upon the rebel camp which, according to the best information he could obtain, was located about twelve miles south of Monroe station.

I happened to be among the 400 sent to Palmyra, where our presence had a quieting effect on the rebel element, who suddenly became the staunchest union men immaginable. As to the doings of the other 600 I will have to depend on the information received from them when we reinforced and rescued them three days afterwards under the most exciting circumstances. The same day that the 400 arrived at Palmyra Colonel Smith left Monroe with 600 men, and one piece of artillery, a nine pounder, to find the rebel camp.

Martin Green, a democratic congressman from that congressional district of Missouri, had been appointed a brigadier general by Jeff Davis, and had been organizing and drilling a brigade of between three and four thousand men at the camp referred to. Of course Colonel Smith was ignorant of the number of the enemy he had started out to disperse, and it so happened that General Green had started at the same time with all his force to gobble up the Sixteenth, not doubting for a moment his ability to do so. As the two hostile columns approached each other General Green got notice of the advance of our men and arranged an ambuscade in a ravine through which ran a stream called Haine's branch, on the line of route. But the men he had posted in the brush on both sides of the road through the ravine could not be restrained from firing as soon as the head of our column entered the ravine, thus preventing the success of their plan, for the rear of our column immediately formed in two lines and charged bayonets on the flank and rear of the concealed foe, compelling them to break cover and fly, thus giving our boys a chance to punish them well in return.

At the first fire several of the boys were wounded and Captain McAllister of company C received seven wounds in different places, but when the rebels were compelled to break cover they suffered severely from our fire in flank and rear. The ravine was soon cleared, but Colonel Smith, suspecting the rebels were in force in the timber on the right and rear, decided to fall back to the open prairie. Arrived there he saw a large force of mounted rebels galloping toward Monroe station, which was in plain sight, although five miles away. Colonel Smith, surmising their errand, ordered his men to march briskly in that direction. But soon the whole country was alive with mounted rebels who swarmed from the timber on each side of the prairie. They were soon in front, on both flanks and rear. Their method of attack was to charge in column, but when they came within several hundred yards they would wheel and deliver their fire, then ride back and reload.

Our boys soon became familiar with their plan of action. The formed a hollow square and kept on their march to the station, which was now in flames, and the field piece was trained on the charging columns, and when they wheeled to fire our muskets belched forth at them, dealing them immensely more damage than they did us with their shotguns and sporting rifles. They soon became timid and more inclined to avoid a closer acquaintance with our boys, and during the remainder of the march to the station they kept modestly out of range of our muskets.

The station was reached before sundown, but every building in the little hamlet had been burned by the rebels except a large brick seminary, of which Colonel Smith took possession, and the boys threw up an earthwork ten rods square around it, while the rebels formed a cordon around them at a safe distance. Several times during the night they advanced, but the light from the smouldering ruins betrayed them and brought them a shower of bullets till they retired beyond range.

The next day their numbers had increased but they kept well out of range and settled down to a regular seige. They now displayed two field pieces, with which they cannonaded the seminary all that day and succeeded in hitting the building twice. They supposed they had the Sixteenth at their mercy and proposed to starve them out and thus compel them to surrender. The situation was indeed critical, for on the previous day we had taken only two days' rations with us and only fifty rounds of cartridges apiece, and now there was only an average of ten rounds per soldier left. Relief from the railroad was out of the question for the rebels had destroyed the track on both sides of the station. They might march to Palmyra by fighting their way through, if they had plenty of ammunition, but with their present scant supply, it would be madness to make the attempt. There was only a chance that Major Hays at Palmyra would get news of the situation and come to their relief with his men, and a supply of provisions and ammunition, and Colonel Smith wisely resolved to stand his ground and take the chance. The next day the cardon of rebels remained at a safe distance, but our field-piece by a lucky shot dismounted one of their guns, and they removed the other so far back that it could do no damage. There was only two rounds left for our field-piece. Early in the afternoon, dense volumes of smoke was seen far down the railroad track.

Meanwhile Major Hays, with the 400, was lying quietly at Palmyra, ignorant of the events in progress at Monroe, until the morning of the third day. How Major Hays obtained news of the situation we privates never knew, but we did know that there was no telegraphic communication in those days. He must have received the news some time during the previous evening, for before sunrise that morning we were aroused by the reveille and ordered to strike tents and load our baggage on cars then standing on the track. This order was executed with alacrity. We found a train of freight and flat cars with an engine in front and another coupled on behind. It carried workmen, tools and material, commissary stores and ammunition, and, in short, was perfectly equipped for the work we had in hand. Directly in front of the front engine was a flat car, on which was mounted an old field piece, and several of our men who had served as artillerymen during the Mexican war were detailed to man the gun.

