FOOD FOR THE ELEMENTS.

How the Exhaustion of the Levy Leaves the Uncompleted Capitol.

OPEN TO RUIN BY WIND AND RAIN.

Another Banking Establishment Incorporated—Lancaster Lands in Litigation—Other Legal Business—Many Divorce Suits.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The state capitol building, or rather the central portion now in course of construction, is liable to stand open to the weather for the coming nine months, and presumably unroofed and unprotected from rains that in such an event would keep what timbers and floors there are inside in a damp and decaying state. The last warrant drawn by the state auditor, it will be remembered, used up the expected levy of 1886 to within some twelve thousand dollars of the entire amount, and consequently there being no money to draw on, and the levy practically exhausted, it is a safe presumption that work on the building will cease in a very short time, without it may be enough more convenient for the contractor to continue the work at least to finishing the roof and wait for pay rather than sustain the loss of tearing up machinery, hoisting apparatus, etc., and putting it in again when work could commence again. The building could not stand open to the weather for months without sustaining some injury, and it is a fact that will no doubt create criticism that work has not been timed and planned to leave the building in a different condition upon the discontinuance of work. The board of lands and buildings have no way to help out matters, their duties in the premises being very limited at best. The prospects for summer rains and winter winds having possession of the structure for coming months seems to be excellent.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

Yesterday there were filed with the secretary of state articles of incorporation of the Union Banking company, of Fairmont, with a capital stock of $100,000. The date of commencement of business is February 1, 1886, and the date set for termination February 1, 1906 The names of the incorporators, that number some of the prominent citizens of the place, are J. O. Chase, J. N. Rushton, H. Mussleman, I. B. Chase, Fred C. Page and Chris Mussleman.

TITLE TO LANDS.

Papers were filed in the office of the district clerk of the court yesterday, entitled George H. Hilton et al. versus the Buchannan heirs et al. This is a case in equity, instituted to set aside a lengthy chain of title to a number of tracts of land situated in different parts of Lancaster county, some of which must be very valuable property, and a portion of it is understood to cover land in West Lincoln, which is a part of, or immediately adjacent to, the Union stock yards. The petition in the case is a voluminous one, occupying a goodly number of closely printed pages, and if volume would count would seem to be a heavy-weight foundation for a legal contest.

AFTER COURT.

Since the term of the district court adjourned five new cases have been commenced, and the foundation is being laid for a big docket the next term. Lincoln has been acquiring a more than local notoriety of being a great place for divorce cases, and at the last term some twenty-eight cases were up for disposal. These, however, were not all given a hearing, owing to the increased watchfulness that the court keeps over the divorce business, and many of the cases subsequently went over for future settlement.

THE REGENTS.

The board of regents continued their session yesterday. Arrangements were made, among other things, to enlarge the present accommodations in the library by increasing the shelf room for books. Different reports from officials in the building are undergoing examination at the hands of different committees, and a general settling up of affairs seems to be inprogress. Among the weighty questions that the board consider with due gravity, is the question of how to popularize the state farm. It is but a few years ago since the farm was a great sunflower bearing district; but much improvement has been made recently, and the idea of making the institution popular enough to command the attention of agriculturally inclined students is one that is worthy careful consideration. As an adjunct in this direction, the board has been considering the propriety of setting apart a few acres for a chicken farm, and if such a course is adopted, the next step in order will be to popularize it in the eyes of the girls, so that they will be inspired to cultivate the art of spring chicken breeding.

MINOR EVENTS.

Wednesday evening Supreme Representative W. E. Copeland, one of the two representatives from Nebraska to the supreme lodge Knights of Pythias, which meets at Toronto next month, was present with Lincoln lodge, and the occasion was made a doubly pleasant one, the lodge presenting Mr. Copeland an elegant K. P. uniform proper to his rank in the order. The uniform, sword and belt cost an even hundred dollars, and is as handsome an outfit as could be desired.

Elegant cards of invitation have been received by the friends of Mr. T. R. Stoner and Miss Carrie Ashton, which cards announce their marriage to take place Wednesday evening next at St. Paul's M. E. church.

In speaking of the railroad commission, a citizen out in the state, who heretofore has been a candidate for governor and presumably will be the present year, remarked to the BEE man that he found in his section of the state an almost total lack of confidence on the part of the people in the railroad commission as it exists under the present law. If grievances arise the people seem to think that the present wrongs are better suffered rather than appeal to that which is known to be from inception a creature to smother rather than relieve. This opinion of the uselessness of the commission is so widespread and general throughout the state as to need no investigation to establish the fact.

The Nebraska Stock Yards company, now in operation in West Lincoln, are finding business light at the present time, but the prospects full of promise. Stock in transit, fed at the stock yards now averages about twelve cars per day. With the completion of the two packing houses in West Lincoln, one of which is under contract to be completed August 1, and the other October 1, the stock yard companies will find it necessary to enlarge their present accommodations.

C. H. Willard, the state treasurer attended the commencement exercises of the state normal school at Peru as one of the representatives from the board of public lands and buildings, and reports himself well pleased with the progress of that institution.

An Indian peddler who has been making himself obnoxious to the police by persisting in getting drunk was fired out of the city yesterday by the police. The Indian, or half-breed, called himself a Spaniard, to saloonmen to obtain drink, but liquor sellers tread on dangerous ground when they sell intoxicants to any who have any semblance to the red men of the forest. The law in relation to selling liquor to Indians is very explicit.

Business men in their offices were confronted yesterday with the latest evidence of Lincoln metropolitanism by agents of the Lincoln clean towel supply company visiting them and making contracts with them to keep them supplied daily with clean towels in their offices. The idea seemed to be a taking one.

Police court yesterday sat upon the cases of five plain drunks, the result of a day's round up, and as all were new offenders and had the wherewith to liquidate the day's business was a cash transaction.

The Fitzgerald sale of fine stock was largely attended, and the sales were profitable to buyers. The average sale per head was under one hundred dollars each, probably nearer eighty dollars each would be a fair average. Among the purchasers of steers were A. F. Lucey of Lacona, Ia., Sam Barker of Cass county, M. J. Eagan of North Platte, John Anderson of Raymond, Dennis Merrian of Cheney, John A. Rollins of Lincoln, D. Stretch, Valparaiso; Alva Smith, Waverly, and Marquette & Thompson, Lincoln.

The insane commission was engaged yesterday at the office of the district clerk examining into the sanity of a German woman whose home is in Olive Branch precinct. Dr. Carter was the physician in the case, and the examination was a difficult one as an interpreter was found a necessity.

The chancellor's reception, that was the finale of the commencement work at the state university was not as largely attended as it would have been had the evening been fair. Many friends of the chancellor and the school, however, availed themselvas of the opportunity to show their appreciation of that gentleman and his work.

Deputy District Attorney Stevens yesterday filed the information against McIntee, the man who is charged with the death of his child through cruel treatment, and the case will probably occupy a position in the criminal docket at the next term of the district court.

Residents of Lincoln and Lincoln property owners are to be congratulated over their efforts toward beautifying their premises, a work that seems to be particularly popular this year, as it should be always.

The city prisoners are being worked to good advantage on the streets, cleaning gutters of accumulated filth, but the work as it goes on makes many people turn and pass by on the other side—smells three or four years of age are resurrected in many prominent localities.

A man with one arm, from which the blood flowed in a stream, was driven at a breakneck speed up O street yesterday evening in search of a doctor. The comments were many that the wound was a fatal one, but the injured party is able to be about.

HOTEL GUESTS.

The hotel registers in the city show yesterday's arrivals of Nebraskans as follows: C. E. Canan, Omaha; E. H. Cooper, Plattsmouth; L. Britt, Omaha; T. H. Cotter, Omaha; A. Emerson, Wayne; Aug. Meyer, Omaha; F. S. Ramsey, Sutton; A. J. Wells, Waco; P. T. Buckley, Strausburg; R. E. Spingler, Omaha; H. T. Jones, Seward; L. Jackson, Ashland; Rev. W. E. Copeland, Omaha.

Sixty Thousand Flower-Pots.

Philadelphia Record.

A newspaper writer who has noticed the tendency of the times toward everything that is Japanese makes a suggestion that is not without merit. He advises all love-lorn females to adopt the method of Japanese girls, who in leap-year display a flower-pot on the front portico as an indication that they want husbands. If such a plan were to be generally adopted in this city a flower-pot would adorn the front of every third house. Statisticians declare that there are 60,000 unmarried females in this city between the ages of eighteen and forty-four. Were the Japanese plan to prevail it is believed that in a very short period marriageable young men would become scarce in this vicinity, because in Philadelphia there is an excess of 28,000 females of marriageable age. The Seventh ward leads all others with a total of 4,000 females of all ages in excess of the males, the Nineteenth ward following with an excess of 3,600, and the aristocratic Eighth ward ranking third with an excess of 3,200. Upon the basis of these figures nearly every house in the West End would display a flower-pot.

It takes very little calculation to figure out the advantages which would accrue to the city by a resort to such a method. Aside from the inestimable blessings of connubial bliss, doubled joys and increase of population, there would be, for a time at least, a break in the traditional severity of our red-brick fronts. Virginia, which takes pride in being the mother of presidents, showed her appreciation of the holy state of wedlock by proposing to tax bachelors. These harsh measures of compulsion are not necessary in such delicate matters as match making. Some people hold that it is possible to boom trade and to foster industry by taxation, but marriage can never be promoted in that way. At any rate, that plan should not be tried until all others fail. Let the maidens first try the flower-pot-and-molasses scheme. Flies are caught with sweets—why not husbands?

