

BOUGHT GOLDBRICK

Hastings Banker Invests the Sum of \$13,600.

A STRANGER'S VERY SMOOTH WORK

William Kerr of Hastings, Neb., believed to have been the victim of a Big Gold Brick Swindle—Sold Interest in Mine.

William Kerr, president of the Adams county bank at Hastings, Neb., and one of the wealthiest citizens of Nebraska, is the possessor of a gold brick that has cost him \$13,600 and much agony of mind. On Decoration day he was approached by an ordinary looking stranger who introduced himself as an old time partner of Albert Kerr a cousin to Mr. Kerr and for whom he was now looking. Mr. Kerr finally ascertained that the stranger was a miner who with an old Indian had located a gold mine of untold value in Old Mexico and that they had a brick of the precious metal they had taken from the mine. The stranger was looking for the cousin, whom he expected to let in on the find. He said that both he and his Indian partner were ignorant of the mining laws, and they were anxious to interest some one who would look after their interests.

The stranger's appearance and the plausibility of his story so impressed Mr. Kerr that he left with him that evening for a place near Leavenworth, Kan. Arriving there he was conducted at midnight to a cave in the woods, where they were met by the Indian. The brick was produced and some of it taken out with a gimlet by Mr. Kerr. This he took to Kansas City, where he had it assayed. The result showed a value of \$20 an ounce, making the brick at that ratio worth \$13,600. Mr. Kerr drew on his bank here for \$13,000, the sum the owners of the brick had fixed as their price, and returned to Leavenworth.

Another visit was made to the cave and the exchange was made. Mr. Kerr came home with the understanding that the stranger was to meet him here last Sunday with the papers to convey to Mr. Kerr a third interest in the mine. Sunday came, but no stranger, and as the days passed Mr. Kerr became anxious.

A suspicion took possession of his mind that he had been buncoed or was in possession of stolen goods, and on last Wednesday he expressed the brick to David H. Moffat, president of the First National bank of Denver to have it assayed, also with the idea of taking steps to clear himself should it prove to have been stolen.

TROOP TRAINS MOVE

Foreign Soldiers Sent to the Chinese Capital.

The Tien Tsin News says: About 1,500 foreign troops of all arms left for Peking by two troop trains Saturday.

Advices from London say: The admirals at Taku, acting in concert, are forcibly reopening the railway from Tien Tsin to Peking. Gangs of laborers are repairing the damaged line, which is guarded by 1,500 men, composed of detachments from the foreign fleet. One hundred Americans, under Captain McCalla, are among them. They have guns and armored trains for use when the line is repaired, which can hardly be effected before Monday night.

Ten thousand troops of all nationalities, according to a dispatch to the Daily Express from Shanghai, will be sent to Peking to back up the demands of the ministers upon the government, or, if necessary, to suppress the boxers themselves.

THREE KILLED IN A MINE

An Explosion Underground at Gloucester, Ohio.

A Gloucester, O., dispatch says: Two hundred miners were imprisoned by an explosion of gas in mine No. 2, and as many more were about to enter the mine for work. It was thought at first that the loss of life would be very large, but the work of the rescuers were carried on so energetically and successfully that all were rescued and saved except three. Evan Joseph, John McClelland and Aaron Swanson were killed and their bodies cannot probably be recovered, as the mine is still on fire.

MRS FRANK MOORES KILLED

Wife of Mayor of Omaha Victim of a Runaway Accident.

Mrs. Frank E. Moores, wife of the mayor of Omaha, was fatally injured in a runaway accident. Her coachman was powerless to check the horses as they dashed along the Tenth street viaduct. At Hickory street Mrs. Moores jumped from the carriage and was thrown violently, her head striking a curbstone, fracturing her skull. Doctors give no hope of her recovery. Mrs. Mackay and her daughter, who were with Mrs. Moores in the carriage, were not seriously injured. Mrs. Moores died at 8:55.

TENSION VERY STRONG

Renewed Trouble Between Japan and Korea Probable.

More serious from a Japanese point of view than the rising of the boxers in China is the sudden tension between Japan and Korea as the result of the protests of Japan against the torture and execution of political prisoners by the Korean government. The Korean emperor absolutely refuses to grant an audience to the Japanese minister, Hayashi Gonsake.

CAPTURE OF A DESPERADO

Kills one Man, Shoots Policeman and Fights Arrest.

A Covington, Ky., dispatch says: William Burns and Thomas Kyon, alias Thomas Reynolds, are in jail here charged with the murder of an unknown man, and the fatal shooting of a patrolman of the Covington police. Burns says that he himself did all the shooting and all the killing and that Kyon was only along with him.

The start of the affair was near Ludlow, Ky., on the Ohio river bank. These two men and the unknown man happened together at that place. The two prisoners say that they gave the unknown man money to buy a keg of beer; that he came back and refused to divide, whereupon Burns shot and killed him. The police at Ludlow telephoned the Covington police that the murderers had jumped on a street car. They were intercepted by Lieut. B. Schweinfuss and Patrolman Thomas McQuery. The murderers ran onto the suspension bridge and the officers gave chase. Both used revolvers. Patrolman McQuery was shot through the chest and is lying at the point of death. William Burns was shot through the leg and a bystander, Thomas McCue, received a flesh wound.

Wounded as he was with a revolver in each hand, Burns jumped from the suspension bridge, holding his revolvers high in the air and going down like a professional bridge jumper into the waters ninety feet below. Meantime Lieut. Schweinfuss turned over Lyon to some patrolmen, ran down the Ohio side and boarded some coal barges towards which Burns was swimming. Burns came to the barges with the pistols in his hands and snapped one of them at the lieutenant, but the cartridge failed to discharge and he was immediately arrested. This story of the tragedy and thrilling incidents is still a mystery owing to the reticence of the prisoners and the inability of the police to trace their identity.

RIOT'S FATAL END

Bloodiest Day in the History of the St. Louis Strike.

Sunday was one of the most eventful and bloody since the strike of the St. Louis Transit company began. There were numerous encounters between strikers and other riotous individuals and the authorities, resulting in four deaths and the wounding of five or more persons, mostly strikers. One of the latter will die.

The dead: C. Edward Thomas, striking conductor, shot in the breast.

George Rine, striking motorman, shot in the abdomen.

Fred Boehm, aged citizen, shot and instantly killed by deputy sheriff.

Ed Burkhardt, striking conductor, shot in head.

Wounded: Oscar Marvin, conductor, shot in the hand and arm, serious.

August Smith, shot in the arm and breast.

Charles Ludwig, shot in the hand.

Edward Barry, motorman, hit with brick and badly injured; James McGuire and John McElroy, severe scalp wounds.

Cars were in operation during the day on all the lines of the Transit company except the southwestern.

Cars were run under police protection until midnight on the Park avenue, Olive street, Lindell division and La Clede avenue line.

MAKE A GOOD CATCH

Capture of General Pio Del Pilar Very Important.

General Pio Del Pilar, the most aggressive and persistent of the Filipino leaders, who was captured recently, as previously cabled to the Associated Press, was made a prisoner at Guadalupe, six miles east of Manila, by some of the Manila native police. Upon information received that Pio Del Pilar was to be at a certain house, Captain Lara and twelve policemen proceeded in a launch to Guadalupe, where, aided by a detachment of the Twenty-first infantry, they surrounded the house, captured the general, and brought him to Manila, where he was positively identified before the provost marshal.

STREET PREACHER KILLED

Murders a Deputy Sheriff and in Turn Shot Down.

Thomas Jefferson Johnson, known as "Cyclone" Johnson, a street preacher, was shot and instantly killed at Carmel, sixteen miles north of Indianapolis, Ind., after he had killed Deputy Sheriff Carey, who was trying to arrest him for assault and battery. Johnson has been attacking different persons in his street talks and these attacks had brought him into several fights. Carey tried to arrest him while he was thus attacking, and was shot dead and an unknown person in the crowd shot Johnson.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The safe in the Burlington depot at Brownville, Neb., was blown open on Saturday night. The burglars got less than ten cents in coppers for their trouble.

The body of Floyd Meredith, the boy drowned at Nebraska City about two weeks ago, has been recovered.

Minnie, the seven-year-old daughter of Charles Spencer, of Bladen, Neb., was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a target rifle in the hands of her brother Karl. The ball penetrated her brain.

