PERILS OF PIONEER PERIOD

Raid of the Little Blue Valley by the Cheyennes in '64

INDIAN OUTRAGES AT EUBANK'S RANCH

Struggles of Settler and Redskin on the Old California Trail in Nebraska-Rapine and Retribution Rapid -The Passing of Lo.

In an article published in THE BEE a few weeks since under the caption "The Old California Train," the statement was made that that now historic readway was a pathway through a graveyarl and that every mile had been marked by the grave of some one who had fallen the victim of the murderous savagery of the Indians or succumbed to the many dangers incident to overland The statement was not an exaggerated one and hundreds of instances may be cited in corroboration. No his-Nebraska that has or will ever be written will contain onehalf of the stories of war and rapine waged by the hostile denizens of the plains against the men who formed the advance guard of western civilization. A few references in the pages of history, a few magazine and new-paper articles and a plethora of alleged adventures printed in the liction, make up the annals of the plains.

One of the most ferocious attacks made upon the pioneers of the state of Nepraska occurred in August, 1864, and is known among the old settlers as the "Chevenne raid of the Little Blue valley." Its history has never been fully written, and never will be, for the reason that so many of the men and women who might have told the story in all the detairs of its norror perished at the hands of the Indians.

Beauties of the Little Blue.

No part of Nebraska is more beautiful or more fertile than the valley of the Little Blue river. This little stream has its origin in the eastern part of Kearney county. Its course is generally to the southeast, and it wends a rambling course through Adams, cuts off a cerner of Clay, passes through part of Nuckolls and Thayer and finally loses its identity in the Big Blue at or near the city of Fairbury in Jefferson county. The matural advantages of the Little Blue valley led John C. Fremont to make it a part of the overland route to the mountains, and consequently the old California trail followed the velley its entire length from a spot near the present town of Alexandria almost the dis-tance to Fort Kearney.

The fact that the Little Blue valley was a

part of the great route across the plains enabled it to be settled in advance of other parts of interior Nebraska, and at the time of which we write settlements had been made at Rig Sandy, Eubank's ranch, Spring ranch, Pawnee ranch and Liberty farm. Ben Holiiday's overland stages made steps at all of these places and not infrequently detachments of United States troops were located at some of the points for the better p rotection of the emigrant trains daily massing over the plains. Several companies of Dhio volunteers were located here and at least one company made up of confederate prisoners was pressed into service to make life and property more secure in the little

Chevennes Take the War Path.

In the latter part of July, 1861, the Chey-enne Indians left their country at the headwaters of the Sciomen river in western Kansas and took the war path. There were at least 1,600 of them, and they were under command of Black Kettle, White Antelope, I'wo Face and One-Eyed George Bent. The latter was the half-breed son of Colonel Ben', whose name was at one time familiar in western military annuls, and, like many other half breeds, he was more ferocious and daring than the Indians whose blood flowed

Almost the first place rayaged by the Cheyennes after reaching this state was the little settlement at Plum Creek, now the site of the town of Lexington in Dawson county. Hero several people were killed and one or two wagon trains destroyed. Con-Unuing their way eastward the savages de flected to the scuthward in order to avoid any possible collision with the troops at Fort Kearney, and then entered upon their wor of destruction in the Little Blue val-ley. The settlers were murdered, their wives and daugnters ravished and carried into captivity, little and carried into captivity, little

ranches burned. The reaskins traversed the entire length of the valley before setting their faces to the westward again. They then struck across the country to the valley of the Republican and rapidly retreated to the western part of the state. Here they separated into two bands, one returning to the headwaters of the Solomon with Black Kettle and One-Eved George Bent, and the other penetrating far to the northward under command of Two Face. The latter band finally went into winter quarters at the base of the Black Hills.

An Incident in Adams County.

In the southern part of Adams county a tragic incident occurred, the facts of which are corroborated by evidence collected by the writer. Two men, whose names are for ever lost to history, started overland with two wagons loaded with machinery to be used in a quartz mill in the mining regions of the mountains. Their journey had been without incident until they passed Spring ranch. The day after leaving the latter place they encamped for the night at a point on the trail where the latter crosses Pawnee creek, about five unless south of the city of Hustings. During the night they were at-tacked by a band of the Cheyenne manuders and killed. Their horses and mules were ran off and the wagon train burned. The next day their bedies were found and

buried by a detachment of soldiers from the fort. Learning of the incident afterwards, Prof. Davis of the Hastings public schools and a Dr. Perry, also of that city, made a thorough investigation of the ground upon which the massacre occurred. This was in the winter of 1879. Their search was re-warded by the discovery of the graves of the two men. The bodies were exhumed and the skulls removed. One of the skulls taken by the physician, while Prof. the professor removed to Colton, Cal., and before leaving Hustings he presented the skull to the museum at Hastings college, where it was yet to be seen to be seen the where it was yet to be seen to be seen the last time the writer visited that institution.

