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THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS. E. ROSEWATER, Editor.

Sworn Statement of Circulation. State of Nebraska, ss. County of Douglas, ss.

Geo. B. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending Mar. 25th 1887, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Date and Circulation. Rows include Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Average.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March A. D. 1887.

N. P. FEIT, Notary Public.

Geo. B. Tschuck, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, that the actual average daily circulation of the Daily Bee for the month of March, 1887, is 15,577 copies...

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of March, A. D. 1887.

N. P. FEIT, Notary Public.

The Mormon elders are awaiting with much interest, the enforcement of the anti-polygamy law.

Mr. COLBY presented Mr. Seely with a watch. Mr. Colby perhaps needs a watch as badly as any man in Nebraska.

CHARLES GREENE and Will Gurley made speeches during the closing hours of the legislature. This was a spectacle for gods, men, and the gamblers.

Mr. HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN wants to be chief of the Omaha metropolitan police. Mr. Moynihan will have to possess his soul in patience until after the city election.

It was fitting that Mr. Holmes should present Vandemark with a gold-headed cane. Vandemark needed caning, and besides that he was the fellow who kept Holmes in the seat rightfully belonging to another man.

The mileage fraud has been abolished by the legislature just in time for our county commissioners. Now that the passes have been called in, the mileage allowance and three dollars a day would not pay as well as a salary of \$1,800 a year.

It is a matter of regret that that old veteran who has been the chief clerk of the lobby, General Vandorburn, received no present from the admiring bootlickers who bestowed gifts upon Slaughter, Conner, Seely and Cook. Mr. Vandorburn no doubt performed his duties well.

In an interview at Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Thomas Nast, gave it as his opinion that Mr. Cleveland would be nominated in 1888, and the mugwump press would support him. The inference may be drawn accordingly to this, that Harper's Weekly has given the great cartoonist orders to get ready for the next campaign.

If the Bee has been correctly informed, a few of the hoodling members of the defunct legislature will be made happy within a very short time. The programmes already completed assure an evening of enjoyment to all interested except perhaps to subjects upon whom indignant and betrayed constituents will vent their pent-up wrath.

The San Francisco Alta certainly had its eye particularly on Nebraska when it wrote, "people in all states where legislatures have just adjourned are like the guests at a hotel. The landlord ordered the waiter to see if they were done dinner. He reconnoitered and reported: "They is froo eaten de dinner, but dey can't froo cusin' it yet."

There is something suggestive in the fact that when a very rich man is alive his poorer relatives attempt to insinuate themselves into his good graces by praise and flattery. After he is dead, however, if it transpires that they have been forgotten in his will, the patience of honest people is tried by having contestants claim that the man was insane years before he died.

The woman suffragists of Massachusetts grow wickedly sarcastic, because the bill granting the hobby was voted down in the legislature of that state. The following resolution shows the anger of the defeated fair ones:

Resolved, That we thank John W. Hallett and Charles H. Symonds for the unbecoming aid they have given our cause by their opposition to it in the legislature.

Unless the suffragists of Nebraska would scorn to imitate, this is a mere suggestion to them.

During the closing hours of the Nebraska legislature, the basement of the state house was put to an entirely new use. Oil rooms were opened and maintained throughout the night. The capitol was too far from city saloons and the hour grew late. Many of the statesmen, anticipating a full night's work, knew that it would be too long between drinks unless some such wise provision was made. In the dim, dull gaslight some members of both houses drank, as Dr. Watts has said upon an entirely different subject, "themselves away to everlasting bliss." The wine list was complete. Beer, cheese, beer, crackers, beer, sandwiches, beer and more beer, while the bottle-scarred veterans partook of whisky straight, supplied in quantities inexhaustible. And thus filled with vile decoctions the school of muddled statesmen closed its sixty-day life.

Secretary Fairchild.

So long as the national treasury and its momentous policies are to be directed by the gold men of New York, state the people of the great west may be congratulated upon the selection of Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, of New York, as the successor of Mr. Manning.

Mr. Fairchild's course as acting secretary has been directly the reverse of the methods conceived by Mr. Jordan, and O. K. D. by Mr. Manning. When Mr. Manning was paralyzed, the sudden power of Mr. Jordan, the so-called treasurer, fell from that surprising magnitude, and he as suddenly collapsed into one of the obscure successors of the immortal Spinner.

