

THE CORONER HOLDS COOLEY

The Examination of the Doctor Set Down For Monday Next.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE ADDUCED.

A Painful Quietness in Political Circles at the State Capital—Things at Work—Fire at the Blind Asylum.

FROM THE BEE'S NEWS-COLUMNS.

It is a black Christmas for the dead girl at the morgue, and a blacker one for the principals in the criminal practice that brought to the girl a week of horrid agony that ended her shame and the crime, all in her death, that has been the topic of conversation on the streets for a day.

When Deputy District Attorney Stearns took active steps in the night for the apprehension of Dr. Cooley there was not as much known as has been developed since, but certainly enough was known then to warrant the step and as a consequence the alleged abortionist was taken by night into custody and will have an opportunity in the courts of the state to explain the death of Lizzie Wenckman. At 10 o'clock yesterday the coroner's jury, composed of six citizens, resumed the examination broken off the night before.

The testimony given by Mr. Wilson stated that the girl, who worked in his family, had been taken sick on the 17th and died on the 23d. He had suspected all was not right, but had not taken any steps to investigate. A bottle of ergot had been found in the girl's possession, which in itself is a matter of grave suspicion. Mr. Wilson testified that Mrs. Cobson and a friend of the sick girl named Hattie Carey had been attending the girl during her sickness. The girl before her death made dying statements to Mrs. Cobson and also to Mrs. Wilson, the latter having not yet testified.

Mrs. Cobson recited in her testimony before the coroner's jury that the girl lying dead had told her that an abortion had been performed upon her by Doctor S. C. Cooley, and that from it she was dying. The most sensational testimony of the day, however, was that given by the Hattie Carey, whom it seems has been a friend and something of a companion of the dead girl, and who threw much light upon the case. The testimony of this girl, Hattie Carey, was that she went with the dead girl to the office of Doctor Cooley, and that in her presence a bargain was made in which Doctor Cooley agreed to perform the abortion for the sum of \$25 and that at the time he was paid \$20 on the contract, the girl further testifying that in her presence an instrument was performed, and that she identified the instrument and the doctor. The girl also testified that the dead girl told her that the father of the unborn child was Charles Butler, and that she and the girl, Hattie Carey, also testified that the dead girl had been out nights and on familiar terms apparently with a traveling man named Fuller, and with a man in the city named Charles Rumble. A large number were present at the inquest through the morning, and the taking of testimony was withheld at that hour that an autopsy might be held on the remains to develop the fact of the cause of the death through the expert testimony of physicians.

The coroner therefore thereupon ordered Drs. Carter, Lane and Hoover to hold the autopsy, and the jury was given a recess until their findings were promulgated. When Detective Brown arrested Dr. Cooley in the night he took him to Justice Brown's office, who had issued the warrant. The judge passed the matter until morning, and found kept the prisoner at his office. The doctor was block until morning, when Justice Brown arraigned him on the complaint as issued, and as the coroner's jury had not yet returned their verdict, the doctor was held for a preliminary hearing Monday morning under \$3,000 bonds, which were given by the doctor, with Bartholomew Cox and L. W. Billings as sureties.

The autopsy was held at the coroner's inquest developed the fact that the girl had died from the use of instruments in performing an abortion, and that she was a virgin. The coroner, in announcing the death of the girl, said that the facts elicited before the jury in the examination of witnesses and transfers the case to the courts, the hearing of Cooley being set for Monday.

A GREAT STILLNESS pervades the Christmas air in political circles, and there is almost a total eclipse of anything like heated argument and hot words for the day. There is a prevailing idea that the railroads will make their light to secure control of the senate and organize in their interests, and it is equally certain that the house organization will not be allowed to pass without a struggle. An aged politician of the city who is hearing the roar and lowing of the political animals within reaching distance of the Bee, that never before had a session met under more general uncertainty than the present year.

