

Excitement in the Reichstag.

VIENNA, Oct. 12.—There was much excitement and surprise in the reichstag when Count Taaffe, president of the interior, announced that he desired to submit a bill for the extension of the franchise. He declared that the government itself had resolved to take the initiative in the matter, as they were convinced that it was impossible to further delay the measures for franchise reform. The bill introduced by the government aims at enabling anyone properly fulfilling his duties as a citizen to vote at all elections. The premier concluded by advising the house to discuss the bill at the earliest date.

In view of the prevailing agitation, Count Taaffe's action is considered a very clever move and one calculated to cut the ground from under the feet of the agitators. The proposals contained in the bill produced a profound impression. The socialists are not satisfied with the measure because it does not touch the existing group system of election, with four classes of constituencies. On the other side it is argued that the proposed reforms only apply to the middle classes, whose votes will be swamped by the increased socialist vote. It is not at all certain that the bill will be passed, but its introduction is regarded as most important as the opening of an era of parliamentary reform.

Minister Steinbach, referring to the financial situation in the reichstag, said the Austrian securities which were flowing back consisted chiefly of silver rentes. Foreign countries were now frightened at the very name of silver. Therefore Austria adhered to the view existing in connection with that metal. The finance minister predicted that in the course of a few years Austria would possess the whole amount of gold she required, while the United States would be passing through an unprecedented crisis. Austria, he added, was free from difficulties, and the currency must not be restricted or inflated. America, he said, showed to what inflation led. The minister of war presented a bill to reorganize and increase the landwehr, remarking that the growth of the army estimates would continue owing to political conditions which were not likely to alter.

Murdered and Robbed.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Oct. 12.—Marcus Koenigheim, one of the oldest, wealthiest and most highly respected Jewish citizens of San Antonio, was murdered and robbed some time Tuesday night, his dead body being found, with a bullet through the head, lying in the hall of his residence.

A deep mystery surrounds the crime. In the lower hall of the residence was a large safe, in which was a large stock of money and jewelry, amounting in value to fully \$25,000. The safe was riddled of all money, jewelry and valuables except a gold pair of bracelets, an heirloom of the family. It is supposed that Koenigheim heard the burglars and made some move to investigate, when he met with his death.

Serious Trouble.

MACON, Mo., Oct. 12.—James E. Jones, chairman of the miners committee at Bevier said that the miners there intended to win their fight against the operators for an increase from 50 to 60 cents a ton, the winter rate for mining coal, if it takes them all winter to do it. The miners have issued an address requesting all miners and workmen to remain away from Bevier and pay no attention to any advertisement for new men to take their places. It is evident that the operators will import new men to take old miners' places. This will cause bad feeling between the old miners and the operators, who have been on good terms for several years. If the importers attempt to bring any arms there will be serious troubles. There is no strike at Ardmore, this county.

England's Great Strike to End.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The Warwick collier owners have accepted the suggestion of the mayors of Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Nottingham and Barnsley, regarding the settlement of the miners' strike, and the indication are that England's great strike is about to end. Negotiations with that end in view are now progressing. The time fixed for the resumption of work is six weeks hence, but will possibly be sooner. The coal mine owners' association of Derby declined the overtures and the deadlock existing between them and strikers is still maintained.

A Brutal Murder.

TUSKAHOMA, I. T., Oct. 12.—Word was received from a point forty miles west of the brutal murder of three Choctaws, Governor Jones says the men belonged to his faction and the killing was the result of the late political trouble. Further trouble is looked for.

De Lassepe's Doctor.

PARIS, Oct. 12.—Count Ferdinand de Lassepe rallied and is pronounced by the physicians to be no longer in immediate danger of death.

Mr. Goodman—Do you think the city of Boston City are improving? Mr. Goodman—Oh, undoubtedly. The city is improving. The city is improving. The city is improving.

In the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—When the senate met Mr. Harris, democrat, of Tennessee, had read resolutions of the Memphis Cotton exchange and the Memphis Merchants exchange in favor of speedy action on the repeal bill.

Mr. Harris said the resolution criticized in terms more or less severe his colleague, Mr. Bate, and himself, and charged dereliction of duty on their part to their constituents in opposing repeal. With great deference to the opinions of the exchanges, he had the vanity to believe he knew his duty to his constituents as well, and possibly better than they did. He believed that if the whole of the people of that state were appealed to they might possibly repudiate the authority of the exchanges to represent them upon the subject. With the utmost respect and with no feeling of resentment, he begged to inform those exchanges that the threat contained in their resolutions had no terror for him. Failure to follow his own honest convictions was to forfeit self-respect, and the maintenance of self-respect was vastly more important to him than any office within the gift of any or all of the people within the universe.

The resolution heretofore offered by Mr. Wolcott directing the committee on finance to report a bill embodying the bimetallic declaration contained in the Voorhees substitute for the Wilson repeal bill was taken up and Mr. Wolcott addressed the senate in favor of its adoption. The peculiar characteristic of the debate on the repeal bill was that every speaker had announced himself a friend of silver and a bimetallicist. "A bye-and-bye metallist," said Mr. Wolcott amid laughter.

Mr. Wolcott said that within the last few days the worst apprehensions of the friends of silver as to the position of the executive had been reached. The president while congress was in extraordinary session convoked by his proclamation, informed the country that he was astonished at the opposition of the senate to the measure which is advocated in his message.

"Such an utterance is intrusive and offensive," said Mr. Wolcott, "and is unfitting the relations which should exist between the legislative and the executive department of the government. And it deserves the protest and rebuke of every man who values the perpetuity of republican institutions."

A Suspicious Case.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Dr. Jenkins visited and inspected the steamship Russia yesterday. No further cases of illness have occurred since Saturday. Ida Aue, seriously ill, was removed to Swineburn Island. Chas. Stubb, who was almost recovered, was also removed to Swineburn Island. The woman Aue died this morning. The only statement which Dr. Jenkins would make was that the circumstances were suspicious. The steersman passengers will be detained on Hoffman Island for at least five days. The saloon and second cabin passengers will be detained on board the vessel. The bacteriological examination has not yet been completed.

To Investigate the Opening of the Strip.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—The committee on public lands considered the Hudson resolution calling for an investigation of the methods of the opening of the Cherokee strip. Assistant Attorney General Hall of the interior department, requested to be heard on the subject of a change in the order of opening the strip. He will be heard Wednesday. Mr. Lacey, republican of Iowa, moved that the resolution calling for an investigation be reported favorably. The republicans favored the motion and the democrats seemed opposed, on the ground that specific acts had not been furnished to warrant an investigation. It is expected the division will be on party lines.

A Sick Thief.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Requisition papers have been signed for Stonewall J. De France, alias Cameron Elliott, the Minneapolis forger, and detectives have gone to Detroit to bring back the prisoner to Chicago. Attorney Jacob Newman says he will prosecute De France to the end. The man is said to be the slickest thief that has operated in the west for years. The Detroit police have evidence in their possession proving that De France's operations in other cities will amount to over \$100,000. Chief of Police Starkweather of Detroit is not anxious to part with his prisoner but he has concluded that Chicago has the best case against the man for he has ignored all other demands and agreed to surrender him to Chicago authorities.

Claim no Grounds for a Receiver.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 11.—The Union Pacific Railway company attorneys have filed a reply in the United States court to the application of John Evans for the appointment of a receiver, denying there is any ground for such an appointment.

Executed for His Crimes.

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 11.—Thomas Ponaska, a Creek Indian, who killed Simon Tally last year, was shot according to law at Wellington Friday. He was seated on his coffin and Light Horseman Johnson and Edwards did the shooting. Both bullets pierced the breast near the heart. The doomed man was set to the gallows.

Checks on More Two other Creek Indians.

Checks on More two other Creek Indians, who were to have been shot Friday, both made their escape from the guard before the day.

NEBRASKA NEWS.

The Sidney Telegraph has reached Manhattan's estate—21 years old.

Charley L. Gage, one of the oldest residents of Nelson, died of heart failure, aged 74 years.

A train load of fat cattle, 330 head, was shipped from Rushville to the eastern markets.

It is becoming popular in several countries of the state to elect female superintendents of schools.

The old settlers' picnic, advertised to come off at Valentine this month has been postponed till spring.

Rev. Mr. Warner of St. James has been called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Oskdale.

Two masked robbers held up the depot agent at Gordon and escaped triumphantly with two sacks of U. S. mail.

George Colburn, a well known resident of the vicinity of Harvard and a leading member of the Modern Woodmen, is dead.

Eleven Indians from the Santee agency, eight girls and three boys, have just been taken to the Genoa Indian school as pupils.

Judge Haywood of Nebraska City has presented a horse to the Southern Methodist church in order to give the pastor a chance to "ride his circuit."

Professor Burkett of Seward was a classmate of Judge Harrison's in the national normal school of Ohio twenty years ago. His coat is off to help elect him.

The home of Rev. G. W. Read, three miles from Rushville, is in ashes. The amily bare had time to escape with their lives. It was the work of an incendiary.

As the result of a runaway team, William Bishop, a Jefferson county, farmer is laid up with a legbroken in three places. The doctors hope to save his limb.

It has been discovered that the man who threw the bomb that wrecked Douglas' store at North Platte intended to murder the proprietor. Officers are on his track.

Over 1,200 people were present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of St. John's Lutheran church at Auburn, and four ministers attended and delivered addresses.

W. H. Bowman has returned to Fullerton with his famous pacer, Antonian, and his pockets fairly bulging with the victorious "eagle" of five yard-fought contests.

H. A. Brainard of the Milford Nebraska took his world's fair vacation hunting ducks in Nance county. He reports his father-in-law's crop of corn on 180 acres at 5,400 bushels.

A barn belonging to V. M. Street of Nebraska City was destroyed by fire. The wind was blowing a gale at the time and the prompt work by firemen alone prevented a serious conflagration.

John Hayes of Weeping Water has produced some of the finest corn ever grown in the state. Sample ears, measured over twelve inches in length and weighed from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half each. The corn was not planted until June.

Aaron Leidigh father of Representative, George Leidigh, of Nebraska City died last week, aged 73. The deceased suffered a paralytic stroke a few weeks ago and never rallied. He was an old soldier and highly respected, being prominent in Grand Army and Odd Fellows circles.

A man takes desperate chances in going inside the court house these days. We made a trip up there today and found the candidates as thick as flies around a molasses barrel. Four of them had a man from Berkeaux conered in the hall and he was holding out manfully trying to listen to all our of them talking at once.—Chadon Citizen.

A fellow giving his name of James Wilson says the Kearney Hub, was taken to the poor farm last week who, s apparently nearly gone with consumption. He says he ran away from some two years ago and went to sea! About a year ago he took a severe cold form exposure and hard usage and it run into consumption. His folks, when last heard from were living in Ogden and he is trying to get to them. He ran out of money some time ago and since then has been coming west as fast as his health and circumstances would permit. He wants to see his folks again before he dies.

The Swanton Record says that Mrs. A. Patchin's pony, Bird, died on October 2 at the age of thirty-five years. When a girl Mrs. Patchin worked out by the week for the money with which the pony was bought, and all the family was greatly attached to her. She was what might be called an old settler, having been brought to Nebraska in 1868. She had been on very farm in Swan Creek precinct eight different times, seven times when Mr. Patchin was assessor and once when he was census enumerator. For the past two years she has not done any work, but has been cared for as an old favorite.

Some years ago John and Anna Smith of Nebraska City joined hands and circled to the left around the symmetrical altar, swearing to love, cherish and remain steadfast to the other end. That event has arrived, the couple having found that the only point upon which their hearts beat in unison is a desire for a legal separation.

The Women's Relief corps of Beaver City last week gave a reception in honor of the presence of Mrs. Julia F. Hale, assistant department inspector,



CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The letters were not read. They were too sacred even for the ear of a friend as true and devoted as Charles Manning.

The college life experienced by Louis was often the subject of conversation and Charles was deeply interested in the studies in which Louis had engaged, and was delighted when listening to anything pertaining to either the text books or the college life. He was fascinated with the essay Louis had read at his graduation. Time and time again Louis had recited it at Charles' request.

