

THE DAILY BEE.

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According to the Herald it was treason to the democratic ticket for any democrat to lag behind and fail to work for Boyd, but it was not treason for Mr. Boyd, member of the national democratic committee, to sell out and trade off half of the democratic ticket to insure his own election.

After getting his own man Friday, Jackman, to telegraph to the Lincoln Journal that the Nebraska city and Lincoln rings of the disgruntled democrats well-nigh defeated Boyd, Dr. Miller asks in the Herald, "What does this mean?" The doctor propounds a conundrum to himself, and then he wants somebody else to answer it.

We repeat it again that James E. Boyd is not elected by the honest of this city. If he takes his seat he does so by bribery, fraud, wholesale perjury and corruption. He will not do it with his eyes closed either, for he knows what means were used. There were no less than five hundred votes cast for him by men who had no right to vote in Omaha, and by repeaters who voted on dead men's names.

Boyd's letter was Boyd's best campaign document. Don't burn it.—Herald. No, indeed, we will not burn it. We want to keep it as a memento of Boyd's monumental conceit and his lamentable want of discretion. The idea of a man who wants to be senator writing such a letter and making a confidant of J. B. J. Ryan. If anything was needed to show the soft spot in Boyd's composition that letter does it.

An expression was made in the editorial on the election of Mr. Boyd and the good man chosen to the city council in the Herald yesterday morning which seemed to cast reflection upon the "citizens' movement." It was not so intended as is elsewhere shown in the paper this morning.—Herald.

This sort of crawling and apology may do for the decoy ducks that worked the citizens movement, but it will not satisfy the republican business men, who were snarled into Miller and Boyd's drag-net for the glorification of the democratic bosses.

This lower house of the legislature of Illinois has done one good thing at least during its several months' session. It has passed a bill providing that employees shall be paid in cash for their services and not in trade. It is to be hoped that the senate will concur, as this law has long been needed in Illinois, where it has been the custom of mine-owners to pay the miners in orders on their own stores, thus compelling them to take their pay in trade and submit to extortionate prices. This system has been nothing more nor less than robbery, and has made slaves out of the miners. The system has also been practiced to some extent in other branches of industry, where large numbers of workmen are employed. Its abolishment will not only prove beneficial to the workmen, but it will put an end to the monopoly stores of the employers and allow competition in trade, which will result in cheaper prices. There are other states in which such a law as that contemplated by Illinois is needed.

In its desperate attempt to justify its uncalculated bolt of the republican ticket the Omaha Republican resorts to puff-blowing and falsehood. Even admitting for mere argument's sake that our strictures upon Governor Dawes and our opposition to the election of Laird and Weaver were wrong, the Republican, whose principal proprietor is chairman of the republican state central committee, can not justify its support of James E. Boyd for mayor. But when that paper charges that the Bee supported Morton for governor it utters a malicious barefaced falsehood. It is a notorious fact that our editorials against Morton were published by every republican paper in the state, including the Omaha Republican, and 100,000 copies were struck off in the Republican job office and circulated as campaign documents all over Nebraska. The Bee has never pretended, and does not now pretend to be the organ of the republican party. Its principles are republican, and when the party nominations are made by republicans instead of railroad hirelings it supports them. But the Republican has set itself up as being the official organ of the party. Casper E. Yost, its main proprietor, is chairman of the state central committee. As long as he holds that position he is in honor and duty bound, not only to support the party nominees, but to use all honorable means to secure their election. When he fails to do so, and his paper goes over to the enemy, he becomes a traitor to the party and commits a breach of trust which is simply infamous. All the quibbling and lying which the Republicans may do cannot restore it to the confidence of republicans.

BOYD'S SPEECH.

