

Matters in Nebraska.

AS TO PAY OF LEGISLATORS.

NEWSY STATE BRIEFS.

Continuation that Present Law is Not Constitutional.

LINCOLN—The legislature may right to sit for sixty days every two years and its members draw pay for that length of time at \$5 a day? This proposition was argued for two hours before Judge Holmes and finally submitted on briefs.

The suit is brought by ex-Supreme Court Commissioner Robert Ryan and Mr. Whedon, as taxpayers, and claim irreparable injury has been done on account of the increased amount of taxation he has had to pay, owing to the increase of the legislative session from forty to sixty days and the pay of the lawmakers from \$3 to \$5 a day. He insists that the constitutional amendment submitted in 1886 is invalid and says that the action is brought by Mr. Whedon and himself because they thought they owed it to their profession to see that the written constitution is protected from impairment.

It is claimed that the records in the secretary of state's office show that of the 133,211 votes cast, a little over \$5,000 had been cast for and \$2,400 against it; that the legislature met in joint convention January 5, canvassed the vote and declared it lost. On February 15 a bill providing for a recount of the vote was passed. A recount was had and the numbers found to be different and the amendment was declared valid, since which time it has stood as law.

STATE DEBT IS PILING UP.

Report of Auditor Shows It is Almost Two and a Half Millions.

LINCOLN—According to the semi-annual report of the state auditor, just filed with the governor, Nebraska is in a pretty bad way financially, having a balance to the bad of \$2,419,000. This amount will be swelled when the contemplated expenditures, for which appropriations were provided by the last legislature, are made.

The suspended account, as it is called, drops out, as it has done since the days when the revenue of J. S. Bartley with the state's cash had been made public property. The itemized accounts are given, and footed up to the amount to the same \$2,419,000 that has for years represented the state's loss.

An interesting feature of the report is the statement showing the amounts of the state trust funds which have been invested in interest-bearing securities. The total at the date of the last report was \$5,699,820.73. Of this amount the greater part represented permanent school fund investments, the total being \$5,279,487.80. The agricultural endowment fund investments amount to \$251,654.73.

Divorce from Wealthy Wife.

FREMONT—H. S. Manville, a well known stock man of this county, was granted a divorce from his wife, Helen F. Manville, to whom he was married in 1865. The evidence showed that Mrs. Manville deserted her husband fourteen years ago and went back to her former home in Boston, where she has since lived, maintaining a stylish establishment. She has a large estate in her own name, and her only reason for leaving her husband was that she would not live in Nebraska.

Twenty Years in the Courts.

FREMONT—The case of Anna Schellenberg against Karl Kroeger, which, in one form or another, has been in the district and supreme courts for about twenty years, was decided by Judge Grimison in favor of the plaintiff. The action was in regard to a farm near Scribner. The plaintiffs retains the land and defendants are perpetually enjoined from interfering with the same. Fourteen different attorneys have been connected with the case.

Wants a Federal Position.

HUMBOLDT—Judge E. A. Tucker of this city is securing endorsements in the department of justice, and seems to be sanguine of success. The place he is asking for is a federal judgeship in the Philippines and pays a salary of \$5,000 per annum. The appointment comes through the president and the friends of the applicant think he deserves this place.

Norfolk People Anxious.

NORFOLK—There is a great deal of consternation among Norfolk people because of the procrastination which is displayed by the state in beginning to rebuild the Norfolk Hospital for the insane, provision for which was made by the late legislature in the sum of \$100,000. The bill passed with the emergency clause and it was promised that a start would be made months ago. Nothing has been done toward reconstruction.

Stock Train in the Ditch.

BLAIR—Seven cars of a special train loaded with feeders for eastern Montana were piled in a wreck one mile east of Blair a few days ago on the Northwestern railroad. Five of the cars were badly smashed up and thrown from the track. With the exception of one steer with a broken leg and a few other somewhat bruised, the five carloads of cattle came out of the wreck in good shape.

Girl Dies of Blood Poisoning.

BEATRICE—Eugenia, the 13-year-old daughter of John Hutmeyer, a prominent farmer residing five miles east of this city, died of blood poisoning after a brief illness. While attending school last winter an abscess formed on the bone of the left leg and the little girl grew worse from time to time. The attending physician removed a gallon and a half of pus from the abscess, and a few hours after the operation the girl died.

AGRICULTURE

When Eagle and Beaver Wed.

There's a maiden who, though grown to womanhood, is a child among the nations. She is one of Britain's fair and lively brood. Held in check by her relations.

Her near neighbor is a cousin big and apart. And it seems, somehow or other, That they cannot always live as now.

She will have to leave her mother's side. Her big cousin's noble eagle proudly soars.

While her beaver cozily eyes him. And he, being so much more than she, She would surely not despise him.

In the stary sky she reads her destiny— "A bright and wondrous story Of what the maiden, Canada, will be When she sits beneath old glory."

Britannia may a tear of sorrow shed When her daughter wills to leave her; But Columbia will pat the lion's head. When the eagle weds the beaver.

—New York Sun.

Death of Major-Gen. Reynolds.

"Ben, it did its work; you may come down now."

Nearly forty years ago on the morning of the first day of July, 1863, these words were spoken by a Confederate officer, and a lanky, beardless youth clambered down from his perch in the top branches of a cherry tree, with a rifle still smoking in his hands.

Simultaneously, and only 900 yards away, a gallant Union general, an army corps leader, on whose shoulders gleamed the stars betokening his rank, fell from his horse with a bullet hole in his head, and he died before his aids could reach his side.

Ben Thorpe is not proud of his achievement and only to his more intimate friends will he talk of the shot fired from the treetop that July morning years ago. When he does speak of it there is poignant regret in his tone. He regretted it the day he learned of the death of the man whose bullet struck his head, and he has never ceased to regret it.

