

NEBRASKA NEWS.

Dozens of farmers in Holt county have been nearly bankrupted by the late prairie fires.

T. J. Hill of Fillmore narrowly escaped death last week from being thrown from a bucking broncho.

Fairbury is troubled with fire bugs and the citizens have guns set for them in case they can be identified.

The people of Hebron have closed the contract with the King Press Drill company, for the establishing of a factory at Hebron.

Battle Creek has a cow that gave birth to one calf on Wednesday morning and about four days thereafter gave birth to another.

Frontier county is working hard for an industrial home, to be located at Stockville. The land has been donated and part of the money raised.

The expert who has just completed the examination of the records of Dawson county, will report more than one official who has "overdrawn his account."

"Tuck" Thayer and his wife of Greeley who were divorced about four years ago met some time ago, went through a second courtship and were married again.

The millinery establishment of Miss Olive Ballard at Liberty was totally destroyed by fire. The fire originated from the friction of scrubbing her carpet with gasoline.

Charles Campbell of Palmyra was found dead in his harness shop last week. He was highly respected but addicted to drink to which cause his death is assigned.

Greely Center citizens are gunning after fire-bugs. Two or three incendiary fires are about all they can stand and if the bugs are caught fire water won't save them.

Sherman county has reached that state of civilization that attracts the travelling grocer sharp. The Northwestern is trying to redeem the people from their clutches however.

Jack Daulton and Willis Palmer were working on a swing platform in Gothenburg, and when the rope broke the men tumbled a distance of fifteen feet. Palmer was badly injured.

The Wisner Chronicle mentions a prize fight near that place in which one of the principals left the ring with a broken arm and allowed the other fellow to walk off with \$130 gate receipts.

Chadron barely missed another shooting scrap last week. A colored man and Caucasian were the principals this time, but no damage aside from the explosion of a revolver resulted from the melee.

A broad-shouldered thief entered the town of Atkinson and carried off two breaking plows belonging to John Stewart. A stationary engine is no safe when modern Samsons take to stealing.

John Riley was convicted of burglary of a store at Dubois last January and sentenced by Judge Bush to confinement in the penitentiary at hard labor for four years. Riley is 21 years old. His parents live at Kansas City.

Fred Nevotny, the Sheridan county school district treasurer who refused to settle his delinquency when his successor was elected, has been found guilty of embezzlement and will pay a fine of \$340 and wear "streaked" breeches for a while.

Indications are that the Nebraska Conference Epworth League convention which meets in York May 16 to 18, will be largely attended and of wonderful power. Nearly every chapter in the conference will send its full quota of delegates. General Secretary Schell will be there.

A man by the name of Smith inveigled the people of Davenport into the belief that he was lusting after Nebraska land. He made two or three first-class purchases, in his mind, boarded two weeks at a first-class hotel free of charge and then departed the realm. And the citizens do say that Smith was demented.

What doubt there remained in the minds of the people in regard to the fruit having "nipped in the bud" was entirely dispelled the other morning, when they saw the leaves and blossoms of their trees withering in the sun. There was a splendid prospect for a good crop until the recent cold snap.—Swanton Record.

A colored gentleman named Bell, who clerked in a livery stable at Gothenburg, took on a cargo of fire water and painted the town. In the midst of his jamboree he shot at an inoffensive fellow citizen and then skipped for parts unknown, telling his wife before going that he had murdered a man. The shot did no worse damage than to spoil a good bat.

A small boy of Sheldon, went gunning for geese, with the blunderbuss full to the muzzle, and what in the devil became of the geese, is just now somewhat of a puzzle. He took deadly aim at the king of the flock, and rattle-ting went the gun. The hunter found nothing of it but the stock, and some black and blue marks for his fun.

A number of Quakers, from all parts of the county, are to found a colony in Marion County, Oregon. They have secured 2,500 acres, one half of which will be planted in fruit trees.

An Attempt to Shoot Gladstone.

LONDON, April 29.—The Pall Mall Gazette contains a sensational article under big headlines, declaring that an attempt was made to shoot Gladstone at midnight as he was walking through St. James park on his way home. Many inquiries have been received from various parts of the country as to the accuracy of the report. Its truthfulness is credited. A man is now under arrest on the charge of firing a revolver in a public thoroughfare. When arrested he was found to have a pocketbook containing entries detailing the recent movements of Gladstone. His object is unknown. Gladstone was going home from dinner when the revolver was fired, but saw nothing of the occurrence. When the shooter was arraigned in the police court the testimony elicited seemed to indicate that he tried to shoot a policeman. His notebook contained a mass of ravings against Irish home rule and suggestions that the murder of Gladstone would be justifiable.

