

I. J. SIMMONS, Proprietor  
HARRISON, — NEBRASKA

Damage by Wind and Rain.

NEW YORK, May 6.—The heavy rain storm of Thursday night and yesterday morning has passed off east at a forty-eight-mile gale, but reports from surrounding sections of the country indicate that it has left an unpleasant mark. It started in Texas and moved northeastward, increasing in its fury as it came along. Its route was along the coast and it was attended by heavy rainfalls breaking the drought in Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas. The center was directly over New York at 8 o'clock in the morning and gave New York the lowest barometer ever recorded in the New York weather bureau. The barometer recorded 29.12 inches. The rainfall accompanying the storm was over three inches in this city at 10 o'clock in the morning and generally from two to three inches along the coast.

REPORT FROM MANY TOWNS.  
The rainfall extended into the interior of the country about 200 miles. The wind velocity at Block Island was forty-eight miles an hour and here for two. The whole territory north of stern New York was drenched by the heavy rain, and all streams are swollen above their banks. At Fort Edward and Glens Falls the Hudson river is two feet above its usual high-water mark of spring freshets, and mills at both places are unable to run. At Whitehall, the north wind has driven the water up the lakes and the docks are flooded and Wood creek covers the flats for twelve miles south. Severe damage along the line of the Erie canal, particularly on the long level between Utica and Syracuse, is threatened. The streams and their feeders are swollen enormously and overflowing their banks.

The storm raged throughout Pennsylvania. The town of Shenandoah is excited by the discovery of large cracks in the largest of the four dams situated above the Kebley colliery northwest of the town. The people residing in the western part of the town were warned during the forenoon to leave and immediately commenced to move their goods and have fled to the hills. The collieries along the creek ordered the men out and have hoisted their mules.

From Lancaster; Heavy rain Thursday night turned all the streams in this county into raging torrents. John Dierwichter of Eghrata was drowned in Cocalice creek yesterday morning.

From Williamsport; Section of the Williamsport boom broke. About 15,000,000 feet of logs escaped through the break and are passing down the river.

VESSELS WRECKED.  
From Atlantic City, N. J.; Yesterday's terrific wind storm sent down another vessel off the treacherous Brigantine shoals. A three-masted schooner laboring about three miles off the station signaled for assistance, but the sea was so high that it was impossible for the life-saving crew, to get out a boat. Before any help could be rendered the vessel went down suddenly in about six fathoms of water, but her mast, with the colors still flying, showing above the water.

New England also felt the storm. Trainmen on the Fitchburg road report eleven slides and four washouts on the road between Bardwell and Stillburne Falls. The wires are all down and no trains have run since yesterday.

From Newburyport, Mass.; A two-masted schooner, supposed to be the *Brave of Deer Isle*, Me., went ashore about one-third of a mile north of Knob's life saving station, Blum island, yesterday. The life saving crew went off duty May 1, and nobody saw the wreck except Captain Stevens and Nathaniel Watson, who were stopping there. They got two men and a boy to help them, and succeeded in getting a short line on board the craft. A heavy sea, however, swept the rope out of the hands of the crew, who were in the rigging, and it was then seen that they were doomed. Soon after the spars fell and with them four men, who are supposed to be all there were on the boat. The wreck is completely broken to pieces.

From Rutland, Vt.; Old residents say so severe a wind has not prevailed here in twenty years. The roofs of a factory and hotel were taken off and hardly a dwelling house escaped injury.

Looking at the Fair.  
CHICAGO, Ill., May 6.—Threatening skies kept the crowds from Jackson park yesterday, though the roadways were in the best condition for any time for the last month, the exhibits had grown in point of attractiveness under the redoubled efforts of the workmen, spurred by exhibitors.

The number of paid admissions at the gate was 15,970, and the number was considerably increased by the people who went in through the pass gates. The number on the grounds seemed much larger than it really was. The open air concerts and the scenery about the basin in front of the administration building were such strong counter attractions to the exhibits in the buildings that the visitors kept outside for the most part, putting in their time viewing the architectural and landscape features of the exposition.

A number of the cars, from all parts of the country, are to found a colony in the county. They have been ordered to leave on the first train to be sent to their homes.

