TO STRIKE OR NOT TO STRIKE

The Very Serious Question Agitating Union Pacific Employes.

A RAPIDLY GROWING INFANT.

Commencement Exercises of the Wesleyan University—The Asylum for Incurably Insane—Three Times Tried.

LINCOLN BUREAU OF THE OMAHA BEE, 1029 P STREET, LINCOLN, June 18.

To strike, or not to strike, seems to be the grave question under consideration by Union Pacific employes. It will be decided, doubtless, in a day or two. It has just been reliably learned that the brotherhood of brakemen and engineers, and the Knights of Labor have signed articles of confederation, stipulating that they shall stand or fall together whenever the emergency arises. The articles are esteemed significant in this: "In union there is strength." In conversation with a prominent Union Pacific employe, he expressed himself strongly in favor of taking the extreme unless the officials of the road made favorable concessions. "You need not hesitate to say," he said to THE BEE man, that the chances for the anticipated strike are even. The Lincoln brotherhood and Knights of Labor have banded together and the decisive step may be taken any moment. It is said that a confederation will be formed throughout the west, and if the strike is attempted you will find the best organized set of strikers that ever took the bit between their teeth."

Apropos to this, it can be said that a strike is not considered imminent in business circles here, and officials of the road are seemingly altogether at ease. But for all that, trouble certainly brews if the bed is not made wide enough to hold two. The brotherhood seems to be a unit, and their demands, generally known to the public, have not been made to create a great blow about nothing.

Wesleyan Commencement.

Examinations were continued to-day. On the whole they are proving very creditable. The art reception was held at 2 o'clock, this afternoon, and attended by a large number of the friends of the institution. This was followed by the annual meeting of the board of trustees. Reports and subjects considered indicate a healthful condition for the rapidly growing infant. The inaugural jubilee was held at St. Paul's church at 8 o'clock, this evening. The spacious church was crowded to the utmost. It was highly interesting and auspicious in every sense. Bishop Warren delivered the address. It was a brilliant effort and listened to with marked attention.

Asylum For the Incurably Insane.

Dr. Stone, superintendent of the hospital for the incurable insane, Hastings, is in the city. The doctor in a general way stated that the institution was fitting up rapidly, and would soon be ready for the reception of patients. He anticipates a large draft from the first. It is understood that the incurable insane of both the Lincoln and Norfolk hospitals will be removed to the asylum at Hastings at the earliest possible date. The Lincoln asylum will send nearly two hundred patients. The doctor also stated that a good deal of the furniture was already in place, but he was unable to fix upon the exact date of the opening. But it is safe to say that it will be within the next six weeks.

The Supreme Court.

James L. Gandy vs the state is the title of a case that again appears upon the records of the supreme court of the state. This time it comes up on error from the district court of Pawnee county. It will be remembered that Gandy was first tried and convicted in Richardson county, on the charge of perjury, and sentenced to a term of years in the state pen. The case came to the supreme court and was reversed and remanded. On a change of venue Gandy was tried in the courts of Pawnee county, on the same charge, and upon conviction was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of five years. Again his attorneys appeal to the supreme court, and, pending the action, their client lies in the county jail. This is the third time this man has been tried, convicted and sentenced on criminal charges, and each time has temporarily escaped the penalty of the law because of his position and riches.

John Simons et al vs D. B. Sowards also pends in the supreme court on error from the district court of Boone county.

Schuyler National bank vs Neil R. Bolyong, on error from the district court of Colfax county, is the title of another filed for trial.

Wednesday's Flyers.

The programme for the races for to-morrow is as follows:

Three-minute trot, purse $300. Entries: Tom Payne, b. g., entered by F. M. Buchanan.

Ben D'Orr, g. g., entered by G. B. Skinner.

Quaker Girl, blk. m., entered by R. Bean.

Harry B., br. g., entered by I. A. Beemp.

2:35 trot, purse $300. Entries:

Ignus Fatuus, b. s., entered by O. E. Dyson.

Walter E., b. g., entered by W. E. Everhart.

Jennie Lynn, br. m., entered by C. D. Tallmage.

Beatrice Ike, b. g., entered by I. L. Curley.

Loyan B., b. g., entered by F. L. Dunn.

