

THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL

L. J. SIMMONS, Proprietor. HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

Bolted the Ticket. DENVER, Colo., June 25.—The Rocky Mountain News, the editor of which made a free silver speech in the Chicago convention, has bolted the ticket there nominated. It is the recognized leading democratic paper of the state. Editorially it says: "The worst apprehensions of the friends of free silver have been verified in the nomination of Grover Cleveland for the presidency by the Chicago convention. Colorado and the west have no more inveterate or determined opponent, and his nomination at Chicago has effected no change in the relation ship nor diminished to the extent of an atom the disastrous consequences that his financial policy would entail upon the agricultural and mining industries. The News has been a loyal and consistent exponent of western interests for more than thirty years. A crisis has now arrived when it is forced to choose between a democrat nominee for the office of president and the most vital interests of the Rocky mountain region. It conscientiously believes that the said nomination was effected by undemocratic influences, and presents a final financial policy that antagonizes the historic record of the democratic party, the true intent of national constitution and uniform practice of the government for more than eighty years. In view of these facts, and moved by these convictions, the News unhesitatingly elects to sustain the people and the industries of the section to which it has been so long wedded and refuses to betray those interests by supporting Grover Cleveland for the presidency, thus becoming a party to a conspiracy, the culmination of which would involve certain and ruinous disaster to all who are concerned in silver mining, and would surely prove calamitous to the producing population of the United States. There is little doubt but that the paper will support the independent nominee. Leading democrats denounce the position of the paper.

Another Cyclone. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 25.—It is stated that a cyclone passed over Chickasaw county, Iowa, Friday night. It is said that one man, a resident of Frederick township, was killed and thirteen injured, two of them fatally. The eastern part of Iowa is flooded with water. Every bridge on the Milwaukee road between Monona and Gettinger has been washed out entirely. The loss is very serious.

Lyons, Ia., June 24.—An unequalled rain and thunder storm raged here last night. Lightning has struck ten places in three days. All the saw mills are shut down and a flood is feared.

Murder and Suicide. COBLESKILL, N. Y., June 25.—Melvin Letts shot and killed his sister-in-law, Katharine Swart, yesterday morning, and three minutes later he went into a barn and shot and killed himself. The murder and suicide have created great excitement in Schoharie county, as both the murdered woman and the murderer descended from old and respected families. The tragedy occurred at the old Swart homestead, where Letts, his wife and her two sisters lived. Martin Swart, the father of the two women, died several years ago, leaving considerable of an estate to be divided among his daughters. Letts, it is understood, had inherited his wife's portion in western property and wished to do the same with that of the other sisters, but Miss Katharine strenuously opposed his plan. This is the only cause known for the tragedy, excepting the supposition that Letts suddenly became insane. There is some foundation for this latter theory as Lett's father died in a madhouse.

Perished in a Landslide. ROME, June 25.—Five persons are believed to have perished and twenty are known to be injured by a landslide on the railway near Monte Sasso. Several houses were buried by the landslide, and five of the inmates are missing. People are busily engaged in digging for those who are missing and a large multitude is gathered at the scene.

The road is known as the Bologna & Florence railroad, and runs through the Apennines. Thus far thirty persons, killed or injured, have been taken from beneath the mass of earth and rocks.

A Serious Wreck. MEXICO, Mo., June 25.—A loose truck on a car in a Wabash fast freight train caused a wreck near this city yesterday morning. Eight cars of wheat and three empty oil cars went into the creek. The train was loaded with grain, meat, California fruits and one car of fancy horses. Two horses were killed and several hurt. J. W. Denson of Chillicothe, Mo., was badly hurt. Wabash trains are running over the Chicago & Alton road to Centralia.

Sociable Minister—"Do you read your Bible every day, my little dear?" Little Dear—"No, indeed. I don't have time. I'm too busy helping mamma stave raisins and things, so as to always have something nice for dinner every time you come."—Good News.

