# CAN HE BE THE MURDERER?

**A Possible Clue to the Singular Death of James Hagen in Omaha.**

## A JUDGE ON GRAND JURIES.

**Matters Connected With Lancaster's Courts—The Probable New Postmaster—Notes from About the City and the State Building.**

A rather singular case came before the notice of some of the authorities here which has been a subject of investigation for some time. Last week a gentleman from Omaha asserted that he had obtained evidence concerning the death of James Hagen, son-in-law of Morrison, the tailor of Lincoln, which would be of value in clearing the mystery connected with the death of young Hagen, who was murdered about two years ago in Omaha. A reward of $200 was offered by the state for the murderer, and to this amount Mr. Morrison added $200 more. No trace to the murderer was obtained and it was thought he never would be brought to justice, but a few days ago Ed A. Allen, deputy United States marshal in Omaha, wrote to Mrs. Allen that he had proof that a woman who lived in that town knew more about the matter than she cared to tell to the authorities. When Allen learned this he immediately put himself in communication with Morrison here at Lincoln, and it is presumed that the man will be brought to justice. Sheriff Melick arrested the suspected person some time ago under a charge of counterfeiting, and he is still in durance vile. Whether the present charge against him will be sustained or not remains to be seen. Mr. Morrison hopes that the murderer of his son-in-law is at last captured, for it will afford him great pleasure to prosecute him to a speedy conviction.

The district cout of Lancaster county convenes October 12. There will be 300 civil cases. This shows an increase of fifty cases over last term. The trial docket will be published next week. There will be no grand jury summoned, and for the first time in the history of Lancaster county the criminal cases will be tried by complaint without indictments. The law passed last winter relating to grand juries makes it discretionary with the district judge whether a grand jury is called or not. At first it was generally supposed that Judges Pound and Mitchell favored the grand jury system, but their failing to call one for this term leads the public to believe that they are willing to give the complaint system a trial and test its merits. Judge Gaslin, of one of the western districts, was the prime mover and champion of the opposition to grand juries, and when as was often his duty to address them, he would say, "Gentlemen of the grand jury you are a relic of barbarism; you are what is left of the inquisition; you are a star chamber body; you do nothing except ex parti business; you are a disgrace to our system of civilization; you can ruin the best man in the world by your infernal methods and the accused has no opportunity to defend himself. I hope the time will come when your body will be a thing of the past." The honorable judge's hopes have been realized and the new method will be put to the test, and as to the practicability of the new way I will inform your readers in the near future. One thing is certain, the procedure under the new law can be no worse or injurious to the public than the old.

The testimony in the noted mandamus case of Webster vs. the county commissioners of Lancaster county will be taken this week, commencing Wednesday, before Referee Munger, of Fremont. The place of holding the court will be the district court. Some healthy exposures in the manner of running this county's financial affairs are expected to come to the surface.

To-day the supreme court opens and takes up the cases in the fourth judicial district. Attorneys having business in that court are expected to be on hand promptly at 8:30 a. m.

James Irvin and wife, a banker of Tecumseh, is visiting his father-in-law, Col. B. H. Polk, of this city.

The electric street lights being deemed insufficient on account of the number in use, are assisted in lighting up the gloom by the gas lamps, thus entailing an extra expense and demonstrating the extravagance of the city's management.

It is generally conceded among the democrats of this city that Gen. W. Montgomery will be the next Lincoln postmaster. The prospective appointment is looked upon with a good deal of satisfaction by all parties, provided a change is made. Gen. McBride's (the present incumbent) term expires in October, and it is doubted whether he will be removed. Gen. Montgomery commanded a regiment of Wisconsin soldiers under Postmaster General Vilas during the war.

More lecture rooms are needed at the university. At present they have but one room for that purpose and great inconvenience is often experienced on that account.

The medical labratory now in process of building is making haste slowly. It will be an exceedingly pretty structure, considering the amount of money invested, some $30,000.

