PRETTY PLEADER AT THE BAR

Miwaukee's Lady Lawyer Has Brains, Youth and Beauty.

SARAH IS STILL DANGEROUS.

Judge Terry's Relict May Again Spread Desolation Among Masculine Hearts and Pocketbooks—Garters Galore—Gossip.

Milwaukee's Young Lady Lawyer.

An entire family of lawyers. That is what the Pier family—father, mother and three daughters—are to be. Colonel C. K. Pier, formerly of Fond du Lac, now of Milwaukee, is an old practitioner. His wife and his oldest daughter are also practicing, and his two younger daughters are taking the law course at the Wisconsin state university. Mrs. Pier and her daughter, Kate H. Pier, graduated from the law department of the state university in 1887, and were two of the only four women lawyers who have thus far taken the law course of the state university, the other two being Mrs. La Follette, wife of Congressman La Follette, of Madison, who graduated in 1885, and Miss Jessie Hutchinson, of Richland Center, Wis., who graduated last year. Mrs. Pier and her daughter are associated together with an office in the Miller block and are enjoying a large practice.

It was Miss Pier who attracted such interest in the supreme court last week, from the fact that she was the first woman lawyer who ever appeared before the supreme tribunal of that state. The attention shown her was unusual, too, as she appeared but a young girl among the coterie of old lawyers present. Among them were ex-Secretary of the Interior William F. Vilas, General E. E. Bryant and General Lucius Fairchild. Miss Pier appeared for the defense in the case of Sutton vs Wegner, arguing a motion to set aside an order of the superior court making a reference to take testimony. The case was opened by the appellant himself—J. J. Sutton, of Columbus—and as soon as he had finished Miss Pier addressed the court. For half an hour her argument was followed with the closest attention by all present. Even the dignified judges seemed to appreciate it as an unusual event and mingled an increasing degree of austerity with a certain amount of extra interest in the fair young attorney.

Miss Pier stated her case unhesitatingly, and frequently turned to and cited authorities, showing an acquaintance with law and a degree of self-possession. At the conclusion of her address she was cordially congratulated for the successful impression she had made, and among themselves the lawyers were unanimously of the opinion that she made an exceedingly strong and convincing argument.

It was a trying ordeal for a lady so young, as Miss Pier is but twenty years of age. She has a strikingly handsome and intelligent face, and is possessed of a wealth of black hair which in a single coil almost trails the floor. Like the exceptional young woman of to-day she wears no bangs, but combs her hair back. Miss Pier is a native of Fond du Lac, Wis., and a graduate of the Fond du Lac high school. In 1886, at the same time as her mother, she entered the law department of the state university, and by taking a double course in 1887 obtained her degree, entitling her to practice in all the state courts. For ten months she held a position in the legal department of the Wisconsin Central railway, retiring April 1 to associate herself with her mother.

"Yes, I like the profession," said Miss Pier to-day, "and also the science of medicine, which I have studied, too, for some years. While, of course, the two are in no way identical, still I think it well for a lawyer to be more or less familiar with medicine, as it is often useful, particularly in the taking of such expert testimony as is likely to be offered in the Cronin case."

Miss Pier's two sisters, who have just entered the state university for a course in the law department, are Carrie H., aged 18, and Harriet H., aged 17.

Sarah May Be Heard From Again.

Californians say that Sarah Althea Hill has not yet finished all the mischief she is capable of. She is still a handsome woman, despite her years and the reckless manner in which she has given herself up to her passions, and even yet she has a marvelous attraction for a certain sort of man, says a correspondent of the New York World. Old Sharon was her dupe and Terry was completely under her thumb, and they are only the most conspicuous among a long procession of men who have found her attractive and dangerous. She has tremendous courage and vitality, and, while very passionate, can be as cool and sharp as steel when she is playing a game with circumstances. She comes of a good family—a family that had no money, however—and her passion for intrigue, excitement and adventure has induced her to break with all the traditions of her station, and has, by the way, succeeded in keeping her pockets filled in one way or another ever since she began her career. She is about five feet six inches in height, extremely well made, and is still graceful, lithe and slender. She has a pale, olive countenance, with delicate features and a pair of starry brown eyes, and her thick, wavy, brown hair has never been cut in a bang, but is brushed back and ripples around her brow and ears. Her eyebrows are very black and arched and her lids white and drooping, but her mouth shows the result of the life she has led and has grown coarse and hard. However, the rest of the face may escape the lines plowed by passions, the mouth always reveals what the life has been, and here is not a pleasant or trustworthy mouth. She is tremendously clever, and no man who talked to her half an hour could believe anything against her unless he had previously steeled his heart against her plausible manner.

