

HARRISON, NEBRASKA KILLED IN A BRIDGE WRECK

Several Iowa Workmen Crushed and Mangled at Eldon.

ONE DEATH AND TEN SERIOUSLY HURT

The Bridge Known to Have Been in a Dangerous Condition—Account of the Accident

OTTUMWA, Ia., Oct. 21.—There was an awful accident at Eldon yesterday morning, by which one man lost his life, four were fatally hurt and six seriously injured.

Seventeen men were engaged taking down the third span of the old bridge and putting in false work when it went down. Ed Thompson of South Ottumwa was killed outright; John Fallon had his skull fractured and received bad scalp wounds and will probably die; Mike Murphy was crushed through the breast and internally injured and cannot live; James Collins was also badly injured.

The structure on which they were working was part of the old bridge, and was pronounced unsafe before the work on the new bridge was begun. Thompson was married and leaves a wife and four children.

HAWAIIAN NEWS

HONOLULU, Oct. 20.—Rumors of political plots by the royalists to restore the queen have been prevalent, but nothing definite has developed.

It is stated that the object of Robert Louis Stevenson's visit here is to study plans regarding Samoa. The Germans threatened to send him out of Samoa in case the islands were annexed by Germany and Stevenson is trying to prevent German annexation to save his Samoan estate.

President Adie returned yesterday afternoon, but it is doubtful if he assumes his office at once, as his health is not yet good enough.

The subsidy of \$1,250 due the Oceanic Steamship company has not been paid for several months, and it will not be paid in the future unless ordered by a vote of the council. It is believed here that Spreckels has formed an alliance with the Pacific Mail whereby the latter company will not compete for Honolulu business.

The financial condition of the government is very satisfactory.

FALL OF SUFFERING

GUTHRIE, Okl., Oct. 20.—Every town in the territory is filling up with people from the Cherokee strip who come in hungry and cold and without a coat of money. They are all willing to work, but the cold is so great there is no work for them and those who will not beg are suffering from hunger.

At Perry, Oscar Kestler of Columbus, Mo., was found nearly dead from hunger and exposure and was sent to his home, while a number of other men who are sick and penniless are being cared for by charitable institutions.

Every day brings news of the death of one or more of the unfortunate natives, and the suffering among the Indians and the suffering among the immigrants who rushed into the strip with no money and no means of making a livelihood will be terrible this winter.

Great Sympathy Manifested

FAIRFAX, Oct. 20.—An enormous number of telegrams of condolence have been received by the family of Field Marshal MackMahon, who died yesterday. Included in the number are messages from President Carnot, Cardinal Desseins and General Loislissen, minister of war, who telegraphs on behalf of himself and the French army. The customary funeral services will be held at noon Saturday at the Most Holy Sacrament, the local officials attending in a body. The remains will then probably be sent to Paris and deposited temporarily in the vault of St. Elizabeth's church. A public funeral will be held towards the end of the month.

Yellow Fever on a Ship

BRUNSWICK, Oct. 19.—The first case of the fever of a British steamer which arrived here yesterday from Rio de Janeiro, on board of which it is supposed to be present, has been reported. The vessel is the "Albatross," a small steamer which is bound for Liverpool.

The ship is a small steamer, and is bound for Liverpool. The fever is supposed to be present on board.

A Pine Log for a Corpse

DENVER, Oct. 21.—The News publishes a sensational story to the effect that Dr. T. Thatcher Graves, the famous prisoner who was supposed to have committed suicide in jail is not dead. It is maintained that a pine log occupied the coffin instead of his body. The story is given on the authority of Charles N. Chandler, a wealthy citizen of Thompson Centre, Conn., Dr. Graves' old home, and where the body was supposed to have been buried. Chandler and a fellow-townsmen, Stephen Morse, are now here. They declare the coffin was open at the grave against the protest of the widow, and found to contain a pine log, and that he supposed dead doctor is now enjoying his freedom in a foreign country.

A rumor has been current here for some time that the body carried from the county jail was really wax, and that the parties to the deception are some high officials of a secret organization. This rumor is strengthened by the refusal to allow the remains to be viewed, except by the most intimate friends and by the further fact that the widow refused to allow the remains to be embalmed.

