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HARTMAN & GIBSON and WISE & PARMELE,

1412 Farnam street. 1509 Farnam street.

DON'T GIVE HIS NAME.

Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee.

"Good heavens! don't give his name in the paper,"
A citizen whispered to me,
As I noted the fact of a young "Blood"
Just fined because of a spree.

The boastfulness of the fellow
Tempted me to give him an ad,
A free one—but about as thorough
As ever a person had.

It would serve him right for his boldness
And it might cause him to pause, reflect—
The spoiled and pampered rich worldling
With his conscience a moral wreck.

"For the sake of his heart-broken mother,
Whose haughty, yet comely face
Is worn and aged with grieving,
Save him from such a disgrace.

"For his father, the honest old banker,
Who is suddenly growing old—
Nor from the worry of business,
If the story be rightly told.

"For the sake of their anguish, Reporter,
(Such sorrow ought sacred to be)
And because of their superior station
Do not give it publicity."

REPORTER.

"Agreed. But what of this other fellow,
His title, shall I surpress that?"

CITIZEN.

"What he? O, he's only a working man,
With hands calloused hard at that."

* * *

He is one of the army of toilers,
His only glimpses of wealth
Are gained on a Saturday evening,
When he drinks a companion's health.

Then for a brief moment of riches
He forgets his work's daily round;
Forgets all the worry of poverty,
The horror to which he is bound.

His short hours of hilarity vanish.
Ere long comes the throbbing head;
Comes remorse and fierce repentance,
And the struggle renewed for bread.

It is only a laborer's history,
That is being so coarsely told;
A man who has many temptations
To drown heavy care in the bowl.

Yet at home are his wife and babies,
Who love him fully as well,
As the old folks up at the mansion
Love their erring, fine-coated swell.

But what matters if the household submissive,
With its burden of shame and tears,
Be exposed to a skeptical public;
Be an object of laughter and jeers.

* * *

I can put his name in the paper—
The man with care wrinkled face—
Show the warm hearted husband and father
As the one so deeply disgraced.

But he who causes the silver
In dark hair too early to thread;
He who lacerates parental affections
And careless, weights hearts as with lead;

He who has what makes life worth living,
With a proud name and love fully shared,
This depraved agent of humiliation;
This social assassin is spared.

WEBB LAVERNE.

Douglas, Wyoming.

TWO CALIFORNIA YARNS.

[From the New York Times.]

Scene—Bachelors' Mess at Fort Bowie, Ariz. Time—A Winter Night. The General, a Veteran of the Civil War, and an Old Forty-niner, speaks.

I.

Yes, there are many, a great many, good stories told by pioneers, some more excellent than true. Now, Lieutenant D., down there at the other end of the table, has a father who tells very many excellent stories, and he tells them so often at the Pioneer society's dinners that I imagine he is beginning to believe them himself. I have never told this story before. It will explain why a common stovepipe, like the one coming out of that stove in the corner, is always a grim reminder, in my eyes, of early California days. A few years after our occupation of the state, I was stationed in southern California, near Los Angeles, and one afternoon I strolled out to the scene of the Los Angeles massacre, in which a friend of mine, a young officer, and some enlisted men had been killed by the Mexicans some time before. While endeavoring to get a good idea of the position occupied by our troops, I accidently stirred up the earth with my shoe, and looking down I saw something glisten like gold in the sun. I picked it up and found it to be a human finger bone, and still on it the West Point class ring of my dead friend, marked with his name and the date of his graduation. I had visited his family in New England so I wrote them, inclosing the boy's ring and explaining how it had come into my possession. In the course of time I received a very grateful answer, requesting me, if I could identify the young man's remains, to have them disinterred and sent home. I found the remains and shipped them, nicely boxed, to the depot quartermaster, then in San Francisco, requesting him to hold them, as I would come along in a month myself and re-ship them. In due time I received another kind letter announcing the arrival of the remains, and the family seemed not able to thank me enough for what had been no trouble to me at all. Later on, having been granted a leave of absence, which I was spending in the east, I found myself in New York City and I received an invitation to visit the family again. So one Saturday morning I started and reached the lovely old homestead, which was beautifully situated in a New England town. I was hospitably received. On the following morning, Sunday, I was taken to the little cemetery and shown my friend's grave over which had been erected a beautiful monument, inscribed with his name, military history and the date and manner of his death. After a delightful visit I left, and, my leave being up, I received orders to proceed to San Francisco to report for duty as depot quartermaster. In those days quartermasters, when relieving each other, were very careful to see that all public property receipted for, even to the last bolt, was there in the storehouse, before touching a pen to the receipts relieving the other from responsibility. The amount of property was great, and it took me four days to verify it according to the invoices. On the invoices were some original boxes of stovepipes, that is to say, some which had never been opened. While going around with the quartermaster sergeant, on the afternoon of the fourth day we came to the boxes of stovepipes. Being original packages I did not order them to be opened, but satisfied myself by moving them slightly in order to see if they were of the proper weight. I had moved sixteen or seventeen of them, when one seemed to be unusually light, and I directed the sergeant to open it. He did so; raised the lid of the box slightly, and looked in. I noticed him quickly drop the lid and start back with a frightened look on his face, and I said: "What's the matter, sergeant, isn't it all right?" "No, sir, there's no stovepipes in there," he half grasped out. I said: "What is there in the box?" He said: "There's bones, human bones, sir. I saw a skull." The truth then flashed across my mind. I had made a mistake and had shipped the wrong stovepipe box to the old homestead in New England. I paid the government the price of one box of stovepipes, gave the old quartermaster a full receipt and had the remains nicely buried in San Francisco, and until this moment I have never breathed it. But a lovely white marble monument in that pretty little New England town marks the last resting place of my box of stovepipes.

