NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Office, 12 Pearl Street.—H. W. Tilton, Manager and Lessee.

MINOR MENTION.

Grand hotel, Council Bluffs; 100 rooms facing Bayliss park. E. P. Clark, proprietor.

Cleveland's minstrels will be the next attraction at the New Dohany theater, Saturday evening.

J. M. Shear, aged 55, and N. E. Swank, aged 49, both of Council Bluffs, were married yesterday.

Jim Maher blew into the city jail last evening with his usual regularity. The charge against him this time is drunkenness and vagrancy.

There will be a meeting of the local members of the U. S. M. B. association at room 226, Merriam block, at 8 o'clock sharp this evening, to hear the report of the committee.

The Jewish day of atonement commenced last night at 6 o'clock, and ends tonight at the same hour. The faithful ones during these twenty-four hours abstain wholly from food and devote nearly all the hours to churchly rites and ceremonies.

Water was turned into Gilbert lake yesterday, the big excavation that has just been finished near Big lake. Only the water from a couple of the springs was turned in, and this will be used for "puddling" the bottom. The pipe line for filling the big basin will not be completed for several days.

A family of Nebraska drouth sufferers arrived in the city yesterday morning on their way to Thurman, Ia. At 4 o'clock in the morning Jennie Larzelier, the 2-year-old daughter of William A. Larzelier, died of cholera infantum. They were encamped near the motor bridge, but during the day left for Thurman, where the remains will be buried today.

P. W. Cramer filed another information in Justice Cook's court yesterday, charging Al Rachwitz and Tom Brown with stealing a net from his house in Lewis township in the daytime. Their case went over until October 5, on account of Colonel Daily, their attorney, being otherwise engaged. Rachwitz and Brown have been trying to get the net so that they can go on seining in Manawa. They have offered to give a bond for its return at the proper time, but the net is still in the possession of the city marshal.

J. C. Bixby is authority for a rather remarkable statement as to a phenomenon that occurred yesterday at the apple jubilee in Glenwood. Dave Heinsheimer, the well known merchant of that place, while in charge of a parlor car filled with visitors to the orchards, by mistake connected the air brake hose with the ice water tank and froze up the train so that not a wheel could be turned. He became so warm under the collar, however, that it was not long until the car thawed out, and he and his party soon got into line.

Farm loans made in western Iowa at lowest rates. No delay in closing loans. Fire and tornado insurance written in best of companies. Bargains in real estate. LOUGEE & TOWLE, 235 Pearl St.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

George F. Wright has been called east by the illness of his mother.

S. S. Etheridge of Des Moines is in the city attending federal court.

John, the 8-year-old son of John R. Withrow, 925 Second avenue, is ill with diphtheria.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bloomer return home today from their extended bridal tour in the east, and will be at home to their friends at 628 Third street.

Huse N. Morgan, business manager of the Fowler Theatrical company, which opens a week's engagement at Dohany's September 30, is in the city.

Homer Cleveland Lawson made his arrival with twelve pounds of baggage Wednesday night to make his earthly home for an indefinite period with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lawson.

Mrs. C. H. Pinney, who has been dangerously ill from bronchitis and asthma, was reported resting more easily yesterday, and it is thought she will recover, unless she suffers a relapse.

For Sale and Trade—Thirty-five acres three miles from postoffice. Will take house and lot in part payment. Seven acres, two miles from Council Bluffs, very cheap, for cash. Twelve acres, five miles from Council Bluffs, will trade for a good residence. Twelve acres within the city limits, good house and barn, fifteen hundred grapes, 200 apple trees, and other fruit, want to trade for a well improved 160 acre Iowa farm. James & O'Keefe, Council Bluffs, Ia.

The Hardman piano improves with use.

May Have a Wheel Meet.

A telegram was received at the Ganymede Wheel club rooms yesterday from F. E. Spooner, correspondent for the associated cycling press at Louisville, Ky., asking what arrangements had been made about the Ganymede meet, which it was expected early in the season would be held at the Driving park October 11 and 12. It also stated that Bald, Cooper, Coulter, Sims, Kiser, Bliss, Murphy, Zeigler and others were expecting to be present and take part in the races.

For some time past the project of having a race meet had been abandoned by the local wheelmen, for the reason that Council Bluffs had been discriminated against by some one or other, it was hard to tell whom. At any rate, most of the wheelmen of any note had other engagements on the dates set for the Ganymede meet, in spite of the fact that the meet given last year was one of the most successful, as to time made and prizes offered, of any in the west. The telegram received from Spooner had a tendency to make them think that perhaps it might not be impossible to give a race meet, and the matter was brought up last evening. As a result a meeting of the racing board is to be held this evening, at which some definite conclusion will probably be reached.

Yes, the Eagle laundry is "that good laundry," and is located at 724 Broadway. Don't forget name and number. Tel 157.

If in doubt about this try it and be convinced.