Threatened by Regulators

FULTON, Oct. 21.—Cotton planters are receiving notices from regulators to cease operations at their gins till the staple sells for 10 cents per pound. Necessity is threatened if the notices are disregarded. The following sample was posted last night: "To Whom It May Concern: You are hereby notified to immediately stop operations at this gin until cotton has reached the price of 10 cents per pound in the different markets of the country. Failing to comply with this request, we will assume no responsibility for what may transpire in connection with the gin house and its contents. REGULATORS."

W. C. T. U. and the Farmers

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—The report of Mrs. Matilda B. Carse on the financial status of the woman's temple was the topic of interest at the W. C. T. U. convention yesterday. It was finally adopted unanimously, with slight alterations. The discussion developed much heat and unquestionable signs of hostility to the temple scheme by many prominent delegates. Many questions were asked but all were apparently satisfied in the end. Memorial services and miscellaneous addresses occupied the remainder of the session.

In the good roads congress addresses were made by Charles P. Chase of Jinton, Ia., and William Fortune of Indianapolis, advocating alterations in the methods of taxation to raise funds by which roads could be kept in better condition.

The general session of the agricultural congress was opened in the afternoon with the reading of a paper on 'The Market End of the Farmer's Year,' by S. M. Owen of the Minnesota Farm Stock and Home. He was followed by F. M. Palmer of Illinois, with a paper on 'The Utopia of a National Farmers' Union, and Its True Purpose.' Other papers were read, among which was one by B. F. Pratt of Nebraska, on 'Farm Work and Social Culture in Harmony Promotes Good Citizenship.'

Children Improve the Opportunity

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—The school children overran the fair grounds again. Their numbers were increased by additions from the neighboring cities and by two trainloads of newcomers and bootblacks from the city. At noon the children rang the liberty bell in honor of the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, giving a grand signal of fifty-one stokes, and for each state and territory and one of welcome to the Hawaiian islands.

It seemed that, after a walk through the principal hotels, as if every other man now in the city is from New York prepared to celebrate Manhattan day Saturday. Everybody is taking about that day and it is expected to be second only to Chicago day itself. All the railroads report that they are breaking the record for excursions between this and Gotham. Mayor Gilroy of New York, Richard Croker, Tammany's lieutenant, Chanancy M. Depew, ex-Mayor Grace, Joseph J. O'Donoghue and many other prominent New Yorkers are already here and more are coming.

Get Punished for Hoaxing

ANNEPOLIS, Md., Oct. 21.—The court martial now in session at the navy academy has found verdicts in three of the cases of hoaxes under trial. Captain David F. Boyd, Jr., William Jeffers and William G. Leahy were found guilty of hoaxing and recommended for dismissal. The superintendent continued the trial and today to one month's imprisonment on board the Beagle and 100 lashes, and allow Leahy to go unpunished.

NEBRASKA NEWS

Corn hucklers are finding plenty of work in Dakota county.

The Racket store of W. E. Ayres at DeWitt has been closed by creditors.

The little daughter of Agent Davis of Cedar Bluffs, died from enlargement of the heart.

The store of Thomas L. Cornell at Violet was burned to the ground, causing a loss of \$1,200.

A hopeful exchange thinks that times will soon be so good that tramps will ride horseback.

The railroad shopman at Grand Island are now getting eight instead of seven hours work a day.

Rev. David C. Patten of Aspen, Colo., has been called to the rectory of Trinity church, Cedar Rapids.

Burglars blew open the safe of Sportings drug store at Belvidere and secured \$46. They used dynamite.

G. C. Miller of Furnas county has found broom corn a profitable crop. He lately shipped a car load to Chicago.

E. H. Agnew of Arapahoe, bluffed a brace of would-be hold ups by pulling off his coat and daring them to come on.

G. H. Mallory of Pierce headed a race of beats in three hours and in 7 minutes and claims the championship.

Charles Brown of Wilsenville has an heir to \$5,000 as his share of the estate of a deceased brother in Pennsylvania.

Fire in the Burlington hotel at Wymore, was extinguished by volunteer firemen after it had done \$800 worth of damage.

The Norfolk Beet Sugar company is ready to contract with farmers for the acreage for next year at \$5 a ton for beets showing 12 1/2 per cent saccharine matter.

Some sinner in Antelope precinct, Dawes county, set fire to the granary of C. L. Moore, and it was destroyed, together with over 1,000 bushels of wheat and some farm tools.

The one day fair at Fullerton will catch a crowd from all parts of the state, on account of the opportunity for seeing so many famous horses trot and pace against time.

And now comes Logan county with seven men whose combined weight is 1,570 or 2,24 pounds each, aggregating for the seven almost a hundred pounds more than a ton of coal.

