WORKING FOR A CONFESSION

Police Authorities at Lincoln Try to Get Davis to Incriminate Himself.

FAIL TO OBTAIN THE STATEMENT WANTED

Man Charged with Wrecking the Rock Island Train Sticks to His Original Story—Has Secured Attorneys to Watch His Interests.

LINCOLN, Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—George Davis, the negro suspected of wrecking the Rock Island train, is still confined in the city jail. No complaint has as yet been filed against him, and it will depend largely on the verdict rendered by the jury at the inquest whether this will be done. This forenoon Harry Foote, the brakeman of the ill-fated train, called at the station and was allowed to talk with the prisoner. Davis persisted in sticking to his story that he heard the crash while he was in the negro club rooms and started for the scene of the wreck. Foote tried to laugh him out of sticking to this story, and whether he succeeded only he and Chief Cooper know.

After the brakeman had talked with Davis a little while in the presence of Captain Ireland he seemed to think that he had him on the point of confessing. Chief Cooper was called and the two entered his cell and talked with Davis over an hour. After they had finished the chief declared that Davis still clung to his old story, while Foote refused to talk about the matter. The chief said that he talked very reluctantly and in a hesitating manner, but said nothing to incriminate himself.

Philpot and Altschuler have finally been chosen by Davis to defend him, though it looked for a while that the scene of yesterday among the attorneys would be repeated. Attorney Courtnay came in and wanted to talk with him. Colonel Philpot was there and objected, and the chief asked the prisoner which one he wanted to look after his interests. After much hesitation he said he would like to have Philpot and his partner and this was accepted by Courtnay as final and he withdrew his request to consult him.

Brakeman Foote was handed a photograph of E. H. Zernecke this morning and after examining it he declared it was the likeness of the man who got on his train at Halam. This leaves no doubt that Zernecke perished in the wreck.

While there has been much talk on the street corners no threats have as yet been made against the negro and he rests in comparative ease in his cell. As there are no female prisoners at present in the jail he has been placed in the female apartment and fares much better in regard to conveniences than any of the other prisoners.

The mayor of University Place telephoned the police station this morning that Will Rose had been shot at Havelock while attempting to steal chickens last night. He escaped, but was captured on the state farm and is now in custody at University Place. He was shot in the wrist and leg, and was quite seriously injured. Two other fellows who were with him succeeded in eluding capture and are still at large.

FREMONT NEWS NOTES.

Rain Enough to Cool the Atmosphere, but Did Vegetation Little Good.

FREMONT, Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—The ladies of the Baptist church gave a pleasant and profitable ice cream social in the city park last evening.

A heavy shower set in here at 5 o'clock this morning, but continued for only thirty minutes. The temperature and streets are greatly improved, but vegetation still cries for rain.

H. D. Dunning, C. B. Nicodemus, John and Otto Schurman, Guy Hinman, Burnell Colson, Bob Wall, Gus Hagensick and Frank and Joe Ellick were the Fremont delegation that joined the Omaha and Chicago delegations to the L. A. W. meet at Denver, and left this afternoon.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Senator Allen, has been in the city during the week witnessing the graduation of her daughter, Miss Lulu, at the normal.

The annual exercises of the State Literary society, held at the Normal chapel last evening, were carried out to the satisfaction of the large concourse of people in attendance. After the exercises in the hall, all were treated to a pleasant social given on the college campus, which was appropriately decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns for the occasion. The annual baccalaureate sermon was delivered before the students of the normal this morning by Rev. N. Chestnut, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

The four boys who ran away last Monday returned to their respective homes last evening, tired and dusty and heartily sick of their venture. They have been to Kearney, then to South Omaha and then home.

Secretary Markell of the Young Men's Christian association is receiving applications for the accommodation of a sufficient number of delegations to the meeting which begins tomorrow to indicate a large attendance. Four tennis courts on the ground were completed yesterday, and in fact the grounds are in perfect condition in all respects for a pleasant and beneficial meeting. Rev. J. P. D. Llwyd of Omaha will deliver the introductory lecture on Monday evening, instead of Rev. Frank Crane, as heretofore noticed.

RAIN MAKING A FAILURE.

Burt County People Have Lost Faith in the Artificial Article.

TEKAMAH, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—Rain making by artificial means in Burt county has proven a flat failure, and the corn crop is practically a failure. Farmers are cutting up their stalks for fodder and try to console themselves that this is the first failure Burt county ever had. Nearly $800 was raized for the project, but it could not be done again.

The Burt county populist convention meets next Friday. What few democrats there are in the county will "fuse" with the pops, and thereby hope to knock down an office for themselves.

The republicans hold their convention the following Monday. The republican primaries will be held Friday, and it is expected that a small fight may be engendered between the Majors and MacColl forces, but with chances for the ultimatum for MacColl. Burt county is entitled to fifteen delegates to the state convention, but will probably go uninstructed.