Various questions were discussed and Charles was constantly seeking information upon any subject with which Louis was familiar. That Charles Manning was keen, bright, intelligent, and intensely apt, was apparent to all who were intimate with him. He possessed a remarkable memory, and he stored his mind with every event Louis had recounted. Not satisfied with relying upon his memory he kept a diary, and at night all the conversations and incidents of the day were recorded. Nothing was overlooked.

So the time came when Charles knew as much of the lives of Louis and Mary as they did themselves.

CHAPTER VIII. SHIPWRECKED.

"A little more breeze to-day," said Capt. Bodfish, one morning after the vessel had been becalmed for nearly a week. "The air gives signs of a coming storm, and when it does come may the good Lord keep and preserve us." Even as the captain spoke a trace of a dark cloud was dimly visible away to the west. To the captain's experienced eye the tufts of uncarded wool, so slowly moving along in the direction of the vessel, so near the blue sky and yet so close to the green ocean, meant that the calm had ended and that a storm was beginning.

The rapidly given orders of the captain were quickly obeyed and the gallant crew made the preparations possible for the good ship to receive the gale and ride through it. The winds came as though they had used the days of calm to gather force from all the ocean and all the sky, and in their madness they seemed to see on all the broad expanse of surging waves but one frail ship to wrestle with, and that one they wrecked as if it had been made of paper and manned by little children.

Every mast and every spar, and every stitch of canvas, and every soul on board, save five, were swept into the sea. The life boats were torn to pieces as though made of cloth. When the storm ceased and the sun appeared, all that was left of the Lucky Star was a hull, dismantled, demasted, rudderless, and water soaked. The captain and the two clerks, Louis and Charles, had lashed themselves to a capstan which protruded a few inches above the shattered deck, and when the storm was over they were still lashed there and still living.

Two deck hands had tied themselves to one of the ponderous anchors which hung over the ship's side, and they, too, were saved—five souls in all—five human beings on a wreck, and, as far as they knew, without food or water, or even hope of rescue from a grave—the sea; and, in fact, with nothing but life left them. What was that worth? On being released, after the storm had somewhat abated, the men counseled together as to what was best to be done. It was evident that the hull would go to pieces should there come another storm or should the wind continue blowing for any great length of time as it was blowing then.

Even while the conversation was going on, the ship swung to and fro as if making a desperate effort to keep its place on the water. Suddenly it broke apart and all that was left of the ship went down beneath the waves, except a portion of its prow, to which the shipwrecked band clung as their last hope of rescue.

When the hull parted, boxes, barrels, packages of various sorts, and pieces of the wreck, came to the surface, and, as they floated by, the men boldly risked their lives to secure some of the debris. Providence helped them, and before nightfall they had stored on their frail craft two barrels of water, a tierce of rice and a cask of brandy. The prow they were on was a compartment by itself, and again, providentially, the severed end was not store in or damaged, and to all appearances, was water tight and might last until a storm should wreck it.

There was no fire in any way to provide one. The rice, soaked in water, was their food. The water was used sparingly. The brandy was dealt out as medicine. For days and nights the craft floated.

One day they sighted land, and when they were close enough they saw rocks upon which their strange craft must surely drift—if they had no means of controlling it—and they would be lost within sight of land. Instead, however, of floating directly upon the rocks, as was expected, there came a wind from beyond the cliffs and surged the craft along the shore and away from the rocks, until rounding a point, the cliffs abruptly ended, and then the breeze from the sea drove the boat ashore and beached it where the water was but a few feet deep.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The little band was rescued. They were rescued from the dangers of the deep, but who among them knew but there might be greater perils to encounter on the land than they had escaped from on the sea. Thanking God for their deliverance from death by drowning, they again consulted as to their future movements. Around them they saw evidences of a region being inhabited, but whether by civilized people or savages, by friends or foes, was a subject of the gravest apprehension.

The following morning they set about on a tour inland.

Before starting on their uncertain journey they gathered withes, which they broke from slender trees and bushes, and twisting them into a rope made fast their boat to a trunk of an old tree. They took with them what was left of the cask of brandy, and a supply of wine which they carried in a basket made of leaves, and most gleefully they turned their backs upon the ocean.

Their progress was slow because they were weak, and their limbs, from long inaction, refused to do the work expected of them. Before nightfall they not only became satisfied that they were in the neighborhood of a habitation, but they observed various evidences of civilization.

Trees cut smooth and clean, as with a sharp instrument, were lying on the ground. A trail was struck during the afternoon, and this was fresh, and made by camels, and that the camels were being led was evident from the tops of bushes being eaten off only near the trail.

In the morning, after a night's sleep on the ground, the little band resumed their march. Hardly were they under way when a human being appeared in their path, with outstretched arms, disputed their right to advance. Soon other natives came to their companions' assistance, and a conference was held by the semi-dusky inhabitants of the new-found land.

One of their number stepped a few feet in front of the group and motioned the castaways to approach.

The meeting was a friendly one, evinced by the natives falling on the ground, and bowing their heads in the dust.

After the story of the shipwreck had been told by signs, the leader, in very bad, broken English, gave the castaways to understand that yonder, some miles distant, was a large village to which they would be welcome. The Americans were at once mounted on camels, and the caravan moved quite rapidly towards the designated village, reaching there in the early afternoon.

Truly a strange and marvelous combination of fortunate circumstances. In the wilds of an unknown continent, this shipwrecked crew find a race of beings, who, while they are not savage, are not civilized, but are superior in intelligence, in manners and customs to the Indian or African. The little raiment that clothes them is of European make, indicating that they are in communication with European merchants and European civilization.

It is ascertained that some leagues distant is a river, that a trading point has been established there, and once a year a ship from a distant foreign land comes there and exchanges its wares for the goods the natives have to sell. There are a number of villages tributary to this trading station, and while the inhabitants spend their time chiefly in idleness and idleness, they all manage to accumulate something to trade for the merchandise the ship brings.

The Americans embraced the first opportunity to join a caravan on its way to this trading port. Reaching there they find a large village whose inhabitants have nothing to do but receive the articles brought by the caravans to trade for the ship's goods.

CHAPTER IX. ANOTHER MYSTERY.

The Americans made themselves quite useful to the natives while waiting the arrival of the ship. They planned a system of water supply, by which water was brought into the village from a lake beyond the cliff. The water for ages had been brought in trays, but the inhabitants, joined in with zest to dig the trenches, remove the pulp from the logs that were to be used as water pipes, and in an intelligent manner carried out the plans which Captain Bodfish designed.

Louis and Charles were not as inseparable as formerly. While by no means unfriendly, they were less in each other's company. Louis spent much of his time with the natives, and with one or more of them would make long journeys into the edges of the jungle. The natives took a greater interest in him than in either of the other two. He alone was shown where the diamonds were to be found, and, under a pledge of secrecy as to the locality, was permitted to search for them. He secured many valuable ones, which he intended, at the proper time, to divide with his companions. Charles interested himself in the herbs and roots the natives were gathering. Making constant inquiries as to the use and power and effect of those that were considered the most valuable.

He watched the natives dive in the deep water for the sponge, and he became familiar with the process of cleaning and curing them for the market. He was ever on the alert to learn something that he might turn to advantage afterwards. He often helped the natives distill the herbs and prepare the drugs for packing.

He was the first to learn to converse with the natives, though this knowledge was more a matter of signs than of words. In the great wilderness and waste, and among those strange people, as on the Lucky Star, Charles Manning was an apt scholar, quick to grasp the thing that engaged his attention, and whatever he learned or sought to learn, was to aid him in carrying out the chief object of his life.

But who besides himself knew aught of what that object and purpose was? The time was near at hand when the expected vessel might have tonight. The Americans were full of gloom over the promised event. When the rejoicing was at its height, and they were congratulating each other over the prospect of once again joining their kindred and friends as

their dear old homes, Louis was taken sick.

With each passing hour he grew worse. Of all the knowledge of disease and its cure possessed by the natives the young man had the benefit. Charles was by his side constantly, and claimed the privilege of taking sole care of his friend, and he nursed and watched over him with all the tenderness of a sister or a mother.

One more attendant almost forced herself on the sick youth. She was a young maiden, a brunette of wondrous beauty. She claimed to be the great physician's daughter, and from her father she had learned the cure of diseases peculiar to the climate and the people, and she knew the uses of the herbs that grew on the hillside.

She had a complete knowledge of the effects on the system of the various poisonous roots which the natives gathered for the market.

She knew the antidote to each, and where to find it, and how to administer it in case of peril.

What interest, if any, more than a womanly affection for one in distress, this maiden may have had in Louis was known only to herself, and possibly to Louis himself. Be that as it may, she had continued to grow worse. The herbs that were so marvelous in their cures failed to bring relief.

The ship came in. Louis was bolstered up in his cot, and through the open door saw the ship at anchor only a few rods distant. His heart was now beating strong and fast. The blood filled his veins almost to bursting. The thought of seeing his mother and the other loved ones so dear to his heart, possessed all his feelings, was the full measure of all his hopes, and filled to the brim his cup of happiness.

For the moment, he forgot he was sick. Forgot that there might be far less distance between him and his God than between him and his betrothed.

The ship had sailed from a port in Holland and the captain cheerfully consented to take the Americans on board, and, if opportunity offered, to transfer them to a ship bound for an American port.

The ship physician at once went ashore and visited the sick youth, that he might minister to his needs, and help convey him on board the vessel. He found Louis sinking rapidly and unconscious. The reaction had set in and he had not the vitality to resist it.

The physician attempted to rally him with stimulants but that proved unsuccessful, and when the last boat was preparing to make the trip to the ship the doctor pronounced Louis Patterson dead. Living when all hope was gone and only sea and sky and the remnant of a dismantled bark to leave on. Dead when hope had returned and a ship, with sails and masts and rudder, and men to man it, was ready to take him to his home!

It was then Capt. Bodfish rose to his full stature of a noble manhood, and knowing what he had to contend with, and looking the doctor, who still had hold of Henry's hand, square in the eye said:

"Doctor, as God lives, that body must go on that ship."

The doctor comprehended the full meaning of that command. It was made by one used to having his orders obeyed. The captain turned his head and gazed devoutly upon the beautiful face of the lad who seemed to be calmly sleeping. The physician was in deep study and evidently a great conflict was going on in his mind. Charles, kneeling by the side of the cot, had bowed his head, as though overcome by anguish. Several natives who had been intimate with Louis, stood in the background, eager witnesses of the sad scene.

The doctor, letting go the dead boy's hand, and returning Capt. Bodfish's gaze, at last replied in almost unintelligible English:

"Sire, that can never be."

Capt. Bodfish knew too well what that meant. He had made too many ocean voyages and understood too well the superstition of sailors as regards a dead body on ship board to make any further appeal. Helpless and powerless he was compelled to submit.

Hastily the arrangements were made for the burial of poor Louis' body by the natives. Several of the more intelligent among them imposed oaths upon themselves that they would give the dead a Christian burial and mark the spot with a fitting memorial stone.

Then came the speedy preparations for the departure of the captain, Charles, and the two men. Tears trickled down the face of the honest, kind-hearted captain as he took a last look at his young friend, while Charles could find only sobs to tell the extent of his sorrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bell-Ringer's Last Peal.

A Vienna journal relates the rather singular circumstance under which a bell-ringer of one of the city churches met with his death whilst engaged in his customary avocations.

Recently the tolling-bell testified to the fact that a funeral was about to take place. The knell sounded with its wonted solemnity during a certain time, but just as the procession of mourners was approaching the sacred edifice, the bell, instead of uttering its sounds with the decorous precision the circumstances exacted, emitted a fantastic and irregular peal, entirely out of keeping with the occasion.

Little by little, the sounds decreased both in rapidity and vigor, and ultimately after a few, so to say, convulsive vibrations, the bell was silent altogether.

A man was despatched to the bell-ringer to find the cause of this apparently eccentric conduct, who, upon reaching the spot learnt the clue to the enigma. The bell rope, which towards its end was knotted into sundry loops to facilitate the ringing, had caught the unfortunate man by the neck, and carried him some distance from the ground.

His struggles to free himself had occasioned the irregular pealing and spasmodic vibration, and presumably, when the bell had elapsed into silence, the poor ringer, who had rung his own death-knell, had ceased to breathe.

When a man comes to ask you for your opinion, he really asks for your confirmation of his own.