The Standard piano next to the Hardman.

Barnum & Bailey Show in Town.

A little after daylight this morning the four special trains bearing the Barnum & Bailey show arrived in the railroad yards of this city, and within an hour everything in the show had been removed to the circus grounds. By 7 or 8 o'clock the mammoth tents will have been erected, and at 8:30 this morning the grand free street parade will leave the grounds and pass through the principal streets of the city.

The free street parade will leave the Driving park, where the exhibition will be given, at half past 8 o'clock this morning, and will pass over the following route: Avenue G to Eighth street, to Broadway, to Sixth street, to Willow avenue, to Main street, to Washington street, to First street, to Broadway, to Eighth street, and then back to the grounds.

Apples by the bushel or wagon load; cider by the gallon or barrel, at the Bellvue Fruit farm. Call on or address H. C. Raymond, Council Bluffs.

Sideboards and center tables are features at the Durfee Furniture company's today.

Blodgett Charged with Swindling.

J. L. Blodgett, whose fourteen nickel-in-the-slot machines were levied upon by Constable Stevick Thursday, has now a criminal charge resting against him, that of swindling. Willard James, who has taken a temporary rest from the business of driving a hack, in order to purify the public morals, has filed an information in Justice Walker's court, alleging that by the aid of the slot machines he was induced by Blodgett to invest, a nickel at a time, $25 in futures, which are still futures, and do not seem likely to be anything else. Blodgett kept out of sight as well as possible, but was at last nailed yesterday and made to furnish a bond for his appearance this morning at 9 o'clock. At that time he will be tried, and the slot machines will also be tried as swindling devices.

The new Bluffs City laundry, 34 North Main, claims less wear and finer work on shirts, collars and cuffs than any laundry in the state. Phone 314.

Latest autumn styles in millinery now being displayed at Miss Ragsdale's, 10 Pearl street.

Hardman and Standard pianos, 113 N. 16th.

GLENWOOD KEEPS OPEN HOUSE.

Apple Jubilee One of the Greatest Events Western Iowa Ever Saw.

The town of Glenwood, twenty miles south of Council Bluffs on the Burlington road, was dressed in gala attire yesterday. For several weeks past arrangements have been in progress for an apple jubilee, and the plans culminated in an affair which was a surprise, almost as much to the Mills county people as to the 500 or 600 visitors who were attracted there from the neighboring cities by the announcements circulated by W. J. Davenport of the Burlington road, and the citizens who had the affair in charge. Among the visitors were about 100 from Council Bluffs, who left on the morning train at 10:07, and returned in the evening.

The decorations in the town were magnificent, apples being the predominating feature. Every store in the place was almost hidden from view by the wealth of different colored fruits that were fastened to the fronts. There were also many special designs, the most striking being a huge map of Mills county, with the townships divided and marked with apples, a figure representing "The Goddess of Mills County," and a shaft four feet square and fully thirty feet in height, all of apples.

On every street corner stood a barrel, whose contents were as free to the visitors as the air they breathed. Every train was stopped long enough for the passengers to fill their pockets with the shining fruit. The schools were closed, as well as the banks and most of the business houses, and every one was made to feel a holiday spirit in honor of the magnificent fruit crop that is about to be garnered.

After dinner had been served at the various stands that were set up by the different churches and societies of the town a drive through the orchard region was in order. Every citizen of Glenwood, and almost every one in the county, had furnished his rig for the occasion. There is probably not a county in the United States where there is so large an acreage devoted exclusively to raising apples, and as the long procession wended its way along many were the expressions of admiration. Not since 1891 has the county seen such a fruit harvest. The one orchard of John Y. Stone, embracing between 800 and 900 acres, and containing 135,000 trees, was in itself a sight to be remembered for a lifetime, but there were others, and plenty of them, which, if not so large, contained a store of fruit that will make their owners rich for a season or two at least.

Said W. J. Davenport, after looking at the sight that aroused so much enthusiasm in the guests, to whom it was a revelation: "Fifteen or sixteen years ago I would not have given 15 cents an acre for any of this land. I could not for the life of me see how it would ever be worth anything. Great stumps and logs covered as much of the ground as the underbrush left vacant, and it was altogether as uninviting a place as you would wish to see. Today not a stump or a log remains, the underbrush and trees have all been cleared out, and the whole territory is devoted to fruit raising. The crop this year is not a circumstance to what we shall have in the future, for new trees are continually being planted."

The intention is to make the fruit display a regular thing every year. Next year the citizens of Mills county will be able perhaps to make some improvements in their facilities for handling their guests, and the crowd will undoubtedly be quadrupled.

G. M. CUPPY PLEADED GUILTY.

Fined $1,000 for Making Fraudulent Affidavit to a Pension Claim.

The case of the United States against G. M. Cuppy occupied the attention of Judge Woolson for a few minutes yesterday afternoon in his room at the federal building. This case is familiar to the reading public from the publicity that was given it in connection with the trial of A. A. Edgington of Avoca at the last term of the federal court. Edgington sought to secure a pension for his mother, and on looking over the lists of the soldiers of the late war found the name of Morris F. Edgington. He did not know precisely what his father's name was, inasmuch as his father was of a roving disposition and went by a number of different names. This was near enough, and he adopted Morris F. Edgington as his father, making out affidavits in support of his mother's claim. Morris F. Edgington happened to be living in another town in Iowa and to be drawing a pension himself, and the result was that Edgington, W. B. Cuppy, G. M. Cuppy and Mrs. Edgington all found themselves soon in the hands of the government officials.

At the last term of court young Edgington was found guilty and fined $1,500. He appealed the case to the supreme court, where it is still awaiting a decision.

Yesterday G. M. Cuppy, familiarly known to his friends in Avoca as "Tip" Cuppy, went before Judge Woolson with his attorney, D. B. Dally, and entered a plea of guilty. The minimum fine, $1,000, was assessed against him. He paid the amount before leaving the building.

This morning it is likely that some action will be taken in the case in which W. B. Cuppy and Mrs. Edgington are involved. No little curiosity has been expressed as to what would be done with W. B. Cuppy. On account of his prominence in county democratic politics more attention was attracted to him than to any one else. He has all along been considered the responsible party in the case. It is understood that there has been a falling out between the brothers, G. M. blaming W. B. for his actions and holding him responsible for the predicament in which the family now finds itself.

Mrs. Edgington will in all probability enter a plea of guilty today. A bid for sympathy will be made to the court, by reason of her present physical condition. She is said to be suffering from cancer in the breast, which, it is thought, will soon end her life. Her attorney hopes to secure a suspension of the court's sentence.

BENNISON BROS.

Closing Sale.

Saturday evening we close our doors. We have left several thousands of dollars of cloaks, wool underwear, dress goods and silks. We intend to close them out regardless of cost or value. Come in and

MAKE US AN OFFER.

Now is the time that a few dollars will buy lots of goods. If you need a cloak or a fall wrap we will save you at least half. Ladies' and children's woolen underwear at half former prices. All of our men's fine wool underwear, worth $1.25, now 69 cents.

100 yards Brussels carpet used in our cloak room. Sell you any quantity at a bargain.

BENNISON BROS.

Good for Another Dose.

George A. Beason, who boasts of blood in which is all that is best of the Indian and colored races, without a scrap of contaminating whiteness, arrived in the city yesterday in charge of United States Marshal Desmond of the northern Iowa district, whose headquarters are at Dubuque. He has just finished a term in the Anamosa penitentiary, where he was confined for two years. His offense was making and passing counterfeit money. When his time expired he was turned loose, but as he went out of the front door of the prison he was nabbed by the marshal, who put the handcuffs on him and bundled him off to South Dakota to answer to the charge of counterfeiting there. He spent the day in the county jail, and was then taken to his newly adopted state.

Chambers' dancing academy now open for pupils. Call after 10 a. m. Circulars.

The Hardman piano wins many friends.

Minor District Court Matters.

The injunction suit of J. J. Shea against Gus Bergman, the first of the saloon cases, did not come up for trial in the district court yesterday, owing to the fact that Judge Macy wanted to go home to Harlan, and that J. N. Baldwin, who appears for Bergman, had a case in federal court. It will not be taken up now until October 5.

The saloon men are in a peck of trouble just now. Their quarterly tax under the multi law will be delinquent October 15, and they will have to put up or shut up on that date. If they have to shut up anyway on account of an injunction they don't want to put up any more than they have to. They have showed their intention to keep open as long as they can, however, by paying their monthly license to the city.

In the case of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway against J. P. Hess and others, an appeal from the decision of a board appointed to appraise the damages for opening up Pomona avenue, a settlement has been arrived at, the company accepting the $50 originally awarded by the appraisers.

A judgment of $180 was given in the case of the Mueller Piano and Organ company against E. Jackson, by agreement.

A writ of error was denied in the case of Nora Murphy against H. F. Bell, and Mrs. Murphy was given a judgment for costs.

A judgment on default was awarded in the suit of the Belknap Savings bank against W. A. Mynster and others.

H. Mendel has commenced suit against G. M. Ellis and others for $200 on a note.

There will be no more court until Monday.

Willemans Has More Troubles.

John Willemans, whose troubles, resulting directly or indirectly from the use of the flowing bowl, were matters of public mention a short time ago, brought suit in the district court yesterday to have the matrimonial bonds ripped asunder which have tied him to Gertrude T. Willemans ever since 1870, when they were forged in a little church in Belgium. His love for intoxicants has largely stood in the way of his domestic happiness. He says that his wife has treated him so cruelly as to endanger his life. She would drive him away from the home which he had provided for their mutual enjoyment, and when he would try to come home she would strike him, throw various hard objects at him and threaten to kill him if he tried to re-enter.