A woman who had pushed a baby carriage all the way from Denver, containing a sixteen-month-old baby and a satchel, was found almost exhausted near Wymore. A purse was made up and transportation secured to the home of her brother at Langdon, Mo.

SHOUT TOO SOON

England Has a Mighty Task in the Transvaal.

GETS NEWS OF VERY BAD REVERSE

Entire Regiment Swallowed Up by the Boers—Many Killed or Captured—Force Under Methuen Suffer Terribly—Other News.

A London, June 11 dispatch says: Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Forster-Walker, in command of the lines of communication in South Africa reports that in the disaster to the British troops June 9, at Roovalde, where the Boers cut Lord Roberts' line of communications, the Fourth battalion of the Derbyshire regiment were all killed, wounded or made prisoners except six enlisted men. Two officers and fifteen men were killed and five officers and seventy-two men were wounded, many of them severely. The Boers returned the wounded to the British.

It is inferred that the Boers captured over 500 men and as late as June 10 held positions cutting off the British forces north of Kroonstad from reinforcements.

The news that the shutting off of Lord Roberts' communication with the outer world was accompanied by such a serious loss came like a bolt from a comparatively clear sky. In London, until the news came, it was thought that the destruction of the railroad was accomplished by Free Staters, who were avoiding rather than annihilating the British detachments stationed at the point attacked.

GOVERNOR SHAW IN WRECK

Receives Slight Injuries, While the Engineer is Killed.

Monday evening at Des Moines, Ia., as the regular train on the Chicago & Northwestern was pulling out for Ames it came into collision with a special passenger train that was coming in. Engineer Thomas Smith was killed, but the other engine men jumped and were not hurt. Both engines were demolished, but the rest of the trains remained on the track. None of the passengers were hurt beyond a shaking up. Governor Shaw was on the outgoing train bound for Chicago and Philadelphia and received a cut on the temple and a bruised arm, but was able to go home, and when seen by a reporter, said he would be able to resume his journey Tuesday.

Grand Army Staff.

John Reese, department commander, and Winslow H. Barge, assistant adjutant general, have issued an order to the G. A. R., posts. The appointment of the department commander's staff is announced as follows: Assistant adjutant general, James D. Gage, post No. 136, Franklin; assistant quartermaster general, Brad P. Cook, post No. 214, Lincoln; judge advocate general, Ira D. Martson, post 299, Kearney; inspector general, Harry E. Pound, post No. 80, Red Cloud; chief of staff, Charles E. Burmeister, post No. 110, Omaha. The assistant adjutant general will assume the duties of the office on June 25. Other staff officers will assume the duties of their offices as soon as regularly qualified.

Not Taxable Property.

A Denver, June 11 dispatch says: The state court of appeals decided that a membership in or a contract with the Associated press is not a "property" which can be taxed. This suit was brought by the Rocky Mountain News on behalf of the papers in the city using the service to prevent the assessment of the Associated press franchise of \$25,000. The decision of the lower court that it was not a taxable property is affirmed.

Print Paper Will Go Higher.

It is being claimed by those in a position to form a reliable opinion, that the prices of news paper are likely to be higher during the latter half of the present year than they have been heretofore. This judgment is based on the heavy demands both in this country and abroad, occasioned by the Paris Exposition, the British-Boer war, and our now approaching presidential campaign.

Horse Killed by a Train.

Albert Miers and Peter and Fred Holcomb, of Dunlap, Ia., who are on their way to Big Horn county for a few week's outing, were camped near the railroad track half a mile west of Ainsworth, Neb. They allowed their team to run loose upon the track when a freight train came along running the two horses into a bridge, and then striking and killing one and crippling the other.

Shooting at Hay Springs, Neb.

I. S. Knight, a coal dealer, of Hay Springs, Neb., shot Dick Hall, a carpenter, with probably fatal effect. The ball passed through the right hand and entered the right breast just below the nipple.

To Go After Lynchers.

A Jackson, Miss., dispatch says that when Governor Longino learned of the lynching of the negroes Russ and Askew at Mississippi City, he intimated that if the facts are as reported he will immediately undertake to bring the guilty parties to justice.

Alleged Cattle Stealing.

