

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The smallest bird is the humming bird of Brazil. It is a little larger than the common honey bee, and weighs about five grains.

A pot which cannot boil over has been invented by a Berlin machinist. It has a perforated rim, and the overflowing liquid returns to the utensil.

Smuggled goods in large quantities are brought from Windsor, Ontario, to Detroit. Most of this work is done by women, who secrete the smuggled articles under their skirts. In some of the Windsor stores are private dressing-rooms for the patrons, where they carefully prepare themselves to elude the vigilance of Uncle Sam's customs officers.

The millionaire Gravit Solodovnikoff, who recently died at Moscow, left his possessions, valued at 25,000,000 rubles, for the founding of high schools for girls, training schools for workmen and cheap lodging houses for the poor. During his life he had already spent large sums for a music school and a hospital, yet he was not esteemed wealthy because in private life he was known as a miser and an inexorable creditor.

Napoleon Pierre Gulchevean, 113 years old, died recently at Braux Bridge, La. Gulchevean was born in France in 1788 and emigrated to America at the age of 65. After a short residence in New York city he came to Louisiana and settled at Breux Bridge, where he married, and during his phenomenal years of life retained the respect of the community. Up to the hour of his death Gulchevean retained his sight, hair and all his faculties.

Wisdom is not the same as understanding; nor is it talent, or capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the others, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength.

According to advices from Kiel, Germany, the new high school there for the teaching of shipbuilding and construction of machinery will be opened in 1903. The school will be wholly in the hands of the state, but the cost will only in part be borne by the state, the town of Kiel contributing \$3,000. There will be one department for the learning of shipbuilding, each course lasting one year, and another department for machinery, the course of instruction being divided into four quarters of the year, classes being held in the evenings and on Sundays for shipwrights, locksmiths and smiths. The Krupp Germania wharf has already promised as much as \$250 annually for the next ten years towards the expense.

In many of the western and midland counties of England the nineteenth century closed with the most terrible floods within living memory. Happily few lives were lost, but hundreds of folk—mostly poor—were washed out of health and home. Farmers, small and great, lost cattle, sheep and poultry, and immense damage was done to all kinds of property. One comic incident was remarked at Alcester in Worcestershire. When the water fell the rector took his walks abroad to see what loss he had suffered. As he passed through an orchard he was greeted with the piercing squeals of a perplexed pig, which had got mixed up in the boughs of a damson tree. Probably it had been borne into the branches by the rising flood. When the waters went down it was left high, and possibly dry, but terrified out of its wits.

Less than one hundred dollars, spent by the Improvement League of Montclair, New Jersey, has done more to cleanse and beautify the place, says the town council, than the thousands of dollars the town has expended in conventional ways. The league began by offering prizes for clean and orderly back yards and alleys, and went on to give prizes for the best vine-covered fence, the finest vegetable plot and the most beautiful flowering plant. Then it organized the children to pick up waste paper from the streets, keep the school yards neat, and "tidy up" the vacant lots. In six months Montclair became a noticeably attractive place, and a wholesome one, too, for the death rate had perceptibly lessened. Like methods will yield similar results in any other town, and it will not be necessary to spend much money provided a few people are willing to use "inspired common sense."

After a chase which had led him from Galveston to Buffalo, William Curran, of St. Louis, reported to the police of New York that he had been unable to capture his 13-year-old son Louis, who ran away eighteen months ago, and asked their help. The boy first went to Galveston. His father traced him there. When he heard his father was in town looking for him the boy left that city for Buffalo. Again the father pursued, only to find that his boy had started for New York. Now both are in that city—somewhere. The police promised to search for the boy.

CLOSE UP THE GAPS

Complete Peace in the Philippines Coming Soon.

REBELS LAYING DOWN THEIR ARMS

Active Pursuit of Remaining Few Carried on—Punishment in Store for Insurgents Who Murdered Innocent Filipinos—Other News.

A Manila, Sept. 27th dispatch gives the following information of affairs there:

Gen. Isadore Torres, who surrendered some months ago, was arrested yesterday and will be tried for the murder of Corporal Fieldner of the Twentieth Infantry at Malolos, province of Bulacan, last October.

It is also probable that General Alejandro will shortly be arrested. Acting under his orders many of his officers hung or otherwise killed Filipinos who sympathized with the Americans.

