

between this incident and the Majors-Howe fued is that at that time Tom Majors was "assessor of internal revenue," and he was called to Lincoln to assist in the defeat of the measure. It is said that Majors' services were not necessary under the peculiar circumstances by which arrangements were made for the defeat of the bill. But when Roberts was reported on the sick list Tom Majors started out for a little fun on his own hook and he led a quartet of the disesteemed champions of the defeated bill to the apartment where Roberts, Church Howe's warm friend, was enjoying himself on a liberal hunk of well cooked material.

In 1880 Howe was once more elected to the senate, and in 1882 he again passed under the rod of Tom Majors' antagonism and came out triumphant. By this time Howe had finally secured his hold in the republican party again, and in 1884, while he was a member of the republican national committee, Howe was again nominated for the state senate, and while he was absent in the south, laboring in the interests of the national party, he was re-elected to the senate.

At the Beatrice convention in 1886 Howe was nominated for congress over Connell and was defeated at the general election by McShane by more than 7,000 majority. At the same election Majors was the nominee for state senator. During this campaign the two adversaries came nearer together than ever before or perhaps ever since. On one occasion during this fight Majors actually took supper at Howe's home and at the election voted for Howe, the only vote Tom Majors ever cast for his interesting fellow citizen and neighbor. But Howe was beginning to go down once more in the popular scale, and while Majors carried his county by 600 majority for the senate Howe's majority was only 190.

In 1888 the republicans of Nemaha county wanted Church Howe to run for the state senate. Particularly did the prohibition republicans want Howe in the senate; and Howe wanted to go, but he pretended that he was greatly averse to going.

Finally Howe agreed to accept the nomination provided that Majors was nominated on the same ticket for the lower house. This was regarded as a great scheme by the republican leaders of Nemaha, and though Majors protested long and loud he was nominated and accepted. But no sooner as the campaign well opened than the friends of Majors commenced to open their eyes, and the optics of Thomas himself actually bulged out when he realized that the anxiety of Howe to have him on the ticket was for the simple purpose of slaughtering the pride of Peru precinct and leaving him out to "moulder in the mildew."

The nominees of the lower house were Tom Majors of Jeru precinct and John Pohlman of Washington precinct. The democrats nominated one Swan and Emor Lash, the latter a resident of Tom Major's own precinct. The fight went merrily on, and because of Howe's tie-up with the opposition Majors was compelled to hustle right lively to gather his political crop. Howe carried the county by 800 majority and Majors came hopping along slightly disfigured but still in the ring with a majority of 300. Lash was elected, but instead of defeating Majors he knocked out Pohlman, Majors' colleague, and gave to Peru precinct two representatives.

For many reasons the Howe-Majors' fight has been remarkable. Neither has adopted the childish plan of never speaking as they pass by. For twenty years they tore down each other's political fences and entertained for each other most cordial hate; yet they greeted each other with a

cordiality that would put real friends to blush. Only once during a twenty years' fight did these antagonists get down to outright personal encounter, and that was at the session when Paddock was elected to the senate for the first time. Howe opposed Paddock and Majors, who was still in the internal revenue service, was at Lincoln working for Paddock. Majors knew Howe's colleague well, so one day he walked deliberately into the house while it was in session and moved up to the deck occupied by Nemaha county's representative. Grasping Howe's colleague by the arm, Majors boldly invited him to participate in a Paddock caucus. Howe sprang to his feet. "Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed, "I call your attention to the fact that legislation is being interrupted, and ask that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to put that man out," (pointing to Majors). Majors didn't budge. He stood in the aisle and unravelled plain Anglo-Saxon, decorated with old-time Nemaha rhetoric, at the head of Captain Pollocks' "political marvel." Things waxed warm, and during the hubbub which followed Majors escaped with Howe's colleague and carried him off to the Paddock caucus, where he was pledged for Majors' candidate.