Attacked by Regular Soldiers. At Pawnee ranch the Cheyennes were atcavairy, under the command of Captain E. P. Murphy. The detachment consisted of 150 men and carried two pieces of light ar-ullery; but the troops were so greatly out-numbered by the savages that they were de-feated after a desporate conflict. The com-mand with difficulty made its way back to Fort Kearney. In the southwestern part of Cottonwood township, in Adams county, there are yet to be seen the graves of eleven soldiers, and it is believed that they were killed in this engagement with the Cacyennes, although the writer has never been able to ascertain the fact with any degree of

certainty. Near Pawnee ranch a wagon train of seventy wagons was attacked, the men killed and the train destroyed. The train was loaded principally with a large consign-ment of dry goods and the Indians had scattered the calice, flannel, richons and other articles of domestic economy over the prairies for several miles. Taking one end of a boit of cieth the facetious redskin would put his pony on a gallop and reel the goods off in long streamers until the prairies looked as if they had been decorated with parti-colored bunting in honor the offsuccess of the attack upon the whites.

Beriftry at Eubauk's Rauch.

It was at Eubank's ranch that the Chevrunes perpetrated their most dastardly out-ages. Eubank came to the Little Blue Valley from Ohio to take charge of the sta-tion on Ben Holliday's overland stage route. With him came his wife, a young lady named Mary Rober, a servant girl and several small children. The bly stages made regu-lar stops at Eubank's and the place was one of the well known settlements on the overland route. The Cheyennes came down upon the places like a whirlwind and without warning. Eubank was staked

out on the prairie and subjected to the most borrible torture. His heard was plucked out by the roots, a fire built upon his breast and as the flames slowly ate their way into his vitals his body was backed to pleces. Then when life had been hearly beaten and burned out his body was shot full of arrows and left for the prowling coyotes. The serv-ant girl was subjected to innignities too hor-rible to describe and her dead and naked body left on the ground. The little children were picked up by the heels and their brains dashed out against the sides of the log cable which had been their shelter. Mrs. Eubank and Miss Roper were also subjected to torture worse than death and then strapped to the backs of ponies and carried away for a fete not to be described. Then leaving the burning buildings of the ranch the Coey-ennes turned their faces to the westward. and after several days of hard riding, were

Ransomed by Tom Moonlight.

As soon as cossible the military authorities at Forts Kearney and Laramic took steps to punish the marauding Cheyennes, but it was not for several mosths that the expeditions against the savages were organized and placed in the field. General Tom Moonlight, afterwards governor of Wyoming, was then in command of the district of Colorado. Early in the winter of 1864-65 he learned that two white women were held as cap-tives by a band of Chevennes under the com-mand of Two Face, then in winter quarters in the Black Hills country. As soon as pos-sible he opened communication with Two Face and finally agreed to pay a liberal ransom of ponies, blankets, flour, etc., for the return of the women. By the terms of the agreement Two Face and two of his suoordinate chiefs brought the women to Fort Laramie. To the everlasting credit of Tom Moonlight be it said that he paid the ransom agreed upon and then took Two Face and his companions to a canyon near the fort and

hanged them until they were dead.

The women proved to be Mrs. Eubank and Miss Mary Roper. They told a story that curdled the blood of the gallant Moonlight and his brother officers. They had been kept for the sport of Two Face and his lecterous companions and at the same time were com-pelled to perform the most degrading acts of servitude by the squaws of the camp. Their bodies were covered with the marks of constant beatings, and they appeared to be at least twenty years older than when taken into captivity but a few short months before. Mrs. Enbank was restored to her friends in Ohio while Mark Personal Control of the captivity of the camp. Their captivity of the camp. Their bodies were covered to be captivity of the camp. Their bodies were covered to be captivity of the camp. Their bodies were covered with the marks of constant the captivity of the camp. Their bodies were covered with the marks of constant the captivity of the capti Ohio, while Miss Roper returned to Ne-braska and is today the happy wife of a prominent citizen in one of the best known cities of the state.

