

I. J. SIMMONS, Proprietor

HARRISON, — NEBRASKA.

Let Loose the Liberty Bell.

TROY, N. Y. June 24.—At 8:15 last evening Miss Eugenia P. Meneely, a daughter of Clinton H. Meneely, let loose a flood of metal at her father's foundry which, when cool, will be the liberty bell of this century.

It was originally intended that Mrs. Cleveland should touch a button at Gray Gable whereby electrical apparatus at the foundry would be set in motion releasing the metal from the furnace, but Mrs. Cleveland was in poor health and could not venture out in the storm which prevailed at Buzzard's bay.

Thought to be a Volcano.

DENVER, June 24.—An immense column of smoke has been observed for several days rising a few miles north of Thompson's Springs, a station east of Green River on the Rio Grande Western railroad.

Fires in Colorado.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., June 24.—A forest fire was started yesterday on Squaw mountain, due to the Rosebud mill. The fire rapidly spread along the north side of the mountain, and for a time the towns of Anaconda and Mound City, located in Squaw gulch, were threatened by the furious flames.

An Attempt at Suicide.

DENVER, Colo., June 24.—A woman whose name is unknown, sought quarters at 1518 Welton street at noon. Soon after, suspecting that something was wrong, the landlady went to the room and getting no reply, entered, to find that the woman had taken chloroform with suicidal intent.

The Last Bone of Contention Removed.

CHICAGO, June 19.—The lines of the Western Passenger association settled a basis for paying commissions. The old rates were adopted with the exception of that between Chicago and Kansas, which were cut from \$1 to 75 cents.

Keil Three Stories.

OTTUMWA, Ia., June 19.—John Beasly got up at 4 o'clock to sit in the third-story window at the LaCade hotel to cool off. He dropped off to sleep and fell to the pavement. His arms and legs were broken and he will probably not recover.

Issued a Statement.

NEW YORK, June 19.—The clearing house did not issue the usual detailed weekly exhibit, but only what is known as a consolidated statement, comprising the local showings of banks.

Detroit Tribune.

"My lines are not set in pleasant places," sighed the poet, as he stood helplessly by and saw his wife throw his latest effusion into the highest oven.

Summer Hill Day.

CHICAGO, June 19.—"Bunker Hill" day at the fair was celebrated on a grand scale. Hancock house was crowded with its Bay state people.

At 10:30 o'clock Governor William C. Russell and his party left the Auditorium annex for the fair grounds and led the way to Hancock house for the other visitors from the eastern states.

There was a magnificent display of fire works at the World's fair grounds that evening. The Massachusetts board of managers thought no better entertainment could be given their friends than a display of fire-works.

Sunday Opening Won the Day.

CHICAGO, June 19.—Chief Justice Fuller this morning overruled the decision of the federal circuit court, which issued an injunction restraining the directors of the world's fair from opening gates on Sunday.

The court room was crowded and the utmost interest at the outset gave place to the utmost satisfaction at the close.

The opinion rendered covers only the national points, owing to lack of time. The full decision will be rendered later. The opinion began by overruling the motion of the government counsel to dismiss the appeal from the circuit, on the ground of non-jurisdiction of the appellate court, as untenable.

For the President to Decide.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Burton D. Rio Barboe, of Brazil, an envoy sent to ask President Cleveland to act as an arbitrator in a dispute between Brazil and Argentina over the possession of the strait of Panama, is in the city.

Dynamite Explosion in Madrid.

MADRID, June 23.—The greatest explosion in the history of the city occurred near the house of the prime minister Castillo. In addition to the damage already reported, the loss of life and personal injuries, the explosion shook and partly wrecked a building near by in which a circus performance was in progress.

From documents found on the person of the bomber.

The wounded accomplice of the dead bomber has made a partial confession under pressure from the police. The man whose name is Suarez, admitted that the dead man was an anarchist named Ruiz and that he carried at the time of the explosion a bottle containing gunpowder and shot. Five more anarchists have been arrested in this city and seventeen in Barcelona for complicity in the bomb throwing.

Continues to Burn.