THE TRUGS HAVE COME TO TOWN. Thursday night was a night out for a couple of highwaymen, and a night that at least three citizens were thought ought to have been their night in. A coin has been particularly free from highwaymen and midnight sluggers for some time, but the indications are that one gang at least is stirring the town with, however, not very successful results. On the night in question shortly after dusk a young man named Peterson, who was driving along on the highway, was accosted by two men, and his carriage was assaulted and robbed of \$2. He cried out lustily and the sluggers made good their escape while residents came to his assistance. Later in the night about to clock Charles Gidd was set upon by presumably the same pair of worthies, but he showed a rigid spinal column and the thieves were glad to escape without booty. Along in the early morning hours yesterday, the same pair ran across Pat Mearns near the engine house, assaulting him and securing \$20 in cash for their trouble. The thugs, however, probably overlooked the fact that they were carrying on their operations near police headquarters, for one of them was arrested and locked up, the other escaping. Yesterday this captured member of the gang, who gave his name as Frank McGuire, was identified by Gull as one of the two who attacked him and it took only a short preliminary hearing to bind him over to the tender mercies of the district court, his bail being fixed at \$1,000. This man McGuire had a liberal supply of bandages and strips of cloth in his pockets, and was evidently fixed so if shot in his manning, he could escape and be his own physician. The police are on the search for a confederate.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION of the Carter Manufacturing company of Omaha were filed in the secretary's office yesterday. The company will engage in the business of dealing in paints and in the manufacture of paints and paint material. They have a capital stock of \$75,000 divided into shares of \$100 each to be paid in as called for, the highest indebtedness being limited to \$45,000. The corporation commenced business on the 23d of December, 1886, and the papers called for the completion of the incorporation on the same date. 1886. Levi Carter, H. W. Yates, S. B. Hayden and Everett W. Benn are the incorporators.

THE ADAMS & McBRIDE company, of Omaha, have also filed their articles of incorporation at the state house, and the same recite the business of the company to be manufacturing and dealing in stationery, book binding engraving and work of like character. The capital stock of the company is \$20,000, divided into shares of \$100 each, one-half to be paid in at commencement of business, the indebtedness limited to one-third the stock. This company commences business January 1, 1887, the incorporators being George D. Adams, William W. McBride, Charles E. Clapp, J. A. Ryan and C. F. Jennings.

THE COMMISSIONER OF LANDS AND BUILDINGS received a telegram early yesterday morning from the institution at Nebraska City stating that a fire at 5 a. m. had burned the workshop at the institution and most of the machinery in the building. Inquiry at the commissioner's office brings the statement that the building was a small frame temporary one, of little value and upon which there was no insurance. They estimate the loss at \$1,500, mostly confined to the machinery in the building.

YESTERDAY Fedaway, of the National hotel, was put under bonds to appear at police court Monday morning and answer to a charge of threatening to kill a man dead at his hostelry near the B. & M. depot.

CHARLES FOULK'S NERVE.

Incidents in the Life of a Desperate Gentleman.

A Remarkable Scene at a Murder Trial—Confessing the Crime After Being Cleared by the Court—His Tragic End at Hot Springs.

Kansas City Times: "Charley Foulk was the real name of Charles Watson, who was shot and killed at Hot Springs in the fall of 1885 by a negro policeman. He was a backer of the Doran, who shot into a hack occupied by the Flynn brothers, on the streets of Hot Springs in 1884, and killed John and William Flynn and the hack driver. Later he had a shooting scrape with Max A. Harris, editor of the Horsehoe, now defunct. You will remember these incidents, which were published in every paper in the country at the time and which gave Foulk, or Watson as he was then called, some prominence. But the most interesting incidents of his career happened in a small town in Pennsylvania.

"Foulk, I think, was born in Carlisle, Pa., a small town of about 10,000 inhabitants. When I first knew him, which was shortly after the war, he was running a gambling table in Carlisle, which was then about as rapid a place as you can find almost anywhere in the west now. Foulk was then a gambler of the 'Doc' Slater type. He was tall and handsome, cool as an iceberg, with an exquisite taste, and his manner and conversation were every inch the elegant, refined gentleman. His friends always looked at him with admiration, and he had the 'drop' at any rate there were few who ever invited his ill-will.

"At the time I speak of the barracks at Carlisle, where an Indian school now is, were occupied as an artillery post, and the soldiers and students from the south, who were attending Dickinson, made things pretty lively and helped the gambler to live.

"One morning a soldier was found with a bullet through his heart on a bridge over a small stream on the road from the barracks to the town. The soldier was a low-gambler, whose name I have forgotten, and was arrested and tried for murder, and it was in the course of the trial of his fellow-gambler that Foulk was the cause of one of the most sensational scenes that ever happened in an American courtroom. The men were given separate trials, and Foulk was tried first and acquitted on an undoubted alibi. By the way, Foulk was a firm believer in 'Tony Weller's doctrine, and in all the scrapes in which he was concerned he never evaded a trial on an alibi. The supposed accomplice was damaging to the prisoner at the bar. One lady who lived near the scene of the shooting identified the prisoner, and she said she heard a pistol shot, ran to the door and saw him running hatless from the scene of the murder. She was certain that it was the accused man, because there was a lighted lamp near the door, and she enabled her to get a good view of his features. Other evidence equally strong was introduced by the state, and a conviction was assured.

