

Nebraska Advertiser.

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MY DOG.

BY JERRY FRANCIS, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.
Lead—and my heart died with him!
Buried—what love lies there:
Come forever and ever,
No longer my life to share!
"Only a dog," "Yes—only!"
Yet these are the best I find:
Wet, heartless, and lonely,
I turn to the coming years.

Something that always loved me!
Something that I could trust!
Something that cheered and soothed me,
Something that was true to me!
Patient, and faithful, and noble—
Patient, and tender, and brave—
My joy, my playmate, my darling—
And this is his lonely grave.

I go to my empty chamber,
And linger before the door—
There once was a loving welcome—
I shall listen for no more!
I sit by my blazing hearthstone,
And lean my head on my hand—
The best of my wayward nature
Lies low with the Newfoundland!

(The plank—when the ship was sinking
In a wild and stormy sea—
One star when the sky was darkened,
Was the love of my dog to me!

A star that will shine no longer—
A plank that has missed my hand;
And the ship may sail or founder—
No waster is on the strand.

I stand by thy tiny upland
This beautiful autumn morn—
The crimson-leaved maple o'er me,
Fronting the golden corn;
Like the brook in the valley—
It sings as it sang of yore—
But the faithful eyes that watched it
Will answer to mine no more!

Over that sunny upland;
And climbing the breezy hill,
Haunting the dumpy of the woodland,
Lonely and silent still—
Silent and lonely always,
I know that this life must be—
But in the unseen future—
What is its store for me?

Oh! 'twill may the Indian hunter
Lie calm on his forest of skins,
When the pain of this world ceases,
And the joy of the next begins!
To the "Great Spirit's" prairie,
Under the blue skies of yore,
Will not his steel and watch-dog
Answer his call once more?

Blue hunting-grounds of the red man,
Can't I dream the dream?
Surely my old companion
But waits till I cross the stream?
Waits with a faithful yearning,
Almost akin to pain—
Till in some looser heaven
He bounds to my feet again.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Currency Bill—The Veto—Its Effect in the City—Cremation—Galvin—Mook Auctions—Female Doctors—Business and Rum—Rapid Transit.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1874.

INFILTRATION—THE VETO.

The financial circles of the city were agitated last Wednesday to a degree seldom seen. It was known that on that day the President would either sign or veto the currency law, and the whole money interest of the city hung breathless on the event. The wires were burdened with dispatches to Washington, for every speculator desired to have the first intelligence of the fate of the bill, that he might buy or sell, as the case might be. All sorts of lies were put about. One moment it would be announced that the President had signed the bill; the next that he would send in a veto message, and so on. At last, at about 3 P. M., came the authoritative announcement, "The President has vetoed the Senate Finance Bill," which set the matter at rest. Immediately those who were operating for a rise in Governments became jubilant, and those who were gambling for a fall were correspondingly depressed. The rich men out of business, were gratified beyond measure, while the younger men in active business felt that a sure prop had been knocked out from under them. The papers of the city, without an exception, approve the act of the President. Even the Tribune has a good word for him. But there is a strong party in the city that desires an increase of currency; and it is a power. The papers do not echo pubescent sentiment in New York on this matter. The question is an important one, and will show itself in next fall's elections.

CREMATION.

The idea of burning the bodies of the dead instead of burying them is gaining favor rapidly. The matter is being discussed every day in all the papers; the churches have been appealed to for their opinion; in short, there is a great deal of genuine feeling on the subject. And the feeling is all in favor of it. The idea of avoiding the decomposition of the dead—of reducing the mortal remains to ashes, and preserving the ashes, strikes the people as something of an improvement. The clergymen have given it as their opinion that it in no way crosses the dogmas of the church and everybody seems to favor it—but the undertakers. It would be hard on them. They see in this movement an abolition of the ugly coffin with its sickly smell—the gorgeous hearse, with its ghastly trappings, of carriages and all the absurd and costly accompaniments of funerals. Instead of all this, a dead body resolved into the elements in a simple way by the action of fire, and the remains, a handful of whitish-gray ashes, placed reverently in an urn, and kept as a sacred household treasure. Is not this better than burying? I think so; and so does almost all of New York. Indeed, a society has been formed to introduce it, the members binding themselves to direct in their

wills that their bodies shall be burned instead of buried. It already numbers eight hundred.