Punished the Rest of the Band.

In the meantime an expedition was sent into Kansas to punish the band of Chevennes under the command of Black Kettle and One Eyed George Bent. The expedition conristed of three companies of the First Colorado and a detachment of the First Colorado regiments, the former being commanded by Colonel J. M. Chivington and the latter by Colonel George Shoun. The redskins were finally located at Sand creek, 110 miles southeast of Denver, and by making a forced march of forty miles through the darkness the camp was appropried to darkness the camp was surprised in the early morning in November, 1894. The Indians taken by surprise were unable to make any resistance, and they were shot down by scores, men, women and children suffering death alike in the confusion of the early morning charge. The warriors were completely punic-stricken, and those that could sprang upon their ponies and made their escape. Black Kettle escaped seriously wounded, but among the dead bodies left on no plains was that of One Eyed George Bent, the greatest rascal of them all.

This was the last time the Cheyennes made anything like a serious effort to drive back the settlements in Nebraska. The Pawnees made a similar attempt a year later and their devastation of the Platte val-ley forms the last chapter in the history of Indian warfare in this state. C. F. R.

RELIGIOUS.

The American Baptist Missionary union is pleaged to secure \$1,000,000 before April 1 as a centennial mission fund. The union will have to scratch pretty lively if success crowns this effort, from the present outlook. Four hundred and fifty Catholic papers are published in Germany, including ninety-

The name of the Lane Theological Semiary professor now on trial in Cincinnati for heresy is Henry Preserved Smith, but when Reserved Smith.

Protestant Christians of the United States expend \$84,000,000 appually in Christian evangelization. Four millions of this goes to foreign lands. By the will of Mrs. Coles, which has just

been admitted to probate in New York, the cathedral of St. John the Divine receives the munificent sum of \$100,000. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis has re-ceived instructions from Rome to appoint a

roadjutor. The venerable prelate has now reached an age that renders this action necessurv. The late Amos Shinkle of Covington, Ky., gave \$1,000,000 to various Method-ist churches in the course of his life and was for years a Sunday school teacher.

The estate he left is valued at \$2,500,000. He had only one child, a son, who survives him, but was not present at his death. Of the Rey, Mary T. Whitney, who has lately accepted a call to the pulpit of the Second Unitarian church in Somerville, Mass., they tell this story: Her husband

was once preaching for a society then with-without a pastor and was complemented on his sermon. "Do you call that a good ser-mon!" he replied. "You should hear my wife." They decided that they would hear his wife, and the result was a unanimous call to the vacant pulpit. Rev. Mr. McBride, a Methodist minister of Tennessee, was recently a director of a national bank which held some whisky as se-

curity for loans. So charges against him were laid before the conference on the ground that he was aiding and abetting the sale of intoxicating liquors. But after scratching its head over the question, so to speak, the conference decided that any action in the case would be inadvisable.

At the thirtieth anniversary of the Evan-relical Education society, recently celebrated at Baltimore, the treasurer's reshowed receipts from all sources \$14,827,12, and a balance of \$1,507,71. During the year \$3,350 had been added to the trust fand, and the society is in daily expectation of the re-ceipt of \$5,000 more for this fund, bringing it up to nearly \$100,000. The number of dents the past year has been greater than usual.

It is told in a English religious journal that a clorgyman recently officiated for a brother clergyman. Being anxious to know what impression he had made, he asked the what it. "Was my discourse pitched in too bigual clerk, "Was my discourse pitched in too bigual key! I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people." "No, you didn't do that sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" asked the ciergy-man. "Yes, it was about right." "Was it too long!" "No, but it was long enough." too long! "No, but it was long enough." "I am giad of that, for, to tell you the truth, the other day, as I was gotting this sormen ready, my dog destroyed four or five pages, and that has made it much shorter," 'Oh, sir," said the clork, "could you let our vicar have a pup o' that 'ere dor!'

Rector-What anthem are you going to sing after the sermon! I want something particularly appropriate. Choirmaster—Well, we have been rehearsing the "Awake, Awake!" of Sir John Stainer. How will that do!

City Minister Do you actually tell me that your congregation ordures sermons three-quarters of an hour long i Country Minister-Yes. They did insist for a while that, on the salary they paid me, I ought to preach an hour, but I managed to

get the time reduced.