A Bad Rule for Cows.

Estelline Bell: "'What's the matter?' asked a passenger on a Dakota train as they began to run considerably faster.

"Why, you see there's a blamed cow ahead of us on the track and we are trying to catch her."

"What do you want to catch the cow for?"

"Why, great gosh, to kill her, of course! The rules allow us train men the hide and tallow and the meat goes to the directors. You bet I'm going to catch that cow unless she leaves the track, or run the wheels right off of these cars. I told the fireman to break up the trunks in the baggage car and heave them into the furnace to make a hot fire, and I guess he's doing it."

A Model Dakota Hotel.

A recent number of the Estelline (Dak.) Bell contains the following advertisement: Slideunder House, Tornado Bill, proprietor. Hot and cold air in every room. Elegant cemetery in connection. This is the only house in the city provided with a cyclone cellar for convenience of guests. Flume leading from each room to cellar. Guests can drop from top floor in quarter second. No requirements as to costume while making descent. Stop at the Slideunder, and while guests of other hotels will be mounting the golden stair you will be scooting down the flume leading to absolute safety. Ask yourself the question: Am I prepared to die?"

It Might Have Been.

Natick (Mass.) Citizen: It might have been a South Framingham man, possibly a Natick man, but probably a Marlborough man, who, having accumulated a fortune of $60,000 by selling liquor, and who had frequently boasted that he never drank a drop himself, on watching the funeral of one of his victims pass his door, said in a heartless way: "That's the first time he ever passed my place without coming in to take a drink."

Safe From the Flames.

Traveling Clergyman (to hotel porter)—What is in those bottles, porter?

Porter—Dem is han' grenades, sah. Dey is a precaution agin' fire.

Clergyman—And what is that book on the table?

Porter—De bible, sah; another precaution agin' fire.

Clergyman—Call me at 7 o'clock, sharp.

A BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

A Hot and Bloody Bout With Thirteen Apache Bucks.

Four Hairlifters Laid Out and Three Wounded—The O'Brien Family Prove Fighters of the First Order.

There never has been a week since the Apaches were forced on to a reservation that some of them were not off marauding, if not under a chief, then on their own account and out of pure deviltry. A few months previous to the last break made Geronimo thirteen bucks, led by a sub-chief, left the reservation and was heard of as seeking scalps along the San Pedro river. Three or four ranchmen were wiped out, one after the other, and one day about noon, the redskins came upon the family of William O'Brien. O'Brien was sick on a bed in the wagon, and his wife was driving his team. They had abandoned their home on account of sickness and other misfortunes, and the wagon held all their belongings in the way of furniture. Besides the husband and wife there was a girl of fourteen named Hattie, and a boy of eleven named Joseph. The two children knew how to use fire arms, and the mother was a good shot with either rifle or revolver. They had a Spencer carbine, a navy revolver and a double barrelled shotgun.

The family was just going into camp for dinner when the Indians were discovered on the open plains, a mile or more away. As the country was then supposed to be at peace, there was nothing very alarming in the sight of a band of redskins, but, by the advice of O'Brien, the wagon was driven into a clump of trees on the bank of the stream. The grove was not over half an acre in size, and was isolated from any other, while the grounds on the sides was entirely open. Had the Indians made a dash as soon as they were discovered they must have won an easy victory, as no one was prepared for a hostile movement. Their actions made O'Brien suspicious, and he dressed himself and got out of the wagon, although he had not been out of bed for several weeks previously. After holding a consultation the Indians sent one of their number forward to hold a parley. O'Brien, armed with the shotgun, advanced to meet him on the edge of the grove, knowing that the redskin's object was to discover the strength of the party. He came forward in full war paint, and was very insolent in his bearing. To the inquiry as to why he was in war paint he replied that war had again broken out, and that every white man was to be driven out of the country. He demanded a quiet surrender on the part of O'Brien, promising that the prisoners should be carried to the neighborhood of the nearest fort and set at liberty. He did not deny that his party coveted the horses, wagon and firearms and that they would have them or fight.

O'Brien was so weak that he had to lean against a tree during the parley, but his physical condition did not affect his natural bravery. He replied that surrender was not to be thought of, and that if the Indians wanted to fight he was ready to give them the best he had. The warrior must have noted the fact that there were only a woman and two children to back the sick man, and he had scarcely rejoined his companions when it was seen that they meant to attack at once. They began riding up and down across the front of the grove yelling and firing and gradually working nearer. While the father, mother, and daughter took shelter behind trees, the boy seized the axe and felled several of the trees on the edges of the grove, thus forming obstructions and defences at the same time. The Indians rode closer and sent their bullets into the grove, but the boy continued his work at the soft trees, and the others held their fire until a rush should be made. The Indians must have believed O'Brien had the only firearm, and that there was not much danger from him, as all presently charged in a body on the front of the grove. The result certainly astonished those who lived to get out of range. O'Brien took the Spencer, his wife the shotgun, and the girl made use of the revolver, and the three had the shelter of a fallen tree. Two Indians were killed outright, two others badly wounded, and one pony was left dead and another went off to die. The horses, as was afterwards discovered, were all stolen stock.

When the redskins had retired out of range they held another consultation, and as it broke up, they crossed the stream above and below the grove. There was a bluff on the other side, and they had no sooner secured cover than they opened fire on the grove, and were perfectly safe from return shots. The horses were led into the tree tops furthest away, and each one of the family lay down behind shelter. For two hours the fire of the Indians was steadily maintained. While they could not see any one to shoot at, they depended on stray bullets reducing the number of the besieged. O'Brien had his hat knocked off by their lead, while his wife had two bullets fling dust into her face, and the girl was raked across the cheek by a splinter from a tree. The boy occupied a depression where the bullets could not reach him.

While O'Brien was no Indian fighter, he had seen perilous times in Kansas and was a wide awake man in an emergency. When the fire began to slacken he knew that some new move was being planned. When it suddenly increased again he crept to the side of the grove next to the prairie and he reached it none to soon. Two Indians were skulking up to recover the bodies of their companions. One of them was bored through the body with an ounce ball from the Spencer, and the other made his escape in hot haste. From that time until after dark not another shot was fired, nor was one of the Indians seen. O'Brien had won a victory but he did not delude himself with the idea that the Apaches had abandoned the fight. He did not for a moment doubt that war had broken out. Such being the case, he could expect no help from any quarter, and if the family was saved it must be by their own efforts. The Indians would burn to revenge the death of their comrades, and their silence and seclusion simply meant that they were waiting for the night. Under cover of darkness the advantage must be on their side, and like a brave and prudent man, O'Brien began preparations to offset it as far as possible. The axe was called into use again to cut up the fallen trees and form a breastwork about the wagon, and the boy crept out to the dead Indians and brought back their rifles and revolvers and ammunition. The increase of weapons was as good as if two or three men had joined them. Stakes were sharpened and driven into the ground for an abattis, and a quantity of rope was taken from the wagon and stretched from tree to tree to make still another obstruction. The boy went to the stream with a pail, and as he was not fired on he carried water for the horses and a supply to last the family.

Night came down, with the family in the enclosure and ready for an attack. O'Brien had been down with fever for many weeks, as stated, not able to help himself at all, but the excitement of the attack not only brought him to his feet, but kept him up. The spare weapons, ready for instant use, were placed within reach, and then came two hours of waiting. It appeared that the Indians separated and entered the grove from all sides, and at a given signal charged at the wagon and opened fire. The fire was hotly returned, and in five minutes the fight was over. The girl was shot in the left arm, O'Brien raked across the skull and both boy and mother had bullets cut their clothing. There was perfect quiet during the rest of the night, and when morning came O'Brien was certain that the Indians had withdrawn. The three bodies on the prairie had been taken away, and there were evidences that two or three severely wounded redskins had been helped out of the grove. An agency Indian admitted afterward that the raiding party lost four men outright, and that three others had received severe wounds.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

A Peculiar Story of Genius and Royalty.

Correspondence Chicago News: We left the place, mounted our waiting jacas, and as we wended our way loiteringly between the royal palms skirting the grand highway toward the Valley of Guines, my companion related the following romance of genius and royalty:

"You heard the caballero's exclamation: 'Que taile otro'? Those were the deathwords of poor Espronceda, the mad poet of Spain. His life and death were equally horrible. He sprang from social driftwood. His mother was a brilliant lascivia; his father a titled roue; his own own love affairs horribly dramatic; his daughter the most beautiful and dangerous woman of Spain, and his own death that of a madman.

"My own ambition—I was not then selling lottery tickets!" said the old don, proudly—"took me back to Madrid for a few years, whence I only returned last year. Whatever my mission there was, it brought me near those who are near the throne. In that way I came to know of one of the most dramatic episodes that ever clouded our Spanish court; one which nearly cost the late Alphonso his queen, and might have led to complications endangering his throne, but which has never been fully known even to the Spanish public.

"Adelaide, the mad poet's divinely beautiful daughter, was the favorite inamorita of Alfonso. Indeed, the two were desperately in love. Queen Christina bore all his ordinary affairs patiently enough, but she knew of the radiant beauty and intellectuality of Adelaide, and it maddened her with jealousy. Ordering a closed carossa, she was driven to the little nest of a quinta Alfonso had provided for his love at an hour when she knew the king would be with her.

"Hastily alighting she attempted to enter, but was met by the Duke Sesto, whose eminence had been attained as a procurador rather than as statesman.