Although we privates were still in ignorance, somehow we all felt that this meant business. Our officers soon informed us of the situation of affairs at Monroe, and we all vowed to effect a junction with Colonel Smith or perish in the attempt. The distance was something less than twenty miles, but never was railroading done under greater difficulties, for it took from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening to make the trip. We could have marched the distance in less time, but the supplies were more essential to the garrison at Monroe than our presence, and in order to get the supplies there we had to accompany the train that carried them. We had not, at this time, been furnished with government wagons, nor with the famous government mule, and it was impossible to impress teams and wagons, for they were run off out of our reach.

We had proceeded but a few miles until our train was stopped by a burning bridge. The fire was soon extinguished, but some of the timbers were so weakened by the fire that that they had to be taken out and replaced. Lieutenant Hatch of company I, who had formerly been a railroad bridge builder, superintended the work. It took several hours. But after it was repaired we made quick time for about three miles, when the train again stopped. The track had been torn up for some distance by the removal of both rails and ties. These were found hid in the tall grass of a neighboring meadow and were quickly carried back and replaced by the men, and on we went again. Not a living soul had thus far been seen along the line, in field or at farm house. We were again stopped by another break in the road, which was soon repaired, and we steamed ahead. We now saw smoke ascending from some point up the road, but a bend or curve ahead prevented us from seeing what was on fire. We soon rounded the curve and found the fire.

The Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad, like all railroads running through a country were timber was abundant, used wood as fuel for its engines, and here at this point was a cut extending for some distance. Immense quantities of cord-wood was here ricked up on both sides of the track on the banks made by the cut, and extending for nearly a mile. This wood had been fired on both sides, and when we arrived at the place the fire was just getting under headway. Major Hays, thinking that perhaps the track was torn up in the cut, stopped the train. John Vance, Ike Hill and myself volunteered to run the gauntlet between the fires to see if the track ahead was all right. This we did, amid smoke and flame, or rather between the flames, which frequently overlapped over our heads.

The heat and smoke were at times unbearable, and were it not for the fact that there were intervals where the wood had not yet caught fire, we could not have gone through. We found the track all right except in one place, where the spikes were withdrawn from one rail and the rail slightly misplaced. Had the train been thrown here nothing could have saved it from destruction. When we got through, we saw a party of men standing on the track several hundred yards ahead, and we promptly fired at them, when they took to their heels,

Luckily we found a sledge, a few spikes, and a part of a broken crowbar, lying alongside the track. We took them and went back, replaced the rail and spiked it down. Then finding a break in the line of cordwood we got outside and hastened back to the train, reported to the major and urged a speedy passage of the train, as the fire was gaining headway, and every moments delay increased the danger of the passage.

And right here, I wish to record the fact that I never think of this occasion without a feeling of pride at the service rendered by us on this occasion. Major Hays, when he saw our scorched clothing, singed hair and blistered faces, patted us on the back and called us "bully boys." He also said, that with a single regiment of such men he would not be afraid to tackle all the rebels in North Missouri, if they would give him a chance. He had hesitated in attempting to make the passage, but while we were gone he had the train backed off nearly half a mile to where a small stream crossed the track, and ordered the boys to soak their blankets in water and fasten them to the sides of the cars. He now ordered 100 men to march around the fire on one side and an equal number on the other side, and ordered the rest of us aboard the cars.

But now a new hitch arose. The engineer of the front engine demurred against making the passage, saying the chances were too great. He had a family, etc. But instantly several men in the ranks who had previously been engineers offered to take his place. Then he got ashamed, and said if one of them would get into the cab with him he would take the train through h—l if necessary. The train started. The engineer threw the throttle wide open and we gained headway rapidly. Soon we plunged in between the two lines of fire, which was increasing in fury with every moment. The flames shot high above us, hissing, crackling and roaring, now and then overlapping the train, first from one side, then from the other. The heat was stifling. On went the train between the two raging line of fire. It might have been two minutes, it could scarcely have been more, from the time we entered this tunnel of fire until we emerged at the othar end, but it seemed much longer. Had we not noticed and fixed the tampered rail, the train would most certainly have been thrown from the track at that place and burned, with perhaps all on board. But as it was the train kept the track and we emerged safely, though nearly suffocated, at the other end, and when at a safe distance from the fire, the train stopped to allow the men who had gone around to rejoin us, we got off and examined the cars. We found those cars, which had not been protected by wet blankets, blistered, scorched and smoking, and the wet blankets were now dry and singed. Had we been fifteen minutes later the train could not have made the passage, for the heat afterwards became so great that the rails twisted.