THE RED MAN'S CLAIMS.

Poor Lo Comparatively Rich for the State of His Civilization.

The "poor Indian," of whom Pope sang somewhat pathetically, may not be a more enlightened creature, speaking in a general sense, than he was in that poetic time, but he is, individually and in aggregate, possessed of too much wealth to allow intelligent humanity to regard him as "poor" in the general acceptance of that term, says the Portland Oregonian. While it is true in many instances that he has been deprived of his ancestral lands by no greater right than that of might, it is also true that many tribes have been made wealthy by the payment of enormous sums for land to which they had no better title than that acquired by occupancy as hunters and ferocity as warriors.

It is pure imagination to suppose that the entire American continent belonged a few hundred years ago to Indians. Their numbers upon the discovery of the continent could not have exceeded 1,000,000, and they were divided into many hostile tribes, warring continually upon each other for the possession of hunting grounds. That such a title in land is not held to be good, even by our indulgent government, to its citizens, is fully attested in the law which requires a man to "live on and cultivate" for a term of years a designated number of acres before he can acquire a title thereto that he can defend in law. The Indians, even when they held undisputed sway, had reduced but little of the great continent to possession in any proper sense of that term. Their wigwams and patches of corn were occupied and cultivated one year and perhaps deserted the next, and their title to the land thus occupied was based solely upon force. More than this, a claim to a continent, possessing vast areas and resources awaiting the development of civilization, merely as hunting grounds and battlefields, is one that cannot stand for a moment before reason.

Nevertheless, the Indian's claim to such lands as he can occupy and use, according to the estimate of civilization, has been conceded, and various tribes have been paid enormous sums of money in consideration of waving their claim of ownership, while other large sums are on deposit with the government, bearing interest, against their future need. Many of them receive rations in payment of interest on money invested for their benefit. Some are quite rich, and many now wretchedly poor have squandered large sums paid to them for the extinguishment of their titles to lands which they could not occupy.

The Chickasaws, for example, numbering about 5,000, have money invested for them in Washington to the amount of $1,308,605, and are accredited owners of 4,650,000 acres of land, a large proportion of which is arable. In other words, every man, woman and child of the tribe or nation has $260 in money and 960 acres of land. The Osages are richer still, while among the tribes of the great northwest millions of dollars have been distributed within the past few years for wide acres of land that they could not use.

The condition of the Indian is not all that the humanitarian desires. Still, they whose sympathies do not obscure their judgment, must admit that it is a great deal better in general than it was when they depended entirely upon their hunting grounds for sustenance, and held these only by the varying fortunes of fierce and cruel war. To dispute this is to deny to civilization the measure of success, even though it be small, that has attended its efforts to smooth the pathway of a fading race to inevitable oblivion. Considering that he is a savage and overmatched at every point, and that he, in common with other races and peoples, is amenable to the great law of the survival of the fittest, the Indian has not fared so badly. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that, as a whole, the Indians are in far better condition than they were before they knew the white man.

SOME ODDITIES.

Collection of Freaks of Various Kinds Which Escaped Museum Managers.

A Florida negro is growing fat on snake steaks.

An Idaho school teacher enforces obedience with a revolver.

An Indiana calf, now two months old, has hoofs like a horse.

An Illinois farmer owns a hen which lays twin eggs every day.

A Mississippi river steamboat roustabout drinks a half gallon of whisky a day.

A Baptist preacher in Georgia refuses to baptize converts except in running water.

A Delaware peach grower has found an apple with fuzz on it growing on a peach tree.

An Alabama father has taught all his children to read with their books upside down.

A Maine mother has an old slipper, still in use, which has spanked six generations of her family.

There is a man in Missouri whose feet are so large that he has to put his trousers on over his head.

Geigersville, Ky., is the birthplace of a boy who was an inveterate tobacco chewer before he was a year old.

A Chicago man paid his first visit to St. Louis in July, and he liked it so well that he has gone there to live.

People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

A Mississippi woman, who chews tobacco and drinks whisky, thinks that women have all the "rights" they need.

Michigan has a man who is so fat that he can't fall down hard enough to hurt himself. He is known as the human spheroid.

Young Darling killed a man in Washington county, Kentucky, the other day, and Love Divine stole a wagon load of tools in Fayette county.

A Kentucky shoemaker, for the sake of economy, has his sign painted thus:

E
BROWN'SHO—
P

Fancy Diving.

Capital exhibitions of fancy diving are often given from the pier at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and the Hudson river, New York. Dives from the top of piers fifteen or eighteen feet above the water are gracefully accomplished, varied by back-hand springs somersaults and "twist." A daring dive was made the other day by a young man from a tall pier. The cable of a steamer stretched to the pier, passing about eight feet in front of where the athlete stood. Yet he cleared it nicely in his dive. Excellent long-distance swimmers are to be seen here also. Some of them think nothing of a jaunt to the New Jersey side, although the Hudson is a broad river at this point. One young woman has crossed it several times. It takes her about an hour to swim across.