A parson who had a call from a little coun-A parson who had a call from a little country parts to a large and wealthy one in a big city asked time for prayer and consideration. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street. "How is it, Josiah," said the neighbor, "Is your father going to B?" "Well," answered the youngster judiciously, "paw is still prayin" for light, but most of "paw is still prayin" for light, but most the things is packed "

On the way to church: Mr. Hopps-How much shall I put in the contribution box! Mrs. Hobbs - Wait and see. If that odious Mrs. Jennings is looking, put in a \$2 oill. If not a nicket will do.

"Is your daughter a good musician?" asked the clergyman who was making a call. "Undoubtedly" replied the foud mother. "She plays nothing but hymns."

CHELSEA AND ITS MEMORIES

Features of the Famous London Neighborhood Where Thomas Carlyle Lived.

WRAITHS THAT HAUNT GREAT CHEYNEROW

Where the Literary Lights of Two Generations Shone Brightest-Old Cheisea Hospital and its War-scarred Fea-

stouces-Some Notable Men.

LONDON, Nov. 14 - (Correspondence of The BEE. !- A good book could be written about the fork who bays loved and known old Chelsea whom we have known and loved for what they did for the world.

Many years ago I saw one of these fold on a London bus and had a good hour's study of him as a curious character without knowing who he was. He first attracted my attention by his generally dishevoled and thrown-together appearance. When he entered the 'ous he held a copy of the London Times in one hand and dragged a very old bit of a traveling rug in the other. He stapped the fatter over his knees as no sat down, glared at the passengers savagely and immediately closed his eyes and began a peculiar motion of his mouth that seemed like a nervous chewing of his nether lip.

He was a scraggy, and it then seemed to me au til-kempt, man, out of serts with all the world. I mentally endeavered to prace him. Perhaps he is one of those seedy old cierks so wondrously pictured by Diegeas, thought I. He may be a miserly old bachelor who daily tumbles out of his lodgings and into his work and back again, never knowing change, sleeping in his clothing, mum-mical to overything on earth but his ledgers and his desk. If he have a wife and family, he cuffs the children, warns the cook, abuses the housemaid and "blows up" his wife before leaving his habitation, and this particular morning he has made them understand who is master with greater vehemence than

Pretty soon he seemed to awake with a start, giared again at his fellow passengers, and, giving his bony knees a vicious twist away from proximity to an elderly fat woman who sat beside him, plunged into his paper as though so far he had overlooked his duty of discovering, capturing and punishing some sort of sedition within. Sure enough

It Was Thomas Carlyle.

dHe scanned the editorial page for a moment, smushed the paper together with his knuckly hands, dropped it upon the ous floor, and pawing it back beneath his feet, for some time gave it a nervous kind of pounding which plainly told his sentiments for the balderdash he had discovered. Then he fell to chewing again with his eyes quite closed, and shortly awoke with a start to lange toward the door and soundly berate the conductor for carrying him past his destination. I could not hear all of this scolding; but it brought traffle on the Strand o a standstill; and then the scraggy, hairy, tumbleu-up, loose-jointed old man disap-peared among the cabs and busses, a tangiote, irasciple Altercation with a Scotch disect, prompting from drivers as he passed the choicest blackguard quips and quirks that roll from London drivers' roady tongues. The incident left a smile on nearly every face in the omnibus. A pleasant-faced man

face in the omnibus. A pleasant-laced mae sitting beside me, noticing my look of in-quiry and rightly judging my nationality, kindly solved the mystery. "My dear sir," he said with almost an air of pride, "he's a brave literary man, that. He wasn't born in England, but he's the biggest man in it. When you get back to America you can tell the Yankees you've seen old Thomas Car-

I never saw him again. But the London neident of long ago made me a student of Carlyle—one of the most difficult tasks of my life; and, from much reading, many pligrimages to his birth and burnal place, up there in dreary Ecclefechan, and to other British localities which his strange personality and genius made something like shrines, I have come to love his memory, and, especially, to have an affection for the place where for half a lifetime he struggled, contended, railed, as-saulted, defended, suffered and repented in his numble and imperial, niggardly and noble