SHALL WE DINE AT 9?

London Society Disturbed by the Question of Changing Eating Hours.

The fashionable dining hour is justly exciting attention, says a London fashion authority. Nowadays we give so much thought to the healthy, wealthy and wise question that it is almost strange some stand has not hitherto been taken against the absurdly late hour at which we dine. Even now it is not on the ground of health that the appeal is made against 9 o'clock as the fashionable dinner time, but by reason of its inconvenience.

The example is, of course, set us in high places, and it is from the prince of Wales that the reform is anticipated. There are rumors that he would not be averse to fixing the hour at 8, as he, being a great play-goer, finds it inconvenient to get to the theater under existing arrangements. The reprehensible fashion of postponing the dinner hour till the evening is half over, is undoubtedly one which theatrical folk condemn, and which is obviously unfair to the general play-going public who take their principal meal earlier in the day, since to suit the conveniences of the stallites their evening's entertainment is not only cut down but commences at at hour when they not unnaturally expect their amusements to be actually en train.

Another result of 9 o'clock dining is that the meal is rapidly rushed through in order that it may not be protracted quite into the night. It stands to reason that even the regulation courses cannot be eaten under an hour, and when one considers the number of dishes to be consumed, the details of service and the necessary pauses, it is not so much to be wondered at that the fashionable folk come late to the theater, but that they reach there at all.

In order to bring dinners begun so late within reasonable limits of time, rapid eating and service have been resorted to, and it is against the fashionable haste of dining that the most serious plaint is made. Even young people complain that they cannot bolt their food at the pace required, while their elders and those who set a value upon good dishes bitterly lament their ability either to digest or appreciate the food which fashion thus compels them to consume at lightning pace.

INDIAN AND COMET.

The Former Accounts of the Latter to His Entire Satisfaction.

During the year the last comet was streaming in the sky I was camping one night in a cannon near the foot of Cook's peake, N. M. In the party was an old and—for an Indian—a fairly intelligent Ute named Sam. Sam had been attached to some cavalry troop at Fort Cummings as a scout, says the Kansas City Star, but his day of leaving the service being reached, he attached himself to me—for a consideration. Pointing to the comet I asked Sam what he could say in its defense from the standing of a Ute. Sam was, unlike most Indians, a good single-handed talker, and could speak English very well. He was ambitious to perfect himself in the language and readily seized on every chance for a "talk." Indeed, I discovered him on two occasions all alone and talking vigorously at a mark like a savage Demosthenes sans the pebbles.

"Tell about that?" said Sam, pointing toward the comet. "Sam do it heap hasy, you bet. The son is the man and be have moon for squaw. The stars—eig stars and little stars—all are their children. The sun don't like 'em and chases 'em. If he catch one he eats it. This makes the stars heap 'fraid, and when the sun has his sleep over and comes out the stars run and hide. When the sun comes stars go; creep into holes and hide. But the moon is good. She loves her children, the stars, and when the sun sleeps she comes out in the sky and the stars are glad, and they come out of the places they hide in and forget to be 'fraid and play. But when the sun wakes again they run. He is always after them and he catches them sometimes. This one," continued Sam, again pointing at the comet, "the sun catch one time. He got away though, but the sun bit him and hurt him. That's why he bleed so. Now he's heep scared, and so he keeps his face always toward the place where the sun is sleeping."

TWISTED SPEECH.

Some Peculiarities of the Dialect Used in New England.

The New England dialect is still kinky with a misuse of vowels and a redundancy of negatives, says the Detroit Free Press, but these peculiarities are not blemishes; on the contrary, they add picturesqueness to the language.

"Yes I be" does not mean ignorance, but a local habit.

"I don't s'pose" is common to Maine and Vermont and is used to preface a question

When speaking of a man who has been unfortunate in business, our down-east friends say: "He has failed up."

