FIRST DISTRICT DEMOCRATS.

Harmonious Meeting of the Congressional District Committee at Lincoln.

THE COUNTIES APPORTIONED.

Successful Teachers' Institute in Fillmore County—Sad Death at Nebraska City—Many Conversions at Bennett—State News.

A Peaceful Session.

LINCOLN, Neb., August 11.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The First congressional district democratic committee met at the Opelt house this evening to call their convention and apportion the delegates to the different counties. Only five of the committee were present, as follows: C. W. Pool, Johnson county; Jno. Marsh, Gage county; Thos. Brennan, Richardson county; J. T. Moriarity, Douglas county; H. J. Whitmore, Lancaster county. The meeting was harmonious in every way, even to giving Douglas county one-third the delegates of the entire convention on the basis of the vote cast for Charles H. Brown in 1884. The apportionment, as based on one delegate for every 150 votes cast for C. H. Brown, gives the following number of delegates for the different counties: Cass, 12; Douglas, 42; Gage, 15; Johnson, 7; Lancaster, 14; Nemaha, 8; Otoe, 13; Pawnee, 5; Richardson, 13; Sarpy, 4; Saunders, 12; total number of delegates, 145. The time for holding the convention was fixed for Friday, September 24, at 7:30 p. m., and the place was located at Falls City. The adjournment of the committee meeting was in peace and harmony.

Fillmore County Teachers.

GENEVA, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—The teachers' institute of Fillmore county, which convened July 26, has, up to to-day, enrolled 139 names. A number of these, however, do not intend teaching, some being residents of Geneva and neighboring towns who are trying to pass a profitable time by obtaining all the knowledge they can from the efficient corps of instructors which our county superintendent, Mr. J. B. Sexton, has engaged for the work. The instructors are Professor J. S. Hake, Mrs. E. H. Bowen, Dell Beals, E. J. Bowen, Sarah A. Davis, Addie Billings. Interesting lectures have been given as follows: State Superintendent W. W. W. Jones, August 2, subject, "Character of Teachers"; Professor J. S. Hake, August 6, subject, "The Science of Storms"; Professor G. E. Barber, of the state university, August 9, subject, "Literature"; and Professor D. B. Perry is billed for August 17 on "A Teacher's Certificate."

The hot weather makes it most uncomfortable in the crowded rooms, still all seem keenly interested and are doing good work. Prof. Barber paid them a high compliment by saying it was the best institute he had visited this year, although perhaps that is a stereotyped phrase of his. Prof. Sexton has taken unlimited pains to eclipse the institutes of former years and is to be congratulated on his success.

Work of Christian Workers.

BENNETT, August 11.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The State Holiness association is again successful in calling together a vast number of people. There are now over eighty-five tents on the ground, and more people arriving by trains and wagons. The meetings are well attended. Rev. McKaig, Rev. Creighton, Rev. Marsh, Evangelist Bitler and many others are earnestly at work in the cause. The meeting on Sunday was attended by an immense crowd who listened to the gospel preached by Rev. Bitler. Each day since Rev. Creighton, Rev. Campbell and Rev. H. T. Davis have alternated in preaching powerful sermons, and a large number have been converted. It is impossible to say how many, for they are being converted all over the camp ground, in the tents and out doors in the woods. The work is not by any means all done at the tabernacle, though many have been converted there.

A Doubly Sad Death.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., August 11.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—James Fulton, aged thirteen, died this evening after a short illness. The deceased was the second son of Mr. William Fulton, the well-known insurance man. The death is doubly sad in that his mother left here but a few days ago to visit the bedside of her husband, who is at present lying dangerously ill at Denver, Col.

Racing at Blair.

BLAIR, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—The fall meeting of the Blair driving club opens to-morrow and a grand programme of events is expected. The entries have been very full, and many of the best horses in this and adjoining states are on the grounds. The meeting extends over Friday and Saturday and promises in every way to be one of the most successful in the history of the club.

A Floater Found.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., August 11.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The body of a boy, about thirteen years of age, was found floating in the river this evening. The body is much bloated, and as yet has not been identified.

No Fair This Year.

FREMONT, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—The directors of the Dodge County Agricultural society have recently decided not to hold the usual fair this year.

More About State Crops.

DALE, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—Wheat is a fair crop in this part of Custer county. It is well developed, and with the exception of an occasional light field will make a better showing than last year. The recent drought did not effect small grain owing to the drought not setting in until small grain was out of danger. The condition of this summer's crops is good and will yield an average of twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre in the northeast quarter of the county. Corn and potatoes are simply immense, while millet, buckwheat and flax are fair. Fully 85 per cent of the corn raised will average forty to sixty bushels per acre. Farmers are well satisfied with this summer's work and express their opinion favorable to the "great state of Custer," and rejoice at the blessings of nature and the markets that will soon open up on the B. & M.

