LY HERALD PLATTSMOUTH, NEBSRAKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1889.

DEATH OF PAT O'NEIL.

HISTORY OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

they became involved in an altercation

with some men of the town. After the

performance the students were assaulted

passed around among the students ac-quainting them with the situation. A false alarm of fire was raised outside,

which served to augment the number of

the rioters. When the performance was

over the students remained in the theatre.

volley of stones and brickbats were

hurled by the mob. Several of the

Proceeding a short distance farther

became frenzied. About 500 or 600 men

dragged out two cannon. They loaded

A MOB OF OVER 500.

me in them

nder, slyly. He neve: his wa'n't no cases. keered only that the wurk was done, but I did"-the miner's face saddened-"an' I sold out as good a teaming business as

you ever see." "'Count o' popler sentiment, I s'pose." "Naw, thare's queer things in a man's life; an' ef I'd stayed I'd a killed her husband, an' that would a bin no way to git her affection, an' wouldn't a looked fair. Them's my morels. She was his wife an' a good woman. I sold out the biz at a dead loss," (with a sigh) "an' 1 just wisht her time o' day an' run off like a coward. I starved up here fur ten years, an' I wa'n't pleased with my-self neither when a feller from Fairplay told me he'd heered she an' him was awful poor, an' she was the wust abused woman he ever see.

It was quite dark in the little shop now, and Mender lit his lamp, leaning low to his bench to see in the light. A body. During the performance no diffi-culty occurred, but outside about 1,500 town boys had assembled. A note was lean cat came purring out of a corner and the miner tilted back his chair.

"An' me, with all my money, can't make that poor little soul comferble," he sighed.

There was a sound of quick footsteps outside, something like the clatter of slippers down at the heel, then the latch clicked

"Ain't done, Nelly," called the old man. "I'll wait an' finish 'em; they're purty fur gone."

over the students remained in the theatre. Presently they formed in line, two by two, and, proceeding to the door, were met met by Maj. Bissell. He told them to proceed quietly to the college. The students in line crossed over to the south side of Chapel street and proceeded toward the college. The mob followed. When Trinity church was reached a volley of stones and brickbats were There was no answer, only a sort of gasp and a smothered exclamation from the miner, who brought his chair down with a jerk. The old man looked at them. "I calc'late you two is 'quainted," he

students were struck and knocked ingrinned. sensible. Bill had forgotten his one stocking foot, even his stern morality, and she, that little, thin creature, with her white, the college men received a second volley. worn face, her sad, tearless eyes, was looking at him so wistfully, so yearningly that he must have known she had not needed his telling her that he cared for her before he ran away. A quick suspicion flashed through his mind. She loved him, and had come to Colorado to find him these three years back. Still his lips had to utter the name in his heart so long.

"Nelly!" he cried, with a sob; and she -she put out her hands like a sleep walker; then, with a low cry, she ran to him and hid her face on his breast. Still he did not touch her as she clung to him,

weeping passionately. "It aren't right," he muttered hoarsely. "I sed never should you be as you is now till it were. You an' me has seen camps, an' knows what wrong love is."

Thursday and Friday evenings. When the mob learned of his death it She only clung closer, such a childlike thing, in her shabby black gown, with her short little curls, and her tiny hand rushed for the arsenal, broke into it and

clutching his arm. "I tell you," he cried, passionately, "once my arms meet around you, I shall these to the muzzle with powder, stones and brickbats and dragged them to the city green. Another portion of the rioters broke into the churches and rang never let you go."

"Wal, you needn't" said Mender, dryly; but there were tears in his old cyes. "You need't, Bill-she's a widder."

a general alarm of fire, which brought immense numbers of the people to the scene. While at the corner of Chapel and Church streets Maj. Bissell mounted an ordnance carriage and addressed the "It's only since this mornin'," he continued, as the big arms inclosed the tiny figure, "but it's proper, I calc'late. She'd mob, ordering it to disperse. The rioters replied that they respected the chief of police, but must have blood for blood. Maj. Bissell remained on the gun as the run away from him, but he tracked her; six weeks ago he come in when we was eaten' supper, an' Jane hove the teapot at him. Vi'lence wa'n't no use; he took mob dragged it toward the college, While [Nelly an' her savin's, an' was jest a-goin' to leave town arter losin' all she hed, an' on the way up the straet the rioters, in draggin' hard along, when the altitude their eagerness to get at their student kitched him. I cal'clate this place is too enemies, failed to keep a close watch nigh heaven fur a creepin' cuss like thet to crawl. I was a mendin' that shoe fur his widder to wear to the funerel." "I knowed no woman but her could wear 'em," cried Bill, holding the shoe reverently, "an' it shall be set in gold outer my mine." "it's a mile too big," she said, very