GALVIN.
convicted of the robbery of a jewelry store on Ninth avenue, and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, was very recently a keeper in the Tombs? I mention this to show the style of men who attain place under the City Government. This man's character was as well known before his appointment as it is now; in fact it was, probably, his character that gave him the appointment. A robber was an official in a prison! Is it any wonder that great criminals have cared nothing for imprisonment or conviction? All they had to do was to "stake" such a keeper as Galvin and the doors would fly open.

How many Galvins are yet in these places? The Democracy are in control of the city; the same kind of men that put Galvin in his place have yet the appointing power. New York is in a bad way.

MUCK AUCTIONS.

The muck auction business, which the authorities got under some years ago, has broken out afresh within a few months. The Bowersy is full of them. Stores filled with the vilest pot-metal jewelry, with the tongueiest of auctioneers and the usual assortment of ropers-in and bidders at the door, are becoming as plenty as the old days before the police killed them off. The young man from the country is roped-in; the "genuine gold watch" is put up; he buys it; and while the "guaranty" is being made out it is adroitly changed, and he finds when away that he has paid \$40, \$50, or \$60 for a concern that would be dear at five dollars a bushel. It is a fact that respectable jewelers have been driven out of localities by these Peter Funk concerns. Rascalvity is irrepresible; hold it in one way and it will break out in another.

FEMALE DOCTORS.

There is very much that is bad in New York, and a great deal that is good. One of the best of the good things is the idea of the female physician. There are over fifty regular practising physicians in the city of the softer sex—women who have gone through a regular course of study and hospital practice. And they have practice, too. Few of them have an income of less than \$3,000 per annum, and a number of them earn as much as \$10,000. Their practice is, of course, entirely among women and children, and it is claimed by those who employ them that they are more successful than physicians of the other sex. There is a reason for this. The invalid woman can confide more fully in a woman than she can in a man, and it is more fitting that women should stand at the bedside of women. There are four colleges in the city devoted to the training of women for this wide field of usefulness. There cannot be too many of them.

BUSINESS AND RUM.

Business has been dull, flat and unprofitable all last fall and all last winter, and it continues in the same state of health now. The merchants have made no money, and the same is true of all the professions. And yet there has been more fine, costly liquors consumed in this city this winter than ever before. The amount of costly champagnes that have been drunk is really startling. Now one would suppose that when money is scarce and tight, and business dull, that men would economize in their luxuries. But it does not so work. The harder the times the more expensive the potatoes. Does a man get desperate from adversity? That is the question. The tailors, shirt-makers, shoemakers—everybody who furnishes necessities—have suffered from the hard times, because men have worn their old clothes to economize; but the same men are drinking the most costly drinks money can buy. Curious, isn't it?

RAPID TRANSIT.

The city is full and has been for years trying to get some better way to get from one end of the island to the other, but so far to no purpose. With the exception of the elevated railway on the west side of the city, there is nothing better or faster than the common horse-car or the primitive stage, and as the companies owning these lines have untold wealth, and as everything in Albany is governed by money, it is probable that there will be nothing devised for years to take their place. But it is a terrible want nevertheless. It takes half the population of the city a full hour to get from their homes to their places of business, which takes up two hours of the twenty-four in travel. Then the discomfort of the travel is something fearful. If it rains the cars swarm with people. Every seat is occupied, the aisle is crowded with standing men and women, the platforms front and rear are jammed, even the steps are occupied. When it is hot the crowd is the same; in short, from 7 to 10 in the morning, coming down, and from 4 to 7 in the afternoon, going up, each car is a moving purgatory. The trouble the New Yorker has to face is, he cannot live near his business, because rents are fearfully high; he cannot live away from his business, because of going to and fro. But the latter alternative is the one he has to accept, and consequently he stands and rides and grows three hundred and twelve days in

the year. Various remedies are suggested. There is an underground railroad, the cars intended to be propelled by compressed air, on which some hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent; but it never will be finished. Then it is proposed to build a railroad around the city, but that has been headed off. Railroads are projected underground, in the air, on pillars, propelled by all sorts of motive power, but nothing has come of any of the schemes. It is singular that a city of a million of people should not be able to find a way through a difficulty so simple.

THE WEATHER.

has been frightful for a week. It has been rain and slush, slush and rain. Let us hope that winter will cease to linger as soon as possible.

PITRHO.

MURDERS.

A Gang of Outlaws in Southern Illinois.

For the last four years Williamson County, Illinois, has been infested with a gang of murderers and marauders who, in the atrocity of their deeds eclipse the Bender family, of Kansas. The principal places of their exploits are along the line of the Carbondale and Shawneetown Railroad, and the Big Muddy River, the latter a small stream winding its way thro' the northern part of the county. But their bloody deeds are by no means confined to that part of the county. Other parts have shared in their awful visitations.

