

THE DAY'S DOINGS

SUMMARY OF LATE NEWS BY WIRE.

RETURN PRISONERS.

FILIPINOS LATEST PROMISE IS FULFILLED.

Lieut. Gilmore's Party Not in It—Vague Answers to an Inquiry Say They Are "In the North"—Third Attempt to Shift into Diplomacy.

Filipinos Keep Their Promise.

Manila: An eventful day with the northern outposts of the American army at Angeles. Early in the morning the Filipino peace commission appeared. The American prisoners followed. Then a commission of three Spaniards, to negotiate for the release of the Spanish prisoners, departed up the railroad with a retinue of servants and huffalo carts carrying their baggage.

At San Fernando the train carrying the commission and prisoners to Manila met a special carrying Maj. Gen. Otis and Gens. Lawton, Bates and Selwan to Angeles on a tour of inspection.

The American prisoners are Corporal Otto Scheu and Privates Albert Rubek, Otto Wagner and Peter Rollings, all of the Third Infantry, captured near Baling July 28; Jos. MacDrath, Jas. Boyle, Wm. Miller, John Crinshaw, Thomas Daly and Eli Drew of the Sixteenth Infantry, captured at Calococan in August; Paul Spillane and Louis Ford of the Fourth Infantry; Chas. Wilander, a discharged Third Artilleryman, captured by bandits while boating near Malabon, and George Graham, colored, an orderly of the Sixteenth Infantry, who was put off a train near Malolos and immediately captured by a party of insurgents.

Gen. MacArthur made inquiry for Lieut. Gilmore's party, and they were in "the north." Gen. MacArthur asked if they would be released and Gen. Alejandro said:

"I must consult with my government before answering."

The prisoners unanimously praised their treatment. One man said:

"We have been given the best the country afforded, fine houses for quarters, servants, good food, plenty of wine and a money allowance. Aguinaldo visited us and shook hands. Three of the boys refused to shake hands with him."

MAKES FRUITLESS ENDEAVOR

Aguinaldo Makes a Third Attempt to Shift into Diplomacy.

Manila: Aguinaldo's third attempt to shift his difficulties into the field of diplomacy is a repetition of the others—a fruitless endeavor to obtain some sort of recognition of his so-called government. The Filipino envoys had a one-hour conference with Gen. Otis Sunday morning. They brought from Aguinaldo a message that he desired peace and wished to send a civilian government commission to discuss the question. Otis replied that it was impossible for him to recognize Aguinaldo's government in that way. While he was willing to correspond with Aguinaldo as general of the insurgent forces, he must positively decline to recognize him as president of the civil government.

Another conference will be held. The Filipinos' movements are quite unrestricted, but they are under the constant chaperonage of Capt. Johnson of the Sixteenth Infantry. They visited the hospitals and distributed money among the wounded Filipinos, after which they made calls and received visitors at their hotel."

AMICABLY ADJUSTED.

Troubles Between Organized Labor and Committees Settled.

Chicago: At midnight Saturday night the differences between organized labor and the festival and federal committees were amicably adjusted and it was announced that the corner stone of the new postoffice would be laid on Oct. 9, in accordance with the regular program. The compromise was reached after two days of conferences between members of the federal committee and representatives of organized labor. Under the terms of agreement the corner stone will be cut by union men from a block of Illinois limestone.

U. P. ROBBERS IN SEATTLE.

Arrest of Men Who Stole \$125,000 Last July Is Expected.

Seattle, Wash.: Three of the Union Pacific train robbers, who in July last held up the east bound express near Rock Springs, Wyo., and relieved the Pacific express messenger of his iron box, containing over \$125,000 in cash, have been located in this city and arrests are expected to result at any time.

Suicides to Help Mother.

Chicago: Henry Lublinnee, a prosperous druggist of this city, killed himself by taking prussic acid, in order that his aged mother in Vienna, Austria, might receive \$5,000 insurance which he carried on his life and thus have sufficient money to live in comfort for the balance of her days.

Killed in an Elevator Shaft.

Washington: James P. Willott, superintendent of the postoffice department and city post office building, was instantly killed by falling down an elevator shaft from the fourth story of the new postoffice.

Reed's Successor Named.

