THE WEEKLY HERALD: PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, MARCH 39, 1893.

CORREGGIO'S LOUVRE ANTIOPE.

Noontide's whiteness of full sun Illumes her sloep; Its heat is on her limbs, and one White arm with sweep Of languor falls around her head: She cuddles on the lap of earth: While almost dead Asleep, forgetful of his mirth, A dimpled Cupid at her side Sprawls satisfied.

Conquered, weary with the light. Her eyelids' orb. Summer's plenitude of might Her line abseit is. Uplifted to the burning air And with repletion fallen apart Her form is bare. But her doeskin binds each dart Of her woodland armory, Laid idle by.

She is curled beyond the rim Of oaks that slide Their lowest branches, long and slim, Close to her side: Their follage touches her with lobes Half gay, half shadowed, green and

brown: Her white throat globes, Thrown backward, and her breasts sink down

With the supineness of her sleep Leaf fringed and deep.

Where her hand has curved to slip Across a bough. Fledged Cupid's slumberous fingers grip The turf, and how Close to his chin he hugs her cloak! His torch reversed trails on the ground With feeble smoke: For in noon's chastity profound, In the blank glare of midday skies, Love's flambeau dies.

But the sleepers are not left

To breathe alone: A god is by with hoofs deep cleft, Legs overgrown,

With a rough pelt and body strong: Yet must the head and piercing eyes In truth belong To some Olympian in disguise:

From lawless shape or mich unkempt They are exempt.

Zeus, beneath these oaken boughs, As satyr keeps His watch above the woman's brows And backward sweeps Her cloak to flood her with the noon. Curious and fond, yet by a clear Joy in the boon Of beauty franchised, beauty dear To him as to a tree's bent mass The sunny grass. -Michael Field in London Athenseum.

The Turkey Entitled to a Seat.

A man going home from Boston on a late train a few evenings ago took pursuit of the murderer. The great- left Memphis for Kelley at 9:30 p.m. one seat and placed beside him on the other a large turkey minus wrapping of any kind. A half dozen men couldn't find seats and stood good na turedly in the aisles. Just as the train moved out of the station a little. nervous looking man came along. He asked the man with the turkey to take the bird up and give him the seat. The man refused, whereupon the nervous man attempted to move the turkey aside himself.

"No, you don't," said the bird's own er. "That turkey is going to have a whole seat to himself.

"You haven't paid for two seats," said the other, red with rage.

"Haven't I? Well, just see me do it now." He called to the conductor. cosely in the direction of the bird. The conductor looked a little dubious the terrible crime was committed for a few seconds, then tore out the ticket.-Boston Globe

danger. The first har I blow gave person's grandmother is his grand-One of the most cold blooded way to the cyclone and houses were father I am my own graudfather.

A TERRIBLE CRIME

in the mines at that place.

eusly wounded.

the terrible crime, Frazier left the

The news of the terrible tragedy

est excitement prevailed. The peo-

ple fairly went wild and the scene

murders that ever occurred was crushed like eggshells. Huge raindrops fell and the scene was a weird committed last Thursday at Hiteman Iowa resulting in the death of one indeed. Although the ruthrless commenced fooling with her father Mrs. Henry Smith of Hiteman, and visitor imgered over the doomed revolver. Playfully pointing the the probably fatal wounding of her town scarcely two minutes, yet in weapon at her 7-year-old brother baby and her sister, the wife of the that time he leveled buildings un- she pulled the trigger at his comdastardy wretch who committed sparingly, tossing saloon and mand to shoot and he fell with a the awful crime. The terrible church alike to the ground. Such tragedy ended with the hanging of unusual and unexpected wrath revolver was empty. Mrs. McGowthe murderer by an enraged people. The frightful crime was com- engly artillery, like noise of become insane. mitted at Hiteman, a mining town tumbling roofs, paralyzed the of about 2.000 population Hiteman mind for minutes. A partial calm, is located in Monroe county, and is save the sound of the rain that folfive miles southwest of Albia, and lowed, and then the people rushed

