

BOMBARDED THEM WITH EGGS

How the Town of Nelson Saluted a Couple of Sharps.

PLATTSMOUTH PHILHARMONICS.

Their Successful Entertainment—Pythian Festivities at Ashland—Choked on a Bean—A Suspected Horse Thief.

Egged Out of Town.

NELSON, Neb., April 7.—(Special to THE BEE.)—A couple of sharpshooters, J. E. Taylor and Hiram Friend have been visiting this town. Taylor would stop into a store and ask for a small article worth from 15 to 25 cents, and present in payment a large bill. On receiving the change he would conclude to play a little, and pushing the change back he would cover a portion of it and retain it, either borrowing from his partner Friend, or finding the right change in his vest pocket. The game was discovered by two citizens, William Rathbone and Albert Voight. A complaint was made out and the parties lodged in jail. The prisoners were arraigned before the county judge, and the house was crowded with men anxious to give them a ducking in case of failure to convict. It was evident that the prisoners complained and were not satisfied, but pleading sickness and an absence of witnesses, the prisoners got an adjournment. They made lively time in jail, showing anything but ill health, for they had excellent grounds to be alarmed. The trial came off, lasting only a few minutes. When the prisoners were released, they were not on the sidewalk before the eggs began to fly, and, pursued by the crowd, they fled to the livery stable, where, scouring their team, they were egged out of town.

A Musical Treat.

PLATTSMOUTH, April 7.—(Special to THE BEE.)—The Plattsmouth club gave their first concert at Rockwood hall, and the large audience was both flattering and encouraging. The following programme was most excellently rendered:

- Overture.....Philharmonic Club
Zither Duet.....Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. A. Clark
Violin Solo.....Miss Lillie Kaubale
Zither Trio.....Misses Steadman and Mrs. Wagner
Storm Galop.....Philharmonic Club
Cornet Solo.....Mr. Alex Clark
Zither Quintet.....Misses Steadman and Mrs. Wagner
Madames Clark, Butler and Wagner, Misses Willis, H., Abbott, R., and Neville, p.

A Pleasant Wedding.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., April 7.—(Special to THE BEE.)—Shaferville, a small village in the northwest environs of Plattsmouth, was the scene of a wedding and a very interesting Wednesday evening. The nuptial event was the marriage of Miss Luna Graves of Rock Bluffs, to Elder A. H. Haase, late of Pennsylvania. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Simons, the Baptist minister of Hamburg, Ia., at the residence of W. H. Shafer, the minister of the church. A large number of guests were present and partook of an elegant collation, the beautiful bride presiding at the table. The party then abroad, besides the parents, Miss Maud Brownell of Thurman, Ia., Nellie Shafer, Miss Kell and Mr. J. P. Becker, of Union.

Another Stalk Out Accident.

ASHLAND, Neb., April 6.—(Special to THE BEE.)—Last week was a bad one for accidents in this neighborhood. A fired man on his farm of Robert Moore, seven miles northwest of this place, while driving a stalk cutter, allowed the team to run away, throwing him beneath the knives. Fortunately the body was caught in such a way as to stop the revolution of the cutting cylinder, and he was taken out but slightly injured.

A Dwelling Burned.

SCHUYLER, Neb., April 7.—(Special Telegram to THE BEE.)—The dwelling house of Frank Crastill in the northern part of the city was totally destroyed by fire this afternoon. Crastill and his wife were away, leaving a young son at home alone. He obtained some matches and set the house on fire. A small portion of the household furniture was saved. The house was insured for \$600.

An Unknown Floater.

BELLEVUE, Neb., April 7.—(Special Telegram to THE BEE.)—The body of an unknown man was found floating in the Missouri river this evening by some fishermen. The body had been in the water for some time. The coroner has been notified and an inquest will be held to-morrow. Information as to the man's name and residence has been made.

A Pythian Banquet.

ASHLAND, Neb., April 6.—(Special to THE BEE.)—Star Lodge No. 9, K. of P., of this city, gave a banquet last night, at Hotel Selma, to a large number of visiting knights from Lincoln, Omaha and neighboring points. Work was done and the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner. The banquet was given at the residence of C. C. Love, of Lincoln, having charge of the ceremonies.

A Valuable Horse Killed.

ASHLAND, Neb., April 6.—(Special to THE BEE.)—A team belonging to Clark Penner, a farmer residing five miles northwest of this city, ran away with a stalk cutter one day last week, one of the animals, valued at \$175, having a hind leg entirely off by the blades of the machine.

A Suspected Horse Thief.

CLARKSON, Neb., April 6.—(Special Telegram to THE BEE.)—A man answering the description of William Shiner, a horse thief, from McArthur Junction, O., was arrested here to-day. The sheriff is expected to-morrow.

Killed by a Bean.

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., April 6.—(Special Telegram to THE BEE.)—William Bannister's infant child yesterday swallowed a bean, lodged in the windpipe, and the child died at 10 o'clock this morning.

BARON ERLANGER.

He Talks of the Outlook for American Securities in Europe. New York, April 7.—(Special Telegram to THE BEE.)—Baron Emile Erlanger, of the London and Paris banking firm of Erlanger & Co., is stopping at the Brevoort house. The baron is a German by birth, but became identified with American affairs through his marriage with the daughter of J. S. Shideh, minister to England, and the Confederacy. Through his banking house he effected, in 1861, a Confederate loan of \$3,000,000. Baron Erlanger has vast railroad interests in the south. "I have a double object in coming to the States," said the baron to-day, "to look after my railroad interests and also to build up my health, somewhat broken down from extensive railway building in Italy." He paid a high compliment to American railway industries. The baron was asked how those industries were regarded in Europe. "I am sorry to say," he replied, "the Atchafon & Topoka affair was the most unfortunate thing that could have occurred to the American railway securities abroad. Englishmen had invested largely in Atchafon & Topoka, but when they began to see that there was a leak somewhere and began to lose money, they got nervous, and lost all confidence in it and railway speculation generally. It is too bad that such is the case, as Europe is now a great market, for money is cheap over there. Now that English and German consols are reduced, the people will be obliged to seek their securities, and the result is that money which should be sent to this country is going to the Argentine Republic and other South American countries."

YESTERDAY'S GAME.

The Professionals Win an Easy Victory By Good Playing.

The Omahas and the McKelveys played their second game of the season at the ball park yesterday afternoon in the presence of a thousand spectators. The game, which is a decided improvement over last Sunday's, was a snap for the professionals, although for a time it looked as if a close score might be the result. Salisbury pitched the first inning for the McKelveys, but owing to a sore arm gave way to young Eugene Neville, who was quite effective for the balance of the game, notwithstanding he was hit for six singles and a home run. Of the Omahas Jack Crooks took the laurels, as the score will indicate, although Cleveland, Strauss, Nagle and Messert put up some stiff work. As is always the case with these one-sided contests, the game was listless and uninteresting, as is shown by a detailed description. This was Canavan's debut on the Omaha grounds, and while he was unfortunate at the bat, he was a base runner who has to play left field, and as a base runner he has but few superiors. Selce's unaring was faultless. Next Tuesday and Wednesday the Omahas will be here.

Following is the official score of yesterday's game:

Table with columns for OMAHAS and MCKELVEYS, listing players and their statistics (AB, R, IB, SH, PO, A, E).

THE CONFERENCE OF SAINTS.

St. Joseph, April 7.—The World's conference of Latter Day Saints was very largely attended. Nearly 100 delegates were here, including England and Canada having the largest foreign representation. The staided claim of Utah territory will be put in shape for presentation to congress.

Quarrelled in a Boat.

St. Louis, Mo., April 7.—Larry McDonald and John Schneider quarrelled while in a small skiff in the middle of the river to-day. McDonald was thrown into the river and drowned.

THE CREIGHTON GUARDS.

An Improbable Humor That the Body Guard of the State is to be Disbanded.

There is said to be a possibility of the disbanding of the Edward Creighton Guards. Rumors to this effect have been set afoot by members of that organization, who have become dissatisfied with the laws enacted by the legislature. The rumor is that appropriating only \$21,000 to military duties. This amount, they claim, is a mere bagatelle, for a state appropriation of \$100,000 would be necessary to equip the guards with the arms and accoutrements of a regular military force. The organization did its first work in camp at Fort Sheridan at Waboo last summer. Although at the time the youngest member of the organization was only a child, the organization has since that time been a success. It has a membership of 100, and a state donation of \$100. The state also furnishes the company with its weapons and blank cartridges.

Notes About the City.

