

NEEDS ANOTHER ADJUSTMENT

The Transportation Board to Ask Another Reduction of Rates.

POTTER WILL HAVE TO ANSWER.

The Waterloo Bridge Matter to Be Taken into the Courts—School Money Appointment—The Bond Election To-day.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

The secretaries of the state board of transportation met yesterday at their rooms and considered the question of a reduction of rates. The recent reduction of interstate rates affects Missouri river points, and Lincoln and Fremont, which have been given separate schedules at an advance of about 5 cents per 100 on different classes over Missouri river rates. The state board believe that the rest of the state is entitled to reductions as well as Missouri river points and these places, and consequently they have called a meeting of the board to consider and adopt a new tariff sheet for the different roads in the state to conform to the reduction made in interstate rates. The clerk of the board was instructed to notify the different roads in the state of the meeting and request representative to be present. At that meeting, if an agreement is not made with the roads on reductions, the board will declare existing rates unreasonable, make a reduction on a reasonable basis and proceed to the enforcement of their order in the courts.

In the matter of the Waterloo bridge and overflow case, in which Mr. Potter refused to pay the amount of the bond to the board, the board will proceed to make out a finding of facts and file the same in the courts where the Union Pacific will be asked to pay the bond.

In the board records a new complaint has been entered by John Lisco, of Clark's station, Merrick county, who alleges that the Union Pacific discriminates against him on shipments of hay to Omaha and that the discrimination was made in car load lots in favor of other shippers. Another day for this complaint is set for Monday next.

THE SCHOOL MONEY APPOINTMENT. Superintendent Lane yesterday handed to the state auditor the annual report of the department of school money based upon the report of the state treasurer filed with him December 3. The report shows that there were the following amounts to apportion: Interest on Union Pacific bonds, \$50; interest on state bonds, \$15,000; state tax, \$83,000; total, \$138,000. Under the law the state superintendent is authorized to apportion the same among the different counties of the state according to the school population. The school population of the state is 875,000 and the rate per scholar was \$1.50. The different counties in the state receive the following amount:

Table with 3 columns: Name of Counties, No. of Sch. Children, Amounts Due. Lists counties from Antelope to Richardson with corresponding data.

To-day the city voted upon the proposition of granting \$100,000 of bonds to aid in the construction of the proposed Lincoln, Red Rock and Fremont railroads. There was more evidence of opposition to the bonds in the streets yesterday than heretofore and some parties who did not reveal their identity had boys scattering dodgers, calling on tax payers before voting more bonds to consider first what taxes are the present year. It is asserted that taxes are 6 per cent. Whatever the opinion may be on the proposition that it has arrived too late and the evidence among heavy tax payers is to vote the bonds.

STATE HOUSE REPORTS. Governor Thayer is reported to be improving, but he is yet confined to his bed. The governor's friends are united and all are anxious for his speedy recovery. O. C. Gasten has been appointed stenographer for the Eleventh Judicial district by Judge Cochran and resigned his oath of office with the secretary of state. Judge T. C. O. Harrison, of Grand Island, is the first of the district judges elected to his office for the coming year. Sheriff Grimes, of Johnson county, was in the city yesterday, bringing with him a new boarder for Warden Hyers, sentenced to one year's imprisonment for stealing a wagon. The same party is under indictment in Otoe county for horse-stealing. Captain Hill, private secretary to the governor, Colonel Palmer, General Cole, Colonel Stone and Lieutenant Dunphy, of the governor's staff, went to Wyoming yesterday to attend the military ball at that place given by the battery of light artillery. The following notaries were commissioned yesterday: William Ryan, Randall, Cheyenne county; Albert G. Edwards, Omaha; D. Gibbs, Arapahoe; Francis W. Jones, Adams; E. Wilson, Sherman; Charles C. Johnson, Johnson; T. Riley, Laramie, Cheyenne county; James F. Briley, Hastings.

General and Doctor Fishblatt. The telegraph has brought the intelligence that a man named Fishblatt was acting as "general" of the Salvation army at Fairbault, Minn., where it was claimed, the success of the colonial army of mortals had aroused the enmity of the general and his minister, who had instigated some of the disreputable elements of the city to make the heavenly cohorts flee for the safety. The "general" of the army bears a name well known to residents of Omaha of a few years ago. In those days he was a member of the "Ladies' Aid Society" and occupied suspicious apartments over the Omaha National bank, advertised with liberality and sported paste diamonds which

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERMIT.

General Brieblin Discovers Him Living With a Pot Bear.

CABIN IN THE BIG HORN RANGE.

A Faithless Wife Drove Him From Civilization—Entitled to a Pension for Service in the Late War.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

Fort McKinney, Wyo., Correspondence of the New York World: Few people can know of the strange things we meet in these wilds. While hunting not long ago in the very heart of the Big Horn mountains, we came to a little open valley through which ran a stream of pure cold water. Following the stream up to its source we found a magnificent spring. The pool was six feet wide, seven or eight feet deep and so clear that every pebble on the bottom could be distinctly seen. Near the spring stood an old double cabin of rough-hewn logs, which we at first thought was uninhabited. On closer inspection, however, we found that somebody lived in it. We rapped on the door, but got no response, and we were about to turn away when a pot bear shambled up the path towards us and an old man came almost entirely in the rear. The man and animal followed close behind the bear.

"Come here, Jacko," said the man, "and don't be too free with the strangers. He won't hurt you, gentlemen," continued the old man, "but he is mighty keen. The bear sat up and looked at us, then came up and smelled them. 'Get out of the way Jacko,' said the old frontiersman, giving the brute a smart kick, 'and mind your manners. Come in, gentlemen, and don't mind Jacko, he's only my companion, and he'll live all alone. I expect I spoil him sometimes, but Jacko is a mighty smart bear and can do almost everything but talk. I got him when he was only a little cub up there on the mountain, and as he is now over a year old, he can do down, Jacko,' and the bear did as we bid.

We are now in the cabin, and a strange place it was. An old fireplace, with a few pans and kettles, a rough table made of hewn logs and six or seven staked and three three-legged stools completed the furniture. The earthen floor was covered with bear, wolf, fox and swift skins, and Jacko rested on the pole of a magnificent grizzly, perhaps the hide of his own father. The walls were ornamented with skins hung up on pegs, and a dozen or more heads of elk, deer, bear, antelope, wolves and lions beautifully preserved looked down at us. The poison and expression of the heads soon gave us the idea of what the work was done, and the old man seemed pleased.

"I did it all," he said. "The winter nights are long, and when I work it keeps me from getting lonesome." I asked him how long he had been in the cabin, and he replied that he had been there for nearly three years. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I was there too, and I remember you perfectly well now. Well, well, he continued, "it seems a long time ago. I got to know a number of Italians living there. Among them was a tall, fine-looking young fellow named Giuseppe Graveno, and he and I were great friends. He seemed to be a better educated man than the others of his kind, and I had a long talk to me by the hour of his once magnificent home in southern Italy, but which owed its ruin to a knife.

"What are you doing out here all alone in this God-forsaken place?" I asked. "God-forsaken," he replied, "for here, general, and these mountains are almost face to face with God." "But what are you doing here living like a hermit?" I persisted. "Come old comrade," I added kindly, "you may just as well give me your story." And he did tell it. It was one of the saddest tales I ever heard, and I should like to repeat it entire only I don't think he would like me to do so. Suffice it to say he had a family, a young wife and two children—when he went into the army and left them behind in the great city. For a year or two all went well, and then he heard strange tales of his wife's infidelity. He did not believe them at first, but when he found out his enlistment and returned home only to find the stories he had heard were too true and his wife was living with another man. He took his children from her, cursed her and left. His children he left with his brother in Iowa and then came to the Rocky Mountains. He had been for over twenty years in the valley where I found him, and said he never would leave it. I asked him if he did not want to see his children and he said they were both married to good men, and would not want to see such an uncouth old creature as himself even if he did want to see them. He had given all his money and property to his brother for their education, and he knew that they were all right and he was glad of it. He preferred to be alone, for he had nothing now to live for.

He hooked us some supper, and it was plain enough but good. An ash cake, some fried deer meat and baked potatoes were all he had to offer, with a draught of sweet water from the beautiful spring. After supper took us into the adjoining cabin, and there we saw a sight not to be forgotten. The walls were completely covered with heads beautifully done and wonderfully life-like. There were elk and deer with great antlers, wolves, foxes, swifts, antelopes, bears and Rocky mountain lions. I looked at them with a great deal of curiosity of his work, and he said, "time and care does it. The winter evenings are long and I spend much time at my work." I asked him where he got his skins, and he said he shot the animals. Formerly he killed a great many for sport, but now he killed only a few for food and occasionally one for a pelt. I asked him how he tanned them and he said an old Mexican named Pete, who lived over the mountain in another valley, tanned them for him.

Yes, once in a while he sold heads to get flour, ammunition and tobacco, and once in a while hunters stumbled on his place and carried away some of the heads. An English lord—Captain Driscoll, or something of that kind—had come last year and taken away most of the heads and carried them to England. Wouldn't we stay all night? It was late in the day and the paths of the mountains were uncertain. He would give us a fur bed and a pretty good breakfast of fat venison. If he would stay he would make Jacko dance for us.

It needed not much urging, for the clouds looked heavy in the west, and evidently a storm was coming up. It was nearly dark, too, and thanking the old man for his hospitality, we gladly accepted the friendly shelter of his roof—for the night. Then he brought in some pine logs, made up a good fire, fried some more potatoes and deer meat and baked some bread in a pot. After eating all we could hold he seated up Jacko and made him dance, turn somersaults, tumble, open and shut the door, go for water, bring in wood and perform a number of tricks. Jacko was given his supper, cooked what he put to bed in the corner.

"You don't know what a comfort Jacko is to me," said the old man. "He's just like a human being, only he is a good deal better than some that I have met. Jacko is honest, and we often talk together—that is, I talk to him, and sometimes I think he understands me."

The old man had some tobacco and corn-cob pipes, and he offered us each one. This makes a good deal, and I said, "and find my pipe company." There is a lot of company in a pipe when I'm lonesome. Jacko smokes, or he thinks he does." He then called up Jacko, made him sit up, put a pipe in his mouth and placed his hand on the bear's head. The bear made a funny picture. "Come and give me a hug and go to bed, Jacko," said the old man, and the bear came and gave him a huge and then went to his corner.

The next night late in the night talking of the war. The old man loved to talk about the battles he had been in. I had noticed he was slightly lame, and he showed me where he had been shot in the leg at Antietam. I told him he was entitled to a pension, and he should get it for his children if not for himself. He shook his head sadly, and said: "I have all I need. I have done with the world. Jacko and I will stay here and not bother about anything."

I was a little afraid of that bear, but the old man assured me that he would not move out of his corner until morning, and he did not.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we left him at the door of his lonely cabin, and Jacko turned several somersaults as we went. The old man and I were going, and no doubt he was.

THE AN OLD WIND. That brings with it gusts of rain from the north. When the wind blows from that quarter on a wet day, the rheumatic are apt to suffer, even if seated by their "ain comfortable angle" in a cosy arm chair. A few fine glassfuls of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—more good than any other—will afford them unspeakable relief. There is ample proof on record of its efficacy in this disease—more particularly if used for its relief at the outset. Chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, neuralgia, and all ailments in the kidneys and bladder, should also be treated with this useful, family medicine of botanic origin. Appetite improved, refreshing slumber once more visits the weary eyelids of the nervous, and the general health is restored and recuperation in consequence of its invigorating and regulating action. Use it as a protector against getting wet.

A MURDEROUS BLADE. New York Telegram. One of the detectives arrested the twenty-ninth precinct, has in his possession a still-to-be-known as "Lital" and used in twenty-two murders and which was the property of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Italy. The weapon is kept by the detective in a small iron box at his home.

When asked to tell the story of how it came into his possession, the detective said: "I was an officer on patrol duty at the time, and, as my beat was in that part of the city, I got to know a number of Italians living there. Among them was a tall, fine-looking young fellow named Giuseppe Graveno, and he and I were great friends. He seemed to be a better educated man than the others of his kind, and I had a long talk to me by the hour of his once magnificent home in southern Italy, but which owed its ruin to a knife.

"By the knife, he said, had been picked up by one of his ancestors in Egypt more than a century ago. He had descended in his family from father to son, and in that time twenty-two people had been killed with it. I used to think he had been drinking when he would describe the murders, and more especially the killing of Lital. He would often do, that no one could handle the knife without cutting some one with it.

"One night he came to me on post and handed me something wrapped in a piece of cloth, which he explained was the knife he had picked up. 'I was afraid, he said, to keep it for fear he might be tempted to use it, and wanted me to either destroy it or put it some place where no one could handle it. I took the knife and put it in a safe at home. I took it out, and pulled the cloth and found the blade out of its sheath. The blade was about five inches long, and curved in and out in a curious manner, giving it a look like a piece of flame. The handle was covered with dark colored leather, and I took it up in my hand to look at it more closely. I don't know what came over me, but suddenly I felt a queer sensation all over my body. My life seemed to be passing before me, and the queer-shaped blade seemed to give with life. I felt an unconquerable desire to stick it into some one, and would probably have done so had my hand not struck the hot chimney of a lamp and the pain had been my undoing.

"I managed to get the blade into the sheath again and wrap it up as it was given to me, and put into that iron chest, where it has been ever since."

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Early in the fall of 1886 Thomas made his appearance at the Clinton race track and soon became a favorite. He was an expert "craps" player, and also gave tips to a number of sporting men who visited that track. As soon as the races closed he turned his attention to other matters, and in a very short time he was accused of being the principal in several petty robberies in Passaic county. About three months ago a warrant was issued for his arrest by Justice James E. Norton, of Passaic county. The warrant was made out upon several complaints for robbing a church near the race course and the other, as far as can be heard, for insulting women. The warrant was given to a local detective to serve. He went to the race track and arrested Thomas. While he was bringing him from the race course to the jail Thomas jumped upon the detective and bore him to the ground, and when he was down he hit him several times with the face and arms, and made his escape. The detective made inquiries regarding him at different race tracks and finally located him at Guttenberg.

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After a little trouble they found their man under the name of Williams. At first they were not sure and asked the Passaic officers to visit the track and see if they could identify him. This they did Saturday. He must have seen these men in company with Darling and Buckley and kept very shady since. Yesterday afternoon the two Union township officers visited the track and saw the negro near the grand stand talking to several gentlemen, evidently giving them tips. When they approached him he ran away. They pursued him and saw him dodge into the carriage-shed at the north end of the track. When they entered the shed, after having considered the trouble in opening the carriage-shed door, the negro could not be seen. Officer Buckley, however, saw something white under one of the carriages and said:

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"Sold your potatoes yet, Jesse?" asked one of the farmers to the other. "Oh, yes," said Jesse. "Ponate, I wouldn't care to have everybody know about it, John," lowering his voice a little and assuming a somewhat confidential air, "but I don't mind telling you, I've laid by money on the order of the other."

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"How much, Jesse?" "Just as much as I could get," answered the other, with an air of absolute frankness and honesty. "Nine dollars and forty-three cents!" "Gosh, Jesse! You don't tell me! Well, I'm glad to hear it. You worked hard 'an you deserved it."

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Navigation at Fort Smith. Kansas City Times: "I saw a very queer thing at Fort Smith the other day," said Mr. John W. Neir. "There is not a foot of paved street in the city, consequently when it rains it is impossible to get around. Well, while I was there I saw a skill being drawn through the street by a pair of mules. One man was doing the driving, another was using the oars and the third was managing to pull the very hard, and the sight caused a vast amount of cheering from the citizens who witnessed it."

Official Stenographer. Third Judicial District, 37 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

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SHOT DEAD ON THE TRACK.

James Thomas, a Turf Crook, Killed By an Officer.

New York World: Guttenberg race track yesterday afternoon was the scene of the most interesting tragedy that has occurred in Hudson county, N. Y., in many years. James Thomas, alias Jim Williams, a notorious track crook and thief, and in turf parlance a "tipper," was shot dead by Sergeant Darling, of the Hudson county police.