

Captured Morgan.

DENVER, Colo., Feb. 2.—Seth W. Morgan, a prominent attorney, has had the most thrilling series of experiences during the last month, and is now in jail at Salt Lake City awaiting the arrival of an officer with requisition papers. The crime for which Morgan is wanted is the rape of pretty 13-year-old Bessie Montgomery, the daughter of highly respectable parents of Denver. After the assault on the girl, his troubles began, and he has led a chase that would have driven many to the insane asylum. The mother of the girl discovered that her daughter had been raped, and the girl's father compelled Morgan at the mouth of a revolver to marry her, with the distinct understanding, however, that she would immediately be placed in a convent for some years, this Morgan consented to, but that night he insisted that the girl should live with him. This the old folks reluctantly acquiesced in, but two days later decided to take their child home again.

That night Morgan employed an attorney and insisted on divorce papers being prepared, charging the Montgomerys with conspiracy. But the next day Morgan changed his mind and called at the Montgomery residence and demanded his wife. The father was in an awful rage over Morgan's presumption and the publicity of the scandal. He drew a revolver and fired three times at Morgan, but Morgan escaped with a dislocated shoulder, caused by falling down the steps. A large crowd attracted by the reports of the shots, determined on a lynching party, gave chase for over two miles, but Morgan escaped in the darkness of the night. His friends advised him to leave town, but he refused. The next day the Bar association had three warrants issued for Morgan on three separate charges of rape and one warrant for liguamy. He was released on bond, some of his former church going admirers going his bail, but he skipped and left the bondsmen in the lurch, and the first heard of him since was a telegram from the chief of police at Salt Lake yesterday saying he was under arrest.

Morgan has a divorced wife at Des Moines, Ia., his former home. He has also another wife in Nebraska. He taught Sunday school in Trinity church here for some time. He was always enamored with school girls.

To Admit Arizona.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2.—The republican senatorial caucus yesterday morning decided to admit Arizona, together with the three other territories previously decided upon.

House.—The speaker has appointed Messrs. Chapman, democrat, of Michigan, and Lodge republican, of Massachusetts as tellers on the part of the house during the counting of the electoral vote and the house has resumed the consideration of the sundry civil bill. The chair over-ruled the point of order raised against the river and harbor items for the bill and they are now under consideration.

Senate.—A conference with the house was ordered on the anti-option bill, and after some unimportant business the fortification bill was taken up and is now under consideration.

Frightful Sufferings at Sea.

HAMBURG, Feb. 2.—The Norwegian ship Deukia, which sailed from Philadelphia, Dec. 25th, had heavy weather from the start and the vessel was finally water logged. The captain and eight of the crew escaped in the only boat, and the remaining nine were compelled to take to the rigging. Five became insane from exposure and privation and jumped overboard. The other four remained aboard from December 27th until January 7th when they were rescued. On the thirteenth day lots were drawn, and it falling on a Dutch sailor twice in succession, he was killed and the three remaining lived on strips of raw meat cut from his body until rescued.

Thomas F. Bayard's Interview.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—A special to the World from Wilmington, Del., says: In response to a request for an expression of his views on the Hawaiian question, Thomas F. Bayard, ex-secretary of state, said that he neither had the desire nor the right to speak for the incoming administration as to its probable action in the matter. He very willingly, however, reviewed past action in reference to the Hawaiian islands and the policy of the state department while he was at its head. He did not commit himself to the advocacy of annexation as a definite program for the immediate future, but the whole drift of his statement offers the view that annexation would be the consummation of the political arrangement entered into under the fish treaty of 1875 and followed by the Cleveland administration. Future developments will, however, he said, instruct us as to our proper line of action. There would seem to be nothing in our past relations with Hawaii or its connections with the United States to justify annexation.

