

Carrying Things With a High Hand.

LONDON, April 1.—A dispatch from Buenos Ayres says that the supporters of Saenz Piena for the presidency are carrying things with a high hand. They have behind them the influence of the government and of the British mercantile colony. There is a strong element in Argentine hostile to the Piena movement and in favor of keeping the republic aloof from European complications and influences. Piena is known to be decidedly in harmony with the European element, and not in favor of any commercial arrangements that would bring Argentine into closer connection with the United States. This sentiment is also shared by the present administration in Argentine and the military and civil authorities are being used to crush out the popular agitation in behalf of a rule that would represent the native Argentine sentiment. It is said but for the visit of Admiral Walker and his squadron the European element would have given open expression to their hostility to American influences. The American colony was greatly encouraged by the presence of United States war vessels, and there has been a marked abatement of the insolence previously displayed in certain quarters toward Americans.

Caught the Anarchists Ring Leader.

PARIS, April 1.—The proof that Ravachol, the anarchist leader in the recent outrages, is a desperate criminal whose neck should be under the guillotine, has intensified the excitement and apprehensions in regard to anarchist outrages. The police, on the other hand, express gratification at the discovery. There is no longer any doubt of the identity of Ravachol with the notorious criminal, Koenigstein. Koenigstein has been noted as a criminal from boyhood, and has, it is believed been guilty of several murders, but in only one case has a capital crime been brought home to him by evidence sufficient to satisfy a court. His fierce resistance to the police, when arrested on Wednesday, is accounted for by his consciousness that he was under sentence for a capital crime and that death would follow identification. It is stated that he has admitted that he has been guilty of several murders and that they were committed for the purpose of robbery.

A Search of Ravachol's Lodgings Has Brought to Light a Quantity of Materials Used in the Manufacture of Bombs.

At his examination Ravachol denied connection with the dynamite outrages in St. Germain and Rue Clichy.

Cyclone at Nelson.

NELSON, Neb., April 1.—A most disastrous cyclone passed through here last evening. It was first seen in the southwest, in the shape of clouds rapidly whirling. They gradually grew black and more compact and striking the northwest part of the town passed directly through the residence park, ruining everything in the path. Several business blocks were unroofed and about thirty residences completely destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$100,000. Five persons were injured seriously, but none killed. The names are: Miss Mary Brayman, Mrs. John Eaton, H. H. Williams, Alice Williams, John H. Hunt.

A number of business houses, and dwellings were demolished or greatly damaged. The storm lasted about a quarter of an hour, and during the last half of it rain fell in torrents.

Denies the Allegation.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Secretary Noble appealed before the senate committee on territories yesterday and made a statement in reference to charges against him by President Gibson of the National Yellowstone park association. Some weeks ago President Gibson charged that the secretary had been actuated by political and personal motives in granting leases for hotel and other public purposes in the park, and recently he appealed to the senate committee on territories in connection with the matter and there has been written a letter from Secretary Noble denying the charges. The secretary also made a personal denial to the committee. He said he was not hostile to the Yellowstone park association, but believed that the distribution of contracts was conducted in a manner best calculated to advance the interests of all concerned.

Crash in a Theatre.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 1.—The "Can't Be Worse" dramatic company attempted to give a performance at the Bijou theatre last night called the "Defeated Candidates." During the performance the audience began pelting the actors with eggs, carrots and brickbats from the galleries, and in the excitement the first balcony gave way, throwing a number of people to the lower floor, a distance of fifteen feet. Three were seriously injured.

To my mind music is an important part of education, where boys have a turn for it. It is a great resource when they are thrown on the world; is a social amusement perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point, employs their thoughts.—Cardinal Newman.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS"

CHAPTER II.

Every day and all day long there is nothing but rehearsing. In every corner two or more may be seen studying the parts they have to play. Florence Delmaine alone refuses to rehearse her part except in full company, though Mr. Dynecourt has made many attempts to induce her to favor him with private reading of those scenes in which he and she must act together. He has even appealed to Dora Talbot to help him in this matter, which she is only too willing to do, as she is secretly desirous of flinging the girl as much in his way as possible. Indeed anything that would keep Florence out of Sir Adrian's sight would be welcome to her; so that she listens kindly to Arthur Dynecourt when he solicits her assistance.

"She evidently shuns me," he says in an aggrieved tone to her one evening, sinking into the seat besides her. "Except a devotion to her that is singularly sincere, I know of nothing about me that can be regarded by her as an offense. Yet it appears to me that she dislikes me."