FULLERTON, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—Wheat in Nance county turned out fine, some reporting twenty bushels to the acre. Corn will be an average crop. Late corn was never better, but early corn is damaged by dry weather. All in all, Nance county crops are up to the usual excellent standard.

PARKER, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—On July 18 we received a good fall of rain and frequent and copious showers since. Corn is growing the fastest I ever saw it and except in small areas of gravel soil promises a heavy crop. Small grain mostly secured and though rather lightly filled there will be a surplus after needed supplies. All are surprised at Holt county's ability to withstand a protracted drought of more than four weeks.

ARNOLD, Neb., August 11.—[Special to the BEE.]—The average yield of wheat is eighteen bushels to the acre. The quality is good, but there has been some heating in stacks. Corn will yield 100 per cent in one-third of the county and 90 per cent in two-thirds. Rains have helped. Corn here is the largest ever grown. Oats will make 60 per cent from A No. 1 to very light. The average yield will be forty bushels. All early sown grain is the best. Potatoes are a full crop. Farmers are in good spirits at the present outlook.

A Libel On An Efficient Officer.

VALENTINE, Neb., August 10.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—A copy of the Nogales (Ariz.) Frontier, received here recently, contains an article in which an attempt is made to make it appear that Detective J. L. Smith was the cause of hounding to death John H. Smith, who was under indictment at Valentine for the murder of Hamblin, the stock inspector. John H. Smith, it will be remembered, fled to Arizona, where he was captured, but escaped. He was afterwards shot and killed by a man named George H. Miles. The libel on Captain J. L. Smith, however, has no weight in northwestern Nebraska, where he is known to be an honest and efficient officer, and his record of twenty years as an officer is free from any charge of blackmail or any other crooked work.

J. H. Smith stole very few cattle from the big cattle men, as all their cattle were branded, but his principal stealing was done from the grangers, who brought into the country small herds of cattle without any brands on them. Smith would steal these cattle, run them into the sand hills and put his own brand on them. If a poor granger should happen afterwards to see them and attempt to get them back, he was set upon by Smith and his gang of thieves and run out of the country. All grangers in this part of the country applaud Captain J. L. Smith for his efforts to bring the villain to justice. It was not the big cattle men who wanted his scalp, but the poor grangers whom he had robbed.

JUSTICE.

MILLIONAIRE BOOTH.

Who Made Money by Furnishing the Confederacy With Brass Buttons.

In the death of John C. Booth, of Waterbury, says the New York Times, Connecticut loses one of her most notable citizens. In many ways he was a man of consequence. He had ideas, and the ideas brought him millions of dollars. Push, enterprise, persistence, these traits were his to an extent that was distinguishing even in a community where there were virtues that everybody boasted. He was the original Booth in the firm of Holmes, Booth & Hayden, who made piles on piles of money out of contracts that they made just before the war broke out to furnish buttons for southern uniforms. The various states of Dixie ordered the buttons and paid handsome prices for them, and so it was that a Yankee factory came to make the buttons that shone on nearly every confederate breast when the war-time came, and the profits that came from the rebels on this account helped swell in a material way the millions that were to be divided when a disagreement came in the control of the prosperous firm, and Mr. Booth went out of Holmes, Booth & Hayden, to invest in some of the capital stock of the Plume & Atwood manufacturing company of Waterbury. Mr. Booth had a new idea then, and he hastened to coin it into legal-tender currency. He it was that brought forward the first scheme, that afterward multiplied beyond enumeration, for economical kerosene oil lamp fixtures. His company had a lamp that was warranted—so the circulars assured the public in all blandness—to save an enormous percentage in oil consumption. The public was waiting for just this thing, and up piled the dollars in great heaps at the Booth door. The value of John Booth's ideas was uniformly indorsed by folks with money to spend. He was never behindhand; he was always a winner. Long, long years ago he was on a pedestal up in Connecticut as a pattern to be commended to every good boy in the commonwealth; he stood deservedly among the foremost of the Yankee money-makers of the generation now about passed away.

When Mr. Booth got a dollar he knew what to do with it. Here, too—here preeminently, indeed—was he after Connecticut's own heart, for his idea of what to do with a dollar was to salt that dollar down. Up in the Naugatuck valley, where rhythmic cadences count something, they called him "a little mean." And Mr. Booth was rather proud of it; thrift was his name for it.

Now that the hard-working old soul is dead leaving his life's accumulations behind for other eyes to glisten over, a good many stories are recalled by his old business acquaintances and friends. One was told me by a Waterburian yesterday, a gentleman who has lots of respect for the vigorous career of Mr. Booth.

