MIGHTY TALES UNFURLED

The Roundhouse Gang Pictures Life Before Truth Was Born.

THRILLING BETS OF EXPERIENCE RECALLED

Bucking Snow on the Andes and on the Prairies-Thawing the Fridgid Edge of a Blizzard-Tomeat and Tu-tle in Cahoots.

"Had an offer to go to South America today. Big thing."

This announcement, injected by Reddy Wakar Into the intense silence that brooded over the gang in the roundhouse, says the Chicago Tribune, so startled a mechanic who was filing a brass near the window that he made a misstroke and rasped all the skin off one side of his thumb.

"What a blessing it would 'a been to this community if you'd a' gone." "What was you wanted in South

America for? To drive oxen?" "Nah! drive oxen nothen"! Foller my

perfesh, of course-buck snow." "Now, see here, Reddy, I happen to have spent a few years in South America myself, and I know there isn't a mile of road on the continent where they are ever troubled with snow," said

"Who said anything about buckin' snow on a railroad, Mr. Know-it-all?" retorted Reddy, "You gentleman what studied joggerfy in the radiant roseyears of youth," he continued, turning his back on the speaker, "knows the Andes is covered with snow two or three miles deep, which teetotaly prevents trade, traffic, or intercourse between the country on one side and the country on t'other side. Even a rainstorm can' climb them big drifts, and the result is an everlastin' drought on one side.

"Now them folks being' smart enough to see that if they could get rid of the great natural barrier international commerce would be promoted and the desert would blossom as the rose chipped in to get me to take the 56 and go down there and buck the tops off'n them mountains, I figgered it all up and found that with good fireman that would keep her not It wouldn't take me no time worth men-tionin' to level up things so's a man could stand on the Pacific coast and see the boys goin' in swimmin' in the Atlan-tic; but m'wife didn't want to stay alone and I deeclined.

PANHANDLE DAN EXTEMPORIZES. Panhanale Dan gave a snort of con-tempt, and chewed vigrously. "Re-member the winter of '81?" he quiered

"Talk about snow! It didn't wait to snow. Whole clouds would stack themselves up on the landscape like sheep-skins on a dray. And pack! That mow packed so hard you couldn't cut it with a diamond.

'One day after a three week's bliztard I was ordered out with a snow-plow. When I got out on the prairie there was not a thing to be seen but just a smooth, glittering sheet of white. The tele-graph poles were snowed clear under, so I had nothing to go by, and as I was a new m in on the road I got lost, got clear away from the road and out into

the country, "Neither me nor the fireman noticed we wasn't on the rails at all. Show was Then we stopped to investirate and found out what was wrong. We set out to find the road, but it was

no go.
"At last we ran out of coal and water. Most men would have throwed up their hands then, but I ain't built that way. sent the fireman to pick up a few panels of fence while I melted snow in my lunch-

The only kind of a fence I ever saw west of the Missouri river was barbed wire," said Rainbow Chaser in a loud

"We kept up our fruitless search for the road," continued Panhandle Dan, pretending not to hear, "until next day, when one of them chinook winds sprung up. In less than three shakes of sheep's tail the snow was all gone, and the whole face of the earth was covered with 'leven or eight feet of water.' Then you were stuck, ch?"

"Not that I know of. No, sir; I just rigged up paddles on the drivers and sailed off as nice as any side-wheeler you ever see on the Ohio.

"I s'pose you found the road?"
"Well, I'll tell you. We were steaming along at a nice easy jog when the waves the old mill made upset a haystack on which a farmer had corralled his shoats to save 'em from the flood. He got mad about it, headed us off as we was crossin' his pasture, put up the bars, and swore he wouldn't let us out, until we paid for them shoats.

'I had no change with me, so me and the fireman got down and came away and let Mr. Farmer keep the machine. She was about ready to be reported for the back shop, anyway."

AT WAR WITH A BLIZZARD. "O, yes" spoke up Miller Cuppler. "It's sasy enough to go bucking snow with a ninety-ton engine to hold you down and keep you from getting mixed up with the zephyrs and get lost. Anybody can do that. But if there is an individual present who has been caught out on the prairie in one of those bijzzards you read about in just a common every-day

sled, let him come forward and we'll condole together." Here Mr. Cappler paused to give him to proceed. As no one spoke he went on anyway.

