BAD BRAKEMEN BROKEN.

Fate of Deceitful Men Who Engineered the Western Trainmen's Strike.

HE TRIED TO KILL HIS WIFE.

The West Family in Public Prominence Again—A Busy Session of the City Council—City Matters of General Interest.

Brotherhood of Brakemen.

Mr. S. E. Wilkenson, of Galesburg, grand master of the Brotherhood of railroad brakemen, accompanied by Mars Nobbs, of Grand Island, member of the board of trustees of the same organization, arrived in the city last evening. Mr. Wilkenson is a finely preserved, stout, hearty, full-faced gentleman of 45, while Mr. Nobbs is a handsome, energetic and intelligent young man, possibly 30 years of age. Both of them have travelled about 3,000 miles among the striking brakemen on the U. P. They have examined into the causes which led to the movement at all the points, North Platte, Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlins, Eagle Rock and Butte. As a consequence, they have concluded that it was one of the most unprovoked, injurious, uncalled for and lamentable things that could have taken place. They emphatically pronounce it in no way authorized by or in any manner connected with the Brotherhood of brakemen. At the same time they disclose the lamentable manner in which ignorance, stupidity, treachery and bigotry were utilized to cast the odium of the strike upon the organization.

It is generally known that some time ago the Union Pacific management endeavored to equalize the wages of their trainmen. For this purpose Superintendent Smith issued a circular by which the mileage system of payment was to be introduced. It gave dissatisfaction to some, and delegates from all points along the road called upon him for an explanation. To these he said that he believed the new plan would afford just as good wages as they had been receiving, and to prove it, he wished them to try it for thirty days. In the event of its failing so to do, he guaranteed the wages they had been receiving. After the matter had received a little attention at their hands, some of the brakemen came to the conclusion that, by means of Smith's schedule, they could not earn as much as they had earned previously. This, however, was not the case, because while working for $65 per month, some of them had run as high as 3,200 and others 4,000 miles per month. This, at 2 cents per mile, or, as it would have been on the Utah & Northern, 2½ cents per mile, would readily have raised instead of decreasing their monthly income.

Dissatisfaction ensued, and at Laramie, the seat of all the trouble the ringleaders struck. This was really the seat of war, and the uprising was occasioned by a man named Phelan, who was not a member of the brotherhood, who was disqualified on general principles, and who will always remain disqualified for membership in the brotherhood.

Delegate Fuller was checking when Phelan approached him and said, "we have struck." The malign influence of this man was injurious, and others followed under the impression that, as Laramie went, so went the system. Subsequently the opposition was aroused, crowds assembled, and determined men with cocked revolvers drove them back only by courage and discretion. If one shot had been fired, 200 people would have been killed.

Cheyenne struck out of sympathy with Laramie, and before it could hear from their delegate, who was at Denver. In a response to a telegram, he answered, "Take no action in the matter until my arrival." But the message was received too late. The man who authorized the strike was a restaurant keeper, and only an ex-Union Pacific man.

In North Platte Haynes failed to inform the men of the notice of Mr. Smith's circular, which he had received from Mr. Dorrance. Shuff, of North Platte, finally received a telegram from Fuller at Laramie to "stop the cars." He then telegraphed Haynes at Sidney to the effect that he was wanted at North Platte as soon as possible. Instead of telegraphing or going there, he wrote to have the men insist on 2 17-100 cents per mile.

Rawlins would not have struck if the operator, instead of concealing, had delivered the message from Ed F. O'Shea, grand secretary at Galesburg, to "be governed by the circular issued on the 22d." The message was found in the fellow's drawer, and the men, without instructions, blindly went out.

At Eagle Rock the men were to be paid $70 per month on the 1885 basis, that is, to receive $70 for that amount of work, which, in the latter year, had brought them $65. But then Delegate R. Gartin would not figure on the plan. A union was called and everything was placed in his hands, and he never apprised them of the thirty days of trial of Smith's schedule, hence the strike.

At Butte the men were to be paid as at Eagle Rock, on the basis of '85. Here they had received a message from Laramie to the effect that "Wilkinson," the grand master, "could do no good," and to "stop the cars." The recipient was a man named Russell. He had been one of the delegates to see Mr. Smith, and while here failed of election to confer with his division superintendent at Eagle Rock, and became jealous. When he received the telegram to strike, he put it in his pocket and pulled out his train, and when on the road, told others of the alleged order, but kept on himself until every man had gone out. This division remained out for over forty-eight hours after every other place had gone to work.

The first intimation Mr. Wilkinson had of the strike was on May 5, at Stuart, Iowa. It was then two days old. The telegram was from Mr. Nobbs, but after passing through many hands it reached Wilkinson, signed by O'Shea, and stated that the men on the Union Pacific were out west of Cheyenne, and desired him to confer with Neasham, of the K. of L. at Denver. He immediately answered that he would leave for Denver, and requested Nobbs to meet him at Grand Island. Another telegram sent him after the commencement of the strike read: "Did you order strike on the Union Pacific?" This was received only the night before last. Not having been answered, gave the malcontents ground to say that Wilkinson could not help them.