Portland, Me.: A. L. Allen, former private secretary of Thomas B. Reed, was nominated as his successor by the Republicans of the First Congressional District. He came out squarely in favor of supporting the president's Philippine policy.

Bombs in Caracas.

Caracas, Venezuela: An unsuccessful attempt to blow up the state department was made. All the officers happened to be absent at the moment. The bomb badly damaged the entrance to the building.

STATE OF NEBRASKA

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN A CONDENSED FORM.

Teamster Has a Remarkable Escape from Instant Death at Lyons—His Rig Struck by a Train—Driver Is Thrown Fifty Feet.

Struck by a Train.

While Charles Snyder was hauling corn with his team and wagon from the shellers that are now shelling corn out of the Peavey elevator cribs near the depot in Lyons, a Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha gravel train, going south with the locomotive running backward, struck the outfit squarely on the crossing in front of the depot, killing the horses outright and smashing the wagon to atoms, the force of the collision throwing Snyder fifty feet to one side of the track, where he was picked up insensible. People noticing him driving for the crossing hurriedly tried to warn him of the approaching train, which apparently he did not hear, and from the obstruction of sidetracked cars close up to both sides of the crossing he did not see it until the collision. Although Snyder was badly shaken up and bruised he has been able to walk since the accident.

OLIVER ANDERSON ACQUITTED

Jury at Stanton Finds Him Not Guilty of Murder.

The jury at Stanton in the case of Oliver Anderson, charged with killing Andrew Johnson in August of this year, brought in a verdict of not guilty within a few minutes after retiring. Anderson and Johnson were half brothers and had on several occasions quarreled over some disputed accounts and Aug. 27 met at Johnson's house, when the quarrel was renewed, resulting in Anderson receiving a severe cut above the knee with a pocketknife, after which he withdrew to the house of a neighbor. He was soon after followed there by Johnson armed with a shotgun, and upon his approach Anderson secured a gun and warned Johnson to keep away from him. Johnson continued to approach and when about twenty feet away raised his gun to shoot, but it missed fire. At this point Anderson shot Johnson, killing him instantly.

Incendiarism at Beatrice.

The Burlington depot at Beatrice was destroyed by fire with all its contents, including the household goods of the agent, James Morrison, upon which there was no insurance. The building is believed to have been fired by tramps, and with the high wind blowing from the north it went so quickly the agent and his wife and baby barely had time to escape. Prompt work by the fire department prevented the flames from spreading to the business part of town. About an hour later the buildings on the fair grounds, half a mile south of town, were totally destroyed by fire. This also is believed to have been of incendiary origin. The property of the fair association is covered by insurance.

Phelps' Claim Allowed.

The claim of C. W. Phelps against the state for \$222.21 for services alleged to have been rendered as steward of the Institute for Feeble Minded at Beatrice was allowed by Auditor Cornell and referred to Secretary Porter for approval. This claim grew out of the trouble which existed for several months between Gov. Poynter and superintendent Sprague. Phelps furnished the governor with testimony regarding the official conduct of Sprague, and for doing so he was discharged.

Fight on Wymore's Postmaster.

The appointment of J. C. Burch as postmaster at Wymore was quite a surprise, few persons being aware he was a candidate for the place. Since his nomination has been made public some unfriendly persons have been busy getting signatures to a protest, which will be forwarded to Washington to have the appointment annulled. The fight against Burch is being made on the ground that he was president of the Bank of Wymore at the time of its failure.

Girl's Suicide Plans May Fail.

Elizabeth Hawes, aged 14, a domestic at the Kyrd Hotel in Fairfield attempted suicide by shooting herself with a .32-caliber revolver. She had evidently laid deliberate plans to kill herself, as during the day she had asked the exact location of the heart and if a bullet through the heart would kill at once. The bullet passed through the left lung and lodged in the muscles of the back. She will probably recover.

Fire at Jackson.

Fire was discovered a few nights since in the general merchandise store owned and operated by Mrs. C. D. Ryan at Jackson. In a short time the entire building and stock were consumed. Loss about \$5,000, with \$4,000 insurance. By heroic efforts on the part of the bucket brigade the Catholic Church and academy were saved. Cause unknown.

Knight-Arlington Case Ends.