Mr. Manning, it is said, goes out because Mr. Cleveland has lost confidence in the foresight of his friend, Mr. Manning, in 1883, taking the advice of Mr. Hugh McCulloch, the high priest of the golden calf, opened before the new president a vista of currency contraction, silver demonetization and property shrinkage, to which Mr. Cleveland cheerfully subscribed—being himself a New York man, and greatly desiring that New York should draw from 10 to 20 per cent of surtax on the rest of the country. For thirteen months following the close of McCulloch's interregnum, a Niagara of taxes flowed into the national treasury—about seven millions a week. True, a stupendous outflow went on, but only to the extent of five millions a week. Each month during that terrible fiscal year of 1885-86, eight millions of surplus money piled up, mainly in the vaults at New York. One hundred and ninety-three millions of eight paper remained in the hands of New York bondholders, on which Mr. Manning, with a generous hand, paid 3 per cent of interest. Notwithstanding the groans of the whole west, his frightful contraction and wicked payment of interest to bondholders was continued, until the lockup at the treasury, in May, 1886, amounted to \$200,000,000 of surplus moneys, and the private hoard of the New York banks reached \$70,000,000 above the requisite reserve.

Then, at the very worst, Mr. Manning, entering his carriage, was stricken by the hand of God, as the middle-age doctors would have said, and Mr. Morrison gave notice to the financial oligarchs that the gold conspiracy had fallen of its own weight.

Mr. Morrison's joint resolution to "empty the treasury" was a makeshift at best. It bade fair to empty little or nothing, but, poor as it was, there were clerks of the gold-power, with certificates of election, ready to denounce the joint resolution as "crack-brained."

"Lazardous" and, particularly, as "inexpedient." One great senator wrote himself on the records of congress as fearful lest there be a deficit in 1886-87. A deficit with \$200,000,000 surplus—think of that! So fully did President Cleveland sympathize with these arrant gold men that he put the joint resolution of congress into one of his capacious pockets, and may be carrying it yet, unless the goodwife have made a clearing since the adjournment of the Forty-ninth congress. The legislature had ordered the payment of a little of its eight paper, so angry was Mr. Jordan that he roared like the bull of Bashan. He went to the Hot Springs, vowing all the way that the country would rise up and call him blessed, and that a panic worse than that of September, 1873, would strike us all about the time he crossed the Arkansas line.

But this present Mr. Fairchild came in as acting secretary, a few bonds were called—not paid—and it killed nobody, not even Manning or Jordan. For the truth was that the good goldbug, Charles J. Folger, an honest man, had made arrangements looking to the total extinction of the 3 per cents by June 1, 1886.

Nobody has called Jordan blessed, to this day—not even the ungrateful bondholders whom he served.

Coupled with Mr. Fairchild's disposition to carry out the behests of congress and common sense, the forty-ninth and fiftieth sessions have fallen tooth and nail upon the great pile of dollars. The surplus has melted away almost as fast as it came in. A close study of the figures would lead to a suspicion that congress has made arrangements to spend eight millions a month more than ever before, even when the interest on the public debt was three times as great as it is now.

But this frightful extravagance has done some good. It has let out the money; it has forced the payment of silver; it has raised the value of farms and houses and lots, and diminished the unrighteous increment-of-value of bonds and mortgages.

Let Mr. Fairchild, as full secretary, proceed rather more swiftly in the path he has followed. Let him look at the slow decrease of our annual interest-charge. For instance, in 1881 it was reduced \$13,000,000; in 1883, \$11,000,000; in 1885, \$12,000,000; in 1881, \$5,000,000; in 1885, \$3,000,000; and in 1886, only \$800,000.

The Wall street coterie which has fashioned our expensive treasury policies cries: "String out the three per cents! You'll have nothing to pay off after they shall be gone." But that will not be Mr. Fairchild's fault. That will be Mr. John Sherman's fault, and the fault of the other financiers who so foolishly funded the four and four and a half per cent bonds.

