

SEEKS HIS BLOOD

Tragedy at Howells May Cost Two Lives.

WAS THE OUTCOME OF OLD TROUBLE

Joseph Slama Shoots Anton Cheda, a Neighbor, While in His Bed, and Afterwards Goes to a Grave Yard and Commits Suicide.

A Fremont, Neb., May 1 special says: A farmer by the name of Joseph Slama murderously attacked and shot Anton Cheda at Howells yesterday morning, and after committing his bloody deed, went to the grave yard and took his own life. At an early hour Cheda was still breathing, but the doctors said there was no chance of recovery.

Slama went to Cheda's house while the latter was asleep and after running the children out of the house, went, revolver in hand, into the bedroom to find Cheda. Alarmed by the noise Cheda was fully awake when Slama entered and he told him to shoot, as he did not fear him. Slama fired, the bullet taking effect behind his victim's ear. The murderer then went to the grave yard and shot himself to death.

The trouble was of long standing. Slama and Cheda had trouble over real estate and their disagreement had grown to bitterness.

SHOT THROUGH THE NECK

Ted J. Sullivan Laid Low by Bartender Dougherty.

A Lincoln, May 1, dispatch says: Ted J. Sullivan, living at 135 South Tenth street, was shot through the neck in the Shamrock saloon, 731 O street last evening shortly after 6 o'clock. The ball entered at the "Adam's apple" and was taken out at the back of the neck. Whether Sullivan will recover is a matter of doubt. The shot was fired by Will H. Dougherty, a bartender, who was on duty at the time. Dougherty alleges that he fired in self defense as Sullivan made a movement as if to draw a revolver and then came at him with a knife.

The fight between the two men is said to have started in the saloon when no one but the bartender and Sullivan were there. Sullivan and Dougherty were not friendly for not very long ago, Dougherty had caused Sullivan's arrest for fighting in the saloon. It is stated by those who know something of the two men that since this time Sullivan has borne a grudge against Dougherty and that he showed his feelings in particular last night.

Was Miss Wray.

Later developments in the Chicago suicide case have cleared up the mystery and the body has been positively identified as Miss Minnie Wray, formerly of Lincoln. The only reason assigned for the self-inflicted death is given by A. N. Ohler of Moline, Ill., to whom she was practically engaged. He says that the only cause he can ascribe for her suicide is that her beauty had attracted to her many suitors, all of whom she had rejected. As a consequence several are said to have turned out badly. Friends will take care of the body.

The Grant County Shooting.

But little has developed relative to the shooting of County Commissioner Calhoun. From last reports it seems that the parties engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Connor, being outdone, pulled his revolver and shot Calhoun through the hand, the ball passing into the body. Connor was brought into town and lodged in jail. Citizens are in unison denouncing promiscuous shooting, but both parties being highly respected citizens, a great deal of sympathy is expressed on both sides.

Shot by a Careless Hunter.

Jesse Reeves, son of Cleve Reeves, was accidentally shot Sunday morning while fishing at the creek near Madison, Neb. He was in the act of baiting his hook when a bullet struck him in the right leg just above the knee going clear through and bruising his other leg. The shot was fired by some careless hunter and his presence was not known to the boy. The wound is a very painful one.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt to Wed.

The engagement of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Miss Elsie French, the daughter of Mrs. Francis Ormond French, has been announced. Francis Ormond French, the father of Miss French left a fortune of \$15,000,000. Alfred Vanderbilt inherited the greater part of his father's enormous fortune. He is twenty-two years old and a graduate of Yale.

Given Year in Penitentiary.

John Simpkins, sentenced to a year in the penitentiary for stealing a load of wheat from a farmer in Schoolcraft, Madison county, Neb., will be taken to Lincoln. Rudolph Heppinger, in the same deal, got a sentence in the reform school and will be initiated in the Kearney school Thursday.

Killed by Boiler Explosion.

