CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT

The Great Captain Sketched While on Duty in the Field.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. HORACE PORTER

Before and After the Battle of the Wilderness—The Inevitable Cigar and the Whittle Stick—Awful Scenes.

The current number of Century publishes another installment of General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant." It treats of the Battle of the Wilderness and the events preceding and following that terrible contest. These events are sketched, in part, as follows:

The members of the headquarters mess soon after assembled to partake of a hasty breakfast. The general made a rather singular meal preparatory to so exhausting a day as that which was to follow. He took a cucumber, sliced it, poured some vinegar over it, and partook of nothing else except a cup of strong coffee. The first thing he did after rising from the table was to call for a fresh supply of cigars. His colored servant, "Bill," brought him two dozen. After lighting one of them he filled his pockets with the rest. He then went over to the knoll, and began to walk back and forth slowly upon the cleared portion of the ridge.

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As the general felt that he could be found more readily, and could issue his orders more promptly, from the central point which he had chosen for his headquarters, he remained there almost the entire day. He would at times walk slowly up and down, but most of the day he sat upon the stump of a tree, or on the ground, with his back leaning against a tree. The thread gloves remained on his hands, a lighted cigar was in his mouth almost constantly, and his penknife was kept in active use whittling sticks. He would pick up one small twig after another, and sometimes holding the small end away from him would rapidly shave it down to a point; at other times he would turn the point toward him and work on it as if sharpening a lead pencil; then he would girdle it, cut it in two, throw it away and begin on another. We had long been accused of being a nation of whittlers, and this practice on the part of such a conspicuous representative American seemed to give color to the charge. He seldom indulged in this habit in subsequent battles.

The occupation played sad havoc with the thread gloves, and before nightfall several holes had been worn in them, from which his finger nails protruded. After that day the gloves disappeared, and the general thereafter went without them in camp, and wore the usual buckskin gauntlets when on horseback. It was not till the Appomattox campaign that another pair of thread gloves was donned. There was a mystery about the use of those gloves which was never entirely solved. The impression was that Mrs. Grant had purchased them, and handed them to the general, before he started from Washington, and that either in deference to her, or because he had a notion that the officers in the eastern armies were greater stickers for dress than those in the armies of the west, he wore the gloves continuously for the first three days of his opening campaign in Virginia; that is to say, as long as they lasted under the wear and tear to which he subjected them.

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A little to the east of the crossroads stood the old Wilderness tavern, a deserted building surrounded by a rank growth of weeds, and partly shut in by trees. A few hundred yards to the west, and in the northwest angle formed by the two intersecting roads, was a knoll from which was a second growth of scraggy pine, scrub oak, and other timber. The knoll was high enough to afford a view for some little distance, but the outlook was limited in all directions by the most impenetrable forest with its interlacing trees and tangled undergrowth. The ground upon which the battle was fought was intersected in every direction by winding rivulets, rugged ravines, and ridges of mineral rock. Many excavations had been made in opening iron-ore beds, leaving pits bordered by ridges of earth. Trees had been felled in a number of places to furnish fuel and supply sawmills. The locality is well described by its name. It was a wilderness in the most forbidding sense of the word.

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Warren's troops were driven back on a portion of his line in front of general headquarters, stragglers were making their way to the rear, the enemy's shells were beginning to fall on the knoll where General Grant was seated on the stump of a tree, and it looked for a while as if the tide of battle would sweep over that point of the field. He rose slowly to his feet, and stood for a time watching the scene, and mingling the smoke of his cigar with the smoke of battle, without making any comment. His horse was in charge of an orderly just behind the hill, but he evidently had not thought of mounting. An officer ventured to remark to him, "General, wouldn't it be prudent to move headquarters to the other side of the Germanna road till the result of the present attack is known?" The general replied very quietly, between the puffs of his cigar, "It strikes me it would be better to order up some artillery and defend the present location." Thereupon a battery was brought up, and every preparation made for defense. The enemy, however, was checked before he reached the knoll. In this instance, as in many others, the general was true to the motto of his Scottish ancestors of the Grant clan: "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie."

