ANCIENT YEW TREE'S SHADE

Beneath Which Gray's Immortal Elegy Was Actually Written.

WAY TO WORDSWORTH'S OLDEN HOME

A British Official in Petticoats-Whale Driv ing by Native Shetlanders-The Merry Washerwoman of Madrid-Drudging at 25 Cents a Day.

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LONDON, Jan. 16.—[Special to The Bee.]-It has been pretty well settled by literary ferrets that Gray actually composed a por tion if not the whole of his immortal Elegy while sitting in the south porch of the old Stoke Pogis church, beneath the "yew tree's

It is one of my favorite tramps from London to this spot in sunny weather, as there is hardly a sweeter or more restful place in all England; and I love to sit where Gray sat, beneath the yew tree's shade, and muse on the outet and hallowed surroundings. In this way the famous yew tree of Stoke Pogis churchyard has come to possess for me a most loving and precious interest. There is no record of its age; but as it was already a tree of mature growth when Gray wrote, in a churchyard between 400 and 500 years old. its antiquity must be considerable even for the yew, which in England attains to most

venerable age.
It stands fifty feet south of the old stone south porch of the church. Its top has been repeatedly cut away to preserve the tree, which is still about thirty feet in height. The girth of the trunk is a trifle over twelve feet and its huge spreading branches, reachto the north, almost touch the roof tiling of the church above the porch, while towards the south and southeast fully a dozen branches from fifty to sixty feet long sweep to the ground or softly tap the headstones of the ancient graves. I should think that from 300 to 400 persons could stand beneath its gentle shade.

If you were wandering north to the main coach road from Windormere to Keswick, in the county of Westmoreland, England, a steep wide readway to the right and east would attract your attention. From the enclosures on either side huge beech trees and sycamores push tremendous arms across the walls and completely cover the way. It is as shadowy as twilight here. You will not have passed a score of rods up this high arched nature's aisle until the sounds from the highway-the rumbling of the stages the laughter of gay tourists and even the notes of the coach horns—are stilled. In summer the place is thronged with birds Even these irreverent choristers seem as if subdued and ruminative here. In autumn your feet sink in feathery masses of pale golden leaves. It seems a long time that you have been traversing these few rods; all is so hushed and still.

Ascending a little further there is a break in the foliage to your right. Some huge gates are seen. A lodge stands just beyond, and suddenly the splendid facades of Rydai Hall, the seat of the Le Flemings, appear above the luxuriant shrubbery of its splendid park. Higher still you climb, and where the dark roadway seems to make a final circle over the brow of the hill to the left you pause to listen. Something like low and hesitant organ notes is murmuring in minor chords, while a gay and joyous treble plays in exultant tones above. Ah! you remember. These are the voices of the two cascades of Rydal. Their songs were sung to the poet words, and the poet words, and the poet words, and the poet words.

Wordsworth for forty years.

Between the Littledale falls and the Westmorland hills, in the Lune valley of Lancashire. England, in one of my recent wanderings in the lake district I came upon an interesting British government official. This official was a woman. You could not, and she would not, tell whether she was forty or eighty years of age. In other re-spects she was exceedingly chatty and friendly. She was nearly six feet tall. Her frame was like a man's, and so was her face. She could outwalk any yeoman of the hills, and was firm and hard as iron. She wore hob-nailed boots, a short heavy skirt of nome spinning and weaving, an un-der-jacket of corduroy and the grotesque short-skirted, red-stripped blue coat and reg-ulation cap of the British postman.

I have pride in my own achievements as a walker, but I could not keep in pace with this woman for a half-mile. Before I had, puffing and panting, fallen behind her for rest and rumination, I had learned that this faithful body had carried the British mails, often being laden with from fifty to eighty pounds of post parcels for delivery, over twenty miles every week-day for the past twenty-one years. As I sat on a rock by the roadside thinking the matter over, as she disappeared with a fine strong stride that I envied. I could not be in fearning the envied, I could not help figuring out with my stick in the chalky dust of the stony that she had already walked nearly the distance of five times the earth's circumforence for the pittance of 10 shillings per week, or but £546 for the entire term of twenty are a strangered.

twenty-one years drudgery!

