

With the Aid of a Prince

The Supervisor is the greatest man in all the land. There is no one so great as he, except the Government at home; that is, those who are the Government. He is a man of many powers, and many names. Of the former, the giving away of positions is chief; of the latter, V. C. R. B.—out here we drop it all and simply call him the Head.

Now, not so very long ago there was a certain Head named Laughlin whose powers were greater than any other of his class who had preceded him; and who signed his whole V. C. R. B. in full. He knew his powers and made it a special point to increase them in every direction.

It is said that all the Departments got so they feared him and each respective sub head trembled when summoned into his presence. There was the Governmental, War, Interior and all the rest who once a month, individually and collectively, were given a rubbing down! Those who knew the Supervisor said his little 'rubbing downs' were things to be prayed against by even the most reckless or daring.

One hot day in July—the thermometer stood 101 in the shade and the palm trees were trembling as if above a stove—the Head was swaying softly at nothing in particular, while trying to untangle some voluminous reports. His collar was clinging to his neck in a sort of sticky paste, drops of which running down his neck did not improve his already irritated frame of mind.

It was not such a time as one would choose to make a request of the Head. But it happened that just at this time Armsley walked into the Head's office and uninvited took a seat by the Head. "Who are you?" said the Supervisor at once.

"Armsley," he replied promptly, tossing his card in front of Laughlin.

"Hm!" muttered the latter, "never heard of you, what do you want?"

"The Directorship of the Hahur district. I understand the position is vacant."

The Supervisor tried to say something but the audacity of the young man overcame him and he simply wiped off the sweat and stared.

"Do you know that is one of the best paid positions here?" he finally remarked.

"Certainly," answered Armsley.

"Well of all nerve," said the Head. "You may go."

"When shall I have my answer?" said the other rising.

All this time Laughlin was too astonished to get mad. He made no answer to the last question but only stared at Armsley. Indeed, he stayed so long that, Armsley himself thought he had better go, and went out muttering "sulky beast."

By the next morning, the Supervisor had forgotten the whole affair in one a great deal more important.

Two hours before dawn, a cannon boomed across from the fort and told of another prisoner who had escaped. An orderly dashed up to the Head's Bungalow and gave him what few particulars were to be known.

By dawn the soldiers and police were guarding and examining the roads in every direction, and the native quarter of the city was being thoroughly turned upside down in the hunt for the escaped prisoner.

The person who was causing so much anxiety among the Sub-Heads and Head was no other than the Prince Mohammed H. Ali, who a year before had led fifty thousand of the natives to revolt against the Government in the Poohtar, and Hahur districts.

He had destroyed a great many villages, one or two little cities while a number of English who were in his

track had disappeared.

Now this prisoner was not confided to the care of the State alone, nor to the Army alone, nor to the Police; but to all of them, and Supervisor Laughlin, V. C. R. B. was held responsible for his person, and he only.

It is easily seen then that the escape of this man who had cost the Government a million or so, and who would be only too glad to make it as costly again, meant much to the Head.

The People at Home have such a queer way of looking at these things, too. I know of two Heads who went back for less than this. One needed a change of air, his health was failing; The other was appointed to China; he understood the Chinese temperament better. So their bulletins read.

All day the search went on and he waited in his office for news of his recapture, and sweated and swore.

The second morning it was the same. He was getting nervous now, and taking bracers. He did not like to think what might happen when he reported back Home.

His condition was steadily growing worse, when Armsley entered as he had done two mornings before.

"I came to see what has been done about my appointment," he said.

"Appointment? I haven't got any appointment for you," said the Supervisor testily.

"Did you consider it fully?" imperturbably went on Armsley.

"Consider—consider," then sudden recollection coming to him, "you get out of this room at once."

"Well if it must be, it must be," said Armsley resignedly, "I had other news for you, too. Something about Mohammed H. Ali, but never mind, I shall go." And he arose and started for the door.

He had not gone four steps, before the Head was dragging him by the arm, and begging and pleading with him to tell him all he knew.