Five men were killed and three injured, one of whom will probably die, by a boiler explosion at Tifton, Ga., in the sawmill of S. N. Brady & Co. The sawmill was almost demolished and many buildings in its vicinity were wrecked. The cause of the explosion is not known.

Escape From Industrial School.

Three girls, two colored, one white, escaped from the girls' industrial school at Geneva, Neb. They were captured later by the superintendent.

BANK IS LOOTED

Financial Institution at Staplehurst Loses \$1,700.

The Bank of Staplehurst at Staplehurst, Seward county, was entered by four men and robbed of about \$1,700. Some of the money was recovered. The large time lock safe was completely wrecked by three heavy charges of nitro glycerine. The entire front of the small brick building was blown out and parts of the safe were blown 100 feet away. The robbers departed within a short time after they entered the building, carrying away with them the entire amount of money contained in the safe and some valuable papers. Some of the papers and \$305 in gold and a small amount in smaller change was afterwards found along the railroad tracks south of Staplehurst. In their flight the robbers had dropped the money on the ground, and it was found in the morning when Detective Malone's bloodhounds took the trail of the robbers.

DIES FROM BURNS

Wife of General Wilson Victim of Dismal Dressing Accident.

The wife of Major General James H. Wilson, military governor of the department of Matanzas-Santa Clara, died from the effects of the burns accidentally received recently while driving with her daughter. While alighting from her carriage, Mrs. Wilson stepped on a match, which ignited her dress. She was terribly burned, although everything was done to relieve her sufferings. Governor General Wood, General Chaffee and Adjutant General Richards telegraphed condolences and great sympathy is expressed by every one. Cubans and Americans alike, for the Wilson family.

SHOOTS SWEETHEART DEAD

Tragedy Follows Estrangement of a Loving Pair.

Bert Underhill wounded his sweetheart, Anna Davis, at her home near Plato, Ill., and then sent a bullet through his own heart. Miss Davis, who was seventeen years old, is a daughter of D. M. Davis, on whose farm Underhill worked. The farm hand and the young girl formed a mutual attachment. The parents consented to their union on condition that the couple would neither see nor correspond with each other for three months. This period elapsed today. It is believed the couple quarreled, although the parents have no knowledge of their estrangement.

CAPTURE CABINET OFFICER

Prominent Filipino in the Hands of the Americans.

Major General Lloyd Wheaton reports from Manila that Senor Paterno, the former president of the Filipino cabinet, was captured in the mountain, near Trinidad, province of Benguet, April 25. Paterno recently, through relatives in Manila, requested and received permission to enter the American lines, but failed to appear. His relatives explained that he had been sick for a long time and was an invalid. He was taken to San Fernando on a litter ambulance by soldiers of the Forty-eighth regiment.

FLOODS ARE FAST RECEDING

Situation at Waco, Tex., is Vastly Improved.

The Waco, Tex., flood situation is very much improved, the destitute and suffering being nearly all provided with wearing apparel and food.

The prospects of the Brazos not overflowing are exceedingly bright, as the river has been steadily falling.

Woman Kills Herself.

The tragic death of Mrs. Buenavista Hunter, daughter of the late United States Senator Burns of Platte City, Mo., has come to light. Mrs. Hunter shot herself with a revolver at the home of her sister, Mrs. Koster, Friday. It is reported that despondency over her separation with her husband, an attorney of Sedalia, was the cause of the deed. Mrs. Hunter was a well known society woman.

Can Read His Title Clear.

Attorney General Breckenridge enjoys the distinction of being the only state officer in Kentucky whose title is not in litigation. Judge Clifton J. Pratt, the republican contestee, as anticipated several days ago, quit the contest, and on his failure to file a supersedeas bond the undisputed title passed to Breckenridge.

Skimming Station Opened.

The Ainsworth skimming station was opened last Saturday with a celebration. Prizes were given for milk giving the best test. Speeches were made and all farmers seemed enthused.

Work of Rebuilding Begun.

The total amount of relief received at Ottawa, Canada, for the sufferers from the fire was \$142,749. This does not include the government grants.

