DESERTED WITH HER BABY

How a Girl Claims that She was Deceived, Betrayed and Abandoned.

IS SHE MRS. HOMER KIRK?

Married by a Spurious Justice of the Peace in Lincoln and Then Neglected During Her Trial of Motherhood.

Officer Tom Pierronet said to a reporter of the BEE last night on Tenth street: "I wish you would go up on Dodge street and see a young woman named Mrs. Kirk. She has been stopping at Hortz's boarding-house, on Tenth street. She had a baby there, and after she became able worked for them some time. When she got a chance to get wages at another place she left, but they claimed she owed them and wouldn't let her take away her trunk. All her baby clothes are in it and all her own clothes except a dress. I have been up there to get her clothes for her, but they won't give up the trunk until she pays them what they claim she owes them."

This led the reporter to look Mrs. Kirk up. She was found to be a petite brunette, about twenty years of age. She had a three months old infant in her arms—as fat and pretty a blue-eyed baby as could be wished for. She said: "I am, or suppose I am, the wife of Homer Kirk, a barber who works at the Arcade hotel. My maiden name was Maud McKnight. My parents are both living at Brainard, Neb. I was working (sewing) in Stromsburg in 1885, when I came to Omaha to attend the fair. I was then introduced to Kirk. After I went back to Stromsburg, he wrote to me and I answered his letters. He came to Stromsburg once to see me. Last March (1886) I went to Lincoln to meet him and get married to him. We were to get married without anybody knowing anything about it for a while. He told me that it would be necessary to keep it quiet for a month or two because he wanted to get a home ready for me in Omaha and didn't want my folks to know anything about it until he could do so. We were married by a justice of the peace in the parlor of the Commercial hotel in Lincoln. We stopped at the hotel that night. The next day I went to Brainard and he came to Omaha. I did not know the name of the justice of the peace and he did not give me any certificate. I didn't know that I ought to have any. Kirk didn't give me any ring, but he said he would.

"I staid at home at Brainard's until August. I was so sick my mother suspicioned what was the matter. She made me own up and then she made me come to Omaha and told me to make Kirk take care of me. He had written me a good many times when I was in Brainard, promising from time to time to send for me. I came to Omaha and Kirk took me to a lodging house on the corner of California and Thirteenth streets. We lived there as husband and wife until late in November. He paid my board at Miss Spotts', at Thirteenth street and Capital avenue. He told Mrs. Spotts he was my husband when he engaged board for me.

"In November he left me and didn't come back. I was crying all the time and was half sick. I sent him word to come back. He didn't reply. Finally Mrs. Spotts sent him word that he would have to send me some money and would have to support me. He went to Mrs. Spott's house and gave her $5 for me. The next day a woman came to see me at my room. She said she was Kirk's lawful wife and that she had two children. She said he had deserted her back in Iowa and she had just found him, and that she was going to make him support her and his children. She told me that he had fooled me and that the justice of the peace who had married us in Lincoln was no justice of the peace at all. She said that I would have to give him up because I had no claim on him, and she did.

"I was so dazed by what she told me that I didn't know what to do. I thought that what she said was true, and that I didn't have any claims upon him. I told her that if she was his wife of course I would give him up. I didn't know that I had any rights. I then commenced to look for work somewhere, and finally went down to Hortz's boarding house, where I was given sewing to do for my board. Three of the men boarding at Mrs. Spotts' had given me $10 and I kept that hid. I sewed at the Hortz house five weeks when I was taken sick. I had Dr. Clark. When I was obliged to take my bed I gave Mrs. Hortz the $10. I was sick in bed two weeks. Then I got up and tried to work. I was weak and couldn't do much. But I worked for my board. I had never received any money from Mrs. Hortz for any of the sewing I had done. Then I learned that I could earn some money beside my board at another place, and I told Mrs. Hortz that I guessed I would leave. She got mad and said I shouldn't take my trunk unless I paid her $20. So I had to go away without my trunk. I have tried to get it since, but they will not give it to me."

"What kind of treatment did they accord you at the Hortz place when you were sick?" was asked of her.

