

THE PLATTSMOUTH WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

VOL. 13, NO. 32.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1894.

\$1.00 PER YEAR. IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

July, August, September,

Are the three dull months of the year in the Clothing Business. This year we are going to make them the Best.

As a Special Inducement For Your Trade,

During this time we will, for Every Dollar's Worth of Goods bought in our store between July 18th and October 1st, give **One Chance, or Ticket,** on the Drawing for

A Fine Top-Buggy, Valued at \$75.

The Drawing takes place on the first day of October and it will not be our fault if every Man, Woman and Child in Cass county does not have at least one chance. We have put the knife into the prices on Summer Clothing and Furnishing Goods and, while they were cheaper before than any other house in Plattsouth sold them, they are fairly making our competitors cry now, but we cannot help that; we are here to do business with you and not to consider their feelings. We are making Special Inducements this week on **Children's Suits and Men's Odd Pants.** Call, Examine and be convinced that it is to your interest to trade with

MORGAN, The Leading Clothier, Plattsouth, Neb.

M. P. IS BURGLARIZED.

A Trio of Bums Force Open and Rob a Freight Car.

THE JUDGE IS CHALLENGED.

D. W. Foster, a Liberty Precinct Populist, Challenges Lawyer Judge Sullivan To a Joint Discussion Of the Labor Question—Notes.

Sheriff Eikenbary and Deputy Harvey Holloway, assisted by Officers Murray and Woodson, effected the arrest of a trio of burglars early yesterday morning.

The first intimation of the burglary was had when a pair of young bums made their way into the M. P. depot at two o'clock yesterday morning and informed the night operator that three thieves had broken into a freight car and carted off some of the merchandise found therein. The operator, directed by his informants, made his way to the car and, upon finding the seal broken and a door standing open, hurried back to the depot and telephoned down town to the police. Officers Murray and Woodson responded, but after a two hours' search were unable to locate the thieves, who were described as being three men, one of them a negro. Woodson returned to town and summoned Sheriff Eikenbary and Deputy Holloway and the two latter took the north bound passenger and journeyed to the Oreapolis crossing. Here they disembarked and upon learning that three men answering the description of the thieves had passed that way shortly before, going north, hurried on up the railroad tracks on foot and overtook the thieves at the B. & M. Platte river bridge, where the men were sitting under the covered portion of the bridge to escape the rain. The only bit of stolen property found in their possession was sixteen pairs of new suspenders. These the officers recovered and then brought the thieves back to town.

The black men appears to have been the leader, and was the one who broke the seal and first entered the car. His white companions are rather youthful and are scarcely more than seventeen years old.

Agent Stoutenborough informed a JOURNAL reporter today that the box of merchandise intended was consigned to a man at Tabitha, Kas. As to the possibility of anything besides the suspenders being stolen he could not say. An invoice of the goods will have to be furnished the company before the exact loss can be known.

A Challenge to Debate.

Lawyer A. N. Sullivan of this city has views of his own, and they are always rather pronounced, on almost every topic of the day. Particularly has the judge been rather caustic in his criticisms of the populist party and, as a consequence, the members of that party in Cass county have no great amount of affection for the judge. Of late Mr. Sullivan has been expressing himself on the recent railroad strike which centered at Chicago and his statements have stirred some of the advocates of the labor cause into seeking the judge's scalp in a debate. One D. W. Foster, a well-posted farmer and populist, living down near Union, thinks he is able to turn the trick to a nicety and he has accordingly challenged the judge to a debate. Mr. Foster was in the city

Tuesday and penned the following deft, requesting its publication:

PLATTSOUTH, Neb., July 31.
To A. N. Sullivan, of "Cottonwood Alliance"—I hereby challenge you to a joint discussion of the following proposition: "Resolved, that labor is unduly oppressed by capital and that capital has been unjustly amassed." I have the affirmative and you the negative. Time and place to be fixed by a committee of which each shall select one and they a third if there be no agreement. D. W. FOSTER, Union, Neb.

Used the License After All.