Plague at Port Said.

Two fatal cases of what is believed to be bubonic plague have been officially reported at Port Said.

Fire in a Virginia Mine.

A special from Tazewell, Va., says that Pine Run mine, at Tom's Creek, Wise county, is on fire. Four men have been found suffocated and two others are known to be in the mine. The mine has been flooded in the hope of extinguishing the fire.

Baseball Player Murdered.

Jim Epps, a negro baseball player and member of a Brooklyn, Ill., nine, was shot and instantly killed at Newport, Ill., by a negro known as "Mink" after an altercation in regard to the umpire. "Mink" escaped.

THE LATE DR. WISE.

CAREER OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS JEWISH DIVINE.

His Recent Death a Great Loss to That Religion in the United States—Eminent as a Reformer, Preacher and Author.

American Judaism has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of the eminent and venerable divine, Rev. Dr. Isaac Mayer Wise of Cincinnati, which occurred in that city recently. The departed was the brilliant luminary within the ranks of American Israel. Let there be light was always the motto of this noble man, and the word enlightenment sums up the object for which he lived. He was editor of the American Israelite, which he founded in 1854, and Die Deborah, which he founded in 1855. He was president of the Hebrew Union college of Cincinnati since its foundation twenty-five years ago, president of the conference of American rabbis since its inception in 1889, and a member of the board of directors of the University of Cincinnati. Notwithstanding his great age



REV. DR. ISAAC MAYER WISE.

Dr. Wise enjoyed the very best of health, and indications were that he would live for many years to come.

This illustrious man was born at Steingrab, Bohemia, April 3, 1819. He received his early religious instruction from his father, who was a religious teacher; his grandfather was a physician who had graduated from the University of Padua. Early in life he evinced a great desire to attain knowledge, and as soon as he was able he attended the University of Prague, of which he was the oldest living graduate. When he left the university he settled in Radnitz, Bohemia, where he became a rabbi. Here he was united in marriage to Miss Theresa Bloch. The young rabbi was a contemporary of the great European Jewish reformers, but as Europe was then in a state of revolution, there was little opportunity for progressive ideas to spread, so Dr. Wise immigrated to America with his family, arriving in New York July 28, 1846. When he arrived here Judaism was also in a chaotic state. There were many congregations throughout the land which were of an ultra orthodox nature, but there were also a few that were reformed. Before leaving Europe Dr. Wise had furnished a plan for reforming Judaism. This young enthusiast was warmly welcomed by Dr. Lillenthal, Dr. Leeser and other eminent rabbis. His first rabbinical call was to Albany, where he remained until 1854, when he was called to Plum Street Temple in Cincinnati, where he remained until the time of his death.

The most important work of Dr. Wise was his efforts in the reform of Judaism in America. In addition to being editor, rabbi and teacher, he wrote many books, one of the most important being the first English translation of a Hebrew prayer book. Probably the most important result of his life work is the attitude which the Judaism of today occupies towards Christianity. By means of numerous books and lectures all over the country he gave the Jews the tolerant view of Christ which they now hold. He pictured Christ as a great Jewish reformer, who fell a victim to the Roman empire's fear that the mission of Jesus was political instead of spiritual. It can be safely said that Dr. Wise did more than any other man of his time to bring Jew and Christian into harmony, and to make the name of Christ honored among the Jews.

The funeral of Dr. Wise took place in Cincinnati, from the temple in which he had officiated since 1854, and was marked by the utmost simplicity, in accordance with his often expressed wishes. Individuals and delegations from all over the country attended, and the concourse which followed him to the grave was the largest ever seen in Cincinnati. A widow, eleven children and many grandchildren survive him. In Chicago is resident one son—Dr. Julius Wise, who will succeed him as editor of the Chicago Israelite, and who, under the nom de plume of Nickerdown, has become well known in the newspaper world.

Very Latest in Flies.

