

ELECTRIC FLASHES

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

A STEAMER BURNED

NUTMEG STATE WRECKED IN LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Six of the crew and three unknown persons known to be dead—Pear expressed that others lost their lives by swamping of boats.

New York: The steamer Nutmeg State burned to the water's edge Saturday morning and is now lying a wreck on Old Reef, Long Island Sound. The passengers were taken off by the City of Lawrence. Capt. Brooks of the Nutmeg State said on his arrival here that six of his crew had burned to death and he feared some of the passengers suffered a like fate.

Capt. Brooks said the first he knew of the fire was when he saw a blaze around the smokestack. The fire was burning rather briskly. He got men to work trying to put out the fire. The vessel steered directly for Sandpoint and all steam was put on her. Coming near Sandpoint the captain directed the bow of the boat dead ahead for the beach and ran her ashore. Between thirty and forty passengers were aboard.

The City of Lawrence saw the fire and steamed over towards the burning vessel. The boats put out and by heroic work the passengers and remaining members of the crew were taken off and brought to this city. Following is the list of known dead:

SAMUEL JAYNE, baggage-master.
BARNY HENDRICK, oiler.
Two unknown women and little girl.
PATRICK COFFEY, first mate.
TORENE BRADY, cabin boy.
CHARLES ANDERSON, member of crew.

THOMAS MURPHY, member of crew. It is feared some of the women and children were lost by the swamping of boats. The vessel and cargo were valued at \$200,000.

SERIOUS RIOT.

One Killed and Several Injured—More Trouble Expected.

Springfield, Ill.: At a christening of a child in a Polack family at Auburn, twenty miles from Springfield, Sunday evening about 6 o'clock a riot started between the Hungarians and Polacks, and Stephen Roski, a Hungarian, was instantly killed. The foreigners work for the Chicago-Virgin Coal Company at the Auburn mine and live in company houses on a tract of land called the Patch.

There has long been an enmity between the Hungarians and Polacks. Several men are said to have been injured in the fight, but they would not allow the physicians who were sent to the scene to see them. Two men have been held by the friends of Roski who are believed to be his murderers. Sheriff Woods was notified at once of the killing and left with a posse of deputies to arrest the participants in the fight.

A similar dispatch to the State Register says the foreigners are expected to resist arrest, and the officers may have to fight them before they are taken into custody.

BETRAYED THE PRESIDENT.

Commander of Government Forces Shows Treachery.

Caracas, Venezuela: Advice from Petare, ten miles from Caracas, say that the people have arisen against President Andrade and a crisis is eminent here. The commander of the government forces has betrayed the president and will allow the revolutionary army to march on Caracas without a battle.

President Andrade will probably be forced to retire, re-establishing the government at Puerto Cabello.

United States Minister Loomis recently made a long argument before President Andrade urging a suspension of the law relative to foreign insurance companies, the enforcement of which, the minister said, would drive all such companies from Venezuela. The result of Mr. Loomis' argument was that a suspension of the law was granted until March, when the statutes will be amended by congress.

SCHOONER TYPO SUNK.

Four of the Crew Drowned in an Accident on Lake Huron.

Harbor Beach, Mich.: The steamer W. P. Ketcham ran down the little schooner Typo on Lake Huron Sunday. The Typo instantly sunk and four of the crew were drowned. Their names follow:

HENRY LEXFORD, mate of the Typo.
DAN CARR, seaman.
JOHN CAMPBELL, seaman.
MRS. ADAMS, cook.

The captain of the vessel and two seamen managed to escape from the wreck and were picked up by the Ketcham.

The Ketcham is bound down from Chicago to Buffalo with a cargo of grain. The Typo was met off Middle Island, near Alpena. The impact of the two boats, which sunk the smaller, only resulted in a few scratches on the steamer's cabin. The Typo was owned by J. P. Nagle of Toledo.

Luther Seminary Dedicated.

Minneapolis: Luther seminary, at Hamline, midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul, was dedicated Sunday in the presence of an audience of 4,000 people. The sermon was preached by Rev. V. Koren, president of the synod. The sum \$38,000 has been expended on the seminary, and everything is furnished with the exception of the chapel.

