

In Honor of Pope Leo.

ROME, Feb. 21.—The pealing of church bells Sunday announced the celebration of the pope's episcopal jubilee. By 4 o'clock the thousands of pilgrims, tourists and citizens were crowded before the doors of St. Peter's.

At 5 o'clock two battalions of infantry in uniform were drawn up before the cathedral so as to be ready to help the 20 or more gendarmes in preserving order. The crowds swelled suddenly but remained quite despite the tremendous pressure caused by about 5,000 ticket holders in their hopeless struggle to get near the doors.

At 6 o'clock the cathedral doors were opened and the foremost of the crowd swept in. Within half an hour the great building was packed to the steps. Three thousand pilgrims and 25,000 or 30,000 Catholics from this city gained admission. Not fewer than 40,000 persons, many of them ticket holders, were turned away by the military, who cleared the spaces around the building so as to prevent disorder when the services closed.

CHEERED THE POPE.

The pope entered the cathedral at 9.45 pale but smiling and apparently in somewhat better health than usual. The cathedral rang with tumultuous cheering as the pope was borne toward the altar. His holiness officiated at the special jubilee mass, intoning the opening words of the Te Deum and giving his blessing in a clear, penetrating voice.

The mass lasted until 10:45, but apparently did not fatigue his holiness. He remained in the cathedral forty-five minutes after the celebration and then proceeded to his apartments. The crowds dispersed slowly. At noon most of them had gone and a quarter of an hour later the military withdrew. Sunday afternoon the Irish pilgrims attended service in the church of St. Sylvester and were blessed by Cardinal Logue. The English pilgrims at St. George's received the blessing from Cardinal Vaughan.

The weather has been magnificent all day. The air has been mild and dry and the sun has shone uninterruptedly. Sunday evening St. Peter's and all the other churches, all the convents and private houses were illuminated. The street were thronged and the square in front of St. Peter's was almost impassible. Without exception, however, the people have been perfectly orderly. Not an arrest was reported. King Humbert and Queen Marguerite took their usual drive through the city and every where were united respectfully.

IN THESE UNITED STATES.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 21.—Cardinal Gibbons, all the priests attached to the cathedral, Rev. Magnine and all the Sulpician fathers and seminarians in the seminary of St. Mary of St. Sulpice, together with an immense congregation united in the cathedral on the service of solemn high mass, the occasion being to unite with the holy father himself in Rome, in the celebration of his elevation to episcopate, fifty years ago. Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon, dwelling principally upon the supremacy of the pope.

"You might as well," said he, "shut out the light of day and the air of heaven from your daily walks as to exclude the pope from his legitimate sphere in the hierarchy of the church. The history of the United States with the presidents left out would be more intelligible than the history of the church to the exclusion of the vicar of Christ. This supremacy of the pope it may be objected, has been denied. I grant it. And so has every trait of revelation been denied—from the very existence of God even to the resurrection of the flesh. But notwithstanding these denials, the truths of revelation remain.

A New Invention.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 21.—Benjamin Brazzelle, a St. Louis man, has invented a process of steel making, that it is claimed far eclipses the discovery of Bessemer and will so reduce the cost of steel rails that they can by its use be sold at a good profit for one-half the present expenses of making them. By Brazzelle's process, it is asserted that pig iron or steel can be made direct from ore with gas fuel and it is claimed that by the process the best Bessemer pig iron can be made for less than \$10 and steel in the billet for \$12.50 per ton. Bessemer received \$1,000,000 on the American rights of his patent, the Carnegie Steel companies and other large concerns being the purchasers.

If Brazzelle's process will accomplish all that is claimed for it Bessemer's invention will be worthless, as it cannot compete with the other. That some people have faith in the St. Louis man's invention is evidenced by the fact that the coming week with a capita of \$1,000,000 to build a large plant in St. Louis, looking the next three months to manufacture pig iron and steel by his process.

Balfour Bill.

London, Feb. 21.—The Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, the opponent in the house of commons, is suffering from a mild attack of influenza and is confined to his bed.

Young Mother, leaning over the cradle, said to her husband, "I should like to see your father." Young Father—leant back and said, "If you don't, you know, my father is dead."

Gen. Beauregard Laid to Rest. NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 25.—The funeral of General P. G. T. Beauregard ranked with that of Jefferson Davis for the magnificence of display and the number of participants and general evidences of mourning. The doors of the city hall were not closed during the night and the chamber of mourning was never without visitors. From dawn till the hour of the funeral many thousands of people passed by the bier and viewed the body. The floral offerings were numerous. Archbishop Janssens detailed a dozen priests including Vicar-General Bodearts, to conduct the services, while father Garesche, of the Jesuits, delivered a brief but eloquent eulogy. The honorary pall-bearers were officials of the city and state, judges, leading journalists and many prominent citizens.

The body was borne down the stairs of the city hall by a detachment of the Louisiana field artillery and the caisson placed upon a caisson and warped in the American flag. The militia headed the funeral column, under command of General Borland, every company in the city turning out its full quota of men. The veteran associations followed, and then came the inmates of the confederate soldiers' home in wagonettes. The caisson, guarded by mounted artillery, followed, and then came a line of carriages several miles long.

The various exchanges were closed, business practically suspended and an immense concourse lined the streets to do honor to the dead. Although the procession moved promptly and made no halt, it took nearly two hours to reach the cemetery, and the remains were laid away in the tomb of the Army of the Tennessee at Metairie. A brief religious ceremony was held at the grave, a company of veterans of war artillery, commanded by Captain Frank McElroy, fired three volleys over the grave, the Louisiana field artillery fired three guns, the buglers sounded "raps" and the family was left alone with the dead.

Camp Henry St. Paul, of the veteran organizations, has already begun a movement looking to the erection of a Beauregard monument and has drafted a charter for a monument. From expressions made yesterday there is little doubt but that the project will meet with speedy realization. It is likely the shaft will be erected in Metairie cemetery, not very far from where the soldier sleeps.

Famous Wall Street Magnate Dead. NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—Rufus Hatch the once famous Wall street magnate died at his residence in Spuytenwyld. Mr. Hatch was sixty-two years old. He retired from "the street" two years ago and has been falling in health ever since. The immediate cause of his death was a complication of kidney, heart and liver troubles which had confined him to his room for several weeks.

Rufus Hatch was born at Welles-Me. He made a fortune in wheat in Chicago, but lost it at the close of the Crimean war. Then he came to New York and was prominent with the late Henry Keene in the manipulation of Chicago and Northwestern. He was squeezed badly sometime himself. The last squeeze was in 1893 when he went down in the Villard-Northern Pacific disaster. He and Keene were interested together in the famous corner of 1885, but Hatch never fully recovered his old place before and it is believed he died comparatively poor.

To Break the Will.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25.—Suit was begun to break the will of the late William M. Derby, Sr., who was one of Chicago's oldest and best known citizens. Mr. Derby died last December, leaving an estate valued at \$3,000,000. The suit is brought by his daughters, Mrs. Gertrude S. Walker and Mrs. Francis D. Cleave, who, were to receive but \$300,000 each, the greater part of the remainder of the estate going to a third child, William M. Jr. More than \$2,000,000 worth of property was transferred to this son before Mr. Derby's death. The daughters allege that their father was of unsound mind, and that improper influence was exerted by the favored son.

Boomers Assemble.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kas., Feb. 26.—More than a thousand strip boomers assembled in mass meeting at a point just across the line a few miles from this city pursuant to a call issued to take action upon the dilatoriness of congress about doing anything towards ratifying the treaty and opening the lands. The meeting, after a full and warm discussion of the subject, adopted resolutions which, after citing the negotiation of the treaty, the present status of the strip bill in congress and the failure to accomplish anything thus far, concludes as follows.

"Therefore be it resolved, that if congress does not ratify said treaty on or before March 4, 1895, we the prospective settlers of the strip, will on the sixth day of March, 1895, at 12 o'clock noon, move upon and occupy the same.

Chicago Electric Lighted Demand Increased Wage. CHICAGO, Feb. 25.—A strike among electric lightmen at the world's fair is impending. Two hundred and twenty-five lightmen have served notice that if their demands were not acceded to they would strike. They demand 37 1/2 cents per hour, instead of \$2.50 for each eight hours work, with time and a half for overtime and double time for Sunday. The demand was refused.



FLORA MERWYN'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE.

CHAPTER XIII. A CLUE.

Two days had passed by since the failure of the bank and the occurrence of attendant unfortunate disaster, and Arnold Dacre still lingered at Ridgefield.

Defiant, self-assured, and craven, fearful by turns, he had lived through those forty-eight hours with the lamenting dread of a man hovering over a powder mine, watching the course of events, hoping for developments that would show the cards running his way, and wondering what the end would be.

So far as the bank itself was concerned, the law very speedily acted. The books showed accuracy and system, its management, entire honesty. To all seeming, dead Abel Merwyn had speculated rashly, had blundered in his subordinates to the fact, and when the crash came had left them to face the crisis.

There were some discrepancies in the accounts that needed explaining, but the old man, John Wharton, who kept the books of the concern, was not called on to elucidate them. So violent had he become, that he had to be forcibly restrained, and the evening before he was confined in the county asylum, a hopeless, mental wreck.

Arnold Dacre had sought a score of interviews with him, had seized upon numerous pretences to linger near him, to question him. In half lucid moments he had caught the name "Cupples" from Wharton's lips, mixed with some unintelligible jargon concerning the package. If clue it was, it was a frail one, but Dacre resolved to trace it down.

Of Flora Merwyn and her rescuer, not a word or a trace had Dacre gleaned. He began to believe that the convict had fled the country with the woman he loved. To openly battle Dacre meant recapture, and he would scarcely risk that, and, in this way of thinking, Dacre that, at the end of two days, decided that it would be safe to remain at Ridgefield, and prosecute his search for the precious missing package.

The dead banker had been buried. All Ridgefield was talking about the strange disappearance of Flora, and the old housekeeper was fairly frantic about her. Dacre ventured no theory or explanation, but when the intelligence was brought to the little village that Ray Webster had escaped from the penitentiary, it was generally decided that Flora had heartlessly abandoned her dead father, and, with what money she could find, had joined her lover, and fled to some distant land. When it was learned later that her personal fortune in the city had been withdrawn from investment the week previously, people believed this explanation of her absence more readily than ever.

It was just at dusk the evening after the departure of his tool and ally for the insane asylum, that Arnold Dacre presented himself at the door of Wharton's former lodgings. "Have you the key of Wharton's room," he asked of the landlady. "Yes, sir," she replied. "I thought so. Will you please let me have them?"

Dacre knew this. He himself had superintended the packing of the trunk of his unfortunate victim, in a vain search for the missing package. "That is true," he vouchsafed, "but I am in hopes of finding some trace of certain papers belonging to the bank secreted about the room. The keys, please."

Once in the room Dacre began a persistent and a thorough quest. Somewhere the package had been secreted. He was just at dusk the evening after the departure of his tool and ally for the insane asylum, that Arnold Dacre presented himself at the door of Wharton's former lodgings. "Have you the key of Wharton's room," he asked of the landlady. "Yes, sir," she replied. "I thought so. Will you please let me have them?"

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ling hands. Eagerly his eye scanned it. "Beyond Deepford," ran the rude charcoal scrawl, "in a cave—"

At that moment, a sudden jar echoed through the room. It sounded from the door, and thither Arnold Dacre directed a hurried glance. The transom looking out into the hall had moved—was some one at it watching him—the mysterious blue spectated man, perhaps?

He never knew, for just then the open transom formed a vicious draught. It swept the precious document from his hand. Ere he could recover it, a swoop sent it straight into the blazing heap in the grate.

He grasped it with the frenzy of despair, to find only a brittle morsel of ashes in his hand. The only clue to the missing package was ashes—a dead blank. Tom Cupples' secret was a secret still!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Three Golden Balls.

The London Quarterly Review discusses at length the history of "pawnbrokings" in England. The reviewer starts out with the proposition that "the inconvenience and amazement which would fall upon the city of London were a morning to come which brought no newspapers with it," would be indefinitely increased if the "pawnbrokers' shops" were to be suddenly suppressed.

"If the newspapers were suppressed, those most annoyed would be chiefly the 'easy classes,' while, if the pawnbrokers were to disappear, distress would follow, which words would be almost powerless to describe. 'Taking what constitutes the inner ring of London, with a population of about 3,500,000, it is known,' says the writer, 'that on an average twenty articles per head are pledged with pawnbrokers in the course of a year. Now out of these 3,500,000 there must at least be 2,000,000 persons belonging to families no member of which ever enters a pawnbroker's shop. In that case 300,000,000 of pledges are deposited yearly, or on behalf of 1,500,000 of people, who, cut up into families at the Registrar General's rate of five to a family, would represent 300,000 households. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that each of 300,000 metropolitan families is constrained by dire necessity to resort to the pawnbroker 100 times in the course of the year. There are 613 pawnbrokers in London, and the writer does not hesitate to declare that there would be 'revolution, prompted by popular indignation, if pawnbrokers were arbitrarily abolished, and that, were they abolished by 'agencies beyond human control, popular despair' would follow, hence the conclusion that while London might get along without revolution, were its newspapers suppressed, calamities of the gravest character would result if the pawnbrokers were driven out of the great metropolis, and such a result is made more probable by the fact that a 'vast proportion' of the population of London 'cannot keep fire in the grate, a candle or lamp burning on the table at night or the wolf away from the door, without pledging some humble and often necessary article with the pawnbroker at least once and sometimes twice or more every week.'

These sentences were spoken in disjointed gasps. Upon the utterance of each, the faithful plotter heaved as if his life depended upon their significance. "Coming back—I had a stroke. Hurry—excitement—did I never thought—to get home. I met a charcoal burner—near—near Deepford. He wrote—the details of the hiding-places. I feared—I would—forget."

"Wrote it?" stormed Dacre, with sudden alarm. "Why! he will go and get it!"

"No. Does not know—what is hidden. Started for here. Another stroke. Down up. I am going to die—but I obeyed—my friend—my dear friend—my dear friend—"

His eyes closed, and he subsided into a silence and a rigidity like to that of death. "Rouse up!" shouted Dacre, shaking him fiercely. "The directions—the package—"

"In the cave—in my pocket—no—this one—left side of my coat. Water—water—"

Arnold Dacre sprang to the table for the glass. Before he regained the side of the prostrate man, however, with a violent convulsion, the latter sank back senseless.

"He's gone or going!" muttered the schemer hoarsely. "Oh! will the paper tell. Yes, yes, it is here—it is here, give me the key!"

From the man's inside coat pocket, he drew forth a paper. It was creased and marred with charcoal dust. About to open it, he glanced at the door suspiciously.

Some one had pushed it open a trifle. He fancied he heard the low breathing of some one lurking there! "Is there some trap in this?" he ground out suspiciously. "No! no! The man was too sincere. Who are you?"

He sprang suddenly to the door and opened it. Upon its threshold stood a stranger. He was a peculiar-looking man, dressed in home-spun, wearing blue spectacles, and with a face as tawny as that of an Indian.

"What do you want?" demanded Dacre, scowling suspiciously. The stranger regarded him fixedly and unabashed. "Beg pardon," he said, in a low, unnatural tone, "but is this room for rent?"

Thirteen Walloo citizens are spending a few weeks at Galveston, Texas. On Saturdays the Plattsmouth News will hereafter appear as an eight-page paper. H. M. Winslow, of Columbus, is feeding 370 head of steers on his ranch near town.

The court house flag was hoisted at Fremont in honor of Morton's appointment. Work on the new opera house at North Bend will be commenced next month. Stanton is to have a canning factory as soon as a suitable location can be selected.

Columbus has organized an A. O. U. W. Lodge, with a charter membership of over thirty. Mary Swanson, of Maimo, was last week declared of unsound mind and taken to the asylum. Tilden hopes to secure the broom factory which is now located at Plainview and employs eight hands.

There is a man in Buffalo county by the name of Charles Thirtyacre. Who says there is nothing in a name? J. W. Johnson, of Hildreth, rode to Gibbon on a bicycle in four hours—a distance of over thirty-five miles. John Haglund, aged eighteen, whose parents reside at Weston, has been taken to the insane hospital for treatment.

Winter wheat in the North Loup region is said to be all right notwithstanding the trifling snowfall during the winter. Diller's new Methodist church, costing \$2,800, has been dedicated and a revival service has at once been started in the edifice.

Creighton has a new public school building ready for occupancy. Hierotone's schools have been held in rented rooms. Peter Clarence, living near Union, Cass county, was struck by a falling tree and very seriously though not fatally injured.

The Kearney Congregational church is stirring around after a pastor to succeed Rev. Dr. Askin, whose resignation was just accepted. Frank Campbell of Genoa has been appointed superintendent of the school at the Omaha agency, under the civil service rules. He is likely to hold his 'job.'

George Foreman was captured in the hills near South Omaha and taken to town for safe keeping. He had done nothing worse than to tell snake stories, and those things do not go in winter. He will recover.

In spite of the fact that his head was cut open, his shoulder blade broken and arm fractured, as the result of coming in contact with a mill crane at Hardy, Frank Blumvelt is reported on his road to recovery.

A monster wild cat which has been hiding far yards near Juniata was shot the other night by hunters who had been on its trail for some days. The animal is said to be the largest ever seen in that section of the state.

While attempting to regulate the machinery of his elevator J. E. Dewey of Herman, came near losing his right arm. It was caught in the shafting, which attempted to carry it all away, but compromised by leaving him the arm.

News from Mahara, Africa, that Rev. John Meekley and wife lately died from fever, one death following the other within a day. They were married at Mahara, this state, about six months ago and went to Africa to do missionary work.

According to the Valparaiso Visitor a numbers county young man has developed a queer mania or whatever you would call it. He has been a puzzle to physicians for years. He is affected by what he eats to such an extent that when he eats beef in about an hour he will become restless and wander out in search of the cattle and bellow as an ox and will get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partakes of mutton his actions will be those of a sheep and he will bleat as plaintively as a little lamb. When he eats chicken he will go out and scratch for worms, which he devours with great relish. After eating fish he will run down to the slough and go in swimming.

Says the North Loup Loyalist: One would expect that the present dry and snowless winter would prove a severe test to winter wheat, of which an increasing acreage was sown last fall, but Mr. G. M. Petty, whom we interrogated on the subject a few days ago, reports his in apparently excellent condition, and his testimony is corroborated by a number of others. The wheat has not been covered by snow for a single day, but 2.26 inches of precipitation has taken place at this station since August 28, a period of 170 days, and if the winter wheat does well this season it would seem that the question of the adaptability of our climate to that cereal is satisfactorily settled.

Some one with more sin than appreciation in his heart placed a handful of red pepper on the stove during the performance of "Twenty-one Nights in a Jag House" Thursday night, and the fumes caused the whole audience to leave the room.—Hartington Herald.

Ed. Burbanks and Miss Fancost, of Saunders county, who ran away to get married, were unexpectedly forgiven when they returned the other day and solicited the paternal blessing. All, as the fellow said, is well that ends well.

At revivals, there are always workers trying to get people better than themselves to the mourner's bench.