The George Knight-Arlington fire case was settled in the district court at Blair by Knight pleading guilty to the charge of arson. The compromise came about through the attorneys on both sides. Knight's sentence will be one year in the penitentiary.

Incendiary Fire at Edgar.

Fire at Edgar, believed to be incendiary, broke out in the old livery barn owned by Hod Woodard, and it was totally destroyed, with its contents, including two horses. There was \$500 insurance on the building, but nothing on contents.

Strike Practically Ended.

The strike of the union carpenters at Omaha, some 400, for an increase from 30 cents to 35 cents an hour is practically ended. The majority of the contractors have acceded to the demands of the men.

Odd Fellows to Meet at Hastings.

The Odd Fellows' grand lodge, the grand encampment, Patriarch Militant and the Rebekah branch of the order will meet at Hastings Oct. 17-20. Fully 1,000 delegates are expected to attend.

Disastrous Lamp Explosion.

The dwelling house of Edward Bokowski at Fremont caught fire the other morning from a lamp explosion in a bed room. The family were in another part of the house and the entire building was afire before it was discovered and was completely gutted.

Ogallala Store Robbed.

Forsyth & Son's grocery store and Peter Girman's butcher shop at Ogallala were entered by thieves the other night and some small change taken from the money drawers.



CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"When did Herman have the carriage out last?"

"The night before the murder, Mars Lang, and he didn't hab any ob dat crowd wid him. He lef de carriage in front ob Willy's drug store, on de corner ob Market and Front streets, and tell me to wait. He walk off towards de Carolina Hotel, and when he come back dar was a man wid him I nebbur saw befo' dat I know of. He was taller and heavier dan Mars Herman, and older, too. He had a grayish mustache and wore a beaver hat. Both of dem was smokin' cegars, and dey got in de carriage."

"Drive out Market street, Adam, Mars Herman say, and I did."

"Did you catch this party's name?"

"I heard Mars Herman call him 'Stephens.' I spee' dat's his name. Well, I drive past de house, and I hear Mars Herman say, 'dar's where my Uncle Alvin lives.'"

"Lives now? Mr. Stephens say, 'Yes, now,' says Mars Herman, and de rattin' ob de wheels drown de rest. When I got 'bout six blocks beyond de house Mars Herman say, 'Drive back, Adam,' and I drive back de same way. Goin' back, I heard dat man ax Mars Herman what kind ob game dey run at de 'Planters Rest.' Mars Herman say: 'A pretty stiff game, sometimes.'"

"Oh, Mr. Stephens say, 'dey play's fer high stakes in Baltimore. Dars de place fer high rollers.'"

"He did."

"Yes, Mars Lang. Well, dey lef de carriage at de same place I pick dem up, and Mars Herman give me fifty cents and say: 'You go home, Adam. I will walk, and as I drove off dey was goin' towards de hotel.'"

"Herman is liberal with money, is he not, Adam?"

"Mos' every night when he keep me out he give me a quarter or half dollar."

"I see! I see!" and de detective ran his fingers through his hair. "Would you know this man Stephens if you saw him again, Adam?"

"Know him, fer true, Mars Lang. He speak quick and short, and he eye mighty shifty lak. Oh, I know him!"

"What time was it when you drove home?"

"'Twan' late, I spee' 'bout nine o'clock."

"You don't know what time Herman Craven came home, or whether he was alone?"

"No, Mars Lang. I wen' to bed directly I got home; but I wen' up to get Mars Herman's shoes, to black dem, in de mornin', and dar was no one but him dar."

"Last night you did not have the carriage out?"

"No, Mars Lang; but Mars Herman was downtown. I saw him go out de gate after supper. I don't know what time he get in."

"He carries a night key to the front door, I suppose?"

"Certain!"

Here there was a rap on the door leading into the hall.

"It's me, Lang," replied Mrs. Sellars. "Yanah is waiting to see you."

"Yes, yes, in a moment, wife. You may go now, Adam. And remember, not a word to a living soul that you have been here, or that you have had any conversation with me—not a hint! And notice particularly when you are downtown if you see that man Stephens again. I will send Calban for you when I want you again. You may be of great assistance to me, and you shall not go unrewarded."

