

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA WAS PREMEDITATED

NEW YORK MAN'S ACT WAS NOT ACCIDENTAL

Alfred Morrison, who Claimed He Took His Wife for a Burglar and Shot Her, Arrested on the Charge of Murder—Other Items.

New York: Alfred Morrison, who shot and killed one of his wives, with whom he was living in Mt. Vernon, was arrested, arraigned and held to the grand jury on the charge of murder in the first degree. Morrison, on the night of Dec. 8, shot his wife, Alida, and she died the following day.

LOOKS BAD FOR CLARK.

Damaging Evidence Introduced in Montana Bribery Case.

Washington: In the investigation into the case of Senator Clark of Montana on the 11th inst., State Treasurer Collins of Montana appeared as a witness. He exhibited \$30,000 turned over to the state by State Senators Whiteside, Clark, Myers and McGarr. He identified and described each envelope containing the money and exhibited big bills to the members of the committee, while he described them in detail. He said the money was turned over to him by the legislative investigating committee. Collins turned the envelopes over to the committee. Whiteside was then recalled and identified the various envelopes as having been given him to hold for himself and Clark, Myers and McGarr. State Senator Clark testified he received \$10,000 in \$1,000 bills from United States Senator Clark's manager, Welcome, Jan. 4, 1897; that the money was given him on the express condition that he was to vote for Clark as long as his vote was wanted. After receiving the money he placed it in an envelope, marked the envelope and handed it to Whiteside for safe keeping.

40,000 SEE THE DEAD.

Remarkable Manifestation of Popular Affection for McGlynn.

New York: The funeral on Jan. 11 of Rev. Edward McGlynn in St. Stephen's Church, of which he was formerly pastor, occasioned a manifestation of popular affection such as is rarely witnessed. The coffin was deposited at the altar rail at 5:30, and from that time until the doors were closed at 12:30 p. m. 40,000 persons looked upon the face of the dead. For four hours a compact stream of humanity poured through the church past the casket. The obsequies began at 9:30 with a solemn chant for the dead.

NOVEL TWO-CENT FARE BILL.

Measure in Ohio Legislature Provides for Sale of Mileage Books.

Columbus, Ohio: The 2-cent fare bill reappeared in the legislature on the 11th inst. in a novel form. Representative Cyburn introduced a bill providing for the printing and sale by the state commissioner of railroads of mileage books at 2 cents per mile, the books to be good on all roads in the state.

TRICK AGAINST ENGLAND.

Russia Is Strengthening Outposts Along the Persian Frontier.

London: The Calcutta correspondent of the Daily Mail says: While the official statement that no alarm is felt concerning Afghanistan is quite true, I have good reason to believe that the Indian government has received disquieting news regarding Russian movements in the direction of Persia. Russia is taking advantage of the Transvaal trouble to strengthen her arguments and to push forward her outposts along the Persian frontier, with a view of ultimate annexation, a design in which Germany would probably acquiesce in consideration of receiving railway concessions.

SHAW TAKES OATH.

Is Inaugurated Governor of the State for a Second Time.

Des Moines, Iowa: For a second time Gov. Shaw was inaugurated chief executive of the state on the 11th inst. The oath was administered by Chief Justice Granger of the supreme court, in the presence of 5,000 people. The ceremonies consisted of a parade from the state house, headed by a troop of national guard and exercises at the auditorium, concluding with an address by Lieut. Gov. Millman. After his inauguration Gov. Shaw delivered a lengthy address.

Banker Pleads Guilty.

New York: In the criminal branch of the United States circuit court Louis E. Goldsmith, assistant cashier of the Port Jervis National Bank, accused of having embezzled funds of the bank to the amount of \$34,000 and of having falsified the books of the institution, pleaded guilty and was remanded for sentence.

Japs Offer Services to British.

San Francisco, Cal.: The Japanese of this city are not only willing but anxious to serve on the British side in the Transvaal and they have been organized by an ex-Japanese officer. A Japanese named Shimazu has made a formal tender of the services of this Japanese corps to the British government.

Finnish Junta Active.

Calumet, Mich.: The Finnish junta, which is agitating for American aid in restraining the czar from oppressing Finland, has headquarters here. Its members estimate that as many as 55,000 Finns will immigrate this year and that practically all of them will come to the northwest.

Said Goebel Is to Wed.

Cincinnati, Ohio: A Lexington, Ky., special says: Senator William Goebel, who is contesting the seat of Gov. W. S. Taylor, it is stated, is to be married to Miss Corinne Blackburn, the only single daughter of United States Senator Blackburn.

Spaniards Want to Fight Boers.

Gibraltar: Three thousand time expired Spanish soldiers from the Cuban war have offered their services to Great Britain in South Africa. The governor here has informed their agent that he is not authorized to enlist foreigners.

Trust Gets Another Distillery.

Cincinnati: The Allen Bradley distillery of Kentucky has been transferred to the trust. Consideration, \$106,000, according to the deed.

Hanging in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Robert Brown, a negro, was hanged Jan. 11 for the murder of his wife.

LYNCH TENNESSEE NEGROES

Two Officers Shot by Negroes at Ripley.

Ripley, Tenn.: Marvin Durham and W. D. Turner, officers of this place, were shot to death on the 10th inst. while in the discharge of their duty by two negroes. A throng of 1,500 people went in pursuit of the murderers and a double lynching is likely to follow their capture, as the community is horrified and exasperated by the unprovoked crime.

Turner and Durham had arrested a negro named Ginery and were taking him to the Ripley jail, when they were overtaken by two negroes, brothers of the prisoner, who, without warning, fired from the rear, shooting both officers in the back of the head, killing them instantly. When the news of the tragedy reached here it created great excitement and many business people closed up their shops in order to join in the chase for the murderers. The murderers were overtaken by the mob and lynched.

FLOUR IS RELEASED.

Britain Replies Regarding the Delagoa Bay Seizures.

London: The American flour seized off Delagoa Bay has been released. Choate had an interview with Salisbury Jan. 10 and received a verbal reply to the representations of the Washington government, and a British note was sent to the embassy. The gist of the cable to Washington in brief is that food stuffs are not considered contraband of war unless intended for the enemy.

DO HONOR TO DEAD.

Senate Pays Eloquent Tribute to Memory of Hobart.

Washington: The senate on the 10th inst. paid an eloquent tribute of respect and affection to the memory of Vice President Hobart. Senators Dewey, Lodge and Sewell delivered the eulogies.

Hay Is Persona Non Grata.

Washington: When young Adelbert Hay, son of the secretary of state, reaches Pretoria to assume charge of the United States consulate at the capital of the South African Republic, he will be informed by President Kruger that he is persona non grata and that he is at liberty to return to Washington at his own convenience.

London: The Daily Mail says: With characteristic bad manners the Transvaal authorities have refused to allow Mr. Hollis, the American representative at Pretoria, to care for British interests. This is an act without precedent in modern diplomatic history.

Arrest Confederate Money Dealer

Chicago: On the unusual charge of dealing in confederate states money F. M. Davis, who conducts a general mail order business in Monroe Street, has been arrested by government officers and held to the federal grand jury by United States Commissioner Humphrey. If an indictment results the case will be made a test in the United States district court and if a conviction is returned all persons dealing in confederate money, even as curios, will be liable to prosecution.

Combinations Are Necessary.

Washington: The industrial commission has received an answer from John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, in reply to questions sent him. The company never received any income from any railroad for oil shipped over its line. The enterprise has been successful because of the cheapness of its commodity. Combinations, he says, are absolutely necessary in order to carry on large business.

Kentucky Lawyers in Contempt.

Frankfort, Ky.: Judge Carrill fined Gen. P. Wat Hardin and Theodore Hallan, attorneys for John H. Whallen, \$20 each for contempt. The court held that the petition filed by them demanding an immediate trial of Whallen was contempt and entered an order dismissing the petition.

Allen Introduces Pension Bill

Washington: Senator Allen on Jan. 11 introduced a bill in the senate granting a pension of \$10 a month to every soldier and sailor who served in the civil war for three months or more.

Denver Machine Shops Burn.

Denver, Colo.: The foundry and machine shops of the F. M. Davis Iron Works Company were totally destroyed by fire Jan. 11. The loss is about \$150,000.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$7.00; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 64c to 65c; corn, No. 2, 32c to 31c; oats, No. 2, 21c to 23c; rye, No. 2, 32c to 34c; butter, choice creamery, 28c to 30c; eggs, fresh, 19c to 21c; potatoes, choice, 40c to 50c per bushel. Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$6.75; hogs, choice light, \$3.90 to \$4.75; sheep, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 68c to 70c; corn, No. 2 white, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2 white, 26c to 27c. St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.25; wheat, No. 2, 70c to 72c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 30c to 32c; oats, No. 2, 24c to 26c; rye, No. 2, 31c to 33c. Cincinnati—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, 70c to 71c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 25c to 27c; rye, No. 2, 61c to 63c. Detroit—Cattle, \$2.10 to \$6.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 68c to 70c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2 white, 26c to 28c; rye, 57c to 59c. Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 68c to 70c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32c to 33c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 25c to 27c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 57c; clover seed, \$4.75 to \$4.85. Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, 63c to 65c; corn, No. 3, 31c to 32c; oats, No. 2 white, 24c to 26c; rye, No. 1, 55c to 56c; barley, No. 2, 44c to 46c; pork, mess, \$10.50 to \$11.00. Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, \$3.00 to \$7.00; hogs, common to choice, \$3.25 to \$4.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$5.25; lamb, common to extra, \$4.50 to \$6.50. New York—Cattle, \$3.25 to \$7.00; hogs, \$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 75c to 76c; corn, No. 2, 40c to 41c; oats, No. 2 white, 31c to 32c; butter, creamery, 25c to 31c; eggs, western, 24c to 26c.



CHAPTER X. "Let us repeat the happy experiment of last autumn," said the Duchess of Rose-dene to Sir Basil. "Come with us to Dene. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed anything more than your visit. I will ask Sir Basil to come, and the two lovers will be happy—that is, if such unreasonable beings as lovers are ever happy. They seem to me more often discontented." August found them at Dene, well and happy, without the faintest knowledge of the doom that was fast drawing nigh. Partly on account of its bracing air and partly because he at times had a few engagements in the neighboring towns, Martin Ray had for some years made this place his home. These were the days of Martin Ray's decadence, and he could not perhaps have chosen any spot on earth where he could have been more secluded or more forgotten. It was a strange chance that brought these two sisters so near together, yet placed them so far apart. The steep grassy hill that stood between Dene Abbey and Southwood was typical of the great barrier of caste which parted them. There were times when both at the same moment watched the same seas, the same skies, yet neither had the least notion of the other's presence in that part of the country. The summer had been hot and oppressive. Martin Ray had suffered much, and it was some relief when the cool breezes of autumn came. They heard casually that Dene Abbey was filled with visitors, but that any of the visitors concerned them never occurred to them. Father and daughter would not have sat so quietly watching the heaving waters had they known that Leah was so near them. The occupants of Dene Abbey seldom attended the pretty old Norman church at Southwood, where Hettie sang so sweetly and so clearly. There was a church nearer to them called St. Barbold's, which stood in the center of a little village near the sea. But Sir Basil liked Southwood best. He admired the quaint old Norman church, with its square tower and fine arches. So, one Sunday morning, when the whole party went over to St. Barbold's, Sir Basil went through the woods, climbed the steep hill and descended the beautiful grassy slopes, until he reached the old Norman church where his fate awaited him. The rector read the prayers, and said a few words to the people—simple, honest words that went home to every heart and left an impression there. When the clear, earnest voice ceased, there was a slight stir in the organ loft, and then a dead silence. What broke it? A clear, sweet voice which Sir Basil never forgot, singing a solo in a grand old anthem, every word of which was distinct and audible—beautiful words, well matched with the fine music and the angelic voice. He listened in wonder; he had heard some of the finest singers in Italy and some of the grandest music in the world, but nothing like this. He was not sentimental, and flattered himself that he took a practical view of most things; but as he listened he thought to himself: "That must be how the angels sing!" He looked up into the organ loft from which the sound came, and there he saw a picture that was photographed on his brain for evermore. A tall, slender girl stood in the midst of the choir, in a dress of pale blue—a girl with a face so fair, so rapt, so serene, that it awoke and bewilderer him. She was singing—not to the people, who listened with bated breath—not to him, whose eyes never moved from her face. Her thoughts had pierced the old gothic roof and the blue ether that lay beyond, and had gone to the land where angels dwell. Her golden hair made a halo round her head, and he could have thought that an angel had descended from "the realms of light." Then it dawned upon him slowly that this girl had been the original of the picture, "The First Glimpse of Morning," and he remembered what he had said to Leah, "That face has what yours lacks—tenderness." "I am destined to know her through the arts," he said to himself. "She dawned upon me in painting. I see her etherialized by music—yet what is she to me?" She was nothing to him, yet during the whole of the day that rapt spiritual face seemed always before him. He would have asked who she was, but he knew no one there, and when the anthem was finished she vanished. He lingered in the old churchyard where the tall elm trees cast graceful shadows on the grass, but he caught no glimpse of her. He went home to Dene Abbey with the clear, rich voice ringing in his ears. There was a little rivulet that ran through the Dene woods; he bent over it, and, lo! the sweet face smiled at him from its clear depths! He laughed at himself. No woman's face had ever haunted him before. With all its brilliant beauty, even Leah's had not haunted him as this one did. The week that passed before Sunday came again was a long one to Sir Basil. He had not the least intention of ever being even in thought untrue to Leah. If he had dreamed that there was any danger in seeing the beautiful singer again, he would have avoided her. What harm could there be in going to Southwood Church to hear a grand old anthem beautifully sung? He did not speak to Leah about it. He had no definite motive for silence, and he had twenty reasons that were not quite definite. On that bright Sunday morning no warning came to Sir Basil that he had better not see the young singer again. He went. She sang more sweetly than ever, and looked to his enchanted eyes fairer than before. When the people went out of church, he contrived to be among the first, and then he saw the blue dress trailing over the grass; and he noticed that every movement and action of the girl was as

were so full of passionate admiration that she could not raise her own to his again. "Not at home," repeated Sir Basil, "I am very sorry for that. I was to see him to-day, and I walked some distance. Have I your permission to wait until he returns?" She looked slightly confused at first; then she felt that it would be impossible to refuse. She was only too pleased that her father should have a call from so pleasant a visitor. "You can wait if you wish to do so," she replied; "but the hour of his return is quite uncertain." "If you will allow me, I think I will risk it," he said. "I do not think any one could find a more beautiful spot than this in which to while away the time." He sat down on the pretty rustic bench, which was so placed that one could see the incoming tide. The waves were rolling in grandly; the wind had freshened, and they broke in sheets of white foam. The sunlight lay on the sea and on the shore, on the white cliffs and on the green hill; it fell on the golden hair and sweet face opposite to him. A feeling of perfect rest came over him, of happiness such as in his whole life he had never known before. "I heard you singing in church last Sunday," he said. "I have been staying in this neighborhood for some time. You have a very beautiful voice; I was quite delighted with it." "I am fond of music," she answered—"above all things. I am fond of singing; it is the one pleasure of my life. I forget everything else when I sing." When once Hettie had lost her shy, embarrassed manner, she talked to Sir Basil with all the ease and grace that were natural to her. He told her of the picture in the Academy, and she was amused to hear about it, and in her turn related how the artist came to Southwood in search of picturesque scenes, and saw her sitting by this same wall, and begged that he might make a sketch of her face. She did not know that the picture had been the success of the year. He told her all about it. "You seem to be quite out of the world here," he said, when she expressed her surprise. "And then she told him of her busy life, and how, do what she would, she could not make the days long enough." He sat by the ivy-covered wall more than an hour; and when at last he rose, longing to stay, yet aware that he had been there long enough, they both felt as though they had been friends for years. Sir Basil called several times at Rosewalk, and Martin Ray, who had all his life hated everyone who could not be called aristocratic, took a fancy to him. They did not agree in all respects. Sir Basil told him frankly that he thought some of his ideas terrible and hideous. "You will see," said Martin. "You will live longer than I shall. What I now teach the world it will believe and practice when the stinging nettles are growing over my grave." "Why do you suppose that your grave will be covered with stinging nettles?" asked Sir Basil. Martin laughed a bitter little cynical laugh. "I do not imagine that anyone living will care to plant flowers there," he replied. So the weeks sped on, and Martin Ray, in his own cynical, selfish fashion, after a time became quite fond of Sir Basil. He looked for his coming; he was more gloomy than usual on the days when he did not make his appearance. They were talking together one morning, while Hettie was away giving her lessons; and Sir Basil said laughingly that it was strange they had met so often without Martin even knowing his name. There was something impressive in the gesture with which Martin suddenly held up his hand. "Is it a name that you have made for yourself?" he asked. "No; it was made for me," replied Sir Basil. "Then I do not want to know it. As a man with good intentions, I like you, you are straightforward, honest and honorable; but, if you have one of those names with a 'handle,' probably borne by many generations of men who have lived upon their fellow-men, I do not wish to know it. The first time I saw you I thought you looked like an aristocrat. If you are one, do not tell me so; it would spoil my opinion of you." "If you call me 'Glen,'" said Sir Basil, "I shall understand; and that name will do as well as any other." "I hope," said Martin half savagely, "that you are not a young duke in disguise." "I am quite sure of that," replied Sir Basil, laughing. "I am neither duke nor belted earl." "It would be hard work to hate you; but I should hate you if you were," said Martin. From that time he always called Sir Basil "Glen"; and when Hettie spoke of him it was as "Mr. Glen." (To be continued.)