Blades Made for Business in the Early Days of California. A THRILLING CHAPTER IN THE In 1858 M. Price, who then had a small

the first Mechanics' fair held in San Francisco. After the fair Ward Eaton tool: the knife to the Bank Exchange and rafiled it for \$150. Price had taken The Great Rlot of 1854, in Which the great care in tempering the blade, and had offered to forfeit \$100 if any better steel could be found. At that time Billy Allison, of Yolo, was making knives, which were sought by all men who Homan's atheneum, at the corner of Chapel and Church steeets. While there

COSTLY AND DEADLY KNIVES.

wanted reliable weapons. Surveyor General Higley had an Alli-son knife, and he backed it against Price's blade. The test was made in the Bank Exchange, and aroused as much Bank Exchange, and aroused as much interest as a national election. Gen. Higley lair a half dollar on the counter and drove the Allison blade through it without turning the point or edge. Ward Eaton wielded the Price blade with a stanly, strong arm, and achieved the same feat. Gen. Higley then tried two half dollars, and the point of his knife turned. Eaton piled up three of the coins, drove the Price knife through the point, which was not turned.

That made Price's bowie knives as were in Spain, and every man who west heeled had to have one. Marion Moore, a noted mining and sporting man, whose famous on this coast as Toledo blades a noted mining and sporting man, whose nitro-glycerine blew up Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office on the corner of Cali-fornia and Montgomery streets, ordered of Price the best knile he could make. Moore gave Price a gold brick and a piece of gold quartz that he had taken out of a mine with his own hands, and told him to work the metal in. Price made an eight inch bowie, having a gold handle inlaid with quarts. Moore paid \$175 for the weapon, and handed back to Price the gold that was left over.

expensive weapons played a leading part in a bloody tragedy in White Pine, Nev. Moore had a mine there, and, as was usual in those days, somebody tried to jump the claim. Moore and McCabe were caught in the tunnel by a band of fighters hired by the other claimants, and out their way out with their house and cut their way out with their bowie knives. Several men were killed in the fight, and as most of the dead had only knife wounds, it is supposed that Moore and his lawyer did some game and lively work. the ringleaders of the mob upon both

A little gambler named Barney Kenny used a six and a half inch bowie of Price's make with deadly effect about eighteen years ago. He was playing poker with three other sports in a saloon in Portland, Ore. Somebody was caught cheating, and Barney grabbed the pot. Instantly the three confederates pulled their pistols and blazed away at Barney, who drew his knife and waded in desperately. After a brief but furious combat, in which fifteen shots were fired, Barney walked out of the room, leaving the others on the floor. One was dead, a second mortally wounded, and the third out so badly that he had to be in a hospital for months

In 1861 Price made two knives for Cel. Jack Gamble, who supplied Mexican gold onzas for the handle frames. The handles were inlaid with abaline shell and gold quartz, and the colonel paid \$400 for the two weapons. Gamble gave one to his friend Charles Norris, who lost it some years later. It was a mere fancy of Gamble's to have such a weapon, as he was never known to use about cigars. One of the men who bought an extrav-agantly expensive knife from Price came into the shop some time after a fight had occurred in a mine and several men had been carved to death, and exchanged the weapon for some other wares. As he said with a shiver that he would never use a knife again. When the weapon was examined the blade was found rusted with blood, and there was blood even in the crevices between the slabs of the handle and the frame. There were no guards on the hilts of these knives, because the men who bought them carried them for sudden use, and a guard is likely to catch in the clothing and delay the draw. The first big knives made by Price were for a party of United States sur-veyors, who wanted them as substitutes for axes in cutting trails through the brush. The blades were twelve inches long and very heavy, and in the hands of a strong man would cut a person's head off at one blow .- San Francisco Examiner.

E, G. DOVEY & SON.

For suitable Holiday Presents we are showing a

fine line of

the coins, drove the Price knife through them, and when he raised the weapon the three half dollars were impaled on Silk and Cashmere Mufflers

Fancy Linen Table Sets and some pretty designs

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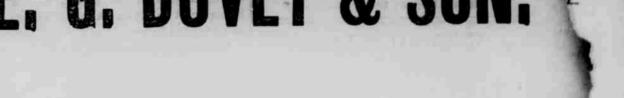
partment.