Robbery at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Kan., Jan. 28.—A daring robbery which was attempted at the bank of Ottawa came to light yesterday morning when the janitor opened the bank. He found the outer door of the big safe blown off and contents scattered about in confusion. The burglar had made an unsuccessful attempt to blow open the inner steel vault in which a large sum of money is kept. In the outer safe there was \$10,000 which was all they got.

The Nation Mourns for Blaine.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Mr. Blaine's death occurred at 11 o'clock yesterday evening.

James Gillespie Blaine's death although it has removed from the world a character who was prominent in everything he undertook, caused but little surprise. The news of it had been so long discounted that there remained but the announcement at the head of this patch. It was a foregone conclusion that his battle with life, though the facts as to his illness have from the first been studiously concealed through the official channels of communication. He was a sick man when he returned to Washington to settle down for the winter; death and its bereavements added more and more to his ailments. He had grown worse and had been on his journey to the grave as fast as the days would carry him. Science and skill furnished the weapons of defense for a comparatively long time, but his death has furnished the end of the fight. Dating from the cradle to the tomb Mr. Blaine's 63 years have been active ones. All the trials and tribulations that fall to the lot of a public man have been his, and have earned for him the peaceful end of a career which closed when life's candle made it's last flicker.

Mr. Blaine, on his deathbed, was surrounded, just as he has been almost incessantly for weeks, by those who were nearest and dearest to him. In fact, it was only his own family and those very closely associated with them that they been permitted to see or even hear from him during the last days of his life.

Dr. Johnson was summoned to the bedside of Mr. Blaine early yesterday morning, but his presence was not known to those outside until about 11:10. In company with Dr. Hyatt he left the house. Both physicians were unusually pale, and when accosted by the reporters for the latest news the significant look in their faces answered the question. "He is dead," said Dr. Johnson, "and he passed away peacefully." The doctors did not give the exact time of death, but it was observed that at about 10:45 the windows in the room of the sick chamber were slightly raised. The news of Mr. Blaine's death spread like wildfire. Crowds gathered on the corner and visitors thronged to the house. Dr. Hamlin, who was passing the house when the announcement of death was made, at once entered, and remained with the family for some time. Word was sent to the president immediately after the death. At 1:35 President Harrison, accompanied by Private Secretary Halford and Lieutenant Parker, walked over to the Blaine mansion. The president showed marked signs of grief. Postmaster General Wainmaker followed the president.

Mr. Blaine passed a restless night, and yesterday morning was languid and weak, but nothing serious was noted until shortly before 9 o'clock, when a change for the worse occurred. Both physicians were instantly summoned, and remained at the bedside until death. Mr. Blaine was conscious until a few moments before death and the end was so quiet and peaceful that only the experienced eye of the physician could perceive that the great statesman had joined the majority. Dr. Hyatt said that Mr. B's death was due to sheer exhaustion. He was unwilling to make a statement regarding the exact disease of Mr. Blaine until he had received the consent of the family. He will then make a statement to the public. This will probably be prepared after the meeting of the doctors at 1 o'clock. All the members of the family and Miss Dodge were at the bedside when the end came.

THE CABINET NOTIFIED.

The president received warning of Mr. Blaine's approaching end through the United Press bulletin, which informed him Mr. Blaine could not live through the day. He immediately telegraphed over the department wires to the various cabinet officers. It was a few minutes later on that the operator at the white house received another message, addressed to the president, "Blaine is dead." The cabinet was immediately notified and came to the cabinet meeting at the usual hour, fully prepared. Secretary John W. Foster, Mr. Blaine's successor, to be portfolio, was about to start to Westtown, N. Y., where he and Mrs. Foster had planned to spend a week, when news of the ex-secretary's death was received at the department. He postponed his trip and issued an order closing the department of state yesterday.

Colorado's Wash Day.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 28.—The investigation of F. M. Goodykuntz, auditor of state, upon a charge of having procured the appointment of deputy superintendent of insurance to Nathan S. Sturd prior to the late election, and in violation of the election laws, began before the committee on privilege and elections yesterday.