ST. PAUL, June 23.—An alarming special says: The forest fires raging throughout the upper peninsula of Michigan were checked by rain, but they are raging fiercely again. The Duluth, Lake Shore & Atlantic road has a number of ties burned between here and Duluth and saved others with difficulty.

Great Damage in the East by Cyclones.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 23.—A terrific wind, rain and lightning storm struck here Wednesday evening. About 4:30 p. m. dark, ominous looking clouds came up from the west and at 6 o'clock it was as dark as midnight, while almost incessant flashes of lightning and a drenching rain prevailed.

GREAT DAMAGE NEAR ST. JOSEPH. ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 23.—A cyclone passed through the Lake Conrary district, four miles south of this city. Lake Conrary is the pleasure resort of St. Joseph and the park was badly wrecked, trees being blown down and buildings unroofed and blown away.

FATALITIES AT STANBERRY. STANBERRY, Mo., June 23.—A terrific wind, rain and hail storm struck here. Much damage was done. Judge Mastin's house was struck by lightning and burned. William Cummings, a farmer, was instantly killed.

MANY HOUSES DEMOLISHED.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 23.—News has just reached this city of a disastrous cyclone at Conception, Mo., sixty miles north of this city. The wind blew at the rate of eighty miles an hour. The house of John Doyle was blown down and Doyle and his wife and an old man killed, the latter being decapitated.

Indian Disturbance.

MILES CITY, Mont., June 23.—Although the officers at Fort Keogh refuse to give out any information, the rumor prevails that five Indians have been killed and several seriously wounded in a fight with troops at Lame Deer, Cheyenne agency.

The Indians at this agency are deadly enemies of the whites and have several times killed settlers on sight. A few days ago one of the bandit Indians of Fort Keogh received leave to visit his people at the agency. He overstay his leave and detachment of Indian troops was sent to bring him back.

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THE HEIRESS OF DUNMONAIGH CASTLE

By LADY MAJENDIE

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

They went on talking till the walking-party came in and tea was ordered. Every one was full of Mable Grethard's marriage. Arthur had once met Angus Macmonach when shooting in the north of Scotland, and had been invited to pass a night at Dunmonaigh.

"Miss Grethard will be a strangely modern element in that romantic old place," he said, "with her Paris boots and gloves. I am glad Macmonach is to be married; it would have been sad for that good old fellow to have died out."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Mrs. Arthur. "He is a very queer, quiet fellow. It is a curious case of defeated ambition. The man is exceedingly clever, but he is mad."

"How sad!" said Mrs. Lee Aston, sealing a letter. "In what way do you mean?" asked Perdita. "It is difficult to say why. He tried elaborate farming, and was defeated by the impossibility of cultivation in that grand mountain country, that ran away with money, destroyed the peat that is absolutely essential for fuel, and frightened the game. Then he tried Parliament—he made some able speeches in his first session. He was a Conservative, of course; and at the last election a loud-talking Radical went down to Dunmonaigh, and defeated him on his own ground—an unheard-of catastrophe; but they say the family influence has gone rapidly down of late—they used to carry all before them."

"Is he unpopular?" "Undoubtedly. He is a very old man, with a sort of irritability about him. He calls his people by the wrong names, and knows nothing about them or their families."

"That never answers in Scotland," said Moe. "No, indeed, it tries the stanchest loyalty. His mother is a magnificent specimen of the feudal chieftainess."

"Let me see—who was she?" said Mrs. Arthur. "A Fitz-James; they have royal blood in their veins. She must have been very handsome, and is now one of the grandest-looking old ladies I ever saw, but so dignified that Mabel's life will be a burden to her at first."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The next morning was so fine that every one went out except Mrs. Lee Aston and the invalids; the former had letters to write and retired to her sitting-room, after seeing that her guests were well supplied with books. Edward Norton, who had passed a sleepless night, was disposed to be melancholy. Perdita, on the contrary, was in brilliant spirits.

"I am to get upon crutches to-morrow," she said, raptly; "and once upon the crutches, I may as well pack up my goods and chattels, and relieve Mrs. Lee Aston of my most troublesome presence."

"I wish I could tinkered up, as easily as you," said Edward, moving uneasily. "But your shoulder is going on all right, is it not?" said Dita, anxiously. "I hope so—oh!" he became suddenly very pale.