"'Permit me to enter,' tremblingly demanded the queen.

"'It is impossible. I beg you to return to the palace,' replied Sesto.

"'Make way for the queen—the queen will pass,' indignantly commanded the daughter of Francis Joseph, emperor of the Austrias.

"'Even the queen cannot pass,' imperturbably and doggedly answered the duke.

"With a cry of rage Christina sprang to the corossa, snatched from it a heavy purse of gold, flung it full in Seto's face, which sent him crashing through a window of the villa, and shrieking, 'Dog, if your master, the king, pays you one price for your hellish occupation the queen will always double it,' flew into the quinta like a tigress, discovering the king and Adelaide in each other's arms.

Next to the king's craze for Wagner music was his passion for castle-building. It was in the effort to gratify this craze that the king has spent all of his own fortune and swamped the kingdom with a $10,000,000 debt. Hohenschwangan, a castellated structure in the most inaccessible part of the Bavarian Alps, was the ancestral home of the king. Here he spent most of his time, and here he required his ministers to find him when they wanted his signature to state papers. As his lunacy grew upon him, however, he retreated to still remoter points. He built a great castle at Linderhof, and several lesser ones on dizzy mountain cliffs in the Alps. During the Wagner craze he started to build a huge structure on the side of the mountain opposite the old castle of Hohenschwangan. After spending millions upon it the king lost interest in it, and it has never been completed. Soon after he began the construction of a palace on the Herren Inseln in the Chiem See. This was intended to rival the Palace of Versailles in all its glory. It was begun about nine years ago, and at first the work was conducted with great secrecy. As the king's finances became more straitened he was compelled to quit work on it. The interior, as far as it has been completed, is said to be a work of indescribable magnificence. But the king had even more completed palaces than he knew what to do with. Schloss Berg, on Lake Starnberg, is a magnificent place, but the king hardly ever went to it because the presence of two or three villas in the neighborhood gave a sense of crowding. A favorite retreat of the imbecile, however, was Linderhof, which is in the mountains on the road leading from Munich to Hohenschwangan. It was carefully guarded night and day, and not a soul was allowed to approach it on any pretext. Here, carefully hidden away among the trees, the king kept the famous Indian kiosk, which was such a curiosity at the Paris exposition of 1867. There is a story that when the king visited the exposition he was presented to the Empress Eugenie in this kiosk, and that on that occasion the boyish monarch indulged in a mild flirtation with the beautiful empress, and in tender recollection of that episode he bought the kiosk and carried it to his mountain eyrie. At Linderhof, too, Louis had a peculiar retreat, modeled after the magical cave of Kyffhauser. It is constructed in the side of the mountain, and its entrance is covered by a simple stone. When the king wished to retreat to even greater solitude he touched a secret spring, the great stone swinging noiselessly back, revealing a large apartment in the interior of the mountain, brilliantly illuminated by myriads of lights shining through colored glass.

King Louis was never married. His subjects had long wanted him to do so in the hope that it would effect a change in him, but he persistently refused. Of late years it has been said that his excesses ruined him both physically and mentally, and it was a providence, therefore, which prevented issue to such a wreck. That the taint of insanity attaches to the family, never, perhaps, to be eradicated, is proved by the grandfather's eccentricities and excesses, and by the additional fact that the younger brother of Louis, Otho, has been in an insane asylum for a number of years. It is his incapacity, he being the heir apparent, that has compelled the uncle, Prince Luitpolt, to set him aside and assume the regency himself. Prince Luitpold is a son of the late king of Greece. He is about sixty-five years old, strong and vigorous. He is a large man, has a broad, German face, wears a single eyeglass, and is said to be a jolly sort of man with some capacity, but one in whom the sense of humor predominates.

The funniest episode connected with the dethronement was the way the crazy king received the noble count who was appointed to wait upon him with the news at the castle of Hohenschwangan. It reads like a story from the pages of medieval history. The luckless messenger was Count Holstein. Instead of receiving him as any other modern monarch would, the king caused him to be thrown into a dungeon, and then put a guard around the castle to prevent any other person getting in or the poor count getting out. Imprisonment in a huge castle in Germany, with a crazy jailer with power enough to remove a head if he takes the freak, is not the pleasantest situation in the world. The latest craze of the king was his love of moonlight. He had not for years ventured out of doors in the daylight. He always traveled at night, and his movements were as secret as he could make them. He was out at night when the moon was shining, and when it was not he had artificial moons in his gardens and in chambers. Altogether the career of this festive monarch is about as interesing and instructive to healthy minds as they are of any ruler of modern times.

Returning Good for Evil.

Texas Siftings: Parson Whangdoodle Baxter meets Jim Webster, one of his parishioners.

"I hepes dat yer am still walkin' in de narrer paff, Jeems."

"I hope so, too, Parson."

"Does yer carry out de golden rule ob returnin' good for ebil?"