She Hit From the Shoulder.

An Arab woman loaded down with two or three bundles and baskets and a year-old baby and accompanied by a youngster loaded with bundles boarded the 7:15 train at Springfield this morning, says the Holyoke (Mass.) Democrat. Nothing daunted by the looks of the other women occupants of the car, her first act was to treat the infant to its meal.

A tough-looking young man had followed the family into the car and took a seat near the woman. He tried to start a conversation with the boy, but got little satisfaction, as the latter was not able to speak much English. The tough young man's ticket was to Chicopee, but when that village was reached he had made up his mind to go further, and having managed to find out from the boy that this city was their destination, paid the conductor for a ride here. When this city was reached the family disembarked. The woman slung the infant up on her shoulder, the child fastened its fingers in her hair and hung on like a monkey. Then they started off, bundles and all, down Canal street. The tough youth had kept his eye on them, and when they left the depot followed them at a little distance until the party had reached the vicinity opposite the lower mills. Here the woman stopped as if puzzled and looked around her. This was an opportunity for the tough young man, and he approached her and began to talk. What he said could not be heard, but the woman evidently did not like it, for as he approached closer and familiarly put his hand on her shoulder she dropped the basket she had been holding in her left hand and gave him one straight from the shoulder that staggered him. Only one, but that was enough.

The tough young man wended his way back to the depot somewhat abashed by the laughter of those who had witnessed the episode, and when last seen he was buying a ticket for Chicopee.

Women at the Maybrick Trial.

It was once my misfortune to witness a trial of this sort at Leeds, says Labouchere, writing of the Maybrick trial in Truth. The prisoner was a woman, and she was accused of poisoning her master by administering to him a prodigious dose of arsenic in his food. I shall never forget the sight that the crowded galleries of that court presented, for about five-sixths of the audience were women—women, old and young; withered crones, with one foot in the grave; children in their teens, plump and blooming matrons, girls of twenty, who looked admiringly at the barristers when they could tear their gaze from the cowering figure in the dock. Even on the bench there were a few well-born ladies who tried to assume an air of high-bred indifference. And all of these women had assembled to see one miserable creature tried for life! They sat there resolutely staring during the whole of the proceedings. When the prisoner cried and moaned they whispered and nudged each others when she tried to avert her face from their prying gaze they craned their necks to get a better view, and openly grumbled at the fact that she was permitted to wear a veil. The foreman gave in the verdict. It was, "Not guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter," and I say deliberately that throughout the audience there was a distinct murmur of disappointment. The ghouls were baulked of their prey; there would be no black cap, no sentence of death, and they left the court noisily; there was no mercy in their hearts, only a sense that they had wasted their time, and that the prisoner was amazingly lucky, and the scene years ago at Leeds was repeated the other day at Liverpool. For a whole week they gloated over the agony of Florence Maybrick, and at the end of the period their patience was rewarded, for she was condemned to death. And now I have little doubt many of the woman who reveled in the horrors of that trial are actively engaged in promoting petitions for a reprieve! Such are the contradictions of human nature!

Thirteen Pairs of Garters.

