

FORAGING ON THE STATE

Bold Raids Being Made on State Funds by Fusion Officials.

ARE PAID FOR SERVICES NEVER RENDERED

How High Up Officials Have Promoted Treasury Raids— Fresh Bread for Officials and State Bread for Inmates.

BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 6.—Last week's report concerning the management of the State Institution for Feeble Minded Youth at this place only gave a brief recital of the facts. There are other facts relative to it hitherto unpublished which are worthy of the closest consideration by everybody.

FORAGING ON THE STATE.

Not content with placing an army of incompetents on the payroll, there is positive evidence that, not only have favorites been permitted to furnish their relatives with bed and board, but they have been permitted to draw money from the public treasury for services never rendered. In this connection the name of Judge Sullivan again appears, and that, too, in connection with a very questionable transaction. The facts are these: On the 8th day of August, 1899, Miss Keating voluntarily tendered her resignation as matron to Superintendent Lang. On that day she gave up her keys, moved all of her effects and left the institute. She notified the superintendent that she had resigned. The salary of the matron is \$66.66 per month, and a voucher for \$17.25, the amount due for eight days' service, was made out, and Miss Keating signed it. This voucher recited the fact that it was "in payment in full for all services rendered the state." It was sent to the Board of Public Lands and Buildings for approval. But it was never approved; it was abstracted by somebody and made away with.

He also informed the governor that he did not believe Miss Keating would do such a thing. "Well," said the governor, "just send her a voucher made out for the full amount and see what she will do." Again Superintendent Lang informed him he would do nothing of the kind. "I will sign the voucher on the back in blank," said the superintendent, "and I will leave the matter of making the fraudulent claim to Miss Keating." Superintendent Lang did this very thing, and he also at the same time, on learning that Judge Sullivan was mixed up in the matter, sent the following letter to Judge Sullivan:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 7, 1899.

"Hon. J. J. Sullivan:
"My Dear Sir—I learned from some sources that you are not satisfied with the disposition of Miss Keating. You sent me a letter of inquiry to me a short time ago and was courteously and kindly answered. I stated to you the facts—that Miss Keating resigned her position and turned over her keys of this institution on the 8th day of August, 1899, and that she moved all of her belongings then from this institution, and has acted in all ways that she then notified employees of this institution that she had resigned, that I did not dismiss her, and that at that time it was made public in Beatrice that she was the case. I made out said vouchers for the time served and sent them to the secretary of state. Believing that she is acting under your advice, I say to you that I am much surprised at the stand you take in this matter. That she has been used kindly and was advised rightly cannot be denied. That she resigned on the 8th day of August, 1899, can be supported by the affidavit of the employees of this institution and the press of Beatrice, and that she returned to the institute in situation. I am in dealing in this matter for the state of Nebraska as I would with individuals, and I am sorry to think that we have any man or woman in our ranks that would demand of me who has loyally supported your honor, or ask any party to make any affidavit of service under such circumstances as I have forwarded her a blank for record for her to fill out which I presume she will, acting under your advice. I have the triplicate voucher signed and receipted by her without any erasures, and if such clerical erasures appear on the original voucher as is often the case, I never had any intention of filling out vouchers for any more than time served. I often make the error in filling out for full month when part is only served, so the original voucher corrected shows exactly what amount was due for time served. I think our party and state officials have treated you very kindly, and hope that you appreciate the kindness fully.

"BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D.

"Superintendent of Institute for Feeble Minded Youth."
At the same time he mailed a voucher signed in blank to Miss Keating, appended to which was the following caustic letter:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 17, 1899.

"Miss Abigail Keating:
"As I understand there has been some talk as to the amount due you from this institute. I have sent out vouchers for you to fill out for time served at this institution and on duty. You will fill out the same and swear to them. I trust that you will observe that it is to be a matter of record, and also, that the manner in which you left the institute is known to each and all. In my dealing with the state of Nebraska I observe the same rule that I would in dealing with individuals. That you resigned your position here the 8th day of August, 1899, and turned over the keys of your voluntary act, goes without dispute. I regret very much that any person of your position or of the state of Nebraska would ask me to do an act of record that I do not deem prudent. I signed the voucher only on the back, expecting you to fill out for time served. Yours respectfully,

"BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D."

"Superintendent of Institute for Feeble Minded Youth."
One week afterwards Superintendent Lang received the following reply from Judge Sullivan, written from Columbus, Neb., on a letterhead of the supreme court:

"SUPREME COURT OF NEBRASKA.

"COLUMBUS, Oct. 13, 1899.
"Dr. B. F. Lang:
"Dear Sir—Your favor of recent date received. My views of the matter about which you write me are these: Miss Keating was matron of the institution during August. She was ready and willing to do the work incident to the position and was therefore, legally and morally entitled to receive the salary. Regarding that I am obliged to differ with you. The justice of her claim, I remain, very truly yours,

"J. J. SULLIVAN"

Miss Keating signed the voucher for the full month, swore to it, and returned it to Superintendent Lang. Superintendent Lang refused to have anything to do with it and sent it back to her. She then sent it to Lincoln, but there must have been quite a wrangle over it, as it was not allowed until October 30th and was not paid until November 27th. (See Voucher B. 40803.)

OUTRAGE ON TAXPAYERS.

Perhaps one of the most shameful outrages that has been perpetrated on the taxpayers of the state by the fusion regency is the maintenance of the name of Mrs. Thomas upon the pay roll of the state. Mrs. Thomas has her name on the pay roll because, and only because, she is the mother of State Oil Inspector Sprecher, who is reputed to be Governor Poynter's most trusted orderly. She is a woman who has crossed the meridian of life, being about 60 years of age. She has held the position of matron, first at Lincoln, then at Norfolk, and was from Norfolk transferred to Beatrice. At Beatrice she stubbornly refused to perform any of the duties incident to the position, and the duties of matron are being performed by the wife of the superintendent, who draws a salary of \$25 per month. Thus, two persons are on the pay roll for the same office, and the state pays \$91.66 per month, simply that the mother of a leading fusion politician may have her name on the pay roll and live in luxury. The wife of the superintendent is not envious of her position and, according to her own words, she is "forced to do the work in order to prevent disease, sickness and death among the inmates as a result of filth and uncleanness, as Matron Thomas refuses to perform the duties." Ever since she has been at the institute at Beatrice she has, with her 18-year-old daughter, lived luxuriantly in apartments at the institute, drawn a salary of \$66.66 per month and refused to perform the duties of matron.

Only a few weeks ago Superintendent Lang resolved to submit to the indignities no longer and summarily dismissed for insubordination Matron Thomas, Miss Mutz, Miss Candee, Miss Brady, Miss Spanogle and Miss Larson.

STATE BREAD FOR INMATES.

Considerable feeling has been aroused over the reported fact that Contractor Wolf, who furnished bread to the institute for the second quarter of the present year, delivered two kinds—fresh bread for the officials and employees and stale bread for the inmates. When asked what became of his stale bread Mr. Wolf, without realizing perhaps the force or significance of the statement, replied: "I sell it to the institute."

"Do you sell two grades of bread to the institute?"

"Well, some of it is better than the other. The old man (meaning his delivery clerk) takes out some fresh bread every morning, but I don't know whether he leaves any at the institute or not. What I send out there for the institute is the unsold bread I get returned from the grocery stores."

"Do you ever take stale bread back from the grocery stores?"

"Yes."

"What do you do with it?"

"I sell it to the institute."

"Do you take back any stale bread from the institute?"

"No."

Other bakers are required to sell their stale bread, and do it every day, for five cents a barrel. It is used for food for hogs and horses. Not so with Contractor Wolf. He sold his to the state for \$2.40 per hundred pounds. When asked about it Superintendent Lang persisted in a flat denial and declared that, so far as he knew, there was not a word of truth in it. He said that he and his wife used the same quality of bread supplied to the inmates. The bread received was received by the steward and not by Superintendent Lang and Superintendent Lang would therefore know little or nothing about the quality of the material delivered. However, the authority for the statement that stale bread was delivered is Contractor Wolf, the man who delivered the goods.

A DEPLORABLE SPECTACLE.

To close the chapter, which is but a partial recitation of the facts, it is enough to say that the Beatrice Institute of itself presents a bitter arraignment of the fusion party. It is not a pleasant subject for contemplation that this institute, designed to care for almost helpless and defenseless people, should be converted into a political mad-house and maintained as a resort for broken-down politicians and party henchmen. It is bad enough that the state should be required to support an army of political parasites without having the treasury exposed to the rapacity and perfidy of this same element. It is no doubt true that could the records speak they would disclose some startling facts.