Some of his hearers being awake, the general continues.

II.

I have not, so far, given Lieutenant D.'s father a reputation for veracity in his stories. The mention of the vigilance committee a few moments ago reminds me of one on him which will illustrate his character in another respect. In 1850 he was in California at a mining camp, then called Hangtown, but now known as Placerville. Hangtown was well named, for it was the headquarters of the vigilance committee in that portion of the state, and more hangings of lawless characters were going on there per hour than any other village or town or city on earth. The little community had long suffered from horse and mule thieves, but the scoundrels were so adroit and knew the country so well that they were seldom captured. Once in a while feeling secure, one would become indiscreet or unwary and would be captured and then tried before a court of vigilantes. The leader of this gang of thieves had never been caught, and things got so bad that finally a determined effort was made, and he was captured while riding away on another man's mule. He was brought to camp, pleaded not guilty, but was sentenced to be hanged on the following morning. D., who was a member of the vigilance committee, was detailed to guard the fellow during the night.

One by one the tired miners went to sleep. Night settled down and D. was left sitting on a box, his rifle across his knees, while the outlaw was bound securely with ropes and tied with his back to a tree only a few feet away. The overland mail had arrived that day and aong toward midnight D. lighted a candle and began reading a Cincinnati newspaper in an endeavor to make the long hours pass quickly. The camp was in a tall pine forest—the tree tops so close together that they shut out any light from the stars. Here and there could be seen miners, rolled up in their blankets, fast asleep on the ground. A few smoldering fires still gave a little light; now and then a momentary flame would shoot up from one of them, brightening the dark night but little, and then through the gloom could be seen D. guarding the prisoner. All was quiet. D. was reading home news, when the prisoner, who had seen the name of the paper, printed in large type at the top of the page, broke the silence by saying in a low voice:

"Stranger, will you let me say a few words to you? I've got only a fews hours and I want to speak to you a little."

"Yes," answered D. in a surly tone, "go on."

"Do you hail from Cincinnati, my friend. I see you are reading a Cincinnati newspaper, and that was my home, and I would like to ask you, if you ever go back that way, to tell a little lie for me, and say that I had been killed fighting Indians, for it would break my poor old father's heart if he heard the truth."

"I'll do it," answered D., "but don't call me your friend."

Something familiar in the prisoner's voice struck D., however, and as the man talked D. wondered where he had heard that voice before, and finally settled on the man as Bill S., who had been a big boy and in a higher class at St. Francis Xavier's college when he himself was a little boy there. And in the tall, broad-shouldered, brawny-looking outlaw, his face hardened by exposure and dissipation, could still be seen the likeness of the schoolboy who had run away from home to California.

"Excuse me," said the prisoner, "for calling you my friend, but you were reading a paper from my home, and it seemed to me I had seen you before. Did you go to the Jesuits' school in Cincinnati when you were a little boy, for your face reminds me of a youngster I knew there whose name was D.; Frank D., I think? I remember him very well, because one day he was being bullied by a bigger boy; he was delicate and couldn't defend himself, and I turned in and laid the bully out."

"Yes, Bill," said D., "I was the boy and I remember it all. But I am sorry to see you where you are. I didn't think you had gone so low. And now, Bill, you have got to die in the morning, and if you have any messages that you want to send home you had better give them to me, for your time is short. I will tell the he you asked me to tell, and if necessary I will cover it up with a thousand more."

After remaining in silence for some time, and evidently in deep thought, D. continued: "Bill, do you think after this experience, if you were free again, that you would lead a decent life and become a decent citizen?" "Yes," said Bill, "I would; but there's no show for me now."

"Well, Bill, if you will promise me faithfully that you will never steal again, that you will always try to do right, I will let you go, in remembrance of the time when you licked that bully to save me, for I think a boy who would do that would grow to be a man too good to hang."

"But Frank," said Bill, "can you do it and save yourself? for they might hang you in my place, and I would rather stay and take my medicine than do that."

"Never mind about that, Bill, talk low and we will arrange the plan. I will cut your ropes and give you my knife. In the morning I will be found asleep, my knife taken, and you gone. When you go down the canyon take my mule. Be sure about it, for my life may depend on that. He is the dun colored one near the stream; he wears a horse-hair halter. You can't miss him. Bill, sell the mule, and deposit the money to my credit in San Francisco." The ropes were cut and Bill was free, and, while thanking D., and nearly crushing his hand saying good-bye. D. said to him: "Bill, I want to ask you one question more—did you steal that mule?" "Yes, I did, Frank. Good-bye, God bless you for this." He made his way stealthily down the canyon and was off.

As morning dawned on the camp and the miners began stirring, they naturally looked to see their prisoner. There was D. fast asleep on the ground, his knife taken, the ropes cut, and lying at the foot of the tree, and the prisoner gone. There was great excitement. Two or three ran to D., roughly shook him, and, with much profanity asked him if he knew the prisoner had escaped. D. rubbed his eyes in a sleepy sort of way, jumped to his feet excitedly and told the miners that the prisoner must have seen him fall to sleep, then had carefully taken his knife without waking him, cut his ropes and gone. The men were very much enraged. D. was made a prisoner. Some went so far as to say that D. ought to swing in the outlaw's place, and from being the best liked man in camp he became an object of contempt. He seemed to feel very badly; he looked mortified, and heartbroken over his trouble. A pursuing party had been sent out, but Bill had three hours' start, and it soon came back unsuccessful, but with the agreeable news that the outlaw had stoled D.'s mule, and they all said: "By G—, it served him right." The loss of his own mule allayed all suspicion against D., if any had existed, and he was soon released with a severe reprimand for his carelessness. But as D. told me afterward, once or twice he was pretty anxious, for he did not know what his enraged comrades would do.

A month ago I saw D. in New York, where he now resides, and in the course of our conversation I said to him: "As a matter of curiosity, D., did you ever get your money for your mule?" "Yes," said D., "about six months later the sum of $250 was deposited to my credit in San Francisco by a person unknown to the bank, and five years later," continued D., going to the safe and handing me a letter, "I received this letter, which I have always kept as proof that Bill was too good a man to hang."

MAYOR'S OFFICE, —— Jan. 4, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND FRANK: I made my escape as you know, and I sold your mule for $225. It was the best I could do, Frank. I was hunted and could not wait for higher prices. I got the money and scraped together $25 more, and left it at San Francisco for you. The $25 was for the use of the mule—he was a good one. I then came here and have staid. I am well off and am respected as a good citizen, as shown by my election as mayor last year. You saved my live, my dear friend, when I deserved to die, so don't be offended, Frank, when I tell you if you or yours are in want of a home or need a dollar, you can always have mine, and always count on every cent I have in the world. Your grateful friend.

WILLIAM S.

I finished the letter and looked at D., whose eyes were moist as he said: "Yes, and that man is one of the most prominent, respected, and influential citizens in the northwest to-day."

BILL NYE'S FIRST WILL.

After Death He Wishes All His Debts Paid Off.

My dear Henry: This is a dictated letter. The thoughts are mine, but the penmanship is that of a man named Beasley, who is doing the chores for us this winter. My reason for hiring a private secretary is that last Tuesday the strawberry blonde shoat slumped through a hole in the ice, and in trying to rescue him from a watery grave I fell and broke one of my legs, just above the fetlock.