"Before I lost all self-respect and went railroading I use to be a commer-cial traveler. For several years I represented the biggest grindstone house In the west.

'One winter I happened to be in the very same region Mr. Dan was speaking I finished my business at the county seatearly in the morning and, as there was no train until the next day, I decided to drive across the country and

catch a train on another road. "I hunted up a driver with a good team and started out. The sun was shining brightly, the hens were singling joyously, and all nature seemed gay. But you all know in how short a time a blizzard can get ready for business. In two hours the weather changed quicker than a sick boy can get well enough to go fishing. The wind shifted from a southerly breeze to a northerly nurricane, with snow accompaniment

so you could hear its joints crack, "I didn't realize the gravity of the situation until the driver opened his mouth to sneeze. The blamed fool didn't have sense enough to turn his back to the wind, and the consequence was that he inadvertently swallowed about 4,000 cubic feet of raw hurricane and straightway salled off like a toy bal-The last I saw of him he was about half way up to the moon and going as though he had a time order: to do a little head work if you get out of this.' So I thought awhile. Then I

got out my sample grindstones and placed them where the wind could strike

"The result was magical but directly in accordance with well established scientific principles. The friction of the wind on those grindstones generated so much heatthat in a short time the air in the vicinity of the sled was as soft and bamly as a June day. Right around me you could hear the robins singing, white fifty feet farther away was an impenetrable wall of swirling snow in which it was cold enough to freeze the toenails off a castiron dog. "I had a regular summer resort picule until the storm subsided. Then when

the rescuing party came up looking for my frozen corpse I told them what I had done and before I left the spot had sold them the leavest them the largest order ever sent in to 'A snowflake will go fifty miles out of its way any day just to get to fall in a railroad cut," remarked Lowe Joyntt

with an earnestness born of deep convic-Miller Cuppler elevated his eyebrows in genteel surprise, while Panhandle Dan wrenched his head half way around

and demanded flercely:
"Who's said anything about snow?" Lowe Joyntt shrank down on his bench with an injured look and a long silence followed.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

At last Jack Stringer after a couple of preliminary gulps began,
"I'll tell you a story, gentleman, for
the sake of the moral it points. It's about a dog that belonged to me. was certainly the most gifted canine I ever see. As a coon dog I don't think his equal ever existed. I used to get invitations to go coon hunting from clear over in the next county. Of course it was understood that I was to take Tow-

ser along.
"Foor Towser! With all his talents was linked one blighting vice that no argument could induce him to aban-I've kicked that dog so hard that I've had to wear crutches for a week after, and yet the next time he was tempted he'd fall. I allude to his weakness for chasing rabbits.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

At Omaha, May, 1892. For the accommodation of those desirng to visit at points east of, in the vicinity of or at Omaha, during May, the Union Pacific will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale April 28 to 30 inclusive, limited to June 1, 1892. For tickets or additional information

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Chicago and the World's Fair.

World's Fair Souvenir, illustrated, being a complete and concise bistory of the principal world's fairs from the Crystal Palace, London 1851, to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893. With explanatory tables and maps. Published by The Anabogue Publishng company, Chicago, bound neatly in cloth

It rarely falls to the lot of the reviewer o notice so exhaustive a work as the 'World's Fair Souvenir," which has been compiled with so much care by a former resident of Omaha, John D. Jones. For purposes of reference, of comparison and for general information the work is a magnificent reflex of the push and energy of a city that is the wonder of the world.

In its compilation expense has not been thought of, and the richness of its illustrations of the World's fair buildings, cuts of the men and women who are directing to a successful issue what bids so hard, you see, we went along just the lair to be the greatest exposition of an-name. But by-and-by we began to think cient or modern times, pictures fair to be the greatest exposition of anit was a long way between telegraph of the colossal pusiness blocks that stand as monuments to the enterprise of their owners and builders, is typical of the "Chicago gait," as the rush and bustle of the great city by the inland sea has been described.

The book has been arranged upon a most comprehensive plan, the object of the publisher being to give a complete resume of what may be seen in Chicago in 1893, and at the same time give the information in a compact form, so that the work may be a valuable adjunct to the library and reading room. Its usefulness will not end with the close of the exposition, but on the contrary will grow in value with years, for it is the most perfect compendium yet issued of an event which cannot fail to have an influence for many decades to come upon all lines of art, literature and commerce. As Mr. Jones says in the introduction to the work: "As an educator this event will leave its impress upon succeeding generations and bear fruit in all realms of human thought, ingenuity and progress."