The Prussian princess, sister of Emperor William, who is about to be married, is having made for her thirteen pairs of very splendid garters, says a correspondent of the New York World. She does not mean to add all these to her trosseau, though among them is that traditional pair of new and blue stocking supporters said to bring brides luck, and this is the thirteenth, made of pale-blue silk and clasped with buckles set with large diamonds. Another pair will be put away with the rest of the Hohenzollern collection of garters in the museum at Berlin, and the rest will be distributed among the nobles who attend the Greek prince, her husband. This is a relic of a very ancient custom that survives nowhere now save in the reigning family of Germany. In franker and ruder ages it used to be the privilege of the best man, when the bride was about to retire with her attendant maidens, to unfasten her garter and keep it as a trophy. There was always somewhat of a dispute about it, custom requiring that the groom should resist the attempt and that the best man should insist upon his privilege. With the growth of more refined manners this custom naturally fell into disuse, and the only relic of it is in the comic opera of "La Jolie Parfumeuse," and in the marriage customs of the German royal family. The form it takes with them, however, is that the princess should have prepared thirteen pairs of garters, all of them having buckles with her initials set in diamonds, and of these she wears one pair herself, bestows one pair on the reigning sovereign, and distributes the others among her husband's attendants, the eleven of the highest rank getting this bridal favor. There is a very curious collection of these royal garters in the Berlin museum, some fifty or sixty in all, many of them extremely rich and handsome and some very queer ones from the past generations of princesses. Some of those deposited in the reigns of Frederick William III. and IV. are marvels of elaborate needlework and bullion fringes, and are buckled with the finest jewels.

Hints For Baldheaded Women.

Now as to treatment for incipient baldness, thin spots, and so forth, says a writer in Good Housekeeping: This is what an eminent physician said to a gentleman who consulted him for the first named trouble:

"Have you been accustomed to wash your head in soapy water?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, every morning," was the reply.

"Well, that is the cause of this bald place; stop washing and begin brushing your hair. Use a bristle brush and brush for fifteen minutes every morning and night. You may not notice any improvement for a year, perhaps not for two, but be assured you will have a fine crop of hair and never grow bald if you pursue this course."

As fifteen minutes seems long while vigorously moving a hairbush hither and thither over the surface of your head, it would be well to inveigle one's friends into assisting, wouldn't it?

If the hair is falling out remember that it is owing to the unhealthy condition of the scalp. First, cut off about two inches of the hair, next wash in clear, cold, soft water, rubbing dry with a crash towel; then begin the fifteen minutes brushing process, and in a few weeks you will see the tiny spires of new hair coming all over your head. Beware of being tempted to the use of any nostrum whatsoever, no matter how plausible the advertisement thereof; all are more or less injurious—generally more, as you will find out to your sorrow if you begin the use of them.

Women are Not Jokers.

A writer in the Washington Post has discovered that women as a rule are not fond of jokes; they listen to clever stories with simulated amusement and forget them immediately. The reason for this lies in one of the essentials in the make-up of woman—her profound and tender sympathy. Humor deals with the weakness of humanity; it exposes foibles and punctures tender skin. Humor sets the world laughing at some blunder of a man. It is woman nature to cover up, excuse and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. If women were humorists they would not be the most earnest church-workers, the most tender of nurses, and the most sentimental and refined portion of humanity. The same inherent quality which would make a true woman, a real woman, shrink as judge from pronouncing a death sentence, or soldier from shooting an enemy through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humorist. Wit a woman may have, wit she does possess, and is a formidable adversary with her stiletto points of irony and satire. But humorous in the common acceptation of the term, in the careless, rollicking, stinging art of current quibs and jests—never.

Un-American American Girls.

It is time that this practice of American women buying titles and impecunious husbands abroad should receive the fullest amount of ridicule and censure, sayes the Boston Globe. It is un-American and ridiculous in the extreme and is calculated to make the name of the American girl a byword in other countries.

A prominent American heiress is now negotiating for the hand of a dissolute and insignificant German prince. Her father, an American railroad magnate worth untold millions, has just joined his daughter in Paris, and she now awaits only his consent to consummate a matrimonial bargain, which if carried out, is likely to wreck her entire future. Absurd as it may seem, the price which this titled pauper places upon his hand is the payment of $800,000 worth of debts and a settlement sufficient to maintain himself and bride in a princely establishment. If the father does not now take peremptory steps and put a sudden end to this foolishness he will subject both himself and his daughter to the well merited contempt of the American people. It is but a little over one hundred years ago that our forefathers spent their life blood to expel princes from this country forever.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Charles Abbott and Maggie Mitchell will be married on the latter's return from Europe.

Monday, September 16, William H. Crane produced for the first time his new comedy, "On Probation," in Chicago.

Mr. James E. Murdock, the actor and reader, will henceforth live in Boston, where he will open a school of oratory.

"Mr. Barnes of New York" has struck the popular taste, and is playing to the capacity of the Columbia theater in Chicago at each performance.