California Is Shaken.

Santa Rosa, Cal.: One of the severest shocks of earthquakes ever felt here took place Oct. 12 and created great excitement. Chimneys were thrown down and plaster in many parts of the city was shaken from the walls. A few minutes afterwards two other shocks of a similar nature, but less severe, followed.

Nashville Goes Democratic.

Nashville, Tenn.: Hon. J. M. Head was elected mayor of Nashville, the entire straight Democratic ticket being victorious.

STATE OF NEBRASKA

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN A CONDENSED FORM.

Columbus Bank Victimized by John Tannahill, Who Negotiates Notes and Frequently Renewed the Pronounced Forgeries—Other Items.

Henry Ragatz, a prominent business man, was notified by the State Bank at Columbus that it held a note for \$450 for which he was security and which was past due. Ragatz found his name had been forged to a note and that the signature was a bungling imitation. He then learned that this was a renewal note, the original having been given some three years ago and renewed about three times a year. The note was signed by John Tannahill as principal and it was he who had always negotiated the paper. The Commercial National Bank of the same city also held two notes aggregating \$474.50, renewed six or seven different times, always signed with Tannahill as principal and Harry B. Reed, a farmer living north of town, as security. Mr. Reed admitted he had signed notes for Mr. Tannahill a long time ago, but said he had signed nothing for him in over a year and these notes were also forgeries. The First National Bank then discovered it was holding two notes negotiated by Tannahill, one for \$120 with Carl Kramer as security and the other for \$100, secured by Mrs. Phoebe J. Lawrence. Mr. Kramer says his signature is a forgery and as Mrs. Lawrence lives in Polk County the bank cannot tell that her signature is genuine.

A scramble has ensued among the attorneys for the different banks to file attachment suits against Tannahill's property on the edge of town, which consists of thirty-three acres of nursery and orchard with considerable improvements in the way of hot houses and other buildings.

Tannahill has lived in Columbus more than twenty-five years. He left a few days previous to the discovery ostensibly to visit his brother at Bellwood, in Butler County, but has not since been heard from.

Beets Not So Plenty This Year.

The beet harvest at Fremont and Ames is progressing. The yield is not quite up to that of last year in some localities, but the sugar content and coefficient of purity is above the standard, so that it will fully make up for the lack of quantity. The sugar content has increased considerably since the first frost. As the factory of the Standard Beet Sugar Company is not yet completed, beets are being placed in silos. The dry weather is helping out the beet raisers, the beets being remarkably free from dirt. The sugar factory at Ames will be completed soon after Nov. 1. The machinery is now in position and the walls nearly up.

Hogs Kill Farmer John Barton.

John A. Barton, a farmer living near Cheney, who was subject to fits, was found dead and his body partly devoured by hogs in a pen on the place by his sister, Mrs. Bronson, who lived with him. Mrs. Bronson drove the hogs off, but was compelled to stand guard over the body all one afternoon until she was able to make the neighbors hear her cries for assistance. The presumption is Barton was feeding the hogs when overcome by one of his attacks and the hogs fought him.

Stolen Furs Recovered.

Chief of Police Martin White notified the Omaha police department by wire from Chicago that he had recovered the entire lot of furs stolen from the vault of the Shukert Fur Company two months ago, and they will be delivered to the owner as soon as he can go to Chicago to identify them. The furs were traced by the police as far as Sioux City a few days after they were taken, but all track of them was lost at that point. The furs were valued at between \$14,000 and \$15,000.

Flaming Hayfield Fires Barn.

A passing locomotive on the Union Pacific road set fire to the grass east of Columbus and, driven by a high wind, the flames soon reached the hayfield of William Lockhart, destroying his barn, several tons of hay, six hogs, a wagon and considerable farm machinery before it could be subdued. His loss will be something over \$500, with no insurance. Adjoining property was saved only by hard work.

Terrible Plunge in the Dark.

Mrs. D. T. Martyn, who had been visiting her sister at Monroe, went to the depot to take the train for home and in the darkness fell from the platform, sustaining injuries which rendered her unconscious nearly five hours. She is suffering chiefly from shock, and just how her injuries may terminate cannot be determined.

