

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The recent christening of a Maine schooner by strewing plinks and roses on the deck was a pleasant departure from the usual practice of breaking a bottle of champagne over the bow, and especially fitting in a prohibition state.

An old woman died in a squalid attic in a poor quarter of Paris the other day under conditions suggesting persistent starvation. On the removal of the body from the attic the police found that in drawers and corners the deceased had hidden £1,000 in gold, as well as a title deeds which were worth £400 a year.

There has been discovered in China a curious picture, evidently of great antiquity, which is supposed to represent Noah's Ark resting on the top of Mount Ararat. As is well known, the religious literature of almost every nation and race contains an account of a deluge, and a Chinese manuscript recently unearthed follows very closely the story recorded in the Bible.

One of the Russian railways has recently ordered its signalmen not to sleep on the track. They had been in the habit of doing this, it is said, relying on being awakened by the vibration caused by an approaching train; but several of them, failing to awake, were killed by the cars; therefore the order. We do things better in this country. Our railroad men are seldom worked to such a pitch of fatigue—and they are by nature wide-awake.

California's Yosemite Valley Commissioners have decided to establish a plant to light the hotels and main roads in the valleys of the reservation, and are considering a plan for searchlights over the falls and peaks; all so much to the distance of the Sierra Club that a protest has been made and if the commissioners go on with it an effort will be made to get the Yosemite out of the local politicians' hands and into those of the United States government.

The act of union between Sweden and Norway provides that the king shall spend part of the year in Norway. This time has usually been limited. A change in this respect is now contemplated, and it is proposed constitutionally to compel the king to spend the same length of time in Norway as in Sweden—say in one, two or three years at a time in each country. It is believed that this measure, if adopted, will render the monarchy more popular with the Norwegians, who are longing to see the throne of King Haakon and King Sverre raised again on the soil of Norway.

Just how long pensions may continue illustrated by the fact that there are still four widows of revolutionary soldiers on the rolls. According to the same continuation and considering the average of life increasing, this government may be paying pensions on account of the Spanish war as late as 2018. It will not be for any lack of applications, which already number 44,000, of which nearly 4,000 have been granted. And the revolutionary wards are not the only ones with long lives, for within the past year two widows of the war of 1812 and 325 widows of the Mexican war were added to the list.

Souls can not be estimated in shekels, says the Evangelist, and yet there does seem to be an unwelcome significance in the fact that, as some one has estimated last year, the sum of \$3,300,000 was expended in Greater New York for the current expenses of Protestant churches, while the increase in membership was only 5,278. Yet the fault, continues the Evangelist, of these facts is not to be blamed wholly upon the members of the churches, as so many very glibly say, but in large measure to be attributed to the desperately wicked worldliness of great masses of our time, who, in spite of all manner of gospel advantages and appeals, go on their way, like Gallio of old, caring for none of these things.

The butter of Denmark is considered superior to that of all other countries. It brings the highest price in fancy markets, and can be found all over the world in shops where luxuries are sold. In South America, South Africa, in the East and West Indies, in India, Egypt, and in tropical countries generally it is used by epicures, who pay \$1 a pound for it in this of one, two and three pounds' weight. No other country has been able to produce butter that will stand changes of climate so well. In Holland and Sweden attempts are made to compete with the Danish dairymen, but the butter from those countries is worth only half as much and does not keep half as well, while the efforts of dairymen in the United States have practically failed with a few isolated exceptions.

Rapid progress is being made upon the new subway beneath the River Thames, communicating Poplar on the one side with Greenwich upon the other. It is being constructed upon the same principle as the Blackwell tunnel, the success of which prompted the boring of this subway and the projection of several other similar tunnels at various points to facilitate communications between the two banks of the river. Poplar and Greenwich are two busy working centers, and this new tunnel will prove a great boon to the working population.

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XIV.