"They treated me kindly enough. I didn't bother them much. But I was always afraid that the house would be raided by the police and I would get arrested. There was such a hard crowd of men there."

"What kind of men?" she was again asked.

"They were burglars and thieves. There were five of one gang. They were Charley Gallagher, Frank Williams, John Wilson and two they called Shorty and Froney. They would bring jewelry, postoffice stamps, silk handkerchiefs and shoes into the house and give them to Mrs. Hortz to hide for them. She hid a set of burglar's tools once when the police searched the house, by dropping them into the water in a reservoir in the back of the stove. This was after the time when there had been a safe burglary and just before the city steam laundry burglary. Those parties I have named did the laundry burglary."

The above is given just as the young woman told it and nearly in her exact language. The BEE does not vouch for the truth of her statements, because at the time she was seen it was too late to make further investigation, which will be made to-day. It is possible there are other stories, and that there is another side of the case as far as Kirk is concerned. The woman appeared to be honest and her manner gave the impression that she was telling the truth. She is cooking for her livelihood and that of her baby, and her character is vouched for by the persons for whom she is working.

CHEYENNE'S SUDDEN CHANGE.

The Coming of the Burlington Road and the Consequent Boom.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., April 15.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Like the man who awoke one morning to find himself suddenly famous, Cheyenne awoke a few days ago to find herself in the throes of an energetic boom. It is now becoming apparent, even to the minds of the unthinking, that the boom which was so suddenly sprung was merely the crystallization of natural causes that have been at work.

The city has depended entirely on the cattle industry. Prices of beef have ruled so low during the past few years that the margin of profit for the cattle men has been very slim indeed. For several years the cattle men have had a mania to get possession of large tracts of government and railroad lands. Much money, therefore, was sent out of the country in payment of these lands, and the sum was not counterbalanced by that returned from the sale of cattle in Omaha and Chicago. The result was an acute stringency of the local money market. To add to the bad effect prices for ordinary commodities were high as compared with those which prevailed farther east. The city is provided with three railroads, and a fourth one is already built seventy-five miles north, but all are under the same management and freight rates were not so low as they might be.

The face of things is now completely changed, and the change was inaugurated by the coming of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to town. Since the visit of General Manager Holdrege here agents of the B. & M. have been actively at work. A $75,000 building for depot purposes and city property that must aggregate not less than $200,000, have already been purchased. The road, which will be known in Wyoming as the Cheyenne & Burlington, is not due here until about November, and is destined to strike northward through the territory. The Denver & Rio Grande is headed this way and is expected to come here. As the B. & M. has no shops west of Plattsmouth, the plant here will be an extensive one, while the Union Pacific will vastly increase its present shops.

Emigration is overflowing from western Nebraska, and stretches of country that but a few years ago were deemed dreary wastes are now beginning to prove productive under the skillful labors of the grangers. Eighty miles north of here several large colonies will settle down on lands that have been reclaimed by an expensive system of irrigating ditches. About 1,000 families can be thus accommodated. The Silver Crown mines, twenty miles from here, after having been worked in a desultory fashion, are now yielding liberal returns. As is well known, Wyoming is the richest mineral section in the country. It is still practically a virgin soil, and the development which the railroads will inaugurate will boost Cheyenne, which now has the edge on prosperity, toward metropolitan pretentions.

Real estate prices continue to jump and there are already many moneyed men from abroad in the field to take advantage of the prevailing activity. A $75,000 Union Pacific depot will be ready for occupancy within a month; a $200,000 capitol building will be close to completion by winter; $75,000 additional improvements will be made at Fort Russell, which is in the suburbs of the town; ground will be broken within a week for the erection of a $35,000 Knights Templar asylum, a $25,000 A. O. U. W. hall and a $15,000 institute for the deaf and dumb; a new street car line is projected; a magnificent new hotel will be built, and taking one consideration with another the citizens of Cheyenne naturally look forward to incomparably the liveliest season ever known in the history of a remarkable little city.

FINED FOR UTTERING SLANG.

A Louisville Woman Pays $5 for Saying "Ah, There!" With a Toss of Her Head.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Before the regular ordinance docket was taken up by Judge Thompson in the city court yesterday afternoon, the cases of Mrs. Etta Paul and Mrs. John DeWitt were called.

