

WORK FOR THE COMMISSION

The Live Stock Board Kept Busy During the Past Quarter.

BASELESS FEARS OF GLANDERS.

People Who Put the Commission to Trouble and Expense Without Cause—A Convict For Life—Legislative Expenses.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.] The books of the live stock commission show that active work has been the order in the first quarter of the year ending July 1. The work has been almost entirely confined to horse diseases, especially glanders, and the statistical record kept shows that out of the 250 and upward cases or complaints recorded that only ten of them are complaints of cattle. It has been demonstrated by the commission that fully one-half the cases to which their attention is called are groundless, and that people are not careful enough in their judgment before sending post-haste for the state veterinarian and commission. On the first day of April there were 143 complaints filed with the commission, and since that time, until July 1, 112 additional cases have been filed, making a total of cases for action in the three months of 255, located in sixty-four of the different counties of the state. The commission have examined and passed upon 136 cases since the first of April, which leaves a balance of 119 complaints unanswered July 1. The cases visited and examined were distributed by counties as follows: Adams 8, Boone 1, Cass 1, Crawford 1, Cummings 1, Antelope 7, Sherman 1, Saline 7, Cedar 1, Boone 2, Dawson 1, Kearney 5, Harlan 1, Thayer 8, Phelps 5, Richardson 5, Knox 7, Butler 5, Jefferson 5, Buffalo 1, Cheyenne 1, Park 1, Butler 8, Howard 3, Furnas 3, Hayes 3, Custer 2, Hitchcock 3, Nockolls 2, Nance 5, Dawes 3, Red Willow 1, Dodge 1, Brown 4, Wayne 1, Lancaster 1, Douglas 3, Colfax 1.

Under the new law, owners of diseased horses that have to be killed receive an indemnity for the same. Of the cases examined eighty-five head of horses were condemned and the owners were ordered to pay two years and ten months, and on Saturday Fitzsimmons was a free man again. It will be remembered that some three years ago a girl named Belle Hilditch, who had been confined in the penitentiary for the murder of her father, was shot by a man named Joe Pulitzer in a saloon. The jury, however, found him guilty of manslaughter and recommended that he be confined in the penitentiary for five years. His friends have been active for his pardon for some time.

A CONVICT PARDONED. On Saturday last Governor Thayer commuted the sentence of one Henry E. Adams, from five years imprisonment to two years and ten months, and on Saturday Fitzsimmons was a free man again. It will be remembered that some three years ago a girl named Belle Hilditch, who had been confined in the penitentiary for the murder of her father, was shot by a man named Joe Pulitzer in a saloon. The jury, however, found him guilty of manslaughter and recommended that he be confined in the penitentiary for five years. His friends have been active for his pardon for some time.

On the first day of July the world was celebrating and everyone was enjoying a holiday, the gates of the penitentiary opened to receive Charles H. Richards, of Dundis county, who enters the prison on a life term for the murder of a woman. The record shows that he is a man sixty years of age, sent to the penitentiary for murder; that his business was in the mercantile line and that he had a family and relatives in Texas. The record showed that he belonged to no church, that he was a democrat and was at one time a soldier in the confederate army.

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THE IRISH SOCIETY MEETING. The regular semi-monthly meeting of the Lincoln branch of the Irish National League was held Sunday afternoon in Fitzgerald hall. The place was crowded to the doors, and a premium. Patrick Egan presided at the meeting, and the exercises commenced with several choice vocal selections that were loudly applauded. The speaker of the day was the commission man of Plattsmouth, who spoke of the Irish question from the home standpoint, and his speech was declared by those present to be one of the most able and eloquent ever delivered before the league. Mr. Hartigan returned home yesterday.

HOW THE MONEY GOES. The auditor of public accounts has made a complete statement as required by the appropriation act, and made and money expended by the twentieth session of the legislature that recently held up the state of Nebraska. These figures were elucidated in a somewhat singular and amusing way during the session, but if any taxpayer wants to have something comprehensive before him to answer why taxes are high, he should read a copy of this. The expenses of the members of the legislature for the session reach a very large figure, and the committee clerks see the bills of proof readers they will be surprised at their own moderation.

TWO FIRES. Yesterday, about 2 p. m., when the thermometers were registering an even hundred in the shade, the fire alarm called the department out in hot haste and it was found that two fires were in progress at the same time, one at E and Sixth streets and the other at Pine and Eighth streets. As they were removed from the business portion of the city the danger was not great, and the losses slight. It was a refreshing time for the boys to handle hose however.

POLICE COURT. When Superintendent Thompson of the B. & M. Co. was informed that a switchman he immediately offered \$50 reward for the arrest of the man committing the deed. Three policemen made the arrest and the trial was in progress yesterday. Six plain drunks also were arraigned before the judge as the result of the Saturday night and Sunday round up.

