THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, 74UGUST 21, 1892-SIXTEEN PAGES.

OF WINCHESTER IN ENGLAND

Where Monarchs First Were Crowned and Merchants Earliest Combined.

MEMORIES THAT THRONG ITCHEN VALLEY

Here Gentle Isaak Walton Wandered, Mused and Innocently Moralized-Mortuary of Kings-How the Royal Borough Looks Today.

[Copyrighted, 1592.] WINCHESTER, Eng., Aug. 8. - [Special Correspondence of THE BEE, |-Perhaps the best place, for a time, to muse upon the ancleat city of Winchester and its historic surroundings is the summit of St. Giles bill. which, within the borough bounds, rises high above the roofs of the city, almost within a stone's throw of the east window of its mighty cathedral.

Cushioned in its veively beds of scented clover, you feel the gentle breeze coming softly over the Hampshire downs. It sends a myriad wisp of feathery clouds across the blue vault above. These checker the valley and city, foliage and roofs with changeful arabesques of sunshine and shadow. In and out of these your fancy plays hide and seek with the annuls, legends and wraiths of Winchester's long ago.

Round about this lovely Hampshire valley. thread d by the gleaming Itchen, beloved haunt of Isaak Waltoo, is a wondrous wealth of story and legend. Over to the north is Slichester, an exhaustless mine of Roman remains, within whose walls the Usurper Constantine was invested with the purple, and legend has it that King Arthur there re-ceived his crown. Near it is Basing, site of one of the lordliest castles of early England. A little nearer Winchester still is Oddiam, birthplace of the famous oid grammarian, William Litty. To the northeast, at An lover, William Lilly. To the northeast, at An fover, Anlaf the Dane promised King Ethelred never to recommence hostilities against the English. Just below this is Danebury Hill with its famoos Roman encampment. Just west of you is the sleepy bamlet of King Sambourn where John of Gaunt had his old time palace. At the same distance to the east never Alexaford are the distance to the east, near Airesford, are the great Tichborne estates. And nearby to the south is Romsey with its quaintest old abbey church in England and the New Forest depths, where the arrow from Tyrrel's bow pierced the heart of ruffian Rufus, England's second Norman king.

St. Glies Fair in the Long Ago.

If you were standing on this hill of St. Gilos on an autumn morning the ham of the rity below would recall a quaint old scene of 400 or 500 years ago, for the spot was the bite of ore of the most wonderful fairs in, all the world of that an-tique time. It was famous St. Giles fair. The whole plateau of the hill was covered by a second town, shut in by a high wooden palisade. By royal edict all trade was not phly stopped in Winchester itself, but in all pther towns within a radius of seven leagues.

other towns within a radius of seven leagues. From St. Giles day, September 1, to Sep-tember 7, the vigil of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, all traders from the world might come. After the latter date a fine for tardiness was imposed. The fair continued in this queer old town of queer old wooden boths until September 15. The bishop of Winchester had his stall as well as his cus-toms duties and other fines from other tame duties and other fines from other dealers. Several monasteries dealt in wine and spices. And the foreigners from Nor-mandy and the Low Countries. Poland, and such distant regions, and the vendors and buyers from across broad English counties. Abode gypsy fashion on the hill top.

scenes must have once crowded this now silent hill. Each street was devoted to one manner of wares or one nation. Wines, spices, draperies, goldsmiths' wares, brass-workers', potters' and furriers' goods and weapons were here. Normans, Poles, Dutch, livitions Stanfords Alverians, Computer, Italians, Spaniards, Algorians, Cornishmon, then accounted west of Eogland barbarians, mingled together in a common interest. Then there was the strange medley of buyors, sightseers and citizens, nobles and hadles in the rich costumes of the period;

sumptuous residence for himself and pretty Nell Gwynne. And so on and on the grim old story runs. But by and by the dark masses of verdure, the square Norman tower and the ridge of the mighty nave rising above the banks of leafy limes and the peninsula formed by the vagrant ltchen covered with sward and flowers, tempts you down by winding paths from St. Giles hill, and you are soon standfrom St. Giles hill, and you are soon stand-ing beside the ancient city cross. It was built over 500 years ago, in the reign of Henry VI., just before his murder by Glos-ter, and hus, besides its fine old grouping of saints in the upper fiches, the carved fig-ures of William of Wykeham, the famous founcer of Winchester school, of Florence de Lunn, Winchester's first mayor, 708 years ago, the martyr St. Lawrence and King Alfred the Great.

