

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN

GEO. K. BENSCHOTER, Editor and Pub.
LOUP CITY, - - NEBRASKA.

The Haytian navy now consists entirely of submarine vessels.

In the opinion of the mosquito a perfume concert is decidedly punk.

Whisky has gone up again, but the campaign cigar is being sold at the same old price.

The Dalmatian coach dog has gone out of style. It is not swift enough for the horseless coach.

In America King Alfonso would be charged with no more serious offense than just being a boy.

Did the Grand Duke Boris drink from the Chicago girl's slipper or take a bath in it?—Galveston News.

An Indianapolis wedding took place in the dark. There have been others, counting other kinds of darkness.

King Edward has been visiting Mr. Carnegie. It is not stated where his majesty wants to establish the library.

Many a summer resort young man would willingly exchange his bathing suit and tennis shoes for a fall overcoat.

Everything is coming to light nowadays. A correspondent has just found out and explained "Why the Dead Sea is Dead."

The girl who forfeits \$4,000 if she marries merely needs to take care that she marries a man who is worth more than that.

The decision of the French government that the whole northern part of Martinique shall be vacated is late but sensible.

Having failed to persuade Chamberlain to cough up the Boer generals may as well abandon all attempts on Uncle Russell Sage.

Several thousand Russians are electioneering for a trip to Siberia, for they have petitioned the czar for representative government.

Ping-pong has been put under the ban of the law in Ohio, but checkers will continue to go unchecked in the grand old Buckeye state.

Murat Halstead, who is nearly seventy years of age, wants to enter politics. It seems that a man never gets too old to go wrong.

The public executioner of Paris is said to be one of the most enthusiastic of automobilists. Evidently he is not averse to doing business overtime.

The Colombian revolutionists have won a battle. We have not heard what the Colombian revolutionists are fighting for, but it's probably for practice.

Judging from his rasping views on the management of the coal trust, it is a safe guess that Uncle Russell Sage hasn't got his winter's supply of coal in yet.

A photograph taken on the royal yacht shows the Shah of Persia sitting beside Queen Alexandra, but the Prince of Wales is watching him.—Boston Globe.

The news that a coal trust is being organized in England sends an extra shiver down the spine of the man who has a big, yawning furnace in the cellar of his home.

The Boston young man whose best girl has promised to marry him when the coal strike ends is sending expensive appealing telegrams every day to Mr. Morgan.

The Missouri river is the prince of practical jokers. It is engaged in cutting a new channel around St. Joseph, Mo., by which course it will leave a new \$500,000 bridge high and dry.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney still writes something every day at the age of 78, but, as she says herself, being a grandmother is her chief occupation. And it is even better paid than authorship.

Emperor William's talk about visiting the United States proves that he is desirous of seeing some of Milwaukee's beautiful women mentioned so enthusiastically by his brother, Prince Henry.

The Princess Di San Faustino, formerly of New York, who beat her maid so severely in Rome the other day that they had to take her to the hospital, must come from some of our good old fighting stock.

Mascagni's announcement that he has composed a hymn to America suggests that his inspiration may have had its origin in a desire to increase his box office receipts.

You are right, Rev. John Boyd, all men are not equal. At present Jeffries is about the best. But Jim Corbett has shown some old-time form lately.

Would it not be a good plan to leave those disorderly islands down in the Caribbean sea until they learn to conduct themselves properly?

Wild Frontier Days

Justice Meted Out by Vigilance Committees in Sacramento, Cal.

NOT a stone's throw from each other and in the block between Front and Second on J street, in Sacramento, Cal., are two buildings in which in days long ago some of the most important political deals in California were made. Within their walls United States senators and congressmen, governors and other state officers were made and unmade; fabulous sums of money were expended to corrupt members of legislatures and of state conventions, and to carry elections. At their gorgeously fitted bars most of the prominent early day men of politics drank and in the side and upper rooms plotted and executed schemes that have left a lasting impress on the political history of the state, and to a lesser extent on that of the nation.

The old Magnolia saloon, on the north side of the street, about midway in the block, was for many years kept by old "Baldy" Johnson, the father of the present sheriff of the county. The glory of the old Magnolia passed away many years ago; its identity is now known to but a few, and it has long been used as part of a produce store.

At the southwest corner of Second and J streets is the famous Rhoads & Townsend house, that for more than two decades and until quite recently was a widely known political headquarters, but now, after a varied history extending back almost to the time of the admission of the state, it is about to lose its identity and to be transformed into an ordinary business house.

The building that originally stood on the site was destroyed in the great fire of Nov. 2, 1852, but, according to local history, a portion of it was used as the city station house. Twice this station house at Second and J streets yielded a victim to the fury of the mob in the early days.