Of a man who is stingy they remark that he is "a little near," or "very near."

Some of the phrases are full of meaning, as when they speak of one carrying a great load, "he lugged it in," which means more than fetched, as it gives a good idea of an outlay of strength.

In some localities instead of saying "he has rented a house," it is "he has got his rent," or "I've been over and seen his rent," idioms as simple to them as they are obscure to the visitor.

A word in common use among the old-fashioned people strikes the unaccustomed ear as very peculiar. When a man's coat doesn't fit him they say: "It fays badly." Looked up the word is by no means a vagabond, but one of respectable antecedents, and found in every modern dictionary. It is a good old English word, meaning to fit.

A man who has a "hoss" to sell does not tell the buyer that he is in good condition. He says in the vernacular: "You kin trot that hoss thirty miles and back and you won't find any outs in him."

All these little peculiarities of speech "obtain," as the dialecticians would say among educated people. The laborers have a language of their own, of whom a chronicler reports this amusing speech:

"I don't s'pose there ain't nobody seen nothin' of no old felt hat nowhere?"

This exhaustive use of the negative is duplicater in the same locality as the preceding question in this way:

"I don't s'pose you don't know of nobody that don't want to hire nobody to dew nothin'?"

There is such picturesqqeness in this poverty of language that we feel sure it would lose a real value in a contest with lexicons and grammars and sink to the dead level of the commonplace. And it fits the condition of a free-born citizen looking for honest employment.

It is indeed seldom that the trusted vowel or local phrase, is a lingual deformity. It is more often the tradition of a family handed down from father to son as hereditary as the eyes and hair.

August Belmont's Superstitions.

The late August Belmont once told the writer, on the Monmouth race track that his horses would not win because a flock of blackbirds had crossed his path that morning, says a contributor to the New York Sun. "I saw the blackbirds in the field," he related, "and said to myself, 'If they fly across I shall lose.' So I walked my team carefully—carefully. But no! Just as I came opposite, the birds flew in front of me, wheeled about and crossed me again- I shall not go to the stables. I sent for my trainer to tell him it is of no use to try to win today." At another time he was in radiant spirits because a little bird had flown into his bath room and allowed itself to be fed- "I shall have good luck!" he exclaimed. "Wait and you will see." That day he won three principal races. Indeed a curious phase of his supstitions was that they generally turned out to be correct. When he felt that he was going to lose he did lose; when he imagined that he would win he did win. This may be explained by coincidence or by the fact that his trainers and jockeys were shrewd enough to humor his whims, knowing that he would rather justify his superstitions than capture a race. But, whatever the explanation, the fact that such a man should be subject to such caprices is wonderful.

Electricity in Surgery.

At the recent medical congress in Berlin the discussions on electrical subjects were productive of intense interest. Electricity is being used in surgery to an extent little dreamed of outside the profession, and many tributes to the beneficence of its agency were given. A statement was made by one of the speakers, Dr. Lassar, to the effect that Mr. Edison intended, through his medical adviser, to communicate a novelty in the shape of an application of electricity for the removal of stone. Considering the intense pain which usually accompanies operations for this disease, such a discovery is practical philanthropy of the utmost value.

OUT AMONG THE MORMONS.

The Naturalization of Alien Saints to Be Decided This Week.

SOME VERY REMARKABLE ASSERTIONS.

Omaha People Who Are Making Their Mark at Salt Lake City—A Year of Wonderful Progress.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Jan. 10.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The next session of the supreme court of Utah will convene on Tuesday next and at that time a very important question will be decided. The matter of naturalizing alien Mormons will be disposed of. When the president of the church issued his proclamation abolishing polygamy, which was subsequently endorsed by the general conference, Chief Justice Zane made a decision to the effect that in the future he would not refuse to admit Mormons to citizenship on account of their religion; that he believed that the manifesto was issued in good faith and that polygamy was now a thing of the past. He declared that he was of the opinion that the ukase was final and that as hitherto the sole reason for denying Mormons the right to become citizens was on that account, he would in future not consider their membership in the church a bar.

Justice Anderson of the second district, however, holds otherwise. In a recent decision he asserted that a man could not be a good Mormon and a good citizen at the same time. Polygamy he held to be a secondary consideration. The teachings of the church are in conflict with the present system of government. The Mormon believes that the priesthood is suppressed. In obedience to the teachings of the church he will defy the law. Hence he cannot be a good citizen.