Lonely he lives upon his big plantation, his only companions, except for Northern visitors, being a half score of negro hands and twenty gaunt and ferocious looking deerskins. He has never married.

All dated on the 30th of June, 1863, the regions of Lee, Longstreet and Hill had been sweeping up from the Southern plains in the direction of Gettysburg intent upon destroying the Union army of Hooker and Meade and opening up the fairest and richest valleys among the populous cities of the North to pillage.

In the van were the Confederate brigades of Pettigrew and Archer, of Heintz's division, Hill's corps, and swinging up the Chambersburg road this force, on the morning of July 1, had met up a commanding position just below Seminary Ridge. In McPherson's woods and about an old farm house which stood just beyond them lay the Twenty-third North Carolina infantry, each man a sharpshooter, trained to his duty to have a squirrel in the top of a tall tree.

And a hundred or more of these sharpshooters lay snugly hidden in the tops of the trees under orders to single out Union officers as they quarry. Facing them and holding a commanding position on the crest of Seminary Ridge were the Union artillery and cavalry under Buford.

Thus matters stood at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 1, when Gen. Reynolds, then commanding the First Army Corps, came galloping along the Emmetsburg road from his headquarters in advance of Wadsworth's division, in which were included the Fifty-third Pennsylvania regiment and the Second Wisconsin, the famed "Iron Brigade," which had been ordered to plan of battle, and as soon as the Second Wisconsin arrived upon the field west of the Seminary he ordered them to charge the northern end of McPherson's woods, where Archer's Confederates hid, and capture the position.

They obeyed and carried out the order given, but some idea of the cost may be gained from the fact that the Second Wisconsin left 233 dead in the woods. The death toll of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina in that same bloody fray was 588.

As the gallant charge was made Gen. Reynolds sat upon his horse on a small eminence near the northern end of the Seminary Ridge, and his aides for the movements of other troops. He had just turned his head to look for his supporting columns and hasten them on when a rifle ball struck him in the back of the head. Freed from the firm hand upon the reins, his horse reared and fell forward before its stricken rider fell to the ground dead.

And, 900 yards away, the Confederate officer seeing him fall, lowered the glass he had held to his eye and grimly said, "Ben, it did its work."

Ben Thorpe had been one of the hundred sharpshooters selected from the Twenty-third North Carolina, despite the fact that he was but 16 years old, and the position assigned to him was in the top of a cherry tree, which commanded the low ground or swale over which the Union troops must make their way to reach McPherson's woods. What followed is best told in his own words:

"I had been in the tree top, perhaps half an hour when the Wisconsin regiment came charging across the low ground toward the woods, and had made a couple of shots, when the party of officers rode up on the little knoll."

"I was trying to make up my mind which one I should try for when my lieutenant appeared under the tree and began observing the party through his field glasses. A moment later he glanced up and said: 'Ben, you are in the center of the group? He is evidently an officer of some high rank and is directing operations which threaten our line. Sight your gun at 700 yards and see if you can reach him.'"

"I did as he told me, but saw that the bullet struck far short of the mark."

CAMPFIRE TALES

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"That was a little short, Ben," said my lieutenant, and after another long and careful glance through his field glasses he said:

"Sight her at 900 yards this time and hold steady, for we must have him."

"Carefully I sighted my long-barreled rifle at the range given, and, steadying it on a big limb, took good aim and fired. I knew before the report died away, before I saw Gen. Reynolds fall, that the shot had been a good one, and would reach its mark."

"I saw the horse plunge forward, saw the rider sway and fall from his saddle, and then heard the voice of my lieutenant saying:

"Ben, it did its work. You may come down now, it's time for us to be moving."

"Not until long afterward did I learn what it was my bullet had brought down, and when I did learn, when I heard and read of what a great and good man and splendid soldier I had brought to death, I was genuinely sorry. I have been sorry ever since and when the war was over I took occasion to write and inform them of the facts and expressing my sorrow and regret."

"I have letters from them, splendid letters in which they tell me not to worry over it, that was the fortune of war, and that they could hold no animosity or hatred against a soldier boy who had fought as well and simply obeyed his superior officer's orders."

"It was, of course, the fortune of war, but I cannot help feeling even at this late date that it was a cruel fortune which selected me, a mere boy, to bring to his death this gallant general who had won fame and escaped the enemies' bullets on so many fields."

"I have read his history since. He was a grand man on his record, and from all I have otherwise heard, and I only wish I could undo my work now."

The farmer boy sharpshooter was much interested in a description of the burial ground at Lancaster, Pa., where Gen. Reynolds and his brother, Admiral William Reynolds, are buried side by side, and of the manner in which John F. Reynolds Post, G. A. R., whose headquarters are at 1226 South Eighth street, in this city, annually conducts the "Reynolds' Day" with flowers. He declared his intention of himself sending a floral tribute next Memorial day if he lived to see it—Pittsburgh Leader.

Thought He Meant Scott.

Chaplain Joseph Twitchell of Hartford, Conn., tells a story of a certain corporal in his regiment, a gay-hearted fellow and a good soldier, of whom he was very fond. On occasion of his recovery from a dangerous sickness the corporal, feeling it his duty to have a serious pastoral talk with the corporal while he was convalescing, and watched his opportunity for it. "As I sat one day," says Mr. Twitchell, "on the side of his bed in the hospital tent chatting with him, he asked me what the corporal, feeling it his duty to have a serious pastoral talk with the corporal while he was convalescing, and watched his opportunity for it. 'As I sat one day,' says Mr. Twitchell, 'on the side of his bed in the hospital tent chatting with him, he asked me what the corporal, feeling it his duty to have a serious pastoral talk with the corporal while he was convalescing, and watched his opportunity for it. 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