His Wound Hastens His Death.

Chris Yocum, the night watchman who was shot in the knee by a tramp near the Nye-Schneider elevator at Fremont last winter, died last week, his death being partly due to the wound. He leaves a widow and several children. The man who did the shooting succeeded in getting away.

Welcome for a New Pastor.

The Methodist congregation of Osceola welcomed Rev. J. W. Swan, its new pastor, with a reception and supper at which covers were laid for 400. An address of welcome was delivered by J. H. Mickey. Rev. Swan's last charge was Wahoo.

Train Wreck on the Elkhorn.

A passenger train on the Elkhorn road ran into a freight train at Arlington. Both engines were badly wrecked. The trainmen were severely bruised and the passengers were shaken up, but nobody was killed.

Conductor Coffin Hurt.

Conductor W. W. Coffin of Wymore was crushed between the engine and the first car of an extra at Dawson and badly injured. Coffin is one of the oldest freight conductors running out of Wymore.

Takes His Own Life.

A telegram received in Plattsmouth says Edward S. Gruesel, master mechanic for the Burlington, shot and killed himself at Havelock.

Woman Bound Over.

Clara Ole Williams, a woman aged about 35 years, was given a hearing before Judge Hunter at Wayne the other day and bound over to the district court in the sum of \$1,000, in default of which she was remanded to jail. She is charged with stealing a horse from the farm of George Rowher, northwest of this city.

With a Horse-Power Shelter.

William and Frank Richardson sheltered 3,274 bushels of corn in ten hours for John Bashman at Eight Mile Grove, near Plattsmouth, with a horse-power shelter.



CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Surely, Mr. Dobbs," said Herman, to all appearances not in the least disturbed, "you must be satisfied that my loved uncle had every confidence in me. I cannot betray it. My conscience would not allow me to vote for other than Herman Craven. Until my guardianship of my dear uncle's daughter shall expire I must hold the reins of this bank in my own hands, and to yourself and the directory I look for aid and encouragement. I desire Mr. Chadbourne to remain our vice-president, and there shall be no change in the policy of the bank. You, its able attorney and my uncle's lifelong friend, will, I know, be here to counsel me. I desire you to talk with the other directors before the meeting this evening and to assure them, for me, that it is not ambition that impels me, but a feeling that I shall be carrying out the wishes of my murdered uncle. You understand Mr. Dobbs?"

"Yes, yes, I understand," answered the lawyer. "The directors will be greatly surprised. I had best see them at once, since you have fully determined on this course. I cannot answer for what some of them may do. They may withdraw their interests from the bank."

"I trust not, Mr. Dobbs. You will still be our counselor—Mr. Chadbourne, our vice-president. The directory will remain unchanged, and if after my duties as guardian and administrator shall cease, the directory desire, I will gladly join them in placing any one of their number at the head of the bank. You must understand how I feel about the matter."

"Yes, certainly! I think I do, and I will lose no time in conferring with the directors. At 7 o'clock this evening we assemble here in this room. I may drop in and see you before that time."

"Pray do; but in any event I shall rely on you, and in all matters be guided by you and the directory."

The old attorney arose from his chair and left the office.

"That was smooth work," thought Herman, "and it will win. I don't believe a man will vote against me after that. Chadbourne will be in and I will promise to withdraw in his favor at the expiration of two years. They may have the bank then and welcome, or what there is left of it. I think before, for I don't believe I can stand two years of this kindred life, now that I have money. I hope Dobbs won't visit Hattie and confer with her on the matter, and Herman drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and puffed the wreaths of smoke contentedly aloft.

Attorney Dobbs had left the bank with the full intent of doing the very thing Herman Craven did not want him to do—namely, of consulting the young heiress and counseling her to appeal to the courts for protection against the wiles of her guardian and the administrator of her father's estate, and straightway he bent his steps in the direction of the late banker's residence.

He had reached Market street and turned the corner when he saw before him the tall form of Lang Sellers.