That place is Cheisea. It is London now. You cannot find a break in all the great masses of solid structures from the densest part of the Borough out to old Chelsea, and for many miles beyond. Yet the Chelsen region is still most charmingly distinct. You know insensibly when you come to it. You feel, without being told, that you have crossed its boundaries on leaving it. Without participating in its memories, knowing none of its history, if you were set down within it, its lovely, leafy, somnoleat air bas the very spirit and hush of lingering noble presences. You daily and idle upon the streets as if ed by the unconscious pleasant compa ionship, as if held by the gentle hand of reminiscence. In the very heart of this pleasantest of

the London outer districts, Thomas and Jane Weish Carlyle literally battled along toweish Carlyle Reraily battled along to-gether from the 10th day of October, 1834, until Mrs. Carlyle's sad and strange death in her brougham in Hydo park, in April, 1866. The lonely old soul that was left remained rather than lived in the same house to the end. And I somehow believe that the 47 years' staving of the sage of Ecclefechan in No. 5 Great Chevne row has thrown more of a poetic glamor over old Chelsea than all the ther famous and great who have come and

Materially, Sir Thomas More originally made Chelsea. Carlyle rounds out its fame. Vast fields of history and romance lie between. This "pore nouse in Chelchith," as the ancient records speak of the home of Sir Thomas More, was not so humble an habita-tion after all. It had a great porch, many fine windows, dezens of gables, a pretty tower, splendid gardens for the time, and beides housing the happiest family living in England in the sixteenth century was so attractive a place, though then far away from London, that Queen Mary was "moved to purchase it:" the garrulous Erasmus found it a hospitable retreat; and King found it a hospitable retreat; and King Henry VIII often came up the Thames in his royal barge to debark and stroll to this first old Chelsea mansion with his arm lovingly around the neck of More, which his heads-man's ax severed one July morning a little

Cheisea Hospital. Lying along the northern bank of the Thames, to the west of the city, Chelsea proper may be said to begin on the east at the famous Chelsea hospital of Brish pensioners. The magnificent Thames emuankment forms the shore edge here, and near the Botanic gardens becomes Cheyne walk, which continues a mile or so to Battersea bridge. In this two or three imles distance, about the center of which is the Carlyle neighborhood, and extending back from the river to the depth of a mile or more, there are wondrously quaint old structures, clumps of ancient cottages covered with vines and embedded in greenery, Elizabethan mansions by the score with monstrous chimneys and gray old gables, winding lanes leading from the Thames, where once were the water stairs and picturesque fisher huts, bits of venerable park and moley gardens over-

shadowed by prim modern rows, where the aristocracy have crowded in upon the older haunts of literature and art, and cobwended inas innumerable. Chelsea hospital itself is a world of memories not only of British history afield, but of the time of Charles II., of old King James' college, of Sir Stephen Fox, and of wayward though kindhearted Neil Gwynne. And as to the pensioners themselves, Chelsea would hardly be Chelsea without Struggling along its shady thorough fares, sitting bent and slient on sunny benches, leaning against wimpling fountains or vases and statues, resting as composedly as house owners on steps and in vestibules, or stumping gravely along with orders to this or that servant, as if this or that servant, as if long habit had given them supervisory rights over the daily affairs of residents, they irresistibly suggest bevies of creaking cockatoos turned loose in park and

garden, each one querulously harping upon some faucied grievauce or delight.

At the western side of the hospital still stands Sir Robert Walpoie's house, almost precisely as it stood when he all but ruled England through the two Georges, First and Second. It is now a portion of the hospital



infirmary. It was to this old red brick mansion that Walpole's rival, Bolingbroke, came to ding and half choken for his choier; where Swift and Gay came to get material for satire; and where Pope came with scandal of

his past amours and, probably, to beg for assistance in others.

Chelsea Neighborhoods. Not far from the hospital, over in the northeast corner of Cheisea, is a little green oval like a pretty emerald lozenge, around which crowd some very ancient two story brick houses. The windows are little, the panes are little, the steps, scrapers and knockers are little, but always bright and

knockers are little, but always bright and clean, and it seems that every face you see at the tiny panes is little and snappy and old, like all elso in this venerable Hans place. At one of these bits of habitations, precisely like all the rest, was born the poetess, L. E. L. But two doors away, in another box of a house, she went to school. another box of a house, she went to school Her school fellows were the East Indian writer, Miss Roberts, and Lady Caroline Lamb. Years after, here were also educated other famous women: Lady Bulwer, Miss Mitford, and the best and tenderest of all writers upon Ireland, Mrs. S. C. Hall.
The one-time famous Cremorne gardens at

the western edge of Cheisca has special in-terest to Americans. A granddaughter of William Penn, named Philadelphia from the city of her birth, became the second wife of Viscount Cremorne. Outliving her husband, she inherited the beautiful grounds once known as "Chel-sea farm." Granville Penn, once lord of the Stoke Pogis manor, where Gray lived and wrote the "Elegy," fell heir to the property and sold it to the Cremorne gardens corporation. Wicked enough it grow in time. De-corous associations retrieved it, and an innoent nursery garden now veils its unballowed site and memories.