Some other good New Yorker, Mr. Isaac H. Maynard, it is said, will be made first assistant secretary and the quota of eleven New Yorkers in the head places of the treasury out of forty-eight for all the states and territories will be religiously kept up.

The west cannot expect a law-abiding bi-metallic treasury policy until it shall gain the government of the country. The centre of population is on its way from Cincinnati to St. Louis. When it shall cross the Mississippi, New York will have to let go. Until then, a secretary like Mr. Fairchild, or the late Mr. Folger will do. We must not have any McCullochs, or Mannings, or Jordans—be they democrats or republicans. For republicans have duties to the country, as well as democrats.

The New School Law.

The new board of education at metropolitan cities will puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. The bill provides that the board shall consist of fifteen members to be elected at large. Nine of these members are to be elected on the first Tuesday in June, 1887. The other six are to be elected in 1888 and 1889. No pro-

vided into the lively and the severe. Men of the middle age owe him a tear. Men to come will desire to see his grave. Young men of to-day would not do badly to read his verse.

HAVING been relieved of the constraint imposed by the tenure of office law, it is said that the president is getting ready to make a clean sweep of all postmasters of the presidential class. With this in view it is stated that the postmaster general has put a fog of clerks at work compiling a list of the presidential post-offices which have not been changed during his administration, together with any information at hand concerning the offices and the postmasters in them. If the estimate be correct that not more than 8 per cent of the presidential offices are filled by republicans it is evident that the administration has done very well, despite the tenure of office law, which as a matter of fact Mr. Cleveland never paid any attention. In view of the recent local surprise we are disposed to regard the Washington report as worthy of some confidence, and we hope it is well founded. It would be much better for the republican party if there had been no law or policy to obstruct the administration in making itself thoroughly democratic.

MR. WATSON, of Oteo, came to Lincoln when the legislature opened, with the sole object of electing Senator Van Wyck. His first effective effort was to move the election of Brad Slaughter in the republican caucus by acclamation. Brad was a bitter opponent to Van Wyck and a man after Bill Stout's own heart. It was Mr. Slaughter who induced the lieutenant governor to defeat Van Wyck by that infamous ruling denying members the right to change their votes on the first joint ballot for senator. When the legislature was about to die, Mr. Watson, in an eloquent speech, lauded Mr. Brad Slaughter to the skies and presented him with an "elegant diamond stud." Oteo county should extend to Mr. Watson a grand ovation.

THE interest payments of the 1st of April, being larger than ever before, will create a flow of new moneys westward. A truer expression would be that we may expect a return, as new investments, of the products of labor which have been passing eastward for three months. The banks, trustees and investors of the eastern states will be compelled to seek new fields. The Bee may offer to their attention the opportunities which the business center of Omaha affords capitalists of the first class. Practically, Omaha is in the condition of Chicago's burnt district. The business and the people are here, awaiting accommodation.

MASSACHUSETTS has an annual fast-day some time in April, generally in the first week of the month. Of late, the legislature, which meets every year, has been overrun with petitions to abolish the custom. Fast-days in America, as national affairs, have been very rare. The Wednesday after Lincoln was assassinated and a day of prayer for Garfield are the prominent events of that kind in the last twenty-two years. Joseph Howard, who lately had an altercation with Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York World, was during the rebellion, the author of a proclamation of fasting and prayer which ended with his incarceration in a bastille.

DOUGLAS COUNTY will have five commissioners after the present year. Three of these are to be elected next November. This is a decided improvement. The three-men's syndicate has been altogether too close a corporation.

EVERYBODY was bought gold headed canes and watches, except poor Shedd. He was obliged to content himself with the chair and desk used by him during the session.

The members of the Legislature did not walk home. Their passes were extended until April 4th. After that the railroads will have no further use for the statesmen.

Other Lands Than Ours.