In addition to its complete epitome of what has been done, is doing and will be done when the fair opens, it comes to the general public at a most opportune time. It brings before the American people the forces that are actively at work to make the exposition a success worthy of a nation that in a little over a century has, from nothing, builded the mightiest republic of earth. It not only gives full page art type illustrations and descriptions of the principal buildings of previous world's fairs and all the buildings of the present World's Columbian Exposition, together with portraits and biographical sketches of its officers and chiefs of departments, but it tells "How to Reach the Fair," gives descriptions of Chicago's parks and boulevards, its places of amusement, the wholesale and jobbing interests, its railroad facilities, and in general is the most complete guide book to the city that stands at the edge of Lake Michigan.

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For any additional information apply to your nearest agent U. P. system.

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FIGHT WITH THE COMMANCHES.

A Reminiscence of the Southwest. (Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis,)

Up to the year 1859 the Comanche Inlians boasted that the had never been defeated in a battle with white men. They were arrogant and bloodthirsty and were at war with the whole world. They would not make peace with other tribes and waged constant warfare on white and red alike. They were rich, strong in numbers and the best horsemen in the world and they made war because they loved the adventure of it. In May of the year named a Texan

known as Captain Gordon, who was an old Indian fighter, learned that there was gold in the big Wichita mountains of western Texas. This chain of mountains forms the eastern boundary of the Great Staked plains, but the Coman-ches ranged as far west as the Rio Pecos river. Captain Gordon called for volunteers to explore the gold fields, and the expedition was fitted out at Santa He knew what was before him and he did not cut loose until he had 139 men They were all bor-der men, and each furnished his own

horse and arms. Every one had a rifle, and most of them a revolver as well, and Gordon got the loan of two field pieces and trained a crew to work them. There were about forty pack mules, loaded with provisions and ammunition, and it was believed that the command was strong enough to take care of itself under any circumstance. It was so long in getting ready that the Indians heard of its object, and Eagle Featner, then the head chief of the Comanenes, sent

word to Captain Gordon as follows: I want scalps, horses, rifles and powder. Come as fast as you can.

No one was frightened over the message, and in due time the expedition set out. Captain Gordon was confident that he would be attacked before crossing the Canadian river, and he was not surprised at finding the Indians all about him as the command emerged into the Chico valley to the west of old Fort Bascom. Eagle Feather had gathered ogether 482 warriors, the flower of the tribe. They were not ordinary warriors, but each could boast of having killed an enemy. They were mounted on the finest war ponies, and every one had a lance and a rifle, and some had bows and arrows in addition. A more notable war party was never raised by any tribe, and it started out to meet the invaders, boasting that it would bring back the scalp of every white man in the expedition.

Gordon was familiar with the Chico

and knew where the attack would be made. The Indians would wait until he was ready to enter the pass leading through the Chico mountains to the river and beyond. It was a position hey could hold against 10,000 men, and he realized that he must draw them away from it. The command marched to within three miles of the pass and then turned to the north, as if to seek for another. For a distance of twelve miles the two commands held a parallel course and were not over two miles apart, The Indians hugged the base of the range so as to prevent the white men from entering any of the passes, while Gordon watched for a battle ground in the valley. He found it twelve miles above the pass just at sundown on a June day. The spot selected was a natural sink on the crest of a mound or a series of mounds taking in an area of about two

acres. There was a wall of earth around this sink, as if a small lake had once occupied the spot. To the north was a still ower and deeper basin, large enough to shelter all the horses and so strategic that a few men could defend it. There was a big spring on the plateau, with grass enough to last the horses for three or four days, and Captain Gordon's idea was to force the Indians to attack him in his position. A renegade white man named Gerry, who had served in the regular cavalry and deserted to the redskins, had drilled them in cavalry tactics and he was with them at this time. Out in the open 380 Comanches, each armed with a twelve-foot lance-a weapon they knew how to use with murderous effect-would have proved too strong for the gold hunters. Behind defenses the case would be different.