The homeopathic department of the medical school seems to have a larger number of students than either the alopathic or eclectic schools. This is something unusual and why this is so is hard to divine.

A pleasant and refreshing rain storm visited Lincoln Sunday night, and to-day has the appearance of springtime.

Geo. Ballentine, the genial stock agent of the Burlington & Missouri railroad company, is doing everything in his power to induce western stock shippers to send their cattle and hogs east by way of the Lincoln stock yards, and it is rumored that 300 cars will reach here in a few days. George always had a good feeling for Lincoln, and his good in this matter means lots.

Ira A. Nadeau, formerly a member of the Michigan Lumber company, of this city, and now of Butte, Montana, will shortly make this city his residence and establish an abstract office. This is a branch of business very much neglected in this populous and thriving county.

Wyuka cemetery is receiving vast improvements this season. Elegant and costly monuments, and mausoleums are being erected by our wealthy citizens and the beautiful foliage and fragrant flowers makes the silent city of the dead a charming and inviting spot.

Governor Dawes, becoming somewhat alarmed at the rumor that Zimmerman, now confined in the county jail at Kearney, awaiting execution under sentence of death for killing Sheriff Woods at Minden, was to be released on bail by order of a United States commissioner at Kearney, telegraphed Attorney Leese, who was at his home at Seward, to that effect. An inquiry made found that Zimmerman is still in custody.

The various departments of the state capital are occupied mainly with the usual work. The office force of the commissioner of lands and public buildings is very busy in making abstracts of leases, sales and assignments of school lands which are to be sent to county treasurers who will hereafter attend to this business done heretofore in the land commissioners office. This work is being done under a law passed by the last legislature.

Superintendent Jones is having prepared five plans of school buildings varying in price from $600 to $2,200, which plans when completed will be furnished the county superintendents, who will supply the districts with them. The work of the superintendent's office, which had fallen behind on account of the absence of Superintendent Jones in attendance upon institutes the most of the last three months, is now rapidly being caught up with.

Auditor Babcock is visiting the county fair at Ord.

Mrs. Wm. I. Benton, of Fremont, is visiting here.

Mrs. Colonel Geo. Ross and Miss Cornelia Bunnell, both of New Haven, Conn., are visiting T. H. Benton, Esq.

D. H. Wheeler, Jr., and wife, of Omaha, were here Sunday.

### SUES FOR $10,000.

Dr. J. J. Soloman brought suit yesterday in the district court for $10,000 against Soren Jonasen. The doctor, it may be remembered, was arrested last week on complaint of Jonasen, charged with being an accomplice of Ed. Hendershott, in the diamond robbery of Sept. 7. He was acquitted on Saturday, (upon trial in the police court), and now sues for damages on account of false imprisonment and general injury to his character.

### HELD ON SUSPICION.

Three negroes, William Plum, James Stewart and Henry Austin were held by Judge Stenberg yesterday to answer to a charge of being suspicious characters. They are supposed to be professional thieves, Plum especially. The police claim that they have been selling jewelry about town, which is presumed to be stolen. A pair of gold ear-rings which one of them pawned for $5 has been recovered and is now in Marshal Cumming's possession.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's large treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 160 pages, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Messrs. Holdrege and Eustis, of the B. & M., left for Chicago Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Duke, of Plattsmouth, are visiting friends in this city.

Charles Elgutter left for Harvard, Sunday, to resume his studies at that college.

J. F. Clarkson, of Schuyler, was in the city yesterday on his way homeward from the east.

Mrs. Joe Redman has gone to Peoria, Ill., and will spend several months there visiting her mother.

E. E. Myers, the architect and designer of the projected city hall, left for the east Saturday night.

P. P. Shelby, general passenger agent of the Union Pacific, left for the Pacific coast Saturday night.

B. E. Smith, Fremont; F. A. Harris, Tekamah; Ed. Evans, Boone, Iowa; T. Powers, Sutton; A. S. Ashcroft, Crete; H. W. Henderson, Denver, are at the Canfield.