Since the time of his notification of the strike, Mr. Wilkinson has been all through the troubled district, and talked with every superintendent and a number of the strikers. He has witnessed the treachery, the deceit and the injustice of the move. Ninety-one men have lost their situations, and he has disqualified every one of them from membership in the brotherhood, and against some of these men the disqualification will be perpetual. The brotherhood discountenances all strikes, and has recourse only to arbitration, unless in extreme cases, where a strike is upheld by the press, the people and the interests of the order.

The Brotherhood of Brakemen is composed of from 12,000 to 18,000 men. Of these 406 are in the lodges at Omaha, Grand Island, Denver, Ogden, Shoshone, North Platte, Cheyenne, Laramie, Rawlins, Eagle Rock and Butte. The principles of the order are benevolence, sobriety and industry. In case of death the widow of the member receives $600. In cases of sickness the sufferer receives $6 to $10 per week. It was organized September 23, 1883, in Oneonta, N. J., and since the strike it has been in receipt of seventy-five applications for new lodges. The officers are as follows: S. E. Wilkinson, G. M., Galesburg; Neill Sullivan, Vice G. M., Binghampton; E. F. O'Shea, grand secretary and treasurer, Galesburg; L. C. Foster, grand organizer, Ithaca; D. L. Cease, secretary of grand trustees, Phillipsburg, N. J.; D. J. McCarthy, Oneonta; Mars Nobbs, Grand Island; T. J. Sheehan, Denver, trustees.

The BEE reporter was permitted to glance at the ritual of the brotherhood. It shows the object to be most laudable, and worthy of being espoused by all honorable men. As an instance of its effect, it is reported that on the Utah & Northern where employes stole $7,000 from the cars in one year, but $100 were stolen in 1885.

Mr. Wilkenson leaves to-night for Galesburg, where he meets the Grand Lodge on the 24th inst., to see if they will sustain him in his act of disqualifying the strikers. Mr. Nobbs leaves to-day for Kansas City. Before leaving they will endeavor to harmonize the Union Pacific with the strikers. They speak most kindly of all the Union Pacific officials, to whom they claim to be indebted for many favors.

A GOOD WORKING COUNCIL.

A Busy Meeting Last Night—A Squabble Over a Policeman's Appointment—Municipal Matters.

The council met in regular session last evening, all of the aldermen being present, and transacted the following business:

PETITIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

From W. F. Bechel, acting mayor, approving ordinances adopted at last meeting.

From the mayor, appointing Fred Behm, Chas. Neber and Frank Hanlon, to appraise damage by change of grade of Davenport street. Confirmed.

Same—Appointing Chas. Kauffman, W. A. L. Gibbon and W. J. Kennedy to assess damage for widening Howard street. Confirmed.

Same—Appointing A. D. Balcombe, W. J. Kennedy and Chas. Kauffman to appraise damage by change of grade on Pierce street. Confirmed.

Same—Appointing J. F. Behm, Chas. E. Landrock and W. J. Kennedy to appraise damage by change of grade of Saunders street.

Same—Same committee to appraise damage for widening of Clarke street, and for extending Sherman street, and for change of grade of Nicholas street. Confirmed.

Same—Appointing William Worthy, Frank Reynolds, L. N. Yates and D. A. Hurley as special policeman. Confirmed.

From Board of Public Works—Giving names of parties who tear up paving without replacing it in a proper manner. Filed.

From same—Reporting contract of Raymond & Campbell for the construction of the Sixteenth street viaduct. Approved.

Same—Reporting estimate of C. H. Watson, sidewalk contractor, amounting to $176.73. Estimate approved.

From Julius Nagle—Protesting against the proposed change of grade on Fifteenth street from Jackson to Jones street. Grades and grading.

Of property owners asking for the construction of an approach to Thirty-first from Farnam. Grades and grading.

Of Charles Balback, asking for damages by change of grade at Harney and Sixteenth streets. Finance and claims.

Of M. Lahey, protesting against change of grade on Jackson street, and asking damages. Finance and claims.

Return of appraisers for opening and extending Twentieth street to Spruce street. Adopted.

Of Bernard Shannon protesting against change of grade on Davenport street. Grades and grading.

Of property-owners, asking for removal of slaughter house from Webster street. Police.

Of property-owners on Izard street, asking that the council should order parties to remove certain houses which had been built in such a manner as to obstruct the street. Police.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Mandel—Ordering gas company to lay necessary mains on Nicholas street, between Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth. Adopted.