The British house of commons has been engaged throughout the week in discussing the crimes bill, which went to a second reading last night. The indications now are that the measure will be passed, though in all probability it will be loaded down with amendments which may retard its passage. It is evident, however, from the expressions of the Irish leaders that they expect the success of the measure and are preparing for the momentous crisis. This bill differs from the many coercion measures which have preceded it in two important and vital respects. In the first place it is the sternest and cruelest of all the stern and cruel bills drawn up for the purpose of coercing Ireland and the Irish into submission to laws they never sanctioned and to people to whom they are indebted for nothing but injustice and despotic tyranny. It abolishes almost every right of the subject. It is, in short, an outrageous attack on the liberty of the Irish subject; it reduces him to a position almost as degraded and abject as that of the Russian serf or the much-pitied subjugated Pole. In the house of lords on Thursday night a bill was introduced providing for the purchase of their holdings by tenants in Ireland, which the Patriotes and many liberal unionists denounce as a most unjust measure. This in another direction the present ministry manifest their unwillingness to deal fairly with the people of Ireland.

Except occasional newspaper opinion, the European war scare seems to be dead. It would seem that Russia has reached the conviction that with France as her only possible ally, it would not be wise to bring about a conflict just yet; but as Bulgaria is talking of proclaiming her independence, and is busily engaged in arranging for a loan to pay for 25,000 shells she has just contracted for with the accommodating Herr Krupp, and for hundreds of horses which her agents are buying for her in Hungary, the czar's patience may again be dangerously strained. As it is, he is the most worried man in Europe. Revolutionary manifestoes appear on the walls of St. Petersburg and Moscow with irritating regularity, and although the police have managed to discover one or two manufacturers of explosives, they have not yet unearthed any of the secret printing presses which must be at work under their very nose. A second unsuccessful attempt in

Death of a Poet.

John G. Saxo, the famous humorous poet, is dead after many years of suffering. There was a time when his rhymes were as familiar and ubiquitous as the writings of Bill Nye to-day. And there is something more to his renown than is passing sunshine of popularity. He did not have the genius or humor of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and yet there was a clever turn to the rhymes of Saxo and an ease and grace in his speech that will surely rescue him from the oblivion in which the last four years of his life seemed to have been spent. He was old—over three score and ten—and belonged to that eminent coterie of Atlantic Monthly men who, from 1859 to 1872, brought American literature to the attention of the world. It must be remembered that it is only for about fifteen years that Europe has been willing to read Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Irving, Cooper, Miller, Poe, and that lot.

Like Scott, Moore, Swift, and many another great literary people, Saxo died at the top. Yet brain work does not usually work destruction of the intellect. Flames like those of Hugo and Gladstone burn to the socket.

John G. Saxo brought his pigs to the best market. He wrote rhymes that would please the people, like Gay's and Bayley's. He was a good lecturer among the great (such as Beecher and Gough), and his death follows on the heels of many of the old school of good literature—so many that we should cherish those who remain with us.

The recent treatment of James Russell Lowell in Chicago, which did that illustrious poet no harm, put Chicago in the light of a city snare of the assured position of her guest. These men who have ornamented their race cannot remain forever with the living. We might gain a good word from posterity by honoring their declining years.

Saxo and Holmes wrote humor when wit was not cheap and when more than fools laughed. The world had not then

lender of the czar must have served to render his existence still more miserable, and this has been followed by other events which show unusual activity among the nihilists. The imperial persons are being guarded with greatly increased precautions.

In England attention is once more turned toward Afghanistan, where Russia's ceaseless intriguing is to all appearances about to bear fruit which will have pleasant savor in the mouths of Englishmen. The ameer, while urging the Mahdhis to preach holy war against Russia, is quietly striving to secure the big subsidy which he receives from the British government for being friendly with England, and every farthing in addition which he can scrow out of his subjects. He has also contracted the objectionable habit of forgetting to pay his soldiers, and of cutting the throats of all who presume to ask for or hint at a settlement of outstanding accounts. A rebellion may therefore be looked for at any moment, which may end in Russian occupation of Herat and Cabul, or more likely in the seating of Ayob Khan or some other Russian puppet on the ameer's throne. No wonder, therefore, that Russian patriots smile and rub their hands, and that Katkoff, the irrepressible Moscow editor, confidently predicts that England will soon have such a busy time in the far east that her means of intrigue in Europe will be considerably diminished.