They were arrested last Saturday night on warrant and cross-warrant. Mrs. Paul, accompanied by her sister and husband, came into court early and took a seat next to her counsel. Mrs. Paul was becomingly attired in a close-fitting black silk dress, with a fashionable black and velvet bonnet, trimmed with large brown ostrich feathers. She wore a tight, short seal sacque and light-brown kid gloves. In either ear was dependent a large solitaire diamond ear-ring. These jewels were, in part, the cause of the trouble between the families.

Mrs. DeWitt was also in court and sat between her attorney and her husband.

Mr. DeWitt was the first witness. He testified that Mrs. Paul's husband owed him a bill, and he had taken every means to collect it. The only property they had upon which an attachment could be placed was the diamond ear-ring set, and he had caused it to be levied upon. The suit was then pending in the Jefferson court of common pleas. Saturday afternoon last he and his wife, after leaving the museum, were met by Mrs. Paul. She looked at them, and shaking her earrings, said: "Ah, there, my diamond earrings, don't you wish you had them?" Mrs. Paul had frequently made similar remarks to witness previously and he determined to stand it no longer. He returned to where Mrs. Paul was standing and told her that if she ever did such a thing again he would have her arrested; also that he regretted she was not a man, so that he might treat her as one. At 9 o'clock that night he swore out a warrant, charging her with disorderly conduct.

Mrs. DeWitt corroborated her husband's statements, and said she had always avoided Mrs. Paul in the streets, and would avert her head or look into a shop window when they chance to meet. She had never lately exchanged greetings or words with Mrs. Paul, and had not given the least cause for the warrant which had been issued.

Mrs. Paul was then placed on the stand. She seemed a little embarrassed at first, but soon recovered her composure and told her side of the case as follows: "I attended the matinee at Masonic temple last Saturday with my sister and little son. My boy is very much addicted to slang, and his favorite phrase to be used on all occasions is, 'Ah, there; stay there; if you haven't got a car fare, walk there.' We were walking along Fourth avenue, when my son, Russell, stopped at one of the awning posts. I turned around, and, looking at him, I said, 'Ah, there, Russell.' I happened to turn around, and met Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt. I heard her say to her husband, 'Did you hear that slang?' This made me angry, and shaking my earrings with my hands, I said to her, 'Don't you wish you had them?' Mr. DeWitt came back and shook his hand in my face, and threatened to strike me if I annoyed his wife again. I was very much frightened, and asked Officer Harland, with whom I was personally acquainted, to follow me a few squares in case Mr. DeWitt struck me. I was not molested again, however, until late that night, when I was arrested."

Judge Thompson dismissed the warrant against Mrs. DeWitt, fined Mrs Paul $5, and placed her under bonds of $100 for six months.

A Car Conductor's Strange Career.

Pittsburg Dispatch: A note for $6,000 payable on demand, made out by G. F. Jackson, indorsed by George Westinghouse, jr., on the Masonic bank, was found by Walter Hunter yesterday morning. He is conductor of car No. 23 on the Manchester line, and was making his second trip when he saw a piece of paper on the straw. He picked it up and was about to throw it away, when he discovered it was a note. He told the superintendent of it and telephoned to the Westinghouse office. On his return trip he gave the note to Mr. Westinghouse, who rewarded him and told him that he would see him again.

Mr. Hunter's career, as related by himself, is another example of American life. The farm, next the mansion and again a struggle for existence. A year ago he was worth a comfortable fortune. He was raised in Butler county on a farm, and after he was married became a farmer himself. Oil was found on his property, as also on that of his father's, near by. He put down two or three wells and became rich.

One night he was awakened by a neighbor, who wanted to sell to Mr. Hunter a piece of property adjoining his farm. It was a little over an acre, but there was a comfortable cottage on it. Mr. Hunter got out of bed at the man's call and asked him what he wished. The man said he was in a "hole," and wanted to sell his property. Mr. Hunter replied he did not wish to buy, but the man insisted. He at first asked $600, but finally came down to $300. He had the deed for the transfer with him, and the transaction was completed then and there.