A DISAPPOINTED PANTHER.

How an Oregon Baby Was Saved from a Terrible Death.

There is a curious trait not generally mentioned by zoologists, but universally attributed by all backwoodsmen and old hunters to the American panther and other members of the felidae family. It is that these animals cover with forest leaves or otherwise conceal their prey and then wait for some other opportunity for final attack and capture. It is a device only of the female, resorted to while she is rearing her young. This attribute would seem to be well placed according to the following true story, sent from Portland, Ore., to the Globe-Democrat:

Joel Kramer settled with his family in a log cabin on Black river, in southern Washington, about a year ago. One afternoon recently he went out to camp to split cedar shakes for the roof of a new barn. With him went his 6-year-old boy, Bobby, and Lion, a little black-and-tan dog. While Kramer worked in the little clearing Bobby and Lion disappeared in the surrounding thicket. Toward evening Lion came running into camp, uttering sharp, nervous barks of alarm. The experienced woodsman at once concluded that something unusual had happened to his little boy.

"Go, Lion, quick! Show me where Bobby is!" exclaimed Kramer.

Off darted the dog, followed by the now fully aroused father. Man and dog made their way through the brush for fully a quarter of a mile, when they came to the base of a large cedar, under which there was a strange-looking mound of dry leaves freshly scooped together. Lion dashed to the spot and began a vigorous scratching, jumping from side to side and uttering nervous whines. It was but the work of a moment for Kramer to brush away the leaves, disclosing his little boy sound asleep. To him the case was as clear as daylight. A she cougar had found the boy asleep, covered him with leaves, and soon would return with her kittens to dine royally. Deep furrows made by the creatures paws in scraping together the leaves showed that the cougar was a monster.

When Bobby was fully awake he confirmed his father's conjecture by saying that he and the dog lay down together and he went to sleep.

Rightly concluding that Mrs. Cougar and her children would not return to the banquet until near nightfall, Kramer determined that he would change the menu. So he rearranged the mound of leaves over a little heap of rotten wood, to make it look exactly as he had found it, and returned to the cabin with Bobby and Lion.

He and Dave Peterson, his hired man, set off at once with a Winchester and shotgun. Arriving at the decoy mound, which had not been disturbed, the men took up their position in the lower branches of a young cedar of dense foliage. They were about twenty feet to the ground, and about fifteen yards in a straight line from the mound.

Hardly were they settled in their seats when the crackling of dry twigs and the rustling of leaves announced the approach of the wary animals. Next was heard the "talking" of the dam to her young ones, a kind of vocalization exactly like the "talking" of a cat to her kittens. Kramer caught the first glimpse of the monster, and without the movement of a muscle, save the glance of his eyes, pointed her out to Dave. She was accompanied by four three-quarter grown kittens.

As the mother stealthily crept along, lashing her sides with her great tail, the young ones were gamboling in the wildest abandon, clawing and rolling over one another in regular kitten fashion. Having approached to within eight or ten yards of the leafy mound, the beast emitted a peculiar note of warning, which was instantly observed by the young ones, for they ceased their play, dropped their erect tails and nervously huddled behind the dam.

The scene now began to grow strangely fascinating. With deep drawn breath and hearts pounding with painful loudness, the men waited the critical moment. The huge creature, with her great, staring eyes riveted upon the leafy mound, dropped upon her belly, and crawled rather than walked. When within fifteen feet of the goal she paused for the awful spring. The horrible settling of her hind feet, to get a firm rest upon the ground, braced her for the effort. Gracefully rising high in air, as if shot from a tightly drawn bowstring, she lighted upon her supposed prey, with an appalling cry betwixt a scream and a roar that made the woods resound long and loud. For a moment the beast was hidden by flying leaves, sticks and dust. When once convinced that she had been cheated, she stood for a moment motionless, her body tense with anger. That moment was her last.

"Crack! Crack!" went the two guns, almost simultaneously. Again the cougar vaulted into the air, but this time only to fall dead beneath the tree that sheltered her slayers. A ball from the Winchester had crashed through the brain of the beast, while Dave had riddled its head and neck with buckshot. It was only pastime to kill the kittens, who were too much frightened to escape. The old one weighed 350 pounds and measured nine feet from the muzzle to the end of the tail. In the household of the Kramers there was joy that night.

THE MANATEE.

A Huge Inhabitant of the Waters of the St. Lucie River, in Florida.

Of all the large animals of the American continent, none is more remarkable in form than the Manatee.

Although this strange creature is of goodly size, often reaching a weight of several hundred pounds, and sometimes attaining a length of thirteen feet, yet I venture to say, writes W. T. Hornaday in the October St. Nicholas, that not more than one person out of every four thousand in the United States could now arise and correctly answer the question, "What is a Manatee?" Whenever you mention the name of the creature to any one save a student of quadrupeds, of a surety you will have that question to answer forthwith.