about thirty miles from Ottumwa. about in great excitement. On one Lowis Frazier, the murderer, lived side of the square, where stood a a handsome building occupied by at Carbondale, another mining town situated in Mahaska county the Knights of Phythias and Mafifteen miles from Hiteman. It sons, was now only a heap of timseems that Mrs. Frazir had left her ber and jutting beams from a mass husband because of his ill-treat- of ruins. This was one of the most ment of her, and had gone to live pretentious buildings in the town. with her sister, Mrs. Smith, at Hite-The people on the streets first noman, whose husband is employed | ticed this wreck and then they saw the roof of the court house was

gone, but there was more than This morning about 10 o'clock this. There were cries and screams while Mr. Smith was at work in the of children. Men rushed to the mine, Frazier came to Hiteman and went to Smith's house. He called colored school house, where 150 for his wife and tried to get her to children had been gathered at their go home with him, which she re- lessons. The building, a two-story fused to do. A quarrel ensued, frame, had been blown down, and Frazier drew a knife and stabbed beneath the ruins was a mess of his wife and also Mrs. Smith and struggling children. So far as her little baby, which she was hold- known none were killed, but ing in her arms. Mrs. Smith died there were many maimed and within a few hours and Mrs. Fra- bruised, some with broken arms zier and the baby are both danger- and some with fractured skulls. The full extent of the damage is Immediately after committing

not known, but the loss to property will go into the hundreds of thoushouse, going south through the and of dollars. Trainmen of the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingwoods a mile, then turning west. ham railroad report that Kelley spread rapidly, and in a very few Mississppi, was wiped from the minutes a large number of infuriat- face of the earth, not a soul being ed citizens gathered and started in left to tell the tale. A special train but nothing has been heard since.

was one of the beggars discription. The second trial of the celebrated In a short time the maddened case of Anton Woode, the 11-yearold boy murderer of Joseph Smith. mob started on its mission. Frazier was commenced in the district was found at Cummings' crossing, near the Cedar mines, about two court at Denver last Monday. The miles west of Albia, on the Chicago. youthful prisioner presented the same childish appearance that he Burlington & Quincy railroad Deputy Sheriff Lewis of Albia who did on his former trial two weeks was also in pursuit of the murderer ago. His thoughts were absorbed took charge of him and took him in in a big bag of candy. There was his buggy for the purpose of tak. nothing about him that would indicate what the attorney for the ing him to Albia. With the assisstate pictured him to be, a cold tance of a few of the cooler men the officer endeavored to get the blooded murderer, that inveigled Joseph Smith, a man of 26 years, prisoner away to a place of safety. The excited mob only grew more into the wild mountains and there "Here," he said, passing his book furious, and seizing the frightened slew him when his back was turned over, "take out another fare for this and cowering murderer they took for the purpose of robbery. The friend of mine," and he nodded jo him away from the officer, and young lad is as happy as a boy can

Mary McGowan, a 13-year-old girl, bullet in his head. She thought the stunned the people, and the heav- an is prostrated and the girl has

> A committee of nonunion employing printers headed by Edward Clark, called on Mr. Cleveland and presented a petition, signed by nonunion printer of Washington, asking him to recognize nonunion men in his selection for public printer and pretesting against the effort made by a delegation of union printers, headed by Congressman Amos !. Cummings. to induce Mr. Cleveland not to appoint C. W. Edwards on the ground that he is not a union man. The petition closes thus: "We pray that in exercising your presidential prerogative in appointing a public printer, you will impartially consider the right of the immensely larger, less noisy, less guilty body of your industrial fellow citizens who are members of no union, no boycotting labor organizations, and that the public printer whom you shall select will be a man who will remember that nonunion priners have rights to be respected, equal to those of union printers, and that, as common citizens of a common country, they have as much right to labor at the case in the government printing office as have members of any printers' union." It is hoped that Mr. Cleveland will not so far forget himself as to allow any old "rat" to get possession of the government printing office. this would be a direct slap in the face of union labor.

Distillers of Ohio and Kentuckey have been notified that the Internal Revenue commissioner has absolutely refused to grant further time to those who have quanities of whisky in which to pay the tax and remove the goods. The custom has been to allow seven months' grace. The bonded warehouse storage this year is large in Kentucke, where the crop so far has been double that of 1892, and the round totals of gallons will creep up close to fifty millions. The number of gallons of taxable spirits of all kinds in bond in 1892 was 116,813,364, and the owners, to take it out will be obliged to pay the government in revenue taxes the sum of \$122.654,630.70. This

THE FOUR PINS.

The Count Bielski, anobleman of Poland

was a very ambitious man. His public ut terances had displeased the government He was arrested, condemned to imprison ment for life and confined in a dungeon fai underground. He had no light and never could tell when it was day or night. He has no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him except the keeper of the prison. and he was not permitted to speak to the prisoner. He had nothing to do. Days weeks, months, passed on and he was still in his dungeon. He was never brought to trial, and the unfortunate man was most miserable. He thought he would lose his senses, for his reason began to give way. Feeling all over his blouse one day h found four pins, and he actually wept for joy. Yet what could they be to him? TE took them from his blouse and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then h went down on his hands and knees and fel all over the floor until he had found them This he continued to do day after day week after week, month after month, until the months rolled into years. But they were no longer weary years. He had now an object in life. He would defeat the pur pose of his jailers, who fondly hoped t make him insane. He would live now until he became an aged man, cheered by the companionship of his four pins. And then when he had become too old to move about his narrow dungeon he would be content to lie down with his four silent friends and

die. In his dreams these pins would often as sume familiar shapes. Their heads would take on the likeness of his friends and his relations. They would talk and laugh with him. How happy were these dream mo ments to the condemned! There was hi dear old mother's face. How she beamer upon him! And there were his beloved wife and his two rosy cheeked children-they kissed their chubby hands to their father

His heart seemed bursting with joy. One night he had a fearful dream H dreamed he had lost his pins. Oh, horror of horrors! The perspiration broke out in great drops upon his face, his arms, hi breast. Thus he found himself when, with a hoarse cry, he awoke. He realized quickl that it was only a dream. His beloves companions were found in their accustomed What a sense of relief now filled his place. heart as he again betook himself to shun

ber! Ten years had passed, and the prisone and his pins were inseparable. His keeper who never yet had spoken to him, was now regarded with a new interest. He fearer that this man-hated as one of his oppress ors-had discovered his occupation, and that he would endeavor to deprive him of this solace. Carefully now he guarded hipins.

One day he lost all his pins. He had scattered them, he thought, as before, but now they eluded his grasp. He carefully felt over every inch of the floor of his dun geon. Again and again he repeated hi search until he grew weary of the task, but not one pin could be find.

As he lay angry and desnairing on the stone floor he was aroused by the noise of the keeper removing the chains and boitfrom the door. Presently he entered, bear ing with him the prisoner's scanty supply of bread and water. By the dim light the torch which he carried the prisoner fancied he could discern a mocking smile upon his face. This, then, was the cause He had stolen his pins. He was now rejoicing at his discomfiture. He must have discovered them while the prisoner slept Hate now filled the soul of the condemned His occupation had been stolen from him. but a new thought at once engaged hi mind, diffusing through him a kind of mad He would devise a means to torture. 105: to kill his keeper. He knew that this man -the satellite of an offensive governmentdespised him. He would be revenged. For a long time he gloated over his contemplated plan. How long he knew not Then suddenly a light shone before him It came from the torch borne by the keeper. who had returned. Placing his torch in a crevice in the wall, he walked to the oppo site corner of the dungeon from that in which the prisoner crouched, and turning his back toward him began to fasten : chain to the wall. Hat he was then to be chained to the wall! His blood boiled at this new indignity. He wished to attack the keeper at once, but he had no weapon His eyes fell upon his hands. They were long and sinewy. He had once been a strong man, but long confinement and lack of nourishment had weakened him. The keeper was undoubtedly a strong man. All this while he remained with his back to the prisoner. It was plain he regarded him with contempt and did not fear an attack He even hummed a fragment of an insult ing song. Cautiously, slowly-like a cat approach ing a mouse-the condemned moves upor his victim. Rage lends him strength. With one bound he is on the keeper's shoulders. His long, bony hands meet like a vise upon his throat. Then a terrible struggle be gins. The keeper tries to shake him off. He is a strong man, but he feels he has met his match. Then the keeper beats him flercely upon the head and face with a bolt of iron. The blood flows down his face and blinds his eyes, but he does not relax his hold. They roll upon the ground-the con demned uppermost. The keeper has man aged to secure his dagger. He stabs the prisoner once in the breast. Then the dag ger falls from his hand; his eyes and tongue protrude in a frightful manner; his face is a mixture of purple and red-blood tickles from his nostrils. He is dead.

Humble.

Dr. Wayland tells a good story of a young clergyman who preached a strong temper-ance sermon. When he had finished, a deacon said to him: "I am afraid you have made a mistake Mr. Jones, who pays the highest pew rent, is a distiller; he will " The minister said, "Oh, I am be angry. sorry: I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones and remove any unfavorable impression and tell him that I did not mean him." Accordingly he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried on a good many other branches of trade and a good many amusements and was not distinguished above other men as being an ascetic. The pastor expressed his regret to Mr. Jones for any thing in the sermon which hurt his feel He was somewhat relieved when, ings with a jovial air, Mr. Jones said: "Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."-New York Tribune.

Sure Enough.

A good story is told of General Sherman's son Thomas, now known as Father Sherman. In the company of a detach ment of soldiers he was crossing the pontoon bridge over the Potomac when the armies were on their way to Washington for their great review in 1865.

The boy was then about 8 years old. One of the men, to make talk, asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father

'No, sir," answered the boy with surprising promptness.

'Why, not?" was the next question.

"Well," said Thomas without hesitation, 'there are plenty of other men who have grown up, and why ain't they as smart as my father "- Philadelphia Press.

Solicitous.

Mother-Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny-Down by th' ole mill watchin a man paint a picture.

Mother-Didn't you bother him?

Johnny-Naw! He seemed to be real in terestad in me

Mother-What did he say?

Johnny-He asked me if I didn't think twas most dinner time, and you'd miss me. -Yankee World

Doomed to the Basement.

St. Peter-From New York, eh? Well, you didn't pay your grocer and never lost a chance to slip out of your flat without paying the rent. You can't come in. New Arrival-Eh? Where shall 1 go? St. Peter-Down below.

New Arrival-Great snakes! Have I got to go and room with the janitor?-New York Weekly.

Too Much Reserve.

"Your girl seems to have a good deal of." maidenly reserve about her.

"Well, I should think she has. I asked her if she would promise to be my wife three months ago, and she has reserved her answer ever since. I was thinking she had entirely too much maidenly reserve."-Chi cago Sun.

Something About Eggs.

"Were you at the poultry show?" "Yes; it was very fine. I don't think it can be beat in that line.'

"I know one thing in the poultry line that can't be beat.

'What's that?' "China eggs."-Texas Siftings.

Always Wanting Something.

"You women folks are never satisfied," said Uncle Josh. "Here I bring Hannah a ine roll of silk an she air

6

Measuring Candle Power.

The method of measuring the can dle power of light is simply to move an object along a graded scale, away from the light, until it ceases to cast a shadow; a mark on the scale at this point indicating the candle power of the flame. It is apparent that the shadows thrown are to a great extent dependent on the intensity of the light. Thus water gas, which gives a more intense light to a given area than coal gas, casts a strong shade w in the measuring machine, but wh n put to practical use it does not il 1 minate a room so well, not having so great diffusive power as a coal g is light of the same measured candle power.-New York Commercial Ad vertiser.

Amethysts.

Amethysts and several other so called precious stones have become so cheap that they are no longer sold by the carat, but by the ounce. Even the great amethyst that ordinarily graces an episcopal ring is no longer an expensive stone, and amethysts of poorer quality are ordinari ly of trifling value.-New York Sun.

Not So Bad as It Sounded. "George!" said Maud. "I am William," said William sternly.

"Oh, I know that, Willie," returned Maud. "I hurt my finger, and that wasmy little swear word."-Harper's Bazar.

False happiness is like false money : it passes for a time as well as the true and serves some ordinary occasions, but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy and feel the loss.-Pope.

Professor Huxley knows of no a priori reason "why snake bodied reptiles 50 feet long and upward should epoch."

at Wichita, Kan., is a free Sunday nursery, where infants and young parents attend church.

We read in the "Acts of the Apostles" that handkerchiefs which Paul had touched were carried to the sick, and that miraculous cures were thereby wrought.

It is almost as cruel to joke a man about his fast horse as about his wife and children, but newspaper wits have no mercy.

took him back to the house where be, except when seeing some jew

ing to the tree. A terrible crime had been avenu

ed and the infuriated mob became calm, dispersing one after another to their homes. Deputy Sheriff guards. Lewis took charge of the remains and the coroner was sent for. It was one of the most monstrous and cold blooded murders ever committed in Iowa, and the anger of the people of Hiteman knew no bounds. Business was entirely susgended and work was stopped in this section for the day.

A BAD STORM.

Scattering reports coming to Mem phis from points in Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi indicate that a terrific cyclone whirled up the Mississippi valley from the southwest, crushing and sweeping away houses like straw sacks along its mad path. Tele graph wires in every direction were twined into tangles like delicate silken threads, and communication with the storm swept localities was exceedingly difficult and unsatisfactory. Trains from the cast reaching here late in the afternoon and evening brought reports of widespread destruction. Passengers on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley train told of the destruction of Tunca, Miss. The Birmingham train, due in Memphis at 5:00 curcumstanses. He got an idea o'clock, could not get to Memphis until after 8 o'clock, the trainmen being compelled to chop and move trees off the tracks between here and Kelley. The trainmen report left the following singular letter. that not a house was left standing not disport themselves in our seas as at Kelley, which is a station about they did in those of the cretaceous thirteen miles from Memphis. The visited our house very often, fell in wrath of the storm as it crossed the love with my stepdaughter and A deserving charitable institution | Kansas City, Memphis & Birming- | married her. So my father became

ritory between Caperville and Olive children are cared for while their Branch. Dozens of houses, huge father's wife, my father's brothertrees and barns were razed to the in-law, and my uncle, for he was ground by the violence of the the brother of my stepmother. My storm.

elry on another person. Then he A roge was secured and placed looks like a maniac. The state's around his neck and he was hung attorney's will make a desperto a tree near where the victims of ate effort to hang him this time, as his murderous knife were lying he attempted to murder the madead and the other two in a dying tron of the jail since his incarceracondition. The body was left hang tion, and made a desperate assault with a club on his cell mate, a boy prisoner, when he was asleep, and would have murdered him but for the the timely interference of the

> Compton McCoy, a farmer residing a few miles south of St. Joseph. on the Missouri river banks, was duck hunting on the bar, when he discovered a large dry goods box floating with the current. He hauled the box to the shore and, breaking it open, was nearly overpowered by a terrible stench which arose from the box. An investigation disclosed that the box was filled with dead bodies lin an advanced stage of decomposition, the remains being so badly decomposed that identification was impossible Coroner Reynolds made an investi-

gation and found the remains were those of four men and one woman and appearances indicate they have been murdered, the remains placed in the box and then sent adrift The community is in a terrible state of excitement. It is supposed the remains are those of a family of emigrants who disappeared in a mysterious manner from Rulo, 10 miles north of St. Joseph. last fall.

William Harman, a resident of Titusville Pa., Committed suicide the other day under very strange

into his shallow pate that he was his own grandfather and the only way to get out of the scrape, so he thought was to cut his throat. Ha I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father ham road seemed to embrace a ter- my son-in-law and my steadaughter my mother, because she was my father's wife, i.e. my stepdaughter rather than contracted.

The damage at Tunica. Miss., was had a son. He was, of course, my great. About 3:30 o'clock in the brother and in the meantime my afternoon the sky in the southwest grand child, for he was the son began to darken and a low wailing of my daughter. My wife was my sound announced a storm. Within grandmother, because she was my 150 acres tomatoes. Contract can a few minutes the wind came along mother's mother. I was my wife's be found at the Hindee hardware with a terrible velocity and with a husband and grand child at the store, and at the First National swish and a whirl that portened same time, and as the husband of a bank.

sum does not include the estimated taxes for the present year.

The joint legislative coal investigation committee lately secured from the letter books of the coal combine proof that they are regular articles of association agreements drawn by the organization with a view to evading the present law prohibiting trusts. It is in the form of a letter from John J. Rhodes to C. E. Wales president of the Pioneer Fuel Company, of Minneapolis under date of May 4, 1892. It reads:

Inclose please find agreement to subscribe to the Minnesota bureau of coal statistics and information. I will say that I have submitted this to an attorney and he informs me that there is nothing illegal in it. Please sign and return some at your earlest convenience. Now, as there will be, probably, many retailers in this as ociation for the next thirty days, to put this bureau in proper shape will you please send me your check for \$100 on account?

The \$50,000 damage suit of the coal combine against the joint legislative committees is not likely to come to trial, as its members will refuse to pay any attention to the summonses addressed to them under the following section of the state constitution: "The members of each house shall in all cases, except treason, felonly, and breach of peace be privileged from arrests during a session of their respective houses, and in going to and returning from the same. For any speech or debate in either house they shall

not be questioned in any other place."

People of Washington are beginning to belive the Secretary Morton is an expert herdsman, says the Bee. A few days ago he made several removals on the score of economy. They were in the bureau of animal industry and were among the microscopists engaged in the inspection of meat under the new law. There was much praise given Secretary Morton for his prompt action in cutting down expenses, but his work, however, is not over pleasing to those democrats who at the present time would perfer to see the rolls of the government's employes extended

Notice to Gardners and Farmers. The Cass county canning company is now ready to contract for 24

With a maniacal cry of delight the prisoner staggers to his feet, blood streaming down his breast and head. He attempts to reach the door, but his strength fails him He is mortally hurt. With a scream he falls lifeless across the threshold, striking his head upon the hard stone floor.

But what of the pins? The prisoner has been in the habit before lying down to sleep of fastening the four pins in the left cuff o his blouse. The fear of detection so op erated upon his mind that one night, in fit of somnambalism, he had put the pine side by side in the edge of the garment. and there they were afterward found and commented upon by the authorities of the prison .- J. H. Kirwin in Buffalo News.

Improvement In Canned Goods.

It is a long step from the condition of things in Crimean days which justified the witticism, "One man's canned meat i another man's poison," to these times, when the navies of the world are largely subsisting on "canned stuff." The caterer of the wardroom mess on board an Amer ican man of war must be an expert it canned goods, and the fact that these things are eaten without serious grumbling by all and with thankfulness by those who remember "hard tack and salt horse." tribute to a growing industry. New York

Giving Him Instructions. He-Remember that you have promised olemnly to be a sister to me.

She-Yes, but you mustn't act as if you thought you were the only relative of that kind I have in the world.-Boston Beacon.

to hev it made up into a dress right off."-Harper's Bazar.

A Housekeeper's Wall.

Discontentment lurks within my breast, Vet in this world of most things I've the best: A husband who's the idol of my heart, A child, a son; what grief from them to part!

And friends-I've got the dearest friends on earth:

We mingle tears as well as join in mirth. I've wealth, so much I cannot spend it all: My pursestrings break to every plaintive call.

Still I'm unhappy, but I've cause to be. Lives there a soul who does not pity me? I've searched in every corner, every nook. But frontheal, to find a bangup cook -Fittsburg Dispatch.

Identified.

Dungs-What are you reading there?

Scagge-The story of "She Who Must Be Obeyed.

Daggs-Oh, yes, the romance of a hired girl -- Somerville Journal

The Restless Man.

Of all tiresome things a restless man is the worst. A restless woman cannot begin to come up to a restless man. She gets physically tired out after awhile and must sit down. But a man-he can goon and on forever.

In cafes, railroad trains, theaters-in fact, wherever men do congregate-therealso is the restless man, driving every one distracted with his ceaseless tramping. He goes up, and he goes down, but he is never weary .- New York Herald.

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