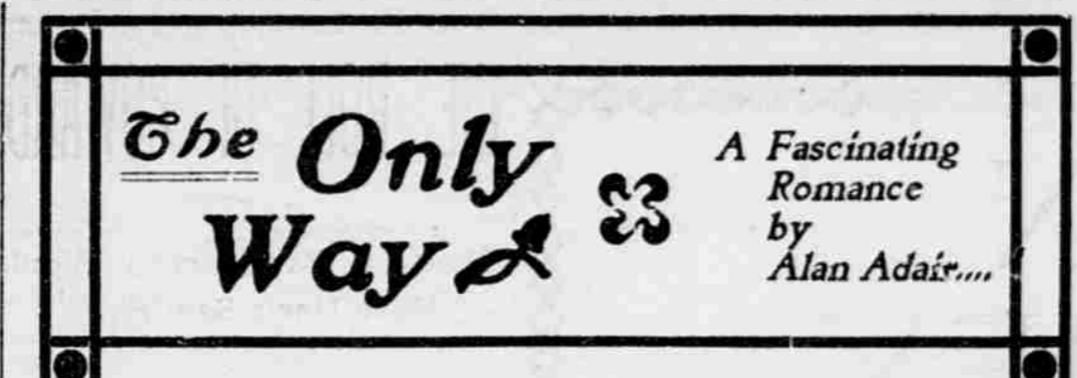
One instance is recited where a young lady, who was an official at the institute and who is now an official at another institute, disposed of about \$50 worth of brushes manufactured by the inmates and made no report of it to the state. This is only one instance of dishonesty; there are said to be many others.

Old Pennsylvania Law.

By a peculiar arrangement of the Pennsylvania election law votes are not canvassed for the candidate for whom they are cast, but for the ticket or tickets upon which his name appears. Thus in the election of Chester (Chester is a strong republican county and contains the town of Chester with its large shipyards), both parties agreed last year upon Joseph Hemphill for common pleas judge. This is the way the official canvass was declared: Joseph Hemphill, republican, 8,162 votes; Joseph Hemphill, democrat, 4,371 votes; Joseph Hemphill, fusion, 1,643 votes; Joseph Hemphill, scattering, 374 votes. There was no other candidate in the field.

Lived 123 Years.

In San Diego county, California, recently there died at the great age of 133 years Augustine, chief of the Sequoia tribe of Indians. He had ruled the tribe over 100 years, and in all that time had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time.



CHAPTER VI.

Another room in an obscure part of London; but this room was, though poor, scrupulously neat and tidy. It was even adorned with a few flowers, and some colored prints hung upon the walls. A woman and a child were sitting together in the one large chair that the room possessed. The woman, slight, still young, and astonishingly beautiful; the child, one of those brown, curly-haired children, with blue eyes, who have sprung from parents of different nations. The woman's face we have seen before. Now the only alteration in it, and one it was that did not affect her beauty, was a great sadness, except when she spoke to the child, and then her whole face changed.

"It is such a great city," she was saying—"such a great city. I did not know it would be so difficult to find any one. I thought that when once I got to England it would all be well, and now I have been in England more than a year, and I have not seen him. And yet I am so longing to see him once again, and to show him our boy. Oh, how happy he will be! How happy we both shall be! These weary years will be as naught, and I shall forget everything once I feel his arms round me again!"

There was a step on the stairs. Veronica listened. She had grown more womanly in these last four years, and she looked more thoughtful. Sorrow, the great master, had taught her many things. Now she did not look unhappy, but eager and anxious. She evidently recognized the footsteps on the stairs, and it did not bring her any pleasure. She was shrinking together in the chair with the child when the door opened to her call. "Come in!" and Hutchinson entered.

"Good afternoon," she said, but showed no pleasure at the sight of him. "How did you find me out?"

"How? It is always easy to find any one when you have a mind to, and when you have any sense in your head!" He scanned Veronica's face as he spoke, and noticed that she flushed slightly. "I saw you go into a music shop, and I followed you home the other day, and I made a note of the road and the number, and here I am."

"What do you want of me?" asked Veronica, rather hopelessly.

"My dear girl"—Hutchinson spoke airily—"my dear girl, why could you not have confided in your father? It would have saved you a great deal if you had."

"You are not my father," said Veronica quietly, "you told me so yourself."

"Why quarrel about an expression? I am the man who brought you up, Veronica, why did you not tell me that you had married Alan Mackenzie and that this is his child?"

Veronica gave a great start. She knew why she had not mentioned Alan's name to him. She knew of the hatred that Hutchinson had for him, and even now she did not know what to say. "How do you know?" she asked at last. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself," said the man, watching the agitation that Veronica betrayed. "I should not have known unless."

"When did he tell you?" she asked, her lips almost refusing to utter a sound.

"About two months ago."

Veronica sprang up. "He is here, in London. Two months ago! Oh, take me to him! Let me see him at once! Why did you not tell me before?"

"How could I?" the man said dryly. "I tell you you should have had more confidence. I did not know you were his wife."

"How was he looking?" cried Veronica. "Oh, my darling, my darling! Did he speak of me two months ago? I think we shall die of happiness when we come together again!"

"No doubt," said Hutchinson. "Does he know of the boy?"

"No. The boy was born five months after the shipwreck. I have told you I was so ill after the wreck that I lost my reason for a time."

"Pity," said Hutchinson, reflectively, "that when you told me so much you did not tell me all."

Veronica did not answer. Something in the man's tone awakened her suspicions. "Are you sure," she asked, after a little silence, "that you do not want to hurt him?"

"Why should I?" asked Hutchinson. "No, what I want to do is to make money out of him. He will not be able to deny me anything when I restore him his wife and child."

That sounded possible. Veronica smiled, and let herself be happy in the thought that what she had so longed for and worked for for years was about to come to pass.

"My darling, my darling!" she murmured. Hutchinson looked at her curiously.

"You seem fond of him," he said. She gave a glance of contempt at the way he expressed himself. She caught the child up in her arms.

"My darling," she said, "my little Alan, you are going to your father at last!"

before he began his work of destruction; now he had to make sure of Veronica. He would have infinitely preferred a woman who would have blustered, and have sworn that she would have her rights; but Veronica was the sort of woman who would shrink away and be lost to the world rather than hurt the man she loved. He had shrewdness enough to see that the girl would say that it was the only way to act, and that she would sacrifice both the child and herself; therefore it was imperatively necessary that she should know nothing of Alan's marriage, of his love for another woman. That must come to her as a surprise. She must be led to expect that Alan was longing for her, and would be overjoyed to see her again; then would be his, Hutchinson's, opportunity. He knew men so well that he fancied they must be all alike. Alan would not give up Joyce—he felt sure of that; then he must be made to pay for his silence. He must feel that he, Hutchinson, could hold the sword over his head, that he could let it fall at any moment. He had rubbed his hands at the publicity of the marriage. Alan Mackenzie would never give up his beautiful wife. Veronica would have to be paid off. Joyce would not be Alan's lawful wife. It was going to be a life of misery for the young man, and at the end there would be Hutchinson's dagger for his heart. But the whole thing needed careful handling, and Hutchinson felt that he was the man undoubtedly who could handle it carefully. Even if at the end Veronica refused, as was possible, to come forward and make Alan unhappy, nevertheless he would have to pay for his silence.

"He lives in a nice little house in the country," Hutchinson said at last. "I will give you the address. You had better go by train. Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Veronica. "I was paid for my lessons yesterday. I must write to her when I have seen Alan again. He may not wish me to go on giving lessons." But all the time she spoke her face was transfigured. The feeling that soon her weary time of probation would be over was strong within her. She looked with pride at the beautiful boy, whom she still held in her arms. "Will not his father be proud of him?" she asked, longing for a little human sympathy. "He is handsome, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, he's a good-looking child, although I am no judge," said the man. In his head he was revolving plans. "I would not go straight up to the house if I were you," he said. "The servants might not understand it. You wait for him at the lodge gates."

"Very well," said Veronica, docile as always. She could not guess that Hutchinson's one fear was lest she should meet Joyce and so spoil his whole plan. He had looked into Joyce's face as she was walking with Alan one day, and he could see innocence and purity written upon it. Joyce was not the woman to consent to the paying off of the first wife.

And so it was decided that Veronica should go down to Summerhayne and await the coming of Alan. It was a lovely day in early July, when she went down, with that precious possession, her boy, hugged close to her heart. The sun was shining and the sky blue, the corn was waving in the fields; and it was under the shade of a leafy tree that Veronica awaited the coming of the man she loved. Hutchinson had discovered what train he usually came by. It was so important that Veronica should see him alone!

And sat there quietly straining her ears for the sound of his footsteps. It took her back to her girlish days at La Paz, when she had often watched for him as she was doing now. Truly there had been no years of separation from him, and no boy beside her. As the time drew nearer the strain grew almost too intense. She put her hand over her heart so as to stop its wild beating, and the rich color that generally flooded her cheeks left her, and she was pale. And suddenly she heard footsteps in the field that was before her—many footsteps, which she had not heard for four years, but which she knew at once. Then a figure vaulted over the stile and Alan stood before her.

She tottered to her feet, holding out the child. He looked at her wildly and gave a great cry, as if body and soul were being rent asunder. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

He fell backwards against the stile, covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sight of a great horror. She stood trembling before him, pushing her child in front of her, as if she wanted to obliterate herself and to obliterate the child; but he stood there, shaking and shivering, moaning at intervals. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

It was she who spoke first; he could not find words, or anything but the piteous moan, and her voice was touching in exquisite joy. "Yes, Alan, it is I, saved from the sea, my dearest. And here—here is our child. Are you not pleased? Tell me you are pleased, for I have longed so to see your dear face again! I have longed so to hear your voice I cannot believe it has come at last!"