Sighted a Wreck

New York, June 27.—Mariners hereabouts incline to the opinion that a terrible disaster has recently occurred at sea, somewhere near this port, in which more than 1,000 souls have perished. The facts that lead to this opinion are as follows: Saturday the steamer Ocean arrived and reported that on last Thursday morning a wreck of a full-rigged ship was passed in latitude 40 degrees 22 minutes north, longitude 68 degrees 40 minutes west. The captain of the Ocean made a careful examination to ascertain the name of the craft, but owing to the wreck being overturned and partly submerged he could only make out the words, "Yarmouth, N. S." on the stern. The vessel was cut through forward of the mizzenmast rigging, evidently done in collision. From a description of the wreck, as given by the captain of the Ocean, shipping men believe that the vessel is the British sailing ship Fred B. Taylor, of Yarmouth, N. S. The vessel was sighted 900 miles out from Sandy Hook on June 12, and should have reached port over a week ago. The steamship, Vega, with a crew of sixty men, commanded by Captain Ross, sailed from Lisbon on June 6 for the Azores and New York. She had 316 passengers when she sailed from Lisbon and it is expected that she shipped nearly twice that many in the ports of the Azores. The steamer was due here last Tuesday, but has not arrived. Her agents are very anxious regarding the vessel, which scores of friends of the passengers have been besieging the barge office to learn something of the whereabouts of the steamship and its human freight. In view of these facts, therefore, those versed in maritime affairs are of the opinion that a collision has occurred between the Vega and the Fred B. Taylor and that the loss of life has been appalling. F. E. Harbut was the commander of the Taylor. His young wife is in the city, but knows nothing of the terrible disaster that might have befallen her husband.

Chicago Suburbs Flooded.

Chicago, June 27.—What is known as the Eighty-seventh street dyke, separating the towns of Dauphin Park and Grand Crossing, gave way yesterday afternoon, having been cut, is presumed, by some one. The breaking of the dyke let the flood with all its force in upon the suburban village of Dauphin Park, submerging every street and yard to the average depth of about twenty-four inches. In many places the water was much deeper and the first floor of nearly every house is under water. Basements everywhere were filled and the damage, not only to streets and sidewalks, but to the foundations of houses and all household effects that were not early removed, will amount to thousands of dollars. There was a heavy rainfall yesterday and at 8 o'clock the water was rising at the rate of an inch an hour. The only outlet for this great mass of water that is drowning out the homes of the 300 residents is through ditches and culverts to the lake, which are wholly inadequate. The water comes from a large submerged territory in the region of Mud lake. The Chicago authorities have been asked for aid. At midnight the water is from two and one-half to three feet high in the principal streets of Grand Crossing and Dauphin Park and is flowing with a strong current. A high wind is lashing the waters against the buildings in great waves and an enormous amount of damage is being done. The situation is critical, as it is feared some of the less substantial structures will be torn from their foundations, imperiling the lives of the inmates. The flood has spread to the suburb of Burnside and if the rise continues at its present rate the entire village will be submerged to a depth of one foot by morning.

Smallpox Again.

KINGSTON, N. Y., June 26.—Much excitement was occasioned over the outbreak of smallpox here. A young man came from New Jersey two weeks ago to visit his uncle, Luther Durham, a well known resident of this city. Shortly after his arrival he was taken ill and the family physician was summoned. He pronounced it a case of smallpox. Other physicians differed in their opinion, but advised the young man to leave the city, which he did. In a few days Mrs. Durham was taken sick and during a consultation between Health Officer Chambers and other physicians yesterday it was decided that it was genuine smallpox. A number of persons had already been exposed, but the family have been quarantined and steps have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

Two Boys Drowned.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 27.—Julius Frauenthal and Matthew Schloes, two boys, were drowned near here yesterday by the capsizing of a boat.

Fugitive in Iowa.

DAVENPORT, Ia., June 27.—A fight for \$250 a side and 75 and 25 per cent of the gate money took place near here between Wiley Evans, colored champion welterweight of the Pacific coast, and Dick Moore of St. Paul. Four ounces gloves were used. Each man got a knock down. Moore led the fighting, but Evans had the longer reach and Moore was punished the hardest. In the tenth round Evans claimed to have broken his hand and at the end of the thirteenth round he threw up the sponge.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"THE DUCHESS" CHAPTER XI V.

"Lady FitzAlmont and Gertrude passed to their own rooms about an hour ago," says Dora. "But some of the men, I think, are still in the smoking-room." "I did not think of them. I stole from my room, and roamed idly through the halls. Suddenly a great—I cannot help thinking now a supernaturally strong—desire to go into the servants' corridor took possession of me. Without allowing myself an instant's hesitation, I found in its direction, and walked on until I reached it."