As It is Seen Today.

You are now in the center of Winchester in High street. You suddenly recall the cu-ricus fact that in all but one of these old cathedral towns you have found a High street. It mattered not whether it were high or low. High street it had been ever since there had been an English tongue. Every place of interest to be seen is only a few mo-ments walks off or on this old familiar street. So, in all other English Cathedral towns as here, beneath the city cross, how-ever cramped its surroundings, is the ancient "mercate square" or marketplace, and lagged, sigzap thorough ares lead to the cross rom outlying picturesque spots and quar-

All about are half-timbered houses, projecting story over story into the market place; and you wonder now long before, from sheer age, they will tumble, red roofs first, over into the clean, cool space below. Quaint shops are pinched in between staid oid man-sions. Baudboxes of inns speck the gray facades with gilt and color. Worn steps, scrubbed mercilessly and washed with white, end into tiny vestibules gay with gleaning brass knockers and rare old colored glass. Just there, to the right, is a wynd or close, graver, more a modicy of gables, overharg-ing roofs and protruding windows than the narrow street where you are standing. You saunter into its shadows. At its southern end is an inviting vista of foliage and light. You will find more gray-heads here than in any other equal distance in England. Gray old men and gray old women silently sit nusing over gray old wares in their gray old

It is all so startlingly suggestive of age and decay that you hasten on. Sudden-ly one side of the shadowy passageway stops short, and there before you is one of the sweetest sights in England. It is the great cathedral close, surrounded by ivyhung fourteenth century houses, its area threaded and silvered by the vagrant lichen stream, masses of himes rising here and there above and the cathedral of royal Winchester, showing in patches and bits, just hinting of its grand proportions through the rifts of luxuriant lime tree leaves.

In the Cathedral Close.

From where you stand storing the scene in your memory an avenue of limes, revealing the famous walk in Trinity gardens, Cam-bridge, leads diagonally across the close to west window. To the left across the wide reach of sward are a few straggling graves. To the right, fewer still rise white against the green. The foliage of overhanging limes is so dense that you cannot see the say. Among the leaves at this time of the year is a wealth of sweet-smelling, yellow green flowers. It is wonderfaily still here. Now and again a withered blosson furtiering Now and again a withered blossom fluttering to the stone walk, or a robin or blackbird hopping soberly in and out among the olden

As you proceed down the flagged avenue the gray breaks through the green. The north transept is first partially unveiled. Then the wide, lower tower, the entire vast west front, the long range of pinnacled but-trosses to the north of the nave, and the rcofs of the bishop's palace and deanery to the south, are gradually disclosed, and at the right is a most ancient wall, penetrated by a low arched entrance which in former times gave subterranean passage to the royal palace. Study it all so little or long as you may your whole being is filled and thrilled

