EDITORIAL.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

Party of Indians to Be Taken to the Coming Paris Exposition.

WEIRD SCENE AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY

Cuming Street Grocer Neatly "Flim-Flammed"—Mistake in Switching Judges—Traveling Man Thinks He Ran Against a "Hoodoo."

"Yes, sir, I am going to take a party of American Indians to the Paris exposition in 1900 for the purpose of showing the possibilities of education among the redmen," said W. B. Backus, superintendent of the public schools at Chadron, who spends his summer vacations in Omaha. "I was in charge of such an exhibition at the World's Fair and it created so much interest that it was understood some time ago that a similar one should be presented at Paris. I was in Washington a short time ago in consultation with the Interior department, discussing plans for such an exhibition. An appropriation for this purpose has not yet been made, but I found that the interest of certain congressmen, familiar with the exhibition at the World's Fair, had not subsided, and I am assured that an appropriation sufficiently large to meet all requirements will be made.

"The importance of this exhibition lies in the fact that there is a current impression, confined not only to foreign countries, but in America as well, that the Indian cannot be educated, and that no effort is being made in this direction. As a matter of fact the success attained by the government in educating the Indian in mechanical arts and along literary lines has been marvelous. The idea prevails in some quarters that this exhibit at Paris is to be in the nature of a 'wild west show,' or something of that sort, and since The Bee contained an account of my conference in Washington in a special dispatch from its correspondent, I have received a number of letters of inquiry from bronco 'busters' and Indians, who have been connected with 'wild west' aggregations, desiring to accompany me. This is all wrong. I expect to take with me about sixty Indians who will be selected from the various agencies from all over the United States. These will all be educated. The exhibit will comprise a sort of a model working industrial school. It will be so arranged that Indians will be seen working at the trades which they have mastered at the several schools of learning and mechanical arts conducted by the government. I shall select competent harness makers, electrical workers and women who are artists in needlework and dressmaking. In fact, every line of mechanical art will be represented.

"It can readily be seen how important this exhibit will be. It will refute the impression that the American Indian is a lazy, ignorant, good-for-nothing fellow, and will show that by means of education he can be brought to an equal plane of intelligence with the white man."

"Talk about cyclones, tornadoes and such freaks of the wind," said George H. Mead, who travels in western Nebraska and South Dakota for an Omaha wholesale house, "I experienced what came about as near being a genuine 'twister' as I want to see, and witnessed a most interesting, weird and unusual sight out on Pine Ridge agency one night recently. I was making a tour of the agency, necessitating a drive of 150 miles. Along in the early evening, when I was about fifty miles from the agency, there came up a decidedly heavy wind, which had been gathering during the entire afternoon. My driver tried to proceed against it, but it gathered in velocity, and we began to be alarmed. Finally we came in sight of a protecting knoll near one of the Indian settlements and drove alongside it for shelter.

"The wind showed no sign of abatement, but each gust seemed to be more fierce than the previous one. The Indian squaws began to peer from beneath the flaps of their tepees, of which there were a number in plain view. It was manifest that they were terror-stricken. Here and there an old Indian buck, who had evidently been assured by his squaw that he could venture to poke his head out of the canvas door without endangering it, looked out, but soon withdrew his head, and weird chanting could be heard from beneath the tents. As the wind increased it began to play havoc with everything loose in its path. Tin cans were blown hither and thither, adding their jarring noises to the uncanny wails of the Indians. An innumerable number of dogs tied to the Indian wagons, being fatted for an approaching feast, set up a deafening howl. Finally, the wind grew so violent that it blew over a number of the tepees. Then there was a scene of indescribable terror. The Indians hastily huddled up in small groups, threw themselves prone on the ground and began some sort of an universal chant to the 'Great Father.' Whether it was a prayer or not, I do not know, neither do I know whether it was answered by the 'Great Father,' but, at any rate, they had not proceeded long with their wails and cries until a calm settled over everything, the wind having spent its fury.

"I remained a little while to see the outcome. The bucks withdrew out of sight and soon returned in an almost nude condition. They were painted and bedecked with feathers procured from beneath the flattened canvas of their tepees. Fires were lighted and the Indians began a dance. They circled about the fires, their painted bodies showing up in a weird manner as the flames darted high from the frequent replenishment of fuel supplied by the squaws. It must have been a dance of thanksgiving for the subsiding of the wind, but I did not care to venture inside the circle to make any inquiries. As I drove away their shouts and whoops were plainly heard until I had gone a long distance."

A few days ago a man entered a Cuming street grocery and asked the proprietor for a $10 bill in exchange for ten silver dollars. The stranger explained that he wanted to send the money away in a letter, and at the same time laid a pile of silver dollars on the counter. The proprietor handed over a $10 bill and began to count the pile of silver. In the meantime the stranger picked up the $10 bill and apparently put it in an envelope which he sealed, addressed and stamped. At this point the proprietor discovered that there was only $9 in the pile of silver and called the stranger's attention to it. The man seemed to be surprised and after counting the money said:

"I must have left the other dollar on the table in my room. Just keep this letter until I return and I will run over to my room across the street and get the other dollar," and, gathering up the silver, the stranger departed.