There was only one place where the sink could be approached by horsemen and that was on the south side. There was a clear road 200 feet wide, and the cannon were posted to cross fire over this. They had been kept covered on the march and the Indians had no suspicion of their presence. Just at dusk Eagle Feather sent in word for the white men to go to sleep without fear, as he should not attack until next day. This was no ruse on his part, for he made his camp two miles away, and that of the gold hunters was undisturbed by even a shot. During the night Gordon's men threw up further defenses and cleared the sink of every incumbrance. Twenty men were told off to guard the animals, and when the sun rose again every one in the command was ready for what was to happen.

Eagle Feather was in no hurry. was 9 o'clock before he marshaled his warriors on the prairie, a mile to the south of the plateau. He then sent in word that he hoped the white men would fight. He did not demand a surrender, and he wanted it plainly understood that he would grant no quarter. His firm purpose was to wipe out every man in the expedition, and thus deter al thought of future invasion of his terri From the way he disposed of his forces he must have been confident of speedy success. The mounted warriors were marshaled in lines having a front of thirty men. They were eight lines deep, making 240 horsemen. The re mainder of the force was held as a reserve. Not a warrior was dismounted, and no attack was made on the men guarding the lower basin. The Com-manches, under cavalry tactics as taught by the renegade, had charged en masse with lances, and they had won a victory every time. The chief had never fought a large body of white men, and perhaps he wanted to test the value of his tac tics on them. He was a brave general but a poor strategist

When Gordon saw that no attack would be made on the herd he called over fifteen of the twenty men to assist in repelling the charge. The two field pieces were loaded with canister, and everything was ready on the piateau. At a given signal the body of warriors The first line was half a mile away, and the ground was clear of all obstruction. The gold hunters were ordered to reserve their fire until the field pieces were discharged. This did not happen until the first line of warriors was within fifty feet of the breastworks. The charge was checked in an instant, and the slaughter was something horri ble. As was determined by actual count, fifty-three warriors and seventy ponie were left behind when the force drew off and returned to the spot where Eagle Feather had posted himself to watch and direct. The field pieces fired only two rounds apiece, and some of the rifle-

men only got in one shot.

Within half an nour after being driven back Eagle Feather sent in word that he was glad the white man exhibited so much bravery, as the honor of defeating them would be greater. While his warriors had not been successful in the first charge, the second would be certain to win the victory, and he warned them to make ready for it. This they speadily

did. When the lines were formed again every warrior was in them, while the big chief took the lead. The same tactics were pressed as before. warriors as had been dismounted ad vanced on foot. Again the gold hunters waited until the enmy had come to close quarters, and again the field pieces belched forth their murderous fire as a signal. It was a lesson the Comanche tribe never forgot. In five minutes every warrior who could get away had retreated leaving the ground heaped with dead and dying. A count of bodies brought the total up to 111 Those who were wounded were killed as fast as discovered. Eagle Feather, although in the thick of the fray, was not even scratched and as he rallied his forces again out of rifleshot he realized that he must abanlon his tactics or withdraw altogether. He had still 369 men left, and he had no thoughts of abandoning the field.

Gordon watched the movements of the foe closely and anxiously, and he soon discovered the plan of the coming attack. It would be made on foot, and the lances would be abandoned for the rifles. There was a ravine leading up from the prairie to the lower basin. The Indians would be certain to come up that; others would advance from the south, and others still would advance through the brush on the west side. The field pieces were planted to cover the points where a rush was expected and the men posted anew. Three kegs of powder were taken down into the ravine and deposited among the rocks as torpedoes, and everything was ready by noon, It was half an hour later when the Indians di-vided into three commands and moved to attack. Gerry had taught them how to march on foot, and they moved off almost as orderly as regular infantry The object of those advancing from the south was to secure the bodies of the dead ponies for shelter, and thus creep in close to the breastworks for a sudden

Gordon had provided against this by sending men out over the field and their fire kept the Indians off in this direction. The fight opened hotly on the other sides, however, and as the Indians were sheltered in their advance they soon began to work damage. Their fire was concentrated on the field pieces, and within an hour Gordon had four men killed and three disabled. From half past 12 to half past 4 the firing was constant and almost entirely confined to the rifles. The white men were the best shots and were also more securely shell tered and therefore had the best of it. But few Indians had appeared in the ravine up to the last hour named. Then they began to gather for a rush. One of the guns was turned upon them and when the shell with which it was charged exploded, it likewise exploded two of the kegs of powder. How many were killed and wounded no one could sny, because the terrific explosions hurled down the high banks and filled the ravine for a hundred feet. A dozen or more bodies were found and parts of others were blown almost into the upper basin.