Mrs. J. E. Boyd and her son, J. E. jr., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bierbower, who met them at North Platte, returned yetterday from a two months' tour of California and the coast.

AT THE HOTELS.

R. D. Jones, of Red Cloud, is at the Paxton.

J. T. Wray, of Culbertson, is stopping at the Millard.

T. M. Marquette, of Lincoln, is at the Millard.

J. H. Pratt and wife, of Summer Hill, are at the Paxton.

E. D. Webster, of Stratton, is a guest at the Millard.

A. A. Thomas, of Tekamah, is registered at the Millard.

C. F. Idding, of North Platte, is quartered at the Millard.

Lawrence Barrett, Mrs. Louis James, Theodore Bromley and the entire Barrett party registered at the Paxton.

Geo. A. Draper, Mrs. C. T. Wilson, Miss G. T. Wilson, C. H. Wilson and A. Gilchrist, all of Cheyenne, are at the Paxton.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers were filed Sept. 26th with the county clerk, and reported for the BEE by Ames' Real Estate agency:

Alvan S. Vincent and wife to Francis T. McKenna, lot 6 block 2, Improvement asso add Omaha, w d—$1,700

Will Bina Graddy and husband to Mrs. Anna Cleves, lots 3, 4 and 5, Graddy's subdivision of blk 7, Lowe's 2d add Omaha, w d—$3,000.

Charles W. Willis (single) to Michael Hirt, ne¼ of lot 3 block 14 S. E. Roger's add Omaha, w d—$1,200.

Evert V. Smith and wife to Caledonia Phillips, lot 10 block Q, E. V. Smith's add Omaha, w d—$1,000.

Henry M. Hurlbut and wife to Albert M. Grant, lot 3, block 7, Shinn's add to Omaha, w d—$2,200.

Winfield S. Blanchard and wife to Dennis Cunningham, s ½ of lot 5, block 3, Improvement association add, Omaha, q c—$1.

Frances E. Smith and husband to George W. McKinney, lot 17, city of Florence, Douglas county, w d—$30.

John Weber and wife to Rosena Dæmon, lot 33½, Millard & Caldwell's add, Omaha, w d—$5,000.

A. E. Tonzalin (single) to Ella B. Potter, lot 17, and e ½ of lot 16, block 2, Hillside 1st add, Omaha, w d—$1,850.

Pickled Pigs Feet and Tripe at KATZ'S.

You can buy furniture cheaper of A. L. Fitch & Co., 12th st., bet. Farnam and Douglas, than any other place in the city.

1885 NEW GOODS. 1886
McInnis & Bussey are showing a magnificent line of fall and winter dry goods in all the latest novelties at the lowest prices in the city. 16th and Webster.

HOMES! HOMES! HOMES!
I will sell at auction eight houses and lots in block 9, Wilcox's addition, near the shot tower—Small cash payments and long time—Sale on the ground Monday, October 5th, at 4 p. m. Take dummy on U. R. R. R., which runs every hour, and get off at Sheeley's Packing House.
J. C. WILCOX.

AUCTION! AUCTION!
TO-MORROW MORNING.
BUSHMAN'S OLD STAND.
N. E. corner 16th and Douglas.
10 show cases, 15 wire show-figures, one large safe, counters and a general lot of store fixtures, and one large mirror.
W. B. GRING, AUCTIONEER.

Wines and Liquors for family use at KATZ'S, 1308 Douglas.

New Holland Herring at KATZ'S, 1308 Douglas.