One Christmas eve, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the brass-making town was awakened out of its pleasant dreams by the furious ding-dong of the fire bells. St. John's Episcopal church, down by the pretty town green, was ablaze; some accident had put a spark among the trimmings that on this day and evening before Christmas had been hung for the decoration of the church's jubilee. Close by the blazing church was the handsome frame residence of John C. Booth. It was doomed to destruction, too, so everybody agreed—everybody but one man, and this solitary man was a peanut-seller who in former times had been a volunteer fireman in New York. He was filled with Manhattan ardor. His old-time spirit was alive and he had a scheme.

"See here," said he to brave Jack Davis, Waterbury's chief engineer. "See here; you wrap me up in those old carpets"—he pointed to what he had brought from the burning church's aisles—"and then play your hose on me."

Jack Davis looked astonished. It wasn't hard for him to believe that the peanut-seller was crazy. What a night it was! The mercury was dropping down through the bottoms of the thermometers; icicles were almost hanging on to the fangs of the hissing flames that shot out from the church roof over toward the imperiled frame residence. But the New Yorker was resolute, and he had his way. Carpet was wrapped round and round him, and heavy streams of freezing water were fired from the hose nozzle upon him, he in the meantime having scaled the Booth roof. Then with the hose lifted to him he stood and blazed away intrepidly at the fires that raged from the church roof toward him. He did what no other man thought possible—he saved that house; and though his own life had been endangered, though the ill effects of his experience were not slight, he was proud of his exploit, happy over his success, and when his fellows congratulated him he poo-poohed the exposure and peril that he had undergone.

Missionaire John Booth went out for a walk on Christmas day. He was thankful to the brave New York man who had saved him his costly home; his walk on this Christmas day was toward the house of the peanut-peddler, and under one arm was a package.

"I am under great obligations to you for saving my home," he said frankly when he got into the old volunteer fireman's presence. "I have brought you a present." He handed over his package and it fell open. It contained a cardigan jacket. At a Waterbury retail price it might have been worth as much as one whole dollar.

"I didn't save your house for pay," ejaculated the fireman when he had fairly recovered himself from the amazement that had come from his first scrutiny of that cardigan jacket. I saved that house because I couldn't help it—because an old New York volunteer fireman must do his best every time. And you can keep your darned old jacket. Good day, sir!"

This old New York volunteer was named Campana. He is known in pedestrian circles. There they call him "Old Sport."

John C. Booth had not meant to show a stingy spirit. His intent was just as good, at heart he was just as generously inclined, as though he had come that Christmas day to show his gratitude with a barrel of money.

Eighty lots in McCormick's Second Addition, $450 and upwards. A beautiful acre in West Omaha; six elegant lots in Hawthorne; a few choice bargains in inside property and a large number of lots along the Twentieth street cable line.
MUIR & REMINGTON,
1592 Farnam.

THEY FELL BY THE WAYSIDE.

Two Young Girl Students Led to Ruin in Omaha.

THE INTER STATE EXPOSITION.

Laid Out by Heat—Boycotting the Boss—Revenue Violators—Sons of St. George—The State Tournament—Etc.

Two Girls Gone Wrong.

About four weeks ago two young ladies arrived in Omaha to attend one of the business colleges of the city. One of them came from Weeping Water and the other from a small town in western Iowa. They met and a friendship at once sprung up between them. They secured rooms together and became constant companions. After their hours of study they formed the habit of going out for the evening, and in the strange city they were not long in forming acquaintances that have led them to their ruin. Two young men, one of them employed at a hotel and the other a peanut vender on the B. & M. road, fell in with the girls and of late have been with them a great deal. Late hours and irregular habits began to tell upon the young girls, and their poor school work attracted the attention of their teacher. He remonstrated with them, but apparently without the desired effect. The girls were out often and later than before and finally made no pretense whatever of doing their school work. Their teacher had no recourse, and consequently on Monday he made an order expelling the girls from school. The order did not affect the girls, and, in response to his direction, they were both at the depot on Monday evening prepared to return to their homes. Their teacher bought their tickets, saw them on their trains, and feeling his duty at an end, left them and notified their parents of the action he had taken. His letter created a consternation in at least two homes, as shown by results. Yesterday morning the mother of the Weeping Water girl arrived in the city and announced that her girl had not arrived home. An investigation was commenced and the fact soon discovered that the girl did not leave Omaha at all on Monday night, but was seen here in company with a young man employed by the B. & M. on Tuesday morning. The mother was almost distracted with grief and spent the entire day yesterday in searching the city for a trace of her erring child. Late yesterday evening word was received from the home of the Iowa girl making inquiry concerning her whereabouts. This threw additional light on the case and gave credence to the opinion held by their teacher that they left their trains after he had seen them safely started and had deliberately entered upon a life of recklessness. The search was continued for the two girls until late last night when the searchers ceased operations until to-day. The parents of both of the girls are well-to-do people and on their account the names of the young ladies were temporarily withheld. The police will take the matter in hand to-day.

NOTES OF THE INTER-STATE.

Evidences of Great Improvement in the Prospects of the Affair.