It appears after all, says the Lincoln News, that young Horace Capron did not allow the marriage license he had invested some \$2.50 in over in Cass county to be unused. Horace is the young man who eloped a few days ago with young Ida Tibbetts, a fourteen-year-old miss living near his home in Belmont, but who was captured by Detective Malone just as he was about to leave their hiding place to use the license he and a friend had driven 140 miles to secure. Some time between Saturday night and early Sunday morning the young couple were again missing, and no trace of them could be found. It appeared that they outwitted Mrs. Tibbetts Saturday evening, and getting in a buggy drove down to some place in Cass county, twelve miles from here, the name of which the News informant did not know, where they were married at six o'clock Sunday morning.

The girl is but fourteen years old, and under the age of consent. It is not known whether the mother of the bride will give them her blessing when they return or whether she will place more obstacles in the way of a consummation of their happiness by endeavoring to have the wedding annulled. The neighbors think she will accept the inevitable, however.

A Brutal Act.

An inhuman act was committed at Louisville Thursday, which has just come to light. Peter Fagle, a German farmer living south of town, like a large number of others in this part of the state, has more horses than he knows what to do with or has feed for. Last Thursday he took a horse to Louisville to try to give it away, but as no one was willing to take it off his hands he took it down to the Platte river, pushed into the water and then with a Winchester rifle shot it, breaking its lower jaw. The poor animal swam across to the sandbar, when Fagle took two more shots at it, one taking effect in the back and the other in the hip. In this condition the poor animal was left to die of starvation in the burning rays of the sun. It remained there until Sunday forenoon, when Marshal Hartshorn went down to the river and put an end to its sufferings. It is reported that a warrant will be issued for Fagle's arrest on the charge of cruelty to animals.

Struck by Lightning.

During the storm Tuesday night the home of Chris. Vollnagel, situated near the road to the Goos farm, southeast of town, was struck by lightning. The bolt first knocked a big hole in the roof, and then proceeded to smash the chimney and cook stove beneath. Mr. Vollnagel was sleeping in a bed only a few feet distant, and he, too, was "jarred up" rather severely by the shock. So severe was the shock that he was quite deaf today, but his physician thinks he will recover his hearing in due time. It was a close call, just the same, and Mr. V. considers himself fortunate in escaping without a worse injury.

Lawyer J. H. Haldman of Weeping Water was in the city today.

A CASE OF POISONING.

Havelock Boarding House Inmates Have a Tough Experience.

A CONVICT'S REFORMATION.

Folk Wells, a Noted Outlaw Now Doing a Life Sentence in the Iowa Penitentiary, is Converted—A Story of His Capture.

Havelock Boarders Are Poisoned.

The boarders at the Stalting boarding house in Havelock had a rather tough experience on Monday. There are some two dozen men who regularly plant their feet beneath the Stalting table, and after their breakfast Monday every man of the lot was taken sick. All of the men work at the B. & M. shops, and their illness overtook them shortly after reporting for work at seven o'clock, when they were taken with violent cramps in the stomach, followed by vomiting spells. Their illness was so severe as to necessitate their laying off, and according to a report of the affair quite a few of the men were compelled to seek their beds. A physician was summoned and the latter pronounced it a case of poisoning. The breakfast consisted of eggs, pork, coffee and milk. At first it was thought that the coffee raised the disturbance, but this theory is exploded by reason of the fact that a few of the boarders drank milk, instead of coffee, and they, too, suffered with the rest. Several of the unlucky ones, Robert Schaper, Mike Schirk, Art. Helps, Ken Fogarty and Tom Hart, are Plattsouth people. Mr. Schaper had recovered enough by eight o'clock to board a train and journey to his home in this city, arriving on B. & M. No. 4. He does not know the exact condition of the others, but, judging from his own illness, he imagines that there are several whose illness is serious. He relates that all were affected at about the same time, but just what was the exact cause was a sort of puzzle. The physician in charge of the sick boarders will make an investigation and endeavor to locate the real trouble so as to prevent a repetition, as well as to determine whether it was the fault of the cook or the storekeeper supplying the food.

A Convict's Conversion.

Polk Wells, the most noted desperado in the history of Iowa, has been converted and is doing evangelistic work among his fellow convicts of the Iowa state penitentiary at Fort Madison, where Wells is serving a life sentence. He is contributing funds and writing letters to the Christian Home at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and some of these letters are very touching.