The calamity in the ravine ended the attack on the part of the Indians, and Gordon at once assumed the aggressive The ponies of the Indians had been left on the prairie just out of rifleshot guarded by a few warriors. He opened on the herd with shell, and in three or four rounds had scattered it. Whenever the redskins attempted to bunch in any considerable number he shelled them, and such horses as galloped within rifle range were shot down by the riflemen. Eagle Feather had more than enough before the sun went down. Once he rallied his warriors as if for a last desperate charge, but they were so thoroughly whipped that they refused to advance. As darkness fell he began his retreat to the pass, and he made no halt of consequence until reaching his village, a hundred miles away.

one of his dead was removed, the wounded were taken away. Three years later he gave his figures on the fight. Out of his force of 480 men he reached home with only 190 who had escaped scot free. He lost in killed 141. and had 140 wounded more or less severely. Of his 480 ponies he lost at least half, Gordon's party picked up enough lances and rifles to load a wagon. They also got a large amount of ammunition and other plunder. Among the Indian dead were two famous medicine men and four subchiefs, and Gerry was also among the slain. He had not been killed by the white men, but Eagle Feather slew him with his own hand as he retreated. It was not his plan to open the fight as he did, but Gerry had assured him that the mounted warriors could ride over all

The direct results were bad enough for the tribe, but dissensions followed to make matters worse. Eagle Feather was deposed and became a renegade, and the tribe divided into three or four factions which could never again be reunited. The Kiowas, to the east, took every ad vantage of the split, and the Apaches raided in from the west with great vigor, and within three years a tribe which had ranked as the richest and most powerful in the west was scattered and broken. Had not the government stepped in and taken care of the remnant the Comanches would have been exterminated to the last representative.

Tobacco as Food and Drink. The state of Vermont has a statute which provides that if any person who has obtained a verdict in any of her courts shall, during the term in which the verdict is obtained, give to any one of the jurors who rendered the verdict any victuals or drink, or procure any to be given them, either before or after the verdict, on proof of this fact the verdict shall be set aside and a new trial

granted. A successful litigant treated the jury deciding in his favor to the cigars, and this being brought to the attention of the court, an order for a new trial was promptly granted. The order was appealed from on the ground that cigars are neither victuals or drink. The supreme court held that they came within the prohibition of the statute, and sustained the order of the court below. The reasoning of Judge Taft has a quaint humor about it which makes it worth reproducing. He argues as follows: "Tobacco is both a victual and drink.

It is taken as a nourisbment, substance food, etc., therefore a victual. It is not an obsolete use of the word to call it drink. Joaquin Miller says: 'I drink the winds as drinking wine.' If a man can drink wind I think be can drink tobacco quicker, vile and disgusting as it is. A man is compelled to drink it by having it puffed in his face on all occasions and in all places, from the cradle to the grave. It is a drink. Set aside the verdict."

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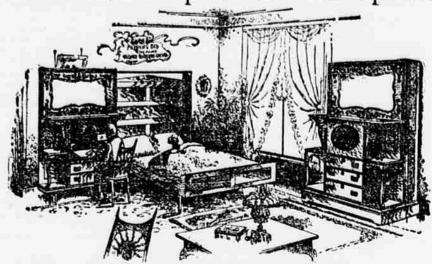
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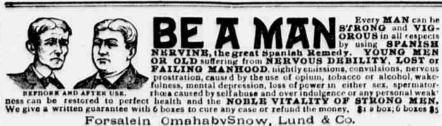
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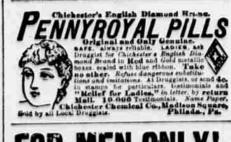
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Widows and Children of persons rendering service in the regular army and navy Since the War are

Entitled to Pension. of the death of the soldier was due to his service, or occurred while

he was in the service. Parents of Soldiers & Sailors dying in the United States service since the War of the Rebellion, or after discharge from the service, from a cause originating therein, leaving no widow or child under the age of sixteen years, are entitled to pension if now dependent upon their own labor for support, whether tha soldier ever contributed o their support or they were dependent upon him at the time of his death or not.

FOR INFORMATION OR ADVICE As to title to pension, ADDRESS THE BEE BUREAU OF CLAIMS,

220 Bec Building, OMAHA, NEBRASKA. Omata Roe, the Pioneer Press and the San Francisco Examiner.