

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE: LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1890.

BREAKING SAD NEWS.

"Where is my mamma?" question oh, so strain.
To ask of mortal on this mundane sphere,
I can but hold it to be a torment,
For I am but a poor bird fallen from the nest,
And kissing him, my thoughts I so arrange
To answer: "Darling, mamma is not here."

"Where is she, den?" the little mourner asked;
"she is asleep," "she is my dear one, yes!"
I can but whisper, keeping back my tears;
"she is asleep, and never more in years
Will mamma come in all her tenderness."
My heart is breaking over my useless task.

Try as I may he cannot understand,
And I, as ignorant in my crushing woes,
Am but repeating all his lips have said.
I can but tell him that our mother's dead.
But what that means I feel I cannot know
Until we meet her in the heavenly land.

Galveston News.

HOW THE JUDGE ARRANGED

The Judge of the County Court was in trouble.

He had adjourned his court, the jurors had gone home, and he was left alone with the Sheriff.

No—not entirely alone—a sallow-faced woman in a limp and faded gingham sunbonnet and a limper and more faded homespun dress crouched down by the door of the Court House with a baby in her lap.

The Judge stepped outside for a moment and looked down the one straggling street which constituted the main thoroughfare of Blue Rock.

A dreary, drizzling rain was falling, and there was scarcely a sign of life in the little village.

"Jim!"

In response to the call the sheriff followed the Judge—he was a tall, tall fellow, with a good natured face, and his shambling walk impressed one with an idea of his laziness and general incapacity.

"Jim," said the Judge, "I'll be darned if I know what to do with Sally Black."

The sheriff hitched up his baggy jeans trousers and then scratched his head.

"We're in a fix, Judge," was his reply, and a broad grin spread over his face.

Undoubtedly the Judge was in a fix—he knew that well enough without hearing from the sheriff. Sally Black had been convicted of vagrancy in his court, and he had sentenced her to six month's imprisonment—a sentence which was to be carried out by knocking down the prisoner to the highest bidder.

As a rule, the prisoners disposed of in this manner were negroes, and the farmers of the country were always ready to bid for them and put them to work on their plantations, where they were treated like the other hands until their term of service expired.

The farmers around Blue Rock were a simple-minded, old-fashioned set of people, and the county court in their eyes was not a mill of criminal justice it was merely an agency through which they were supplied with laborers. They wanted Sally Black put through, as they expressed it, because she was the only regular tramp and beggar in the country—a good-for-nothing white woman, who had come from no one knew where, and was evidently going to the devil.

But when their wish was gratified—when the forlorn woman in her rags and desolation had been tried, convicted and sentenced, the honest countrymen slipped out of the court room with downcast faces and started homeward. Sheriff Jim spent an hour on a stump in front of the temple of justice vainly endeavoring to auction off his human merchandise, but nobody would offer a bid.

Of course it was a feeling of compassion for Sally Black that they held them back—it was the baby!

"Billy Betts would take her," said the Judge, coming out of a brown study. "I think, Jim, I'll send you down to the house."

"All right, Judge," answered Jim. His Honor looked inside the door. Sally Black still sat on the floor leaning against the wall with her baby in her lap. She did not look up at the Judge's stern face, but the little girl did, and began to laugh and cry in a spasm of delight.

The Judge hastily beat a retreat.

"Jim," he said, "you needn't go after Betts."

"All right, Judge."

"The fact is, Betts is not the right sort to have a convict; he's a hard man—to too rough, you know."

"Jesse, Judge."

"We'll lock her up in jail until tomorrow," said the other.

The Judge walked inside the court house and stooped down to tell the woman of his determination.

A pair of blue eyes flashed at him in riotous merriment, and a pair of pink fists struck at him and then the child's long fingers entwined themselves in his long beard.

"Oo' oo'" chirruped the baby.

His Honor pushed his captor back, very gently, and then looked at the Sheriff.

"She's a peart gal," remarked Jim.

The Judge bolted out of the door, followed by the faithful officer.

"Jim, this is getting serious."

"Looks like a tough old case," volunteered the Sheriff.

"I can't look that baby up in our dirty old jail, and I won't."

"How will you fix it, Judge?" asked the other. "Under the law we can't bid for the prisoner."

"I know what I'll do," said the Judge—"I say, Bob, come here!" he shouted to a man on the other side of the street.

Bob crossed over very reluctantly. He was tenant on a small farm he belonged to the judge, and he was bound with his rent.

He expected to be dunned, but he was mistaken.

In a word the situation was explained.

"But I can't bid," he objected, "I ain't able."

"D—n it, man!" shouted the Judge, "offer a dollar."

"But I can't pay that—I owe you fifty dollars now."

"Confound you!" roared the Judge.

"Do as I tell you, and you shall have your own time about paying the back rent."

"All right," replied the fellow slowly, "but Sally Black cannot work, and I cannot afford to feed her."

"See here, Bob," growled the Judge, with a determined look, "you just put this woman and her baby in the little cabin on the hill. They won't starve. I'll send them enough to eat."

Bob had no more to say. It was a good bargain for him, and in less than five minutes he was marching down the street, followed by Sally Black and the baby.

The next day the Judge sent in his resignation to the Governor.

To his friends he made a very satisfactory explanation.

"Under our special act," he said, "I receive no salary. I am paid in fees, and I don't get any. Then I have to lend the prisoners money to pay their fines, and it is getting so that I will have to support some of the convicts. This court business will run me in debt if I stick to it, and that is why I resigned."

So Sally Black and the baby were quartered in a comfortable log cabin on the Judge's plantation, and their rations were sent to them every week from the big white house over the river.

What became of them after Sally's term was out?