As he spoke the Arab gave a loud, shrill whistle, at the same time leaping across the spring and striking the slave in the face. But Shubal was not to be overcome so easily by one man. The whistle had alarmed him, and when he saw the fellow leap, he was not wholly unprepared. The blow in the face blinded him for a moment, but as soon as his eyes served him, he caught his assailant by the throat and hurled him to the ground.

"What sort of a man are you?" the slave cried, as he held the rascal down.

"I am a juggler," replied the Arab, holding fast upon Shubal's tunic.

"Let go my clothing, or I'll kill you." The slave might have carried out his threat, but before he could make any decided movement to that end he found himself surrounded by a body of armed men. Quick as thought he leaped to his feet, leaving a piece of his tunic behind him, and made a movement toward his horse; but he was too late to reach the saddle. Half a dozen strong hands were laid upon him, while as many more were busy with the horses of the females. The princess cried aloud for help, and would have leaped from her saddle had she not been held back.

"Fair lady," spoke a rough voice, in a harsh, strange dialect, "you must keep still, and give us as little trouble as possible."

"But you will not harm me, good sirs."

"You have no occasion for fear, lady. But tell me—who are you?"

"I am the daughter of Aboul Cassem, the prime minister of Damascus."

Could Albia have moved quickly enough, she would have prevented her mistress from answering this question, but the story had been told. Ulin innocently thought that the name of her father would strike the marauders with awe, and that they would fear to molest her further, but in this she was somewhat mistaken, as subsequent events proved.

"By my life, comrades," cried he, who seemed to be the leader of the party, "we have found a rich prize. Hold still, noble lady. We will not harm you. Let us look to this unruly slave of yours, and then you shall be properly cared for. You might have fallen into worse hands than ours."

When Ulin had collected her senses, so that she could observe and comprehend things about her, she looked to see her real situation. She counted eight of the Arabs, and she had no doubt that they were robbers. Four of them were securing the slave, while the other four were watching the horses. Shubal was very soon pinioned, and restored to his feet, after which she and Albia were lifted from their saddles.

"Don't be alarmed," said the leader, as the princess cried out for mercy. "You shall be restored to your horses very soon. We have horses close at hand, and when they are brought, you shall be on your way again."

"You will set Shubal free?"

"He shall be free soon enough. Rest easy a few moments, lady. One of my men has gone after our animals. We left them upon the other side of the wood."

"But why have you taken us from our horses?" asked our heroine.

"You will see that anon, fair lady. Ah—here comes my man. Now, my fair damsel, you shall understand the whole matter. These horses of yours are not such ones as I would have you ride. I have some here much better."

"What does he mean?" asked Ulin, speaking in a low tone to her bondmaid.

"Wait," replied Albia, trying to conceal her real suspicions. "They may inform us."

Before Ulin could ask another question the Arab leader came forward with two horses, upon which he directed his companion to fix the ladies' saddles; and when this had been done he turned to the princess, and informed her that she might take her seat again. She would have opposed the movement, but a strong hand was laid upon her, and almost before she knew it, she was once more upon her saddle.

"You will excuse me," the fellow said, "but as this horse will not carry you quite so easily as your own, I will secure you in your place."

As he spoke he passed a strong cord about Ulin's body, and fastened it to the girth upon either side. The same thing was done for Albia, and then attention was directed to Shubal, who was seated upon another strange horse, and likewise bound in his place.

"What can they mean?" asked the princess, gaining another opportunity to speak to her attendant.

"I dare not guess," said Albia.

"Do not speak in that way," urged Ulin. "Tell me what you think—I command you."

"My dear mistress," replied the bondmaid, reluctantly, "their meaning is evident enough. These horses will follow their masters!"

"Ha!—and are we prisoners?"

"I fear so. But let us hope for the best. We may not be harmed."

herself steady, but her horse noticed not the guiding of her hand. The leader of the party rode in advance; then followed two more of the gang; then came two females; and behind them followed the others, with the slaves under charge. Through the wood they rode at an easy pace, and when they had gained the open plain beyond they struck into a swift gallop. Ulin had discovered to her satisfaction that the strange horse paid no attention to the rein, so she only sought to keep an easy seat. She was weak with fear and alarm, and all sorts of dreadful pictures arose to her imagination as she sped on. She could not speak with Albia, for the clattering of hoofs drowned her voice. What did it mean? Where would it end?

