

Items of Greater or Lesser Importance Over the State.

Ponce citizens pulled off a wolf hunt on Thanksgiving day.

In a short time Fairbury will have four additional school rooms for the accommodation of pupils.

The Union Pacific is experimenting with the dispatching of trains by telephone between North Platte and Sidney.

Fifteen bushels of fish of all sizes and varieties were caught in an overflow pond near DeWitt by a bunch of boys.

Rev. Mr. Guernsey pastor of the Baptist church at Wymore, has tendered his resignation, to take effect December 1.

George W. Hawke, one of the oldest and best known residents of Nebraska City, died last week. He was born near Malvern, Carroll county, Ohio.

There will be a meeting of the Commercial club in Hastings to consider a proposition for the establishment of a Catholic girls' academy in that city.

Within a few days all trains between North Platte and Sidney will be dispatched by telephone. This will be the first attempt of the kind on the Union Pacific.

The Merrick County Corn Show, held in Central City, was a most successful affair, both from the standpoint of attendance and the quantity and quality of the exhibits.

Every member of the Custer County bar, regardless of party, is petitioning Governor Sheldon to appoint J. R. Dean of Broken Bow to one of the vacancies on the supreme bench.

Farmers should all have telephones. Write to us and learn how to get the best service for the least money. Nebraska Telephone Company, 18th and Douglas streets, Omaha. "Use the Bell."

The government, says a Valentine dispatch, is paying the Rosebud Indians \$150,000. The payment began some time Friday and will continue until about the 25th. Each Indian receives \$29.75 this time.

While burning rubbish, Miss Sophie Muelich, a well known young woman of Schuyler, had her dress catch fire. She was badly burned on her arms and body. Her dress was almost completely burned off her back.

Herman F. Limback, who committed suicide in the Commercial hotel at Wathena, Kan., was a former resident of Beatrice, having been engaged in the mercantile business in that city in 1885 before removing to Lincoln.

The preliminary hearing in the murder case of the State of Nebraska vs. Emery Matthews, charged with killing David Fisher on the night of November 7, was held at the court house in Lexington, and the defendant was held to the district court in a bond of \$2,500.

The large barn on the Lee farm, eight miles southwest of Friend, with twenty tons of hay, 1,000 bushels of wheat, 400 bushels of oats, a lot of farm machinery and a set of harness was burned. The farm was occupied by Mr. Thorne. The loss was partly covered by insurance.

The Misses Hasson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hasson, who formerly resided in Scribner, but are now living at Seattle, Wash., are teaching school under Uncle Sam's flag, thousands of miles from one another. One of the young ladies is teaching at Valdez, Alaska. The other is at Ponce, Porto Rico.

Charles Grote, a well-known farmer living twelve miles northeast of Huntley, was killed by a vicious bull. He leaves a wife and nine children. A desperate fight had evidently ensued, as Mr. Grote had carried a wagon rod with him, and it was near him when he was found dead. It was badly bent. This is the second accident of this kind in the county in the last six months.

As the Highline train pulled into Holdrege the other night a man named Sam Dunmire of Minden expired before he could leave the train. He had been up into the western part of the state showing land he had for sale and was returning home, accompanied by the parties with whom he had made a deal. When he dropped dead he was leaving the car to make the change for Minden.

While the Burlington train was standing at the station of Milford at noon, and while the station agent was on the depot platform, someone broke in the door of the station office and took \$80 in money. After the train had gone the loss was discovered and the train was met at Seward by the sheriff, who searched the passengers, but none was found with the money in his possession.

A man was found dead in the undergrowth along the north channel of the Platte river, about a quarter of a mile northeast of where the main bridge crosses the main river at Gothenburg. The body was that of a Japanese laborer, who must have been murdered and hauled to the spot and thrown into the undergrowth, where few people ever go, unless for wild grapes or plums.

In the case of the State against Ragan, charged with assaulting Rev. Frank Miller of Lincoln on the streets of Utica last March the jury at Seward returned a verdict of guilty and Judge Good will sentence Ragan at the next session of the court, December 3.

The Nance county farmers institute will convene in Fullerton December 3 and 4. To promote interest in the event the merchants of the city, under the auspices of the Commercial club, are offering prizes for various corn exhibits. The instructors of the institute will act as judges.

DR. FURNIVALL'S SOLUTION OF THE COLTER "CABIN" MYSTERY

By DR. GEORGE F. BUTLER and HERBERT ILSLEY

Insane Hospital Houses Lad While Unjustly Accused Are Released from Jail on Findings of Great Detective.

A VERY short, stout, sailor-appearing man, clean-shaven and wearing a fitless slop-shop suit of blue, with a rusty stovepipe hat on his head and a canvas bag in his hand, came rolling up the street, and after looking hesitatingly around at the numerous lodging-house signs in the windows of the neighborhood, started briskly up the steps of No. 112 and pressed the button.

"Mum," he said to the elderly woman who opened the door, "I see by these here notices that you hev rooms to let, and as that's what I'm arter I kinder called I'd gin ye a call. How much be they?"

He abstracted a huge roll of bills from his trousers pocket and thrust them bunglingly into her hand.

"Do what ye can for me on that," he continued. "Count it out and see what's in it. 'Twas 300 when I skinned her over, and I cal'lated 'twould do. Stow the ditty-box under the berth and 'long 'bout eight bells I'll drift back and kinder tidy things up a bit for night. Good-day, mum!"

He gave his hat an awkward pull and waddled off hurriedly, leaving the lodging-mistress red in the face and short of breath with the surprise of her life.

"Save us, there's wan man for youse!" she gasped, following him with amazed eyes as he stumped down the street on his short legs, the huge trousers flopping in the wind, the rusty hat pulled down to his ears and the coat-sleeves dangling to within an inch of the tips of his stubby fingers.

At noon the queer lodger returned, received his key and was shown to his quarters. Pausing on the threshold he turned to Mrs. Tull, the flesh of his face packed like hard putty, as immobile as a board, his unliking eyes staring into her own.

"Mum," he said in voice like a fog-horn, "my name is Colter, Cap'n Joshua S. Colter. This here is my cabin. D'ye see? 'Tis mine for my twelvemonth. Ontil that time is up I cal'late I'm the size myself to load it clean to the skylight, and I don't never 'low to hev no petticoats fussin' up any vessel o' mine. I'll swab the docks and trim sails myself, and now you c'n go below and stay there. Show your fingerhead on my companionway agin without orders and I'll shove ye plumb overboard through the porthole."

At 11 o'clock the next morning, when she heard him bulkily descending the stairs, she stood in the back-parlor doorway to observe him, but had the doughty captain chanced to look that way he could have seen nothing but the tip of an inquisitive nose and the toe of a large boot. It was the same on the second and third mornings, but on the fourth the captain did not appear at 11 o'clock as usual. She felt some uneasiness over this fact, which grew greater when the next day also he remained invisible. For more than 48 hours not a sound had issued from his room. She waited until the next noon, and then, all remaining as quiet as the houses of the dead, she ventured up to the head of the stairs and stood a moment gazing steadfastly at the closed door of the mysterious "cabin."

Always at this stage of reflection, with persons of Ann Tull's grade of mind and experience, the police begin to figure. And within ten minutes afterward she was standing on the stairs pointing out to an inspector and a plain-clothes man the door behind which lurked some dark secret, she was sure.

"Looks to me as if he had run," said the inspector. "How much was he into you, Mrs. Tull?"

"Not wan cent. I know me business. 'Tis in advance I always do be getting it from strange wans."

"Well, I don't see as there's anything for us here," remarked the inspector taking a last look around. "Lock up the room and keep the key till his time is out, or till he comes back. But if anything more turns up let us know at the station." Then he went away with his man.

At eight o'clock a young lithographer, who with his brother, a house-painter, occupied the room directly over the captain's, came jumping down the stairs, and tearing the kitchen door open rushed upon Mrs. Tull, and putting his hands on her shoulders began to sob, crying brokenly:

"Oh, I am sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it. Then it will be all right, for nobody

will ever know the difference. He had no friends to come asking for him."

"Lud's sake alive, what's all this?"

"The—cap'n!" he stammered. "We was playin' cards—in his room—me and Jim. He said Jim nipped on purpose, and Jim hit him."

"Was he looking. Jist, when Jim struck?" she asked, cynically.

"We didn't think at first he was hurt much," he replied whiningly. "But he didn't get up, and when we went to lift him we saw he was gone and—"

"Stop!"

She put out one of her great raw-



"Oh, I'm sorry, I am sorry! It was Jim and me that done it."

boned powerful hands and forced him into a chair. Then she noiselessly closed the kitchen door and returning stood ponderous and threatening before him.

"What at all d'yees mane by 'gone'?" she asked in a voice that frightened him with its strength of repressed ferocity.

"I m-mean he—he was—dead!" he stammered, his face as white as chalk.

"What did yees do wid—it?" Her body was trembling now, her voice broke huskily, and the black eyes blazed.

"We took him down stairs—and—and—over to the—the river—"

With grim-set lips and without a word she threw a shawl over her head and marched the self-confessed criminal to the police station. There he told his story again, in greater detail, but essentially as he had given it to her. As he was finishing Jim was brought in by the two office men who had been hastily dispatched for

him. Physically he was a good duplicate of his brother, of slight build, fair-complexioned, with a face of average intelligence now distorted with fear. He looked at the speaker shrinkingly, and as the last words of the confession left his lips and he became silent, said to his brother:

"For God's sake, Britt, what have you been saying?"

"I couldn't help it, Jim," answered Britt, miserably. "I was goin' crazy, and had to let it out. Something forced me to, I don't know what. I had to speak. But I thought she'd hide us. I didn't suppose she'd go

man of 60, with shrewd black and snappy eyes, evidently a farmer in his Sunday clothes, called on Dr. Furnivall.

"Wal," he said, his eyes searching the floor as if for words, "my name is Alfred Greely, and I live in Winchester. I've got two boys in this here city, and one on 'em says they—they killed a man, and 'other says they didn't. It don't look noways reasonable to me that either on 'em could do sech a thing, they hed sech a good bringin' up by their mother, but they've ben away from home a purty considerable time now, and p'aps they got inter-

"Not as ever I heard on," he answered.

The bars of the cell-door loomed inexorably between them, but the old man advanced, strengthened perhaps by a thought of the gray old mother and wife at home, and stoutly thrusting his arm to the elbow between the cold iron rods wrung his boy's hand.

"You needn't open the door, O'Leary," said Dr. Furnivall to the turnkey. "At any rate not yet. Remain here and remember what passes. Britt, if that is your name, come forward where we can see you. There! Now tell us when you first saw Capt. Colter?"

"I saw him Tuesday night, the first time—and then again Friday night. That was when we done it."

"How did your brother come to strike him?"

From the moment when his eyes first became settled in those of Dr. Furnivall the expression of his face began to change—from self-consciousness to nervousness, to perplexity, to surprise, to earnestness, and finally, as he interrupted himself to ask the question, to deep and absorbed thought. And almost instantly he continued, in the inflectionless tones of a long-dead man:

"I never saw Cap'n Colter in my life!"

The father uttered an exclamation of eagerness mingled with amazement, but Dr. Furnivall motioned for silence.

"Tell me," he said to the prisoner, "why you said you and your brother had done this thing?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever do violence to anybody, you or your brother either?"

"No sir—we never hurt anybody."

"You like to read about people being hurt, in the accident columns, and in stories, don't you? '... such things distasteful to you?"

"I read all I can get about them."

"Do you ever feel queer in the head—depressed or confused, or as if you wanted to get away from yourself?"

"I'm whirly-headed often, and I can't think sometimes. My head aches a good deal—go out in the night and run it off."

"That's all. Come, Mr. Greely, we'll have them out of here sooner or later. There's a large ball of red tape to unwind and we'll begin at once."

"But," faltered the bewildered old man, his mind torn by relief and puzzlement, "if they never done nothin' of the kind how in natur—how—what did he say so for?"

Dr. Furnivall did not wish just yet to inform this loyal old father that his son was afflicted with insane errand tendencies, of a class to which self-inculcative confessions, wholly false, are so common that Quintilian held a suspicion of insanity to be inherent in all confessions. He wished to see the boy again and decide what would best be done with him. He had suspected from the first that this brother and not the other was the afflicted one, if either of them were, the fit of Jim in the police station being merely a natural faint induced by the horror of his position.

Two nights later Ann Tull was startled out of her sleep in the back-parlor by a sound in the room overhead, the cabin of mystery. Her feet struck the floor with the suddenness of thought, and goaded by the multitudinous superstitions honestly inherited from generations of wild-headed ancestry, she plunged into her clothes and flew around the corner to the police station. Two officers heard her news and hastily accompanied her back. They crept softly up the stairs, the door of the "cabin" was wide open and the captain stood shaving before the mirror.

The captain looked at the policemen. He showed no surprise. On the contrary he began to address them at once as if he had been expecting this visit, explaining in short, vigorous and forceful phrases that his daughter wished him to live on the farm with her and her husband, while he wished to continue going to sea a little longer. A compromise had been effected by his taking this room near the water where he could get a sight of it when he liked, and inhale its odors, and nevertheless might be whirled in a half hour by train to his daughter in the country. That was where he had just been.

The next morning Dr. Furnivall called on the captain and accompanied him to the district attorney's office. The result was that before night the Greely boys were released. Britt, however, only exchanged the jail for an insane hospital, where he remains to-day.

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