The story of Polk Wells' career is an interesting and exciting one and it will be impossible to recite the many crimes in which he had a part. He was the terror of western Iowa a dozen years ago and his robberies were bold and frequent. He had a revolver on which were placed notches for the men he had killed. Wells' last great exploit was the robbery about 1883 of the Riverton bank at Riverton, Fremont county, Iowa. This robbery was almost immediately discovered and soon a large posse was on his track. They came upon Wells twice and succeeded in capturing part of the booty. At these meetings shots were exchanged and several of the pursuing party were seriously injured. But after a chase of about one week, Wells and his companion escaped. No trace

of them could be found and the chase was finally given up by all except Dan Farrell, sheriff of Mills county.

Farrell was one of the bravest men in this country and he was very shrewd. He had seen Polk Wells several times, and Wells feared him more than any other man. He determined to keep an eye out, and accordingly went to a small town in Missouri where Wells' pal had lived. He found that his comrade's wife had disappeared suddenly shortly after the Riverton affair. Farrell told the officers there to keep him informed about the matter. In a few weeks the woman returned as mysteriously as she had gone. All efforts to learn where she had been without exciting her suspicions failed. Farrell visited the town, and one day in the absence of the woman he opened a window and searched the house for evidence. The only thing he found was a perfume bottle with the name of a druggist in Wisconsin. That gave him a clue and he at once started for that Wisconsin town. In a short time he learned that Wells and his partner were under assumed names running a hotel. Farrell got out a warrant for their arrest and with two constables started for the hotel. On the way they met the partner and sent him to jail with one of the constables. Accompanied by the other Farrell entered the hotel. Wells may have heard of his presence, for no sooner had Farrell entered the hotel office than Wells also stepped into the office from the dining-room. He carried two big revolvers and at once fired at Farrell. Dan replied instantly and the battle occurred in the dining-room, which was somewhat dark. A dozen shots were exchanged, the tables were overturned and the dishes smashed. Wells and Farrell had been both wounded when a ball struck Farrell glancingly in the head, stunning him for a few seconds. He fell to the floor and Wells, thinking Farrell was killed, looked around to see where the constable was. That worthy, fortunately for himself, had taken refuge behind a convenient door, but in the interval in which Polk was looking for him Farrell regained consciousness, took in the situation, and shot Wells in the arm, breaking it and rendering him disabled. The revolver dropped to the floor and Wells was in an instant a prisoner. He gazed at Farrell in admiration and said: "You are the best man I ever saw, and the first man who ever captured me. Here, take these revolvers as a present from me in place of those pop-guns," and he handed Farrell the two beautiful revolvers which he had just used.

Wells was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Fort Madison prison for a term of years. He soon began to plan escape. He was first sent to the hospital to have his wound attended to. In a few days he induced two young convicts to assist him in the escape. They secured chloroform in some way, and one night they overpowered the night guard and chloroformed him. Then they took bedsheets, tying them together, and thus escaped, one of the six escapes in the history of this prison over forty years old. The next morning the guard was found dead and the escape was discovered. A large party was put on his track. On the second night they hid in a hay-mow. Polk was suffering terribly from his wounds, which the chase caused to reopen and he could go no further. They kept hidden all that day, but Polk grew worse, and the next morning the farmer came out and discovered Polk in delirium. The three were at once captured and all sentenced for life. The two boys have since been pardoned. Polk has been a "good convict," but until re-

cently was rather proud of his crimes. His conversion is, no doubt, genuine. He has kept up contributions, made by overtime labor in the prison, to the support of the Christian Home at Council Bluffs, and his letters are written with evident deep religious fervor. He is said to be doing a good work among the other convicts.

State Taxes Increased.

The arrival of a letter at the court house yesterday from the auditor of state, at Lincoln, caused considerable consternation among the members of the county board and the attaches of the county clerk's office. The letter, to be plain, told that the state board of equalization had raised the Cass county levy for state taxes to seven mills. Last year a levy of six mills was assessed against the county. At a glance it would seem that the increase is unjust, but a comparison of the county's assessed valuation for the years of '93 and '94, which shows that the one of '94 is some \$400,000 smaller, seemingly dispels such a notion. As a matter of fact, a seven mill levy on this year's valuation costs the county some \$3,300 more than was assessed against the county on last year's valuation at a six mill levy, but the real fault is at home and not with the state board. The state has a certain amount to raise by taxation, and if the valuation is decreased the levy must be increased in proportion. This proposition is plain, but another fact is also conclusively shown, and it is none other than that the method pursued by the Cass county assessor's this year in lowering values all over the county, when there was absolutely no warrant for any such action, was a clear case of stupidity. Investors invariably seek a location in which the tax levy shows a decrease instead of an increase, and if the assessors of Cass county continue in the pursuance of such tactics there will be very little outside capital seeking an investment in this county. Particularly are the Plattsouth assessors to blame. This year's valuation is shamefully low, and the city this year while levying to the statutory limit, will still be unable to meet its obligations on several funds. There is only one way to cure the evil. Let the next legislature pass some law requiring assessors to assess at the actual valuation and making it a felony to do otherwise. Cass as a county and Plattsouth as a city are not the only sufferers. There are other Nebraska towns and counties in the same boat, who have been the victims of this nonsensical scheme of lowering assessed valuations, and the time is ripe for some action to put an effective quietus upon it.

