

The Annual Bicycle Race.

CHICAGO, June 1.—The great annual Decoration day cycling event, known locally as the Pullman road race, a run of some twelve miles from Chicago avenue and Van Buren street to the town of Pullman was contested yesterday by some hundred "bike" riders, including men whose fame is national. The race was a handicap, the starters being placed according to their known performances with a view of giving everybody a fair chance to win the race. The day and the weather were perfect and it was a merry spin. The winner of the race was M. Nelson of the Columbia club, who had six minutes handicap and covered the distance in fifty-five and one half minutes. He is the actual winner of the race, but the chief interest to cyclists centers in the time winner, that is, the man who covered the distance in the shortest time, regardless of the handicap, and to determine who this man is requires much figuring by the judges.

The judges finally awarded the prizes as follows: First, M. Nelson, Columbia wheelmen; time, 55:17. Second, M. Nelson, also the winner of the race, Columbia wheelmen, 55:44. Third, Charles T. Kneisley, Illinois Cycling club, 56:11 25.

Do not Seem Alarmed.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., June 1.—The coal miners of this city do not seem in the least disturbed over the strike in other parts of the state. President Wallers, of the mine workers' union, arrived here last night and today is conferring with men employed in the several mines here. It was expected that he would order the Leavenworth men out yesterday, but no such action was taken. He now states that the men will quit work Thursday. The mine operators do not seem in the least alarmed, as the ratio of union to non-union men is one to five.

Perforated His Lung.

MILAN, Penn., June 1.—The little village of Edith was the scene of a sensational occurrence yesterday morning. Miss Maggie Adair married in December and was a widow in March, her husband losing his life in a runaway accident. Harvey Daze, a local tough, since attempted to pay the widow attention, but was repulsed. He defamed her character and persecuted her on all occasions. At a singing class Friday night Daze attempted to see the lady home, was refused, used insulting language and had his jaws publicly slapped. Wednesday morning at a picnic the ruffian again insulted the lady. She was among others firing at a target. When approached she turned the gun upon Daze and shot him through the shoulder. Quickly firing again, she sent bullets into Daze's breast, one piercing his right lung, causing probably a fatal wound. The woman gave bond for her appearance.

Six Persons Killed in a Wreck.

TYRONE, Pa., June 1.—The train carrying the circus of Walter L. Main on the Tyrone & Fairfield line, was wrecked on a down grade. The cars in which the camels and elephants were broke down while on the down grade and the next moment the train was running wild. Turning a sharp curve, it jumped the track and landed in a ditch a dreadful and complete wreck. The three sleepers used by the performers remained on the rails. Otherwise the wreck was complete. The corrected list of dead who were taken from the debris were as follows: Frank Train, treasurer and ticket seller, from Indianapolis, Ind., J. Strayer of Houtzdale, Pa., William Mutterly of East Liberty, Pa., and William Haverly of Tyrone. Two bodies have not yet been identified.

Of the seven seriously injured two, William Evans and Louis Champaign, are believed to be fatally hurt. A number of others were slightly wounded, but were able to proceed on the journey. The animals were all captured with the exception of a leopard and a hyena, which are still at large. Main's loss is \$150,000.

A Scarcity of Silver.

ROME, June 1.—The monetary situation grows worse. The scarcity of silver is paralyzing trade and the revival of forced paper currency is believed to be inevitable. The parliamentary commission appointed to investigate the reported complicity of the Italian senators and deputies in the scandals relating to the Banca Romana and other financial institutions has resigned on the ground that the chamber of deputies made valid the election of Aguglia, an opposition deputy, contrary to the advice of the commission. The weakness of the newly reconstructed cabinet is aggravated by this resignation.

Forced Into Liquidation.

BRISTOL, Tenn., June 1.—The Big Stone Gap Land company, capitalized at \$2,000,000, and with a bonded indebtedness of \$4,000,000 more, has been forced into liquidation by a suit in the United States court by the stockholders, who charge mismanagement and misappropriation of funds. Receivers have been appointed.

Two years ago, Governor McCraw, when he drove a ball-totter to the penitentiary, now he holds the reins of the government.