Black Crook, blk. g., entered by G. D. Mayes.

One-half mile and repeat, running race. Entries close Tuesday, 11 p. m., June 18.

Cinderella.

Under the management of Miss E. B. Loomis, the pupil of her school tendered the drama of Cinderella at the hall of the Young Men's Christian association, this evening. The performance was very creditable, and the principal and support did themselves proud. Cast of characters as follows:

Cinderella	Miss Pauline Meyer
Prince	Master Max Meyer
Baroness	Miss Sidney Murphy
Baron	Master Peter Lau
Proud Sisters	Miss Ethel Helmer, Miss Frieda Billings
Baron's Servant	Master Howard Kendall
Pages to the Prince	Master Frederick Lau, Master Oscar Wittman
Godmother	Miss Bessie Archibald
Fairies	Miss Francis Lane, Miss Kate Kendall, Miss Helen Archibald, Miss Ruth Owen
Actors in the Ball Scene	Master Alex. Lau, Miss Kate Kendall, Master Harry Mosher, Miss Helen Archibald and others.

City News and Notes.

C. A. Rathburn, A. C. Chandler and J. O. Phillippi and other Missouri Pacific officials were in Lincoln to-day on railroad business.

Superintendent Lane, Treasurer Hill and Church Howe, members of the board of education of the state normal school, Peru, left to-day to take in the commencement exercises for 1889.

Governor Thayer returned from Chicago to-day, having accompanied his wife to that place en route to eastern summer resorts, where she will remain until the cooler weather of fall.

The June races of "Nebraska's Gentlemen Jockey club" commence on the morrow. A number of entries have been made and the races promise to be the best of the kind ever held in the state. It will be remembered that they are for Nebraska bred horses.

The old settler's picnic takes place to-morrow at Cushman's park. A very interesting programme has been arranged, and the event will be one of a high degree of interest and pleasure. In a word it will be an old-fashioned reunion, and the stories handed down will be as racy and interesting as a written novel. The attendance will doubtless be large.

The important matter under consideration by the council last evening was Bishop Bonacum's proposition for a city hospital. To the surprise of everybody the Protestant clergy opposed it vigorously, and possibly effectively. It is conceded that the bishop's proposition is in conflict with the charter; though the council is inclined to favor it. The question will hinge, doubtless, upon legal interpretation. The opposition of the clergy is manifest in the following resolution, which was presented to the countil by a committee of three:

Resolved, By the Ministerial association of Lincoln, that a committee of three be appointed to wait on the city council and protest, on behalf of the Protestant churches of Lincoln, against the appropriation of city funds for the support or use of any sectarian institution, Protestant or Catholic. That we recommend that the council establish a city hospital. That we pledge the hearty support of the Protestant Christian churches for such a hospital, both by our contributions and by our taxes as citizens of Lincoln.

A marriage license was issued this morning to Harry S. Fleck and Francis I. Moore.

The case of Ben H. Floyed vs. Sheriff Melick was on trial to-day. It was a replevin case in which the right to the possession of Ned V, the well known trotter, was considered. The horse was levied on by the sheriff by virtue of an execution against P. M. Burns. Floyed claims that he had bought the horse, and had left it with Burns, who was keeping it for a share in the profits. Verdict for Floyed.

The cases of George W. Pleasants vs. H. H. Blodgett et al. and L. S. Varney et al. vs. J. Fred Hutchins et al., were filed in the district court this morning.

Dr. Billings and family leave for Milwaukee to-morrow.

West Lincoln market had seven cars of hogs this forenoon. They were shipped in by F. Woodgate, Utica, two cars; W. M. Hebron; J. T. Morrisey, Bellwood; A. J. Scowden, Kearney; J. R. Loomis, Wilsonville; F. A. Harris, Sterling. The market ranged from $3.90 to $3.95.

The gang wells for the packing houses were connected this afternoon. There is a good supply and the water is palatable.

Myers, Rivett & Higgins shipped two cars of corn-fed cattle to Chicago yesterday evening.

Colonel J. W. Johnson, of the Sutton Advertiser, was a caller at THE BEE headquarters to-day.

