

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL

L. J. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

Eighteen Families Rescued.

St. Louis, May 18.—The Mississippi river at this city was higher yesterday than at any time since the disastrous flood of 1853. The river continued to rise during the night and at 5 o'clock yesterday morning the gauge registered thirty-five feet five inches at Alton. The water is above all previous records, except the high water of 1854. The flood in St. Charles county, twenty miles above the city, increases in vastness and with disastrous results. All day yesterday and up to a late hour last night appeals for help were being received from numerous families whose homes are being swept away by the flood. The Post Dispatch of this city secured a large steamer and manned with a double crew for day and night duty, started Sunday morning to render aid to the hundreds of persons who are in imminent peril near the mouth of the Missouri river. Last night the Post Dispatch steamer rescued twelve families from Stump slough and six families from Kimsac island. The water had driven these people to the roofs of the houses and they had almost given up hope when the steamer hove in sight. The current in the river was running at a tremendous rate of speed and the work of saving these families was accomplished with great difficulty.

Two Circus Men Killed.

ATCHISON, Kas., May 18.—At 2:45 o'clock yesterday morning the first section of a train on the Missouri Pacific road, carrying a part of Ringling Bros. circus, went through a trestle about midway between Concordia and Ames. Two of the circus employees, names unknown, were instantly killed. None of the train employees were seriously injured. The locomotive passed over the trestle but four cars crashed through, dragging the engine backwards and piling all in a heap at the bottom of the ravine. The cars were loaded with horses, many of which were killed. The trestle was recently examined and thought to be all right. It is supposed the recent heavy rains had undermined the foundation.

Drowned in the Blue.

CHIEN, Neb., May 18.—An old fisherman named Bienhoff was rowing across the Blue river, just above the upper dam in this city, his boat was caught in the current and carried it over the dam. Nelson Packard and Martin Woodward, who were at the mill, jumped into a boat below the dam and rowed up to assist him, but their boat was caught in an eddy and dashed to pieces. Packard was never seen again, but Woodward who was an excellent swimmer, clung to a pile of wood at the surface for a moment, then he too, went down. The body of Bienhoff has never been recovered but the other two are still in the river. All three men were married and have families more or less dependent. Efforts are being made by the citizens to recover the bodies, but owing to the swollen condition of the river it is not probable that they will be recovered.

Foreign Laborers.

CHICAGO, May 18.—Immigration Inspector S. C. Osborne of New York is in the city on business. He has finished an investigation among the coal fields of Pennsylvania regarding the alien labor employed at the mines and says that but 5 per cent of the miners are citizens. The balance are Poles, Italians, Slavs and Hungarians. "The mine owners," he said, "can get all the foreign laborers they want without violating the alien contract labor law. Whenever a mine owner desires more men he goes to his agent or broker and tells him to secure a gang of miners. The agent goes among the foreign miners and secures from them the names of their friends across the water who are desirous of coming to America. Steamship tickets costing \$12.50 each, are given to the miners and they are told to send them to their friends. Thus are the foreigners brought over without any trouble and without violating the law. The miners are supposed to get good wages, but by a system of fines and charges the amount actually received is very small."

Gilmore Killed.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., May 18.—Yesterday, seventeen miles below here, A. Gilmore, a notorious outlaw, from South Carolina, entered the house of Rev. William Brant and finding no one but Miss Brant there, forced her to prepare dinner for him at the point of a pistol. After eating heartily, with an oath he leaped out of the window. Miss Brant grabbed a gun and fired, thirteen buckshot striking Gilmore from which he died in a few minutes. A reward of \$500 was out for Gilmore, to which Miss Brant becomes entitled.

George's Wife.—Mr. Jinks—What a trusting little woman George's wife is. Mrs. Jinks—Yes. She has never been married before.—New York Weekly.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.—New York Journal.

Cloudburst at Sioux City.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., May 21.—At 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, or a little more than an hour after the working men living along the bank of the Floyd and Missouri rivers in Sioux City had gone to work, a torrent of water came down the Floyd and in half an hour had risen over a large area in the city to a depth of three to ten feet. The wind was blowing a high gale and made the work of rescuing by boats dangerous as well as fatiguing. It is known that a dozen people, among them four or five men, have been drowned, and the number may reach twenty-five, it not being possible at this hour to confirm all the reports. During the 16th and 17th the rain fall here was extraordinarily heavy; consequently the rivers were high. It is not yet definitely known where the sudden and enormous flood which has caused this damage comes from.

