

THE NORFOLK WEEKLY NEWS-JOURNAL.

NORFOLK, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1907.

GOVERNOR PARDONS MRS. LILLIE AT LAST HOUR

NOTED PRISONER IS GIVEN FREEDOM AT LAST.

MICKEY MAKES ACT DRAMATIC

ISSUES PARDON AT 1, VACATES OFFICE AT 2 O'CLOCK.

MRS. LILLIE WILL GO WEST

Miss May Lillie of Norfolk Was Overjoyed at the News and Senator Allen, of Madison, Who Argued for Her, Was Much Gratiified.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 3.—Mrs. Lena Lillie was pardoned by Governor Mickey at 1 o'clock this afternoon, one hour before he stepped out of office.

Mrs. Lillie had been a prisoner in the Nebraska state penitentiary for almost two years, serving a life sentence on a conviction of the murder of her husband, Harvey Lillie at David City, Neb., October 24, 1904.

It was one of the most noted cases on record in Nebraska's court annals, and one that had attracted state wide attention since the time that Harvey Lillie was killed.

It was announced several days ago that Governor Mickey had been much impressed with arguments made in behalf of Mrs. Lillie by David City people, and it was then predicted that he would pardon her before his term of office expired.

The governor made good this prediction and, waiting until a few moments before his term of office should expire and Governor Sheldon should be installed into the position, he lent all the more dramatic intensity to the act.

Mrs. Lillie was overjoyed at the good news for her, as were friends at the state penitentiary, including Warden and Mrs. Al Beemer.

GLAD HER AUNT IS FREE.

Miss May Lillie of Norfolk Thinks Aunt Goes to California.

Miss May Lillie of Norfolk was delighted when informed by The News that a report had come through the Associated Press from Lincoln that Governor Mickey had pardoned her aunt, Mrs. Lena Lillie. The Norfolk niece stated that she believed her aunt will go to California to make her home with her father and mother.

Miss Lillie, who was in the house at the time her uncle, Harvey Lillie, was killed, did not then and never has believed that her aunt committed the crime charged against her. She has always clung to the theory that the murdered man was killed by a burglar.

She could not testify on the stand that she heard anyone else in the house, but her faith in Mrs. Lillie, the harmonious home life of the couple before the tragedy and other incidents led her to believe implicitly in the innocence of this woman who has served many months in the Nebraska state prison as the result of her conviction.

SENATOR ALLEN IS PLEASED.

He Had Always Insisted That She Was Not Proven Guilty.

Former United States Senator William V. Allen of Madison, who has always insisted that Mrs. Lillie was never proven guilty of murdering her husband and who argued her case before the supreme court in the hope of getting a new trial, when informed over the long distance telephone from The News office of the governor's act, expressed great satisfaction and wished his thanks to be conveyed to the governor.

"I have always insisted," said Senator Allen, "that Mrs. Lillie was never proven guilty. It is the law in circumstantial cases, and this was wholly a circumstantial case, that no person can be convicted of homicide until the evidence has placed in the defendant's hand a deadly weapon. It was never shown that a deadly weapon was ever in the possession of Mrs. Lillie. She was convicted on the theory that nobody else could be found who did it, and therefore she must have done it."

"In her trial her attorney refused to allow her to go on the stand and testify, which she wanted to do. This was a mistake. She should have been allowed to testify. I argued the case before the supreme court in the hope that, in order to allow Mrs. Lillie to testify, a new trial would be granted."

"In pardoning Mrs. Lillie, Governor Mickey has done a righteous act."

HISTORY OF THE CASE.

It Was a Murder That Has Seldom Been Equalled for Interest.

The murder of Harvey Lillie, manager of a grain elevator at David City, has seldom been equalled in interest among Nebraska's crimes. He was shot dead in bed on the morning of October 24, 1904. In bed with him at

the time of his killing was his wife, Lena Lillie. In the house was a daughter and a niece, Miss May Lillie, now of Norfolk.

The town of David City was electrified that morning by news of Mr. Lillie's murder. He had been shot through the window and a screen another bullet had passed. They had passed from a point apparently at about where Mrs. Lillie must have been.

Mrs. Lillie claimed that a burglar entered the room and murdered her husband in order to rob a bureau. No trace of the burglar was ever found. The revolver with which the shooting was done was found a day or so later in a well on the Lillie premises.

The prosecution contended that Mrs. Lillie's motive was to gain the life insurance money of her husband, in order to pay debts contracted by her on the board of trade.

The case was purely circumstantial. The trial occupied two weeks before Judge Good, one of the ablest Nebraska jurists. A jury of highly intelligent men tried the case. They convicted her of murder in the first degree and she was sentenced for life.

Motion for a new trial was denied by the supreme court. Mrs. Lillie went to prison. Her friends persisted in efforts to get her pardoned. At first the town of David City was divided over the question of her guilt. Later many turned into her sympathizers and it is said that most of the people of that town now believe her innocent. Many hoped for a pardon the other day when they visited the governor, but many others believed she never would go free.

While in prison Mrs. Lillie had a photograph of her dead husband hanging on the wall. She would weep before this and declare, "How can they claim that I murdered you?"

Her friends have lately advanced a theory that she was to have inherited \$52,000 from Chicago relatives and that other relatives of hers were anxious to get her out of the way.

Part of the insurance money went to Mrs. Lillie's daughter, Edna, who is now living with her grand parents in Los Angeles.

Atkinson News Notes.

Atkinson, Neb., Jan. 3.—Special to The News: The firemen's ball was a success in every way. A great number of people were in attendance from O'Neill, and as this is the affair of the year for all who dance, it was the most enjoyable party of the kind ever given.

Mrs. A. O. Perry, when going home from the firemen's ball, had the misfortune to fall on the ice and break a bone in the ankle. She will be laid up for some weeks to come.

The weather man at last brought some winter. Christmas was like summer but New Year's day came in stormy, with sleet, snow and again rain, ending with freezing weather, which makes getting around almost dangerous.

Joe Sherman, who has been located in Atkinson as agent for the C. & N. W. for many years, has gone to Anoka, where he and his family will make their home. Mr. Sherman leaves many friends who wish him well.

Mrs. Wilson is home from a siege of seven weeks in an Omaha hospital, very much improved in health.

May Cause Trouble.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—Friction which may have a serious effect on the future relations of the American and National baseball leagues has arisen over the question of playing schedules for 1907. Resenting what he terms "unwarranted effrontery," on the part of the National league schedule committee, President Johnson of the American league last night notified President Pulliam of the National league, that he could have no dealings with the National schedule committee.

Lozes Leg From Football.

Dartford, Wis., Jan. 3.—As the result of an injury received in a football game, David Greenwood, the 16-year-old son of George Greenwood, submitted to the amputation of a leg at Oshkosh. The injury was on the knee, and after several weeks tuberculosis developed there.

Ainsworth Wedding.

Ainsworth, Neb., Jan. 3.—Special to The News: A wedding was solemnized last evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mosley, when Miss Grace Mosley was united to Mr. John Sparco of Ogden, Utah, Rev. Delony officiating. Miss Mosley has been raised here, where she has many friends, and Mr. Sparco is a merchant of Ogden, where they will make their future home. His mother accompanied him here.

A Stupid Lady Bountiful.

I once showed an old lady much given to good works of the Lady Bountiful order how some proteges of hers who were constantly on the verge of starvation might be placed in possession of a small but regular and sufficient income. "My dear," she said, "I don't think it is a good plan. They would get too independent. I like them to come to me when they are in difficulties and ask for what they want." — "Rich and Poor," by Mrs. Bosanquet.

ANOTHER OPERATOR BLAMED.

Two Men Killed as Result of Blunder in Montana.

Livingston, Mont., Jan. 3.—A wreck occurred at Coal Spur, a station on the Northern Pacific, twelve miles west of this city, in which two railway men of Livingston lost their lives.

The dead:

James Caruso, locomotive engineer. J. A. Storris, freight conductor. The men were riding in the caboose of an extra west. Just as the extra had secured orders to enter the block east from Coal Spur and was pulling out the train was struck by two light engines.

From the evidence given to the coroner's jury it seems that the wreck and loss of life is due to Operator J. S. Brady, at Hoopers, permitting the light engines to enter the block east of his station before he got a clear block from the operator at Coal Spur.

FATAL WRECK ON LIMITED

LOS ANGELES LIMITED TRAIN IN COLLISION.

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND LIMITED

Ten Men Behind Time on Account of a Storm, the Los Angeles Limited Smashes Into Another Fast Union Pacific Passenger.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 3.—The Union Pacific east bound Los Angeles Limited passenger train collided with the east bound Overland Limited at Brule, Neb., last night.

Insert up wreck ET SHRDLLY

One man was killed and eleven others injured.

E. W. Hastings of New York was killed.

Mail Clerk Worley of Omaha sustained a fractured skull and Jennings was badly scalded.

The Los Angeles Limited was ten hours late on account of a storm.

The Los Angeles Limited is the most luxurious train on wheels and began just a year ago. In the twelvemonth, this is the first accident that has occurred to it.

PLATTE FLOODS FREMONT.

Warm Weather Causes the River to Break Unusually Early.

Fremont, Neb., Jan. 3.—Special to The News: On account of the warm weather the Platte is breaking up and the river is out of its banks today, flooding the south part of the city.

There is no crossing the wagon bridge. This is very unusual for this season.

JAPANESE SAINTS.

The One Most Beloved by the People is Bizen.

Among the many Buddhist-Shinto saints, whose quaint effigies set up in every conceivable nook and corner of Japan make it a "country of graven images," one of the most impressive and interesting is the pathetic person called Bizen. He was once upon a time a member of that strange company of Buddhist disciples known as the "Sixteen Rakkans." But one day he fell from grace by remarking upon the attractions of a woman, and he was expelled from the society of chaste brethren. The great Buddha gave him, in return for all that his worldliness had cost him, power to heal human ills and to grant the prayers of childless women who longed for motherhood. But he was put outside the temples. He must henceforth sit without, in the midst of the passing throng, and submit himself to personal contact with all that was unclean and healthless. The simple hearted people love him. I think, above all saints. His wooden images in the temple porches are the strangest objects in all Japan. They give him soft cushions to sit upon, and he is always clothed in quaint little cotton stuff collars and mufflers in all sorts of soiled looking colors, and on his head his devotees usually keep a curious little cotton cap.—Eleanor Franklin in Leslie's Weekly.

The Young Member.

Grantley Berkeley tells in his "Life and Recollections" how a member for Ludlow in the last parliament of William IV. "tried to make a maiden speech, and, rising in his place, with a very bald head, known, too, as he was to everybody as one of the oldest staggers in all the ways of the world, he began, with great affectation of inexperience and with an exceedingly mild voice, 'Mr. Speaker, I am but a young member.' On hearing this assertion from so well known and crafty a man, possessing so venerable a pate, the entire house roared with laughter. Twice he stopped, and three times he commenced with these words, but it was useless. The house would not listen, and he never to my knowledge essayed to speak again, or if he did the sight of his bald head set his audience in a roar."

RUSSIAN OFFICER SHOT

ST. PETERSBURG PREFECT OF POLICE MURDERED.

SHOT FIRED BY A STUDENT

Youth at the Institute of Experimental Medicine Murders the Prefect of Police of the City of St. Petersburg. Believed to be Result of Conspiracy.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 3.—Major General Von Derlaunitz, prefect of police of St. Petersburg, was shot and killed by a young man at the institute of experimental medicine this afternoon. The young man was arrested and the case is being investigated. The death of the chief of police is believed to be the result of a conspiracy.

LIONS TOO MUCH FOR CUPID

This Daniel Lost a Bride by Not Entering Their Den.

Daniel Lund of Oakland, Cal., recently failed to muster courage to go into a den of lions to wed Miss Dolly Castle and is still single, says an Omaha (Neb.) dispatch.

Lund won the girl in Oakland last summer. She is a lion tamer. When he wrote and begged her to set the day she said to come to Omaha and she would be ready. He came, procured a marriage license and engaged a minister.

Just before the hour set for the marriage Miss Castle said to her lover: "I will marry you if you will go in this den with the lions and have the ceremony performed. Otherwise our engagement is broken."

Lund says he honestly tried to muster courage, but he failed.

"A man who hasn't the courage to do once what I do every day is not a man I care to marry," said Miss Castle.

TRAPPER'S BIG CONTRACT.

Wyoming Man Will Get \$5,575 If He Kills 1,500 Coyotes.

H. F. Kalkbrenner, an expert trapper of Lander, Wyo., has contracted to kill 1,500 coyotes for the Sweetwater Range company during the coming six months, says a Lander dispatch.

For the first 800 he will receive \$150 each from the company, a dollar each from the state and probably 75 cents each for the hides. For the last 700 he will receive \$250 each from the company, a dollar each from the state and probably 75 cents each for the hides. If he makes good he will clear \$5,575 in the six months.

The district in which Kalkbrenner has agreed to kill the coyotes is 40 by 115 miles in dimension and is in the shape of a figure 8, with the center at Point of Rock, a station on the Union Pacific. Last October Kalkbrenner trapped 261 coyotes.

Japanese School "Children."

There is no discrimination. The segregation of Japanese students in one school is a police regulation due to the fact that they are not children in the true sense. As a rule, they range in years from fifteen to twenty-five. It is not fit, says the San Francisco Call, that they should be permitted to associate with children of average school age, and it will not be permitted.

Electric Bulbs New Fish Bait.

Fishermen at Coney Island are using electric lights at the water's edge to attract the fish, says the New York Journal. Many of them carried their own electric plugs, globes and wires and fitted the plug to the sockets of lamps on the Dreamland pier.

Humors of the Channel Crossing.

M. Santos-Dumont thinks that the journey from Paris to London will presently be accomplished by steerable balloon in two hours. It is possible, says the London Globe, but for some time to come we shall prefer the journey of six hours by land and water and half an hour at Charing Cross waiting for somebody to ask us whether we have imported any French cigars or cigarettes.

Grain as Foodstuff.

To most people of our present time, says Dr. A. E. Gibson in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, the necessity of bread consumption for the maintenance of bodily existence stands as a central, unquestionable fact. That such a high reward for grain as foodstuff, however, is overdrawn is evident from the circumstance that entire races of men have been and are yet found to sustain a magnificent physical health and strength on a diet wholly exempt from bread. The great majority of African and Australian aborigines are enjoying physical health and strength though in perfect ignorance of a nourishment prepared from our familiar grains, and the entire Mongolian race finds in rice a substitute for bread. In tropical countries fruits and nuts were always found to supply the natives with an ideal diet, while the various species of grass served the roaming herbivorous animals as a means of subsistence. This grass diet, originally a purely animal diet, has, under the influence of cultural incidents and a misguided palate, been turned into a diet for man. For grain, even including the "king of grains"—wheat—is botanically a grass gone to seed.

OUT FOR BIG GAME.

Society Woman Plans Hunting Trip After Elephants and Tigers.

Mrs. Max Fleischmann, a beautiful society woman of Cincinnati, who has been attending the horse show in New York, is preparing for a trip to the wilds of east Africa in search of big game, says the New York Globe. Mrs. Fleischmann will be accompanied by her husband, Colonel Max Fleischmann, and other hunters of note, but she nevertheless expects to return with several tiger rugs and elephant tusks as trophies of her own prowess with the rifle.

Hunting trips have become a passion with Mrs. Fleischmann since her honeymoon trip to the arctic circle, where the polar bear, the caribou and the walrus fell before her gun, and the east African trip is looked forward to with the greatest enthusiasm.

While all the details of the trip have not yet been completed, it is planned for this winter and will consume several months. In the party, besides Mrs. Fleischmann and her husband, will be several titled Englishmen, but none of their wives has had the temerity to accept invitations to join the expedition.

Mrs. Fleischmann is the daughter of John C. Sherlock, a retired capitalist of Cincinnati and at one time president of the Latonia Jockey club. She married Colonel Fleischmann on Dec. 20, 1905.

STUDENT'S PRANK.

Actress Sang "Won't Somebody Kiss Me" and He Did.

Two hundred Bates college students attended the theater in Lewiston, Me., the other night clad in pajamas, says a special from Lewiston to the New York World. It was in celebration of the winning of the state football championship.

Seats were reserved for the boys, who took the college band.

Captain Schumacher, the six foot right tackle of the team, in answer to Actress Clara Turner's song, "Won't Somebody Give Me a Kiss?" jumped to the stage and boldly accepted the invitation before she realized what was going on.

Schumacher finished the chorus with her, while the audience cheered again and again.

Uncle Sam's Antisuperstition Bulletin

According to an official of the weather bureau in Philadelphia, a bulletin recently issued from the government office at Washington was put out solely for the purpose of combating and overcoming superstition—something which a government rarely undertakes in an official way, says the Philadelphia Record. The bulletin in question is concerned with an emphatic declaration that long range weather forecasts based on the position of the planets, phases of the moon or the behavior of animals, birds or plants are valueless and without reason. The bulletin is said to have been made necessary by the large number of inquiries concerning such forecasts received by the department. "The belief of many farmers in the powers of the ground hog as a forecaster of the winter season is as firmly fixed as their religion," said the Philadelphia official referred to. "Another sure sign to the farmer is the moon. These things are jokes to readers of city newspapers, but out in the country they are believed in as signs, no matter how many times they fail."

Rings For Engaged Men.

Beyond a great light of joy in his eyes and a manner of walking as if he were treading on air or eggs, the engaged young man hitherto has borne no outward signs of the fact the girl has said "Yes." But now comes a new freak of behavior, says the New York Press. It is ordained that he should proclaim the fact of his engagement by wearing a broad gold band on the third finger of his right hand. This ring must be presented by his fiancée in exchange for the solitaire with which he adorns her hand. After marriage his circlet must be moved to the left hand. Two members of the German embassy in Washington have made the hopes of belles fall to zero because the golden circles tell the secret.

High Priced Copy.

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon reappeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Rhodes, who inquired, "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through my native runners and cost me \$1,000."

Tennyson Embarrassed.

Great crises affect people differently. With some the hair turns white; with others emotion expresses itself in incoherent speech. Tennyson, when he first met Frederick Robertson, whom he much admired and who, he knew, admired his poems, was so nervous that he could talk to the "much beloved priest" of nothing but—beer!

The Good Out of It.

Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil thirty minutes. That's the only way to get the goodness out of it. New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You succeeded admirably, ma'am.

WAITING FOR A RAILROAD

DISAPPOINTMENT AGAIN FATE OF THE TOWN OF ST. JAMES.

BEEN DREAMING FOR YEARS

People of St. James Have Been Repeatedly Disappointed in Fulfillment of the Hopes, and it Looks as Though the Last One is Gone.

T. H. Hull recently returned from a trip to Dixon and Cedar counties, where the extension of the Newcastle branch of the C. St. P. M. & O. road is in progress. Two new towns have been projected by the company, Muskell, a mile from the old postoffice of Lane Grove, named for one of the oldest settlers in Dixon county, and Wynott, a mile from the town of St. James.

St. James is one of the oldest towns in the state, and for several generations the people have dreamed of the time when a railroad would be built down the valley to it.

The first railroad in the northern tier of counties in Nebraska was the "Covington, Columbus and Black Hills," a narrow gauge road with a broad gauge name, sounding large but meaning little, which in 1870 was built from Covington, on the Nebraska side of the river from Sioux City, to Ponca. The title of the road led the St. Jamesites to believe that in a few months or at most a year that town would be a railroad metropolis. But the road stopped at Ponca and remained there for years.

In the later eighties there was talk again that the road, which had by this time become a part of the Northwestern system, would be built into Cedar county, and again the St. Jamesites' heart beat faster, but again he was doomed to disappointment because this time the road was built from Wakefield to the northwest and the town of Hartington was established.

Early in the nineties there were indications of more railroad extensions in that section of the state, and when the road was built from Ponca to Newcastle, the people of the pastoral town of St. James dreamed of hearing the whistle of the locomotive in their midst. But again there was disappointment, for after the track had reached Newcastle work was discontinued and nothing more was done.

By this time the people of St. James were getting used to disappointment and made up their minds that they would finish their days without the music of a locomotive whistle. But when, last summer the M. & O. actually began to push its line toward the northwest there seemed no manner possible in which it could go past them this time. The town took on new life, new mercantile houses, banks and various industries were established and there was a booming prospect, property advanced and past disappointments were forgiven and forgotten.

But it seems that St. James was doomed from the beginning of time to be sidetracked. The railroad grade has now reached a point within a mile of St. James, a new town called Wynott has been laid out, and here will be the future metropolis of that section of the county.

Meantime the people of St. James, who have been waiting through childhood, youth and old age for the advent of a railroad, will watch the coming trains from a distance until they reach the end and fill disappointed graves.

A Christmas Concoct in Pastry.

Christmas wreaths are a dainty, sweet concoct for this season of the year, says Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for December. They are made of a simple meringue mixture, which, if one chooses, may be shaped in a variety of ways. Sometimes I add a third of a cupful of shredded coconut or chopped nut meats to give a variety. Beat the white of four eggs until stiff and add gradually while beating constantly two-thirds of a cupful of fine granulated sugar and continue the beating until the mixture will hold its shape. Cut and fold in one-third of a cupful of fine granulated sugar and flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Shape in wreaths, using a pastry bag and tube, on a wet board covered with letter paper. Ornament with angelica and red candies to represent holly leaves and berries. Bake thirty minutes in a slow oven and remove from the paper, using a sharp, long bladed knife. Unless one has a very correct eye it is well to have a guide for shaping these wreaths. Mark circles on the letter paper with a lead pencil, using a doughnut cutter for a pattern.

The Bounding Boy.

During these raw, damp, chilly days it is interesting to observe what the Rev. Mr. Chadband described as "the happy, bounding boy," says the Chicago Chronicle. Grownups go along with heavy overcoats buttoned up and hands incased in gloves. The "bounding boy" scorns an overcoat, he wears on the back of his head a cap the size of a postage stamp, and he thrusts his hands in his pockets when he feels the necessity of warming them. His knickerbockered legs look chilly, but he declares that they are not. At any rate he manages to get along with about one-fourth the clothing of his adult relatives. That is why he is a "bounding boy."