M. J. Cooper is getting to be quite a common alias, since the councilmanic investigation began. Burke, alias Delaney, who is mixed up in the Cronin mystery when he left New York for London sailed under that name.

W. H. Vance, Crete; P. A. Kilner, York; I. N. Clover, Bartley; E. J. Murphy, J. W. Barns, F. D. Munison, A. J. Montgomery, Omaha; H. F. Fershman, Grand Island; James Leonard, Curtis; Colonel Sweet, Clarks, were at the capital to-day.

MR. JAS. MCCALLEY, of Monet, Mo., says he had dyspepsia for eight years, which made him a wreck, sick and suffering during the whole time. After trying all the remedies, including all the doctors, in reach, he discarded everything and took Swift's Specific. He increased from 114 to 158 pounds, and was soon a sound and healthy man.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Views and Interviews Caught in Hotel Corridors and Elsewhere.

The scheme for a meeting of business men from every county in Nebraska at board of trade hall, in this city, on June 26, is taking like wild fire everywhere. The indications are now that there will be at least 400 delegates here. W. C. Fenton, of Stockville, has arrived already to represent Frontier county, and he says that nearly every town in his part of the state will send from two to five men. "I think the movement is just what we have long wanted. Its objects cannot fail to bring forth good results. Frontier county is twenty-four miles wide by forty-two long, and fully 75 per cent of the land could be utilized for agricultural purposes. The remaining 25 per cent is as good grazing as can be found anywhere. We have room for three times as many settlers as are there now, and want to get them if we can. The crop prospects were never better. I think our wheat and oats yield this year will be larger than ever before, and the corn is simply immense." Mr. Fenton came down to visit friends until the convention meets. He is secretary of the Stockville board of trade.

Hon. A. R. Graham, of Wisner, is among the visiting Masons, and takes a prominent part in the grand lodge proceedings. Mr. Graham says the business men of his town are heartily in sympathy with the Omaha board of trade movement to do something that will bring emigrants into the state, and they propose sending a strong delegation to the convention. "Cuming county," said he, "has room for a great many more people than reside there now, and would gladly welcome them. The prospects for a good harvest are very flattering. The dry weather in April and May injured small grain somewhat, but recent rains have brought out and insured to us the heaviest corn crop we ever raised."

C. F. Moore, of the Chinese legation at Washington, spent yesterday in Omaha, en route to San Francisco, from where he expects to sail from home next week. Mr. Moore is a very fine-looking Chinaman. He says that this country suits him very well. While here he insists on wearing an American name, but in China he is known as Sang Fling. The young man is very tall, has a boyish face and likes a good time. He is very finely educated, speaks English perfectly, and thinks the Americans are great people.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

Licensed to Wed.

The following marriage licenses were issued by Judge Shields, yesterday:

Name and Residence.	Age.
John C. Habercorn, Omaha	37
Augusta Luneberg, Omaha	28
Charles H. Schell, Omaha	36
Ada C. Kellogg, Ponca	22
H. W. Roche, Omaha	22
Annie McAndrews, Omaha	20
John Rice, Omaha	32
Mary Coffee, Omaha	26
Herbert Schawl, Omaha	31
Mary L. Judd, Omaha	17
Gustave Nelson, Omaha	22
Mary Oleson, Omaha	26

C. E. & C. M. Anthony, the well known investment bankers of Peoria, Ill., have located an office in Omaha, at 312 First National bank building. This is the leading firm in the farm mortgage loan business of Illinois, and is a welcome accession to the business interests of our city. The Anthonys have been investors in Omaha enterprises for some years, and have many friends here. This office will be their headquarters for farm loans in Nebraska, Iowa and northwestern Missouri, as well as for Omaha city loans. The business will be in charge of Lyman W. Case, manager, and William P. Fowler, cashier.

My Little Maid.

M. M. B. in Boston Globe.

Crimson clover-blossoms a dapple
All the meadows, while the apple
Trees drift rosy snows beneath their bending boughs
On a little maid who passes
Thro' the rippling ranks of grasses
In the gloaming as she goes to call the cows.

Pretty, dainty, dark-eyed Phyllis,
Tho' her manner coy and chill is
As she hastens on to where the cattle browse.
Tho' she scarcely seems to notice
Me, the girl on whom I dote is
This little maid who goes to call the cows.