E. C. DOVEY & SON.

of this time a cry arose that a man had been shot. Maj. Bissell observed a man near him fall to the ground. He raised the body from the ground with the assistance of the bystanders. Upon exam-ination at the police station, where it was taken, the body proved to be that of Patrick O'Neil. He had received two stabs from a large dirk knife, and lived

Directly after this a portion of the mob, which had hitherto occupied the street, made a rush for the sidewalk. Immediately four or five pistol shots were heard, fired, it was afterward asserted, by the students. Within two minutes Moore's lawyer, McCabe, got a gold mounted knife for \$100, and these two

but a few moments after the wounds had been inflicted upon him. He was one of



I

A NUMBER ONE.

Smilin' thoo the steam at mei -Eva Wilder McGlasson in The Century.

es' thoughts I think

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays

Soarin' fur up overhead!

An' I 'most kin spy the angels

'For' the pray'r at church is said. Jes to stand an' hyear "Old Hundred"

Leanin' 'crost the gate up thar, When old Abrum Blackburn's darter

But of you sh'u'd want to see me

W'en I hev my broades' smile, You must ketch me in the kitchen,

W'en the kittle's on the blie!

Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin'

Ever riz on red birds' wings

To the song the kittle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller

In the kittle's first sweet note,

Screakin' f'om the iron th'oat. Sech times, of I squent my eyes up, I kin fahly 'pyear to see

Old man Abrum Blackburn's darter

Thet kin holt a taller candle

Till I fancy weddin' music

Leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

On a weather beaten board, supported by a creaking iron rod, hung the sign, "Soles Saved Here," which Breckinridge thought so exceedingly funny that it never ceased to attract custom and comment. It had been there ten years, since Jonathan Mender came into the little town in the Rockies and bought out the shoe repairing business of Caleb Binn.

Mender on this June afternoon sat in the door of his shop repairing a small and extremely shabby shoe. He was a short, stubby man, with twinkling eyes behind spectacles and a shock of gray hair standing straight up from his forehead.

Down the trail from Red Mountain, as the afternoon shadows grew long, and night came creeping under the ever-greens, galloped a lean bronco at a headlong gait. His rider, a big bearded miner, glanced around under his bushy eyebrows and now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction.

'The old place don't see you no more, Bill," he muttered, as the bronco panted up a short incline, "fur you've struck it rich, as a certified check fur 'way up in the thousands kin testify."

He galloped into Breckinridge, left his bronco at the hotel, and went along to

the shoe shop. "Same old sign, I'll be derned," he smiled. "Ev'nin', Mender."

"Hullo, Bill; thought you was dead. Ain't seen you these three years. Same butes, too, I made. Wal, I allus done good work.

"You did; but jist clap a patch on this one whilst I wait, fur I ain't a-goin' to torture myself of I hev struck it rich. My feet is liable to swell in the keers. I'll leave ye an order, too, Mender, fur butes is good ernutf with me. No lace shoes, like a jude.'

"Who you roped in on the mine, Bill?" "No one; they'll double what they give me-three hundred thousand-but I ain't no hog; I know when I've got enuff.' "Few does," muttered Mender, waxing his thread.

Students Were Attacked by a Crowd of Town Boys-Cannon Brought Out, but Disabled by the Police Officers. On Thursday evening, March 16, 1854, a party of Yale college students visited

by a large number of the town boys and roughly handled. The following evening, March 17, about fifty of the students went to the same theatre in a

The miner looked around the shop: then his eye fell on that shabby little

"Boats all what sawed off feet wim-men has, though I ain't a mentioning Norwei it

"The Lord made 'em so." "Probily An' this now" (turning the shoe over in his big hand) "is a gal's, not a growed woman's?"

"All of twenty-eight; quite a yarn about that, too. Three years ago I was a settin' here, betweenst day an' dark, when my door busts open an' in runs what I took to be a gal, but afterward and was a little mite of a growed woman, with bright birdlike eyes and curly hair. 'Them miners is a-follerin' me,' she cries, drops inter thet cheer, an' faints dend away.

"Gosh. this very cheer?" echoed Bill, in an awe stricken tone.

"Same-set right there. I opens the door: 'D'ys,' I says, 'I've got the drop on ye, an' it's a durn shame to act like thet, an'-git.' which they done, an' I went an give her whisky, an' she come to an' jest kitched my han' up an' kissed

'Lord!" cried the miner.

"An' it wasn't over clean, fur mendin' ain't over pertikler wurk. Wal, she hadn't to frens, an' was come here to netfle, an' bein' weak an' hystericky, I took har home to sister Jane, "Pears to me, also anys to Jane, 'all the troubles of my life is hin caused by men." "They be onnery," said the miner,

sympathetically.

"We kep' her a week, an' then she went to wurk sewin', an' insisted on payin' her board, an' made Jane the trimmest gowns an' caps, and me a dressia' gown like I was a female. I wenra it to please her, but I allus feels I looks like one of them old patriarks in't. We never arsked her hist'ry, but Jane sed the was bruised from blows, an' I see she trained her pretty curls over a scarce healed over on her forehead. I calc'lated she was one of them thoroughbreds what will stan' cany amount of drivin', but it's a small an' a runaway if you hit 'em.

"There's some men as ought to be shot on sight." muttered the miner. "An thet slate was hern?"

"Yeah, an' I've got to keer fur her so much that I've allus been glad I was here 'stid er Caleb; he wa'n't never neigh-borly. When I come here I says, 'I'll give ye fifteen dollars fur the place.' Says he, 'Take it for fourteen an' a harf,' Why?' says I. 'Did you,' says he, 'ever know a man wot become a sewer fur gab? Wal, look at me. Ev'ry crank as gab? Wal, look at me. Ev ry crank as has breath ernuff ter git up ther bank comes in an' talks to me: ev ry bummer who kin walk staggers in and vents his rum soaked remarks on me, an' ev'ry sun bunnited or shawl headed female woman comes to tell me her troubles with the old man or the neighbors.' 'Wal,' I says, 'it's comp'ny?' Yah, I hate 'em,' growls he. 'Know where I'm hate cin, growishe. Know where I in going, not you. You're the kind as tells about a gal you loved, named Sairy, wot died fifty year ago. Wal, I'm goin' to be a sheep herder, where I wunt see one

be a sheep herder, where I wint see one of human kind fur months on a stretch, an' where I can go barefooted the year 'round.' So he goes an' I stays." "When I was in Arizony," said the miner, laying the shoe down, with a sigh, "I boarded to the house of a little sigh, "I boarded to the house of a little woman as could a wore them choes. The vittles was awful. Some of the biscults would a took a blast to open 'am, an' the pies might a soled them butes, but she wa'n't but a young thing, an' her hus-band was the onneriest."

blushing and shy, "an' is so horrid." "Never heered a woman but sed them very words," grinned Mender, beaming on them. "Now, Bill, yourn's done, an' lemme stick a patch on that one, Nelly, fur you don't wanter be a creekin' round in new ones to the funerel, like you was too glad to git him plarnted."

The next afternoon, when the twilight shadows were falling, Jonathan Mender stocil in his shop door and watched the trais creep miles above on the mountain on its way to Denver. ", "arty rapid this western country," he

Care of Very Young Babes.

From an interesting lecture upon the "Nursing of Children," delivered by W. Hamilton S. Quin, at St. Luke's hospital in Utica, we take the following:

"That no mother can furnish her infant with nourishment during the first hours or few days of life is assurance enough that the offspring will do well enough if left to nature, instead of being given the nastiness insisted on by so many who pretend to care for the poor little newborns. In the name of humanity, do not pour down these defenseless little ones inclued butter, molasses, gin, whisky, any oil or anything else. The most any of these can do is to irritate the stomach and other passages of the child. In so far as nature's laws are followed, be very careful how you interfere or allow the ignorant to. If the infant is cared for by the mother regularly at intervals of an hour by day and of an hour and a half or two by night during the first few months of life, there will be during that period very little call for the professional nurse or the physician.-

A Bride on a Hand Car.

A couple who were married in Mo-Adam had a queer experience, says The Lewiston Journal. Arrangements had Lewiston Journal. Arrangements had been made to have a minister come from an adjoining county to perform the cer-emony, but on account of sickness he was unable to appear. It was suggested that the groom procure a hand car and bring the minister from Vanceboro.

A party of young men proceeded to Vanceboro for that purpose, when an-other obstacle was encountered. The minister could not come, as it was not lawful, but could perform the ceremony in Vanceboro. The hand car returned to McAdam for the bride and the rest of the party, after which it started the sec-ond time for Vanceboro, where the knot was tied, to the great relief of the over-faxed nerves of the distracted groom.

There are portions of Germany, Ireland and even England where Christmas eve is considered an uncanny time, when superstition throbs in every fresh sigh of the wind about the tree tops, and cries out from the sinister rattle of sleet or the grank of a loosened shutter.

upon Maj. Bissell's movements, Before the college campus was reached both cannon had been spiked by the police, under the leadership of Maj. Bissell, without the crowd being aware of it. The police, during the transaction of these events, had surrounded the churches and prevented the further ringing of bells.

THE MAYOR RESTORES ORDER.

At 1:30 o'clock on Saturday morning the cannon were brought into position and trained to bear on South college, where the students had intrenched themselves. When it was discovered that the guns were useless an attack was made upon the building with paving stones and brickbats, The structure was badly damaged. The students lay low and made no response. Cries of "Bring out the murderer!" resounded in every direc. tion. At this juncture the mayor of the ". 'arty rapid this western country," he soliloquized, jingling the coins in his pocket. "We never miss no time; but there ain't many small wimmen like Nelly as kin bury one husband in the forenoon an' git merried to the second in the arternoon, an' I guess Bill don't know how the mate to that little shoe he's got stowed away is over on my shelf as a mementomory that little number one— the graduate fur, wimmen kind as ever I called who was near enough to O'Neil when he was stabbed to be able to testify anything of value concerning the identity of the perpetrator of the act. The jury finally came to the conclusion, as expressed in their verdict, that "Patrick O'Neil came to his death Friday evening,

the 17th of March, A. D. 1854, from wounds received by him at the hands of some person or persons to us unknown-the said Patrick O'Neil being at the time engaged in, and leading, aiding and abetting a riot."

Investigation was not pursued further, inasmuch as O'Neil belonged to the low-est class of society, and no one seemed to care very much for him. Public sentiment seems to have been with the students.-New York Times.

Miss Brady's Elopement.

Here is the true story of the Brady-Harris elopement. Immediately after the marriage of her sister to Mr. Stevens, the marriage of her sister to Mr. Stevens, Miss Kitty Brady went up to her mother and said: "Now, mother, I am going to be married." Mrs. Brady, after slowly recovering from the effects of this un-expected announcement, replied that such a thing would be out of the question for at least two years; but Miss Kitty replied that it would not be out of the question in two hours. At this stage of proceeding the learned judge appeared upon the scene and Miss Kitty continued: "I have taken all the preliminary steps and everything all the preliminary steps and everything is arranged, but I have only \$5 and Sid-ney hasn't a cent, so just lend me \$25 to go on the honeymoon with." The loaned judge, however, as might be expected, refused point blank to advance his daughter a cent, but Miss Kitty managed somehow to raise the necessary \$30, upon which "the happy pair"-to use a time honored and time worn phrase-spent two days in Philadelphia.-The Epoch.

Pleased with the Campliment,

Stranger (perforce obliget, to take din-ner at Aunt Dinah's)—Aunty, these pies are not the kind my mother used to make.

Aunt Dinah (very much pieased)-No, indeed, sah, I spec's not. Will yo'hab anudder piece?-New York Sun,

How "Doc" Smart Broke the Banks.

"Doc" Smart, a noted Western bandit, with two confederates, bought all the playing cards at El Paso, at Goldsberg's stationery store, paying for them \$75, and when questioned as to what they intended doing with them said that they were going up in the mines and expected to do a great business, but if they failed would like the privilege to return what they did not use. Goldsberg consented, and in a few days they returned with

about half of them. This same Goldsberg was in the habit of furnishing all the faro banks in town with cards, and upon receiving orders for them and having none on hand ex-cept those returned by Smart he divided the lot between the different "banks," and on the same night every "bank" in El Paso was "busted" by Smart and a few of his confederates. The last "bank broke" examined their cards, and found that every card had been "pinched,"

An investigation at each "bank" showed their cards "pinched" in the same manner. It was found out next day that Smart had returned these cards to Goldsberg, and, of course, it was de-cided that Smart and his gang "pinched" them. The town was too hot for him for several days after. It is estimated that the winnings were about \$125,000. -San Francisco Argonaut.

Still Hope for Him. "I'm very much worried about my

son." "What's the matter?" "Why, I've spent thousands of dollars educating him in elocution and oratory, and he can't make living, after all." "Why don't he start in business as a prize fighter?"-Lincoln Journal.

While a colored laborer was upheav-ing the soil in the lot of J. R. Broadstreet, of Talladega, Ala., he unearthed a silver spoon having on it the initials "W. M. C.," and the date, "July, 1860." "The spoon had kin there over twenty-gve years, and was in good condition.