A few mornings since I heard some pride-A few mornings since I heard some pride-ful conversation between "cheery" London costermongers and Covent Garden porters, which I afterward found to be true, showing that two of the most famous singers London has ever known, reached fame through the peculiar and hard training originally secured among the lowly of their ilk. Albert Chevallier, now the greatest of living character impersonators, practically lived among the costers for years; and the marvelous fidelity of his songs and impersonations of coster life and character were wholly gained in this manner. Sims Reeves, the one tenor who for nearly half a century held all the song levers of Britain enslaved, once "carried the knot," that is, the head pad, of a Covent Garden porter, and got his start as a singer in the former foul dens within the sound of

When your tourist fancy leads you into Scotland, go further. It is but a little sea-jaunt from Aberdeen, Peterhead or Wick to the Shetland islands. Their people are very becaute. hospitable, possessing many pleasant ancient customs, and there is no end to modern historic and pagan monuments of strange and curious interest. Not the least of your pleasures there will be witnessing a "drive o ca'ing whales," which you are almost certain to do, if your visit to the islands happens in

The Peterhead and other whaling ships formerly completed their crews at Lerwick, and these times were always periods of great activity. Of late years Shetland's interest in whaling has been principally confined to deliving the driving the monsters ashore. This exciting work is often tremendously profitable. In 1845 a great shoal of 1,540 "ca'ing" whales were driven ashore in Quendale Bay, the southernmost bay of Shetland, lying be-tween Sumberg and fitful Heads; and in June, two years ago, a shoal of several hundred was successfully landed on the east

coast.

Until quite recently these shore whalers were illy requited for their captures. The financially emniverous landlerd, called the "laird" here, true to his octopus instincts, claimed the right, up to 1839, to tax the poor Shetlanders one-half of the entire proceeds of all whales driven into shoal water oppo-site, or upon the shores of, their domain; "a sort of riparian right on the Almighty for what was sent to save men from starvation on account of rents and other burdens imposed by the 'laird' himself," an old Shetlander explained to me.

As the value of the blubber will average the mer ton, the "laird" often thus secured.

\$30 per ton, the "laird" per ton, the "laird" often thus secured im \$2,000 to \$5,000 as his "right" in a single catch. From 1830 to 1838 the "lairds" were considerate enough to rob the whalers of but one-third. In September of that year the claim was resisted in the courts; the whalers won their cause; and the "lairds" have since been compelled to content them-selves with the measure. selves with the meager enjoyment of wit-nessing, rather than profiting by, the hazard-

ous work.

When a drove of "ca'ing" whales appear on the coast, the news spreads like oil-drops on marble. As the whole town of St. Ives. Cornwall, goes mad when a sheal of pilchers is sighted, so does every live Shetlander, design to a wedding. sert every other vocation, even to a wedding to join in the "drive." A rush is made by the men for the boats, while women and children wildly collect guns, ammunition, harpoons, scythes, lances, knives and even bags of stone, indeed anything portable which may assist in the hoped-for destruc-

The whalers make all haste and splendid tunning in getting between the whales and the open sea. Their fleet of all manner of craft then gradually closes in upon the "pack" or "drove," directing by the splendid maneuvers of the different boats the course of the whales to a shallow bay. So expert are these Shetland whalers in driving that a shoal of whates is seldom lost if time is given for forming the "drive" well outside the "drove." If the whales once enter the chosen bay their pursuers come to close quarters and then the conflict begins. Finding the waters becoming shallow the

terrified whales endeavor to make for the open sea, but are met at every point by a perfect wall of boats, altogether filled with hundreds and sometimes thousands of men, seemingly desperate in their efforts at capture; and he howling shouting screaming, lashing of the water, discharging of fire arms, stone throwing and rushing to and fro of the equally desperate whales, form as exciting a scene as one ever witnessed outside a genuine field of battle. Occasionally a few break through the line and escape. As a rule the school is doomed. Once driven into shoal water where they can only flounder in mighty struggles, or high and dry on land, where they often tess themselves in their mad efforts to escape, their butchery, which is always a savage and sickening sight, proceeds with wonderful dispatch. In their bloody work the hardy and powerful Shetland women take a gleeful and almost frenas one ever witnessed outside and women take a gleeful and almost fren

