

**THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL**

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HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

**WELLINGTON WIPED OUT.**

Another Kansas Town Struck by a Cyclone.

**BRICK BLOCKS BLOWN TO ATOMS.**

Two Large Hotels, and Many Dwellings Destroyed and Their Occupants Killed or Injured.

WELLINGTON, Kas., May 28.—Wellington was struck by a terrible cyclone last evening and the entire northern portion of the city destroyed. About fifty people were killed and 125 injured.

The Wellington hotel and the Phillips house, the two largest hotels in the city, were completely wrecked, and the ruins of the Phillips house took fire. Many of the guests were doubtless burned to death.

A heavy storm of wind and rain preceded the cyclone about half an hour. A few minutes after nine o'clock the cyclone struck the city, coming from the southwest. There were no premonitory signs. Everybody was indoors and the cloud passed with its destructive rush and awful roar unseen. Washington avenue, the principal business street is lined on both sides for blocks with ruins. To add to the horror, the broke out among the debris of Colonel Robinson's block and a woman, Mrs. Susan Sheps, is supposed to have perished in the flames and the Monitor, Press and Voice printing offices lie a tumbled heap of bricks and mortar, being completely "piled."

Just across the street a laborer named Fanning was taken out of the ruins dead and there are other bodies supposed to be in the ruins.

Hundreds of dwellings are either totally destroyed or more or less damaged. The city is in darkness, as broken mains made it necessary to shut down the gas works and save destruction from fire.

Two members of the Salvation army are expected to die from injuries received.

At Squire Smith's residence seven persons are more or less injured.

The streets are littered with tin roofing, cloth awnings, broken glass and timbers. Everybody is on the streets carrying lanterns and it is utterly impossible to get at the exact facts. The destruction is simply awful and every minute adds to the horror of the situation.

The Standard and Mail offices were wrecked. The opera house and dozens of the best business buildings are useless. Fine school buildings and churches are ruined and the loss will foot up into many thousands of dollars.

No reports have been received from other points. The storm came from the southwest and beyond demolishing a few residences did no material damage until Jefferson avenue was reached. Here the Lutheran church was totally destroyed. Then the destroyer continued eastward, razing every building in the two blocks bounded by Jefferson avenue, Sixth, Seventh and Ninth streets.

**Destroyed by Fire.**

OSTON, May 28.—A fire started about 2 o'clock yesterday morning in the upper part of the Hotel Royal, a cheap lodging house at 143 Court Street. The fire was quickly subdued by the department but not before one man had been suffocated and several others overcome by smoke or burned. There are some twenty-five lodgers in this portion of the building, and many of them escaped with difficulty.

John Quinn, aged 23, was found in the upper hall unconscious and died at the hospital. C. Clark is at the hospital and may die. William H. Wright was overcome by smoke and badly burned about the back and arms. E. E. Parks a cripple was badly burned about the head and body. These men were taken from rooms in the upper story. They are at the hospital and will doubtless recover. It is said that an unknown man was badly burned about the head and face, and that he disappeared in the crowd. The building and contents are damaged about \$3,000. Fully insured.

**Miners Still Hold Out.**

LONDON, May 28.—The ballot of the Durham miners shows a large majority against accepting the terms of the coal owners of a reduction of 13 1/2 per cent. The miners are willing to take a 10 per cent reduction, but they believe that the masters, in demanding a greater reduction, are trying to take advantage of the situation of the miners and make them accept terms that under other circumstances would not be suggested. Another appeal has been made to coal owners and others throughout the country to sustain the Durham strikers, and the miners have been much encouraged by the contributions that have come in during the last few days.

**Will Issue an Address.**

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 28.—The prohibition convention decided to issue an address to the people to support only candidates who put themselves on record as to prohibition.

**Great Flood Imminent.**

SHREVEPORT, La., May 28.—The situation in this section is growing more serious because of a steady rise in the river. A general overflow in the Red river valley seems inevitable. Thousands of people have been impoverished.

**His Wife's Mother (In terrible flutter)**

—Oh, dear! Oh, my! That heavy 1 o'clock XLV clock up stairs! A f l ( f l e w with a terrible crash on the very spot I stood but a moment before. Her Daughter's Husband (absent minded) —I always said that clock was slow.

**THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.**

"THE DUCHESS"

CHAPTER X.

The next day, directly after luncheon as Florence was sitting in her own room, touching up an unfinished water-color sketch of part of the grounds round the castle—which have, alas, grown only too dear to her!—Dora enters her room. It is an embarrassed and significantly smiling Dora trips up to her, and says with pretty hesitation in her tone—

"Dearest Florence, I want your advice about something."