The Manatee is an animal that lives exclusively in the water, and while it is shaped somewhat like a seal, it is very far from being one. I mention the seal by way of comparison solely because it is the only quadruped which can be used. The heavy, baglike body, short neck, blunt nose, and round head of our harbor seal do indeed suggest the form of the Manatee; but there the resemblance stops short.

Instead of having hind flippers like a seal, the body of the Manatee terminates in a very broad and very flat tail, which forms an admirable propeller. Its front limbs are simply big, flat paddles, by no means so shapely and useful as the front flippers of a sea-lion. It has no hair—or, at least, none to speak of; a smooth, but very thick and tough skin, small weak eyes, and a blunt nose. Instead of having teeth like a seal and feeding on fish, it has only a set of rather weak molars, and lives solely on aquatic plants.

It lives in the mouths and lower reaches of rivers that flow into the sea in tropical latitudes, and while it does not object to salt water, it is most at home in water that is either brackish or else quite fresh; and the latter is preferred because of its aquatic vegetation. Unlike the seal, it is quite unable to come out on land.

I am glad to be able to say that even today this remarkable animal is an inhabitant of one portion of our strangely diversified United States.

For some particular reason, probably the abundance of good food combined with a good depth of water, a number of Manatees have chosen to inhabit the St. Lucie river, Brevard county, Florida, which flows into Indian river eighteen miles above Jupiter inlet. Their presence there has been well known for twenty years or so; but, unfortunately for them, they possess neither the checker-leathered hide of the sad-eyed alligator, the spun-glass plumes of the unhappy egret, or the delicious flesh of the wild turkey; and so as yet they have not been entirely exterminated.

Homesick Soldiers.

"Homesickness, or nostalgia, as it is called in medical terminology," said Post Hospital Surgeon McKim at Washington, "is a well defined malady in every army and carries away a great many soldiers from apparently unknown causes, like Major Neumeyer's beans. A great many brave soldiers waste away with hopeless longing for their wives and children. The records show that thousands of German soldiers who were compelled to fight in Napoleon's army succumbed to 'heimweh.' It was pronounced in that army because the Germans are very fond of their home and dear ones, and were fighting under the colors of their conqueror, in some cases against their own countrymen. But it is a tangible quantity in every army, and there were thousands of serious cases in the struggle between the north and the south."

THE TERROR OF THE BORDER

Pillage of Lawrence, Kan., by Quantrell and His Men.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BARBARIC BRUTALITY

Story Told by One Who Was with the Attacking Party—Causes that Inspired the Raid and Added to Its Atrocities.

The terror of the border during the war was Quantrell. The southern contingent that happened to live in the country which the guerrilla chief crossed dreaded him because his vengeance on the union contingent was so swift and merciless that it necessarily revived the Mosaic law that demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The catalogue of blood and arson opposite the name of this terror is too long for any publication, even if such a thing were advisable or of any interest. But one may be revived thirty-two years after.

I have been asked sometimes, facetiously, if I was with Quantrell at Lawrence. And then some one would ask seriously if the sacking of the Kansas town was really as terrible as it was described at the time. It was worse. When Quantrell applied the torch to it and shot down people in the streets it was expected. Jim Lane, a combination of Blucher and Cambronne, with the adventure of the westerner, lived there. He was in command of a camp of federals there at the time. Jim Lane had taught the people of his state what war meant. And when Quantrell dashed upon the town unexpectedly people knew what to expect. But they did not realize the extent of the attack until they came to count the dead and the homeless chimneys and blackened walls. By that time Lane was spurring his horse in one direction for safety, and the Missouri guerrilla was riding as swiftly in the other, headed for the state where he always found

Rest and a guide, and food and fire.

AN EXPECTED TRAGEDY.

The pillage of Lawrence was not unexpected. Because it was the headquarters of Jim Lane was enough to make it conspicuous. Wherever Jim Lane lived there was something likely to occur, and it was always safe to prophesy that it would be done entirely different from the plan of any other. Besides, in the days before the war, Lawrence, in the opinion of Missourians, was headquarters for most of the dare-devilry of Kansas in the time when two sections of the union were fighting over the territory in the national congress.

One of Quantrell's men had lived in Lawrence, and because he was an avowed rebel he was told to leave the town. He undertook to pooh-pooh the request. One night he awoke in his burning house. He barely escaped with his life. He hid in the grass until somebody heard him cry from hunger, and he was given a suit of clothes, with the understanding that he was not to return to Lawrence.

These three—Jim Lane, Missouri hatred and the man whose house was burned (his name was Yager)—were responsible for the pillage of Lawrence.

