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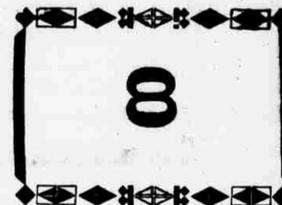
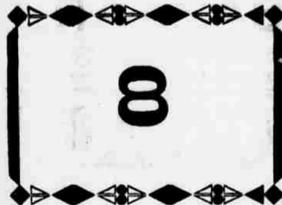
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**BORDER RUFFIAN HASCALL.**

**Isaac S. Hascall's Career in Kansas and Missouri.**

**A RAMPANT DISUNIONIST.**

**Driven Out of Kansas by Loyal Union Men and Hidden by Bushwhackers Near Rushville, Mo.**

A Matter of Record.  
A few days ago a prominent merchant, who formerly resided in Missouri, returned from a visit to his old home. In talking about the incidents of his trip he remarked: "I was very much amused over a talk I had with some rampant old confederate near Rushville. One of them asked whether Isaac S. Hascall was still on deck at Omaha, and when I told him that he was, he said: "He's a staunch old democrat, and a man we admire."

This reminiscence of Hascall as related by the Omaha merchant was promptly followed up by this Bee and a reliable correspondent at Atchison was directed to interview the old settler at Atchison and Rushville and report what he could learn with reference to Hascall's life on the Missouri-Kansas border. Following is the report:

**BORDER RUFFIAN LAWYER.**  
ATCHISON, Kas., Oct. 30.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Judge S. H. Glenn, one of the oldest settlers in Atchison, was called on and asked if he had ever known Isaac S. Hascall, and what he knew of his early reputation, he said:

"I came here in 1859. Isaac S. Hascall was here then engaged in the law business with another pro-slavery man by the name of Herford, the style of the firm being Herford & Hascall. He was a rabid secessionist, and loudly boasted that he was a rebel of the deepest dye. On the sign, hung outside his office, were the words, 'Border Ruffian Lawyer.' The associates he seemed to cultivate were men of that class, the bushwhackers from Missouri, with whom he always endeavored to stand in sympathy. I believe, came originally from New York state, and avowed himself as a democrat. In '61 he was the democratic candidate for the mayoralty of Atchison, and had for an opponent Captain George H. Fairchild. About this time a large number of democrats from the north came in, who were 'free soldiers' or nothing. Hascall was universally despised by all free soil democrats in the vicinity, to say nothing of the republican element, and Hascall was overwhelmedly defeated by the joined forces. At this time there was a South Carolina pro-slavery law firm named Carr & Headley doing business here, who had come out to endeavor to make Kansas a slave state. These men Hascall, with others of his ilk, including a large mob of Missourians, joined forces with, and one day early in '61 the loyal inhabitants armed themselves, and drove Hascall and his gang out of the state. Hascall's property was confiscated. The house, a brick structure, still stands on Second street in this city. I believe though Hascall afterwards got a small sum of money out of it. Hascall was personally one of the most offensive men I ever met. His legal attainments were of the 'po-

lice court rustler' stamp, and that was about all the practice he had here. I never heard of his shooting anyone in this part of the country; in fact, he was too cowardly to do anything of that sort. I don't think he did any actual fighting for the south; all the fighting he cared to do was with his mouth. So he is a republican now. Well, it only bears out my constant opinion of the man. Entirely without principle, deceitful, and always looking out for Hascall first."

Major Crowell, who was an United States postoffice inspector in Kansas and Missouri in early days, was seen and asked if he had known Hascall in 1859 and 1860. He replied: "Yes, I distinctly remember Hascall. He drove him out of this country at the point of the revolver. He was a great blow hard in his views on the slavery question; a rank rebel, and always shouting it. I never heard of his shooting anyone down here; it might have occurred back somewhere in the state, if he did so, as I know of everyone who was killed along the river during those troublous times. You see Hascall was hand and glove with a pretty hard crowd of rebel sympathizers, and although a northern democrat, was as rabid as any southerner in the mob of bushwhackers who came across the river. So in '61 we determined to clear them all off Kansas soil. Any man who would not shout 'Hurrah for Lincoln' had to go. They didn't want to, but they saw we meant business, and they went, quick too."

Your correspondent went to Rushville, Mo., a town of about six hundred inhabitants, and met some of the old settlers. Rushville, during the war, was a rebel hot-bed and was a bushwhacker headquarters. To this day the sentiments of the men who were slaveholders before the war are distinctly rebellious. A letter of introduction to Uncle Billy Wells, as he is called, paved the way to further introductions. Mr. Wells was asked if he knew Hascall: "Know him? I should say I did! When he left Kansas he came over to us, and lived for six months or more in that little house on the hill, and he pointed to an unpretentious house not far away."

"What were his politics then?" "He was a good democrat, sir, and a fervent pro-slavery man, as we all were. He went with me to the Leocompton convention and helped frame the constitution." "At this juncture Al. Fenton, an old settler and a man of considerable means, strolled up whittling a pine stick, and listened to the conversation. "Did you know of Hascall's ever having killed a man in Kansas in 1861, Mr. Wells?" "Yes, sir," broke in Mr. Fenton, "it was claimed that he was the man who shot old man Hartman."

Uncle Billy was much annoyed at this interruption, and excitedly denied this. Mr. Fenton saw he had made a mistake, and nervously exasperated into the road. "No, sir," thundered Uncle Billy, "regard Mr. Hascall as a high-minded, high-toned gentleman, and when he was among us he was very popular." "Did Hascall avow himself to be a rebel, Mr. Wells?" "Yes, sir, he did. It wasn't very healthy in Rushville for a union man at that time." "By this time a crowd of village loafers and lank Missourians, with a pig and a couple of yellow dogs, gathered about Uncle Billy and the reporter, and the conversation became general. Many of the older men remembered Hascall, and they all expressed admiration for the man's noble qualities and his democratic principles. When told that he was a republican, their disgust was manifest. One old gentleman said: "Well, I'll be gosh darned!" and wandered off, wagging his head sadly. On the Missouri side of the river the people who had known Hascall all spoke highly of him until informed of his republicanism."

**HASCALL'S FERRON.**  
After this letter had reached THE BEE OF

does a reporter was directed to interview Hascall personally and get his side of the story:

In one of his haunts on Farnam street Hascall, surrounded by a crowd of thirsty councilmen and politicians, was purchasing round after round of beer.

He was called to one side and asked, "Were you in Kansas or Missouri in 1859 or 1861?" "Yes," he replied, "I was."

"What were your politics in those days Mr. Hascall?" "I was a republican then as now. My father was a staunch democrat, but I have always been a republican."

"Did you ever profess sympathy with the south before or during the war?" "No, sir. I was a union man and a good, true one, sir."

"Did you have anything to do with killing a man by the name of Hartman in 1861, Mr. Hascall?" "I don't know, sir. I'll tell you about that case. You see Hartman committed suicide at St. Joe. He was a noted jayhawker and horse thief, and was shot one night by a party, that's all."

When asked about his "border ruffian lawyer" sign, he laughed and said it was merely a joke. "The same, you know," he said, "as if some of my friends were to come up to me and say, 'Hello, you old rascal.'" This smile was too much for the reporter, and he burst out laughing, in which Mr. Hascall joined.

"Now, young man," he continued, "if you want to know anything of my antecedents I can refer you to a dozen men." He then called the names of two or three men who are known to be strong friends of his, with whom he has political connections.

Mr. Hascall then joined his party, but shortly returned, bringing with him a man of about thirty-five years of age, whom he said had known him all his life. He was introduced to the reporter, and said he was a farmer from Iowa. He immediately stated that he had known Hascall all his life, and had known his father well. He was asked the political belief of Hascall's father. "He was a republican all his life, I knew him well."

"You are sure he was a republican?" asked the reporter. "Yes, I am sure of it; he was always a republican."