Mrs. Joseph L. Anderson, who has been ill for a week, is worse. F. W. Kenzie has removed his South Omaha chop house to the Lister block, N. street. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Watson, of Herman, are the guests of Justice and Mrs. E. K. Wells, at the Lister block. James Devanny, who has been visiting Scranton, Ia., has returned, accompanied by his brother, Robert Devanny. The city council will meet Monday afternoon. Among other important matters will be canvassing the vote of the late election. The joint committee of the K. of L. and C. and J. union, held for an open meeting in Knight of Labor hall, Monday evening, the 2nd.

The Louis Koch German theatrical troupe gave an excellent entertainment in Hunt's opera house Saturday evening to a small audience.

Magic City post, No. 282, G. A. R., Thursday evening will make arrangements for Memorial day exercises and will appoint necessary committees.

The ladies of the Presbyterian society will meet at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Baldwin, on Fourth street, at 8 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, to arrange for the Sunflower social.

J. H. Adams, the restaurateur, has sold his place in the Lister block to F. W. Kenzie, and will remove his outfit to Omaha and open an eating house. He will continue to run the White Elephant on N. street.

President Maloney has called a special meeting of the K. of L. and C. of this city, at Kowley's block, Tuesday evening. Business of importance is to be transacted and a report is urged to be present.

Prof. V. P. Wornwood met the young people in the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon, and organized the Easter chorus class. Easter morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered, and in the evening an Easter concert will be held in the church.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Roushner are in Schuyler attending the funeral of Mr. Roushner's father, who died Saturday afternoon from injuries received in a run-away accident Friday afternoon. Mr. Roushner lived about eight miles from Schuyler, and was one of the leading and influential citizens of that section.

Private James K. Bolton, an inmate of the confederate soldiers' home near Richmond, Va., tells a startling story of the finding in the hold of the old confederate ram Merrimac the skeletons of two men. Bolton was a member of Johnson's battery during the war and was wounded at a dying station. He declares that the discovery of these skeletons has preyed upon his mind for years. According to Bolton's story he was engaged as a wreckerman in 1873. The person with whom he was engaged at that time was employed in getting the old copper of the Merrimac. While engaged in this work Bolton says that at one time he dived into the fore-castle of the confederate gunboat. There he found the skeletons of two men, which were attached to the floor. He supposed that they were members of the crew who were incarcerated for the violation of some rule of the navy, and when the craft was sunk were forgotten by their comrades and went down to watery graves.

"Not Negotiable."

Punch—Impecunious Lodger: Jemima, did you see Mrs. Maggies when she went to take my IOU for this quarter's rent, as I'm rather—Maid of all work. Yes, sir, and she say she won't, sir, not if you was to offer her the 'ole halphalphy.

Burglary in Day Time.

A daylight burglar tried to enter the saloon on Eleventh and Harney streets yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. There is a hall entrance to the place on Harney street, and the burglar entered the hall, bolted the door, proceeded to cut through a wooden partition which would have given him access to the saloon. The proprietor's wife, who was up stairs at the time, heard the noise that the man was making at his burgling work, and went down to see what it was. She saw him cutting at the partition and asked him what he was trying to do. The appearance of the woman so frightened the fellow that he got away as fast as he could. The safe, which stands behind the bar at the west end, was unlocked, and in it were \$67, some checks and diamonds.

Noland's Record.

Jimmy Noland, the man who shot Kitty Edwards in Council Bluffs and then suicided last night, is said, for several years a hanger-on at Anderson's notorious dive on Ninth street. He was the principal of a number of rows in that bawdy and was the cause of the fight between Hatty Anderson and Sandy Knight, about two years ago, in which Knight was seriously stabbed. A brother of Noland, whose correct name was James George, will arrive from St. Joseph to-morrow and take charge of the remains. It was reported last night that the Edwards woman was improving and might possibly recover.

PERFORATED WITH BULLETS.

Bloody End of a Notorious West Virginia Outlaw.

HE IS SHOT IN A DOZEN PLACES.

A Desperate Fight in Which One of His Pursuers is Fatally and Another Seriously Wounded.

Moran's Fight For Life.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 7.—Advice has been received from Bramwell, W. Va., of the killing of Bill Moran, the outlaw who had been terrorizing Bramwell county, Virginia, for a year past. Two weeks ago he raided the railroad station at Falls Mills, and the railroad people determined to put an end to his outlawry. Detective Baldwin swore out a warrant for Moran, and, accompanied by Detectives Wallace and Robinson, located him in a house at Falls Mills. They went to the house and Baldwin at once sprang into the room. Seeing a man he supposed to be Moran in bed, he called to him to surrender. Just then Moran appeared at the door of another room and fired two shots at Baldwin, one passing through his coat and the other striking him in the arm. By this time Wallace and Robinson were in the house and the firing became general. Wallace went down with one shot in the mouth and two in the right arm. Baldwin caught another bullet in his wounded arm and Robinson fired two shots at the outlaw, when the pistol was knocked from his hand by one of the bullets. A woman in the house also fired five shots at Moran and then fled. Moran shot all the cartridges from his two revolvers and was in the room two minutes, and when examined twelve wounds were found on him, six being in his body. The three detectives, however, were unhurt. Wallace is lying at the point of death, and Baldwin is in a serious condition. Moran never spoke after the firing began. There is general satisfaction at his death.

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THE QUEEN'S LADY IN WAITING

Paris Illustration. The great hall is for a moment deserted. A breath of calm devotion seems to have entered there, and to rest on the coquetish surroundings. Above the great door with its gilt moldings, the panel which Boucher evoked from a little rose pink and a little sky blue, still perpetuated the mingling grace of a chubby baby Cupid, fluttering under the gaze of a Louis-Quinze shepherdess. The chairs, elaborately scrolled, stand two and two against the wall, their pale green velvet cushions offering a coaxing invitation to the young couples whose pretty heads never make a thought beyond happy love-makings.

Suddenly a door opens; there is a sound of light feet on the carpet, a ripple of silk and pearls. It is the queen passing through the royal apartments. Two little pages lead the way, looking as wide awake as the chorubs in Watteau's skies. Their hair tied in a club, with the velvety light of a touch of powder, flaps briskly on their shoulders. The queen walks on, looking a trifle weary; her small feet are invisible under the enormous hooped skirts she wears, wreathed about with trails of roses. The white feather in her hair and the fan she holds in her jeweled finger quiver a little like the wings of birds about to take flight to an unknown home air.

Madame, says Brissac, at her elbow, "you are more enchanting than ever to-day. See the roses on your dress are turning pale and fading; the queen of flowers is jealous of the queen of women."

"Your majesty, by right of birth, rules every Frenchman as a subject," adds d'Ayen. "By right of grace and beauty you rule them as slaves."

"And the women no less," murmurs the lady in waiting, bending with insinuating readiness to kiss the royal hand, which hangs on the full panier of the skirt.

"The sovereign's youthful face lights up with a bright smile, shaded by some mysterious and inscrutable annoyance, while she shrugs her shoulders with a slightly sullen air."

"Platters!" she says. "It is the fate of us luckless queens never to hear the truth. I make no doubt that my dress is awry, or head dress too low."

"I would say that your majesty was never more charming," says Brissac, "but that I remember how truth compels me to say the same every time I have the happiness of seeing you."

"I should like to know what pretty speeches men contrive to make to other women."

"They find none half so pleasing," says the lady in waiting, "for they never meet with any woman so admired as your majesty."

"Ah! my dear, if you could only know the whole of the thoughts that sometimes come into my mind. I would gladly let my head rest from bearing the weight of the crown. Oh! to be a shepherdess on the bank of a silent river, by whose bank white lambs should sport decked with rosy ribbons. Would not that be charming? Shepherds playing with their pipes bewitchingly would put on their tenderest airs to sigh at my feet. We will play at it one day at Trianon. I will have it so. But, alas! it will be no more than a brief comedy. Then I must take up the part of queen again; the part I have to play now, at once, in the drawing room, where they are waiting for me."

She laughed, and glanced at the two little pages, who opened a double door,

into which she vanished with girlish lightness.

"Ah!" sighed Brissac, gazing at the closed doors, "if only she were not the queen!"

The two gentlemen both looked somewhat blank at the sudden flight of the sweet royal bird. "On my word, gentlemen," says the lady laughing at them. "You are quite against because the queen has vanished! It was not so yesterday. We were alone; but d'Ayen told me of an adventure of which he was the hero; had read it before in a book by M. Crabillon. However, to do d'Ayen justice, to add to my enjoyment he borrowed some details from M. de Marivaux and his witticisms from M. de Chamfort."

"Cruel creature!" replies d'Ayen, "you take an unfair advantage of your strength. You know full well that at the mere sight of you, I lose my head."

"But how many things you have lost, poor man, not to reckon ladies' reputations. But come do you know that I have every reason to be seriously angry? What, you sign for me, my lord, and yet it seems to me that you are greatly struck by the queen?"

