

AN ABLE JOURNALIST.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF WATTERSON'S PARTNER.

How W. N. Haldeman Established the Louisville Courier—The Paper Had a Precarious Existence During the War—News Gathering Under Difficulties.

LOUISVILLE, June 16.—One of the most valuable newspaper properties in the south is the Louisville Courier-Journal. Its influence in public matters throughout the south and southwest is perhaps greater than that of any other journal.

In the building up of such a newspaper there has been called into play the highest order of executive skill and the most thorough knowledge of the business of newspaper publishing. The Courier-Journal could never have been what it is without the brilliant editorial pen of Henry Watterson; it would have been quite as much of an impossibility without the energetic and sagacious management of Walter Newman Haldeman.



WALTER N. HALDEMAN.

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In 1847 Mr. Haldeman celebrated his seventy-first birthday. His years sit well upon him, and in spite of them he is still a constant and tireless worker. He is a native of Maysville, Ky. His father was of Swiss origin, but both his parents came to Kentucky from Pennsylvania. He began life as clerk in a Louisville business house, having received his education in the schools at Maysville.

Mr. Haldeman spends money lavishly to procure news and to provide the latest improved machinery for his papers, publishing The Evening Times in addition to The Courier-Journal. He was one of the first to try the type setting machines and is largely interested in the Mergenthaler. His papers, except advertisements and headlines, are entirely set up by machines, and he has the best of presses in the basement of the large Courier-Journal building.

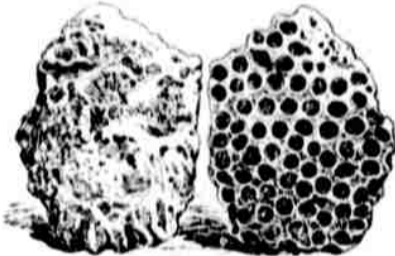
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FOR THE DOG DAYS.

A Marvellous Madstone in Illinois Said to Cure Hydrophobia. (Special Correspondence.)

CARTHAGE, Ill., June 16.—"Bitten by a mad dog?" is the startling headline that will soon begin to attract the eyes of readers of the daily press. It is indeed a horrible experience, and the average person shrinks instinctively from the thoughts of such a fate. Is there a cure for hydrophobia? It is said that Pasteur has discovered one, and if this celebrated Paris physician has really succeeded in providing a remedy for the poisonous bite of a rabid dog, he will certainly be entitled to the thanks of all humankind. It is said that few persons bitten by dogs and who die in spasms are really victims of rabies, but of imagination. Be this as it may, the death of a person who imagines all he sees and who is evidently suffering all the torments of the damned, is a most terrible one. Of all alleged cures for hydrophobia, the "madstone," so called, is the most noted.

There is certainly a remarkable madstone in the possession of Thomas Orton, a pioneer farmer living in the little town of Denver, Hancock county, Ill. Mr. Orton is a pioneer of "Old Kaintuck," and came to Illinois along in the thirties. He brought with him the Orton madstone which has been in the possession of his family for many years. The stone has a history. It was found in an Indian mound in a southern state many years ago by a voodoo Indian doctor, and by him given to a negress who, as said, paid the penalty of its use in curing snake and dog bites with her life, as she was regarded as a witch.



THE MADSTONE.

ing snake and dog bites with her life, as she was regarded as a witch. The stone fell into the possession of a minister named Hoagland, who was a neighbor of the Ortons in Kentucky. Hoagland's boy was a schoolmate of one of the Orton boys and traded the stone to Orton's father, then a lad, for a jackknife.

While this stone remained in Kentucky it was used in curing innumerable cases of snake and dog bite. Since it has been in the possession of Mr. Thomas Orton, at Denver, fully 100 men, women and children have tested its virtues, and it is a matter of record that in one instance only did the stone fail to prevent the occurrence of the horrible disease. The case in question was that of a farmer living in Fulton county, Ill., who had been bitten by a mad dog, and who had neglected to have the wound properly attended to, as stated. He was in the incipient throes of the horrible malady when the stone was applied. Two others bitten by the same dog, who applied the madstone at once, suffered no inconvenience from their wounds. It is known that in a majority of the cases treated the victims had been bitten by dogs afflicted with rabies. The accompanying illustrations are from photographs of both sides of the Orton madstone.

Before applying the stone a physician scurries the wound. The stone is then boiled for some time in milk and water, and becomes soft and spongy. The smooth side of the stone is then applied. In every instance it adheres instantly and remains clinging to the wound for several hours. Often the green, slimy blood and water drawn from the wound soaks through the stone, running out upon the floor through the little pores, or honeycombs, shown on one side of the stone. All patients speak of experiencing a drawing sensation when the stone is applied.

GAY DAVIDSON.

He Thought Johnnie Was Right.

Tommy's mother caught him in the very act of pounding another small boy, and she had frequently admonished him for this fault.

"Come here," she said sharply, as she dragged him off. "Haven't I told you not to fight the other boys? Come along in the house, now, and I'll give you a whipping that you won't forget very soon."

"Well, mamma," whimpered the boy, "Johnnie Muckle said you was a regular old scratch cat and I was a sluggin' him for it."

"That doesn't make any difference; I told you I'd whip you for fighting and I'm going to do it."

"Let me loose a minute, first," he blubbered, holding back.

"What for?"

"I want to go and apologize to Johnnie for lickin' him for what he said."—Detroit Free Press.

Like Gilt Edged Securities.

"Been pretty well this winter?" inquired a West Forty-sixth street young man of a Madison avenue girl at an afternoon tea recently.

"Oh, dear, yes," she rejoined, "never better; I've been so healthy and hungry all winter that it has been perfectly scandalous."

"I've noticed you're growing a bit stouter," he ventured, taking the precaution to help her hastily to another ice.

"Do you think so?" she asked. "I confess I am. I weighed 110 last week. Just think of it!"

"Like all gilt edged securities," he rejoined gallantly, "above par."

"You are insulting, sir," she said, drawing herself away angrily. "Pa weighs 300!"

Proved an Alibi.

It was a case of chicken stealing and the prints of bare feet were found in the sand around the henhouse. The lawyer for the prosecution was one who, if he had been Napoleon Bonaparte, never would have crossed the Alps; he would simply have pulled them up by the roots and thrown them over the fence. The prisoner was an unknown tramp and lame at that.

"You say you don't know anything about this thief?" queried the lawyer fiercely.

"That's what I swore to, sir," replied the tramp meekly.

"You were in the back yard of Slantip's house about supper time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know the location of the henhouse?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were on the road in front of the house some time after dark?"

"I was there, sir."

"You were in the yard after dark?"

"Yes, sir, and after supper also, sir," replied the prisoner, with a wince at his lame seat in the joke of such a place.

"And you were seen by the cook sitting on the doorstep with your shoe off?"

"Yes, sir, there was a pebble in it that was too big to get out of the hole it got in at."

"Now, sir, I suppose to prove that you made those tracks with your bare feet while you were stealing the chickens of the plaintiff?"

"You can't do it, sir," said the prisoner mildly, but firmly.

"And why not, pray?" asked the prosecutor, with fine sarcasm.

"Because, sir, I've got one wooden leg, sir," and he gave a kick that sent it clean across the courtroom and almost knocked a constable senseless.—Detroit Free Press.

Mutual Confidences.

"Folks well, Johnny?" inquired the young man who was waiting in the parlor for Johnny's sister to come down.

"Not very," replied the little boy.

"May's got the rheumatism. It's in her right foot. I wish," he wailed, with vivid recollections of a spirited interview half an hour before with his mother and a slipper—"I wish she had a touch of it in her right arm."

"Is your father ever troubled with rheumatism, Johnny?"

"Yes; he's got it in his shoulder blades and one of his arms."

"Ever since one night last January," sighed the young man plaintively. "I have known that he is never bothered with it in his right foot."

And while the night winds moaned drearily outside and the cat asleep on the leather rug snored uneasily in its slumbers the two victims of misplaced rheumatism sat in the little parlor and confided with each other.—Chicago Tribune.

consolidated paper, called The Courier-Journal, has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity, repaying its owners so handsomely that Mr. Haldeman has been enabled to become a large investor in other enterprises and to accumulate a splendid fortune.

Personally Mr. Haldeman is the most agreeable of men. Business cares do not sour him. He is at his desk more hours in the day than his most faithful employee, attending personally to a large correspondence, receiving at the same time a constant stream of callers and supervising every detail of The Courier-Journal. Every winter he runs off to his southern residence at Naples, on the Florida coast, for several months of rest and tarpon fishing. He is modest and unostentatious in his life and the most approachable of men. He really enjoys his work, and interruptions never annoy him. His manifold interests in business—for no man is more ready to go into a new enterprise—his known liberality in giving to church and charity, his political interests and his newspaper work make him much sought after, but he has always refused to interpose any ceremony to prevent callers from coming unannounced to his private office. Nothing in The Courier-Journal escapes his eye, and he is quick to note and reward faithful service.

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A. Y. FORD.

Uncle Billy's Religious Scruples.

Uncle Billy recently developed a great deal of interest in religious matters, and it was observed with a good deal of surprise by several boat owners that he was no longer ready and willing to take a hand at the work they offered him. One of the men who had depended a good deal on his services said:

"I'm sorry that you won't work any more."

"Dead, sah, I is puflickly willin' to wuhk; but I kain't wuhk in yoh boat."

"Why not?"

"Kase she's a two master."

"Why that's no reason at all."

"Mussa, ef you wants to 'peril yer own soul, 'tain' none ob my business, but de Good Book says plan as day, dat no man kain't sarbe two masters."—Washington Star.

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FINE LUNCHEES AT LINCOLN PARK.

Lunches May Be Enjoyed Equal to Those Furnished at Home.

What has long been needed at Lincoln park was a first class place where ladies and gentlemen could regale themselves with a first class lunch, neatly served and well prepared, and the park management certainly made a wise selection when they placed the culinary department under the control of Mr. George Pochler. There are few people in Lincoln that understand catering as well as Mr. Pochler, and still fewer that know just how to please the peculiar appetite of the Lincoln public. Heretofore parties going to the park were obliged to take a lunch basket with them when going for an outing. That, to say the least, is not pleasant. It is a torment and trouble from the time of starting until the final return home, and notwithstanding all this, the tables are usually washed or broken and not in the most appetizing appearance at best.

Now the ladies go out and for a very little money can buy all they want and have it pleasantly served by waiters in the restaurant or have it sent anywhere on the grounds. Everything desirable is on hand, and prices are so low that no one can complain. All the delicacies of the season are served, cold drinks, hot tea or coffee and, in short, most anything that is seasonable for eating lunches can be had simply by ordering. Ladies bringing their own lunches can get hot coffee, ice tea, soda water, lemonade, cold meats, ice cream, and such other articles as they may wish to fill out their lunch menus with. Gentlemen find it a most delightful place to run out and enjoy a meal in the cool breezes of the park and then spend the afternoon or evening there. Mr. Pochler is doing good service and the public seems to appreciate the fact.

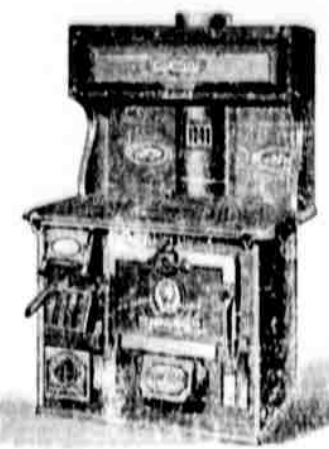
V. P. S. C. E. at New York July 1 to 10.

The Official route to New York for the Nebraska delegation is via the Union Pacific, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Through chair cars and sleepers, a short stop in Chicago if desired, a view of majestic Niagara Falls, and a trip along the beautiful Hudson by daylight are but a few of the advantages offered by the official route. Tickets are one fare for the round trip. For additional information or accommodation on the official train apply to J. T. Mastin, C. T. A., 1044 O Street, or E. B. Slosson, Gen. Agt. U. P. system.

NOTICE.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 16, 1892. R. B. Lewis will take notice that on the 7th day of June, 1892, Charles H. Foxworthy, Justice of the peace of Lincoln precinct, Lancaster county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$10.85 in an action then pending before him, wherein the Clarkson company is plaintiff and R. B. Lewis, defendant, that the property of the defendant, consisting of one trunk, one coat and vest, one pair pants and vest, one saw glass, underwear, books and sundry articles, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 23d day of July, 1892, at 9 o'clock p. m. CLARKSON LAUNDRY COMPANY, Plaintiff, by Holmes, Cornish & Lamb, its attorneys, Lincoln, Nebraska, June 16th, 1892.

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