The dripping thing they call a river, the Manzanares, at Madrid, Spain, comes down from the cold, gray heights to the north and winds half way around the city from the northwest to the southeast. What water flows through it breaks in sandy shallows, forming innumerable islands and curiously forming mnumerable islands and curiously bounded strips of land, all accessible at most seasons by any barefoot boy or girl; and it is an odd fact that though there are two vast and pretentious bridges across it, the Puente de Segovia, nearly 700 feet long with nine arches, designed by the architect Herrera, and the Puente de Toledo, nearly 400 in length, crowned by the statues of San Isidro and his holy wife its sole was to the city of and his holy wife, its sole use to the city of Madrid is that of an endlessly used and all

sufficient washtub. Ten thousand women seak and splash and ouse and beat the linen of Madrid within its scant waters every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these Manzanares lavanders are permitted to labor as laundresses; and for three miles up and down the stream, from opposite the infantry and artillery barracks upon the heights of Montana del Principe, past the heights of Montana del Principe, pas-the windows of the queen regent's apart-ments in the royal palace, and circling around away beyond Toledo Gate, the mov-ing dots of red and blue, yellow and gray, comprise this great army of Amazons with arms and legs on them like tree trunks; with voluptuous breasts and shapely necks; hard muscled and bronzed as Turks; the most arduous toilers, the wickedest blackguards, and withal the sunniest tempered souls in

spain.

There are three grades in this labor. They the overseers or are the mistresses, or amas, the overseers or ayudantas, and the lavanderas themselves. All are women. The first are the agents who receive the work from the hotels, great houses, and the city agencies in huge and are responsible for its safe return. ayudantas or overseers, are really the fore-women of from a dozen to a score of lavanderus each; and they are responsible or work placed in their hands by the amas At five in the morning, winter and summer, lavanderas will be seen, many of them with children trundling beside them, creeping along from the barrios abajoa or lower quarters of the city towards the Manza-

Near the river is an asilo or asylum, a refuge for their children. Here the lav-andera first deposits her charges where they have food, care and training free, until she returns for the little ones at alght. Then she saunters to a venta de lavandera, or cheap washerwoman's inn and takes her copeta of brandy, or cup of coffee, and at once repairs to her own banca, or little washingbox or station, provided for each washer. By 6 o'clock you might count each washer. By 6 o'clock you might count from 5,000 to 8,000 of these strange creatures

sloping, sandy banks are covered with drying poles. At this time of the year the water from the mountains is of icy temperature. But it seems to make no difference with their labors. Here and there are huge cauldrons of boiling water. From time to time a trifle of this is poured in the little hollow where each one toils in the sand and water; but this seems to be done more from habit than necessity. Each lavandera brings her own huge roll of bread, perhaps a bit of cheese a class heifer. cheese, a clasp-knife to prevent undue liber-ties from the straggling soldiery near, as well as to use in cutting bread; and just before noon they breakfast in huge wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes and coffee with a measure of red wine provided by the ama duplicating this meal as a dinner at 4 in the

They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and you or any kindly disposed passer may dance with them, as I did, until the 30 minutes allowed them for food and refresco have expired. On these occasions sions every one dances, girls of 18 and women of 80, and the scenes along Manzanares are very picturesque and interesting. But when I tell you that one of these iron-framed wenches must wash and dry ready for the starching," which is done by the criadas in he city, pieces of linen equaling the cleansseventy sheets in order to earn 25 cents a day, the poetical sense in it all is with the interested on-looker rather than with the drudging lavandaras of the Manza-nares. Edgar I. Wareman.

A POEM OF WHITTIER'S.

Kate Field's Washington. [Written June 18, 1839, in the album of a young lady who boarded at one time where he boarded and made fun of him as "a prosy, awkward young man." The courtesy of this elegant revenge, was, probably, only exceeded by the laughing eyes and nimble fingers with which he wrote it. The poem is printed by the courtesy of Miss M. Carrie Hyde.]

Thou art going hence, God bless thee; Thou art going hence, farewell; May the devil ne'er distress thee, May the wide world use thee well.

Thou art going hence, forever; And thou sheddest not a tear "Tis well, for tears shall never Lament thy leaving here.

Yet some will not forget thee, A torment as thou art; And some will e'en regrêt thee Who do not weep to part.

They will miss thy merry laughter, As the schoolboy does his rod; And the jokes which followed after Thy visiting abroad.

Farewell! the Lord be near thee,

In thy future going on; and the plous shun and fear thee. As thy Quaker friend bath done

Thy life, may nothing vex it, Thy years be not a few, And at thy final exit, May the devil miss his due.