Johnson county, Missouri, is on the Kansas border. At one time, shortly after the war began, there were not enough men in Johnson county to raise a crop of corn. The women did it. The milch cow, which furnished a good share of the substance for the household, was hitched to the plow, and had an hour at noon for grazing. As the war went on the jayhawker rode over into Johnson county and foraged. As far away as they were from their homes, many of the confederates from the border counties heard of the raids, and in one way or another came back for revenge. Hence the guerrilla. Of course, not all guerrillas were confederate soldiers, nor were all jayhawkers union soldiers.

PRIVATE WRONGS TO AVENGE.

There is an ugly, sluggish and mean little stream in Johnson county known as Blackwater. It is crooked and on either side are dense forests. In a house in one of these thickets lived the family of a man named Purdee. He was a confederate captain and left a lovely wife when he went to war. The jayhawkers pillaged his house and insulted his wife. He heard of it, and returned and became one of the Quantrell riders. Like Yager, this man longed to go over in Kansas and "get even." That was the principle, if there was anything of that sort, involved in the struggle on the border.

Purdee had talked to Quantrell a good deal about Kansas, and it was finally agreed that the matter would be discussed at the home of Purdee on the banks of Blackwater.

Names and figures make dull reading in this sort of writing, but there is something picturesque in the list of "those present" at Purdee's house the night the Kansas invasion was planned. I can vouch for the truth of the list, for it was given me as a "souvenir" by one who was there:

"Tuck Hill, Woot Hill, Will Hulse, James Hinds, Ben Broomfield, Dick Yager, Tom Maupin, Cole Younger, Ben Morrow, Sid Creek, Fletch Taylor, James Little, Colonel John Holt, Colonel Boaz Roberts, Frank and Jesse James, Sim Whitsett and others."

In all there were 310. The men who were admitted to the council were: Blunt, Todd, Jarrette, Holt, Eustis, Cole Younger, Dick Anderson, Dick Yager and Todd. Dick Yager made his speech. Then Quantrell told how he had anticipated the move, and had sent a spy to Lawrence, who had lived at the Eldridge house, "the first class house of the city," as a cattle speculator. He bought whisky and occasionally opened a bottle of wine at the same table with Jim Lane. Quantrell said the "gentleman" would report if no one had any objection, and thereupon Fletcher Taylor stood up and gave a graphic story of his sojourn in Lawrence as a cattle speculator. He showed them, in the dust, where the "enemy" was encamped, and he said the streets were so broad that "a charge upon any of them would be like riding at a tournament."

Then the chief guerrilla told them that somebody would probably get hurt in the invasion, and that he would not require any one to go who did not want to go—that is, any of those at the council.

John N. Edwards, who was the "historian of the warfare on the border," gives an accurate account of the way in which the conclusion was reached:

Quantrell stood up and called the roll, each man giving his opinion on the proposition as his name was spoken:

"Anderson."

"Lawrence or hell, but with one proviso, that we kill every male being."

"Todd."

"Lawrence; if I knew that not a man would get back alive."

"Gregg."

"Lawrence; it is the home of Jim Lane; the foster mother of the red legs; the nurse of the jayhawkers."

"Shepherd."

"Lawrence; I know it of old; niggers and white people are just the same there; it's a Boston colony and it should be wiped out."

"Jarrette."

"Lawrence, by all means. I've had my eye upon it for a year. The head devil of all this killing and burning in Jackson county. I vote to fight it with fire—to burn it before we leave it."

"Dick Mattox."

"Lawrence; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. God understands better than we do the equilibrium of civil war."

"Holt."

"Lawrence; and quick about it."

"Yager."

"Where my house once stood there is a heap of ashes. I haven't a neighbor that's got a house—Lawrence and the torch."

"Blunt."

"Count me in wherever there's a killing. Lawrence first and then some other Kansas town; the name is nothing."

"Have you all voted?" asked Quantrell.

"All," with one voice.

"Then Lawrence it is. Saddle up."

The invasion had begun. As they rode away on a summer night, August 16, 1863, a black flag was unfurled at the head of the column. It was the first flag Quantrell ever had. It was black silk, and in the center, worked in red silk, by a woman's hands, was one name—"Quantrell." The second day they were on Kansas soil. The story is told that three Kansas men were pressed into service as pilots, and that when the column sighted Lawrence, on the 21st, the pilots were shot and thrown into a brush heap.

Lawrence is built on one bank of the Kansas river. On one side of the stream that day were 400 federals; on the Lawrence side a camp of about seventy-five. They were all asleep, except the pickets, when Quantrell's own company dashed upon them, and most of them died in that sleep—all, in their blankets. The camp across the river was broken, and, after a skirmish, the men fled, Jim Lane in the lead.

Quantrell's band then applied the torch to the town. Occasionally a citizen with a child in his arms ventured out for a safer place. He was shot in his tracks. While some of these Missouri bandits made music with pistol and carbine balls, others fired houses, business houses and anything that would burn. A church steeple smoked and burst into flames, and as it fell the bell went clanging to the red ruin below. Women fell upon their knees and prayed, and their little ones cried piteously with uplifted hands and upturned faces. As homes burned their embers fell upon men and women who, having sought safety in the cellars, were burned to death.