Louis James began his season September 9 in Bridgeport, Conn. The repertoire will include Richard III., Othello, Virginius and Gonez la Vega.

The first of the season—the manager's gay
With prospects so bright for his troupe.
But, alas! ere six weary months roll away,
The prospects may be duns le sup.

Burt Haverly, the comedian of the ill-fated "Pretty Perisian" company that went to pieces a few weeks ago, has engaged with Donnelly & Girard's "Natural Gas" company.

William Haworth's new melodrama, "Fernciffe," the story of which is based on incidents of the late rebellion, was produced for the first time at Union Square theater, September 9.

Mr. Ham A. Tower—What did you think of my humble effort last night, my dear boy? The Dear Boy—O, you were an ideal Claude, beyond a doubt. I am sure of that, for there never could have been a real one like yours.

May Duryea, who was leading lady with the Deshon Opera company at the People's theater a year ago, is this year with Grattan Donnelly's farce-comedy "Mama." The company includes also sprightly Della Fox, "the devilish little devil" of the "King's Fool."

Mme. Valda, a prima donna who will assist in Mr. Abbey's Auditorium opera season next December, has arrived in New York. She thinks that with Patti and Tamagno this will be the greatest opera organization ever drawn together. It is to be hoped that she is not mistaken.

The new part which Stuart Robson is to create at the Chicago opera house in Steele Mackaye's "Arraat Knave," is something between Theodore de Baraville's Cringoire and Paul Ferrier's Tabarin—the two characters in which Coquelin displays the most powerful mastery of art.

Miss Marie Wainwright produced "Twelfth Night" at McVicker's theatre, in Chicago, on Monday evening last. There was a large and fashionable audience present, and Miss Wainwright's Viola was enthusiastically received with many calls before the curtain during the performance.

Maurice Barrymore, who will be seen in Chicago next week with A. M. Palmer's original company, is said to have made the greatest success of his entire stage career as Captain Swift. This will probably be his last season with Mr. Palmer's company, as he goes starring shortly.

Lois Fuller, well known in the west where her musical education was obtained, was married in London the other day to W. B. Hayes, who claims to be a nephew of the ex-president of that name. It is also reported that she has taken the Globe theater for the balance of Richard Mansfield's lease, and intends to produce "Caprice." As she is a capricious little lady herself this may not be difficult.

New York Dramatic Mirror: One of our esteemed fellow-sufferers says that "The the Story of Munkind," the new melo-drama now running at the Fourteenth Street theater, can be summed up as follows: Act I.—My God, my husband! Act II.—My God, my wife! Act III.—My God, the will! Act IV.—My God, my husband! Act V.—My God, the will!. Act VI.—My God, the child!.

The Emma Juch Grand English opera company is to be this year under the management of C. E. Locke, the gentleman who conducted the magnificent but ill-fated American opera company until it finally ran onto the rocks. The company will be staged in the same magnificent style of the American opera company, and the company includes such well known artists as Mme. Benie Serano, Salina Kronold, Susie Leonhardt, Lizzie McNicoll, Charles Hedmont, Edwin Singer, Franz Velta, E. U. Knight and others.

IMPIETIES.

He moved his lips in prayer,
"There'll be no parting there?"
And muttered as he lay and tossed,
Fruit for the Mormons—Elder-berries.
The dying barber's hands were crossed,
We are informed that "Christ loves good children because there are so few of them."

Preacher—Ye generation of vipers! Umpire (waking up)—No back talk there—ten dollars.

There must have been awfully slow cash boys in the days of Job, for he says: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes."

Sarah Holland, the Georgia evangelist, gives each negro convert a watermelon. This is the first indication of the coming millennium observed for many a day.

"Mother, is the District of Columbia in the sky?" "No, my child. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because you told me yesterday Washington was in heaven."

Mrs. Lumkins—Do you know scientists declare that the Garden of Eden was situated at the north pole? Mr. L.—Then I don't blame them for hustling into clothes when the cold weather came on.

Joe—What do you suppose Sullivan will do when he quits fighting? Eli—I guess he will become a preacher, as he will be qualified for that. Joe—I don't see why. Eli—Why, don't you see that he will be the greatest expounder in the world?