While Sam Cole of Fairmont was attending church, leaving his horse hitched outside, somebody took the harness from the animal and substituted for it an old, worn-out affair.

Mrs. B. E. Lamb of Genoa jumped from her buggy when the horse ran away and struck her head on the ground. It was a marvel that she was not killed for she weighs 200 pounds.

It is thought that the reported shortage of Ed Hackenberg, treasurer of Hall county, was hurried out before the completion of the labor of checking his books, for strictly campaign purposes.

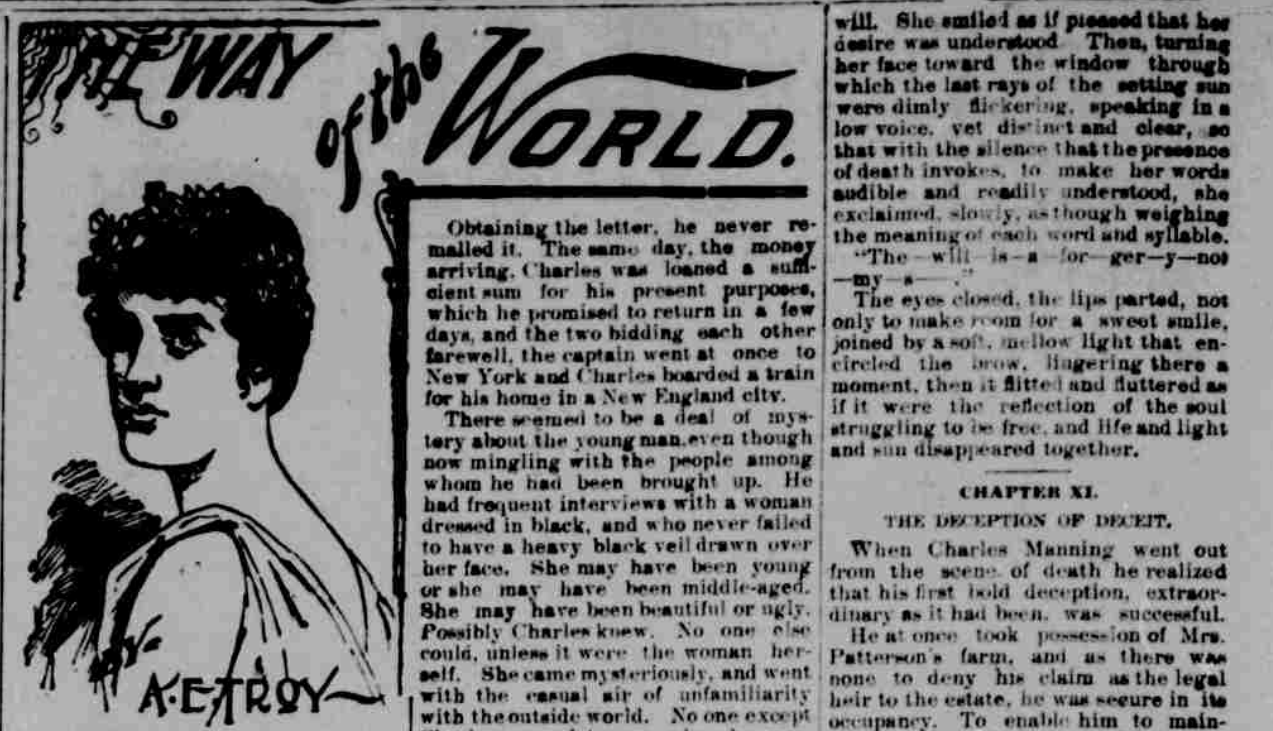
Just two hours after his arrival in Albion, to visit his son, Mr. William Vail of Atlanta, Ill., died of heart disease. He was apparently in as good health as usual, and was giving some presents to his son's child when he fell over and died in a short time.

Superintendent J. R. Phelan departed last week for McCook to prove up his timber claim near Parks. He has held it ten years and planted 51,000 trees besides nearly seven acres of walnuts. His ranch near Parks contains 15,000 acres and is one of the finest places for cattle raising in the state, controlling seven miles of water front and easily worth \$25,000.—Alliance Grip.

Dick Stanley, an accommodating hired man who worked for B. E. Snyder of Hay Springs, is missing, and so is one of Snyder's valuable horses. The other night the family was disturbed by cattle about the house and Stanley offered to drive the animals away on horseback. So Snyder helped the young man to mount and start the cattle away. He is evidently driving the animals a good deal farther than is necessary.