At midnight at Lemars, Ia., twenty miles northeast of Sioux City, the water was a foot higher than during the great flood which destroyed Cherokee and Morrill last June. Not a railroad centering here moved a train yesterday morning. The loss to their tracks is very heavy. The Union Stock Yards company will also be great losers, as nearly all the pens were out early in the flood. Not less than twenty-five houses have been carried into the streets or into the rivers and it is estimated that the foundations and contents of fifty are ruined.

Others are lost, but so great is the confusion and excitement it is almost impossible to ascertain anything definite.

A TOWN UNDER WATER.

SALIX, Ia., May 18.—This town is five feet under water and has been for twelve hours. No lives are reported lost, but the damage to property and stock is immense. All business is at a standstill and this is probably the last message which will go over the wires for some time, as the telegraph is bound to go down. There is said to be much damage at Sioux City.

The Union Pacific had bulletins from its agent, which states that a cloudburst descended on a part of Sioux City about 11 o'clock, and caused the Floyd river, a tributary of the Missouri, to overflow the packing house section, Leeds, a suburb, and the railway district of Sioux City. Fully 1,000 persons were made homeless. Probably 2,000 were drowned. The river ran up to a point within three or four blocks of the railway stations.

THE LAY OF THE LAND.

The Floyd river flows into the Missouri at a point a mile east of the center of the business section of Sioux City and close to the St. Paul & Omaha railway bridge across the Missouri. The Floyd runs also by Morning Side, a suburb, which is connected with Sioux City by the elevated roads. Leeds is about two and one-half miles north of the center of Sioux City. The packing houses are located near the mouth of the Floyd.

Attempted Suicide.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., May 20.—Ed Woodruff of Mechanicsville, who was convicted of burglary yesterday afternoon, attempted suicide last evening at Tipton by hanging, at the county jail. He wrote two letters, one to his mother and the other to a Miss Snyder, and gave them to Ed Smith, who occupied the cell adjoining, to mail. He then returned to his cell and after putting a piece of cord around his neck and fastening it to a ring in the wall about twelve feet from the floor, jumped the bed from under him. The jailer came up with food soon afterwards and found him in an unconscious condition.

Closed the Breach.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The most important item of yesterday's meeting of western Unitarians in this city was the passing of a resolution which closes between the western branches and other portions of the United States the breach which was made in 1856. The effect of resolutions in the meeting declares it to be the common aim and purpose to promulgate religion in harmony with that of all Unitarian churches in the United States. The resolutions were adopted after a two hours' debate. Resolutions were also carried declaring that the question of national aid to the world's fair should be determined without reference to Sunday closing.

Waiting For His Return.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 20.—Frank Weems, a negro, attempted to rape Mrs. J. M. Mivaty. The lady's husband captured the negro and he was jailed. Five hundred people gathered at the justice's office to lynch him when the trial should come off. Meanwhile, however, the sheriff spirited him off to Nashville for safe keeping. He will be lynched when brought back.

Deeming Must Hang.

LONDON, May 20.—The appeal from the decision of the Earl of Hopton, governor of Victoria, who refused to grant a respite to Frederick Bailey Deeming, the wife murderer, was lodged Thursday with the register of the privy council. The lords of the council this morning announced their decision. It recommended that no appeal from the judgment of the Melbourne criminal court be granted, and this confirms the decision of that court, that he be hanged.

Bicycle Riders.

CLEVELAND, O., May 21.—The bicycle riders, carrying the relay messages from General Miles of Chicago to General Howard of New York, passed here at 5:55 a. m., and reached Painesville at 7:43. Considerable time was lost at Kipton, between Norwalk and Oberlin, owing to the breaking of a handle bar. After passing Eyrta the riders gained time steadily and when Cleveland was reached they had made up forty-five minutes of the seven hours lost while passing through Nor. O., Ind., and North. O.

On a Strike.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 21.—Thirty days ago the car drivers of this city struck for \$35 a month. Their demands were acceded to. Last night they struck again, demanding that all non-union men be discharged. The several presidents of the car lines refused the request, and the consequence is, that with the exception of two lines, the city is tied up. The striking car drivers are becoming riotous, and nearly 100 of them are in jail on charges of inciting riot. The railroad people state that they will not give in. The strikers are equally firm in their demands and the situation at present is very serious.

Collided With the Work Train.

PRESTON, Ia., May 21.—The west-bound freight yesterday collided with a work train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Engineer Owens of the work train was probably fatally injured; the engineer and fireman of the freight jumped and are injured. Both engines exploded with great force after the collision. Owens was thrown 100 feet. Fifteen cars were demolished, one corner of the depot torn off and the entire building was shoved six inches from its foundation. The total damage is over \$40,000. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of orders.

Will Attend the National Editorial Association.

STOCKTON, Cal., May 21.—The national editorial association's special train arrived in this city last evening bearing 375 visitors. In the evening at seven o'clock the entire party was breakfasted in the agricultural pavilion which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. An address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Clark, to which President Capelle of the association responded. After partaking of breakfast the visitors were escorted around town in carriages and were shown the gas wells, manufactories and other things of interest. They left town at 11 o'clock for Sacramento.

Gould and Huntington Agreed.

DENVER, Colo., May 21.—A secret message received in this city yesterday contains a belief that Messrs. Gould and Huntington have made an agreement which will give them a monopoly of the entire business to and from the coast. The plan agreed upon is to take up the Atlantic & Pacific stock, then Gould will extend the Missouri Pacific from Pueblo to Albuquerque, and they will thus have entire control of the coast trade to Omaha, St. Louis and the gulf, via the Atlantic & Pacific and the Missouri Pacific as a southern route to St. Louis and New Orleans.

Still Rising.

KANSAS CITY, May 21.—The Missouri and Kaw rivers are now about on a stand and a rise of only two or three inches more is looked for. The rise during the night increased the area under water somewhat, but did not materially change the situation except in Harlem, across the river from here, which is all under water and every one gone from it. The Burlington bridge which connected Harlem and Kansas City looks like Noah's ark, being crowded with animals, men, women and children, all driven there by the flood from Harlem.

The passenger train on the Wabash, which left yesterday morning, stalled in water near Harlem and was unable to proceed or return, the fire in the engine being extinguished. A switch engine finally dragged the train back. The damage occasioned by the flood to railroads is very large. The waves, impelled by the high wind which was blowing all day and evening, still keep pounding away at the banks between the Fourth street viaduct and the Hannibal bridge, and in spite of the large gang of men at work the bank is being slowly worn away.

The water has overflowed a large area of country north of Kansas City, Kas. A number of families were compelled to move out of their homes. At Armordale the situation is worse than yesterday. Backwater from the Missouri is causing the Kaw to rise and the flood in Armordale increases. A number of factories were compelled to close.

Hunting for the Murderer.

DENVER, Tex., May 21.—The city hall building was thronged last evening with a mass meeting of prominent citizens, gathered for the purpose of taking some steps towards effecting the capture of the guilty party who murdered the four women here Wednesday night. Resolutions were adopted, pledging the reward of \$50,000 for the capture of the murderer. News was received from McKinney, Tex., stating that a man had been arrested there on suspicion of being connected with the tragedy.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS"

CHAPTER IX.

A bitter sneer contracts Arthur Dyncourt's lips as he listens to the first part of this conversation and guesses at the latter half. He notes correctly the kindling of their eyes, the quick breath that comes and goes like happy sighs from the breast of Florence. He hears the whisper, sees the warm blush, and glances expressively at Dora. Meeting her eyes he says his fingers on his lips to caution her to silence, and then passing by her, whispers:

"Meet me in half an hour in the lower gallery."

Bowing her acquiescence in this arrangement, fearing indeed to refuse, Dora follows the others from the haunted chamber.

At the foot of the small stone staircase—before they go through the first iron-bound door, that leads to the corridor without—they find Ethel Villiers awaiting them. She had been looking round her in the dimly lighted stone passage, and has discovered another door fixed mysteriously in a corner, that had excited her curiosity.

"Where does this lead to, Sir Adrian?" she asks now, pointing to it.

"Oh, that is an old door connected with another passage that leads by a dark and weary staircase to the servants' corridor beneath! I am afraid you won't be able to open it, as it is rusty with age and disuse. The servants would as soon think of coming up here as they would of making an appointment with the Evil One; so it has not been opened for years."

"Perhaps I can manage it," says Arthur Dyncourt, trying with all his might to force the ancient lock to yield to him. At length his efforts are crowned with success; the door flies creakingly open, and a cloud of dust arising covers them like a mist.

"Ah!" exclaims Ethel, recoiling; but Arthur, stooping forward, carefully examines the dark staircase that lies before him wrapped in impenetrable gloom. Spider-nets have been drawn from wall to wall and hang in dusky clouds from the low ceiling; a faint, stale, stifling smell greets his nostrils, yet he lingers there and looks carefully around him.

