ROPING IN A DIAMOND ROBBER.

Harry Brown, an Omaha Gambler, Arrested by a Gotham Detective.

DETAILS OF HIS CRIME.

A Lawyers's Ghost Story—A Glanders Scene—Railroad Notes and Interesting School Census—Other Local.

He Stole Diamonds.

George C. Martin, a New York detective made a capture in this city Wednesday of Harry Brown, who is wanted in New York to answer for a diamond robbery committed two years ago. Brown was he leader of a gang of burglars who tapped a New York jewelry establishment of several thousand dollars worth of sparkles. He escaped and was at liberty for some time. A little over a year ago he was arrested in St. Paul, but taking advantage of the carelessness of the officer who had him in charge and the darkness of the night, jumped from the train between St. Paul and Milwaukee, and escaped. Soon after that time he appeared in this city and has lived here since. He served in the capacity of a cook at Jack Nugent's place for some time and has been before the police court time and again, charged with drunkenness, vagrancy and other petty offenses. Detective Martin heard of him at Council Bluffs and came to this place yesterday, armed with requisition papers from Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, for the purpose of arresting him. Brown had just crossed the river and the detective followed him. He found him in a saloon in this city, and, gaining his confidence persuaded him to go across the river and have a good time at the Bluffs. As soon as they reached the Iowa side Brown was placed under arrest and the detective started for New York with his prisoner this morning. Brown is a young fellow, about 20 years of age, of fine appearance and was well known in sporting circles. There was a reward of $500 for his capture. The police say they have never been notified that he was wanted elsewhere or his capture would have been effected long ago.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

He Tell's A Tale of the Milton Ghost Mystery.

It was the lawyer's turn to tell a story. A small group of professional men in the Paxton hotel rotunda last night were exchanging yarns of hairbreadth escapes, college scrapes, etc., for mutual amusement and edification. The disciple of Blackstone relit his cigar, which he had forgotten to puff during the recital of the last thrilling narrative, and started in.

"I have never had much faith in ghosts—in fact, since my early childhood I had much difficulty in believing in anything supernatural. But when I was a Freshman at college I had an experience which came very near upsetting all my beliefs and theories concerning the ghostly. You want to hear it, eh? All right.

"The little occurrence that I am going to relate took place twenty years ago, near a little town known as Upper Alton, in central Illinois. I was then just entering upon my Freshman year at Shurtleff college, a noble old institution which is still flourishing and turning out graduates every year. One day the report came that the scourge was spreading in the little town of Milton, some few miles to the southeast of Upper Alton. An investigation was made and it was found sure enough, that the cholera was raging in this little village. Everything was done to stay the course of the plague, but in vain. It ran its course and before the ravages ceased the town of Milton was almost entirely depopulated. The houses were empty, the graveyard was filled. Fortunately through extra precautions that were taken, the cholera did not invade the surrounding towns.

"Some six months after this times there began to be strange rumors circulated about in college to the effect that one of the houses at Milton—or rather where Milton used to be, for there was no longer any town there—was inhabited by a ghost, who was accustomed to doing all sorts strange things. The house which was said to be haunted formerly belonged to an old man, who, if I remember aright, was named Reynolds. One day when the plague had been raging fiercest, he had wandered off into the woods and was never seen thereafter. His wife and daughter, in the meantime, were stricken down and died. In the midst of the terrible scenes of death and suffering which were being enacted, little was thought about the old man's whereabouts. It was supposed by those who gave the matter any attention at all that he had wandered off into the woods and had died of the cholera.

"The strange rumors were confirmed by parties who went out to investigate. The old Reynolds mansion, which was known to be unoccupied, in common with the other houses in the deserted village, would be regularly lighted up every night. Strange apparitions would be seen flitting from window to window. Mysterious noises, first in this part of the house and then in that, were to be heard nightly. There was even a report that regularly at 1 o'clock every morning, a mysterious man in white could be seen to mount the old horse which Reynolds used to own and gallop wildly over the hills.

"These stories I, for one, regarded as the wildest nonsense. When a party of my classmen proposed to investigate the mystery, I fell readily enough into the scheme, and promised to do all in my power to show what a ridiculous myth the Milton ghost was. We went out to the house one dark evening and took up our post of observation in one of the rooms. There were five of us in the party, and we determined to enjoy ourselves to the best of our ability, though it must be confessed, we did not feel extra cheerful. However, we smoked and told stories, fully determined to await the arrival of the ghost. It was not long before the ghostly noises began to be heard in the upper stories of the house. Lights were seen flitting from one portion of the house to another. Groans and strange supernatural noises fell on the ear and caused cold chills to run up and down the back of the listener. But the ghost refused to appear on the first floor and so we determined that one of us must mount the stairs and make an investigation. Lots were drawn and I was selected as the unlucky committee of one. I made up my mind not to falter and, screwing up courage to the sticking point, rushed up stairs. I won't tell you of how the strange ghostly noises were repeated with tenfold effect as I wandered about the rooms on the second and third stories. It is enough to say that my faith in the supernatural began to be very strongly formed. I shivered like a man with the ague and longed earnestly for a crisis of some sort. It was not long in coming. It was one of the awful moments of my life and as long as I live I never shall forget it. Let I remember very few details about it. I recollect an apparition in white rushing at me, shrieking like a madman. I gave one good look at the face of his ghostship. It was the spirit of old man Reynolds. I stumbled down stairs, how, I don't know and rushing into the room where my companions were, fell fainting on the floor. When I became conscious I explained as best I could, what I had seen. It didn't take us more than thirty seconds after that to leave the house. The mystery seemed more impenetrable than ever before.

"But I must not weary you with any more details of this yarn. To close abruptly, the next day after our adventure, I, with one of the party went out to the haunted house. We opened the door and went in. The first thing we saw, stretched across the hall floor was the dead body of old man Reynolds, in one hand clutching an unlighted torch. The explanation of the mystery was not difficult then. The old man, worn out by disease, demented by hunger and suffering, after weeks of wandering about in the woods, had returned to find his wife and child gone, and had occupied his house as the 'ghost of Milton.' That was my first and last experience with the 'supernatural.'"

NO GLANDERS.

Live Stock Commissioners Examine Douglas County Horses.

For several days back there has been a report in circulation to the effect that about twenty horses had died from a contagious disease on the farm of Martin Cannon about ten miles from the city. The report was so damaging that parties in the neighborhood were unable to make sale of their stock for the reason that it was thought the latter might be effected with the disease also. Accordingly, the State Live stock commission determined to investigate. Wednesday G. W. Barnhardt, of Columbus, member of the commission, and Dr. Ramaccioti, veterinary surgeon for the city went to the farm. The horses belonged to a family named Northrup who have gone into the cattle business. A thorough examination was made. The whole farm was driven over, and but two carcasses could be found. These, it was claimed had died from cold and exhaustion. The other horses were found in healty condition, though thin and weak.

With these facts both the examiners concluded that the report was unfounded.

Wednesday morning Dr Gerth and Major Birney, the other members of the commission came to town to act decisively in the matter. But as there was no need of their services, all the members of the commission went home yesterday.

Rail Notes.

The heads of the passenger departments of the Union Pacific and B. & M. were in consultation yesterday. An agreement was entered into by the terms of which a rebate of $10 will be offered on all first-class tickets sold to Los Angeles, Cal., with a $5 rebate on second-class tickets. This makes the rates $40 and $35. This move is made to meet the recent action of the Santa Fe in cutting rates.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

D. B. Keeler, of Denver, Col., assistant general freight agent of the Union Union Pacific railway, is in the city.

The B. & M. headquarters building is nearly completed. The carpenters are at present working upon a fancy stair case from the first to the second stories.

Though Pacific coast rates have been greatly advanced within the past ten days, the travel has fallen off but slightly. It is not anticipated that the passenger traffic will reach the normal point before the end of next week.

The School Census.

County Superintendent Brunner has prepared the school census report for 1886 and has made his report to the state superintendent. According to these figures, the total number of scholars in the county is 15,502 as against 14,434 for last year. This makes the net gain for the year, 1,068.

The highest per cent of increase in any one district was in 53, which is Walnut Hill. The increase is 81 per cent.

The second highest was in district 37, near Harris & Fisher's packing house, increase 76¼ per cent.

The third highest was in district 3, South Omaha, where the per cent of gain was 57.

The Fare Didn't Suit Him.

Paul R. Dunlap engaged board at the home of David Hurd in South Omaha two months ago, representing that he had fallen heir to a large estate and would have plenty of money. The money has not been forthcoming, although Paul has never missed a meal or paid a cent. Wednesday he made complaint that the bill of fare for the evening meal was not quite up to the standard. Mr. Hurd slightly remonstrated, when Dunlap assaulted him with a chair, inflicting a severe wound across the scalp. The police were summoned and Dunlap was lodged in jail.

Forgery in Bosting.

The list of forgers from Boston was increased yesterday by the notification that a shrewd scoundrel named John P. Hildreth, who had left Boston for his own good, was expected to be in this locality. The police were notified to be on the alert to catch him if opportunity afforded.

Climbing a Brick Pile.

The salesmen of C. E. Mayne are in the habit of hitching their horses in front of that gentleman's office, on Farnam near Fifteenth street. One of the former, J. B. Parrott, hitched his steed at the accustomed place yesterday morning. In front of the horse stood a pile of brick. Something frightened the animal, and, without waiting for an order, he commenced to climb the pile. And he succeeded, though he barked his limbs and demoralized the buggy. The horse's name was Ike. It will now be changed to "Brick-top."

Pacific Slope Postoffices.

F. W. Pickens, chief clerk of the postoffice, has returned from a three weeks' trip to the Pacific coast. While there, he visited the postoffices of San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento and Santa Fe, and instituted comparisons between them and the home office. His hospitable reception by brothers of the pouch was appreciated, but did not serve to warp his belief that in so far as it goes, the postoffice of Omaha is equal to best.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Wednesday night as Roy Mayne, brother of C. E. Mayne, and Will Crary were driving south on Sixteenth street, in a light buckboard, the horse of Al. Touzalin which he was riding with a bit in its teeth, came along at a furious gait. The rider could not stop him, and the drivers of the board could not get out of the way. The horse jumped upon the vehicle, reducing it to splinters and throwing Touzalin heavily to the ground. He was stunned, but not injured. It was quite a shaking up all around.

Gripped a Grip.

Charles Becou, a big-shouldered man who some time ago traveled with Whistler, the renowned wrestler, was arrested last night for stealing a valise and roll of carpet, which he found in the waiting room. He was caught by Officer Green.

Wanted a Coat.

Harry Thomas mode away with the coat of J. Eakins, and last night slept in the cooler. He will be arraigned to-day.

SEVENTEEN SIN-SICK SOULS.

The Miserable Weather Fails to Affect the Success of Revival Meetings.

About 250 people faced the inclemency of the weather last evening to attend the revival at the Exposition building. The meeting was opened by a song service in which the congregation joined with zest. Rev. McKaig offered prayer. He invoked blessing upon the meeting, and returned thanks for the conversions that are being made daily. He prayed that the conscience of 500 homes in Omaha might be disturbed; that every backslider might be reclaimed, and that men might be converted upon the streets and in their places of business. Dr. McKaig stated that the expenses of keeping up the revival were greater than the amount of the collections, but he was thankful that a spirit of liberality had taken possession of the attendants upon the services. He said if one soul were saved for Christ it would be worth more than the expense, even if the entire building had to be purchased.

After the singing of "The Half Has Never Yet Been Told," Mr. Joplin led in a brief but feeling invocation of divine blessing.

Mr. Biter mounted a chair facing the audience and read from the scriptures the story of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, which he said would be found to contain encouragement for those who contemplate giving themselves to God. He said we would learn from this that we are able to hope to gain the hardest cases. We must try to save the hard cases, the miserable drunkard and the blatant infidel. Jesus had made an apostle of Saul, who had hated Him and despised His saints. We want to reach those who hate the Christians. You are afraid to pray for proud spirits. The Lord has shown that he can conquer any power. May God convert the worst man in Omaha. I emphasize this, because if God can save the worst he can save all this side of the worst. I want God's power to reach down and save the man who is just at the gates of hell. This conversion of Paul was just like the conversions of to-day. The circumstances may be different, but the changes of heart are the same. The same marvelous power that worked the transformation of Paul is the same power that presides over these meetings and is working upon our hearts. There are evidences of this power in the 250 converts which have been made during these meetings.

Following Mr. Bitler's remarks Rev. Savage offered prayer.

When Mr. Bitler asked those to stand up who felt that they had been converted during this meeting, seventeen of the audience arose. Many others expressed a desire to know the truth and come to the Savior. Five of the audience sought the solace of the inquiry room.

The meeting closed with a song and prayer service.

MORE MALES FOR THE MAILS.

Three More Letter Carriers to be Added to the Present Force.

Mr. Coutant recently wrote to the postmaster general informing him of the rapidity of the growth of this city, and requesting an increase in the number of his letter carriers. Special agents came here to investigate and reported in favor of an increase of the force by three men. The office folks here think five men should have been allowed, because during the coming summer and fall the letter carriers' work will be the heaviest they have ever experienced. The three new men are D. C. Brown, E. L Gidding and H. H. Kirby. These men will go on duty on the 1st of May. For the first year their salary will be $650; for the second $850, and when the city's population shall reach 75,000 they will be paid $1,000 per year.

This increase of the force will necessitate a cutting off of some parts of the old carriers' districts, and attaching them to territory which will now, for the first time be blessed with mail delivery. The delivery as a consequence will perhaps be slow and irregular for a few days, but will disappear when routine has been established. The force with this accession will comprise twenty-four men. Even that is inadequate to the demands. Many of the carriers are overworked. Although they are not required to carry more mail than can be deposited in their sack, yet it is a frequent occurrence to see them with a stack of letters and papers as high as their eyes. Denver has twenty-six carriers and Omaha could safely keep the same number very busy, especially as it is now intended to give some parts of the city as many as five deliveries per day.

There has been an unprecedented increase in the number of packages handled at this office, and during the past year, it has equalled about 33⅓ per cent. About 20,000 letters are handled daily, and the number of people to handle them is no greater than it was when they had about a fair day's work to perform.

Another fact suggested by an examination of the place in company with Chief Clerk Pickens and Superintendent of Carriers Evers is that the office is now too small for its uses. Every available space is occupied. It is therefore a question how the furniture required by the proposed increase of the force is to be accommodated.

These are questions which are shortly to be submitted to the authorities at Washington They are becoming more important daily. The office people claim a respectable hearing when they appeal to Washington because last year the business of the office netted $85,000 to the government.

SALLIE LAUER'S GOODS.

Where They Are and Where They Are Not.

Until recently, the house in which the tragedy of Sallie Lauer was enacted, remained untenanted, as it was on the day of that unfortunate girl's funeral. For about a week back it has been in the possession of a family, the name of which is not material in this connection. About a month ago, however, application was made to either buy or rent the house, but both were declined. The house could not be sold, because, having been the property by her husband's act, of Sallie Lauer, it comes into Lauer's possession only to be used during his life time, and at his death to descend to Mrs. Lauer's heir or relatives. It was not for rent, it was claimed, because Lauer did not desire to do anything with the place until he should get out of his trouble. It was a surprise, therefore, to many people when the change took place and the property was rented.

Now comes the question, what became of the property of the Lauers. The house still stands, but the furniture and other effects are scattered to the four winds of the heavens. With this scattering there has been no small amount of dissatisfaction among the friends of the deceased lady. In a furniture store on Douglas street, is quite a number of pieces of the household furniture. Inside the door, stands the magnificent mahogany chamber set for which now $150 are asked. It is as good as new. Not a scratch defaces it. And yet, one feels he could almost trace the very line across the foot of the bed made by the deadly bullet as it sped to its fatal object. Near by, an ebony hand-painted fire screen, a gem in design and execution, which sold originally for $75. It cannot now be bought for much less. On a table there is a case of china dessert plates, fresh as if just from the works. They will command a fair price. Looking over the bed is a red plush velvet chair, which revolves on a pivot, with a back made out of Texan steer horns ingeniously combined. This was a gift to Lauer from the nail works men. In another part of the store is a beautiful clock, and a plain chamber set that which belonged to the room in which Minerva Lauer slept.

Upon all of these, the dealer expects to realize a handsome profit. When it was known that the goods were to be so disposed of, the members of the Goetschius family became indignant. Some of them visited the store, and gave expression to severe censure that goods which had been gifts of others to Sally on her wedding day should be so unceremoniously disposed of. It left them completely without a souvenir of her, unless, indeed, they bought back their own gifts.

It is stated that at the house not long since other of the effects of the poor woman were disposed of, among them being some stock in the nail works. Simultaneously with the disappearance of these goods was also noted the absence of Mrs. Lauer's jewels. It was known that she possessed some gold ornaments and diamonds. But these are not now to be seen. Where are they? Some people claim they were buried with their owner, and others that they are being held as security by a big firm in this city for "accommodations," while a third class say they have been put on the market just as have the lady's other goods. Whatever may have been the disposition of them certain it is some people hold that Lauer has acted injudiciously in disposing of property which did not belong to him. His wife's goods were his only in trust, and could not therefore be sold. It was no excuse to say that Lauer needed money. Whatever may be his fate, he will not want for pecuniary assistance. The question is an open one, and yet it cannot be answered by the nearest relatives of the victim of that awful shot on that fateful November night.

Butterine and Butter.

A reporter for the BEE, in passing along one of the business streets, saw advertised what was claimed to be butterine. Butterine might be oleomargarine for anything the scribe knew, so he entered to gain needed information.

"What is butterine?" he queried.

"Butterine is a composition, about three-quarters lard and one-quarter butter. I will guaaantee that, to any one who is not an old fogy, butterine will satisfy him just as well as regular butter now does. Congress is not attacking our material, neither is Mayor Boyd. You must not confound butterine with oleomargarine. They are two different things entirely. A package of my goods is always branded. Oleomargarine is not. Since last February, I have sold over 1,900 packages of butterine. The people knew what they were about, and accordingly bought a second and third time."

"Do you sell to consumers?"

"Oh, no. I only sell to dealers."

"Then dealers sell to the people?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know of any groceryman in this town who sells butterine?"

"I know of a dozen of them."

"Will you give me their names?"

"No, sir. It is none of my business if they choose to keep their patrons in the dark as to what they are selling. If the consumer buys alleged butter which is really butterine, and calls for it again, it is proof, isn't it, that either he can't tell the difference between butter and butterine, or else he is satisfied with what, under other circumstances, he would deem an imposition."

"Do many commission men in this town handle butterine?"

"Everyone of them, with perhaps one exception."

"Where do they get it?"

"Our house furnishes nearly three-fourths of what is consumed throughout the state and city."

"What process do you use in making butterine?"

"We make alternate layers of lard and butter, and then churn them in sweet milk."

"At what rate do you sell?"

"That depends upon the quality. My best I am selling at 28 cents per pound. I have other grades at a smaller figure."

"Why have you more than one price?"

"Because one of our grades of butterine contains less butter and more lard than the other. It is decreasing now, because the manufacturers feel that dairy butter is losing its hold, and that drops ours down because we do not get a chance at your game."

"Can the grocers detect butterine if it is sold as butter?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you sell butter?"

"Because I know butterine to be better than it."

The reporter left with the impression that many of our people are consuming lard when they think they are using butter.

THE BLIND GODDESS

Tracks a Rapist From Wisconsin and Brings Him to Trial.

Last night another fugitive from justice came to grief in Council Bluffs. His name is Edward E. Walker, and his home is in Juneau county, Wis. He is charged with rape, and for nearly six months has been fleeing from the officers of the law, whom he knew to be upon his track.

The assault was made on the 19th of September, 1885. On the pretense of bringing a young woman to his wife to secure a position as housemaid, he induced his victim to share his carriage with him, and when a certain part of the road had been reached brutally effected her ruin. Since that time the young woman has been in a dangerous condition, in fact, injured for life. A warrant was issued for the brute's arrest. Before it could be served, he left his home, wife and children, to escape punishment. The authorities, however, have spared no means or expense. They have followed him in one or another to Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, and finally to Council Bluffs. His stay in Omaha was of short duration and preceded his capture by but a few days. The tracking and arrest have been skilfully performed by Sheriff O. G. Loomis, of Juneau county, who made the arrest, and who will leave this morning with the criminal. In Wisconsin, the lightest penalty for rape is ten years. Mr. Walker's chance of escaping the same is not of the most encouraging order.

Dunlap in Limbo.

Young Dunlap, the lad who cracked a friend's head with a chair night before last on Pine street, was yesterday fined $10 and costs. He had not the money to liquidate, and in company with Officer Whalen, looked up some of his relatives to raise the assessment. But his uncles wouldn't contribute. The young man therefore hed to go to the county jail.

The Freight Depot,

At an hour too late to obtain them, the articles of incorporation for the construction of the new freight depot in this city were filed in the county clerk's office yesterday. The substance of them must be reserved until this afternoon's BEE.

Brevities.

R. C. Lange, of this city, has sued Henry Haubens for $150 because of injuries sustained during an assault by the latter. The case will be heard by Judge McCulloch.

Very rich finds of placer gold are said to have been made near the headwaters of Crow creek, Col.

THE PAN-ELECTRIC.

An Editor and Correspondent Gives Slight Information.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—John Hale Sypher, ex-member of congress from New Orleans, was examined by the telephone committee to-day, and he said he had suggested to E. N. Hill the compilation of the newspaper articles mentioned in evidence yesterday. An article had been prepared for the New York Tribune by the Washington correspondent prior to this. Witness did not regard as confidential anything that had occurred between Hill and Casey Young. They drank together, slept together, played poker together, and did other things. He remarked that he had taken Hill's statement for what it was worth.

Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, was the next witness. The first article concerning Attorney General Garland's connection with the Pan-Electric company had been prepared by Major Clark, one of the Tribune's correspondents. Witness had no detailed knowledge where Major Clark obtained the information. The Tribune had not paid anything for the matter. He did not own any Bell telephone stock, and had no communication of any kind with any officer of that company.

In reply to a question from the chairman asking if the Tribune had not given a political cast to the matter, witness said:

"I think you will find we generally call attention to the political bearing. We put our interpretations on the facts, which you will find in editorials."

Chairman—You had seen Mr. Garland's denial and published it?

Witness—I think so. I should not take the view that Mr. Garland's statement freed him from censure. Whatever statement Garland made on the subject, I printed in full and at once. Witness had no personal feeling whatever against Mr. Garland.

T. C. Crawford, Washington correspondent of the New York World, was the next witness. He said the facts on which he based the letter in evidence, he obtained from a United States senator and must decline to name him without his consent. He had obtained the original history of the case from E. F. Hill. The committee then adjourned.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The fourth of July claims bill, after some debate, was passed.

The postoffice appropriation bill was then taken up, on which Mr. Beck had the floor. A long debate ensued in which Messrs. Beck and Plumb joined. Mr. Beck occupied the floor, though with considerable interruptions, three hours and a half.

Mr. Hale then addressed the senate in favor of the amendment appropriating $800,000 to pay for carrying the mails to Central and South America, Australia, China and Japan. But before he concluded the senate went into executive session and when the doors reopened adjourned.

House.

The committee on coinage, weights and measures reported the bill for the retirement and recoinage of trade dollars. Placed on the house calendar. It provides that for six months after its passage trade dollars shall be received at face value in payment of all dues to the United States, and shall not be again paid out or issued in any other manner. The holder of trade dollars on presentation for sale may receive in change an equal amount of standard silver dollars. Trade dollars so received shall be recoined into standard silver dollars.

The house then went into committee of the whole, Mr. Wellborn in the chair, on the river and harbor appropriation bill, the pending amendment being one providing that the appropriation for the Missouri river be expended under the direction of the secretary of war, without the intervention of the Missouri river commission. The amendment was rejected, but it was agreed that a vote should be allowed on it in the house. The paragraph making an appropriation of $2,250,000 for the improvement of the lower Mississippi having been reached, the committee rose.

Mr. Van Eaton, from the committee on public lands, reported the bill to grant the right through public lands to any canal or ditch company formed for the purpose of irrigation. Placed on the calendar.

The house then adjourned.

The Historical Association.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—At to-night's session of the Historical association, the last of the meeting, the committee appointed to wait on President Cleveland and request co-operation in securing the proper commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, reported that the president assured the committee he felt an interest in the matter, and intimated he would take pleasure in bringing it to the attention of congress in his next annual message.

A resolution was passed thanking the retiring president, Hon. George Bancroft, for the services rendered the association by his presence and sympathetic interest.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard university; vice presidents, Charles Kendall Adams, president of Cornell university; William F. Poole, of Chicago public library; secretary, Herbert B. Adams, John Hopkins university; treasurer, Charles Winthrop Bowen, New York.

The following were elected members: Chief Justice Waite, Senators Evarts, Hawley, Platt, Logan, Hon. William Henry Smith, general manager of the Associated press, Commodore George E. Belknap, United States navy.

Adjourned.

Miles is After Them.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The adjutant general of the army has received the following telegram from General Miles:

TUCSON, April 27.—The Apaches in small numbers have been committing serious depredations in the country adjacent to the Sonora railroad, thirty to fifty miles south of the boundary, and to-day, the 27th, killed one man north of the line, near Calabasas, Ariz. Our troops and thirty men of the Mexican troops are in active pursuit, both crossing the line.

Concerning Chinese Seamen.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The treasury department has decided that Chinese seamen do not fall within the prohibitory provisions of the Chinese restriction act, and may be allowed to land temporarily in the ordinary pursuit of their calling for the purpose of shipping on a return voyage as soon as possible.

The house committee on rules agreed to report a resolution, fixing the hour of meeting of the house at 11 o'clock.

Military Assignments.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—Brigadier General Ruger has been assigned to the command of the department of Dakota, and Brigadier General Potter to the department of the Missouri.

Personal Paragraphs.

Judge F. H. Hall, of Chadron, is in the city.

J. A. Hamilton, of Neola, Iowa, is in the city.

G. H. Purdon, Dublin, is a Paxton guest.

E. W. Murphy, of North Platte, is at the Paxton.

Rev. J. Milligan, of Princeton, Ill., is in the city.

N. W. Paddock, of Mankato, Minn., is at the Millard.

J. R. Buchanan, of Missouri Valley, is at the Millard.

F. S. Parmalee returned yesterday from a month's trip to the Pacific coast.

F. W. Vosswinkle, Fairbury's real estate agent, was in the city last evening.

Judge Stenberg disposed of a few unimportant cases in police court yesterday

Detective Chas. Emery left yesterday on an important business trip in eastern Iowa and Illinois.

W. W. McBride, of Adams & McBride, returned yesterday from Ohio, where he was called about a month ago by the illness of his father.

W. B. McKinney, of the Wells-Fargo and American Express companies, returned yesterday from an extended trip to the Pacific coast. He says Omaha and the state of Nebraska beat anything he could see in the west.

A DEFENSE OF GEN. CROOK.

The Poet of the Sierras Criticizes the Newspaper Writers.

Joaquin Miller, writing from Los Angeles to the Chicago Times, says: Away down yonder within a hundred miles of the Mexican line, where the wind blows so hard that it whistles down the telegraph poles with the sharp little stones which it whirls through the air, where men are scare and women come not at all, and where life therefore must be a bit dreary, I came upon the camp of an old soldier, whom I had known and loved for thirty years. This most enduring, patient, and honest of all our many true soldiers was being abused like a pickpocket by the many people whose lives and property he had given the best days of his life to protect. On the second page of the Daily Tombstone for April 1, I counted fifteen false and insulting paragraphs about Geo. Crook. Other papers, in proportion to their insignificance, were as insolent. And that is saying they were as insolent as limited capacity could make them. The fact is these petty papers with their falsehoods keep people out of the country. Their recent accounts of the terrible Apaches and Gen. Crook's patient attempts to get them back on the reservation, where the large number of well-disposed Apaches are doing so well, would lead us to believe that Arizona is a dangerous land to live in.

Let us look at the facts. Two or three dozen drunken and badly-disposed Indians—almost as bad as some bad white men—advised and influenced by bad white men, left the reservation a year ago. They became outlaws and committed murders. But it is safe to say that at least nine out of ten of the lurid and gory stories about the recent Apache outrages were fabrications. The sensational telegraph must be fed by that wonderful novelist, the "special press agent." What if it is not true? Why, at the worst it will only have to be contradicted. And that will make more news!

But without stopping to say more about this, let us look at the closing campaign with which the sensitive press of the Arizona border is finding fault. A man who has done as much for the border, to say nothing of his great record in the civil war, is entitled to now and then have the truth told about him. Briefly, then, about the end of this last campaign the fugitives from the Indian reservation, who were over the line in Mexico, sent word to Gen. Crook, who was close on their trail, that they wanted to see him and talk about terms of surrender. It was a dangerous thing. The murder of Gen. Canby by Capt. Jack and similar records are not forgotten. But what better could be done? Spend your life in lava-beds, as Gen. Crook has, hunting Indians, and you will be slow to wish for renegade Indians to come down from inaccessible heights and fight you fairly on the plains.

When only two officers, some scouts, and some friendly Indians, this old soldier, certain that death was not far off and might meet him any instant, went, like Canby and Meacham, calmly, in the midst of these murders down there beyond the Mexican line, and received their promise of surrender.

Having accomplished this Gen. Crook had the Indians pack up and follow on after him, while he rode on ahead and from Fort Bowie telegraphed to the government the glad news that the Indians had surrendered to him in Mexico and were now coming in to return to the reservation. But at the Mexican line the Indians halted and refused to come on. They camped there and that night left the camp. Why? I will tell you why. A white man furnished them drink, for Mexican money, with which to gladdened his mean heart; and then he read them the Arizona papers stating that they would all be hung.

So you see it is the newspaper men, and not Gen. Crook, who is to blame because the Indians are not again on the reservation. These papers have persistently insisted that the Indians would and should be hung. The renegade whites can read, if the Indians can not. The many papers that announced the surrender had long and bloody editions declaring that no Gen. Crook, the governor of the territory, not even the army of the United States, could save these Indians from the rope, but that the last one should and would be hung. And so Citizen Lo, sipping his coffee as he sat in his red blanket safe on the Mexican side, read these enterprising papers. Then he laid them quietly down, after he had his breakfast, in the language of Arizona, to "get up and dust."

I take the responsibility of saying that if these same papers that have been trying to insult this noblest of all our officers had attended to their own business and let him attend to his, the Indian war in Arizona would have been over long ago and the savages safe back on the reservation. And perhaps I ought to add that I alone am responsible for the assertion. Gen. Crook never so much as suggested anything of the sort to me.

Young Ulysses in Luck After All.

Mr. Rothaker, the editor of the Washington (D. C.) Hatchet, who has recently returned from Colorado, publishes the following paragraph concerning the estate of the late ex-Senator Chaffee, of Colorado: "Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., has been out in Colorado attending to the details of settling the estate of his father-in-law, the late Jerome B. Chaffee. The value of the property which is left to Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant cannot be determined, as the bulk of it is in mining interests. Carefully nursed, however, it will aggregate probably about $300,000. All this will remain in Mrs. Grant's name, as her husband is legally liable for the debts of Grant & Ward. Mrs. Grant lost her dower of $100,000 and a residence which her father presented her in the failure. Chaffee lost $500,000 of securities which he had on deposit. Ulysses, Jr., will be comfortable for the rest of his life, nevertheless. He and his wife live upon a farm in Westchester county, owned by the late Mr. Chaffee."

A BAULKED GAME.

A Blackmailer's Ruse Destroyed by Coolness and Nerve.

On the crest of one of the hills near the new court house of Douglas county, is an abode which is sometimes styled a den. This den has an inmate or two, neither of whom, because of facial comeliness or symmetrical form, would ever aspire to a Joseph. And yet, the path to the den has not been unmarked, unfertalized by human bones. Strange though it seem, human bones, symbolized in moral weakness and blasted reputatation mark the path trodden by careless feet. The song of the siren has done its work, and continued to do it with impunity, until a short time since.

She had lured a man to his ruin. The door of the house had scarcely shut both siren and victim in from the world without, when the panel resounded with a knock.

"My husband!" exclaimed the siren, in accents of mingled amazement and dread. "He must not see you."

The victim drew his revolver. "If your husband is in front of that door one minute from this, he'll never know what hit him." Mr. Victim meant what he said. Husband went away, and siren and sinner parted with glances like flashings of lightning.

The Protest Received.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—A memorial from the legislature of Iowa, remonstrating against the cancellation of the bonded indebtedness of the Union Pacific railroad was presented in the senate to-day.

F. W. Brown, of Milwaukee; J. Riley and wife, of St. Paul; W. C. Duggan, of Topeka, Kan., are at the Canfield.

Thinks Love is Pay Enough.

A Wife, in Boston Globe: In all our marriage services, if I remember rightly, some such stipulation is made as that we shall "love our husbands." It is, as I understand it, the principal part of the contract. Let those wives who are clamoring for pay ask themselves if they understood this part of their obligation. Let them ask their woman's heart if they know what love is. If they do not they are not wives, and if they do they will be patient. Tennyson says in "Locksley Hall:"

Love took up the narp of life and smote on all its strings with might;
Smote the chord of self that trembling passed in music out of sight.

The wife who values her labors for her husband at so many dollars and cents has not lost self in her love for him. She has not yet experienced the holy joy of giving all and asking nothing. When his mind and body are alike wearied and overcome by the toil and care, the disappointments and injustice, the never-ceasing conflicts of life, he will not be refreshed and strengthened by the society of such a woman. He will have to turn to the wine-room, the pool-room, or still worse (having no one to remind him that he is better than an animal), he will finally seek distraction in some form or other, for there are very few men who can quietly eat their hearts out in silence, as we women often do. The wife who allows her husband to seek these distractions will find they cost something, too. She will get less and less money from him in consequence. It will be wiser in every way to love him out of them. Save him from his very faults—it is easier than many think. Be his better, nobler self. Even if she cannot succeed—alas! there are men whom an angel cannot reclaim—verily she will have her reward, in that she shall be an angel. In nearly everything I think we are not the equals of men, but let us remember that in our capabilities of serving and suffering we are far higher. Just so long as women become wives for any consideration, or ease, or anything less noble than a pure love, just so long there will be miserable, disappointed and ill-paid wives.

A canvass of the house of representatives is said to show 153 members in favor of the bankruptcy bill, 79 against it and 29 non-committal.

He Gave it Away.

Detroit Free Press: "Madam," he said after a long survey of a flower stand at the Central market yesterday, "could you recommend me something to place on my wife's grave?"

"I think so," she answered, as she looked him over. "How long has she been dead?"

"Six years."

"Married again?"

"What is that to you?"

"Oh, you needn't be so cranky. I've dealt in cemetery flowers for the last fifteen years, and I know about how things work. If you are still a widower you want about $4 worth of flowers and a border of moss. If you are married again you'll pick out a 25 cent rose bush and beat me down to 15 cents, and send it to the cemetery by a car driver."

He pretended to be very indignant and went to the other end of the market and bought two feeble-looking pinks for seven cents apiece.

It was recently decided in a Cincinnati debating society that a man is not necessarily an Irishman because he wears a cork leg.

Throat trouble—dangerous. Red Star Cough Cure, safe and sure, 25 cents a bottle.

The number of pictures sent in for the spring exhibition of the Paris salon is 5,000, but there is room only for half of them.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

Kansas' winter wheat acreage is placed at 16 per cent below that of last year. About 40 per cent of the sowing has been killed.

Halford Sauce for family use. Sold everywhere.

Temperance speakers are swarming into Rhode Island, and a great effort is to be made to carry the prohibitory amendment.

O. H. Holberg, Paster Woodhaven M. E. Church, South Woodhaven, Queens Co., N. Y., states: "I have used Allcock's Plasters for thirty years. Never found them fail to cure weakness of the back, spine and kidney difficulties. They are very agreeable and strengthening. A short time ago I got in a profuse perspiration while preaching. Imprudently going home without my overcoat, I lost the use of my voice, and the next day had a violent pain in my back, kidneys and chest. I could hardly breathe. Three Allcock's Plasters applied to my back, chest and kidneys cured me completely in six hours. I was astonished how quick my breathing became easy after applying."

Hog cholera, which is so dreaded by farmers, can be cured by St. Jacob's Oil.

SICK HEADACHE.—Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured them. One gentleman thus relieved, writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Reader, if you are suffering with sick headache, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. It will do you positive good. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Is It Not Singular

that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing. It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

PILES! PILES! PILES

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itchin and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, (an Indian remedy), called Dr Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing