

NEBRASKA LEGISLATURE.

In the legislature last week the principal interest centered upon the election of United States Senator. The organization of both houses being completed and the rule settled in regard to the joint sessions there was very little talked about except the senatorial contest.

There was very little difference in the several ballots taken. On Tuesday the houses voted separately and a joint ballot was taken each day thereafter, the Lieutenant-governor presiding over the joint session.

Considerable business has been considered however, and some progress toward legislation has been made. There has been a good deal of talk about economy, as is usual at the opening of the legislature session, and some well-directed efforts have been made in that direction.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the speaker, whose duty it shall be to investigate the different departments of the state government, to the end that unjust aspersions may be rebuked and the guilty, if any there be, may be brought to justice, and such committee is authorized to employ all necessary assistance, and that said committee have power to send for persons and papers.

Oakley moved that the resolution be adopted. At this juncture Mr. Keckley asked that he be not appointed as a member of the committee.

Horst wanted to amend it and make it read a joint committee of both houses, but the house seemed to realize that the senate was liable not to concur and would not have it that way.

A resolution was also adopted to appoint a committee to inquire into the cause of the death of the convict, who is said to have been killed a few days ago by excessive and inhuman punishment.

IN THE SENATE.

Senator Young presented a resolution authorizing a committee from the house to confer with the Lancaster county commissioners relative to the employment of counsel in the indictment against former employes and contractors of the Lincoln insane asylum.

On motion of Gray the state auditor was instructed to furnish a printed statement of the appropriations made by the last session of the legislature.

On motion of Moore the senate instructed Charles A. Coe, president of the Nebraska Columbian commission to furnish an itemized statement containing expenditures of the commission, and for what purpose, also a copy of the contract and plans for the state building at Chicago.

Pope succeeded in getting the senator to make a combined request of the secretary of state for copies of Jefferson's manual.

In the house Johnston of Nemah introduced a peculiar bill. It provides that after any man shall qualify as district judge he shall not be eligible to any other office except justice of the supreme court and county judge during the term of office which he was elected or appointed nor until one year after his term has expired.

Kyer of Douglas introduced an immense bill—house bill No. 140. The bill requires that all parents and guardians having the care of children between the age of 8 and 14 years shall instruct them or cause them to be instructed in the branches which are required to be taught in the public schools of the state.

The bill is said to be the official measure of the A. P. A.

House Bill 138, by John C. Watson, provides that upon the passage and taking effect of this act the governor shall appoint three attorneys, citizens of the United States and of Nebraska, to act as commissioners and such rules and regulations as the supreme court may adopt, to aid and assist the court in the disposition of the numerous cases now pending or hereafter brought into said court during the term of office of said commissioners.

Remains of Ex-President Hayes Laid to Rest.

FREMONT, O., Jan. 21.—Bright and clear, but cold, dawned the funeral day of General R. B. Hayes, ex-president of the United States, and the streets were early filled with the thousands who had come from far and near to do honor to the memory of the soldier and statesman who has passed away full of years and honors.

Excursion trains from all over the state deposited soldiers, veterans and civilians at the little depot, and by 10 o'clock nearly all who were to take part in the procession had arrived.

Secretary Charles F. Foster, Rusk, Noble and Wanamaker, representing President Harrison, arrived early, and President-elect Cleveland came in on a train which reached here about 8 o'clock.

The body lay in state Thursday, but only privileged persons were admitted. Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, however, the general public was admitted.

First came the children of the public schools, marshaled by their teachers. Then came the Odd Fellows, and other organizations of which General Hayes was a member and these were followed by the veterans of the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic.

There was no sign of confusion and the military guard at the doors of the house and in the hall where the casket lay was merely formal.

The people passed rapidly through casting a glance at the peaceful face of the dead man, and reverently continued out through the rear door. The funeral services began at 12 o'clock.