Failed.

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DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

MEASURES CONSIDERED AND ACTED UPON.

At the Nation's Capital—What is Being Done by the Senate and House—Old Matters Disposed Of and New Ones Considered.

The Senate and House.

In the House Thursday a bill was passed to meet the requirements of the interstate commerce law relative to the testimony of witnesses. Mr. Wise (Va.) called up a Senate bill concerning testimony in criminal cases growing out of the interstate commerce act with substitute providing that no person shall be excused from attending or testifying before the Interstate Commerce Commission on the ground that the testimony is not material. The bill was reported to the House by Mr. Cullom (Ill.). It was agreed to, 85 to 58. The bill was then passed. The bill for the establishment of a national quarantine was called up, but the opponents of the measure filibustered against it and finally forced an adjournment. The discussion of the anti-option bill was continued in the Senate from 2 o'clock until the time of adjournment, but no action was taken on the bill. Mr. George's amendment to it. In the morning hour Mr. Peffer (Kan.) concluded his speech in favor of a single term of the Presidential office. Mr. Cullom (Ill.), from the committee on commerce, reported a bill appropriating \$29,000 for establishing buoys on the water front of Chicago.

The Senate Friday paid an additional mark of respect to the memory of ex-President Hayes by adjourning without transacting any miscellaneous business. The House also adjourned without respect to the memory of ex-President Hayes. The general deficiency appropriation bill was reported and placed on the calendar. Mr. Warner (Dem.) of New York, from the Committee on Manufactures, presented a report on the sweating system, and it was placed upon the calendar. Mr. Dearmond (Dem.) of Missouri, from the committee on the revision of the Revised Statutes concerning superiors of elections.

The new Columbian postage stamp was vigorously attacked in the Senate Saturday by Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado. After transacting routine business, Mr. Wolcott called up the joint resolution introduced by Mr. Chandler (N. H.) for the sale of the Columbian postage stamp. He was at a loss to understand, he said, why those stamps had ever been manufactured. He noticed that the postmaster had expected to receive \$1,500,000 extra profits out of their sale to stamp collectors. That was a trick that might suit some of the American statesmen when they were a few thousand dollars "shy," but the United States was too big a country to unload a cruel and unusual stamp upon stamp collectors. The House also adjourned without transacting any business.

The House on Friday adjourned without transacting any business. The House on Saturday adjourned without transacting any business. The House on Sunday adjourned without transacting any business.

The House on Monday adjourned without transacting any business. The House on Tuesday adjourned without transacting any business. The House on Wednesday adjourned without transacting any business.

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CHAPTER VII. THE DOWNWARD PATH.

John Wharton left the bank like a man in a dream. As one under a magic spell of hypnotic influence obeys the prompt lines and directions of a dominating spirit, so the old bank clerk proceeded from the private office, his eyes fixed, his face pale and set, like some penitent culprit traversing a cindered viaduct. His task had been meted out to him. To study that mobile face, one would discern at a glance the vascillating weakness that was a part of his character. He was not naturally a bad man, but circumstances had set his face towards the downward path, and a shrewd, tyrannical master was pushing him slowly farther down the steep incline, until in sheer despair the conscience-tormented wretch ceased to struggle.

Away back in this man's life was a certain dark chapter. Newly-married, the incumbent of a subordinate governmental position, a glass of wine had led him to gambling. Step by step he was drawn into a net spread by unscrupulous acquaintances. In a last frantic endeavor to recoup his losses, he borrowed temporarily a small amount from trust funds. He lost again. The theft was discovered. Trivial as was the offense, light as might this first sin be made before a charitable court, in his situation, the frightened Wharton saw only ruin, the penitentiary. Like the wretch toward he was fled, abandoning friends, home, and family. He sought a foreign land, tried by honest labor to earn sufficient to reimburse the government, and send for his wife and children. He had never written them. Shame and fear of being traced and arrested prevented that. Under an assumed name he finally returned to America. Time had changed him. He was accounted dead, forgotten.