GREAT FEAR FOR HIS SAFETY. Notwithstanding the statements that Gladstone was in no danger of being shot and that no importance was attached to the affair, there is a growing suspicion that Gladstone is nearer imminent danger than his friends are willing to admit. The man under arrest is named William Townsend. He is thirty-eight years old and a resident of Sheffield. The officer who arrested him saw him mount the steps of Gladstone's residence shortly after Gladstone entered. When the policeman ordered him to descend he fired at him and desperately resisted arrest. Townsend says the discharge of the revolver was accidental.

The following is from his notebook: "The Irish home rule bill passed second reading by a full majority, including Saunders. Tackling does not convert. Now is the time for action. I might willfully murder you. Would nothing of the kind be justified? Now, to prove it, what says Sir Henry James? See Gladstone's speech. What says Saunders?"

The magistrate instructed the jailor to guard the prisoner with the utmost care.

Heavy Failures. SIOUX CITY, Ia., April 29.—Thursday developments in the financial situation here included the failure of the Union Stock Yards company and of Ed. Haakinson, secretary of the company and a member of the syndicate that controlled the collapsed companies. Haakinson's assignment was to E. B. Spalding and was made without preference. On Tuesday he made an assignment of certain special credits and some transfers of property. The general assignment covers the balance of his property, which was large. His private affairs were in the best of condition and he would have no trouble but for his indorsement of large amounts of paper for the syndicate, which was floated in the east through the Union Loan and Trust company. No schedules of assets and liabilities were filed with the assignment, as they will not be ready for a day or two.

At 4:45 Thursday afternoon the most important failure of the series as affecting local interests was announced when A. L. Stetson, a stockholder in the Union Stock Yards company, made application before Judge Gaynor in the district court for the appointment of a receiver. The court appointed H. P. Chesley, manager of the yards, as receiver, fixing his bond at \$20,000. The stock yards company had a considerable floating debt, which was placed through the Union Loan and Trust company. When that company became embarrassed some stock yards paper went to protest. An effort was made to raise money and save the stock yards company, but it failed. The application for a receiver alleges that the officers have issued its negotiable paper in excess of the amount of indebtedness it was authorized to carry; also that attachments were threatened and a receivership was necessary to protect the stockholders.

Loss Two Million Francs. PARIS, April 29.—The bleach works at Epinal, in the department of the Mosges, have been destroyed by fire, the damage amounting to 2,000,000 francs.

List of Fatalities. GUTHRIE, O. T., April 29.—The list of fatalities by the cyclones of Tuesday night grows larger each hour. In the devastated district near Norman thirty-four bodies have been prepared for burial. Several more were found yesterday morning and half a score of people are still missing. A hundred and fifty people were injured, six or eight of whom will die. Near Purcell eleven people all members of the Catholic congregation, are dead. At the town of Case the storm swept away nearly every building and eight people were killed. At Langston two are dead, two dying and twelve injured. East of these two families, numbering five and six members, respectively, perished, and in the extreme eastern part of Payne county it is believed that nearly a score were killed. The full list of the dead will surely aggregate one hundred, the injured five times that number, and the loss of property will foot up nearly \$1,000,000.

The Chamber Recedes. PARIS, April 29.—The danger of a protracted dispute between the senate and the chamber of deputies has been averted by the action of the committee of the chamber of deputies in agreeing to separate the liquor tax proposals from the budget and in adopting the scheme of the senate for the taxation of buildings on the bonus. The chance of the conflict between the two chambers is thus removed and it is expected that harmony will be entirely re-established.

Terrible Destruction.

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T., April 29.—Two distinct cyclones, a terrible hail storm and a waterspout combined of wreck awful destruction in the newly built towns in Oklahoma.

It is reported that sixty-two human lives were sacrificed. It is positive that forty were killed, while several were fatally and scores seriously injured.

Orders for thirty-one coffins have been received here at Norman and supplies were telegraphed for from other points.

NORMAN SUFFERS. The brunt of the storm laid upon the prosperous little town of Norman on the Santa Fe railroad, twenty miles south.

At that point thirty-one people were killed, dozens injured and the town almost completely destroyed. The people are frenzied and cannot give any estimate of the loss, and know nothing except to care for the dead and injured.

Further on the villages of Downs and Keokuk Falls were nearly devastated and scores of people injured fatally and otherwise.

The first signs of impending danger were seen late in the afternoon in a pall black cloud overshadowing the northwest for miles around. At 7:30 o'clock the monster swooped down on the town of Moore. Houses with precious lives were caught up and carried before the angry torrent, great trees were twisted up and barns, fences and everything in its path were laid low.

Passing along for eight miles, it struck the town of Norman, where the damage was repeated, and then went on to Downs and Keokuk Falls and through Pottawattamie county, where thousands of dollars' worth of property was demolished.

TEN LIVES CRUSHED OUT. The house of John O'Connor, near Moore, was destroyed and John O'Connor and his wife and three children, and five neighbors who sought shelter in the building, were rushed to death. The frame house of John Hanks, was torn to pieces and he was killed, while others of the family were badly injured three of the children and Mrs. Banks fatally.

The home of Henry Dyer was demolished and five people badly injured. East of the stricken town two men and two women were killed. Around Norman, after the cyclone, a fearful hailstorm started in, and after it a violent rainstorm. Would-be rescuers could hear the pitiful cries of unfortunates and here and there located imprisoned victims, but help in most cases was out of the question, and several of the unfortunates were consigned to lay buried beneath the debris of their homes. Men and women and children by the score spent the dismal night in the rain in an endeavor to find loved ones.

WORK OF RESCUE. As soon as it was light enough men got quickly to work and commenced the rescue. Poor victims who had been imprisoned all night were carefully carried to improvised hospitals. But few saved, more than what they had on their backs. Help from neighboring towns soon arrived and before nightfall something like comfort was provided. Everything, however, is in confusion, and it will be impossible to gain a correct list of the casualties.

Cherokee Delegation Reach Washington. WASHINGTON, April 29.—The Cherokee delegation selected to complete the negotiations for the Cherokee strip have arrived.

Cyclone Horrors. MOORE, O. T., April 28.—Further reports of the cyclone near here multiply the horrors. The latest estimate is that thirty-six people were killed and twenty-five injured. One hundred and twenty-five persons are left in destitute circumstances and thirty-six houses were swept away.

HAD AMPLE WARNING. The most damage was done in the vicinity of Norman, in the western and central portions of the country. It was about 5:30 p. m. that the people of Purcell, a town in the Chickasaw nation, fifteen miles southwest of here, noticed a dark cloud overhanging the western sky which began to send down squalls like a car of doom. Several persons observed the formation of these clouds through a field glass. Points projecting from the clouds, slowly assumed a cylindrical form, then a conical, which very much resembled great funnels, out of the ends of which destruction poured. Their course was from southwest to northeast, and at first they moved slowly, but seemed to gain force and rapidly as the points touched the earth. Passing northward and slightly to the east it crossed the South Canadian river about midway between Purcell and Norman. Here it struck the thickly settled portion of this country and only missed this town by about one mile. By this cyclone four persons were killed and several injured. Seven dwelling houses and two school houses were destroyed, besides machinery and stock and numerous outbuildings, fences and barns.

Iowa G. A. R. Officers. KEOKUK, Ia., April 28.—The second day of the Iowa department encampment of the grand army of the republic was devoted wholly to business. Pall Schaller of City was elected department commander; Thomas Bell of Fairfield, senior vice-commander; L. S. Trousar, West Mitchell, junior vice-commander, and Rev. G. A. Hoover, Davenport, chaplain. The next encampment will be held at Council Bluffs.



LADY MAJENDIE

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Did my son make any purchases at Glontyre?" she asked.

"Yes; he bought Beaver and Raven, the two retrievers."

"How long did you stay there?"

"Till the thirtieth of that month; when Ewan returned, he said there were guests at Dunmonaigh."

Lady Grisel sat thinking.

"How old is your child?" she said, suddenly.

"Five months old."

"What is her name?"

"Margaret Grisel."

A momentary flash of emotion passed over Lady Grisel's face as she heard her own name.

"This is vain talk after all," she said.

"Give me the papers."

Assunta held out the roll, labeled, and bound with its green ribbon. She felt very faint, as though the room whirled round and round.

"No hand but yours should open it," she said.

"Ewan trusted you, Lady Grisel, as he never could trust another."

Then she sat back watching the papers that held her fate, with clasped hands and blanched lips.

Assunta rose suddenly and put his hand on the packet; he bent down, and examined it closely.

"That is without doubt my brother's seal," he said. "That is quite right; and he slipped the ring from his finger and placed it over the impression of the seal. Lady Grisel was about to open it, when once more he stopped her."

"Would it not be wiser and more just to this lady," he said, "that there should be independent witnesses to this transaction?"

Assunta bowed her head—she could scarcely speak. Lady Grisel seemed struck with what he said, and prayed Master Malcolm to ring the bell.

It seemed as if the minutes were hours that elapsed before the butler and house-keeper and Lady Grisel's own woman stood together in a line, adding to the strangeness of the scene.

Lady Grisel's voice did not falter as she explained shortly.

"It is said that the lady was married, and that this lady is his wife. In proof of this she has put into my hands these papers to be examined before witnesses; and she read the labels aloud."

"So great was the silence, that all started when the seal cracked and gave way; and slowly Lady Grisel unwound the green ribbon. One by one the labels unrolled, fluttered to the ground; with a loud rustle the paper unrolled. One glance of her eye was enough—they were blank papers. Still Lady Grisel turned them from side to side, and backward and forward. The Minister started up; a faint smile had come over the faces of the impartial spectators, and Angus gave a low, jarring laugh. Assunta had sat still with her head turned aside, and saw not the strange looks they were casting at her; but at the sound of the laugh she turned and rose to her feet."

THE HEIRESS OF DUNMONAIGH CASTLE

"I am coming," she answered; and kneeling down, she gathered together all the papers and wound the ribbons and labels round them.

"These are all the justice that is for me," she said, and turned to the door.

With swift steps Lady Grisel followed her gaunt woman.

"Forgive," she said faintly.

Assunta's whole face changed to an expression of deadly terror.

"Forgive," she cried; "you ask me to forgive! Then it must be true! and he has been false to me! false as hell itself! and I am undone!" and she turned and fled from the house—fled along the road as if terror and anguish had lent her wings.

"Oh, follow her! follow her, Master Malcolm!" cried Lady Grisel.

"All that I can do for her and her child; you will be their friend?"

As the Minister went out, Lady Grisel bent her head and wept more bitter tears than she had done over the burying of her first-born son.

When Master Malcolm reached home, he found Kerenhappuch waiting for him at the door.

"So he's deceived the poor lass, Master Malcolm!" she cried; "I couldna have believed that siccan a bonny lad could have so black and false a heart. She's daft wi' the news, poor body."

The Minister shook his head sorrowfully.

"Ay, Huppie, never was woman so cruelly deceived. What is she doing now?"

"She sits by the fire and doensna move, and she neither greets nor manes; her wits are clear gone."

"Poor soul—poor soul!" and the Minister went up to pray. He held it best to pray first and strive to comfort by-and-by.

But in the night, when all were asleep, Assunta took her child in her arms and arose; she put bread in her pocket, and wrapped a plaid round the child and fled. Down the highroad she walked, and an unnatural strength seemed to bear her up.

For about ten yards the highroad hung over the lochs. Assunta looked down into the quiet waters, so still and deep—and she clasped her child and thought of the rest, of the peace, under the cold water—escape for both from this cruel world; but the child opened her eyes and Assunta moaned and went on her way.

Some miles further on the road she would wait for the coach which would bear her thence, never to come back—never, never more.

CHAPTER VI. The snow had fallen thick and fast, and all the ground round the manse lay under a white unbroken sheet.

The manse stood at the brow of a hill, bleak and very cold without, but it was so warmly thatched that it was comfortable enough within. The path which led up to the door had not been swept, and the deep snow impeded Lady Grisel's steps as she mounted the hill. Her face had grown older and more careworn during the two months that had elapsed since Ewan's death, and her eyes would often look fixed and troubled.

The Minister was sitting in his little room when Lady Grisel came in. He placed a chair for her by the law peddle and helped to remove her fur cloak.

"I am still very unhappy, my old friend," she began.

"Ah! the loss of such a son, Lady Grisel!"

"She waved her hand. "That was God's will, Master Malcolm," she said, "she promised to be borne; it is about Assunta that I have come to you," and the tears started to her eyes.

"She was silent for one moment, then raising herself, she said—

"I am anxious about that poor girl."

"Have you heard from her, Lady Grisel?"

"Alas, no! it is not likely that she would write to me, after what she said to you in Edinburgh. You are sure of her address?"

very expensive, laughed rudely in answering, and went out to tell his friends the good joke.

The cab was procured, the Minister being anxious to begin his work at once, though he was very weary from having traveled all through the night.

The cab rattled over the stones. It seemed a long and weary time before it stopped and the man opened the door.

Master Malcolm's heart beat as he rang the bell. He had to wait some time, before it was answered by a very shabby-looking woman, who looked sharply at him as if to inquire his business.

When asked whether Mrs. Carrol was there (for that was the name poor Assunta had assumed) the landlady informed him that she was gone—had not, in fact, stayed there more than a fortnight. The woman invited Master Malcolm in, and sitting down opposite to him, said she would answer anything he chose to ask, for she had taken a fancy to the poor young lady, and would be only too glad to hear of her welfare.

She had been very ill there the landlady said—delirious in her mind at first, and then so weak that she could not set foot to the ground; and before she was well enough to do so, she had insisted upon going, for she had to pay the doctor's bill, and her lodging, and she could no longer afford such lodgings, "which they are very good, though I says it that should be," said the woman.

"She kissed me, she did," she continued, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her pocket-handkerchief, "and thanked me for all the trouble I had been at with the baby on my hands. She was a dear young lady."

"But can you tell me where she is gone?" said the poor Minister.

"Yes, I think I could; but I must think. It was Bill as took her box in a barrow, and whether it was for whether it was a, I am not sure; but a respectable street it was, and the lodging was kept by the cousin of Mrs. Smith (that's our baker), and she married into the upholstery line, and took a nice house, and lets it cheaper than I can do, being a widow; and she went there, I am sure, because I know that Bill took her box; whether it is or I can't say."

"And the street?"

"Deal street; it is a poor neighborhood, but respectable."

"Had she any means of making her own livelihood?" asked the Minister, anxiously.

"She taught Miss Smith, leastways she was to have taught her, French and Italian, for five shillings a-week; but what with her going away, and what with her illness, that teaching were not gone on with, that I know of."

Master Malcolm thanked the woman for her kindness, and went, out again into the wet street, for the fog had now changed into a thick, drizzling rain.

"To Deal street," he said; and the cabman mounted, with much grumbling, into his seat, and tucked his horse-cloth tighter round his knees.

They tried No. 8, then No. 9; Mrs. Carrol was not known at either house.

The cabman advised trying No. 10, but fruitlessly; at last, in despair, they tried 28, and this time were so far successful that they found that Mrs. Carrol had been there.

The Minister shivered as he saw the dirty, poverty-stricken look of the place. The landlady, an aggressive-looking woman, with her black hair twisted into curl-papers, parlor, a small room, with a huge-patterned drab paper and two cases of wax-flowers, veiled in cones, yellow muslin.

She began talking at once.

"If you're the friends, sir, you ought to look after her better, that's all I can say. Here she comes, that weak and ill, as I thought she would have died on my hands; but when I asked my rent, she's up and paid me a week in advance, which, as she had no reference, is customary, and—"

But the Minister cut short her endless flow of talk, asking—

"Can you tell me her present address?"

"Indeed and I cannot; which it's doubtful whether any one hereabouts can, for no one notices where them goes as have paid up every penny they owe, for a real lady she was."

"Why did she leave you?" asked the minister, his heart sinking very low.

"Well," began the woman, twisting up her apron, "she was a deal of trouble, and the baby was a handful, just begun with its teething."

"You sent her away?"

"No—not that exactly; but I put on sixpence for the child, and its fresh milk came to temperance."

"So it was want of money drove her away," said the Minister.

He could hardly speak for sorrow and indignation—he shook the dust off his feet as he crossed the threshold of the woman's house.

Where should he go next? how should he pursue his inquiries? He had no resources but to confide to the cabman that he was in search of a lady who could not be found.

They went to all the petty tradesmen near, consulted cabmen who might have remembered carrying a lady, and her child and box, somewhere; but all in vain. Assunta was lost in this huge London wilderness.

At last, weary and disheartened, Master Malcolm returned to his hotel. The common room was now full of men, talking and smoking, and he made his way up to his own room.

He sat thinking gloomily, when an idea suddenly flashed across his mind. Assunta had promised always to send him her address; that she had delayed writing from Deal street might be accounted for by the fact that she remained there so short a time; but in all probability a letter was waiting for him now at his own manse, in the very north of Scotland, telling him where she was, perhaps that she had already arrived at utmost need. Master Malcolm sat down and wrote at once to Kerenhappuch desiring her to forward his letters, should there be any; and bitter were his regrets when he considered that at least six days must elapse before he could hope for an answer.

He thought that no time during the whole course of his life had seemed so long as the next week, for it was seven days before the answer came; he had no occupation but wandering about the streets, or reading the papers.

The letter arrived at last. Master Malcolm was right in his conjecture. She had written to him, and as he read her letter, his heart died within him.

"My only friend," she wrote, "sorrow has broken my pride; I am changed now. Send me money, for I know not where to turn! Tell Lady Grisel that I accept her offer—it's for Ewan's child. I am very ill, so ill that I can scarcely see to write, but they are very kind to me and to baby. Send me—" the letter broke off abruptly, and the direction was written in a strange hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]