"Golly, Mars Lang, all de 'ward I wants is to see de man that murder my ole marster hanged, and Mars Robert Campbell turned loose, kaze I know Miss Hattie's sweetheart nebbur murdered ole marster."

"You may earn a greater reward than the satisfaction of seeing a guilty wretch hanged, Adam—perhaps your freedom—who knows?"

The detective had been rolling up the bloody shirt, and here he handed it to Adam with the words: "Take your shirt; the stains on it indicate indeed that 'fowl murder has been committed.'"

"Dat's so, Mars Lang," said the negro, grinning. "Chicken murder. I's guilty ob dat, and you's got a witness agin me in de nex' room."

As the door closed behind Adam, Calban admitted Hannah.

"Did you cook chickens for dinner yesterday, Hannah?"

"Yes, Mars Lang."

"Who killed the chickens, and when, and where?"

"Why, Adam, just back of de kitchen, yestidy mawnin'. He chop dar haids off wid de hatchet."

"Are you sure, Hannah?"

"Deed I is, Mars Lang. De fool nigger let dem chicken bloody his shut all up, and I tell him, 'Who's gash wain dat shut?'"

"Did you ever see or hear of a man named Stephens, a friend of Herman Craven's, Hannah?"

paper into a ball and cast it in a waste basket.

"Calban's clue," he laughed, "while being one of a fowl murder, was not one tending to lead to the perpetrator of the fowl murder of which, perhaps, Mr. Stephens may have a guilty knowledge."

CHAPTER XI.

Twenty minutes after Hannah had taken her departure from the detective's office Sellars entered the door of the Carolina Hotel.

It was nearing eleven o'clock, and he found but two men present in the office—McLain, the night clerk of the hotel, and Dolby Browning, one of the conductors of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad.

The detective passed through the office into the barroom, where he purchased a cigar, lighted it and sauntered back into the office.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he remarked, as he strode forward to the counter on which the register was lying.

"Good evening, Mr. Sellars," responded the two men.

"Not much transient custom nowadays, I suppose, Mack?"

"Very little," replied the clerk, "nor do I suppose we can look for more before fall."

"I should judge not," said Sellars, as he bent over the open register.

"One, two, five, seven, nine. Why, you had fifteen arrivals to-day."

"Yes, but half of them are drummers," said the clerk; "they get half rates, you know. There is not much money in them."

"Well, they will bring you other custom later."

"True enough, Mr. Sellars; that is the inducement for giving them half rates."

"Yesterday you had even a greater number, twenty-four. I declare, I see few names here that I have not some knowledge of the parties."

Here the detective turned back a leaf of the register.

"The 17th, twenty-one guests. Ah, here is the name of my old friend, Jo Anson of Tarboro. Why, here's the Norment of Lumberton and Caldwell of Duplin. Yes, and Sam Grady and Col. Hoyt of Charleston. Next comes Stephens—C. A. Stephens of Baltimore. It's time for me to stop now, for I have no recollection of that name."

To be sure, there are plenty of Stephenses—Virginia, for instance, is full of them; then there are the Stephenses of Cumberland, the Stephenses of Wake and Craven. I wonder if C. A. Stephens is one of these?"

"I think not," said the clerk. "I have no recollection of having seen this Stephens before. He was only here a short time. Arrived on the morning of the 17th and left on the night of the 18th. He may have been a drummer, but I think not, as he did not ask for drummer's rates and had no baggage with him."

"He was not a drummer then," said Sellars, with a laugh, "but he may have been an employer of drummers."

"He made a trip down with me," observed Browning. "I have no recollection of having seen him before. He is not a drummer, and if he left on the night of the 18th he must have gone out with Borden. He had the night run that trip."

"He looked rather like a sporting character," observed the clerk, "but I presume he was a Baltimore business man. Craven, the cashier of the 'Cape Fear Bank,' seemed to know him; at least I noticed them talking earnestly together on the night of the 17th. By the way, that was a sad affair of Mr. DeRosette's taking off."

"Terrible, Mack! Terrible! It was a shock to the entire community."

"And to think that Robert Campbell should have committed the murder! Why, he is the last man I would have suspected, and I heard Sheriff Cobb say there was no doubt of his guilt."