A WESTERN CATTLE KING. Facts about "Nels" Morris and His Business. Chicago Mail: Nelson Morris, the marvelously thrifty and far-sighted dressed-beef packer and butcher, is quite as well known and perhaps more talked about than any of the big millionaire barons at the stock yards excepting Armour. He has many peculiarities and eccentricities of manner that any of the rest, and those coupled with a remarkable high pitched tenor voice, that gives a certain grotesque effect to his witticisms, no doubt account for the many humorous stories that are told of him. No one could fully appreciate the witticisms of Bill Travers, the stammering Wall street waltzer, without hearing him, so with "Nels" Morris, one must hear the peculiar piping of that voice to thoroughly appreciate some of the shrewd observations he makes.

Morris is entirely self-made, and many are the traditions that float about the yards about his "slaying" "em up," and shouting, "Ere a yer! Kneebone! Kneebone!" all about the stock yards "strike" not a vast number of years ago. Another story is that his first deals in live stock were made by long foot journeys into the country, where he would strike a bar-

gain the animal to the yards, where, by good talking, a handsome profit would be realized for his services. But there may be fiction in some of these things. There is, however, no fiction in the fact that he began on nothing, was industrious, economical, active, street, persistent, and able to push ahead in the face of discouragement; that he was of too strong and sanguine a temperament to collapse at the first blast of opposition; that having got the ball rolling in the right direction, he kept it rolling till it rolled him up a fortune. Horace Greeley used to say that any man capable of managing a business could make a fortune, if, after starting it with his own hands he set other hands to work for him. No man gives more attention to the details of his business than Morris.

JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT.

The Charming Scenery Surrounding the Peak Which Bears the Martyr's Name.

THE HOME OF HIS CHILDREN.

Two Sons Who Inherit Some of the Characteristics of Their Father—How They Live—Interesting Reminiscences.

PARADENA, Cal. [Correspondence New York Commercial Advertiser.]—The first peak of the lofty Sierra cañons, girdling at the Arroyos Seca cañon, opposite Pasadena, has been named after John Brown, and is known as Brown's peak. About its base overlooking the San Gabriel valley, are the homes of his sons and their descendants, who, to the number of thirteen, have made their homes here. The selection of this site shows the inherent love for the mountains possessed by these people. A more charming spot it would be difficult to find in all southern California. The Sierra Madre range is perhaps one of the most impenetrable mountain systems in the country, consisting of several parallel ranges forty or fifty miles wide, and forming a perfect maze of canons and deep gulches, leading in every possible direction. The winter rains have made the canons and intervals of a few miles all but impassable, and the only way of crossing open into the San Gabriel valley.

At the base of Brown's peak there are three of these cañons; the Arroyos Seca, Millard and Negro, which, in their course, surround a plateau extending down to the peak and leaving it isolated and alone, reached only by riding down into the deep cañon and ascending the other side, up which a carriage trail creeps. The rugged, high and rocky, and remarkable for its dryness, is Las Cañetas, laid out as a park of homes, and abounding in some of the most charming scenery to be found in the entire range.

Some of the exaggerative, superstitious kind of people have reckoned the wealth of "Nels" Morris at \$15,000,000, but it is far less than that. Yet he is rich enough to smoke better cigars than he does. One day he was called on by a couple of newsmen, who had just returned from a party always guarded and reticent to reporters. But he never fails to offer them cigars, which he produces by some sort of thaumaturgy from an inner pocket, as if they had been selected for him by the gods. On this occasion the proffered cigars were wrapped in tin foil and resembled 50 centers.

"Now boys," piped "Nels," "you oughtn't to smoke these cigars out of doors; they are too fine, and it's raining; they'll lose their flavor."

After the tin foil had been removed and the cigars lit they grew soft and flabby, but they made an excellent smoke in a green Wheeling stogie. But after all they were the right sort of cigars to impress grangers and cowboys, when one has business with them about the stock yards.

The rich packer is an Austrian, and a good deal such a man as Joe Pulitzer in enterprise. He is diminutive in size and very democratic in dress—wears a slouch hat and rough-and-ready sack suit of cloth. He has a luxurious home out on Indiana avenue, where a grand reception and welcome was given in honor of the return of his two sons from Europe a few evenings ago.

CHINESE EXECUTIONS.

Chopping Off Heads of Criminals at the Rate of Ten a Minute.

"How do you use this sword? Where is the block?" "We don't use a block. We do it into make the prisoners kneel down in two rows facing one another, and bending their heads down. Then I take the sword and chop, chop, one on each side, and the heads fall off. The family and relatives in Texas, the record showed that he belonged to no church, that he was a democrat and was at one time a soldier in the confederate army.