About four years ago one Mr. Pinky White, a respectable farmer, school teacher and one of the former sheriffs of the county, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the walks of men. As to what became of him nothing is known. But it has been stoutly maintained by the citizens that he was maliciously murdered by the gang, and his body sunk in the Big Muddy.

In 1871, one Mr. Walker, an old farmer of Williamson County, was brutally murdered while at work. Suspicion rested upon John C. Owen. He was immediately arrested and put in jail. He broke jail once, but was captured and brought back again, and chained to a ball. Circuit Court came and it was only after the examination of over two hundred men that a jury was obtained. And after the examination of twenty or thirty witnesses, enough circumstantial evidence was obtained to convict him, and he was sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of twenty-five years.

In May, 1872, Mr. Vanell, an aged farmer of considerable respectability, living on the Big Muddy, was taken from his house during the night and hung by masked men. The men guilty of this dastardly deed made good their escape.

Last fall Mr. Bullinger was shot dead, while riding home in the evening from Carbondale. A few weeks ago his son and son's mother-in-law were shot while going home from church, the young man dying in a few hours.

In the early part of last week two gentlemen returning from a sale near Carterville—a station on the Carbondale and Shawneetown Railroad—saw a man fall full length behind a log by the roadside. They determined to see who he was; so, dismounting and hitching, they proceeded to the spot. Upon their arrival they found a man lying upon his face. They demanded his name, when he presented a revolver and shot one of the party through the thigh; rising to run, he fired another shot, which took effect in the other thigh, near the femoral artery.

But the most bloody, cruel and inhuman act remains to be told. In regard to it, the Observer of Saturday contains the following: "One night last week a peddler stopped to stay all night with a family consisting of a mother and two daughters. The mother was called away during the night to see the sick wife of a neighbor. After the peddler and the girls had retired to bed, the husband of the sick woman came to the house, and after locking the door leading to the peddler's room, told the girls that if they did not produce the money belonging to their mother, supposed to be about \$800, he would kill them. They persistently refused to tell him where the money was, whereupon he drew a knife and cut the throats of both the girls. Meantime, the peddler hearing the noise, broke down the door while the murderer was searching for the money, and quick as lightning shot him dead on the spot. He then went to the house where the mother of the murdered girls was, it being the nearest house in the neighborhood, and broke to her the terrible news. When describing the murderer the sick woman swooned away, with the exclamation, "My God, it was my husband!" And report says it so proved to be. Undoubtedly, the idea of the villain was to kill the girls and obtain the money, leaving everybody to suppose that the dastardly deed was done by the peddler. Even handed justice decreed it otherwise."—St. Louis Democrat.

What bankers were hardest off during the late panic? Those who couldn't even pay one a little attention.

It is estimated that one person is killed and four injured every working day in the year on American railroads.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The Last of the Vetoed Bill.

Interesting Explanations by Senators SENATE.

WASHINGTON, April 28.
On the expiration of the morning hour, Mr. Wright moved to lay aside the pending order, and that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the Finance Bill and the President's message vetoing the same.

Mr. Sherman moved that the bill and message be made a special order for Monday next, and a long debate followed, which took a wide range. Mr. Thurman said that he did not understand this great diversity of opinion between the administration Senators. For his part he longed to have a return to the good old days of Andrew Jackson, when the President had a good wholesome influence upon Congress; when the policy and views of the administration had some weight.

Mr. Edmonds said that he liked that speech. It put him in mind of old times. (Laughter.) The difference between Republican and Democratic administrations was that in a Republican administration the Chief Magistrate attended to his constitutional duties. In the good old days of Andrew Jackson, if a Democratic Senator failed to come to time, of support any measure of the administration, he was not allowed to have any position in his party. It was for that reason the people in this country broke down the Democratic administration, because under them there were constant aggressions against the liberty of the people. In the Republican party every Senator had a right to his own opinions, and acted according to his own views.

Mr. Thurman, in reply to this, referred to the deposition of Senator Sumner as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations as evidence that Republican administrations did not brood opposition.

Mr. Edmonds replied that the non-election of Mr. Sumner to the chairmanship of the committee on Foreign Relations was not for the cause stated by the gentleman. (Mr. Thurman.) but solely for personal reasons. The Senator had no right to say that Mr. Sumner or any other Senator had been pursued by the administration or any of his party.