Costly Honors. Queen Victoria's wedding present to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, who is about to marry her granddaughter, is to consist of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and is likely to prove more expensive to the recipient than to the donor of the gift, as the fees of investiture which the prince will be called upon to pay to the various dignitaries and officials of the order amount to no less than \$2,000, a somewhat costly honor to a prince whose financial re sources are so limited as those of the bridegroom-elect.

He may, however, consider himelf fortunate that the queen has not taken it into her head to confer upon him the Order of the Garter. The dues of even a private investiture of that order amount to from \$8,000 to \$10,000. In some cases the Knights of the Garter have absolutely refused to pay these dues, and the late Lord Palmerston in particular refused to give a single penny toward the settlement of the de-mands made upon him by Garter Kingat-Arms. The latter retaliated by re-fusing to affix Lord Palmerston's banner over the stall assigned to him in the choir of St. George's chapel at Windsor. This neglect, however, had no effect upon Lord Palmerston, who replied that he did not often go to the church, and that when he did it was perfectly immaterial to him whether he had an old flag float-

ing over him or not. After a night with the boys Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer

GREAT RIDES BY AMERICANS

Feats of Our Soldiers and Plainsmen Beat the World.

PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCES IN THE WEST

Records of Some Long Distance Rides That Have Been Authenticated-Marvelous Endurance of American Men and Horses in Emergencies.

The recent race of Austrian and German officers between Berlin and Vienna was thought of sufficient importance to cable detailed accounts of it across the Atlantic, and it has been made the text of innumerable dissertations, more or less learned, on the military value of the "lessons" to be drawn from the performance. This long distance ride was considered a remarkable feat, and so it was, but America can discount it in almost every respect. The American soldier able rides in the regular line of duty that they take such feats as matters of course, and their astounding achievements seldom find their way into the newspapers; much less are they cabled across seas and conti-It is not easy to make a comparison be-ween the old and the new world riding be-

ause the conditions are entirely unlike, this dissimilarity all redounds to the credit of the American. The European race which set two continents talking was won by Count Stahremberg, an Austrian, in seventy-one hours and thirty-one minutes. The cable reported the distance at 381 miles. "Lieutenant Reitzenstein, the first German to finish, required seventy-three and one-half hours." e count's weight was given at 128 pounds, I his animal carried little else but a saddle and a bridle. This ride was through a civilized, well settled country over excellent roads, and every convenience had been arranged for beforehand. The mounts were picked animals selected for officers' use and had been prepared for the ordeal. The German's horse fell from exhaustion at the end of the journey, and the Austrian's died the its arrival in Berlin. traditions of many wonafter its There are traditions of many won-derful feats on the western plains, but only such records as have been authen-ticated will be considered. It should be borne in mind that the long distance rides of American soldiers are made on horses in regular service and not on picked steeds. A military authority says the impedimenta of cavalrymen will weigh eighty-eight pounds, and the riders will average about 160 pounds, making a burden of 288 pounds for each horse to carry. It must also be remembered that the American rides were made in a wild country, often swarming with hostile Indians, and most of them were through rough mountain districts or across parched and sandy plains that afforded little food,

water, shelter or rest "Buffalo Bill's" Great Feat. Perhaps the American ride corresponding most nearly in distance with the European performance was that of William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), made in Kansas in 1868, when the state was comparatively unknown.
We are not compelled to take the famous scout's word for his feat, for General Phil
Sheridan has left the record in his autobiography. That commander started out in mid winter to punish the troublesome redskins and got as far as Hays City. The following extract from Sheridan's memoirs tells the