As the twilight shadows darken,
E'en all nature seems to hearken
For her footsteps, and that bird that's half adrowse
Pipes a sleepy little ditty
Just to tell me that my pretty
Is coming back from calling of the cows.

Here and there a glow-worm grazes
The white robes of nodding daisies,
Betraying where with king-cups they carouse;
Stars above begin to twinkle,
As I hear the "tinkle, tinkle!"
Of the bells upon my little maiden's cows.

She is come, still coy and colder
Than before. But, love, grown bolder,
Bids me speak. And oh, she listens to my vows;
Lets me tell her that I love her,
And the happy birds above her
Hear the answer of my maid who calls the cows!

Piatt's Chlorides, the best Disinfectant for household uses. Odorless, prompt, cheap.

THE SNAKES AVENGED HER

A Spanish Maiden's False Lover Lured to an Awful Doom.

REPTILES ON EVERY HAND

"They Heard Your Protestations of Love," Cried the Girl, "and They Will Hear Your Dying Breath."

Poison for Poison.

Bleecker street was, nearly a century ago, says a writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer, one of the aristocratic thoroughfares of New York city, and many of the best families Gotham had at the time were residents of it. As recent as 1848 the street was occupied by a class of people who would dislike to be seen there today. There is now a large business house on a block where there formerly stood an inn kept by a Spaniard known as Canovas De Rosa. It was here that a tragedy was committed one night that is probably unparalleled in the criminal annals of this country, the details of which never reached the general public.

Canovas was a man who had accumulated considerable money by catering to the wants of the weary traveler that had made the then lengthy trip from Philadelphia. In the rear of his inn was a barn like apartment in which he kept a wolf, a bear and a few reptiles. He added to the collection whenever an opportunity presented itself, and as a consequence he had in time quite a menagerie, which was the means of attracting to his place people who, while looking at his collection of beasts, spent considerable money. The man was a widower and had no family. He had come to this country early in the thirties, and brought with him the only child of his brother, who had developed into a beautiful girl.

Rose De Rosa had all the attributes of the Spanish maiden. She had picked up English when a mere child soon after she arrived, and was probably more of an attraction to the inn than the menagerie. Rose, as she was familiarly called by the habitues of the place, had instilled into her mind that the companionship of the average young man of the day meant ruin and destruction. Canovas was not slow to realize that

THE GIRL'S BEAUTY

would some day bring to him a fortune. The hopes he indulged in were selfish from their origin. He frequently informed her that she was safer when at the mercy of the beasts in the barn than in the company of the young gentry of that day.

It was not an unusual sight to see the girl, when just entering her teens, accompany her uncle to the barn to furnish food for the ferocious beasts confined there. The latter had become accustomed to the young girl's presence and would perform antics at her command that both pleased and astonished the customers. Canovas saw she possessed some influence over the beasts, and rendered all the assistance in his power for the development of the talent. He increased his collection and added a few native snakes. The latter acted like kittens in the girl's hands, and her fame as a charmer of venomous reptiles spread to such an extent that crowds would assemble in the barn to observe her take the slimy creatures from their glass case and coil them about her person.

It was at this period that a young Russian Chafe Jurge was introduced to Canovas. The young man's mother had been a Spanish girl who had made a runaway match with a Russian, the fruits of which were a child and a life of misery. The young man was educated abroad and sent to this country by his father's relatives to negotiate with American capitalists regarding an enterprise that promised great results. It was generally known that Chafe would eventually be the possesser of an immense fortune, and, being young and handsome, was naturally much sought after. He had neard of Rose, and expressed a desire to see the girl. Canovas knew the young man by reputation, and visions of a match between him and his ward came to his mind.

Chafe drove to the Bleeker street inn one day and was served with wine. Rose was present and saw that his wants were properly attended to. His manner was different from those of young men visiting her uncle's house, consequently it was not surprising that a mutual attraction sprung up between the young people. It was almost immediately ripened into love. Chafe took up his abode at the place, and it was in time looked upon by Canovas as the

FUTURE HUSBAND OF THE GIRL.