Mr. Cameron said he was not placed at the head of the Foreign Relations committee at his own request. The way he came to be made chairman was by being second on the committee. He had been given that position at the request of Mr. Sumner, when that gentleman was chairman. He was absent at his home in Pennsylvania, when assigned the chairmanship. He came here at his earliest opportunity, intending to decline, but upon entering the Senate Chamber and hearing the remarks of the Senator who was over-zealous in behalf of Mr. Sumner, which were not complimentary to him (Cameron) he reconsidered his determination and accepted. He had seen it announced in the newspapers that he had robbed Mr. Sumner of his place on the committee. Great heavens, he did nothing of the kind. The feeling between himself and Mr. Sumner was of the most friendly character. When he (Cameron) had to go home to his sick family, he asked Mr. Sumner to pair with him on a bill then up; Mr. Sumner replied: "Yes, Cameron, gladly," and we shook hands. He said, "God bless you, and I said, "God bless you."

Mr. Hamlin said he thought it appropriate to state that at the time Mr. Cameron was placed at the head of the Foreign Relations committee in place of Mr. Sumner it was done simply and solely upon the understanding that Mr. Sumner was not upon speaking terms with the President or Secretary of State.

Mr. Anthony said Mr. Sumner was not removed on account of his opposition to the San Domingo treaty, and that reference had been made during this debate to a speech Mr. Sumner wrote, that was not a speech of Mr. Sumner's. He wrote it, but decided not to deliver it, and the man who violated his confidence, over his new made grave, committed an act of perfidy which would not be forgotten. Mr. Sumner did him (Mr. Anthony) the honor to show him that speech. There were not more than half a dozen copies given out and each one contained a memorandum, "This is strict confidence." If Mr. Sumner had lived no man would have dared to make it public.

Mr. Tipton said he thought the Senate of the United States had never exhibited such a feeling as that exhibited on this occasion; it was a feeling of absolute terror for fear a debate might spring upon the Presidential veto.

A vote was then taken on Mr. Wright's motion to lay aside the Louisiana bill and take up the Finance bill with the President's message, and it was agreed to—yeas 35, nays 27.

The Chair announced that the Finance bill was before the Senate, and the question was should it pass notwithstanding the President's objections. Upon this question the constitution required that the vote should be taken by yeas and nays.

No one taking the floor the roll was called and the vote resulted—yeas 34, nays 30—as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Allison, Boggs, Clayton, Cameron, Carpenter, Clifton, Conover, Dennis, Dorey, Ferry,

Mich., Goldthwait, Gordon, Harvey, Hitchcock, Ingalls, Johnston, Lewis, Logan, McCreery, Merriman, Mitchell, Norwood, Oglesby, Patterson, Pease, Pratt, Ramsey, Robertson, Spencer, Sprague, Tipton, West, Winslow and Wright—34.

Nays—Anthony, Bayard, Boutwell, Buckingham, Chandler, Conkling, Cragin, Davis, Edmunds, Fenton, Frelinghuysen, Ferry, Collin., Flanagan, Gilbert, Hager, Hamilton, How, Jones, Kelly, Morrill, Vt., Sargent, Scott, Sherman, Stevenson, Stewart, Stockton, Thurman and Wadleigh—30.

Two-thirds not voting in the affirmative the bill was lost.

A DRINKING SONG.

BY LONGFELLOW.
Come, old friend, sit down and listen
From the pitcher placed between us
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus.

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate satyrs;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he looks and chatters.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses;
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delicious verses.

Thus he sang, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Lore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, plows for armor.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigor,
Bechus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethics reveals
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'er-taken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
Youth prepotent dwells in fountains,
Not in flasks, and kegs, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of dragons,
And huge tankards filled with Rheims;
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own repentance.

Even Padi, though he chanted
Bechus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vanned
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher,
Wreathe about with classic fables;
Never Tarentum threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend sit down and listen,
As it passes there between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus.

WHAT AN ENGINEER TOLD.

I am an engineer. Ever since the C road was laid, I've traveled over it every day, or nearly every day of my life.

For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I do say it, as the best.

It was a Southern road, running, we will say, from A. to Z. At A, my good old mother lived; at Z, I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and a baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. It was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up with the engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Joe. Some people called me unsoberable, and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few friends, ear ones, too, I did not have so many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house which held my wife and baby was the dearest place on earth to me, except the old house which held my mother, up in A.