"When the defense opened no one believed that the case made by the state could be shaken. Foulk was the first witness for the defense, and he told the jury that he was in the court room when the shooting occurred. As he was sworn and took the stand there was perfect quiet. Everyone had an idea that there was something up, but no one was prepared for what happened. As Foulk took his seat on the witness stand he turned to the stern, gray-haired judge and in a clear, calm voice said: 'I could be heard in every part of the room, said: "Judge, before I testify in the case I want to ask you a question. Can I not be tried again for the killing of that soldier?"

"For a moment the silence was almost painful. People in the rear of the room placed their hands behind their ears in order to hear better, but no one but the venerable judge seemed to have guessed what was coming. He evidently did, for he replied to the soldier's question, that he would render all the more impressive by the deadly stillness: "So far as human law is concerned, Foulk, you are a free man. No earthly tribunal can try you again for any part you may have taken in this murder you will have to answer only to the great Judge before whom we must all eventually appear. I leave you to your Maker in this case now rest, and your friends will be glad to hear of you."

"I heard those words, and I shall never forget them. Foulk was the only person in the room who was not affected. As coolly as he was talking to a circle of friends he replied: "Thank you, Judge. You are a man of honor and know the law, and I believe I wish to solemnly swear to you, that I killed that soldier. You have acquitted the wrong man."

"The effect of this cool, deliberate statement, made in a voice that never trembled and could be heard by every one in the court room, may be imagined. At once the silence was broken by exclamations of surprise and indignation, which, however, were quickly suppressed by the judge. Then, as coolly as he had made the confession, Foulk told the story of the murder. He said that as he was crossing the bridge he met the soldier going in an opposite direction. They were old enemies and had recently had a quarrel over the green cloth. Foulk said as soon as the soldier saw him he drew his sabre and started for him. "Not wishing to kill him, Foulk continued, 'I drew a little old fashioned pepper-box and shot at him four times, but as he kept coming at me I jumped off the bridge with my 45, and killed him. I did it in self defense. If I had not killed him he would have killed me."

"The evidence of the lady who swore that she saw the prisoner at the bar running hatless past her door was easily explained and furnished another instance of Foulk's wonderful alibi. When he jumped off the bridge his hat fell off and floated down the stream. When the soldier fell Foulk ran down the street, but did not see the lady standing in the door. When he had gone a little way he remembered that his name was written in his hat and that if it was found it would be used as evidence against him. Waiting for a moment, and seeing that one had been attracted by the shot, he deliberately returned to the scene of the shooting, waded down the stream, found his hat, and went up-town through an alley. That was nerve. The lady was honest, her testimony, but she was simply mistaken, as was afterwards proved conclusively. Of course the defendant was discharged. As to Foulk's alibi, he could always get an alibi when he wanted one. His story of the killing was afterwards proved to be exactly correct. Altogether the scene in the court room was a very dramatic one, and I doubt if it has ever been equaled.

THE FIRST KEEN TWINGE. As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism, —we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands daily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from the rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. A box of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap is a re-cherche present. Workmen while repairing a house in Brooklyn, N. Y., one day last week, discovered a bag containing \$2,500 in gold under one of the floors, and turned it over to the landlord. The last occupant, a man whose wife died in the house, now sues the landlord for the money, alleging that his late thrifty helpmate used to store the money in his pocket, usually, that he could never find trace of it, and is convinced that the concealed treasure was the accumulated deposits she had relieved him of.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Croup, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles. The recent snow in the south was a sad occasion for the rabbits. Untold thousands of the little animals were slaughtered. They were shipped into Atlanta by the railroad. The last occupant, a man whose wife died in the house, now sues the landlord for the money, alleging that his late thrifty helpmate used to store the money in his pocket, usually, that he could never find trace of it, and is convinced that the concealed treasure was the accumulated deposits she had relieved him of.

FIELD AND FARM.

Cultivating the Willow.

Chicago News: "The cultivation of osier-willow has become a separate branch of farming," said a north side chair manufacturer, when asked where all the material used in chair and basket making came from, "and a very profitable branch to," he added, with an introspective turning of his eyeballs.

"There are willow farms in a good many sections of the country. They are the best of the kind. There are sixteen farms devoted exclusively to willow raising in Wayne county, that state. Of late, however, Georgia has been coming rapidly to the front, and looks as if she would become the great willow state. I have just returned home from a visit to a farm in Twiggs county, Georgia. Twiggs isn't a particularly good farming county, but the labor of planting, cultivating and harvesting the willow is very light and is mostly done by women and children, the prolific broods of little darkeys proving a peculiarly low swampy land is the best for raising willows, but they will grow almost anywhere. In planting, small shoots or twigs are used, and the best is about \$100 per acre. From a single planting crops may be gathered for years. No replanting is required, and the only expense is in gathering and trimming. The former costs about six dollars per acre more. An average yield is about five tons per acre, worth \$15 to \$20 per ton in the rough.

The switches are cut from four to seven feet long, and are cut in the same way as sheaves of wheat, and, when the harvest is over, are taken to the stripping-building and soaked in a vat filled with water. The large ones are then placed in a peculiar little machine, which is used to bark for a couple of inches. The switches were afterward laid, one by one, in the strippers, and with a pair of pliers the stem was cut with a sharp cut. This process takes off the bark and leaves. The switches are then wiped with wadded cloths, banded, and laid away to dry. The leaves and bark are dried and baled and sent to the mills, where they are used in making certain kinds of medicine and liniment. The bark and leaves may for the entire crop.

Some farmers, after driving their teams in the snow, and before the winter, think if they dash a few pails of water over the horses limbs upon returning, before putting the team in the stable, they will prevent the horses from getting the frost-bite. The fact is, it would be far better to turn the animals in the stable and leave them, and not to wash them with water. There is no danger of the horses getting mud-fevers, and greas than by the plan of washing. If the legs are washed they should be then rubbed until quite dry. The most serious consequences are likely to ensue.

When a team is left with the hair imperfectly dried a chill is almost sure to be contracted, and the horse is especially if exhausted, will be found next morning stiff and with the limbs swollen, since the exhaustion of the system prevents the healthy reaction of the extremities. The best plan is to wash the limbs with warm water and then loosely bandage them with strips of flannel. These may be fastened in length by two pieces of cloth, and rolled tightly. Commence at the fetlocks and bandage loosely, lapping one edge over the other, and making a half-inch fold of the bandage when joints are covered. The bandage should be changed in the morning the limbs will generally be found all right for cleaning. If this plan is not adopted it is altogether better to let the mud and manure remain on the limbs until morning, when the mud may be easily cleaned away, and with little danger of injury to the team if the stable is warm, not subjects to draughts, and a liberal amount of bedding is given.

THRESHING CORN. A new mode of shelling corn by passing stalks and all through an ordinary sheller, and the husks being blown off most satisfactorily. The shelled corn is delivered clear as is other grains, the stalks are broken and shredded, to the amount of ten acres per day, and where the stalks are broken and shredded, the shelling is done at a cost of four cents per bushel.

While this means of shelling corn will be available in the great corn-growing regions of the west where the stalks are left standing and the corn husked on the hill, the plan seems to offer advantage where the corn is cut and shocked, and the stalks are broken and shredded, in value only to the grain, and especially so in the fact that the stalks are prepared in a most perfect manner for feeding. The plan is a clear and simple one, and the limbs may be easily cleaned away, and with little danger of injury to the team if the stable is warm, not subjects to draughts, and a liberal amount of bedding is given.

TO CURE A STUMBLING HORSE. Some good horses, says the Pittsburg Stockman, are addicted to stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. A well-versed veterinarian states that there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action, namely, general weakness in the muscular system, such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other, a weakness of the exterior muscles, which, however, would be noticed in a horse that is not used to the work. The first cause, he adds, lightens the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron, and the horse will be cured. The second cause is a weakness of the exterior muscles, which, however, would be noticed in a horse that is not used to the work. The first cause, he adds, lightens the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron, and the horse will be cured.

SECULENT FOOD FOR STOCK. In behalf of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, 450 inquiries were recently sent out to the various farmers regarding their experience during the remarkable winter of 1885-86. It appears that as a rule the root crops were short, and the winter was a very dry one. The best food, and especially succulent food, for your cattle and sheep during the long winter? The answers, according to the live stock journal, are various—some having benefited by the use of a certain food, and others by a large quantity of purchased food, brewers' grains proving very helpful in several instances; while hay and straw were used to a greater extent than usual. In the preparation of food, too, advantage was found by pulping and chaffing; but it seems that those suffered least who had provided a succulent food for their stock during the winter. Kohl rabi helped several prominent stockmen greatly through the winter. The well known Charles Howard, an experienced and successful early and cheaply cultivated at the cabbage, which has greatly helped him through many difficult summers with all kinds of stock. Several others speak

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