

## IT HAS ENDED AT LAST.

**"Q" Strikers Finally Forced to Surrender—A Depleted Treasury.**  
From Friday's Daily.

At a conference recently held between Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Grand Master Sargent of the firemen, H. D. Kennedy, J. Hege, and other representatives of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy strikers, an arrangement was made by which the strike was virtually declared off. It was decided to make the question of surrender or a continuance of the fight, a matter of local option. In other words, separate divisions of the "Q" were authorized to take the matter in their own hands. In consequence of this move the strike is already declared off at Lincoln, Neb., McCook, Neb., Creston, Iowa, and several other western points. The strikers at Galesburg, Aurora, Kansas City, and several of the eastern divisions resolved to continue the fight, but it is only a question of a short time when they will be forced to surrender. This step was forced upon the strikers by reason of a depleted treasury with no possibility of raising the money necessary to meet the immense monthly expenses incident to paying 2,000 men \$10 apiece. It is not claimed that any special arrangement was made with the company, but the strikers are confident that a large percentage will regain their former places. Thus ends the great "Q" strike. The struggle was protracted to a time when a graceful surrender was impossible, and the men simply accept the inevitable.—Chicago Tribune.

## Cleveland's Nap.

It seems that President Cleveland has been napping a little lately. A Kansas postmaster who was doing business in a rapidly growing western town, applied to the department for more help and after being repeatedly refused, the postmaster hired his help on his own accord and afterwards applied to congress for relief. The bill was approved and an appropriation made which the president thought to veto. The bill originated in the senate and the ten days allowed the president to send in his veto expired last Saturday which was one of the days that the Senate is not in session. The president seeing that his nap had been rather prolonged on the last day signed the veto and sent it to the secretary of the senate, who refused to receive it on account of the senate not being in session. He then sent it to the president of the senate who refused it on the same grounds as the secretary. He sent it to the senate on the following Monday, when the senate was in session, and claimed that as he had signed in the limited time it was good. The senate has referred the matter to the judiciary committee for report. It has heretofore been held that a vetoed bill must be regularly transmitted to the house in which it originated within ten days. It remains to be seen what they will do with this matter. But we venture to say that after this when the president wants to veto a bill he will send it in in time.

## Brick Paying.

The following was clipped from the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* which strongly endorses brick for pavement in that city, and as our city fathers here are not yet fully decided as to what material is best for them to use, we clip the following as a suitable piece of advice to them:

The proposed paving of Willow avenue with brick meets with much favor. Brick paving has been tried in other cities, and it is said to stand well on residence streets. If it can be made a success here there would be much money kept right at home, instead of being sent away for material. A long time ago some hard-baked brick were put in the center of Broad way, opposite the First National bank, right where there comes as much and as hard wear as any place in the whole city. Anyone can easily examine those brick and see how little wear there has been upon them. They have stood as well as any paving blocks. It is proposed to try Willow avenue, and the result of such an experiment would determine whether brick could be used to such an extent here as its enthusiastic advocates claim.

## Glorious Tidings.

Cedar Creek, Neb., 5-23, 1888.  
EDITOR HERALD.—Glorious tidings: the "B" is caught by the "B" & M. and ejected. The "Sen. Whopper" of the democratic party of Cass county who has been so prominent in the party and such a great financier, advising the men how to use their wits and has so distinguished himself as dispenser of the funds belonging to needy school marmes. What man or woman is there in the county that will not rejoice to know that the great disturber has been caught and that the B & M has the manhood to do its duty and not have it any longer for the democratic party which has been so wantonly disgraced and in my judgment, only ruined by his uncalculated and ability. Tell him, if he has the brains to come pickend the language, that he had better go back to Iowa and pay his debts than to be an editor trying to buy out and abuse the people where he lives. Such is the proof I send!  
D. S. LEAPER.

## A NEW BURIAL CA KET.

**What Shall Become of us After Death.**

Scientific societies, as well as the press, have lately agitated the best means of disposing of our mortal remains after death. The human mind shrinks from placing the remains of their loved ones in the grave, incased in common wood or iron receptacles, which will soon decay. Some are advocating the return to the barbarous practice of cremation, but this to the christian world seems to be horrible. Our attention was lately called to a burial casket made of imperishable material which constitutes within itself a miniature vault. It being made of cement which is a disinfected, and when sealed makes the only jointless, airtight and indestructible burial casket that answers all the sanitary and christian requirements; and at a price which places them within the reach of the rich and poor alike. Mr. Boeck our furniture dealer has ordered several of these new caskets and will have them on exhibition and for sale in a few days, and all may have the pleasure of seeing this greatest invention of age.

## Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company was held at Chicago, May 16th 1888.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. West Dexter.

Stockholders were present, representing 527,555 shares, being more than two thirds of the entire capital stock.

The following was unanimously adopted:

**Resolved**, that the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, thoroughly sustain and approve of the course pursued by the directors, president and managers of the company during the recent strike of the engineers, firemen and switchmen.

—When an educated and refined man, who can give an excellent and profitable entertainment, comes along and offers to edify the public in a comfortable opera house for a trivial sum, the probabilities are that not more than half a dozen people will go to hear him. When a fakir comes along and delivers a hoarse lecture on a street corner, by the light of a delirious gasoline burner, hundreds will throng about him, and when he sells small chunks of store soap in wrappers all the members in the audience jostle each other aside in order to have a chance to buy. It is remarkable that the philosopher occasionally looks upon the human race as a huge mistake.—Walt Mason.

—Down at Lone Pine, Inyo county, is a rock that might easily be passed off for a petrified elephant. The independent says: "A photograph of the rock shows as like as possible to the photograph of an elephant. The trunk, the eyes, the head and body are all as well formed in the photograph as if the camera had been turned towards a living animal. The wrinkles and folds in the skin of an elephant and the color are all repeated in the rock. The symmetry and proportions of the living animal are reproduced in this remarkable freak of nature."—Arizona Citizen.

—Although the kickers would have it that Platts mouth is a dead city, we are enjoying quite a building boom. In our rounds over the city this morning we noticed a large number of new buildings mostly residences, in process of erection and we learn from parties who are in a position to know that a number more will be begun as soon as the proper arrangements can be made and the material got on the ground. I tell you, gentle reader, our city is not dead. This noise you hear to that effect is only made by a few who have no interest here and are afraid it won't die. The business of the city is as good as could be expected under the circumstances and our business men are enjoying a good degree of prosperity.

The cause of home rule in Ireland has lost the most influential and zealous friend which it possessed in the American continent in the death of Archbishop Lynch of Toronto. He was an Irishman by birth, and was intensely interested in every movement which contemplated the amelioration of the down trodden people of the Emerald Isle. He manifested always an active concern in politics and represented in the dominion the progressive element of the Catholic church. He had reached his 72nd year but his ripe age had not impaired his faculties or diminished the measure of his great usefulness. His death is greatly lamented both in America and Ireland.—Gazette Journal.

Born Louisiana and South Carolina are distributing circulars throughout this country and part of Europe showing the advantages which these states offer to settlers. The biggest boom which these or any other southern states could possibly get is that which a republican victory would bring them. A republican victory might not give them more economical or more effective local government than they now enjoy; but it would show the world that these states should finally be granted to every resident all the rights and privileges extended to them by the law.—Globe Democrat.

## A STORY OF BLACKMAIL.

**Experience of a Gentleman Who "Came Down" and Got Out.**

A gentleman who was staying at a hotel in Saratoga was one morning passing down a corridor which led from his room, when a lady who stood in the door of her room accosted him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me the time?"

He looked at her and judged her to be a respectable and inoffensive person.

"It is 10:30," he replied, consulting his watch.

The woman turned back into her chamber, but instantly wheeled about again.

"I am very sorry to trouble you," she said, "but my clock is stopped, and I do not know how to set it. I have an important engagement in about an hour, and I shall be extremely obliged if you will set it for me."

The gentleman kindly and rashly acceded to her request and stepped into the chamber. On the mantel stood an ordinary traveling clock. He went up to it, took out his watch again and laid it on the shelf, while he proceeded to set the clock. The lady followed him and picked up the time piece.

"What a beautiful watch," she said.

"Yes," he answered, turning away from the clock. "It is an heirloom."

"I think," the woman observed, "that I will keep this watch."

And as she spoke she showed him in the other hand the key of the door, which she had noisily closed and locked. He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand for the key.

She tucked the watch into the bosom of her gown and gave him the key, smiling serenely. He opened the door and then turned back.

"Upon second thought," he said, with unruffled coolness, "I think I will redeem the watch. It is an heirloom, and I am fond of it."

"Yes," she responded.

"I will give you \$50 for it," he said, taking out his pocketbook.

"Very well," replied the adventuress, producing the watch.

He gave her the money, took the watch, and departed a poorer but possibly a wiser man.

When this tale was recited at the club the gentleman who told it related it as an adventure which had befallen a friend of his. When he ended some one asked:

"But why in the name of common sense didn't he better tell or kick up a row?"

"He knew better," responded the narrator, with a smile. "He was locked alone into a chamber with a daring and abandoned woman, who would have fought to the last gasp. It was worth more than \$50 to him to escape the scandal."

"That is all very well," observed another clubman; "but if he had looked the baggage in the face and calmly ejaculated, 'Oh, rats!' she would have come down quickly enough." Which may be true. I am not an expert in such matters, but it does on the whole seem probable that most men who get black mailed are either victims of foolish cowardice or are conscious that there is that in their past records which makes it wise for them to avoid investigation.—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

## Admiral Porter's Life and Ways.

The chief officer of the navy, Admiral David D. Porter, is 74. His father, brother and uncle distinguished themselves following the flag on the seas. Admiral Porter began his life on the water sixty-four years ago, when, as a boy only 9 years of age, he sailed with his father in the expedition against the West Indian pirates. At 14 years of age he was a midshipman in the Mexican navy, at 15 he was wounded and captured by the Spanish and imprisoned in a Cuban castle, and at 16 he was a midshipman in the United States navy. Having already gone through the Mexican war as a lieutenant, he saw the first and last gun fired in the civil war, and became the second admiral in all American history, Farragut being the first to achieve that supreme honor. He investigated San Domingo for the United States government when he was only 27, and rode 1,700 miles on horseback. Jefferson Davis, as secretary of war under Franklin Pierce, sent Porter to Asia, where he bought eighty-four camels that the government thought would be useful to the army on the western plains.

The admiral's face never felt the razor but once, and when he reported for duty in the war with Mexico the commander of the fleet, Commodore Conner, swore that no officer with the "whiskers of a pirate" should sail under him. Neither the army nor the navy had ever seen another officer with a full beard, but Porter insisted on his prerogative and sailed with his whiskers unclipped. His headquarters in Washington are fitted up like an admiral's cabin aboard ship, but Porter has nothing to do. He is a voluminous writer of romance and amuses himself with his pen. He can compose and dictate 1,000 words an hour. He neither drinks nor smokes.—Wash. Cor. Boston Globe.

## Written in Soter Earnest.

The past week has been one of unusual excitement in town over a fracas in journalistic circles. Mr. Climie seems to have applied to himself one or more paragraphs that appeared in our last issue, and on Friday last he followed us into Messrs. Hurdich's grocery store and asked us to whom they were meant to apply. We refused to comply with his request, saying that we wanted nothing to do with him, or words to that effect. After a vain attempt to draw a satisfactory answer from us, he made a cowardly attack upon us from behind, and dealt us a blow on the ear. We turned to defend ourselves, and received another blow on the left temple. We then "went for him," and after a brief scuffle got his head "in chancery," as our counsel termed it. We had on our overcoat and gloves when attacked, being too ill that day to work and was going home to go to bed. We had been under the doctor's care for the previous three weeks, and was suffering at the time with a violent attack of sick headache, in addition to a more serious ailment, so that we were not in fighting "fettle." After we had got his head under our arm and his wrists as firmly gripped as our strength would permit, we said to the on-lookers, "Gentlemen, I am sick today and do not want to fight." We were then parted by Mr. T. Burrows, of Hampton, and Mr. John Irwin, of Bowmanville Canadian Statesman.

## Scrub Woman on the Stage.

As an addition to funny incidents on the stage you should hear about the scrub woman who made her debut in "Martina" the other night. It was in the forest scene. The main part of the costume of the new character was an old red shawl, and her general appearance left no doubt about her duties. She thought she was walking across the stage behind a scene, but she was in full view of the tittering playgoers, who made the singer blush and later because he thought they were laughing at him. The stage manager and his assistants on both sides said in substantial, "Come off!" but the poor bewitched woman didn't budge. She turned and in trying to go in all directions at once, stood still. The audience recalled the singer afterward, in order to reassure him that he was all right.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## TWIN GIANTS OF FINANCE.

Two well known and successful financiers—J. P. Morgan and Charles D. Conover.

In some respects the two giants of finance are a striking contrast to each other, each representing a different type of character. Morgan is a man who associates himself with the most successful and the most powerful. These two men have been successful in their careers because of their ability to see the future and to act upon it. Morgan is a man who has been successful in his career because of his ability to see the future and to act upon it. Morgan is a man who has been successful in his career because of his ability to see the future and to act upon it.

For them the plunge was not a leap into the unknown, but a step into the future. Morgan is a man who has been successful in his career because of his ability to see the future and to act upon it. Morgan is a man who has been successful in his career because of his ability to see the future and to act upon it.

Gold on the other hand, has not only made his private secretary a millionaire, but has secured many others who are not in the same relationship to him. A well known Wall Street jeweler told me of a friend of his, who, a short time ago, was a poor man, but who, through the aid of Morgan, has become a millionaire. Morgan is a man who has been successful in his career because of his ability to see the future and to act upon it.

## Dying in a Delirium.

A friend of mine was recently sent home from a lunatic asylum to die, and not more than three days ago I was called to his death bed. It was a sad and terrible sight. He was wild as the wind—raving under some silly hallucination. His wife and physician were endeavoring to pacify him, but to no purpose. His face and limbs were shriveled and distorted, and from his eyes leaped the fearful fire of the madman. "What is it?" he cried, pointing his skeleton finger at an imaginary something. "What is it, Mary? Is it stroked above or below? Good God, there is no stroke at all! Yes, there is. I see it; there's a mark above it, it's an 'n.' I know it's an 'n.' Thank heaven! The mark has been on his pillow and rest. But not for long. 'There,' he gasped, lunging forth from his bed like King Richard from his couch, and pointing his bony finger as before, 'there's another. No mortal can tell what that is. No, neither angels, nor devils, nor the man himself who wrote it. I swear that nothing can decipher it. How is it, Mary—straight, or does it slant?' 'It slants a little, John.' But not for long. 'There,' he gasped, lunging forth from his bed like King Richard from his couch, and pointing his bony finger as before, 'there's another. No mortal can tell what that is. No, neither angels, nor devils, nor the man himself who wrote it. I swear that nothing can decipher it. How is it, Mary—straight, or does it slant?' 'It slants a little, John.' But not for long. 'There,' he gasped, lunging forth from his bed like King Richard from his couch, and pointing his bony finger as before, 'there's another. No mortal can tell what that is. No, neither angels, nor devils, nor the man himself who wrote it. I swear that nothing can decipher it. How is it, Mary—straight, or does it slant?' 'It slants a little, John.' But not for long. 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