am in cordial sympathy with the purpose of the meeting. A. R. CHANDLER.

Then He Opened the Circuit.

In formally declaring war, Toastmaster Rheem said:

"I believe that everyone should have a pride in the business in which he is engaged or the position he may be called upon to occupy, and to be always anxious to give to the public the very best article in the line represented by him. I feel satisfied that no one in the toastmaster business is able to produce such a magnificent array of talent as it is my pleasure to present to you this evening. [Applause.] With a list headed by the governor of the greatest state in the union, and seconded by the mayor of the only Omaha in the world—[applause]—and ended by one of the silvery tongued orators of my native state, I feel that I have nothing to be ashamed of and that I can defy competition. I wonder whether there is one here that has not heard of the pony express, and I wonder who there is that does not feel his blood stir at the record of that magnificent enterprise? The gentleman who is to tell us of that tonight saw it in its inception, its operation and saw it drift into the past and become a memory. We are proud to have him with us tonight. He is one of the pioneers of this state, helping to build it and to build this city. He has the distinction of being the first democratic governor of the state of Nebraska. [Applause.] If all democratic governors were like him the republicans would not have any other at any price. I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you Hon. James E. Boyd, governor of the state of Nebraska. [Applause.]

Governor Boyd on the Pony Express.

Nebraska's chief executive was warmly received, and as soon as he could make himself heard he said:

"In rising to respond to this sentiment, and before looking up the subject of the pony express, I feel it incumbent upon me to open my remarks by an acknowledgment of my profound gratification at the honor done me by assigning such a toast to me. It is within the memory of myself and of the veteran telegraphers present, since electricity has taken rank and acknowledgment as a force in the affairs of man. It is scarcely half a century since Morse first utilized that mysterious power, known to the world as electricity. From 1837 dates an era which, in after centuries, will be known as the beginning of the Electrical age; for it is a new era, this era of electricity.

It happens that almost co-incident with the utilizing of Morse's gift to the world of the telegraph, the discovery of gold in California brought to bear upon American civilization another force, which, in its immediate effect, bore almost as wonderful fruit as the electrical discovery. The finding of gold in California contributed immensely to the importance of the American nation. It revealed to the resources of this republic that most important thing which had hitherto been lacking—an abundance of the precious metal. The rush of fortune seekers and settlers to our western slope in the decade immediately following the discovery at Sutter's mill produced a settling up of the Pacific slope by thousands of people, who were shut off from communication with the rest of the nation by a vast expanse of desert, plain and almost impassable mountains, so that mail or freight traffic from the eastern world was largely conducted by vessel "round the Horn." The long period of vexatious delays which intervened in such communications was the cause of the inception of the "pony express." The growth of the telegraph had had its effect upon the spirit of the age. Rapid communication was lending to man the feverish impulse of speed and haste, and the means of communication which would bring the California settlers days and weeks nearer to eastern civilization than existing means, became a necessity.

In 1859 the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell had the government contract for carrying freight from St. Joseph to the different western military posts, and at that time Mr. Russell conceived the idea of the "pony express" for carrying letters from Atchison, Kas., to Sacramento, Cal., eight days—making about 240 miles per day. Fleet Indian ponies in relays twenty-five miles apart, were stationed along the line, horses and riders fully equipped and ready to depart immediately upon the arrival of the "pony express" from the east. The first of these was started from St. Joseph, Mo., St. Joseph, like Omaha, then being an outpost of civilization. It was the "pony express" which carried to the inhabitants of Utah and California the news of Abraham Lincoln's election in 1860. But the "pony express," as a feature of our western life, was not a lasting one. Indeed, it was but the precursor of the speedy advent of the telegraph; for, on October 25, 1861, Edward Creighton, one of our Omaha pioneers, long since at rest, completed the telegraph line which gave direct communication between San Francisco and the east.

Forerunner of Wonders.

The obstacles of communication overcome by the "pony express" and in more marked degrees by the telegraph—the eight days of the one giving way to the eight seconds of the other—have in like measure been dissipated in other affairs; the months of weary and dangerous travel across the sandy plains, lava beds and mountain fastnesses behind slow-footed oxen, have given way to as many days in luxuriously appointed Pullman cars.

As I have shown, the "pony express" bore its part in the establishment of rapid communication; and we who have seen the wonders which electricity has accomplished in the quarter of a century since its abandonment, and conceive the possibilities yet to be achieved by electricity, realize that the "pony express" is losing its importance with time and lapsing into insignificence in comparison with the results of which it was the forerunner. Rapid communication of thought by telegraph was but the initial point of electrical discovery; we have since revelled in the wonders of transmission of sound by the telephone; in the marvels of the phonograph; in the application of the mysterious force as a propelling power; in its universal acceptance as the force which meets the problem of rapid transit.