On the Sunday following the visit of Forepaugh's circus to Wichita, Kan., a clergyman in the pulpit solemnly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and with it came a handful of peanuts. He will be called upon to tell the deacons where he got the goobers.

"What makes you pound the table so, papa?" asked the minister's oldest daughter. "Are you trying to indicate the gestures in your sermon as you write?" "No, my child," said the minister in a rather irritated voice. "I am trying to make the ink flow in this pesky fountain pen."

A DYING BURGLAR'S SECRET

He Kissed His Sleeping Child and Went Away Forever.

COULDN'T CATCH DAN HUFF.

How an Enterprising Georgia Youth Got a Bride—My Wife's Bridge—Died to See His Sweetheart.

Little Romances.

A man was shot in the small mining town of Gilbertson, Pa., several nights ago while burglarizing a store and was taken to the Pottsville jail, where he is now dying from the wounds. He said his name was Tom Nankeville, of Shamokin, and that he had a brother and a cousin living here. The latter was found, after a long search, living in the suburbs of this city, and was informed that Nankeville was dying and sent love to all relatives and friends. Leonard Rogers, the cousin, was astonished on learning of the shooting, as he thought Nankeville was dead. A remakably romantic tale was unearthed. Twenty years ago the dying burglar came from the western part of England to Shamokin. He was a handsome young man, dressed well and worked in the mines. Two years later a former sweetheart of Nankeville came here with her husband. Nankeville, learning of their arrival, boarded with the young couple upon their going to housekeeping. A year later he went to Port Huron, N. J., to work, and while there a month learned of his rival's death in the mines. Coming back to Shamokin he paid court and eventually married the widow. Six months rolled by when he came home one night drunk. A cousin of his wife upbraided him, and that night he packed up his clothing and left—it was afterwards learned for the lake region, where he worked in the copper mines. His wife gave birth to his child six months afterwards. Mrs. Nankeville waited for her husband's return, and after six years had elapsed was told that he was dead. She had during that time supported herself and child by doing sewing. Her health broke down on learning of her husband's death, and to gain a home she married a third time. Her last husband is a miner and they lived very happily together. Two years ago Nankeville turned up alive, and learning of his wife's marriage, crept into the house one night and kissed his child, then a grown woman, as she lay asleep and departed never to be heard from again until yesterday. His wife was interviewed, and on being told of Nankeville's shooting, expressed deep sorrow. Her daughter was reared without a knowledge of her father's existence.

Mr. Dan Huff some time ago became enamored of Miss Chandler, of Banks county, Georgia. They agreed to keep their engagement a profound secret from the parents of the young lady. At the appointed time they started to church just after the old folks had started for the same destination, succeeded in getting in advance of them and made their way hastily to Danielsville. The young lady's father had grounds to suspect the probable sequel to the disappearance of the young folks. He mounted a fleet-footed horse and soon sound their trail and pursued them as fast as possible. The young couple arrived at Danielsville, drove up to Mr. Kinnebrew's and soon after the heated animal of the father passed the house bearing its master. In his haste the "old man" failed to see the "turnout" standing by the wayside and passed them by. After he passed there was no time to lose. The young man obtained a license and the services of a justice and the couple were married. Soon after the ceremony the uncle of the bride rode up. He had also followed them, but arrived too late. The father had lost track of them and turned back. He rode up and found his fifteen-year-old daughter a bride. He was excited but calmed down on finding that his rage could be of no avail. The groom is seventeen years of age.

At Tokio, Japan, is a fine bridge called Adzuma-Bashi—My Wife's bridge. The name has a romantic origin. A brave general who had quelled a rebellion in another part of the empire was hastening home on account of the receipt of a message that his wife was dangerously ill. On the last day of his hurried journey he found his course barred by a bridgeless river, and when, after long and anxious waiting, he managed to find a boat to cross in he was met by messengers bearing the sad tidings that his dearly loved wife had just died, before he could arrive to press her hand for the last time and say adieu. "My wife could not wait for me" was all the stoical warrior would trust himself to say as he stood there as it frozen by the shock. His sovereign, touched with compassion for the blow that had fallen upon him while away fighting for his country, ordered a bridge to be built at the spot and named it Adzuma-Bashi. But the people say it cost the monarch only $24, since a lot of paper money was manufactured especially to pay for it.

