

HOLCOMB'S PART IN IT

Some Leaves From the Record of Testimony in the Bartley Case.

IT IS THAT OF THE EX-GOVERNOR

A Great Loss to the State That Might Have Been Avoided—Filing of Appeal in the Case of the State Against the Bondsmen Recalls Some Interesting Facts.

The filing of the appeal in the supreme court a few days ago, says a Lincoln correspondent, of the case of the state of Nebraska against the bondsmen of ex-State Treasurer Joseph Bartley has revived public interest in the transactions in the defaulting state treasurer and has caused many people to inquire into the early history of the case. Some rather important and peculiar testimony was given by Governor Holcomb in the first trial of the case in Douglas county which, for some reason, was not repeated at the subsequent trial of the case, notwithstanding the governor testified at each.

The failure of Governor Holcomb to make a proper settlement with Bartley and his acceptance of a worthless bond, whereby the state lost half a million dollars, is a matter of record. Holcomb was elected governor in the fall of 1894. Joseph Bartley had then served two years as treasurer and there was a suspicion in the minds of some that his accounts were in bad shape. The governor-elect was warned that the treasurer was a defaulter and that very careful accounting should be made to protect the state from possible loss through a careless settlement. In spite of this warning and in spite of the law, the new governor, apparently by his own carelessness, allowed Bartley to defraud the state. After a long and private consultation with the state treasurer, he accepted a new bond upon which most of the old and already accountable bondsmen qualified for fabulous sums. According to Holcomb's sworn testimony no attempt was made to examine into the real worth of the bond. On the witness stand Holcomb admitted that he knew very little of the transaction and could not even tell the date of the acceptance of the bond.

One of the bondsmen was the president of a bank which held over \$200,000 of the state money. The bank was not a depository and therefore the deposit was unauthorized and illegal. Governor Holcomb accepted this bank president as bondsman, who qualified in the sum of \$200,000 over and above all debts and liabilities.

The worst part of the deal was the pretended settlement with the treasurer. The transcript of Holcomb's evidence in the Omaha trial is the best proof and it is accessible to the public.

According to this testimony Holcomb first held a private consultation with Bartley and then they both entered the treasurer's office, where the remained about two hours. The governor testified that he looked over a ledger, or some such book, in which there were some accounts. Then Bartley produced a cigar box containing some slips of paper, representing what should have been about \$400,000 in cash. He also produced \$50,000 in cash. The law required it to be all cash, but according to Holcomb's testimony "the law was a farce and a sham."

This testimony is a matter of record. The governor did not examine the slips of paper closely. He admitted on the witness stand that he did not know positively whether they were genuine or not. He knew that the bank which was not a legal depository was represented in the cigar box by a slip calling for over \$200,000.

The story of the settlement is best told in the exact words of the record. The case was tried before Judge Clinton N. Powell and a jury in Omaha during the month of February, 1898. The following extract from Governor Holcomb's sworn testimony is from pages 617 to 623 of the certified record, bill of exceptions, filed with the appeal of the case in the supreme court last year, testimony being given on cross-examination by J. C. Cowlin:

Q.—I ask what he was chargeable with?

A.—\$356,000 or \$358,000, if I remember rightly; that included the money in suspended banks.

Q.—I understand. There was about \$47,000 only in cash?

A.—In the treasury vaults; either that or \$57,000.

Q.—There was about \$241,000 that was tied up in suspended banks, was there not?

A.—Yes, sir; I think so.

Q.—That would leave about \$713,000 loose money?

A.—In that neighborhood; I was thinking it was about \$15,000; I may not have the exact figure, but I was not here when it was issued.

Q.—I will ask you again, what it was as brought through the paper that you call certificates of deposit out in?

A.—Well, as I remember it was a little box.

Q.—Cigar box?

A.—Something of that shape. I could not say it was a cigar box, but something—it was similar in size, the general shape.

Q.—Of the balance of this, outside of the \$47,000 he produced, none of it in cash, or if it was \$57,000 you may say it may be?

A.—No, sir; no different from what I said Holcomb had testified to on a former occasion and the examination continued.

Q.—He opened this box that was like a cigar box, did he show you these papers he had?

A.—I do not remember that it had any cover.

Q.—And then took out papers that he called checks and certificates of deposit did he?

A.—He took out mostly certificates of deposit. There may have been a few checks.

Q.—Have you a list of these?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—You kept no memorandum of them, did you?

A.—No, sir; I did not.

Q.—Now—that is the only time you ever saw those, was it not? You never saw them afterwards?

A.—Well, no, to my knowledge.

Here followed some questions covering the same ground, and the examination concluded as follows:

Q.—And then he brought out a box that looked like a cigar box, from which he took a lot of papers that he called certificates of deposit, amounting from \$440,000 to \$449,000?

A.—I do not know whether he called them certificates of deposit or not; they were certificates of deposit mostly. There may have been some bank checks.

Q.—He showed you the papers?

A.—He showed me the certificates of deposit.

Q.—You looked them over and took no list of them?

A.—No, sir; I took no list of them.

Q.—You took no memorandum of them?

A.—No, I took no memorandum of them.

Q.—And you turned them back to him and he put them back in the cigar box and went off with them—is that right?

A.—He put them in the vault.

Q.—Did you see him put them in the vault?

A.—I will not say positively that I did.

Q.—And that was the end of the examination?

A.—Yes, that was the end of it.

Can He Delude the People.

Omaha Bee: One of the claims put forward in behalf of Elias A. Holcomb's candidacy for supreme judge in the recent address of the populist state committee rests upon his "conservatism and eminent fairness in his every act, both public and private."

As a matter of fact no person occupying the executive office of Nebraska ever displayed such rank partisanship and manifest unfairness as did Governor Holcomb, especially from the time he secured the support of an administration of his own political faith. In no case could he see further the lines of his own party or recognize such a thing as fairness to political opponents.

The most glaring examples of his hidebound subservience to the unscrupulous political machine in control of his party organization is to be found in his cowardly inaction when the pictorial ballot was presented to him for his approval and he allowed it to become a law by lapse of time without his signature. After having denounced the pictorial ballot in vigorous language in his message to the legislature, and having advocated the retention of the law as it then existed with a few modifications, Governor Holcomb silenced his own convictions at the behest of the state house gang and helped put on the statute book a law designed as a fraud upon the people in the interest of the tripartite political alliance.

So partial and so partisan was this law that legislature Governor Holcomb's populist successor saw no other course than to join the republicans in wiping it out of existence and substituting for it a measure fair to all.

The same blind partisanship was clearly demonstrated in almost all of Governor Holcomb's official acts. In his appointments to office where the law required the recognition of different political parties he persisted in selecting men who voted the same ticket under the flimsy pretext that they satisfied the conditions of the law by masquerading under different party labels. Not once, but repeatedly, was the law thus evaded upon such technicalities with the palpable purpose of promoting partisan ends and manufacturing party capital.

Can a man who as governor has showed himself so partisan and unfair be expected on the bench to be non-partisan and impartial? Can a man who in the executive chair has played the willing tool of the state house sham reformers be expected as supreme judge to be independent of the machine's pressure? How then can he hope to delude Nebraska voters with promises of doing better if they will only give him a vindication by electing him again to another office?

Omnibus Popocratic Words.

Lincoln Journal: "Very long will be the way, very hard the hills to climb with Slippery St. Holcomb weighing down the popocratic band wagon in Nebraska." These prophetic words from a part of an editorial that appeared in the Papillion Times shortly before the late convention of the allied forces of reform. They were the spontaneous utterances of a man who has long been recognized as one of the foremost fighters in the serrated ranks of popocracy. They were spoken before the party lash had been swung by the bosses over the heads of those who would dissent from ring rule. Howard is silent now, because Bryan demands it. But, is Elias Holcomb any less slippery than when those lines were written? If he was dishonest then, is it likely that he is honest now, or will be by and by?

Spending the People's Money.

Deputy Land Commissioner E. W. Nelson is defrauding the state out of his salary these days, says the Lincoln Journal, by spending his time at the headquarters of the populist state central committee. Callers at the office of Land Commissioner Wolfe who inquire for Mr. Nelson have to be told that he is at the end of the political machine instead of earning his salary which the state pays. This subject is considered fit for another investigation when the next legislature meets. If Mr. Nelson were able to do any good in the fusion headquarters it would not be so bad, but a vacation on salary from the state under pretext of being able to help reform is not along reform lines so much preached by professional reformers.

He Ought to Explain.

Holdrege Citizen: Holcomb is on the stump hunting for votes for supreme judge. It might be well for him to explain his connection with that famous recount commission and the scheme to count enough fraudulent ballots to seat his old partner on the supreme bench. In view of his career it is any wonder that even such a staunch democrat as Edgar Howard, editor of the Papillion Times, should in a fit of indignation call him "Slippery St."

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Mr. Green's Garden—A Lazy Man's Load, Willie Will Carry a Smart Man's Load Hereafter—Queer Turtle Fishing—The Princess of Edenbay.

The Princess of Edenbay.

There were two little princesses of Edenbay—Princess I Can't and I Can;

And to school they went on the very first day

That the very first school began.

And the Prince I Can't took a poor little whim

Into his royal head;

And whenever a task was given to him, "I can't! I can't!" he said.

Now he was a prince who had his way,

And a poor little way 'twas, too!

For he nothing did from day to day

Save just what he wanted to do.

But his brother I Can, a younger lad,

Was made on a different plan,

For to every single lesson he had

He would say, "I can! I can!"

So wise and great grew the Prince I Can,

By doing as he was bid;

But the other became an ignorant man,

And naught that was good he did.

These princes' descendants you'll find today

Wherever is civilized man;

The "I Can't" folks who have had their way,

And the people who say "I can!"

—Emma C. Dowd.

Mr. Green's Garden.

Next to the small red cottage where Archie and Nellie King lived there was a large vacant lot with a high fence around it. The only yard the Kings had was a narrow strip back of the house, and as they had once lived in the country, this seemed very small to the children, and they used to peep through the cracks in the fence and wish they could get over there among the weeds to play. Archie was nine years old, but a hurt received when he was a baby had made him lame, and Nellie, who was two years younger, was almost as tall. Their father was dead, and Archie was very anxious to help his mother, who had to work hard to support them; but there did not seem to be anything for such a little boy to do except to be useful at home, and he tried to be that.

On the other side of the vacant lot there was a shop that had been unoccupied for a long time. One morning, when the children passed on their way to school, the door was wide open, and a tall, rosy-faced man stood there superintending the carrying in of a quantity of lumber. He nodded pleasantly to them in a way that said quite plainly, "I like little people. I was young once myself." It was not long before they found out that his name was Green, and that he had rented the shop for some sort of carpentering work. One day, when they were at play in the back yard, the children discovered some men cutting down weeds in the vacant lot. "What do you suppose they are going to do?" asked Nellie. "Build a house, I guess," said Archie. The prospect of this was exciting, and with the aid of some barrels and boxes they contrived to get up high enough to see over the fence. And there was Mr. Green busily directing the men! He saw them and waved his hand. "I am going to have a garden in a short time," he said. This made Archie think of the garden they used to have in the country, where cabbages and potatoes and all kinds of vegetables grew. He had helped his father take care of it, and he wondered if Mr. Green would not want a boy to weed his. He spoke to Nellie about it, but she was sure it would be a flower garden, for people didn't have vegetable gardens in town. This might be. Mr. Green had not said what he expected to raise; but then, flowers would have to be weeded and watered. So without saying anything to anyone Archie slipped over to the shop next day. When he was fairly inside the door his heart almost failed him, and when Mr. Green looked up from his desk, where he was writing, and exclaimed, "Hello! Where did you come from?" he was so startled he came near running away. He didn't, however, but went bravely up to the desk. "I have come to see if you don't want a boy to weed your garden, sir. I know how, and could do it, and I am anxious to find a place, because there is no one else to help mother. Nellie would help, too, and we'd be very careful." Mr. Green looked down at him with an odd expression in his eyes, and said: "So you want to weed my garden, do you? Well, I may need a boy, by and by, when my crop begins to grow." The children went away for several weeks, and came home late one evening. Early next day they ran out to see how Mr. Green's garden was coming on, and behold! Instead of potatoes and cabbages, or even flowers, there were rows of gaily painted swings. There were single swings, and double swings, and swings to hold four persons, and some had awnings over them to keep off the sun. The ground was covered with tan-bark except around the edge, where there was a border of grass, and the board fence on the street had been replaced by an iron one with a gate, above which was this sign: "Automatic Swing Co." While the children were gazing at this surprising sight, Mr. Green came walking down between

the rows of swings and asked them how they liked his garden. They liked it very much, indeed, but Archie couldn't help feeling disappointed until Mr. Green said: "I have to be in the shop most of the time, and I want some one to stay around here and let me know when customers come in. Do you think you and Nellie could do this? Of course I expect you to swing a good deal, for that will help to advertise." So it happened that all through the summer in pleasant weather passers-by saw two blue-eyed children in a swing near the gate, and if any one entered he was met by Archie with, "Do you want to look at swings? We have some very nice ones. I'll call Mr. Green." The Automatic Swing Co. did a good business that season, and every Saturday the children dropped a silver quarter into their bank, and even Archie came to the conclusion that for a town a swing garden was better than a vegetable garden.

MARY F. LEONARD.

A Lazy Man's Load.

Thump, thump, thud! How many times it had occurred in the last few minutes—that noise! Willie didn't cry, for hadn't grandma called him, only that morning, "My little man," and who ever heard of a man crying because he had let fall an armful of wood? Nevertheless, he did look so woe-begone and humpty-dumpty-like, sitting on the lowest stair in grandpa's well filled woodshed, with his late armful of wood scattered about him like a "spill" of gigantic jackstraws! Slowly he picked himself up, and carefully gathered the straggling sticks, making "most a cord," it seemed to Willie. One, two, three stairs had been mounted, when again—thump, thump, thud! went his wood, flying in more directions than before. "Well, well, well!" 'Twas grandpa's jolly voice as he looked down from the floor above. "O, grandpa! I've had just the awfulest time! The wood won't stay where I put it!" and Willie's sober, upturned face was met by grandpa's smiling countenance coming down the stairs. "I'm afraid my Willie-boy has been taking a lazy man's load," he said. "Well, grandpa, as he surveyed the crisscross sticks on the floor. "Why, grandpa, I'm not lazy, am I?" asked Willie, quickly. "I tried and tried to carry as much as you could—I did, really and truly!" "Ah, there's where you made your mistake, my boy. Couldn't you have gone a number of times easily with a smaller load, while you were tugging away with so much?" "Ye-e-a!" answered Willie, thoughtfully. "Trying to carry too much of anything," said grandpa, slowly, as he sat down on the sawhorse, "is what I call a lazy man's load; for a lazy man always tries to carry everything at once, for fear he may take a few useless steps, and by so doing causes himself double work, besides unnecessary worry and trouble. Had you taken a smaller load, you would have had no trouble in carrying it, and by this time your wood box would have been full!" "Grandpa," and Willie put his sturdy little arms resolutely about his grandpa's neck. "I'm tired carrying a lazy man's load, and shall always carry a smart man's load hereafter." Then as he ran away whistling with what wood he could comfortably carry, grandpa nodded, "And he'll remember it, too!"

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

Smile on Me.

A sweet story is told by Miss Anna Gordon of a little three-year-old girl, the pet of the household, who came down a few minutes late to breakfast. She had one foot on the round of her chair, but was not allowed to climb up until her papa had asked the blessing. Then, as she looked all around her and saw every face grave and serious, she thought the family were offended, and her child's heart was broken. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, with quivering lips, "smile on me." The child's impulse was natural. A smile means cheer, love, sunshine, and the cry of the human heart always is, "Smile on me!" A young girl on her way to school met a poor old man on the street corner with flowers to sell. "I had no pennies to buy flowers with," the girl said simply, "but I gave him a smile." The smile warmed the old man's heart for the next hour and softened his hard life with a glint of happiness. It is a pity that any one in the whole world should go hungry for a smile when a smile costs nothing. With each one of us, we know how loneliness and heartache may be eased and how the aspect of a whole day may be changed by a kindly glance, a friendly look. Let us see to it that we do not withhold this comfort from one another. In heaven God shall wipe away tears from all eyes. Let us anticipate heaven, and make earth as much like it as possible by remembering the little child's cry, "Smile on me."—Frances Bennett Callaway.

Queer Turtle Fishing.

A curious mode of catching turtles is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish, which is then thrown overboard, and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged on the top of his head. The fisherman then hauls both turtle and sucking fish in.

No Candy or Cakes.

The Cubans make no candy to speak of, and their cakes are so high in price that only the rich buy them.

Do not anticipate trouble or worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.—Franklin.

TAMING WILD BEASTS

ANIMAL TRAINER RECOUNTS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

Head in a Lion's Mouth—The Huge Kings of the Forests Are Hard to Train and Are Never to Be Dependended Upon.

"Extra hazardous" might well qualify the "risk" that would be placed with the name of a lion-tamer should he have the hardihood to apply for an accident policy; but the intrepid individual who puts his head in the lion's mouth and chases irate beasts up and down narrow cages does not apparently think so much about these things as the man of sedentary occupation, says the New York Telegraph. This was the opinion of a famous trainer, who has been following the perilous profession for twenty-five years and who discussed the pros and cons of his business with cheerful candor. The trainer, who has only been out of the hospital a few days, exhibited with nonchalance a bandaged leg where a lincosa had nipped through a few inches above the ankle. The same animal had bitten him in the same place a few years before in Manchester, England. It was evidently a favorite with ber.

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ful in the handling of animals. During my residence in this country the last three years I have met a number of Americans who gave every evidence of handling animals as fearlessly as any men I have ever met; they are not so patient, perhaps, as the Germans, in trying to teach them tricks, but they are very alert and daring.

"How do you go about the business of training lions?"

"Well, the first thing is to get them to know you from your front of the cage; go into the den every morning and read the papers—my wife used to take her sewing and work an hour or so. This is the early stage before you use a whip. You can't train lions to do much; you can urge them to run about the cage, jump the hurdle and leap through a hoop. Of course, putting your head in the lion's mouth is always a risk and should not be attempted unless the animal is quiet. You stroke the beast's back as you would that of a cat. This sort of soother him and you may take advantage of this fact to quietly pry open his jaws and press your head so closely to the teeth as your courage permits.

Of course, if the animal is disposed to close down on you at this time trepanning would be necessary if you ever got out alive. Personally, I am more afraid of a lion's paws than I am of his jaws. Talk about 'upper cuts,' left hooks and that sort of prize-fighting fancy shots! A lion is wonderfully clever and he does it without gloves. A lion's claws take hold like a fish hook. A tiger or leopard gives with the paws a side slash that cuts like a knife.

"Lions are fed after they perform; that is part of their reward for the work; so that the idea that they are 'dopy' and overfed when we go into the cage is a mistake. I would rather work with lions any time than elephants. They are such treacherous and powerful beasts. I have had their tusks each side of me thrust through three inches of board and I have had 'em goring the ground as I lay between the ivorys—thinking each moment would be my last.

"Oh, yes, lions are cantankerous and have their bad days. Some of them seem chronically bad.

"The lioness that I am working now is not a good animal. The fact is she has killed and maimed five keepers, not to mention the horses she has killed when she has been on the rampage. You may remember, she got out in New York four years ago and was gone two days. I finally caught her in a stable, where she had been dining a la carte off the poor horses. A year ago in Kansas City she killed her last keeper. I have not worked with her for three years until recently. I showed you the result of our first scrimmage after my return," and the man pointed significantly to his bandaged leg.

Hit Below the Belt.

"You and young Chubbieigh don't speak to each other any more, Ethel. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, only he told me one day when we were at the park that I had a swanlike neck, and I told him he had a swanlike walk."

Food in Russia.

In some parts of Russia the only food for the people consists at present of acorns, leaves and the soft bark of trees.

ODD MARRIAGE.

A Wedding Fee of Only Two Cents Followed by One of \$30.

A pastor of one of the prominent churches in Brooklyn, whose son has a charge in this county, had a strange experience about five years ago, which was never spoken of until recently, when unlooked for developments made it consistent to relate the incident. The elderly clergyman was at home one evening, and about 9 o'clock he heard a quiet knock at the door. He went to the porch and admitted a refined appearing young man and a girl. The latter suggested modestly, while the companion showed the result of debauchery, but he nevertheless gave evidence of intelligence. The young fellow defined the purpose of their visit, which was to be married. The couple were refused emphatically by the clergyman at first, but finally they submitted to all the interrogations of the minister, and there was no apparent reason why they should not be wed. After the ceremony the pastor was handed an envelope by the groom, after which they departed on their honeymoon. The minister entered the study and taking the gift from his pocket, opened it. The contents consisted of two copper pennies. The son, who was in college at the time preparing for the ministry, happened to be home spending a vacation, and was a witness to all that occurred subsequent to the wedding. He enjoyed immensely the joke on his parent, and informed his father of the trouble which was sure to follow such an absurd indiscretion. It was at once presumed to be an elopement, and doubts were brought as to the accuracy of the girl's age. The father felt somewhat annoyed, but he was confident that he had held strictly to all the laws regarding the performance of the ceremony. For five years nothing was heard of the couple, and but a few weeks ago the minister found that he had not got into any difficulty. About the same time in the evening he heard a knock at the door, and he recognized it at once. A strange feature of the occurrence was that the son was at home again visiting for a few days. The senior clergyman hurried to the door and his ear was not deceived; the caller was the man he had married five years before. The young fellow, in an unassuming manner, remarked that he always felt that the minister deserved an explanation, and he announced the purpose of his second visit. He said that he was walking along the streets of Brooklyn when he met the girl he married about a half hour before he visited the parsonage. He continued, stating that he figured that she would not be worth more than two cents to him, and that the feeling regulated his fee to the minister. Concluding, he declared that she had proved to be of inestimable value to him, and he quietly arose and handed the clergyman another envelope, which contained a check for \$30, payable at the Chemical Bank.—Troy Press.

AN EMPEROR'S ROMANCE.

In the study of Kaiser Franz Josef of Austria, who, by the way, entered his 70th year recently, hangs a framed but withered bunch of flowers, to which a romantic little story is attached. A few weeks before the announcement of his engagement Kaiser Franz Josef and his fiancée were walking between Ischl and Lauffen, when she saw a meadow bright with gaily colored wild flowers. "Wait, I will pick you a posy," she exclaimed, and a few minutes afterward handed her betrothed a little bouquet.

The future Empress Elizabeth took the black velvet riband which bound her magnificent hair and tied it round the flowers, offering them with a playful courtesy to the kaiser, who kissed them before placing them in the outer pocket of his military tunic. Suddenly as they neared Ischl, the kaiser discovered that the precious posy was gone.

Some days after, when the incident had been forgotten, the valet was astonished to find that the lost posy had been hidden deep down in the tunic pocket all the while, and was, as a natural consequence, so withered that he did not like to show it to the kaiser. As it was equally impossible to throw away flowers picked by the future kaiserin, he hit upon the happy idea of pressing them, with a view to presenting them to his imperial master on the latter's wedding day.

But in the whirl attendant on such an important event he forgot his plan and it was not until the Kaiser Franz Josef and his consort celebrated their silver wedding in 1879 that the old valet reminded his master of that long-forgotten day, as he produced the withered bunch of flowers. The kaiser and kaiserin were much touched and a command was given that the relic should be placed under glass and framed, so that it might be hung where the kaiser could always see it.

Light Housekeeping.

"You advertised for a girl for light housekeeping and—"

"Well, this is the lightest house in the vicinity. It may be bigger than some of the others, but it's a frame house, while they're all stone or brick."

Wages of London Bill Posters.

London billposters struck for \$3.25 per week, fifty-three hours to constitute a week's work.

It is not necessary to hang up a code of some laws in the house where love is dwelling.