"Mine?" exclaims Florence, laying down the brush, and looking, as she feels, astonished. As, a rule, the gentle Dora does not seek for wisdom from her friends.

"Yes, dear, if you can spare me the time. Just five minutes will do, and then you can return to your charming sketch. Oh!"—glancing at it—"how exactly like it is—so perfect; what a sunset, and what hrs! One could imagine one's self in the fairies' Glen by looking at it."

"It is not the fairies' Glen at all; it is that bit down by Gough's farm," says Florence coldly. Of late she has not been so blind to Dora's artificiality as she used to be.

"Ah, so it is!" agrees Dora airily, not in the least discomposed at her mis-ake.

"And so like it too. You are a genius, dearest, you are really, and might make your fortune, only that you have one made already for you, fortunate girl!"

"You want my advice," suggests Florence quietly.

"Ah, true; and about something important too!" She throws into her whole air so much coquetry mingled with assumed bashfulness that Florence knows by instinct that the "something" has Sir Adrian for its theme and she grows pale and miserable accordingly.

"Let me hear it then," she urges leaning back with a weary sigh.

"I have just received this letter," says Mrs. Talbot, taking from her pocket the letter Arthur had given her and holding it out to Florence, "and I want to know how I shall answer it. Would you—would you honestly advise me, Flo, to go and meet him as he desires?"

"As who desires?"

"Ah, true; you do not know, of course! I am so selfishly full of myself and my own concerns, that I seem to think every one else must be full of them too. Forgive me, dearest, and read his sweet little letter, will you?"

"Of whom are you speaking to whom letter do you refer?" asks Florence a little sharply, in the agony of her heart.

"Florence whose letter would I call 'sweet' except Sir Adrian's? answers her cousin, with gentle reproach.

"But is meant for you, not for me," says Miss DeMaine, holding the letter in her hand, and glancing at it with great distate. "He probably intended no other eyes but yours to look upon it."

"But I must obtain advice from some one, and who so natural to except it from as you, my nearest relative? If, however,"—putting her handkerchief to her eyes—"you object to help me Florence, or if it distresses you to read—"

"Distresses me?" interrupts Florence haughtily. "Why should it distress me? If you have no objection to my reading your—lover's letter, why should I hesitate about doing so? Pray sit down while I run through it."

Dora having seated herself, Florence hastily reads the false note from beginning to end. Her heart beats furiously as she does so, and her color comes and goes; but her voice is quite steady when she speaks again.

"Well," she says putting the paper from her as though heartily glad to be rid of it, "it seems that Sir Adrian wishes to speak to you on some subject interesting to you and him alone, and that he has chosen the privacy of the lime-walk as the spot in which to hold your tete-a-tete. It is quite a simple affair, is it not? Though really, why he could not arrange to talk privately to you in some room in the castle, which is surely large enough for the purpose, I can not understand."

"Dear Sir Adrian is so romantic," says Dora coyly.

"Is he?" responds her cousin drily. "He has always seemed to me the sanest of men. Well, on what matter do you wish to consult me?"

"Dear Florence, how terribly prosaic and unsympathetic you are today," says Dora reproachfully; "and I came to you so sure of offers of love and friendship! I want you to tell me if you think I ought to meet him or not."

"Why not?"

"I don't know"—with a little simper. "It is perhaps humoring him too much? I have always dreaded letting a man imagine I cared for him, unless fully, utterly, assured of his affection for me."

Florence colors again, and then grows deadly pale, as this poisoned barb pierces her bosom.

"I should think," she says slowly, "after reading the letter you have just shown me, you ought to feel assured."

"You believe I ought, really?"—with a fine show of eagerness. "Now

you are not saying this to please me—to gratify me?"

"I should not please or gratify any one at the expense of truth."

"No, of course not. You are such a high principled girl, so different from many others. Then you think I might go and meet him this evening without sacralizing my dignity in any way?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed little Mrs. Talbot rapturously, nodding her "honorable" head with a beaming smile, "because I do so want to meet him, dear fellow! And I value your opinion, Flo, more highly than that of any other friend I possess. You are so solid, so thoughtful—such a dear thing altogether."

Florence takes no heed of this roundabout, but sits quite still, with downcast eyes, tapping the small table near her with the tips of her fingers in a meditative fashion.