"What is the knife for?" "For the ling che, or death by many cuts. We tie the culprit who is condemned to this death to that cross there and cut two rough unsharpened sticks roughly crossed, and we begin by cutting off the eyelids, ears, nose and so on, ending by sticking the knife into his heart. The cuts vary in number from eight to 120, according to the heinousness of the culprit's crime."

"What class of criminals are condemned to the ling che?" "Farricides, matricides and women who have killed or mangled their husbands from the majority."

"Do the executioners interfere with your appetite and sleep?" "The three executioners grinned sardonically at this question, and one of them said: "How many persons have you executed in a day?" "I have chopped twenty heads off myself in two minutes. See that dark looking fellow in the group over there; that was caused by the blood of the last batch we had."

"What is done with the bodies?" "The friends take the bodies away, but we keep the heads in the crooks over by the wall there, and when we have a large number which are no longer recognizable we bury them. Would you like to see some of the heads?"

"These children of John Brown notably practice justice, but carry it out to such an extent that this has probably kept them poor. That they are honored by their neighbors it need hardly be said. When the boycott on the Chinese was declared here in 1886, the Brown were at once on the side of the weaker, and Jason informed me that he was going to Los Angeles to employ a Chinaman, for the sake of the example or principle, if nothing more, even if he had to be obliged to earn the money to pay him. The last time I visited the slopes of Brown's peak, an almond-eyed Mongolian was at work, whether as a result of the oppression or not, I did not inquire.

COLORED MEN'S GRATITUDE. Within a week some colored people of Pasadena got up a benefit for the family, and the occasion was one of great interest historically. The Browns and their families all sat together, and were presented to the audience. The gentleman who introduced them, though not wanting notoriety, had it thrust upon him, as when the ceremony was over Owen Brown rose to his feet, and after telling how his father joined the temperance party, said: "Now I want to say a word for my friend Mr. Harper. His house was always open to us when we were doing the good work, and it was he who made some of the pikes that were sent to Harper's Ferry to be used in freeing

slaves. This secret coming out so many years after created no little sensation among the gentlemen's friends. In the streets, parks, and elsewhere, we were less interested in the "underground railroad." The Giddings family were all present, among them Joshua Giddings, the old abolitionist so long in congress. A strong, bold, and able man, he was here to-night out of curiosity, as my father often helped slaves that John Brown passed along toward freedom."

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THE BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY. One cannot converse with these men five minutes without seeing that the mantle of the father has fallen upon the sons. Their ideas of justice are wide and singular to the average man, for the simple reason that they are utterly at variance with justice as we meet it every day. A few examples of their philosophy will show their character. One of them considered it right to take interest on money loaned. Some time ago, when some friends raised some money to buy them a cow and the check was presented, they protested that there were others who had the money and it was their earnest desire that the money should be sent to the colored sufferers from the earthquake that occurred in Charleston at about that time. When the Grant army men visited Pasadena in the summer of 1896, the Browns were taken in a carriage, a rope attached to the pole, and dragged through the town amid the playing of patriotic airs—much to their confusion as no more than a soldier and retreating soldier. They found occasion to suggest three cheers for the south, and Jason has often told the writer that while they consider that their father was murdered they have the slightest cause for rejoicing in the south, understanding exactly how bitter the feeling was at the time.

They consider that their father died that freedom might live, and that he himself considered his death was an offering to the cause is shown in his will, which were, in effect, that it would do more to help the cause than any further action of his life.

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New York Graphic: He leaned carelessly against the iron railing on the Twenty-eighth street side of the Gilsey house, just in the shadow of the hotel. He was dressed in a neat business suit of mixed goods, wore a white derby of the low crowned style, smoked his cigar with evident relish, and had the general air of a well-to-do man about town, who knew the good things of this world and enjoyed them. A stranger would have taken him for one of the guests of the Gilsey—but he was not—he was simply Inspector Byrnes, and what he was doing there at 8 o'clock in the early summer evening last week, standing quietly in the darkness of the street, was provided to-day. Yet, as the big world drifted by along Broadway and under the glare of the electric lights, showing every man and woman's countenance to the watchful, placid man in the shadows, the inspector dropped into one of his pleasant chatty moods, and between the wreaths of his cigar smoke told something of the life that surrounds him every day.