Sunday Opening not Decided.

Chicago, June 2.—Great crowds gathered in the United States court of appeals to hear the argument on the application by the United States for an injunction restraining the management of the world's fair from opening the gates Sunday. Judges Woods, Jenkins and Grosse sat on the bench. Chief Justice Fuller was prevented by the illness of his daughter from sitting. The firm of Wanamaker & Brown, through their attorney, sought to intervene in the suit, but were ruled out. The arguments were continued until late in the afternoon. Attorney Milchrist, for the government, read the bill, which was a lengthy one, and its provisions were discussed pro and con. Attorney Hand opened the argument after this. He maintained that the appropriation, in accepting the appropriation with the Sunday closing clause, had entered into a contract of which Sunday opening was a direct violation. Circuit Judge Jenkins asked if the government had no remedy at law, to which the attorney replied that it might sue for the money, but stood a small chance of receiving the souvenir coins, as they have been distributed. Judge Jenkins again asked if the law was not adequate enough to protect the government. He insisted that the money was in the nature of a gift and that authorities agree that where donations are made the remedy is in equity.

Attorney St. Clair made a long speech in behalf of the exposition, bristling with technicalities. He claimed the government could not bring suit for a specific performance, because it has remedy at law. The arguments will be resumed tomorrow.

Killed With an Ax.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 2.—The city is in great excitement, due to the discovery of an atrocious murder, rivaling in many respects those of Mr. and Mrs. Borden. The victim was Miss Be ha Manchester, aged 22 years, a former student in the Illinois school and a descendant of one of the oldest families in this section of New England. She was last seen alive when her father, accompanied by his son and a hired boy, left the city. On their return the son ran into the kitchen and there saw his sister lying in a pool of blood. A bloody ax was found in a woodpile near the back fence. The head and face were most frightfully mangled and blood was spattered over walls and ceiling.

On searching the house the police found that the girls' bedroom had been rifled of some of its contents. The rifled bedroom leads to the theory that robbery was the motive.

Concerning Railroads.

ST. PAUL, June 2.—There is a case on hearing in the United States circuit court of appeals which involves the existence of all the railway traffic associations in the country, on an appeal from a decision in favor of the railways, rendered by Judge Ryner at Cuyenne, Wyo., last July. It is a suit against the trans-Missouri freight association and the roads constituting it, brought by United States District Attorney Ady, of the Kansas district under the Sherman anti-trust act. The railroads plead that association is necessary to prevent discrimination, and that the railroads are subject to the interstate commerce act, and not to the anti-trust act, which was framed to prevent trusts, and that congress in passing the anti-trust act, rejected an amendment making it applicable to roads.

James Gilbert Released From Prison. LONDON, June 2.—James Gilbert, the dynamite, has been released from Portland prison. He was sentenced in 1885 to penal servitude for life for having caused dynamite explosions at the tower and houses of parliament. The reason for his release is said to be the breaking down of his health. Priests and a nurse accompanied Gilbert to London, where he was taken to a hospital in which a room had been engaged for him by the Irish amnesty association. Gilbert's appearance corroborates the recent reports of his health. He moves feebly, stoops and has aged twenty years during his confinement.

An Indian Lynched by Mexicans. LAS VEGAS, N. M., June 2.—Cecile Luero, an Indian, was lynched in this city by 1,000 Mexicans for the murder of Jenigine Martinez and Julio Gonzales. His own father assisted in his capture. Last week Martinez's body, horribly mutilated by stones that had crushed his head to a jelly, was found bound to a burro wandering over the plains. Julio was murdered several months ago in a similar manner.

Five Deaths From Diphtheria. QUEBEC, June 2.—The steamer Oregon, which arrived at the Grosse Isle quarantine from Liverpool Monday night with 850 passengers, is still detained. Five deaths occurred on the passage and fifteen persons are ill on board. The existence of cholera on board is officially denied. It is said to be diphtheria.

Instantly Killed.