The inter-state exposition board are working earnestly day and night in furthering the plans for the forthcoming show. They have already gotten out their grand posters, and are sending them through the state. Blanks have also been issued to provide for the stocking of the art gallery. Entries are being recorded nightly, and the space even of the up-stair gallery, it is thought, will be called into requisition. The force of men who have been employed upon the grading of the lot adjoining the exposition building on the north, on which the annex is to be built, have completed their work. The erection of the building to increase the size of the exposition hall will now be commenced and carried forward to completion with unabated energy. The building will be completed in time for the exposition, and will be stocked with exhibits of the finest style from all parts of the state, as also from various parts of the union. Frank Allen, the agent of the association, left yesterday to advertise the undertaking among the western towns, and he will be assisted by several railroad agents.

A Barn Burned.

A barn belonging to Samuel Walker, who lives about on and a half miles east of Randolph, was destroyed by fire last night together with all its contents. Six horses and mules perished in the flames, also a lot of corn, oats, hay and some farming tools were destroyed. It is believed by some that the fire originated from some wheat that was burned in the Randolph elevator a short time ago, Mr. Walker having hauled a couple of loads of it home to feed his hogs, and it is supposed some fire still remained in the burnt grain. He had been carrying $2,000 insurance, but it is reported that his policy expired a short time ago.

Building Permits.

Inspector Whitlock issued building permits yesterday as follows:

Ida Bothwell, 1-story frame cottage, 28th between Grant and Lake	$500
All Saints' church, frame church building, Howard and Fairview	6,000
William Astleford, 1-story frame cottage, 5th, between Center and Dorcas	350
E. L. Armstrong, 2-story frame addition, 979 Division	500
A. S. Patrick, 4 2-story frame cottages, King, between Coffman and Maple	4,000
Thomas Gentleman, 2-story frame store and dwelling, Saunders, opposite Grace	1,650

An Old Timer.

Fred Gerstenberg was arrested yesterday, charged with the larceny of a coat from some one at Paul's park. Gerstenberg has lived in Omaha but a short time and this is the first time he has been arrested. He has a record across the river, however, where he has lived for the past years, most of the time in jail, on all of the charges of a minor nature. He was arraigned for trial yesterday afternoon, but had his case continued until Friday, on account of the absence of material witnesses.

The New Patrol Team.

The team of grays recently purchased for the patrol wagon by the council have flattened out completely and another team is wanted. One of the horses has been sick since the day of his purchase, and yesterday the second one gave out. The team was turned over to Dr. Ramocciotti to be treated or traded. In the meantime Behm's bronchos are doing service day and night.

Religiously Insane.

Hans Peterson, a Dane, created some excitement last evening by taking possession of a street corner and delivering a sermon prophesizing the destruction of the world. He was placed in jail to avoid the crash.

Laid Out By Heat.

The terrific heat of yesterday made hard work almost out of the question. About twenty-five men, with their teams, who were working for Tony Slavin on south Sixth street, were forced to quit work at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on account of the heat.

SOUVENIR FOR "SANDY."

Tribute to Ed Rothery, Who Leaves For the East Next Week.

For sometime Mr. Ed. Rothery has been arranging a trip to New York and Boston and some day next week he will bid good-bye to his many friends for a few weeks' vacation. In anticipation of this, Colonel A. H. Forbes, who has been in Mr. Rothery's employ for nearly three years, determined to show his appreciation of the kind feelings existing at all times between them. So it was that he procured a costly gold headed cane as a suitable souvenir, and last evening the presentation took place. The affair was managed in the most quiet manner. Captain O'Malley drove down in the evening and invited Ed to take a ride. After a spin around several blocks a stop was made at Herbert Rothery's sample rooms on Fifteenth street. Here over 200 friends of the parties were assembled, and before the new arrival could express his surprise at the crowd, Colonel E. D. Pratt, stepped forward and in the neatest of impromptu speeches handed the cane to Mr. Rothery. The speaker referred to the latter's popularity in the city, his general kindness to all with whom he was acquainted, and especially the uniform good feeling that existed between him and all who were in his employ, especially Mr. Forbes. Mr. Rothery was taken completely by surprise. In fact he was knocked out before he had time to square himself. Before the applause had subsided he collected his thoughts and returned thanks in a few well chosen words. He said he felt prouder of his present than anything in his possession, no matter how valuable. He hoped to walk always in that path where a fellow feeling between men was practically noticeable. If perchance he was ever tempted from this line of procedure he felt sure now that the cane would at once remind him that friendship is a priceless jewel. An invitation was then extended to all present to make a critical examination of foreign and domestic wines, and for hours the snapping of corks was by broadside firing instead of single shots. Colonel Forbes was afterwards called upon and spoke very feelingly of his association with Ed Rothery. He said he wished he could give him something ten times as valuable, but the present gift was from the heart and its bright gold head became as dark as its ebony stick in comparison to the friendship which prompted the gift. Brief remarks were made by Captain O'Mally, Pat Desmond, Peter Conley, Colonel Pratt and several others. The affair was one of the most enjoyable of the kind that ever occurred in the city, and will of course add immensely to the pleasure of Mr. Rothery's trip. The cane is very nicely engraved: "Presented to Ed Rothery by A. H. Forbes, August 11, 1886." It was procured at Edholm & Erickson's, and is a model of the jeweler's skill.

SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

They Have Decided to Organize in Omaha.

A meeting was held at St. George's hall last Sunday afternoon, which was largely attended, for the purpose of forming a lodge of the order of the Sons of St. George. The meeting was called to order by R. Y. Martin, who explained the object of the gathering. Mr. Henry Livesey was elected president, and Mr. Adams secretary. After a few well-chosen remarks by the chairman, a communication from J. F. Burgess, Esq., of Des Moines, Iowa, was read, also a pamphlet giving the aims and objects of the order. It was afterwards voted that a lodge of the order of the Sons of St. George be organized in Omaha. A petition for a charter was drawn up by the secretary, and as soon as the requisite number of names can be obtained, it will be sent to the grand lodge, which convenes in Buffalo, N. Y., on August 17.

After a vote of thanks to the chairman the meeting then adjourned to meet next Saturday evening, 14th inst., at 8 p. m. St. George's hall.

WON'T GIRDLE THE WORLD

A Would-Be Voyageur Postal Card Returned to its Sender.

An Omaha man yesterday morning sent a postal card to the postoffice bearing a 2-cent stamp in addition to that on the card. The intention of the sender was to have the card encircle the globe and come back to him. With that end in view he had addressed postmasters at the various large cities throughout the world, to forward the card to the next town mentioned. The card, however, did not get beyond the post office of this city. It was returned to the sender somewhat earlier than he intended, with the instruction from the postmaster that such cards or letters are no longer handled by the clerks of the post office. When they were permitted, they became a source of annoyance and delay and were consequently refused admission to the mails.

County Court.

Judge McCulloch yesterday rendered a decision in the case of Perkins vs. Martin. The plaintiff made a contract with Martin by which she was to pay the latter $3,000 for a house which he was to build for her. She paid him $300 down, and when the house was built, she refused to occupy or accept it and made demand for the $300 on the ground that as the house was to be used for purposes of prostitution, the contract was illegal. The court held in favor of Martin.

In the case of J. L. Race, who sued R. Berlin for $500 for commission for selling some property, the court decided in favor of Berlin.

The Fifth National bank of New York is suing Edholm & Erickson on a promissory note of $280, the defendants claiming that the note was without consideration.

Recovered Stolen Property.

Detective Neligh has just returned from St. Louis, where he has been closing up a successful job of work. About a month ago burglars raided the residence of a prominent hardware merchant in St. Louis and carried away a lot of fine jewelry, a collection of rare coins and other valuables. It was found that the thief had headed for Omaha, and Mr. Neligh had no trouble in finding the goods in the city. He returned them to their owner, and gave the St. Louis authorities that have since resulted in the arrest of the burglar.

State Firemen.

The fourth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Firemen's association will be held in Fremont this year, commencing August 24 and continuing for four days. The management offers $2,000 in prizes for the different races of the meetings. Among the other attractions will be a match game of base ball between the Athletics, of this city, and the Fremont Grays. Omaha will not send a running team to the tournament this year, but will furnish a large delegation of firemen and citizens each of the meeting.

Violating the Revenue.

Hansen & Peterson, the new proprietors of the Denmark hotel, were arraigned before United States Commissioner Anderson yesterday charged with violating the revenue regulations. It appears that they recently purchased the Denmark hotel and saloon and failed to take out a new license for the sale of liquors and cigars, claiming they did not know such action was necessary. They were placed under bones of $300 to appear before the next United States court.

Shoulder Dislocated.

Last evening Edward C. Cooper, proprietor of a meat market and packing house No. 912 south Fifth street, was thrown from his horse and suffered a serious dislocation of the shoulder. He was removed to his residence No. 909 south Fifth street where Dr. Darrow attended him. The accident will confine Mr. Cooper to his house for several days.

Boycotting the Boss.

Murphy, Creighton & Co., who have the contract for paving Sixteenth street, have a boss named Anderson superintending the job. Anderson has made himself unpopular for some reason, and yesterday evening a number of the men employed announced that they would not work under him any longer and quit accordingly. No general trouble is expected.

A Guardian.

Hans Ehler was yesterday appointed guardian of Liese Borgstadt, a minor who is about to come into the possession of several hundred dollars. Ehler is an uncle of the child. The appointment was made by Judge McCulloch.

Army Notes.

The riflemen are beginning to gather for the annual competion which commences on August 20th. Lieutenant Hutchison, one of the range officers, arrived from fort Niobrara yesterday morning.

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, Ninth infantry, has been authorized to take advantage of the leave of absence granted him on the 9th inst.

Lieutenant John F. McBlain, Ninth cavalry, will return to his station, Fort Washakie, Wyo., on final adjournment of the general court-martial, convened at Cheyenne depot, Wyo.

Brevities.

A warrant has been sworn out in police court against C. L. Erickson, on a charge of assaulting W. C. Godfrey.

W. O. Taylor, manager of the Bradstreet local agency, has gone west on a vacation tour, and his place is now filled by Mr. T. B. Woodrow.

The commissioners yesterday awarded the contract for the grading of several roads in Union precinct.

Three complaints against the assessment for city taxes were filed with the city council at their meeting as a board of equalization yesterday.

Thirty-two dog tax-tags were issued by City Clerk Southart yesterday. Four of these were taken by two little girls who came in in a great hurry to pay the license before some big policeman could kill one of their dogs.

J. F. Snyder, yard master of the Union Pacific at Green river, who has been a delegate to the late convention of yard masters at St. Paul, and since that time on a trip of pleasure to the east, was in town yesterday on his way home.

Yesterday morning's overland passenger train on the Union Pacific came in in two sections. It carried a large number of fruit cars, which made it too long to be drawn by one engine, and thus, a second section was necessitated.

The Concordia society will celebrate its nineteenth anniversary on September 20th, with a grand concert and ball. Julius Meyer, George Tzchuck, Lewis Heimrod, Lewis Grobecker and George Stratmann have been appointed a committee on arrangements.

Yesterday morning freight engine No. 1024 of the Union Pacific, while standing near the stockyards in Kansas City, burst her boiler and was entirely destroyed. Part of her was thrown over in the stock yards several hundred feet distant, while the tender was twisted cross the track as if it had been a backwark kick of cyclopean force. The fireman, engineer and foreman of the engine were badly injured and at last accounts had not been pronounced out of danger of death.

E. A. Ford, general western passenger agent of the Pennsylvania road, passed through the city yesterday morning on his way to the mountains. Mr. Ford is a large, heavy, portly gentleman, of swarthy features and pleasant expression. He is one of the most valued men of the Pennsylvania road, and is now seeking a rest of several weeks from his arduous labors. His road is double tracked from Pittsburg to New York, though the average rate of speed of the trains is about thirty miles per hour, except on the limited express, which runs from Chicago to New York at the rate of about forty miles an hour. Like all times in the past, the Pennsylvania is a mine for owners.

Personal Paragraphs.

Travel was almost suspended yesterday.

The first pier on the Sixteenth street viaduct will be completed to-day.

The thermometer registered 102 in the shade at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

C. P. Benjamin, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., has associated himself with Albright & Aylesworth, in the real estate business.

Edwi H. Brown, editor of the Sunday Telegram at Sioux City, spent yesterday in Omaha, returning home last evening.

J. A. Williams, a promising young attorney of Madison, Wis., has located in Omaha. He is officing with Hon. Geo. W. Doane.

George W. Kelley, of Kelley, Stiger & Co., has gone to New York city to purchase fall goods, and will return about September 1st.

Patsy Fallon has purchased Captain O'Malley's road house and saloon and will give a grand opening of the place next Thursday.

Mrs. J. J. Brown and son left yesterday morning for Soda Springs, Idaho, where they will be joined by Mr. J. J. Brown in a few days for a visit of several weeks.

B. Hellman, brother of M. Hellman, of Cheyenne, with his wife and a lady friend, passed through Omaha yesterday on their way, over the C., M. & St. P., to the east.

Edward Peterson, the affable and faithful police officer at the B. & M. depot, intends to take two days' vacation, commencing this morning. It is the first time he has been absent from his post in fourteen months, during which period he has been in the company's employ. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson will make a flying visit to Lincoln to-day.

Eastern parties are desirous of learning the address of James Leonard and Joshua R. Nickols, last heard from at Omaha in 1869. They or their their heirs can learn something greatly to their advantage by addressing J. C. Lewis, 25 Liberty street, New York city. Any person furnishing the information will be compensated for their trouble.

U. P. Band Excursion Basket Picnic to Fremont will take place Saturday, Aug. 14. Round trip, $1; children, 50c.

Bargain. Virginia ave, splendid corner, 100x100, $3,500. S. A. Sloman, 1512 Farnam.

If you buy lumber anywhere without first getting Hoaglands prices you will lose money.

For the next thirty days you can buy lots in West side and the first addition to West side, for from $300 to $450 each. Now is the time to buy. Apply to Bell & McCandlish, 1511 Dodge, or John A. McShane, 213 S. 13th.

THE DUVALS OF EARLY DAYS.

Stories of the Stage Coach and Emigrant Robberies on the Plains.

TWO HIGHWAYMAN TRAPPED.

A Hold up on the Road Between Julesburg and Cheyenne—"Cool Charley's" Last Raid on the Kansas Trail.

Outside of the toughs who ruled the towns of the west up to five years ago, there was a distinctive class of men by whom it was almost a pleasure to be held up. They were, as a rule, men of quiet demeanor, never given to brawls, seldom seen drunk, and ever ready to champion the cause of the oppressed. It is doubtful if one of this class has survived the onward march of civilization, while as for the other class—the desperadoes ever ready to shoot or stab, the coward who ambushed their victims, and the camp and saloon brawlers—the sheriffs have hunted them out and awed them into good behavior.

Captain Long, an army officer, was staging it between Julesburg and Cheyenne before the railroad connected the two. The through passengers numbered seven, being five men and two ladies, the latter being the wives of two of the passengers. He was the only military man aboard. The two men were partners, who were going to Cheyenne to set up in mercantile business. One of the others was an artist and correspondent for a New York illustrated paper and the fifth was a stockman. It was but natural that they should strike up a speaking acquaintance, and the natural result of this was a general conversation about stage robbers. Those chaps were pretty numerous at that time and the chances were at least even on the coach being held up, before the end of the journey. People who regard themselves in peril often become communicative. These had not been traveling half a day before it was known that the two mercantile men had about $16,000 in greenbacks, and all but $200 was concealed in the bosoms of their wives. The artist had $150 in the lining of his cap and $30 in his wallet. The stockman had $100 in his wallet and his bootlegs jammed full of greenbacks. Long had $80 in his pocket and not a dollar elsewhere. The fact of his being an army officer will satisfy all inquiries as to why he didn't have more. The next thing was to expect the stage to be stopped and to plan what they would do. They had all read and heard of such affairs, but no one had been through the mill. The five men each had a trusty revolver, and it was hardly to be expected that they should permit themselves to be robbed by one or two men. It was arranged that in case the stage was stopped the ladies should sink down out of harm's way and give the men a chance to show their mettle. As a matter of course, they depended on the driver to help them out as he could.

It was about half an hour before sundown, and they were skirting the cottonwoods along the north fork of the upper Platte, when the driver suddenly pulled up. They looked out to see what had happened, and a man opened the right-hand door of the coach and looked in on them. He was about thirty years of age, light hair, blue eyes, sandy beard, and regular features. Indeed, he was a good-looking man. His dress was half hunter, half gentleman, and he looked clean and tasty. He had a cocked revolver in his right hand, and his left held the door open.

"One—three—five—seven," he counted. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry to put you to any trouble, but I shall have to request you to alight. That is, the gentlemen will please step out, while the ladies can remain in the coach."

They had planned how they were to open fire and riddle the fellow with bullets. Here he was and not one of the men made a move. Why? Well, it seemed as if those eyes kept close watch of every man's hand. The captain relates that his first thought was to slip his hand down to his revolver, but the instant his arm moved the fellow seemed to cover him, saying:

"Gentlemen, I hope I shall not be obliged to shoot any of you. Please come out."

It's no use to say they were a set of cowards, for such was far from being the case. They were packed in the coach like sardines, no one prepared to shoot, and it takes time to draw a revolver and make ready. It is probable that if any of them had attempted it, there would have been a tragedy. The captain was on the front seat, and he hoped that as he rose up to leave the coach he might draw his weapon unobserved, but the agent had been there before. The artist was the first one down, and his revolver was taken as he reached the ground and he was ordered to "stand over there." Each one was disarmed the same way, and the pistols of all were flung under the coach. While no one could say the driver stood in with the agent, he acted a contemptible part. He had stopped the coach at a gesture, and now sat on his seat with face entirely free from anxiety. He was armed with two revolvers and he could have easily shot the agent through the head, as the latter gave him no attention whatever. Well, there stood the five men in line, and the agent surveyed them and said:

"I must have $5,000 out of this crowd. Captain, place your money on the ground. Watches and rings I don't care for, and none of you seem to have diamonds."

One threw his wallet down in contempt, and the others followed suit. The agent picked them up, selected out the greenback, and, upon counting up the sum totas, he laughed merrily and observed:

"This crowd must be looking for a poor house. Now, gents, no more fooling. There's money here and I'm going to have it. If it isn't in your pocket it is in the coach. If it isn't in the coach the ladies have got it. Shell out, or I'll search every one of you."

"You have got my last dollar, and may the bills burn you," said the captain as he turned to the next. Every man in the line denied that he had any money, and for a moment the agent seemed nonplussed. Then he backed up to the open door of the stage, leaving them about ten feet away, and still covered with his revolver.

"Ladies," he said, in a voice as soft as a girl's, "I didn't mean to trouble you, but I've had such poor luck outside that I must request a contribution. Please hand out the money you are carrying for those gentlemen?"