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While the most critical movements were taking place General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but gave his orders and sent and received communications with a coolness and deliberation which made a marked impression upon those who had been brought into contact with him for the first time on the field of battle. His speech was never hurried and his manner betrayed no trace of excitability, or even impatience. He never exhibited to better advantage his peculiar ability in moving troops with unparalleled speed to the critical points on the line of battle where they were most needed, or, as it was sometimes called, "feeding a fight." There was a spur on the heel of every order he sent, and his subordinates were made to realize that in battle it is the minutes which control events. He said, while waiting for Burnsides to get into position and attack: "The only time I ever feel impatient is when I give an order for an important movement of troops in the presence of the enemy, and am waiting for them to reach their destination. Then the minutes seem like hours."

He rode out to important points of the line twice during the day, in company with General Meade and two officers of the staff. It was noticed that he was visibly affected by his proximity to the wounded, and especially by the sight of blood. He would turn his face away from such scenes, and show by the expression of his countenance, and sometimes by a pause in his conversation, that he felt most keenly the painful spectacle presented by the field of battle. Some reference was made to the subject in camp that evening, and the general said: "I cannot bear the sight of suffering. The night after the first day's fight at Shiloh I was sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, trying to get some sleep. It soon began to rain so hard that I went into a log house near by to seek shelter; but I found the surgeons had taken possession of it, and were amputating the arms and legs of the wounded, and blood was flowing in streams. I could not endure such a scene, and was glad to return to the tree outside, and sit there till morning in the storm." I thought of this remark while sitting by his bedside twenty-one years afterward, when he, in the last days of his fatal illness, was himself undergoing supreme physical torture.

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The losses were found to be: Killed, 2,246; wounded, 12,037; missing, 3,383; total, 17,666. The damage inflicted upon the enemy is not known, but as he was the assaulting party as often as the union army, there is reason to believe that the losses on the two sides were about equal. Taking twenty-four hours as the time actually occupied in fighting, and counting the casualties in both armies, it will be found that on that bloody field every minute recorded the loss of twenty-five men.

As the staff officers threw themselves upon the ground that night, sleep came to them without coaxing. They had been on the move since dawn, galloping over bad roads, struggling about through forest openings, jumping rivulets, wading swamps, helping to rally troops, dodging bullets, and searching for commanding officers in all sorts of unknown places. Their horses had been crippled, and they themselves were well-nigh exhausted. For the small part I had been able to perform in the engagement, the general recommended me for the brevet rank of major in the regular army "for gallant and meritorious services." His recommendation was afterward approved by the president. This promotion was especially gratifying for the reason that it was conferred for conduct in the first battle in which I had served under the command of the general-in-chief.

There were features of the battle which have never been matched in the annals of warfare. For two days nearly 200,000 veteran troops had struggled in a death grapple, confronted at each step with almost every obstacle by which nature could bar their path, and groping their way through a tangled forest the impenetrable gloom of which could be likened only to the shadow of death. The undergrowth stayed their progress, the uppergrowth shut out the light of heaven. Officers could rarely see their troops for any considerable distance, for smoke clouded the vision, and a heavy sky obscured the sun. Directions were ascertained and lines established by means of the pocket compass, and a change of position often presented an operation more like a problem of ocean navigation than a question of military maneuvers. It was the sense of sound and of touch rather than the sense of sight which guided the movements. It was a battle fought with the ear, and not with the eye.

All circumstances seemed to combine to make the scene one of unutterable horror. At times the wind howled through the treetops, mingling its moans with the groans of the dying, and heavy branches were cut off by the fire of the artillery, and fell crashing upon the heads of the men, adding a new terror to battle. Forest fires raged; ammunition trains exploded; the dead were roasted in the conflagration; the wounded, roused by its hot breath, dragged themselves along with their torn and mangled limbs in the mad energy of despair, to escape the ravages of the flames; and every bush seemed hung with shreds of blood-stained clothing. It was as though Christian men had turned to fiends, and hell itself had usurped the place of earth.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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PATRIOTS NEED NOT APPLY

President Cleveland Has Taken 36,000 Offices Out of Politics.

SPREAD OF THE CIVIL SERVICE LAW

Some Notable Executive Orders—Mr. McKinley Disposed to Sustain Them—Very Little Patronage to Dispense.

The extent to which federal offices have been removed from the grasp of spoilsmen and placed under civil service rules is set forth with interesting details by a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, as follows:

No army of office seekers will muster to greet the incoming administration. Times have changed since March 4, 1893. The spoils which now belong to the victors are not such as to agitate the nation. During the past four years, or since he entered upon his second term, President Cleveland has put under the operation and protection of the civil service law 36,000 places which, up to the time of such action, were open for the reward of party loyalty and party labor. Now, these 36,000 places, as vacancies occur, must be filled from candidates who pass examinations, and a candidate's politics does not enter into consideration.

In a general way it may be said that almost every office worth having, which does not require confirmation by the senate, has been taken out of politics. The 36,000 offices which President Cleveland and his subordinates could dispose of at will are now held by officials who can remain so long as they are efficient. And as vacancies occur neither the president nor the cabinet has power to fill them.

HERE MERIT GOES.

Here are some of the branches of government employment to which appointments can no longer be made on political merit, as was the condition four years ago, and from which removals cannot now take place to give office to partisans:

The steamboat inspection service.
The marine hospital service.
The light house service.
The life saving service.
The several mints and assay offices.
The revenue cutter service.
The force employed under custodians of public buildings.
The several subtreasuries.
The engineer department at large.
The ordnance department at large.
The internal revenue service.

In Washington an order has removed what was once an attractive field for the reward of the faithful country editor. The great government printing office is now under the civil service law. Appointments to places under the public printer are no longer dependent upon congressional pull. This means that places upon the printing committees of both house and senate will not be so desirable in the eyes of statesmen as they have been.

That bulwark of party patriotism, the fourth-class postoffice, still remains. Various plans to take the country postoffice out of politics have been considered. None of them has been found satisfactory. The senator or representative still has the postoffice candidate with him. There are 66,000 fourth-class postoffices. Upon these the office-seekers must concentrate, for President Cleveland has left very little else for the rank and file of party workers.

It used to be possible for a patriot who came to Washington seeking a mission, an assistant secretaryship, or something "equally as good," to compromise on a job as watchman or messenger. Men of note in their communities have become messengers in a department rather than go home without any recognition from the party for which they had done so much. But now even these compromises are barred. An order of President Cleveland has put the places of messengers and watchmen of the departments in the classified service. There is scarcely any place, the compensation of which is over $300, left out. For almost everything but floor scrubbing and spittoon cleaning an examination and non-partisan qualifications are required.

CIVIL SERVICE INFORMATION.

The latest rules of the civil service commission abound in information which will cause the heart of the office-seeker to bow down. The president of the United States has the appointment of "not exceeding two private secretaries or confidential clerks." Each member of the cabinet is similarly limited. All other places in the departments, excepting, of course, those filled on confirmation by the senate, can be given only when vacancies occur, and to such persons as pass examinations and are certified as eligible by the commission. The spirit of the exemptions is to give to postmasters and collectors one or two personal appointments in order that they may protect themselves in money matters. To illustrate, the only exemptions in these branches of the service are announced in the new rules as follows:

Custom house service: (a) One cashier in each customs district; (b) one chief or principal deputy or assistant collector on each customs district, whose employes number as many as 150.

Postoffice service: (a) One assistant postmaster, or chief assistant to the postmaster, of whatever designation, at each postoffice; (b) one cashier of each first class postoffice, when employed under the roster title of cashier only.

Internal revenue service: One employe in each internal revenue district, who shall act as cashier or chief deputy or assistant collector, as may be determined by the Treasury department.

The above are the positions which the postmasters and collectors to be named by Mr. McKinley will be able to fill. All other places under him will be held by present incumbents during good behavior, and, when vacated, will be filled from the civil service eligible list.

THE INDIAN AGENCIES.

About the Indian agencies and the Indian schools politicians formerly found many opportunities for taking care of needy relations. To carry on the government work of educating the Indians requires hundreds of clerks, teachers, farmers and herdsmen. The pay is good. The work could be shirked. A rare field for nepotism was presented and it was well cultivated by the politicians as often as administrations changed. That sort of thing has been done away with. All appointees in and about Indian agencies and schools are now under the civil service law and will remain in their places under the merit system. The only exceptions to this rule are the Indians themselves who hold minor places at the schools and agencies. There are 2,061 Indians in such employment. They enjoy what the white officials do not, exemption from examinations before appointment.

Previous to this administration chiefs of divisions, heads of bureaus and certain other officials of that kind were not under the law. Such offices were vacated and filled at the beginning of every administration without examinations. Many of them went to members of the party coming into power. There were about 4,500 places which could be filled without examinations. They have been withdrawn by executive order, and hereafter, as vacancies occur among them, the most desirable places in the department, they will be filled by promotions or transfers. They will be open to those clerks who have advanced on their merits through the grades of the classified lists. Besides chiefs of divisions and of bureaus, some of the scientists and experts of various branches of government work come under the protection of this order. The cutting down of the excepted list is regarded by the friends of civil service reform as one of the most significant acts of the administration. By it there is opened to the clerks of the higher grades the possibility of advancement to these desirable places. A strong incentive is furnished for greater efficiency.

