

SOUTHERN SOCIETY ROMANCE

Story of Antebellum Days Recalled by a Recent Event.

POSSIBLE REUNION OF A SEVERED COUPLE

Their First Marriage and Elopement Was Preceded and Followed by a Series of Bloody Encounters.

A recent dispatch from New York announcing the formation of a syndicate for the purchase of a large tract of land in Bolivia now owned by Baron Henri Arrous de Riviere recalls to the minds of Louis Globe-Democrat the most romantic episode of southern society life which occurred prior to the war, and rehabilitates a figure that had long since passed from the recollection of all except a few of Mobile and New Orleans antebellum beaux.

It was in 1856 that Henri Arrous de la Riviere, captain of zouaves of the corps d'Afrique, French army, first made his appearance in this country. He came to Mobile loaded with letters of introduction to the heads of French and creole families, and being fresh from the theater of war in the Crimea and Africa, young and singularly handsome, being the reputed heir of the barony of de Riviere and immense wealth, he was received everywhere with open arms.

De Riviere was at that time a man of 28 years of age, possessing a handsome face, with a full, curly, chestnut hair, a tall muscular frame, a military carriage, with a lithe swing which suggested the zouave dare-devil; he was a superb horseman—in fact, a man to capture the hearts of a people like the southern belles of those days and to play havoc with the women.

He was not in Mobile long before he found an introduction into the family of Frederick Blount—a lawyer of high standing and some wealth—which consisted at that time of Mrs. Blount, a well-preserved and handsome woman of 40, her daughter, and a young girl of 15, just budding into womanhood, but whose beauty, amiability and accomplishments had already made her much sought after by the young men of Mobile.

Among the suitors of Miss Blount at that time, and who were all of the first rank, was a young man named Harry Maury, a Virginian and a cousin of Commander Maury of the United States navy, and of General Dadey Maury. Captain Maury was quite as handsome and dashing a man as de Riviere, but as though he had gained military fame as a soldier with Lopez in Cuba and Walker in Nicaragua he was for the time quite eclipsed by the gallant zouave in the good graces of Miss Blount and her mother, and as a consequence felt sore toward de Riviere.

Challenge and Duel. Two or three little episodes occurred between the men, but Maury's determination to draw de Riviere into a quarrel, which meant a fight in those days, was for a time frustrated by the closeness of de Riviere and the influence brought to bear upon him by Miss Blount. One night, however, Maury and de Riviere met in a public coffee house in Mobile, and Maury took the occasion to fasten upon de Riviere an insult which brooked no delay in the latter's sending him a challenge. Matters were quickly arranged, a cotton merchant of Mobile, Ned McDonald by name, acting as Maury's friend and the French consul acting for de Riviere, the terms of the fight were: "Cold navy pistols, twelve paces, to fire at the word, and if neither is wounded to advance and fire till one shall fall"—a "business affair" in the start and rendered more serious by the fact that both men were known to be excellent pistol shots, and that de Riviere being well known and that de Riviere depending upon the report of those with whom he was intimate, who declared that he could cut a tape line at twelve paces every time.

The fight occurred at the Mississippi state line, some miles west of Mobile, and the party, coming and going, had to pass in front of Blount's residence, on the Spring Hill road, now Spring Hill avenue. On arriving at the grounds no time was lost in preliminaries. The men were placed, and the word "fire" was given. At the word "fire" after fire, both pistols cracked. Maury stood perfectly still, cocked pistol in hand, but de Riviere lurched heavily forward and fell about midway of the fighting distance, and there from the ground fired at Maury. The latter, still unscathed, again fired and put a ball into de Riviere's head, which ended the fight. On examination by the surgeons, Maury's ball was found to have entered the left jaw and imbedded itself in the hard part, whence it was subsequently cut. The first shot, that which caused him to fall, had struck a coin in a pocket directly over the heart, and had knocked him down by sheer concussion. It was reported, and for a long time, that the bullet which struck de Riviere was a fair one, and that de Riviere was a shirt of mail under his other clothing, but this is not true. The writer has been assured both by the surgeons and by Colonel Maury that de Riviere acted most heroically throughout the affair. It would, however, be hard to convince most old Mobileans of the fact. De Riviere was removed to town, but when the cavalcade reached the front of the Blount mansion it was halted by orders of Mrs. Blount. It contained was taken into the house to be nursed back to health by the fair madame and Miss Blount.

