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Official Paper of the County

AT THE ALTAR.

BY ERIC F. HENFORD.

An old man sat in the doorway When the sun was going down, And heard the laugh of the children And the hum of bells from the town.

His hair like burnished silver Fell all about his face, And he gazed to the old man's features A look of saintly grace.

The sunset faded from crimson Into the twilight gray; And the laugh of the happy children, And the hum of bells, died away.

And a silence fell about him As he sat there all alone Where the moonlight, like a blessing, Lay over the threshold-stone.

"Mary," he murmured softly, "Are the children all asleep?" And he fancied he heard her answer "In the shadows grow so deep."

"I wish you would read a chapter From the bible before I pray; For something about the city Of God, and the last great day."

"And sitting there in the twilight, He fancied he heard her read From the book to which, all his lifetime, He had turned and given heed.

Faded the voice of his Mary, Who for years to Heaven had been, Was reading the dear old chapter Over to him again.

And then, when he thought it ended, "Let us pray," the old man said, And kneeling in the beautiful moonlight, And bowed his reverend head.

They found him there on the threshold Knowing he had his chair, And the white threads of the moonlight Were tangled in his hair.

But he did not stir nor answer To the words his children said: Low at the dear God's altar He knelt in the moonlight dead!

—American Home.

DEAD BROKE.

"He is dead broke."

"How much does he owe?"

"One week, to-morrow, over the month," said the clerk examining the ledger.

"When?" whistled the landlord. Has he no friends to pay for him?"

"Plenty of friends now, but let them find out that he is broke and they'll be off like a covey of birds."

"I must see him," and the hotel proprietor, walking out upon the piazza, approached a young man leaning against one of the pillars.

"Mr. Watson, your bill, I see, is in arrears one week over the settlement day. Why is it?"

The young man flushed at first as if in anger; then a smile overspread his handsome face. "I know I am a delinquent, Major Snow, but I can't pay at present."

"Do you expect money soon?"

"Well, really, I don't know who should send me anything from their surplus of cash."

"Then I am to understand that you are not only unable to pay, but you do not expect to be able?"

"Undoubtedly, Major."

"Ferry, Watson, for you have been a favorite of the season, and I don't like to turn you out before the break-up. Nor will I. If you can give up your rooms and take up with one suited to your circumstances, I will let you remain the season out, trusting you to pay me in the future."

"You are very good, Major, and I guess I'll have to consent."

So the baggage of Robert Watson was lifted up and borne from the elegant suit on the second floor to a little room on the first.

How quickly it became known that the change had been made! Every servant in the house betrayed the knowledge in the absence of the usual deference paid to the possessors of "parlors." At dinner, the "boy," who had been only too eager to anticipate Mr. Watson's wants, suddenly became oblivious to those wants, and only answered after repeated orders. The cashier and register clerk, always so obsequious, grew dignified and indifferent. Only the urbane Major preserved a kindly greeting for the guest too poor to pay his bill, and remailing by surffiance.

"Quar," thought the hotel proprietor. "He certainly had money enough when he came, for he deposited a cool five thousand in the safe. He hasn't been fast, I am certain, and his habits have been so good that the young bloods have rather played off from him. But he has been a favorite. Not a belle in the room but would have dropped her best friend for his attendance. Hang me if I understand it."

Watson, hailing from Baltimore, had been a season guest at the Cascade. Friends he had in plenty. He was courteous, well-bred, good looking, intelligent, and apparently rich—what more could be asked? Among the belles he had moved quite a prince; and many were the gossamer webs woven as coils to capture him, but to all he proved a very incorrigible recusant—he would not be any one's prize. The exquisite charm of voice, manner and sentiment, the beauty of person, the elegance of attire—all were agreeable to him deeply so, for he seemed to enjoy them all immensely; but not the brilliant poetess, Miss Mounjey, nor the coy and artless Miss Dumain, nor the rattle-headed young Miss Lambert, nor the haughty, elegant, and exclusive Miss Percy, nor the very rich Miss Oromanes, appeared to command him. He was to all alike the agreeable companion, the

candid friend, the shrewd resistant of all arts to lead him into love's labyrinthine mazes.

How would all these beauties of the salon receive the announcement sure to be made of his "altered circumstances," as the Major expressed it.