He recognized him. He had long since sent to the government the amount he had stolen. He only sought the pardon of his wife, penitential rehabilitation with his family, with the idea of beginning life over again with them in some secluded village.

Alas! he found no trace. The sad record of their weary waiting was lost in the whirl and changes of a great city. Disgraced, their name tarnished, they had hidden themselves afar, where, he had never found out.

In his distress, John Wharton took to drink. One day, accidentally, he was met and recognized by an old fellow-employee in the government service—Arnold Dacre. The latter was at that time a clerk in the Ridgefield bank. He saw in the disheartened refugee a pliable tool, in his knowledge of the past a menace that would wield Wharton to his caprices. From that day that the old clerk entered the employ of Abel Merwyn, it was to become the ally, the slave, the hireling of the man who could crush him at his will.

A great sob rent the bosom of the miserable man as he treaded the covered passage way leading from the rear of the bank, and seemed to overcome him, as the broad, flaring sunlight dazzled his eyes. For a moment he swayed unsteadily to and fro, and it was with difficulty that he collected his benumbed faculties, and recalled the mission he had been sent to execute.

"I am to hold, to hide the package," he told himself, slowly, painfully, like a dull child memorizing a difficult lesson. "I am to go among the men and play a part—my part."

A glistening pallor overspread his face as he repeated the words. Some mental wrench upsetting the natural faculties, frightened him. A man ever terrified by phantoms, the unreal, uneasy lot apportioned him by his hard taskmaster was too dreadful, in his present unhinged mental condition to grapple with. He had read of men feigning insanity, and—

John Wharton quickened his footsteps. Like a scurrying thief evading a cordon of police, he traversed alleys, lanes, and familiar by-ways. He reached his lodgings by a rear staircase, entered his plainly-furnished room, tottered to a chair, and sunk into it.

One hour—two hours. His head bent on his open hands, he never moved—thinking, thinking! Three hours! A shambling, limping step sounding on the stairs, and a thin, disease-worn face peered in at the door, timidly opened.

"It might be you, Mr. Wharton?" projected a hesitating voice. The old clerk aroused himself with an effort, struggled to his feet, gulped down a great groan, and turned his hollow eyes on the intruder.

The latter was a cripple. Partial paralysis had robbed him of health in the prime of life. The one being in all the wide world whom he could truly call friend, the single creature in the universe who seemed to possess a particle of genuine affection for him. Wharton had picked the poor wretch from the gutter one dark night in a year ago, and out of sheer sympathy, Tom Cupples, as he was called, had since been his pensioner.

Faithful as a slave, grateful as a starving dog, lifted to comfort and plenty, the cripple had since taken care of his room, mended his clothes, blackened his boots, tried in his half, helpless way to earn the food he ate.

"Goodness!" he ejaculated, as Wharton turned his white face towards him, "what has happened? Mr. Wharton, you are ill! I will send for a doctor."

In genuine alarm, the frightened-faced Cupples started towards the door. "Stop!" ordered Wharton, in a frenzy of irritability. "I am not ill. The bank has failed, and—go to the tavern and bring me some liquor."

John Wharton drained with a gulp the cup of liquor tendered him by Cupples' trembling hand a few minutes later. Oh, that was better! A faint glow came into the clerk's face, the disordered wheels of his mental machinery seemed oiled to a smoother operation. It seemed him for the distasteful task that Dacre had set him.

Catching him moodily, anxiously, the cripple sat in a remote corner of the room. He came forward as the old clerk spoke.

"Here, sir," he quavered, distrustful of a second demand for liquor. "I am in trouble," went on Wharton, hurriedly, recklessly, "some terrible trouble, and it's going to kill me. 'Heaven help you! heaven spare you!' murmured the cripple frantically.

"Can I trust you?" demanded Wharton, almost fiercely, turning upon the other.

"Can you trust me? Oh, master, friend, wouldn't I die for you?" John Wharton was acting queerly, quite out of himself. For a moment he was lost in somber thought, as though debating with himself. Then he suddenly thrust his hand into his bosom.

"Take it," he uttered sharply, extending it towards his companion.

"Take it?" muttered the other vaguely. "Yes." "What is it?" "Never mind. You say I can trust you. Hide it."

"Hide it?" came the parrot-like monotony. "Where you will, so it is safe. It haunts me. I can't think. My brain seems reeling, but it must be safe. Don't tell me where, only hide it. A thousand angels seem tugging at my heart-strings to restore it to her, one gaunt, menacing demon says no, and I dare not refuse. Hide it safe, secure. If anything happens to me—"

"It won't—master. Oh, it surely won't. You are only half daff with the trouble at the bank."

"If it does, go to Arnold Dacre and tell him I entrusted the package to you. Deliver it to him. No, no! I can explain no more, only obey. I have a task to perform—a task to perform—a task to perform."

Way down the stairs echoed the last words of the strange monotonous. Holding the packet in his hands, the cripple only knew that his owner had fled from the room as if possessed—that it was entrusted to him for safe-keeping.

"It must be valuable," he muttered with concern, "too valuable to hide here in Ridgefield, or he'd have done it. I know a place—up the river—a safe place, a safe place."

The man "with a mission to perform," had meantime gone out upon the public streets of the town, had mingled with the mob, had executed that mysterious task apportioned to him by his tyrannical master.

It was full eventide when he returned. If his face had been pallid at noon, it was ghastly now. His eyes, rolling, haunted, seemed to turn and dilate on ricketty pivots, a continual tremor of the bloodless lips told of emotion that was fast sapping life and energy with its intensity.

"I've done it!" he muttered. "I have succeeded—oh! the pitiful farce, oh! the heart-breaking effort."

Utterly unnerved, Wharton sank to a couch. The grey shadows came through the windows, the deeper dusk began to penetrate the lovely room. He tried to rest—in vain. His hand would seek his head, his eyes would glare strangely. Once he started up with a terrified cry, and stared at a corner of the apartment, as if his fevered fancy depicted some horrible wrath hovering there.

"The old man," he chattered, "the poor, honest master who was so kind to me. Murdered! I can see his gory locks of silver now, oh, mercy! mercy! I didn't do it. I didn't do it."

pressed emotion the cashier followed the sheriff as he led his subordinates to the counting room.

With supreme satisfaction and relief the Arnold Dacre heard him order one of the twins to patrol the portals of the bank, and refuse admittance to any one, while the other started to disperse the lingering crowd without.

"They will soon be gone. Then to remove Flora," he planned, plausibly. He was struck dumb, however, as the sheriff again approached him.

"I shall have to trouble you to accompany me, Mr. Dacre," he said respectfully, but with determination. "Accompany you?" repeated Dacre, with a start, "where?"

"To the Judge. A citation has been issued for both yourself and Mr. Merwyn. Poor Merwyn! he is spared the disgrace of appearing as a public criminal."

"You do not mean—" began Dacre. "That some hot-headed depositor has sworn out a warrant charging crime, collusion. Do not look so concerned, sir," added the Sheriff, plainly evidencing his esteem for the over-rated cashier. "It is merely a trifling annoyance. Of course they can't prove anything of that kind against you."

"I should hope not," murmured Dacre, but with a sinking heart. "You will simply have to furnish bail."

"But how can I? In the present inflamed condition of the people's mind, a man's former friends are his bitterest foes. Can you not delay this service for an hour—till to-morrow. I have important business here at the bank—"

"Sorry," sighed the Sheriff, "but duty is duty. See here, Mr. Dacre," he continued hastily, "I have confidence in you. I ain't afraid of a man who risks his life as you have done to keep that mob out of the bank, running away. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go your bond myself."

"Oh! thank you," murmured Dacre. "It won't take ten minutes. At the same time you can lodge information as to the assassin of Mr. Merwyn. Dear! dear! I never dreamed that quiet, slow-going Ridgefield would come to murdering its best friend!"

Nor of the true depths of villainy that lay beneath the courtly exterior of his prisoner! That prisoner was strangely excited as they left the bank, however. He hurried the Sheriff along, he scarcely heard the taunts or heeded the vicious, scowling faces of the disappointed depositors as they passed down the street. He was safe under the protection of the law, and he had but one thought—to get back to the bank as soon as possible, and release the imprisoned Flora.

He calculated the chances in his favor of some release. He grew less uneasy as he recalled the interior of the vault. It was scarcely up to the massive construction of metropolitan vaults, having only a front of iron, the three others being composed of brick. Even this formed an air-tight compartment, but its closeness had led to air shafts being placed at the back, and, while a rather uncomfortable place on a hot day, he had often remained in it for an hour or more arranging papers and the like.

"She cannot die there," reflected Dacre. "No outcry can reach the outside of the bank, but, if I should be detained—"

He was detained. In a frantic fever of suspense, his own heart seemed beating itself as one hour, two passed, and the absence of the Judge, and tireless formalities, kept him in the court-room.

The cloud deepened on his brow, as from what the Judge said, he realized that a strict investigation of the methods and finances of the bank would be made. With Abel Merwyn dead, however, a scape goat was afforded for the crooked work he had so artfully shifted to his innocent shoulders, thanks to the deft clerical capacity of John Wharton.

As to Wharton! That pharos of the case had long perplexed Dacre. Scheming to cover up his delinquencies, his losses in speculation, he had induced the latter to tamper with the accounts and records in a way that would attach no blame to himself. Some ugly transactions showed, however, and close investigation might embarrass the old clerk. The whispered consultation with Wharton as he left the bank with the pocket book, however, had provided for that—yes, with confident smile the arch-plotter decided, that of all the clever ruses he had designed, the disposition he intended of the old clerk, involved a scheme that was flawless and unique!

Only Flora! that was his one anxious concern now. He planned boldly. He would remove her to the house from the vault, he would tell the nervous, agitated housekeeper that the death of her father, the accumulating penalties at the bank had temporarily unhinged her reason, that she must not heed her frantic utterances, nor allow any one to see her, that her father with his dying breath had enjoined Dacre to remove her to some retired spot, where the threats of the depositors and the disgrace of the hour could not reach her. A close carriage at night, a drive to the city, and he would place her in charge of some trusted emissary. Then he would unfold to her the power over her fortune, and her father's good name. If she wedded him, John Wharton could be sent abroad, and the blame could be transported to his charge.

Thus plotted the mercenary scoundrel, trampling upon human hearts, mercilessly blasting all that was bright in life, where the stepping stones to his own selfish desires demanded it. Arnold Dacre saw riches and loss as his reward, and never dreamed that there could be a day of reckoning other than some error in judgment might precipitate.

He hurried down the street, once free of legal entanglements, and then by lonely alleys reached the vicinity of the bank. The man on guard nodded respectfully to him as he walked up the iron steps.

"The Sheriff has kindly allowed me to compete some work in the counting-room," he explained to him.

The officer admitted him "without cavil. Dacre hastened to the private office.

The sad, white face of the murdered banker looked up at him, he fancied, with solemn reproach, but he drove away the feeling of superstitious dread it inspired. A sudden development made the realities of the moment still more exclusive and pressing, as, trying the rear door leading to the banker's home, he found it locked.

"The Sheriff has blocked exit this way," murmured Dacre, with darkening brows. "How shall I get her out? Ah! what's this?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THOUGHTS OF MEN MOVE INTO SOULS because they first look a-trip down into BEYOND.