He had encouraged the suit by every means in his power. Chafe would pass hours in the barn watching the girl feeding her vicious pets. During one of these performances he remembered that his presence was required at a hotel kept by a fellow-countryman, where an invalid friend was stopping.

"Come with me, Rose," he whispered, leaning over the girl affectionately. "I wish to introduce to him my future wife."

An hour later she was on her way to visit the sick friend of the man she loved. Darkness was just falling as they entered the gate of a place standing on what is now known as Bowling Green. Chafe took the girl's arm and led her upstairs. They entered a chamber handsomely furnished, but unoccupied. A table standing in the center of the room bore fruits and wines. There were chairs placed for two. Rose started back at not seeing the friend whom they had come to visit, but Chafe explained that the gentleman had probably gone to drive with his physician, and under the circumsstances it would be proper to remain until he returned.

It was the old story, over which thousands of women have shed sufficient tears to form an ocean. A story told so often and in so many parts of the world that it has become familiar. The power of the wine, the influence of their ardent love, and, in the passion of the moment, forgetfulness of the future.

Chafe left the girl at her uncle's door. An hour later she had a note from him, in which he said he had decided to take up his quarters elsewhere.

Rose passed the next day in the barn, with the animals. She astonished Canovas by the reckless manner in which she made the reptiles go through their tricks. She deliberately allowed half a dozen rattlesnakes to come out of their cases at one time, and laughed at her uncle's fright when she sat on a chair with a trio of

DANGEROUS PETS IN HER LAP.

The summer came and went, and Chafe was still absent. Rumors reached the inn that he was paying attention to ladies. Canovas could not understand his prolonged absence, and wrote to him. The answer threw him into a passion. It was only a few lines in Spanish, written in pencil, at the bottom of a note sent to him:

"I liked Rose because she is beautiful, but never thought of marrying her."

The words burned into the girl's brain as her uncle handed them to her. She placed the note in her pocket and repaired to her favorite seat among the reptiles in the barn. It was here that she decided on a plan of revenge as horrible as it was appalling. She wrote to Chafe, begging him to come to the inn. The answer contained the statement that he was soon to wed, but that Rose could be to him all that a wife could be without bearing his name. It was the last straw. She immediately wrote a letter couched in the most endearing terms, consenting to his vile proposition.

"Grant me one request," she pleaded 'before all is over. Uncle is confined to his bed, and cannot disturb us. Spend one hour with me at the barn."

He protested, but finally consented. It was then dusk. In less than an hour she was unlocking the door of the place in which he had first spoken words of love to her. He followed her in. The seven months that had elapsed since he was there had not worked many changes. A sofa and a chair were a few feet beyond the cases containing the snakes, all of whom appeared as harmless as lambs. No thought of danger entered the man's mind.

Rose walked over to the case containing the reptiles and threw back the door.

"For God's sake, don't take them out!" he exclaimed. "You are not in condition to handle them to-night. See how their tongues dart out! Do not touch them, Rose."

"Their tongues do not contain as much poison as some human beings," said Rose, as she lifted the largest of the trio of rattlesnakes from its warm blanket and returned to her position on the sofa.

"I loved you once," the girl exclaimed, as the reptile coiled itself in a knot on her lap—"loved you with all the passionate ardor of a young girl's heart."

"And don't you love me yet?"

"No. My hate for you now is as strong as my love was one."

Chafe turned pale. He realized that the girl's reason was affected, and the bringing of him here, was simply the fulfillment of a part of a deliberate plot for revenge.

"Rose, why did you bring me here?"

"TO SEE YOU DIE!"

The girl hissed the words out between her clenched teeth with so much vehemence that Chafe rose to his feet.

"Yes," she continued, "I enticed you here to punish you for the wrong you have done. You know the blood that runs in my veins—you know that it calls for your life for the great harm you have done me."

The girl rose to her feet as she spoke. The serpent dropped to the floor with a thud and raised its head in a threatening manner. Chafe leaped to the chair on which he had been sitting, as the snake glided past him to a dark corner. Rose trembled with suppressed passion as she stood before the man who had blighted her young life. She ran to the case containing the two other rattlesnakes and tossed them toward him. The body of one struck him on the breast and fell to the floor, where it gave forth its ominous rattle.