"There I am sure you are wrong," declares the widow, tapping his arm lightly with her fan. "She's but a girl—she hardly knows her own mind."

"She seems to know it pretty well when Adrian addressed her," he says, with a sullen glance.

At this Mrs. Talbot can not repress a start; she grows a little pale, and then tries to hide her confusion by a smile. But the smile is forced, and Arthur Dynecourt, watching her, reads her heart as easily as if it were an open book.

"I don't suppose Adrian cares for her," he goes on quietly. "At least—here he drops his eyes—I believe, with a little judicious management, his thoughts might be easily diverted into another channel."

"You think so?" asks Mrs. Talbot faintly, trifling with her fan. "I can not say I have noticed that his attentions to her have been in any way particular."

"Not as yet," agrees Dynecourt, studying her attentively; "and I might be open with you," he adds, breaking off abruptly and assuming an air of anxiety—"we might perhaps mutually help each other."

"Help each other?"

"Dear Mrs. Talbot," says Dynecourt softly, "has it never occurred to you how safe a thing it would be for my cousin Sir Adrian to marry a sensible woman—a woman who understands the world and its ways—a woman young and beautiful certainly, but yet conversant with the conveniences of society? Such a woman would rescue Adrian from the shoals and quicksands that surround him in the form of mercenary friends and scheming mothers. Such a woman might surely be found. Nay, I think I myself could put my hand upon her if I dared, at this moment."

Mrs. Talbot trembles slightly, and blushes a good deal, but says nothing. "He is my nearest of kin," goes on Dynecourt, in the same low impassive voice. "Naturally I am interested in him and my interest on this point is surely without motive; as were he never to marry, were he to die some sudden death—here a remarkable change overspread his features—I should inherit all the and you see around you, and the title besides."

Mrs. Talbot is still silent. She merely bows her head in assent.

"Then you see, I mean kindly toward him when I suggested that he should marry some one calculated to sustain his rank in the world," continues Dynecourt. "As I have said before, I know one who would fill the position charmingly, if she would deign to do so."

"And who?" falters Dora Talbot nervously.

"May I say to whom I allude?" he murmurs. "Mrs. Talbot, pardon me if I have been impertinent in thinking of you as that woman."

A little flickering smile adorns Dora's lips for a moment, then suddenly remembering that smiles do not become her, she relapses into her former calm.

"You flatter," he responds, with a slight emphasis. "But, I can see you are not angry, and so I am emboldened to say plainly, I would gladly see you my cousin's wife. Is the idea not altogether abhorrent to you?"

"No. Oh, no!"

"It is perhaps—pardon me if I go too far—even agreeable to you."

"Mr. Dynecourt," says Mrs. Talbot, suddenly glancing at him and laying her jeweled fingers lightly on his arm "I will confess to you that I am tired of being alone—dependent on myself, as it were—thrown on my judgement for the answering of every question that arises. I would gladly acknowledge a superior head. I would have some one to help me now and then with a word of advice; in short, I would have a husband. And"—here she lays her fan against her lips and glances archly at him—"I confess too that I like Sir Adrian as well—as well as any man I know."

"He is a very fortunate man"—gravely. "I would he knew his happiness."

"Not for worlds," says Mrs. Talbot, with well-feigned alarm. "You would not even hint to him such a thing as—"

"I shall hint nothing—do nothing, except what you can wish. Ah, Mrs. Talbot—with a heavy sigh—"you art supremely happy! I envy you! With your fascination and—insinuatingly—"a word in season from me I see no reason why you should not claim as your own the man whom you—well, let us say, like, while I—"

"If I can befriend you in any way," interrupts Dora quickly, "command me."

She is indeed quite dazzled by the picture he has painted before his eyes. Can it be—it is possible, that Sir Adrian may some day be hers? Apart from his wealth, she regards him with very tender feelings, and of late she has been rendered at times absolutely miserable by the thought that he has fallen a victim to the charms of the charms of Florence.

Now if, by means of this man, her rival can be kept out of Adrian's way all may yet be well, and her host may be brought to her feet before her visit comes to an end.

Of Arthur Dynecourt's infatuation for Florence she is fully aware, and is right in deeming that part of his admiration for the beautiful girl has grown out of his knowledge of her money-bags. Still, she argues to herself, his love is true and faithful, despite his knowledge of her dot, and he will in all probability make her as good a husband as she is likely to find.