The merchant thinking that the envelope contained the $10 bill, said nothing, but after waiting two or three hours, and the man not returning, opened the letter only to find that it contained a piece of blank paper.

There is an attorney in Omaha, at one time police judge, who has acquired a pronounced distrust of a plea in abatement as applied to a criminal proceeding. Some time ago he defended two young fellows charged with highway robbery. The case was tried before Judge Baker, who sentenced the older boy to five years in the penitentiary and the other, who was about 16 years old, to the reform school. Later the attorney discovered that there was an error in the transcript and filed a plea in abatement which the court was compelled to recognize. The case was remanded to the police court in South Omaha; the defendant was again bound over and was again brought before the district court for trial. Meantime Judge Slabaugh had assumed charge of the criminal docket and after the jury had found the defendant guilty he sentenced him to thirteen years in the penitentiary. And the attorney declares with emphasis that when he files another plea in abatement he will be sure that they won't switch judges on him.

"I think I ran up against a 'hoodoo' over in Marshalltown, Ia., the other day," said James Allen, traveling freight agent of the Missouri Pacific.

"I dropped in to look after a little freight business and found the town all agog with excitement. I was rambling around the depot platform, when my attention was attracted to an excited crowd near the baggage-room. When I caught sight of the object of their excitement I was nearly overcome. The bodies of two men, hardly bearing the semblance of human form, had just been taken from a special car and were awaiting a conveyance to take them to an undertaker's. It was a most horrible sight. The bodies were those of the two Chicago Great Western brakemen who had been killed by a gang of tramps riding on their train. The two dead men were absolutely unrecognizable.

"I examined them rather carefully after I regained my usual nerve. One had been shot through the back three or four times and the other had a bullet wound in the forehead. My idea is that the poor fellow who had been shot in the back entered the box car while the train was bowling along and got into an altercation with the 'bums' while attempting to eject them. He evidently was getting the worst of it and endeavored to go out the end door when he was shot, falling forward between the cars onto the rails. His companion, judging from the bullet wound in the forehead, heard the noise and lowered himself between the cars to peer into the end window when he was shot without warning, and he, too, fell upon the rails.

"You can imagine what a high pitch of feeling the people of Marshalltown had worked themselves into. Both men were residents there and had families.

"I was walking around the depot trying to erase the harrowing sight from my mind. On the lower part of the platform some distance from me, but in plain sight, I saw a man walking slowly, but apparently steadily. Suddenly a switching train came backing toward him and before I could realize it I saw him fall in front of the train, and he was literally cut in two. This was not a very agreeable antidote for my overwrought nerves. I noticed that the man had a whisky bottle, which was broken in the accident, and the liquid poured out in a stream. I feared that the brand of booze he had been imbibing was responsible for his death and, when I went in search of something to quiet my nerves, you can depend upon it that I didn't take whisky. One thing I did take, though, and that was the first train out of town."

The members of the city council, in addition to being wise, sometimes indulge in pleasing, but dignified and harmless jests. The other day a resolution was written out by someone in the controller's office, who works so hard that he has no time to spare, granting the "city paymaster" a leave of absence for thirty days. As everyone knows, there is no such official as the city paymaster, but, as not everyone knows, there is a man, who for several years has been like a rich uncle to city employes who could not wait until their warrants were ready for them. The resolution was introduced at the last council meeting and most of the members "tumbled" at once, but one of them jumped to his feet and asked:

"Why, who is this city paymaster? I didn't know that the city had one."

The only answer he got was a general laugh and then several amendments to the resolution were offered, a bright smile accompanying each. One was to make the vacation ten years and another was to allow the "city paymaster" his regular salary during his absence. The introducers asked that the rules be suspended and the resolution passed, and then it was suggested that the paymaster himself be suspended instead.

When the president asked if the members were ready to vote on the last amendment the member who had first asked for light on the subject declared that he would not vote without knowing who the paymaster was, and how there happened to be such a position in the city government. He did not believe there was any authority for it in the charter.

President Bingham has a handy little way of ending the agony when the council gets tangled up in its own jokes, so he declared the resolution out of order.

The introducer then voluntarily withdrew it.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

New Jersey ranks first in silk goods.

We export billions of cigarettes to Asia.

Virginia has thirty-three woolen mills.

Pennsylvania has eighty-six silk mills.

Charlotte, N. C., has twelve cotton mills.

London carpenters earn 19 cents per hour.

Uncle Sam produces half the world's petroleum.

Two anti-trust lime kilns have been erected at Union, Ind.

In Syria a skilled laborer is paid from 50 cents to $1 a day.

The output of lead and zinc in the Joplin, Mo., district this year will be greater than that of the gold production of Alaska.

The building trades unions of New York report that they have never experienced such a busy season as at the present time. Many of the trade and labor organizations are wholly unable to supply the demand for men.

The executive committee of the Lake Carriers' association has advanced the wages of sailors on the great lakes 10 per cent. This was accomplished during the meeting held in Cleveland, O., last week and will go into effect at once.

The free state employment bureaus were opened in Chicago a few days ago and their first weekly report shows that of 2,094 men who applied for work in that time, 289 obtained it; and of 441 applications from women, 163 were successful.

Some months ago several members of the San Francisco, Cal., Typographical union employed on a daily paper in that city refused to work with one Hess, a nonunion machinist. As a result a union machinist was employed and now holds the position. Hess sued the Typographical union and its members, asking $25,000 damages for the loss of his position, and also for an injunction forbidding the defendants from striking or threatening to strike or boycotting or intimidating any publisher who desired to employ him. The case was tried by a jury in Judge Daingerfield's court. The judge submitted eighteen points on which the jury was to pass, in addition to the general verdict, and a peculiar feature was that the special points were all in favor of the union, while the general verdict was against it—the jury bringing in a verdict in favor of Hess and awarding him $1,200 damages. The case has been appealed by the printers.

PRIZE WINNERS RETURN HOME

Scatter East and West and Enjoy Their Vacations Thoroughly.

KINDNESS SHOWN WHEREVER THEY WENT

Routes Planned Prove to Have Been Laid Out to the Best Possible Advantage—How They Spent Their Time.

The winners in The Bee popular working girl contest for vacation trips have returned to their duties at home. There is no doubt in the mind of a single one but that she had a good time and they are all convinced that the trip was worth the struggle which became so arduous and so exciting toward the close.

Miss Eva Phillips, who received the highest number of votes in the contest, has returned to her work at Swift and Company's plant in South Omaha. In company with Miss Simms of Omaha, as chaperone, Miss Phillips left Omaha on August 3 over the Union Pacific and went direct to Salt Lake City, arriving there on the morning of August 5. Apartments were provided for Miss Phillips and her friend at the Knutsford, the finest hotel in the city. In recounting her trip Miss Phillips said:

"We first visited the Mormon tabernacle and as I had never been in Salt Lake before the great building was quite a revelation. After spending some time in the tabernacle and the Assembly house we took a drive about town and fortunately had a Mormon for a driver, who explained to us all about the Mormon religion as well as pointing out the interesting parts of the city. We drove past Amelia Palace, where one of Brigham Young's wives resides, and also visited the grave of the great Mormon leader. We were greatly disappointed at not being able to view the interior of the Mormon temple, but none but Mormons are allowed inside. On the day following our drive we went to Garfield beach, where we bathed in the water of the great Salt lake. The next day we visited Saltair, another bathing resort on the opposite side of the lake. Next came a street car ride to Fort Douglas, followed by a visit to the Salt palace. In all we stayed seven days in Salt Lake City and enjoyed every minute. Of course, the last day was spent in visiting the stores and doing some shopping. We spent one day at Ogden, the guests of some acquaintances we made on the outward trip. We were driven about the city and were taken to Ogden canyon. From Ogden we went to Denver and spent three and one-half days there in sightseeing. One day was spent in a trip around the loop above Georgetown. This included a visit to the Mendota mines. While in Denver I met my brother and his company made my stay there very pleasant. I was gone fifteen days and really never had a better time in my life. From the beginning to the end of the trip we had the best of everything, our Pullman, dining car, hotel and other expenses being paid by The Omaha Bee. We were treated royally wherever we went and especially by hotel people and railroad officials. I certainly thank The Omaha Bee for the opportunity given me of taking such a delightful trip."

In Love with Niagara.

Miss Clara McCann of Thompson, Belden & Co. made her trip in the company of friends and says she had a most delightful time. She went to Chicago and from there to Cleveland and then took boat for Buffalo. She visited friends in Buffalo and also in Cleveland. The trip on Lake Erie was very enjoyable, the travel by water being the best part of the trip. At Niagara Falls Miss McCann stayed at the Cataract house, a pleasant summer hotel overlooking a portion of the great falls. Miss McCann was delighted with the falls and says they simply can't be described to anyone who has not seen them. Her trip took her through Canada on the Great Gorge route and she had an opportunity to see much of the Niagara river, which is very calm and pretty, not at all suggestive of the turbulent rapids.

Miss Florence Rodgers of the Richardson Drug company spent the most of her four weeks' vacation at Colorado Springs, where she stayed at the Broadmore, but of course took in all the places of interest in the vicinity. Among the places to which Miss Rogers made excursions were Seven Falls, Point Lookout and Helen Hunt Jackson's grave, Glen Eyre, Ute Pass, Cascades, Rainbow Falls and Minnehaha Falls. She made a trip on the cog road up Pike's Peak and saw a sunrise from the summit. She believes there is nothing more grand than a sunrise seen from the Peak and she wanted to go up every morning. Miss Rodgers tried the waters at Manitou and, unlike some travelers, liked them very much. She made the trip around the loop and on the way back visited relatives in Denver. At Denver she stayed at the Brown Palace.