About two months after, when oil had been struck on either side of the little farm, and Mr. Hunter was well fixed, an oil man named Pollack came to him and in an off-handed way asked him if he wished to sell the acre of ground, and what he would take for it. Mr. Hunter said in a joking way he wanted $2,000. He was offered $1,000, but refused. He sold it at $1,300. Mr. Pollack put up a rigging and struck a 140-barrel well. Hunter then went into the livery business, and did a large trade in stock. On this he lost. On one pair of Clyde stock alone he sunk $1,000. Then he commenced to lose in putting down dry wells. After this he went into the oil exchange and in one summer lost $12,000. He would yet have recovered had it not been for two faithful friends for whom, in a business transaction, he went security for $4,200. These men failed and he lost the last money he had.

He came to this city and went to the superintendent of the Manchester line and asked for work. He was still well dressed, and the superintendent growing suspicious, asked why he wished to work on a car line. He told his story, and after getting Jodge Bredin to go his security, went to work on the line. That was on the 4th day of November last. Since that time he has found six pocket-books, one of them containing over $30, and in each case found the owner for them.

A Smuggler's Desperate Swim.

San Francisco Chronicle: The customs officers on guard on the Pacific Mail steamer Gaelic observed yesterday some packages which mysteriously dropped from the porthole to the dock. A man picked them up and disappeared into a closet on the dock. Then there was a competitive race between the inspectors from the vessel's deck to the closet. Captain Holmes and Inspector Ulp reached the goal before Inspector Roberts. It was the work of but a second for Holmes and Ulp to kick down the door of the closet, and they caught the man in the act of concealing a quantity of crude opium in his clothing.

Taking him outside the officers began to search him. They took away five pounds of crude opium which he had concealed under his blouse, when, giving a jerk which nearly landed Ulp in the water, he broke away from that officer and sprang from the dock. Instantly the dock was a scene of excitement. A boat was started in pursuit, but the fugitive crawled upon the rocks under the dock. When the pursuers followed him there he crossed to the east side of the dock, and again plunged into the bay. As the boat was on the other side of the dock he got a good start of his pursuers and swam like a professional. Men were sent out on the ends of the neighboring wharves to seize him if he should attempt to make a landing. Meantime the chase was kept up in boats, but the swimmer gained on his pursuers. Inspector Holmes, from one of the boats, fired a shot over the man's head, but this only increased the speed with which he ploughed through the water. The additional exertion required to produce this last burst of speed soon told on his wind, however, and he gave up the race and made for a wharf, where he accepted a rope from one of the dry-land pursuers and was drawn ashore.

A four-pound bladder of crude opium was found in the water where the man had taken his plunge, and nine tins of prepared opium worth about $70 were picked up on the dock.

Beats Fish Stories.

Fort Meade (Fla.) Pioneer: While on his recent trip out to the lake region, one evening after returning to camp, Mr. Robeson went down to the edge of the lake to quench his thirst, and finding no cup, he bent over on his hand and knees to drink like that portion of Israel's hosts that were sent home from the attack on the army of Gideon. While in that strained attitude he was surprised by a stunning blow where his body made a sharp angle, from the tail of a large "gator," which had been lying near by hitherto unobserved by him. The blow overbalancing his centre of gravity, sent him headlong ten feet into the lake, followed by the "gator," which closed in on him with his ugly jaws, but fortunately the assailant missed his mark, only getting a good hold on Mr. R.'s coat tail. Being a man of unusual physical strength and nerved by great excitement, Mr. Robeson managed to tow his unwieldy and uncomfortable appendage to shallow water, where with the aid of our reporter his 'gatorship was despatched with the use of a heavy axe. We congratulate our neighbor on his narrow escape.

Cremation.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "It is intended to hold an international congress on cremation in September of the present year. The place selected for this gathering of the savants of various countries who are interested in cremation and cemetary hygiene is Milan. French will be the official language of the congress; but the speakers may, if they like, make use of any other language. Reports will be submitted as to the progress made in the practice of cremation in different countries, and the formation of an international league will be proposed. An exhibition of models of crematories, urns and other objects connected with the campaign now being conducted against the present methods of disposing of the dead will be open during the congress."