Alonzo Scott and Robert Gustin were arrested at Benkelmen, Neb., charged with cattle stealing. The preliminary trial will be held at St. Francis, Kan., as the alleged theft was committed in that state.

SITUATION STILL ACUTE

Chinese Nation Still in Feril—Rebellion at Its Height.

A London, June 11 special says: The last message out of Peking to reach London left there Monday morning at 11 o'clock, going by way of the Russian telegraph through Manchuria, the Tien Tsin being cut as follows:

"General Tung, a Mohammedan, extremely hostile to foreigners, arrived here this morning and had a long audience with Prince Tuan, father of the heir apparent, who is seemingly friendly to the boxers. Prince Tuan has been appointed chief of the foreign office over Prince Ching, who is more friendly toward the foreigners.

"The dispatch of more marines was in response to a telegram from the ministers to the consuls at Tien Tsin for additional troops. Convoys have left Peking to meet the troops coming by the first train.

"The arrival of the empress dowager has rendered the city somewhat more quiet than it had been recently.

"The protestants have erected a barricade before the building in which they have taken refuge, and they have a small guard. The catholics are concentrated north of the cathedral under the protection of a French guard of twenty-five men, who will hold out to the end. I am convinced that Peking, especially the Tartar city, is safe.

MAN KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Dodge County Farmer Almost Incinerated—Clothing on Fire.

Chris Sasse, a prominent farmer living east of Dodge, Neb., met a horrible death Saturday night. He was struck by a bolt of lightning and his body was burned beyond all resemblance to that of a human being. One of his horses was also killed by the shock. The accident happened about 6:40 p. m., when Mr. Sasse was going home from town in a gathering storm. About a mile and a half east of town, a neighbor riding a short distance ahead of him turned as he heard a terrific crash of thunder and saw one of Sasse's horses dead by the road side and the man in the wagon with his clothing on fire. When the man went to Sasse he found that he was dead and his body from his head to his knees was perfectly black. His clothing was still burning. Aside from his legs from his knees to his feet there was hardly anything in the mass of burning flesh to be recognized as belonging to a man. Mr. Sasse's watch was a mass of molten metal, a roll of bills in his pocket was a bundle of tinder, and his clothing was in ashes. The second horse of the team was not hurt. Mr. Sasse leaves a widow and four children in fair circumstances.

ANOTHER BARN GONE

Frank Rawlings Livery Stable Destroyed by Fire Tuesday Morning.

The Rawlings barn at 131 South Thirteenth street, Lincoln, Neb., was consumed by fire Tuesday morning. The fire spread from the barn to the rear part of the brick block owned by Mr. Rawlings, at 1216 N street, and damaged it considerably, gutting the old portion of the building. The front part, just completed, was slightly damaged. The paint shop of J. J. Butler, two doors south of the barn, was burned but the row of frame buildings south of the barn were saved, owing to the direction of the wind. The barn was filled with horses at the time, but owing to the timely work of the barn men and others every horse was saved.

College Building Burned.

The north Nebraska college building of Madison, Neb., is a total wreck, having been struck by lightning and burned. A furious storm had been raging for hours, and at about midnight the "dome of the college" was struck by lightning. Near by citizens saw a small blaze about the size of a candle, but nothing could be done. Loss about \$5,000.

Alleged Thieves Bound Over.

Edward Hamilton, Harry Welch and Mrs. Harriet Jennings, the persons arrested at Brownville charged with burglarizing the home of Mr. Strain, just above Nebraska City, and carrying the goods off in boats, had a hearing before Judge Joyce and was bound over to the September term of the district court.

Killed by a Street Car.

Samuel T. Davis, who went to Sioux City, Ia., in 1856, and from the first has been a prominent lawyer and capitalist, was struck by a street car and instantly killed. He was quite deaf and did not see or hear the car. In early days he owned the land upon which the best residence part of Sioux City now stands.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Wheat took a drop on the board of trade of Saturday.

Edgar Howard of Papillion was nominated for congress at the Omaha convention.

Senator Clark has returned to Montana and denounces his accusers as a gang of perjurers.

One of the Boer envoys told an Omaha man that the peace commission may make a proposition to annex the Dutch republic to the United States.