William Spencer, a farmer near Mirror, Sheridan county, who had been annoyed by dogs visiting his cellar and carrying away meat, arose early the other morning on hearing a noise in the cellar, and with a shotgun in hand hastened to the cellar door to intercept the dogs on their way out. Just then a man who was stepping with him over night came around the corner of the house to see the shooting, and as he got close from the cellar it ran in his direction. Mr. Spencer, unaware of the presence of the stranger, fired both barrels at the dog, missing its mark, but filling the body of the man with shot. A physician was called and a great many of the shot remained, but the victim suffers a great deal of pain and is in a precarious condition.

Johnnie Morrison of Hay Springs, tried to drive his father's team, but he couldn't manage the horses and they ran away, throwing him out. He struck on the back of his head and is feared his injuries will prove fatal. Governor Cook has been sending the sheep standing in the Union Pacific yards and throwing the coupling and other things up much longer than they are apt to be some dead young ones in such cases.



CHAPTER IX. Continued.

The little boat was ready to leave. A hasty farewell was said to the groups of natives standing by the shore, and the boat, with its crew, started on its way. The anchor was hauled in, the sails unfurled and the Sober Fritz was out at sea.

The living were gone. Now to care for the dead. That same young maiden had gone unbidden into the cabin where Louis' body was lying, and was now in an excited and nervous manner, pouring a liquid into the mouth and nostrils.

Others came in quietly and softly and looked in as if understanding the grave nature of the proceedings, and anxiously awaited the result.

The doctor never took her eyes off the marble face before her. She expected the life to return, and she was not disappointed, for in a short time, Louis opened his eyes, gazed languidly about the room, and, as if exhausted by the effort, fell asleep and slept all the night through.

On awakening, he was told of the departure of the ship, with his companions on board, of his supposed death, the surmise he had been poisoned, and the result of the application of the antidote. He was told that Captain Bodfish pleaded for the body to be taken on board the ship and how painful it was for the physician to refuse.

All, everything, showing the devotion of his companions was told him, and he listened and wondered what it could mean. During the day strengthening drinks were administered to him, and on the morning he arose from his cot seemingly strong and fully recovered from his illness.

The mysteries that now overwhelmed the poor lad nearly drove him mad. He had been poisoned. By whom? He was told that when his life was thought to be extinct, the doctor's daughter had detected evidence of poison, and the changing hue upon his face had revealed the nature of the drug he had taken, and enabled the maiden to obtain the antidote that restored him to consciousness. The locket containing Mary's picture and a lock of her hair had been removed from about his neck. Who did that? Perhaps it was Captain Bodfish or Charles, who would restore the precious gifts to the affianced couple. He thought of his death in a strange land and his burial by strange people, or it might be the girl who had saved his life had removed it and hidden or destroyed it.

Could it be that this girl administered the poison when the ship hove in sight, and, with her knowledge of the drug, kept him as one dead until the ship had sailed and then applied the antidote that brought his life back to him? That could not be, because even while his companions were taking a last look of his face, the girl who made one of the group around his cot, suddenly rushed from the room and fled like a deer to the mountains. Nor did she return until the last boat had been pushed from shore.

On the mountain side she had gathered the life-restoring herb, had steeped it in boiling water, and not a moment too soon had poured the potion down his throat. Had she given the antidote ready at the exact time to apply it? No it could not be the girl who sought his life only to save it. Who was it?

CHAPTER X THE WILL A FORGERY.

The "Sober Fritz" was at once gotten under sail and by night fell was far out to sea. Capt. Bodfish could not conceal his feelings. The tears came freely without bidding. He felt that he had not only lost a good friend, but all the circumstances connected with his death were sad in the extreme. Could he even have brought the body on board the ship and given it a burial beneath the waves, he could have been the better reconciled to the fateful events which had occurred.

Charles gave vent to his feelings by loud expressions of sorrow. He had no tears to shed, though he often wished the tears would flow, but he had plenty of words of love and affection for his dear friend, and he never tired of speaking of his merits and extolling his good qualities.

At the first port made by the "Sober Fritz" an American ship was taking on coal, and the Americans found no trouble in engaging passage to Boston. The voyage was finished in three months, and Capt. Bodfish and Charles, having feelingly parted with their two companions, went to the nearest telegraph office where Capt. Bodfish notified the owners of the "Lucky Star" of her loss and of the captain's arrival in Boston and his need of funds.