All this is in response to the rushing spirit of the age. The influence of electricity upon the American disposition has been to keep it up to the highest tension of speed; its demands are for swiftness and promptness in all the affairs of life, and electricity is the agency which meets the demand.

The adaptation of electricity to power already has an impetus not generally known. Here in Omaha fully 100 industries, some of them in a small way, it is true, are using electricity as a propelling power in manufacture, using it in quantities of from one-fourth horse power to twenty horse power, some even using it as an economical substitute for heat. The possibilities of the development of electricity are indeed wonderful; its generation cheaply alone remains to be solved, and I am informed of a project now on foot whereby the waters of the Platte may be utilized at a point forty miles from Omaha to bring the water power into this city under a working head of 130 feet, which would be capable of supplying the electrical power beyond the needs of our city, and its development to a degree of prosperity scarcely hoped for today.

But this is a digression from the subject assigned me, the "Pony Express," and as the institution itself has long since fallen into "inocuous desuetude," it remains for me but to speak in praise of it for the service it rendered in the days of its existence, and to thank the beneficence of American genius for its estimable successors—steam and electricity.

Mayor Bemis Closed the Key.

In introducing the second speaker, after the assemblage had attested its appreciation of the governor's remarks, the toastmaster said:

"Almost every one in this country is a pioneer at something or other. Some men are pioneers in one thing and some are pioneers in another. The gentleman whom I am going to introduce to reply to "Omaha, the Relay Station" was a pioneer with me, but he was a little more of a pioneer than I was, because he came here three or four years before I did. [Laughter.] A toastmaster sometimes has to change his politics on very short notice. When I was talking about democracy awhile ago I meant democratic governors. When you come to mayors, I believe a republican mayor is about what you should have, [Laughter and applause.]

I have to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Hon. George P. Bemis, mayor of the city of Omaha. [Applause.]

Before proceeding with his felicitous response, the mayor adjusted his eye glasses and asked a little indulgence, because owing to his limited knowledge of electricity, he had put what he had to say in manuscript. He said, in substance:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: My toast seems to be, 'Omaha as a Relay Station.' What is expected of me is not only to extend to our visitors a most hearty and cordial welcome, but to prove that Omaha is a 'relay' station, but I will proceed with the knowledge that if I transgress the limit of your patience you will merely 'open' the key and shut me off.

Sixty years ago such a thing as a telegraph line was unknown and now there are nearly 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wires in the United States.

My first idea of a "relay" was in a stage ride from San Francisco to Oregon—six days and six nights—having to relay every ten miles to change horses and relay three times a day for meals.

There are any number of facts in connection with Omaha which will undoubtedly convince you that this city is well named "a relay station." Our water works, for instance, receive the sparkling elixir from the mountains of Montana, Idaho and other western states; it is "switched" into settling basins at Florence and "relayed" to every family in Omaha and South Omaha by the largest Corliss water works engine in the world at the rate of 85,000,000 gallons every day. Our smelting and refining works, the largest in the world, receive ores from Mexico and the western states and relay the refined treasure to every nation. Corn and other cereals are received at Omaha from Nebraska and adjoining states and "relayed" all over the world.

Thirteen railroads, representing 38,233 miles of track bring 138 passenger trains into Omaha every day, which are "relayed" loaded to the muzzle to every quarter of the globe.

Omaha is only a little over a quarter of a century old, but during that time we have been relaying acres into additions, lots, parks, etc., and we are busy all the time relaying the wooden-paved part of our sixty-five miles of paved streets with brick, stone or asphalt. The street railway company is now relaying its cable, and the telephone company is relaying its wires underground.

Manufactured articles of every description are made or received at Omaha and "relayed" to every part of the universe, and I will not tire you by a further enumeration of Omaha's claims in that direction.

In South Omaha, our robust suburb, they electrocute 150 hogs and about the same number of cattle every minute and there is a possibility of the same number per second. Start a hog into a South Omaha packing house and in a few minutes he is "relayed" in sausages on every table in the world.

Omaha's First Telegraph.

The first telegraph line into Omaha was the old Stebbins line from St. Louis to Omaha, built by Colonel Stebbins about 1860. The late Byron Reed was the first operator. The California line was built about a year afterward, and Omaha became a relay station between the east and the west. At that time the process of relaying had not attained the perfection which we see exhibited now in the Wheatstone repeater, but the capacity of the single operator was undoubtedly sufficient to meet all demands. About this time the authorities at Washington required a copy of the constitution of Nevada at short notice. It was sent by telegraph, being relayed at Omaha. There were 17,000 words, and the toll was 50 cents a word.

During the years when the youth and the pride of the west, as well as of the east, was engaged in the late unpleasantness there was little progress in the Omaha office. There are many of you, as I see by the shield you wear, who were engaged in those same years in building telegraph lines one day and taking them down the next, loading your instruments and line into an old army wagon, or perhaps an old farm wagon, and tearing across the country to the commander's new quarters and putting it in operation again. Perhaps some of you were engaged in the hazardous business of "flagging" from the top of an old tree or a hilltop, exposed to the "Johnny" sharpshooters or his cannon. In either event you probably had a little more excitement and less sleep than the operator in Omaha who was plugging away at his "relays."

In 1869 the force of operators in the Omaha office was increased to six, including our friends Rosewater, Rheem, Armstrong and others. Colonel Dickey was another of this company who pounded a key in Omaha at that time. The steady growth of business necessitated an increase in force and this was made until there are now in our city nearly 300 operators.

With the aid of the Wheatstone repeater the wildest dreams of the early operators are distanced and in place of relaying messages at the rate of thirty or possibly fifty words a minute, this machine grinds them out at the marvelous rate of 150 words per minute.

But little is yet known concerning the mighty agency of electricity. It is vain to attempt to picture the marvels of the future. "Progress," as Dean Swift observed, "may be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation are the wonders thereof."

I again extend to you, one and all, a most cordial welcome to this midway city of Omaha, which is the geographical center of the nation being located half way between the two oceans, and half way between the British possessions and the Gulf of Mexico.

The guests were then favored with a musical treat, Mr. Lumbard singing, "Say, Are Ye Sleeping, Maggie," first apologizing because he had sung it in public so often, though those who had been most frequently his listeners were most eager for its repetition. The sweet singer was given an encore.

Introducing One of the Originals.

When he came to the fourth toast the presiding genius said:

"I have been looking at the figures 1862 and 1892 on this program, which, of course, refer to years, and I have been wondering how much fun a man could have in thirty years. I have wondered how much fun a single individual would have if all the fun which the gettlemen sitting around this board have had in the last thirty years were presented to one man, and I have made up my mind that he would certainly have a pile of it.

Mr. Rosewater, who needs no introduction to you, will tell you better than I can about how much fun you have had, and how much sadness, perhaps. [Applause.]

Mr. Rosewater was accorded a most flattering reception. Applause ceased only to begin again, and finally burst out in cheers. Mr. Rosewater said:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel very much embarrassed—[laughter]—and I am embarrassed to think that anybody would really suspect that I am a back number; that I date way back to 1862 and can tell you what happened about those days. Whenever I go abroad and whenever I am at home I pass for somewhat of a young man. I have not yet found anybody that had the impudence to tell me that I was old, although they may call me old when my back is turned. I am getting bald, I know, but the fact is that 1862 does not look very remote to some of us—to a great many of us that are here tonight.

I have heard of course, his excellency, the governor of Nebraska, descanting upon the great advantages of the earlier generations in this territory and of the people generally in the United States in the rapid transmission of dispatches by pony express. I remember when I came to St. Louis for the first time in 1858, with the supposition that I was a telegraph operator with 3 cents in my pocket; that I was told I could go on the Pacific railroad and get a situation with the pony express that Butterfield was running about that time. When I came further west in the due process of time the telegraph across the continent—the overland telegraph which had been projected originally by Hiram Sibley, had already been completed. As far back as 1859 Edward Creighton of the city of Omaha, who had been a telegraph builder in the southern states prior to the war, made an exploration of the country between the Missouri river and the mountains, and beyond as far as Salt Lake City, and later on congress chartered what was known as the Pacific telegraph, which was begun on the 4th of July, 1861, and completed in four months and eleven days, but in reality it did not begin to be used by the general public until about the first of January, or the beginning of the year 1862.

Travel was Travel in Those Days.

The completion of the telegraphic connection between the Atlantic and Pacific was regarded as one of the marvels of the age. It was considered as one of the triumphs of the telegraphic profession, not only on this side, but on the other side of the ocean, and I remember when I was in Washington in the summer of 1862, and became acquainted with Prof. Henry, who was, by the way, the pioneer of the telegraph, and preceded Morse in the invention of the electro magnet, that the professor handed me a book published on the other side of the ocean, which gave to Mr. Edward Creighton the credit of doing one of the wonders of the world—the completing the telegraph through a country inhabited by nothing but savages and maintaining it successfully against those savages.

When I came out to this section of the country there was not as much fun as my friend here, the toastmaster, would really imagine we had in coming, for I traveled seven days in coming up the Missouri river from St. Joe in a steamer, and then landed on a sand bank sixteen miles below Nebraska City, being finally rescued from the sand bank by special carriage that had been sent at the request of William B. Hibbard, who was assistant superintendent of telegraph under Superintendent Creighton. I came up to Omaha by stage and traveled something over twenty-four hours in coming into this city from Nebraska City. In the year afterwards, in 1864, when I went on my wedding tour—and I do not wish to misrepresent my better half and say she is old, for she is not [laughter]—we traveled 185 miles by stage across the state of Iowa to get to the railroad station, and came from the railroad station back to Omaha.