Mr. James E. Boyd, mayor-elect, made a serenade speech, which like all other his other speeches was carefully prepared and ready to deliver to the reporters before it was delivered to his admirers. According to Boyd there was only one issue in this campaign, and that was whether troops were to be employed in Omaha to suppress riot, and whether he was justified in putting Omaha under martial law when he was mayor three years ago. Mr. Boyd declared, with his usual bombast, that he made no mistake three years ago, and that to him is due the honor and glory of giving confidence to our people and prosperity to our city. Why did not Mr. Boyd plant himself squarely on this platform before the election? Had he done so instead of resorting to double-dealing palaver with working men it would have buried him under a mountain of dissenting votes. If Boyd had delivered that serenade speech before the election Murphy would have beaten him a thousand votes without lifting his hand. There is no political capital to be made out of this matter now, but we repeat what we have so often said, publicly and privately, that Boyd's conduct in calling for troops three years ago was an outrage upon the people of this city and a robbery of the tax payers of this state who had to foot the bills for his moral cowardice. Think of a valiant mayor who wants himself on his great brewery, sitting in his carriage looking from Kountze's hill down upon the dump to see an expected conflict between the police and the working people. In the first place he violated his duty by importing police from Plattsmouth when his own police had done nothing to suppress the trouble, and in the next place he was too cowardly to face the workmen himself and order them to disperse as he was in duty bound. He made no attempt to arrest any of the ringleaders, but induced the sheriff, whom he had not even asked to assist in maintaining order and arresting the disturbers of the peace, to join in a lying dispatch to the governor, stating that they had exhausted all their authority and were incapable of suppressing a dangerous insurrection. Suppose Mr. Boyd was mayor of Chicago, how often would he have to call for troops? Hardly a day passes without some labor trouble occurring in that city of much more formidable proportions than that in Omaha some three years ago. How does Mr. Boyd justify the occupancy of Omaha with troops for two weeks in the face of the fact that three days after the trouble on the dump, and while the troops were on their way and before they reached here, perfect order prevailed, and nobody was molested? If there was a dangerous insurrection in progress, as the governor and president were advised, where was the insurrection all that time? How was it with the great Missouri Pacific strike a few weeks ago, which reached all the way from Texas to the Nebraska line? Did the mayors of St. Louis, Kansas City and other towns show the white feather and make arsenals of themselves because working men were obstructing travel and traffic? Instead of proclaiming martial law and calling on the president for troops, the governors of Texas, Missouri and Kansas, called upon the officers of the Missouri Pacific to treat with their employees and accede to the reasonable demands made by them. The railroad authorities did so, and the trouble was over without bloodshed. We defy Mr. Boyd to show another instance where a democratic mayor was scared out of his boots in a city like Omaha and called upon a republican governor to put his city under martial law. And yet Mr. Boyd says now that he made no mistake. Was there no mistake in his failure to close the saloons while the troops were here, and was there no mistake in conniving with the concealment of the murderer of Armstrong? The truth is that Mr. Boyd is one of those men who believe themselves infallible. They make no mistakes. They are like kings and emperors who never can make mistakes. But how does Mr. Boyd justify to the business men of Omaha, and particularly that class who believe he did not make a mistake, his alliance in this campaign with the very men who organized and led those labor troubles? Mr. Boyd, for the past week, has been cheek by jowl, an arm, with Ed Walsh, John Quinn and other instigators of turbulences who were indicted at his instance. Mr. Boyd, posing as the champion of law and order, and at the same time while he owes his very election to the dirty work of mercenary labor agitators, is about of the same piece with all other false pretenses in this spring's campaign.

The last congress finally passed a bill authorizing the payment of the French spoliation claims, which had been before congress for many years. These claims grew out of the treaty entered into between the United States and France in 1801. In the treaty of 1778 between these nations, the United States agreed to protect the French West India islands. The government, however, did not live up to the treaty in the war which followed between England and France, but took a neutral ground and violated the treaty in other ways. During the wars waged from 1793 to 1800 on the monarchs of Europe by the French, American vessels and goods were seized by privateers commissioned by France, and the claims growing out of these seizures are what are known as the French spoliation claims. In the treaty entered into in 1801, they mutually renounced all claims against each other. As these claims against France belonged to citizens of the United States whereas goods and

THE PROHIBITION WAVE.

The prohibition wave has at last struck Council Bluffs, and as yet the wave cannot really be called anything more than a gentle ripple. The petition to the city council, signed by some 400 persons, asking that the saloons be closed, has been "referred," which probably means indefinite postponement. The council does not seem disposed to be in a hurry to deprive the city of the \$24,000 annual revenue that is being derived from the saloons. Besides, Council Bluffs is and always has been too much of a free-and-easy western town, and too near the Missouri river and Omaha to take kindly to prohibition.

South Carolina has a model civil-service bill. Under this law, which is very stringent in its provisions, colored people are entitled to equal accommodations for equal price, and they obtain these accommodations without question or hindrance. There are no separate cars for colored people on the railways. Those who pay first class fare ride in the first-class cars, and those who pay second-class fare ride in the second-class cars. In some southern states, however, the colored man is not treated in such an impartial manner, and probably will not be for some years to come.