"Sheriff Cobb is a very shrewd man—a very shrewd man," said the detective.

"I understand that the prisoner had the audacity to call you into the case. It reminded me of your call in the Mulberry case."

"Very like! Very like!" said Lang. "Cobb got the start of me this time."

"I am sorry for Campbell's mother and sister," observed the night clerk.

"Yes, and I," said Lang. "Well, good night," he added, "I must be going."

"Good night, Mr. Sellars."

"So much for Mr. C. A. Stephens," thought Lang as he left the office. "He arrived in Wilmington on the morning of the 17th. Mack observed him in close conversation with Herman Craven that night, and the same night Adam drives the two past the banker's house. You may be straighter than a string, C. A. Stephens, but I must know more about you. You left the hotel on the night of the murder—presumably left the city the same night. The north-bound train left for Baltimore at ten o'clock. At that hour the banker was a living man. I must inquire Borden when he comes down the road. Poor Campbell! I believe every word of his statement. It is late, but the mother and daughter are looking for me. I must drop in and give them a word of cheer. I can't be going there much in the light of day."

This the detective did, and when he entered his own home the clock was striking the hour of twelve.

CHAPTER XII.

At the appointed time on the night of the 20th Uncle Duke was admitted to the presence of the detective. But the old man could give no information that Sellars deemed material. It was evident that he knew less of the cashier's life, associations and career after banking hours than did Adam.

known Herman Craven to bring a companion into the banker's house.

The night following his conversation with Uncle Duke the detective met Conductor Borden at the Carolina Hotel and in a discussion which he brought about in regard to the traffic of the road, he gradually led round to the number of passengers that the various conductors carried over the road on their trips. In the meanwhile the hotel register was open before him.

"The transfers from the Manchester road form the bulk of the passenger list going north now," said the conductor, "but on my last trip, the night of the 18th I had a goodly number from Wilmington."

"Yes," said Sellars, turning back the leaves of the register. "I notice quite a number of arrivals on the 17th and 18th. It is so hot here now that they do not tarry long. I suppose you carried them all back up the road with you. I see that those that arrived on the 17th are nearly all checked as having departed on the night of the 18th. Jo Wallace, and Hoyt, and Caldwell, and Turner, and Stephens. By the way, I wonder what family of Stephens this C. A. Stephens belongs to?"

"I declare I don't know," said Borden. "He came down the road with Browning. I believe. If he left the city on the night of the 18th he did not go over the road with me. He may have gone south. Grady and Hoyt went that way back to Charleston, I suppose."

"The 22d of the month the remains of the banker were consigned to the grave, and a vast concourse of people was present in the cemetery when the last sad rites were spoken."

All eyes were seemingly bent on the form of the bereaved young daughter, who, in the anguish that wrung her heart, clung, strange to say, not to the arm of Herman Craven, who seemed to shudder and grow pale as the clouds of earth rolled in upon the coffin, but to the arms of two women who were seemingly scarcely less agitated than herself—the mother and sister of the man who lay in jail accused of the damnable crime of the banker's taking off.

Many there were who looked on this scene with surprise, but none with a deeper feeling of annoyance than Herman Craven and Sheriff Cobb.

To Sheriff Cobb's cold nature it was inexplicable that the daughter of the murdered man should seek consolation of the mother and sister of his murderer.

To Herman Craven's mind the circumstance boded not the easy fulfillment of his wishes. "Wait!" he thought. "Wait!"

Lang Sellars, as he stood some yards away, leaning against a stately pine, his tall form towering above all others, thought, as his keen eye rested on the figures before him: "There will be a tie that will bind you yet closer together. Wait!"

It was ten o'clock on the 23d day of the month, and gathered in the spacious parlors of the residence of the late banker were the five directors of the 'Cape Fear Bank' and a goodly number of those who in his lifetime had been close personal friends.

Seated at one side of the front parlor near an open window, and with Jennie Campbell beside her, was the banker's daughter, and very beautiful, yet sad, she looked, clad in the habiliments that told of her bereavement.

A number of ladies were seated near them, and ranged against the wall opposite them were the family servants.

Herman Craven sat near a center table conversing with the old attorney of the bank, who presently arose to his feet. In a position from where he could at will scan all features sat the great detective.