Old Men in the Treasury.

Of late years the United States treasury has been presided over by comparatively old men. Folger wos 63 years old when he was appointed, Sherman was nearly 60, and Boutwell and Chase were well up in years. Manning was 54, the gray had begun to sprout in Gresham's beard long before Arthur chose him, and McCulloch is an old man. Our first secretaries were younger. Hamilton organized the treasury department at 32. Oliver Wolcott, his successor, was 35, and the first seven secretaries were under 50 at the time of their appointment. Men grew faster in pioneer days. Gallatin was just 40 when he became Jefferson's secretary of the treasury, and after serving fourteen years he was about the age of Manning when first appointed. Dexter, who preceded Gallatin, was 43.

A Miraculous Spring.

A remarkable spring has broken out in Lytle Cave, in the mountains twelve miles south of Abiline, Kansas, on the farm and sheep ranch of Frankinham, in a place where water has not been known before. It is described as a cold spring of excellent water, and coming in this terrible drouth it has caused a sensation in the neighborhood, many regarding it as miraculous. Mr. James Wills, of Abilene, a reliable man, who lived in that locality several years, went out to see the spring, and reports it a wonderful fact.

James Russell Lowell has wearied thus early of this "blawsted country" and will soon return to his beloved England, where he will spend the summer. He will sail from Boston April 21.

STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS.

Startling Manifestations of Mesmerism by Frank Alderman, of Detroit.

MIDNIGHT MURDER MYSTERIES.

While in a Trance He Discovers Perpetrators of Dark Deeds—People and Places Described—Who Can Explain?

Detroit Correspondence New York Sun: In this day of wonderful discoveries, physical and mental, let us stop and ask the nature of the discovery made by Frank R. Alderman, of Detroit, who is generally spoken of at home as "Alderman, the mesmerist." I have attended two of his private entertainments on purpose to give the readers of the Sun something to study over and think about.

Mr. Alderman is a man thirty-seven years of age, five feet nine inches high, and a physiognomist would say that his face exhibited force of will. He has had mesmeric powers since his childhood, but it is only within a couple of years that he has developed what some may term second sight. He discovered some time ago that he could put a subject to sleep and then send his mind, or spiritual half, or imagination, to any part of the country on an errand. On the evening of March 12 I attended a private exhibition at which Mr. Alderman made a new and startling departure. Before proceeding to explain what it was, let me cite some instances of the strange power which he wields through the subject. The subject on this night was a boy of fourteen named Wally Andrus. He is what is termed a susceptible subject. Alderman can draw him across the street by a wave of the hand. He can look at the boy and say to himself, "I want you to come to my house to-morrow night," and the boy will come without further understanding. The lad was placed in an easy chair, a few passes of the hand put him under the influence, and here is the colloquy of the result:

Mr. A.—Wally, I want you to go down to the —— hotel and go up one flight of stairs.

Wally—Yes, sir, I'm there.

"Now turn to your left and go to the second door on the left-hand side. Is there a number on the door?"

"No, sir; there is a letter 'L.'"

"Very well, go inside and tell what you see."

THE MESMERIZED BOY

entered the room and described and accurately located every article of furniture, described every picture, told the time by the clock, and even gave the colors of the gas globes. Neither Mr. Alderman nor the boy had ever entered the hotel. Some of the articles described had been placed in the room only an hour before. He was sent into three different rooms in the same hotel, and he did not make one mistake. The hotel is a mile from the residence where the exhibition was given. He was brought out of the hotel and sent to a residence a mile further a day, and the colloquy went on:

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a house is it?"

"A double brick."

"Are the steps wood or stone?"

"Neither; they are iron."

"Now, go inside. Is there a carpet on the hall floor?"

"No; the floor is bare."

"Where is the piano?"

"To the right."

"There's a square piano, a sofa, chairs, etc."

[He describes everything, even to photographs, and tell the time by the parlor clock.]

"Now, go up stairs. Any one up there?"

"Yes; an Irish woman."

"Ask her name?"

"She wouldn't give it. She wants to know what I'm doing here."

"But ask her name?"

"She says it's Mollie."

QUEER EXPERIMENTS.