"I has been returnin' good for ebil, but I'se been losin' money at de biziness. No later den las' week I lost a dollar by dat ar foolishness."

"How so, Jeems?"

"Gabe Snodgrass asked me ter change a dollar for him. I gib him two good silver half dollars for a bad dollar bill. Dat was returnin' good for ebil wit a vengeance."

"Jim Webster," said Parson Baxter, looking over his specs, "I wants ter ask yer a few questions."

"All right, Parson."

"Yer got de bad dollar bill las' week, didn't yer?"

"Yes, sah."

"Yer went to church las' Sunday, didn't yer?"

"Hey?"

"Yer heered me. Needn't make out yer didn't heah me. I seed yer in church las' Sunday. I had my eye on yer. You was sky-larking wid dat saddle-cullered niggah, Matildy Snowball. You was payin' no tenshun ter de gospel tidings. But dats not the wussest reskility yer has been up ter."

"What does yer mean, Parson?"

"Las' Sunday dar was a bad dollar bill in de hat, and as Moses said unter Nathan 'dou art de man,' and yet yer have the gall to tell me dat you am in de narrer paff. Here's de bad dollar, and you jess shell out a good one ef yer don't wanter be slammed on de groun and wrapped aroun a tree."

"But Parson Baxter—"

"Han ober a good dollar for dis bad one. So, dats right. Now you has been returnin' good for ebil some more. You am still in de narrer paff. Him what endureth to de end shell be saved. Good mawnin' Jeems," and with a pleasant smile that seemed to meet behind his ears, Parson Baxter passed on.

Woerishoffer as a Gambler.

Baltimore American: As to Woerishoffer's gambling habits there had never been any secresy. He visited a gambling table nearly every night for years before his death. In the notorious Pennsylvania club at Long Branch he was last summer the most observed player. His favorite game was roulette, in spite of the steady and heavy percentage of advantage to the banker. He used to play peculiarly. He never bought chips, but put down bank notes on the numbers. Sometimes he world lay down as much as $1,000 but that was exceptional, as the usual sum was $100. Phil Daly, the keeper of the place, ordered his dealers to let Woerishoffer play as heavily as he wished. As a guess of the right number out of thirty-six won thirty-four times the amount of the wager, the bank occasionally stood to lose a considerable fortune by a single turn of the wheel. But the broker made no such strike, and it was thought that his season's losses at the Pennsylvania club amounted to at least $100,000. In town he played as inveterately.

She Was Consoled.

Wall Street News: "Butter is only 13 cents to-day, ma'am!" he said, as he brought the jar from the wagon to be weighed.

"Land's sakes! but what has dropped butter two cents?"

"Blaine's speech on the fishery question, ma'am."

"And how's clothes-lines?' she anxiously asked.

"Advanced three cents, ma'am."

"Great stars! What's that for?"

"Drought in Texas."

"Well, I swan! but it does seem queer how one thing bobs up as another bobs down, and its allus agin farmer folks. Is Tilden dead?"

"I guess not."

"Thank Heaven for that! You hain't got no excuse to jump saleratus on me."

PILES! PILES! PILES

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itchin and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, (an Indian remedy), called Dr Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of private parts, and for nothing else.

SKIN DISEASES CURED.

Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment cures as by magic, Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches and Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, and Old Obstinate Ulcers.

Sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of 50 cents.

Retailed by Kuhn & Co., and Schroeter & Conrad. At wholesale by C. F. Goodman.

A couple of ladies were viewing the new court house at Ionia, Mich., and when returning from the tower one of them thoughtlessly walked out on the colored glass over the center of the rotunda. There was a crash of broken glass, and the workmen and others in the rotunda were horrified to see her clinging to the sash, which, fortunately, was sufficiently strong to sustain her weight. She was speedily extricated from her position, more dead than alive with fright. Had she gone through the sash she would have been instantly killed on the tile floor eighty or more feet below.

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.

DON'T FORGET THAT

Street Cars, Sidewalks, Schools and Stores

all combine to make lots in Redick's Grove most desirable investment at $700 to $1,500 per lot when they are selling lots that join this property for from $3,000 to $4,000; but you can still buy Redick's Grove lots at $700 to $1,500 each. Terms ⅓ cash. See Redick's Grove, its distance from business, and consider the prices asked and terms given on this very popular addition.

AMES' REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
1507 FARNAM ST.

T. P. A.

Is a Spanish hand made full Havana cigar, made in shop by the best Spanish workmen. No flavoring, strictly pure imported tobacco. Call on one of the following agents and get a T. P. A. cigar:
Kuhn & Co., cor. 15th and Douglas st.
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Balduff & Co., cor. Capitol ave. and 16th

GET HOWE & KERR'S PRICES ON FURNITURE. 1510 DOUGLAS STREET.

THE POT-HOOKS OF PLUNDER.