By Lowry—That the mayor be requested to appoint Frederick Albrecht as special policeman in place of Charles Nelson, removed. Adopted.

By Bailey—That the names and numbers of the streets be neatly painted on all street lamps, and that the gas committee be instructed to make the best terms they can with some painter for painting the same. Public property.

A number of resolutions ordering the construction of gas mains, sidewalks, and minor improvements were read and adopted or referred to the proper committees.

By Dailey—That the house now standing in Burt street be removed by order of the committee on streets and alleys. Streets and alleys and city attorney.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Committee on claims—Recommending payment of certain claims referred to them for investigation. Adopted.

Committee on claims—Recommending the reduction of the assessment of J. F. Van Sickle from $3,105 to $105. Adopted.

Committee on grades and grading—Recommending ordinance establishing grades of alley between Sixth and Tenth streets on Hickory street. Adopted.

Same—Recommending establishment of grade on Capitol avenue from Twentieth street to Twenty-seventh street. Adopted.

Committee on streets and alleys—Recommending an ordinance opening Twenty-second street. Adopted.

Committee on police—Recommending that the appointment of Thos. J. Ormsby as policeman be not confirmed.

P. Ford said he was proud of the fact that he had secured the appointment of Ormsby, and that he would rather cut off his right arm than to appoint a man whom he did not think worthy. He said Ormsby was a good, honest young fellow, and a man of nerve. He said he was opposed only by cranks and whiskey bummers.

Mr. Kasper said that he had been approached by some of the best tax payers in Omaha who had opposed Ormsby's appointment, and that he had made investi ations, which convinced him that he is not qualified for the place.

Mr. Ford got the floor again, and said that "Thomas J. Ormsby is as smart a man as there is in this hall, inside or outside. The men who are opposing him are mountebanks. I have been in society with Mr. Ormsby, and I know him as a gentleman."

Upon a vote the adoption of the report was lost, and the nomination of Mr. Ormsby was confirmed.

Police committee recommending that the services of the pest house keeper be maintained by the city. Adopted.

The bond of Thomas J. Ormsby as policeman was approved.

Police committee, instructing the poundmaster to strictly enforce the stock ordinance. Adopted.

Public property and improvements, Recommending the numbering of the streets by painting the names upon the gas lamps. Recommitted.

Same, Recommending the purchase of two public drinking fountains, one for Sixteenth street and one for Eighteenth street. Adopted.

Same Recommending the removal of the fence from Jefferson square. Adopted.

Fire and Water Works—Recommending laying of water mains on Harney street, and also the payment of bills against the fire department. Adopted.

Sewerage—Recommending the adoption of an ordinance transferring certain funds to sewer funds. Adopted.

Paving, Curbing and Guttering—Recommending the appointment of inspectors of sewerage, paving, etc. Adopted.

Viaducts and Railways—Filing papers and commucations.

ORDINANCES.

Vacating a certain part of Fifteenth street and the alley in block 179½, and granting to the Omaha Belt Line railway the right to use the same for a freight depot. Viaducts and railways.

Directing the city treasurer to make a transfer of certain funds to the sewer fund. Passed.

Establishing grade of Capitol avenue from Twenty-sixth street to Twenty-seventh avenue. Passed.

Establishing the grade of Sixteenth street from Lake street to north limit of the city. Passed.

Making special appropriation for the payment of liabilities incurred during the month of April.

HE TRIED TO KILL HIS WIFE.

J. F. West, Armed With a Revolver and Knife, Raises a Domestic Row.

The cries of "help" and "murder" aroused the residents of Hamilton street, near Twenty-seventh, at 1 o'clock this morning. C. W. Wilkins and L. E. Lucas, who were the first to reach the location from which the sounds came, found a woman in the middle of the street clad in her night robes which were covered with blood. She was imploring protection from her husband, who, she said, was trying to kill her. The woman was Mrs. J. F. West, whose husband is a traveling salesman for the Simmons Hardware company of St. Louis. West was just coming out of the house after his wife when he was met by the men. He had his revolver in his hand, apparently ready to put it to use. The men who had arrived at this time surrounded West, disarmed him and locked him up in one of the rooms of his house. Mrs. West was then taken to her bedroom and a messenger sent for the police to take West into custody. The patrol wagon was sent in response to a telephone call and Officer Mostyn sent to make the arrest. A BEE reporter, who accompanied the party to the scene of the difficulty, found the streets in the vicinity of the West residence filled with the excited neighbors, all of whom were busy speculating upon the causes of the sensational affair. Inside the house were a half dozen half clad men standing guard over West, who was taking matters very coolly, and was engaged in bandaging his right hand, which he had cut in some manner in the difficulty. In the bedroom, adjoining the splendidly furnished perlor, Mrs. West was found lying on a pile of bed-clothing, crying bitterly, her face, hair and night-robe covered with blood. On the floor by the bedside laid an ugly looking butcher knife, with which Mrs. West says her husband threatened to cut her throat. The window in the room was broken out and the furniture upset or broken, everything bearing evidence of the struggle that had taken place. Between her sobs Mrs. West told her story. She said she had lived with West for several years and that he had frequently abused and ill-treated her. About three weeks ago she sued for divorce but he had begged so persistently and made such promises of better treatment that she had decided to live with him again. He came home after midnight this morning and found her in bed. He commenced abusing her and finally struck her in the face with his fist and threatened to kill her. She sprang out of bed when he seized her and a scuffle ensued in which the window was mashed out and she escaped through it into the street.