The Epworth assembly, to be held at Lincoln August 1 to 9, has secured Maud Ballington Booth, General Howard and Gordon and two Methodist bishops among the speakers.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Betty's Party to Soldier Raiders—Bab's Lesson in Pathology—A Soap-Bubble Trick—The Land of Anyhow: A Fable for Young Folks.

Betty's Party to Soldier Raiders—Bab's Lesson in Pathology—A Soap-Bubble Trick—The Land of Anyhow: A Fable for Young Folks.

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the Isle of What's the Use, Where Slipped Point is now, There used to be when I was young, The land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was King of all this realm—A cruel King was he, For those who served him with good heart He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would slight And cloud poor mother's brow, He'd say, "Don't care! It's good enough! Just do it anyhow!"

But when in after life they looked To make proud Fortune bow, He let them find that Fate ne'er smiles On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap Must learn to use the plow And pitch his tent a long way off From the land of Anyhow!

—Selected.

Betty's Party.

(By Hope O'Neil, age 15, Detroit.)

Betty Ransom stood leaning against the front gate, idly drumming on the gate post with her fingers, and gazing wistfully across the meadows at the town, half a mile distant. She was very lonesome, and no wonder. This was her fourteenth birthday, and her father was far south in the war and her grandmother had gone only that morning to help a sick aunt, nine miles away, while not even a child lived near to come and visit with her. A quaint figure she would have made to-day, for this was at the time when our great-grandfathers were fighting for liberty, and Colonel Tarleton, with his hated British troops, was overrunning Virginia, plundering and burning the homes of the Colonists. And, standing there alone, Betty was thinking of her father who had gone away so long ago, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a horseman coming up the road enveloped in a cloud of dust. Nearer and nearer he came, and as he passed the house he waved his arms and shouted: "Come to town! The redcoats are coming!"

The girl started toward the house, and then stopped abruptly, as granny's last words came to her: "Don't go away, Betty, and take good care of the house." What would poor granny do if anything should happen to her little home. She would surely never get over it, and at once the brave girl decided to stay there and endeavor to persuade the soldiers not to harm the place. After carefully bolting the doors and closing the blinds, she sat down in the din parlor to wait, hoping they might go straight on to town. The sky clouded, and it began to rain. Perhaps it was the rain's monotonous beating on the pane, or else it was the stillness of the house, that at last made Betty fall asleep. The afternoon wore slowly away, and finally, about 5, she was awakened by the sound of horses hoofs, and peering through the curtain, she saw a group of soldiers, with their brilliant uniforms splashed with mud and water, dismounting at the gate.

"Confound this rain," said one; "we may as well stop here and get dry, any way. And say, captain, it looks as if no one was home. Maybe we can find some supper and something to carry away, too." And he chuckled as he pushed open the gate.

The officer addressed dismounted, strode up the path and gave a thundering rap at the door, and, summoning up her courage, Betty opened it.

"Hello!" cried the astonished intruder, and then he added pleasantly, "Will you give us something to eat my little lass?"

"Granny isn't home," replied Betty timidly; "but if you will put your horses in the back shed and step in, maybe I can get you some supper; only please wipe your feet on the door-mat."

The men laughed at this, but not one of them stepped into the trim little kitchen with muddy boots. Betty led them to the parlor, and then, as she closed the door, a bright idea came to her. It was her birthday, so why not call this her birthday party? Quickly putting her thought into action, she brought out the best damask table linen, choicest china and silverware, and set on the table a great bowl of roses. Then out of the well-stored pantry came all kinds of ham, and a great tankard of cider. When all was done she slipped upstairs and put on her best blue frock, and then called the soldiers to supper. Great was the surprise and admiration as the men caught sight of the table, and when Betty had explained the captain gallantly escorted her to a seat at the head of the board. By the time the merry meal was ended the men had forgotten that they were going to rob the cottage, and finally, when the captain arose and said, as he held his cider mug high:

"Here's to Mistress Betty Ransom, the sweetest little maid in Virginia! God bless her and bring her father safe home to her. He was greeted with cheers. And after they had all drunk her health the captain dropped several coins into his empty cup, crying: "Here's to a birthday gift for her." And then the glass went

gally around the table, to be at last set down before a very happy and grateful little girl.