On they sped, straight over the plain—on, on, on—without halting or turning—on through the darkness of the night—on, league after league—until the gray streaks of morning appeared in the eastern horizon. Another wood was before them, and when it was reached, the party stopped. Not far distant, where a clump of noble palms reared aloft their plaited foliage, a crystal spring burst forth from the green earth, and the Arabs held their panting horses back from the tempting beverage.

"Now, lady, you may find repose," said the leader, as he came and lifted Ulin from her seat. "We shall remain here a few hours. I will be with you again presently."

He turned and handed Albia to the ground, and then went to where his followers were taking care of Shubal.

"Albia, what will they do with us?" cried the princess, clasping her hands in terror.

But the bondmaid could not answer. If she held suspicions, she dared not speak them.

"O, I wish I had not taken this false step! It is a punishment for my sin!"

"Hush, dear mistress. It is our fate. It is no punishment. Wait until we know what this Arab means to do with us."

"What can he mean?" It must be something dreadful. Why has he taken us away so far? O, Albia, I am frightened."

"No, no, sweet lady. Have a hope. They will not kill us."

"Ah," murmured the princess, with folded hands, "there may be a fate from which death would be a happy escape!"

The bondmaid shuddered, and from her thoughts at that moment she could frame no reply which she dared to speak aloud.

CHAPTER XV.

The Arab's Purpose.

As Ulin sat upon the greenward, with her back against a palm tree, and one hand resting upon Albia's arm, she could take a clear view of her captors. The sun was just tinging the distant mountain tops with its golden light, and the last shadow of the night had gone. The Arabs had watered the horses and left them where they could crop the green grass, and were now gathered together, listening to the words of their chief.

They were rough, dark looking men, these Arabs. Their clothing was sparse and poor, and their skin swart and dirty; but their weapons were bright and keen and their horses in most perfect condition, both as to health and cleanliness. A little while they conversed together, and then one of them brought forth the bundle which had been taken from Shubal. It was opened by the leader, and the articles of clothing which it contained were spread out upon the ground. Folded up in a silken scarf was found a purse, from which fell a score or more of broad gold pieces; whereupon the marauders gave utterance to various exclamations of satisfaction.

"They are robbers," said Ulin, as she saw them dividing the gold.

"Certainly," responded Albia. "I have suspected that from the first."

"Can they belong to Julian's band?"

"Why should you ask such a question, my mistress? You know that Julian would never have such men about him."

As she spoke, the Arab leader came towards them, and after gazing upon them for a few moments, he said, addressing the princess:

"I hope you find yourself none the worse for this little deviation from your original course; for, let me assure you, the meeting has afforded me much pleasure. Does the princess Ulin know who is speaking to her?"

"No, sir," replied Ulin.

"Then she shall know into whose protecting hand she has had the fortune of falling. I am Al Abbas. Does the name sound familiar?"

"No, sir."

"It is familiar enough to me," said Albia.

"Ah, pretty one—and what know you of it?"

"I have heard the name, sir, when speech has been made touching a certain Arab robber, whose deeds had caused him to be feared by honest travelers."

The rascal seemed pleased with this remark, and smilingly returned:

"You have hit the truth, my fair damsel. I am the robber, Al Abbas; and I am a terror to those who fear to lose their money. But, my dear lady," he continued, turning to the princess, "you cannot have any such

fears. We have found some little money belonging to you, and I take the liberty of asking you if you have any jewels about you."

He approached nearer as he spoke, and held out his hand. Ulin knew not how to refuse, and she furthermore saw that refusal would be useless; so she drew forth from her bosom a sash of chamois skin, bound with bands of gold, and handed it over. The robber took it, and opened it; and as his eyes rested upon the sparkling jewels—pearl, diamond, emerald, topaz and opal—he gave utterance to an exclamation of delight.

"By my life, lady, you came well provided. I will take care of these gems for you. They will be much safer in my custody."

"I understand you," said the princess, as she saw the fellow close the sash and place it in his own bosom. "You mean to keep those jewels, as you do the gold which you have found."

"You are shrewd at guessing, lady."

"I think I have good grounds for my opinion, sir. Take them if you want them; and in return I only ask that you let us go free. You are welcome to all that you have if you will give us our liberty."

"You will rest before you go."

"I do not wish to rest long."

"Nor would I have you. But for the present you had better lie down upon this soft grass, and find some slight repose. I will call you when we move." And as he thus spoke, he turned away and joined his companions.

"Will they let us go?" murmured Ulin, letting her head fall upon her companion's shoulder.

"I hope so, my mistress. But come—we cannot learn their intent until they please to tell us; and in the meantime you had better seek some rest. You are tired and worn. Lay your head upon my lap—so. And we will hope for the best."

Albia drew the head of her mistress gently down, and in a little while the weary princess was asleep. And the bondmaid did not long remain upon the watch. Her own lids were heavy, and very soon her senses were locked in slumber.

Al Abbas moved noiselessly to the spot where the worn maidens slept, and presently others of his band joined him.

"By the blood of Cush," muttered the robber chief, "they are beautiful enough! The lady Ulin is the fairest maiden I ever saw."

"They are both of them far too beautiful to be roaming at large," said another of the gang.

"They are worth more than jewels," added a third.

"You are right," responded the leader. "This princess would sell for a diadem, beyond the Syrian desert. But let them sleep, and when they are rested we will call them. If we would turn the prize into gold, we must not suffer it to fade from neglect."

After this the robbers sat down to their morning's meal; and when they had done eating some of them went to sleep upon the grass.

At the expiration of two hours Ulin awoke with a sharp cry, and caught her companion convulsively by the arm, and cried:

"O!—and it was only a dream. How frightful it was!"

"Only a dream, dear mistress. We are safe and well."

"Thank heaven!"

Al Abbas, as soon as he saw that the girls were awake, gave a shrill whistle, such as he had sounded on a previous occasion, and in an instant his men were upon their feet. The horses, also, noticed the signal, for they lifted their heads and moved up together, as though ready to serve their masters.

(To be continued.)

The Nigeria Region.

Nigeria is an important region in Africa and comprises the whole of the British sphere (with the exception of the colony and the Protectorate of Lagos), within the lines of demarcation arranged by the Anglo-German agreements of 1885, 1886 and 1892, and the Anglo-French agreements of 1889, 1890, and 1898. The region covers between 400,000 and 500,000 square miles, and its population is variously estimated at from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000, but in the absence of any census, no reliance can be placed on such estimates. It is certain, however, that a great number of towns in Nigeria contain considerable population. For administrative purposes Nigeria is temporarily divided into two governments, Northern Nigeria and Southern Nigeria, but in the absence of any data it is impossible to say which section has the largest population. Brigadier-General Sir F. J. D. Lugard, K. C. M. G., C. B., D. S. O., is the high commissioner for Northern Nigeria—(Montreal) Herald and Star.

How Ruskin Learned Obedience.

John Ruskin, who wrote so many famous books, said the first lesson he learned was to be obedient. "One evening," he says, "when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzed. I suppose, but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back. I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said: 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty I got, and the last that for some time I asked."

Truth, not eloquence, is to be sought.—A. Kempis.

EMMA IS IN JAIL

Must Face a Charge of Murderous Conspiracy.

POLICE OF CHICAGO CATCH HER.

Calls Czolgosz a Fool—Says She Knows Him—Denies Any Knowledge of Any Plot.

Emma Goldman, "the anarchist queen," under whose red banner Leon Czolgosz claims he stands, whose words he claims fired his heart and his brain to attempt the assassination of the president, was arrested at Chicago shortly before noon Tuesday.

She disclaimed all but the slightest acquaintance with the president's assailant; she denied absolutely that she or any anarchist she knew was implicated in any plot to kill the president. She said she believed Czolgosz acted entirely on his own responsibility, and that he never claimed to have been inspired by her, as he is quoted as affirming.

The president, she averred with a yawn, was an insignificant being to her—a mere human atom whose life or death were matters of supreme indifference to her, or to any anarchist. Czolgosz's act was foolish, yet she declared, it probably had its inspiration in the misery which the Pole had seen about him. Violence, she said, was not a tenet in the faith of the anarchist, and she had not advocated it in Cleveland, where Czolgosz has said he heard her, or elsewhere.

She was held on a warrant sworn out by Captain Collier charging her with conspiracy to murder the president. The anarchists already in jail here were named as her co-conspirators.

She will be taken before a magistrate and it is expected that the city will ask for a continuance of the case, pending advices from Buffalo.

"I shall insist upon an immediate hearing," she said in speaking of the probability of a postponement being asked for by the city prosecutor. "They want me to go to New York without regulation papers but I will not go. I know the legal ropes and I'll make them fight every step. And I'm not afraid to go at that."

Her manner was defiant as she was led into the office of the chief of police, but she disclaimed all knowledge of Czolgosz and his crime, save that she admitted having met him here July 12.

"Do you know that your words are what Czolgosz claims stirred him to shoot the president?" she was asked.

"I do not. I never advocated violence. I scarcely knew the man. I was leaving for Rochester, via Buffalo, when Czolgosz had a few words with me. He said he had heard me lecture at some memorial hall in Cleveland last May and that he wanted to know me. He said he knew I was in Chicago and looked me up. I scarcely remember anything about him save that his complexion is light."

Miss Goldman arrived in Chicago on Sunday morning from St. Louis. Her immunity from arrest while in the Missouri metropolis and up to Tuesday in Chicago afforded her much amusement. She told in sentences punctuated with laughter of her capture. In her conversation with reporters—and she talked with them at length twice during the day—the excitement she was laboring under was suppressed, and only once did she break down completely. That was when Captain Schuetzler led her from the office of Chief of Police O'Neill to the cab which was waiting to convey her to the woman's annex to the Harrison street police station. For a moment she became a woman, pure and simple, and cried.

In a moment, however, this exhibition of distress was over, and when she put her foot on the step to mount into the carriage she was again Emma Goldman, the "high priestess of anarchy," as she has been styled by her followers.

She said her purpose in coming here had been to assist the anarchists who were arrested here several days ago. She had intended, she said, to give herself up to the police, but delayed it for one reason and another until the police had decided so much had taken the matter into their own hands.

Boys Caught in a Store.

John Follansbee and Willie Miller, two young boys, were caught in the cellar of J. A. Murrell's grocery store at Fremont, Neb., while engaged in the act of purloining some tobacco, canned beef and other merchandise. The former lad is twelve years old and the latter is eight. Young Follansbee was committed to the industrial school at Kearney last March, but had been released on his good behavior. He will be taken to that place without further hearing inside of a day or two. The other boy will be tried and may be sent to the same place. A similar attempt at burglary was made upon Mr. Murrell's store a week ago and the same boys are thought to have been responsible for it.

Survey of Fremont Canal.

The party of five who are now engaged in taking measurements of slopes of the proposed route of the Fremont power canal will probably finish their field labors by the end of the week. They have been working in the vicinity of Morse Bluff every day that the weather would permit. It will take a few days to figure up results after the field work is completed. The object of the trip was to ascertain definitely what quantities of earth will have to be moved in making the canal excavations.

MAY CARRY IT TO GRAVE

Presence of Bullet in His Body Need Not Inconvenience President.

A Buffalo, N. Y. dispatch says: The president will live, but will probably carry the bullet of his would-be assassin with him to the grave. This is the expressed opinion of Dr. Charles McBurney of New York in a statement to a representative of the Associated Press after the consultation of the physicians. He announced that the president had passed the danger point and now only the possibility of complication remained. He also announced that unless the bullet imbedded in the muscles of the back caused trouble there would be no necessity to extract it. In his opinion it would not even be located with the X-ray. The only use of the X-ray, he said, would be to satisfy curiosity. All the other physicians were equally confident after the consultation that recovery was assured. Dr. Mynter said the president was "out of the woods" and Dr. Wasdin supplemented the figure of speech by adding: "With plenty of daylight behind him."

Night Bulletin Issued.

The following bulletin was issued by the president's physicians at 10:30 p. m. Tuesday:

"The condition of the president is unchanged in all important particulars. His temperature is 100.6; pulse, 114; respiration, 28."

When the operation was done on Friday last it was noted that the bullet had carried with it a short distance beneath the skin a fragment of the president's coat. This foreign material was, of course, removed, but slight irritation of the tissues was produced, the evidence of which appeared Tuesday night. It has been necessary, on account of this slight disturbance, to remove a few stitches and partially open the skin wound. This incident can not give rise to other complications, but it is communicated to the public, as the surgeons in attendance wish to make their bulletins entirely frank.

In consequence of this separation of the surface wound, the healing of the same will be somewhat delayed. The president is now well enough to begin to take nourishment by the mouth in the form of pure beef juice.

WORKMEN ASK FOR ACTION

President Shaffer to Settle on Best Possible Terms.

President Shaffer and his advisers in the general office of the amalgamated association at Pittsburgh hold the power by authority of the general executive board of the organization to settle the steel strike. Mr. Shaffer and his advisers apparently allowed time to lapse, after this authority was vested in them, without closing any settlement. On Monday, it is said, the executive board directed President Shaffer, together with Secretary-Treasurer Williams, Assistant Secretary Tighe, and Ben I. Davis of the advisory board, to settle without delay on the best terms obtainable. Since then there has been no action developing anything to further a settlement, but it is said President Shaffer is seeking to reopen direct negotiations with the United States Steel corporations, in the hope of getting better terms than those submitted to the amalgamated executive board, as the result of the endeavor last week in New York of the representatives of the national civic federation headed by President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor.

FIXING HOURS FOR COURT

Schley Inquiry Booked to Begin Work Thursday.

A Washington dispatch says: During the Conference between Admiral Dewey, president of the Schley court, and Captain Lemley, judge advocate of the court at the navy department, it was arranged that the sessions of the court when the court first assembled at 1 o'clock should be held daily from 10 to 12 o'clock and from 1 to 3 o'clock or thereabouts. The court sit continuously from day to day, Sundays excepted, until the investigation is concluded.

Another officer of the court was created by an order detailing Captain Henry W. Carpenter, of the marine corps, to duty as provost marshal of the court to preserve order and decorum. He will also exercise immediate command over the small squad of marines, detailed to various duties in and about the court room.

Maggio a Known Anarchist.

An investigation of the Kansas City record of Antonio Maggio, the Italian who is said to have predicted the death of President McKinley, and who is under arrest in New Mexico, reveals the fact that he was the leader of a considerable band of anarchists in Kansas City two years ago. These men held regular meetings in the rear of a barber shop kept by Maggio and it is stated the "removal" of the president of the United States was the principal subject of discussion. Maggio and his associates, all of whom were Italians, were disciples of Emma Goldman, for whom Maggio had a sort of veneration. It was from her, it is said, that Maggio imbibed his anarchistic ideas. One of Maggio's associates still in the city.

Lightning Strikes Bank Building.

A series of showers Saturday noon culminated in a heavy rain, accompanied by sharp and vivid lightning. The State Bank building was struck by lightning but no damage to speak of was done.

Loses Many Head of Cattle.

John Eis, one of the well known farmers near Humboldt, lost seventeen head of cattle supposed to have been caused by eating cane fodder, the animals having just been turned into the field.