...ED HIM WITH BULLETS.

...Was Shot Dead in His Cell at ..., Neb.—A Horrible Murder in ... County.

...(Neb.) special to the Omaha ...: the squaw man and des... who was wanted for horse steal... other crimes committed in this ...during the last few years, was ...in Springview by a sheriff's ...posse and placed in jail. The ...news of his arrest soon spread, and ...o'clock a mob of several hun... ...dred strong surrounded the jail and ...demanded the prisoner. Upon being ...refused admittance, the mob immediate... ...began preparations for a charge. ...Sledge hammers were secured and it was ...the work of a few minutes for the ...mob to effect an entrance. The ...sheriff and his assistants attempted to ...repel the mob, but resistance was ...useless and they were soon overpowered ...and disarmed.

...After securing the keys, they pro... ...to Maupin's cell and threw open ...the door. By the aid of corn cobs sat... ...with coal oil Maupin was seen ...crouching and trembling with fear in ...the uttermost corner. He made no ...resistance but begged piteously for his ...life. His appeals for mercy were in ...vain, the only answer he received being ...from a revolver in the hands of ...one of the vigilantes. This was the sig... ...for a perfect torrent of bullets, and ...by the sickly light of the improvised ...torches pierced the gloom of the smoke ...and Maupin's body was seen lying ...full length on the floor, literally rid... ...with bullets. Thirteen shots had ...been fired and death was instantane... ...many of the bullets had passed ...through his body. After accom... ...their bloody work the mob ...quietly dispersed.

...It had been the intention of the vig... ...to hang the desperado, but the ...severity of one of their number in ...firing a shot in the cell seemed to in... ...the thirst of the mob for blood, ...the original plan was abandoned for ...more expeditious and attended with ...less danger of interruption.

...BLOODED MURDER AT AURORA.

...(Neb.) special to the Omaha ...: One of the most atrocious and ...cold blooded murders ever committed ...occurred ten miles southeast of here ...yesterday morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock. ...Henry Thornhill shot William Barrett ...with a double-barrelled shotgun, killing ...him instantly. David Beats brought ...the intelligence here this morning and ...Coroner Ellerton, Deputy Sheriff Eich... ...Sergt. Constable Gebhart and your ...correspondent went to the scene of the ...tragedy.

...Upon arriving at Mr. Barrett's resi... ...there was found a large crowd of ...indignant citizens, who had a rope up ...the top of the mill for the purpose of ...hanging Thornhill. Coroner Ellerton ...protected the prisoner and avoided a ...lynching.

...County Attorney Smith took evidence ...and the jury returned the verdict that ...William Barrett came to his death from ...a gun shot fired by Henry Thornhill ...with felonious intent.

...Barrett was in Aurora yesterday, and ...on arriving home last evening called his ...wife out of bed and began abusing her. ...Thornhill came along and, seeing this, ...went to a neighbor's, Thomas Cross, and ...borrowed a gun, saying he wanted to ...shoot a dog. After he received the gun he ...told Cross it was a two legged dog. He ...went back and shot through the ...window, killing Barrett instantly, the ...charge taking effect in his neck and ...head.

...The prisoner, when put on the stand, ...acknowledged the shooting and said he ...did it to save Mrs. Barrett's life. This ...story, together too flimsy. The other evi... ...here goes to show that Thornhill has ...been in this neighborhood since last ...fall, having just previously been lib... ...from the Kansas penitentiary, ...where he was convicted of horse-steal... ...He has been wanted in this county ...several years for various offenses, ...and was generally considered a pretty ...tough character.

...After the murder was committed, Mrs. ...Barrett, together with Thornhill, went ...to her parents and stayed all night, ...Thornhill giving himself up to the au... ...this morning.

...Mrs. Barrett, on the witness stand, ...was very nervous, and she would not an... ...some questions unless compelled to. ...The evidence showed that Thornhill ...was a favorite with her, and accused her ...husband of being untrue and abusive.

...The prisoner was brought to Aurora ...this evening, where a large crowd ...united him, expecting a lynching. ...Never in the history of the county ...has anything occurred to excite the peo... ...to such a degree as this affair, and ...the peaceful county is in a turmoil to... ...night.

THE LATEST NEWS.

...M. Belz, secretary of the Boulangist ...committee, at Marseilles, France, killed ...in a duel M. Pierrotti, editor of Le Petit ...Provencal.

