

ROMANCES OF THE RICH.

ONE FORTUNE IN COURT AND ANOTHER IN A GRAVEYARD.

The Contest Now in Progress for Possession of the Fayerweather Millions. Where a Miser Hoards His Money—A Girl's Dash for Wealth.

Some time ago I heard a party of gentlemen, all in the prime of life and the recipients of fair salaries, discuss a question which had about it the charm of the improbable. The question was, "What would you do if you had an income of \$3,000 a year derived solely from safe investments?"



DANIEL B. FAYERWEATHER.

chateau in Spain. One man declared for unlimited travel, another for a suburban home well stocked with books and all the appurtenances of elegant leisure, a third developed social aspirations and a love for the never ending excitement of a great city, while a fourth sniffed the breeze of anticipation like an old warrior, and spoke glowingly of what he could do with the sum named as a champion of economic reform.

While these day dreamers canvassed the alluring subject in its various phases the world rolled on as usual; the struggling and scheming for wealth never ceased, and through the windows poured the noises of the street, the rattle of the wheels, the cries of the drivers, the distant roar of factories, the scream of whistles—all active testimonials to the ceaseless quest, first for existence and then for riches. They didn't know it at the moment, but they afterward learned that while they talked four scenes in the drama of fortune were being played on different stages and under strange conditions. In a court room lawyers were beginning an attempt to break the will of a millionaire; in a cemetery an old man was hiding his cherished coin; in a jail a miser was suffering punishment for too vigorous attempts at collecting, and across the country a little limbed and vigorous girl was pushing her way on foot from the Golden Gate to New York city that she might win a prize of large proportions.

When Daniel B. Fayerweather died some weeks ago the public first became aware of his great wealth. All his business life he had been a leather merchant in New York city. Those who knew the man credited him with possession of a modest fortune. This will showed that he had amassed property to the value of \$7,000,000. By the terms of the instrument comparatively small sums were left to his widow and other relatives. Colleges and hospitals were remembered to the extent of \$2,300,000, and the residue, nearly \$5,000,000, was to remain in the absolute control of three executors for no definitely specified purpose. At first Mrs. Fayerweather and the other heirs consented to probate, but afterward they withdrew their sanction, claiming not to have understood the provision by which a large share of the fortune was alienated, or rather bestowed upon people in no degree relatives of the deceased. This was the first step in a bitter legal battle to break the will and secure the distribution of the estate under the general provisions of the law. When the struggle is to end, or what portion of the deceased leather maker's millions will come into the hands of those of his own blood, are matters extremely problematical.

The romance of Mr. Fayerweather's life was simply a romance of hard work, careful saving and commercial sagacity. He was born at Stephy, Conn., in 1821, and as a lad worked on a farm. Then he learned the shoemaking trade, and on reaching his majority had saved enough money to afford a couple of terms at school. After that he peddled tinware through Virginia, and often received payment for his goods in hides. He drifted to New York city and got employment with a leather house. In time he rose to a partnership, and when the civil war broke out laid the foundations of the firm's fortunes. He thus outlined his

he buries his hoard among the tombs. This sounds like fiction, but it is fact, for only the other day when Blumfeld was arrested on a charge of stealing \$18 he declared as a proof of his innocence that he had no need to rob. Accompanied by a detective he went to the graveyard and unearthed \$1,500, which he produced in court. The justice advised him to bank his money, and he did so, but within twenty-four hours it was withdrawn and once more consigned to the earth. Pending his trial he had been two days in jail. The quarters and the food suited him so well that he begged permission to live permanently behind the bars, but as he was not a criminal the request was refused. He has a room on East Broadway for which he pays seventy-five cents a month. For food he limits himself to an expenditure of seven cents a day. Whenever he calls on his debtors he eats with them and thus cuts down expenses. He spends two evenings a week with a man who owes him for a piano, and plays the instrument as much as he chooses. Each Friday he goes to the cemetery and adds to his "pile," or takes from it if some borrower is to be accommodated. Blumfeld is 40 years of age, but his rags and dirt make him look much older. He is supposed to be worth nearly \$100,000.

Jimmy Hovey is a septuagenarian resident of Paterson, N. J. His dress and appearance indicate abject poverty. Yet he has at least \$25,000 on deposit in the savings banks of New York city and nearby towns. Some one stole \$60 from him while he slept one night, and some other person nearly as wicked assured the aged miser that the corporation of Paterson was responsible, and would reimburse him on application. So Jimmy visited the city treasurer, not once, but a dozen times. Next he sought audience of the grand jury, and finally he besieged the mayor. Getting neither money nor satisfaction, he became abusive, and denounced the officials as thieves unchanged. He grew so obstreperous that he was sent to jail for a month. On his release relatives took him to New Haven. He departed still sorrowing at the loss of his \$60.

Last fall Zoe Gayton, a plucky young actress, found herself stranded in San Francisco. No engagement was to be had, and no one cared to produce a play which had been written for her. While her morning her bad luck one day in conversation with some acquaintances she said, "I know if I only had \$2,000 to get a start with I could make fame and fortune." One of the party, burdened with more cash than brains, replied: "You actor people have the reputation of being pretty good walkers, especially when your busted, don't you know? Tell you what I'll do. If you'll tramp from Frisco to New York I'll give you that \$2,000 you want and pay all expenses." "Do you mean it?" "Why, I'm only joking. Well, yes; it's a go if you say so."



ZOE GAYTON.

ward. One condition was that she should average fifteen miles a day. When last heard from she was doing better than this. She had passed Chicago, and is due at the Grand Central depot in New York city March 15. Coming around again to the question with which this article began the reader is asked, "What would you do with \$50,000 a year?" Or, indeed, with any sum included by the limits of what is called wealth. Would you pile it up and leave it to be wrangled over in court? Would you hoard it, bury it and worship it as a god, or would you, like the pretty pedestrian now winning her way toward the rising sun, make it the means to a praiseworthy end—the ladder by which to climb to the Do Something and Be Something life? But, after all, what one thinks he would do with money and what he really would do with it are widely different things. FRED C. DAYTON.

North Dakota Honors an Editor.

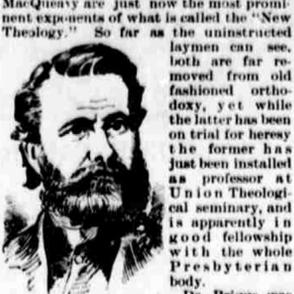
Henry C. Hansbrough, recently elected senator from North Dakota at the end of a protracted contest, was born at Prairie du Rocher, Randolph county, Ills., Jan. 30, 1848, received a common school education there, and in 1866 went to California, where he learned the printer's trade. He was somewhat precocious, both in business and politics, for at the age of 22 he published a daily paper in San Francisco, and soon after took a responsible position on The San Francisco Chronicle. In 1879 he resigned the position of news editor on The Chronicle and went to Chicago and finally to Dakota, locating at Devil's Lake, where he now publishes The Inter-Ocean. He took an active part in politics as a Republican, and after holding some minor positions was elected to congress in 1888, receiving 35,077 votes to 12,006 for Daniel W. Marrata, Democrat. He was chosen senator on the seventeenth ballot, defeating Gilbert A. Pierce, the present senator, who has served but a year.

The Romance of a Novelist.

Quite a little romance hangs around the marriage of the daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, to B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, who is soon to visit America. Miss Jefferson was in London with her father in 1876, and, having read some of Farjeon's books, expressed a wish to meet the author. Mr. Jefferson, who knew the writer, arranged an introduction, and it was a case of love at first sight on each side. They were married after a brief courtship, and visited America for their honeymoon. Mr. Farjeon has a brother in business in New York city and another in California. The novelist is below the medium height, with a round, jolly face fringed by side whiskers. He writes all his stories on a typewriter. He is also a shorthand writer, and carries a notebook in which he jots down his ideas as they strike him.

ARE THEY STILL ORTHODOX?

Two Prominent Preachers Whose Views Are Under Discussion.



Rev. Charles A. Briggs and Rev. Howard MacQuary are just now the most prominent exponents of what is called the "New Theology." So far as the uninitiated laymen can see, both are far removed from old-fashioned orthodoxy, yet while the latter has been on trial for heresy the former has just been installed as professor at Union Theological seminary, and is apparently in good fellowship with the whole Presbyterian body.

Dr. Briggs was born in New York city, Jan. 15, 1841, entered the University of Virginia at the age of 16, and four years later entered Union seminary, where he completed a theological course. He was a member of the famous Seventh regiment, and served with it during the summer of 1861. He also took a theological course in Germany, and there, as it appears, he accepted some of the conclusions of what is called "the destructive criticism of the German school." Here in his position, given in his own words, in his inaugural address at the seminary:

There are errors in the Scripture which no one has been able to explain away, and the theory that there are gaps in the original text is sheer assumption upon which no mind can rest with certainty. The Bible itself nowhere makes this claim. The creeds of the church nowhere make it. It is a ghost of modern evangelism that frightens children. It is unwise, and I believe it is unchristian, to force men to accept the divine authority of the Bible on the question of its inerrancy in these circumstances. He also believes in probation after death with such constant and extensive reprobation that it is not easy to see where in he differs materially from those called "Restorationists"—believers in the final salvation of all men. The Rev. Howard MacQuary is younger and more ardent. He not only accepts all of Dr. Briggs' conclusions, but specifies the alleged "errors in the Scriptures." He rejects the virgin birth of Christ, the miracles of the New Testament and many other things. The only point at issue is whether he has a right to remain in the Episcopal ministry and teach what he thinks.

For Home Entertainment.

For a charming home entertainment let the participants choose costumes to represent prominent characters in history. George Washington in his well known "small clothes" and powdered wig should of course be there with the partner of his triumphs, Queen Bess, with her hugs-kirts and "Elizabethan ruff," and Olive Cromwell should certainly be among England's representatives. Joan of Arc is always an interesting character. In fact the field is almost limitless, and every individual taste can be satisfied in the range of selections. A concise sketch of the life or the principal events in the career of each character



AN HISTORICAL PARTY.

should be prepared and read. Stirring accounts of valuable historical incidents should be given, or readings from some of Shakespeare's historical plays. The programme will not allow of much variety, but it will be thoroughly instructive, and should be made very interesting.

The Nihilist Policy Defined.

In appearance Stepniak is what may be fairly termed imposing. He is six feet tall, has the physique of an athlete and the strongly proportioned head of one who can both think and act. His complexion is pallid, and his whiskers, hair and eyes are black. He speaks many languages well and is a graceful conversationalist. In an interview soon after landing at New York he made this statement, which is of interest to all, and particularly so to those who regard "nihilist" and "bomb thrower" as synonymous: "The nihilists as a party," said he, "believe that certain things should be given to the people of Russia. They want a national parliament, universal suffrage, local autonomy and nationalization of land. They do not believe in a state church, but in absolute freedom in religious matters. For the present they are fighting for but one thing, and that is for the substitution of a free government in the place of autocracy. They ask no more than this, willing to leave the rest to be settled afterward, and willing to take their chances with other parties in the determination of what institutions are best suited to a free people. They do not ask for a republic, although they are individually republicans. They would be willing that the reigning czar should be the president for life. But they do insist that autocratic power shall be done away with."

Hassed Effendi, of Damascus, proposes to make a novel exhibit at the World's fair. It will include a reproduction of an oriental city street, with mosques, bazars, cafes, Arab and donkeys.

The socialists are said to be circulating Ward McAllister's book on society to show "what manner of people lead lives of luxury without working." Florida and Minnesota have the largest water surfaces of any states in the Union. In each case the area is over 4,000 square miles.

Home Rule and Asphalt.

A 4-year-old boy, whom we will call Jimmy, lived not long ago with his parents on one of the numerous east end streets, which we will designate by the name of Mud.

Multitudes of east enders will recognize their own avenue under this name—that is, if they dig deep enough to reach it. Later Jimmy's parents moved to a paved street, and his mamma gave him this little lecture: "Now, Jimmy, you must not get yourself all muddled up as you used to. We live on an asphalt street now, and you have no excuse for not keeping clean."

Soon after this Jimmy was playing near his new home with some bad boys, and he picked up a profane word or two. On making use of these words in the presence of his mamma he was severely reprimanded, whereupon he inquired: "Can't a fellow even talk on an asphalt street?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.



Very Rude Boy—Say, you beginners ought to have a pond for yourself. Where'd you be if one of us skaters runned inter yer?—Life.

She Knew. "Now, ma'am," said the liverman, as he handed her the lines, "you know how to drive, of course?" "Certainly."

"Keep to the right." "Yes, sir." "Don't attempt to cross in front of a street car." "No, sir." "In case of fire give the engines the right of way." "Of course." "Don't drive in the street car track." "No, sir." "In case you see a runaway horse coming."

"Oh, I know just what to do. I shall drop the lines, jump out and run into a store!"—Detroit Free Press.

What He Would Do.

A good story is told on the Rialto about a manager here who a short time ago had a very "queer" play running at his theatre. He was approached by an actor. "Will you oblige me with four seats?" asked the latter. "More applications for free seats?" grumbled the manager, who is not renowned for his courtesy. "I say, young man, if I give you the seats what will you do for me?" The other cast a glance of withering contempt on the manager. "I'll go," he said.—New York Letter in Detroit Free Press.

Pleasing the Public.

Great Editor's Wife (laying down a copy of his Sunday edition)—Why do you print such a lot of trash? Great Editor—My dear, I do not print a paper to please cultured readers like you and I. I try to please the general public. Bridget (in the kitchen)—Any good readin' in th' master's newspaper th' day, Mary? Mary (chief dish washer)—No, Biddy; na'thin' but trash.—New York Weekly.

Madame, said the judge sternly, "you must answer the question. What is your age?" "I was born the same year your honor was." "That would make me about—" "It isn't necessary to go into particulars," interposed the judge stiffly. "Gentlemen, have you any further use for the witness? You may stand aside, madam."—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Know It Revolved.

Mrs. Hayseed—Say, Joshua, what's that light out there? Farmer Hayseed (at Boston)—That's the Boston light. Mrs. Hayseed—Wall, those sailors must be purty patient. I've seed it go out more'n twenty times, and they light it up ev'ry time.—Harvard Lampoon.

Down All Round.

Two department clerks were looking in a fur store window filled with marked down goods. "That \$5 cape there is just like I am," said one. "How's that?" inquired his companion. "Reduced to \$5."—Washington Star.

The Eternal Fitness.

A man in Oswego died of pneumonia which came from sitting in his wet clothes after falling into the lake. And curiously enough he was the agent of a clothes wringer, and had 128 of them in the room where he sat dripping wet.—Detroit Free Press.

Sight Unseen.

She—Isn't that a new scarf pin you have? I don't remember to have ever seen it before. He—No. My brother has never called upon you.—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Chance for Him.

Beggar—Can you help me, sir? I've eaten nothing for two days. He—Make your fast thirty-eight days longer, and you can draw a big salary as a dime museum freak.—Judge.

On Account.

"You say you waited on Carter when he married?" "Yes, I waited on him six months, and I'm still waiting. He bought his wedding suit of me."—Detroit Free Press.

No Opera Baby.

Boswell—That was a wonderful lullaby in Hatton's new opera, wasn't it? Dunston—Yes, my wife took to humming it, and the baby's had insomnia for a week.—Epoch.

Accounted For.

No statues are put up of women great. And this the reason is (pray do not smile): In two short years the brass would aggravate her relatives and friends, compassionate. Because the costume would be out of style.—New York Sun.

The Atlantic

For 1891 will contain

The House of Martha,

Frank R. Stockton's Serial.

Contributions from Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier.

Some heretofore unpublished Letters by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Mr. Percival Lowell will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of

Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan.

The Capture of Louisiana will be treated in

A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman.

There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by Rudyard Kipling,

Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, and others. Unpublished papers on Questions in Modern Science

will be contributed by Professor Osborn, of Princeton, and others; topics in University, Secondary, and Primary Education will be a feature. Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. Fields, Graham T. Tomson, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry.

The Atlantic for 1891.

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Notice to Defendant. John Creighton Ballinger will take notice that on the 3rd day of December, 1890, John B. Cunningham and Chas. A. Hanna, plaintiffs herein, filed their petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, against said defendant, to wit: Lot 6, Block 9, of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by John Z. Ballinger and Emma E. Ballinger to the plaintiff upon the following described premises, to-wit: Lot 6, Block 9, of Second East Park Addition to the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated the 10th day of March, 1890, for the sum of \$400, due and payable in monthly installments from the 1st day of May, 1890, by the said defendant, to the said plaintiffs, and the amount remaining from time to time unpaid at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, from the 10th day of March, 1890, payable monthly. Plaintiffs pray for a decree that defendants be required to pay same or that the premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 3rd day of January, 1891. Dated December 3, 1890. JNO. B. CUNNINGHAM, Atty. for Plaintiffs.

Notice to Creditors of Will. Notice PROBATE OF WILL. Theodore S. Garter, deceased. In County Court, Lancaster county, Neb. The state of Nebraska to the heirs and next of kin of the said Theodore S. Garter, deceased: Take notice, That upon filing of a written instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Theodore S. Garter, for probate an allowance, it is ordered that said matter be set for hearing the 20th day of December, A. D. 1890, before said County Court, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at which time any person interested may appear and contest the same; and notice of this proceeding is ordered published three weeks successively in the CAPITAL CITY COURIER, a weekly newspaper, published in this State.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the County Court at Lincoln this 11th day of December, A. D., 1890. 31-12-90. W. E. STEWART, County Judge.

Legal Notice. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of license to me granted by the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, I will sell for cash, at public auction, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Lincoln, on Tuesday, the 20th day of January, 1891, between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real property, to-wit: Lot 11, of block 17, of the west 3/4 of lot 9, and the east half of lot 10, of block 33, all in the City of Lincoln, Nebraska. JOHN S. BRIGGLEY, Administrator, estate of John McAllister, 11-191.



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