story of the remarkable ride:
"Mr. William F. Cody ('Buffalo Bill'), was first brought to my notice by distinguishing himself in bringing me an important dis-patch from Fort Larned to Fort Hays, a dissince of sixty-five miles, through a section infested with Indians. The despatch informed me that the Indians near Larned were preparing to decamp, and this intelligence required that certain orders should be carried to Fort Dodge, ninety-five miles south of Hays. This, too, being a particularly dangerous route-several couriers having been killed on it-it was impossib get one of the various 'Petes, 'Jacks' or 'Jims hanging around Hays City to take my com munication. Cody, learning of the strait was in, manfully came to the rescue, and proposed to make the trip to Dodge, though he had just finished his long and perilous ride from Larned. I gratefully accepted his offer, and after short rest he mounted a fresh horse and hastened on his journey. fresh horse and hastened on his journey, halting but once to rest on the way, and then only for an hour, the stop being made at Coon Creek, where he got another mount from a troop of cavalry. At Dodge he took some sleep, and then continued on to his own post—Fort Larned—with more dispatches. After resting at Larned, he was again in the saddle with tidings for me at Fort Hays, General Hazen sending him this time, with word that the villages had fied to the south of the Arkansas. Thus, in all, Cody rode about 350 miles in less than sixty hours, and such an exhibition of endurance and courage such an exhibition of codurance and courage at that time of the year and in such weather was more than enough to convince me that his services would be extremely valuable in the campaign, so I retained him at Fort Hays 'till the battalion of the Fifth cavalry arrived, and then made him chief of scouts."

Pony Express Riders Break Records. The pony express, established in 1860 to carry letters between the outposts of civili-zation on the Missouri river and the mining camps of California, was productive of many notable rides. The distance from St. Joseph to San Francisco was 1996 miles. The first trip was made in ten days, the second in fourteen, the third and many others in nine. The riders had divisions of 100 to 140 miles to cover, and there were relays of horses at distances of twenty to twenty-five miles. In each corner of the saddle was a pouch for letters, and in order to keep the weight at the minimum the arms of the rider were reduced to a revolver and knife. Night and day, in rain and sunshine, in winter's cold and summer's heat, across parched plains and over rugged mountain trails, these hardy plainsmen rode their tough steeds at

The late James A. Moore, the first post trader at Sidney, Neb., made a ride which may well lay claim to being the most remark-able on record. He was at Midway station in western Nebraska on June 8, 1860, when a very important government dispatch for the Pacific coast arrived. Mounting his pony he sped on to Julesburg, Colo., 140 miles away, and he got every inch of speed out of i.is mounts. At Julesburg he met another important government dispatch for Washington. The rider who should have carried the dispatch east had been killed the day before. After a rest of only seven minutes and without eating a meal, Moore started for Midway, and he made the round trip, 280 miles, in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes. The west-bound dispatch reaahed Sacramento from St. Joseph in eight days, nine hours and forty minutes. "Buffalo Bill" was one of the riders of this overland mail service, and Buell's "History of the Plains" makes this record one of his notable feats:

breakneck speed.

"While riding pony express between Red White riding pony express between Red Buttes and Three Crossings, seventy six miles, Cody had a dangerous and lonely route, including the crossing of the North Platte river, one-half mile wide, often much swollen and turbulent. An average of fifteen miles had to be made, including change of horses, detours for safety and time for meals. On reaching Three Crossings, finding the rider on the next division, a route of eighty-six miles, had been killed during the night before, he made the extra trip on time. This round trip of 324 miles was made without a stop except for meals and change of horses, one of the longest and best ridden

pony express rides ever made. In 1860 the pony express made one trip from St. Joseph to Denver, 625 miles, in two days and twenty-one hours.

Edward Creighton of Omaha built the first overland telegraph, and in looking over the route in 1860 he got as far as Salt Lake City, when it became important for him to finish the journey to the coast in a very short time. He thereupon took horse and, for safety, com-pany and guidance, kept pace with the several pony express riders all the way to Marysville, Cal. He was in the saddle something over four days and four nights and must have traveled nearly 600 miles, much of the distance through a literal desert

and over rugged mountains. Few long distance riders in America have seen made for prizes or on wagers, but there been made for prizes or on wagers, but there is one remarkable performance of that kind on record. A frontiersman named F. X. Aubrey galloped from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo., in a few hours less than seven days. The distance was 840 miles, and the rider had four changes of horses. He won a wager of \$1.000, but he had to be lifted from his horse at the end of the journey.

Colonel Henry's "Hamaloes."

Many remarkable rides have been made in the army service of the west, but so modest

is the average officer that it requires considerable research to unearth the records. Probably the most recent of these feats was that of Colonel Guy V. Henry's command during the Indian trouble two years ago in South Dakota. The command consisted of three troops of colored soldiers of the Ninth cavairy and a Höbchkiss battery.