The reported intrigue for the overthrow of the present French ministry has not thus far developed any serious phase, but its existence is by no means incredible. It is not to be supposed that the great respectable career of General Boulanger has failed to make him ardent and influential enemies, besides there are several aspiring statesmen in France to whom private life is not a desirable condition. The conspiracy discovered at Madrid seems to have been a somewhat serious, if not very formidable affair, as shown in the fact that among those arrested were several police officials. It appears, however, to have been successfully crushed and with so little publicity that it has avoided extended popular excitement.

Emigration from the United Kingdom is still on the increase, 238,104 persons having sailed from the various ports in 1886 against only 210,348 in 1885. About 60 per cent of the whole number were Englishmen, and about 10 per cent were Scotch, so that the 61,411 Irish composed only about 30 per cent of the whole number, whereas thirty or forty years ago Ireland contributed from 70 to 70 per cent of all. The change in proportion is not due so much to the fact that Irishmen emigrate less than they did, as to the fact that Englishmen emigrate much more. The United States continue to attract about two-thirds of the whole number, despite all the efforts of the Canadian authorities, and Australia and New Zealand come next, almost as large a number seeking homes in the latter colonies in 1886 as in the years of the gold discoveries. Statistics covering a long period show that the emigration from each part of the United Kingdom has certain persistent features. Thus the Irish woman is ready to quit her country as her father or brother, while there are two men for one woman among English and Scotch emigrants. On the other hand, the English or Scotch emigrant more often goes to his new home with his children, against about 18 per cent of all Irish emigrants being children, and against about 20 per cent among the Scotch. The backflowing stream of immigration into Great Britain is much larger than is generally supposed, from 80,000 to 90,000 persons annually going from the United States to England, many of whom doubtless are people who found that they were unitted for life in a new country.

The beauty of the imperial party at Berlin last week was Princess Mathilde of Saxony, the eldest daughter of Prince George of Saxony, who is the younger brother of the king and heir to the throne. The princess, who is twenty-four years old, is not only beautiful but also clever and extremely accomplished. She is known to have refused at least two very desirable offers. There has lately been some talk of her marrying Prince William of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the eldest son of Prince Leopold, who is really the head of the family which reigns in Prussia and one of the richest royal personages in Europe. The king of Roumania is the second brother of Prince Leopold. Princess Mathilde quite eclipsed the daughter of the German crown-prince and the Princess Irene of Hesse.

The vigorous speech of Mr. Gladstone against the Irish coercion bill shows that reports of his failing health and diminished ability are not to be relied on. He took up the bill clause by clause and tore it into shreds amid a scene of frantic enthusiasm on the one side and dogged silence on the other. When he set down the government but by their strongest reply, but Goschen talked to empty benches, the members crowding into the lobby to discuss the probable effects of a speech which will rank among the best efforts of a life of oratory.

The physician of Emperor William receives a handsome gratuity every time his royal patient celebrates a birthday. The present increases with the age of the emperor. In 1871 it was 150,000 marks; last week it was double that sum. The medical gentleman in returning thanks for the gift expressed a hope and belief that the emperor would live to a centenarian. If ever wish had power, the physician, surely the physicians prophetic expression of gratitude can be thus described.

France has discovered that England owes her \$200,000,000 under the treaty of 1815. The annual deficit to be dealt with by the French minister or finance is so large that immediate payment of this long-lost-sight-of debt is to be demanded. With taxes increasing and trade declining, the English nation will not be over-ready to pay, and Bismarck is rejoicing at the prospect of a diplomatic rupture between the two countries.

PROMINENT PERSONS.

Madame Patti eats spring lamb whenever she can get it now.

John G. Whittier has given \$50 to the Lowell monument fund.

General Saigo, the Japanese minister of war, speaks five languages fluently.

Secretary Whitney has hired a country resi-

dence at Morristown, N. J., for next summer. Jennie June has paid \$15,000 for a half-interest in Godey's Lady's Book of Philadelphia. John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia millionaire merchant, carries \$40,000 life insurance. The new minister to Liberia, Mr. C. H. J. Taylor, will leave for his post about the middle of April. Banker Stebbins of New York, went to Dakota twelve years ago with \$25,000, and is now worth \$200,000. Admiral Porter has received \$50,000 bonus on his naval history and gets in addition 30 per cent on all of the books sold. John English, of Columbus, Ohio, who recently married Miss Jean Hatcher, the prima donna of the McCull Opera company, is worth \$500,000. John McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, has moved into the residence at Washington he recently purchased and enlarged. He will entertain lavishly next winter. Senator Hearst's son, who was presented by his father not long ago with the San Francisco Examiner, is making that paper a success by spending lots of money for telegrams and good newspaper news. Ex-Senator Ebrilidge G. Laplan, who is dangerously ill at Canandaigua, is seventy-three years of age. He was elected to the United States senate July 22, 1881, to succeed Isaac C. Conkling, resigned.