The achievements of thirty years comprised in a few sentences are simply marvelous. They would surpass almost the dreams of George Francis Train, I will say, and he certainly was very sanguine. When he dug the first spade of earth in the city of Omaha on the 3d of December, 1863, for the Pacific railroad, he said, we would within the next ten years have passengers for China this way, and passengers from Japan that way, and there would be bales of silk and merchandise from China and the Indies coming through Omaha across the continent. We laughed at that, and thought it was one of George Francis Train's jokes. As a matter of fact, on the 10th day of May, 1869, the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, and within a very few months thereafter bales of silk and Chinamen began to cross the continent, and they have been coming ever since.

Telegraphing When Omaha Was Young.

When I was made manager of the Omaha office, at the munificent salary of $75 a month, with sixteen hours every day and an all-right job every third night—[laughter]—we had just three wires at the outside, one to Chicago, one to San Francisco and one south to St. Louis. Those were the only links of electrical communication with all the world, and that one wing across the continent did all the business. Today there are twenty-five exclusive commercial wires running across the continent between San Francisco and New York, and five railways span the continent. I cannot go into detail as I would to show you what has transpired during this time, but you can best see it when you imagine yourself in the city of Omaha in 1862 and 1863 in a village of about 3,000 population, where you had cabbage and pork and beans for dinner, and imagine them right here at this banquet, where you get "Supreme of Prairie Chicken au Cresson" and all the other delicacies you can find on Coney Island, from the sublime to the ridculous, is not a very great descent. As a matter of fact, my friend here, when he remarked that a message was sent from New York to San Francisco for $6, was somewhat befogged about that telegraph rate. I remember when I used to charge $5.65 from Omaha to New York and $3.45 from here to Chicago, and then a man could go across to Council Bluffs in a stage and save his stage fare and have 50 cents in his pocket by sending the message from the other side of the river for $1.45. [Laughter.] And I can remember a great many of my patrons used to go back on me and carry their messages across the river, just for the sake of saving 50 cents and having a ride in the stage, just as you had it today. The rate from the Missouri river to San Francisco has always been $3, or always had been, because it was the rate fixed by the charter, but we used to charge as much as $6 to Helena, Mont., and my friend John Creighton, who is here tonight, will tell you he used to get messages running from $5 to $20 apiece from people who used to gather gold in Montana and exchange it for old rye.

Thirty Years is a Long Time.

Times have changed somewhat, of course, and so have we, more or less, all of us. I have a friend here today, for instance, who in 1862 discovered me preparing to get a dinner out of rice that I found on the ground at Manassas station, while the battle was raging, and who took dinner with me when we had no spoons, and used Chinese culinary implements whittled out of the wood we found on the ground; and that same friend went out west and has made his fortune in Denver, while I kept on in Omaha "pounding brass," as they call it, and finally running a newspaper into the ground. [Laughter and applause.]

Now I think I won't detain you, because thirty years is a good deal of a story to tell. It represents a family of several children, and if I were to tell you of all the experiences I have had in the last thirty years it would make a volume; possibly it might make two volumes the size of those Major Plum made on the history of the Military Telegraphers. But to be brief, I feel proud tonight in addressing you here, and occupying the position I do, as one of the entertainers of the Old Time Telegraphers and the Military Telegraphers, with whom I have been associated for many years—for the best years of my life—and with whom I always expect to be in accord and sympathy to the end of my career. [Applause.] I have always felt that any profession or calling that a man pursues successfully is a source of pride. It does not make any difference how low the beginning or how low even the ending, and whether we have gone up in the matter of wealth or remained on the ordinary dead level of penury, and perhaps even want, if we have done the best we could and excelled in the line in which we started out there is no dishonor, but on the contrary there is credit due to each and every individual.

I thank you for your kind reception tonight. I feel that I have friends here yet and I hope that I shall always merit your good will and friendship.

Following the subsidence of the ovation accorded Mr. Rosewater, Toastmaster Rheem introduced, in well chosen words, Major Plum, who proceeded to elucidate the plans and specifications of the "cipher operator" and his peculiar method of doing business during "war times." It is hardly necessary to state that Major Plum made the matter so clear to all that in case a war is ever again known all who were there last night can secure positions as expert cryptogramatists.

"Billy" Dealy—as he was affectionately called—told 'em about "American Telegraph Methods;" B. F. Woodward of Denver gave a history of "That Dearest Message"—$149 in gold—and Kit Dougherty talked of the "Man at the Button." He was followed by William Wilson, who spoke to the sentiment, "Our absent Members." Mr. Wilson said:

For Those Who Couldn't Come.