They had beed, soluting for a week in the Bad Lands. At \$20 on the morning of December 29, 1800, they started out on a scout that covered forty-two miles and they returned to campanbout 4 in the afternoon. At \$30 p. in. news of the battle of Wounded Rince was received and an hour later the party was encute for Pine Ridge agency, which was reached at 5:30 a.m. after a hight ride of forty-five miles. Two hours, later a courier reported an attack on the wagon train, which had been left behind, and the "Buffaloes," as the colored soldiers were called, dashed back two miles to the rescue. The Indians were driven off in a short skirmish, in which one trooper was killed. The command had hardly returned to camp and unsaddled when it was ordered out with the Seventh cavalry to the mission building, six miles distant, which was burning. Colonel Henry cavalry to the mission building, six miles distant, which was burning. Colonel Henry asked for two hours to feed the horses and rest his men, which was granted.
At noon a courier reperted the
Seventh hard pressed, and "boots and saddies' was again sounded. The Seventh was met near the mission, and under cover of the met near the mission, and under cover of the fire of the Hotchkiss guns both regiments withdrew to the agency, arriving at 4 o'clock of December 30.

In thirty and one-half hours Colonel Henry's battalion had marched 102 miles and fought two skirmishes with the Indians The actual time in the saddle was twenty two hours. In addition to the usual pack each horse carried a blanket-lined cover and 240 rounds of amunition, weighing twenty five pounds. One animal dropped dead after returning from the mission and another two days later. These were the only casualties and there was not a sore-backed horse in the and there was not a sore-backed horse in the lot. This ride was over a rough country in winter weather. Twenty-four hours later the "Buffaloes" were again in the saddle little the worse for their hard marches. For this feat Colonel Henry, now stationed at Fort Myer in Virginia, was warmly recom-mended by General Miles for a brevet briga-dier general-his dier generalship.

Three Phenomenal Performances. Colonel T. H. Stanton, now stationed at Omaha as paymaster of the Department of the Platte, is to be credited with one of the remarkable rides of the service. During the Indian troubles of 1876 he was commissioned to carry dispatches from Fort Laramie in Wyoming to Fort Robinson in Nebraska. a distance of 100 miles. He made the trip on one horse for twelve hours, between noon and midnight. There was no road except for the last twelve miles, and he had to make his way across country from his knowledge of the lay of the land. The last four hours were ridden in darkness. The colonel was accompanied by four half breeds, among whom was Baptiste, often mentioned by Captain John Bourke in his writings of the frontier. The next day two Indians on fresh horses made the return trip in twelve hours. These two rides resulted in keeping the Cheyennes from joining the Sioux and saved the government much money, to say nothing of lives.

Another notable performance occurred in 1879 during the Indian uprising which re-sulted in the Meeker massacre in Colorado. Colonel Thornburg had started to the relief of the agency, but about noon of the third day his command was surrounded by the enemy in a valley and the colonel was killed early in the engagement. The troops made breastworks of their horses, many of which were killed, and spent the afternoon on the defensive. That night Sergeant Murphy and a private broke through the cordon of redskins on two chargers and started for relief. In a little eless than twenty-four hours the sergeant rode 170 miles and reached General Merritt's dommand in Wyoming. Merritt started with four troops of cavalry and with a battaliou of infantry in wagons. Thus handicapped, he covered the 170 miles in fifty-four and one-half hours, and his command was in condition to go into a fight at once. When it is remembered what Murphy had undergone durine the preceding three days, his ride through a mountainous country, over ill defined trails and much of it at night, must stand as a phenomenal per

On this same occasion Captain F. S. Dodge marched his command eighty miles in six-teen hours. Lieutenant Wood of the Fourth cavalry and his troop rode seventy miles in twelve hours and came in fresh.

During his invasion of California in 1849 John C. Fremont and two companions rode from Los Angeles to Monterey and back in eight days, which included a stay of twentfour hours at Monterey, a stop of over half a day at San Louis Obispo on account of a public reception and delays for sleeping, eating, etc. Fremont figured the distance at 800 etc. Fremont figured the distance at 800 miles, and the road was merely a trail, much of it through the mountains. Each rider hadthree native horses for making frequent changes

Other Great Army Rides.