While spread out here with nothing to do my mind has been quite active, and I have had drawn off for me the following outlines of a will:

"First—I hereby appoint my beloved wife Henriette to be my sole executrix, assignee and receiver of my entire estate.

"Second—I hereby request that the red horse Napoleon be sold and the proceeds thereof used toward defraying my funeral expenses, provided that the sum of $25 therefrom be set aside for the purpose of maintaining a large, aggressive bulldog, whose duty it shall be to monkey o'er my lowly grave until my dust shall be of no use to scientists. It is my special desire that no part of my anatomy shall contribute in any way to science or to the amusement of a class of sore-eyed goslings, who cannot get near enough to a live man to operate on him.

"I request also that at my funeral the free list be suspended and that those only who have a personal interest n the proceedings be permitted to take part.

"To said beloved son Henry I bequeath all my wardrobe. I have worn out his old lawn-tennis and polo clothes while he was attending college, using his boating and base ball suits for under clothing during the winter, and now I leave my own clothing to him as a slight testimonial of my appreciation of his kindness to me when I had no polo suit of my own. I also direct that an obituary, consisting of forty lines, relative to me be printed in my son's paper, codét, at ten cents per line, to follow pure reading matter, for which the sum of $24 will be found in an old sock in my escritoire in the barn. I do not care for the obituary, but desire to aid a panting, struggling enterprise.

"It is also my desire that all my debts contracted during life be paid up after my death. My object in dying is not in any way to evade the payment of my debts.

"I may add to this will, from time to time, as anything good suggests itself. In the meantime let me hear from you ever and anon. Tell us how you come on with your new paper and whether you have contributed any more of your thumbs to your new job press or not. Respectfully, your father,

"BILL NYE."

A DETECTIVE'S FIRST CASE.

It is less than twenty years, said Philip Nourse, that I entered Lebanon, N. H., one autumn afternoon, with a dollar and a half in my pocket, and with two blistered feet, having walked from Newbury, Vt. I wasn't a tramp, and yet I had no trade. I had been working around a livery stable in Newbury for a few weeks and had reached that place from Montpelier. I had been recommended to a hotel-keeper at Lebanon as a good man for porter, but when I arrived he had just engaged a man, and my cake was dough. I hung about the place for three or four days, sawing a couple of cords of wood for a merchant, and then started for Hanover. I left Lebanon just at daybreak, having slept in a barn without the knowledge of anyone, and having had some crackers and cheese for breakfast. While I walked boldly out of town, having no reason to fear anybody, I couldn't afterward remember seeing anybody astir.

I was a happy-go-lucky chap, having no family or relatives to worry about me or depend on my earnings, and, though I was hard up and without ambition, I was not a criminal. I had never been arrested in my life and I had no reason whatever to fear the law. At 10 o'clock that forenoon, while I sat on a log by the roadside taking a bit of luncheon, I was overtaken by a gang of six persons, one of whom was a constable and the others farmers. They were in a wagon and as the vehicle came opposite me they all leaped out, and I was seized and handcuffed with much ado, while the gang congratulated themselves on having speedily secured me. When I asked who they were and the cause of my arrest, I was overwhelmed with curses and threats, and flung into the wagon. We headed to the south from which direction I had come, but after going two miles turned into an east and west road, and going east three miles we stopped at a farmhouse, where about a score of people had assembled. Threats and curses greeted my appearance, and several people cried out that I ought to be lynched. Here is what had happened, although it was several days before I secured the particulars:

The owner of a farm was a man named Buchard. He was in his barnyard after breakfast when a tramp came along and stopped at the house and asked for breakfast. The wife sent him to the barn, and half an hour later her husband staggered up to the kitchen door, said the tramp had knifed him, and fell down and died. The alarm was given, and in an hour parties were out in search. The wife was positive that she could identify the tramp, and no sooner did she set eyes on me than she cried out that I was the man, and but for the determined front of two or three officers of the law I should have been lynched.

What did I do? Nothing. If I opened my mouth I was cursed and threatened. There was no more doubt in their minds that I was guilty than that it was daylight. After the inquest I was taken to the county jail. At this inquest I was asked my name, age, residence, occupation, etc. I gave them all the information I could, but unfortunately it was not in my favor. If I could prove that I had worked here and there, that was not proof that I did not commit the murder. I was a wanderer, penniless and friendless, and just the man to do murder, and who could doubt my guilt after the wife had so clearly identified me? I weighed all these chances and realized that fate was against me. They could not understand how the murder had come about. The farmer had not been robbed, although his coat had been torn and there were evidences of a struggle. He had been stabbed with his own jack-knife, and the knife had been left on the ground. He had been stabbed three times in the region of the heart, and his fingers were also cut up. After being placed in jail I was advised to make a clean breast of it, and because I denied my guilt I was denounced as a hardened wretch. The preliminary examination was a farce, and I was returned to jail to await my trial and loaded down with irons as a desperate character.

One day a slouchy young fellow, not over twenty years old, named Baker, paid me a visit in jail. He was the son of a farmer living about seven miles from the scene of the murder. It appeared that he had been investigating the case on his own hook, having a great ambition to become a detective. He opened the conversation by saying to me:

"Nourse, they have made idiots of themselves in this case. I have found two persons in Lebanon who saw you leave that place at the hour you name. I can further show that you could not have turned aside, committed the crime, and got to the point where you were arrested even had you been on horseback. Now, then, if the stabbing was done with Burchard's own knife, what inference do you draw?"

"He had the knife open and in his own hands?"

"Exactly."

"The murderer took it away from him?"

"Certainly."

"There was a struggle for the weapon and Burchard's fingers were cut?"

"You have it."

"And you naturally conclude that the murderer did not escape scot free?"

"That's the very thing, and if I don't have him in custody inside of a week I'll ask them to hang me in your stead."

He put a chattel mortgage on a horse, telegraphed to fifty different places, made two or three short trips and on the afternoon of the fourth day returned from Franklin with a prisoner who had been nabbed on one of his telegrams. The man, a tough looking customer, with his left hand wrapped in a very dirty cloth and a fresh cut about two inches long on his chin. When the rag was taken from his hand two pretty bad cuts were found, and, though he strenuously denied ever having been in the locality before, Baker was in high feather. He had moved quietly but vigorously, and his prisoner entered the jail without even sheriff suspecting what he was charged with. Baker confided the case to the prosecuting attorney, and it was arranged that Mrs. Burchard should visit the jail. She had twice identified me as the tramp and murderer, and they told her I had a confession to make. She came to the jail with the prosecutor, coroner, and a brother, and the man arrested by Baker was alone in one of the corridors as they were ushered in. The woman looked at him for a moment, threw up her hands with a scream, and the next instant had fainted dead away.

"Aye! —— her! but the jig is up!" exclaimed the man, and he at once confessed to the murder and gave all the details. He said that he entered the barnyard and offered to work for his breakfast, but Burchard roughly ordered him off the premises. He replied hotly, and the farmer drew his knife and menaced him. He then became aroused, and, securing the weapon after a struggle he committed the deed. He was concealed in a barn a mile away all the day, and after my arrest of course all the searching parties were called in.

That's my case, sir. While I was discharged, he was tried, convicted and sentenced for life, and the green farmer's boy who worked the case up is to-day one of the keenest and sharpest of detectives.

EDUCATIONAL.

One hundred and fifty of the 365 colleges in this country publish papers.

The first public library in America was founded in New York in 1700.

The late Daniel W. Lyman, of Providence, R. I., willed Brown university $50,000.

There has been $33,828 subscribed toward the library for the Divinity school of Harvard.

There has been established in Cincinnati a college for the exclusive education of women in medicine.

The freshman class of Cornell is so large that it has been divided into ten sections. There are 300.

The late W. H. Backus, of Georgetown, Pa., bequeathed $60,000 for a free library to Bucknell university.

There is to be founded in London an imperial institute to commemorate the queen's jubilee. It is to be built by popular subscriptions.

A fund of not less than $100,000 and probably $200,000 must be collected to establish beyond doubt the usefulness of the classical school at Athens.

The most heavily endowed educational institutions in the United States are Girard college, $10,000,000; Columbia, $5,000,000; John Hopkins, $4,000,000; Harvard, $3,000,000; Princeton, $3,500,000; Lehigh, $1,800,000; Cornell, $1,400,000.

Following swift on a recent bequest to Harvard university by a miserly New Englander comes a legacy of $100,000 from the late John O. A. Widnam, of Boston. This is to be applied to aiding indigent students who are to accept the help as debts of honor.