

# SPRING - AND - SUMMER - GOODS!

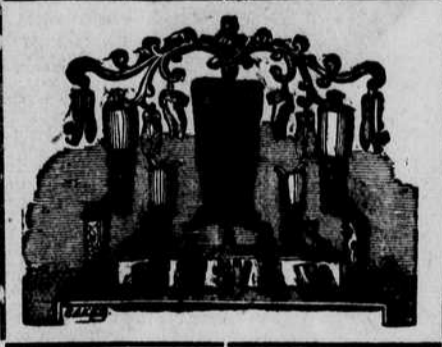
IF YOU WANT TO GO WHERE YOU CAN GET THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY DON'T FORGET

## SULLIVAN'S TRADE PALACE.

### SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS ON ALL SUMMER GOODS,

in order to give everybody a chance to get a new suit for the summer, the poor as well as the rich. In Dress Goods I have an abundance of the latest styles and in light Suitings the latest pattern the market can afford, ranging in price to suit every customer. Also a large assortment of Dress Goods of all kinds. This department embraces the largest stock carried by any store in the Elkhorn Valley, and the prices cannot be beaten in the State.

**MY BOOT AND SHOE** department is second to none west of the Missouri river. Come and investigate and you will be convinced. Where else can you get a Woman's Grain Button Shoe for \$1.10 a pair? The same shoe is sold elsewhere for \$1.50 a pair. I have the Largest and Best collection of Fine Shoes and Fancy Slippers to be found in the country. You will have no trouble to procure a fit, having such a large stock to select from.



**MY CLOTHING** department is the most complete assortment in the Elkhorn Valley. Having recently made some very large purchases in Philadelphia I am enabled to sell at less than the old prices. I sell no goods except for CASH, or in exchange for produce which I can use to advantage. You will save money by examining my prices before buying your Spring and Summer goods. I will give you special prices on all goods during this month.

## SULLIVAN'S TRADE PALACE, O'NEILL, NEB. M. M. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

### BY THE GUILLOTINE.

FIRST CENTENNIAL OF THAT WEAPON OF DEATH.

WAS FIRST USED IN PARIS IN 1792.

And Has Served to Rid That Country of Kings, Queens, and Patriots, as Well as Criminals—The First Victim Was an Editor.

La Guillotine, La Guillotine, my instrument of death. La Guillotine, La Guillotine sends patriots to rest. So wrote a French patriot just one



**PELLITIER, THE FIRST VICTIM.** hundred years ago. A few minutes later he was led to the Place de Greives, Paris, where he paid the penalty of his offense against the despotic laws of the France of that dark and terrible period. Another patriot said to his royal executioners a few days later: "I die while the people of France are mad; you will die when they recover their senses." Then the knife fell and the patriot's head rolled over into the basket where many had gone before it. But his death sentence was carried out. It was not long afterwards that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were led



**DR. GUILLOTIN.** to the same spot and beheaded by the same identical process. "If the people of France have recovered their senses

may they not retain them long," said Queen Marie to her executioners as she bowed to the will of the infuriated populace. As her decapitated head was lifted from the basket a calm, sweet smile seemed to control her features.

It is strange that Marie Antoinette should become one of the victims of the instrument of death that she was the first to advocate. Many interesting questions have arisen as to the origin of the guillotine. This month being the first centennial of its existence, new interest has arisen. Many have been led to suppose that the guillotine is named after its inventor. This supposition is inaccurate. The first inventor of the guillotine was one Dr. Louis of the Academie of Science and Medics, who witnessed the execution of Damiens on the wheel. The shocking death induced Dr. Louis to introduce a more humane means of death. He accordingly struck upon the guillotine and gave it that name because one Dr. Guillotine condemned it as not attendant with sufficient horror. Dr. Guillotine was afterwards permitted to test its horrors as a victim, he having been executed a few days after Louis and Marie Antoinette. The first man ever executed by the then new process was, we are sorry to confess, a newspaper editor by the name of Pellitier. He was convicted of highway robbery and treason to the throne. The accompanying por-



**THE FIRST GUILLOTINING.** trait of the man is from a painting in the Paris Salon.

Various improvements have been introduced into guillotining in the last hundred years. The first knife was of iron and often failed to sever the head at the first fall. Finally a steel knife was introduced which did good work. Following fast on its introduction in France the guillotine became popular in Germany, England and Scotland. The first victim in the last named country was the Duke of Argyle, in 1685. It was superseded by Halifax gibbet and then by the scaffold and rope. Lords and Dukes were put to death with marvelous rapidity by its process. In Ireland forty persons were once decapitated in less than twenty minutes.

During the Napoleonic regime the guillotine was made the legal method of execution throughout France. The law making it so has never changed,

but the present sentiment of the Republic is against it. It is quite likely that within the next few years its usefulness will have vanished from history forever.

#### RELIEF IN THE GRAVE.

**The Toes of a Dismembered Limb Were Crossed and Caused Deep Pain.**

A few weeks ago John Bonker, a Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad fireman, had a leg mangled while switching cars at Boonville, Mo. The limb was amputated and buried in Boonville. For some time he improved rapidly, and then a feeling that the absent limb was in its accustomed place overtook him.

A sensation of deep pain in the foot troubled him night and day. He was unable to sleep at nights. The pain increased, and yesterday his father visited Boonville, opened the grave and found that the toes of the foot were crossed.

#### WAS HE BURIED ALIVE?

**Evidence That Private Deviney Met a Horrible Death in His Grave.**

A ghastly sight met the eyes of parties engaged in removing the remains of a soldier from Fort Lowell to the National cemetery the other day. The evidences were plain that James Deviney, a member of E Troop, Fourth Cavalry, who died there four years ago, was buried alive. The head of the body was turned over to the left, and the right arm lying straight down by the side. The left arm was thrown over the left thigh and the lower limbs were crossing each other. From the appearance and position of the lower jaw and portions of the face, which were yet intact, it is clear that animation returned after burial, and that he subsequently died in great agony. Deviney's supposed death was caused by a kick from a mule.

The principle that the farther the team is placed from the load the greater the force required to move it has been pretty well proven. I saw a practical application of this principle the other day. The hind wheels of a wagon had dropped into a deep rut and the team was unable to move it, though pulling honestly and well. The driver finally shortened the traces and slipped the neckyoke back on the pole, hitching the horses as closely as possible to the wagon and still allowing them to work freely. The result was that a good strong pull moved the wagon out of the hole. When hitched "long" a part of the power was expended in pulling against the front side of the rut. When the hitch was shortened there was no energy wasted and the force was upward and forward so that every pound counted. There is an immense amount of energy wasted every year because this principle is not understood as well as it should be. The closer the team is attached to the load the less is the work necessary to move it. Not half the teams seen in the country are hitched so they can work to the best advantage. — Stockman and Farmer.

### THEY DWELL IN CAVES

MOUNTAIN OUTLAWS OF THE JERSEY COAST

WHO STAND BETWEEN GREATER CRIMINALS AND THE LAW.

The Magnitude of Their Offenses Justifying Coming to Light—The Abduction of Women Is Part of Their Business—History of a Dangerous Gang.

The city of Orange, N. J., is the headquarters of all the bad characters of New York, Brooklyn and Boston, who find in its vicinity serene seclusion from the authorities. The mountains south of West Orange are thickly wooded and contain many cavities that have been utilized by criminals for



**THE LIZARD'S CAVE.**

many years. The Lizards, a famous band of thugs of the lower order, have held possession of the caves for many years. It is a local organization. When a gang of safe crackers come to the caves from the big cities just after working a big haul they are required to divide the spoils in return for protection from the police. The plan works admirably for both parties to the contract.

Many attempts have been made to break up the Lizards but signal failure characterized them all. The gang are masters of the situation and have been since their organization several years ago. They still have all their provisions and cavern utensils as well. It is not an unusual sight to see a wagon load of hypotheated furnishings unloaded in close proximity to the caverns. The farmers as well as the respectable residents of Orange are in constant dread. A woman would not walk the roads alone. Mrs. Charles Klinger of Orange, who was recently terribly assaulted by the gang, was the third victim within a month. Lilly Cavanaugh and Nellie Ryan, who are mysteriously missing from their homes in West Orange, are believed to have been abducted by the Lizards.

The gang was organized on Jan. 7, 1885, when Michael, alias "Sleepy" Burke, James Edmonson, a wayward young man of good family, and Pat McKonne, the present leader, stole a keg of beer in Orange and carried it into the mountain. The police traced

the young fellows and caught them drinking the beer. The worst that could be said against the prisoners at that time was that they were a shiftless lot of good-for-nothings. Their sentences were light, and after they had been liberated they found a secluded cave in Wilmerding's woods, just off the Northfield road, which runs up the side of the mountain, fitted it up as a rendezvous, and used it for a hiding place for whatever they could steal. The disappearance of the young men from the local bar-rooms was commented upon by everybody, and West Orange thought that it had rid itself of three very undesirable residents. Shortly afterward, however, stores and houses in Orange and West Orange were broken into nightly, and hundreds of dollars' worth of goods were stolen. The police had no difficulty in tracing the burglaries to the three young men in the mountain, but the capturing of them was another thing. Shiftless characters in the neighborhood joined the men, and a regular gang was formed. Owing to their habits and modes of living, the residents called them "Lizards."

When three places had been entered by burglars in one night the residents organized a posse to find the Lizards, located them in an abandoned hut, back from the road and in the wildest part of the mountain, and arrested five men, including Edmonson. All were tried and sent to prison for two years and a half each, but were pardoned before they had served half the time. That was a severe blow to the Lizards, and they disbanded for a time. After coming out of jail Edmonson went to work in a hat factory, but he gave up his job soon to reorganize the Lizards. That was about two years ago. The gang found a new cave, and began operations on an extensive scale. For



**SIMEON HARRISON'S BARN**

a time Edmonson had luck, but one night he was arrested for stealing a horse from Samuel Jones of Orange. His family furnished bail, and he was liberated. When he left the jail he remarked to his late keeper: "I'll never be taken alive by the police again. If they should catch me again it would mean one or two deaths, probably the latter."

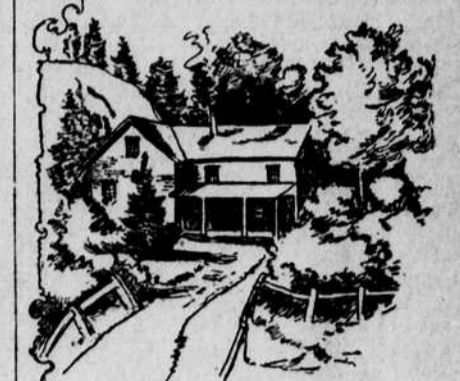
Edmonson was arrested two days later while stealing a clock and while in a cell was visited by his mother. He asked her for a drink of water and she handed it to him in a tin cup. He emptied a white powder in it and drank it. That night he had convulsions and was removed to the Memorial hospital in Orange, where he died a few days later.

Since Edmonson's death his lieutenant, Pat McKonne, a wicked young loafer, has been at the head of the

Lizards. He has kept them quiet, and, beyond one or two small robberies, they were not very aggravating during the past winter.

In the Orange Mountains are places that are as wild as the wildest outlaw could wish for, and the Lizards are located in one of them. They have a cave in the side of the mountain that is hidden from view by trees and vines. A casual observer would ride by the place a dozen times a day and never note anything out of the ordinary, but a little poking in and out among the vines will soon disclose to view a good-sized hole surrounded by rocks. That is the Lizards' cave, and in it they expect to store away a lot of plunder this summer. The road beside it is old and used seldom. About half a mile from the cave is a barroom in a little wood and stone hut that is frequented by the gang. Whether its proprietor is a Lizard or not is not known, but it is a fact that the Lizards were seen there frequently. It is a ramshackle affair. The foundation is of stone, and granite blocks, rudely mortared together, form the first three or four feet of the walls of the building. The rest is logs and rough boards, making the building in its wild location a picturesque object.

Simeon Harrison, an eccentric old character, whose grandfather purchased almost all of Essex county from the Indians more than 150 years ago, died about a year ago. In his will he put aside enough money to keep in order a big barn for the accommodation of stray tramps. The Lizards take advantage of that, and from two to ten of them sleep in the barn every night. They drink, fight, and raise tremendous disturbances, annoying everybody in the vicinity, and allow only their own friends to sleep in the barn. The policemen have been pet-



**THE BAR-ROOM.**

tioned to put them out of the place, or at least to keep them quiet, but nothing has been done.

**Sign of the Cross.** There is a usage general in France that bread before being cut must be marked with the sign of the cross. The neglect of so marking the bread is supposed to involve misfortune. In Lille to step on bread is a blameworthy act. It is a common superstition that the falling of a piece of bread on the buttered side is fatal to luck.

#### A Confederate General's Unmarked Grave.

The people of Galveston are endeavoring to raise money to build a monument to the memory of Gen. Bankhead Magruder. The remains of that distinguished confederate chief now lie in the Galveston cemetery without even a marble headstone to mark the grave.