"I have been requested," said the lawyer, "by the daughter of our late friend, by his nephew and by the directors of the bank of which he was the honored president, to read to those here present his last will and testament. The instrument is embraced in this package of papers just handed me by the cashier of the bank, Herman Craven."

Here Attorney Dobbs removed the rubber band and withdrew from the package the banker's will.

(To be continued.)

WHIP AGAINST SWORD.

How a Plucky Woman Prevented Her Husband's Assassination.

The Civil and Military Gazette, published at Allahabad, contains an exciting account of the manner in which a plucky woman saved herself and her husband against the attack of a Ghazi. As Captain and Mrs. Spence were out driving slowly they saw a Brahm mounted on a Baluch racing mare coming toward them at a walk. As the man approached he drew his sword and made a vigorous cut at Captain Spence, who, on seeing the naked sword, instantly stood up and lashed at the Ghazi with the driving whip, causing the mare to swerve and the sword to pass harmlessly by, but uncomfortably close to Captain Spence's head. At this instant Captain Spence lost his balance and fell under the wheel of the trap, where he lay pinned down for some time. Seeing her husband in the act of falling, Mrs. Spence seized the whip from his hand and jumped to the ground. By this time the Ghazi had wheeled on the road and was making another rush. Mrs. Spence instantly stood between her husband and the man, and there received the Ghazi's attack, whip in hand, cutting at him and his mare and calling out for help. By making vigorous use of her whip she kept the Ghazi off and drove him away. A second charge the Ghazi made was similarly repulsed, except that on this occasion the Ghazi's cuts came more perilously near, and Mrs. Spence was knocked down. By this time Captain Spence had extricated himself from beneath the wheel of the trap, where he sustained several bruises and a cracked rib, and came to his wife's help, and when the Ghazi made his third rush he was driven off by Captain Spence when he made off at a gallop, but the pursuit was taken up and he was ultimately run down and shot.

An Exhibit on Wheels.

"Henry, when we move I want an open van."

"Our stuff may get rained on."

"I don't care; I want the neighbors to see what lovely furniture you buy for me."

Same Old Yarn.

"The very first time I mounted my wheel I went right off like an expert."

"Break anything?"

Time for Action.

Freddie (whose pa's a strict disciplinarian)—Ma, can you have a man arrested if you think he's going to kill you?

Ma—Certainly, my son.

Freddie—Then I'm going to git out a warrant for pa.

Ma—You shock me, Freddie. What reason could you possibly have for any such action against your father?

Freddie—Why, I heard him tell the lumberman this morning to bring him a cartload of singlins.—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Rings Always the Same.

Although many jewelers advertise "something new in rings," the fact remains that they are but slight variations of the styles in vogue at the time Moses plied the children of Israel out of bondage of Egypt. Rings are alluded to in the Bible, in the books of Genesis and Exodus. They have been found among the relics of prehistoric races, the stone age, the bronze age, and the age of the mound builders. Herodotus mentions that the Babylonians wore them, and from Asia they probably were introduced into Greece.

The rings worn in early times were not purely ornamental, but had their significance as signet rings. A king's messenger delivering a message and exhibiting the king's signet as authority, was obeyed implicitly. The Romans had a marriage ring of iron with a jewel of adamant, signifying eternity and constancy. History mentions a magic ring possessed by King Solomon of which the Jews and Mohammedans have abundant traditions. It was by means of this ring as a talisman of wisdom and power that Solomon was enabled to perform those wonderful acts and accomplish those vast enterprises that have made his name so celebrated as the wisest monarch of the earth. The later Romans wore a profusion of rings, and the more effeminate had rings for summer and winter.

Extinguished.

A young and newly-married couple were entertaining their friends, and among the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct, although most unbearable, was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humor, he looked round and remarked: "Is this pig?"

This immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet-looking individual sitting at the other end of the table: "Which end of the fork do you refer to?"—London Spare Moments.

"A Gentle Wind of Western Birth"

Tells no sweeter story to humanity than the announcement that the health-giver and health-bringer, Hood's Sarsaparilla, tells of the birth of an era of good health. It is the one reliable specific for the cure of all blood, stomach and liver troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

TOWER