West was taken to the city jail. He took the matter very unconcernedly and refused to offer any explanation of his actions.

Mrs. West was left at her residence in charge of kindly neighbors.

This is not the first time that publicity has been given to the domestic relations of the West family. Last fall the BEE published an account of the manner in which Mr. West watched a well known business man who had hired a livery team, and found his wife accepting attentions from the business man and indulging in liberties with him decidedly unbecoming in a married woman.

The case will come up this morning.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CHARMING FRENCH ACTRESS.

Rhea opens her engagement at Boyd's opera house to-night, by appearing in "An Unequal Match," of which the Boston Herald says:

A large and kindly diposed audience gave M'lle Rhea a cordial welcome last night at the Boston theater, where she began a week's engagement in Tom Taylor's charming comedy, "An Unequal Match." She was received on her first entrance with a friendliness seldom shown save to old favorites, was warmly applauded throughout the performance, and was twice recalled before the curtain. Mlle Rhea's acting proved that she had an intelligent and comprehensive understanding of the character of Hester. The charm of her comedy made a no less agreeable impression on the audience of last night than did the sincerity, depth and genuineness of her acting when called upon to depict the more emotional side of the character she was representing. The company gave very even and satisfactory support.

On Friday evening Mlle Rhea plays "Frou-Frou." Saturday matinee, "Pygmalion and Galatea, and Saturday night "The Country Girl."

The Forgery Cases.

Frank Poppleton and W. X. Kennedy were arraigned before Judge Stenberg yesterday afternoon on three charges of obtaining goods under false pretenses and two of forgery. The trial of the charge made for obtaining goods under false pretenses from Tootle, Maul & Co. was heard. It was shown that the fellows had blank orders printed for the different firms of the city, and also had the signatures of the firms in rubber stamps. They obtained eighty dozen spools of thread from Tootle, Maul & Co. and eighty dozen from J. T. Robinson & Co. on forged orders from Vinyard & Schneider. They then forged an order from Tootle, Maul & Co. and obtained seventy dozen spools from Vinyard & Schneider. The thread secured in this manner amounted to $120. They were held under $500 bond each by Judge Stenberg on the charge preferred by Tootle, Maul & Co. The other five charges will be called up this morning.

Inviting the Assembly.

At a meeting held at the office of O. F. Davis & Co. on Monday evening, it was decided to extend an invitation to the General Assembly of Presbyterians of the United States to hold their next annual meeting in Omaha in May, 1887. The assembly meets in Minneapolis this year and will number about 600 delegates. Omaha will be represented by Rev. T. C. Hall and Dr. Kuhn, who have been instructed to extend the invitation to the assembly to meet here next year and to tender them the use of the Exposition building free of charge.

Hot water, — careless nurse, — child scalded. St. Jacobs Oil cures scalds.

HIS CONDITION SERIOUS.

Bartley Campbell Said to Be Losing His Mind.

Bartley Campbell's Fourteenth street theatre closed Saturday night, says the New York Sun, after the performance of "Woman Against Woman," by Effie Ellsler and her company. There was a good house, and the week was a prosperous one, but the theatre was none the less obliged to close its doors, for on Monday Ned Gillmore and Sam Colville got out an injunction restraining Ernest Harvier, the receiver who has been running the theatre since Feb. 24, from paying any of the receipts to the common creditors, and yesterday Robert J. Walker, one of the common creditors, enjoined him from paying anything to anybody else. Five hundred dollars, too, became due for a theatrical license on May 1, and, as the injunctions prevented its payment, Mr. Harvier concluded that rather than violate the law by running without a license he would shut up shop.

There were other complications which rendered Mr. Harvier's lot as receiver anything but a happy one. Since his return to town ten days ago, Bartlee Campbell, it is said, has been regularly helping himself to half a hundred or so of the best seats in the house without regard to the interests of Miss Ellsler or his creditors, preferred or otherwise. Yesterday he is said to have arrived at the box office before the ticket agent, and when the office was closed. This made but little difference to him, for he got a pully weight used to steady scenery with and smashed the wooden shutter of the box-office window through which the tickets are sold. He then, it is alleged, crawled through the narrow aperture into the office at the risk of breaking his neck, and confiscated fifty or sixty tickets. Leaving the pully weight behind him, he waltzed off with his booty out of the stage door, which was the door he had got in by, and disappeared from the view of the janitor, the only other person in the theatre, who first learned of his presence on seeing him go away.