"You cannot escape them," the girl screamed in her passion. "They heard your protestations of love, and they will hear your dying breath."

She leaned over another case and had raised a huge blacksnake. Chafe realized that his only hope of escape lay in subduing the girl. Reason was out of the question. A second more and he was on the floor and raised the chair in the air. It fell with a crash on the unfortunate girl, who uttered a moan and sank to the floor. The chair had struck the one light the place afforded and extinguished it. Total darkness prevailed, a darkness more intense from the fact that poisonous reptiles were loose about him. If he could but reach the door he might escape. A few steps would bring him there. He took one and heard the rattle of a snake. He could feel their presence within an inch or two of his body. The thought flashed through his brain that if he remained perfectly still the deadly creatures would probably return to their cases. A cold sweat broke out over him. The suspense was awful. He could hear the blacksnake dragging itself along the other side of the apartment. A thought came to him and he at once acted upon it. He knelt down and felt along the floor as far as he could reach in the direction of the door. He dragged himself on his knees and had traveled nearly half the distance when his hand came in contact with the crawling body of a snake. He drew back suddenly as he heard the awful rattle of the reptile. Another instant and

SOMETHING STRUCK HIM IN THE FACE

and dropped to the floor. He shrieked aloud and rose to his feet. It made no difference if a dozen snakes were about him. They could do him no more harm. He had been bitten.

Rose recovered consciousness at about the time that the unfortunate wretch felt the fangs of the reptile piercing his cheek.

"At last," she exclaimed with a hysterical laugh. "You poured poison into my life, and this is my revenge."

The man paid no attention to her words; he was pounding heavily against the locked door.

The girl arose, struck a match and relit the candle. He turned as she did so, and presented a spectacle awful to behold. Blood was trickling from the wound on his face, which was already beginning to swell out of all proportions. The strange glare of his eyes showed that the insidious poison of the reptile was doing its deadly work.

"My God! save me, save me," shrieked the unfortunate wretch. He approached her and knelt at her feet. The snakes had crawled back to their blankets, and only the upturned chair and the condition of the man showed what an awful tragedy had been committed.

The girl stood with her arms folded and a resolute expression on her face. It was in this position that Canovas found them. He had heard the noise, and, dressing himself, came out. The girl did not show the least surprise at his presence.

"He ruined me!" she exclaimed, pointing to the wretched man on the floor before her, "and I have been revenged."

Canovas took in the situation at a glance. He ran to the door, and, reaching the street, sped for the nearest physician. When he returned Chafe was dead. His face was a horrible spectacle. Rose was standing in the same position as when he had left. The physician looked at her a moment and shook his head.

"She has lost her reason," he said. "Nothing can be done for her."

Within three months she died, and her body was interred in the old cemetery at Harlem, over which a row of brick houses now stands.

Took All His Pains Away.

A. M. Chisholm, of No. 2734 Stoddard Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"During my long residence in Canada I suffered for years from severe pains in my back, across the region of the kidneys, and by the constant use of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS invariably obtained great relief. Upon removing to St. Louis, I was again troubled with the same complaint, and was advised to use Magnetic and other kinds of plasters, without being relieved of pain, so fell back to my old friend ALLCOCK, who gives me more relief than any other that I have ever tried. I always recommend them to my friends and all who suffer from pains and aches of any kind."

A STATUE TO GIORDANO BRUNO.

Unveiled at Rome in Honor of One Burned to Death For Heresy.