DECATUR, Ga., June 2.—While a sheriff's posse was attempting to arrest six colored men on a peace warrant, W. B. Malby was instantly killed, and one of the negroes, named Connolly, was in turn fatally shot. Malby had quarreled with one of his colored drivers and whipped him, when the negro's brothers took up the quarrel and threatened to kill Malby, whereupon Malby got out the warrant.



By LADY MAJENDIE

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The door opened and Dita tounded in, followed by her little dog. On seeing the stranger she stopped, and assumed a demure pace. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier sight than this child, with her great rare dark eyes and the floating cloud of golden hair, which made her like a fairy child. Mr. Norton held out his hand, and she went up to him with a natural grace all her own.

"Your little girl, Mrs. Lovel?" he said, inquiringly. "Yes, our little daughter," answered Nannie, stroking down the wild hair lovingly. Mr. Norton felt surprised that anything so refined and fairy-like should have been born of humble parents; but he said no more, and the rest of the party returning, they took their leave.

They were driving through the woods when Miss Lee Aston cried out—"Well, look, mamma, there is an odd figure!" Against a tall shadowy birch-tree stood Jaques with his violin in his hand waiting till the carriage should have passed, before he resumed the music his soul loved. Jaques' large hands and feet, his uncouth face, which looked rough-hewn and not finished off, caused an irresistible laugh. He heard, and even in his gentle soul arose a feeling of bitterness; but he comforted himself by the wild and most fantastic maneuver on his pet violin.

One day Dita came running into her mother's room with her face full of the excitement of news. "Mamma, there's a little boy fishing—may I speak to him? oh, mamma, may I?" Mrs. Lovel looked at her flushed, eager little face, and seeing how much it would delight her, consented; the boy could be no other than Edward Norton. Jaques was away in London transacting business for Andrew and Dita was without playmates. Away she danced with Fluff at her heels, far outstripping the sober pace of her maid.

The boy sitting on the edge of the stream in the wood looked up at her with a furious frown as she danced up to him; she was so taken back that her poor little face fell pitifully; he saw it, for he turned round and said—"Never mind, you've frightened him away, and he won't come back; what do you want?" But Dita was quite subdued, she only crept a little nearer and hung her head. "Well, out with it, little 'un."

Dita's courage came back as fast as it was gone, and she sat down by him, and let a piece of string she held in her hand go into the water. "I fish," she said. "You are a funny little thing," said the boy, who was about twelve years old, and very handsome. "What is your name?" "Dita," she said. "I caught a fish," and she drew out a dead fish.

"Oh, Fluff!" shrieked Dita. "Be quiet," said the boy. "He will swim all right, and he stood for a moment watching; then he saw by his consternation that Fluff's superabundant coat was pulling him down, that the hair covered his head-like eyes, and that he was fighting with his paws above his head instead of below him. He stretched out a branch, but Fluff took no notice. Dita stood motionless with her little hands clasped together in despair. There was no time to lose, and the boy jumped into the water, and waded after the poor net, bringing him just in time to save his life.

He carried him out, and Dita received Fluff wringing wet as he was into her lap and covered him with kisses and tears. "You must run home," said the boy, standing dripping beside her; "and change your things, or you will catch cold." "Come home too," said Dita, rising and pulling his hand; but the boy drew away roughly, and said with bitterness—"Not I—it is your home now, not mine."

"Shall you be here to-morrow, boy?" said Dita. "Yes, I will come and see whether you have caught cold."

"Yes, it is her first ball." "Hum!" Sir Edward gave a sort of growl and lighted a cigar, Jack followed his example, saying as he did so, hesitatingly—"Ahem—I suppose it would not really stand in a fellow's way?" "What?—I don't understand."

"Those sort of parents—what of family and birth; it's a confounded nuisance when everything else is so desirable." "Do you wish for the young lady, or her money?" said Norton, coldly. "Both," said the other. "I don't know exactly that I should have chosen a daughter of Andrew Lovel as a wife but for the money; but, by Jove! I never would marry money unless I cared very much for the possessor."

"Don't then marry for money, but go where money is." said Norton, blowing a cloud of blue smoke into the air. "Well, you are wiser than I am; the fact of a young lady being possessed of a large fortune makes me fight shy of her acquaintance. I have seen enough of that," he added, bitterly. Edward Norton was very proud, and it had reached his ears that people coupled his name with the heiress, and planned the return of the old place to the rightful family through this marriage. Even his mother had once imprudently given a very slight hint to that effect, which had been taken with the rapid swiftness of a shying thoroughbred. He was far from pleased at hearing that he was to be under the same roof with this lady for two or three days.

"This is the last visit I mean to pay," he said, decidedly. "I must go to London and buckle to. If a fellow has his own way to make in the world, he must not waste time, but plod along the road to fortune." "I have the same road before me," said Jack, kicking a pebble out of his way. "But you seem inclined to take a short cut, Jack."

"It saves a long, dry, dusty grind with one leap." "Well, I wish you good luck. Shall we go in?" "I must be five o'clock, and I must take off my boots before joining the ladies." Edward Norton threw away his cigar and went up stairs. His handsome dark face was overcast and gloomy as he pulled off his boots and threw them viciously across the room. It was unbearable that the very first thing that happened on returning to his own country, should be the overthrow of his plans for carefully avoiding any intercourse with the inhabitants of his old home. He imagined to himself that the object of Jack Lee Aston's admiration must be a blooming, rosy girl, stout and fair-haired, with all the want of refinement to be expected from one of Andrew's race. It was some years since they had met.

The later Eton holidays, and all Oxford vacations, had been spent by Sir Edward with his uncle, Mr. Norton, and abroad with his mother. Lady Norton had encouraged him to be very much with his uncle; she feared lest the haughty and somewhat imperious spirit of her son would be marred for want of a father's authority. In some ways Mr. Norton was the best guardian he could have, but by no means in all. He was a cold man, just and upright, and gained his nephew's strong esteem, but he had almost as strong a share of the hereditary family pride as Sir Edward himself, and involuntarily encouraged it in the boy. No one guessed how bitterly Edward regretted Salford. Like most imaginative people, he had a passionate love for home. Lady Norton, a kind-hearted but rather weak woman, found herself unable to cope with her son's faults, so she contented herself with drawing out and strengthening his merits, and consoled herself with the thought that these faults were those of a generous-minded but untamed nature, and that rough contact with the world would tone them down. Her one invidious hint about Dita Lovel had rankled in her mind; he looked upon his mother's friendship for Mrs. Lovel as an infatuation; and so sensitive was he on the subject of the Lovel's that he was inclined to think that all were combined in a conspiracy to compel him to marry the heiress. A kind of stiff shyness made him blush as he walked down stairs. There was a great deal of laughing and chattering going on in the drawing-room. Meta Lee Aston, a young lady no longer young, was seated at the piano with all the younger members of the party round her, they were trying to sing a glee. "Let the bumper toast go round," and enjoying the mistakes they made.

Mrs. Lee Aston, Miss Ashburn, her elder sister, and Mrs. Arthur the eldest son's wife, were seated round the tea-table. Sir Edward possessed himself of the "Fall Mall," and sank into a large arm-chair by a reading lamp. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Anthony Trollope's American Characters. Trollope's attitude toward Americans is thus touched upon by Henry James: "His American portraits, by the way (they are several in number), are always friendly; they hit it off more happily than the attempt to depict American character from the European point of view is accustomed to do; though, indeed, as we ourselves have not yet learned to represent our types very finely—are not apparently even very sure what our types are—it perhaps not to be wondered at that transatlantic talent should miss the mark. The weakness of transatlantic talent, in this particular, is apt to be want of knowledge; but Trollope's knowledge has all the air of being excellent, though not intimate. Had he indeed striven to learn the way to the American heart? No less than twice and, possibly, even oftener has he rewarded the merit of a scion of the British aristocracy with the hand of an American girl. The American girl was destined sooner or later to make her entrance into British fiction, and Trollope's treatment of this complicated being is full of good humor and of that fatherly indulgence, that almost motherly sympathy, which characterizes his attitude throughout toward the youthful feminine. He has not mastered all the springs of her delicate organism, nor sounded all the mysteries of her conversation. Indeed, as regards these latter phenomena, he has observed a few of which he has been the sole observer. I got to be thinking if any one of them should ask me to marry him, I would attribute to Miss Boncassen, in 'The Duke's Children,' have much more the note of English-American than of American-English.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

The government building at Fremont is under way at last. Hail did considerable damage in the neighborhood of Snyder. Grey wolves are doing considerable damage in Keith county among cattle and horses.

Bids have been asked for the erection of a new First Presbyterian church at Broken Bow. Crops around Randolph, says the times, never looked better at this season of the year.

One hundred boys were brought from Chicago to pull weeds in the beet fields at Pierce. A stock company is to be formed at Plattsmouth to investigate thoroughly the late coal land.

It is said to be a rare thing when one or more new buildings are not started in Lodge Pole every week. A mastiff attacked Mrs. J. A. Miller of Nelson who attempted to keep the dog from biting a child. The child was badly bitten.

A thief at Pierce gave up a valuable shot gun in settlement for a load of hay he had taken without the consent of the owner. Joe Neal and Harvey Goodenough of Hemingford collided while chasing a "foul fly" and were both knocked senseless by the shock.

A Hemingford druggist has invented a flying machine which he claims will carry a man in midair at the rate of 200 miles an hour. A drove of cattle broke down a bridge near O'Neill and the owner of the animals was arrested and forced to pay for the damages.

George Irving was sent to the reform school from Alliance for snatching a purse containing \$5 from a little girl and failing to return it. A horse was stolen at Wellfleet, and in four days' time the sheriff of Lincoln county recovered the animal and the young man who rode it.

L. J. Clark of Randolph was kicked by the shin by a great big burly brute of a horse, and can't even "chew the rag" for the pain it gives him. The Beatrice Starch works have within the past month shipped over ten carloads of goods to San Francisco, San Antonio and Waco, Tex.

The Plattsmouth Journal indicates how the rich may grow richer by digging out the tons and tons of bituminous coal that lies beneath the heart of that city. The people of Allen, Dixon county, are trying to have the county seat removed from Ponca, and a petition for an election to decide the matter is being circulated.

Fruit prospects were withered in Custer county by the late frost. R. M. Dickson of Callaway, has had four ribs broken this spring. He has but few left.

Gottlieb Hickman, a prosperous and industrious farmer living near Norfolk, is the father of a second pair of twins. The first were boys and the second arrivals are girls.

As the patients at the Norfolk insane asylum were being taken back to the main building from the amusement hall, where they had been dancing, two of the patients, Mrs. Peterson of Ponca and Jacob Stevens from Keith county broke away from the crowd and disappeared in opposite directions around the corner of the building. The attendants started in pursuit and captured Mrs. Peterson before she reached the outside gates, but were not so fortunate in finding Mr. Stevens, who is yet at large. He is one of the mild patients and will, therefore, be much more liable to succeed in getting away, since his sanity is not likely to be questioned by farmers or persons who may meet him.

A woman named Sarah Abbott, bound for Norfolk beet fields, gave birth to a child at Columbus the other night. In the morning she renewed her journey on foot with her infant in a basket. Later she was seen to enter an outhouse carrying the basket. She remained some time in the building and then left, going toward the depot. No further attention was given the matter until a member of the family on going to the outhouse more than two hours later heard an infant crying. A short search discovered a live child in the vault, which was taken out, proved to be a female child, healthy and strong, which fact is fully demonstrated by its having lived so long in such a foul place. The police were notified and the woman was arrested and placed in the county jail pending the action of the county attorney in formulating a charge upon which to try her. The child was placed in St. Francis hospital and is apparently none the worse for its experience at the hands of its mother. The woman denies having dropped it in the vault, but she has been fully identified by the woman at whose house the child was born, and who waited on her and dressed the baby.

The burning of the roller mill at Chadron entails a loss of \$28,000, nearly covered by insurance. North Platte merchants have organized a protective association for the purpose of bringing shop-lifters and dead beats to speedy justice.

A. W. Bowden, an insane man whose home is at Winser, has been arrested at Sioux City. Bowden became insane while attending college at Chicago and since that time has refused to talk.