It would require studied mathematical efforts to decipher which of the two Nemaha adversaries was the "under dog" the greater number of times during those twenty years. Each triumphed and each bit the dust. The war between the two was "carried into Egypt" whenever there was a shadow of an Egypt to take it to. If one met defeat at the polls he went to Lincoln and made life miserable for the victor by hanging on the ragged edges of the legislative session. Each has smiled and smiled and still been an enemy. In 1884 Tom Majors and his friends were for Blaine. But when Church Howe aired his ambition to become a delegate from Nemaha county to the state convention in order to go to the national convention and mounted the Blaine horse, Majors and his friends forsook their first love and took up the advocacy of the Grant boom simply because Howe was supporting Blaine. Nemaha county instructed for Grant, not that they loved Grant so much more, but that Tom Majors loved Church Howe so much less.

Only one really personal encounter, it was said, have these statesmen experienced; but they have probably participated in several thousand bits of pleasantries over which other men might tear shirts and take to the four-ounce gloves.

Some of the passages-at-arms between these two are of interest. In one county convention where both sat as delegates, Majors made a bitter attack on a proposition advanced by Howe, and said something ostensibly addressed to an imaginary person, but really directed at Howe. When Majors concluded Howe sprang to his feet and shouted: "Mr. Chairman, if nature in bestowing her gifts had been less liberal with the larynx and more liberal with brains in the making of some would-be statesmen a reply to the gentleman might be necessary."

On another and a similar occasion, where Majors had slipped in as a delegate by the skin of his teeth, Howe was exasperated beyond endurance by Majors always voting contrarywise. Finally Howe jumped up and exclaimed: "Mr. Chairman, Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and Nemaha county has a Tom Majors."

A stillness reigned for a moment, then Majors arose and drawled: "Mr. Chairman, I am aware that Caesar had his Brutus, and Charles the First his Cromwell, but I submit, sir, that they were fortunate in not each having had a Howe."

Majors' greatest triumph over Howe was when Church Howe presided as chairman over the republican state convention that nominated Majors for lieutenant governor and was forced to announce Majors' nomination. Then it was that the blue-shirted statesman smiled, while Howe turned pale and announced the result in a voice that trembled with emotion—a rather warm emotion, too.

Majors was nominated for governor in 1894 and went down to defeat before Silas A. Holcomb. For a season he was obscured to the political vision, but two years ago showed up as senator from Nemaha. About the time Majors was nominated for governor Howe was appointed minister to Palermo, Italy. Later he was in a similar capacity in Germany and Canada, and is now in the consular service and stationed at Manchester England.

All is comparatively quiet in Nemaha these degenerate days.

This is the history of the famous fued. And is it any wonder that Salathiel, or whatever the old fellow's name may be, retired to a dark corner and shed a few salty tears over days that are departed?

How John O. Yeiser Won

John O. Yeiser, who is representing Governor Aldrich in the investigation into the charges of political corruption in Omaha, recently pulled off one of the shrewdest moves ever pulled off by an attorney. It was fully equal to the famous almanac story told by Abraham Lincoln in his defense of the Clary Grove boys. It will be remembered that Lincoln was defending the Clary boys, who were charged with murder. Two or three of the witnesses testified that they saw the crime committed and recognized the murderers by the light of the moon. The date of the murder having been fixed, Lincoln proved by the almanac that the time was at the dark of the moon. Yeiser's bomb was the equal in ever respect to that of Lincoln's.

Mr. Yeiser was attorney for the defense in the case wherein one Erdman was charged by the state with attempting to dynamite the home of Tom Dennison. Two young girls testified that they saw Erdman in the immediate vicinity of Dennison's house within a few minutes of the time the bomb was exploded. When asked how they happened to be in that vicinity at that particular time of day, and how they remembered the exact date, the girls testified that they remembered it because it was the day they had attended a church picnic a couple of miles away. They remembered the picnic, because after dinner the crowd posed for a photograph. The time of the bomb's explosion was definitely fixed. Yeiser secured an adjournment of court and hustled out to get a copy of that photograph. He succeeded, and immediately took it to Father Rigge, astronomer and a professor at Creighton university. Father Rigge is an acknowledged authority on things astronomical. He took that photograph and an almanac, and carefully figuring out the time of day as denoted by the shadows thrown in the photograph, proved beyond dispute that the two girls could not possibly have covered the distance between the picnic grounds and the Dennison home, by any known means of locomotion in the short time between the taking of the photograph and the explosion of the bomb.

If that isn't equal in every respect to Abraham Lincoln's coup, then Will Mau-pin's Weekly misses its guess.