Evidently Mr. Watson was not indifferent. He still frequented the piazzas and parlors, giving every friend male or female, ample opportunity to "cut" his acquaintance, or otherwise to express themselves. It was somewhat curious to note his decline, not his fall, for Watson had that in his character construction which, even in his poverty and trial would preserve him from a sacrifice of personal dignity and self-reliance. But that he was on the decline became to him a sorrowful fact.

Sorrowful, did we say? That is, judging by the usual standards of human felicity or misery. To lose one's friends, to behold your position in society gradually slipping away, to realize that no longer you are held in coveted consideration by a chosen few, is, ordinarily a source of sorrow.

But in Watson's case it was difficult to determine how keenly the knife cut to the quick of his sensibilities; for, while every acquaintance was giving full facilities for doing the disagreeable office of giving the "cold shoulder," the Baltimorean appeared like an interested spectator, and was unmoved when passed by a supposed friend without the slightest notice, as if he was a newspaper reporter anxious to see the act and note the fact.

Into the parlors in the evening he particularly pressed his way. If a bevy of gay fellows surrounded Miss Mounjey, he worked his way into the circle, and, at last, received from the lady of Sappho like lips his discharge. She did most gracefully and crushingly turn her back upon him not three days after his removal from the second floor.

Miss Dumain he sought, confident that one so artless certainly would be above the hollow hearted crowd, and still give him her kindly greeting. Vain conception! The artless girl was coy indeed; and when at length he cornered her, it was to his discomfiture. She suddenly turned and forced her way past him, without even one of her downcast glances. On the contrary, her eyes were fixed fully on his face, and plainly said, "Sir, we are strangers."

Next he tried rattle-headed Miss Lambert, and she rattled on quite as usual; but Watson soon discovered that the rattle was not for him.

Strangely enough, the proud and exclusive Miss Percy unbent somewhat from her lofty carriage, and gave him a welcome; but over it all was a shadow—a fear, apparently, which made Miss Percy shy rather than haughty; and Watson began to catch glimpses of a character beneath all that conventional veil which he had not expected to find.

Of course the wealthy Miss Oromanes would scorn his further friendly relations. Her rooms were near his own second floor apartments; she daily, all the season, had encountered him in his walks through the corridor, and must have been one of the first to learn of his fallen fortunes. Indeed he half surmised that her dressing maid had made special inquiry into the case, seeing her in confidential confab with the floor steward and room girls. So Watson, with a reserve or pride not entertained with others, kept apart from Miss Oromanes.

On the third evening of his changed fortunes, when the Sappho of the Cascades annihilated him, greatly to the pleasure of the young "bloods" around her, Watson wandered away at length upon the piazzas; then up through the long, deserted halls, restless, thoughtful, digesting the notes which he had been taking of human nature, and trying to fix the relative value of a man without money. It was the crystalline truth that he was learning, not the truth in mere solution, sometimes clear sometimes opaque, but always thin, but the precipitated, hard, angular, clear-cut crystals of experience, mind in unexpected places. Had he remained upon the second floor, never would he have obtained the gems; the mere solution only would have repaid his keenest search. But that migration to the upper spaces had given him a wondrous lens; his horizon was immeasurably extended that, barring the fact that his bill was unpaid, he was happier, because wiser for the upward reverse.

Suddenly in his solitary promenade he confronted the heiress. She was walking arm in arm with young Evans, of her "set," in confidential communication it would appear, else why should they have been in that long hall? asked Watson, as with a glance, he took in the situation. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and the inclination of both men was to pass without recognition. Evans, indeed frowned; Watson flushed in anger, and with head erect bowed down and passed his enemy, like a suspended or cashiered officer of the line, conscious of his soldierly qualities, but equally conscious of his "altered circumstances."

Too high he held his head, in fact, for he caught no soft glances from the lady's eye, and trod so firmly upon the trail of her elegant evening dress as to cause a perceptible cracking of seams at the skirt pleats. Evans turned with a sudden anger.

"Dolt!" he hissed.

Watson passed on, staying to make

no apology, but he heard the lady say:

"Fie, it is nothing;" and he was looking at him wonderingly.