It was thought that the limit had been reached in flies when the wings were put on with cement and a line of silk, with reversed wings which could not be pulled out. But now there is a fly book in which are separated legs, wings and bodies. They are adjustable to ordinary bait hooks from Nos. 1 to 12, according to the fish wanted. Each part is tied to a bit of aluminum tube. The bait hook is separate. The fisherman observes that the trout are rising to a little fly of which he has no specimen. The real fly has gray wings, brown legs and a white body. He takes out the combination book and puts a white body on a hook; then he adds the legs and wings of the right color, and then he fishes.

STORMING OF BADAJOS.

The Triumphant English Soldiers Became Drunken Wretches.

The fire of the French was frightfully accurate and concentrated, says New Lippincott. Gen. Walker himself simply dripped blood; he was a mass of wounds. His ladders were found to be all too short. The walls of the fortress were 30 feet in height. However, through some lack of staying power in the French, success at last crowned the attack. One man clambered somehow to the top of the wall and pulled up others, until about half of the Fourth Foot (now the King's Own Royal Lancaster regiment) were fairly into the town. Walker's men took three bastions, had not dared to risk losing the castle but now hearing the tumult of Walker's success, he sent his men forth and thousands went swarming through the town. Phillipson saw that all was lost, and retreated with a few hundred men to San Cristoval. He surrendered next morning to Lord Fitzroy Somerset. The English now occupied the town. With their comrades lying stark, or perhaps in fearful torment, in the fields beyond the wall of Badajos, these soldiers, who had so heroically won this immortal victory, became the most abandoned drunken wretches and maniacs. Crazy privates stood at the corners of streets and shot every one in sight. Everywhere were soldiers dressed in the garb of monks, of gentlemen at court, or mayhap wound about with gorgeous ribbons and laces. Jewels and plate, silks and satins, all suffered a wanton destruction. Napier writes of "shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations."

TURKISH POLICE JUSTICE.

A Patrolman Tries a Case in the Open Air.

I witnessed in Constantinople an amusing instance of Turkish police justice. An Armenian and a Kurd had quarreled over the ownership of a tobacco box. As their language grew more expressive and their speech louder a crowd collected, delighted with the dispute. The Kurd had picked up the box on the street and the Armenian declared it was his. When they were about to come to blows a policeman came up and tried to effect a compromise, but neither disputant would give way. At last the Armenian suggested that the Kurd should be asked to declare what was in the box. The Kurd promptly answered: "Tobacco and cigarette paper." The Armenian smilingly informed the officer that all the box contained was a 25-cent piece. The policeman gravely opened the mysterious case, then turning to the crowd with the air of a Solomon, said: "The Armenian is the owner of the box. I return it to him. The Kurd is a liar. (Here he smote the man from the mountains over the head.) Allah be praised! For my trouble in deciding this complicated affair I keep the 25 cents."—Chicago Record.

LADY LOUISE TIGHE.

No social event of the century equals in celebrity the ball given in Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. The last survivor of this famous event has just died at Woodstock, Ireland, and in her last days she often referred to that night of gayety and tragedy so graphically described by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair" and by Byron in "Childe Harold." This woman was Lady Louise Tighe, daughter of the duchess of Richmond, by whom the ball was given. It was she who buckled on Wellington's sword ere he left the brilliant ballroom to go out and begin the fight which decided the fate of Europe. Lady Tighe's father, the duke of Richmond, had a residence in Brussels, near which city the British under Wellington were encamped. On the night of June 16, 1815, the duchess gave a ball in honor of the British officers. Wellington was there. While the ball was in progress a message from Blucher came to Wellington, and about the same time the sound of guns was heard. Wellington, after a few moments of abstraction, gave orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room. Others saw him go, and, one by one, they stole away from their partners who in many cases



LADY TIGHE.

never saw their heroes again until their dead bodies were brought in from the bloody battlefield. Wellington was one of the last to leave the ballroom, and ere he departed the lady who has recently died fastened his sword about him.

