

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL

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HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

A Most Appalling Flood.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 15.—Eastern Mississippi has been the scene of one of the most appalling floods that ever occurred in the United States within the last week and the world beyond that state knows little of the destruction of property and the loss of life that the rise in the Tombigbee river has entailed.

AWAKENED BY THE RUSHING WATERS. Saturday night hundreds of negro families in the bottoms went to bed feeling secure, but before morning they were aroused by a rush of water. Those near the uplands got to places of safety by daylight, but those in the lower bottoms found escape was cut off and clambered to the tops of their huts, in hopes that in a few hours the water would subside.

STARVED NEARLY TO DEATH.

A letter was received here from one of the sufferers and his story, told in simple negro dialect, is most pathetic. The cattle, says he, took to the high places and found no food and began to devour the branches of trees. The people took to the treetops and remained there three days until, weak from starvation they fell into the water. He says no estimates can be made of the number of lives lost, but makes a rough guess that from Saturday until Tuesday night 200 negroes perished.

Trouble Over Silver.

New York, April 15.—The Press this morning says positive information, that a definite proposition for an international conference on silver has lately come from the English government to the United States government in possession of a few well informed persons in New York city and Washington, and there is reason to believe that this fact will soon be made public.

The proposition contemplates the holding of an international conference for the purpose of considering means for the extension of the use of silver as a money metal. There is no reference to bi-metalism, free coinage of silver or bullion purchases, on which silver certificates are issued to serve as currency, but its broad terms imply that the proposition covers these means, as well as others, as subject to investigation by the conferees.

Invaded by Dynamite.

MADRID, April 15.—The Holy Thursday procession at Cadiz yesterday was turned into a panic stricken rout by the diabolical deed of some anarchists, who threw two petards among the people, evidently with the intention of causing loss of life.

The bombs exploded with a great noise, and the whole procession was thrown into confusion, and for a time it was supposed that a number of people had been killed. When the excitement was allayed it was found that while several persons had been hurt, some by the explosion, but more in the panic, no one was killed and probably no one fatally injured.

Affairs Will Remain Quiet.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—When the Alameda was at Apia there was a movement on foot to make Matsafa vice-king of Samoa. If Malietoa will make that concession it is though all trouble will cease. Says the Samoan Times: It is probable that native affairs will remain quiet for a month or two, but in the meantime there is not the slightest prospect that any taxes will be paid by the natives to a government whose authority is wholly disregarded beyond the municipality of Apia.

Austria, it would appear, has some gigantic caterpillars. A. S. Orloff of Sidney mentions one moth larva abundant during the summer season, which is from 7 to 12 inches long. Species are numerous which vary from 6 to 8 inches in length.

Tried to Klope.

WARSAW, Ill., April 16.—Miss Nier Hampton, the beautiful and charming 17-year-old daughter of A. B. Hampton, landlord of the Hotel Windsor of this city, made an attempt to elope by proxy last night but owing to the shrewdness of a telegraph operator the scheme was thwarted.

Jailed for Contempt.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., April 16.—Judge Taylor yesterday morning sent George M. Allen, proprietor of the Terre Haute Express, to the county jail for twenty days, and fined him \$100 and costs for contempt of court, and Allen is now in jail.

This morning Judge Taylor, from the bench gave Allen twenty minutes to retract in open court the charge in his newspaper that the court suspended the grand jury investigation into the public works scandal through political and corrupt motives.

Believed His Mistress Murdered Him.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 16.—The evidence of the poisoning of Gamble Weir, late superintendent of police, is regarded as practically conclusive. His brother, the district attorney, in whose charge the case was placed yesterday, and the chemist are convinced that he was murdered. The latest discovery is a letter received by the fiancée of Gamble Weir some time after his death.

The writing of the note is in a badly disguised hand and evidently that of a woman. The envelope was addressed by the same hand, but in the writer's natural way, and in comparison of the various characters shows the same striking peculiarities. The importance of the letter is enhanced by its similarity to another letter, in which no attempt is made to conceal the writer's identity.

Mrs. Jennie Marsh, whose name has figured in the case, owing to the fact, among other things, that the superintendent died in her house, where he had made his home for two years past, was seen yesterday and when asked about a suggestive intimation made in a daily paper, said that some of the papers would be made to suffer for the stories they were printing.

Distinctive Paper Mill Burned.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The secretary of the treasury has been notified that the paper mill at Pittsfield, Mass., at which the distinctive paper used by the government in the printing of paper currency is manufactured, was burned last night, with nearly all the stock on hand.

May Result in a Murder.

NEW YORK, April 16.—Manager Hutchinson, husband of Lydia Hutchinson, who was assaulted by Chas. De Forrest is very low and may die at any moment.

Death of Rita Booth.