It was thought that with the conviction of two of the most expert democratic "fine workers," the election in Chicago on Tuesday would pass off without being tainted with fraud. But it seems that the Citizens' association was mistaken in this belief. Not only did the "fine workers" get in their work, but they went so far as to break into a store-room and steal a ballot-box. This of course occurred in a precinct which gave the Citizens' candidate a handsome majority. The Citizens' association will have to send another batch of Carter Harrison's strikers to Joliet.

Before Miller and Boyd begin the branding of democrats it is hoped that the society for the prevention of cruelty will make a vigorous protest against any such barbarous proceeding. It may do to brand deserters from the army, but to brand a custom is adopted by the bosses with regard to the democratic party in Nebraska, that party will not come into power in this state for a thousand years.

The latest war reports from across the ocean have given another boom to American food products. Pork and lard have taken a big jump upward, and in one day Mayor Boyd has made more than enough to cover his recent campaign expenses. Again we led to repeat the oft-quoted proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows good to no one."

The Central American troubles have done some good in the way of giving our navy a little needed exercise.

Miss Sweet, the Chicago pension agent, who refuses to resign at the request of Commissioner Black, without some good and sufficient reason being given, is backed up by the representative "mugwump" newspapers, the New York Times and the Evening Post. President Cleveland will be very apt to pay some attention to the protests of these papers. It is a civil service test and there being a woman in the case, we predict that plucky Miss Sweet will continue to hold the fort. The Times says:

It is not easy to see what excuse Gen. Black, the commissioner of pensions, can give for his course which will seem sufficient to the secretary of the interior or to the president. He has himself officially admitted that Miss Sweet's case comes with the class of whom Mr. Cleveland stated in his letter to the national civil service reform league that no removals should be made merely to make places for other persons. She is obviously not an offensive party. She has herself officially filled her office well. Her removal admits of no explanation other than that her place is wanted, and the president has said that no removals should be made for any such reason. It is to the president's own intelligence and sense of public duty that Miss Sweet appeals. Her case is in no sense political. She has not held her place as a partisan, and has indeed held it so far against strong partisan opposition and some not very honorable plotting on the part of the politicians of her state. The president can, and we have no doubt, will make her appeal the occasion of renewing the evidence of his firm attachment to sound administrative principles and showing the country that there is to be no exception to his logical application of them.

All this sentimental gush about giving women and handsome girls employment around the legislature as clerks is a very expensive luxury. As a rule very few girls, except those who have been specially engaged on such work, are competent copyists. Most of the girls employed during the last session of the legislature wrote a poor hand and were very incorrect in their work. Several important bills, which cost the state thousands of dollars in perfecting, have failed to become laws on account of clerical errors made by such incompetent clerks. One of these bills was the one creating the office of register of deeds. The intention of the bill was to create such office in counties having 15,000 inhabitants, but the bill was engrossed so as to read 1,500 inhabitants, and in that shape it was passed. We believe that the legislature should employ none but competent and experienced clerks hereafter. It may cost a little more, but it will prove much cheaper in the long run.

This question now is, did Boyd and Miller vote the citizens' ticket or the straight democratic ticket? If they voted the straight democratic ticket, then they are both knaves and hypocrites, because they claimed that they were in favor of throwing overboard the bad men in both parties and voting a ticket which the extremists and supporters at the present time!

What then will be the result of the Republican's ridiculous attitude now? When the Omaha Republican demands support for state and legislative tickets, what does it expect from Mr. Murphy and the honest fighting republicans in Omaha? Will they have any use for the Republican's

ADVISE THEM!

The Omaha Republican is now engaged in supporting a rank and rabid democrat; it is blowing the wind and it will as surely reap the whirlwind. The Little Platte mouth Herald prefers to be and remain forever fresh and green rather than to be a republican of this calibre.—Platte mouth Herald.

Absolution. The following which appeared in the Omaha Herald on the 4th is a solemnly announced announcement that the great, and politically virtuous George L. Miller, M. D., has retired from the partnership of Miller & Boyd (see Boyd's letter) in control of federal patronage in the state:

I find it necessary to request of friends in the state to stop sending petitions for appointments to postoffices and other offices in our state. I am not signing any petitions, nor shall I forward any petitions to Washington for anybody after this date.

This is one of the most remarkable acts of the nineteenth century. It is a sharp and ringing peal of thunder in the ears of the nation. What does it mean? Much import is there in this question. As men seldom do any act without an object in view, it is only fair to assume that editor Miller had some personal object to accomplish in this state. As he has not seen proper to disclose his object the question repeats itself in every man's mind, what does it mean? In order to relieve the inquisitive mind of an aroused and expectant public we take upon ourselves the task of explaining their fallow a broad stream of light upon the darkness now enveloping the meaning of this atrocious proclamation.

Miller and Boyd set themselves up as the almoners of federal offices in this state (see Boyd letter); transacting their business upon these offices with pretenses they used to the citizens of the state to obstruct and prevent the democratic party, through its organization, the state committee, to advise the appointing power in the matter of the bestowal of these offices for the benefit of the party. As usual in such cases one office was promised to a large number of office seekers, while in truth and fact as far as in them they had paid it, each office, to a single representative of the gilded political three-ball shop. The offices are being pawned—"put in soak"; the many promises for them are still outstanding and to be broken. The names of the senior member of the Mrs. Mandelbaum firm reminders of these obligations. The day of payment draws nigh, and to escape writing twenty letters in favor of twenty men for the same office, M. L. George withdrew, throwing the responsibility upon the surviving partner, Miller. The idea sought to be conveyed in Miller's open letter is that he is so pressed with business that he had not time to give answer to solicitations, under former promises, for his aid in obtaining offices, and through his plea thinks to get relieved of the burden of these former promises. It is easier to promise than to pay, and refusals and neglects to pay are evidence of bankruptcy. An assumption of power and greatness is attended with difficulties and meanness.

Departing from His Regular Business to Write Applications for Office. Chicago Inter Ocean. "How's business, Dick?" asked a reporter of a card-writer in one of the downtown hotels. "You mean how is card writing? Well, that's N. G. just now. I haven't written a dozen cards in a week. But I have struck something in which there is a good deal more cash." Dick and Richard, who alings a mighty fine quill, pointed to a sheet of foolscap on which were the words, "The Hon. Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury etc."

"What is it?" queried the reporter. "Why, that's an application to Dan Manning." "An application, eh?" "Ya-up. I don't write any more visiting cards now, as I have as much as I can do to fill orders for this kind of work. Oh, it's improving, I tell you. Why, in the last three weeks I have done nothing else than make out applications for office. Seems everybody in town wants something. Say, I've written eight applications for the collectorship, 'eh', sir; that's the best. Why, you wouldn't believe me if I told you the different men who want that position. This is an application for that office."

"Yes, sir. Say, quit that now," said Dick, as he noticed the reporter was trying to pry into the matter of the application. "Oh, No! I can't tell you the copy they are. All I have to do is to copy the form, and then the signatures are pasted on. When I got this order I was asking Dan Manning for the Marshalship. I don't believe you could hit the name of the man who wanted it in a dozen guesses. Every democrat in the city seems to be looking for something. An application I wrote yesterday had the words: 'If not at your disposal, would be willing to take a clerkship, as I mean to move to Washington with my family, anyway.' Yes, sir, and that gentleman has a pretty good snap in the word keeping up, as it's bringing in the deuces. Say, what office do you want? 'I'll write up an application for you half price, and I'll furnish a copy of the form.' You have about as much chance of getting an office as some of the fellows I've been writing to."

"Well, if you say anything about the applicant's character and the work he performed during the last campaign, which, sir, ended so successfully and gloriously for the honorable gentleman who now occupies the executive mansion, and through him for the democratic party, I charge \$5. If it is merely a recommendation from business men I get \$3. A recommendation for marshaling of this state which I wrote covered three pages of foolscap, without counting the signatures. I got \$8 for it. Well, so long. Come around when you want any think, and work was begun on another man's 'want.'"

Another Broken Bank. NORFOLK, Va., April 9.—The Farmers' bank of this city made an assignment to Walter F. Irvine, for the benefit of creditors. The assignment was caused by the suspension of the Exchange bank of this city. The last statement of the bank showed the paid up capital to be \$50,000, and the surplus \$4,000. Caldwell Hardy is president of the bank.

Killed by a Careless Druggist. Special Telegram to the Bee. WARREN, Neb., April 9.—A farmer named Arthur Jones dropped dead in the drug store of J. E. Lamb today at 10:30. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that he came to his death by an overdose of strychnine and medicine given by Dr. Lamb. The deceased leaves a wife and two children.

A BORDER HERO.

Life Scenes in Kentucky in Earlier and Wilder Days. John Sellers and His Contemporaries.—Tragic and Striking Incidents of a Stirring Life, and How it Ended. San Francisco Call.

John Sellers was born in Kentucky early in the present century, of obscure parentage, according to some statements, there being even a cloud upon his birth. However true the allegation, it did not prevent him, when grown to stalwart manhood, winning the affections of an attractive Kentucky damsel for whose favor a young man by the name of Baker, one of a wide-spread and powerful family, had long sued in vain. As a matter of course the disapproving father could not view with equanimity the success, where he had failed, of one whom he had regarded as vastly his inferior, nor were the other members of his clan, who considered that a slight had been put upon them all in the rejection of their representative by the girl, pleased.

The individual whom they considered the cause of their rejection should pay for it, even with his wife, was a determination the soon arrived at, but not caring for risk, not law but lynching, by a crime too palpably marked, they awaited an opportunity for action. The opportunity fell upon circumstances which might give a different color to the affair, meanwhile treating their intended victim with great apparent friendliness.

A DEADLY AFFRAY. Being invited to a "log-rolling" at the farm of one of the Baker's, Sellers went there, since, though he suspected some ulterior object, he nevertheless considered it better not to remove away lest by so doing he should convey an idea to those whom he felt to be his enemies that he feared them, and thus invite a series of prosecutions, almost certain to finally culminate in his destruction. He was accompanied by the scene of the "log-rolling" by a friend, who also suspected the true state of affairs, would not consent to see him go alone. Suspicion became a certainty when the two discovered upon reaching the ground that no one but themselves were present who did not belong to the Baker family or the Hills, their relatives and allies. They affected, however, not to notice the circumstance, and the work of the day was accomplished without incident. But the recreation of the evening, which combined drinking and athletic sports, had hardly begun before a quarrel was forced upon the two friends in spite of their earnest efforts to prevent it. A "free fight" ensued—two opposed to nearly thirty—in the course of which the two were separated for some moments Seller's strong arm soon having freed him from immediate annoyance. He looked about for his friend, but saw him some distance away, held prostrate upon the ground by two of his foes, while a third stood over him posing a huge stone wherewith to crush his skull like an eggshell. The man had perilled his life for the cause, and the latter cause, and he bolted in his veins. Fiercely he shouted to the man who was about to do murder, but the wretch gave no heed. The stone was about to descend. No movement, however swift, could avert its fall. There was only one way. Unerringly the bullet sped and the would-be murderer, being off his feet to the ground. Pistol in hand, Sellers rushed to the spot, tore loose the grasp of those who held his friend, and before the consternation caused by the fall of the dead man had time to abate the two, driving back the few who attempted to oppose their progress, had left the spot in safety.

IN THE MEXICAN WAR. Sellers duly surrendered himself to the sheriff, and was tried for the killing, but acquitted, public opinion being strongly in his favor. He enlisted for the Mexican war among the first of volunteers, and served with distinction in many engagements. A particular instance of his bravery was shown in one of the last conflicts of the war when he dashed alone to the midst of a troop of Mexican lanceros, captured the standard and bore it safely back to his comrades, though charged upon by the whole troop of his enemies with leveled lances.

Another example of his steadfast courage may be given. Around the campfire one evening during the campaign he became involved in a dispute with a noted fire eater and duelist, George Dawkins by name, finally giving the latter the lie, Dawkins sprang up livid with passion, and leveling pistol, exclaimed in tones which could not be mistaken, "Say that again and I'll kill you!" The pistol was within a yard of Sellers' head, and the latter knew of too many bloody pages in Dawkins' history to doubt his intention, but he gazed unflinchingly into the latter's blazing eyes and said with a stern emphasis, "I say you're an infernal liar!" In the very instant of pressing the trigger Dawkins' attention was arrested by an ominous clicking sound with which he was only too familiar. Every man of his kind knew that a revolver was cocked, and he knew the report of his pistol would be the signal for the riddling of his body with bullets. With a sudden oath he rushed from the spot. There is a peculiar sequel to this incident. The two did not meet again for some time, as Sellers a few days later attacked with malaria and conveyed to the hospital, where he lay for several weeks. One day when convalescent, he walked outside the bounds of the camp, and while sitting, weak and feeble, by the roadway, no one being in sight, he approached, and in a moment he was confronted by George Dawkins, stalwart and in perfect health, and armed to the teeth. The two men looked at each other in silence for a moment, when Dawkins' lips quivered and his eyes filled, and he said, "John, old fellow, you're a awful scold. I know you're out of money. Here—take this—take it, I say!—and whenever you want more, you know who got it for you. Good-bye, and he strode away before his astonished auditor could speak.

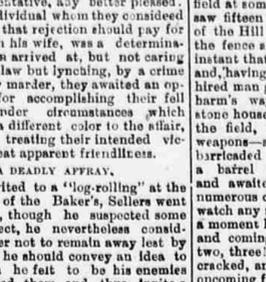
ANOTHER MAN SHOT. Upon his return from the Mexican war, Sellers, now immensely popular with his old neighbors, was elected to an important local office, though not without an arduous struggle with a rival candidate, whom he nearly cut to pieces with the only weapon he had at the time, a pocket knife, while himself wounded slightly in six places by as many bullets from his adversary's pistol. His old enemies, the Hills and Bakers, were as bitterly hostile to him as ever, a feeling which he naturally reciprocated most cordially. Not caring to molest him, they had lately exercised their turn for mischief by tormenting a quiet and

INOFFENSIVE PHYSICIAN.

While he was absent another bloody affray occurred between Evans' two sons and a number of their father's enemies, in which the former, singularly to relate, though mere boys, not only escaped unharmed, but killed several of their assailants outright. They were thrown into prison, and their father and Sellers immediately returned to the state to render them all the assistance possible, though both well knew the risk they incurred. Sellers particularly was now once more bitterly hated by the Hills and Bakers, who swore openly that they would take his life, and sent him word of their intention. He replied that he would not unyoke or undo any of his words or deeds for all of their tribe, who had ever disgraced Kentucky, and, pending the trial of the Evans boys, banished himself with the care of his farm.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE. One day, while at work in a tobacco field some distance from the house, he saw fifteen men, the whole fighting force of the Hill and Baker clans, ride up to the fence and dismount. He saw in an instant that a final struggle was on hand, and, having chivalrously insisted that his hired man go to the house and get out of harm's way, he himself entered his own home, which stood in the center of the field, and within which were his weapons—a whole arsenal. He barricaded himself in by wedging a barrel tightly in the doorway, and awaited the attack. Through the numerous cracks of the building he could watch any movement of his foes, and at a moment he saw them leap the fence and coming rushing toward him. One, two, three! As many times as his rifle cracked, and the three foremost of his oncoming foes fell in their tracks, dead or dying. But those remaining did not falter, but rushed fiercely on. The blood was up. They felt that this indeed must be a death struggle, and in their minds all other thoughts were lost in a mad desire to be the first to strike a death blow at this hated and dreadful enemy of their race. As they drew nearer, their plating of iron, and the foot effect, and two more of their number fell. Still they rushed on, and in another moment thronged the doorway. Sellers kept stern guard, and the man who would have leaped the barricade sank back dying, with a bullet in his brain. But now from the hidden crevices in the walls the leaden missiles rained around the environed man, while he himself knew hardly where to turn. Realizing the disadvantages of his position, he sprang out through the doorway, weapon in hand. While yet in the air, a bullet fired from behind passed directly through his heart. Not a cry escaped him, not a sign that he was hurt; but alighting firmly on his feet, he turned in his tracks and fired his last shot, spattering the walls of the building with the brains of his enemy. Then his limbs stiffened and grew rigid, his deadly eye fixed and glassy, and he fell slowly forward upon his face, dead, still grasping the smoking weapon which he had used to such terrible purpose. And the wretched remainder of those who had sought his life that day, stood over him in silence, awed into respect for his body, and for the moment forgetting their own dead kinsman in savage admiration of his awful struggle for life.

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY. Brands advertised are absolutely pure. CONTAIN AMMONIA. THE TEST: Place a can top down in a shallow tin lined with paper, and fill with water. A chemical will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.



DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA. ITS IMPURITIES HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED. In a million homes a quarter of a century it has stood the test of time. THE TEST OF THE OVEN. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Food. FOR SALE BY GROCERS. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

MASTERS' SALE. In the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska. In re: The Estate of John A. Masters, deceased. Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the above court, made on the 25th day of December 1884, I, Ellis L. Bierbower, special master in chancery in said court, will on the 15th day of April 1885, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, at the North door of the city of Omaha, Douglas County, State and Territory of Nebraska, sell at auction the following described property:

East half of North-west quarter and the West half of the North-east quarter of section twenty-one (21), the South-west of section twenty-two (22), township two (2), North of range sixteen (16), West of the 6th Meridian, in Douglas County, State of Nebraska. D. H. ETTEN, Ellis L. BIERBOWER, Solicitor in Chancery. 10-15-27 apr 1885

A FINE LINE OF Pianos & Organs WOODBRIDGE BROS., THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE MUSIC HOUSE IN OMAHA, NEB. Warner's Vigor