Such, in truth, was and is the name of the Irish servant. He afterward located a girl reading at the table, and gave the name of the book in her hand, and next day we verified his statements. One of the gentlemen at the seance owns a salt block at Marine City. At his suggestion the boy was sent up there. He landed on the dock, accurately described every building and then went to the salt block and correctly located the engine room, described the engineer, and went outside and read off a score of signs without making a mistake. He had never been at Marine City, but the smartest man in America could not come away from the town after a stay of three days and describe things as accurately as the boy did.

Then came the new experiment. I suggested to Mr. Alderman to see if the boy could go backward in his mind and see an old occurrence. Three years ago a drug clerk was shot in front of the store by an assasin. I have worked with the police on the case, and I know what has been discovered. I knew who fired the shot, what for, and why he ran to make his escape. A hundred people knew the clerk was dressed when found dead. The experiment was as follows:

"Now, Wally, come up Cass avenue to the Triangle drug store."

"Yes."

"Go inside and tell me who is there." (The boy accurately described the clerk who was there that evening.)

"Ask what has ever happened around here."

"He says that a clerk was shot down in front of the store about three years ago."

"Very well; I want you to go back to that night. Are you there?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is now 11 o'clock at night. Can you see the clerk?"

"Yes; he's in bed."

"Very well. (A pause of ten seconds.) What is he doing now?"

"Some one has called him; he is getting up."

"Follow him and see what he does. Is he down stairs now?"

"Yes, and a man is scolding him."

"What's he saying?"

"He's saying the clerk has made him trouble, and he won't stand it. He's got a revolver, and I'm afraid of him."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"I—I'm afraid!"

"He can't hurt you; go closer."

"Well, he's a——" [Here he gave a perfect description of the man known to have committed the murder.]

"HOW IS THE CLERK DRESSED?"

"He's got on——" [Here he described exactly the dress of the clerk as found and noted by the detectives. He screamed out in terror when the shot was fired, followed the murderer to the river and across to Canada, and there, in the midnight darkness, lost him in a coal yard.] While the experiment of anti-dating was a great success, the boy was so overcome by what he had apparently witnessed that we could get no more work out of him that evening; that is, he was so plainly prostrated that Mr. Alderman would not subject him to further strain. Now, let some skeptic pooh-pooh at what the boy described, and I will convince him. First—While he had doubtless heard of the case, he described things never known to any one but the detectives. Second—He got a perfect description of the man, as the detectives affirm, and only three people knew this description. Third—He gave the cause of the shooting as the detectives understand it, but as known to no one else.

The experiment opened a new field to Mr. Alderman, and it was agreed to have another private exhibition on the evening of the 19th. At his suggestion I went to police headquarters, and hunted up several cases and jotted down dates and particulars. There was present at the exhibition some of the best-known people in Detroit, most of whom came as skeptics. Young Andrus had left the town during the week and gone to Cleveland, and the other boy, Charley Delano, had never been ante-dated. After being placed under the influence, he was sent to the residence of persons present. His first effort was a partial failure, but his second was a great success, and at the third house he told the right name of a domestic. At 11:30 o'clock on that day an overcoat had been stolen from the second floor of a tenement. A little girl described the thief, while the owner of the lost coat described the garment. I wrote everything down to make sure there could be no error. The police held the complaint from publication, and there was no possible way the boy could have learned it. The experiment was begun as follows: "Now, Charley, it is about twenty minutes after 11 this morning.

"ARE YOU THERE?"

"Yes sir."

"Well go up to 359½ Woodward avenue."

"Go in and tell me what you see?"

"Yes."

"Go to the head of the first flight of stairs. Are there any doors?"

"Yes; on the right and left."

"Now, then, watch around there and see what takes place. See any one?"

"Yes, a tall man with a black mustache." [That was the description given the police.]

"What is he doing?"

"Gone into the door to the right. Now he's coming out with an overcoat on his arm."

"Describe the coat."

"It's a brown one with red sleeve linings."

"Well, follow the man."

The description of the overcoat was exactly as the owner gave it to me in writing ten hours before. The boy followed the man two blocks, and then had him turn and come back to the rooms. He did this three different times, and it became plain to us that he lost him in a crowd, and then, like the hound which suddenly loses a trail, returned to a certain point for a fresh start.

