

A HOLOCAUST OF BABIES.

Three Little Darlings Charred in Their Mother's Slight.

A MOST HEART-RENDING SIGHT.

A Mother's Anguish Caused by a Husband's Cruelty and the Absence of a Brave and Daring Spirit.

"There's a House a-Burnin'."

Officer Bauer, who had been on duty at the corner of Twentieth and Pierce streets, yesterday morning.

The next instant, almost, the policeman sounded the alarm from box 6, at Twenty-second and Pierce.

In the rear of 2021 Pierce street there stood a little cottage enveloped in flames.

Around it stood a hundred men and women, inactive, listless.

Suddenly above the crackling flames arose those childish voices.

They pierced the ears and riveted the hearts of the bystanders.

Then it was that that little house was entered and from a myre, on which three little children, two girls and a boy, whose names could not be learned, were tenderly lifted and placed on the ground outside, dead and unrecognizable.

"O my darling little ones!" screamed a female voice. "Let me save them, let me save them!"

There was a hasty movement to the front of the residence in the north end of the lot, in which resides Prof. Steinmeyer.

Every body knew that it was the mother, who had returned to her desolate hearth and to the Crumery of Her Beloved Ones.

Strong men and seized her in their arms. She was struggling to escape from them, having seen the flames from afar, and knowing with even more than a mother's instinct, if that were possible, that all could not be well with her children.

But she tugged in vain. The strong arms would not release their hold.

Finally, overcome by her fruitless efforts, the poor woman, who would and who could not be comforted, was led to a neighbor's house, where she was watched over to prevent her from self-destruction.

Into that fatal lot drove Coroner Drexel's wagon and into the latter were tenderly lifted the remains of the children.

As the wagon regained Twentieth street it passed the residence of A. T. Little at No. 1112 and thus was observed by the mother who sat near the window.

With redoubled strength and determination, the poor woman, who now divined that her

Little Ones Were Dead, dashed toward the window. It was only by almost superhuman effort that her guard prevented her from throwing herself through the panes.

The poor sufferer was the embodiment of misery. She was of the ideal German type light, luscious hair, ruddy cheeks, blue eyes and regular features.

Her features had become discolored and flowed freely as she rocked from side to side or vainly strove to attain her liberty.

The poor mother was a washerwoman named Lena Schip. She had been deserted by her husband. One month ago she rented the little cottage, which was owned by Mrs. Muehoff, and earned a frugal living by taking in washing.

Yesterday morning she went abroad early to get some goods for which she was told to call. She could not find the place. She started toward home and while on the way saw the flames which had consumed her children.

She had lighted a fire before she left in quest of labor, placed the kettle on the stove so that the water might be in condition to enable her to commence work on her return.

She left the little ones in bed near the window. One of these was a boy six years of age; the second a girl four years of age and the last a baby girl of two months.

She unlocked the door. How the fire originated no one knows. The result has been told.

All the woman's household property and clothing were also destroyed, and, while alone in the world, she has now only the clothes which encase her person.

The burned bodies of the three innocents were placed in the morgue at 9:30 o'clock, and steps were taken to prepare them for burial.

When the coroner's receiving box, in which the bodies were placed when taken from the ruins, was uncovered, the sight presented

was as sickening as it was pitiful. The employes at the morgue, accustomed to handling dead bodies in all shapes and conditions, shuddered in contemplation of the task before them.

The three frail bodies were burned to a crisp and had lost nearly all semblance of their life-outlines. The babe's body was the only one recognizable as a human form but it was not spared.

The fire had burned its head so that the little child had been roasted away and its brains and blood had been roasted to a crisp mass.

The oldest child, a boy of seven years, was burned so that his

Head Was Entirely Gone and his white bones shone through the charred flesh in many places. His legs were drawn up, motionless, and his arms were held by the heat, until his fingers were

were with his chest and all of the flesh had fallen from his frame, from his knees to his feet, presenting a ghastly spectacle.

to with the flames, but in his bosom there is a heart of almost womanly tenderness for the unfortunate. His heart had already been touched by compassion, and he had already, with an Andrew Schell, began a circular petition for subscriptions for the relief of the poor woman.