"The fact is," continues Dora, who is watching her closely, "I may as well let you into a little secret. Yesterday Sir Adrian and I had a tiny, oh, such a little dispute, all about nothing. I assure you—with a gay laugh—"but to us it seemed quite important. He said he was jealous of me. Now just fancy that, Flo; jealous of poor little me!"

"It is quite possible; you are pretty—most men admire you," Florence remarks coldly, still without raising her eyes.

"Ah, you flatter me, naughty girl! Well, silly as it sounds, he actually was jealous, and really gave me quite a scolding. It brought tears to my eyes, it upset me so, to tell the truth, we parted rather bad friends; and, to be revenged on me, I suppose he rather neglected me for the remainder of the day."

Again Florence is silent, though her tormentor plainly waits for a lead from her going on.

"You must have remarked," she continues presently, "how cold and reserved he was toward me when we were all together in that dreadful haunted chamber." Here she really shudders, in spite of herself. The cruel eyes of Arthur Dynecourt seem to be on her again, as they were in that gossily room.

"I remarked nothing," responds Florence feily.

"No—really? Well, he was. Why, my dear Florence, you must have seen how he singled you out to be attentive to you, just to show me how offended he was."

"He did not seem offended with any one, and I thought him in particularly good spirits," replies Florence calmly.

Dora turns a delicate pink.

"Dear Adrian is such an excellent actor," she says sweetly, "and so proud; he will disguise his feelings, however keen they may be, from the knowledge of any one, no matter what the effort may cost him. Well, dearest, and so you positively advise me to keep this appointment with him?"

"I advise nothing; I merely say that I see nothing objectionable in your walking up and down the lime-walk with your host."

"How clearly you put it! Well, a lieu darling, for the present, and thank you a thousand times for all the time you have wasted on me. I assure you I am worth it"—kissing her hand brightly.

For once she speaks the truth; she is not indeed worth one moment of the time Florence has been compelled to expend upon her; yet, when she has tripped out of the room, seemingly as free from guile as a light-hearted child, Miss DeMaine's thoughts still follow her—even against her inclination.

She has gone to meet him; no doubt to interchange tender words and vows with him; to forgive, to be forgiven, about some sweet bit of lovers' folly, the dearer for its very foolishness. She listens for his footsteps as she returns along the corridor, dressed no doubt in her prettiest gown, decked out to make herself fair in the eyes.

An overwhelming desire to see how she has robed herself on this particular occasion induces Florence to go to the door and look after her as she descends the stairs. She just catches a glimpse of Dora as she turns the corner and sees to her surprise, that she is by no means daintily attired, but has thrown a plain dark water-proof over her dress, as though to hide it. Slightly surprised at this, Florence ponders it and finally comes to the bitter conclusion that Dora is so sure of his devotion that she knows it is not necessary for her to bedeck herself in finery to please him. In his eyes of course she is lovely in any toilet.

Soon, soon she will be with him. How will they greet each other? Will he look into Dora's eyes as he used to look into her's not very long ago? Arthur Dynecourt read her aright when he foresaw that she would be unable to repress the desire to follow Dora, and see for herself the meeting between her and Adrian.

Hastily putting on a large flubens hat, and twisting a soft piece of black lace round her neck, she runs down stairs and, taking a different direction from that she knows Dora most likely pursued, she arrives by a side path at the lime-walk almost as soon as her cousin.

Afraid to venture too near, she obtains a view of the walk from a high position framed in by rhododendrons. Yes, now she can see Dora,

and now she can see too, the man who comes eagerly to meet her. His face is slightly turned away from her, but the tall figure clad in the loose light overcoat is not to be mistaken. He advances quickly, and meets Dora with both hands outstretched. She appears to draw back a little, and then he seizes her hands, and, stopping, covers them with kisses.

A film seems to creep over Florence's eyes. With a stifled groan, she turns and flies homeward. Again in the privacy of her own room, and having turned the key securely in the lock to keep out all intruders, she flings herself upon her bed and cries as if her heart would break.

**Remarkable English.**

Major General Patrick Maxwell, in an article on how English is sometimes mutilated by the smart baboo and the intelligent foreigner, gives and examines taken from a memoir of the late Honorable Justice Oonookool Chunder Mookerjee, by Mohendro Nauth Mookerjee, his nephew, printed at Calcutta, describing the grief of the family on the death of his uncle the author says, "This house present-d a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish."

Further on, describing the career of the justice, "His first business on making an income was to extricate his family from the difficulties in which it had been lately enveloped, and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim visaged year."