Another order from President Cleveland removes from the patronage 310 places which previously could be filled by non-competitive examinations. The superior officer had only to select the one he wanted for this class of appointments, let him prepare himself and take the examination, and then appoint him. Hereafter as vacancies occur in these 310 places they will be open to competitive examination. This action of the president practically abolishes non-competitive examinations in the service.

But the order of Mr. Cleveland which will bear with most crushing force upon the office seekers is the one by which he has limited the patronage of the president in the way of nominations to the senate. Consular appointments go to the senate for confirmation. The new rule of the president requires all candidates to pass an examination before a board at the State department before their names can go to the senate.

In the entire civil list of the United States there are 204,000 names, exclusive of the fourth-class postmasters, and such appointees as must be confirmed by the senate, there are 781 comfortable positions, most of them assistant postmasters, which can be filled without examination. If these facts and figures can be sufficiently impressed upon those who served the cause of sound money and good government well in the campaign just ended, a great deal of disappointment after the 4th of March will be avoided.

Since this administration came in the United States prison at Leavenworth has been transferred from the War department to the department of justice. The civil service law has been extended over the prison force until all but five of the officers are protected from change on account of politics. The fifty guards cannot be disturbed so long as they behave themselves. The greater part of the annual pay of $56,112 will continue to go to the men who have been drawing it under President Cleveland. The five places subject to exchange at the pleasure of the new administration are: Warden, $3,500; deputy warden, $2,000; superintendent of industries, $1,500; superintendent of farm, $1,000; chaplain, $1,500. This is all of the patronage in connection with the United States prison excepting only a place as organist, which pays $1 a week.

The civil service law is explicit and strong in the protection of those who have been taken in under it. "No one," it says, "shall dismiss or cause to be dismissed any of these officials or employes because of his political or religious affiliations or opinions."

HOW IT WORKS.

Bradley B. Smalley, the democratic collector of Vermont, tells how the operation of the civil service law dawned upon the local politicians of his district. It may serve to illustrate the surprises in store for the republicans when they come around for the places next spring. Civil service reform has been making great progress while the politicians were not watching. One day some of the party leaders came to the Vermont collector and complained:

"See here, Mr. Smalley, you have not got any democrats in your office. These fellows holding the government positions are all republicans."

"Well, what do you suggest?" asked the collector.

"We've got a couple of good democrats and we want you to put out two republicans and give them the places," was the reply.

"All right," said Mr. Smalley; "I'm a little hampered, but I'll see what can be done. You see this list of names?"

"Yes."

"Well, run it over and see if you can find the names of your two democrats on it."

The politicians did as directed. One of them suddenly blurted out:

"What is this darned thing, anyway, Mr. Smalley?"

"That," answered the collector, "is the list of persons who have passed the civil service examination. If any vacancies occur in my office force, the law requires me to fill them from the names on that list."

"But these are all republicans, Mr. Smalley; there is not a democrat on the list."

"I'm afraid not," said the collector regretfully. "The trouble is our Vermont democrats don't go to school as they should, and until they do there is no way of getting them government positions."

Major Harlow, the civil service commissioner, had an experience while postmaster at St. Louis which matches Mr. Smalley's story very well. Father Walsh, the shrewd rector of St. Bridget's parish, made a study of the civil service law, and one day came to the postoffice and got a copy of the regulations governing examinations. The next time there was an examination at the postoffice a group of bright young fellows from St. Bridget's parish school put in an appearance as candidates. They had evidently been prepared with care. Some of them came out of the examination with the highest percentages and were given positions. "That thing continued," said Major Harlow. "Father Walsh's young men would come out of the examinations at the top of the list, and under the law they would get the appointments as vacancies occurred. One day some of my A. P. A. friends came into the office and said: 'Look here, Harlow, you are filling up the postoffice with Catholics. Why don't you give Protestants a chance?'"

M'KINLEY'S POLICY.

Mr. McKinley might reverse some of these executive orders of President Cleveland. He might reopen several thousands of these places for political purposes. He might, but he will not. In his letter of acceptance, the republican candidate indorsed in strong language the plank in the platform relating to civil service. When he was in congress, Mr. McKinley was even more emphatic in his utterances. On one occasion he said:

"If the republican party is pledged to any one thing more than another, it is to the maintenance of the civil service law and its efficient execution; not only that, but to its enlargement and further application to the public service.