"No one knows how much watchfulness and continual care are required to keep up successfully with the patience, energy, talent and new methods of the thieves of New York. Their system of work against which we provided to-day is repeated to-morrow by a newer and more intricate scheme which has been evolved from the inventive brain of some talented crook. The community looks to us for the only way to prevent the commission of the crime, but in a large part expect us to prevent crime. To do this in any successful way entails upon me and my officers a thorough and continuous study of the habits and customs of the thieves, their special aptitudes and peculiarities, and their general haunts and lounging places. How do we attain this knowledge? In the simplest way possible, by preceding daily association with these thieves and law-breakers of high and low degree. It sounds strange doesn't it, and yet it is true that there is not a day of my life but I spend a couple of hours among that class of people. I remember how such a statement as I now make was received by Theodore Roosevelt when he had me before his investigating committee. He asked me what I considered the qualifications of a good detective, and I enumerated youth, energy, courage, enterprise, good sense, and an acquaintance with thieves and their methods. What said Mr. Roosevelt? He was considerably intimant with the criminal classes one of the essential qualifications of your officers," I replied that I most certainly did, and added that there was no day that I did not pass some of my time among thieves. "Do you include to-day?" said Mr. Roosevelt. "I do," I answered, "for looking into the big audience, I can see several men I have helped send to Sing Sing for various crimes. The explanation seemed to satisfy the young lawyer, and he asked me no further on that point. Yet the necessity of this acquaintance with thieves ought to be a good thing, for it is a good thing, and I do not go to William M. Everts, nor to Archbishop Corrigan, nor to Rev. Howard Crosby to discover who stole it. I must go among thieves, and to be able to detect and get back your work, you must have the knowledge I speak about. Why don't take a vacation? Well, I'll tell you. Every time I go out of town, for a few hours, I feel an irresistible impulse to get back. It seems to me that I must be needed. Go to Europe? No, no! My dear fellow, if ever they get me out of place of land they will have to put handcuffs on me!"

LUXURY RUM WILD.

What It Costs to Dress a Fashionable Young Man.

New York Letter: I was in an up town haberdashery's shop the other day, and in the course of a half hour's conversation I learned considerable about the personal decorations of a dude. A modest request to look at some robes de chambre that started the proprietor, and he took a glance at my golden locks and produced a box, remarking: "Here is something which will suit your complexion."

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The New York Detective Talks About His Profession.

New York Graphic: He leaned carelessly against the iron railing on the Twenty-eighth street side of the Gilsey house, just in the shadow of the hotel. He was dressed in a neat business suit of mixed goods, wore a white derby of the low crowned style, smoked his cigar with evident relish, and had the general air of a well-to-do man about town, who knew the good things of this world and enjoyed them. A stranger would have taken him for one of the guests of the Gilsey—but he was not—he was simply Inspector Byrnes, and what he was doing there at 8 o'clock in the early summer evening last week, standing quietly in the darkness of the street, was provided to-day. Yet, as the big world drifted by along Broadway and under the glare of the electric lights, showing every man and woman's countenance to the watchful, placid man in the shadows, the inspector dropped into one of his pleasant chatty moods, and between the wreaths of his cigar smoke told something of the life that surrounds him every day.

"No one knows how much watchfulness and continual care are required to keep up successfully with the patience, energy, talent and new methods of the thieves of New York. Their system of work against which we provided to-day is repeated to-morrow by a newer and more intricate scheme which has been evolved from the inventive brain of some talented crook. The community looks to us for the only way to prevent the commission of the crime, but in a large part expect us to prevent crime. To do this in any successful way entails upon me and my officers a thorough and continuous study of the habits and customs of the thieves, their special aptitudes and peculiarities, and their general haunts and lounging places. How do we attain this knowledge? In the simplest way possible, by preceding daily association with these thieves and law-breakers of high and low degree. It sounds strange doesn't it, and yet it is true that there is not a day of my life but I spend a couple of hours among that class of people. I remember how such a statement as I now make was received by Theodore Roosevelt when he had me before his investigating committee. He asked me what I considered the qualifications of a good detective, and I enumerated youth, energy, courage, enterprise, good sense, and an acquaintance with thieves and their methods. What said Mr. Roosevelt? He was considerably intimant with the criminal classes one of the essential qualifications of your officers," I replied that I most certainly did, and added that there was no day that I did not pass some of my time among thieves. "Do you include to-day?" said Mr. Roosevelt. "I do," I answered, "for looking into the big audience, I can see several men I have helped send to Sing Sing for various crimes. The explanation seemed to satisfy the young lawyer, and he asked me no further on that point. Yet the necessity of this acquaintance with thieves ought to be a good thing, for it is a good thing, and I do not go to William M. Everts, nor to Archbishop Corrigan, nor to Rev. Howard Crosby to discover who stole it. I must go among thieves, and to be able to detect and get back your work, you must have the knowledge I speak about. Why don't take a vacation? Well, I'll tell you. Every time I go out of town, for a few hours, I feel an irresistible impulse to get back. It seems to me that I must be needed. Go to Europe? No, no! My dear fellow, if ever they get me out of place of land they will have to put handcuffs on me!"

LUXURY RUM WILD.