NEW YORK, April 16.—Rita Booth who is said to have been the daughter of Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln, and who for some years has been the wife of A. L. Henderson, the well known orchestra leader, died on Tuesday in Binghamton, N. Y., where she was playing in the company of Floy Crowell. The body was brought to this city and the funeral took place today. Rita Booth always wore a locket containing a likeness of the ill fated Wilkes Booth.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE TUCHES" CHAPTER-IV.

It is the evening of the theatricals; and in one of the larger drawing rooms at the castle, where the stage has been erected, and also in another room behind connected with it by folding-doors, everybody of note in the county is already assembled. Fans are fluttering—so are many hearts behind the scenes—and a low buzz of conversation is being carried on among the company.

Then the curtain rises; the fans stop rustling, the conversation ceases, and all faces turn curiously to the small but perfect stage that the London workmen have erected.

Every one is very anxious to see what his or her neighbor is going to do when brought before a critical audience. Nobody, of course, hopes openly for a breakdown, but secretly there are a few who would be glad to see such-and-such a one's pride lowered.

No mischance, however, occurs. The insipid Tony speaks his lines perfectly, if he fails to grasp the idea that a little acting thrown in would be an improvement: a very charming Cousin Con is made out of Miss Villiers; a rather stilted but strictly correct old lady out of Lady Gertrude Vining. But Florence Delmaine, as Kate Hardcastle, leaves nothing to be desired, and many are the complimentary speeches uttered from time to time by the audience. Arthur Dyncourt too had not overpraised his own powers. It is palpable to every one that he has often trod the boards, and the pathos he throws into his performance astonishes the audience.

This question arises in many breasts. They note how his color changes as he takes her hand, how his voice trembles they notice too how she grows cold, in spite of her desire to carry out her part to the end, as he grows warmer, and how instinctively she shrinks from his touch. Then it is all over, and the curtain falls amidst loud applause.

Florence comes before the curtain in response to frequent calls, gracefully, half reluctantly, with a soft warm blush upon her cheeks and a light in her eyes that renders her remarkable loveliness only more apparent. Sir Adrian watching her with a heart faint and cold with grief and disappointment, acknowledges sadly to himself that never has he seen her look so beautiful. She advances and bows to the audience and only loses her self-possession a very little when a bouquet directed at her feet by an enthusiastic young man alights upon her shoulder instead.

Arthur Dyncourt, who has accompanied her to the footlights, and who joins in her triumph, picks up the bouquet and presents it to her. As he does so the audience again become aware that she receives it from him in a spirit that suggests destitution of the one that hands it, and that her smile withers as she does so, and her great eyes lose their happy light of a moment before.

Sir Adrian sees all this too, but persuades himself that she is now acting another part—the part shown him by Mrs. Talbot. His eyes are blinded by jealousy; he cannot see the purity and truth reflected in hers; he misconstrues the pained expression that of late has saddened her face.

For the last few days, ever since her momentous interview with Arthur Dyncourt in the gallery, she has been timid and reserved with Sir Adrian, and has endeavored to avoid his society. She is oppressed with the thought that he has read her secret love for him, and seeks by an assumed coldness of demeanor and a studied avoidance of him, to induce him to believe himself mistaken.

But Sir Adrian is only rendered more miserably by this avoidance, in the thought that probably Mrs. Talbot has told Florence of his discovery of her attachment to Arthur, and that she dreads his taxing her with her duplicity, and so makes strenuous efforts to keep apart from him. They have already drifted so far apart that tonight, when the play has come to an end, and Florence has retired from the dressing room, Sir Adrian does not dream of approaching her to offer the congratulations on her success that he would have showered upon her in a happier hour.

Florence, feeling lonely and depressed, having listlessly submitted to her maid's guidance and changed her stage gown for a pale blue ball-dress of satin and pearls—as dancing is to succeed the earlier amusement of the evening—goes silently down-stairs, but instead of pursuing her way to the ball-room, where dancing has already commenced, she turns aside, and entering a small, dimly lighted antechamber, sinks wearily upon a satin-covered lounge.

From the distance the sweet strains of a German waltz come softly to her ears. There is a deep sadness and melancholy in the music that attunes itself to her own sorrowful reflections. Presently the tears steal down her cheeks. She feels lonely and neglected, and, burying her head in the cushions of the lounge, sobs aloud. She does not hear the hasty approach

of footsteps until they stop close beside her, and a voice that makes her pulses throb madly says, in deep agitation— "Florence—Miss Delmaine—what has happened? What has occurred to distress you?"

Sir Adrian is bending over her, evidently in deep distress himself. As she starts, he places his arm round her and raises her to a sitting posture; this he does so gently that, as she remembers all she has heard, and his cousin's assurance that he has almost pledged himself to another, her tears flow afresh. By a supreme effort, however, she controls herself, and says, in a faint voice— "I am very foolish; it was the heat, I suppose, or the nervousness of acting before so many strangers, that has upset me. It is over now. I beg you will not remember it, sir Adrian, or speak of it to anyone."

All this time she has not allowed herself to glance even in his direction, so fearful is she of further betraying the mental agony she is enduring.

"It is likely I should speak of it," returns Sir Adrian reproachfully. "Nothing connected with you shall be sacred to me. But—pardon me—I still think you are in grief, and believe me, in spite of everything, I would deem it a privilege to be allowed to befriend you in any way."

"It is impossible," murmurs Florence, in a stifled tone. "You mean you will not accept my help"—sadly. "So be it then. I have no right, I know, to establish myself as your champion. There are others, no doubt, whose happiness lies in the fact that they may render you a service when it is in their power. I do not complain however. Nay, I would even ask you to look upon me as a friend."

"Ah," thinks Florence, with a bitter pang, "he is now trying to let me know how absurd was my former idea that he might perhaps learn to love me." This thought is almost insupportable. Her pride rising in arms, she subdues all remaining traces of her late emotion, and, turning suddenly, confronts him. Her face is quite colorless, but she cannot altogether hide from him the sadness that still desolates her eyes.

"You are right," she agrees. "In the future our lives will indeed be far distant from each other, so far apart that the very tie of friendship will readily be forgotten by us both."

"Florence, do not say that," he entreats, believing in his turn that she alludes to her coming marriage with his cousin. "And—do not be angry with me; but I would ask you to consider long and earnestly before taking the step you have in view. Remember it is a bond that once sealed can never be canceled."

"A bond! I do not follow you," exclaims Florence, bewildered. "Ah, you will not trust me; you will not confide in me!"

"I have nothing to confide," persists Florence, still deeply puzzled. "Well, let it rest so," returns Adrian, now greatly wounded at her determined reserve, as he deems it. He calls to mind all Mrs. Talbot had said about her slowness, and feels disheartened. At least he has not deserved distrust at her hands. "Promise me," he entreats at last, "that if ever you are in danger, you will accept my help."

"I promise," she replies faintly. Then trying to rally her drooping spirits, she continues, with an attempt at a smile—"Tell me that you will accept mine should you be in danger. Remember the mouse once rescued the lion!" and she smiles again, and glances at him with a touch of her old archness.

"It is a bargain. And now, will you rest here awhile until you feel quite restored to calmness?" "But you must not remain with me," Florence urges hurriedly. "Your guests are awaiting you. Probably"—with a faint smile—"your partner for this waltz is impatiently wondering what has become of you."

"I think not," says Adrian, returning her smile. "Fortunately I have no one's name on my card for this waltz. I say fortunately, because I think"—glancing at her tenderly—"I have been able to bring back the smiles to your face sooner than would have been the case had you been left here alone to brood over your trouble, whatever it may be."

"There is no trouble," declares Florence, in a somewhat distressed fashion, turning her head restlessly to one side. I wish you would dispose yourself of that idea. And, do not stay here, they—every one, will accuse you of discourtesy if you absent yourself from the ball-room any longer!"

"Then, come with me," says Adrian. "See, this waltz is only just beginning; give it to me."

Carried away by his manner, she lays her hand upon his arm, and goes with him to the ball-room. There he passed his arm around her waist, and presently they are lost among the throng of whirling dancers, and both gave themselves up for the time being to the mere delight of knowing that they are together.

Two people, seeing them enter thus together, on apparently friendly terms, regard them with hostile glances. Dora Talbot, who is coquetting sweetly with a gaunt man of middle age, who is evidently overpowered by her attentions, letting her eyes rest upon Florence as she waltzes past her with Sir Adrian, colors warmly, and, biting her lip, forgets the

honeyed speech she was about to bestow upon her companion, who is the owner of a considerable property, and lapses into silence, for which the gaunt man is devoutly grateful, as it gives him a moment in which to reflect on the safest means of getting rid of her without delay.

Dora's fair brow grows darker as she watches Florence, and notes the smile that lights her beautiful face as she makes some answer to one of Sir Adrian's sallies.

Where is Dyncourt, that he has not been on the spot to prevent this dance, she wonders. She grows angry, and would have stamped her little foot with impatient wrath at this moment, but for the fear of displaying her vexation.

As she is inwardly anathematizing Arthur, he emerges from the throng, and the dance being at an end, reminds Miss Delmaine that the next is his.

Florence unwillingly removes her hand from Sir Adrian's arm, and he lays it upon Arthur's. Most disdainfully she moves away with him, and suffers him to lead her to another part of the room. And when she dances with him it is with evident reluctance, as he knows by the fact that she visibly shrinks from him when he encircles her waist with his arm.