"Good morning, Mr. Dobbs," said the detective. "I am just from your office. I desire to see you on important business. You look annoyed."

"I am, Sellers, I am, and a very important matter has just come up to the residence of our lost friend. I go to consult his daughter. I fear for the future, Sellers. I will see you later."

"Have you spoken of fears to anyone else?"

"Not in the matter that is now agitating me. Of course, you know we are all at sea. But I must not delay. I will be at the office later."

"I must see you now, Mr. Dobbs—at once, before you visit Miss DeRosette."

"But, Mr. Sellers—"

"The matter agitating you is that Herman Craven has decided to become president of 'The Cape Fear Bank.'"

"True, Sellers, but how—"

"Never mind now, Mr. Dobbs; but please return to your office with me and I will explain to you that it is to the interest of all parties concerned that Herman Craven be not thwarted at this time."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the attorney. "Well, there would in fact be but one way to thwart him."

"And that one way must not be resorted to."

"I am glad I encountered you. That you have reasons for your statement I am well aware. Come!"

Ten minutes later the two men were seated in the lawyer's office in close conversation, and for fully an hour were they there closeted.

At last Sellers arose to his feet, and the attorney accompanied him to the door.

"You have convinced me, Sellers," said the lawyer. "There shall be no obstruction. Herman Craven shall be elected without a dissenting voice, and his every movement shall be watched."

"It is well," said Sellers, "as he strode from the door."

Ten minutes later Attorney Dobbs dispatched a messenger for Directors Chadbourne, Hammond and Hoyt, and when they were arrived there was another consultation, the result of which was that at 7 o'clock, when the directors convened, Herman was unanimously elected president of "The Cape Fear Bank," and when an hour later he wended his way home there was a look of triumph on his features.

"Quite a raise in the fortunes of Stephen Craven's son, my dear uncle," he muttered. "I have stepped into your shoes very nicely. Your foul murderer soon comes to trial and will die on the gallows. Your fortune mine, your daughter mine! So much for Stephen Craven's son!" And onward strode the new bank president in fancied security.

"No, no, thank you; had supper on the boat. Save me a room on the second floor. I have some friends I wish to look up and may be out late."

"Yes, Well, there is a directory on the counter there. If you don't know exactly where to locate them, you will find their names and places of residence there, if they are Baltimoreans."

"Thanks," said Maltby, as he moved towards the directory. "I will avail myself of it."

Mr. Maltby turned over the leaves of the directory, casually glancing from leaf to leaf, until he had reached a page at the head of which appeared the letter S.

Four pages of names commencing with S he passed, then bent over the book.

"St—St—Here we are! St—St—Stephens! I should find the name here—Stephens! Adam—Stephens Alfred—Stephens Benjamin—Stephens Bruce, and here is Charles M. Stephens, wholesale grocer—Clarence Stephens, attorney at law—Stephens—Stephens—Stephens—Humph! There is no C. A. Stephens recorded here," thought Mr. Maltby, as he closed the book.

"Well, have you located your friends, Mr. Maltby?" asked the clerk.

"No, I am disappointed, too. The name of the one I most desire to find does not appear here."

"Then your friend is not an old resident of Baltimore. That book is this year's directory, and unless he has taken up his residence here since April last his name would appear there; but perhaps I can assist you. What letter were you tracing?"

"S. My friend's name is Stephens—C. A. Stephens."

"No such name here," said the clerk, "and I never heard of a C. A. Stephens. Here is the wholesale grocer, Charles M. Stephens. He is an old man near seventy, and resides on Laurel street. Here are a dozen others commencing with C, but no C. A. What business is your friend engaged in?"

"Oh, he is not a friend, merely a friend to parties with whom I am acquainted, and who wished me to look him up. They were not certain that he was in Baltimore. It does not matter in the least. If I encounter him, well and good; if not, the same, and so saying Mr. Maltby turned away and a half hour later entered the office of John L. Thorp, chief of Baltimore detectives.

"Could I see the chief?" he asked of the young man who was seated at the desk within the railing.

"He is engaged in his private office," said the secretary, "but I will take in your card."