"What is it? Can I help you?" "If I come to you, do you think that you could move my handkerchief? It is displaced there to the right. Oh, thank you; by Jove! it did hurt. As he knelt beside her, she gently put the bandage right. "Go and lie down," she said, "and keep perfectly quiet; you do not look well to-day."

"Don't! Well, I never closed my eyes all night with the pain. I think Griffiths has tied me up too tight, or something; it seems to get worse every day. And he lay back on his sofa, looking pale and exhausted. Presently he began again, "Do you think me a great nuisance, Miss Lovel? I am a very bad hand at bearing pain."

always looked upon it as an additional trouble, adding to the horrors of death."

"That is not my view," said Dita, gravely. "Our business is to live, and to live properly, and to do a certain amount of duty and service during our life. If the service was very, very hard, and we were weary and in pain, our longing for death would be overpowering, and would perhaps unfit us to bear the burden, were it not for that instinctive love of life with which we are endowed."

"Is it love of life, or is it fear of the physical terrors of dying—the shrinking of the human soul from the borders of the Unknown Land?" "I think," said Perdita, "that they are all part of the instinct I speak of. The holiest man I ever knew," she continued fervently, bending her head, "was the Bishop who confirmed me. I only saw him once or twice, but no one could be with him without carrying away some good, some wish to be better. And he, this great man, who lived like a saint, had a great dread of death, surely sent to prevent him from yearning to leave the world in which his life was so valuable."

"And is he dead?" asked Edward, deeply interested. "Yes, he is dead. He was spared the knowledge that he was dying; he slept on earth and awoke in heaven."

"How does your arm feel now?" asked Dita, charging the subject. "It hurts me so much," he answered. "That I think the sooner I can run up to London and have it looked after the better. But do not distress yourself. Miss Lovel; it is much more comfortable than it was."

"I hope it has been properly set," said Dita, anxiously. "I do not feel sure; when I tell Griffiths of the continuous pain he looks surprised, and that is suspicious; but I have got it into an easy attitude just now."

"I am so glad," and Perdita took up her book. "Oh, you are not going to read? That is too bad!" he cried. "We talk so much," said Dita, "that I forget to read a little sometimes."

"Not just now," said he, imploringly. "You can read when the people come in." Dita laughed. "I am expecting a visitor this morning," she said. "Who?" "Jaques."

"Is his real name Jaques?" asked Sir Edward. "And I have often wondered how you came by your wonderful name! Were you christened by it?" "No," she answered, the color mounting into her cheeks. "My real name is Margaret—Margaret Griselda; but my father had a great passion for Shakespeare then, so I was named after the flower-loving heroine."

"And the melancholy Jaques?" "The same, his real name is James." "He is a very queer kind of fellow to be so much at home with all of you," said Sir Edward, curiously. "Dita laughed. "He was my earliest and dearest playfellow," she said, "and though you may think him ugly, I think his rough face quite beautiful. You should see him when he is playing the violin, or poring over some new or very old book—it is a great triumph of expression and feature."

"Must I go away when your melancholy Jaques comes?" "Oh, no, why should you? If he had his violin I would make him play it, but I am afraid there is no chance of that."

"Who knows? If he is such an enthusiast perhaps he will have it fastened on his back as a troubadour has his guitar, or born behind him by a beautiful page. Talk of the—"

"Hush," said Dita, for the servant announced "Mr. Danby, and Jaques walked in. It was still a matter of difficulty for Jaques to get across the room, especially when he saw that Perdita was not alone, and she was relieved when she saw him safely seated, facing her between the two sofas.

"You have not brought your violin, I suppose, Jaques?" said Dita, eagerly. "No—yes; I could fetch it if you wish it, Miss Lovel."

"Go back five miles; certainly not. I should not dream of it."

valuable books that I should like to see. "It is dreadful to a scholar to lose a book on which he has set his heart," said Sir Edward, addressing himself to Perdita. "My friend Blackmore was telling me the other day of his having once just missed the chance of Dr. Br's English Virgil—which is extraordinarily rare—by the merest fluke."

"What did you say the name was, sir?" said Jaques, bending forward. "Blackmore—Mr. John Blackmore." He stopped, surprised, for Jaques uttered a loud, explosive chuckle, and then immediately resumed his former gravity.

"How was it?" asked Perdita, a little ashamed of the behavior of her friend. "He was bargaining for the book at one of those bookseller's shops, and the first day he had to do with the master, who seemed a pilable sort of man enough, so he offered him a low price; but he would not swallow that, so he went away, and returning the next day, he found only the shopman, an awkward kind of lad, but who knew twice as much about the value of the books as did his master. And this creature—this Caliban, as he called him—kept him dangling day after day, and on the very day on which he had made up his mind to pay the whole price demanded, he coolly informed him that the shop was closed, and that they were going to retire from business."

Another loud chuckle from Jaques, but he said nothing. "It seems to please you that poor Mr. Blackmore should have been disappointed, Mr. Danby," said Sir Edward, coldly. "Oh, not at all; no, no, sir," faltered Jaques.

"When Blackmore told me about it," went on Sir Edward, turning to Dita, and smiling, "the tears were in his eyes. He said that he had never got over the disappointment, though it happened many years ago, and he finished the story with a not very polite interjection in respect to his enemy."

"Poor man," said Dita, laughing merrily. Encouraged by her example Jaques gave way to an irrepressible fit of laughter. He struggled, he choked, he tried to stifle it in a huge pocket-handkerchief, it became nervous, and he was obliged to get up, and, hastily saying good-by, leave the room.

"What an extraordinary creature!" said Sir Edward, "what could he find in my story to put him into such an agonizing condition?" "I fancy that he must have known something about it all before," said Perdita; "but Jaques is always upset by a joke and is one of those unlucky people who cannot control laughter. It gets beyond a certain point."

"I confess that I did not perceive the joke. I never saw such a person."

"Ah, you do not know how good he is!" cried Dita. "He is a rough diamond indeed."

"Unfortunately," said Sir Edward, coldly, "one of the innate faults of my character is an excess of dislike to what is unrefined. I am too fastidious, for merit gives me no pleasure without polish."

"You speak of this as a fault in a tone that betrays that you are proud of it," said Perdita, indignantly. "I beg your pardon," said he. "You have nothing for which to beg my pardon. Al—"

"She fancied suddenly that he was asking her pardon, because he meant to include her own relations in his speech—such he had made. The color rushed into her face, her nostrils dilated, her eyes flashed—she looked quite beautiful."

"I understand what you mean," she said, slowly. "I am obliged to you for not conceiving me in the belief that there might have been friendship between us—it is at an end; but though it may be wrong to say so, Sir Edward, I have the courage to say that, in some cases at least, the parvenu may be the truer gentleman."

After this she ought to have left the room, there was no doubt about it; but as the fates would have it, her leg was broken, and his shoulder out of joint and badly set; neither could move, and at least an hour must elapse before any interruption could come. Each took up a book, but each saw that the other was not reading, and both were very angry indeed. She had called him, or at least had as good as told him, that he was not so true a gentleman as old Andrew Lovel; and he had spoken words that, as she understood them, she could not easily forgive. The clock struck 12—then its single stroke announced half-past.

"They are a long time coming in," said Sir Edward, stiffly. No answer. Sir Edward went back to his book.

Up Fame's Ladder. Miss Louisa Alcott records in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette that her first story brought her \$5 and her second \$10, with a request for more of her productions. "One of the memorial moments of my life," she adds, "is that in which, as I trudged to school on a wintry day, my eyes fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words: 'Bertha,' a new tale, by the author of 'The Rival Prima Donnas,' will appear in the Saturday Evening Gazette. I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crommles: 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for, while they struggled with their pot-herbs, I was writing immortal works, and when they droned out the multiplication table I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold that famous placard, and, finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wear it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery."

On the tombstone of a drowned boy, in Missouri, was inscribed the following accusation against his companions at the time of the accident: "Killed by Philander Finley and Mart Beggs." They brought a libel suit, and got a verdict of \$800. The people who make the most promises when they borrow, are the most uncertain pay.