# EARLY DAYS OF NEW YORK.

**The Wonderful Strides of the Metropolis in the Present Century.**

**The Changes Wrought by Vigorous Business Men—The California Fever—Interesting Reminiscences.**

A centenarian died in a little Pennsylvania city last Monday, says the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, who was born on a farm in the limits of this metropolis, a little below Union Square, and who had used in the war of 1812 the same musket that his father had carried in 1776 as a soldier at the battles of Harlem Plains and Fort Washington. This is a brief record of 100 years of life, but it carries the salient periods of the story of our nation and city. When this man was born the future metropolis had a population of but 28,000, and was much smaller and much less important than Philadelphia. The inhabited portion of the city reached only to Chambers street on Broadway, and the latter thoroughfare was mainly occupied with small frame dwellings. British troops still occupied the barracks, waiting for the order to leave, and it was not until the next year that James Duane, a native-born citizen, who had returned to his farm at Gramercy Park, to find his house burned and his property destroyed, was appointed mayor, and began to restore order out of chaos.

New York was but the rubbish of a metropolis then. It was not until 1790 that the first sidewalks of brick and stone were laid on Broadway, and were followed by the erection of first-class residences. The public gallows, signs of a Christian community, stood on the present City Hall park, appropriately flanked by the Bridewell and the almshouse. The Collect pond, deep, clear, and sparkling, fifty acres in extent—a miniature sea in the heart of the city—occupied the ground now covered by the Tombs, with its neighborhood of crime and misery. Its waters furnished food for the angler, and were even said to be inhabited by a strange sea monster, which had carried off a Hessian soldier during the revolution. With the rejuvenation of the city a company proposed to buy up the lands about the pond, and, preserving the waters in their primitive condition, to lay out a portion of the grounds as a public park, and realize a profit from adjacent property. Want of capital prevented the carrying out of a plan which would have preserved an inland sea in the heart of the city—a natural feature shared by no rival. The boy who did his first fishing in these waters, who played in country roads all the way from that point to his ancestral farm at Union Square, who saw Washington, the first president, a familiar figure on the streets, lived to hear that the homes of nearly three million people could be seen from the spire of "Old Trinity," and died but last week. It is a picture of progress that ought to be an inspiration to every man who owes his birth or claims his home here.

A striking feature of housekeeping in the new metropolis is the growing monopoly of certain lines of business. For some time past large dry goods houses have combined with their once distinctive lines of goods nearly everything that is needed for the clothing or personal use of women and children, and to such an extent that retail dealers in fancy goods or special lines have felt compelled to close business, or to remove to remote sections and depend upon the trade of the poor. Now the small grocerymen complain that the palatial grocery houses, which looks more like banks than groceries, are taking away their traffic and defy competition. From heavy meats to fine liquors the range of edibles extends in quantities to suit all tasts and purses. If there is a hardship here it is difficult to see how it is to be remedied. When the clerk meets a lady at the door, shows her samples, receives her order, and then has the good packed and delivered without further trouble, buying becomes so easy that it is a pleasure for the housekeeper to do her own marketing. The Washington Market dealers complain that even their low prices cease to tempt people to come down town to lay in their weekly store of provisions, as once was the custom; but even they must concede that it is a pleasanter to make purchases at a large and handsome establishment. One of these grocery palaces fronts conspicuously on Central Park and Fifth avenue, and is felt to be an eye-sore by adjacent owners of property, but it is well patronized by rich people, and, as William M. Tecd remarked once: "What are you going to do about it?"

Innovation goes still further and insists that the projected Fifth avenue horse railway is an inevitable necessity. People who live on the other avenues are tickled with the idea of giving the "nabobs" a taste of jingling bells and iron tracks, but the residents are in wild commotion over the proposition. To have the horse cars making sweet music in front of Vanderbilt's house would be the realization of poetic revenge to the Madison avenue dwellers, but for all that it is a serious matter to surrender the only street that remains fit for carriages, and which accommodates not merely the avenue folks but those who live on the side streets. After the success which has crowned "Jake" Sharpe's seizure of Broadway for his horse cars it was natural that speculators should cast envious eyes upon Fifth avenue, but after the former experience it will be a crime to let the franchise go without heavy remuneration to the city. By the way, it is somewhat curious to find that the New York Herald of February 10, 1835, said: "The necessity of a railroad on Broadway, to the exclusion of the vast multitude of vehicles that now crowd it, was never more apparent." It took forty years to bring this about, and possibly it may take as long for the iron to enter into the souls of aristocratic Fifth avenue in the shape of railway tracks.