He Would Do the Fair Thing. San Francisco Chronicle. The managers of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific roads are showing an undue interest in the selection of the persons who are to be charged with the examination of the affairs of those roads. No better case could be made than that of Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska. While he is a strong anti-monopolist he is fair, intelligent, honest and capable and just the man who would deal fairly by the railroad companies and the people.

A Shining Success. Kansas City Times. Who says prohibition is not a success in Kansas? A \$300,000 drug store has just been established in Abilene.

It Will Live Just the Same. Johnson County Journal. The Omaha Bee got downed in the election of department commandants of the G. O. P. but the Bee will live to down its enemies in the sweet hereafter.

The Song the Sirens Sang. Robert J. Burdette. In sea caves dark and rocks where hides The restless waves that on the sands lie. Where murmuring waves and moaning tides Chant their unceasing melody; In meadows bright with flowers in spring Where dead men's bones the light define, What were the songs they used to sing, The sirens of this sunny life?

Soft breathed and tender, sweet and low, Across the waters dark and wild, And o'er the heaving of the ocean's flow, And all his soul their charms beguiled, Swift through the breakers' noisy foam He passed, and with him went his death, Forgetting wife and child at home, While sirens sang him to his death.

We know their songs—they had but one— Ovidness heard the fateful thing; And madmen seized Laureate's son, And wild the flowers that bloom in Spring.

And still unchanged in air or word, The sirens sang, with cruel breath The same old song Ulysses heard, And with it still sing men to death.

GOT \$2,000.

How Two Sleek Swindlers Fleeced an Old Missouri Farmer. A Glasgow, Mo. correspondent writes: Two travelers registered at the Glasgow hotel Thursday night at 11 o'clock, hailing from Kansas City. They were to all appearances strangers to one another, but they arrived. One was a large, sandy-complexioned man, smooth-shaven, except moustache, near six feet tall, weighing probably two hundred or more pounds, and put his name on the register as D. Simpson. He was a man who looked as though he carried a grievance with him. His reticence bordered on the morose, and although he was so large a man his every movement was with the activity of a cat. His age has been generally agreed upon by those who saw him as being from forty to forty-five years, though at first glance he would pass for a younger man. We will call him No. 2.

No. 2 was a much more pleasant man, so far as demeanor and general appearance, supposed to be from thirty-two to thirty-seven years of age, of a well-made, good build, rather dark complexion, nearly black moustache, thin and short, smooth shaven, and was probably as tall as his companion. His weight would run probably from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was inclined to play the agreeable, in contradiction to No. 1, who played the "heavy business real estate dealer."