The Rev. J. L. Albritton of the local Methodist Episcopal church read a sermon. Rev. Dr. Bashford delivered a prayer, and there was singing. The exercises at the grave were under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The procession was commanded by Colonel Corbin, assistant adjutant general United States army. The order was: Music, escort, hearse and pallbearers, family, members of General Hayes' old command, other officers and enlisted men, distinguished guests, delegations from a distance, miscellaneous societies and citizens generally.

The Ohio National guards was represented by the Sixteenth regiment, ten companies and a band, under command of General Bunker, a troop of cavalry from Cleveland, and a battalion of artillery.

Suffering in Europe. VIENNA, Jan. 21.—The severe cold weather that has prevailed here for many days gives signs of breaking up and dispatches from various points in Central Europe report a slow but sure drop in the temperature.

The snow storms that have caused such great delay in business of these regions have ceased, and it is hoped that roads may be opened before another fall occurs.

The situation in the rural districts is alarming. Communication by rail or highways, with many of the towns and villages, is completely cut off, and much suffering is sure to result from the scarcity of provisions and other necessary supplies.

A Greek Hurricane. ATHENS, Jan. 21.—A hurricane that has passed over Greece has done much damage in the country and along the coast. Shipping has suffered greatly.

The Banking Bill. WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21.—The house committee on banking and currency yesterday instructed Chairman Bacon of New York, to ask the committee on rules for a special order giving one or two days, if necessary, for the consideration of the Andrew Cate banking and the Sherman repeal bills.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 21.—Judge Stone in charging the jury in the Dempsey case yesterday morning reviewed carefully and impartially all points of the testimony brought out during the trial.

A vote will not be taken on the anti-option bill until early next week, probably not before Tuesday.

Dempsey Found Guilty. PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 21.—Judge Stone in charging the jury in the Dempsey case yesterday morning reviewed carefully and impartially all points of the testimony brought out during the trial.

France Enters Protest. LONDON, Jan. 21.—Acting in conformity with the instructions sent by the French foreign minister, M. Waddington, the French ambassador yesterday sent a note to Lord Rosebery, the British foreign minister, in regard to the trouble in Egypt.

France does not remain indifferent to an act on the part of Great Britain that she deemed to infringe on the independence of the kingdom.

FLORA MERWYN'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE

CHAPTER II. (CONTINUED.)

But the bent, silvered head told of ennobling thought. A wall of anguish parted Flora's lips as the foliage shut out the view, and she saw the road diverge towards the interior.

"Oh! he cannot hear me! he will ride straight into danger—to death, mayhap! Father! father! Who will save him?"

"I will! Flora!" The banker's daughter turned with a shock. Then, reeling, trembling staring vaguely, she stood rooted to the spot.

"You, you!" she gasped, her soul in her eyes, her senses wavering. Pale, erect, in worn attire, but the true gentleman still, his eyes piercing her very heart to its depths, his hands extended in mute questioning, the moonlight outlined the intruder, the wan face took form and feature, and Flora Merwyn saw—

The man she had never expected to meet thus, face to face, on earth again—the man she had loved and lost—Ray Webster.

CHAPTER III. FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

Like a visitant from the grave, a specter appearing across the dim boundary line of life and death, the wan, worn figure of Ray Webster filled the vision of the startled and amazed Flora.

Loyalty to the judgment of a wise father had closed her heart to any action that would bring about written communication or a meeting with the man who had betrayed a high business trust in the eyes of the world, and she had counted their love as dead, but in one flashing glance at the pitiful figure before her, Flora's mind forgot the impending peril of the hour—into her true, womanly soul surged a wave of infinite pity, love and anguish, that involuntarily wrung a cry like that of a fair, wounded dove, from her lips.

"Past love, present sympathy, intuition illumined and enlarged, the mournful story that haggard face revealed. Suffering, despair, the fierce resentment of a chained soul galling under its bonds, wrong, injury, suffering—all these lingered, eloquent, pleading, in the pose, looks and accents of the man who confronted her. Innocence, too, as she shrank, one reproachful glance from Ray Webster's eyes told that she might better have awarded him a dagger-thrust, than add to the bitterness of despair by tacitly insinuating that she, too, even dreamed of his being the guilty wretch he had been adjudged."

"Flora, my life, my love!" he panted, advancing his hands extended, his soul quivering on the reception she would award him. "Oh! the weary waiting—the torturing silence—but now, at last!"

In frantic, feverish distress she waved him back. This was not the cringing supplication of a hypocrite, a criminal, Ah, no! Above the prison rot, the pallor of illness and suffering, there shone in the attenuated face the true nobility of the soul beneath, proud, untarnished. The very boldness of his approach overwhelmed her. Breathless, she recoiled.

"Wait!" she gasped. "They told me you were—"

"In prison?" he interrupted quickly. "Yes, but hope can burst stone walls, despair disrupt iron fetters. I did not expect to meet you so soon. It was that man, Arnold Dacre, I thought. Tell me—I am not too late? Tell me—he is still at Ridgeville—has not fled?—for the score he owes my broken, blighted life, must be paid, tears for tears, weep for weep, heart-beat for heart-beat!"

"Arnold Dacre!" "Tumultuously she gasped the name, as if a sudden revelation. Into her soul flashed the true significance of the dark hint Ray Webster's words conveyed. A fierce accusation, a stern arraignment, they seemed to hint at plot, villainy, they illumined the vivid suspicion that had flamed into her own mind that morning, that some hidden, sinister hand was wreaking trouble, disaster against her father, herself, and those she loved.

"Then you thought me guilty?" cried Dalton sharply. "You—"

"Look! look! sh. it may not be too late yet. Father! father!" With a suddenness that startled Webster, a feverish hope springing to her eyes, Flora abruptly ran to the river's edge.

Glancing across the broad stream once more, she caught a last sight of the horseman bound for the bank. With a shock, her thoughts returned to her father—to his environment, his peril.

"Your father? yes, I see," spoke Webster wonderingly. "You called him before—you are agitated."

"His life is menaced. Oh! he has gone on," wailed Flora, wringing her hands frantically, as the horseman again disappeared from view. "Will you save him?"

"From what?" She turned upon the questioner, herself the suppliant now. Amid her emotion, her quivering hand sought his arm, and rested there pleadingly.

"The Bank!" she panted incoherently. "He must not go there. It is trouble, peril, perhaps death. The thirst for his blood, that man Dacre says—a mad, reckless mob for the bank has failed, and—"

Her eyes met. No need for the forlorn fugitive to plead for a knowledge of her feelings toward him now! Anxiety, apprehension, love beamed forth. Soul to soul, they stood rehabilitated!

"I will save him, I would swim through a sea of molten fire to know what your dear eyes tell me!" he cried, his voice ringing with joy. "Oh! my love, my love, if death means me yonder, remember, I am innocent, but strong the current that drags me away from such a love as yours."

She held her breath as he struck out for the opposite shore. Paipitating, wavering she watched him. Could he gain the bank? Would it be in time to overtake her imperiled father, would stern, self-reliant Abel Merwyn listen to his warning, heed it, owe his safety to the man he had sent to the felon's dock?

A cry of anxiety was wrung from Flora's lips as, gaining the strong central current, she saw Paul Dalton treacherous at midstream, being strewn with rocks, which at one point formed an island.

Against one of these she saw him suddenly hurled by a rushing vortex of the foam-crested waters. A faint cry of pain reached her.

What had happened? Her rising fears answered the query promptly. He was swimming with one hand now. The other, maimed or benumbed by the blow he had received by coming in contact with a sharp-pointed rock, hung helpless at his side. He reached a great boulder projecting above the surface of the water, and threw himself across its face, to rest, recuperate, and regain his strength.

Fainting, exhausted, he smiled across the bleak void at the woman whose eyes were stars of hope to his hungry soul. Only for a moment he clung there. Then he slipped into the water again, and struck out manfully for the near shore.

"Help!" a shrill cry of agony, the cry was uttered by Flora Merwyn a minute later. Running frantically up and down the bank, wringing her hands, almost bent on springing into the stream after him, she scanned the rock-strewn center stream appalled.

"Help—oh! who will save him? Ray, my love! my love! come back! Oh, I have sent him to his death—"

She paused, fascinated paralyzed. A wild swirl of waters had shot him with the force of a catapult against a great jagged rock. He caught at a projection, his head sank on his breast, and then, just as his feeble clutch was torn loose, the upraised arm was in full view, and through the rent sleeve of the outer coat, there showed an undergarment, striped, hideous—the shameful garb of the State convict!

Dead—drowned! With a choking gasp, Flora Merwyn sank helpless to the wet sward, praying to die, for the cruel rock seemed to have awarded Ray Webster his death blow, and the heartless waters swept him from view. She watched the extreme end of the rocky island, but he did not reappear. In reunion, death had stepped in with merciless tread—love revived had dealt a last crushing blow.

Lost, in the hour of finding—doomed, at the threshold of hope! and that, too, in behalf of the man who had innocently wronged him.

And what of that father? Her senses reeling, Flora Merwyn's heart and soul seemed crushed anew as, from the distant village, an ominous, an unusual sound beat out upon the still morning air.

A bell—a bell noisy with dissonant clangor; the bell she had once heard in fancy pealing, sweetly her own wedding chimes!

It was ringing no hour now, no call to church, or school, or council, clang—clang! a throbbing hand swung the ponderous iron tongue, the hoarse throat vibrating, told of excitement, haste and peril.

Clang—clang! the unfamiliar alarm bore an accent of sombre warning—fire, riot, bloodshed!

A call to arms—to rescue, she read in every brazen note the integrity of a great bank at stake, the safety of its pilot hanging on a mere quivering thread.

Alas! far more sentiment was the pealing significance. It was something else beside a clang of disorder. That ringing babel of discord was a requiem of sorrow, it announced to the world that Flora Merwyn had lost a father as well as lover in one fell, fatal hour—that she was homeless, at the mercy of a harsh, cruel world—an orphan.

For the mob had risen, and "the worst" had come!

CHAPTER IV. TOO LATE. The mob had risen—whence had it come?

From factory and store, from farm and mill, augmented by the floating population from dark by-ways and taverns, first serious, then excited, and now maddened to the pitch of ungovernable fury, the multitude before the doors of the bank had become a wild, unruly rabble.

Within, still unmoved, still scornful, sinister, self-confident, Arnold Dacre sat at the table in the rear room, ransacking portfolios and boxes brought to him from the massive iron vault, by the trembling, apprehensive hireling, Wharton, destroying this paper, altering that document, pocketing some securities, tearing others to fragments.

Dacre interrupted the speaker with a harsh, jarring laugh. "Rausack at will!" he jeered. "In the first place, they couldn't open the vault, in the next place, the bundles of waste paper labelled away up into the thousands won't enrich them much."

"What?" ejaculated the old clerk, starting as if shot. "Am I not sufficiently loud? Can't you understand plain English when it is spoken, or are you feigning? Don't play the Fox, Wharton. You're safe. When the crash comes, no one will look to an underpaid scribe for their missing dollars."

"But when they investigate—"

"What will be the result? They will find the coffers empty, the securities gone. Thanks to your deft offices, the books will show reckless expenditure, mad speculation, and a lot of rotten mining stocks as assets—worse than that, forgeries!"

"Concerning which Mr. Merwyn knows nothing."

"Humph! he'll know enough about them if he reaches here alive. He don't even know we've stopped payment. Blank run, disgrace, dishonor faces him. The books show that everything was done on his order. The lousiest statement you have, implicates him as a speculating scoundrel. He denies it all, but black and white betray him. My testimony will go beyond his."

"And then?" murmured the clerk aghast, in a suffocating tone of voice. "You and I, dividing the ready cash. There are resources whereby Merwyn could pay every dollar, but I shall prevent that—his daughter's fortune. With the cash in hand to bank on, with a chance of gaining her hand and fortune as the price of my refusal of her father's dishonor, I hope to come out victor. We have played for high stakes—we must win!"

John Wharton shrank back in his chair, the picture of abject misery and dread. The cold beads of perspiration stood out on his colorless face, his lips were trembling. He seemed like a poor, conscience-stricken wretch, held so firmly in the grasp of a tyrant, that he could only struggle helplessly and die.

"Hark!" The old clerk sprang to his feet with a shock. The babel outside had suddenly ceased, but only to be renewed, only it was in a new vein, now.

"Merwyn?" "Our money—our deposits?" "Seize him! don't let him get in and look us out like the others. We'll square accounts here."

"Hold on! Fair treatment. Listen to what he has to say."

These various cries echoed within the bank distinctly. The face of the cashier lighted up with sudden excitement. He ran into the counting-room. The agitated clerk pressed close to his side at one of the shattered lights of glass, so that they surveyed a thrilling scene.

Abel Merwyn had arrived. At the curb stood his horse. Fighting his way through the crowd, his pleasant, honest face one void of amazement and alarm, he was regarding the cursing, crushing mob about him with eyes of the direst concern.

That mob seemed to be divided in sentiment. A cudgel would be raised to deal the venerable banker a blow, only to be warded off by the sturdy hands of friends closer to him. The latter pushed their way with him to the top iron step. Bracing himself against the massive door, Abel Merwyn turned, confronted the raving throng, and cried below.

"Men—friends!" he cried, in ringing tones. "What does this mean?" "Mean?" jeered a harsh voice. "As if you didn't know! It means robbery for you, beggary for us. Read that notice."

The banker's glance swept the dangling bit of cardboard at the window. His gasping breath, his staring eyes, his stricken demeanor told that it was an honest surprise to him.

"Friends!" he spoke, with difficulty. "I do not understand this. Merwyn's suspended payment! Why—"

"Our money! No talker," yelled a hoarse voice, and a clod of earth knocked the banker's hat from his head.

His eyes blazing as he picked it up, his lips closed sternly as he looked down steadily at the white sea of faces before him.

"Men!" he cried, his tone vibrating with resolution and dignity. "this demonstration is shameful. I do not understand that notice. It can only mean that the cash reserve is low, but my own personal resources in bonds and securities are safe for ten times what is due you. Allow me to investigate."

"No—no delay—our money—our money—that was the furious, monotonous sentiment of the crowd.

"I have in my possession sufficient—" "Stand back!" "Down him!"

At that moment, the venomous temper of the crowd was set loose in all its malignity. Some one reached over the heads of men directly surrounding Merwyn, and with a caudal dealt the august banker a quick blow.

He staggered under it, wiped the blood from his cheek, and directed a sad reproachful look upon his assailant.

It was the signal for a furious onslaught. Instantly a score of hands were raised. And the fierce fusillade they directed, the banker's champions fled in unteal flight. Pattering the door, shattering the windows, striking the banker, clouds of earth, sticks and stones rained about him like hail.

They saw him fall prone, bleeding from a dozen wounds. With wells of rage they started towards him as if intent on finishing up their murderous work by tearing him limb from limb.

The first man to spring up the iron step, however, received a blow that sent him reeling and snarling back into the arms of his companions.

Of a sudden, the massive iron doors were unbolting from the inside. They were closed as quickly again against the baffled, yelling throng. But not until Arnold Dacre had appeared, struck back the leaders of the rabble, and dragged the prone and senseless Merwyn out of reach of his assailants.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To be Stereotyped. Usual interview of reporter recently arrived prima donna—Prima donna—"Oh, with your country."

Interviewer—"Yes; Prima donna—"Yes; been kind to me. Very Am surprised to find Am expected to find them and hairy, possibly black.

Interviewer—"I think I sh and take up my residence in New York Graphic.