Taking tickets from the theatre popularly presumed to be his own is not the only funny thing Mr. Campbell has been doing. He summoned his creditors, by an advertisement in a theatrical paper, to meet him at Fourteenth Street theatre a week ago yesterday. Sixty answered the summons and waited three hours for him and his lawyer, who, according to the advertisement, was to explain things. But neither Mr. Campbell nor his lawyer put in an appearance. The lawyer knew nothing of the appointment which had been made for him until he met an indignant creditor later in the day.

In addition to the sixty creditors there came to the theatre that day several actors and actresses with whom Mr. Campbell had made imaginary engagements, and these, being mistaken for more creditors, were treated with corresponding contumely.

Mr. Campbell is said to be continually engaging somebody or other to play somewhere at some hour. Those who are acquainted with his habit humor his eccentricity, but occasionally his offer is treated seriously.

Mr. Campbell seems to have a very vague idea of the extent of his liabilities. He refers to them as a bagatelle of $1,000 or $1,500, whereas they are estimated at $50,000. His assets ought to be much more, but nobody knows whether they are or not.

As may be expected from the foregoing, Mr. Campbell's friends consider his condition very serious. Few doubt that mental labor and pecuniary anxiety have caused a temporary derangement of his faculties. One who knows him intimately said last night that he had not been himself for a year. Another added that he was repeating the experience of John McCullough.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

A Thrilling Run With a Wild Engine Behind.

I had a run out of Columbus, O., ten or twelve years ago, and several things conspired to bring about the incident I am about to relate. I had a passenger run of nine hours, beginning at 7 o'clock p. m. For nearly three years I had a locomotive named after a railroad official, "Ben Davis," and I got to know that piece of machinery better than any ever knew his horse. You may buy two watches of the same make, of the same jeweller, at the same time, and while one will keep excellent time and give good satisfaction, the other will have off spells. It is the same with two locomotives. While "Ben Davis" would make regular trips, day after day, for months, without giving me the least trouble or wanting a cent's worth of repairs, other locomotives from the same shops were in the hands of the repairers as often as out on the road.

One of our freight engineers was a man named George Koby. He came on to our road from some line in New England and gave good satisfaction for about three months. Then whisky got the better of him and he went to the dogs. One day, after his fireman had brought the train into Columbus, with Roby drunk and asleep on the floor of the cab, he got his blue envelope. The idea somehow lodged in his head that the officials were down on him and he swore that he would have revenge for being discharged. One afternoon he turned up the road and was noticed to be drinking heavily and have the bearing of a man bent on some desperate deed. This was at a station eighteen miles from Columbus and on a gloomy April evening. I was due there at 7:28, and it was a two-minute stop. A mixed freight always sidetracked there for us to pass, and then followed us down the line.

Well, I was there on this special evening on time, as usual, having baggage, express and three coaches. It began to drizzle just before we reached the station, and I saw that we were in for a dark night and a slippery track. I did not see Roby, nor did any one tell me that he had shown up there. I noticed that that freight train was unusually long and that it was pulled by one of the biggest engines on the road. Three or four people got off, and perhaps as many got on, and we were off on a second. It was a run of seven miles to the next stop, and my schedule was thirty-seven miles an hour. We had not yet come to a stand still at the next stop when the telegraph operator, whose face was as white as snow, ran alongside and called to me:

"There's a wild engine behind you—for heav——"

He ran back to the conductor, and in ten seconds that official rushed up and shouted to me:

"It's a runaway engine—pull out at once!"

He yelled "All aboard!" sprang for the steps of a car, and away we went, some of the people getting off or on being flung down as they jostled each other. After we left the station where the freight was sidetracked a brakeman ran down the track to open the switch. As he did so Roby mounted the engine with a cocked revolver in hand, and drove the engineer and fireman off. He had previously uncoupled her from the train without being detected. He ran the engine out on the main line and half a mile beyond. Then he filled up the fire-box, saw that she had plenty of water, pulled the throttle wide open and jumped off. That was how we came to have a runaway engine behind us. As soon as the engineer was driven from the cab he ran into the station and informed the operator, and about the time the runaway started off we got the news. We were about six miles ahead of her. That meant about six minutes.