There was a woman whose husband had been an abolitionist preacher. His wife persuaded him to put his feet in the well bucket and hold on to the rope while she lowered him with the windlass. After the pillage she pulled him up. He was dead. The gas in the well had killed him.

There was a young woman who was the niece of old ex-Governor Shannon. She was a union girl, pretty as a flower and as sympathetic as a mother. During the pillage she was a ministering angel where there was an opportunity. She was at the side of the guerrilla and jayhawker with the cup of cold water. When the massacre and robbery was over she was arrested as a confederate spy and sent to Leavenworth. Old D. R. Anthony knew better than this, and I am told that he denounced her arrest and had her set free.

There was a woman in the town, Mrs. Bromley, who was a union woman. But she had pluck and policy and entertained the notorious Bill Anderson, Quantrell's boldest rider, at her house. She was afterward the wife of Major Warner, mayor of Kansas City, and still later member of congress from the Kansas City district.

A Mr. Bullene entertained Cole Younger, Jesse and Frank James and others of Quantrell's staff that day in his house at dinner. In the annals of border warfare there is no parallel to this Lawrence raid and pillage.

A man was pursued to the door of the church where he had worshiped. He was wounded, and when he fell the priest bent over him with his consolation. One of the bandits rode up and the priest begged for a little mercy for his parishioner. "Hurry up," was the reply. "We've got no time to waste with prayer." There was a truce, however, for a moment. The bandit uncovered his head while the priest bent above the wounded man. It may have been the bandit's idea of deriding the church. It may have been some tender recollection. You never could tell what was in the heart of one of those men. The priest finished his ministerial function; the bandit replaced his hat, drew his revolver and sent a bullet through the brain of his victim, and then rode away. There were citizens who were saved through Masonic recognition, strange as that may read in connection with such a scene of horror and crime.

One of Quantrell's men, in his fury, or through craze, got drunk. As the pillage went on the man drank deeper. Quantrell had him shot, and such was the faith of the followers of this captain that they applauded the order and the killing. A band of negroes took the body, after the fight was over, dragged it through the streets, and starting a fire to a log heap, they threw the dead body of the guerrilla upon it and danced around the pyre, singing and howling like dervishes.

One of Quantrell's officers, Lieutenant Bledsoe, was wounded during the massacre. He was a favorite with his men. When the retreat began Bledsoe could not sit his horse. The guerrillas stole a carriage and team and carried away the wounded man.

HOW BLEDSOE DIED.

Edwards, the guerrilla historian of the border, who was singularly fascinated by these men, tells in a dramatic way how Bledsoe died at last:

Deep in the recesses of a stretch of heavy timber in Lafayette county, Missouri, his comrades placed him and left him. At intervals a physician stole to his hiding place and dressed his hurts. Women also found him out and fed him. He was convalescing just a little when a federal cavalry scout, numbering twenty-five, came unawares upon the maimed guerrilla and began to fire. It was a combat of l'outrance—one against twenty-five. Bledsoe had kept with him to the end his three dragoon revolvers, and these he laid aside when he first heard the feet of the approaching horses crashing the underbrush. He spoke not a word during all the battle; scarcely able to lift up a hand before the final mercy stroke, he did not ask for quarter by a sign. Shot in the right shoulder, he fired with his left hand. Shot in the left arm, he re-enforced it with his wounded right, and kept up the unequal combat. Two of the enemy were killed and three wounded. Crippled as he was, and weak from an old hurt, they dared not grapple with him. Dismounted and protected by trees, they took a quarter of an hour to shoot him to death. At last a bullet found the brain and he fell from his knees to his face, dead. But two chambers remained loaded of his three revolvers; he had literally fought to the death.

The day was crowded with such incidents as are here revived. My informant, now a police commissioner in a western city, himself one of the band of Quantrell, said, as he sat in his cheerful home, his hand a little palsied as it twined the sunlocks of a daughter, now at womanhood:

"The retreat was marked by columns of smoke on either side for ten miles. We were ordered to burn on our way back, and we did it. It was never known—at least I never heard—how many were killed at Lawrence that day. The estimate varied from 150 to 400. I have been told that 189 buildings were burned, the loss aggregating $1,500,000. And when we got back to Missouri and examined the pockets in the saddle of one of our men it contained $8,000 in greenbacks taken from a Lawrence bank."

The face of the woman at her father's knees shadowed when he told this.

"Every dollar of that money, by Quantrell's order, was distributed among the confederate widows and orphans, who had been made such on account of Quantrell."

The shadow passed from the face of the woman at this explanation and she looked admiringly into her father's eyes, as only a woman can look when the man before her is her hero.

The more scandal is spread out, the thicker it gets.

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One of the wrong things in this world is that a woman has to wait for a man to speak.