And when, after firing a salute to their little hostess, they all rode away, Betty stood in the doorway, bathed in a flood of ruddy sunset light, and waved a royal good-bye to her British birthday guests.—Detroit Free Press.

Bab's Lesson in Pathology.

"Bab" is a fox terrier who counts as her very own that portion of the world immediately about her. She is a quick and reasoning animal and displays traits which are strongly human. Recently she became the proud mother of two rollypoly puppies, white, with a few black spots scattered upon their tight coats. One morning Matilda came in from the kennel with the information that one of the little ones was dead and the other one nearly so. A relief corps at once visited the kennel and the surviving puppy was brought into the house. A few drops of stimulant were forced between his lips with great difficulty. Then a small hot-water bottle was placed against the little stomach, which seemed unnaturally hard and swollen. Next he was placed snugly in an old fruit basket with a scrap of blanket and developments awaited. Poor Bab was heartbroken. She followed the ministering angels into the house. Placing her sensitive nose under the chin of her sick infant, she wailed mournfully and long. She was tenderly comforted, advised to bear up, to be brave and so forth. After a time Matilda, observing that the water was cooling, took the bottle away to be refilled. To this Bab objected strongly. But when she saw Matilda returning with the bottle she trotted nimbly toward her and offered to take the bottle in her mouth. Matilda let her have it, wondering. Bab at once went to the basket and awkwardly poked the bottle again under the small invalid's stomach. The puppy rapidly recovered. Its improved condition was evident to Bab, for she disappeared and returned, tenderly carrying the dead puppy. It was clearly her desire that it, too, should receive treatment. But the plump little body was beyond help. After a time, much to the annoyance of the other nurses, Bab climbed upon a chair with the sick puppy. But they waited to see what she would do. Then she made a second trip to the basket and brought the water bottle to the chair. The small fruit basket had hampered her in cuddling her baby, but upon the chair she formed a happy group—mother, sick puppy and hot-water bottle, in close and comfortable conjunction.—Elizabeth Nuhmacher, of New Albany, Ind., in Chicago Record.

A Soap Bubble Trick.

It is easy enough to blow three soap bubbles, one inside of another. The important matter is to have the right kind of water to make good bubbles. Take some soap containing a large amount of glycerine, or better still, take one-third of a part of chemically pure glycerine and one and one-third distilled water containing a little oleic acid. Make two tubes out of rolled wrapping paper, covering the paper with mullage on both sides before rolling it up. Let one tube be about an inch in diameter at the outer end and the other two inches. Whip the water up so that it is soapy, and after a little experimenting, if soap is used, the proper consistency will be obtained, so that the bubbles stand well. Do not blow the bubbles in too warm a room, as the evaporation bursts them. Then cover a plate with a thin layer of the soap water. Blow a bubble from the widest tube and lay it gently on the plate. Soak the other smaller tube in the soapy water, so that it is wet some distance from the outer end. Then very gently insert the tube and blow a bubble with it in the large bubble already on the plate. Now you have two bubbles inside of one another. To make the third, take a common clay pipe, wet it well on the outside in the soapy water, and then, inserting it very gently into the inner of the other two bubbles, blow a bubble, not too large, and have father fill it with smoke from his cigar, through the pipe, to make it more distinct. Release the bubble from the pipe end, withdraw the pipe and you have three bubbles miraculously inside of each other, or at least, it seems miraculous to any one who does not know how it is done.

A Brick-Hearted Elm.

In New Brunswick, N. J., is an elm tree that literally has a heart of stone, if flintlike bricks and mortar may so be classified. A long time ago the elm was one of the three large trees planted around the grave of a famous Indian chief, but with the growth of the town two of the trees were cut down to give place to a street. The remaining elm at once began to die at the heart, and in a few years the trunk was honeycombed by insects. Then at a Fourth of July celebration the punklike heart caught fire and burned out. Supported by a thin shell of a trunk, the tree threatened to fall in any high wind. Then it occurred to its owner, Mrs. Elmendorf, to have the inside filled with brick and mortar. This was done, and for years the big tree has rested on its stony support, getting its nourishment through the bark and shading the home of its benefactor.

A boy—six years old—in Iowa swallowed several lemon seeds. They sprouted in his stomach and nearly killed him before they were removed.