"May I command you?" asks Arthur in his softest tones. "You know my secret, I believe. Ever since that last meeting at Brighton, when my heart overcame me and made me show my sentiments openly and your presence, you have been aware of the hopeless passion that is consuming me. I may be mad, but I still think that, with opportunities and time, I might make myself at least tolerated by Miss Delmaine. Will you help me in this matter? Will you give me a chance of pleading my cause with her alone? By so doing—with a meaning smile—"you will also give my cousin the happy chance of seeing you alone."

Dora only too well understands his insinuation. Laterally Sir Adrian and Florence have been almost inseparable. To now meet with one whose interest is to keep them asunder in very pleasant to her.

"Will help you," she says in a low tone.

"Then try to induce Miss Delmaine to give a private rehearsal to-morrow in the north gallery," he whispers hurriedly, seeing Captain Villiers approaching. "Hush! Not another word! I rely upon you above all things, remember that what has occurred is only between you and me. It is our little plot," he says, with a curious smile that somehow strikes a chill to Mrs. Talbot's heart.

She is faithful to her word nevertheless, and late that night, when all have gone to their rooms, she puts on her dressing-gown, dismisses her maid, and crossing the corridor, taps lightly at the door of Florence's apartment.

Hearing some one cry "Come in," she opens the door, and having fastened it again, goes over to where Florence is sitting while her maid is brushing her long soft hair that reaches almost to the ground as she sits.

"Let me brush your hair to-night, Flo," she says gaily. "Let me be your maid for once. Remember how I used to do it for you sometimes when we were in Switzerland last year."

"Very well—you may," acquiesces Florence, laughing. "Good-night, Parkins. Mrs. Talbot has won you your release."

Parkins having gladly withdrawn, Dora takes up the ivory-handled brush and gently begins to brush her cousin's hair.

After some preliminary conversation leading up to the subject she has in hand, she says carelessly—

"By the bye, Flo, you are rather unkind to Arthur Dynecourt, don't you think?"

"Well—yes. That is the word for your behavior toward him, I think. Do you know, I am afraid Sir Adrian has noticed it, and isn't you afraid he will think it rather odd of you—rude, I mean—considering he is his cousin?"

"Not a very favorite cousin, I fancy."

"For all that, people don't like seeing their relations slighted. I once knew a man who used to abuse his brother all day long, but if any one else happened to say one disparaging word of him in his presence it put him in a pretty rage. And, after all, poor Arthur has done nothing to deserve actual ill-treatment at your hands."

"I detest him. And, besides, it is a distinct impertinence to follow any one about from place to place as he has followed me. I will not submit to it calmly. It is a positive persecution."

"My dear, you must not blame him if he has lost his head about you. That is rather a compliment, if anything."

"I shall always resent such compliments."

"He is certainly very gentlemanly in all other ways, and I must say devoted to you. He is handsome too, is he not; and has quite the air of one accustomed to command in society?"

"Has he paid you to sing his praises?" asks Florence, with a little laugh;

but her words so nearly hit the mark that Dora blushes painfully.

"I mean," she explains at last, in a rather hurried way, "that I do not think it is good form to single out any one in a household where one is a guest to show him pointed rudeness. You give all the others acting in this play ample opportunities of releasing alone with you, it has been remarked to me by two or three that you purposely slight and avoid Mr. Dynecourt."

"So I do," Florence admits calmly; adding, "Your two or three have great perspicacity."

"They even hinted to me," Dora goes on deliberately, "that your dislike to him arose from the fact that you were piqued at his being your stage lover, instead of—Sir Adrian!"

It costs her an effort to utter these words, but the effect produced by them is worth the effort.

Florence, growing deadly pale, releases her hair from her cousin's grasp, and rises quickly to her feet.

"I don't know who your gossips may be," she says slowly; "but they are wrong—quite wrong—do you hear? My dislike to Mr. Dynecourt arises from very different feelings. He is distasteful to me in many ways; but, as I am unobservant that my manner should give occasion for surmises such as you have just mentioned to me, I will give an opportunity of reciting his part to me, alone, as soon as ever he wishes."

"I think you are right, dearest," responds Mrs. Talbot sweetly. She is a little afraid of her cousin's but still maintains her positions bravely.

"It is always a mark of folly to defy the public opinion. Do not wait for him to ask you again to go through your play with him alone, but tell him yourself to-morrow that you will meet him for that purpose in the north gallery some time during the day."

"Very well," says Florence; but her face still betrays dislike and disinclination to the course recommended.

"And, Dora, I don't think I want my hair brushed anymore, thanks; my head is aching sorely."

"This is a hint that she will be glad of Mrs. Talbot's speedy departure; and, that lady taking the hint Florence, is soon left to her own thoughts."

The next morning, directly after breakfast, she finds an opportunity to tell Mr. Dynecourt that she will give him half an hour in the north gallery to try over his part with her, as she considers it will be better, and more conducive to the smoothness of the piece, to learn any little mannerism that may belong to either of them.

To this speech Dynecourt makes a suitable reply, and names a particular hour for them to meet. Miss Delmaine, having given a grave assent to this arrangement, moves away, as though glad to be rid of her companion.

A few minutes afterward Dynecourt meeting Mrs. Talbot in the hall, gives her an expressive glance, and tells her in a low voice that he considers himself deeply in her debt.

(Continued next week)

Did The Brutes Talk?

One summer morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks, I thought myself that they may be in want of water.

No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with great eagerness. The pair then sauntered away contentedly to a field near at hand.

In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate accompanied by three other cows.

The water-tap was again called into requisition and the newcomers were in like manner helped liberally. Then with gratified and repeated "boo-oo's"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasturage.

It was quite clear to us that the first two callers pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions and had informed them—how I can not say, can you?—of their liberal entertainment and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Privacy in Great Cities.

Nowhere, save in the wilderness beyond the frontiers of civilization, can such privacy be enjoyed as in a large city. The denizens of a busy metropolis have enough to do in attending to their own affairs. They have no time to bestow on the doings of their neighbors and take no interest in them. The curiosity of villages and small towns is insatiable. Espionage is the main employment of at least one-third of their inhabitants. On the other hand, if a stranger takes up his abode among them, he becomes a center of observation—a target for conjecture—a standing topic of conversation.—New York Ledger.

A Layman's Logic.

Mrs. Loudman—I do wonder why imitation diamonds are called paste. Mr. Loudman—Don't worry over it. It's because those who buy them are generally stuck.—Jewelers' Weekly

Steamer Brings Authentic News.

PANAMA, (via Galveston) April 2.—A French steamship which arrived here yesterday brings authentic news of the uprising in Venezuela against President Palacio. The officers say that the country is in an anarchical condition and that life and property in the vicinity of Caracas are in constant peril.

The rumors of the recent battle between President Palacio's troops and the insurgents under General Crespo are confirmed. The battle was fought near Caracas and lasted for three hours. At first Crespo's forces were successful and drove the government troops steadily back the road to the city. Reinforcements for Palacio's army arrived as the retreat was becoming a rout and the government made a stand on the wooded hill. Crespo's men were outnumbered almost three to one, the government having 7,500 to their 3,000. They tried to storm the position on the knoll three times but were driven back with a loss of 300. The government troops then took the offensive and followed the insurgents who retreated leaving 300 dead on the field. The insurgents retreated. Detachments of the government troops went in pursuit, and several skirmishes took place in which the revolutionists repulsed Palacio's men. The revolution is spreading and the insurgent forces are augmented daily. Many soldiers have deserted the government.

Crespo, the French officers say, has the reputation of being the best general in Venezuela. He is a brave fighter, but his policy at present is too inactive, while his forces are swelled by deserters from Palacio's army and discontented citizens; even the most loyal have been rendered restless by the despotic measures to which Palacio has resorted to suppress the rebellion. Spies of the government are everywhere, and hardly a day passes without the arrest of some conspicuous man for utterances supposed to reflect on the government. The prisons are crowded and newspapers muzzled.

Large quantities of arms have been landed recently on the coast near Cabello, they are of American make, and are known to have been distributed among Crespo's troops. When he shall have recruited and armed his forces sufficiently for a long campaign Crespo is believed to intend to march on Valencia, the capital of Carabobo, or upon Caracas.

The government is preparing for a desperate defense of both cities. The garrison in each has been doubled and men are throwing up earth works. Extraordinary supplies have been stored in the government buildings and roads have been flanked for a distance of thirty miles with small detachments of soldiers. The government has an overflowing treasury and supplied with an abundance of small arms and a considerable number of cannons. The insurgents have comparatively few field guns. Both Valencia and Caracas are already governed as if in a state of siege. Spies are in every place of public resort, and make their way to private houses. Arrests are made without apparent cause and men are held prisoners without examination or trial. Conspicuous men not in full sympathy with the government fear to go alone in the streets at night. Many have left the city to escape, after having been warned that government spies were watching them.