On the afternoon of Feb. 24, 1850, a gambler named Frederick J. Roe and a miner quarreled at a monte table in the Mansion House, at the corner of

and unassailable guard, which marched the prisoner to the trees, under one of which a temporary staking had already been erected, upon which the doomed man was placed, and Rev. M. C. Briggs sent for. The prisoner said that he had committed the deed, but in a fit of passion, and had nothing to say for himself; that he was 20 years of age, an Englishman by birth, and that he had a mother and sister living in the old country. After the minister had performed his duties a rope was placed around the prisoner's



Rhoads and Townsend House.

neck, the other end thrown over one of the limbs of the tree, and being seized by a multitude of strong hands, the prisoner was hanged in the presence of an estimated audience of 5,000 people.

The next case of lynching occurred in 1851. On July 9 three men, William B. Robinson, James Gibson and John Thompson, in open daylight knocked down and robbed a farmer named James Wilson on L street, between Fourth and Fifth. The crime was witnessed and the offenders soon arrested. Before 4 o'clock more than a thousand men surrounded the station house. A jury of eleven was impaneled, but could not agree and asked for further time. It was then agreed by the county judge that he would call a



SMASHED THE JAIL DOOR TO GET ROE.

special court session for the following week. This was done and the defendants were legally convicted and sentenced to be hanged on Aug. 22. Under the law at that time grand larceny was a capital offense. At dawn on the morning of the 22d people commenced coming into the city to witness the triple execution. In a few hours the town was crowded with strangers. Between 9 and 10 o'clock it was reported that Robinson had been reprieved by the governor.

A meeting was organized and a large committee was appointed to see that the sentence of the court was carried into effect as well against Robinson as against his companions. The Stark Guard, fully armed, but in firemen's dress, formed a hollow square in front of the station house. A wagon and the sheriff, with a strong body of deputies, were in the center of the square. The three prisoners were brought out and Thompson and Gibson were placed in the wagon and it passed out toward the place of execution, at the old sycamore at Sixth and O streets. The sheriff then directed the guards to close up and convey Robinson to the prison brig, but scarcely had they left the station house before their ranks were forced and the prisoner taken by the mob. No real resistance was offered by the soldiers. Another wagon was procured, the prisoner placed in it and it slowly followed to the place of execution. When the drop fell with the two men a simultaneous cry arose from the crowd: "Now for Robinson! Bring him here and send L. M. after the others!" Some one sprang upon the scaffold and shouted: "We've got Robinson! He's within a square of here and will be brought up as soon as the others are cut down!" During the lull caused by this speech the muffled drums of the Stark Guard beating the "Dead March" were heard advancing, and the sheriff and his deputies, knowing that resistance was useless, retired. Robinson was placed upon the scaffold, remaining to the end calm. He made an earnest and effective speech that produced a favorable sentiment among many in the crowd, but the majority demanded his life, and it was taken.



Andrew J. Rhoads.

and there was a general stampede for the station house. Here efforts were made to conciliate the mob, but they were unavailing. Awning posts were pulled up and made into battering rams and the door of the station house was beaten down. The officers were overpowered instantly.

Roe was chained in an inner cell and there was considerable difficulty in getting him unshackled, but as soon as it was accomplished he was told that he was to be hanged forthwith from one of the big oak trees that then stood on Sixth street, between K and L. A large part of the crowd immediately rushed to that point, but sufficient remained to form a large

Fortune Is Cursed

How Ill Luck Has Followed Those Connected With the Fair Millions.

EIGHT years ago James G. Fair died in San Francisco, leaving a fortune of some \$30,000,000 for his heirs to squabble over. For seven years they fought and spent more than \$2,000,000 in the fighting, and then, only twelve months later, one-third of the fortune was in dispute again.

Some one seems to have bewitched the late Nevada Senator's millions, for no one has yet been able to enjoy their use. Even he, strong, self-reliant man as he was, was happier poor than rich, happier in acquiring his fortune than in the enjoyment of it.

The story is one which would



James G. Fair.

bring shouts of ridicule hurdling round the devoted head of any author who dare imagine it.

From the day when they began to accumulate away back in 1855 the Fair millions have borne a curse. Everyone connected with them has had trouble and sleepless nights, they have twice awaited heirs in whole or in part and on each occasion disputed claims have been put forward. Even the method of their getting spoke romance and the method of their spending while old Mr. Fair controlled them was even more romantic.

Born in Ireland in 1831 Mr. Fair came to this country with his parents in 1843. He was educated chiefly in Chicago till he was 19, and then he went to seek fame and fortune in the California gold fields then, in 1850, attracting the attention of the world. His was no rapid rise to wealth. For fifteen years he struggled on as prospector, digger and miner, earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow and accumulating no more money than would suffice for a single night's enjoyment.

Suddenly the tide turned, dollars poured in upon him in one unceasing flood till in 1872 he was reputed to be worth \$50,000,000 and his partners, the late John W. Mackay and the two Irish saloon-keepers, Flood and O'Brien, were equally rich. Then his troubles commenced. Up to this time he had been a hard-working, steady, frugal man. He had employed his first \$9,000, made in 1865, in wedding a pretty Irish colleen, with whom he had long been enamored in secret. He spent the millions which came after largely in supporting other and less sacred ties.