by its majesty, beauty and repose. Antiquity shrouds the beginning of Chris-tianity at Winchester. The cathedral existed under Vortigern and Uther Pendragon. In nearly every particular as you will find it benefy every particular as yon will find it today this cathedrai has stood since SUB, or upwards of 1,000 years; while the earlier cathedrai church on the site of the present structure was founded and endowed 1,358 years ago. Winchester having been royal Winchester hundreds of years before London was more than a marshy fishing village, the colossal externor and royal interior as well as colossal exterior and roval interior as well as the vast number and architectural splendor of its royal and ecclesiastic sepulchers and monuments are at once accounted for. Within the Cathedral Walls. On entering this cathedral and taking a On entering this cathedrai and taking a position under the great west window you ind the tremendous proportions of the col-umns—they are twelve feet in diameter, the distance between them being only about two diameters of the columns—are so great diameters of the columns—are so grout that there is not a break in their line on either side, save midway along the south-ern tier where stands Bishop Wykeham's poble chaitry and tomb, through the entire length of nave and choir, the greatest of any cathedral in England. The nave columns and vauit and the choir seem to focus in one far, high, tremulous film of light in the upper visible portion of the east window, above the marble altar screen. The space is so vast, the proportions soperfect, the old Norman work so spien-did in its massive simplicity, oven where modified by transition and early English work, the admission of light so equable that even the dark caken choir screen sinks into place and depth of color only in lower fitting shadow, even serving to strengthen the effect of the marvelous altar white bathed in the cast window's mellowed rose. Clearly the distinguishing features of Winchester cathedral are structural vastness, massiveness, simplicity and repose. Strongest marked in features of detail are the overornamentation of the Lady chapel, particularly in the windows; the bold and alry flying butteresses that stretch over the ally hying outpresses that stretch over the side atsles, supporting the upper walls; the rich open battlement surmounting these wails; the unusual chamber or tribune erocted for minstrels in ancient times over the west ern extremity of the north aisle; the short-ness, vastness and solidity of the great tower; and the location of the latter im-mediately over the choir, instead of over the space approaching it, as in most other cathedrals, The cathedral is the richest in chantries and chapels of any I have ever seen. Their great number and marvelous richness of or-namentation are accentuated from the mas-siveness and simplicity of their structural surroundings. Historically no sacred edifice in England can boast such wealth of treasure, if it may be so regarded, in the mortu-ary remains of aucient kings and prelates. The tomb of William Rufus is in the center The tomb of William Rufus is in the center of the choir. Upon the top of the huge sanc-tuary screeens are six mortuary chests. In one lie the bones of Kynegits and Adulphus. In another rest Kings Exbert and Kenulph. A third holds the cones of Rufus, Canuto. Queen Emma, who trod the nine heated plowshares unscathed, and of Hishops Wina and Alwyn. A fourth is a "promiscuous" collection of what was left of the remains of kings, princes and prelates after the anorlegi collection of what was left of the remains of kings, princes and prelates after the sacrilegi-ous barbarism of the year 1642. In a fifth reposes King Edmund and in the sixth hes Eldred, "who admirably governed the coun-try of the Britons." Hosts more there are of later greatness and glory. But amid all these splendid chantries, cenotaphs and tombs there is just one spot in Winchester cathedral where I love to sit and muse and dream. That is in Prior Sikstede's chapel. There the southern sunlight, filtering through the tiny colored banes of the ancient windows, seems to leave a glow and blessing upon the size that covers the grave of gentle isank Walton. There is the Area of States.

A WILD JUMULTUOUS TIME Dancing a Hornpipe to the Tune of Dyna-

mite Bombs. KISSING THE MUZZLE OF A SHOTGUN

Thrilling Experience of an Express Mes. senger with California Train Rob. bers-One of the Klud Enough

for a Lifetime.

The life of express messengers on Calvrnia routes is far from being a summer picnic. It is a wild, tumultuous life, with trimmings of shotguns, dynamite and like hairtrigger pyrotechnics. Within the present year five highway robberies have taken place within the borders of the state. Stage coaches and express cars have been operated upon successfully, and the amount of treasure captured by the bandits is variously esti-

mated at from \$25,000 to \$60,000. Dispatches gave but meager details of the dynamiting of the express cars of the Southern Pacific train a few days aco. Express Messenger George D. Roberts writes to the San Francisco Examiner the following thrilling ac-count of dynamite battle and the robbery. The Story.

