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SUPPLEMENT



THEY COME FROM ALL QUARTERS,
MY BORN AND MY DAUGHTERS,
RESPONDING TO LIBERTY'S CALL.
THEY'RE ALL MY RELATIONS,
THOUGH BORN OF ALL NATIONS,
TODAY THEY'RE AMERICANS ALL.



New York's First Fourth.

Knowledge of the act and a copy of the Declaration of Independence reached New York on the 9th of July. Orders were given to have the brigades formed on the parade grounds at 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Within a hollow square, which occupied what is now the city hall park, between the city hall and the postoffice building, Washington sat on horseback, while one of his aids read the document that declared the colonies free and independent states. The soldiers welcomed the announcement with cheers, there was general rejoicing throughout the city, and the poor debtors were released from prison to join in the festivities.

The Marvelous Success.

The constitution of the United States now virtually rules almost the entire western continent, and the peoples of Europe, as they attain greater freedom, now look to us for precedents and model and adapt their institutions, so far as they are able under existing conditions, after ours. The true glory of America is becoming manifest to all the world; and the Declaration, whose 113th anniversary we will soon celebrate, is the universal charter of freedom.

He Was Competent.

"Gentlemen," he said to the town committee on fireworks, "if you want any one to take charge of the village display this eve, I'm your man."

"I don't know," muttered the chairman. "It's a dangerous undertaking for one man. What are your qualifications? Ain't you afraid of getting hurt?"

"Not much. For three years I was a baseball umpire."

"You're engaged."

There was a fresh youngster from Skye,
Who tried the Fourth of July
To jam in his pocket
An undersized rocket,
He has gone to the sweet by and by.

A grand washerwomen's competition has been held at Bouvet, on the shores of Lake Geneva, between French and Swiss laundresses. Two of the champion washerwomen of Paris appeared to represent their country, and one, Mlle. Lefevre, aged 19, won the first prize. A banquet wound up a day such as the lake had never witnessed.

The Welsh newspapers announce the death of William Jones, of Tynce, Swansea valley, the oldest inhabitant in the principality. Deceased is said to have attained the remarkable age of 110 years, which also agrees with the record in the parish register at Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, where the veteran was born. The greater part of his life was spent in the army, and he was one of the heroes of the battle of Waterloo.

They tell of a judge in Bennington, Vt., who, having spoken of buying a wife, was interviewed by two rival agents, each of whom had so much to say in favor of his own particular wife that the judge was quite at a loss to decide which to buy. In a happy moment he thought of buying a wife, whom he had himself sentenced, and going to the jail he obtained this expert safe breaker's opinion, and then gave the order.

The census of 1880 will furnish information which no other federal census has yielded relating to the recorded indebtedness of the people. The idea is to present statistics showing the extent of the private indebtedness of record and the form in which it exists—namely, whether in real estate or mortgages, debts otherwise secured, or in general indebtedness through notes and bills payable.

OCDS AND ENDS.

English fakirs paint sparrows yellow and sell them for canaries.

Smoking during service is said to be customary in some of the rural churches in Holland.

A German peasant has been detected in tapping a telegraph wire to cure his rheumatism.

The first custom house in New England was established in Boston in 1680, with Edward Randolph as commissioner.

In the county of London there are sixty-five theatres and 500 music halls, and they provide accommodation for 320,000 persons.

In 1698, under the authority of the board of trade and plantations, was set up the first court of chancery in New York.

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveler just returned from abroad.—Swift.

To have flower gardens in front of the school houses is a movement agitated in some of the Maine towns. A good way to teach botany.

Some mischievous youngster hung a placard on the back of a bench occupied by a pair of lovers in the park last Sunday. The placard read: "Will move about July 1."—Burlington Free Press.

The Japanese government has engaged two German lawyers in Berlin to proceed to Tokyo and reframe the Japanese penal code to conform to the German instead of the French code, as now.

A Canadian paper figures that in the event of a war between England and the United States it would last at least five years, and that 1,500,000 men would be killed.

Turks and Arabs and dancing bears have become so numerous in the south that the cities and towns are passing special ordinances to deal with them and make all hands dance.

It is estimated that at present there are from 6,500 to 7,000 electric motors in use in the United States for stationary power. The number in this business is rapidly increasing.

Very few consumers of wheat products are aware of the fact that crackers are the oldest form of bread. Fragments of unfornished cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the neolithic age.

The charge for ascending the Eiffel tower is five francs, or one dollar in our money. The receipts are already large, and a considerable proportion comes from American and English people desirous of acquainting themselves with high life.

Few persons have any idea of the magnitude of the investments of English and Scotch capitalists in the United States. They hold railway bonds to the extent of \$150,000,000, yielding at the average rate of 4 1/2 per cent. an annual income of \$6,750,000. Ordinary railway shares are held to the amount of about \$100,000,000.

How George Won Her.

"It grieves me to give you pain, Mr. Ferguson, but I fear it can never be. Try, try to forget me."

"I'll try, Miss Laura," replied the young man, in a melancholy, hopeless way. "Absorbed in the vortex of business, as I shall be henceforth, I may be able to still the clamor of my aching heart and banish your sweet image from my mind."

"Then you contemplate going into business?"

"I have made arrangements," he said, in a hollow voice, "to open a large retail confectionery store."



"O, George!" exclaimed the beautiful girl, wildly, as she flung herself into his arms, "the sight of your suffering is more than I can bear. I am yours!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Genuine Surprise.
Madden—Are you the fellow that stole my umbrella?
Snagit—Yes, why? Do you want it?
Madden (aghast)—No, keep it, and I'll send over the cover today.—The Epoch.

A Sentence Commuted.
"I thought, young man, that I told you not to stir out of the yard today," said a stern parent, "and here you are down town."
"Ma'am has commuted my sentence to doin' errands for her."—Hartford Post.

Literature's Decline.
Great Publisher looking over a manuscript—Your language is not as flowing as formerly.
Great Author (apologetically)—I wrote that on a typewriter.—Philadelphia Press.

The Composition of a Face.
Tubbs—I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face.
Grubbs—Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors.—Burlington Free Press.

Lots Like Him.
Wales—I suppose women are all alike. My wife is always coming to me for money.
Albert—What does she do with it?
Wales—She doesn't do anything with it. I never give her any.—Boston Beacon.

He Even Reads the P. S. Twice.
No young woman can write a letter without a postscript, but the young man who gets the letter never sees to mind.—Journal of Education.

THE FLAG AND ITS MAKER.

CAPT. SAMUEL CHESTER REID, OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

He Was the Man Who Gave the Stars and Stripes the Character They Finally Assumed, and Here You May Read of Him and His Work.

Capt. Samuel Chester Reid, of New York city, was the man who gave the United States flag its final character, and his wife and her lady assistants made the first one. As is well known, the original flag adopted at the formation of the government differed somewhat in the arrangement of colors from the one now in use, and congress, having no adequate idea of the rapid increase of states, provided for a new stripe in the flag for each new state. The admission of Indiana, in 1816, brought the number up to nineteen, and the display of so many stripes evidently marred the symmetry of the flag; so, on the 4th of April, 1818, President Monroe approved the act of congress fixing the number of stripes at thirteen, for the original states, and a star for each of all the states, the whole forming a large star in a blue field. At 2 p. m. of April 13, 1818, this flag, made by Mrs. Reid, was first displayed over the hall of the house of representatives.

Congressman Peter H. Wendover, of New York, was chairman of the house committee charged with the duty of designing the new flag, and as such consulted Capt. Reid, then at the height of his fame as a naval officer; the captain naturally thought of a flag most suitable for naval display, and all who see the Stars and Stripes streaming from the mast of an American ship must admit that his conception was perfect. He drew the plan of the flag exactly as it is, and Mr. Wendover was so pleased with it that he commissioned Capt. Reid to have one made in New York. Mrs. Reid (daughter of Capt. Nathan Jennings, of Connecticut, who served through the entire revolution) at once called in her most deft fingered lady friends and in a few days the lovely silk banner was on its way to Washington.

It reached there April 13, and was, as aforesaid, immediately unfurled over the representatives' end of the Capitol. In his letter of that date acknowledging the receipt of the flag Congressman Wendover said: "Mr. Clay the speaker, says it is wrong that there should be no charge in your bill for the making of the flag. If pay for that will be acceptable, on being informed I will procure it."

The revolutionary daughter and her helpers declined all pay.

Samuel Chester Reid was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1783, and died in New York city Jan. 28, 1861, only three years after being retired from the naval service. He had served in the navy all his active life, had borne an honorable part in many battles, and had won what was perhaps the most extraordinary naval victory of the war, all things considered.

On the 20th of September, 1814, the American brig Gen. Armstrong, of 240 tons, entered the harbor of Fayal, in the Azores, and was caught there by the British Plantagenet, of 74 guns, the Rota, of 88 guns, and the brig Carnation, of 18 guns. As the commodore, in command of the first, and the fleet, desired to take the American vessel without injury and use it for a transport, he sent four armed boats for the purpose, not expecting that the Yankees would be rash enough to resist. He did, however, and repulsed the boats with considerable loss.

That night, the sky being clear and the moon at full, the British commodore sent fourteen barges and launches, containing 400 picked officers and men, with full supply of swivels, carronades, blunderbusses and side arms. Capt. Reid had but ninety officers and men, but he had the advantage of the brig's deck and concentration of force when the British tried to board. The result was a battle of extraordinary severity and desperation.

Again and again boarding parties of British reached the deck of the brig and were beaten off. The losses on both sides were terrible. Knowing that his vessel must be captured at last, Capt. Reid exchanged a few shots with the British next day, then fired his guns through the bottom of his own vessel, and as it began to sink he and his men jumped over and swam ashore. The governor of Fayal had the figurehead of the "Gen. Armstrong" in big image of the general himself placed over the north gate of the town, and the people, supposing it to be the image of a new American saint, called it "El Santo Americano," and crossed themselves devoutly as they passed under it.

Something Saved.
Solon was the name of a certain old colored man, who was so named, perhaps, for his want of wisdom. His observations were scarcely as weighted with knowledge as the words of his namesake, the wise man of Greece. One day Solon heard one of the men on the plantation say:

"There's a man down on the Rogers plantation who has just had his thigh amputated."

"What's dat—amputated?" asked Solon.

"Why, cut off."

"Am dat so? Dat's a pity, abo! But dey's one great consolation for de poor man; if he can't had de thigh amputated he done got de knee and de foot left fer to walk wid!"—Youth's Companion.

The Pig and the Cow.
A pig having fallen into a pit set up a loud squealing for help, and the cow came running to see what was the matter. In her anxiety to be of service she caved the bank in on the pig and smothered him.

"Alas!" he gasped with his dying breath, "had I called in the Bear, who is my Enemy, I should have been no worse off!"

Moral: It's about as even thing whether you call the Doctor or the Lawyer.—Detroit Free Press.



CAPT. S. C. REID.

TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Before he put his thought into execution he was seized with a wild desire to see Leoni.

"She is my wife, and I love her—God knows how well—and she loves me. I must see her once more."

He hurried off to West Tenth street, but only to find that she was not at home. Her mother thought she had gone to see a member of the corps de ballet who was suffering from a sprained ankle, and had no idea when she would return. Signora Cella would not have told John even if she had known, for she was indignant that he had neglected Leoni for so long after having paid such serious court to her. John left the house in a very unhappy state of mind; but he could not bear to tear himself away from a spot hallowed by its associations with Leoni. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the street for an hour, and Signora Cella, who watched him from her window, was touched by the hopeless expression of his face. She was just going to raise the step and call him over to wait for Leoni, when he turned suddenly and almost ran up the street. His thoughts were tearing so wildly through his brain that he hardly knew what he was doing.

A few moments later he found himself at the stage door of the Academy of Music. He stood there a while and watched the groups of chorus singers as they lounged against the iron railing and talked over their little troubles. He thought of Leoni in a confused sort of way; and then he started off on a brisk walk for his rooms. Antonio was out—gone to eat a dish of spaghetti with a fellow countryman—and the place was quiet as the grave, and as lonesome. John sat down in front of a large picture of Leoni, and gazed longingly at it; then he walked over to it and kissed the cold glass that covered the bright young face.

"Ah, my darling, if you only knew what a state of mind your husband is in you would be here by his side; but, dear girl, you don't know, and it's just as well that you don't."

Then he got up and went to his bathroom and took a bath, and dressed himself in fresh linen, and put on a suit of clothes that Leoni particularly liked. Walking up to the long mirror that hung between the front windows, he looked at himself from head to heels.

"Not a bad looking fellow, as fellows go," he said softly to himself; "it's a pity to kill him. But why not? He's only a cumber of the earth. You wouldn't think him such a bad fellow to look at him, but he's a rascal—a born rascal. Ah, there it is; it was born in him. But where did it come from? His father was the most upright of men—his mother" (his voice trembled)—"his mother a saint on earth; yet their son is an outlaw, only out of jail because he hasn't been captured. He is an unhappy wretch, and has made all his friends unhappy, and he is going to put a final touch to their unhappiness. Yes, it's got to come, John Hurlstone; there's only one way to cut this knot."

Saying this, he walked over to his luxurious dressing table, deliberately opened an upper drawer, took out a silver and pearl mounted revolver, and, going over to his writing table, laid it down beside him.

"Poor Leoni! I must write her a line before I go."

He took up his pen and began to write.

"Leoni mia, my own darling, my wife, forgive me."

But he could not write another word, for his eyes were blinded with tears that ran down his cheeks and fell in scalding drops upon the paper.

"This is unmanly," he said, suddenly, springing to his feet. "Am I a woman, that I should give way like this?"

Then, crossing over to the window, he gazed out upon the street. How strange it looked! It seemed almost like a new place to him. But no; there was his landlady's little daughter playing out on the sidewalk; she looked up and smiled and he kissed his hand to her. The clerk from the drug store on the corner walked by, an ordinary, commonplace young man, but he filled John with a strange interest, for he was the last man he should see in this world. He watched him out of sight; then he took the revolver from the table and stood in front of the long mirror again. He smiled sadly as he caught sight of his own face.

"They call this a coward's act. Perhaps it is; but it takes a little courage," he said, and, placing the muzzle of the revolver close against his heart, he pulled the trigger.

A sharp report, a puff of smoke, and the body of John Hurlstone reeled backward and fell to the floor. And there,

with one arm thrown over his head, the other by his side, he lay when Antonio, who had spent the evening with his friends, came home and found him. He was cold and still, and the terrified Italian knew that he was dead.

Antonio's first impulse when he found that his master was dead was to alarm the house; but he saw by the revolver at his side that he had taken his own life, so he deemed it best to go for his brother, who he knew was connected with The Dawn. Locking the door carefully behind him, he ran with trembling limbs down into the street, and, calling a cab, bade the driver go as fast as his horse could run to the office of The Dawn.

There he learned that Rush had left the office at 6 o'clock, saying that he would not return until the next evening. Antonio knew nothing about the wedding preparations at Farmstead, and John had not intended that he should, for the man knew too much about another wedding in which his young master had figured as principal. Almost beside himself with terror and grief, Antonio drove to the Cella's to break the news of the tragedy to Leoni. In the dramatic manner of his countrymen he told his tale to the horror stricken household. Signora Cella wrung her hands and wept. Leoni seemed turned to stone. When she recovered speech she laid her hand on her mother's arm.

"Mother," said she, in Italian, "that dead man is my husband. I must go to him. Will you go with me?"

So the mother and daughter got into the cab, and Antonio, mounting the seat with the driver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sat on the box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they reached John Hurlstone's rooms. The house was still as the grave. The sleepers might have been roused by footsteps on the stairs, but that was nothing, for the second floor lodger was in the habit of coming in at all hours, sometimes alone and sometimes with friends. When Signora Cella, Leoni and Antonio reached the ante-room of John's apartment, Leoni said in a low whisper, "Where is he?" Antonio pointed to the front room. Motioning to the others to stay where they were she advanced to the door, opened it and entering, closed it behind her. The gas was blazing as Antonio had left it, and there on the floor in front of the mirror she saw the strong, manly form of her husband, stretched cold and dead. She threw herself down beside it, and taking the dead dear face in her hands, kissed the unresponsive lips and laid her cheek close to his. She did not weep; she only kissed the cold face and the lifeless hands, and petted them and murmured words of passionate endearment.

Signora Cella and Antonio became alarmed by her long absence and the stillness, and, opening the door, found Leoni stretched by her dead husband's side, as lifeless and still as he. Terror rendered them speechless. They both thought she had killed herself on the body of her husband, but, hoping against hope, Signora Cella put her hand on the girl's heart and found that it was beating; she had only fainted. They laid her on the sofa and brought her to by slow degrees; but she was still in a dazed condition. Signora Cella deemed it best to get her home before the officers of the law took possession of the place, so she and Antonio led the unresisting girl to the cab, in which she was driven home, while Antonio went to the nearest police station and gave information of the tragedy.

In a short time all was confusion in the house where John Hurlstone's body lay. The police were perfectly satisfied that it was a case of suicide, and the coroner gave his verdict to that effect. The address of the dead man's family was found among his papers, and the next morning a telegram informing them of what had occurred was dispatched to Farmstead.

CHAPTER XX.



HE oldest inhabitant of Farmstead agreed that they had never seen a more beautiful day than that which dawned on the 3d of September, 1875. The sun shone with the brilliant light of June, and the