"The law that stands upon our statute books today was put there by republican votes. It was a republican measure. Every national platform of the republican party since its enactment has declared not only in favor of its continuance in full vigor, but in favor of its enlargement, so as to apply more generally to the public service. And this is not alone the declaration and purpose of the republican party, but it is in accord with its highest and best sentiments; aye, more, it is sustained by the best sentiments of the whole country, republican and democratic alike. There is not a man on this floor who does not know that no party in this country, democratic or republican, will have the courage to wipe it from the statute book or to amend it, save in the direction of its improvement.

"The republican party must take no step backward. The merit system is here, and it is here to stay; and we may just as well understand and accept it now."

The entries to what were at the beginning of former administrations long and well-laden pie counters are closed, and they will not be opened during the McKinley administration.

"FOR A LITTLE SLIGHTED."

The Poor Old Bookworm and Scholar Finds a Haven at Last.

A bent old man, shabbily clad, with a face like the face of the poet Bryant. In the evening twilight he stands, beside the desk of one who is a stranger to him, in a little town in northern California, relates the San Francisco Call.

"I ask you to pardon me," in a voice that trembles and is low.

Something confused as to illness and weariness, and then:

"It pains me to seem a beggar, but I am near the end of the road, and—"

The sentence dies in inarticulate murmur, and from under the worn coat comes a small bundle wrapped in a bit of faded oilcloth.

"'It is hard to part with them, even now," slowly removing the oilcloth, "but if there is some one here who cares for rare editions of good books they may be thought fair exchange for the price of shelter and something warm."

A well-thumbed Shakespeare, a carefully-preserved "Imitatio Christi."

The old man looks at them tenderly as they are exposed to view and places them reverently on the desk.

The man at the desk views the books coldly and denies the plea for aid. Not that he is consciously unkind, but experience with vagabonds has made him suspicious and he interprets the pathos as a new imposture.

Next morning an hour after sunrise a pedestrian finds an aged man, with a face like that of the poet Bryant, lying in the shelter of a cypress hedge by the roadside. The tired heart is still. Rest must have come about the time the sunshine touched the valley. Beside the sleeper, as though it had fallen from beneath his coat, a well-thumbed Shakespeare; clasped in his gaunt hands a carefully-preserved a'Kempis. The a'Kempis has a sprig of cypress for a bookmark. On one of the pages between which it rests this passage:

"O Father, always to be honored, the hour is come which from all eternity Thou didst foresee would arrive; that Thy servant for a short time should be oppressed exteriorly, but interiorly should ever live unto Thee; that he should be for a little slighted and humbled, and should fall in the sight of men."

Not excelled by any high-priced liniment, Salvation Oil, twenty-five cents a bottle.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.

Will Duplicate Their Sale of Last Saturday of Women's and Children's Underwear.

BLANKETS! BLANKETS! BLANKETS!

We Will Also Offer Tomorrow 25 Doz. Men's Flannel Night Shirts, 52 Inches Long at 50c Each, Regular Price 75c.

This is good blanket weather, and we offer a few special things in that line for Saturday's sale.

We quote a few leaders in the cheaper grades that will astonish you; cheap blankets are in great demand, and we have an immensace stock of them in all colors and sizes.

10-4 dark gray, in rich colored borders, at 49c a pair.

10-4 light gray and plain white (a big drive), very thick, at 69c a pair.

10-4 variegated, suitable for wrappers and bath robes, at 90c a pair, reduced from $1.50.

11-4 extra heavy natural gray; this we offer at 98c, was formerly $1.35 a pair.

Another shipment, just in, of the fine natural gray, strictly all wool, in all colors of border, considered the best blanket offered anywhere, for $4.75 and $5.00; our price for this sale only $3.75 a pair.

We have another great bargain in a gray woolen blanket at $2.75, was $3.75.

Our white all wool blankets at $3.75 are positively the biggest snap in the city. They are large, soft and beautiful, in fact at $5.00 they would be cheap.

We are still putting out a lot of our finest steam shrunk, largest size "Ohio fleece" at $6.50; nice as any other blanket at $8.50 a pair.

Blanket robes in all colors (California wool), adapted for bath robes, house wrappers, smoking jackets, lounging robes, children's cloaks, etc., etc., very choice at $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00 each.