Theodore Flotow, aged seventy-two, and his wife, sixty-nine, were reunited the other day in St. Louis, having been separated since 1849. They came to this country in 1847, from Bavaria, stopping at New Orleans. Mr. Flotow then caught the California gold fever, and left his wife and child at New Orleans and went out to the Pacific slope. After a few years, not hearing from each other, they each married again. Mrs. Flotow married a German named Lobenhoefer. They came here about 1853, and up to a few years ago lived together very happily, when he died. The family was left in moderate circumstances, residing on Third and Victor streets. Mr. Flotow's second wife also died. Mrs. Lobenhoefer heard of her first husband through a German minister at Murphrysboro, Tenn. The reunion was a very touching one.

Eight years ago Mrs. Martha A. Higley obtained a divorce from her husband in Windsor Locks, Conn., and with her three daughters and a son came to Shelton in the same state to live. The family secured work in the mills here, and Mrs. Higley brought up her children in a very respectable manner. Soon after Mrs. Higley left her old home the former husband married again, and three years afterward his second wife died, leaving one child. Mr. Higley found the life of a widower with one child a not very pleasant one, and he cast about for another companion. His children by his first wife had kept their love for their father, and they longed to see their parents reconciled to each other. Through their efforts the father came to Shelton and met his divorced wife. The old love revived at sight of her and he pleaded with the impetuous ardor of his youthful days for a renewal of her old love. He was successful. Mrs. Higley and her children left for Windsor Locks, and a quiet wedding will soon be celebrated.

The case of Ashley W. Boyce, the Winsted hotel clerk, who married Miss Annie Chielson, of Palmer, Mass., on his deathbed recently, in order that she might inherit $30,000 which was held in trust for him, has a parallel in a case reported at Terryville, a village near Waterbury, Conn. John J. Gierding, whose funeral was held there the other day, had been sick for two weeks from blood poisoning. He had become enamored of Miss Kate Egan, of Terryville, but his mother was bitterly opposed to the girl and Gierding had to meet her clandestinely for some time. He sent for his fiancee, but when she came the mother refused her admittance. Gierding, hearing her voice, crawled from his bed and down the stairs, where he was found by his family and carried back to his room. He died in a few minutes afterward from the shock. Gierding's father, a Danish sea captain, died some time ago and left an estate valued at nearly $15,000. It is stated on good authority that Katie Egan will inherit a goodly portion of Gierding's estate.

In the book of Mrs. Laulii Willis, the Samoan woman whose husband, a contractor, left Alameda several days ago and has since been missing, occurs the following quaint story of how she first fell in love with her husband:

"The first thing I saw when we went alongside the ship was a white man with a bald head. That looked funny to me, as I had never seen a bald headed man before. He was real fat and nice looking, but he did not have any hair on his head, and I got my brother, who could talk English, to ask him, just as we got aboard, where was all the hair that belonged on his head. And the white man told him that he lived in California and they do not have any cold weather there, but had what they called 'a glorious climate,' and the 'climate' had taken all the hair off his head. We got well acquainted and I liked him, because when another white man kept talking to me this one with the bald head quarreled with him and knocked him down so he could not bother me."

At the time of the first appearance on Staten Island of the Wild West show, James B. Willoughby, otherwise "Jim, the Kid," became enamored of Miss Lillian Smith of California, a champion rifle shot who was attached to the show. A romantic marriage was the result, Justice Hulselus of Port Richmond officiating in the tent of "Buck" Taylor. A few friends who were in the secret were present, while the father of Miss Lillian was watching eagerly outside with gun in hand to shoot "the Kid," as he was opposed to the match. After the marriage the bride was taken by her parents to Connecticut, and not until several attempts did the groom finally, by stratagem, succeed in regaining her. The couple have remained with Buffalo Bill ever since, but it now appears that jealousy has invaded the family in France. Justice Hulselus, who united them in marriage, is in receipt of a letter from Paris in which the husband says that his "marriage is a failure," and asks advice as to the manner of procuring a divorce. Justice Hulselus, under the peculiar circumstances, does not know what advice to give his would-be client.