In 1870 four men of company H. First cayalry, bore dispatches from Fort Harney to Fort Warner, 140 miles, over a bad road— twenty of it sand—with little and bad water, in twenty-two hours, eighteen and one-half of which was actual marching time. The horses were in such good condition at the end of the ride that after one day's rest the men started back, and made the home trip

at the rate of sixty mfles a day. In 1880 Lieutenant Robertson, First cay airy, rode from Fort Lapwai to Fort Walla Walla, 102 miles, over the snow, deep in places, in twenty-three and one-half hours; and, starting next morning, rode back in two

days. In 1877 while Chief Joseph was rampant General Miles sent Captain Ezra B. Fuller and five men out on a scout to discover the wily hostile's whereabouts. They left Fort Keogh with a horse apiece and traveled through a mountainous country, where they found only three feeds of grain. The cap-tain returned after a short rest at Fort Ellis, making the round trip of 350 miles in live days. Some of the men extended the scout still farther, and covered 600 miles in twelve days. General Miles himself has a record for fast

riding that is to this day the admiration of the cowboys of the southwest. After the surrender of Geronimo to Crook in 1885, Miles took command of Uncle Sam's forces in that region, and he rode from Huachie into New Mexico, a distance of 150 miles, in hirteen hours, only stopping to change

In 1882 Lieutenant Bell of the Seventh cavalry rode 105 miles through the Bad Lands in North Dakota in about twelve hours with one change of horses. In 1873 Colonel McKenzie rode his com-

mand into Mexico after Lepan and Kickapoo Indians, beat them in a sharp fight and returned across the border, making 145 miles in twenty-eight hours. The following year he made a dash into Mexico after horse thieves and covered eighty-five miles in fif Colonel Lawton once took a troop of cav-

alry from the Red Cloud agency to Sidney, Neb., 125 miles, in swenty-four hours. One of his scouts named Edwardy, on another occasion rode seven days and nights in the Sierra Madre mountains and covered 450 miles on one horse.

Captain Fountain once rode eighty-four miles in eight hours and at another time

traveled 110 miles in twenty-three hours.

Great Staging Records. Stage coaching is "a little foreign to the subject in hand, but a few records will be of interest in this connection to show what Americans are capable of doing. In 1864 Ber Holladay, the owner of the overland stage made the trip from Folsom, Cal., to Atchison Kan., in twelve days and two hours. The distance was very nearly 2,000 miles. Holla-day had special maches and the trip cost

him several thousand dollars, many horses being ruined by the fitrious driving.

In 1865 Schuyler Colfax, accompanied by Sam Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, and Albert Richardson, the war correspondent, traveled from Atchison to Denver, 620 miles, in four and one-half days. From Salt Lake to Virginia City the distance was 575 miles, and they made it in seventy-two hours, one stretch of eight miles being covered in thirty-two minutes. A stretch of seventy-two miles into Placer-ville was made in seven hours, including stops. This was the piece of road on which Horace Greeley had his celebrated experience with Hank Monk.

Great Cowboy Race Next May.

A new record in long distance racing may be made within the next few months. The cowboys of western Nebraska and South cowboys of western Nebraska and South Dakota are arranging for a race to the World's fair during May. The start will be from Chadron, Neb., and the Missouri will probably be crossed at Sioux City, Ia. The ride will be on cowboy ponies, and half a dozen crack riders have already entered for the contest. The distance will be about 900 miles.

FRED BENZINGER.

HOW MICHAEL MADE HIS PILE

Interesting Story of How a Westerner Got His Wealth.

COMPOUND FOR CURING FEVER Wrestling with the Fickle Goddess That Re-

sulted in Conner's Gatning Every Fall and

His Final Leap to Competency Recall-

ing Early Days in Leadville. So many fortunes have been made in the west that it is a commonplace thing to say that a man came out here with nothing and is now rolling in wealth, but the story of Michael Connor's wrestle with fortune possesses more than ordinary interest. Connor is now the proprietor of a flourishing Madison street saloon in Chicago and owns property in that city of considerable value, be

sides possessing paying mining stock and a

resourceful bank account. He is now in the

city on his way to Denver to look into a min-

ing speculation in which he intends to en-

In 1878 Connor was a nomadic being, floating from place to place and always wanting to leave the town in which he happened to be. A few dollars was quite a fortune in his eyes and the possession of a few silver coins would often induce him to undertake hair brained expeditions. He rarely saw green backs or gold coin, as his earnings, when he worked, were small and he generally managed to live up to his income. Ite no particular occupation but had could do many things. At times he a waiter, or, as he terms it, a slinger." Then he could wash dishes hash slinger." in big towns and cook in small ones. He also could tend bar where no mixed drinks were asked for and could mend umbrellas, paint doors and window sills, and mend damaged pots and pans. To this very day, Connor has an overpowering preju-dice against mixed drinks of every descrip-