The Blue Rock people would laugh at such a question. They knew the Judge. Sally Black needs no written lease—not contract with witnesses. She will stay in the little cabin as long as she and the baby like it, and the neighbors think she is settled there for life.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bit of Criminal History.

Sim Coy's new book brings out the historical fact that the first counterfeit greenback (1862 series) was made at Lawrence, in this country, during that year, by members of the criminally famous Johnson family. Many thousands of the bills, were placed in circulation, people not dreaming of a counterfeit, so early after the first appearance of the bill, and besides the stirring events of the war largely diverted their attention from business matters.

Pete McCartney was the financial backer of the Johnsons, and after the plate had been worked the Johnsons attempted to unload McCartney, but his suspicions being aroused he stole the plate and caused it to be electrotyped, after which it was returned to its old hiding place. The electrotype was a marked improvement on the original counterfeit, and McCartney worked off his series in this city, and over \$100,000 of the spurious stuff were readily placed in circulation. Meanwhile, the secret service officers, led by Mai Wood, had been apprised of the counterfeit, and were laying for the Johnsons and McCartney. Instead of tracking the latter to his rooms, where the printing was going on, McCartney was arrested at the postoffice, and in a few days, in company with the Johnsons, who had been found at Lawrence, he was forwarded under strong escort to the military prison at Washington.

While the train was crossing the mountains, although McCartney was handcuffed and shackled at the time, he managed to make his escape, and in two weeks he was back again in this city, secured possession of his electrotype and disappeared. It cost the government a great many thousands of dollars before the officers again laid hands on him. Meanwhile the Johnsons succeeded in making terms, by which they escaped prosecution by turning up the original plate and giving the officers certain pointers with reference to other offenders. Neither the Johnsons nor the government knew until long afterwards that McCartney had an electrotype, and had stolen a bit of it.

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the General."

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you come and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Dardy, and my business is to see the General immediately. No one else can tell him what I have to say."

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood with his ragged regiments, patiently watching the opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still in secret friendly to the crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So, summing an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the General.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the General," was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the General, and a few minutes later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated.

"Ticket, sir."

"Yes, is she on time?"

"Yes."

"Going right to Cincinnati?"

"Yes. Ticket, if you please."

"I had a ticket, but—say, how's what looking along the line?"

"Give me your ticket."

"Wonder where I put it? Been much rain between here and Hamilton this month?" Feller was telling me yesterday that he never—"

"I am in a great hurry sir!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Shoo! Haven't got any hay out at the other end of the line, have you? I got caught once last week, and me'n Bill had to work like nailers to beat a thunderstorm."

"Have you got a ticket?"

"Of course."

"Then hand it over at once! I can't fool away my time here!"

"Shoo! Well here's the ticket, and I want a receipt for it. Feller in such a hurry as you might die suddenly. Lands! but what a hired man you'd make for a week or two! Never had one who was in a hurry. Say, if you—"

But the conductor had gone, and he turned to us with a look of disgust on his face and continued:

"That's the way with these monopolies. They not only want all your money, but they won't treat you decent after they git it. Reckon I'll drop in on the boss of the road when I git to town and let him know that such conduct don't go down with a born-honest American!"—New York Sun.

A Pike County Story.

The Paupack Creek, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, is the dwelling place of a monster more wonderful than the sea serpent, if one can believe the stories told by people in the vicinity. They describe the beast as having a head like an ape and square shoulders like a human being. From the shoulders of the creature there extend legs arms, which terminate in great claws. The body of the monster, which is fully six feet in length, is of a reddish brown tint, very like that of a lizard, and terminates in a tail like that of a fish. The creature's body is bare of any covering, but about the head and neck is a mane of reddish hair. It is needless to say that the county is excited over the strange animal. Various parties surround the creek each day in hopes of capturing the beast, but up to the present time their endeavors have not been crowned with success.

A few words of encouragement, kindly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the General soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?" he asked.

"My father is not at home now."

"And you have no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she impatiently, "while you keep me here talking, they will kill my cow!"

"So—you brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?" inquired the General.

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee."

The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-Horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed, "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, hal! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the General severely, "where is your father?"

"He is with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Fathers and brothers all in the Continental Army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

I WANT MY COW.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the Fall, I think, of 1777; that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to spy a valuable cow, which he laid in the child's hands.

"Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth even in a young rebel."

Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and when he should find the animal, to detail a man to see her home again. So Miss Annie returned in triumph with her cow. And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the revolution.

Cowboy and Spook.

This is hardly the season for ghost stories, but one which reached the ears of a reporter the other evening may entertain those fond of spooklore. The Leader can vouch for the reliability of all the persons mentioned, except the ghost itself. The narrative runs in this wise:

Joe Healey, a rollicking cowboy who rides the range for the Carlisle Cattle Company, was engaged in transferring a bunch of horses from one ranch on the Sweetwater to another and passed the historical Independence rock after nightfall. When near the noted landmark Joe was nearly scared out of his wits and his charges almost stampeded by the appearance of a ghastly apparition across the trail. The figure was that of a man and white in color. The outlines were clearly defined but the cowboy is unable to describe the costume of the unearthly tramp.

Healey, who is a quick-witted chap of great nerve, hurried his horse to a corral about a mile distant, and returned to visit the uncanny thing. The goblin damned, like the village maiden, was over modest and kept its distance. At times it floated rapidly through the air and again locomoted steady by jerks, as the toad walks. The adventurous puncher proposed to drive the ghost into the horse herd and then rope it. He was unsuccessful, however, but exhausted his mount and emptied his six shooters in the attempt, and what more could be required of an honest cowboy?

MEANWHILE, poor Sukey trudged along her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost, by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the General immediately." "But the General cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the General."

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