She came quite near to him, advancing as she spoke. It seemed as if she were longing for him to uncover his face, to take her into his arms.

"Alan," she cried, "oh, my darling, are you not glad to see me?"

There was still no doubt in her mind. She thought that the joy of seeing her had been too great, and that he was trying to recover from the shock. She had no doubt, poor soul, at all. He loved her, therefore her coming to him must be inexpressible joy.

Then Alan uncovered his haggard face. "Glad? No! It has ruined my life!" he cried brutally. But for the moment he could think of nothing but Joyce—his Joyce, with whom life had begun so joyfully, and whose heart he must now break, as his own had been broken. "I wish I were dead!" he said, with a sob.

"Alan!" The anguish in her voice matched his. "Is that what you have to say to me, your wife, the mother of your child, who has undergone all hardships, and who has just lived on because you were in the world? Oh, Alan, if you do not want me, I had better go."

She turned, walking unsteadily, holding her child's hand tightly. And then a great temptation assailed Alan Mackenzie. The temptation to let her go, to let her be lost to him, to say nothing to Joyce; but to go on as if the day's work had never been. And then he saw in a flash what his life would be. How every moment of happiness with Joyce would have its corresponding moment of bitterness when he was alone; how he must live a double life, always on the brink of detection. Not worse, perhaps, than the life parted from Joyce; but then he would be an honest man, and not a traitor. He put his temptation away from him, thanking God that he could do so, knowing that Joyce would not love a man who was dishonorable. So before Veronica had staggered a dozen steps away he called to her hoarsely to come back. She turned at once, obedient as always, and for a moment he hated himself for his brutality to so gentle a woman. Her tears were falling down the beautiful face. She looked up at him with the old look of faithful love, still pushing the child towards him.

"Yes," she said, questioning him, "what is it, Alan?"

"I am married," he said, crudely and hoarsely, thinking it best to tell her at once. "I thought you were dead. I heard nothing from you since I left you; it is four years ago. They told me all on board were drowned, and I could hear nothing of you. What wonder then I thought you were dead? And so I married, Veronica—I am married now!"

And then for a long time there was silence between them.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

BAPTISMAL VAGARIES.

Names from South Africa Are Given to Unfortunate Youngsters.

One of the results of the war in South Africa is an outbreak of curious names. Luckless infants born at or about the time of great events are being christened after the events themselves, as well as after the more prominent individuals concerned. Redvers Buller Thompson was used a few days ago, and Dundee, Glencoe and Elands-laagte have all been given. At the Cape, among the many curiosities are Talana Elandia Smith, Belmontina Grasspana Modderivvo Brown and Penn Symons White Robinson. A Boer named Troskie, residing in the Cradock district in Cape Colony, had his son baptized Immanuel Kruger Steyn Triomphus. The mania appears to have taken South Wales in a very acute form. A few days ago Modder River Jones, John Redvers Buller Thomas, Harry White Redvers Joseph, Harold Baden Mafeeking Powell, and Ezekiel Methuen Macdonald Baden Powell Williams were the names given to helpless infants by patriotic parents in Neath. At Pontypridd there are poor babes called Richard Colenso Scott, Oliver Colenso Williams, Kimberley Clifford, Charles Redvers James, and Baden-Powell Williams; and at Mountain Ash, Victor Colenso Warren, Warren Sandford, Macdonald Claremont, Methuen Phillips, John Stanley Methuen Williams, and Baden-Powell Price. Mr. Shandy, father of the famous Tristram, it will be remembered, believed there was something fateful in a name. The world seems to have been blessed with a sufficient number of individuals of opinions similar to this, else how can one account for such names as Peter the Great Wright and William the Conqueror Wright (twins), King David Haydon, John Bunyan Parsonage, King George Westgate, Martin Luther Upright, General George Washington Jones, Lord Nelson Putman, Empress Eugenie Aldridge, and John Robinson Crusoe Heaton? The parents, no doubt, had a pious hope that the children so named would grow to be worthy of the great persons whose names had been appropriated. The hope has not been realized, for none of these individuals seem ever to have set the Thames on fire. And perhaps it is rather well for humanity that there are no second editions of these "kings of men." But even quiet times have their remarkable names. Lylph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hug Erchenwys Saxon Esa Cromwell Orem Nevill Dysart Plan-tagenet is still living in Wales—perhaps because he never attempts to use all his own name.—London Leader.

Barton county is one of the principal wheat growing sections in Kansas. Its crop will probably reach 5,000,000 bushels, and it has a population of only 13,000.