The details of his fortune are too well known, however, to need repetition. They are a part of the history of the west and as such will go down to posterity together with the '49 rush and the wild days of the early diggings. It is the history of the fortune after it was made, the history of the maker and his heirs, which is after all most romantic.

With wealth and the cares of it Mr. Fair began to develop tendencies which he had either held in check or not possessed before. He tired of his still handsome wife, he manifested the Irishman's insensate love of the fair sex and he spent much of his time courting the good graces of those among them who took his fancy. So free was he with



his loves that Mrs. Fair left him and later obtained a divorce. So free, too, that he left one will bequeathing \$50 to every child who could prove his paternity. Neither did he forget the women, for to many he made gifts of shares and deeds conveying real estate and to others presents of jewelry and handsome checks. Such gifts were of the momentary caprice, or the documents necessary for the transfer were seldom drawn by lawyers, but penciled by the millionaire himself on scraps of paper plucked

evening in the company of some fair deceiver.

So frequent were these gifts and so commonly did he have resort to his handy pocketbook that after his death his heirs did little for a year save redeem such as were presented.

The wildness of the father, if late in developing, spread to the sons. One of them, the eldest, James, died a drunkard ten years ago, and the other, Charles, whose tragic end a few days back has raised again the disposition of his father's millions, was also addicted to drink. Twice he took the gold cure and twice he suffered relapse. He shared, too, the old man's ungovernable love for the sex and although not so free in his affections was none the less unable to relinquish the idea of winning a woman once he had made up his mind to do so.

The story of his marriage is in itself a romance. He had been on a prolonged debauch up country in California. His father's wealth provided him with unlimited funds and he prolonged his spree indefinitely. At Mill Valley he lost all he had with him in a gambling den and started for home. On the way he fell into a creek, was fished out by his companions and put to bed. At 3 in the morning he started off again, clad only in an undershirt, held up a saloonkeeper for \$4 and so reached San Francisco, where a few hours later he was married.

He appeared at the altar so drunk that Maude Nelson, as she then was, refused to commence her efforts to reform him till he had sobered up, and accordingly he went back home to sleep off the effects of his debauch. Later in the day, however, Rev. Benjamin Akery performed the ceremony and the young couple made merry on a single bottle of beer.

Unable to control himself, old Fair was furious at his son taking similar liberties and broke off connection with the young man. His daughters followed suit and from that day till it became necessary for the family to reunite in an effort to break the old man's will Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Oelrichs saw nothing of their wild young brother. For his part he was traveling in Europe, still drinking, but apparently enjoying the society of his wife.

To add to the romance old Mr. Fair disinherited his son as a punish-



ment for his marriage and was only won over when the young woman deserted her husband for a spell, took a position as nurse under an assumed name and tended the crotchety old gentleman. In her early days she had been an actress and it must have needed all her histrionic abilities to conceal her interest in getting the right side of her patient. Still she succeeded. Mr. Fair relented, allowed his son money to live on and even became quite fond of the brave young wife.

So things went on till on Dec. 28, 1896, the old man died, leaving such a tangle of wills that it took nearly seven years to straighten them out.

Party Was Well Fed.

Some idea of the needs of the party accompanying President Roosevelt may be gained from the fact that when the dining car was started on its travels it was stocked with, or took on later, a total of 350 pounds of beef, 100 of lamb, seventy-five of ham, twenty-five of tongue, 120 of chicken, fifty of goose, thirty-five of turkey, one bushel of clams, three crates of melons, 100 pounds of butter, twenty gallons of ice cream—the list is well nigh interminable. Ten gallons of spring water were drunk every day and about 150 gallons of water used for cooking.—Boston Transcript.

Origin of Ham and Eggs.

When Noah had all the birds corralled in the ark, Shem, Ham and Japhet, his three sons, made some famous collections of birds' eggs till N. ah found out what they were doing by catching Ham robbing the great auk's nest. It was shortly after this incident that Noah made his famous bon mot about Ham and Eggs, the exact wording of which escapes us, but which was often recounted at the old settlers' dinners in the vicinity of Mount Ararat.—Minneapolis Journal.

Removing Boer Bullets.

Lord Methuen has undergone a successful operation in London, several spent bullets being removed from his injured leg. There is every prospect of a speedy recovery, although it is expected that the limb will be slightly contracted.

He Fought at San Jacinto. Colonel Harady W. B. Price of Clay, ton, Ala., is one of the few still surviving who took part in the battle of San Jacinto, which decided Texan independence, is hale and hearty and remembers the battle as though it happened but yesterday. He is 85 years of age, having been born in Elgecombe county, N. C., on May 6, 1811.

Excessive heart development often leads to a sorry shrinkage of common sense assets.

A HAFD STRUGGLE.

When you have a bad back, a back that's lame, weak or aching it's a hard struggle sometimes to find relief and cure, but it's a harder struggle when the dangers beset you of urinary disorders, too frequent urination retention of the urine with all the subsequent pains, annoyances and sufferings. There are many medicines that relieve these conditions, but you want a remedy—a cure. Read this statement; it tells of a cure that lasted:

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