Obtaining the letter, he never recalled it. The same day, the money arriving, Charles was loaned a sufficient sum for his present purposes, which he promised to return in a few days, and the two bidding each other farewell, the captain went at once to New York and Charles boarded a train for his home in a New England city.

There seemed to be a deal of mystery about the young man, even though now mingling with the people among whom he had been brought up. He had frequent interviews with a woman dressed in black, and who never failed to have a heavy black veil drawn over her face. She may have been young or old, may have been beautiful or ugly. Possibly Charles knew. No one else could, unless it were the woman herself. She came mysteriously, and went with the casual air of unfamiliarity with the outside world. No one except Charles seemed to care who she was, what she was, or whether she went.

Charles at once obtained a position where he could learn telegraphing and railway station business.

In his conversations with Louis on shipboard, Charles had heard his companion speak of his knowledge of telegraphy. What Louis knew, Charles never tried until he learned the same. In connection with his duties in the telegraph office he became a diligent student, and was soon quite as familiar with questions of politics as had Louis been.

For several weeks the woman in black was missed. Upon her return, she and Charles held many interviews, and seemingly as if in somewhat connected with these meetings, Charles one day sent the following telegraph dispatch:

Hullfax, June 15, 1889. Mrs. MATILDA PATTERSON: I have just landed here and will start at once for home. May I see you by Thursday? Was kidnapped, taken to Calcutta; the voyage home was shipwrecked, detail on an unknown land for nearly two years. Will tell you all when I see you. Love to Mary. Hope you are both well. LOUIS PATTERSON.

When the messenger brought the dispatch, Mrs. Patterson was lying on her couch sick almost unto death. She was surrounded with loving friends who sought to prove their devotion by little acts of kindness, but neither kind nor kin were there to comfort her. Yet Mary Nordrum had been to her Mother Patterson all that child could be. Their tears had mingled together; their hopes connected on the same object of affliction, and the heart of one knew no pain the other didn't experience, except the mysterious secret about Major Nordrum's will, which the sick woman, for some strange reason, refused to divulge.

Mary read the message first. The trials and sorrows she had experienced were not for any event, no matter what it might be. For a moment she was overcome by the glad news. Her thoughts went out to Mrs. Patterson for she feared the effect of such joyful tidings upon Louis mother. With head bowed upon the poor sick woman's breast, and with arms tenderly entwined around her neck, Mary told her adopted mother of the expected arrival of her son.

Mrs. Patterson listened unmoved, then turned her head toward the wall, as if she would be alone with her thoughts. An hour passed. Then, arising herself and beckoning Mary to come to her bedside, she solemnly said she prayed to live long enough to take her dear boy by the hand, place it in Mary's, bless her children, and commend her spirit to the God who gave it.

Was her prayer answered? Several days and nights passed, and the hour of Louis' expected arrival was near at hand. A kind neighbor had offered to meet Louis with a carriage and bring him to his home.

During the day, Mrs. Patterson appeared to sleep. Her eyes were closed and she breathed naturally. Suddenly she raised herself up in bed and looked eagerly about the room. She was not excited, but calm and self-composed. Lifting her hand and pointing her long, bony fingers toward the open window, through which the setting sun shone bright and clear, she exclaimed, in a voice loud and distinct for one so near the grave:

"See there! Look yonder! What a beautiful light! How brilliant it is! How grand! Watch its golden rays spreading out on all sides and in every direction. Nearer and nearer it comes, wider and wider its pathway is extended, and brighter and brighter grows its glittering rays, and now it seems to cover the land with new life, new joy, new hopes, new expectations, and a brighter future."

On and on she went describing her wondrous vision, speaking as one inspired. Suddenly she stopped and gazed upon the wondering group. The silence was then broken by the sound of rattling wheels of a carriage approaching the house. The expected one, the bed-ridden woman, and now it was the little group around the bed-ridden woman, all save the weeping girl, who has clasped her hand in that of the dying woman, and the attending physician.