BUSINESS ROMANCES.

Harry Hill writes, in the Mercury: The first carpet of which there is any mention in or around New York was in possession of that nero of devilry and romance, the forever notorious Captain Kidd. All sorts of stories were told and retold about this carpet, which was one of the wonders of the pirate's treasure house. It was probably a Persian rug which he had taken from one of his prizes. Some seventy years after Kidd had been executed this carpet or rug turned up in a house on Queen street, New York, owned by a dashing widow of tory proclivities. The widow was almost as proud of her carpet, or rug, as she was of her "loyal" sentiments or her own beauty, and to doubt the authenticity of any of the steps by which she proved that her carpet, or rug, was originally the carpet, or rug, which Kidd had pirated, was to incur her hate.

This carpet, or rug, was in those days all the more noticeable because rag carpets were all that people—even rich people—could afford. True, Scotch and other carpets were occasionally offered for sale, when brought over in some packet-ship but there was no great demand for them, and they were looked upon as rather too luxurious. The first New York house whose floors were completely covered with carpets, as almost every house is now, was the famous Walton house, in Pearl street. The first carpet factory started in this country was started by a man named Sprague, and he, setting an example of humbugging which has been extensively followed, called all the carpets he made himself "genuine Turkey" and "Axminster."

The manufacture of axes and plows is one in which New New York has had a prominent share. Jethro Wood, of New York, was the pioneer plow manufacturer of the United States, and, like a good many other pioneers, has never had half the credit he deserved since he died, just as he never had half the cash he deserved while he lived.

Wood's plow was in its day, the most popular in existence, and did more than any other towards driving out the clumsy, old-fashioned plows, and yet, so cheap did Wood sell them, in order to introduce them, and so many improvements did he put into them, that he hardly made a dollar. In fact, it was said that he even lost money, and yet all that the great state of New York has ever done towards recognizing the philanthropic services of this really great and good man, whose name ought to be familiar to every New York schoolboy, and who ought to have a monument in Central park, has been to appropriate the enormous (?) sum of $2,000 to his needy heirs. New Yorkers have got statues in their parks in honor of almost everybody else, but the memory of good old Jethro Wood, the philanthropic plow manufacturer of old New York, has been forgotten.

Wood's plow a great improvement upon the plow just before it, Newbold's plow, invented by a Jerseyman, which was in its time quite an improvement on the Jefferson plow, which was the favorite invention of no less a man than Thomas Jefferson himself, who was quite proud of being the first inventor of the plow in this country. Then in course of time came the Webster plow, the invention of Daniel Webster, which was a great improvement on previous plows and way ahead of Jefferson's. But, after all, the New York, or Wood plows, have been the greatest American contribution to agricultural implements.

New York city deserves to be mentioned also as the place in which the invaluable idea of cast iron buildings was first practically realized. One would hardly believe it now, but the first cast iron building put up here was put up under protest, with great fear and trembling, lest it should "burst." A learned legal pundit, some "expert" in buildings, wrote a long letter to the papers, warning the authorities against the hidden dangers of these iron structures, which in case of fire, he said, would surely explode and kill the firemen.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for the rush to California there wouldn't have been any cast iron buildings in New York city for years and years later. But the California craze, the gold fever, led up to the cast iron buildings in this fashion: You see, the gold diggers needed after awhile big storehouses, and so on, but they didn't have time to put them up down in California. They had to be sent on from the more civilized and settled parts of the world, all ready to put up as soon as they got down there. So iron houses, to be hastily put together, got to be in great demand. And then it was found by practical experience that the cast iron house sent out from New York could be put up in two days, while the wrought iron house shipped from England required from two to three weeks. So as time was everything to the gold diggers, the cast iron houses got the preference, and when it was found that they worked so well in California, then people began to have more confidence in them in New York. So at last New York, indorsed by California, began to take stock in itself.

The gold fever also benefitted another line of New York trade and manufactures, which was called the "Alden process" by which condensed milk is made and vegetables and meats are dried and preserved.

Charles Alden, the inventor of these processes, was a remarkable man, one of the few New York aldermen who have really been remarkable men and good for something outside of politics.

Alden was a Yankee by birth, and went to sea when a boy, roamed all over the world, saw life, made a little money while seeing it, and then settled down to his proper line of inventing things. He made money hand over fist by his inventions, came to New York, went into the wholesale shoe business and politics together. Succeeded in them both at once, and finally did the big thing of his life—invented condensed milk. Fortunes have been made in this condensed milk, but at first it didn't promise well. People didn't take to it kindly. There wasn't anything like the travelling and knocking round the world then that there is now, and so there wasn't any special need for condensed milk till the California fever broke out. Then this condensed milk loomed up as the one thing needful. Everybody who went to California was a customer for this condensed milk, which enabled him to have his tea and coffee independent alike of sugar and the cow. The rush from New York and the north to the gold diggings was like an "everlasting and almighty picnic," as a '49er described it, not meaning any irreverence, and for the provisions of this picnic the excursionists had to depend upon New York, and supplies from it sent by sea around Cape Horn, as the Union Pacific railroad was then undreamed of. Consequently, Alden got any quantity of standing contracts from California firms to supply them with condensed milk. On the strength of these he started a condensed milk factory near Ploughkeepsie, and from the profits of these California contracts he got the start which made him rich, and which has made condensed milk known all the world over.

California also laid the foundations of success for the business of making billiard tables here in New York, and the gold fever near 'Frisco gave Mike Phelan his start as a New York manufacturer.

For many years the career of Mike Phelan was that of a man waiting for a chance to carry it out, and getting the chance at last, not in his own city but outside of it, and by an accidental episode. Mike Phelan's father was a billiard sport and kept several billiard saloons in New York. Mike drifted into the same line of business as his father and became quite popular.

From the first he had an eye for mechanics, and he saw that the great want of billiards at the start was first-class billiard tables. He felt this more and more as he progressed in the sport, and finally it got to be the great object of his life to become maker of the best billiard tables. But to carry out this object required cash, so he set to work to make all the cash he could keeping saloons.

He opened a very nice place in New York City and ran it on a very "high toned" principle. He shut down on poolin' and gamblin' and billiard sharpin' and "kept open only for gentlemen" as he said. This pleased a number of people and the best people, but it offended a lot more of the toughs and sports, and so Mike, though he deserved to succeed, didn't.

Then he tried high toned saloon keepin' somewhere else, with like results, then tried it for a third time, but with the same results. So he was almost in despair when the gold fever of '49 broke out. Mike saw his chance and seized it. He went to California with the rest of the rush and opened a splendid saloon in 'Frisco, the finest on the Pacific coast. He soon made a fortune and a popularity which would have made him anythin' he wanted to be in California.

But he didn't want to be anythin' in California, he wanted to start a billiard table factory in New York City, and as soon as he had made his pile in 'Frisco, he brought it to New York and opened a manufactory of billiard tables here, which made him quickly rich and famous.

So that we see, that in makin' billiard tables, as in everythin' else, the opportunity always comes sooner or later to the man who is gettin' ready for it and lookin out for it.

Some of our New York manufacturin' industries date far prior to the discovery of California and resemble some London houses in their antiquity, and in descendin' from one set of proprietors to their legitimate successors. The oldest candy house in New York or in this country, Ridley's, is an illustration of this kind. Their establishment is nearly a century old, and has been in the same hands, or their regular descendants, for three generations. The original store in Hudson street is still one of the curiosities of the town. All the members of the present firm were apprentices to the firm before 'em, and each partner has learned every branch of the business in the good old-fashioned way. No wonder the business has been a success.

This house has got a really aristocratic patronage and a genuine royal indorsement (if that amounts to anythin'), and got it by an accident, and yet an accident which was bound to happen sooner or later, as the reward of merit.

Some years ago the duchess of Sutherland, Harriet Beecher Stowe's friend, called one mornin' on her friend Mrs. Bates, wife of the celebrated banker belongin' to the Baring Brother's firm. Mrs. Bates was an American by birth, and had learned to use Ridley's hoarhound candy for a cold. She found this mornin' that the duchess had a bad cold, and so gave her some of her hoarhound candy to use. The duchess used it, and cured her cold by it, and then she went round tellin' all her friends the advantages of this hoarhound candy.

This created quite a demand for it among the "aristocracy," and finally Queen Victoria, then a young wife, heard of it and tried it for herself. It acted on her majesty's system just as it would have acted on a house girl's system, and the queen was so delighted with it that she sent her own royal order to Ridley & Co., New York, to keep her steadily supplied with hoarhound candy. Thus a big thing was accomplished; so big that many a firm would have spent a small fortune to get at it, and yet the American firm hadn't taken any steps toward doing or getting anything except making the very best hoarhound candy it could.

But perhaps the most suggestive and strangest episode in the early history of any business I have yet come across occurred in the early history of that now very important and profitable industry, the ice business.

Though ice is as old as the hills, or as water, yet the storing and selling of it is a modern idea. They didn't get the good of ice in the "good old times," and the first man in this country who tried to introduce the general use of ice got into trouble and provoked a riot—yes, an absolute riot, in which some lives were lost.

The first exporting of ice was done by a man named Francis Tudor, who sent, as an experiment, a cargo of it to New Orleans. Now, if anywhere on the face of the earth ice ought to have been welcomed, it ought to have been New Orleans, but it wasn't. This first cargo of Tudor's ice arrived at New Orleans in the height of the yellow fever season, and the creole population, instead of thanking God for it, took a silly scare at it, just as the ignorant Germans took at vaccination, and wouldn't allow it to be landed. A riot took place, in the course of which the entire cargo of ice was thrown into the sea and thus terrifically wasted. The vessel was burned and two sailors lost their lives. This sounds impossible, but as Napoleon remarked, "the impossible always happens."

Tudor, however, was not discouraged. His second cargo was well received, prejudices having by this time been overcome, and all was lovely.

### AGAINST THE B. & M.

Judge McCulloch, of the county court, gave a decision yesterday in the case of Knopka vs. the B. & M. railroad for $300 damages on account of goods lost in the late freight house fire. The decision was for plaintiff.

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THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
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Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
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Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
"Apollinaris Water is an article which is produced by Nature and is not the handiwork of man; it is a Natural, and not an artificial Water."
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ANNUAL SALE, 10 MILLIONS.
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1st. A Neat, Close-fitting and Graceful-Shaped Shoe.
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ALL THESE DESIDERATA SHE CAN FIND IN
The celebrated "J. & T. Cousins' New York Shoes," of all kinds and materials, in 24 widths and 10 shapes of toes and heels.
They will not rip; will not slip at the heel; will not wrinkle, and are the perfection of achievement in the shoemaker's art.
Look on Soles for Name and Address of
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HAMBURG - AMERICAN
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A DIRECT LINE FOR
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The steamships of this well known line are all of iron, in water tight compartments, and refurnished with everything to make the passage both safe and agreeable. They carry the United States and European mails, and leave New York Thursdays and Saturdays for Plymouth, (LONDON), Cherbourg, (PARIS) and HAMBURG.
Rates—First cabin, $60-$80. Steerage to New York.

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