The women were terribly frightened, and both at once started to comply with the order. The husbands saw ruin staring them in the face, and the one next to the captain, whose name was Travers, breathed so hard that all could hear him. Suddenly, as if shot from a cannon, and with the agent still covering them, Travers sprung forward. He made just two jumps to cover the distance. The revolver cracked, and the bullet cut a lock of hair from his head. But the next instant he had seized the barrel with his right hand the man's throat with his left and was crying for help. All gave it fast enough, and inside of two minutes had the fellow disarmed and bound. It was a wonder some of them were not killed, for he fired every chamber in the revolver. His struggles, too, were terrific, and it was not until the artist picked up one of the weapons, and belabored him over the head with the butt or it that he grew quiet. The first move was to search him and get the money and divide it according as they had contributed. He took matters very coolly when he realized that he was helpless, saying that they were no gentlemen to use him so roughly, and calling attention to the fact that he could have shot every one of them. They were binding him more securely, when a detachment of cavalry came up, and he was turned over to them as a prisoner. He was taken to a camp near Julesburg, but within a week he made a desperate break and secured his freedom. He came within an ace of securing the biggest haul of the year. The women had, as has been related, $15,800 hidden away, and every dollar of this was ready to be passed out to him when Travers interrupted the programme. "I have," said the captain, in conclusion, "fought Indians, skirmished with grizzlies, hunted down outlaws, and had my share of adventures with rattlesnakes, but this was the only time I was ever boxed up and made a fool of, and it has always been a raw spot in my record."

COOL CHARLEY'S DEATH.

There were, in the years 1865-6, along the overland route through Kansas, a number of very daring road agents, and perhaps the boldest of the gang was a boy sixteen years old, who was known as "Cool Charley." There were various stories afloat as to his identity, but the real fact was that he was the son of a Missouri bushwhacker who had been hunted down after the close of the war, with other members of Quantrel's gang, and shot on sight. The boy was a wild, reckless fellow, and as he drifted west in the current of travel he fell in with bad men and became a desperado. The achievement which resulted in his death was the boldest affair he ever attempted.

In June, 1866, three families, named Wolf, Taylor and Dayton, respectively, started for Colorado overland from St. Joe. There were three men and two half-grown boys in the party, and until within fifty miles of the Colorado line the teams were in company of a caravan numbering twenty wagons. One day one of the women was bitten by a rattlesnake, and she was so terribly ill that the train of wagons halted for a day or two until she should find relief. The caravan pushed on and left them, but at that time no danger was to be apprehenped from the Indians. On the second day of the halt, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, one of the boys named Will, aged thirteen years, a son of Mr. Taylor, took his shotgun and left camp in search of a rabbit or other small game. The camp was on a small creek emptying into the Republican river, and in a bit of valley where the grass grew luxuriantly. This spot was about a mile from the main line of travel, but hidden from it by broken ground and sage brush.

Soon after the boy left camp the three men and the other lad sat down together to repair one of the harnesses, while the three women were together in one wagon. The men must have been very busy with their work, for of a sudden a voice addressed them, and they looked up to find Cool Charley sitting bare-backed on a mule between them and the wagons. He had a rifle resting across the horse and a revolver in his right hand. They took it for granted that he was the son of some immigrant who was, perhaps, intending to rest his horses in the valley, but as they were about to arise to welcome him and reply to any inquiries, he commanded them to remain seated under pain of instant death. All the firearms were in the wagons, and when the men realized that the boy was a desperado and meant business they obeyed orders. He rode to within ten feet of them, and dismounted and said:

"I shan't hurt nobody unless obliged to do it to keep you quiet. How much money is there in this crowd?"

The three men had a total of about $700, but all pleaded poverty and appealed to him not to rob them of the means of subsisting after reaching their destination. Pointing his revolver from man to man, he made each one own up the exact amount he had in his wallet. Then each one was forced to count out half, and the money was handed to him by the boy.

"That's all right," he said as he pocketed the gold. "Now, then, I'm tired of riding around on an old mule without a saddle. I think that bay horse will suit me."

The animal was a splendid beast, owned by the father of the boy who was off hunting, and while the boy drove the wagon the father rode this horse. The animal was hobbled near by, and the saddle hung on a hind wheel of the wagon. It was hopeless to object or protest, and the men were quiet while the young outlaw leaned his rifle against the wagon and proceeded to catch the horse, all the time carrying his revolver ready for service and having an eye on the group. He had brought the horse to the wagon when Will Taylor came in sight from his brief hunt. He approached from the other side of the wagons, and was unseen by the outlaw. While green to prairie life and its dangers, he was a quick witted boy, and while yet a considerable distance away, he realized that something was wrong at the camp. His further approach was made with more caution. The two boys had been chums for years, and out of curiosity had learned the signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and could converse quite rapidly together. As Will came nearer George signed to him that there was a robber in camp. A moment later Mr. Dayton told him