The great experiment of the evening was another old murder case. On the night of October 23, 1885, Don Ewer, a well known sporting man whose home was in Port Huron, was murdered in Detroit for his money. As he passed the alley between Larned and Congress streets, on Third, he received a blow from a billy which fractured his skull in a terrible manner. This blow alone would have caused death, but he was dragged into the alley and shot. His money, some $1,600, was then taken, and when people who were investigating the report of pistol arrived on the spot

THE VICTIM WAS DEAD.

To this day the detectives have been unable to secure a clue leading to anything satisfactory. There have been various theories, some of which have been worked and exploded, and others still stand; but no man can say whether one or three persons were in the job, which way they went or give any other details. We find Ewer at a hotel on Jefferson avenue at 9:30 in the evening. From that hour to midnight no man has been found who will say that he saw him again. It is the theory that he was closeted in some place, for reasons which we only guess at. He was to leave the Michigan Central depot soon after 11, but it cannot be found that he went there. It is not known to us whether he was going up or down Third street. As we cannot find where he was for the two hours and a half or three hours, we cannot get the direction from which he came. However, we know that he was hit on the crosswalk and pulled into the alley. This, as I told you, was the first effort to antedate this boy. He was put under the influence and Mr. Alderman began:

"Now, Charley, it is the 23d day of October. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is 1885."

"Yes, sir."

"The time is ten minutes to twelve. Go down Third street to the alley between Congress and Larned streets."

"I'm there."

"What do you see?"

"I see a man lying in wait in the alley. He has his face muffled up. He has a billy in his hand, and in his hip pocket he has a black-handled revolver, six-shooter and thirty-two-calibre."

"Describe the man."

"I can't. His face is hidden."

"Raise the mask. Now, describe him."

"A heavy man with large light moustache."

"Ask him his name."

"He says: 'Boy! you skin out of this or I'll do you up.'"

"Never mind that; he can't hurt you. Now get his name."

"He says it is ——." [I suppress the name for obvious reasons.]

"All right. Any one coming?"

"Yes, a man is coming up the street. He is a lightish man with a black moustache."

"Very well; now what is in the alley?"

"The man who was hiding there has hit the other, knocked him down, and is dragging him in."

"And now?"

"He is taking his money."

"And now?"

"He is running up to Fourth street; now he goes down Fourth to Woodbridge; he goes down Woodbridge to Twelfth. There he meets two men. They look like bums. They ask if he has done it, and he shows 'em Don Ewer's satchel and money. Now they go down to the docks. Now they go aboard a vessel. Now they go down into the hold, and they are cutting the satchel up and throwing the pieces into the river."

"Can you see the name of the vessel?"

"It's pretty dark."

"Never mind; go closer."

"Yes; it is the —— of ——."

"Is the captain on board?"

"Yes; his name is ——. His first name is James."

MURDERER ON THE ICE.

The boy followed the murderer down the lakes aboard the craft to Oswego and back to Buffalo. He gave the name of a street in Buffalo which they traversed. He had one of them arrested for drunkenness and sent up for thirty days. He followed the murderer all winter, and told where he was cutting ice and what company employed him. He was brought down month by month until the murderer shipped aboard a steamer plying between New York and Liverpool. He descended into the fire-hold and again described him, this time with a beard. He asked him what had become of his money, and when the man seemingly inquired what money, the boy, under instructions, replied:

"The money you got when you murdered that man in Detroit."

"What the d—l do you know about a murder in Detroit?" and at this point we ceased the pursuit and brought the boy back to the alley. He declared that the murderer had a revolver, and that three of the chambers were discharged. As matters of fact, known to half a dozen detectives, Don Ewer was first struck on the head and then shot. A cheap pistol, recently discharged, lay beside his body. The shot was heard a block or two away. In this examination the boy neither heard a shot nor the bells strike midnight, as they did about the time the shot was fired. He did not at first find the bullet hole, but when we brought him back he located it exactly, and he accurately described the position of the body. In describing the man in the alley and the one coming up he transposed the persons, or at least their descriptions. His theory is just as plausible as any the detectives have got, and cannot be disputed.