The swindlers' first act was to thoroughly inform of their business methods, when it is, perhaps, too late. They succeeded only too well in the manipulation of an old game—namely, the run of lottery schemes, getting the old citizens, Mr. Steinmetz, a wealthy farmer living on the old Cleveland place, four miles east of here. They obtained the sum of \$2,000 from Mr. Steinmetz, but it was not less than highway robbery, as it was done by force, in the manner following: Friday morning these sharpers, Nos. 1 and 2, hired a buggy at John Moore's livery stable, ostensibly for the purpose of going a few miles into the country. No. 1, Simpson, made his appearance alone with the team at the home of Mr. Steinmetz, and stated his business as being to sell a quantity of goods, and told him he had a price on his property and would sell. They then proceeded to inspect the premises and improvements. Having done so there was a business conference and Simpson then returned to No. 1 then left for Glasgow, promising to return next morning in company with his sister who, as he stated, was at the hotel. The next Nos. 1 and 2 hired each a buggy and started for the country, rural districts, each intent upon his own particular role in this little rustic drama. No. 1, Simpson, presented himself smiling and cheerful for the non-appearance of his sister. The sudden change, inclemency of the weather, and indisposition were obstacles insurmountable, etc. The old gentleman, ever kind and more than hospitable, was the weight of between seventy and eighty years to add to kind-nature of nature, said he was glad she had undergone no unnecessary discomfort; that since the hours of day were few and early morn he had consulted with his wife; she was so violently opposed to the transfer he would have to annul the trade, which was admittedly since no consideration had passed, but he was not to be so easily broken up, but he gracefully accepted the situation and asked as a favor that Mr. Steinmetz would accompany and introduce him to a neighbor whom he had recently bought his farm. The old gentleman complied and started. They had gone but a short distance when they were met by No. 2, Warner, to all appearances an entire stranger to No. 1. No. 2 inquired of the owner of the land on which they were and was blandly informed that Mr. Steinmetz, the old gentleman, was the owner. No. 2 then asked permission to place up some advertising placards, and when that was granted. When asked the character of the advertisements, No. 2 stated they were for a lottery scheme. At this juncture No. 1 inquired as to the same lottery which had been sold to the farmer that it was a scheme for the

benefit and worked almost entirely in the interest of the farmer. After being shown circulars, recommendations, and other documents, No. 1 seemed convinced and asked the gentlemanly No. 2 to open up at once, which was no sooner said than done. No. 1 paid his money, took his choice, and drew a ticket calling for \$7,000. When he demanded his money he was informed by No. 2 that he had only \$3,900 with which to pay, but would give his checks, or would place the \$3,900 with any responsible man who would advance the other \$3,000, the latter to hold the entire sum until the lottery headquarters could be heard from. Unfortunately Mr. Steinmetz thought it would be safe in holding the stakes, came to town, drew \$1,200 of his own money and borrowed \$1,800 from the bank. It not being unusual for Mr. Steinmetz to draw large sums, no question was raised by the bank officials. No. 1 accompanied Mr. Steinmetz to town and returned with him and when they met at No. 2 in a secluded spot, the old gentleman was overpowered and robbed of the \$3,900. Mr. Steinmetz, of whom there is no authentic information, No. 1 professed great indignation and, while pretending to resist, succeeded in holding the old gentleman and over-coming all his efforts and attempts to resist. They escaped, leaving the old gentleman in the road, and are still at large. What is done or will be done is not known to the public. They have been reported as having gone to various resorts. There is good evidence that two of them having crossed the river here yesterday, going west, the descriptions being good. Unfortunately for justice, Mr. Steinmetz kept this matter a secret from his friends, and the officers, making the escape of the rascals possible.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN KILLED. A Plea for the Faithful Men who Risk Their Lives Daily. Chicago Herald. An instance of the cruelty of our modern civilization and its infinitely diversified appliances and customs is found in the fact that the death of a railway brakeman is considered a minor casualty of his calling is no longer considered worthy mention in the news columns of a metropolitan newspaper; or, if mentioned at all, a line is generally scribbled over the name of the fact, details being utterly neglected. In the dispatches it is used to be: "By a broken rail seven freight cars were thrown off the track near this place last night and the contents, consisting of valuable merchandise, almost destroyed. The loss of the company will reach \$15,000. Passenger trains were delayed nearly an hour. A rigid investigation will follow. One brakeman was killed."

Formerly minor accidents to employees were telegraphed to city papers, but now all correspondents are instructed to omit sending intelligence concerning common accidents of the rail, in which employees only suffer, unless the fatalities number more than one or some unusual circumstances or causes are present. Almost every week some railway employee loses his life, a fact which the Chicago railway yards will out any mention of the casualty being made in the city papers. This seems cruel, but the truth is that this sort of news is rarely worth printing. As the world grows more and more important and newsmen neglect them. But with passengers it is quite different. The commonest accident involving the safety of a passenger or injury to his person is carefully reported in the papers, and not only just now the papers are filled with articles demanding that the death dealing stove shall be banished, that safety gates be put up at all crossings, and that every possible precaution be taken to insure safety for the traveling public and for pedestrians and street travelers who must cross railway tracks. But not a word is heard in behalf of the employees, whom the injury and death of the thousands every year.

"Only a brakeman killed." What a story the figures of railway tolls tell, and after that nothing like gold figures to point a moral or tell a tale. In Massachusetts last year only one passenger of 7,841,328 was killed, and one in 3,169,931 injured. This ratio is not an alarming one, but when the ratio is taken in the ratio is very different. There were 274 casualties to employees, 63 of which were fatal. On the Fitchburg road one employee out of every thirty-one was injured. In one of the Chicago yards about 120 of these casualties were in coupling or uncoupling cars. Forty-eight, or nearly one a week were injured in this way on one road. One can, therefore, readily pass or a younger man. We will call him No. 2.

No. 2 was a much more pleasant man, so far as demeanor and general appearance, supposed to be from thirty-two to thirty-seven years of age, of a well-made, good build, rather dark complexion, nearly black moustache, thin and short, smooth shaven, and was probably as tall as his companion. His weight would run probably from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was inclined to play the agreeable, in contradiction to No. 1, who played the "heavy business real estate dealer."

The swindlers' first act was to thoroughly inform of their business methods, when it is, perhaps, too late. They succeeded only too well in the manipulation of an old game—namely, the run of lottery schemes, getting the old citizens, Mr. Steinmetz, a wealthy farmer living on the old Cleveland place, four miles east of here. They obtained the sum of \$2,000 from Mr. Steinmetz, but it was not less than highway robbery, as it was done by force, in the manner following: Friday morning these sharpers, Nos. 1 and 2, hired a buggy at John Moore's livery stable, ostensibly for the purpose of going a few miles into the country. No. 1, Simpson, made his appearance alone with the team at the home of Mr. Steinmetz, and stated his business as being to sell a quantity of goods, and told him he had a price on his property and would sell. They then proceeded to inspect the premises and improvements. Having done so there was a business conference and Simpson then returned to No. 1 then left for Glasgow, promising to return next morning in company with his sister who, as he stated, was at the hotel. The next Nos. 1 and 2 hired each a buggy and started for the country, rural districts, each intent upon his own particular role in this little rustic drama. No. 1, Simpson, presented himself smiling and cheerful for the non-appearance of his sister. The sudden change, inclemency of the weather, and indisposition were obstacles insurmountable, etc. The old gentleman, ever kind and more than hospitable, was the weight of between seventy and eighty years to add to kind-nature of nature, said he was glad she had undergone no unnecessary discomfort; that since the hours of day were few and early morn he had consulted with his wife; she was so violently opposed to the transfer he would have to annul the trade, which was admittedly since no consideration had passed, but he was not to be so easily broken up, but he gracefully accepted the situation and asked as a favor that Mr. Steinmetz would accompany and introduce him to a neighbor whom he had recently bought his farm. The old gentleman complied and started. They had gone but a short distance when they were met by No. 2, Warner, to all appearances an entire stranger to No. 1. No. 2 inquired of the owner of the land on which they were and was blandly informed that Mr. Steinmetz, the old gentleman, was the owner. No. 2 then asked permission to place up some advertising placards, and when that was granted. When asked the character of the advertisements, No. 2 stated they were for a lottery scheme. At this juncture No. 1 inquired as to the same lottery which had been sold to the farmer that it was a scheme for the

THE SEVILLE ESTATE.

New York, April 1.—[Special Telegram to the Bee.] That one of the handsomest Jose B. Sevilla, a wealthy Peruvian, which leaves a fortune to establish a home and school for poor children in the United States, has been filed for probate in New York. By its terms all the testator's real and personal estate, except his Camp Eden estate in Peru, is devised for the endowment of the Jose B. Sevilla, a wealthy Peruvian, which leaves a fortune to establish a home and school for poor children in the United States, has been filed for probate in New York. By its terms all the testator's real and personal estate, except his Camp Eden estate in Peru, is devised for the endowment of the Jose B. Sevilla, a wealthy Peruvian, which leaves a fortune to establish a home and school for poor children in the United States, has been filed for probate in New York. By its terms all the testator's real and personal estate, except his Camp Eden estate in Peru, is devised for the endowment of the Jose B.