A Shamokin young man who is engaged to a young lady of that city proposed a stroll to the romantic cemetery a few evenings since. She demurred at first, but as he was going away to Atlantic City she finally consented. At the cemetery they sat down to watch the moon, and the young man fell asleep. Presently his lips moved with an endearing speech, and he breathed the name "Mollie." His lady love, aflame with jealousy, jumped up and gave him a push that sent him rolling down the bank and crashing through the brush till a railing stopped him twenty feet below badly torn and bleeding. He is recruiting by the sea, and the betrothal is hung up.

SINGULARITIES.

Fish have been caught in the Gulf of California at a depth of 1,400 feet.

A lady at Wallula, W. T., has a rose bush that stands seventeen feet high.

A huge rattlesnake crawling along the sidewalk was one of the sights at Athens, Ga., the other day.

There is a pond in New Jersey where the sacred lotus of the east has become established and proved itself hardy, although in the winter the surface of the water is frozen over.

At Sandersville, Ga., last week M. H. Bird was engaged in placing a spoke in the hub of a wheel, when it broke from the tap of a hammer and a minnie ball fell out on the floor. The spokes came from North Carolina, and it is supposed that the ball has remained in the wood since the trying days of 1861 and 1865.

A wonderful map of O'Brien county, Iowa, has been made and was on exhibition at the state fair at Des Moines. The map is wholly composed of corn grains, each town and township being distinguished by different colors. The railways are marked by rows of blue-black "squaw corn," and the wagon roads with popcorn.

As a passenger train thundered along near Alleyton, Newaygo county, Mich., the other day a large baldheaded eagle arose from beside the track and tried to fly across the rails ahead of the train, but it was struck by the engine and was lodged against a cylinder head. The engineer then went forward and captured it. The bird measured six feet from tip to tip across the wings.

A steamer arrived at Philadelphia the other day with a cargo of fruit and a number of tarantulas on board. Members of the crew were often obliged to keep watch at night and sweep the vipers into the ocean as fast as they crawled up on deck. The vessel was loaded to its hatchways. At times the deck was literally covered with them, and some were as big around the body as a good-sized orange.

The residents in the vicinity of the city dock at Brunswick, Ga., have witnessed some very strange sights and heard some unearthly noises there lately. One gentleman is responsible for the statement that the form of a woman clad in white has been seen hovering over the streets, and when approached would retreat and disappear among the lumber piles. Another has heard gates slam, stones rattle on the housetops, and various other noises that sounded queer. They attribute these sights to the ghost of a woman who died there recently.

EDUCATIONAL.

It is now thought the Stanford university in California may be opened in the fall of 1890.

A public school at Delmar is partly situated in Delaware and Maryland. Each state furnishes teachers for its pupils.

It is expected that James Russell Lowell will fill the new lectureship on poetry at Johns Hopkins university the coming year.

Ramabai now has nine pupils in her school in New York. Her assistant, Miss Demmon, has established a sewing class. This would mean very little here; in India it means a revolution in the customs of centuries. Ramabai lately accepted an invitation to lecture before a conference at Poonah; another innovation, as no woman had ever been invited to address such a body. Her subject was "America and American Women."

A European teaching an Oriental language to the cultivated speakers of it is not a frequent sight, yet Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain has held, during the several years past in the Imperial university of Tokio, the chair of Japanese and Philology. His "Handbook of Colloquial Japanese," issued last year, has reached a second edition. In both theory and practice it forms a thorough equipment for the mastery of the spoken and easy book language.

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SLAVES SOLD IN NEBRASKA.

How Martha and Hercules Went on the Block.

SOLD THEM TO PAY A DEBT.

Lawyer Taylor Was a Very Strong Prohibitionist, But He Didn't Allow the Fact to Interfere With His Business.

At Sheriff's Sale.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Sept. 21.—[Special to THE BEE.]—Much has been written on the subject of slavery in Nebraska, and while the fact has been established that it did exist for a short time before the war, there are few persons now living to whom it will be news to learn that slaves were at one time sold from the block at Nebraska City, to the highest bidder. The only owners of slaves at Nebraska City, or in the state of Nebraska, as far as the writer can learn, were Judge Charles F. Holly and Freil Nucholls, both prominent men in the community and men who figured to a considerable extent in the border slave troubles in the time of John Brown. The slaves owned by the two gentlemen were twelve in number, and all but two were subsequently run off by followers of Brown and taken out of the country by the underground railroad. In the course of pioneer business transactions the Hon. Judge Holly became somewhat embarrassed financially, and among his creditors was William B. Hail, or "Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly known. The sum involved was $338. When the status of Holly's financial affairs became known, Hail employed counsel, and an effort was made to find some way of securing the $338. A judgment was secured against Holly for the amount, and an execution issued, but when Sheriff Birchfield went to levy upon the property of the judge, it was found that there was nothing attachable remaining.

William H. Taylor, a tricky lawyer of the early days, and a somewhat prominent republican and anti-slavery politician of that time in Nebraska City, was attorney for Hail, and it did not take him long to hit upon a plan to secure his client, although it was rather against his previous teachings. Judge Holly had two slaves—Martha and Hercules—and Taylor decided that these were attachable property. He ordered the sheriff to secure the slaves upon the execution.

"But," said Taylor's abolition friends, "this will never do. It is wrong and inconsistent, and the fair name of Nebraska shall never be sullied by the sale of a human being within her borders."

"D— the niggers and the state," replied Taylor. "This is not a question of sentiment, but a matter of law," and the sheriff was urged to serve the papers. Excitement began to run high and numerous and dire threats were made against the attorney, officer and creditor, if the order should by carried out. Sheriff Birchfield required the interested parties to give him an indemnifying bond to secure him against any possible damage. The officer went to the home of Holly to make the levy, followed by an excited, threatening mob. The attachment was made, and Martha and Hercules were taken in charge by the sheriff, who was then also proprietor of the leading hotel in the city, and the slaves were put to work at the house until the date of sale, December 5, 1860, the attachment having been made on November 17. The "property" were led to believe that they were to be purchased by Hail, and would therefore remain in the city, and consequently they were unconcerned about their future. As the day of sale drew nearer the public excitement increased, and John Brown's men made several efforts to raise a mob to secure the two slaves and run them out of the country, but Attorney Taylor's presence always had a quieting effect on the crowd.

On the morning of the day of sale every citizen looked for bloodshed. The officer and his deputies were armed and determined, and the opposing mob was equally well prepared and threatening, while the southern element was on hand to see the fun. An attempt was to be made to take the slaves by force when they were placed on the block. Sheriff Birchfield made his appearance with Hercules, who was mounted on the block in front of the old Seymour house and offered for sale. There was a murmur among the crowd and a swaying motion toward the auctioneer, but a number of glittering guns brought the mob to a standstill again, and when Attorney Taylor appeared upon the scene and circulated a little among the crowd they had been restored to quite a good nature and were even ready to hoot and jeer after Hercules had been offered some fifty times without a bidder. Finally Martha was brought out and placed beside her partner and both offered for sale.

"Three hundred dollars!" cried one of John Brown's men, before "Uncle Billy" Hail had time to make his bid.

"Three hundred and fifty," put in Uncle Billy, and the bidding stopped, and the "property" was knocked down to the purchaser, who immediately hurried them out of town before the mob had made up its mind to take further action, and when they did start in pursuit in the evening, Hail and his purchase were on their way to Missouri, where the slaves were sold again. This action of Hail alone prevented the two slaves from gaining their liberty along with the remaining slaves in this city, who were soon after run out of the country by Brown's men. Following is a copy of the sheriff's return on the sale, and now one of the interesting documents on file in the district court:

"This writ came to hand November 15, 1860, and was served by levying on the following described property, to-wit: One negro man named Hercules, one negro woman named Martha, slaves, and belonging to Charles F. Holly; said levy being made on the 17th day of November, 1860. I caused a notice to be published in the Nebraska City News according to law (see execution), that I would offer the above described property for sale at public auction in front of the court house in Nebraska City, in said county on the 5th day of December, A. D., 1860, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m., of said day; and at the time and place specified in said notice. I first offered Hercules, and there being no bidder for him I then offered the said Hercules and Martha together and sold the same to William B. Hail for the sum of $300. He being the highest bidder and that being the highest sum bidden for said property, the same was sold to him.

WILLIAM BIRCHFIEED, Sheriff.

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