A Carolina Cyclone.  
RALEIGH, N. C., May 5.—A cyclone struck Oxford, forty miles south of this city, late yesterday afternoon, doing great damage. In a swath 400 yards wide through the town, from southwest to northwest, frame houses were blown down, brick ones unroofed and lighter structures of all kinds destroyed. The town is in total darkness. The storm was accompanied by rain and hail, which fell with stones unusually large to a depth of four inches, breaking almost all the windows in the town.

The tornado swept on with a width of a quarter to a half mile, from Oxford to Henderson, twenty-two miles away, and its track beyond here looks as if it had been burned and swept. At Greystone, a small railroad station, all the houses were blown down. At Granite Quarry, near where the convicts are at work, a number of them were hurt. At Henderson the same experience was had as at Oxford. Ten people were injured, four seriously. There are indications of another blow in this vicinity, but the telegraph wires are down and no particulars are obtainable.

Coal Miners Will Strike.  
TERRE HAUTE, Ind., May 5.—Indications point to a strike of the bituminous coal miners all over Indiana. Delegates from the various districts held a meeting here behind closed doors and refused to give out any information of their deliberations. The miners' committee met a committee of the operators and a session of over two hours' duration was held without a decision being reached. The understanding was that another joint session would be held in a few days, at the call of President M. Cummesky, of the federation of united mine workers No. 11. The miners demanded an advance of five cents a ton and a corresponding increase for day workers. This the operators positively refused to grant, and at a previous meeting and the miners at a subsequent meeting decided to stand by their demand. The old scale expired May 1, and the miners at Coxville and Rosedale have already gone out pending a settlement.

The Reservoir Breaks.  
URBANA, O., May 5.—The greatest calamity that ever came to the people of Logan and Hardin counties occurred Wednesday night, when the Lewiston reservoir, covering seventeen thousand acres, broke and turned an immense flood of water upon the residents along its course. The break is 200 feet wide and the water came rushing down in a flood ten feet deep and three miles wide, completely submerging the country around and carrying everything in its way. In its course the flood took in the houses of Jack Smith and William Dovaunt and a large number of tenement houses and squatters and bachelors' homes. All these were submerged, though fortunately everybody managed to escape from the danger. The people fled in terror from their homes, while the swift rushing flood came down the valley, taking everything before it. A portion of the town of Port Jefferson was badly flooded. Quarry, Logansville, DeGraff, Piqua, Troy and Dayton, also in the course of the flood suffered considerable damage. Hundreds of families left their homes and fled out of reach of the coming torrent.

So far no loss of life is reported, but when the flood subsides it is likely to reveal that more than one unfortunate perished. It is impossible to give an estimate of the loss. The farmers are financially ruined.

The latest reports from the scene of the flood are reassuring, and it is believed such progress has been made as will prevent the further breaking of the reservoir, but the entire lower banks are saturated and in a very dangerous condition. Should further rains fall no human power can stay an awful catastrophe. Telegrams have been sent to the authorities at all threatened points to prepare for the worst as well as they hastily can and hope for the best.

French Aggressions.  
SAN FRANCISCO, May 5.—Advice from Singapore throw light on the cablegrams about French aggression in Siam. It seems that the French claim the valley of the Mekong as belonging to the nation of territory made when they acquired Tonquin. This has been resisted by the king, but now he is ill in his palace and there are signs that the French will be allowed to seize what comprises fully one-quarter of Siam's territory. The British will not interfere with the French, as the Siamese have alienated them by opposing the development of rich territory.

The young Siamese are organizing to resist the French, but the king is more afraid of his own army than of foreigners, as a war would be utilized by them for riot and plunder and their first act would be to loot the imperial palace.

Cyclone in Kansas.  
ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 5.—A cyclone struck Ballyville, Kas., sixty miles west of here, at 5 o'clock in the evening, wrecking the St. Joseph & Grand Island depot, Gregg Bros. elevator, the postoffice building, the Odd Fellow's hall, the Baptist church and other buildings. The damages will amount to \$5,000. No one was hurt.

Favorable Crop Prospect.  
ST. PAUL, Minn., May 5.—Dispatches from South Dakota show that no seeding was done early and the late snow and rain were beneficial. The prospects appear to be good, while the wheat acreage will exceed last year's. West Dakota reports a favorable prospect. Minnesota suffered much, not over 5 per cent being in. The average devoted to other cereals and potatoes will exceed last year's.