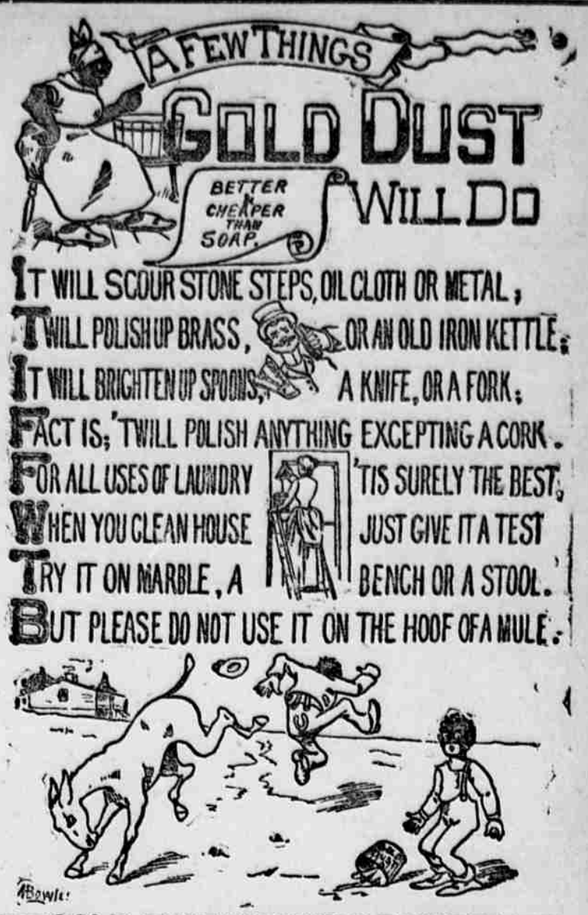
For Humanity sweeps onward
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn

The citizens of Rome viewed yesterday for the first time the unveiling of a statue to an arch heretic on the spot where nearly three centuries ago he was burned to death by order of the inquisition, says the Chicago Tribune: It is enough to make the bodies of all the dead members of the holy office turn in their graves with horror. It has shocked the living ones, and the erection of the monument was bitterly opposed from the beginning by the pope, who considered it scandalous in the highest degree. But the Italian government does not believe that the church is infallible now, or that it was so in the days when it was dealing with Galileo and other teachers of new doctrines. The idea of commemorating this great Italian who met his death in the cause of religious liberty was conceived by Italians who, while they may not share his views, yet wish to recognize his sincerity, high-mindedness, and devotion to what he believed to be the truth. The statue is the work of Ettori Ferrari, an eminent sculptor and a member of the Italian chamber of deputies. It is placed in the Campo de Fiori, not far from the banks of the Tiber, where Bruno was burned.

Giordano Bruno was born in 1548 in the Neapolitan city of Nola. His father was a soldier, and perhaps of German parentage. When ten or eleven years old he was sent to an uncle in Naples. At the age of fifteen he entered a Dominican monastery and became a novice of the order. His baptismal name of Philip he exchanged for his "name in religion" of Giordano, by which he is always known. In this monastery he remained fifteen years. Even while a novice he was accused of heresy because he had abandoned devotion to pictures of the saints and contented himself with a crucifix alone. This charge was smothered, but in 1575 new complaints were made, and he left Naples and went to Rome. The next two years were spent in school teaching in the north of Italy. Then he went to Geneva, where he got work in a printing office, but Calvinism was abhorrent to him, and he journeyed on to Paris, where he taught and wrote and gained the friendship of Henry III. Next he went to England, lectured at Oxford, became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville, and won the favor of Queen Elizabeth, whom he called the "Diana of the Nymphs of the North." In 1585 he went to Germany and spent quiet years at Wittenberg. In 1591 he was unwise enough to go to Venice. A false friend denounced him to the Inquisition. He was arrested, and in 1593 was turned over by the Venetian government to the Papal authorities. He was tried for heresy. It was charged that he taught the eternity of the universe, a plurality of inhabited worlds, and many other false doctrins. Some of the accusations made against him he denied, some he admitted to be true, but refused to recant. After seven years spent in prison he was found guilty and was turned over by the inquisition to the "secular arm," the order reading "beseeching you so to mitigate the severity of his sin with respect to his body, that there may be no shedding of blood." This gentle phrase meant that he should be burnt. Burnt he was February 17, 1600, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience of Roman citizens. According to the account in a news letter, "he was slowly roasted, and may now, in those other worlds which he imagined to exist, tell how blasphemers and heretics are punished at Rome." To-day his statue is unveiled on the spot where he died and the church is powerless to prevent it.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC has a brisk and constant sale with us, and the universal verdict is, that as a blood medicine it has no rival.

LANKFORD & TOYMAN, Druggists, Sherman, Texas.



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Free Samples at your Grocery. | Ask for one.
Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., St. Louis.
P. S.—"Fairy" Soap is cleansing and fragrant.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

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