"I declare I forgot to provide myself with one," said the planter, "Just tell him that O. A. Maltby of South Carolina is anxious to see him."

The secretary vanished, but soon returned and conducted Mr. Maltby to an inner office.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Maltby," said the chief.

The planter complied, and the secretary withdrew.

"What can I do for you, sir. You are a planter, I judge. Runaway negroes that you are trying to locate?"

"No, sir! No, Thorp, no! I have come to interview you," said Maltby, in an entirely different voice from that the chief had heard when he inquired for him in the outer office.

"Hey!" exclaimed Thorp, jumping to his feet. "Well, I'll be—So you have turned planter, Mr. Sellers—planter! Give me your hand. I have not seen you in a coon's age. What wind blows you here?"

"Thorp, you sized me up about right when I entered the office. I am Planter Maltby of South Carolina, for the time being, and I am here to inquire if in your department you have any record of one C. A. Stephens."

"I can answer that without even referring to the books. I never heard the name before. Baltimore contains no man of that name."

"Are you sure, Thorp?"

"Certain! To be sure, some one of the many crooks that infest the city may on occasion have used the name."

"I understand that. What I wished to ascertain was whether there was a man known to your department as C. A. Stephens."

"There is not; but what crime has C. A. Stephens committed?"

"None that I know of. I merely wish to locate the man."

"I see. He may have committed a crime. Well, I can't help you without a description of your man, perhaps not then. What does he look like?"

"I have never seen him, to my knowledge."

"No?"

"Nor have I his photograph. I understand he is about six feet in height, of middle age and has a grayish mustache. That is all I know about him."

"Humph! You will find five hundred men in Baltimore, who would answer to that description."

"I know it. I imagine he is a sporting character—perhaps a drummer."

"You might make a round of our gambling houses. No one on earth would know you. True, some sharps might try to do you."

"I am willing," said Sellers.

"Yes; well, I will give you a list of the new houses. You know the old ones, or if you will wait ten minutes I will go with you."

"Good! I will."

Two planters were soon making a round of the gambling houses.

They explored fully a dozen, and several men whose faces Planter Maltby closely scanned would have come up to Adam's description of C. A. Stephens, but something was lacking. Of course, Thorp knew them all, and Sellers was fully satisfied that he had not yet entered his man.

"There is but one more of any note," observed Thorp, as they stepped from the door of Bartridge Brothers about 12 o'clock.

"And that?"

"Abbott's, on Calvert street."

"Well, it's on the way to the hotel," said Sellers.

Ten minutes later our two friends entered the gilded dive of Abbott, which at the time was the most notorious gambling house in Baltimore. As late as it was, the large rooms were yet filled with men from all stations of life.

Two roulette wheels kept up a ceaseless hum in their circles, and players were seated at three faro tables, while the old-fashioned game of poker monopolized the attention of many.

The two planters laid a dollar or two here and there to divert any suspicion, and soon left the place.

As they neared the door a flashily dressed young sport entered it, and Sellers heard him ask an attendant if Abbott had returned.

"He's doing the boys in Washington," was the answer.

"Thanks, Thorp," said Sellers, when they were again on the street. "I have at least accomplished all I expected to this trip. I have learned that if C. A. Stephens is a Baltimore man he was sailing under an alias on the seventeenth of last month. That is not much, but it will help me to shape my course."

"You are entirely welcome, Lang. I am at your service at any time I can be of assistance. Good night."

At 7 o'clock on the night of the third, Sellers entered the door of his home in Wilmington.

After supper he entered the office, lighted his pipe, sat back in his armchair and sent for Calban.

"It's got nothin' to 'port, Mars Lang," said the negro, as he entered the office. "I has watched de banker's house every night close, and no one ain't gone in or come out 'ceptin' them I know."

"That was all you could do, Calban. There, see who is at the door."

The negro opened it, and Aunt Hannah, looking much agitated, entered, followed by her daughter Millie.

"Ah, you, Hannah, and Millie, too? Two chairs, Calban! Here, set them close to de desk. You have something new, Hannah?"

"Mars Lang," said the negress, excitedly, "Millie de one what's got news, and it may be 'portant news. I jes fine it out to-day."