An hour later Watson was down on the piazzas again, evidently on the quest for some person, and he found his man ere long. Evans was the gentleman wanted. Going up to him Watson said:

"Mr. Evans, what was the word you used at the time I tread on the trail of Miss Oromanes's dress?"

"I said dolt, Sir! and I say it again. We have hitherto supposed you to be a gentleman, and now learn that you cannot pay your bills; and he laughed, half in scorn and half in humor of the fact so opportunely given him to crush anger.

The hot blood flew to Watson's face; his hands were clenched as if to strike; but by a strong effort he mastered his passion.

"Evans, no gentleman ever would have uttered that sentence. Only a coward would fling another's poverty in his face. Miss Oromanes, educated as she has been to give virtue to wealth, might find in my inability to pay my hotel bill a justification for dropping my acquaintance; but I doubt if ever she would have countenanced incivility. I owe her an apology for my seeming rudeness, and will give it to her, but you I hold in too supreme contempt even to exchange more words with you. Hereafter do not speak to me, for if you do I shall slap your face, even in the presence of the ladies." And the speaker went his way to his attic room.

This scene, overheard by several gentlemen and ladies, soon was the talk of the rooms. Evans, being a recognized leader of a very aristocratic circle, soon convened others of the set; and Major Snow was, ere long, summoned to be informed that he must "clear out Watson"—Evans offering to pay the delinquent's bill.

And the news flew throughout the parlors and promenades, that Major Snow was to give Mr. Robert Watson of Baltimore, his walking papers in the morning.

An observer of the scene between the two gentlemen on the piazza was Miss Oromanes. Having at once retired to her room to repair the accident to her skirt, the lady donned an outer dress, and, to enjoy half an hour undisturbed, stole out upon the pleasant open weather promenade.

She thus was a witness of what transpired. She, too, retired in evident excitement to her rooms; and when her maid, half an hour afterward, brought the news that the Major was to clear Watson out in the morning, the heiress, with perfect deliberation but with brightened color in her cheeks and a clear sparkle in her beautiful eyes, sat down to her desk and indited the following note:

"Major Snow will please take no action in the matter of the difference between Mr. Watson and Mr. Evans. I overheard every word that passed between the gentleman, and I fully justify Mr. Watson. Were it not an insult to him, I would offer to become responsible for any amount which he may not now be able to pay; but I know that he is a thorough gentleman, and would equally scorn to wrong you or to leave your house at the dictation of others.

I am, Sir, yours, HELENE OROMANES."

This the maid was instructed to place in the Major's hands at once. The maid had not far to go, for she met the proprietor advancing up the stairway. He glanced at the billet and laughed; then paused and said:

"No use of my trip up five pair of stairs. Mr. Robert Watson has the freedom of this house for the next five seasons."

And down stairs he went again; while the open-ared maid, having lost not a word, returned to her mistress to find her absorbed in penning another note. This was written with great care and many pauses. It was finally finished and read as follows:

"Mr. Watson will please excuse the boldness of this note; but having been a witness to the meeting between yourself and Mr. Evans on the piazza, I feel it incumbent on me to say that I fully justify your proceeding and your words. I ask no apology from you. Indeed, I will be pained to receive it. Believe me, I am exceedingly pained at the inference you may have drawn, namely: that I should find a justification in dropping your acquaintance in the fact of your temporary embarrassment. Alas for my riches, if they compel me to bear such imputations on my sense and motives!"

I am, Sir, yours, HELENE OROMANES."

This missive the maid bore to the fifth story. It found the romantic Robert in bed, but the letter was flung over the door-ventilator.

"A letter for Monsieur Watson from my lady," said a voice at the door, and Watson sprang upon the envelope floated down to his feet.

"A note from my lady!" What on earth did that mean? Another rumour brewing, of course! Turning on the gas he read—astonished, pleased, delighted, as the rich color mounting to his temples testified. And then, foolish man, he kissed the note.

So very preposterous for one in his circumstances!

Many were the guests who "turned out" fully two hours before their usual ten o'clock breakfast next morning, in order to see Mr. Robert Watson depart. To their surprise there was Watson cheerful and content, promenading up and down the back piazza arm in arm with Miss Oromanes and Major Snow looking on admiringly. To Evans and his set it was a declaration of war; but who would dare to take up arms against

the spirited heiress to a million? They all retired, resolved to let events take their course.