LADY MAJENDIE

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

And this was a week ago—may, more—ten or eleven days ago. Master Malcolm seized on his hat and rushed down stairs, calling loudly for a cab. He drove off to Whittle Court, brizling the cabman to drive with speed. It was a long ride, and the street that they drove down at was narrow and dirty. Damp clothes hung out of the windows to dry, and dirty children were making mudpies in the road.

No. 60 turned out to be a sort of carpenter's shop, where rugs and brushes were hung all over the outside; and the Minister had to pick his way through piles of chairs and iron bedsteads. The atmosphere was choked with dust.

The shop-owner, a fussy little man, in a black apron, directed him up stairs and to the topmost story he went, where he was received by a clean-looking woman, who at his first inquiry burst into tears.

"So you have come after her, poor lady, and might have helped her," she sobbed; "and she so ill."

"Can I see her at once?"  
"Law bless you, sir! see her? She has been gone this week."

"Where then must go who has none to help them?" said the woman; "why, she has gone to the workhouse."

Assunta, the proud Assunta, came to his Master Malcolm felt stunned as he heard the news; he hurried down stairs, the woman gave him the direction, and he was once more on the road.

"Poor Assunta! poor child!" he murmured to himself; "what a piteous fate!"

Now the cab rattled up to the door, and stopped, and Master Malcolm got out. He asked for the matron, and was received by her in her business room.

She was a kind-hearted woman and most anxious to do all in her power to help those under her charge.

"Let me see," said she rapidly wetting her thumb, and turning over the pages of her thick book of cases. A young woman taken in on Thursday the eleventh. Ah! here it is. Mrs. Carrol and child, brought in by Dr. Monk—he is our doctor, sir; put in infirmary No. 14. Ah, sir!" the kind woman stopped and looked at him.

"Do you know her?" he said, eagerly; "she has friends who have only just heard of her distress."

"I am afraid, sir, her friends are too late."

"Too late?"  
"No, 14 died at 12 o'clock last night."

The Minister covered his face with his hands. "Can I see her?" he said, after a moment's pause.

The matron nodded and led the way. Able-bodied inmates were sweeping the stairs, and she spoke sharply to one or two as she passed. A strong smell of ironing from the laundry below filled the air. She opened the door of a little room apart and ushered him in.

Under a coarse, white sheet lay a rigid, still form. The matron raised it slowly, and he looked for the last time on the calm, dead face of Assunta.

He could not weep over the storm-tossed life, now entered into rest; but he asked leave to stay and pray, and the matron left him alone.

CHAPTER VIII.  
In Edgar street, Soho, was a well-known book-shop kept by Andrew Brothers. One of the two brothers, Andrew Fairdon, attended to the business; the other had gone out to Australia many years ago, and having sent home money to put into the business, honest Andrew had added "Brothers" in large letters to the inscription over the door.

Lovel Fairdon had almost faded from the remembrance of the English relatives. The two brothers in former days had been close companions and friends, both intelligent, both ambitious. Lovel's ambition took a practical, money-making turn; Andrew's was quenched by his falling in love, which caused him contentedly to take up his father's trade, and sell books in Edgar street, Soho.

The girl whom he married had a little dowry of two hundred pounds, very profitable to the business. She was somewhat beneath him in position, far below him in education, the only child of a small tenant-farmer. She had lived all her life among poultry and cows, and was easily attracted by the clever young Londoner, who came down frequently for a country Sunday; and her shy, gentle manner, and the fresh sweetness of her beauty, proved to him an irresistible attraction.

The shrewder Lovel tried to talk away his brother's fancy, but Andrew's heart had always been better than his head, and he triumphantly brought home his young wife from the green open country to gloomy Soho.

sent her, had remained but one short week in the world, and had been laid to rest in the green church yard of her own home.

So Nannie's pretty face had a sad look, and very early there were threads of silver in her fair hair. Mrs. Fairdon's great delight was to do what good she could. The parish workhouse was not far from the shop, and she had made acquaintance with the busy matron, Mrs. Brown, the consequence was that she was often allowed to visit the old people and the infirmary, and her visits were hailed with delight—meaning, as they often did, packets of tea, good homemade cake, and sometimes baskets of flowers. More than one poor friendless widow of society owed to her that most precious of all gifts, a fresh start on coming out of the house. In any out-of-the-way case Mrs. Brown was wont to seek sympathy and even advice from Mrs. Fairdon.

It had been so when poor Assunta had been brought in almost dying, and reduced to such poverty that she had sold all the warm clothing she had possessed. Assunta never again raised her head from the pillow. The baby was a strong, healthy child, and thrived well even on workhouse nursing and food. It used to lie contentedly cooing for hours by its dying mother, at once the comfort and agony of her heart. That no answer came to her letter seemed to Assunta to mean that Lady Grisel had withdrawn her offer of help, that the Minister shrank from telling her such grievous news, that she was deserted by all.

One day Mrs. Fairdon (who visited her every day) found her in such grief that, melting into tears herself, she implored her to make her friend and confidant; and Assunta told her all her miserable story, only omitting the names. As she dwelt on Ewan's goodness, his beauty, and his love for her, Mrs. Fairdon saw well the blow that the suspicion of his treachery must have been; but she stifled the exclamation of indignation that rose to her lips, fearing to add to Assunta's anguish by confirming the dread, only half admitted by the unhappy girl, that Ewan had indeed been false. She soothed and petted her; then burst forth the poor mother's terror for her child—what would become of her? she was so utterly friendless.

When Mrs. Fairdon left her bedside and went home a dazzling vision was playing before her eyes. Would Andrew allow her to adopt this child as her own? Once, half in joke, he had told her that she could find a baby without one single tie in the world, she might have it, and the thought had been with her ever since.

The book-seller had not finished his work, but he was standing in the tiny back-yard of his house washing his hands at the pump, and singing merrily to himself Autolytus's song—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a minute."

When he saw Mrs. Fairdon's comely face now full of the keenest anxiety, he went up to her and kissed her, saying, "How now, sweet wife?"

Shakespeare was his mood just now, and he could scarcely speak plain English.

With eager haste she told him her story, holding him tight by one of the buttons of his coat. She had found the baby at last! Might she have it? As she turned her tender blue eyes up to his, Andrew read in them that indescribable longing of the childless mother, that unsatisfied emptiness of heart, and arms that till this moment he had scarcely realized, and had not noticed for years.

"It is such a dear little thing," she said; "a sweet little winsome thing with golden hair. It would be a joy and comfort to you, Andy, and you could teach it your fine poetry, and educate it to understand as I never could—no, not if I live to a hundred, my dear."

The man's eyes sparkled—there was something very inviting about the idea of this child to bring up.

"You are sure that nobody will be wanting to claim it?" he said, jealously, as though it were already his own. "If anybody else wants it, I'll not lift a finger to take it; my right must be undisputed."

"It has neither father nor kinsfolk to own it, and the poor young mother is dying; she is an Italian."

"An Italian! hum!"  
"But she has lived all her life in Scotland," cried Mrs. Fairdon, "and speaks English as well as yourself."

"It might be called Juliet," muttered Andrew, and his wife caught at the words.

"Then I may? I can tell her that the child shall be ours?"

"Yes, but my dear"—he was surprised to find his soft-hearted wife sobbing aloud on his breast; he went on kindly—"my dear, I will leave all to you; we must not have it if it is claimed by others; make sure of this first."

"I will—I will thank you, Andy—how can I thank you?"

Before half her thanks were over she had gone back to tell the news to poor Assunta.

When Mrs. Fairdon reached the workhouse, Assunta was almost past speaking. The people lying in their rows of beds ranged against the buff-plastered walls were all silent, for they knew that one soul from among them was passing away.

When Mrs. Fairdon knelt down and took the dying girl's hand in hers, and swore to be a mother to her child, she held her hand tightly in hers, and never took her eyes from Nannie's face, till the end came about twelve o'clock.

When Nannie came home, Andrew was quite grieved that she had not been able to bring the baby back with her, he longed to see it now that it was to be his, and was almost cross to his gentle wife.

CHAPTER IX.  
Very early on the following morning,

Mrs. Fairdon was at the workhouse—as early as she could get away from her household cares at home.  
It was a visiting day, and the friends of the patients were in the infirmary. The nurse, who was very busy, just told her that No. 13's baby had been taken to the old people's ward to be out of the way, and that one old woman had been told off to take care of it. She hurried away to the large ward, and found that also to be full of visitors.

As Mrs. Fairdon hurried through the rooms, she suddenly started and shivered—she saw the baby, her own precious baby, in the arms of a stranger.

The sky through the windows above the beds was gray and dim, for the day was cloudy, but one ray of brilliant white light shone round the rugged face of Master Malcolm, as he sat on a chair bed room white beds, with Assunta's golden-haired child in his arms. He was looking down on it tenderly, with deep compassion, and the baby gazing up into his face with the solemn dignity of infancy.

Mrs. Fairdon's heart died within her. Had he come to claim it? perhaps to take it away? What should she do? She went swiftly up to the Minister and held out her arms for the child. He rose to his feet, but showed a moment's reluctance to part with it.

"Will you not give it me, sir?" she said, piteously. "It is mine."

"Yours! I was told that it was the child of a friend of mine who has been called away from this world," he said, with a sigh.

"Oh, may I not have it?" entreated poor Nannie, with tears in her eyes. "The poor mother gave it to me—it is mine. It was with her at the last, and I swore to bring up the little one as my own."

The Minister looked at her earnestly; the stamp of goodness was on her face unmistakably, but still he hesitated. "You take upon yourself a great responsibility," he said, "to bring this little lamb to her Heavenly Father's fold."

"With His help I am not afraid," said Mrs. Fairdon, reverently. Then the Minister laid the child in her arms, saying, "Take her, then, in God's name."

Many important matters had to be settled, and several times Master Malcolm found himself in the back sitting-room of Fairdon's shop, arranging things with him. He could not feel justified in delivering the child wholly into these good people's care, he should have had time to communicate with Lady Grisel, whose name he forbore to mention; neither did the Fairdons seek to know it. The Minister thought that some payment ought to be made to help to meet the expenses of its support; but this Andrew absolutely declined. He was immovable; either the child must remain entirely in the hands of its unwilling relatives, or must be delivered over body and soul to him, to bear his name, and to be to him as a real daughter, her kindred residing in every claim.

Master Malcolm learned from the matron and others how complete he might rely on the excellence and goodness of the worthy couple; and it was with a lighter heart than he could have believed possible, that he wrote to tell Lady Grisel that a home, in every way so desirable, had offered itself for the little orphan.

The answer came at length; the waiting had seemed very long to the anxious Mrs. Fairdon. Lady Grisel was willing to renounce all claim, once and for ever, to the guardianship of the child. She thanked God that so good a home was found, and that now the piteous story of poor Assunta need never be further known; and she said she never could express in words her gratitude for all that the Minister had done.

No Master Malcolm solemnly blessed the child, and went home again to the north, Mrs. Fairdon took possession of her own and brought her home.

The evening after its arrival, Andrew came out of the shop armed with an immense Shakspeare. He began at once turning over the leaves. Shakspeare has said, "What's in a name? my dear, wherein he made, to my humble thinking, a grave mistake. A name! why, what were Portia if her name were Jane, or an Ophelia named Martha? where were the sorrows of a Danish Prince Thomas, or the despairs of a Moorish William? No, no; such a Portia would only have been a sentimental middle-class female—such an Ophelia a whining milkmaid. Do you see the difference?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Nannie, composedly.

"I have it, Nannie," he said. "A beautiful name, a rare name, and one, alas! too well suited to the little one."

"What is it?" she said, eagerly.

"Perdita."

So it was decided that the little orphan, poor Assunta's golden-haired child, should be called Perdita.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  
Young Editors Who Murder Statesmen.

Speaking to a prominent newspaper editor, he said: "The changes, not to say the diseases, of our times, produce effects we are yet to deal with. For instance, the newspaper press is rather a destructive than a constructive element at the present time. The destruction of public men is going on faster than the destruction of the American forests. Not enough attention is paid to the encouragement of statesmen. In old times, as under Thurlow Weed, editors taught their young men to go into the company of the Senators, Congressmen, Judges, etc., and exchange views, and consequently the press in public life had a reciprocal influence. But now young fellows come into the papers with no acquaintance at all with the men who conduct the country, or with their difficulties, and every one of those young chaps regards himself as of no account till he has killed off at least two or three public men. The consequence is that we have a dearth of confident, useful, trusted statesmen. I do not think the change is for the better. You must give a public man support and encouragement enough to make his business palatable to him, and when he finds himself fired on from ambush from twenty directions he grows timid, never develops more than half, and the result is seen in the cheapness of the men who now do come to the front. Those who are without sensibility get the foremost positions."

—George Alfred Townsend.

A CHICAGO paper, in rather prematurely welcoming people to its World's Fair, says: "Our lath-strings are all out." Better get a new supply, then.

This highway of virtue is so little frequented that collisions are rare.

Plainview has a new bank with a paid up capital of \$10,000.  
Brad Slaughter is president of the Fullerton board of alderman.

With 200 cases of measles in Tecumseh the schools are almost deserted.  
John Dibble, a farmer living near Stuart fell from a horse and broke his leg.

Hugh Gingles, of Douglas is short one eye as the result of a runaway accident.

Solomon Bailey of Holt county, lost his house and contents by fire, and no insurance.

An effort is being made to raise funds for erecting a methodist church at Sargent.

John Jones living near Atkinson, is out of a home. As usual it was a defective flue.

Fremont is having trouble to keep its brick paving from sinking into the sewer trenches.

There is a prospect that Pender may manage to worry along the coming year without a saloon.

Hon. O. M. Kem's new residence at Broken Bow is said to make old calamity ashamed of itself.

Eddyville is having a boom, and is now recognized as the leading town in the Wood river valley.

Custer county farmers will try this experiment of raising a few acres of millet for winter feeding.

A. L. Dennett, an experienced newspaper man, has leased the South Omaha Tribune of J. F. Richart.

A child of Joseph Staker of Beatrice fell from a chair and dislocated its jaw, but a doctor soon repaired the damage.

J. S. Hatfield of Columbus was elected president of the state A. P. A. He is an enthusiast in the cause of that order.

The State Line Leader claims that Lamar's school house is not fit to show to strangers and wants a new one put up right away.

David Cross, a Fairbury teamster; was kicked by a mule and for some days his life hung in a balance. He is now improving.

Farmers of Jefferson county are plowing under some fields of winter wheat and will plant corn instead. Too much dry weather.

Some thousand hogs were marketed at South Omaha Saturday and brought an average of \$3.35 per hundred. No wonder the farmers are getting rich.

There are five applications for saloon license in the little town of Cortland, Gage county, and among them is one female applicant, Mrs. A. L. Wagner.

There is not a business man in Verdon but carries an advertisement in the Vedette. The result is a good local paper and a well patronized town.

The York fence factory already employs ten hands and promises to double its capacity every year so long as Nebraska people patronize home industry.

The 13-year-old son of W. A. Miller of Wilsonville has run away from home and his father has traced him as far as Superior, but has not overtaken the youth.

Table Rock has the prettiest public park in the state, and it is probable that a handsome and ornamental building will be erected in the center of it this year.

During her absence four tramps entered the residence of a Schuyler widow but kind neighbors arrived in time to capture the thieves and they were thrust into jail.

Culbertson people rejoice because the supreme court has decided the famous Hitechock county seat case in their favor. It has been the cause of much conflict and "war."

The boys of Humboldt have held two elections to see who shall be post-master and in both instances the vote was a tie. The aspirants should cast lots and end the strife.

Dayton Latahaw lies at the point of death in Cortland. With others he was racing horses through the town and was thrown violently to the ground. His injuries are internal.

Anton Quitman, an aged resident of Scribner, left home for a walk the other morning and has not been heard of since. His mind was weak, and it is feared he has taken his own life.

Mayor Morgan of Fullerton, who is himself a lawyer, had decided to get along without a regularly appointed city attorney. If the board wants any legal advice he is ready to furnish it at cost.

The little girl of Julius Grief of Norfolk discovered the family medicine chest open the other day and helped herself to a lot of poisonous powder. Only the hardest work of a physician prevented a fatal termination.

Col. Brainerd, of the Millard Nebraska cannot see what the billiard boys have done that their pictures adorn the saloon windows. It is likely the Nebraska editor never filled up on Bock beer or he would ask no questions.

Eight months ago Bannard Sweeney of York got a silver in his eye and the subsequent inflammation destroyed the sight. The other day he had the optic removed, and will have a new one put in with the optic nerve left out.

James Seely, residing near Hammond in Holt county, was adjudged insane, and on hearing the decree of the court, struck out for liberty and found it. Now the neighbors are trying to find him. He troubles due to religious excitement, and it is thought in may recover.