Twenty-one minutes comprise only 1,96 seconds. It is not a very long period of time, but I recently had an experience that covered twenty-one minutes, and it seemen to me as though I lived twenty-one years during that brief space. It is not a pleasant thing to be imprisoned

n an express car at which a robber is hurling dynamite bombs, knowing that if you should perchance show your face there is a most promising prospect for you to have a bullet deposited in your body in a most undesirable tocation. This kind of an experience is the one that I

went through a few minutes before midnight on Wednesday last. I do not care to have it repeated. One turn of this kind is about all that I care for. The sensation that passes over you as the

dynamite bombs are exploding about you, knocking things hither and thither and creating a general disturbance, is not one of peaceful satisfaction. You wish that you were elsewhere and your mind is occupied in contriving schemes and estimating the possi-bilities of getting clsewhere and at the same time maintain a voting residence on earth.

The strain on His System. I have read of people whose hair was turned gray in the course of one night from various causes, but I have never believed that such a human existed. I believe now that such has been the case. Of course, my hair is not gray and it will not be for many years yet, but if the strain of my nervous system had been as great for six hours as it was during the twenty-one minutes that the Collis express robbers were throwing their dynamite tokens at my car the other night my hair would be liable to turn to most of the colors of the rainbow-white or any known tint.

You see, at the time that all the explosions were going on, and while the robbers were helping themselves to the contents of my car, I scarcely knew what was in progress and did not know what to expect next. But, now that I look back upon it all and gaze, as it were, upon the wonderful and dizzy wourl of events that happened during those twentyone minutes, I feel as though I was cer tainly born under a lucky star. Just how I escaped from being sent upwards in discon nected chunks while the dynamite had full swing in the car surpasses my understanding. Everything about me was remembered by the explosive-to the right of me, to the left of me, in front of me and behind me-but by a dispensation of Providence I was overlooked, at least to the extent of permitting me to retain my body in its natural and compact form. For the special con-sideration manifested toward me I feel most grateful.

Prepared for Game. After the Coilis robbers had blown both the doors of my car open 1 lay back in the

car for about two minutes, waiting for one of them to show his face or any portion of his anatomy at the door. I had made up my mind to empty a load of buckshot into his

thought to be unusually gifted in this line, but never in my life did bl hear such a flow of curses and blaspheury, as fell from the lins of those men. Every other word was a vile oath. They were certafoly graduates. After it was all over 1 took my run into Fresno. Whon we reached there I really felt worse than 1 did at any time during all the fuss at Collis. I commenced to feel decidedig x weak then and had to take it a little quiet for a while. They say that spins people begin to feel that their nervous based through hair-breadth escapes. I believe that this is true. Some years ago, dowin Mexico, I had an experience with express potpers. It was be-tween Chihunbua and Zicatecas. The con-siderate Mexican bandlis, by tearing up sev-eral rails, threw my car into a ditch. They knew nothing of dynamite, but the car caugh fire and was burned up. The robbers got nothing for their pains, except retaining their skins entire. Two experiences as a their skins entire. Two experiences as a messenger in connection with an express car robbery are enough for me.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SMALL BOY.

New York World; It is impossible to predict anything definite concercing the small boy, and it is therefore difficult to caution him against all risks. Perhaps one of the most ingenious ways yet devised of getting into trouble was described the other day by a youngster who lives in Harlem. He went into the Dathroom, climbed into the tub, put his mouth to the cold water faucet and turned on the water. As it came with a rush he tried to retreat, but found it possible,

Fortunately a servant passed the door at bat instant, and making a dash for the fau-tet turned off the water and rescued the half drowned child. As she sat him, gasp-ing, choking and dripping, on the floor, she "What possessed you to do such a thing ?"

and the small culprit gurgled, tearinily; tI was firsty !"

Youth's Companion: Little Pete never in-tends to misstate things; but his very fig-urative imagigation sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell some-thing which is perfectly true, but before he is through he has drifted off into some pic-turesque exaggeration. The other day he ex-claimed to a companion: "Just think, Billy! Out in Chicago they aren't going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them." "How do they do it !" asked Billy. "Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose and he goes right to sleep, and when he comes to himself he says: 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says: 'Goodness! Some-body has sawed my leg off!' and then he finds that he's all cut up!''