"You'll fall into it, if you don't mind," remarks Captain Ringwood. "One would think uncanny spots had an unwholesome attraction for you."

Ringwood, ever since the memorable night in the smoking-room, when Sir Adrian was so near being killed, has looked askance at Arthur Dyncourt, and, when taking the trouble to address him at all, has been either sharp or pointed in his remarks. Arthur contenting himself with a scowl at him closes the little door again, and turns away from it.

"At night," says Sir Adrian, in an amused tone, "the servants, passing by the door below that leads up to this one, run by it as though they fear some ghostly ancestors of mine, descending from the haunted chamber, pounce upon them with their heads under their arms, or in some unequally unpleasant position. You know the door, don't you, Arthur—the second from the turnings?"

"No," replies Arthur, with his false smile, "I do not; nor, indeed, do I care to know it. I firmly believe I should run past it too after nightfall, unless well protected."

"That looks as if you had an evil conscience," retorts Ringwood carelessly, but none the less purposely.

"It looks more as if I were a coward, I think," retorts Arthur laughing, but shooting an angry glance at the gallant captain as he speaks.

"Well, what does the immortal William say?" returns Ringwood coolly.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all!"

"You have a sharp wit, sir," says Arthur, with apparent lightness, but pale with passion.

"I say, look here, breaks in Sir Adrian hastily, pulling out his watch; "it must be nearly time for tea. By Jove, quite half past four, and we know that Lady Fitz-Altmont will say to us if we keep her deprived of her favorite beverage for even five minutes. Come, let us run, or destruction will light upon our heads."

Reluctantly, yet with a certain amount of curiosity to know what he may wish to say to her, Dora wends her way to the gallery to keep her appointment with Arthur. Pacing to and fro beneath the searching eyes of the gaunt cavaliers and haughty dames that gleam down upon him from their canvases upon the walls, Dyncourt impatiently awaits her coming.

"Ah, you are late!" he exclaims as she approaches. There is a tone of authority about him that disarms her.

"Not very, I think," she responds pleasantly, deeming conciliatory measures the best. "Why did you not come to the library? We all missed you so much at tea!"

"No doubt," he replies sarcastically. "I can well fancy the disappointment my absence caused; the blank looks and regretful speeches that marked my defection. Pshaw—let you and me at least be honest to each other! Did Florence, thank you, shed tears because of my non-coming?"

This mood of his is so strange to her

that, in spite of the natural false smoothness that belongs to her, it renders her dumb.

"Look here," he goes on savagely, "I have seen enough today up in that accursed room above—that haunted chamber—to show me our game is not yet won."

"Our game—what game?" asks Dora, with a foolish attempt at misconception. He laughed about—a wild, unpleasant, scornful laugh, that makes her cheek turn pale. Its mirth, she tells herself, is diabolical.

"You would get out of it now, would you?" he says. "It is too late, I tell you. You have gone some way with me, you must go the rest. I want you help, and you want mine. Will you draw back now, when the prize is half won, when a little more labor will place it within your grasp?"

"But there must be no violence," she gasps; "no attempt at—"

"What is it you would say?" he interrupts sternly. "Collect yourself; you surely do not know what you are hinting at! Violence! what do you mean by that?"

"I hardly know," she returns trembling. "It was your look, your tone, I think, that frightened me."

"Put your nerves in your pocket for the future," he exclaims coarsely; "they are not wanted where I am. Now to business. You want to marry Sir Adrian, as I understand, whether his desires lie in the same direction or not?"

"At this plain speaking the dainty little lady winces openly.

"My own opinion is that his desire does not run in your direction," continues Arthur remorselessly. "We both know where his heart would gladly find its home, where he would seek a bride to place here in this grand old castle, but I will frustrate that hope if I die for it."

He grinds his teeth as he says this, and looks with fierce defiant eyes at the long rows of his ancestors that line the walls.

"He would gladly see her proud fair face looking down upon me from amidst this goodly company," he goes on, apostrophizing the absent Florence.

"But that shall never be. I have sworn it, unless—I am her husband—unless—I am her husband!"

More slowly, more thoughtfully he repeats this last phrase, until Dora, affrighted by the sudden change that has disfigured his face, speaks to him to distract his attention.

"You have brought me here to—"

"Ay, to tell you what is on my mind. I have said you want to marry Adrian; I mean to marry Florence Deilmaine. Today I disliked certain symptoms I saw, that led me to believe that my own meditations have not been as successful as I could have wished. Before going in for stronger measures, there is one more that I will play. I have written you a note. Here it is, take it"—handing her a letter folded in the cocked hat fashion.

"What am I to do with this?" asks Dora nervously.

"Read it. It is addressed to yourself. You will see I have copied Adrian's handwriting as closely as possible, and have put his initials A. D. at the end. And yet"—with a diabolical smile—"it is no forgery either, as A. D. are my initials also."

Opening the note with trembling fingers, Dora reads aloud as follows: "Can you—will you meet me to-morrow at four o'clock in the lime-walk? I have been cold to you perhaps, but have I not had cause? You think my slight attentions to another broken a decrease in my love for you, but in this dearest you are mistaken. I am your heart and soul. For the present I dare not declare myself, for the reasons you already know, and for the same reasons am bound to keep up a seeming friendliness with some I would gladly break with altogether. But I am happy only with you, and happy too in the thought that our hearts beat as one."

"Yours forever, A. D."

Dora, having finished reading the letter, glances at him uneasily.

"And—what is the meaning of this letter? What is it written for? What am I to do with it?" she stammers, beating the precious missive against the palm of her hand, as though in loathing of it.

"You will show it to her. You will speak of it as a love-letter written to you by Adrian. You will consult her as to whether it be wise or prudent to accede to his proposal to meet him alone in the lime-walk. You will, in fact, put out all your powers of deception, which"—with a sneering smile—"are great, and so compel her to believe the letter is from him to you."

"But—" falters Dora.

"There shall be no 'but' in the matter. You have entered into this affair with me, and you shall peruse it to the end. If you fail me, I shall betray your share in it—more than your share—and paint you in such colors as will shut the doors of society to you. You understand now, do you?"

"Go on," says Dora with colorless lips.

"Ah, I have touched the right chord at last, have I? Society, your idol, you dare not brave! Well, to continue, you will also tell her, in your own sweet innocent way"—with another sneer that makes her quiver with fear and rage—"to account or Adrian's decided and almost lover-like attentions to her in the room we visited, that you had had a lover's quarrel with him some time before, earlier in the day; that, in

his fit of pique, he had avenged upon you, the slighted feelings by his interest in her. You! Alas, how sincerely had never entered into a intrigue!

"Then, when you have proud face darkens and pain beneath your own evil face glows, as if just drawn stand out eyes!"—you will affect a supposition request, you an I cloak, and goddess to encounter—me, if of character, that pick of the world, will lower her crushed love's sake, and to madden herself with the man she loves on this occasion on reproach. Are you listening?"

She is indeed—listening might to the master in tirade.

"You will remember when you meet me," he says, "my commands and assumption of authority over Dora, who, up to this time, I have toiled to raise it over your peculiar sphere, and which writes beneath the name that is opposing her to meet me calmly, while I shall be able to light overcast, the Deilmaine was graciously she approved yesterday.

His eyes light again as full fire as he calls to praise Florence had casual fashion on the smile, every kindly word, this girl to his countenance by him and dwell upon terrible strengthening of he has in view.

"But if you should marked," hesitates Dora.

"Pshaw—am I one so so clumsily as to even the minutest rupts impatiently. "me you will—but enough be there to meet you and after that you will from me."

"That is all you have Dora, anxious to quite sense."

"For the present—instructions to the best consequences. Any performance of this shall lay to your charge."

"You threaten," she angrily, though she trembles.

"Let it be your care not carry out my threats with an insolent shrug."

(Continued next page.)

Seven Years Whisker.

A Scottish clergyman, nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Kinross, used to tell that he had been seven years without hearing it. They could not have been born on the 21st of leap year. But leap year is four years, and this would therefore naturally old man, who in fact was harmless jest, was not about the seven. There is no joke or trick in his tale.

At the present time very few, if there be any one who can tell it, were born on the 21st of February ninety-six years ago. A line of missing dates will turn, and indeed, there are some readers who will be birthday to celebrate for years to come.

The solution of the puzzle found in the fact, which year to be very widely known 1890 was not a leap year. The February twenty-nine days, but years intervening between 1891 and 1896; that is, only twenty-eight.—The Arthur in St. Nicholas.

Needs of a Physician.

The physician needs more version. It would be well to cultivate flowers, to science, or some department literature or art, or to take simple mechanical work which he could turn to time for refreshment.

He needs more activity would be well for him to stitute the bicycle for needs more sleep, too—and as his sleep is upon at night, he should habit of sleeping at odd by day.—Dr. Minot.

The value of the product during and mills west of \$123,000,000, and the states west of the computed of \$199,725,000.