And they did take their course of course. In three days' time a magnificent equipage drove to the stand Watson soon appeared with the beautiful Miss Oromanes in his companion in the morning drive.

"Whose equipage is that?" demanded Evans of the Major, who had escorted his guests to the carriage.

"Oh, that's Watson's to be sure!" was the reply.

"Watson's he hanged! Say, Major, has he paid his bill?" asked Evans, maliciously.

"Paid his bill? Lord bless you, he is rich enough to buy the whole course, and to hire you and me for call boys!"

"Explain yourself, then, sir!" demanded Evans irately. "Did you not inform the guests that he could not pay his bill, and that you had sent him up stairs out of his second floor suite?"

"Not I! Some of the clerks may have said something, to which others added more; but I really thought too much of the gentleman to mention the matter to any one. Now it turns out that it was all a little game of his own."

"Little game? What object could he have in playing such hide and seek?" demanded Evans again, in tones peremptory.

"Well, in part, I suppose, to test the value of friendship in general, and the power of money in particular—both of which I have no doubt he has done to his entire satisfaction. Ha, ha, ha! What do you think of it, Mr. Evans?"

"Think of it? Why, it was—it was—"

"What!"

"Why, a very artful dodge—nothing less."

"Capital dodge, that's a fact, seeing that as a poor man he won Miss Oromanes, and—"

"Now, what do you mean?" fairly shouted Evans, in his excitement.

"Mean? That before 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when he was to have had his walking papers, by your orders, he was dead in love with the heiress, and—"

"And what, sir?"

"And she died in love with him?"

"It's false, I know!" cried the man now white in face from some inexplicable emotion.

"False, eh? Going off in that carriage together to the preacher's looks like it, don't it?"

"Good heavens!"

The Major's conjecture was premature, as he well knew; but the shaft had struck Evans to the heart, and he fairly staggered to a seat. Evans had played a long and deep game to win the heiress. He had long been her recognized suitor—he had discounted her possessions in his gay life; and the result was—he was dead broke!

He left the watering place that day.

A FAIR TUNE.

"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith I said so."

"Ahem! Mr. Jones I don't like to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a thing as nice as I can whittle."

"Pooh, nonsense, Mr. Smith! Talk about whittling—what can you whittle as well as I can turn?"

"Anything, everything, Mr. Jones. Just you name the articles that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give this dollar if I do not do it to the satisfaction of these gentlemen present." (Here Mr. Smith tables the dollar.)

"Ahem! Well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones just for a trial, you know—y'ou whittle the one, while I turn the other."

"A fair sell!" Mr. Smith stared for a moment, and vomited. The forfeited dollar was quickly disposed of by those present with great glee.

Writing of General Custer, a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says: It may not be forgotten how he demanded certain things of General Longstreet. Says Custer of the flowing locks:

"General Longstreet, I demand a surrender of your army to me, Gen. Custer, and to Gen. Sheridan. I'll give you twenty minutes to decide; after that I'll turn my boys loose on you. I can hardly hold them now."

Gen. Longstreet—"Don't hold them, Gen. Custer; I've got enough men to eat you and your boys' up, and we ain't very hungry either."

True, Longstreet was not very good at devouring the boys in blue, yet the retort was good, and Custer saw it.

Time was when Brigham Young was wont to descend eloquently upon the sinfulness of silk dresses. Yet now he has a card in the Salt Lake newspapers telling the sisters who wish to raise silk, that he has forty ounces of silk-worm eggs and any quantity of mulberry trees, and they are welcome to help themselves to both.

While a youthful couple were being joined in wedlock in a justice's court, in New York, the daisiel rather astonished a number of spectators by suddenly breaking out with, "I want to know whether we are to keep house or board, before going into this thing!"

CARRY ME BACK.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green, When from my home I turned;

With hope to win undying fame, My youthful genius burned.

I'm dying, dying, all alone, No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,

Falls on my dying ear, Oh! carry me back to Old Virginia, To old Virginia's shore.

I'm dying, dying, all alone, And not a friend is near;

No brother's voice, no sister's sigh, Falls on my dying ear,

Oh! carry me back to Old Virginia, To old Virginia's shore.