Detroit Free Press: The schoolboy was showing the teacher some apples he had bought.

"Them ain't no good," he said, throwing out a couple. "Gracious me, Fred," she exclaimed, "whose grammar do you use?" "Johnnie Witkinsis," he answered inno-cently: "mine's all tored up."

Mamma-What in the world are you two uarreling about! Little Dick-Nothing.

"Nothing, en!" "Yes'm. Dot left her box of candy here,

an' when she came back there was not

Freddie had fallen down and hurt him-Freddie had fallen down and hurt uni-self. He was trying manfully to suppress his feelings, but his uncle, who happened to be near, said: "What's the matter! Cry-ing!" "N-no; I-I an't crying. I guess maybe my eyes are perspiring."

Visiting Friend-Why is it, Johnnie, that you think Dr. Butler isn't a good doctor? Johnny-'Cause he never finished our baby he didn't put a hair on its head.

Tommy-Can we play, at keeping a store in here, mamma? Mamma (who has a headache)-Certainly ;

but you must be very quiet. Tommy-Well, we'll pretend we don't ad-

Ray, Dr. Primrose-How is it your father always comes home from fishing on a Friday ! Little Johnne - Cause he's then sure to find a good assortment of fish in the marget.

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Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

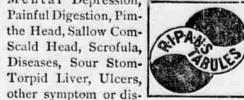


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men in tunic and mantle, longhose and pointed shoes; women in straight graceful gowns and wimples; artificers, servants, vokels and mouks.

Royal Winchester's Antiquity. At this quaint forerunner of international exhibitions there was a "Piepowder Court," having rule over the dusky shanks, peddlers and mountebanks, the pieds poudreux; and to this court of quick invitation and rapid disposal came all fair folk delinquents. At the end of the long and dusty day the marshal rode forth from the court pavilion and issued proclamation that all business must cease and stalls be closed. So the Citizens withdrew, leaving the palisaded hill town silent and lightless, save for the twinkling here and there of wick in lamp or mortar, the only fire allowable within the precincts of the mart from sundown to sun-rise. This most famous of England's oldtime fairs was continued until a quarter of a century ago. Then, as Dean Kitchin writes, "as the city grew stronger and the fair weaker, it slid down St. Giles hill and en-tered the town where its noisy ghost still holds revel once a year."

All this was very long ago, but the wise old annalists count this antiquity as nothing. One can go with them, if not in all faith still with pleasant curiosity, a long way back of this once famous English fair. They will tell you that Winchester is per-haps the oldest city in Britain. They point to St. Catharine's Hill, over there just at the southern edge of the city, still plauly duelosing the fortuled camp of Vespasian, who conquered the place from the Belgar, whence its Roman name. Venta Belgarum. Far, far beyond these they have seen with clear historic eyes. They will tell you One can go with them, if not in all faith still

with clear historic eyes. They will tell you in all seriousness that Winchester was founded 592 years before the Christian era. That would be 139 years before the founding of Rome, or a matter of 2,784 years ago! A king of ancient Britain, Sudor Rous Hudi-bras, is said to have been the royal founder; and it was his son, Bladud, who built and enriched with the indistinguishable fires of Minerva the fine old Somersetsbire city of

A City of First Things.

Some things about royal Winchester's an-Some things about royal winchester's an-tiquity and history are easy enough to know with exactitude. Julius Casar visited the city a. c. 54, and the Emperor Vespasian a few years later occupied it and built walls, yeatiges of which remain. For the next 500 years Winchester was celebrated for its mag-plused embraideries for the imperial court years winchester was celebrated for its mag-nificent embroideries for the imperial court, examples of which remain. Exbert, the first king of all England, was crowned here, and established a sort of empire with sub-kings under him, out of which came the English monarchical and nobility systems of today. The first English guild of merchaots was established here in \$56. The wise laws of Alfred were made here, the first great sur-vey of the kingdom was completed here and vey of the kingdom was completed here, and in the scriptorium of the very cathedral you will now find in Winchester, in S93, was Some that wonderful specimen of Winchester humination known as the "Golden Book of Edgar." The first standart measures ever possessed by England were ordered and made here under edict of King Edgar, and you will find these identical measures in the Winchester Museum at the Guildnail. Over there in that turreted structure which