This was somewhat of a shock to the reporter, as Hascall himself had said, but a few moments before, that his father had always been a democrat.

"Did you ever know Hascall in Kansas?" he was asked. "Oh, yes; I knew him at Ashton," he replied. "Don't you mean Atchison?" "No, I think it was Ashton."

The scintilla had evidently not been thoroughly posted before he was brought in to be interviewed, and this was so palpable that the reporter wasted no further time on him, and he was hidden "good day."

union man! I heard a great many secession and copperhead speakers both north and south at the outbreak of the war, but never in all my life did I hear such venomous, malignant and treasonable talk as I heard Hascall make in the first speech he delivered at the old Douglas county court house. He denounced Lincoln and the great leaders of the union in terms that were so shocking and depraved that I could not bear to listen to them, and left the hall with many others indignant and disgusted.

**THE STORY CONTINUED.**  
A very intimate and close friend of Hascall's, whose name is withheld by request, was next seen, and told the story of Hascall's life in Kansas and Missouri. It confirmed the story of his career as a pro-slavery border ruffian leader. It told of the flight into Missouri, and the residence there for six months. The bushwhackers of Missouri were in Atchison constantly, and Hascall is said to have been with them night after night, neglecting his wife and home. The night Hartman was shot it is claimed that Hascall was in the party, but whether he himself shot the man is not known.

The statement that Hascall, with other treason-plotters, were driven out of Atchison finally by the union element of the population, was also confirmed, and his denial refuted beyond a reasonable doubt.

**The "Q" Going to the Coast.**  
New York Times: It is stated that some important extensions which the Burlington company has long had in contemplation will be carried out during the coming year. The work would have been begun long ago but for the great strike last May. Now that the Burlington has largely recovered from the effects of that disturbance it is preparing to resume its westward march and push to completion its through route to the Pacific coast.

It is hinted that one of the improvements to be made during the year will be the changing of the grade of the Denver, Utah and Pacific to the standard width and the extension of the line northward through Fort Collins to Larimer City.

There are geographical reasons for believing that the Burlington will build its transcontinental line by way of Fort Collins. The system covers a large strip of country 400 or 500 miles wide, due west, with three parallel lines and many intersecting lines. The southern parallel line runs to Denver, the northern into Wyoming and is known as the Broken Bow route, and the central is the new line that runs from Holdrege, Neb., due west to Sterling, Col., and then due west in the direction of Fort Collins to within 50 miles of that point, where it takes a sharp turn and runs northwesterly to Cheyenne.

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A party who knew Hascall's father during the war stated last night that he was not only a rank copperhead and rebel sympathizer, but had been accused of organizing a lodge of the Knights of the Golden Circle. These knights in New York, as in Indiana and in the northern border states, were like the Tories of the revolution, disloyal and plotters against the government.

**FRANCONIA'S TALK.**  
An old resident of Omaha, who was interviewed by the reporter, said in substance: "When Hascall came here he had letters of introduction from Missouri rebel sympathizers to J. M. Woolworth, James G. Mcgath and others as a man who was entitled to help from staunch democrats. He was appointed probate judge at the instance of leading democrats, and was outspoken in his disloyalty. The idea of Hascall pretending that he was a

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**Hosford's Acid Phosphate.**  
Beware of imitations.

**HASCALL CLIMBED A TRANSOM**

**An Interesting Chapter of Nebraska History.**

**BUYING FORGED LETTERS.**

**A Great Plot Concocted by a Brace of Rascals Knocked Into a Cockeyed Hat and Exploited.**

**Bogus Affidavit Making.**

The senatorial contest of 1876 was, as everybody remembers, one of the most exciting political struggles that has ever taken place in Nebraska. The state was torn up by two republican factions—Hitchcock and anti-Hitchcock. The late Senator Hitchcock was candidate for re-election, and against him was pitted the famous quintette—Saunders, Manderson, Cowin, Briggs and Crouse. Hitchcock and the Ins had full control of the federal patronage, owing to the defection of ex-Senator Tipton. Besides this federal contingent the Hitchcock faction had for its powerful ally the Union Pacific railway, with its array of politicians. The anti-Hitchcock forces were more or less supported by the Burlington road, which at that time was at sword-points with the Union Pacific over the question of operating with it on traffic west of Kearney, then the B. & M. terminus.