When I pulled out I supposed the programme was for some of the station folks to run down and open the switch so that the runaway would be ditched, but it appeared that the agent was so dreadfully rattled that he did not attempt this step until too late. The switch was forty rods from the station, and just as the employe reached it the runaway came roaring past. My next stop was ten miles distant. I reasoned it out in about a minute that if the runaway was ditched the fact would be telegraphed ahead. If she wasn't, that fact would also be clicked over the wires, and I would get some sign or signal as we passed. If she was following us there would be no time to switch in, and my hair stood up at the idea of trying to outrun her. I made the ten miles in twelve minutes and a half. A mile away I began tooting the whistle, and as we neared the station, still flying, I leaned out to look for the agent. He was on the platform. If he held up his hand I was to stop. But he did not. On the contrary, he waved his arm down the line for me to keep on, and I knew that we were in for it. The runaway could not be over three minutes behind, and there would not be time to turn her in on the siding here.

The next stop was eleven miles away, and it was a good piece of track. Little by little I gave her more steam, and after the first mile I knew that we were reeling off a mile every minute. There was train enough to hold us steady, and the track was straight, and but for the awful roar it would have been easy to imagine were flying. The agent ahead would let me know by signal, as the other had done. He was on the platform, with a great crowd behind him, and he motioned me on. The runaway was still after us. It was eight miles and a half to the next station, and I could not do better than forty-five or forty-eight miles an hour on up-grade. The runaway must catch us in the next six or seven miles. We had gone about five miles when I got the signal to stop, and as soon as I had slowed down a little a brakeman came over the tender with the instructions to stop at the station.

The conductor knowing that we could not outrun the wild engine, could think of but one plan to save the train. He called the passengers from the rear coach and cast it off. This was on the eleven-mile run, and the coach had about two minutes to lose its momentum before the runaway struck it. The pilot ran under the platform, the end of the coach was lifted up, and the next moment engine and car were in the ditch. Neither one of them was ever repaired, the wreck being too complete, nor did the officers of the law ever succeed in laying hands on Roby.

ALWAYS PLACID.

An Ineffectual Attempt to Rouse a Telegraph Operator Into Feeling.

Detroit Free Press: The receiving clerks behind the desks at the telegraph offices are cool, placid fellows. They take your message of life or death with perfect indifference, mechanically count the words, and look a bit bored as they reply:

"It will be 65 cents, please."

I had my eye on a certain chap for several weeks before I humbled his pride. He insulted me. He insulted me by softly whispering to himself as he counted the words in the following message:

"Grandmother died last night very suddenly. How many of you can attend funeral?"

When I handed in that message I expected him to exhibit a little emotion. While he could not have been personally acquainted with my grandmother, he must have suspected that she was a nice old lady, and that her sudden death had greatly overcome me. Why didn't he look up with a bit of sympathy in his eye and say:

"Too bad; I know just how you feel and I'm sorry for you."

But, no. He whistled and counted, made a scratch or two with his pen, and remarked:

"Three words over—seventy cents."

And as he made change he told one of the boys behind the counter that he'd be ——— if he wasn't going to the dog fight that night. Then he picked up my dead grandmother's dispatch and banged it on a hook, shoved me over some change, and turned away to resume the perusal of a sporting paper.

The next week I went in with a despatch, announcing that my grandmother's will had been opened and that I came in for $25,000. That man must have seen by my face that I was highly elated. Hang him, he never had a fifth of that sum, and his salary had just been cut down $10 per month, but when he read the dispatch he calmly announced:

"Forty cents, and you forgot to date it."

And then he began talking to one of his fellow clerks about a slugging match, and how he won $3 by betting on the right man. I don't say he ought to have swung his hat and cheered over my good fortune, but why couldn't he have extended his hand and said:

"Eh, old boy? In luck, ain't you? Well, I'm glad on it. Send around the cigars and we'll smoke to your good health."

I made up my mind when I went out that I would upset that man's equanimity or lose a leg. I'd tumble him off that pedestal of placidity if it cost $1,000. I'd upset, unbalance and unhinge him or die trying. I gave him two weeks to repent. It isn't right to rush a telegraph man out of the world in a day's notice. I went back one evening, and I felt a bit sorry for him as he glanced up and and then let his eyes return to his Police Gazette. I knew that his wife and child were in Ohio on a visit, and I stepped to the desk and wrote:

DETROIT, June 6.—J. H. Smith, Columbus, Ohio.—Please telegraph us full particulars of the accident by which Mrs. George Taylor and daughter of this city were instantly killed this afternoon.

S. P.

I felt a bit sorry as I handed it in, not knowing that the man might faint away as he read the terrible news. Still, I had vowed revenge, and I would not forego it. He received the dispatch, whistled softly as was his wont, clattered the point of his pen along the words as he counted, and then drawled out:

"A dollar and twenty cents and where shall I send the answer?"

"Did you read that dispatch?" I asked after looking at him for half a minute.

"Yes."

"Do you know the parties?"

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't your name George Taylor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't the parties your wife and daughter?"

No, sir. They returned home this morning. Here's your change!"

In Defense of Mothers-in-Law.

Cassell's Family Magazine for May: To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails among numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race. The custom obtains among the Kaffirs of South America, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look up his mother-in-law. Primarily say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterwards he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribed the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom.

It has been more than once flippantly suggested that this lesson of a venerable experience might be accepted and the custom adopted here, while others, equally regardless of social and other consequences, have advocated the institution of a kind of suttee arrangement, which should bind the British matron by social propriety to close her mortal career upon her daughter's marriage. Apart from the suggestion only being available in cases where one daughter alone blessed a marriage, there is the more important consideration that to eliminate mothers-in-law altogether from society, even if it were possible, would be most disastrous in its effect. Is her presence really always so disagreeable, so baneful to enjoyment? Is her advice never needed? The world has always sided against her; it does not stop to consider the double characteristics of maternity which are involved when both sons and daughters marry; it still persists in viewing her only in her character of wife's mother, and repeats and revivifies from time to time all the malicious denunciations or witty epigrams that have become associated with her name.

Thackeray even, who, with his large knowledge of the world and the human heart, might have been expected to be more lenient to the unfortunate race of mothers-in-law, goes out of his way to draw the horrible Mrs. Mackenzie, pitying his sweet, silly little Rosie and the much-injured wives of her acquaintances, without reflecting that they in their turn might become mothers-in-law. Does not this fact furnish food for reflection to the young husbands of to-day, who a quarter of a century hence may find their loving wives unavoidably drifting into mother-in-lawhood? And again, is it not rather unreasonable in a young man to object to her who has had the greatest share in molding the character and training the habits of the one woman he has chosen from all others to be his companion for life? How strange it is, when one looks the question in the face, that a lady who is considered harmless enough until her children marry, should after that happiest of family events be elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness!

As a matter of fact, in spite of all that novelists and playwrights have written, the mothers-in-law of sons generally get on with them far better than with their daughters-in-law.

The Flood Saved Their Scalps.

"In the fall of 1874," said Maj. Cooke, of the army, "we made up a hunting party at Fort Laramie and proceeded up the Laramie river valley about fifty miles. There were twenty-one of us, including three or four citizens. We had been out for about a week, and had seen no sign of redskins, when one morning we awoke to find that we were in for a disagreeable day. The clouds hung low, a fine drizzle was falling, and we knew that it was useless to look for any change for the better before midnight.

"A gentleman named David Mills, attached to some eastern college as taxidermist, and who was also an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, was a member of the party and a great favorite. When breakfast had been dispatched he donned his waterproof and expressed his intention of scouting up the valley a short distance after specimens. I offered to accompany him, and after canvassing the project for a few moments we concluded to take our horses and inspect a canyon which we had passed two or three days before about six miles up the valley. He took a double-barreled shotgun and I my Winchester and a harversack, with a lunch strapped to my saddle.

"We got off about 9 o'clock, with the rain coming down in a steady drizzle, and we reached the canyon without incident worthy of record. It was known to the camp that we expected to be gone all day. The entrance of the canyon was a sort of basin, perhaps half an acre in circumference, with enough grass to keep our horses eating for two or three hours. We unsaddled and hobbled them, tucked the saddled under an overhanging rock, and then started in to explore the canyon. At the back end of the basin, and just before the real split in the mountain began, was a tremendous rock which fallen down from above. Its crest was at least twenty feet higher than the floor of the basin, and its broken and jagged sides offered a climber an easy way up. We stopped for awhile to survey the great mass, and to imagine what a crash it must have made when it rolled down, and then passed into the canyon proper. Just about this time the rain began to pour down with great vigor, and our enthusiasm for exploration was a good deal dampened.

"Mills gathered various specimens of rock as we stumbled along the rift, and at a spot where a large slab of sandstone offered opportunity we stopped and cut our names in the soft rock. By and by the way became so gloomy that we decided to turn back, the more especially as the terrific rain was sending a stream of water down the center of the rift. This stream kept growing in size, until it had become a respectable creek as it reached the basin. There it took a sweep to the left of the big rock and rushed out to join the Laramie, which stream made a bend toward us just in front of the basin, and was only three hundred feet away.

"I never saw it rain harder. The roar of the falling drops on the rocks was enough to prevent all conversation, and our sole aim was to find some sort of shelter. We got it under one side of the big rock I have spoken of. A shelf projected out far enough to shelter our bodies, and we drew our legs up and sat there for the next half hour as dumb as oysters. All of a sudden, with no more warning than the snap of the finger, a wave of water flooded in upon us, and literally washed us out. As we went out from under the shelf we found the basin to be a lake, with the water waist deep. The big rock was our only hope, but we had to drop our guns as we pulled ourselves up. The waters followed us, and paused not until we reached the top. From there we looked down on a strange sight. The Laramie river was pouring into the basin from one side and the canyon was sending a river in from the other, and by the time we gained the crest the water around us was twelve or fifteen feet deep.