If it may be—neath Italia's sky, O let me gently sleep,

Where sparkling Tiber's yellow waves To ocean's bosom sweep;

And there, in slumbers soft, I'll lie, And dream forevermore,

That you've carried me back to old Virginia, To old Virginia's shore.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Something About the Police—Tilton-Beecher—Bowen in the Field—Glennening—An Excellent Charity.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser. NEW YORK, September 5, 1874.

Go where you will in New York, you will see strong, stalwart men, clothed in a blue uniform, and armed with an exceedingly serviceable club, each with a silver badge on which a number. These men are the guardians of the city's peace, known by respectable people as police, and by the class who most fear them as "cops" and "Charlies." The great majority of them speak the sweet Irish brogue; but they are, notwithstanding, as a rule, good, fair men, who conscientiously and bravely perform the duty assigned them.

Some facts as to the cost of keeping the metropolis in order may be of interest to your readers. To properly police this city requires an army of 2,500 men, besides the number required to officer them. There are forty captains, besides inspectors, and an additional force of detectives, whose business is the hunting down of criminals and the finding out of their dens; and strange that require more shrewdness than ordinary mortals are supposed to be gifted with. To support this force requires the neat sum of \$3,000,000 annually.

Each man on the force has a certain territory which it is his especial business to protect and care for, and his duties are multifarious. It is his business to see that no riots or disorders occur in his beat, that drunken men are kept from disturbing the peace of the neighborhood, that no unruly or disorderly crowds congregate to the violation of the peace, that doors are securely locked, and, in short, that law and order is observed. Each policeman is compelled to stay on his beat six hours; then he sleeps six, and is on six more, that is, twelve of the twenty-four hours he is walking up and down, keeping his eye on everybody and everything. Is there a fight? The poor policeman grasps his faithful club and sails in. He tears apart the combatants, puts them under arrest, disperses the crowd, and takes the chances of having his own brains knocked out by that terrific class of outlaws whose highest pleasure it is to kill or maim one of the hat class who stand between them and their crimes. Does he see a suspicious looking person about a building? It is his duty to watch him, to catch him if he commits an act which the law takes cognizance of, and to get him into safe keeping. Is there a child lost? It is his duty to find it, and, by passing the word and description it is generally found. In short, the policeman is the general guardian, but for whom the city would be delivered over to the hordes of soulless scoundrels who infest it, and would be a place which no peaceably disposed man would live in for a minute. And for this service, for the risk of being knocked on the head, and shot or stabbed any minute, he gets the magnificent sum of \$80 per month, with no pension if he be maimed in the discharge of his duty.

When you come to New York, and feel like cursing an inefficient police, think of the work they have to do, and the miserable pay they get, and withhold your maledictions.

TILTON-BEECHER.

Forgive me for writing this heading, but I can't help it. The fact is, the air is full of Tilton and the earth of Beecher. Elizabeth Moulton, Susan B. Anthony, and all the rest of them are revolving in everybody's mind like the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope, and you can't get away from it. There is something so interesting in wickedness that one must dwell on it.

Since I wrote you last Moulton has made his statement, and, *pro-ter*, public opinion, which is about as steady as the wind, has shifted to the Tilton quarter, and to-day he is the injured man and Beecher the injurer. To-day, ninety per cent. of the people of New York are satisfied of Beecher's guilt in the matter. Moulton asserts, in the strongest possible way that both Beecher and Mrs. Tilton conspired to him the fact that they had been guilty of adultery—that the famous letter to Tilton referred to in our discussion by them times without number. On this statement, public opinion veered to Tilton and against Beecher, and to-day the great preacher is down and the great writer and speaker is on the top wave. But this

is not all. Tilton and Moulton are making a supplemental statement, which they propose to publish in a week or two, which those who have seen it assert will so clinch the matter as to leave no loophole for Beecher to escape. It is said that Tilton and Moulton have not exhausted their magazines of ammunition in the shape of letters, by any means, but that they have a stock on hand sufficient to sink their enemies. That something of the kind is feared by Mrs. Beecher's friends is evident from the fact that since Moulton's statement appeared they have mellowed down wonderfully. Nevertheless, they keep a good foot on it, and aver that the legal investigation which Tilton has commenced will completely flatten him out, and leave the pastor in better shape than ever. Let the whole world hold its breath and wait. In the mean time,