**FRANCONIA PAPER.**  
Soon after the legislature met in January, 1877, Hitchcock's confidential lieutenants began to exhibit to members of the legislature a batch of letters signed by Mr. C. E. Perkins, president of the Burlington road, directed to T. M. Marquet, its general attorney, in which the latter was instructed to support Briggs and Saunders and supply them with all the necessary funds to elect one or the other to the senate. There were also certain pretended cipher dispatches that purported to have passed between Perkins and Marquet, all of which were confirmatory of a

**CONSPIRACY TO CORRUPT**  
the legislature. These documents were accompanied by an affidavit from one Flannigan, private secretary of the president of the Burlington road, vouching for the genuineness of all the papers, and adding testimony of his own as to what he had overheard in his confidential position. As soon as Saunders and Briggs became aware that these papers were being secretly circulated among members of the legislature, they publicly denounced it as an

**INFAMOUS PLOT**  
to blacken their reputation, and President Perkins, of the Burlington road, telegraphed from Chicago that his name had been forged, and the Flannigan affidavit was a piece of rank perjury. This explosion and the flight of Flannigan from the country, was followed by an investigation through the legislature. The testimony taken before the legislative committee brought out the fact that Flannigan had been paid \$200 for the forged letters and false affidavit. The parties to the transaction were R. O. Adams, who, three years later, was indicted for and convicted

of embezzlement in the Deadwood postoffice, and Isaac S. Hascall, who at that time was playing political boss in the Second ward. Hascall's testimony before the investigating committee was to the effect that Adams and himself had arranged a meeting with Flannigan and consummated the bargain one Saturday night. The certificate of Flannigan's affidavit being dated on Sunday, Hascall was cross-questioned as to why it was sworn to on Sunday. This brought out the fact that the trio had been unable to pro-

duce a notarial seal the day previous and Hascall went with them to the United States court house, and finding the clerk's office locked, he

**CLIMBED THE TRANSOM,**  
struck a match in the room, and soon took possession of the seal belonging to the clerk of the United States court, which was made use of on the occasion.

This testimony was corroborated by Adams, who claimed to have assumed the responsibility and risk attending this plot. Being a private citizen, Hascall got off without prosecution, but the method by which he got possession of the seal and the forged documents and fraudulent affidavit show what he is willing to resort to when he has an end to accomplish. The testimony taken during this memorable investigation was printed in pamphlet form and given wide circulation at the time, but like many other chapters in Hascall's history, has almost been forgotten, even by those who were on the ground.

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**SOME FUNNY THINGS.**

**The Fly and the Statesman.**

Detroit Free Press: Once upon a Time, as a Statesman was writing out a great speech on the Tariff Question, a Fly began Buzzing about his head and face in a Most Annoying Manner, and this was kept up so long that the Statesman finally lost his patience and indulged in some Forcible Language.

"Ah! but who would Believe that a Great Man like you would be put out by a Little Insect like me!" sneered the Fly.

"It's your smallness that so Provokes me," replied the Statesman. "If you were an Ox or a Horse I would suffer no ridicule by losing my Temper and Driving you Away. Let me give way and Fight a Fly and everybody would Laugh at me."

**MORAL:**

Ward Strikers can safely Insult and Malign Congressional Nominees.

**The Parrot and the Owl.**

Detroit Free Press: The question having arisen, "Why Do We Eat?" the Parrot Challenged the Owl to a Discussion and left the Decision to the Serpent. The Parrot went back several Thousand years to Prove that Adam Ate and was Obligated to Eat, and that all Men who came after him had been Obligated to eat, and used up the best part of two hours in drawing comparisons, Making Deductions, and Clinching His Points. When he finally sat down wet with Perspiration, but Flattered by his own Arguments, the Serpent asked the Owl to begin.

