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A SUMMER IDYL.

Two Charmers Found Among the White Mountains.

COVETED JOYS, DEAD SEA FRUIT.

The Peculiar Matrimonial Career of a Prominent Omaha Man—Gay Himself, He Gets a Festive Wife—Divorced Twice. He Tries a Third Time—Pretty Romance and Guilty Love.

OMAHA, Neb., June 5.—It is remarkable what strange, eventful careers have fallen to people we meet every day and whose lives seem to be the most tranquil. A lawyer friend told your correspondent a peculiar case that he had been mixed up in and which reached one of its climaxes the other day. The man in the affair is a well known Omahaan. Of course the lawyer used a fictitious name for him, but his friends may recognize him by some of the incidents in the story.

In the early summer of 1885 Richard B. Harvey, a young civil engineer of North Carolina, was sent by his physician north for his health. The New York doctor under whose care he placed himself advised a few weeks' sojourn in the mountains. Dick, as he is familiarly termed, packed up his traps, put himself on board the Portland steamer and was soon in the heart of the White Mountains, lodged in a caravansery where a number of fashionable as well as plain everyday people surrounded the box plizable table. Dick performed a creditable amount of mountaineering all alone by himself. During one of his tours he had occasion to remove his valuable finger ring for the purpose of washing his hands. The sudden appearance of a party of ladies surprised him in the act. He hastily picked up his pocket handkerchief, hurriedly dried his hands and hastened away, leaving his ring on the green sward. An hour later a young lady found it. She told her companions and they discussed the most agreeable way of returning it.

An hour or two later, Miss Gladys Makley and her cousin, Miss Blanche Harris, both of Pittsburgh, waited upon Dick and handed him his ring. From that incident an eventful acquaintance sprang up. The young engineer was tall and pale and handsome—a brunette with large expressive brown eyes and beautiful dark whiskers. Miss Makley was a shapely Juno of medium complexion and fine presence. Her hair was of dark auburn, almost brown, and she was gifted with a voice and musical culture. Miss Harris also had a fine figure crowned with a head of luxuriant blonde hair, beneath which flashed a pair of mischievous black eyes. Previous to the meeting with Mr. Harvey a middle-aged, reported wealthy, New Yorker, connected with the liquor trade, had paid Miss Harris marked attention and she had not repulsed him. In Dick, however, she beheld her ideal and her eyes told the flattering tale to him as plainly as words. She and Gladys became the constant companions of his walks, and they read and sang and romped like happy children all through the delightful August. Yet he had made an important discovery. Both the girls were in love with him as Goneril and Regan, Lear's daughters, were in love with Edmund. Before the time for parting came he had found opportunity to address fervid words to each and when the ladies returned to their home Dick had two ardent and affectionate correspondents.

This condition of affairs did not last long. Miss Harris discovered Dick's double dealings, wrote him a fiercely indignant letter and went to New York to spend Christmas and New Year's with her aunt. The well-to-do liquor dealer was apprised, somehow of her arrival, and during the first week of January, 1886, she became his wife. Miss Makely was still corresponding with Dick, and when she notified him of her cousin's wedding the young engineer was put upon his mettle and he formally proposed marriage. Gladys did not shilly-shally, and in February there was another wedding at the house of the bride in the suburbs of Pittsburg. She brought Dick about $5,000 in cash and many valuable presents. The civil engineer had secured a profitable engagement in Omaha, and they began house keeping in this city.

In the following August Harvey had business that called him to New York. It was hot weather and one day he resolved to take a run down to Coney Island. On board the boat, whom should he see but Blanche. He nodded saucily and he went up and spoke. A good deal of handiliage was exchanged, when the ice was fairly broken. On expressing surprise that she should travel to the seaside alone, Dick learned that her hubby was suffering from gout from over indulgence in his own nectarian dice. The pair dined together and sipped champagne. They met several times during his brief sojourn and some love passages took place. Both professed to be discontented with their lawful consort and freely regretted that a little tiff should have separated them. When the engineer went back to Omaha he had the lady a promise to write to him occasionally. They were soon engaged in a red-hot exchange of epistles. Gladys saw a change in her husband's manner, and the demon of jealousy began to ferment within her. One day in searching his pockets she found a letter of Blanche's inside of a business envelope. The wife took the letter and sent it with some bitter words to the gouty liquor merchant. It nearly drove him mad. After pelting his unfaithful mate with imprecations, he commenced to pour down liquor and neglect his business. In Christmas week of 1886 he died from acute Bright's disease, and Blanche was a widow twenty-four years old.

Meanwhile the Harveys had been having a lively time, and Gladys had left her husband and gone back to her parents at Pittsburg. A treaty of peace might have been reached up, but the young widow had put some work in the shape of correspondence. She had accused her husband, and at the same time had wickedly insinuated that if she chose to but lift her little finger Dick Harvey would leave his disposed Gladys forever. There was no attempt to disguise the relations that had existed between herself and Dick during his summer visit, and consequently the indignant wife employed a lawyer and a suit for divorce was forthwith begun. The engineer offered no opposition, and in May, 1888, he was again a free man. A month later he went to New York and married the liquor merchant's handsome relict. Dick and his new wife began housekeeping in this city and were soon quarreling like a cat and a parrot. He was jealous of her, accused her of being too free in bearing and too mischievous with her eyes. Dressed in the most expensive style, with underwear to match, she was continuously flaunting about the stores and the matinees. She had her hair dyed a golden yellow, and she wore costly diamonds on her fingers.

The question that puzzled him was where she got the money. Her former husband had left very little available assets. Dick's business took him a great deal from home. The private detective whom he hired to watch Blanche confirmed his worst suspicions. One of her admirers was a gentleman well along towards sixty with gray hair. He is a well-to-do personage and owns considerable real estate. Another admirer was also conspicuously solvent. He is a middle-aged married man connected with jobbing. While he was greatly excited over these discoveries, he received information that his former wife, Gladys, had married a prosperous eastern merchant. Realizing what an ass he had made of himself, he talked about suicide to his lawyer friend. "Better get a divorce," counseled the lawyer. Papers were drawn and served. Within the time appointed to put in an answer, a lively counter-suit was announced. The lady had evidence of Dick's intimacy with a young lady, who had sometimes appeared in spectacular plays with a theatrical company. Blanche's elder sister had employed spies and had the engineer successfully shadowed.

Both suits were withdrawn, and the parties to them lived under separate roofs and spoke not when they passed by. Business called the engineer to Alabama, and he was absent for several months. When he returned to the city he sought up his wife and informed her that if she would apply for a divorce he would not oppose. She informed him that she would neither take the trouble nor incur the expense. When he offered to defray the expenses she told him to get a Chicago decree himself. He obtained the coveted document in last September, and a few days since the lawyer referred to above received a Huntsville, Ala., newspaper containing the wedding announcement of "Richard Ballestine Harvey, Esq., C. E. to Miss Julia Carr." "I have reason to believe," said the lawyer, "that Miss Carr was a playmate of his boyhood. Well, he may be happy yet, you bet."

REDDISH IS A WINNER

A MAD PAPA KICKED HIM THROUGH A WINDOW.

But He Married the Girl Just the Same—She Became of Age the Other Day and They Got a License Without Parental Consent.

A few weeks ago mention was made of an encounter between George W. Lamb and W. B. Reddish. The latter is a young man who had been paying attention to Mr. Lamb's daughter, but the father objected. They met one day in front of the grocery store which occupies Tom Lowrey's famous star saloon building at Eleventh and N streets. Papa Lamb freed his mind and then he went for that red-headed young man. The testimony is not entirely clear as to whether he kicked Reddish or slugged him, but at any rate the directors have found himself inside the store and there was a glass bill to pay.

But Mr. Reddish is a stayer. His head has grown up through its hirsute covering with successful unanimity, but the hair that has survived the operation is of the reddest tinge and it is easy to see that the young man is a fighter. Miss Blanch Lamb became 18 on Tuesday last, which entitled her to marry without her parents' consent. On Wednesday Mr Reddish stepped into the county court and got a marriage license. He immediately entered a hack in waiting, drove to the home of the young lady at 1210 C street, where she entered and they were driven to the residence of Rev. J. H. Worley, 2220 N street, where at 4 o'clock they were made man and wife. At about that hour the young lady's father hurriedly entered the office of the county judge, and inquired if a license had been granted the young people to wed. He was informed that as they had made affidavit that both were of legal age a license had been issued. Mr Lamb immediately rushed to the Burlington depot, with the intention of heading off the young couple if they intended leaving on the train, and it is said that he had a large gun in his pocket ready for use. The young couple, however, had quietly driven to the home of the groom, 940 Washington street, where they will make their home temporarily.

Mr and Mrs Reddish have been keeping company for about a year, and despite the vigorous opposition of the father, who refused the young man entrance to the house and forbade him visiting the girl, they frequently met. Mr. Lamb is a man of considerable means and had great expectations for his daughter. Both he and the young lady's mother are very much worked up over the affair. Mr Reddish is employed in the office of the clerk of the district court.

Burlington Route Playing Cards.

I now have a large stock of these playing cards which are sold at the low rate of 15 cents a pack (not one quarter the price usually paid for such cards.) Call in and get a dozen packs, they are just the thing for your euchre, whist and high five parties this season. A. C. ZIZMAN,
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Visit the Studio Le Grande, 134 South Twelfth street.

LEANDER W. RICHARDSON,
The American Dramatist.

TALES! TALES!

About the Inside Workings of the Sheedy Trial.

BOTH SIDES ARE TELLING TALES.

Stearns & Strode's Fee $12,500—An Alleged Scheme to Beat Them Seventeen Minutes Too Late—Did Jim Sheedy Tip McFarland's Lawyers—That Lock of Hair—A World of Gossip About the Trial and its Chief Actors.

The Sheedy trial is ended, but its echoes are still heard. People are still discussing the jury's verdict of not guilty and expressing surprise. It is a common remark: "Well, if they let Mrs. Sheedy go it was only fair to let the bigger go, too." Perhaps the jury had something of the same sort of feeling—a kind of a sense of fair play.

The acquittal of Mary Sheedy and Monday McFarland was due undoubtedly to the instructions of the court. These instructions were based upon laws and rulings made to protect the innocent, and it is the sense of mankind that many guilty should escape rather than one innocent should suffer. Society is better for it.

It was a peculiar case. The court let the negro's confession be read to the jury and then told them that the confession could not be considered as evidence against Mrs. Sheedy. Outside of that story there was only circumstantial evidence against the woman, and not much of that. What could the jury do but acquit her?

The judge told the jury that McFarland's confessions could be used as evidence against himself if they were voluntary. His attorneys established the facts that his first confessions were obtained by working on his hopes and fears. The coroner and his stenographer testified that McFarland was put under oath before making his confession at the inquest. There was evidence strongly corroborative of the confession, but not sufficient of itself to send a man to the gallows or the pen. After throwing out the confessions what could the jury do but acquit the negro!

Such is the case in a nutshell.

Since the trial the air has been full of gossip about the chief actors in the drama and their movements. Many of these are wild and fantastic, while some may have a basis in fact. It is known that Mrs. Sheedy gave Stearns & Strode, her chief attorneys, a mortgage on some of the property of the estate for $12,500. It is fair to presume that that was for fees and expenses. Of course it has caused "talk," and the stories that have started from it for a career of earthly wandering are beautiful for their ingeniousness and variety.

For example one yarn has it that Mrs. Sheedy undertook to beat her attorneys out of their fees. The story goes that with the help of D. G. Courtney she transferred her interest in the estate to J. W. Biggerstaff, the uncle from Boise City, Idaho, but that when he came to record the document on May 25th, he was too late. Stearns & Strode had put their mortgage on record just seventeen minutes before. One version of the story was that Captain Paine overheard Biggerstaff and Courtney, while indulging freely in stimulants, gloating over their scheme, and he put Attorney Strode onto the danger. Another version says the deal leaked out through the notary who acknowledged the signatures to the document. Early in this case, away back in January, D. G. Courtney was Mrs. Sheedy's attorney. He dropped out in a short time without any explanation to the public, and it has been argued that he would very naturally seek a chance to get even with Stearns & Strode, who were supposed to have crowded him out of the case. But the story of the alleged transfer is branded as a fairy tale.

The fee of $12,500 from Mrs Sheedy looks like a pretty big sum, but there have been many expenses, no doubt, and there is a general opinion that Attorneys Billingsly, Woodward and Philpott got a share of it for their labors for the defense. The coroner Philpott is supposed to have received $1,000. One report says Billingsly & Woodward also got $1000, and another says they demanded a third of the fee. Some people are unkind enough to insinuate that these sums were rewards to the negro's attorneys for keeping him from going on the stand and turning state's evidence, but they deny the story in toto. Attorneys for the state are quoted as saying that they had seen a letter from Stearns & Strode promising the other attorneys $2000. It hardly seems credible that shrewd attorneys would consult themselves that way, and it is scarcely probable that the parties receiving such a letter would go around exhibiting it.

On the other hand it has been said that the attorneys for the prosecution offered Capt Billingsly $2000 to let McFarland testify and on his refusal tried Col Philpott with an offer of $1000. The story goes that Dennis Sheedy of Denver was ready to spend $30,000 for the conviction of his sister-in-law, but how could such a yarn be proved.

At a certain point in the trial Capt Billingsly disappeared from the court room, and smart people jumped at the conclusion that there had been a falling-out among the lawyers for the defense. The fact that Billingsly played his part in the selection of the jury, as was agreed beforehand, and then his place in the trial was taken by his partner, Mr Woodward. The captain's long residence in Lincoln has given him an enormous acquaintance throughout the county, and it is conceded among the profession that no one is so well qualified to select a jury as he.

There is a wild-eyed rumor that Judge Weir called on Mrs Sheedy in jail one evening and found S. M. Melick in conversation with her. As city marshal Mr Melick entered the charge of murder under which she was arrested and one would naturally expect him to do all in his power to convict her. A few days ago Mrs Sheedy resigned as one of the administrators of the estate and had Mr Melick appointed in her place. He also entrusted him with a power of attorney. Of course this looks queer on the face of it, without any explanation. Uncle Biggerstaff claims to have suggested Mr Melick's name, and in talking with a reporter he said that it had been agreed to "some time ago, during the trial." The reader can draw the same inferences that other people express openly, but it is well to remember that Marshal Melick befriended Mrs Sheedy early in the affair by letting her stay at his home instead of consigning her to the loathsome city jail, and she may seem gratitude notwithstanding stories to the contrary. Besides, Sheriff McClay is said to have denied the finding of Mr Melick in Mrs Sheedy's jail quarters.

One of the most ingenious stories concerns the removal of an alleged dangerous witness. Among the prisoners in the county jail was one named Davis, who had been convicted of forgery. While waiting to be transported to the penitentiary, McFarland, so the story goes, made a confession to him. When this came to the ears of the negro's attorneys, Capt Billingsly made the convenient discovery that there was a plot among the prisoners to break jail, with Davis at the head. He communicated his discovery to Jailer Langdon, who asked Deputy Sheriff Hoagland, in the absence of Sheriff McClay, for an order to transfer Davis to the penitentiary. The deputy refused to exercise such authority, but when the sheriff returned the "dangerous" prisoner was removed. This story smacks of gauzy, and it is further stated that even if Davis had the evidence alleged it was learned too late for use in his trial. Strangely was shrewd enough to know that, too. It makes a pretty story, though.

Jailer Langdon's sympathies were with Mrs Sheedy and he let certain witnesses call on her. The prosecution took umbrage at this and asked to have him removed. The attorneys went so far as to demand his removal, and that aroused Sheriff McClay's ire. He refused to make a change but cautioned Langdon: "You may think what you d—n please, but keep your mouth shut."

Then there is the story about Judge Weir's fee. He came at the request of Mr Biggerstaff, who, it is asserted, promised him $5000. Of course the uncle expected Mrs Sheedy to pay it, as she was acquitted, but there came a hitch in the program. Administrator Melick demurred to the size of the bill, and it was asserted that the western uncle had no authority to incur the obligation, anyway. The thing hung fire several days, but on Monday the judge consented to a compromise, agreeing to accept $1500. Administrator Melick raised $500 cash for him and gave him a note for the balance of $1000. Judge Weir and Mr Biggerstaff left last Wednesday.

One of the absurd stories afloat is that Mrs Sheedy and her attorneys had a sort of a thanksgiving feast Saturday night, that Mr Biggerstaff was frozen out, got wrathy, indulged in liquor and raised a row.

There has been considerable gossip about a lock of hair said to have been taken from Mrs Sheedy's McFarland. It did not cut much of a figure in the trial, but it has been a fruitful source of talk among those acquainted with the alleged history. It will be remembered that during the trial Attorney Strode offered to call up Mrs Sheedy and let the jury compare it with her tresses. That brought an objection from Attorney Lambertson, who, in the heat of his anger over Strode's charges, said: "You are a liar, Mr Strode, and you know it." The court's rebuke was quick and severe, and the sympathetic applause for the defense, and some people want us to believe that it was all a cunning piece of clever Strode to show the jury where the crowd's sympathy lay. Then there are some very knowing chaps who assert that the lock of hair exhibited in the court room was not the lock carried away from the Sheedy home by the negro as a trophy of his conquest.

A story was current that the attorneys for the Sheedy defendants had formed a conspiracy to sacrifice McFarland in order to save Mrs Sheedy. It was alleged that they were carrying out such a compact when the darky's counsel refused to let him go on the stand. Circumstances lent a little color to the story, but the public has no evidence that it was true and the attorneys indignantly denied it. Then a counter story was circulated that Attorneys Lambertson and Hall had an hour's consultation on the second floor of the Lincoln hotel one evening with the correspondent of an Omaha paper, and that the story of the alleged conspiracy appeared in the next issue of that paper. Then it was told that on the following day a Lincoln daily accepted $10 from one of the prosecuting attorneys and rebashed the same yarn. That afternoon it appeared the day after he acquitted in a new suit of clothes. It is said that Col Philpott paid for the suit, which started the story that Mrs Sheedy had furnished the money, because, reasoned these gossips, the darky had nothing and Philpott would not take it out of his own pocket. McFarland left town to visit his mother down in Kansas and when he exhibited a small roll at the depot these clever reasoners were dead sure he had received some of Mrs Sheedy's money.

One of the latest tales relates that Harry Walstrom, whose affection for Mrs Sheedy figured so prominently in the trial, was in Kansas City all through that eventful three weeks and was kept posted on the progress of events. The story also has it that Mrs Sheedy sent a letter to Walstrom the other day addressed to Birmingham, Ala. When you come to think it over the yarn doesn't seem to dovetail as smoothly as it might. And because it was given out during the trial that Walstrom had fled to Europe to keep out of harm's way.

One of the peculiar things of this affair was the apology in one of the dailies by the attorneys for the state for not having complimented Detective Malone in their arguments for his effective and loyal services.

In discussing the verdict the other day a well known judge said: "I am glad it went as it did." Of course the listeners were surprised and he explained. He said that the case would have been appealed by the defense if the verdict had been against them. The judge was quite positive that it would have been reversed by the supreme court and sent back for a new trial. He gave his reasons for that belief. For example, one of the prosecuting attorneys had twelve upon the fact that Mrs Sheedy was not put on the stand and tried to influence the jury by that sort of an argument. A new trial would cost Lancaster county $10,000, and in the end the prisoners would probably be acquitted anyway.

Wife and Ex-Wife.

L. B. Morris, a carriage painter who lives in the Chase block, corner Sixteenth and O streets, is having a decidedly queer experience just at present in the matrimonial sphere. About ten years ago he was married to a Miss Emma Hunt; about four years ago he secured a divorce and soon after married a young lady who resided in Lincoln. Wife No 1, in the meantime married another painter in Omaha. Husband No 1 found he had more work than he could properly attend to and as a painter struck him for employment, he gave him a job, and also agreed that his family might remain in his house until he had his house hold goods removed to Lincoln. Imagine his surprise when the wife turned up it was none other than wife No 1, but Morris, having a mild disposition, insisted that the arrangement should hold good, and as wife No 2 did not offer any serious objections, they are living peacefully together to the wonder and admiration of their neighbors.

Taken At Precautions.

"I hope, Jennie, that you have given the matter serious consideration," said a lady to a servant girl who had "given notice" because she was to be married that "day two weeks." "O, I have, ma'am," was the earnest reply. "I have been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and been to one of these asterologers, and to a meejum, and they all say to go ahead, ma'am. I ain't one to marry recklessilke, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar.

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NO LUCK IN OPALS.

So Say Some People Who Have Worn Them.

A WIDELY PREVALENT BELIEF.

Mr. J. H. Connelly Cites Some Remarkable Cases of Ill Fortune to Opal Wearers That Have Come Under His Personal Observation.

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MAN who did not look seven a little bit cranky said to me the other day:

"Upon the table of a jeweler with whom I am acquainted I observed, the other day, a large and very brilliant opal. It was a lovely gem. Lambent lights of green and gold and crimson and scarlet flickered and glowed beneath its transluscent surface.

"What a beauty! I remarked, lifting and moving it to see the shifting of its restless, baleful fires, for much as I dread the unlucky stone, it has more fascination for my eyes than any other treasure.

"Yes. But I don't like to see it in the shop. It has to be set with a row of diamonds and it will hurry it.

"Why? I never heard before that it brought bad luck to those who set it, but only to its wearers.

"Well, I don't care to take any chances. I have observed one peculiar thing. It sometimes happens that for months not one opal comes in here. Then one comes to be set, or changed from one setting to another, or something else, and just as sure as Friday follows Thursday, that one will be followed within three days by from three to half a dozen other opals. And if an accident happens or anything goes wrong in the shop it is pretty certain to occur while those opals are about. It may be nothing but a coincidence, but I'm a plain man, and prefer to get along without any such coincident frills on my estate.

Did I scoff at his superstition? Not a bit of it. I've had an opal once myself, just such an one as that I saw on my friend's table, and I never had a day's luck from the time I got it until I got rid of it. I thought I was in big luck when I bought it for one-third its value, because it was a stone, and I knew I was in bigger luck when I parted with it for one-half of the price I paid. Sickness, misfortunes in business, losses and disappointments fairly tumbled over each other to get at me while I kept it. And now I would not accept as a gift, on condition that I should keep it, the finest opal in the world.

"WHAT A BEAUTY."

Going into a hotel in Boston one day several years ago, I was feebly hailed by a human wreck that had dragged itself into a chair near the entrance. I failed to recognize that I had ever seen it before or known it had a name. Its jaundiced eyes were sunk deep in a gaunt, haggard face; its voice came from a pallid lips blotched with fever sores; its hands trembled feebly, and its physical condition, in all those points, was simply magnificent by comparison with its raiment.

"I'm broke," he said gaspingly.

I sat down before him and stared in amazement. Guess! When I last saw him he was a fine looking, hale, hearty fellow, running a splendid concert troupe, giving first class entertainments, flourishing, with plenty of money and superb prospects. But it was really Guess.

To tell in brief his loss, and story. He had taken his concert troupe down into Mexico and was making "heap lots of money." At a town the name of which I have now forgotten his soprano "jumped with a Mexican," his tenor was seriously knifed by

HE TOOK IT OUT OF HIS SCARF.

another tenor, of a jealous disposition, he himself was suddenly struck down with a dangerous fever and became delirious. When he recovered his senses he found that his treasurer had "skipped" with every dollar he had in the world, making sure that he would never need any more money. He was months in begging and working his way back to Boston, where he had an old, reliable, rich friend who would, he knew, help him to another start. When he arrived there he learned that his friend was roaming about in Europe, nobody knew where. His condition seemed unknown to

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