...The French citizens of New York and ...vicinity on the 14th began the 100th an... ...anniversary of the fall of the Bastile with ...a grand reception and concert at Wash... ...ington park.

...The Consolidated Tank Line com... ...company's plant in St. Joseph, Mo., valued ...at $30,000, was burned to the ground. ...The buildings were fired by lightning. ...Several large tanks of oil exploided and ...barrels of gasoline were destroyed.

...The strike at the Homestead works of ...Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Philadelphia, ...has been definitely settled and work ...will be resumed as soon as the furnaces ...can be heated. The terms of settlement ...are not positively known, but it is un... ...stood that concessions were made on ...both sides.

...The London Standard's Rome cor... ...respondent says: "The Italian cardi... ...nals oppose the suggestion of several ...foreign cardinals that the election of an ...American cardinal as pope would tend ...to solve the Roman question. The pope ...has asked three cardinals whether it is ...desirable that a conclave to elect his ...successor be held at Rome or elsewhere.

...At Baltimore, Md., Elizabeth Ellen ...Gross shot and killed James E. Coates ...early this morning. The Gross woman ...says that Coates was beating his wife ...when she (Gross) told him he should be ...married. Coates said he would kill her. ...Shortly after Coates whipped out a razor ...and used threatening language to the ...woman, when she took her pistol ...out of her pocket and shot him dead.

An Intelligent Shark.

"Several well-spun sea yarns have been told by old shellbacks regarding what they had seen at sea," said Chief Officer James Brown of the Pacific Mail company's steamer Acapulco to a San Francisco Chronicle man, "but there is one thing certain, and that is I have reason to believe that fish not only have instinct but also reasoning power."

"How do you come to these conclusions?" was asked.

"Well, let me tell you. Now, every seafaring man who has frequented the port of San Jose, at Guatemala, knows that old San Jose Joe has been in and about that port for the last thirty years. Joe is without exception one of the largest sharks ever seen in the waters of the ocean.

He is over 30 feet in length. This was ascertained beyond a doubt by the officers of the Acapulco on the trip before the last, when a spar measuring 30 feet had fallen over the ship's side, and old Joe came along, and after smelling of it floated alongside, measuring exactly its length. As to his age that is not positively known, but the barnacles on his back indicate that he has been a resident of San Jose waters for a number of years. The barnacles are so old and crusty as to repel a rifle ball with the same respective force as a sheet of steel on the side of a man-of-war. Capt. Pitts of the Acapulco has time and again shot at this monster and without effect, so far as his back is concerned. The balls glance off the old fellow's back without doing him any damage. Yet Old Joe carries enough lead in his carcass to sink an ordinary whale, as almost every officer whose vessel anchors in the waters takes a whack at him when he runs his sides and belly upward, but the bullets don't seem to do him any harm."

"Well, about his reasoning capacity?"

"Oh, yes. Some years ago an English man-of-war, while lying at anchor, undertook to destroy the old brute by firing a charge of dynamite into him. Joe was hit on the side, and about fifty pounds of shark's flesh torn away, but the shot failed to kill him. But now, mark you, since that time he will not make his appearance in the anchor near where a man-of-war is anchored. But just as soon as these vessels leave Joe comes to the surface again. He regularly meets the Acapulco about fifteen miles outside and pilots her in. Once anchored he is satisfied and seems to delight in feeding from the offal. But no matter how well you bait a hook Joe's reasoning qualities tell his to leave it alone, and he invariably follows that line of reasoning. As to his capacity to stow away grub, that was proved on one occasion when the vessel was taking aboard some hogs. One of ten hogs, weighing probably about eighty pounds, fell overboard, and old Joe, who is ever on the watch, saw the prize and with one plunge and a pair of extended jaws, the porker disappeared as though he had gone into a hole. On another occasion we had a lot of mules on board for the government and one of the number died and was thrown overboard. Joe made the acquaintance of the defunct mule, and after the lapse of six hours the mule was safely stowed thwart ships in Joe's locker. Yes, Joe is the largest shark known to us seafaring men.

We have tried to kill the monster by all possible means, but so far have miserably failed."

Trepanning Saved an Old-timer.

From the Chicago Tribune.

They were walking under an old building that was undergoing repairs. The sun shone almost vertically upon the crowded thoroughfare and seemed to drink up eagerly the moisture from the water-soaked pavement.