Editor W. H. Korns of the Herald has at last been confirmed as postmaster of Tekamah and is now in the office learning the ropes. His appointment gives general satisfaction.

The new vault at the court house for Burt county records is being rapidly pushed to completion. Some 40,000 brick will be used in its construction and it will cost the county about $900.

District court will convene October 1, to be in session two weeks. The Grange and Farmers Mutual Insurance company of Washington and Burt counties has been organized and articles of incorporation filed with the state auditor. It is to succeed the Pomona Grange Insurance company and is officered by Hon. Watson Tyson, Hon. John Cameron, Hother Jeger, A. P. Job and A. J. McClanahan.

The report of Superintendent C. F. Beck to the state superintendent for the year ending last month is to the effect that receipts were $47,323.64; outstanding bonds, $20,515; total value of district property, $79,705.87; number of boys of school age, 2,303; number of girls, 2,100.

SERIES NO. 25.

THE AMERICAN ENCYCLOPAEDIC DICTIONARY.

4 200 Pages. 250,000 Words

INSTRUCTIVE AND USEFUL

A Mine of Knowledge and a Mint of Usefulness.

There are more things instructive, useful and entertaining in that great book, "The American Encyclopedic Dictionary," than in any similar publication ever issued.

This great work, now for the first time placed within the reach of everyone, is a unique publication, for it is at the same time a perfect dictionary and a complete encyclopedia.

Only that number of the book corresponding with the series number of the coupon presented will be delivered.

ONE Sunday and Three Week-day coupons with 15 cents in coin, will buy one part of The American Encyclopedic Dictionary. Send orders to The Bee Office.

Mail orders should be addressed to

DICTIONARY DEPARTMENT

SCHUYLER NEWS NOTES.

Water Commissioner Takes Summary Measures with Too Free Consumers.

SCHUYLER, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—Jack Hayes suffered a sunstroke Friday and now lies at his home in a critical condition.

Mrs. Mary Lapache of Albion is visiting in Schuyler, her former home.

M. L. Weaver is visiting the home of his boyhood at Ayersville, Pa.

Young Ray Zollman found a check for $58, drawn to Joseph Shultz by Fred Kropf and payable to bearer. His father took it to the Quill office, from where it was returned to Mr. Kropf, who had issued a duplicate check to John Brum, who lost the check.

Arrangements have been made by the pastors of the Presbyterian, Methodist and St. John Lutheran churches to conduct union services Sunday evenings during the hot weather. August 12 the Presbyterian pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Hantel, August 19 the St. John Lutheran by Rev. Kunckey and August 26 the Methodist by Rev. Leard.

A couple of men held forth on a street corner one night this week and sold castile soap with various prizes to dozens of gullible citizens. The soap proved to be scented, worthless stuff that had been cut into small cakes and stamped by its dispensers to suit themselves.

Water Commissioner Wheeler has turned off the water of dozens who had been too unsparing and irregular in their use of city water. The ordinance provides for its use on lawns from 6 to 8 a. m. and from 6 to 8 p. m., but many had been using it much outside of hours. Some had allowed all night flows, others sprinkled lawns all day.

The firm of C. S. Roberts & Co., harness dealers, is dissolved, Mr. Roberts retiring.

Mail Clerk C. H. Cherry, who was injured in the wreck on the Rock Island at Lincoln, has many friends in Schuyler, where he visited but recently.

THREE ELOQUENT SERMONS.

Visitors at the Opening Session of the Interstate Chautauqua Rarely Entertained.

SALEM, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special Telegram to The Bee.)—The interstate Chautauqua opened with immense crowds and a brilliant program. The great tent was crowded at every service and every hour of the day was characterized by a special service. Rev. Sam Small, president, preached the inaugural sermon on "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." The sermon was a strong appeal for righteousness in the way of the people and the conduct of public affairs. Mr. Small declared that God confuses the council of nations that trust in other than godly wisdom. He was especially strong and sensational in his criticisms of public men's habits and the fashions of modern politics. The sermon was greatly admired and commented upon, receiving general approval. Rev. David H. Shields of West Virginia preached in the afternoon a most finished sermon on "The Thirst of the Soul After God." Dr. Shields is a man of great pathos and eloquence and his thoughts were fresh, vigorous and beautiful. At night Rev. Mr. Francis preached one of the most delightful sermons ever heard on the grounds. His theme was "Songs in the Night," and his able and enthusiastic pleas for spirit life and praise in the service of God were full of fire and conviction. Bishop Turner of Georgia is expected tomorrow to lecture on "The African Problem." The music is made a special and splendid feature of the daily program.

IRRIGATION IN GARFIELD COUNTY.

Farmers Organize an Association to Build a Much Needed Ditch.