A Glorious Rain.

The long continued dry spell which has been on since the night of July 3, was broken yesterday morning when the heavens opened and gave this section of the country a generous rainfall. Here in town the fall was somewhat slight, but from the very limits of the town to a point some twelve or fifteen miles out in the country, the rain was exceptionally heavy. In some places it bordered close onto a case of cloudburst. The corn crop as a consequence will take a new lease on life and altogether the several farmers who were in town today felt greatly pleased over the prospects. Jupiter Pluvius is now a greater favorite than ever in Cass county, but the only regret is that his rain of last night was not ordered two weeks sooner.

Lee Allison, of the precinct, was in town this morning enroute to Omaha and Council Bluffs.

THE MILK AT FAULT

Havelock Boarding House Poisoning Caused by the Milk.

THE WEALERS WELL TREATED.

U. S. Marshal White Finds That the Stories of Ill-Treatment Coming From Sidney Are Unfounded—Various Other Notes.

That Havelock Boarding House. Mike Schirk, another of the B. & M. machinists who was made sick in last Monday's boarding house poisoning affair at Havelock, came down from Havelock Monday evening to rest up at his home in this city. He reports that quite a few of the men are still seriously ill, but that Arthur Helps was the worst affected of the lot. It is thought that the poison was in the milk, as those who drank milk alone were affected more seriously than those who drank milk in their coffee. Some of the milk has been sent to the chemist at the Wesleyan university, but up to last night the analysis had not been completed.

The Camp Was Clean. United States Marshal Frank E. White returned Thursday, says the Omaha Bee, from Sidney, where he went Monday night to satisfy himself as to the truth or falsity of the reports concerning the alleged ill treatment of the commonwealers held in custody at old Fort Sidney. Mr. White went to Sidney unheralded, with the intention of surprising the whole camp. He arrived there at four o'clock in the morning, before any one was astir, and went at once to the quarters of the men. He found, first, that every man was supplied with quilts and blankets, the reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He then went to the guard house, before the knowledge of his presence in camp was known to any of the deputies.

At the guard house he found thirteen commonwealers, who had been locked up for an infraction of the rules of the camp. The guard house consisted of a large room, 20x40 feet in size, with small cells opening into the main room. The cells, as well as the main room, were scrupulously clean, and the place was quieter and cooler than the big quarters where all of the men are confined. With one exception the thirteen men asked permission to remain in the guard house after Marshal White had suspended their sentences and told them they were free. At the hospital he found three patients, one affected with erysipelas and the other two with rheumatism. He ate breakfast with the men and found that the food was clean, well cooked and served in sufficient quantities. On one or two occasions, he said, the meat had been served in tainted condition, but this fact was explained by the extreme heat.

Marshal White released seventeen of the commonwealers Tuesday and instructed the deputies to release another squad of seventeen yesterday. The men will all be given their freedom in small squads as fast as the country will absorb them. The entire body of commonwealers will not be turned loose upon the people of western Nebraska at once, but all will have been liberated by August 6th.

Mrs. Edwin Davis, who has been quite ill for the past two weeks, is reported as being much better today. Her many friends will hope that her improvement will continue.

Plattsouth... up a pot of gold dust, buried there a quarter of a century ago by an uncle... amounting to \$4.80. The "commadore" will be remembered as one of the speakers at the mass meeting... and divided the appropriation between Omaha and St. Joe. A delicate odor in perfume—Lilac... train Friday morning. Seth Dean of Glenwood, Iowa, was...