A Trio of Tricksters Skirmishing for Railroad and Political Provender.

THE BOND CRAZE IN PAWNEE.

The Rock Island Boomers Drumming Up Aid—Humphrey, Howe and Butler—Van Wyck's Strong Following.

PAWNEE CITY, Neb., June 15.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—There is some talk of voting bonds here for the Rock Island road. In fact, there is mighty little talk about anything else. It is bonds, bonds, bonds, and the opponents to the bond scheme is in almost as much danger as a rabid copperhead was in a radical union town during the war. In fact there is little opposition. The brass collar brigade is noisily, if not ably, represented by ex-Speaker Humphrey of this city "Vote bonds, vote bonds!" he says, "vote bonds for everything!" And he points to the communities that have loaded themselves with debt as the only prosperous ones. This prosperity is like that of the farmer while spending the money he has mortgaged his farm to procure. After the money is gone, the interest must be raised, and then the principal, and then he finds how factitious is the prosperity represented by borrowed money.

I do not see how building another railroad to this place so long as the present one can do all the business will benefit us, unless there is free competition between the roads. This is not and never can be under the present system. As a matter of fact, two roads will be supported by the people instead of one. I consider it an outrage that a rich corporation like the Rock Island or any corporation should be allowed by law to impose such burdens upon the people, and then be free to tax them in rates at their own sweet will, and the day will come when men will wonder that such things could be.

IN POLITICS, MATTERS ARE MIXED.

The Humphrey aforesaid and his brass collared compeers are neglecting no opportunity to throw their flings and insendoes at Van Wyck. Of course this is to be expected. They are employed to do it. It is the way some of them get their bread and butter, and their masters, the corporations, demand and secure undivided service.

THE MAJORITY OF THE FARMERS

of this county—the large majority—are in favor of Van Wyck. But they are voted by the ringsters. They are an inert mass, dead to their own interests, or uninformed as to promote others. "Stand by the old party! Vote as you shot! Just hear what Jeff Davis has been saying!" and they look askance at the man who hints that the old party isn't doing much for the people. I am sorry to say it, but the farmers as a class know the least about their own political interests and make the least effort to promote others of any class of the people.

And this man Humphrey, let me say en passant, aspires to go to congress. Poor congress! Jackals hunt in pairs, it is said. Church Howe completes the pair in this case. It is hinted that there is a fair understanding between the two, and Humphrey's mickle will go to swell Howe's muckle in the convention. And both are knifing the people's man, Van Wyck, every chance, and will knife the people too quick if they succeed in getting into congress. Poor people!

But let me not forget that some organization is taking place. Our whilom friend Butler of impeachment fame got up a farmer's alliance the other night. He still longs to be vindicated before he goes to "that undiscovered bourne from which no traveler returns." He has lost the bulk of his property and the respect and confidence of most of his old friends. I don't know that he has lost any of that sterling honesty and integrity for which he has been so long noted. But he wants to be vindicated, and amazing as it may seem, there are men who believe in him and take his ignorant and crude anti-monopoly rant as gospel on that subject. But he can get nothing and he will only distract and divide the farmers, if such a thing could be. And I would rather see the most truculent tool of the corporation advanced, than a man who has no other thought or aim than how to promote Dave Butler. J. H.

FIFTY THOUSAND WORKERS

Employed in One Manufactory in Nebraska City.

Nebraska City Press: It is a strange thing, but no less true for being strange, that there should exist in the immediate vicinity of Nebraska City a factory in full operation, now in its second year of existence, employing 50,000 busy workers, and yet unknown to a large majority of the readers of the Press. Its history, its work, and its prospects seem certainly worth chronicling.

A little more than a year ago Mrs. M. L. Hebbard and her several daughters, living a mile or so northwest of the city, became interested in the culture of silk. They knew but little, practically, on the subject, but sent to the American Silk association at Philadelphia for a few silk worm eggs—two or three hundred—with a view of experimenting. These they received, they were hatched and the worms cared for; the result was that this season fully 50,000 worms crawled into the world, hungry for something to devour, and eager to do their part toward crushing the foreign silk industry; they were patriotic, every one of them.

The accommodations that had been provided for the new arrivals were found to be too small and a vacant house, only a few rods a away, was secured and turned into a "silkery." Here it was that a Press reporter saw the worms yesterday, in all of the later stages of development, fattening on the leaves that constitute their only food, spinning the cocoons from which the large majority are never to emerge alive, and the cocoons themselves, perfect in form, silky in texture and several hued; ready, but for a simple process, to be sent to the factory, where the work of unreeling and weaving will be done.