HENRY C. BOWEN.

the proprietor of the Independent, has got into it. The Brooklyn Argus published a statement from a Western man to the effect that Bowen had stated that his late wife had, on her death-bed, confessed to a criminal intimacy with Beecher, and that Bowen accepted from Beecher a sum of money in settlement of the matter. Bowen and his two sons see the Argus for libel. This will be remembered as the old scandal which was set afloat by Dr. Patton, of Chicago, who received it from parties here. What family is next to be dragged through this mass of filth?

GLENNENING.

the Jersey City pastor who was accused of ruining Mary Foneroy, stoutly denies the charge, and remains at his home awaiting the legal investigation. What a pity it is that the Beecher matter could not have been so managed.

MISSOURI BANDITS.

THE JAMES AND YOUNGERS. DARING ROBBERY AT LEVINGTON, MISSOURI.

From the Lexington Register, extra, of August 31, we copy the following detailed account of the robbery at North Lexington on Sunday evening:

On yesterday evening, at 6:45 o'clock the celebrated James boys played one of their best tricks at North Lexington. They had been in and about this city during the day. In the afternoon Mr. Henry Turner saw two of them down on the river bank, near the soap factory. They had hitched their horses and were resting upon the ground. About the same time a strange heavily armed man halted above town at Smith & Hamlet's slaughter house, and stayed for half an hour or more. The omnibus goes over about half-past five in the evening. These three armed men rode upon the boat with the omnibus, and were carried over to the other side of the river. The omnibus was driven to the depot at North Lexington, where it awaited the coming of the train. In the meantime, several citizens noticed the armed trio and talked with them.

The train came and nine passengers got into the omnibus. On the return trip when almost in front of the large house where the recent atrocious murder was committed the three men came out from behind the house with kerchiefs over their faces and drawn revolvers, and commanded driver Gibson to stop. He stopped. The commander of the three ordered all that were in the omnibus to get out, and hold up their hands, and ordered one of the three to ride on down towards the ferry boat and pick up the stragglers. He found walking leisurely along Mr. George Nance and Miss Mattie Hamlet and half dozen other ladies, and ordered them to return to the omnibus. Miss Mollie Newbold was of the party, and declaring that she would not return, started on a run towards the ferry boat. The robber called out that he would shoot if she did not stop, but she ran on nevertheless to the boat, and gave the alarm. The boat immediately pulled out and steamed towards the other shore. The alarm spread over the city with the cry of fire, and before the robbers were half through, there were in the neighborhood of a thousand people on the bluff looking at the operation.

Miss Mattie Hamlet immediately recognized the robbers as the James boys, whom she knew well. She called them by name and told them they ought to be ashamed. Mr. Nance, seeing the situation, passed his pocket-book secretly to Miss Hamlet. In the mean time the passengers were assembled in a squad on the ground with their hands up. Two dismounted and gave their horses to a passenger to hold while the third stood guard. They "went through" the pockets of all the gentlemen except the driver Gibson. They did not disturb the ladies, saying to them to keep quiet and not to be scared, for no one was going to be hurt.

When all the pockets were rifled, the robbers turned their attention to the baggage. They opened and looked through the contents of all the carpet-bags, and took such articles as they wanted, leaving the refused contents of the satchels and of the pockets scattered upon the ground.

The following named persons were victimized:

B. J. Holmes, of the firm of Campbell & Holmes, of Kansas City, \$35.00 in money and a valuable watch.

W. T. Singleton, railroad agent at North Lexington, \$4.50 and a watch.

J. C. Young, proprietor of the omnibus line, \$14.50 and a watch.

Capt. L. Bergan, State Swamp Land Agent, \$23.00 and a handsome watch.

D. B. Allen, \$50.00 in money. One of the robbers fancied Mr. Allen's coat and vest, and courteously requested a swap. Mr. A. gave him a handsome coat and vest for a linen duster well worn and very dirty.

William Brown, colored, \$52.00 in cash out of his pockets and a revolver out of his satchel.

An employee of the St. L., K. C. & N. R. R., name unknown,