In another place, "This was the first time that we saw a pleader taking a seat on the bench legislative council solely by dint of his own legal weapon; and he was an an fat, and therefore undoubtedly a transcendental laure to the council." Again, "Justice Mookerjee very well understood the boot of his client, for which he would carry a logomachy as if his wheel of fortune depended upon it. His elevation created a terrific ravishment through out the domain." In a touching sketch of the justice's personal appearance the author prettily observes, "When a boy he was filamentos, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge."

**Importance of Health.**

Carlyle says: "But you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider, that health is a thing to be regarded that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to good health."

Carlyle was not only badly trained or "brought up" for soundness of body, but he inherited a tendency to excitability of the nervous system. His mother and the race behind her for some time had drank tea and quarreled over Scotch theology and abused their bodies in other ways, till Thomas came as an eccentric concentration of nervous energy with no muscular balance.

I am not writing to discourage those who are by inheritance, or hopeless errors, frail and feeble. To much there is the fine duty, not of doing what others can do, but what they can do themselves. To touch our own best is our duty; not to touch the duty goal of some one else.—Mary L. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Rock Salt in England.**

The accumulation of extensive beds of rock salt must be attributed to the natural process of evaporation beneath a torrid sun in the Trias days, when a series of salt lagoons, communicating with the sea, were dried up and incruusted with salt after the fashion of many of the so called Australian lakes of the present age.

The cavities at the depth of 100 feet have been caused by the dissolution of local areas of rock salt through the action of percolating water from the higher level of the Bunter sandstone. This accounts for the great force with which the brine rises when the stored supply is tapped, and the subsidence of land corresponds very closely with the extent of the cavities from which the salt has been evaporated. Droitwich is situated exactly in this synclinal trough of the Trias, and consequently there is hardly a straight wall or chimney in the lower town.—Gentleman's Magazine.

**The Age of the Playing Card.**

Dr. Rudolph Lothian, of Vienna, says this year "is the fifth century of the playing cards." He says the first game of cards ever played was tarok or mail, in which every card was symbolic of "a phase of life, a degree of knowledge or one of the power ruling human existence." One of the pasteboards was named "Il Misero," doubtless our knave, and was easily involved in all sorts of unpleasant complications. Tarok has been revived in Paris, where the search for novelties is so relentlessly prosecuted, even at the expense of the old.

Chester S. Lord is responsible for the statement that in this city forty-one college bred men are employed on The Tribune, thirty-eight on the Sun and thirty-three on The Times.—New York Letter.

**ALL OVER**

Seward has written Blair has three clubs. Buite has a new box. Randolph has a under way. Beatrice is moving her home.

A savings bank at Fairbury. Nebraska confidence torn road soon. Wallace is likely to put in water.

Broken Bow has aous to meet all comers. A litho engraving published itself at Nebraska.

The closing of a leaves home in York. Will Travis of the sagslets about the Hayes county organizing a local Plattsmouth dome eg of a cow and it.

A Falls City drink o have discovered A local whisky advanced the price A circus exhibited at Nebraska City, Plattsmouth is the she is old enough to

The town board of gized all telephone alleys. A little child of Johnson was dross cellar.

Bills for three folk, and the car of way there. A racing associat at South Omaha ing July 1.

The Madison school of the accredited university. Fifty car load have been record first of the year.

The Nebraska shipped a carload pounds to Denver. Ad association West Point to see of fish and game One hundred and of stock went thrigh night on the Elk.

The Wayne high received a \$100 worth of apparatus. Plattsmouth factories amount Omaha and Council It is said that Judge fish a private school conducted on improv

The managers of car line refused to the owners make A three-year-old living near spring ing some whisky Miss Mary North a talented singer of McVickers' opera Miss Maude Pierce Pawnee school, has absent for even a p years.

Mrs. Charles Yarrion put concentrated kill the nerve, and badly. Up in Holt county Amelia Journal was people cannot work married.

A plant for making lock and another fence have lately Hastings. Well borers in the strand find a large feet down that makes before the well can be

Wallace J. Brodhead Branch of Omaha Point cadetship best relish the fighting himself against hard Joseph Drawis, son of living near Kalama since May 10. He is years old, and no one for his disappearance.

A brakeman at Free to interfere with two satables to the passage. One woman held the other pommelled him, them alone hereafter.

The reports of small Mennonites at Wood founded. There is state, though a few grants were expow shipboard. Care is rent any outbreak.

Ed Sackett of Wee window in the rear o doing set off a alarm that was loo ridge. The ball stru nd glanced off, Sackett pretty badly