"Grindstone," said Kiljordan, "is this——"

But the question was not completed. A fragment of brick from the top of the building fell upon his head and without a groan fell to the ground insensible. He was taken to his home, and for weeks he lay bereft of sense and motion. His friend watched faithfully by his bedside. A consultation of surgeons was held, and it was decided that an operation must be performed to relieve the brain from the pressure of a fractured portion of the skull. This was done, and the eager watchers were gladdened by the announcement that the delicate task had been successively accomplished. Grindstone leaned over the prostrate man and waited breathlessly for the first gleam of returning consciousness. It came With a long, quivering breath Kiljordan opened his eyes, and the first words that passed his lips for many a day broke the painful silence of the room. In a quick, distinct voice, he said: "——hot enough for you."

A Charitable Lady.

A very charitable lady in town, wishing to help the Johnstown sufferers, picked out from the wardrobes of herself and husband all the suits that could be spared. Into the pockets of each suit for men she put in a jackknife, a hair brush, and a comb. Into the women's gowns she put a pair of stockings, a comb and brush, a tooth-brush, and a cake of soap. She sent several gowns that she had been saving to wear this summer herself. "I did not hesitate many minutes," she said, heroically. "I decided to let the sufferers have them, and let my husband get some new ones. That was combining charity and self-interest."—New York Sun.

A Surprised Burglar.

You can't tell what a woman will do in the case of a burglar. The speaker was an ex-police captain, and his eyes twinkled as he thought of the many stories told him by the victims of burglars and by the burglars themselves, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. "A burglar," he continued, "is lost when he gets rattled, and a woman in the case of a burglar raid is apt to do the unexpected thing, and in this way disconcert even the coolest professional. To the unprofessional who desires above all things to conceal his indentity the impulsive woman is a holy terror.

"Not long ago it happened that the wife of one of our prominent physicians was alone on the parlor floor of her residence. The house had never been burglarized, and no one thought that it would be or could be. On the night in question the lady was awakened by sounds in the parlor, and calling out to ask who was there she heard retreating footsteps. Half awake and wholly under the influence of the thought that one of her servants or some member of the family was in the parlor, she jumped out of bed, and without a moment's hesitation, started in pursuit, intent only in learning what was the matter. In the hall she came face to face with a strange man, and even then she was not wide awake enough to be afraid. The thought that the stranger was a burglar did not come to her until she had asked, in an anxious way, what was the matter.

"The burglar, who it was afterward discovered had made preparations to carry off the silver and certain articles which he had collected, was so confused that he made a single exclamation, stepped to the front door, opened it and walked quickly away. He said afterward that the idea of a small, delicate-faced woman following him up closely made him shiver, and when she spoke to him with the commonplaced manner of one asking his welfare, his senses deserted him, and there was nothing for him to do but to get out."

The Ghost of Guiteau.

Guiteau still lingers at the District Jail, says a Washington letter. That is what the superstitious prisoners say, for they claim that they see him every night, and if you were to bring any amount of testimony to contradict them they would still adhere to their theory that the assassin stalks around the corner every night. The cell in which he was located when Sergt. Mason shot at him has been unoccupied ever since. The bunk has been removed and the apartment is as bare as it was left by the builders. The marks of the soldier's bullet are still plainly to be seen. The missile entered the window of the cell at a slight angle and struck the wall opposite to that upon which the murderer's bunk was located, from which point it glanced and flattened against the wall in the rear. Had Guiteau been standing at the window the bullet could hardly have missed him. Gen. Crocker, the warden of the jail, says he has great trouble in getting prisoners to remain content in any of the cells in which Guiteau was confined. The assassin, after being shot at by Sergt. Mason, was confined in a cell in the opposite corridor, the same being separated by a brick partition, and, notwithstanding the fact that so many years have elapsed since it was graced by the wretched occupant, every prisoner knows which was Guiteau's cell and begs not to be confined therein. The ghost of the assassin, so the prisoners say, roams about at all hours of the night, and the guards are frequently called by prisoners who fancy they see the apparition.

A Grand Duke's Tragic Story.