BURWELL, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—Articles of incorporation of the Burwell Irrigation company were filed in the office of the county clerk here Friday. The new corporation is composed of twelve representative farmers. The capital stock is $50,000, and shares $100. Officers and board of directors were elected last night, the management being entirely from among the farmers. There has been no rain here for over a month, and only three light showers since last year. The mercury has registered over 100 in the shade every day for more than a week, having reached 110 three times, and once 112. The crops of every kind are an entire failure. Not one acre out of 100 of the small grain in this vicinity has or will be harvested, while almost all of the corn is entirely killed by the extreme heat and drouth. There is no vegetables or hay to speak of. Under these circumstances everybody is considerably interested in irrigation, and the new company will receive the support of the entire community. It is proposed to dig a ditch about twenty miles long, and to aid in this the precinct in which Burwell is situated will be asked to vote bonds. Owing to the fact that the crop was a partial failure here last year and for one or two years preceding that, many people will be entirely destitute in a very short time, and outside aid alone can stand between them and suffering.

Auburn Personals.

AUBURN, Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bouzefield are enjoying the pleasures of Denver and the mountains.

Sheriff Glasgow has purchased the commodious residence of Dan Glaze, just a block north of the jail.

J. S. Stull took his youngest daughter, Miss Katie, to Omaha Tuesday, to be treated for catarrhal trouble.

Mr. Kelligar of Pana, Ill., is visiting his son, Lawyer Kelligar, of this city.

Dr. Opperneau was summoned to Lincoln to attend the youngest child of Prof. and Mrs. Fordyce, who is lying very low with summer complaint.

Mrs. Henry F. Welch died at her home, four miles southeast of Auburn, August 8. On Tuesday the deceased was stricken with heart disease and lived only a few hours. She leaves a husband and several grown children.

Died—Bertie V., 3 months old, child of Rev. L. L. Combs and wife of this city. The little one died at Sterling, Neb., where the elder is holding a meeting. The remains were interred in the Sheridan cemetery Thursday afternoon.

Henry Williams and M. W. Sanders of Nemaha City were in town Monday.

Burglars made a raid on several cellars and cupboards Wednesday night. The residences of W. E. Gillan, R. M. Gillan and H. Bellas were entered and all the eatables taken, and a pair of shoes was purloined at one place. It is thought to have been the work of tramps.

The drouth still continues, and old settlers declare the like was never known. Farmers are discouraged, and are disposing of their cattle, horses and hogs for mere nothing.

R. H. Holmes paid Atchison a business visit Saturday.

Clarence Wykes of Syarcuse Sundayed in Auburn.

C. B. Thompson of the firm of Thompson & Peery, together with his head clerk, M. F. Look, started for Chicago Tuesday to select their fall stock of dry goods.

Mrs. J. B. Strickler is lying very ill with lung trouble.

Dr. E. E. Faurer, late graduate of the Eclectic Medical college of Lincoln, is now practicing with Dr. Opperneau.

Rev. J. W. White left on Monday for a two weeks' visit to his family in Lebanon, Mo.

Miss Nellie Wallace, who has been dangerously ill, is slowly recovering.

Miss Maude Dutter is visiting relatives at Chester, Neb.

Miss May Holmes is visiting friends in Nemaha City.

Grand Island Moving for Irrigation.

GRAND ISLAND, Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—The irrigation committee appointed by the meeting of citizens last Monday evening met yesterday and organized by electing C. F. Bentley president and E. E. Thompson secretary. President Foote of the Nebraska Irrigation association was invited to come here and look over the situation. A civil engineer and one of the members of the committee have made a four days' trip over the country and to the South Loup river and reported favorably as to the feasibility of irrigating.

Republicans Harmonious in Knox.

CREIGHTON, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—The republican county convention of Knox county was called to order at this place Saturday by Chairman A. A. Logan. B. G. Jones was elected temporary chairman and J. C. Hass temporary secretary. After the committee on credentials made their report L. D. Wellman and H. M. McLeod were selected permanent chairman and secretary respectively.

Mr. Funke of Bloomfield was nominated for county attorney and S. J. G. Irwin of Creighton received the endorsement of the convention for representative of the Twentieth district and was allowed to select his own delegation.

The convention was harmonious from beginning to end. There was a large attendance and every one seemed to feel confident of republican succes this fall.

Frontier County Populists.

STOCKVILLE, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—The populist county convention was held here yesterday. E. T. Jay, J. H. Lincoln and E. P. Pyle were before the convention as candidates for county attorney. After a spirited contest E. P. Pyle received the nomination. Charges of rings and slates were openly made in the convention by the candidates. Dr. F. LaRue was nominated for coroner and George D. Miller for county commissioner by acclamation.

The delegates to the state, congressional and senatorial conventions are uninstructed.

D. L. McBride is a candidate for representative from this county. With the united support of the delegates from this county to the representative convention he will no doubt receive the nomination.

Death of an Old Settler.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—A. H. Wilhelm, a prominent citizen of this city and county, died at his home last night of acute inflammation of the stomach. Mr. Wilhelm came to Grand Island when a young man and experienced the hardships of the early days. He was here in the grasshopper year and was one of the oldest inhabitants of the city. He was the local member of the American Railroad Ticket Brokers association, combining with this the business of real estate, insurance and loan. He was 45 years of age and leaves a wife and family. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon.

Rain at West Point.

WEST POINT, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—A heavy rain fell last night and this morning, and indications are for more. While too late to help the bulk of the corn acreage, it will be of great service to late corn and pastures.

The Cuming County Teachers' institute convenes tomorrow morning.

The roads are covered with prairie schooners containing burnt-out farmers going east to obtain work. Their stories of the condition of things on the line of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad west of Norfolk is heartrending.

Funeral of a Wreck Victim.

FAIRBURY, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special Telegram to The Bee.)—The funeral services of the late W. O. Hambel, one of the victims of the railroad wreck, were conducted by the Masonic order this afternoon and were attended by a large concourse of people. A special train from Hebron brought in the Masons and members of the bar from that place, and the Beatrice bar was largely represented. The republican convention yesterday testified to their esteem of the deceased by appropriate resolutions.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

STOCKVILLE, Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—A large frame barn belonging to William Hinton, who lives three miles west of here, was struck by lightning last night and completely burned, together with all his sheds, cribs and windmill.

The Teachers' institute of Frontier county closed today. The session has been very satisfactory both in attendance and work. One hundred and forty-eight were enrolled.

Knox County Populists.

NIOBRARA, Neb., Aug. 12.—(Special Telegram to The Bee.)—The populist convention for the Twentieth district, comprising Knox and Boyd counties, was held here yesterday and placed in nomination H. M. Worth of Knox county.

Sheridan County's Court House.

SHERIDAN, Wyo., Aug. 12.—(Special to The Bee.)—The Board of County Commissioners of Sheridan county has contracted with Mr. Cady, an Omaha capitalist, for the erection of a two-story brick building, 50x140 feet, which will be leased for a county court house. The county agrees to pay an annual rental of $2,000 for a period of five years.

The Burlington extension to Billings, Mont., is now completed north from here to the Crow agency, a distance of seventy-two miles, and the company expects to commence running daily trains in about ten days.

Boy Turned the Switch in Time.

ANDERSON, Ind., Aug. 12.—Yesterday Tom Dickinson, a lad 12 years old, saved a disastrous wreck on the Big Four. The westbound passenger express had sidetracked to let a fast freight pass. The switch nearest the freight was open and out of the reach of the passenger crew, when the freight was bounding along at a tremendous speed. The lad took in the situation and changed the switch barely in time to avert a wreck.

Fight Among Fishermen.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 12.—Contradicting reports are received from Jefferson barracks of a shooting scrape between a party of fishermen from this city and a number of natives near Carrol's island this evening, in which one of the latter was shot and killed and another badly wounded. The party from here was arrested, but all made denials of having killed anybody. There is a difference of opinion as to the cause of the fight.

Tug Run Down by a Steamer.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Aug. 12.—The steamer Puritan of the Chicago, St. Joseph & Benton Harbor Transportation company ran into the tug Richmond and cut her in two. The Puritan was coming into the harbor and was running unusually close to the wharf and at an unusual rate of speed when she struck the tug, which was just leaving the dock. The captain and his crew got off before she went down.

Trailing a Murderer with Bloodhounds.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 12.—Thomas O'Hannon, a prominent merchant of this city, was murdered by an unknown negro at a late hour last night. Robbery was the motive of the crime. The murderer escaped, but bloodhounds were placed on his trail and the report reached here tonight that he had been surrounded several miles from here and will be captured by morning. A lynching is probable.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Domestic.

The president has vetoed the bill placing Paymaster Yorke of the navy on the retired list.

R. M. Elliott, Augustin Daly's property man, hired in England, has been stopped at New York under the contract labor law.

As an outcome of the engineering congress held during the World's fair, a society was formed which held its first meeting in New York yesterday.

The schedule filed by the receivers of Goodwin & Smith, ra ilroad contractors of New York, who failed recently, show liabilities of $841,344.30; nominal assets, $1,307,405; actual assets, $105.

Foreign.

President Caceres of Peru has assumed the duties of his office.

Mexican soldiers have been ambushed and defeated by the Yaqui Indians.

It is reported that the schooner Manyan has been lost on the China coast.

The Kobyles tribe in Morocco have revolted and are defying the authority of the new sultan.

Official returns show the total number of cases of cholera in Russia from August 1 to date were 133, with 102 deaths.

There is reported to be a great deal of ill feeling in Russia because the czar did not grant amnesty to petty prisoners at the time of the marriage of the Grand Duke Xenias, as has been customary

JOHN I. BLAIR FATALLY ILL

Aged and Eccentric Millionaire Slowly Passing Away at His Home.

UNIQUE FIGURE IN FINANCIAL WORLD

He Has Built More Lines of Railroad Than Any Other Man—Worth Many Millions, but Never a Speculator.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—John I. Blair is reported seriously, if not fatally, ill at his home in Blairstown, N. J. His death will remove a unique and striking figure from the business world, a man who is as well known in St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago as he is in New York, writes a correspondent of the Globe-Democrat. He is now past 90, and until his present illness it had always been his boast that he had never been sick a day in his life. He began life without a dollar, and is now worth not less than $50,000,000. In a chat which I had with him a couple of years ago he gave me some very interesting details of his early life. He was born, he told me, near Belvidere, N. J., in 1802, the descendant of a Scotch Covenanter, who came to this country in 1740. One of his ancestors helped to found Princeton college, and was afterward its vice president and one of its professors.

"My father," said Mr. Blair, "died when I was 14 years old, and from that time on I was compelled to shift for myself, and contribute to the support of my mother, seven brothers and three sisters. The first money I ever earned was by trapping rabbits and muskrats and selling their skins. I got $1 for sixteen skins, and felt richer in its possession than I ever have since. When I was 19 years old I became a clerk in the store kept by a cousin of mine at Hope. I remained with him for seven years, and then set up for myself. I removed to what is now Blairstown, but which was then almost a wilderness, and opened a general store. I had managed to save a few hundred dollars, and the balance of my capital was loaned me by my mother and cousin."

PROSPERED FROM THE FIRST.

Mr. Blair prospered from the first, and was in a few years the owner of a chain of stores, established one by one and managed by his brothers. The building of a small railroad in Warren county, in which Blairstown is situated, disclosed to him a new source of wealth, by which he was not slow to profit. The greater part of his vast fortune was made by railroad building in Iowa. His general plan was to organize a company to build a road through an undeveloped section. Then he would persuade the people living along the proposed line to issue county and city bonds sufficient to pay for the building of the road, the work being invariably done by a construction company, which was John I. Blair in another form. Bonds would be issued for this and stock equal in amount to the bonds turned over to his company, which was also himself. The settling up of the country opened by the road never failed to make the stock valuable, and in the end the shrewd New Jersey shopkeeper became a many times millionaire. At one period in his career Mr. Blair owned and controlled more miles of railroad than any other man, Vanderbilt not excepted. He built the town of Blairstown into a solidly prosperous place. To get to and from Blairstown he constructed the Blairstown railroad, the chief business of which has always been to carry John I. Blair back and forth.

Mr. Blair's habits have always been simple and unpretentious, and he is known to every man, woman and child in Blairstown as "plain John I." His garments are always plain and usually ill-fitting and shabby, while his silk hat gives every evidence of having seen service long before the war. Throughout his long life he has been a hard worker, and until his present sickness could be found at his desk at 5:30 in the morning, and this at all seasons of the year. It is his boast that he has never speculated, never attended a horse race or base ball game and has only once been to a theater. His business methods are original and often eccentric. At one time he was a partner of John P. Alley, but differences arose and they separated. Then Alley sued for something like $2,500,000. When the case came for trial Mr. Blair was not ready and requested an adjournment. There was a small army of lawyers employed in the case and a hot war of words ensued. The judge, in the end, granted a postponement, but ordered that a bond for double the amount of the alleged claim should be filed.

A $5,000,000 BOND.

"The bond required will be $5,000,000, I understand," said Mr. Blair, when this decision had been reached. Alley's lawyers promptly assured him that he had not overstated the amount.

"I expected there would be something of the kind necessary," said Mr. Blair in his quiet way, "and so I brought this along."

"This," proved to be a small black bag which he had brought with him into the court room. He now opened it and spread before the judge $5,000,000 in government bonds.

"These will answer, I suppose?" he inquired.

The judge, when he had recovered from his surprise, said he thought they would. "But," he went on, "I will make you custodian of them, with the distinct understanding that none of them shall be used while it is part of the bond."

"Your Honor need have no fear on that score," was Mr. Blair's reassuring response. "I only brought in a few this morning for this purpose. There are some that I will have no use for while this matter is pending."

Mr. Blair seldom drives, always prefering to travel afoot. When, however, the distance forbids walking, he harnesses up a sorry-looking nag in a ramshackle vehicle that saw its best days a generation ago. His only son and heir lives in magnificent style at Belvidere, N. J., and drives steeds of great value and beauty.

"Why is it, Mr. Blair," a friend once asked him, "that your son rides in such splendid state while you jog along in this wretched style?"

"Well, you see," said the millionaire, dryly, "I never had the advantage of a rich father."

"THE SOCIETY OF HOGS."

Years ago Mr. Blair used to take an occasional flyer in politics, and in 1886 was the republican candidate for governor of New Jersey. There was a sort of tacit understanding that he was to furnish the money and the wire-pullers of his party were to do the rest. As is usual in such cases, he was badly beaten at the polls. He took his defeat good-humoredly, and said that his experience had reminded him of a western man who drove a lot of hogs from St. Louis, where hogs were low, to Chicago, where they were high, and finding that before he got there the hog market had twisted around so that the swing were higher in St. Louis than in Chicago, drove the hogs back again, reaching St. Louis just in time to find a depression in the St. Louis market, which was matched by an elevation in Chicago. The man said that he had not made much money out of the transaction, but he had the society of the hogs.

"Well, I am like that fellow," said Mr. Blair. "I have not been elected governor, but I have had the society of hogs."

Mr. Blair has handsomely endowed an academy at Blairstown, which bears his name, and has also founded professorships in Princeton and Lafayette colleges, besides contributing generously to the support of a number of western colleges, notably those along the lines of railway built by him.

When he dies the larger part of the great fortune will go to his two children—the son already mentioned, and a daughter, the latter the widow of the late Charles Scribner, the well known publisher.

All in all, John I. Blair is a unique figure among the millionaires of the country, and we shall not look upon his like again.

Movements of Seagoing Vessels, August 12.

At New York—Arrived—Steamer Furnesia, from Glasgow; La Champaigne, from Havre.

At Havre—Arrived—La Normandie, from New York.

At London—Arrived—Menantic, from Baltimore.

Captured a German Embezzler.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—A merchant of Germany, who is wanted there for forgery and embezzlement, was captured today just as he was landing from the steamer La Champaigne. The exact amount involved in his alleged thefts is not known, but it is supposed to be large. The prisoner acknowledged his identity, but refused to say anything in regard to his alleged crimes.

FAMOUS GAME OF POKER.

Grave Senators Throw Courtesy to the Dogs.

Among the notable guests at the Fifth Avenue hotel during the past week was ex-United States Senator Walton C. Squire of Washington, says the New York Herald. The senator is one of the broad minded, level headed business men who regard the metropolis as one of the greatest watering places in the country, which accounts for his spending so much of his time in the city during the summer months. In other years he has not been averse to whiling away a passing hour or so with congenial friends over the exciting mysteries of a quiet game of "draw" poker, for, like all westerners, and it might be added United States senators, he has the reputation of playing a powerful good hand.

A few nights ago he was invited to join a party of his friends, all big men in business enterprises and renown. Much to their surprise he declined, stating that he had "sworn off." It was news to them and occasioned not a little comment. He did not, however, volunteer any explanation to satisfy their curiosity.

The reason for his forswearing the game furnishes a very interesting bit of history of political-social life at the national capital and discloses for the first time the reason of the acrimonious feeling that characterized the relations of the late United States Senator Plumb of Kansas and United States Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island.

The story has never been made public and was related to me by a gentleman of undoubted reliability who was present on what has become a memorable and historic occasion.

During Senator Squire's term in congress a small party gathered at John Chamberlin's one evening to indulge in a quiet, friendly game of "draw." Besides Senator Squire there were United States Senators Farwell of Illinois, Aldrich of Rhode Island, and the late Senator Plumb of Kansas. It was an assemblage of big brains, big money and great nerve, and the game was naturally a very interesting one. The game proceeded in a very placid way without any distinctive feature other than the Kansas senator's hard luck. No matter how good his "hands" were he was sure to be beaten. The game had gone on for some time when a messenger came to the door and inquired for Senator Plumb, saying he was wanted on important business. The senator excused himself and said he would be back presently.

While he was gone his friends jokingly conspired to put up a "hand" on him. They arranged it so that Plumb would get four jacks and Farwell four queens. Knowing that the former was a stiff player, they anticipated the heavy betting with much glee and the senator's crestfallen relief when they would subsequently explain the practical joke played on him. Senator Aldrich was the dealer.

The Kansas senator returned in a very short time and resumed his place at the table. The others all wore their most serious aspect. The cards were dealt as arranged by the senatorial conspirators. Senator Plumb held three jacks "pat" and called for one card. Aldrich dealt him a jack from the bottom of the pack, and Senator Plumb saw it.

In an instant he was on his feet, boiling with rage. The others tried to pacify him, but he only became the more infuriated. The others grasped him by the arms and supplicated him to be quiet, explaining that it was all a joke that they intended playing on him, but the Kansas senator, who was a very serious man, would not see it in that light.

The game naturally broke up, leaving the participants in anything but a jovial mood. Further explanations were subsequently made to Plumb, but he would not forgive Aldrich, and never spoke to him afterward, though their official duties brought them together in the senate.

From that night Senator Squire made up his mind to quit poker. "If," said he to my informant, "a small game like that can arouse such bitter hatred and enmity among friends, I never want to play it again."

LO BENGULA'S FATE.

Shocking Crimes Perpetrated Against a Barbarous Enemy.

Perhaps no barbarous ruler, bereft of power and overwhelmed by the advance of the Caucasian race, never met a more pathetic fate than that of Lo Bengula, says the New York Sun. Certain flagrant violations of usage and brutal disregard for every dictate of humanity sealed the fate of the king. On two occasions, during the hostilities, it is probable that further bloodshed and untold suffering might have been avoided if shameful injustice had not been done to him. In the first instance a deed was committed which most people would regard as a crime, though an investigating committee has declared it to be merely a blunder. The second case was an act of brutal treachery hard to parallel.

The war had hardly begun when Lo Bengula sent three ambassadors to the commander of one of the military columns of the South Africa company. Unarmed and without escort, they walked into the white camp, but the message they brought from the king was never delivered. Two of them were shot dead in their tracks and the third escaped into the bush. The respect shown to a flag of truce in civilized warfare was denied to the envoys of a barbarous king. No one has been called to account. The committee of inquiry has defined the occurrence as an "unfortunate misunderstanding." If this be so, the terrible deed should be included in the category of those blunders that are worse than crimes.

After the war was practically over and Lo Bengula and thousands of his people were retreating to the north the king decided to throw himself upon the mercy of his conquerors and beg that the killing of his fallen tribesmen might be stopped. He sent one of his chiefs with a letter addressed to the commander of the white forces, in which he said that his great desire was to surrender and prevent further bloodshed. As evidence that he was sincere and submissive he sent with the chief an ox wagon containing $5,000 in silver, a present to the British leader. The envoy had nearly reached his destination when he was met by two English soldiers, who demanded his business. The simple-minded black man told them all there was to tell, and followed implicitly the directions they gave him. They charged him to return at once to the king. They would deliver the letter and the present at headquarters and the answer of the white commander would soon be sent to Lo Bengula.

Those two soldiers then committed the heinous crime of destroying this message of peace and submission, willing that massacre and suffering should continue if only they might enjoy the ill-gotten silver. The blood of Major Wilson and his flying column is on the hands of those men. It was after Lo Bengula had tendered his surrender and had vainly awaited the answer that Wilson's pursuing party was slaughtered to a man. Then the king pushed a little deeper into the wilderness toward the Zambesi and with women and children dying around him, he, too, succumbed to his grief and privations. For this act of despicable treachery, which cost hundreds of lives, its perpetrators are in convict garb, each serving a sentence of fourteen years at hard labor.

Neither the king of the Matabeles nor the white men were responsible for the war. It was forced upon them both by the thousands of young Matabele soldiers, whom Lo Bengula was able to restrain no more than he could the whirlwind. He deserves a better fate, for, barbarian though he was, there was much that was good in him, as all the white men testify who had shared his hospitality and helpfulness. It is not a cheerful thought that his complete ruin was made inevitable through circumstances of a shameful character, imposed upon the unhappy ruler by men who call themselves civilized.

NEGRO HCODOO NOTIONS.

Did Shakespeare Get His Idea of the Witches' Broth from Africa.

I was ruminating about this particular superstition of the negro race, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution. One of their color has been very sick in this town and it got spread among them that he was conjured, or "cunjud," as they speak it, and right there comes in the difference between the blacks and the copper colored and mulattoes. The belief in "conjurin" seems to be confined mainly to the black negro. Old Aunt Ann declares that he was "cunjud as sho' as you're born, for he is turnin' right green." It was these same black Africans who had all the superstitions about Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit. We had all colors among our slaves when I was a boy, but it was only the black, broad-nosed and thick-lipped ones who told us stories by the cabin fires at night. They only had a love for the marvelous and their descendants have it yet.

They believe in hoodoo or voudoo and conjurin'. They have a strong emotional religion, and if the spirit throws them down in a faint it is a sign they've got it good. What it is they get I don't know, but it suits them, and there does not seem to be any change in their mode of worship. Education has not made any that we can perceive. Some white people are affected the same way, but it is the exception and not the rule. With the negroes it seems to be spasmodic. Its effects have no good influence after the spasm is over. We used to say of one of our servants: "Becky is going to cut up today. She fell down in a trance last night at meeting and had to be carried out." And she did cut up. She was the nurse for four children, and they had to keep away from her until she got over her fit. She was accused of being a conjurer, and a black negro named Luke swore out a warrant for her, and Tom Perry, the 'squire, issued it, just to see what Luke could prove. He said that she had made him sick in the back and kept him sick, and he handed the 'squire a dime that she gave him for a chicken, and pointed out a spot on it that was the sign—the proof that she had conjured the money before she paid it to him. That was all.

"What do you wish done with her?" said I.

"She have to swaller de dime," he said, "and dat break de spell. I tried rabbit foot, and I bury lizard under de door, and I plat de old mare's mane when de roosters crow for midnight, but it don't do no good. I is dyin' every day."

But Luke got well and Becky didn't swallow the dime, either.

One of my father's negro women got jealous of Minty, the cook, and determined to poison or conjure her to death. Minty got sick and my father told Juno to make her some chicken soup. She got from an old rag a red scorpion's head, a lizard's leg, a bat's wing, a hotty bug, and three or four centipedes, or thousand legs, as we call them, and the tail of a green snake, and had the horrible mess cooking in a saucepan when my mother happened in to see how Minty was and took the top off the pan to look at the soup. Juno confessed that she had been gathering material for that soup a good while, and she wasn't much disturbed at the discovery. She declared that Minty had "cunjud" her husband, and I reckon she had. So my father had to separate the families. Now, did Shakespeare get his witches' caldron and its venomous contents from the old Africans of England?

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork and blind worm sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing.

DUEL AT A WEDDING.

Romance of a Nebraska Cattle Town in the Early Seventies.

The dispatches not long ago announced the death of Al Dickenson, which unimportant event occurred from an overdose of bad whisky procured and absorbed in an obscure town in Oklahoma. The simple announcement of this vagabondish character's passing away probably created no interest outside of his immediate family connections, relates the Chicago Mail, and yet I remember the time when Al Dickenson's name appeared in the columns of every daily newspaper of the United States, and nearly all the papers thought the tragedy with which he was associated of such importance that immense and sensational headlines preceded every article bearing upon the subject.

To make the story intelligible it is necessary to dive down into western history of twenty-four years ago. At that time the supposedly fertile Republican valley, covering a vast area in southern Nebraska and northern Kansas, was receiving an influx of settlers from every section of the civilized globe, and, as in all instances of a similar nature, there was a general distributing railway point from which all supplies were drawn and from which emanated enough gory encounters each month to build up a dime library on the blood-and-thunder order that would net the founder of the same an unlimited fortune.

Lowell, Neb., started by the B. & M. road, and named in honor of Percival Lowell, then a prominent official of the corporation, was the base of supplies for the valley. Lowell was 175 miles west of Omaha and located just at the foot of the great sand hills district. Lowell at present is scattered over the wide world and as a town is entirely obliterated, nothing remaining to remind the traveler of life and activity, sorrows and joys, crimes and worthy deeds, but a water tank from which freight engines draw the necessary article to create steam.

In 1870 to 1874, however, Lowell was a typical western town, more like the Leadville of a few years later than any town I recall. The United States land office was there, and it was the jumping-off place for the land of promise some sixty miles away. Half a million head of Texas cattle were shipped from there every season, and from two to a dozen herders bit the dust almost every month. It was one of this number of the genus homo that was responsible for the wild and reckless career and final death of Dickenson, and it was all about a woman.

"Dick," who was an educated fellow, a civil engineer from Boston, and of excellent family, fell in love with Helen Gratney, the beautiful daughter of the postmistress of Lowell, and rumor had it that the young couple were to be married. In the meantime Asa Love, a Texas cattle king, appeared upon the scene and offered both hands and fortune, including a herd of 40,000 Texas steers, to the fair Helen. "Dick" had no money, but he was a dashing, handsome chap, and he won the day. Love pursued the usual course of his class and got beastly drunk, after which he became very violent and threatened to shoot Dickenson on sight.

The latter's friends, including the district judge, a half dozen lawyers, all the county officials and a number of leading business men, persuaded the successful suitor to take a trip home. But Boston was not Lowell, and "Dick" couldn't give up the wild life and the dark-eyed beauty of the plains. So he returned and declared himself.

The intervention of friends, however, patched up the trouble and the two interested parties consented to meet in the Gratney parlor one morning, shake hands and allow the unfortunate damsel who had caused all the trouble to make an irrevocable choice between the men—the unsuccessful one to go away forever and leave the happy couple unmolested. A minister, the mayor of the "city," an editor of a local paper, the district judge and one or two more outsiders were present to witness the nuptials that were to follow.

Both men surrendered their sixshooters to the postmistress and the reconciliation was effected. Helen selected the Boston boy and apparently everybody was satisfied, when an altercation between Love and Dickenson broke out. Love, who had concealed a pistol in his shirt, first attempted to pull the weapon and kill his successful rival. But "Dick" had seen enough of western life not to be caught napping, and to the astonishment of everybody in the room re