"She pauses here, and draws her breath rapidly. "Go on," entreats Dora impatiently. "The lamp was burning very dimly. The servants were all down-stairs—at their supper, I suppose—because there was no trace of them anywhere. Not a sound could be heard. The whole place looked melancholy and deserted, and filled me with a sense of awe I could not overcome. Still it attracted me. I lingered there, walking up and down until its very monotony wearied me; even then I was loath to leave it and, turning into a small sitting-room I stood staring idly around me. At last, somewhere in the distance I heard a clock strike ten, and, turning, decided on going back once more to my room. Again, emotion overcoming her, Florence pauses, and leans back in her chair.

"Well, but what is there in all this to terrify you so much?" demands her cousin, somewhat bewildered. "Ah, give me time! Now I am coming to it," replies Florence quickly. "You know the large screen that stands in the corridor just outside the sitting-room I have mentioned—put there, I imagined to break the drought? Well, I had come out of the room and was standing half hidden by the screen, when I saw something that paralyzed me with fear."

She rises to her feet and grows deadly pale as she says this, as though the sensation of fear she has been describing has come to her again.

"You saw—?" prompts Dora, rising too and trembling violently, as though expectation of some fatal tidings.

"I saw the door of the room that leads to the haunted chamber slowly move. It opened; the door that has been locked for nearly fifty years, and has filled the breasts of all the servants here with terror and dismay, was cautiously thrown open! A screen rose to my lips, but I was either too terrified to give utterance to it, or else some strong determination to know what would follow restrained me, and I stood silent, like one turned into stone. I had instinctively moved back a step or two, and was now completely hidden from sight, though I could see all that was passing in the corridor through a hole in the frame-work of the screen. At last a figure came with hesitating footsteps from behind the door into the full glare of the flickering lamp. I could see him distinctly. It was—"

"Arthur Dynecourt! cries the widow, covering her ghastly face with her hands.

Florence regards her with surprise. "It was," she says at last. "But how did you guess it?"

"I knew it," cries Dora frantically. "He has murdered him, he has hidden his body away in that forgotten chamber. He was gloating over his victim, no doubt, just before you saw him, stealing down from a secret visit to the scene of his crime."

"Dora," exclaims Florence, grasping her arm, "if he should not have murdered him after all, if he should only have secured him there, holding him prisoner until he should see his way more clearly to getting rid of him! If this idea be the correct one, we may yet be in time to save to rescue him!"

The agitation of the past hours proving now too much for her; Florence bursts into tears and sobs wildly.

"Alas, I dare not believe in any such hope!" says Dora. "I know that man too well to think him capable of showing any mercy."

"Do not reproach me now," exclaims Dora; "later on you shall say to me all that you wish, but now moments are precious."

"You are right. Something must be done. Shall I—shall I speak to Mr. Villers?"

"I hardly know what to advise"—distractedly. "If we give our suspicious publicity, Arthur Dynecourt may even yet find time and opportunity to baffle and disappoint us. Besides which, we may be wrong. He may have had nothing to do with it, and—"

"At that rate, if secrecy is to be our first thought, let you and me go alone in search of Sir Adrian."

"Alone, at this hour, to that awful room!" exclaims Dora, recoiling from her.

"Yes at once"—firmly—without another moment's delay.

"Oh, I can not!" declares Dora shuddering violently.

"Then I shall go alone!"

As Florence says this, she takes up her candlestick and moves quickly toward the door.

"Stay, I will go," cries Dora, trem-

bling. But a slight interruption occurring at this instant, they are compelled to wait for awhile.

Ethel Villers, coming into the room to make her parting adieu to Mrs. Talbot, as she and her father intend leaving next morning, gazes anxiously at Florence to Dora, seeing plainly that there is something amiss.

"What is it?" she asks kindly, going up to Florence.

Miss Delmaine after a little hesitation encouraged by a glance at Dora's terrified countenance determines on taking the new-comer into their confidence.

"In a few words she explains all that has taken place, and their suspicious Ethel though paling beneath the horror and surprise occasioned by the recital, does not lose her self-possession.

"I will go with you," she volunteers. "But, let me say," she adds, "that I think you are wrong in making this search without a man. If—if indeed we are still in time to be of any use to poor Sir Adrian—always supposing he really is secreted in that terrible room—I do not think any of us would be strong enough to help him down the stairs, and, if he has been slowly starving all this time, think how weak he will be!"

"Oh, what a wretched picture you conjure up!" exclaims Florence, nervously clasping her hands. "But you are right, and now tell me who you think can best be depended upon in this crisis."

"I am sure," says Ethel, blushing slightly, but speaking with intense earnestness, "that, if you would not mind trusting Captain Ringwood he would be both safe and useful."