COMFORTS! COMFORTS! COMFORTS!

We have had many more of the fine (home made comforts) made up. Last week's sale was big, simply because the comforts were sold at less than half price. The new ones are handsome, made of the very finest batiste (French all wool challi) and silks, filled only with "White Rose" batting, and much larger than the common ready made article.

Batiste covering at $2.00 and $2.25 each, ruffled and plain.

French challi at $3.00, $3.25 and $3.50 each, ruffled and plain.

Finest French sateen at $3.00, $3.25 and $3.50, ruffled and plain.

Silk at $4.50, $5.00 and $6.00, tufted, quilted, ruffled and plain.

A nice new line of down comforts at $5.50 each, formerly $7.50.

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That's what the farmer and business man wants. Farmers should compute results from capital and labor invested. Carefully considered from this standpoint—or from almost any other—the Nebraska farmer is sure to show satisfactory results.

Good land CHEAP. Good crops. A diversified farming can be carried on with profit. Nebraska is the sugar beet and chicory state. Large yield and constant demand for output.

Home or land seekers' excursions December 1st and 15th, 1896, at low rates, to points on the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley R. R., the best part of the state. One fare, plus $2.00, for the round trip. Send to undersigned for statistical information which will be valuable in selecting a location.

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Fastest train in the west.
Buffet smoking and library cars.
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A Perplexing Problem.

Whether to take "Northwestern Line" No. 2 at 4:45 p. m. or No. 6 at 6:30 p. m., Chicagoward. "No. 2" arrives at Chicago 7:45 a. m. and "No. 6" at 9:30 a. m. Both trains are models of modern art, skill and luxury. NO EXTRA CHARGE ON EITHER ONE. Call at the City Office, 1401 Farnam street, and talk it over.

J. A. KUHN, General Agent.
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GO SOUTH

Via the Wabash Railroad.
WINTER TOURIST tickets now on sale.
HOMESEEKER'S TICKETS on sale November 17, December 1, and 15.
THE WABASH is the short line and quickest route to St. Louis and points south. For tickets or further information call at Wabash office, 1415 Farnam street, (Paxton Hotel block) or write.

G. N. CLAYTON, Agent.

DIED.

FISHER—Mrs. Julia, November 27, 1896, aged 53 years, at 5108 North Thirtieth street. Funeral notice later.

THE LAWYERS OF PARIS.

They Have Hard Times Compared with Their American Brethren.

Lawyers in France, according to a Rochester gentleman who has just returned from a three years' sojourn in Paris, do not have such an easy time as they do in this country. There, far from encouraging the bright young men of the land to enter the legal profession, it would seem that they are discouraged and every obstacle thrown in their path, the result generally being that it is a rich man who can be a lawyer.

"Under the regulations at present in force there," says this gentleman to the Rochester Union, "barristers, after they have kept their terms and passed their bar examinations, have to pass through a sort of three years' novitiate, during which they have the title of advocate, but have no voice in the deliberations of the council of discipline and are not inscribed on the rolls. They can plead during the three years of probation, but it is a sort of empty privilege in nine cases out of ten. When an eminent barrister in France employs a junior it is generally some one inscribed on the rolls; should he employ the probationer the honor thus accorded him must suffice. He does not pay him.

"But he must live, and here is where the problem comes in, which is much more easily solved by the American or English young lawyer than it is by his Parisian brother. In the first place there is the outlay for his gown or beretta, which comes close to 80 francs, unless he prefers to hire it at the rate of 10c per day. Then he must engage some one to teach him deportment, for this is an essential qualification in this land where King Etiquette rules with an iron hand. The services of a professor of the conservatory must also be called in to train his voice, unless nature has been kind to him in that respect. But these expenses are mere incidents. He must above all not live in small chambers and rent dingy offices. Poverty is a poor key to open the pockets of clients. The Parisian barrister has personal interviews with his clients, and the direct consequence of these interviews is that he must be able to show them into a nicely furnished reception room and private office, though he may sleep in a garret. He cannot well answer the bell himself, hence he must employ a servant, even if he has no money with which to pay one. The visitor must not see bare walls, consequently there must be a display of a well-stocked law library. The client will not consider that the lawyer's library is often a luxury, and that the barrister's studies might just as well be pursued at the St. Genevieve library, but he must be able to glance at so many calf-bound volumes.