"You see," said the young fellow, "it happened this way. I heard the cannon boom last night, but did not think much about it. However, it had awakened me, and I couldn't sleep, and so I lay trying to get cool. Suddenly, I heard a little sound, and saw at my window in the dim light of coming dawn one of the ugliest faces it has ever been my misfortune to see. I kept perfectly quiet and after a little pause, the fellow sprang lightly upon the bamboo sill and dropped down into the room. You may be sure I did not feel particularly at ease, for at any moment, he might try to run a long knife into me.

"I had the advantage for he was between the light; and waiting my chance, I sprang up and threw my arms around his waist and held his arms tight. Then I began yelling. You see I could not hold the fellow that way all night. So I yelled.

"I used to think I was a match for any body. I pulled an oar when at home for awhile and was pretty good. But that fellow tossed me around as if I had been a child. Then he was so slippery I could not get a firm hold anywhere. My arms slipped from his waist down around his feet. I got a good lock upon his ankles and held on until I thought my wrists would crack; he slapping around on the floor, pounding me on the bed and walls till I thought, Billy O.

"All the time I kept up my yelling and pretty soon he joined in and there was a pair of us. It was a beautiful chorus.

"However, it had not gone on long before my man Yazzar, came in with his beard sticking out in terror and his eyes shining white in the dark.

"Get a rope!" I shouted and he darted away, and in a moment came back with my bridle straps. The pair of us managed to truss the fellow up together and put him in the cellar, where I heard him calling on all his Gods for aid.

"I was away yesterday on business but when I came back late at night he was still there. This morning I hauled him out and no sooner was he in the light than Yazzar began shrieking.

"Finally he managed after much gibbering around to make it known to me that it was Mohammed H. Ali.

"So whenever you want him, come over to my bungalow and you will find him in the cellar.

The Supervisor was silent for the time a man could walk around El Naiat.

"Man," he said and his voice sounded deep, "have something." And he reached for the bottle.

It was an hour later when Armsley rose to go.

"But to recur to to the previous question," he said smiling, "can you not consider a little longer my application to Hahur?"

"I filled Hahur's vacancy yesterday, but here is one to Toopoor, forty-two hundred a year; how would that do?"

"Oh," said Armsley biting off the end of a cigar, "I'm not particular as to any special one."

—GEO. C. SHEDD.

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First Publication, July, 24th. Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, v. Burr, 16-118.

To the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, S. A. Maxwell and Company, David B. Welch, Jane E. Chamberlain, Abbie M. Chamberlain, Mary S. Jacobs, Jane D. Dowdall, the Sullivan Savings Institution of Claremont, New Hampshire, the Citizen's National Bank of Des Moines, Iowa, Louis Hax and James Porter:

You and each of you are hereby notified that in the case pending in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, number 16-118, wherein the said Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company is plaintiff, and you and others are defendants, the National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier, Vermont, on the 23rd day of July, 1897, filed its petition against you and the other defendants in said cause the object and prayer whereof are to adjudge that the petitioner, the National Life Insurance Company has a valid and first lien on a certain frame dwelling house now standing on a part of the land in controversy in this cause, to-wit: Lots number 10 and 11 in block number 92 in the city of Lincoln in said county, which house formerly stood on lots number 1 and 2 in block number 180 in said city, and on which said petitioner claims and prays a lien by virtue of a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Carlos C. Burr and Mary E. Burr, on July 11, 1887, for the sum of \$11,000, recorded on July 12, 1887, in book 14 of mortgages, page 502 of the mortgage records of said county, and covering the last above described land; that the decree in said cause may be so modified and corrected as to exclude in express terms from the property to be sold for the payment of the liens thereby established the house aforesaid; that said house with all its appurtenances may be sold for the payment of your petitioner's lien; and that you and all the defendants herein may be excluded from all interest therein or lien thereon, and enjoined and restrained from in any manner interfering with the petitioner and all persons claiming through or under the same from the removal thereof.

You are required to answer said petition of the National Life Insurance Company on or before the 30th day of August, 1897.

The National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier, Vermont.
By S. L. GEISTHARDT, Attorney.
Aug 14.

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