Known Everywhere as The Bee Girl.

Miss Rabinowitz of W. R. Bennett & Co. went to Hot Springs, S. D. Her trip was cut a little shorter than it would otherwise have been on account of the illness of her sister, who accompanied her, but the vacation was enjoyed immensely while it lasted. She stayed at the Evans while at the Springs and visited the Cave of the Winds, the Falls and Holbrooktown. She intended making a side trip up into the Hills, but this had to be abandoned. Most of her time at Hot Springs, Miss Rabinowitz says, she spent in the plunge, which was great fun. Miss Rabinowitz says that she was known everywhere as "The Bee girl" and that only once or twice did she have occasion to give her name. At Chadron a crowd gathered at the station and gave her three cheers for her and The Bee.

Miss Clara Denner of Kelley, Stiger & Co. went to Denver and Colorado Springs. "I had a delightful time," she says "and took in everything there was on the way. I went wheel riding and burro riding and climbed up to all the high places. I put on a mountain hat and carried an alpenstock and thought I was a genuine old-time mountain climber. I went to Cheyenne canyon and Manitou, the Garden of the Gods, went up Pike's Peak on the cog road and took a moonlight walk on it and went around the Georgetown loop. I went down a mine at Georgetown and stole some specimens of ore. The most beautiful part of the trip was that from Boulder to Ward. It is called the Switzerland Trail and the scenery is simply magnificent. I had a splendid trip and would not exchange it for any other that could be laid out. If The Bee wants to have any more contests like that one I am ready to go in."

Went a-Fishing.

Miss Grace Gunnell of the Sherman & McConnell Drug company was gone two weeks and came back with some tall fish stories. But she was wise enough to bring kodak pictures of the fish and as there is no appeal from the veracity of a camera her stories have to go. One of the fish weighed nineteen pounds. Miss Gunnell says that this was either the smallest or the largest one; she does not exactly remember which. She thinks it was the largest one, although it may have been the smallest. She spent a week in Chicago and a week at Mackinac. From the latter place she took excursion trips to Petoskey and Bay View on the steamer Illinois. The lake was calm every time she was on it and she says she couldn't have had a better time.

Miss Ada Talmage of M. E. Smith & Co. was gone four weeks on her vacation and says that she could not have enjoyed herself more. She went from here to Buffalo, spent five days in that city and a week in Syracuse. She went by water on Lake Ontario to Ontario Beach and from there to Rochester. She also visited Oswego and a number of intermediate points.

"Simply a Paradise."

Miss Alma Lindquist of M. E. Smith & Co. was absent longer than any of the other winning contestants, having taken a seven-weeks' vacation, traveling in company with her sister. She went from Omaha to Chicago and remained there two weeks, visiting all the places of amusement in and about the city. From there she took steamer to Milwaukee and returned to Chicago, to go later to Kilbourn, Wis., and "The Dells." The latter, she says, is a delightful summer resort, with the best boating, fishing and bathing. "It is simply a paradise there," Miss Lindquist says. The resort is located in the heart of a most beautiful region and Miss Lindquist and her sister spent much of their time sketching. On the return trip Miss Lindquist stopped off at Creston, Ia., her old home, and had a pleasant visit with relatives. She says, however, that she enjoyed herself more and was in better health at "The Dells," as it was so cool there.

Miss Carrie Ocumpaugh of the Dodge Street Luncheon says that her trip was all so thoroughly enjoyable that it is hard to specify any feature that was more pleasant than another. She traveled over the Union Pacific, Oregon Short Line and Oregon Railway and Navigation. The last named road took her through the Columbia river region, which contains some of the grandest scenery in the country. At Portland a notable feature of her visit was a trip to the famous Portland Heights, an immensely high point of ground from which the view of the city of Portland and the Columbia river is one of marvelous beauty. From Portland Miss Ocumpaugh went on to the coast, to Astoria and Oregon City. At Astoria she enjoyed trout fishing and boating. She says that the train officials were most courteous to her and did a great deal to increase the pleasure of her trip. On her return she was accompanied by old friends, the Misses Schultz of Portland, formerly of Omaha.

Delighted with St. Louis.

Miss Hanchen Rehfeld of the Lake school left Omaha with a ticket to Buffalo by way of St. Louis, but she enjoyed her visit in St. Louis so much and prolonged it to such an extent that she did not get any farther away. Her vacation lasted four weeks and she says that she enjoyed every day of it. The parks and gardens about St. Louis are numerous and beautiful. In the famous Shaw Botanical gardens, which are remarkable no less from a standpoint of natural beauty than from one of scientific interest, Miss Rehfeld spent an entire day. Forest park, said to be one of the largest tracts of ground used for park purposes in the entire country, and Tower Grove park, noted for its flowers and statuary, took up portions of her time, and Uhrig's Cave, a theater built in the form of a cave, was another of the interesting places visited. Miss Rehfeld went through the immense Anheuser-Busch brewery, which no visitor to St. Louis ever misses. It is like a city all by itself.