At least three antient tayerns in the neighborhood have peculiar old time interest Two, one at the western and the other at the eastern edge of the parish, are directly associated with Nell Gwynne. That to the west in which I found a noble sort of publican, and, oddly enough, a cousin of that rampant little pugliist whose skiff of tongue has never been defeated. Charley Mitchell, was built by Charles II. as a home for his favorite. It was from the windows of this house, now a resort of Chelsea pensioners, that Nell's eyes 'ooked in upon the the then fine meadows of King James' college, in her dream, when she saw the beautiful palace rise with its 1,000 chambers out of which "divers many old and wornout soldlermen" came and cried, "God bless King Charles!" which led to the merciful founding of the splendid

The other associated with the fame of the pretty orange girl is a sedate old frookery at the western side of Cholsea. It is called the "Nell Gwynne tavern," and many a rare tradition of Charles' campanion lingers about the mellow old place. Another curious in still in existence is the "Prince of Wales," at the corner of Lawrence street and Justice walk, but a square's distance from the old Carlyle home in Great Cheyne row.

Cheisea was once made known through the artistic world for its famous china. For the forty years after 1745 its china works, which stood on the site of the 'Prince of Wales,' turned out a product equal to that of Sevres. In the celiars of the inn you can see the remains of the ovens and baking rooms, just as they were abandoned. Samuel Johnson was suddenly possessed of the idea that he could as easily make china as a dictionary; and the doughty old scholar but unskilled native workman for a long time came here daily to spoil good material, his faithful housekeeper trudging after him with a huge basket containing his daily food. In Great Cheyne row Smollett lived, long before Carlyle came, and here he wrote "Ferdinand Count Fathom" and fluished Hume's "History of England;" while George

Ellot died in a house near Carlyle's in the same modest little thoroughfare. Chelsea old church, one of the sweetest old places in Londen, overlooks the Thames but a few rods distance. Here you will find the black me-merial slab of Sir Thomas More. Lady Ducre. Lady Jane Cheyne and the duchess of Northumberland, three of Chelsen's for mer grand ladies, lie beneath monuthe church; while Charles, George and Heavy Kingsley, once lived in its rec-tory with their father, who had received the "living" from Lord Cadogan.

Wraiths of the Row.

In Cheyne walk along the river side lived Turner, the painter. Rossetti lived and sang here among his birds and flowers. Leigh Hunt's gypsylike home, of which Carlyis has left inimitable description, was just around the corner from Great Cheyne row. Queen Elizabeth used to visit the eari of Shrewsbury at Shrews-bury house just back of Chevne Queen Engageth used to visit the earl of Shrewsbury at Shrewsbury house just back of Cheyne walk. The poet George Herbert dwelt in the same neighborhood; and at a little barber shop, coffee house and qualit museum, called "Don Saltero's" by the wits of the time in honor of its grave nebody proprietor, one Sait, who "brewed divine coffee and shaved with equal terror," Rich-ard Cromwell, Steele and Addison and Benjamin Franklin, who worked in a printing shop in Bartholomew close near by, came to get shaved and to joiter over their coifes, "where the literati then sat in council."
Long and pleasant is one's loitering here.

If you come many days or but one, an end-less host of wraiths of worthles start up un-bidden in your wanderings. If once or many times you depart, you will ever insensibly be drawn at parting to the gray old habitations of Great Cheyne row. The windows of all overlook the turbulent river, darkening Battersea at its farther shore, and the pleasant villages upon the hills of Surrey beyond. At a window of one, it matters not who lives there now, your fancy reasont hot see a there now, your fancy cannot but see a shaggy, sturdy, haggard face. Its gray, defiant but sorrowful eyes are sifted across the turbulent river, and rest beyond the nills upon that material and spiritual Light that somewhere ever brings the blessed morning time.

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MS B. COPE, Omro, Wis		205 **	135
Franklin, III.	424	293 "	1.26
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