"Gentlemen," said the Bird, as he slowly arose, "I have only a word to say. It is my Opinion that we Eat because we were Built that way."

The Serpent Promptly Decided that the Owl had the best of it, and when the Parrot raised a howl over it the Fox chuckled him under the wing and said: "Blab is a good thing, but Brevity and Common Sense most always hit a Jury."

**MORAL:**

If some Lawyers were Dumb they would double their Patronage.

**The Nail and the Hammer.**

Detroit Free Press: A Nail which was About to be Driven into a Board complained to the Hammer:

"Ah! but have you no Feelings? Behold how straight and smooth and handsome I am, and then think of the Fate to which you would consign me!" "My Friend," replied the Hammer, "as he made ready to Drive, 'as a Nail lying around loose you will be kicked Aside by all, and in a short time Rust would deprive you of your Strength and Beauty. As a Nail helping to hold

this Board to the House you have a Mission and are Depended on."

**An Idle Man is of No Account, even to Himself.**

**Uncle Sandy.**  
Detroit Free Press: It was when winter was just closing in, and the frost was making the planks crack and snap, that I met Uncle Sandy. He was of real old African stock, with a smile always covering his face, and he laughed heartily as he stopped me and said: "I was just a-finkin' I was just a-finkin' dat if I should meet de angel Gabr'el, an' he should ax me to walk wid him, an' dese yere bates should trow me down, how 'shamed de ole man would be of hisself—yah! yah! yah!"

He held up one foot and then the other. I could see his black toes peeping through the holes. I gave him some money to get repairs made, and it was three months before I ran across him again. Then I met him one biting cold day. He was with me an overcoat. He remembered me, and he burst out laughing as he said:

"Got dem bates all fixed, but Gabr'el didn't dum cum along yit."

"You couldn't walk far with him without an overcoat."

"Dat's so, mas'r. If Gabr'el should cum I'd hev to take him in whar' dar' was a fish—yah! yah! yah!"

Between Uncle Sandy and myself and a second-hand dealer the old man got an overcoat—the first he ever had. If you give to charity you like to give to those who neither demand it nor seem to expect it. That gives you a chance to surprise them, and a word or two of gratitude is ample recompense.

When spring came I met Uncle Sandy for the third time. It was slushy and sloppy, and the old boots were rant and worn. There is an end even to an old boot. You may get and patch and cobble, but the day comes when the leather loses its life.

"Looking for Gabriel?" I asked as he was about to pass by.

"Oh! dat's you, is it? Yah! yah! yah! No, I isn't looking. I'm jist hopin' he won't cum. Dese yere ole bates hev gone at last. Doan' want'er make Gabr'el 'shamed of me, you know."

He was fixed up for boots, and one day two months later, a boy came after me and I went with him to find Uncle Sandy on his dying bed.

"Gabr'el ar' a cumin' party soon!" he said as he gripped my hand.

"And are the boots out of repair?" I asked.

"Tain't de bates dis time, mas'r. It ar' de soul! Ize ready to see him' an' walk wid him 'long de dark road. Knool down yere, Ize ole an' pore an' dyin' an' dar's only one way I kin pay yo fur what ye hev dun fur me."

And he put his black hand on my head and prayed:

"Oh! Gabr'el, dis yere white man shod me an' clothed me an' fixed me up, dat I might walk wid yo if ye hapened dis yere way. Scuse his face, forgive his sins, an' when de ho'n blow an' he comes up to walk in at do gate, doan' stop him. I'll be dar to guide him in, an' I'll tell de Lord all about it, an' please doan' make no mistake—amen!"

**Had a Familiar Sound.**  
Chicago Tribune: "Dan," said the president, meditatively, "let me see—what was the name of the Californian that wrote that decoy letter to Minister West?"

"Murichson."

"So it was, Dan; so it was Murichson—Murichson," mused the president. "There's a familiar sound about it. What does it remind you of, Dan?"