Miss Pearl Sunderland of the Postal Telegraph company returned the latter part of the week from her vacation of two weeks spent in Salt Lake and points between that place and Omaha. In Salt Lake she visited the Mormon tabernacle and heard a Mormon service on a Sunday afternoon, in which the choir of 500 voices took part. She also saw the Salt Palace. At Saltair beach, on the lake, she enjoyed the bathing and boating. At Liberty park she was present at the demonstration over the return of the Utah soldiers, which included a parade and all the attendant excitement.

On the way home Miss Sunderland stopped at Denver, and also made the trip around the Georgetown loop. At Silver Plume she went into the well known Victoria mine and had an opportunity to witness the operations of practical mining.

Miss Addie Palmer of W. R. Bennett & Co. is still absent on her trip to Denver and the places of interest and pleasure within easy reach of that city.

SOME LATE INVENTIONS.

In a newly designed whip the loaded handle is replaced by a spiral strip of steel, covered by a flexible fabric, thus providing sufficient weight to balance the tip and making a flexible grip, which will bend in the hand.

To insure the retention of a waist belt at the top of the trousers a new attachment is formed of wire loops secured to the under surface of the belt, with an obstructed opening at one end of the loop, which can be slipped over the buttons on the band of the trousers.

To temporarily repair leaks in fire hose a pair of semi-circular metallic sections are hinged together, with links on one section, to engage hooked levers being pivoted in brackets to allow them to be depressed and lock the sections around the hose.

Ears of corn can be rapidly husked by a Kansas man's patent glove, the palm being covered with a series of interlaced rings of wire, which form a surface of sufficient flexibility and roughness to engage the husks and strip them from the ear.

Two Chicago men have patented a shield for pneumatic tires which will protect the tire from punctures, the tread being flat and extending beyond the air chamber on each edge, with a metallic strip inserted in a slip formed in the face of the tread.

A company has been formed for the production of liquefied acetylene gas, the patent process consisting of extracting the gas in the usual way and using mechanical pressure to liquefy it, the decomposing heat being artificially removed as fast as the gas is generated.

Train orders can be delivered to the engineer while the train is under high speed by the use of a new order-holding device, which has a wire loop with a clamp on one side to grip the message, a socket being provided to hold the loop in position, to be easily detached by the engineer.

A New Jersey man has patented a hitching post which will accommodate bicycles as well as horses, the portion of the post nearest the pavement being provided with slots of sufficient width to admit the wheel of the machine, with the usual ring at the top for fastening the horses.

Dishes can be secured in a handy position for scalding and draining by the use of a newly designed sink board, which is formed of a series of wooden strips set on edge on a base board, with slots cut in the strips for the insertion of the dishes in a slanting position.

In a new device for hanging or removing pictures from high walls a long pole is provided at one end with a U-shaped bracket, having slots in the ends for the reception of the picture cord, with a central hinged finger which supports the hook by which the cord is attached to the molding.

Typewriter operators will appreciate a new copy-holder, having a base to be placed under the rear of the typewriter to hold it firmly, with a vertical post arising from the base and provided with a curved neck at the upper end, which holds a book or sheet of paper in convenient position for copying.

IOWA BOYS ON FIRING LINE

Graphic Account of a Night on the Outposts with the Fifty-First.

EXPERIENCE OF A MANILA REPORTER

Hot Times in the Daytime and Little Sleep at Night—Some Gaiety and Much Discomfort at the Front.

All the volunteer regiments sent to Manila in the early summer of 1898 have not reached the shores of their native land. Some regiment had to constitute itself a rear guard, and that post fell to the Fifty-first Iowa, and at last accounts the fighting boys of the Hawkeye state were soldiering at the front, or mighty near it.

A correspondent of the Manila Times who camped and messed with the Iowa boys at their outpost near San Fernando early in July gives a graphic account of life along the firing line. Even at that time the Iowans were the only volunteers at the front, all other regiments having been called in, some being on the sea, homeward bound. But they had little time to get homesick. The natives were busy and brisk in front of them and managed to prevent "dull care" settling down in that camp. How the day and the night pass is thus told by the Times' correspondent:

Ready for Business.