Over there in that turreted structure which now frowns above the western gale of High street, or rather in the great hall of its oldest portion, lived William the Conqueror and all the Angevin kings. From it Rufus set forth one August day in 1100 on that famous hunt-ing expedition to New Forest from which his body was brought back in Peasant Bur-kiss' cart to be buried within the cathedral where it now lies. The great towar fell noon where it now lies. The great lower fell upon

where it now lies. The great tower fell upon the spot in 1107, and that was the judgment, so the times said, for barying the roy al ruf-fian within consecrated ground. Henry I. of Scotland and Matilda were married here. Cour de Lion was royally received here after his sore captivity. Henry III, was born in the castie and all the Edwards held court here. Henry V. roceived in Winchester Henry VI. plauned Eton policy after Wy scham's school, which, still page of the most interesting of British col-leges, stands here today just as it then stood against the northern edge of the velvety enthedral close. Here Mary received Philip and their unfortunate nuptials were con-sluded; while the great stricture now stand-ing inside the castle and used as the royal barracies was built by Charles II, though an enver lived to see it completed, as a

Tourno, lowa, April 6, 1891. Dr. J. B. Moore, Dear Sir: My wife has used about aix bottles of your Tree of Life, and thinks that she has received greater ben-efit from it than any medicine she has over taken. Yours traly, L. H. BUFRIN, Gen'l Agent and Treas. West College. Since receiving the above textingation is the

Gen'i Agent and Treas. West College. Since receiving the above testimonial, 1 am inreceipt of a letter and check from the Rev. L.H. Bufkin of Toledo, Iowa, April 25, to send Rev. J. W. Kenworthy, Crastline, Kan sas, six bottles of Moore's Tree of Life. For sale by all druggists.

Little Bob has been missing the comforts of home, especially in the culturary depart-

in a solid of the second of the second and the second of t

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial. If you want a pure sparkling wine with a delicious boquet, buy it.

carcass the very second he did. I had ample facilities at hand to do the work. A cut-off shotgun of the company's was in my nands. All that I had to do was to pull the trigger. It was loaded with a cartridge which contained twenty-five buck-shot and an extraordinarily heavy charge of

powder. When, finally, a robber did come to the loor of the car he had in front of him the forman, whom he used to cover his own form. For me to have fired at the robber would have been to kill the fireman; in fact, I would have killed them both. The buck-shot would have gone right through the two men. I did not know what was coming next. For two minutes no dynamite had been ex-ploded in the car, but there was still a promising outlook for me to close a busy career in a short time and in an unexpected manner. That fireman will never know what a close call be had, I could not make up my mind to fire and take the chances of killing him, come what might to me. But I had not long

to reflect, A few seconds after the robber appeared at the door with the poor fireman for a breastwork. He threw in another dynamite bomb for luck. That explosion blew the hole in the car and came near blowing me through the aperture. Had Robbers in His Mind,

When the train first stopped I had an idea that it was the work of robbers. Usually, I am asleep while the train is passing from Mendota to Collis, but it nappened that on Wednesday I had an unusually large amount was that as soon as the train started up again and I sup-way had no desire to sloep. The consequence was that as soon as the train stopped I had rob-bers in my mind and turned the lights down. Then the train started up again and I sup-noved that the brack up to gain and I supposed that the brakeman had merely been

posed that the brakeman had merely been putting some tramps off. You have no idea what a weight was lifted off my mind when that train started to move. But in a few moments the engineer slowed up again, and finally stopped. A few moments after that the explosion of dynamite under my car knocked the tramp theory entirely out of my mind. Then was when 1 com-menced to figure on what was to be near to menced to figure on what was to be uone to save my life and protect my trust. I sincerely believe that if the car had not

taken fire I could have protected the treasure from the robbers. But as soon as I saw that from the robbers. But as soon as I saw that it was on fire I made up my mind that for-ther resittance was impossible. I crawled to the door, and, putting my hands out, indi-cated that I gave in. But it seems that the robbers had not fully agreed upon the point as to whether I was to be killed or not. I heard one of them say: "Kill the _____," and finally, when they got hold of me, they were still discussing the matter in that kind of language. It made me very uneasy.

When I was commanded to open the safe one of them said to me: "Open up or we will kill you." As I did not have the key I could not do so, and so informed them. Then the gun was placed to my head, and I was told that if I uid not open up the box at once I would be hustled into eternity. I thought I was gone, but they let me live. In this they were quite reasonable.

The Unkindest Cut of All.

But the unkindest thing of all was when But the unkindest thing of all was when the robbers politely requested me to assist them in getting the con off at a safe distance from the train, after they had secured it. I was feeling very bad about then. I felt as though I had lost something—just what I did not know. I had been very numerously shaken up, and was slightly disfigured, though still in the ring. When I did as commanded, picked up a sack of coin and started to move with it, I fell down. Then one robber stepped up, and taoping me in no gentle manner with his

ten down. Then one robber stepped up, and tapping me in no gentle manner with his gun, he bade me move on. Although feeling decidedly groggy, I again rose and stepped forward. Again 1 feil. Then the same rob-ber put the barrel of his pistol into my mouth, and using some very bad languaga bade me arise and "get a move on me." I did so with all possible celerity. I believe that I hate that may with about as intense a hatred as it is possible for any one to bate hatred as it is possible for any one to hate another. I hope that all of the robbers will be captured, but more particularly do I want that mae captured that put the gun in my mouth. When I felt the barrel touching my lips I want to say I felt nervous.

Troopers Not in It.

Speaking of men who have a command of busphemous language, 1 think that in this art the Collis robbers wore far, far advanced. I have heard men swear before whom I

an even and perfect stitch at different speeds, Sold by Geo. Lancaster & Co., 514 S. 16th st.



Omaba has five public parks.

Omaha has sixty-five miles of paved

Omaha has ninety-two miles of sewers. There are sixty public schools, employing 298 teachers.

There are twenty-two church and private schools, employing 152 teachers. The school consus shows over 30,956 chil-

dren of school age, Omaha is a city of churches, having 115 nouses of raligious worshin.

There are sixty-live hotels. There are thirteen trunk lines of railway,

covoring 38,233 miles of road operated from Omaha. One hundred and thirty passenger rains arrive daily.

Omaha has the largest smalter in the world. Omaha has the largest linseed oil works in

the United States. Omaha is the third largest packing center in the world. Last year the stock receipts were: Cattle, 2,538,793; hogs, 7,160,805; sheep, 783,865.

Omaha has the largest distillery in the world and three of the largest breweries in the United States.

Omaha has the largest white lead works n the world.

Aside from the packing houses Omaha has 160 manufacturing enterprises with a com-bined capital of \$5,935,000. Last year their

products amounted to \$33,000,000 The principal shops of the Union Pacific railway are located in Omaha. They cover fifty acres of ground and represent an out-ay of \$2,500,000. They furnish employment to 1,300 skilled mechanics and 200 day labor-

During the year 1891 the real estate trans-

fers amounted to \$15,929,821. The actual real estate valuation is \$250,000, 000, while the assessment for taxation is

based on a one-tenth valuation. Omaha has twenty banks, of which nine are national, eight savings and three are state banks.

During 1891 the clearings were \$221,128,-

The postofiles receipts for the year were \$264,558.29. This department gave employ-ment to forty-six clerks and sixty-six carriers

Omaha has one of the most complete water works systems in the world. The plant cost \$7,000,000 and has 170 miles of mains. The pumping capacity is 85,009,000 gallons daily. There are ninety-five miles of street rail-way, mainly electric. The system employs

600 men and operates 273 cars. The monthly pay coll is \$40,000. 16.08 39,50 61,83 14 .45



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