After wandering around through the west'
Conner one day found himself in Leadville,
Colo. It was in July, 1878. In vain he
sought work according to his own mind. He
had plenty of chances to wield a shove I and a pick, but there was no cooking, "hash slinging" or dish washing for him to do. Paint was not in much demand and the people of the bustling mining town managed to worry along with their damaged pots and pans, without giving any thought to the possibility of repairs. Perhaps the trouble was with Connor. It was in the summer

The mountains were looking beautiful, The melting snow from the summits filled the streams and all around was the freshest verdure, unlike that of lower land at the same heated period. Overhead the skies were of the fairest blue. Nature was beguiling and the vagrant heart of the wanderer was longing for freedom and the pure air rather than the reward of sweltering labor. Down in the mines the beauty tering labor. Down in the mines the beauty of the mountains was lost. Though the miners are well paid, they surrendered all right of enjoying the baimy weather, the blue skies and the green mountains, and their impressions of earth were limited to the limit of the labor mass wous with smoking lamps the dingy mess rooms, with smoking lamps or flickering candles, the uninviting bunk houses or tents, and the jawing soiled and labor-stained men, ravenous for a share of

labor-stained men, ravenous for a share of the sliver they were unearthing.

Now, Connor was poetic. With his two good hands he had an opportunity to make more money than he had ever hoped to make before. But he did not want to sell his happiness for pelf and refused the work that would have paid so well. He was not a graceless scamp. Had his opportunities been better, he might have made his mark in some profession or in letters. As it is, he is a saloonkeeper, but a very remarkable one. He reads all the poets and, though without education, the selections of which he is most fond indicate that there is the genuine poetic sentiment within him. In all candor he was a tramp in '78. It was not due to low indolence, debauchery or criminal inclinations, lence, debauchery or criminal inclinations, but to a nature with which every man who earned his bread as Conner did is not blessed Leaving Leadville he started on an aimless journey westward. Several miles from the town he found a place where there had been a camp. Strewn arounds were a number of small jelly jars, indicating that the departed dwellers in the camp had been luxuriating, to some extent, in their mountain abode. Searching carefully Connor found the tin covers of half a dozen jars. A brilliant idea had struck him. After cleaning the jars he gathered together a lot of withered scrubs and brewed a tea in an old tomato can. The

and brewed a tea in an old tomato can. The tea was duly placed in the jars. It was of a lurid red—that is, a very dismal looking liquid which an uninformed person would respect as medicine. Turning back, Connor reentered Leadville and sold the tea as a entered Leadville and sold the ten as a sure cure for mountain fever and every other complaint prevailing in the camp. He disposed of the six jars. His conscience smote him, but he was glad to get the money and was wild for more. With the cash in hand, he saw a man who kept a stock of drugs along with a variety of other things in a small show that assumed not to be medicine. along with a variety of other things in a small shop that seemed not to be making a great deal of money, and invested his capital in a lot of small bottles and some really wholesome medicines. His preparations sold well and he quickly amassed quite a small fortune. He then invested his money indiciously. Prospectors having more than judiciously. Prospectors having more than ordinary changes of striking something were "grub-staked" by the medicine man and the upshot of it all was Connor went to San Francisco with what he said was a barrel of money. Said to relate, he fell into bad habits in 'Frisco and, between gambling and drinking, he blew in several thousand dollars. But luck remained with him. Out of several speculations on the Pacific count he was a local production. Pacific coast he made more money than he spent, and then wended his way eastward. After dumbfounding his old acquaintances in the places where he had worked as a lowly menial, he sailed for Europe and spent several years seeing the sights.

Returning to America, he started in a hat store on the Bowery in New York City, but failed. Several other business undertakings collapsed, and Comnor discovered that he had no talent for business before he had gone very deep into his capital. After a while he moved to Chicago and opened his saloon, more to have something to do than to make money. Since then he has been very careful money. Since then he has been very careful how he invests his gold and has added to his ossessions by many thousands.



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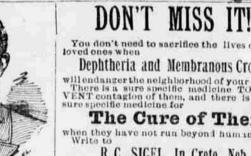
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