It is pleasant to be surrounded by the friends of yesterday, today and forever—to give expression to your feelings without having your words weighed and criticized, their features distorted and their meaning misinterpreted; to have life long love flowing in upon you from great cities, the western prairies, the ocean sands, the mountain steep—the valleys and the streams—from the mines, the work shops and the offices; to be greeted with open-handed hospitality at the hamlet, the cottage and the palace door. Such pleasure, my friends, is ours tonight, but as we clasp hands over this sumptuous board and interchange tender words of affectionate regard for one another, or recall bright scenes of other days, let us not forget that the call at every anniversary shows a swollen and ever swelling list of absentees. T'will be only a little while when we all will be absent from the feast and added to that list.

Tonight, as memory clings to loving faces, how lengthy that list has become will be apparent—names appear on the tablet so rapidly that the tongue can not speak them, but with the billows of the Atlantic separating us from the beloved Reid, and the and the dew drops glistening on the new made grave of Barney Hughes, the living and the dead are remembered with affectionate tenderness by us, and our heart throbs send forth an unbroken stream of love to them. God bless and care for them.

Good Night—With Regrets.

Colonel Wilson's rhetorical gem touched a responsive chord in every heart.

The quartet, consisting of Messrs. A. J. Van Kuran, first tenor, Jay Northrup, second tenor, J. F. Barton, first bass and C. K. Cralle, second bass, which had previously been compelled to respond to an encore to their "Welcome to All Here Tonight," sang a parting selection, and then came another appropriate suggestion of the old days, though it was received with more regret than perhaps ever before—the final "30."

RENEWING OLD FRIENDSHIPS.

Veterans of the Telegraph Meet in Annual Reunion in Omaha.

Yesterday was a busy day for the members of the Military Telegraph corps and the Old Time Telegraphers association. A number of prominent delegates arrived during the night and by early trains and the Mercer hotel, which had been selected as headquarters, took on the appearance of convention times. The Chicago delegation arrived during the morning in a special car. Prominent members of the Chicago delegation were President W. R. Plum of the Military Telegraph corps, A. H. Bliss, Augustus Nohe, A. L. Suesman, Steve Robinson, Newton Crittenton, P. C. Green and Dr. W. D. Gentry. There were about twenty in the party.

The reception committee began at an early hour to prepare for the busy day and the reception which was held in the rotunda of THE BEE building and in the reception hall on the seventh floor.

The interior of THE BEE building was handsomely decorated with national flags and colors in beautiful designs. Above the wide staircase leading to the second floor hung the portrait of the immortal Morse and over this the stars and stripes with an immense eagle spreading its wings. The Second United States infantry band occupied a position on the balcony of the second floor.

At 10:30 the reception committee invited the guests to take carriages at the Mercer hotel and the entire party was driven to THE BEE building. The procession attracted considerable attention on the street. It consisted of two large tally ho coaches, each drawn by six horses, and open carriages, all filled with delegates and their ladies. Arriving at THE BEE building the delegates were invited within, and the handshaking that followed was enlivened by the Second Foot band's best music—airs long ago familiar to the ears of those to whom military melodies meant more than the dull parade of peace.

Welcomed the Visitors.

Mr. Edward Rosewater, president of the Old Time Telegraphers association, welcomed the visitors, saying:

"It gives me inexpressible gratification to extend to you a cordial welcome on behalf of the city, and on my own behalf at this reunion. Those of us who have been through the years of our boyhood and manhood in the profession find the key to the fraternal circuit in the friendships of the telegraphic fraternity. It is impossible for me to say what I feel at this moment when I look back over the years that have passed since I first entered that profession. We all know that wherever an old timer goes and hears that unspoken language, wherever he may be on either continent, he feels at once the thrill that comes to him from associations that are dearer to him than anything else in life, and when we make the circuit of the journey that leads finally to eternal rest, we all feel sure that we will leave those who will heave a sigh of regret and shed a silent tear over our tombs.

"I take great pleasure in extending to you a welcome such as we of the wild and woolly west do to those of you who come from the highly polished east. We hope that these impressions will be lasting and favorable. We hope that you will enjoy your trip to Omaha and beyond as you have never enjoyed any other since the society was organized. While regretting that many have been kept away for various reasons I rejoice to see so many here that have known me for nearly a lifetime. There are some who thirty years ago were sitting with me at the telegraphers' tables in the War department at Washington, and some who were in the field in Virginia. We have changed a great deal in appearance, but we have not changed in our sentiments and feelings of brotherhood, and whatever our relations may be to the outside world our relations to each other will never change during all the time we continue to live."

Response by President Plum.

Mr. Rosewater's address was heartily applauded and the delegates gave him three cheers at the conclusion of his remarks.

President W. R. Plum of the Military Telegraphers association then responded to the address of welcome in the following happy manner:

"The sun rose this morning to kiss a cloudless sky. The old time and military telegraphers were to be greeted by faces full of cloudless sunshine and by hands of cordial greeting from the members of the fraternity here and farther west. It is worth the coming from the east, allow me to say on the part of those who do hail from the east, just to see the evidences of the rise and growth of the boy who during war times was a military telegrapher in the War department and in the fields of Virginia, and to note the monument which he has built in this city to the press of America. [Applause.] We are to enjoy fraternal greeting and to see a magnificent and growing city, one of the prides of the great west, the pride of America. [Applause.]

"We are here to join hands with one another and talk over old times and recall reminiscences of the past. We are here to renew that beautiful friendship brought about in earlier days, and to accept with hearts as full of cordiality as are those that gave us the cordial reception which we have received." [Loud applause.]

In the Reception Room.

The delegates passed to the reception hall on the seventh floor, where they were greeted by surroundings that must have awakened many interesting recollections. Upon the walls were hung portraits of Cyrus W. Field, Thomas Edison, Colonel Thomas T. Eckert, Anson Stager, R. C. Clowry and Edward Creighton, all intimately connected in one capacity or another with the early days of telegraphy in this country. In a large frame there were also pictures of about fifty of the old time telegraphers well known to the fraternity in Omaha and elsewhere.

And these attractions were supplemented by refreshments of a very tempting variety, which were served in an adjoining room. Two immense punch bowls, one containing lemonade and the other punch, welcomed the guests as they stepped out of the main room, and everybody seemed inclined to partake of the delicious beverage so abundantly provided.

TACKLED ITS BUSINESS.

Military Telegraphers' Association Listen to the President's Annual Address.

It was after 11 o'clock when President Plum called the business meeting of the military telegraphers to order and the reading of the minutes and roll call being dispensed with he proceeded to deliver his annual address.

President Plum said, in part: Comrades—Heretofore I have sought to enforce our claims to congressional recognition by recitals of the darings and achievements of the military telegraphers during the civil war. If in my history, the argument before the house committee on military affairs and many annual addresses I have not covered the whole field, I cannot hope now to do so, and hence turn to another and sadder phase, to speak specially of departed comrades.

Perhaps the first of our comrades to leave us was David Strouse at the age of 23 years. Thomas A. Scott of the War department gave Strouse the management of the military lines of the Potomac.

There was then no sort of organization for army telegraphic purposes. But lines had to be constructed and were. Whenever the government wanted a wire built it required it at once. It was the hardships, exposures and responsibilities of such service at Perryville, Fort Monroe, Washington, Alexandria and Fairfax that by July, 1861, compelled Strouse to resign.

While at home on the banks of the blue Juniata, on one of his frequent strolls to the river side, contemplating consumption's speedy work, he wrote the following touching lines, found in his portfolio after death:

He Saved Buell.

Gentle river, ever flowing,
Where my early days were passed,
Like your waters, I am going
Sadly to the sea at last—

To that ocean dark and dreary
Whence no traveler comes again—
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds repose from grief and pain.

O'er the world I long have wandered;
Now, a stranger, I return,
Hope, health and manhood squandered,
Life's last lesson here to learn.

Calmly on the banks reposing,
I am waiting for the day
Whose calm twilight, softly closing,
Bears the trembling soul away.

Another comrade gone to his rest was Charles Lehr. In 1862 Bragg's great army turned from Buell's front in Tennessee to capture Louisville and Cincinnati. This necessitated extraordinary haste on Buell's part to protect those cities, and nearly all of Tennessee within his department, except Nashville, was abandoned. Having reached Louisville Buell's next great concern was his immense wagon train, miles in length, without adequate protection, probably seventy-five miles in the rear. At Buell's request Lehr took four soldiers, dressed as sectionmen, to accompany him on a hand car to repair the wires and find the train.

In this Lehr was eminently successful, notwithstanding the enemy had scouted to within five miles of the city. He found the line down in many places, and at one time passed rebel pickets on the railway just beyond the Salt river bridge, which was in ruins. Finally he reached Elizabethtown, forty-two miles away, and calling up Buell's office, telegraphically shouted: "Glory to God, tell Buell I am here; the train not up yet." Thereupon Buell sent immediate orders for the train to turn west to the Ohio river, where steamers would receive it, and thus was saved that great train. It does not require a military training to estimate the invaluable service of this gallant comrade whose other perils and successes merit but cannot now receive notice.

Some Daring Achievements.

Frank Drummond entered the service early in the war and was in May, 1862, located at Winchester, Va.

As our troops were being driven into and out of Winchester by Stonewall Jackson's forces Drummond was taxed with important telegrams to and from Harper's Ferry. Bullets were already striking his office when he was handed a telegram of greatest moment for Harper's Ferry. A fleeing soldier rode away with his horse, but Drummond would not leave without first sending the message. Telegraphing with one hand, he burnt the dispatches with the other, then rushing out with his instrument to escape he was at once captured by the enemy. Libby prison was his home for many months afterwards, when he resumed his duties and continued to serve the government until the close of the war. His sufferings while a prisoner, however, undermined his health, and though unable for years to earn a livelihood, the government had no bounty or pension for him, but left him to become an object of charity.