"Voltaire well summed up the essentials of a French lawyer when he said: 'An advocate is a man who for three years studies the laws of Theodosius and Justinian in order to learn the common law of Paris, and who, having matriculated at last, has the right to plead for money, provided he has a strong voice.' The only way I would modify Voltaire's definition is by adding that the modern French client does not even expect to be asked a fee, although he requires just as much of his advocate as they did Bel and St. Louis, when it was first built, in Voltaire's time. The young practitioner does not hint at such a thing as a retainer, least of all ask for it. The regulations forbid it.

"Worst of all, the young barrister, once inscribed on the rolls, has to pay a license. This is computed, not by the amount of money he may earn, but by the rent of the apartment he occupies. The result is that there are hundreds of impecunious but worthy young men who cannot meet the charges. In France no career is open to them after they have wasted at least six years in the study of law, excepting journalism and politics. Forty per cent of the present Chamber of Deputies are barristers, and that body in consequence is sometimes alluded to as the Palais de Justice burlesque.

"The Palace of Justice in Paris is a handsome monument of the days of Philippe-le-Bel. There are nine chambers or tribunals, the president of the first chamber being the first president. He is assisted by sixty counselors. One of the marvels of the Palace of Justice is the chamber in which these judges hold their sessions. It is an immense room lined with delicate woodwork and gravish blue hangings. The only furniture consists of scores of magnificently carved fauteuils. Behind the presidential armchair, in a gilt frame, is a picture of the crucifixion, a chef d'oeuvre on which volumes have been written, which hung for close upon two centuries in the grand chamber without the name of its author ever having been discovered.

"The Court of Appeals in the Palace of Justice has also a fine home. Its ceiling can boast of some of Bonnat's best paintings, surrounded by some admirable carvings. Justice has indeed a beautiful home in Paris, but unfortunately for suitors litigation is as expensive as the building is costly. This sort of thing is true of many other countries, but not to the extent that it is in France. Here, for example, the total expense of obtaining a debt of $2 sometimes runs as high as $20 and more."

"How do the French lawyers dress?" asked the reporter, as he was about to take leave.

"It was not until the fourteenth century," was the reply, "that a special costume was assigned to lawyers. In those times their garb was composed of a long tunic covered with a mantle and a cloth cap. Nowadays they wear a black gown, a square toque and a white neckband that reminds one of a Louis Quinze jabot. In some courts any trousers but black are still forbidden."

PLENTY OF SHARKS.

The Southeast Coast of Florida Infested This Year.

That part of the Atlantic which beats upon the southeast coast of Florida is infested with sharks. It is probably the "sharkiest" water at this season in the world. Folks who have dwelt for years in the jungles of soft palmetto and on the savannahs of saw grass that stretch inland from the shell-strewn beach, in commenting on the more than plentitude of sharks, say: "I never seen the like afore."

The blue swells that roll landward and pound themselves into fleecy, frenzied surf teem with this cruel fish. The white shark, the basking shark, the hammer-headed shark, and other members of the elasmo branchiate family are there.

From Jupiter Inlet to Hillsboro' Inlet, says the Washington Star, they may be seen outside the breakers, in the breakers and inside the breakers. This season they are so numerous and vicious that the strongest swimmers and the stoutest-hearted sea dogs along that part of the coast will not venture into the sea further than knee-deep water. Even where this precaution has been taken casualties have been reported. It was only a few days ago that the son of Captain Collins of the Jupiter lifesaving station lost a foot by shark bite while standing in the surf. He would probably have been killed had not a companion plunged a bowie knife into the fish.

The mail from the north for Miami, Cocoanut Grove and other settlements at the south end of the peninsula used to be carried from Palm Beach by a lone carrier, who followed the beach and crossed the inlets in small boats. This was before the opening of the East Coast railroad. It was just about one year ago that this lone carrier left Palm Beach on his last trip. A few days later the lightkeeper at Hillsboro' Inlet found the carrier's small boat bottom upward on the beach. The man was never after heard from. There had been no foul weather, and the settlers refused to believe that the carrier had either absconded or had been killed by bandits. The gunwale of the small boat showed that it had been gnawed by strong, sharp teeth. A broken oar was later picked up on the sound. The lightkeeper reported that thousands of sharks were in the inlet and that they were uncommonly bold and excited. The taste of human blood maddens these fish. The old settlers feel that they know about how the mail carrier met death.