"We had not yet spoken when we caught sight of the bodies of our horses being whirled around in the basin, and the next moment we saw the heads of half a dozen Indians dotting the water. The two rivers flowing into the basin created a sort of whirlpool, and though the redskins were swimming bravely they could not break out of it. At one point, where the current swept past the rocky side, they would clutch and hang in the most desperate manner, but only to be swept along again after a moment. They made the most tremendous efforts to break through the circle and reach our rock, but it was in vain. We looked down upon them until the last Indian gave up the unequal fight and sank from sight. Shortly after the last one disappeared the water in the basin suddenly went out until we could see the rocky bottom again, and soon after that the fierce rain was replaced by a steady drizzle.

"The results of specimen hunting were the loss of our firearms and horses; but we did not complain. But for the flood we should have lost just as much and our scalps besides."

CHICAGO PRODUCE MARKET.

Wheat Low at the Outset, but Legitimate Conditions Assert Themselves.

"GUNNING FOR LONG WHEAT."

Cattle Market Dull—Pork Higher—Wheat Closes Tame—Hogs Open Strong and Close Quite High.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

CHICAGO, May 18.—[Special Telegram.]—The speculative markets were excited and ragged to-day. With surface influences all in favor of higher prices wheat broke 1c right from the opening, June going down to 74⅛c, July to 76⅛c and August to 77⅛@77⅜c. There was a tremendous selling, and there being a dearth, buying orders on the floor of the market were left without support. It was given out that Ira Holmes had broken the market by throwing 1,000,000 bushels into the pit. The explanation was offered in certain quarters that the sales were on account of a very wealthy bucket shop syndicate and that a raid was made to freeze out an army of stubborn customers throughout the country who had margined their trades down to 75@75¼c. That something of the sort was on the tapis was hinted at a week or ten days ago, but not much stock was taken in the gossip. The first explanation of the early break was that Cudahy had raided the market to bring out some long wheat he had been "gunning for" and for a time it looked as though all the wheat in the world was for sale, but before the day was over the theory of the bucket-shop raid was accepted as being probably not entirely without foundation. At any rate the market reacted sharply when the pressure was taken off. The big fight was at 75c, and only a few trades were made at 74⅛c. No sooner was that point reached than the pressure was lifted and legitimate conditions asserted themselves.

SETTLING DOWN.

There was heavy trading on the break, and on reaction, but after the market quieted itself values softened somewhat and the close at 1 o'clock was only ⅜@⅛c from the bottom. On a rally the price advanced nearly to the opening level.

CORN—Everybody wanted to sell corn at the start this morning, and it looked very blue for holders who had bought for a strong advance. The market was unmistakably shaky, but Warren, Orr, Crittenden, Comes and a few others checked the decline and started prices on the up-turn, jumping prices up ⅝@¾c, from which there was only a fractional decline toward the close.

OATS—Oats held fairly steady, showing some weakness early, but recovering and closing firm.

PROVISIONS—Provisions displayed great independence and strength to-day. It was the strongest article on the list. The raid on wheat never affected provisions, and it maintained its firmness in the face of a threatened break in corn.

PORK—Pork scored an advance of 12½c, and closed at 1 o'clock 7½c higher than yesterday's last quotations.

2:30—Wheat firmed up on the afternoon board on taking of fourteen boat loads in New York and engagements here for a lake shipment of a quarter million bushels, and then eased off from lack of buying orders, closing tame. Provisions also spiritless and easier, all the early strength seeming to have gone.

2:40—Puts on June wheat, 74⅝c; calls, 75¾c.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

CHICAGO, May 18.—[Special Telegram.]—CATTLE—The cattle market this morning was somewhat slow from the fact that salesmen on the strength of moderate receipts demanded considerably higher prices than buyers were willing to pay. The demand for light cattle was very good and all light and medium weight cattle sold at very strong prices. Some 1104 lb steers, very fat, sold at $5.35. For really prime heavy cattle offerings were light and the demand was quite equal to the supply. But the "pretty good" 1350 and 1400 lb cattle, which were not of very attractive quality, were exceedingly hard to sell at steady prices. 138 Nebraskas, 1222 lbs, $5.30; 23 Nebraskas, 1082 lbs, $5.35; 36 Nebraskas, 1230 lbs, $5.45; 19 Nebraskas, 1323 lbs, $5.65; 17 export, 1454 lbs, $5.85.

HOGS—The market opened strong and closed about 5c higher than the lowest yesterday. Packers and shippers bought about 17,000 head, and there were 2,000 or 3,000 left—not a large number considering the arrivals for the past two days. Best assorted heavy made $4.30@4.35 and mixed $4.15@4.25. Light sold at $4.10@4.25.

FINANCIAL.

New York, May 18.—MONEY—On call, easy at 1½@2 per cent.

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