BODY IN THE ALLEY.

The next day I went to the custom house and found that there was such a schooner as he named, and that she was a three-master, as he said. He did not give the correct name of her captain, but as he had to ask others who her captain was they might have deceived him. There was only one person present who knew the exact date of the murder. There was only one person who knew how the body lay when found, and yet when the boy was asked to describe it he readily replied:

"The body lies across the alley with the feet to a fence."

The matter is again in the hands of the detectives, and there are strong hopes that a leading clue has at last been obtained. I can see the skeptic smile as he reads, and for his benefit I will paragraph a few things I have seen these boys do when under the influence:

Describe the style of piano in eleven different houses without making one mistake.

Take books from bookcases and give the correct titles.

Tell the time of night by clocks which had been purposely set back or ahead or stopped altogether.

Describe and give the names of servants.

Describe paintings and steel engravings as accurately as their owners could have done.

Perfectly describe the exterior of buildings, locating doors, and giving the style of roofs.

If it was a series of performances on the stage, where subjects were made to perform feats, one might look for trickery, but here the boy rests in a chair before you, and the very first question to him may be:

"Now, Charley, I want you to go to New York."

"Yes, sir."

"Go up Broadway on Twenty-second street, and down Twenty-second street to No. 160. Now, what sort of a building is it?"

It is a strange, mysterious power, and a stranger mystery. Who can name it?

Personal Paragraphs.

George E. Sherwood is down from Kearney.

Miss Ella McBride, the elocutionist, is at the Windsor.

Miss Edith Stuht has gone to Le Mars, Ia., on a visit.

Jonas Welch, of Columbus, is in the city on business.

Thomas S. Woods, of Cincinnati, is visiting his cousin, E. W. Simeral.

Thomas Swobe, of the Pacific Hotel company, has gone to Laramie City.

W. A. Carter, of Fort Bridger, returned home last evening after a few days' visit ta Omaha.

Among the Nebraskans in the city are J. O. West, of Grand Island; Caimer McCune and James Dunn, of Stromsburg.

B. Beer, of North Platte, is in the city. Mr. Beer states that he is not the author of that standard spring article, which is attracting so much attention just now—bock beer.

A Deceptive Mask.

W. R. Travers was a great wit and humorist, but like so many other men of funny propensities his face wore a very sober expression. Artemus Ward, the funniest man of the century, had a positively lugubrious countenance. The human face often, after all, is nothing but a deceptive mask.

That Tired Feeling

Is so general at this season that every one knows what is meant by the expression. A change of season, climate, or of life, has such a depressing effect upon the body that one feels all tired out, almost completely prostrated, the appetite is lost and there is no ambition to do anything. The whole tendency of the system is downward. In this condition Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, overcomes the tired feeling, and invigorates every function of the body. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For many months I suffered greatly. My whole system seemed to be entirely run down, my ambition was gone, had pains in my back, and a feeling of lassitude which I could not throw off. I was treated unsuccessfully for kidney trouble. One day at my brother's I saw a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and determined to try it. Before the first bottle was taken I can candidly say I was relieved. I have used the medicine off and on ever since, and recommend it for kidney or liver complaints.—MRS. W. H. SURANO, 937 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. B. If you have made up your mind to get Hood's Sarsaparilla do not take any other.

"My son suffered from spring debility and loss of appetite, and was restored to health as soon as he began to take our favorite medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. We recommend it to all our friends." MRS. THALIA E. SMITH, Scipioville, N. Y.

"I suffered considerably, being for nearly a year troubled with indigestion. I am now on my fourth bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and never felt better in my life. It has made a new man of me."—H. M. HILLMAN, Des Plaines Street Police Station, Chicago, Ill.

Makes the Weak Strong

"Two months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as an experiment, as I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several different kinds of medicine, without receiving any benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite was restored, and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well in my life." MRS. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease. Now is the time to take it.

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Parties advertising in these columns and having the answers addressed in care of THE BEE will please ask for a check to enable them to get their letters, as none will be delivered except on presentation of check. All answers to advertisements should be enclosed in envelopes.

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