"Well, Millie," said Lang, encouragingly, "what is it?"

"Mars Lang," said Millie, looking wildly at the detective, "you won't let Mars Herman sell me?"

"Sell you, Millie? No, no, he can't sell you. Your mistress, I doubt not, will soon free you, and until she does you can rest assured that she will not part with you. No, no, or after, either. Speak up, I will defend you in case of necessity. Remember your murdered master. Much may depend on you."

"Mars Lang, Mammy say to-day dat Mars Herman nebber bring any one 'sides himself into de house."

"Well, did he?"

"Mars Lang, on de night befo' de murder, Miss Hattie hab de haidache, and I was in her room rubbin' her haid wid camphor 'til twelve o'clock. When I come out of her room into de hall, I close de do' behin' me, and start down de hall to my room. As I open de do' I glanced back, and I seed a light shinin' as dough somebody was comin' down de stairs from de flo' above. Dar was no light burnin' in de hall, and I slipped in my room; but lef' de do' ajar, and soon two men come down de stairs."

"Two men?" exclaimed Sellers. "Two men?"

"Yes, two men, Mars Lang. One was Mars Herman, and de odder was a taller and an older man, wid a mustache. Mars Herman was carryin' a lamp, and da was both in dar stockin' feet. Da looked mighty nervous, leastwise, Mars Herman did, and da walked mighty keerful. Da come on down de hall and went in Mars Herman's room."

"I was dat skeered I lak to fell down. First, I tought I go tell Miss Hattie. Den I was skeered, and I dassent, so I locked my room do' and laid down wid my clothes on, and dar I laid 'til mawnin', when mammy called me. I nebber said nothin' kaze I was skeered of Mars Herman. Now, dat's all."

"Does your mistress know of this, Millie?"

"Not a soul know it, Mars Lang, 'ceptin' what's hyar."

"Then not a word, Millie; nor you, Hannah, to a living soul. You are sure Herman Craven did not see you, and is ignorant of the fact that you saw him and his companion?"

"Certain, Mars Lang!"

"You never saw this man that was with Herman before or since?"

"Nebber, Mars Lang, dat I knows of, dough de light was dim and I couldn't see berry well."

"Well, that is all. Return home. Your information may be very important. I shall be at the house at 10 o'clock tomorrow. Look for me at the rear door, and if your mistress starts to leave the house, detain her. Otherwise, say nothing to her. Remember, not a word. Good night. Show them out, Calban."

"So, so!" exclaimed the detective, as the door closed behind the negress and her daughter. "Another link in the chain—C. A. Stephens visited the banker's house on the night of the seventeenth, and more, he was on the second floor in company with Herman, and in 'is stocking feet."

"Gods! They had visited the attic! Fool that I was not to have explored it on the night of the murder. Fool! Fool! Then and there, I should have captured C. A. Stephens, the murderer of Alvin DeRosette."

(To be continued.)

Cannon Made of Leather.

According to one account, cannon were built of the most hardened leather, gilt about with hoops of iron and brass, the honor of having invented this make being a matter of dispute between Sweden and Scotland. According to another, they had a core of tin, and were bound round with cordage.

In neither case could they be expected to last long, though we are told that they could be "brought to discharge" as often as ten times in succession; but when we reflect how few are the rounds that can be fired from the monster guns of our own day without renewal of the inner tube we cannot afford to sneer at the shortness of their life. They were, at any rate, mobile, for they could be carried on a pony's back or stacked together by the half-dozen in "barricades" of wood borne on wheels.

Original writers are so scarce they experience considerable difficulty convincing the public they are in their right minds.

Barbed Wire for Italian Vineyards.

The use of barbed wire is increasing largely in Southern Italy. It is used for trailing vines and is found of great service in keeping thieves out of the vineyards after dark. The vines being in many cases only a few feet apart, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to avoid the barbs, even in the daytime, and at night it is practically impossible. The wire need be only of the lightest kind, as the lengths used are comparatively short and no cattle have to be contended with.

"You May Bend the Sapling But Not the Tree."

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints