

densely packed lines as the head of the column and the first companies marched forth. The bands played, but the welcome from thousands of throats drowned the music.

At the foot of Market street the dense crowd was a jam. Windows and roofs were peopled with faces that seemed all open mouths and waving flags. Dry goods boxes were piled in the street. Blockaded cable cars were peopled over with a wriggling humanity, and from their places of vantage men and women yelled themselves hoarse and waved their arms weary.

Many wept unconsciously while a thunderous refrain echoed untiringly, "Welcome, Nebraska, welcome home."

Two blocks farther on the men were decked with flowers, scarred and much-used weapons of war were filled to the muzzle with bright blossoms of peas. The men held their lips tight shut, looking as though they, too, were nearer tears than smiles.

Guns boomed amiably from the tops of sky scrapers, the cheering grew to a mighty thunder and many a face that was never known to change color under fire grew as pale as the white flowers in their button holes.

San Francisco seemed to have gone mad, all business was suspended. Dealers in fire-arms sent their employes out with guns and howitzers to add to the general cry of thankfulness.

The tall Examiner building was hung from basement to roof with hundreds of trains of fire crackers that were set off at once. When the men heard their sharp crackle, their eyes snapped for the first time. They nudged each other excitedly with their elbows.

"Guiguinto," said one; "Marilao," whispered another. "That's February Fourth over again, fellows," shouted the irrepressible Hitchcock of company G.

"Sounds more like Quinga, when the colonel was killed," objected a voice from "H."

Near the Chronicle building hardware merchants and bell manufacturers were making good use of their wares. Church bells and chimes were mounted in every front window from sidewalk to the fifth story, and set furiously going. S rings of bells reaching from the roofs to the sidewalks jingled continuously. Cymbals were made of vast boiler covers and beaten to the time of the marching footsteps. The steam whistles and sirens, too, caught the measure of the march and tooted in unison like the mighty throb of a great drum.

Soon a greater cheer, a wilder, louder cry burst from the thousands of throats. Side by side, carried by the color guard, came the tattered colors and the regimental standard of the colors, which the people of Nebraska presented to the regiment a year ago. But few were left torn, yet proud tatters remain. Instinctively every head was bowed, men lifted their hats, women tore off their hats and bonnets and waved them frantically with tears in their eyes.

White haired old men yell like mad creatures, and with flashing eyes turn to march bareheaded beside the color company. Veterans of years gone by join those of today in the steady tramp, tramp of the boys who are coming home.

"Just see that flag," passed from mouth to mouth along the line of march. "The flag that was never defeated," came the response and the cheering was redoubled.

"You can see how much service she has seen," said men proudly to each other, for it was their country's flag.

At one place a large banner hanging above the street bore the portraits of Colonels Stoenburg and Mulford, with the words: "Welcome Nebraska and Utah battery volunteers."

Officers and men saluted the likeness of their martyred commander reverently in passing.

The ambulances following found their way a path of roses. Men did not cheer much as they passed, but lifted their hats and were silent. But thousands of women raised their voices in shrill hurrahs, the sweetest sound the soldiers have heard in many a month.

Immediately following came the Utah battery, marching along in triumphal procession to the Presidio.

GERMAINE TOWLE.

Special correspondent, World Herald.

#### GOULD'S NOVEL SMOKING ROOM

Unique Electric Pen Decorations on His Yacht Atalanta.

George J. Gould, who is commodore of the Atlantic Yacht club, has recently had a number of alterations made to the interior of his magnificent steam yacht Atalanta, which, as every one knows, is one of the most luxuriously-equipped yachts on this side of the Atlantic. When the Atalanta was originally built, some thirteen years ago, for Jay Gould, the father of the present owner, yachtsmen came from far and near to examine the wonderful carvings in her dining saloon, which is the most magnificent apartment of its kind on any yacht. On the Atalanta, as is the custom on many English yachts, the owner's quarters are forward instead of aft, as is usually the case, and the principal apartment on the main deck is a large ladies' saloon, which leads by a stairway aft to the dining saloon below. This year Mr. Gould had about ten feet taken off the after end of the ladies' saloon, which he has converted into a smoking room and buffet, where he can drink a cocktail and smoke a friendly cigar without being disturbed. This room, though hardly noticeable, on account of its size, being only about ten feet square, is chiefly remarkable for its unique decorations and the inscriptions on its walls, which instantly attract the attention of the most blasé yachtsmen on account of their beauty and originality. The room which Mr. Gould calls his "den" is beautifully paneled in white ash, surrounded by red leather-covered sofas. While this is not very remarkable in itself, the decorations are, for burned into the wood for about a tenth of an inch by the aid of an electric pen are scroll-work figures running along the wall, sides, and even in the beams supporting the ceiling. The contrast between the smoky character of the decorations and the white ash background is remarkably beautiful, and has attracted the attention of every visitor on the Atalanta since the room has been opened. In case any visitor should forget his real reason for entering the room in his admiration for the decorations, Commodore Gould has kindly burned into the wall the following inscription:

If on my theme I rightly think, there are five reasons why we drink: Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry, or lest

I should be by and by, or any other reason why.

"We won't count this one."

While on the other side of the room are the following lines:

Wouldst thou know the secrets of the sea?

Only those who comprehend its dangers comprehend its mysteries.

This is about the first work of its kind ever done by the electric pen, and, judging by the result on the Atalanta, it has opened a new field for the decoration of natural wood.—New York Sun.

#### Czar and Travelling.

The czar is not less careful of his life than his predecessors, but he adopts different methods for safeguarding himself. Instead of having three trains ready when he is going on a journey and leaving the anarchists to guess which train is conveying him, as his father did, he simply allows no one to know his plans. The route is published, but he never keeps it.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

#### MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE OF MR. AND MRS. BEASLEY.

Time Makes a Difference—Why a Colored White-woman Prefers to go to the Legislature—Latest from the Funny World.

"Dearest Lucy, don't you want to grace the ball this evening with your lovely presence? You know we received a very polite invitation."

"Just as you say, dear William. Whatever pleases you pleases me. I will do whatever you think best."

"Well, Lucy, suppose we go—that is, if it will afford you pleasure. Don't say you want to go just because I suggested it. You know I am always happy if you are about."

"Just as you say, dearest. What dress shall I wear? Shall I wear my white satin dress or my bottle green merino with bead trimmings? You know which is the most becoming to me."

"Dear Lucy, you are beautiful in any dress. Just consult your own taste; but I think your white satin dress is very becoming."

"That is just the one I was going to wear. How happy we will be at the ball. You must promise me, William, darling, that you will not leave me even for a minute. I am so sad and lonely when you are not about."

"What wouldn't I do to please you? I am sometimes afraid that our happiness is too great to last."

"Don't speak that way, William, it makes a cold shiver run over me. Now I will go upstairs and dress."

Lucy disappears. What an angelic creature she is. How wretched I should be if anything should happen to her. My heart tells me I will never cease to love her. What a happy man I am!"

"Why don't you hand over that sugar bowl? You never put enough sugar in my coffee."

"You just shut your mouth, Bill Beasley. I put enough sugar in the coffee to sweeten a barrel of vinegar. You, Johnny, if you put your fingers in that dish again, I'll make you wish you had never been born, you dirty brat. You Susan, quit that snuffing. Quit, I say."

Mrs. Beasley pounds Susan on the back.

"I don't think you ought to beat that child, but you always were a brute," said Mr. Beasley.

"Bill Beasley, I want you to shut your mouth. You must mind your business."

"Ma, Johnny is tearing your paper."

"You little scoundrel, I'll teach you to tear my paper. Take that."

Mr. Beasley cuffs Johnny's ear.

"O, you bully," exclaims Mrs. Beasley, referring to her husband.

"Come here, Johnny, poor boy, did he hurt you? Here is a lump of sugar for you."

"Lucy, you act like a blamed fool. You are enough to drive a man crazy. You always insist on having your way about things."

"You can have your own way for a while, for I am going to a party."

Mrs. Beasley takes her leave.

"Lord be praised. Now, I'll have a quiet time," sighed the husband.

"What a wretched thing it is to be tied to a woman. What a fool I have been not to have hunted up a divorce lawyer long ago."

#### TIME IS MONEY.

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