Elopement of the Lovers. Some weeks passed and Captain Riviere was reported as convalescing finely, when one morning all Mobile was thrown into the wildest excitement by the report that de Riviere, Mrs. Blount and Miss Blount were missing. Blount was beside himself, and as soon as he learned the facts, which were that the party had taken carriages and gone overland to a point on Mississippi sound, where they intercepted a sound steamer from Mobile to New Orleans, he went to New Orleans in search of the lovers, but arrived there just in time to learn that they had departed for Havana in an outgoing steamer. Blount followed and arrived just in time to prevent the wedding of de Riviere and Miss Emily, but in some way they managed to elude him and left for New York. Again he followed, and in New York, finding that the infatuation of his wife for Riviere frustrated all his attempts to get possession of his daughter, he resorted to the courts where, after a long legal fight, he finally succeeded in recovering de Riviere and returned to Mobile with his family.

Riviere returned to France shortly afterwards and the Blounts lived down the scandal. Years passed by and finally the war came. One day, along in 1862 or 1863, a letter came from France addressed to Colonel Blount. It contained a statement from de Riviere that he was willing and anxious to repair all the injury he had done; that he still loved Miss Blount, and that his father having died his mother and sisters would gladly receive her into the family as his wife and wiving up with the proposition that Mr. Blount, his wife and daughter should run the blockade and come to France, where the past should all be rectified. It is said that the letter con-

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ORIGINATING GENERALLY WITH TRAINMEN

Many of Them Have Proved a Good Advertisement—Circumstances of the Christening—An Interesting Collection.

A fact not generally known is that the railroads of the country have nicknames, and that railroad employes, those in the ranks, have entirely different synonyms. The information appears that the high officials nickname the road for convenience sake, while the trainmen do it to express some phase of personal experience thereon. If the latter christening is a good one it generally sticks, and as their experience has generally been a vivid one an original and worthy nickname generally crops out, says the Chicago Herald. To illustrate this point, the Columbia & Port Deposit railroad, running from Columbia, Pa., to Port Deposit, Me., can be aptly cited. The railroad men call this road the "One Chance." It runs along the river shore almost its entire length, and is as crooked as any in the country. Train dispatchers at Columbia frequently find it difficult to secure seasoned trainmen to work on this road, on account of numerous accidents. If not on account of the road, then the fact that it is so crooked. For this reason they have no doubt given it the significant christening, as to go out on the run over the road and come back alive the trainman has taken the advantage of one chance in 100.

Newspaper readers will recall the great railroad coup in which Senator Brice was interested some ten years back, by which the New York, Chicago & St. Louis road was built and the New York Central paralleled from New York to Buffalo. The road was built in a day, comparatively speaking, and the buying of it by William H. Vanderbilt resulted in a great profit for the selling syndicate and the christening of the road, the name of which has stuck to it to this day. Vanderbilt was grumbling at the price he had to pay, and remarked, "Why, if the infernal road was nickel plated it couldn't cost more," and the road has been known as the "Nickel Plate" ever since.

Fort Wayne's Peculiar Name.

The reporter of the Washington Star recently accosted a prominent railroad official in this city as to how many railroad nicknames there were. He replied: "Just as many as you have a mind to take. I have heard the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago called the 'Red Finnickin's Wife and Children,' but where the name came from is more than I can tell. Here are a few of the roads with nicknames that I can now recall without referring to books: The Minnesota & St. Paul is called the 'Big Four'; the 'So' and is an abbreviation of the pronunciation of the last name. The 'Big Four' is taken from the consolidation of four big roads—the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, & Chicago, the Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati & Indianapolis, the Indiana, St. Louis, and the Cairo, Vincennes & Chicago. This consolidation took place many years ago; the nickname was given and it has stuck to it ever since. Many railroads claim that the words 'So' and 'Chi' are taken from the big cities touched by the road, viz., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and Indianapolis, but I think the right origin is the one I have given.