The door opens, a young man bounds noiselessly in, rushes to the bedside, kisses the pale cheek of the emaciated woman who lies their so quiet, so weak, so calm, then affectionately embraces the trembling girl, who stands motionless and white as a statue of the purest porcelain marble, and implants a kiss upon her lips, which salutation she feels and lovingly returns.

will. She smiled as if pleased that her desire was understood. Then, turning her face toward the window, through which the last rays of the setting sun were dimly flickering, speaking in a low voice, yet distinct and clear, so that with the silence that the presence of death invoked, to make her words audible and readily understood, she exclaimed, slowly, as though weighing the meaning of each word and syllable. "The will is a forger—y—no—my—"

The eyes closed, the lips parted, not only to make room for a sweet smile, joined by a soft, mellow light that encircled the brow, lingering there a moment, then it flitted and fluttered as if it were the reflection of the soul struggling to be free, and life and light and sun disappeared together.

CHAPTER XI THE DECEPTION OF DECEIT.

When Charles Manning went out from the scene of death he realized that his first bold deception, extraordinary as it had been, was successful. He at once took possession of Mrs. Patterson's farm, and as there was none to deny his claim as the legal heir to the estate, he was secure in its occupancy. To enable him to maintain his deception, he had provided himself with every conceivable weapon. In the keeping of a shrewd, cunning man, he could ask for nothing more than he had at his command. He was in possession of a fund of information that would enable him to meet and repel any suspicion that Mary Nordrum or any of her neighbors might entertain as to his identity.

He started out with the knowledge that through deception he possessed Mary Nordrum's love—love as pure and guileless as innocence itself. While it was really love for another, it rested with him to be able to so personate that other throughout the twelve months custom had fixed should elapse between a death in the family and a marriage, as to never give cause for the shadow of a suspicion of the deception.

Charles Manning had made himself believe that he was not committing a crime in the desperate game he was playing. He did not even think it a game. He had imbibed his conscience with such plausible arguments, in defense of his intentions that it became seared and callous as far as any susceptibility to a moral impression was concerned, and he had only to consult with that inward monitor to find a counselor that would second any scheme he might undertake.

His soliloquies were ingenious, and to his conscience were convincing. If Mary Nordrum believed he was her lover, if Heaven had fashioned two men as much alike that a maiden of ordinary intelligence, who had given her heart to one, after years of intimacy and devotion, should continue that love to the other, and after a long period of similar intimacy with the other, fail to detect a shadow of deception, he could not see wherein any wrong existed.

He had so perverted his conscience that it concealed from him the evil which was in his heart when Louis Patterson first told him the story of his love for Mary Nordrum; that it concealed from him the evil that was intensified and developed into an unpardonable crime when he gave the draught to his companion with the intention of preventing him from enjoying Mary Nordrum's love; that it concealed from him the infamy which made up the desperate scheme he had planned to secure the love of one that believed that she was loving another.

Charles Manning may have conscientiously believed if Mary Nordrum never learned of the deception practiced upon her there was no wrong done. This thing of conscience either takes to curious fits and startling terms, at times, or else some other force crowds it out of place.

Charles Manning had made himself believe that his conscience approved of every scheme he devised to cheat and deceive Mary Nordrum.

Yet there must have been times in his career, when his conscience, notwithstanding the surroundings, told him that he was a criminal of the deepest dye.

He spent the most of his time in the company of Mary Nordrum. The two farms were managed by hired help, which gave the owners plenty of time for reading together, strolling in the woods and fields, rowing in the lake and love making.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Model Savings Bank.

The greatest savings bank in this country is the Provident Institution of Boston. It was started in 1816, and has run until this time with, to use the words of its President, Henry Lee, "not the loss of a dollar by dishonesty." "There is a tradition," said Mr. Lee, "that the bank was founded partly at the urgent request of good Bishop, afterward Cardinal, Cheverus, that his 'people,' as he called them, might have a place of deposit, so as not to spend or lose their little savings.

"A few years later, at the Bishop's suggestion, the plan of partial withholding of the bank's earnings and the declaration of surplus dividends every five years was adopted. This was to induce the same people to keep as well as to deposit their savings in the bank." The institution now has over 90,000 depositors and over \$3,000,000 in deposits. The largest depo it which the management is allowed to accept is \$1,000. The bank in the early period paid 5 per cent interest, but the rate is now 4 per cent. The surplus dividends every five years are no longer paid, as the law of the State now requires the setting aside of a reserve fund.—Globe-Democrat.

Just the Other Way.

There was a fight between two Irishmen in Washington a week or two ago, and the Post reports a conversation overheard not long afterward: "You had a fight with Murphy, I hear, Dan." "I had that." "And he gave you a black eye?" "That's a lie. That black eye was on the other foot."

Turning light as hair spell our appetites for buttons.