As this suggestion meets the approval they manage to convey a message to the their hopes and fears.

Silently, cautiously, without any light, but carrying two small lamps ready for ignition, they go down to the corridor where is the door that leads to the secret staircase.

Turning the handle of this door Captain Ringwood discovers that it is locked, but, nothing daunted, he pulls it so violently backward and forward that the lock, rusty with age gives way, and leaves the passage beyond open to them.

Going into the small landing at the foot of the staircase, they close the door carefully behind them and then, Captain Ringwood producing some matches, they light the two lamps and go swiftly, with anxiously beating hearts, up the stairs.

The second door is reached, and now nothing remains but to mount the last flight of steps and open the fatal door.

Their hearts at this trying moment almost fail them. They look into one another's blanched faces, and look there in vain for hope. At last Ringwood, touching Ethel's arm, says, in a whisper—

"Come! have courage—all may yet be well!"

He moves toward the stone steps, and they follow him. Quickly mounting them, he lays his hand upon the door, and, afraid to give them any more time for reflection or dread of what may yet be in store for them, throws it open.

At first the feeble light from their lamps fails to penetrate the darkness of the gloomy apartment. At the cursory glance, such as they at first cast round the room, it appears to be empty. Their hearts sink within them. Have they indeed hoped in vain!

Dora is crying bitterly, Ethel, with her eyes fixed upon Ringwood, is reading her own disappointment in his face, when suddenly a piercing cry from Florence wakes the echo round them.

She has darted forward, and is kneeling over something that even now is only barely discernable to the others as they come nearer to it. It looks like a bundle of clothes, but as they stoop over it, they, too, can see that it is in reality a human body, and apparently rigid in death.

But the shriek that has sprung from the very soul of Florence has reached some still living fibers in the brain of this forlorn creature. Slowly and with difficulty he raises his head, and opens a pair of fast-glazing eyes. Mechanically his glance falls upon Florence. His lips move; a melancholy smile struggles to show itself upon his parched and blackened lips.

"Florence," he rather sighs than says, and falls back, to all appearance, dead.

"He is not dead!" cries Florence passionately. "He can not be! Oh, save him, save him! Adrian look up—speak to me! Oh, Adrian, make some sign that you can hear me!"

But he makes no sign. His very breath seems to have left him. Gathering him tenderly in her arms Florence presses his worn and wasted face against her bosom, and pushes back the hair from his forehead. He is so completely altered, so through a wreck has become, that it is indeed only the eyes of love that could recognize him. His cheeks have fallen in and deep hollows show themselves. His beard has grown, and is now rough and stubby; his hair is uncombed, the lines of want, despair and cruel starvation have blotted out all the old fairness of his features. His clothes are hanging loosely about him; his hands, limp and nerveless, are lying by his side. Who shall tell what agony

he suffered during these past lonely days with death—an awful, creeping, gnawing death staring him in the face?

A deadly silence has fallen upon the little group now gazing solemnly down upon his quiet form. Florence, holding him closely to heart is gently rocking him to and fro, as though she will not be dissuaded that he still lives.

At length Captain Ringwood, stooping pitifully over her, looses her hold so far as to enable him to lay his hand upon Adrian's heart. After a moment, during which they all watch him closely, he starts, and looking still closer into the face that a second ago he believed dead he says, with subdued but deep excitement—

"There may yet be time! He breathes—his heart beats! Who will help me to carry him out of this dungeon?"

He shudders as he glances round him.

"I will," replies Florence calmly. These words of hope have steadied her and braced her nerves. Ethel and Mrs. Talbot, carrying the lamps, go on before, while Ringwood and Florence having lifted the senseless body of Adrian, now indeed sufficiently light to be an easy burden, follow them.

Reaching the corridor, they cross it hurriedly, and carrying Adrian up a back staircase that leads to Captain Ringwood's room by a circuitous route, they gain it without encountering a single soul, and lay him gently down on Ringwood's bed, almost at the very moment that midnight chimes from the old tower, and only a few minutes before Arthur Dynecourt steals from his chamber to make that last visit to his supposed victim.

Slowly and diffidely they coax Sir Adrian back to life. Ringwood had insisted upon telling the house keeper at the castle, who had been in the family for years, the whole story of her master's rescue, and, she with tears dropping down her withered cheeks and had helped Ringwood to remove his clothes and make him comfortable. She had also sat beside him while the captain, stealing out of the house like a thief, had galloped down the village for the doctor, whom he had smuggled into the house without awaking any of the servants.

This caution and secrecy had been decided upon for one powerful reason. If Arthur Dynecourt should prove guilty of being the author of his cousin's incarceration, they were quite determined he should not escape whatever punishment the law allowed. But the mystery could not be quite cleared up until Sir Adrian's return to consciousness, when they hoped to have some light thrown upon the matter from his own lips.

In the meantime, should Arthur hear of his cousin's rescue, and know himself to be guilty of this dastardly attempt to murder, who would not take steps to escape before the law should lay its iron grasp upon him? All four conspirators are too ignorant of the power of the law to know whether it would be justifiable in the present circumstances to place him under arrest, or decide on waiting until Sir Adrian himself shall be able to pronounce either his doom or his acquittal.

The doctor stays all night and administers to the exhausted man, as often as he dares, the nourishment and good things provided by the old housekeeper.

When the morning is far advanced, Adrian, waking from a short but refreshing slumber, looks anxiously around him. Florence seeing this, steps aside, as though to make way for Dora to go closer to him. But Mrs. Talbot, covering her face with her hands, turns aside and sinks into a chair.

The faint voice falls upon her ear. It is so weak that she is obliged to stoop over him to catch what he is trying to say.

"Darling I owe you my life!"

With great feebleness he utters these words, accompanying them with a glance of utter devotion. How can she mistake this glance, so full of love and rapture? Perplexed in the extreme, she turns from him, as though to leave him, but by a gesture he detains her.

"Do not leave me! Stay with me!" he entreats.

Once again, deeply distressed, she looks at Dora. Mrs. Talbot, rising, distinctly, but with a shamefaced expression—

Ringwood is now of opinion that they have acted unwisely in concealing the discovery of Sir Adrian in the haunted chamber. By not speaking to the others, they have given Dynecourt the opportunity of getting away safely, and without causing suspicion.

"Is it not an almost conclusive proof of his guilt, his running away in this cowardly fashion?" says Ethel Villers. "I think papa and Lady FitzAlmont and everybody should now be told."

So Ringwood, undertaking the office of table-bearer, goes down stairs, and bringing together all the people still remaining in the house, astounds them by his revelation of the discovery and release of Sir Adrian.

The nearest magistrate is sent for, and the case being laid before him, together with the still further evidence given by Sir Adrian himself, who has told them in a weak whisper of Arthur's being privy to his intention

of searching the land. Florence's blanching day of his disappearance of Arthur Dynecourt.

But is it all in two of the clerical Scotland Yard service, no tidings of court came to light.

to his description, spectacles, had been gone on board a vessel York the very day search in other quarters one falls into the hands of this specterized man would be murdered.

So the days pass quite a month since Florence carried her form from the haunted still Florence holds the man she loves, as an assiduous as her attentions to him, to get away from him, escape any chance of him. This she does in fact that Mrs. Talbot him except when she

Continued next

A Long Farewell

There is a man in the street and in the lower important thoroughfares properties are very while he does not occupy and has no to with the person who paid no rent for never been asked to long interval of time years in question the been awaiting the his landlord or the during that long period taxes on the building thorough repair. It has been a most protracted several rivals have ability to sail much than they do owing believed of the usual

It is not at all property will become undisputed possession of twenty years worth many times. Those who are concerned strange case have no sion that the owner dead, and it is supposed lost at sea. It is a real estate as well as in the business of published savings banks funds that are not owners of their Record.

Lady Somerset or is "And now would you bit a about women's a contributor of the day she returned to New York. "All Somerset with a subject. The position States is on the was than it is here. It see the early moment to the cities filled with who were all going to employments, etc. It was it than if they ing to their homes and possibly not being is looked upon as that every woman earn her own living.

"American women they may not; but nately not regarded was also very favorable the conduct of women. They might argue agree with each other ing, but when it was putants would learn arm, chatting with of perfect amity. Discussions would in quarrel. American public affairs, but yet to be taught these ference."—London

What is it? The London Spectator considerable editorial sion of the question, "lady" and a few "lady" named Walden do in the Westmore because her husband she had brought with woman." "Is it a woman in your opinion?" "I'll let you know what "Och!" replied the herself knows you're married to you—worse honor," said the lady, always straits me. call me?" (this to you honor," "I'll come all the way my rights from \$2,000 and won't And now he calls

The current since the extensive has been found of the surprise of a ers engaged in thought that if the ened the current gish.—New York