These worms are fed on the common osage orange, said to produce silk but little inferior to that which comes from the mulberry. There is an abundance of this food on Mrs. Hebbard's place and more of it close by. A new supply of leaves is furnished the worms several times a day, several wagon loads of branches being required. The worms are hungry at all times, but especially ravenous between 7 and 11 o'clock at night. They are on hurdles, simply constructed, placed on tables, racks and shelving; every place where room could be made. The branches are laid on these, the worms quickly climb to the fresh leaves and the barren branches are gently removed. The worm is from two and a half to four inches in length, many footed, with "good features" and white in color. When it begins to spin the color changes to yellow. The cocoon is white, yellow, orange or light green, about an inch long and half as broad. These cocoons are very light, it requiring about 250 of them to make a pound.

The eggs from which these fifty thousand worms came were laid last summer. They were kept in a cool, or rather, cold place until the leaves of the osage orange began to take form. They were then placed in warmer quarters and, in a few days, hatched. This was just four weeks ago and the worms have grown in that time from a size little larger than a mustard seed, to one measured by inches. Some days ago the most progressive commenced to spin their cocoons and all will have finished this work within a week or a little more. When time has been given for the full completion of the cocoons—for the interior is necessarily the last finished—they will be placed in tin vessels and these immersed in boiling water, none of which, however, will touch the cocoon. This is done to kill the chrysalis, which would otherwise develop into a species of moth which, in finding its way out, would ruin the silk. The cocoons are then ready for packing and shipping.

As has been said these worms are fed on the leaves of the osage orange; two years ago when the ladies first became interested in the matter they sent to South Carolina for two hundred Italian mulberry shoots. The are now growing finely, and are being put to use, in the way of experiment, in feeding a few hundred worms kept seperate from the others. It is a curious fact that a worm will not change its diet; if it commences on the osage orange it has no use for mulberry, and the reverse is true.

The work in which the ladies have engaged they still see fit to consider an experiment, but it has every promise of being a successful one. There is something of expense about it, but far more of attention and labor. The season of work is, however, brief, covering a period of not more than six or seven weeks in the year.

There are several "silkeries" in Kansas, but this is thought to be the first of any importance, with one exception, in Nebraska. As such its development cannot but be watched with interest, as meaning much to the state and to the entire west; suggesting great possibilities and, among others, that of supplying "woman's work for woman."

A Promising Town.

Lusk, one of the future leading towns of Wyoming, is situated in Laramie county, on the main line of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, ninety miles west of Chadron and about five hundred miles from Omaha. The soil in its vicinity forms quite a contrast to the sandy almost barren soil that one sees on first crossing into Wyoming, it being near the head of the Running Water or Niobrara river, and one of the most fertile valleys of Wyoming. In the center of this fertile region is the town of Lusk. The grass here is very abundant and makes the very best hay, except once in a while where sage brush grows. The hills lying east of town are rich in silver ore. Shafts are being sunk and will soon strike some of the richest ore in the territory. A factory for crushing the stone has been built here some time, but has not sufficient machinery. As soon as the railroad reaches here a crushing machine costing several thousand dollars will be put up immediately. A large amount of capital has already been put into the mine.

Several merchants will put in a large stock of goods as soon as the railroad arrives. Peavey & Ralston, from Sioux City, Iowa, will put up a fine brick building and carry a large stock of hardware. Baker & Johnson of Cheyenne have also a large general store.

The water is pure and soft, several fine springs being right in town. One has to go only ten to fifteen feet for water anywhere. Excellent water power can be had for milling purposes.

Large coal mines lie north of town about fifteen miles, and copper mines, the richest in the country, are found in the hills about the same distance south of town. Branches of the railroad will be run to these mines, thus making it a mining center as well as agricultural, and a big shipping point for cattle.

The rainfall here is as good as in western Nebraska, and as the country settles up people will have no cause to fear a drought.

It will not be long before the county will be divided, as Cheyenne is the county seat, being about two hundred miles north and south and seventy miles east and west. Lusk will be the county seat of the new county, and will be by far the best town between Chadron and Fetterman on the line.

Halford Sauce—excelled by none. Try it.

Mary Ann's Great Quality.

Kentucky State Journal: "Good morning, Mrs. O'Raherty."

"The same to yerself, Mr. Dee, God bliss ye."

"I had a short talk with your Mary Ann yesterday. She has improved wonderfully since I last saw her."

"She has, sor. Faith an' she now talks in sich high quality langwidge that I kin scarcely understand phwat she do be talking about half of the toime. An' the stholle that she do put on! One who didn't know her would think she's one av the Vanderbilts. She doesn't git out av bed till noon, an' it takes her an hour to dress. An' when she aits! Howly Moses! The idea of cuttin' a pea in two! an' altin' hash wid a fork! an' puttin' ice in tay!"

"I see she dresses quite gaily," said Mr. Dee. "I don't see how she can afford to do so."

"Faith an' thim dresses are nearly all presents from gintlemin frinds. Mary Ann has become very popular since she's intered hoigh society and blached