I never belonged to a club or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should if it had not been for Granby. You see Granby was one of the shareholders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk with him, and we were friends. He often rode from Z. to A. and back again, once he said:

"You ought to belong to the scientific club, Gueldon."
"Never heard of it," said I.
"I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some among us now. I'll propose you, if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer don't have night and day to himself, and the club would have one evening in a fortnight from Joe. I said:

some men with brains, and some without. The real business of meeting was the supper, and so it was every evening.

I'd always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine could have upon me; but coming to drink more of it than I ever had, at the club table, I found it put the steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; after so many more I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My little ideas came out. I was lightheaded; I made sharp hits; I indulged in repartee; I told stories; I even came to rants; I heard some one say to Granby:

"By George! that man's worth knowing. I thought him dull at first."

Yet I knew it was better to be quiet. Ned Gueldon, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it when three hours after I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me, with her babe on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe; "I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell of a bar-room."

"Which means I do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Joes.

"And look like one," said Joe, and she went and locked herself and the baby up in the spare bedroom together.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like a bottled-up and strapped-down demon as steam, is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feeling of an engineer, who has about the same as murdered a train full of people, must be, and you will know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her. One club night, as I was dressed to go, Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good, and loving, all ways; but I should be sorry we ever met if you are to go on this way. Don't ask me what I mean. You know."

"Joe," said I, "it's only one club night."
"It will grow," said she.
Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain you so again."
And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good next day. Already I felt my brain reel as I never had before. It an hour as I was in the land of stupor.

It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin upon his face. My head seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled; I looked at my watch; I saw that I had only just five minutes left to reach the depot.

Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was I only caught up my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the talking, bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight, one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-by, Kitty; good-by, Lue," I heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Gueldon the most careful engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust every mortal I love in the batch to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "I'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again." After all it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

Five hours from L. to D.; five hours back. On the last I should be myself again, I knew. I saw a red flutter, and never guessed what it was until we were past the down train at the wrong place. Two minutes more and we would have had a collision. Somebody told me. I heard him say, respectively.

"Of course, Mr. Gueldon, you know what you are about?"
Then I was alone, and wondering if I should go faster or slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate.

a crash; I was flung somewhere. It was into the water. By a miracle, I was only sobered, not hurt.—I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and there gazed at my own work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead, dying and wounded, were strewn around—men, women and children, old age and tender youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured wailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ears whispering, "murder."

The news had gone back to A., and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and five bodies were lying there in all their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby and two little children. It was fancy, it was pure fancy, born of my anguish—they look like—O! great heaven! they were my old mother, my wife and children! all cold and dead.

How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lively features of my wife, on the children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could be; never would be. As I comprehended this, onward up the track thrundred another train. Its red eye glared on me; I flung myself before it; "I felt it crush me to atoms!"

"His head is very hot," said somebody.

I opened my eyes and saw my wife. "How do you feel?" she said; "a little better?"

I was rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak a first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, "for the train ran over me; but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," remarked my wife. "Why, Ned!"

I tried to move; there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room opposite to a crib in which two children were asleep; one had a tiny bad head. My wife and two children were safe! Was I delirious, or could it be—?

"Joe," cried I, "tell me what has happened."
"It's nine o'clock," said Joe. "You came home in such a dreadful state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You were not fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A, I suppose, and you have been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

And Joe began to cry.

It was a dream, only an awful dream. But I lived through it all as though it were a reality.

"Is there a bible in the house, Joe?" said I.

"Are we heathens?" said Joe. "Give it to me this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it, and took an oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should occur again. It never has. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief the verdict shall not be as it ought to be so often—"the engineer was drunk."

MURDER AND ROBBERY.

The James Brothers at Bloody Work Again.

AN EMIGRANT SHOT DOWN AND ROBBED OF \$2,700.

From the St. Louis Republican.
Smithville, Clay Co., Mo., April 6.—Our quiet little village was thrown into a fever of excitement last night by the announcement of an atrocious murder and robbery committed on the Platte City road, four miles west of this place. The victim was a man by the name of Isaac Clark, who, in company with his wife and child (a babe in arms), was traveling from Iowa to Kansas in a covered wagon drawn by two horses. They had stopped for the night by the wayside, and were attacked about two o'clock by three desperadoes who had reached for his revolver when he was mercilessly shot down, after which the murderers proceeded to rifle his pockets in the presence of his half frantic wife. They found on his person the sum of \$2,700, and left in haste without harming the wife or child.

The three desperadoes in question are believed to be the two James boys and one Fielding Kenly. The last named, Kenly, is a fugitive from justice, who formerly lived in Kentucky, but has been living in this county for the past two years. He came here direct from Buchanan county, where he associated with outlaws of the worst character.

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