All regiments received orders to be in readiness for action at a moment's notice, extra ammunition was issued and a reserve company was sent out to strengthen each outpost at night to hold the enemy in check until reinforcements could arrive to repel the attack which was momentarily expected. I therefore decided to remain, and, calling upon Colonel J. C. Loper of the Fifty-first Iowa, now the only volunteer regiment on the firing line, received a cordial invitation to join the most advanced outpost at the front, where the merry rebels could be seen and heard and where every possibility of a closer acquaintance would present itself. Passing through rice fields and canebrake for about two miles, I finally came to two sugar mills, partially destroyed, one of them occupied by H company, eighty-three strong, of the Fifty-first Iowa, commanded by Captain E. C. Worthington, who kindly offered me his hospitality and every facility for taking observations, and with genial comradeship invited me to participate in the expected skirmish. Climbing up a thirty-foot ladder constructed of gigantic bamboos, I got up on the roof of the sugar house, where a permanent and vigilant lookout is kept all day and a faithful Iowa boy, telescope in hand, keeps a keen watch on the movements of the dusky foe. Adjusting the glass I could see beyond the first row of bamboos a bunch of about thirty of our friends, the enemy. They were intently engaged in some animated discussion or game (possibly shooting craps, "seven come 'leven") to judge by their excited gestures and occasional howls, which were wafted over on the stilly air. A moment later I saw a woman on horseback, possibly the famous Joan d'Arc of the Filipinos, who, like that valorous historical personage, is evidently pursuing or trying to pursue the same tactics with her people as the first with the French, that is to inspire them with courage and lead them—somewhere. She was immediately joined by an officer and away they went, disappearing in the bamboo thicket in the direction of Mexico, where the insurgent headquarters are at present located.

Various gangs of natives, more or less excited, were seen scattered along the line, too distant to clearly determine their occupation, whether playing poker, craps or merely indulging in a quiet chat, native style, arms flying about like the wings of a windmill, or they might have been practicing boxing, Marquis of Queensbury rules; they can lick our boys in martial warfare—but alas and alack for "Johnny Reb" if he hopes to succeed to get the best in any way of the boys who from their youth have been trained to manly sports on mountain and prairie and who fight beneath the mighty shadow of the eagle's wings.

Feasting on the Firing Line.

However, the shades of night soon hid the landscape from view and we descended from our lofty perch and proceeded to dine. Ye gods and little fishes! How I did enjoy the well-cooked, tasty bean soup, cooked by the expert Celestial-Melican camp hash juggler, excellent meat pie and other delicacies, all flavored by the healthy appetite induced by vigorous exercise and pure air and enlivened by merry jokes and stories of love and war and of adventure by land and sea. It was not a fashionable, Lucullian, plutocratic feast, elaborately garnished and decorated with silver, crystal and china; 'twas only potluck, genially tendered by hospitable, kindly warriors' hearts to a comrade; but I felt at home and enjoyed the repast.

At 6 p. m. the outpost was reinforced by Company M, in command of Captain Clark, who gave orders to dig out another trench close to the enemy's lines. That accomplished, the various outposts were placed, final instructions given and all was ready for the momentarily expected attack. For a time all was silent, save for an occasional humorous call from the rebel outposts, counting fours—one, two, three, four—all right!—and the incessant, not unmelodious warble of the bullfrog, who seemed to call out, "More rain, more rain"—and his wish was gratified, for "more rain" did we get and plenty of it. Suddenly, at 8 p. m., distant, rapid firing was heard, coming from the Twelfth infantry posts, but as it was not prolonged, we retired again from our point of vantage on the trenches and returned to shelter from the rain to renew our defensive and offensive operations against the enterprising mosquitoes, who, with apparently ironclad stings, penetrated Khaki, gauze head coverings, and, despite all our efforts, sent legions to renewed attack for every single one slain. Thus we passed the time on the warpath until rapid firing from our outpost No. 2 and the crash of a few bullets into the beams of the house made us jump up on the alert, ready for battle, confident that the long-expected grand attack had commenced. But it only proved to be assured, as usual, a false alarm, only a volley of about eighteen or twenty shots fired by the enemy, which our outpost, following his instructions, had too much sense to return. It was then midnight. Every moment we expected the ball to begin, but the enemy did not renew the attack. But the customary shouts had ceased and "all was quiet on the Potomac," a circumstance which made us feel all the more suspicious.

At 1:30 a. m. two rockets like bright meteors flashed up into the sky in the direction of Mexico, the insurgent headquarters, evidently a signal that no attack was to be made that morning, and events justified the surmise; we were not again molested. At 7 a. m. we were relieved by Company C, in command of Captain W. F. Steepy, and our vigil was ended.

A Reminiscence.

This same field of high sugar cane was the scene of one of the most desperately fought and quickly decided outpost skirmishes of the war.

On the morning of June 16 Company D, in command of First Sergeant Woodruff, was attacked by a superior force of natives, partially guarded by a trench which covers one side of the sugar mill; the boys blazed away with great rapidity, hoping to rout them quickly, but the rebels were well sheltered by dense cane and bamboo thickets, and, greatly outnumbering the small defending force, were enabled to flank them and cut them off in the rear of the trench.