GENTLE THEOREM'S FATE.

He Was a Model Convict and Thoughtful to the Last. The gloomy interior of the Tombs would give a country sheriff the "creeps." Out in the west they have a homelike way of doing business that makes the giving up of one's life a pleasure as well as a duty. The sheriff is likely to grow sympathetic, and his good wife takes upon herself the religious training of the convict, says the New York Times.

There is a story (with no affidavit as to its truthfulness) of one case where a prisoner was made a member of the family. The jail was a quiet affair and fears were entertained for the health of the prisoner if he should be compelled to occupy it alone. There were no other prisoners and he was taken to board, occupying a seat at the family table. He was a mild-mannered lad, and how he ever worked himself up to kill anybody was more than people could make out. It appeared that he had shot a playmate with an old gun, and there was evidence to show that the crime was committed. The jury felt obliged to convict him, and Theodore—that was his name—was not the boy to question what had been decided on. He seemed to feel that all had been done for him that was possible, and, besides, he felt himself ready for the sheriff to hold himself ready for the order.

Theodore was one of the least blood-thirsty boys imaginable. His worst vice was that he was unduly fond of the game of croquet. He liked this game very much and played nearly every evening with the wife of the sheriff. He was always in bed at an early hour, so that no anxiety was felt for his safety.

So in went on until the fatal day arrived for the hanging. The youthful murderer slept well the night before. With a clear conscience and hands as clean as could be, and his hair nicely brushed. He ate a good breakfast and then went out with the sheriff to help him put up the gibbet. This work out of the way they returned to the house to wait for the execution. By 10 o'clock the twelve good men and true arrived, and then began the final arrangements. None present had ever taken part in such a strange event, and, after consulting, they decided that it would be the safest way to go through with the hanging. They formed a line in the jail, arranged the knot in the rope and talked over all that was to be said and done. They stood in the corridor of the jail and talked for a time, all feeling horribly depressed with the work in hand.

At last the fatal hour struck and the sheriff with a sigh picked up the rope. Then he looked around, and an expression of surprise overpread his face. He turned to the witnesses, looked at his watch, and then said: "Why, where is Theodore?" Then everybody in turn asked the same question. They looked around for a minute in alarm, and the sheriff had a painful expression on his face, as much as to say: "Where is Theodore?" "It is possible that we have been deceived in this way."

At last, however, Theodore came in, and bowed politely to all present. Asked to explain his absence, he said he happened to think that he had left his coat in the jail, and he had returned to get it; besides, he felt that if he stayed he would only be in the way while they were arranging matters. The excuse was considered satisfactory, and Theodore was once more restored to the confidence of his friends. Everything once more being regular, and the two having arrived, they took Theodore out and hanged him to the best of their ability.

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town, is known all through the railroad world as the "Jintown road."

On a "Jintown" Frontier.

"Have you ever known of a road being christened through a specially exciting incident?" inquired the reporter. "When the Erie road was first built, which now runs from Harrisburg to Canadagua, N. Y., it was nicknamed the 'Davy Crockett,' and for a good many years it was known by that name. I was about in this way one dark night when the conductor was taking three passenger cars through to Sunbury he noticed the headlights of a locomotive in his rear. He informed the engineer of the fact and he began speculating what it meant. The train was running at a high rate of speed, but the headlights in the rear were gaining steadily on them. As there were no lights in the rear of the headlights they concluded it must be an empty engine. That road twists and turns among the mountains and skirts the banks of the Susquehanna in such a way as to permit any one looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance. The conductor called the engineer to put on more steam and he began puffing and blowing wide open. Then followed a wild, weird chase through the night. Pursuer and pursued tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the cars believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy. At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make little progress on greasy rails. The contents of two huge cans of lard oil were poured on the track from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea was a great one and proved highly successful. Soon the headlights of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance. When it was safe to do so the train was stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. A very funny sight was revealed.

One of the finest engines on the road, called the "Davy Crockett," they gave locomotive names in those days instead of numbers—had broken away from a hostler up at Williamsport and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had lubricated the destructive abilities that locomotives possess. There stood the Davy Crockett, puffing and snorting and paving like a wild Texas steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a fly wheel in a machine shop, but not moving an inch. The driver of an engine was found and the fireman of the passenger train and the engine and shut her off. They towed her into Sunbury and there found a dispatch ordering them on to a side track out of the way of the runaway, but the oil had saved them. A large excursion train was being run on the Erie that night and the escape from destruction was really brought about by the oiled rails. The Davy Crockett made many trips after that, but the road went under the nickname for a long time, owing to the peculiar way the lives of many people had been saved."

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

Features of Saturday's Business on the Board of Trade.

Chicago, Ill., May 13.—The wheat market today struggled with two opposing forces. The foreign news was bullish and put in a price up temporarily; the financial disturbance at home had a decidedly bearish effect and pulled down the market. The result was a struggle between the two forces, which proved the stronger and closed the market at a price 1/2 cent lower than yesterday's closing quotations. The more remote deliveries of corn were easier in sympathy with wheat, and the market was firmer. The demand for spot wheat. Provisions were subjected to a mild rally and closed 2 1/2 cts lower for pork, 27 1/2 cts for lard and 15 cts for ribs. Extreme drought was reported in many large sections of the West, and the facility of shipments from there were higher and gave the color of truth to the dismal reports. In the country there was no improvement noted in the winter wheat and Prime telegraphed that the crop was better than for some years, and retrograded during the week. Under these conditions the market was strong and a shade higher at the opening and for a short time thereafter. But traders were not disposed to do more than to buy a few contracts, and the business was lighter than for some days. Then there came a report of some small failures in New York and stocks began to break. A Milwaukee dispatch said that a run had begun on the big bills of the trading, and as a consequence the market was weaker. There was a wild rush to get rid of long wheat and it did not stop until the market was closed. The situation and carry prices off. There was a slight reaction but the market continued nervous and the price of wheat was down. At the opening prices were advanced from 100 to 105 cents, and the market was firmer. The price of wheat was 1 1/2 cts higher for July and 1 1/2 cts lower for September yesterday.

In corn there was more doing than on yesterday. The feeling at the start was quite firm, being a continuation of the sentiment prevailing in the market yesterday. There was a wild rush to get rid of long wheat and it did not stop until the market was closed. The situation and carry prices off. There was a slight reaction but the market continued nervous and the price of wheat was down. At the opening prices were advanced from 100 to 105 cents, and the market was firmer. The price of wheat was 1 1/2 cts higher for July and 1 1/2 cts lower for September yesterday.

Receipts and Disposition of Stock as shown by the books of the Union Stock Yards office, Chicago, P. M., May 14, 1893.

Table with columns: CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP, HORSES & MULES. Rows: Receipts, Disposition, and various market data.

Table with columns: BUYERS, CATTLE, HOGS, SHEEP. Rows: Omaha Packing Co., The U. S. Hammond Co., The Cudahy Packing Co., etc.

Table with columns: WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS. Rows: May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

THEY'RE NOT ALL ALIKE—Blood medicines. There's only one that is so far-reaching and so unfailing in its effects that it can be guaranteed to do all that's promised. That's Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If that doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's not the price of the sarsaparilla or ordinary Spring medicines. They claim to do good in March, April, and May. All the year round, and in all cases, the "Discovery" purifies the blood as nothing else can. Every blood disease and disorder, Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings—the most distressing and deadly diseases—and the worst forms of Scrofula, are completely and permanently cured by it. With any others, something else that pays them, it will probably be urged as "just as good." It may be, for them, but it can't be for you.

For colic, cramps, and pains in stomach, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Smart-Weed Ext.

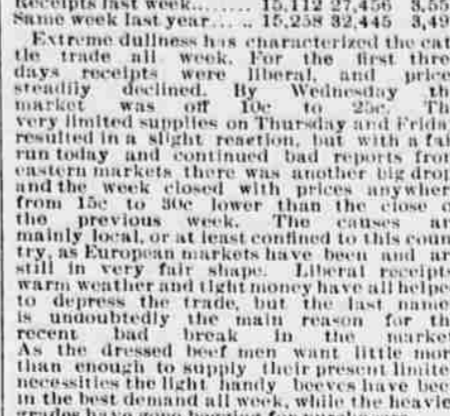
SOUTH OMAHA. Union Stock Yards Company, South Omaha. COMMERCIAL HOUSES. Live Stock Commission Merchants. 16th and Farnam Streets. BRING THIS WITH YOU. NEBRASKA. E. S. DEPOSITORY, OMAHA, NEB. Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$65,000. WOOD BROTHERS. JOHN D. DIXIE, Manager. WALTER E. WOOD, Manager. Market reports by mail and wire cheerfully furnished upon application.

One Way

to fill a barrel with water, is to use a sieve. It's a poor way, though. You can do it—but it takes time, patience, care and much work.

So you can wash clothes with soap and a wash-board—but it isn't the best way. It's slow work, hard work, costly work. It wears out the things you're trying to get clean.

The best and easiest way is to use Pearlina. That does the washing while you're doing something else—does it without any of the clumsy rubbing that takes so much time and makes so much wear and tear. Try it—saves you money as well as work.



Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—JAMES F. LEE, New York.

A New Haven

Sexton's Rheumatic Experience.

Sexton, J. of the North Church, in New Haven, Conn., is as well known as the church itself; the church being one of the most famous ecclesiastical landmarks of the city. Some time ago he had a severe case, not with ghosts, but with the powers of darkness, and with an enemy of the human race, which singled him out for its victim and laid him on his back in grievous torture. His story is of personal interest to thousands, as he told it to a friend who called on him in New Haven: "For a good many years I had been troubled with the pains of rheumatism, particularly those which attack the hip and thigh, in the way of scatica. At times they were severe, and then for some time I would have almost none. But about two years ago I felt the scatica coming on more strongly than it had ever before. For four or five days the pains would strike me at intervals, just as if to let me know that a big attack was coming. Well, it came in full force, and all of a sudden, I was at the store—for during the week I am busy with certain fixtures and all that sort of upholstery work—and I was seized with a scatica attack which knocked me entirely helpless. For two hours I was in such agony as I had never suffered before, and never want to suffer again. I knew about Athlo-phoro, and what it had done for others; but I had never, up to this time, taking any. Now I was ready to see what it could do for me. I was taken home in a carriage and helped up stairs, for I could not walk by myself. I took a dose of Athlo-phoro. Three hours after that I took another dose. Oh, what a change there was! I had no idea that any medicine could act so quickly and do so much good. By the time I had taken that second dose most of the pain was gone. Indeed, all that sharp, biting, cruel, tormenting part of it was over. For a while I felt some twinges and lesser pains, but the third dose took them out. Next morning, of course, they did not expect me at the store; but you may judge my surprise when they came on the whole store, and of the neighborhood. We all agreed that Athlo-phoro was the most extraordinary medicine we had ever heard of. And so I say to this day. That was two years ago, and I have not had any rheumatism, nor scatica, or anything of that kind since. But you may depend upon it, if I were attacked again, I should trust this same Athlo-phoro, first, last, foremost and altogether.



Athlo-phoro, \$1 per bottle, at all druggists. Treatise on Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., to any address, for 5c. in stamps. The Athlophoroc Co., New Haven, Conn.

AWNINGS AND TENTS. Omah Tent-Awning Wolf Bros & Co. BEMS OMaha BAGS & TWINES. Bemis Omah Bag Co. BOOTS AND SHOES. Morse-Coe Shoe Company. COAL, COKE, CORNICE. Omah Coal, Coke & Eagle Cornice Works. DRY GOODS. M. E. Smith & Co. Kilpatrick-Koch Dry Goods Co. FURNITURE. Omah Upholstering Beebe & Runyon. STOVE REPAIRS. Omah Stove Repair M. A. Dishrow & Co.

OMAHA

Manufacturers and Jobbers Directory.

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