Judge Anderson is supported in his position by all the leading members of the bar. He is very anxious to have the question decided. At present he denies all these applicants, while Judge Zane admits them. who will come out best remains to be seen.

Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston while in this city obtained just enough information on the Mormon question to enable him to go back to his eastern home and make an ass of himself. In a "series" of interviews he has represented polygamy as being just as bad here now as it was in the days of Brigham Young. As a matter of fact the evil does exist, but not in any way as Joseph puts it. The records show the total number of convictions during the past year as being forty-nine. Of this number several were leading Mormons who walked up to the captain's office and took their medicine like little men. Some of them got the usual six months and some of them received more. Ten or twelve are awaiting trial now. They will be tried at the next term of court.

There is a story going the rounds of the eastern press that for pure and simple prevarication takes the cake. It is entitled: "Will the Mormons Fight?" The man who wrote it never saw a Mormon in his life and probably bases his tale on some old history of Utah and Nauvoo printed in 1843. Aside from their religious practices the Mormons are not such a bad people after all. The younger generation are as intelligent as any class of people in the world. True, the rampant ones, like Charles W. Penrose and George Q. Cannon, who are perpetually talking about the "Nations bowing down" to the new kingdom of God on earth, are very firm in their belief, or apparently so. But the younger generation are fast learning the ways of the world and it will not be but a very short time before they will be quitting the old crowd entirely. As to fighting, that is the last thing they would think of doing. The feeling that is being engendered is one of fraternity rather than the contrary. Gentile girls are marrying Mormons and Mormons are marrying gentiles. Party lines are drawn yet and doubtless will be for some time, but the day is not far distant when even they will be forgotten.

The approaching marriage of Ed J. Smith, formerly of Omaha, is one of the principal topics in society here just now. His bride is the charming daughter of one of the oldest families of the city, that of W. P. Rowe, one of the heavy stockholders in Zion's co-operative mercantile institution. The future Mrs. Smith is a beautiful young woman. Mr. Smith was formerly connected with the stationary department of the Omaha Republican.

S. P. Rounds, formerly of Omaha, is going to locate in Salt Lake, having purchased a half interest in the Tribune job office.

Wendall Benson of Omaha, who has the contract for erecting the hotel Knutsford, expects to have the building completed by May 1. The structure is a handsome one and will cost, when complete, over $600,000. It is one of the imposing buildings of the town.

The retirement of General Manager Ressegule of the mountain division of the Union Pacific causes no great concern here, as his successor is a well known Salt Lake man who has been identified with the town for a great many years. Mr. Resseguie says he will remain in the city for some time and rest up. After that he will look for something to do in the line of railroad work.

The review of the builing operations of the year just closed has been published. It shows a total of over $8,000,000 invested. This is a very gratifying result and the real estate men are jubilant. They will have the result published in pamphlet form and distributed all over the east.

Work on the proposed line from Salt Lake City to Deep Creek, Nev., will be begun shortly and pushed to a rapid completion. The line is 154 miles in length and penetrates one of the richest mining regions in the world. French capital is building the road. It is expected that about three or four months time will be required to complete the road.

American Ships.

We agree with our contemporary, the Tribune, that the ships to be provided for our growing commercial marine within the next few years must be built in American shipyards. Our new cruisers give evidence that American shipbuilders are able to rival, if not to surpass, the best of European builders, says the New York Sun. They ought to be the forerunners of a squadron of American merchant vessels, built in American yards and foundries, built of American steel and iron, built by the industry of America's workmen, built for the service of American commerce, built to be launched from American wharves and to sail under the American flag.

Our new navy shows what can be done here in constructing warlike cruisers, and the shipbuilders of New York and other maritime ports will yet show what they can do in creating a new commercial marine.

From fifty to a hundred thousand workmen ought to find steady and remunerative employment in the shipyards and the ship iron works of the United States.

Each Season

Has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the system readily adapts itself to changed conditions. Composed of the best alteratives and tonics, and being highly concentrated, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective and economical of all blood medicines.

"For some years, at the return of spring, I had serious trouble with my kidneys. I was unable to sleep nights, and suffered greatly with pains in the small of my back. I was also afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. These symptoms were much worse last spring, especially the trouble with my back. A friend persuaded me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I began taking it, and my troubles all disappeared."—Mrs. Genevra Belanger, 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass.

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