This season vast schools of bluefish, snappers and salt-water mullets have appeared off the coast of Florida, and these have attracted untold thousands of shark from the warm water of the gulf stream, which at that part of the coast flows northward about four miles from shore. One may stand on the beach and throw shells at the monsters as they pursue their prey. Rifle balls seem to have little effect on a shark. Fat pork, a big hook, strong line and stout arm is the best way to kill one.

Several times this fall sharks have been seen in the Biscayne Canal, which was recently cut through from Lake Worth to Biscayne Bay. But the shark finds no comfort there. It is the home of the good, old alligator, and he resists intrusion. Every self-respecting 'gator will tackle a shark on sight.

First Come, First Served.

The question as to whether the holder of the ticket for a lower berth in a Pullman car is by right entitled to the seat facing the engine has been officially decided by the Pullman and Wagner car companies in the negative. Both companies say that they have no rule on the subject, and that the holder of the upper berth ticket has as much right to the seat facing the engine as has the holder of the lower berth ticket. The officials intimate that the thing to do is for the passengers to agree among themselves on the subject, or for the one who gets the seat first to hold it until the other one captures it. They should follow up this decision by providing a policeman for each car.

Just Got Around to Him.

Chicago Tribune: "I was much amused," said the Boston gentleman, "at a bon mot I heard this morning, to the effect that Chairman Jones, even after the election, was justified in 'claiming the earth,' because, like the earth, his party had been 'flattened at the polls.' Do you observe? 'Flattened at the—'"

"'Why, that's a chestnut!" interrupted one of the listeners.

"A chestnut?" rejoined the Boston man, perplexed for a moment. "A chestnut? Not at all, my dear sir. It is an oblate spheroid."

Bee, November 27, 1896.

SATURDAY

We ought to send out more goods and take in more popular contributions than for several Saturdays past. We have more inducements to offer than for several Saturdays past. In the first place we have an entirely new invoice of Men's Shetland Angora Ulsters—the heaviest, warmest, dressiest and most comfortable Ulsters in the market, and these we will sell Saturday at $10.50 each. In the second place we will have on sale a small lot of specially fine Kersey Dress Overcoats, made up in the top notch of fashion, with full satin linings, skinner sleeve linings, self-faced and self edged, handsome, dressy, high class garments, cut in the latest style and worth $30.00 in most stores—these we will sell Saturday at $18.00 a coat. In the third place we will open up three entirely new lines of Men's Suits in three entirely new patterns—bought late and bought low—and to show the difference between real bargains and alleged bargains we will sell these Saturday at $4.50, $6.00 and $7.50 a suit. In the fourth place we will offer Saturday, a brand new lot of men's heavy, all wool, cashmere underwear—Such as the dry goods stores sell at $1.25—for 75c a garment; and in the fifth place we will sell a special purchase of heavy, fleece lined shirt and drawers worth a dollar for 50c each. In the sixth place—but what's the use? Come in Saturday and you will part with your money more cheerfully than you have done in a long time. Saturday will be a red letter day for people who buy here.

Nebraska Clothing Co
OMAHA.

CHEAP OR DEAR?

You remember the dilemma of the tramp when he saw the watchdog wag his tail and then heard him growl; he said he didn't know which end to believe.

You feel just that way when you see the furniture in bargain stores. It pretends to be reliable cabinet work, and yet there are many little indications that it is simply made to sell. The drawers run jerkily, the finish is rough, the joints have begun to open, the whole appearance betrays extreme cheapness.

Such furniture will give you endless annoyance. You pay for it in your discomfort before three months are passed. And the last days of such furniture are even worse than the first. It is not economy, it is the most dismal extravagance.

While we are selling furniture at almost the lowest prices ever known in this country, it is useless to try and effect a greater saving. It cannot be done, except by cheapening construction and substituting discomfort for pleasure.

Our prices on Dining Tables are $3.25, $3.75, $4, $5, $6, $7.50, $9, $10, $11, $12, $14, $15, $18, $19, $20, $22, $23, $24, $27, $28, $30, $32, $35, $40, $45, $48, $50, $55, $65, $68, $70, $75, $80, $100, $125, $150, $175.

Chas. Shiverick & Co.,
Good Furniture at Extremely Low Prices.
12th and Douglas.

NOTE—White Iron Beds at $2.50; Oak Dining Chairs, 55c; Leather Seat Rockers, $2.00.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous disorders such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick headache Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. For a

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital organs; strengthening the muscular System, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing