

Princess Kaiulani is in New York.

NEW YORK, March 3.—Princess Kaiulani, niece of the deceased Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, is here. She arrived on the steamer Teutonic. With her were Theophilus Davies and Mrs. Davies, who are the English guardians of the princess, Miss Davies and Miss Whartoff, companion to the princess E. McFarlane, the ex-minister of finance to the dethroned Queen Liliuokalani, and Dr. Mott Smith, the present Hawaiian minister to this country sent down the bay to meet the young princess. There was quite an array of curious seekers on the pier to get a glimpse at the princess. A suit of rooms had been engaged for the party at the Brevort house and they were driven there immediately after coming off the steamship.

The princess is a eighteen years old. She is a tall, beautiful young woman, of sweet face and slender form. She has the soft brown eyes and dark complexion that mark Hawaiian beauty. She has come to the United States, she said, more for the purpose of learning and observing for herself the nature of the people who have been asked to take control of her country than to make formal petition for her crown. "That," she said, "is rightfully mine and if the Americans are the noble-minded people I have learned to regard them they will not be a party to the outrage by which I have lost my birth-right."

Worth \$,000,000.

NEW YORK, March 3.—Judge Patterson, of the supreme court, took up a suit brought by Mary T. Uppington to recover from Archbishop Corrigan her interest in thirty-two lots on the Boston road in the annexed district. The lots are worth \$6,000,000. The plaintiff is a grand-niece of Mary Davy, who in 1862 transferred the property in suit to Archbishop Hughes. The deed contained a covenant requiring the grantee to consecrate the grounds and erect a church within a reasonable time. The property has passed to the present archbishop as the head of the church in this city and it is claimed that the covenant has not been fulfilled. Documentary evidence was put in by the plaintiff, Frederick R. Coudert, and Colonel Geo. H. Bas, counsel for the archbishop, moved to dismiss. Justice Patterson denied this motion, but he directed a verdict in favor of the defendant, holding that the plaintiff had not proved that a "reasonable time" had elapsed since the transfer of the property was made. It would be necessary to prove in order to secure a forfeiture by the defendant. The judge directed the exceptions to be heard in the first instance at the general term.

Abandoned the Road.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 3.—The Salt Lake City railroad project has been abandoned. A company was organized some months ago to build a competing road. San Francisco capital was interested in the scheme, which was to be built from San Francisco to Nevada to connect with a line to be built by Salt Lake City, thus connecting with the trans-continental roads. The reason for abandoning the project is the opposition of the merchants' traffic association to the passage of a bill in the legislature allowing the consolidation of the California road with a road in another state, the claim being made that such a law would allow the Southern Pacific, which it was fighting, to consolidate its local lines with those it had in Arizona and elsewhere, thus taking its local lines out of state control.

Four Thousand Barrels of Oil Poured Out.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., March 3.—The pipes of the Crescent Pipe Line company were torn up at Mowry's Mill, thirty miles from here, and 4,000 barrels of oil poured out into the creek. The depredators chopped down a number of telephone poles and set fire to the oil. The blazing oil destroyed bridges and much valuable timber. It is generally believed that persons living in the neighborhood who have done work for the company and claim they were not paid are responsible. These people have frequently threatened to destroy the company's property.

Central Trust Co. Case in Court.

CHICAGO, March 3.—Judge Gresham entered a decree in the case of the Central Trust company of New York against the United States Rolling Stock company ordering the immediate sale of the company's plant and property at Hegewisch. The suit was brought by the trust company on a deed of trust held to secure an issue of consolidated first mortgage 5 per cent debentures. The deed covered the property and plant of the company. The total amount due on the debentures and interest to the plaintiff reaches \$2,307,341.75. The amount of money realized by the sale is to be devoted first to paying all costs and expenses of litigation. Then the expenses incurred by the receiver and his outstanding obligations are to be provided for. After these claims have been settled creditors will receive such sums as the court may decide.

Two men belonging to Hill Coal-land in Windsor, N. C., were found dead on the bank of a creek between the banks of the other. It is supposed they had been killed by a heavy log rolling upon them.

LORA MERWYN'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE

CHAPTER XV. UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

Ashes! The rattling incinerated piece of paper fell to dust in Arnold Dacre's hands. Like the Dead Sea fruit of gull, fair to the sight, but at the core holding but bitter dust and blight, the reward of all his scheming was empty hands and a frantic, rebellious heart.

Not a line, not a trace remained of the document that held Tom Cupples' secret, to reveal the hiding-place of the coveted package. With a great hoarse cry of rage and dismay, the plotter ran to the couch where lay the paralytic. The flickering rays of the dying conflagration in the grate illumined his swarthy face, showing his bloodshot eyes, his twitching muscles. It seemed as if he would drag man from the couch, and tear the secret that was dying with him from his dying lips.

Cupples breathed. There was life, then. Why might he not be revived to tell what the paper contained. A doctor—a doctor, by all means!

Arnold Dacre sped from the room and the house. When he returned five minutes later, a professional-looking man bearing a medicine case, accompanied him. A light was procured. Gravely the man of science inspected the inert mass of humanity before him. His heart fluttering with alternate hope and despair, Arnold Dacre watched him feverishly.

"Well," he demanded in a dry, cracked tone as the physician, with a dubious sigh, turned from the couch. "Doubtful?" "You mean?" "The man is in very bad shape."

"But he will live?" "Possibly a day, more likely less than an hour. I can do absolutely nothing for him but watch him. There may be a favorable turn in the morning."

"Then watch him, doctor, secure a nurse, spare no expense to revive him," urged Dacre eagerly. "One question?" "What is it?" "If he revives, will he speak?" "I fear not. If this man lives, he will be a helpless paralytic."

Arnold Dacre remained in the former quarters of John Wharton until nearly midnight. He rented the apartment, paid the landlady to act as constant nurse to the sufferer, and actually brought tears to the eyes of that good lady at this noble exhibition of his generosity and humanity.

"If he revives," Dacre told her. "If he should talk or try to write or make signs, tell him that I left word for him to impart his confidence to you, and be careful to note what he may have to communicate."

Then Arnold Dacre sought a fitful spell of rest, broken by fearful dreams, and early dawn found him haggard but resolute, and starting out upon a new trail, having for its motive the present object of all his schemes—the coveted missing package.

It had eluded his possession, nearly in his grasp. It looked as if he was never to cast longing eyes upon it again, and yet he reflected hopefully as he walked to a farmer's tavern at the edge of the town, whence an old rickety stage ran into the country as far as Deepford.

for some time with its sole occupant, a woman, he retraced his steps towards Deepford.

The woman was the wife of the charcoal burner, Binder. Yes, Sam was the only man in that section. Had she noticed a stranger about there during the past few days, and Arnold Dacre described the paralytic.

Why, yes! Sam had brought such a person to the cottage. He was ill, weak, worn out. She remembered him distinctly, for that was only two days ago, but when Dacre cautiously referred to some writing Binder had done for him, the woman shook her head doubtfully, and remarked that she knew nothing of that. She believed Sam had done some scribbling work for the stranger, but he "was a close-mouthed 'un, and never told his secrets."

As to Binder, he had gone to see some relatives beyond Deepford. He did this once a month, and made a sort of holiday of it. Dacre would surely find him at the Deepford tavern, on his way home, about ten o'clock that evening.

Then the woman grew curious, and ventured a shrewd query as to what made humble Sam Binder in such demand, as Dacre departed. Why! he was the second one inquiring for Binder that day. Another man had been there only an hour previous, had asked the same questions, and been awarded the same information.

"Another man," faltered Dacre, turning sharply. "Yes." "He did not ask about the writing—about the stranger?" queried the cashier sharply. "Yes, he did."

Arnold Dacre's eyes took a quick alarm. What manner of man was this stranger, for that was only a short time ago. He had never met before, but they happened to come together in the first evening on board, and, finding that they had a great deal in common, soon became something more than mere acquaintances. It was a rough passage, and they were seldom able to get on deck, so they spent most of their time playing cards. It was between the decks of one of their games, and the one who was sitting on the bunk (whom we will call Mr. A.) was shuffling the cards, when both became aware that a third person was standing at the cabin door looking at them.

"Good God, Jack!" exclaimed Mr. B., jumping up from the couch, "how on earth did you get here?" The figure at the door said nothing, but quietly turned around and walked away again. The boat was rolling badly, and when B. had done tumbling over the portmanteau and had made his way to the door some few seconds had elapsed. A was naturally somewhat astonished at the mysterious interruption and the way his friend had treated it, so he threw the cards on the bed, and, hanging on to the door, scrambled out after him. When he got into the passage he saw B. standing some ten yards off looking up and down in a bewildered kind of way, and nobody else in sight.

"Who was it?" asked A., as the other came slowly back to him after questioning the Steward. "I have not seen him on board before."

"He was my brother, and he is not on board," was the startling answer. "I left him in Liverpool, and I know he can't have come away."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; it must have been some one of the passengers. I certainly don't believe it was your brother. He was as utterly unlike you as one man can be unlike another. He was tall and you are short, he was fair and you are dark, he was stout and you are slim, and your faces are completely different."

"Yes, I know. I call him my brother, but he is really my half-brother. His name is C., and we are totally unlike each other. But that man was my half-brother, Jack C., as sure as I am standing here, or—his ghost."

Well, there was no more ecarte that afternoon; none of the officers or passengers had seen anybody answering to the description of the supposed C., and he never appeared again until they reached New York.

scrawl came forth. Then the great bungling fellow went over them again, jumbled them up, picked them out, placed them together, and finally developed a sort of sketchwork direction, out of which Dacre could make some system and coherence.

"It's a lonely place, that cave," roused the binder. "Better go in the daytime. Eh? Will I have a drink? Well, cider's the strongest I take, and it will be welcome. Come ahead. Hello! we've had company, it seems."

"Eh?" ejaculated Dacre, starting. The charcoal burner pointed to a figure scurrying from a near thicket. A muttered cry of alarm escaped the schemer's lips. There had been a listener. As the lurker dodged across the road towards the tavern, he made him out plainly—it was the blue-spectacled man!

The discovery aroused every latent instinct of dread in the plotter's suspicious nature. This man possessed, shared the secret that Binder had just unfolded. Dacre got rid of a guest at the tavern. He strolled aside, determined to keep a watch on the spy, who, for the fourth time had crossed his path. If he did not appear about the place soon, he would decide that he had started in quest of the hidden package, and he would not delay in prosecuting the search himself, otherwise, he would wait for morning.

Glancing casually at the upper windows of the inn, Dacre came to an interested and engrossed halt. A soldier and a woman were shown a fight. Its rays revealed the inmate of the apartment. It was the tawny-faced, homespun-clad, blue-spectacled stranger.

Only those blue goggles were missing now. The man standing before the mirror, had just removed them. What a change they made in the expressive face—a change so startling, that, as the lamplight fell over the stranger's features, with a shock and a low cry Arnold Dacre recoiled.

"Those eyes!" he gasped. "Where have I seen—merciful goodness! I know him at last!"

A Marine Ghost. Two young Englishmen sailed together on board a Cunard steamer from Liverpool for New York a short time ago. They had never met before, but they happened to come together in the first evening on board, and, finding that they had a great deal in common, soon became something more than mere acquaintances. It was a rough passage, and they were seldom able to get on deck, so they spent most of their time playing cards. It was between the decks of one of their games, and the one who was sitting on the bunk (whom we will call Mr. A.) was shuffling the cards, when both became aware that a third person was standing at the cabin door looking at them.

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NEW YORK, March 4.—Mrs. Bernstein and Mrs. Rosen occupy apartments on the top floor of the tenement house 194 Henry street. They both went out yesterday morning, locking their children in. The former had four offspring ranging from eleven to sixteen years, the latter had one daughter aged seven. After their departure a kerosene stove in the apartment of Myer Memburt on the lower floor exploded, setting fire to Mrs. Memburt's clothing. She managed to extinguish the flames and with her two children made her escape. There were twelve families in the tenement and all of them rushed for the fire escape. The fire swept out into the hallway and up the stairway like a flash and the upper story was soon a mass of flames. The fire department soon had the flames under control, however, and were congratulating themselves on the escape of all the inmates and a slight fire loss when wild shrieks of a woman came from the through in the street. It was Mrs. Bernstein who knew nothing of her children's peril until turning the corner, she saw the crowd and the evidences of fire. With the utmost difficulty she was restrained from rushing into the building. As soon as possible the firemen made their way to the top story and found the five little ones suffocated in their beds. The fire had not reached them but smoke had entered and asphyxiated them in their sleep.

The Governor will Appoint. HELENA, MONT., March 4.—When the two houses met in joint session to ballot on senator the galleries and the aisles of the house were crowded with spectators. A rumor had gone abroad that Clark had secured several republican votes and would be elected before adjournment. Nobody seemed to know anything about the matter, however, and when the roll call was begun the faces of many of the democratic members were a painful study. The fifth man on the roll a republican, voted for Clark, amid great applause from the galleries. A Dixon man also changed to Clark and then three more republicans voted for Clark, but the latter was doomed to disappointment, as he received but thirty-two votes, three short of a majority. Mantle received twenty-five votes, Dixon eleven and Carter one. The Dixon and Mantle men immediately forced through a resolution adjourning the session sine die. Governor Richard is therefore left to appoint a senator until a session of the legislature in 1895. It is stated that the governor will disappoint both Sanders and Carter, and confer the toga on Lieutenant-Governor Botkin.

A Dead Crow. WILSEY, MONT., March 4.—A single Crow Indian terrorized this whole town for several hours and was finally shot dead himself. A ranchman fired five shots at the Indian, one or two of which took effect. Smith then fired at him with a shotgun and he fell mortally wounded. There are a number of Crows camped at Wilsey, who threaten to avenge the death of their companion but the villagers have armed themselves and are prepared for an attack.

Law in Limbo. CHICAGO, March 4.—The grand jury returned an indictment yesterday morning for murder against Charles D. Law, general superintendent of the Fort Wayne road. The indictment is the result of the accident at the Forty-seventh street crossing of the Fort Wayne road in which four persons were killed outright and fourteen seriously injured. The charge is not a ballable one and Law will be arrested and jailed.

A Hurled Wheel. LOWELL, Mass., March 4.—The twenty-foot fly wheel of the electric street railway power house, making a twenty-two revolutions per minute, burst through great sections through the sides and top of the building to a distance of a hundred yards or more, stopping all the electric street cars in the city. A. H. Mead, assistant engineer, was killed, and another employe was injured.

Made on Hand. ATLANTA, Ga., March 4.—Hoke Smith, who is to be secretary of the interior in the next cabinet, left for Washington, accompanied by a large party of friends. He has disposed of a portion of his stock in the Journal to employes of the paper, as during his residence at Washington he will be unable to take part in its management.

Students Injured. LITTLE ROCK, March 4.—An incendiary fire early yesterday morning destroyed the colored Baptist college here. Twenty of the students slept in the building, which was a firetrap, and all were compelled to jump from windows. Six were severely hurt, probably fatally.

Villages Swept Away. PANAMA, March 4.—Campidan valley Guatemala, has been flooded. Six villages have been swept away and hundreds of people are reported drowned.

Buried in the Ruins. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 4.—At 1:45 yesterday afternoon the three story brick building, 25 Washington street, fell, burying several workmen who were on the roof. Work had just begun tearing the building down to make room for a new one and fifteen men were on the roof. It is believed that four men are buried in the ruins. Several impossible persons were taken from the ruins, some of whom it is believed will die.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

A. C. Loder, of Cass county, received \$128 for three fat porkers. The grocery fakira are doing Furnas county to the queen's taste. The Kearney paper mill has started up under favorable auspices. The Baptist church at Hooper has a new bell that can be heard six miles. Wilber is perfecting arrangements for a brewery to be owned by "home talent."

Talmage is threatened with a big building boom as soon as the blizzards subside. Randolph is enjoying a spiritual awakening that makes him tremble in his boots. Professor Foster predicted the late blizzard and for once guessed correctly as to date.

Prairie fires have swept the country west of Blue creek in Deuel county for twenty miles. Mrs. W. L. Dows of Kearney was seriously injured by being thrown from her carriage. A man named Smith was arrested at Kearney for forgery. He is not a relative of Hoke Smith.

Rev. Isaac Ogalalla will fill the pulpit of the Congregational church at Wilcox for the ensuing year. A fifteen-year-old son of Geo. Botcher, living near Talmage, fell on the ice fracturing his thigh. The North Nebraska teachers' association will hold a three days session at Fremont, beginning March 29.

A new postoffice has been established in McPherson county. It is called Tyrone and James M. Patterson carries the keys. The Hooper creamery owned by a stock company has gone out of business on account of too meager dividends. The little town of Ames on the Union Pacific railroad is doing its level best to catch up with the rest of the world.

Eric Liff, living near Sidney, broke his good right arm in a runaway accident. It was a horse that ran away. He did the rest. The Frenchman river is said to have enough power in its loins to run all the mill machinery of Nebraska. All it needs is proper development. The death of John Shervin, of Fremont, will cause genuine sorrow throughout the state. He was well known and universally beloved.

There is a famine of marriageable women in Chase county, and parties in need of thrifty husbands are invited to let it be known through the local papers. The man who looted the drug store at Leigh has been found, also a large part of the stolen goods. The thief runs a rival shop and will be vigorously prosecuted. Art Hammel of Fremont was convicted of the disgusting charge of being a solicitor for a house of bad character, and fined \$25. It ought to have been \$2,500.

Two Clay county boys were shooting at a target with Winchester rifles, and that's what caused the death of a valuable horse that a neighbor was hauling hay with near by. Perry Vakiner, a fifteen-year-old boy living near Dodge was riding to town when his horse slipped and fell upon him, breaking his left leg near the thigh and dislocating his wrist. Evaline Bradstone, the Superior beauty whose bicycle was stolen some weeks ago, has been made happy by the return of the valuable roadster. It was found by a section hand in a corn field where the thief had planted it.

There is an effort being made to organize a colony of old soldiers and their friends in Gage county, for the purpose of locating on the Cherokee strip or the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservation lands in the Indian territory. Clint Himebaugh, a workman of the Creamery Package Manufacturing company's shop in Fremont, had the fingers of his left hand badly mashed by getting them caught in the treading machine, and having the weight of the big hammer come down on them. He will be laid up for some time.

O. C. Bates, of the Atkinson Graphic, is the responsible author and patentee of the word blizzard. In 1893, while publishing the Northern Vindicator at Etherville, Ia., the coinage took place. Northwestern Iowa was then sparsely settled by sturdy pioneers, who had fearlessly faced Indian bullets and trifle incident to the settling of a new country, but when a three-days' north-wester howled down upon them, and it took them weeks thereafter to gather up and bury the defenseless dead, no language in vogue at that time could express the peculiarities of the storm and the genius of O. C. Bates, of whom there is but one, labeled the thing a "blizzard" and let it go. The word was caught up by other papers, and in a short time had traversed the continent and engraved itself in the appendix of Webster's dictionary, and will live and flourish long after its founder has mouldered back to forgotten dust.

The People's Postcard of Sidney publishes a long list of letters showing what the farmers of Cheyenne county have accomplished in agricultural pursuits. The theory is expounded that the west is a sandy desert. Robert Barr, a prominent farmer living seven miles south of Stanton, met with ill luck on Saturday, his leg was broken in two places by a heavy log rolling upon him.