Sir Adrian who has noticed none of these symptoms, going up to Dora, solicits her hand for this dance.

"You are not engaged, I hope?" he says anxiously. It is a kind of wretched comfort to him to be near Florence's true friend. If not the rose she has at least some connection with it.

"I am afraid I am," Dora responds, raising her livid eyes to his. "Naughty man, why did you not come sooner? I thought you had forgotten me altogether and so got tired of keeping barren spots upon my card for you."

"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively.

"Poor Florence! Is she so very impossible?" asks Dora, laughing, but pretending to reproach him.

"I was not speaking of Miss Delmaine," says Adrian, flushing hotly. "She is the least impossible person I ever met. It is a privilege to pass one's time with her."

"Yet it is with her you have passed the last hour that you hint has been devoted to bores," returns Dora quietly. This is a mere feeler, but she throws it out with such an air of certainty that Sir Adrian is completely deceived, and believes her acquainted with his tete-a-tete with Florence in the dimly lit anteroom.

"Well," he admits coloring again, "your cousin was rather upset by the acting, I think, and I just stayed with her until she felt equal to joining us all again."

"Ah!" exclaims Dora, who now knows all she had wanted to know. "But you must not tell me you have no dances left for me," says Adrian gayly. Come, let me see your card."

"I am an unfortunate," he adds. "I think," says Dora, with the prettiest hesitation, "if you are sure it would not be an unkind thing to do, I could scratch out this name"—pointing to her partner's for the coming dance.

(Continued next week.)

Quite Easy

If war could be carried on by the rules laid down for students in the dreadful art, it would become an easy process. In military tactics it is the "expected" which happens; in real life, the "unexpected."

A certain general, says the author of "A Transatlantic Holiday," had gone to West Point on a tour of inspection and, being a little vain of his military requirements he treated the students to an elaborate demonstration of the tactics by which a particular fort could be taken with unflinching certainty in three weeks' time. He then turned to his audience and inquired: "But suppose, gentlemen, the situation here reversed and you were shut up in that fort, say with 150 men, what steps would you take for its defense?"

"I would walk out," said one. "Walk out with your garrison from a fort of that strength! Why, it would be madness, cowardice!"

"But don't you see sir," was the cool reply, in three weeks I should have it again!"

When Wash. gt a Was President.

When Washington became president, all of the chief towns were on the sea coast, or on the tide water of the rivers, except Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. Outside of that state the roads were so bad that a large trading town was not possible away from water conveyance. The interior trade of Pennsylvania was carried on in great wagons, known as Conestoga wagons, each drawn by six or eight stout horses. There were ten thousand or more of these wagons running out of Philadelphia. The wagon trade with the interior made Philadelphia the chief town of North America. Trade with remote districts of the country was still carried on by means of pack-horses and bateaux, or small boats.

Glass with a wire core is a new material used in Dresden the glass being fused to the wire while in a plastic state. The adhesion is said to remain perfect under severe fluctuations of temperature.

ALL OVER

York county... Fremont... Twenty-one... Citizens of... St. Edward... Stronshing... conservatory... The Kearney... One firm at... dozen eggs... At North... boys for jump... Wild parson... Bohemian gra... Fremont Cha... listen to T. V... Hastings with... sively whole... A young girl... bron and has... Fairfield col... rollment it... During these... to accommodate... Fremont hope... the sewer and... carried. There is a... 200 feet deep... Hooper. The success... at Rock was... bell ringing... The Kearney... decided a lot... chapel stool... An access... more is named... be a good one... Pawnee City... for the college... make a better... Fairfield... benefit play... cyclone suffe... There will... experimental... than ever bel... The Tecum... ganized and... in the amateur... Kearney... Minden to des... through the... Ainsworth... and several... get along with... The vacatur... is estimated... 70,000, Scots... The horse... by Harvey P... the other day... Three hund... who live in... from the Uni... Counting be... be started, W... structures... works to priv... summated, and... proved. Ed Kennedy... lashed by the... Broken bow... serious injur... Ten old sold... effects of the... several of the... entirely awa... Western... that a woman... in Bohemia... no English... The combatio... Bloomfield... The conductor... sleeping in... Stubbarness... Seward, who... port grounds... likely to caus... south of the... H. C. Sheple... Thread compa... estate in the... burg. When... whole country... towns, it mean... At Nelso... ma'am was... lar, but curio... ed led her to... as the house... was seriously... Rob Kennedy... ton boys, left... without... Kennedy was... North Platte... his feet and... A five-year... ber wandered... while they we... the d... crawled unpe... ited Stat... engine. When... ankles were... such... tation. He may... Mr. Lewis, th... Garfield, who... of the train... superior bran... signed his pos... gan where he... eating house... there.—David...