The government has money and better drilled troops than the revolutionists and the issue of the conflict is therefore uncertain. At all events they say the conflict will be a long one.

Supposed He Was Decamped.

CLEVELAND, O., April 2.—It has just been learned that Ex-Congressman David R. Paige is in hiding. Paige was formerly engaged in business at Akron, but has of late been residing in New York. He has not been seen or heard from since Monday night and telegrams sent to his business address came in unanswered. It is generally supposed here that he has decamped. An investigation shows that only one Cleveland bank holds any Paige paper, but this is said to be amply secured. A large amount of paper with the name of John Huntington indorsed on it is held by various eastern banks. This indorsement the trustees of Mr. Huntington, who is now in Europe, have pronounced fraudulent, basing their announcement on a cablegram from Mr. Huntington to that effect.

It is supposed that Paige sailed for Europe on the steamer Travu on Tuesday morning. Paige has been in very hard financial straits, owing to the city of New York withholding \$700,000 which he claims is due him for work on the new aqueduct.

Capital Stock Increased.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The Standard Oil company has increased its capital stock from five millions to seven.

Caused a Sensation.

VERMILION, S. D., April 2.—The latest sensation is the elopement of Mark Kinfeller, and Mrs. J. H. Larson. Mrs. Larson is the wife of a well-to-do merchant. Kinfeller is a barber. He came here a year ago and worked for G. H. Wheeler, but soon broke there and opened a shop in the basement of the Larson block. A short time ago he was obliged to leave hurriedly for relations with Mrs. Larson. He has a wife and children in Iowa. Larson has gone to Sioux City with no peaceful intentions.

ALL OVER NEB.

Blair will label her... Benklemen is to have... Tekamah has a ladies... Grand Island has a... ciety.

Chadron has a ladies... ciation.

A co-operative elevator... at Palmyra.

Baptist ladies of Kearney... ten out a cook book.

Red Cloud merchants... o'clock in the evening.

The Webster grange... for weather signals.

Nebraska City will pay... street with brick.

An immense number of... gregate at Nelawka.

Grafton has raised \$50... advertising the town.

The Danish church in... was dedicated last week.

New enterprises and... are opening almost daily.

Gresham shipped a spec... fifteen stock cars to Chicago.

Stanton is somewhat... alleged silver discovery.

The Norfolk turnover... an instructor from Sioux Falls.

A railway employe's... members has been organized.

There were twenty... teachers' certificates in... Neighl.

West Point has a... tax that embraces every... business.

Two mastodon teeth... thirty-two pounds, was... Sartoria.

A New York man ap... \$25,000 opera house for... \$7,000,000.

An Atchison citizen... threatening hanging... "White Caps."

The Chadron militia... getting their pay for... the Indian war.

When the new crusher... the Nehawka quarries... over one hundred men.

Fremont merchants... free ferry across the... repair of the bridge.

A brakeman was left... Hooper while he was... acquaintance with a girl.

Some people say a... mont elevator is... think it is the shadow... electric light.

A wagon loaded with... shelled corn was not... injure Peter Thiel of... ran over him.

The smallest of the... of the school board at... 240 pounds, but the... are below medium size.

Talmage will shortly... and is talking of... dynamo to the mill... she looks by electric light... the school boys.

Five or six young... who made a practice... laneous damage while... town, have been arrested... a place in...

Butler county tax... shape, and the farmers... mad at being dunned... they say they have paid.

V. E. Clark, the Cong... ister at David City, has... take a position with... college and education...

Table Rock Methodist... paying off their church... pastor burned the notes... congregation after the...

The latest is that Judge... get out of his little... widow by the insanity... widow, not the judge... insane.

John Tejke of Clark... amputated last week... along very nicely, when... gan to bleed and he died...

A fifteen year old boy... expelled from the Home... afterward ordered from... for misbehavior, got a... assaulted the teacher, C. F... got away and the boys were...

A Union Pacific dete... the premises of Valpara... found railroad property... a cold chisel to a car... stove. Several paid from... rather than be arrested...

James Wirks of Scrib... in time to see two men... off. A man sent after... horses coming back, the... weakened.

The breaking of a lamp... office of the York opera... a performance was resp... narrow escape from a... oil did not ignite.

The Albion News tells... became rattled when he... alarm bell and hitched... was driving to a fence... half a mile to the fire.