The czar of Russia's second brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, now nearing his 40th year, is not married and will probably go unmarried to his grave. Few persons recollect or realize the conjugal tragedy, that marked the early years of his intelligent and handsome prince. He fell in love, long years ago, with a young lady attached to the household of his mother, and, like an honorable man, he made the woman that he loved his wife. The fact of this marriage came to the knowledge of his father, who at once caused the young couple to be separated by the full exercise of his despotic authority. The grand duke was sent off on a voyage round the world, his marriage was annulled and his wife compelled by threats of banishment to Siberia and total separation from her child, a boy of extraordinary beauty and engaging qualities, to consent to a second union with an obscure physician. By this measure all possible reunion with her royal husband was rendered impossible. The subsequent marriage of Alexander II to the Princess Dolgourouki, though only a morganatic one, might, you will think, have taught him a little human feeling toward his son, and that son's wife and offspring. In this tragic story, it is said, is to be found the true reason why the Grand Duke Alexis, though legally unmarried, has refused all negotiations for a royal alliance. After the marriage of his younger brother, the Grand Duke Paul, he will be the only single one among the brothers of the reigning czar.—Paris Cor. St. Louis Post Dispath.

The Desert of Sahara.

The Sahara as a whole is not below sea level; it is not the dry bed of a recent ocean, and it is not as flat as the proverbial pancake all over. Part of it, indeed, is very mountainous, and all of it is more or less varied in level. The Upper Sahara consists of a rocky plateau, rising at times into considerable peaks; the lower, to which it descends by a steep slope, is "a vast depression of clay and sand," but still for the most part standing high above sea level. No portion of the Upper Sahara is less than 1,300 feet high—a good deal higher than Dartmore or Derbyshire. Most of the lower reaches from 300 to 300 feet—quite as elevated as Essex or Leicester. The two spots below sea level consist of the beds of ancient lakes, now much shrunk by evaporation, owing to the present rainless condition of the country; the soil around these is deep in gypsum, and the water itself is considerably saltier than the sea.

That, however, is always the case with fresh water lakes in their last dotage, as American geologists have amply proved in the great salt lake of Utah. Moving sand undoubtedly covers a large space in both divisions of the desert, but according to Sir Lambert Playfair, our best modern authority on the subject, it occupies not more than one-third part of the entire Algerian Sahara. Elsewhere rock, clay and muddy lake are the prevailing features, interspersed with not infrequent date groves and villages, the product of artesian wells or excavated spaces or river oases. Even Sahara, in short, to give it due, is not by any means so black as it is painted.

Fine Sentiments.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said eloquently, and with a patriotic thrill in his voice, "I think that when an American citizen is tendered a nomination to office by his fellow-men it is his sacred duty to accept it. Let him put aside all thoughts of self. A man can serve his country in times of peace as nobly as he can in times of war. Gentlemen, friends, I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, and even though the salary may be small I will ——" It is not a salaried office, colonel," explained one of his admirers. "Wha-a-at! no salary? Then I'm dumbed if I accept it!"—Texas Siftings.

About Dogs.

Last Sunday the passengers in a University place car bound up town, says the New York World, were amused when a spaniel was brought into the car with little boots, made of chamois skin, on each of its feet, and a red cravat carefully tied under its chin. At Seventh avenue and Twelttth street a fortnight ago a beautiful large Newfoundland dog attracted attention by darting under a showering water-cart, soaking himself, and then rolling in ecstacy on the ground. When the driver stopped the flow at the crossings, the dog rushed ahead, looked up at him, and barked as plainly as dog could: "Turn it on; turn it on." This being done doggie took another bath, bounded up to the driver again, barked his thanks, and ran down Thirteenth street. He was fully half way down the block, when the sound of the water overcame him again, and back he flew for another "douse."

Keller's Luck.

Lamar (Mo.) Democrat, June 13.

Having been asked many times regarding my fortunate investment in the Louisiana State Lottery, I do not object to making a statement concerning it, said A. Keller, as our reporter asked for a statement. Some time since I was a member of a club for one month and sent a couple of dollars to the Louisiana State Lottery, but without drawing any prize. This time I sent one dollar in my own name, and received one twentieth of ticket No. 34,281 in return. This ticket drew the third capital prize of $50,000. I sent my ticket for collection and within five days I received a draft on the Bank of Commerce, at St. Louis, for $2,500. I have not used the money yet. I am well pleased with my investment of one dolllar. Of course I was delighted. I have determined to invest this money in real estate, and hope to double it by another fortunate investment. The Lottery company certainly dealt fairly with me, and I shall patronize them again.

Behind Him

Japan not only knows when to begin imitating western civilization, but when to stop. There was no hesitation about adopting our educational institutions and our civic institutions. Newspapers followed, and telegraphs, and railroads, and constitutions. But when it came to women's dresses, there was a halt. French men milliners and English women milliners were dropped and their needles rusted for want of patronage. This was wise. We are exactly 500 years behind the Japanese and in the rear of common sense in our method of dressing women. We should do well to imitate our Oriental friends in several particulars.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What the Knees Indicate.

The knees of a man are an unimpeachable index of his character; that is, if they have not been injured so that their natural action is impaired. A strong character is accompanied with a strong walk. A weak character is shown in the weak knees and the shillyshallying, scrapping walk. If one should desire the performance of a deed which requires nerve and preseverance, he would never trust it to a man who drags his legs about as if they were made of lead, or who walks as if his legs were half asleep. If you want to measure a man's character, and have not the time to scrutinize and analyze his features and through them the soul, study his nether extremities and how he uses them. You will get from his legs in action, and sometimes from his legs in repose, the general outline of his being. And you may be quite sure that the idea you so glean is, in nine cases out of ten, the correct one.—Detroit Free Press.

The Preacher's Mistake.

It is soberly related that a youthful married couple whose house has recently been glorified by the addition of a fac simile of the beautiful little mother decided to have the christening service at home. A venerable minister was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms very affectionately and addressed a few words of advice to the young parents. See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do so who knows but he may become a John Wesley or a George Whitfield? What is his name?" "Nellie, sir," replied the mother.—Boston Traveller.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

"Our Girls."

Kitty is witty,
Nettie is pretty,
Lutie is cute and small;
Irene is a queen,
Annette is a pet,
Nell is the belle of the ball;
Diantha is wealthy,
Bertha is healthy,
And health is the best of all.

Perfect health keeps her rosy and radiant, beautiful and blooming, sensible and sweet. It is secured by wholesome habits and the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Bertha takes it, and she also "takes the cake." The only guaranteed cure for those distressing ailments peculiar to women. Satisfaction or your money returned.

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

Electricity Direct from Work.

The accomplishment of a hitherto impossible feat—that of transforming mechanical work direct into electricity—is claimed by Prof. Braun, of Tubingen. He has succeeded in this by the use of nickel wire wound into spirals. As the spiral is elongated or compressed a current of considerable strength is generated, and this is increased by putting in circuit a number of spirals. The experiments have given such positive results that the sanguine experimenter is hopeful of constructing a useful generator on this principle—a thing greatly to be desired, truly.

Don't you want to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel, and health? All these can be saved if you will try Dobbins' Electric Soap. We say "try," knowing if you try it once, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

Curious Computations.

An electrical writer has calculated that the firing of a small pistol sets free about 600 foot pounds of energy, while a watch consumes about one fifty-four-millionth of a horse power, the energy of the bullet being sufficient to keep the time for two years. An Edison telephone transmitter requires about a thousandth of the energy in a watch; it would therefore be worked for 2,000 years on the energy exerted in the pistol. A lightning flash of 3,500,000 volts and 14,000,000 amperes, lasting one twenty-thousandth of a second, would run a 100 horse power engine for ten hours.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

The French are now manufacturing the Lebel gun, with which the whole army is to be equipped.

For two two-cent stamps we will send you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb.

Summer Tours via the Wabash.

Round trip tickets are now on sale to the summer resorts of Michigan, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Maryland, Virginia, and all the principal resorts of the United States and Canada. Also one way and round trip tickets to Liverpool, London, Paris, and all parts of Europe via all lines at lowest rates. Write to or call on the undersigned for full particulars in regard to routes, rates, etc.
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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Moran, the great artist, despaired when he saw the Great Shoshone Falls—it was so far beyond his pencil's cunning. So there are wonderful dreams of beauty in the tempestuous loveliness of the grand "American Alps" in Colorado, which are at once the aspiration and the despair of painter and poet. Splendid beyond comparison is the superb scenery along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado.

Naphtha is now much used as fuel in middle Russia.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech loading rifles.

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Forty-three suicides were committed in Vienna in May.

Dr. Chaille states that the average life of woman is longer than that of man.

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ITS ACTION IS LIKE MAGIC.
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