"Do you really want to see your baby?" inquired the chief, slightly emphasizing the word "want" and looking directly into the mother's eyes.

"O, yes, I want to see my baby," she replied, as the tears welled into her eyes and she endeavored to impress the chief that the sight would not cause her to lose her spirits.

"Well, I'll let you see your baby," replied the chief.

Accordingly, under the direction of Mr. Baker, one of the attaches of the morgue, the poor woman was led to the basement.

There the oil shroud was removed, and the little innocent whose loveliness had often justified the exorcism of her mother, stood revealed, a charred and shapeless mass.

The poor woman became speechless. The chief forsook her cheeks and the tears which had been flowing seemed to freeze upon her face and eyes.

"Do you want to see the other girl?" inquired the chief.

"Yes, please."

The other body was exposed, but the woman gave evidences of becoming faint and was quietly and gently escorted from the department of death.

A carriage was called and the mother driven to the house of Frank Krampert, the butcher for whose family she had washed at 2021 Pierce street.

The remains of the little ones will not be buried until Saturday. By that time a sufficient amount of money will have been obtained to defray the burial expenses and perhaps erect a little cottage on leased ground for the mother.

The fire will receive subscriptions to aid in this undertaking.

JOHN HERBST'S DEATH.

The Coroner's Jury Finds It Was Due to His Own Carelessness.

Coroner Drexel held an inquest yesterday afternoon to investigate the cause of the death of John Herbst, the man who was found on the B. & M. tracks, badly injured on Christmas eve.

The first witness examined was L. S. Collier, the engineer of the passenger train which is supposed to have run over Herbst. He testified that he had taken out train No. 6 on the B. & M. last Tuesday night, leaving the depot about 7 o'clock.

When about half a mile from the depot he saw a black object lying on the track. It was not moving and seemed about the size of a dog. His train was running at a speed of about eight miles per hour and he had a good headlight. It is a common occurrence for trains to run over dogs, pigs, calves, etc., and the thought came into his mind that this was a dog or a pig and he paid no particular attention to it.

He was quite positive that the object was neither upright or moving, as he could have certainly seen it a distance of 100 feet if it had been standing up. He felt the engine make a very slight jump as it passed over the object, and when he reached Gibson he examined the engine to see if there were any signs of blood or hair, but found nothing to indicate that the engine had passed over anything. He first learned of the accident Wednesday morning at Plattsmouth, and was dumfounded to learn that he had killed a man.

He did not stop his train, as often happens that dogs, etc., are run over, and he thought this was only a dog. He could not say whether or not the train or engine had gone over the track ahead of him. The object was lying on the trestle a short distance from the end.

Mr. B. A. Arnold, fireman of the same engine, was called but knew nothing whatever of the accident, as he was attending to the fire on the trestle.

Mrs. Charlotte Buckholz, a near neighbor of the dead man, was the next witness. She had been to a neighboring saloon for beer and had started back across the trestle when she reached the middle the passenger train passed her and she heard a voice exclaiming, "Oh, my dear child, my dear child!" At first she was frightened and started to run, and then she turned and asked, "Who's there?"

Receiving no reply she ran home and told her son-in-law to go quick and see who was hurt. They went back together and found Herbst lying on the track groaning. She talked to him but he did not seem to hear.

August Klause, the son-in-law of the last witness, was called and testified as to his going to the scene of the accident with an old lady and finding the body there. They found the injured man lying on the track, scarcely able to speak. Others were on the scene and he only spoke a few words to Herbst. The latter begged to be shot. He said the body was between the two tracks, about five feet from the end of the trestle.

Henry Hennington, a dairyman and neighbor of the dead man, was the next and the most important witness. He said that the body of his boy, running home and told him a man had been run over by the cars. His son ran to the place and recognized Herbst. He asked him how the accident had occurred, and Herbst said he had started across the trestle, but heard the train coming and turned to go back. Before he could reach the end, however, the train struck him. At this time Mrs. Herbst appeared on the scene and talked with her husband as long as he was able to answer. Mr. Hennington saw no signs at each end of the trestle warning people against crossing it. He also said there were good roads in that vicinity leading to town.

Henry Hennington, Jr., son of the last witness, was examined but his testimony was merely corroborative of his father's.

Fred C. Hayes, yardmaster of the B. & M., testified as to the place of the accident. It occurred at the right-way and private property of the railroad, and also as to there being signs warning people against crossing the trestle.

E. W. Carter, conductor of the train, was the last witness and said the train was seven minutes in running to Gibson. They ran slow, as they expected to meet another train. The jury returned a verdict that "the deceased came to his death through his own action in walking across the trestle, which was the private property of the B. & M., and it is presumed that train No. 6, engine No. 306, ran over him, causing injuries which resulted in his death."

Kinging Noises.

In the cars, sometimes a roaring buzzing sound are caused by catarrh that results in ringing noises in the ears, very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

A Nest of Bunnies.

The horrible charge of a "crime against nature" will be lodged against half a dozen thugs who now languish in a cell at central police station, as soon as the proper evidence can be secured.

Less than a dozen loafers and desperate vagabonds in a room in a boarding house at Tenth and Jackson streets Wednesday, used in their debased and degraded manner a child named Eddie Gray.

Detectives Savage and Dunspey raided the place and seized the most revolting fifteen bottles of perfume, eight gold rings, an overcoat in a jewelry box, all of which are supposed to be stolen property.

Five men were arrested on the charge of being suspicious characters. Serious results are anticipated.

For delicacy, for purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pears' Soap.

Mrs. H. Goldner, arrived from Kansas City yesterday morning with her three small children in search of her transient husband, who, it is said, is living with an Omaha woman. She has secured the assistance of the police.

FELL WITH THE SCAFFOLD.

One Man Will Die From the Sudden Drop.

TWO OTHERS ARE INJURED.

While a Quartette of Other Artisans and Mechanics Narrowly Escaped Serious Injury— Etc., Etc.

Fell Twenty Feet.

To the accidents and crimes which characterized both Wednesday and Thursday was added another, which cannot be thought, without result fatal.

Seven men at 2:30 yesterday afternoon were working upon the scaffold of the Tompson-Houston electric light building, now in course of erection at the corner of Fourth and Jackson streets.

Suddenly, and without the slightest premonition, the supports of the floor gave way, precipitating all the men upon a mass of stone and brick beneath.

The greatest excitement prevailed for a time and people from all sides flocked to the scene of the accident.

Medical assistance was called and it was ascertained that only three of the men were seriously injured.

These were Frank Wets, laborer, who sustained a very severe scalp wound, as also several other injuries from which it is feared he cannot recover; John Michel, another laborer, who was badly bruised about the body and will be laid up for some days; and E. I. Ansoo, a bricklayer, who had lost one eye besides receiving several minor injuries.

The fall was twenty feet, and how the other three men escaped injury is a mystery. The injured men were carried to their homes. The names of the uninjured ones could not be ascertained.

SAINT NICHOLAS.

The Christmas Cantata at Kountze Memorial Church Last Night.

The very pretty Christmas cantata, "Saint Nicholas," was presented at Kountze Memorial church last evening by the members of the Sunday school under the management of Mrs. Regina Atwater. The church was very prettily decorated for the event. The pillars were wrapped with evergreens, while festoons of the same hung from the motto, "Glory to God in the highest," in front of the choir railing. A Christmas tree standing in front of the organ and towering almost to the vaulted roof was prettily decorated with pop corn and candles. All the participants in the cantata wore costumes.

At the opening of the cantata the entire Sunday school marched to the organ, singing "Happy Christmas." Then followed the song of the cantata, "The Harvest Days are Over," sung by half a dozen masses. Miss Anna Elliott sang with fine effect the song, "Autumn," one of the prettiest airs in the cantata.

Bertha Leisenring, in snowy white robes, appeared as Queen Winter, and was conducted to a throne with proper ceremonies and songs. Willie Hartman, as Jack Frost, was installed as her crown minister, and presided in polite but majestic subjects with cotton snowballs and playing other pranks. Miss Anna Howards was Snow, and Miss Harper, Miss Pollock and Miss Maggie Beyer, the Winds.

Mr. Atwater was the Storm King, and sang a solo announcing his claims to the title. Mr. Horace Kaufman sang the welcome to the Storm King.

In part several Miss Amy Roberts rendered "Merry Hells Are Ringing Now" in a very creditable manner. The solo songs following this were very pleasing.

Mr. E. W. Green appeared as "Long Ago," a hoary-headed patriarch, who could remember well the night that Christ was born.

The poem, which contained an appearance made every little heart beat for joy was Santa Claus himself. His voice sounded very much like that of Rev. W. A. Lutz, but the little fellows were not deceived. It was a good saint himself when he closed the evening's entertainment by inviting them hand down into the basement, where were a handsome present for every boy and girl.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's stomach bitters and their continued popularity ever a third of a century ago, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's stomach bitters.

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SSS

Skin Eruption Cured.

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For sale by Goodman Drug Co

Send for circular, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

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Under a Twenty Year Contract by the Mexican International Improvement Company.

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City of Mexico on January 9th, 1890.

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1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$60,000, 1

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1 GRAND PRIZE OF \$2,000, 1

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Parents who are desirous of securing for their boys, practical and appropriate presents, will find our Boy's Department the best place to get them.

Can you think of anything that will give your boys more lasting pleasure and comfort than a nice suit or overcoat? We are showing handsome styles for big and small boys, and the tremendous cut we have lately made on our finest goods, places them within the reach of all.

The styles of suits we are offering at \$3.50, \$4.90 and \$5.50 you will not find anywhere else, except you pay twice the money for the same goods.

In Children's and Boy's Overcoats we offer extraordinary bargains as we are determined to close them out. One small lot of extra fine Children's Overcoats, of elegant designs and neatly trimmed is marked at less than the value of the Cloth. We have never cut so deep as we did this time. They must all go before New Year and the prices are made to move them.

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Embroidered Silk Suspenders. — Silk Umbrellas.

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers. — Fine Gloves.

Silk Handkerchiefs. — Choice Neckwear.

All these goods we sell as close as the Staple Articles. No fancy prices in our store. You will save about 50 per cent on all purchases made in our Furnishing Department.

Nebraska Clothing Company

Corner Douglas and Fourteenth Streets.

"A bright home makes a merry heart"

JOY TRAVELS ALONG

with SAPOLIO.

It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

All work should be so done as to give joy to the worker. Perhaps you have never felt joyful when cleaning house? You never will till you use SAPOLIO to assist you.

House-cleaning has been revolutionized since housewives first learned its value. Why shouldn't you find joy in your work? All grocers sell it.

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Can be cured in 20 to 30 days by the use of the

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For sale only by the Cook Remedy Co., of Omaha, Nebraska. Write to us for the name and address of patients who have been cured and from whom we have permission to refer. It is a disease that has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians.

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WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$1.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Goodman Drug Co., Druggists, Sole Agents, 1119 Farnham Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

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Drives discharges from the urinary organs in either sex in 48 hours.

It is superior to Capsule, Cubeb, or other Santalines, and free from all bad smell and other inconveniences.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYRILL PILLS

Best, pure and always reliable. Ladies, call for them, and give them freely. Take one or two pills, and you will feel better. They are the best for all ailments.

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SCHEFFNER'S ASTHMA CURE. Instantly relieves the most violent attack. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate. It is superior to all other remedies in all cases of asthma. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price, 50 cents. Sold by all druggists or by mail. Trial package Free on request. Write to Dr. J. C. Scheffner, 1119 Farnham Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

FOR MEN