"And it is not every gentleman's first duty to adore the queen?"

"Oh!" exclaims Brissac, "to be in love with a queen is to pine for the impossible. It is worshipping a cloud, a remote and inaccessible being. Is it not a heart's joy to feel at the bottom of one's heart some secret hope, however against hope. In love, happiness consists in hoping, not in winning. However, to men like us, to love without hope is often a delight, and almost always a novelty."

"Alas!" says d'Ayen, "I love on queen—only a queen of grace and beauty. And I am fast losing all hope."

"So much the better for you, poor d'Ayen!" the lady pushing a flaming dress are turning pale and fading; the queen of flowers is jealous of the queen of women."

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frank of nature; she is faithful to her husband.

"To her husband, who died ten years ago! My dear Brissac, you have a very pretty wit!"

"To her husband, who is alive, and ten years younger she is—her second husband, whom she worships, and whom you know as well as I do her husband, who was a very pretty little widow, with a crowd of suitors. She was four and twenty, with beautiful teeth, which she has still, and the finest eyes in the world. The memories of her first marriage were not such as to tempt her to let her little hands be bound again in Hymen's fetters. The shade of the old duke, to whom she had been married on quitting the convent, amply sufficed to give her nightmare without any need of taking another husband to give her more bad dreams. She was said to be coy to wildness. All the finest gentlemen of the court, the most highly gifted, and the greatest adepts in the difficult art of fascination, hung about this repellent beauty all in vain. And yet she was sick at heart. Her tender spirit rebelled against parental solicitude. At this juncture fate sent her the very thing she was pining for, while she herself hardly knew why she should sigh during the lonely evenings in her joyless home."

"Your tale begins like a romance by Crebillon fils."

"And ends so too. [At that time it was the fashion to adopt children. There was not a fine lady in France who did not regard it as a point of honor to make some orphan happy; he must be poor, and if possible illegitimate. It is out of fashion now. Curly dogs have come in instead.] One day the young duchess saw at the gate of her hotel a girl begging, a young thing of about 15, as pretty as Cupid, and gazing at her with inquiring eyes. Of course she took her in at once and cherished her with all the fond care which women who have no children commonly lavish on their Persian cats. The young favorite was ere long the rule, of the household. One day the duchess being ailing, sent for the doctor, who said with a smile: "Your disorder, madame, will in due time result in the arrival of another subject to his majesty." In short, it turns out that the beggar maid was the younger son of a noble house who employed this ingenious device to win the favors of the lady of his dreams. It is now five years since the darling page and the duchess were privately married. And that is why you are losing your pains, my poor d'Ayen."

"Well and good," said d'Ayen with much philosophy, "and thanks for the good counsel. I do not care to waste my time on a woman who is paying court to me."

"True love, do you say? What, at court even, where slander is the favorite theme, no one has ever breathed a word of scandal about that wheedler of hearts, who is always ready to encourage adorners, but will never reward them. What mysterious coquettishness can it be that induces her thus to trifle with the tender passion that her beauty inspires? She smiles on those who bring 'you' back to her feet, but she will not step into it."

"I tell you that she is faithful; is not that ample reason for being artful?"

"My good fellow, you talk in riddles. I know not what you are driving at; but you must know that I will allow no man to cast base insinuations at a woman to whom my services are devoted."

"Do not be so susceptible. I only wish to do you a service and to tell you a little tale. It will be time enough then to owe me a grudge for either or both. The lady of your dreams is a

THE VALUE OF A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

At a glance, the striking differences between the Asiatic and African elephants are appreciated through the eye says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. One soon becomes familiar with the various forms of our American deer, and has a better realizing sense of the fact that the elk resort to the mountain fastnesses as their normal haunts, while our antelope rarely quit the plains. From school days up, the American youth, by such means, gains a knowledge of the forms of the magnificent representatives of the various fauna of his land, in comparison with which the illustrations in the text book, although not to be altogether despised, are inadequate.

Here the sculptor, artist, and engraver can, at their leisure, study the noblest of animal forms under the most advantageous circumstances. Leopards and tigers may be caught in the very act of a high-noon siesta, or perchance in some short and fiery quarrel, showing all the lineaments of their character, and the truth of their race when aroused. Ornithologists may catch for their folk the transient tints of the glowing trogons and toucans as they disport themselves in their large, airy cages, in a manner to be achieved under no other conditions.

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