Softleigh—"You must apologize, sir. I hear you referred to me as a pompous ass." Cynicus—"Well, I'll take half of it back. You are not pompous"—Philadelphia Record.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Dozen Conundrums for the Little Folks—Story of a Dog and a Cat—Habits of Gray Squirrels—New Game for Boys.

Her Little Boy.

"Always a little boy to her," No matter how old he's grown, Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray; She's deaf to his manly tone. His voice is the same as the day he asked: "What makes the old cat purr?" Ever and ever he's just the same— A little boy to her.

"Always a little boy to her," She heeds not the lines of care That furrow his face—to her it is still As it was in his boyhood fair. His hopes and his joys are as dear to her As they were in his small-boy days; He never changes; to her he's still "My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy to her," And to him she's the mother fair, With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile Of the boyhood days back there. Back there somewhere in the mist of years— Back there with the childish joy, And to her he is never the man we see, But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy to her," The ceaseless march of the years Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die Ere ever they reach her ears. The smile that she sees is the smile of youth. The wrinkles are dimples of joy, His hair, with its gray, is as sunny as May. He is always "her little boy." Baltimore American.

A Deformed Boy's Sacrifice.

He lived in a little village in Italy, at the foot of the Alps. His mother was a widow, and he, her only child, was a poor little cripple. When he thought of his sad condition—that he could not play like the other boys, and that if he grew up he would not be able to work like men—he felt very unhappy.

One day he was going through the village and stood to rest under the open window of a room in which some children were playing. One of them chanced to break a plaything, when another took hold of it, and throwing it out of the window, said: "I'll throw it away; it's no more use than Hans, the cripple." Oh, how sad the words made poor Hans feel! He crept back home and told his mother, while the hot tears ran down his pinched little face very hard, indeed. His mother took him upon her knee and sang a little song to him that she had often sung before. It ended with this little chorus: "God has His plan for every man."

And, although Hans felt very happy while listening to the sweet tune and voice, yet he could not believe that God had any plan for him. But he was mistaken. Just at this time the Austrians were at war with the Italians, and trying to take their country. In order that the Italians might know when the Austrian soldiers were coming, they had built large piles of dry wood on the tops of the hills, and put men to watch them night and day. When any of these men saw the Austrians coming, it was his duty to set fire to the pile. Then the man upon the next hilltop would see it and set fire to his, and so on, until all the valleys were made aware that the enemy was approaching and the Italians were roused to meet him. The piles were called beacons, and the men that watched, the sentinels.

Now, one night a festival had been kept up in Hans' village. All the villagers except Hans and his mother were there; and, although Hans had gone to bed, he could not sleep. So, after a while he arose up silently and crept up the hill to stay awhile with the sentinel. But no sentinel was there. Thinking there would be no danger that night, and being tempted to join the people in the village, he had left his post. Hans now thought he could be of some use, for he could watch the beacon on the hill until the sentinel returned.

He had not watched long before he saw the dark form of an Austrian soldier coming upon his hands and knees, very stealthily, along toward the pile. Yes, so it was; and now he could hear distinctly the measured tramp, tramp, tramp of a number of armed men. Quick as thought he set fire to the pile. Now the country was warned and the people would be saved.

But the enraged Austrian soldier saw, and fired his rifle at him. Hans fell, mortally wounded. Hours afterward he was found by some of the villagers and carried, bleeding and dying, to his mother. She took him upon her knees and wept over him as though her heart would break. But Hans looked into her face with his loving eyes and faintly whispered: "Dear mother, God has His plan for every man," and expired.

A Dog and a Cat.

Any dog, especially any small dog, greatly respects the teeth and claws of a cat. Generally speaking, he will no more thrust his muzzle into these, when they are in action, than a man will intentionally put his hand against the teeth of a buzz-saw in motion. As a rule, too, the cat is superior to the

dog in strategy, knowing when to put her buzz-saw in operation and when merely to threaten with it. Sometimes, however, a cat may meet a dog who is cleverer than herself.

A correspondent of the Youths' Companion in California tells of a shepherd puppy which was always given his dinner immediately after the family in which he resided had finished theirs. At the same time the black and white cat was given her dinner. The puppy ate his allowance with extraordinary haste, all the time eying the cat's, and making an occasional lunge toward it, indicating his intention to take it as soon as he had finished his own.

His plate cleaned, he darted toward the cat, and received a sharp and stinging slap in the face, which caused him to retreat. Then he jumped around and barked—a proceeding which caused the cat an uneasiness. Then, setting his wits to work, he began a strategic movement.

He got on the side of the dish toward which its handle projected, and began to crawl on his belly slowly up toward it. The cat ate on, merely watching the dog with one eye. Nearer and nearer the dog came, creeping and watching, until his nose reached the end of the handle. Then he gently took the handle between his teeth and began to back slowly away.

The cat, somewhat confused, no doubt, made no attack; and as soon as the puppy felt sure that he had got out of the "zone of fire," he moved much more rapidly away—and then set himself industriously to finish what the cat had left.

In this performance the dog showed intelligence of no mean order—perceiving the use of the handle of the dish, and also how the cat might be "bluffed" and outwitted.

Habits of Gray Squirrels.

In Addison county, Vermont, writes M. E. Hall, I have often seen the gray squirrels, in the autumn, dig holes in the leaves and earth—apparently at random, and bury a nut therein. Again, in the winter, I have frequently watched them running over the snow on some warm day, and again apparently digging at random, bring up a nut from under the snow. More often, however, I have seen them thus digging, but I did not see the nut that they found. Still I am quite sure that they did find a nut—for almost invariably their mode of procedure was to run down a tree, thence to a spot some yards distant, dig in the snow a few moments, and then run up a tree again, being quite undisturbed. They had evidently found what they had dug for.

More especially have I watched the fox squirrels do this in Greene county, Iowa. The fox is closely related to the gray, and almost exactly similar in movements and habits. I feel sure that the common red squirrel of the eastern portions of the country lay up a store of nuts for winter consumption. Once, late in autumn, in Vermont, I found nearly half a bushel of butter-nuts thus stored. In this case I was sure, as my wife and I watched the saucy little red carry several nuts to his hoard, which was deposited in a great cavity of an old butternut tree before we disturbed it.

I think the pine squirrel of the Big Horn mountains, and farther west, which much resembles the eastern red, does not lay up a winter store. My opportunities of observing them were limited, but so far as they went I thought they gathered each day the seeds from the cones that hung on the tree all winter, so did not need to lay up a store.

A Dozen Conundrums.

1. Why do you go to bed? Because the bed will not come to you.
2. When is a ship like a book? When it is outward bound.
3. Why has an ocean voyage no terrors for physicians? Because they are accustomed to see sickness.
4. Why is a popular novel like autumn? Because its leaves are quickly turned and always read (red).
5. Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch? Because there is a spring inside of it.
6. Who are the most exacting of all landlords? Why, the children, because they never fail to make their father and mother parents.
7. What is it that no one wishes to have, yet, when he has it, he would be very sorry to lose? A bald head.
8. What conundrums are always at home? Those that are never found out.
9. What insect does a tall father represent. A daddy-long-legs.
10. When a lady faints what figure should you bring her? You should bring her two.
11. Why is a pig in the parlor like a house on fire. Because the sooner it is put out the better.
12. When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

A New Catch Game.

Here is a new game of "catch" the boys will enjoy. It is called "stags and hounds," and in playing it one boy is at first the hound, and he must try to touch the other players. When he has touched one, the two hounds join in and catch another. When they have caught, the three join hands and run after others, until all except one have been caught and joined hands. Then the one that has not been caught has to be the hound for the next time.

Lincoln in Scotland.

Scotland seems a strange place to find a statue of Abraham Lincoln, and yet there is one there. It adorns a monument erected in old Calton burying ground, Edinburgh, to the memory of the Scottish-Americans who fought in the American civil war.