Colonel Loper, at headquarters, on hearing the fusillade, quickly realized the situation, and Captain Worthington with H company, forming the reserve, was ordered to the front. Advancing as rapidly as possible in the dense fog that enshrouded the entire landscape, they saw a long skirmishing line about sixty yards ahead, close to the sugar mill. Feeling doubtful as to their identity, the mist being too thick to recognize any object at a distance, they called out, "Who in—paradise—are you?" No verbal reply, but a shot, and then the band played "Home, Sweet Home" so effectively that the colored gentlemen soon wished that they were there or anywhere else. Twenty were killed and over forty wounded and taken prisoners. M company, in command of Captain Clark, also engaged and nobly seconded the first rescuing party. They were just in time. The boys, expecting no attack, everything having been quiet so long, had no reserve ammunition, and the vigorous fire they maintained soon exhausted their supply. Flanked, and with only a few rounds left, they would have been annihilated to a man.

The action was brief but decisive, as on the arrival of the regiment the natives were in full retreat.

Sergeant Woodruff deserves great praise for meritorious conduct, as his post was bravely held. General MacArthur sent for him and expressed his satisfaction at his and the Iowa regiment's conduct.

Majors Tackle Chance.

Yet life at the front is not utterly devoid of humorous incidents. Much amusement was caused on Wednesday by a lottery contest between the majors of the regiment to decide the difficult question of rank. All three had received their commissions on the same day, and there being no seniority on that account they agreed to leave the decision to fate. The names were written on slips of paper, thrown into a hat, and the Celestial camp cook officiated as Fate and drew as follows: First major, W. J. Duggan; second major, Sterling P. Moore; third major, John C. Hume.

A shout of laughter rang out, everybody was amused, and as no favoritism exists in that merry regiment, all were equally delighted.

The Iowa regiment has been at the front since February and is now the only volunteer regiment on the firing line. May it live long to gather fresh laurels and safely return to home, sweet home.

CONNUBIALITIES.

A Boston girl who received a proposal by telegraph sent back a telegram with these two words: "Emphatically, yes." The Priscillas of the period are not as frosty as is sometimes charged.

Justice Thomas McCann of Lorain, O., joined in holy bonds of wedlock Joseph Hartman and his son Adam to the two Bordee sisters, Katie and Gertie. An interesting complication of relationships thus arises.

The wedding of Miss Mary Virghia Taylor, daughter of Captain Henry C. Taylor, who commanded the battleship Indiana during the Spanish war, to Lieutenant Valentine Chase of the United States navy, took place at noon last Thursday at All Saints' Memorial chapel, Newport.

The marriage of Miss Julia Dent Grant to Prince Michel Cantacuzene of Russia will take place on Monday, September 25, in All Saints' chapel, Newport. Bishop Potter of New York City will perform the ceremony. The wedding breakfast will follow at the home of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Edward H. Vogt of Hoboken, who because he was single was chaffed and teased by his friends, they declaring he was a bachelor only because he could find no girl willing to marry him, finally made a bet of $5 that he could get married in two weeks. He won the bet, with several days to spare, and now the man who lost suspects him and his wife of having been engaged for some time and of having devised the scheme to pay the minister.

The surprising information has leaked out in London that Prince Lobengula, the South African prince, and Miss Florence Kate Jowell, the announcement of whose proposed marriage created such a furore, and which was supposed to have been postponed indefinitely, if not permanently, at the last moment, were in reality wedded in London by a special license on the memorable day set for the ceremony. The fact has been strenuously denied on every hand since by the friends of the prince visiting London and by the relatives of the girl, but it has now been established almost beyond reasonable doubt.

At a wedding in Palmyra, N. Y., last week the bridegroom took the surname of his bride, so that she, instead of becoming Mrs. Jacob W. Wagonmaker, became Mrs. Jacob W. Crookston. There is a rather romantic tinge to the affair on account of a remarkable chain of circumstances. Twenty-two years ago Wagonmaker, then a small child and an orphan, was taken by Miss Alice Crookston's parents and reared as their own child, although not adopted formally. He fell in love with his foster sister, and she with him, but a seemingly insurmountable barrier existed to their marriage. Miss Crookston, the bride, has a great uncle who is wealthy, and with whom she has been a prime favorite. He decided to make her his heir, but through some idiosyncrasy was unwilling that his property should go to any one except a Crookston. If by marriage she changed her name the fortune was to revert to a male cousin.

THE OLD-TIMERS.

Mrs. Anson Jones has just celebrated in perfect health her eightieth birthday in Houston, Tex. She is the widow of the president of the Texas republic. She is president of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

General Edmond von Krieghammer, Austro-Hungarian minister of war, who celebrated on August 1 the fiftieth anniversary of his military career, received from the emperor on that occasion the title of baron. The general was born at Landshut in 1832.

Hiram Hedges of Anderson, Ind., aged 106 years, who lately whipped his 80-year-old son Hiram at Indianapolis and placed him in the hands of surgeons, who sewed his scalp together, claims the distinction of being the man who drove the first spike on the first railway ever constructed in Indiana.

Upper Sandusky, O., people believe they have living in their city the oldest married couple in the United States. "Uncle Peter" Stansley and his wife, "Aunt Susan," have a record of eighty-one years of married life, and only a few days ago they celebrated their wedding anniversary. "Uncle Peter" is now 102 years old and his wife is 94, and neither of them is an invalid.

William Henry Ijams, who has just resigned as treasurer of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company, was in the service of that corporation for forty-six years. He saw the laying of the corner stone of the company's first building, near Mount Clare, July 4, 1828. For thirty years he handled about $25,000,000 a year. During a period of twelve years he took but one day's vacation. At 77 Mr. Ijams is in good health.

Abraham Stingley, an eccentric resident of northwest Missouri, who died at the age of 93 at his home near Ravenswood, Mo., a few days ago was a most ardent democrat, and had voted for every president candidate from Jackson to Bryan. Among his peculiarities it is recorded that he "never gave a note, never paid a cent of interest, never took a dose of medicine from a physician and never lost any of his teeth, although they were worn down to the gums at the time of his death."

CONDUCTOR SHOT BY CROOK

Omaha Tough Fires at Trainman Who Bounces Him from Car.

"SLOPPY" SMITH IN JAIL AT DES MOINES

Interesting Career in Nebraska of the Young Desperado and His Pal, Charlie Yancy, Told by the Police.

Word has been received by the police department that two well known crooks who have lived in Omaha for a number of years were arrested in Des Moines Friday for shooting the conductor of a Northwestern passenger train. The trainman is not seriously injured, the bullet having lodged in the shoulder. The man who did the shooting was "Sloppy" Smith, and his partner was "Charlie" Yancey, both having been identified by the train crew and Omaha detectives.

The men were beating their way on passenger trains to the Iowa state fair at Des Moines. They left here the first of the week, and enroute picked up a third pal, whose identity was not learned by the Iowa authorities. At Ames the trio secreted themselves in a closet and did not appear in the car until after the conductor had passed through. As it was late at night Smith and his accomplices were able to slip a number of "duckets," or conductor's checks from the hats of sleeping farmers, as they passed along the aisle.

They were detected in the operation by a man in the end of the car, who was not asleep, and who immediately found the conductor and informed him what they had done. The three men had placed the checks in their own hats and were feigning sleep when the conductor came across them in the smoker.

The trio showed fight when informed that their ruse had been detected, and each of them drew a revolver. The rest of the trainmen were called to the conductor's assistance, and after heated argument the three consented to leave the train at the next stop. When the train came to a standstill Smith was the last to alight from the platform. The conductor, standing with a number of the brakemen, helped him along with a swift kick. The crook then drew his pistol and shot the conductor through the shoulder.

On the train were two railroad detectives, who immediately telegraphed to the Des Moines police to be on the lookout for men answering to the crooks' description. A squad of police and detectives on a special engine went to the place where Smith and his companions were put off and found them in an empty car. Smith and Yancey were placed under arrest, but the third man made his escape. Later Smith and Yancey were identified by the train crew as the men who did the shooting. Omaha detectives gave the Iowa authorities their names.

Their Records.

"Sloppy" Smith lived at Eleventh and Jones streets. He was a partner of "Kid" Sley, now in the penitentiary, also a member of the McVey gang, all of whom are serving time. When an officer was sent to arrest Smith on a minor charge several months ago a fight ensued in which Smith was severely clubbed. He feigned insensibility and the officer attempted to carry him to the nearest patrol box. The load proved too heavy and he was left for a few minutes on the sidewalk until the wagon call could be sent in from the box. When the policeman returned after an absence of a minute Smith had flown.

Smith had the reputation of being the cleverest man at escaping from custody known by the local police and many interesting tales are told of his escapades. One morning in the old jail he is said to have overpowered three officers while being taken into the court room for trial and to have made his escape by leaping through a window and over a lumber wagon standing in the path. The officers tell another story of a time when Smith jumped from the patrol wagon and over a bank forty feet high to escape arrest for larceny. Smith once made his "get-away" with a pair of handcuffs and feet shackles on. When captured a few months later Judge Gordon sentenced him to thirty days in the county jail for the theft of the shackles and handcuffs, remarking that the city's property must be protected.

Yancy was released from the penitentiary not long ago, having been sent there from Fremont for burglary. He was once shot in the leg while trying to escape. The police characterize him as a man who will do anything for money.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Lima hasn't an umbrella.

New York has 800 millionaires.

Ireland has 400 co-operative societies.

Germany makes 2,000,000 glass eyes annually.

America makes 20,000,000 false teeth annually.

About one German woman in every twenty-seven works in a factory.

It is estimated that consumption of beer in the entire world amounts to $1,080,000,000 per annum.

The Long Island railroad has adopted the rule that passengers are to leave the cars by the front door and enter by the rear door.

The latest thing in company promoting comes from Paris, where a dog's cemetery has been floated with a capital of $70,000. The promoters are ladies.

In Germany during the year ending July, 1898, out of 387,991 persons looking for employment, 222,595 found occupation by means of free employment agencies.

On the crowded East Side of New York the city has invested $120,000 in another little park. It cont