D. B. Lathrop was a bright youth from Mount Vernon, O., studious, cultivated—a useful life, full of promise, was opening to him. When Yorktown was evacuated he was one of the first to enter, and hurrying to the telegraph office sought to connect his instrument, hoping to get dispatches from the rebel capital. A hidden torpedo tore away most of one leg and otherwise wounded him unto death.

William McIntosh, who was the second of our captured comrades to die in an insane asylum, died in 1891. It was his misfortune to be captured with Comrades Buell, Lamb and Moore in the Shenandoah valley by Jackson's forces in 1862. Comrades Kerner, Burr, Drummond, Moore, McIntosh, Lamb, Clark and Gregg were all in Libby prison at the same time. At least four are now dead. In constructing the line near Cold Harbor in May, 1864, McIntosh's party drove off the enemy in several skirmishes, but two of his builders were killed and several wounded.

Operating Under Difficulties.

A. Harper Caldwell was chief operator with the various commanders of the Army of the Potomac, beginning with McClellan. His brother James was one of his assistants. The exposures, the strain of long hours and responsibilities incident to the work day and night, fitted them for early graves, which they long since have filled.

The brothers, M. and P. Mullarkey, have also long since left us. I well remember the suspense we endured while the latter and Comrade Van Valkenburg were, at General Rosecrans' request, in the enemy's country (east Tennessee) tapping the wire connecting Richmond with Chattanooga. For thirty-three days they were within the confederate lines—for days and nights copying dispatches, and at last bounded out of their hiding place and chased from one point to another, until at last they reached the stars and stripes. Mullarkey was afterwards captured by General John Morgan.

Horace W. Nichols, another true and tried military telegrapher, was at his post at daybreak in Holly Springs, when Van Dorn's forces entered almost unopposed. Hurriedly burning his dispatches, he had scarcely time to call up Grant's office at Grant Junction and say "Good-bye, Van Dorn is coming. Devil only knows what'll become of me. Here they are now." Nichols, too, has joined his comrades on the other side.

Edward Conway, also one of our captured comrades, is another of our dead.

Conway and J. H. Nichols, army operators, hearing the second battle of Bull Run, rode hurriedly within view. After watching its progress for two hours they quickly reported at near Manassas, adjacent to the battle, where Edward Rosewater, now of THE BEE, was temporarily posted, and reported all they saw and heard, receiving therefor the appreciative commendations of the president himself.

Another of our dead was D. C. McGaughey, doing service in the department of North Carolina in 1862. When General Pickett approached Newberne McGaughey was stationed ten miles out with a cavalry escort, to give notice of the enemy's coming. The cavalry decamped, but the operator remained at his post three hours longer, and till the enemy cut the wire on the Newberne side. Then he returned safely through the rebel forces. Yellow fever carried off McGaughey and his comrade telegraphers, Herman F. Waterhouse and Douglas Kent, each of whom deserves special mention for daring and valuable service.

They Fooled the Johnnies.

William H. Drake, driven out of Lebanon Junction, Ky., by order of General Gordon Granger, conducted 100 of the Fourth Indiana cavalry in search of Drake's would-be captors, who in turn were driven to Boston, stampeding Wheeler's wagon-train guard. With eight men present Drake received the surrender of the train, and had given orders to burn it, but the enemy coming from towards Bardstown, Drake took to a familiar swamp road. Six of his companions were killed, but he and the two othdrs brought in two prisoners captured on the way.

George M. Brush, after the troops had retreated to Columbus, Ky., for safety, at General Asboth's request, volunteered to go to Union City alone and open the office. A month later the confederates advanced in force, driving the federals at Columbus into the fort. Brush, as a sort of advance picket, telegraphed the approach of the enemy before his capture. Eleven months he was a prisoner at Libby, when he was removed to Andersonville, where he remained seven months before exchanged. He, too, is dead.

Samuel H. Edwards is another of our gallant dead. During the Chancellorsville campaign a cannon ball passed so near his head as to produce insensibility. For two days he was ignorant of the cause of his numbness and bitten tongue. Edwards and Edward A. Hall, also dead, were first to improvise a wire from Gettsburg battlefield, using the necks of old bottles, fastened to trees, as insulators.

In January, 1863, Marmaduke's 4,000 attacked Springfield, Mo., where Henry G. Briggs and W. H. Woodring were operating. Each was supplied with a Winfield and went forth, as did operators on other occasions, to take part in the defense. Briggs' position became too hazardous, and he was advised to fall back with the others. However, he had but one loaded shell left, and wishing first to fire that, was himself shot in the eye and through his head.

William Foster was stationed at Beaufort, S. C., on the coast wires, near Charleston. These (sixty-three and a half miles long), connected by cable and land lines the outlying islands, the southern end being on the Tybee and the northern at Battery Gregg, on Morris island. In September, 1863, Foster tapped the enemy's wires connecting Charleston and Savannah, near Pocotaligo. For two days, undisturbed, he copied passing messages, one of which gave information of a contemplated night attack on General Terry's forces on Folly and Morris islands, and ordering a concentration of Savannah troops to overcome the southern flank of the federals by crossing Folly creek and suddenly assaulting in force. Foster died in prison at Columbia.

Record to Be Proud Of.

But why continue special mention further? Of the 1,200 operators of our corps over half are in their graves, unthanked and unhonored by any authorized official of the government.

True, all of our great generals have written words of highest commendation, and many have expressed their wish that congress would recognize us; but beyond favorable reports by the committees of both houses, resolutions of the Grand Army of the Republic, of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and state legislative action, nothing has yet developed.

Justice to our dead comrades, to ourselves and children, demand of us an insistence upon recognition, as persistent as truth and as unyielding as duty.

While enough of us remain to fill our offices, let us, if need be, carry forward the movement, and determinedly knock at the door of congress until the recognition shall come.

We can show the millions of dispatches from the swamps of the Yazoo, where poor Booth lies in unmarked burial, from the Chickahominy, bespattered with blood, from the field wires, Cold Harbor to Appomattox, Nashville to Atlanta, and elsewhere throughout the immense field of arms; we can show that in this, the first war by telegraph, a record of heroic endeavor has been made by our corps such as no other country's couriers, however called, has ever approached. These and much more are our weapons with which we will press with vigor to the end.

The report of the treasurer J. T. Pettit was read and approved.

Comrade A. G. Safford from the congressional committee reported that while the committee had not succeeded in getting congress to take steps looking to the proper recognition of the veteran telegraphers, yet they had the promise of Senator Hawley, chairman of the committee on military affairs, that a bill would be introduced at the coming session for the purpose of placing the veteran telegraphers on something like a similar footing with others who risked their lives for the defense of the country.

A committee of three was appointed to confer with a like committee from the Old Time Telegraphers' association for the purpose of deciding upon a time and place for the next annual reunion.

Telegraphers' Golden Anniversary.

Mr. Edward Rosewater called attention to the fact that the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of telegraphy would take place in Baltimore in 1894, and that the Military Telegraph corps should be properly represented there. He favored the plan of publishing a complete history of the work of the corps and the association for that especial occasion, and for the use of the members, and as a work of historic value. Several other members spoke favorably of the idea, and Mr. Rosewater moved that a committe be appointed to take the matter into consideration and report this morning. The chair appointed the following as members of that committee: E. Rosewater, A. G. Safford, J. H. Bunnell, W. Smith and C. E. Green.

The association then adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock this morning.

Matinee Today.

The regular 25 cent matinee will be given today on account of the circus Wednesday. Don't fail to see Katie Emmet's great play, "Waifs of New York," at the Farnam street theater. Any seat 25 cents.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Nebraskans Will Be Treated to a Variety of Atmospheric Changes Today.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 14.—Forecasts for Thursday:

For Nebraska—Fair; cooler in western, slightly warmer in extreme eastern portions; variable winds.

For Iowa—Fair, warmer; variable winds.

For North and South Dakota—Probably showers in North Dakota Thursday night; cooler in South Dakota; north winds, becoming variable.

The Record at Havre.

HAVRE, Sept. 14.—There were eleven new cases and seven deaths from cholera reported here yesterday. This is an increase of one new case and a decrease of six deaths, as compared with the previous day.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. Anna P. Kistler of Ottawa, Ill., is visiting her brother, Dr. S. R. Patten.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. French of Wayne were among the arrivals at the Arcade yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Deagle of Grand Island were guests at the Mercer yesterday.

Mr. D. E. Chapin, bookkeeper for Blake, Bruce & Co., accompanied by his wife, left for Crete, Neb., on a ten days' visit and rest.

W. B. Stark, THE BEE engineer, and City Boiler Inspector Soudenberg, who went to Atlanta, Ga., to attend the annual convention of the Stationary Engineers' association, have returned. They report an enjoyable and pleasant trip. They state that the Atlanta people entertained the convention in royal style.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Grand Island, Neb.: H. G. Leavitt, Windsor. Omaha: E. M. Fairfield, A. A. Wood, Hoffman house.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Nebraska hotel arrivals: Grand Northern—William Waldo, jr., and son, Wilber, Neb. Grand Pacific—Mrs. Clark Woodman, Charles S. Dickey, J. M. Houston and wife, F. T. Ransom and wife, B. D. Slaughter and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Guy C. Barton, Omaha; Burnett Scott, O'Neill; Kimball E. Valentine, West Point, Palmer—Mrs. Berg P. Bailey, Lincoln; Mr. and Mrs. R.