Colonel Atienza, with his entire staff, has surrendered to Captain Pitcher, who had been in close pursuit of him since Lieutenant Hazard captured the deserter Howard in his camp. Captain Pitcher has also been capturing small bands of insurgents and causing the surrender of others.

Marianza, Ana and Villaluz, the last insurgent officers in the province of South Camarins, have surrendered to Captain Williams, putting an end to the insurrection in that province.

The United States transport Buford, which recently went aground on a sandbar off the island of Mandanao, has been safely floated.

TECHNICAL TESTIMONY

Such is the Kind Taken in Schley Inquiry Wednesday.

A Washington, September 26 dispatch says: Two new witnesses were introduced in the Schley court yesterday. They were Admiral Cotton, who was captain commanding the auxiliary cruiser Harvard, and Captain Wise, who commanded the auxiliary cruiser Yale during the Spanish war. Both these vessels were used as scouts and both came up with the flying squadron off Santiago on the 27th of May, before the retrograde movement to Key West was begun.

Admiral Cotton testified that he had gone aboard Admiral Schley's flagship, the Brooklyn, on that date to take dispatches to him and he said at first that he gave him four or five dispatches addressed to the commander of the squadron. He afterwards modified this statement, saying that probably all but two of these dispatches were addressed to himself, (Admiral Cotton), but that they contained information which he thought should be in Admiral Schley's possession. One of these was a copy of a dispatch from Admiral Sampson, which had not been printed in the official reports, stating that the Spanish fleet was at Santiago. He also said that coal could have been taken from the Merrimac on the 27th of May, the day on which the retrograde movement to Key West was begun for the purpose of coaling.

Captain Wise testified that on the 27th of May he had signalled Captain Phillip of the Texas his opinion that Cervera was inside the harbor at Santiago, but the testimony was ruled out.

During the day Admiral Schley announced that he had selected Mr. Raynor as his chief counsel to succeed Judge Wilson.

Meet and Remarry.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anderson have just been married at Denver, Col., after having been divorced in May, 1900, in Lincoln, Neb. The cause alleged by Mrs. Anderson was neglect and desertion. After the divorce he set about to improve his financial condition. He is now in good circumstances, being one of the stockholders of the Williams Lumber company of Leadville. He kept in correspondence with his wife and began writing love letters to her and she promised to marry him again. He sent for her and she arrived in Denver and the marriage followed.

Catholic National Union.

At Philadelphia the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Catholic young men's national union is in progress. Rev. Thomas J. Campbell of New York, in a paper on "State Paternalism in Education," said that Christianity is not showing the progress that it should and he advocated that churches of all denominations should establish schools for the encouragement of Christianity, as well as the secular branches of education.

City Treasurer a Suicide.

At St. Paul, Minn., Edwin G. Jay, city treasurer of Elk Point, S. D., committed suicide by swallowing poison. He died without explaining his act. He had been elected many successive terms city treasurer. It is believed his accounts are all right. Jay has been ill and despondent for some months.

Money Not to be Burned.

A dispatch from St. Paul says: The will of the late Harvey Scott has been admitted to probate at Faribault, but the \$42,500 in cash will be divided among the heirs, who reside in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota and California.

J. J. Sullivan, president of the Sullivan printing works and a prominent business man of Cincinnati, O., was caught between a bridge and a street car near St. Bernard, O., and instantly killed.

SETH LOW TO LEAD

Named for Mayor by Republicans of New York.

Seth Low, president of Columbia college, was nominated for mayor of New York by the republican city convention and the convention of the citizens' union.

Edward M. Grout of Brooklyn was nominated for controller and Charles V. Fornes of New York city for president of the board of aldermen.

The platform adopted arraigns Tammany hall as "a band of conspirators against the public welfare" and as an "organization devoted to public plunder." It charges the administration of the police department with "buying and selling license to break the law," and the machinery designated for the administration of justice as being "employed to promote vice and protect criminals." The platform pledges the candidates to do away with the "black mail iniquity." It further says the election of this ticket will not mean blue law government, "but the largest measure of personal liberty consistent with public decency and the maintenance of public order."

HUMBLY BEG FOR PARDON

Chinese Emperor Appeals to the Mikado of Japan.

The Tokio, Japan correspondent of the London Times gives the text of the apology of Emperor Kwang Su to Emperor Mutsuhito for the murder of Sugiyama Akira, chancellor of the Japanese legation in Peking at the beginning of the "boxer" outrages. The apology is couched in terms of the deepest regret and reverence, testifying that the benevolent and humane attitude of Japan has happily preserved the general situation in the orient intact, and asking the mikado to be graciously disposed to draw closer the bonds of friendship uniting the two empires.

The mikado, in a gracious reply to the Chinese envoy, expresses a belief that the relations between the two countries will be closer in future.

A STATE MEETING

Superintendents and Principals Are to Meet.

The annual meeting of the superintendents and principals of the state will be held in Lincoln for three days commencing on October 17. The session is to be devoted to the discussion of topics of live interest to educators. An attempt is being made to secure several prominent men in educational circles to deliver lectures. A desire has been expressed to induce Professor G. E. Howard to come east for the occasion. On Thursday the educational council will meet. Among others on the program the names of Prof. G. W. A. Luckey, State Superintendent W. K. Fowler and C. G. Pearse appear.

Murderer Ends His Life.

Surrounded in a barn but a few blocks from the scene of his crime, Prof. J. S. Crowell, who Monday night murdered his sweetheart, Miss Mollie Powell, a prominent young woman of Rolla, Mo., sent a bullet through his own heart to prevent being lynched by an angry posse.

Ever since the tragedy at the Powell home Crowell had been hiding from a large posse of citizens and college students that ransacked buildings and searched almost every spot in the city.

Naval Boats Launched.

The torpedo boat destroyer Nicholson of the United States Navy and the Holland submarine boat Porpoise have just been launched at the Nixon ship yards at Elizabethport, N. J. The Nicholson is of the same class as the O'Brien, which was launched a few weeks ago at the same yard. It is expected to develop upward of twenty-six knots and is powerfully built. The Porpoise is of that type of boat which the Holland company is building for the government.

Can Talk to the Klondike.

A Vancouver, B. C., dispatch says: The Klondike has been brought into telegraphic communication. The first message was one of congratulation from Governor Ross of the Klondike, now in Vancouver, to his legal representative at Dawson. The line, which is 2,300 miles long, touches at Atlin, White Horse, Dawson and Fort Simpson and connects at the Alaskan boundary with the projected American government line from St. Michael.

Boycott at an End.

The boycott of the Sioux City, Iowa, unions against the Sioux City Traction company, declared September 12, has been called off. The street railway company recedes from its position prohibiting a union among its employes and its order threatening union men with discharge will be rescinded. The union men are jubilant.

Dr. Abram Litton Dead.

Dr. Abram Litton, an eminent scientist and chemist in St. Louis, who for fifty years filled the chair of chemistry both at Washington university and the St. Louis medical college, died at his home in St. Louis from senility, aged eighty-seven years.

THE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

Twelve cases of bubonic plague exits among dock laborers at Naples, Italy.

Mrs. Roosevelt is now Mistress of the White house, having taken apartments there.

The Columbia and Shamrock II are in racing trim and the weather conditions promise to be favorable.

Seth Low has resigned from the presidency of Columbia university to make the race for mayor of New York.

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Ulin bowed her head upon her hands; and could the instinctive promptings of her heart at that moment have been read, they would have revealed a secret not much to be wondered at.

"I think," said Ezabel, after a pause, "that you have had some opportunity to study Julian's character."

"I have seen enough to assure me that he is a noble, generous man," returned Ulin, raising her head.

"And," added Ezabel, "if you could know him better you would find your impressions strengthened. But he will not be here long. As soon as he recovers from his wound he will leave us."

"If I am not mistaken," ventured our heroine, "Julian is at home in this place."

"Most certainly he is, my daughter. From his earliest childhood he knew no other home but this."

"And he was on his way hither when he overtook me in the hands of the Arabs?"

"Yes."

"And will my presence cause him to leave you?"

"I think not, lady. But you will give yourself no uneasiness on that account. If Julian feels that he had better be away from you, he will go for his own sake. And, remember—the truly noble soul finds joy in the generous sacrifices which it may be called upon to make. I hear Ben Hadad's voice. He is calling me."

She arose and left the chamber; and when she returned she was followed by Ben Hadad. Now that Ulin saw the hermit by the light of the day she was awestruck by his venerable appearance. All that could be noble and honorable and lovable in old age seemed combined in him; and as he bent his gaze upon her and extended his hand in welcome, she felt her heart go to him with all its trust and confidence.

"My child," he said in tones of tenderest solicitude, "Ezabel has told me your story and I have come to bid you an affectionate welcome to my cave. Rest here and feel that you are at home. Your mother paid me for this long ago. Come—follow me to where the air is fresher, and where the sunbeams can greet you."

The maiden thanked Ben Hadad as well as she was able and then rose to follow him. He led her to the main cave, where she found Hobaddan and the slaves.

"This is my home," said the old man, as he led the maiden to a seat; "and here have I lived more years than go to fill up the allotted age of man. All these trees and shrubs I have trained up from the tender sprout, and these vines I have taught to clothe the gray old rocks. And I have been most fortunate in my life. I have been able to protect many who needed protection and my days have been lengthened out to protect more."

Ulin was touched by the deep pathos of the hermit's words, and for a whole hour she sat and listened to his conversation. At the end of that time he led her back to the cave where Ortok, the black slave, had prepared dinner. She did not feel hungry, but she sat down with Ben Hadad and Hobaddan and Ezabel—the and Albia—and partook with them.

Thus passed three days; and Ulin had become so used to the place that it already seemed like home. She had learned to love the hermit; and she had learned to love Ezabel; and she had learned to respect and esteem the stout-hearted Hobaddan and to converse with him freely. Once she asked the lieutenant what had become of Julian's band. Would they not be seeking him?

And he explained to her that he had communicated with them—that they knew of their chieftain's safety and had gone away into the mountains of Lebanon, where comfortable abiding places for them were plenty.

When Ulin retired to her own apartment she sat by herself, with her head bowed upon her hands, taking no notice of her serving-maid. At an early hour she retired; but it was a long time ere she slept; and when she did sleep she was troubled with strange dreams. She dreamed of the unfortunate Helena, and awoke with a cry of pain. And then she dreamed a more pleasant dream—a dream of something that had haunted her waking thoughts—a dream of the Scourge and Damascus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Something More Than a Dream.

On the following morning, when Ulin entered the main cave, Julian was there to greet her. She extended her hand to him and smiled as she spoke. The youthful chieftain was somewhat pale, but his large, lustrous eyes burned with a deep intensity and the white brow offered a strange contrast to the waving masses of golden hair. The maiden's smile faded away when she met the earnest gaze that was fixed upon her, and her hand trembled before she withdrew it. He spoke to her a few words of cheer, expressed his gratitude that she had found a place of safety; and hoped that the future might have no more clouds for her.

"O, my mistress," cried Albia, when she and Ulin were alone, "how noble a man he is!"

"Who?" asked the princess, starting out from a deep reverie.

"Julian, I mean," returned the maid, quickly and with enthusiasm. "Does he not look handsomer than ever?"

Ulin bowed her head and made no reply.

"Is he not beautiful to gaze upon?" pursued Albia, without seeming to notice her lady's abstracted mood.

"Hush, Albia, say no more now. I am busy with my own thoughts."

"Pardon, sweet mistress. I meant no wrong. I thought—we owed him so much—and he has suffered in our behalf—that you might—"

"Albia, say no more. I know you meant well. You mistake me if you think I am not grateful. There—say no more. I love you, and would not hurt your feelings. Go out into the grove and walk awhile."

Ulin bowed her head again as she spoke, with her hand upon her brow—upon her brow for a moment—and then pressed upon her bosom. And thus Albia left her.

When the freed girl reached the grove in front of the cave she found Julian and Osmir in close conversation and before they noticed her she had heard enough to excite her curiosity; and with a freedom that was natural to her, she asked them what had happened.

"Osmir thinks," said Julian, with a smile, "that one of the Arab robbers has followed us and tracked us to this place; but I laugh at him."

"I may be mistaken," rejoined the other, "but still I think I am right. I have seen the fellow twice; once by the river at the entrance of the wood, and once further away. It was one of the rascals who escaped us."

"And if it is the Arab, what can he want?" asked Albia.

"If it be one of those fellows," returned Julian, "he may wish to join our ranks."

"Oh," added Osmir, "he may hope to steal something."

"Very likely," assented the chieftain. "However," he concluded, after a brief pause, "we may as well keep a sharp lookout."

"Selim and I are on the watch," said Osmir; "and if we catch the rascal, we'll secure him."

Albia fancied that Julian had thoughts which he was not willing to express in her presence, but she did not mean to fret herself; and before she rejoined her mistress she had almost forgotten the circumstances.

At noon, and again in the evening, did Ulin meet Julian; but they did not converse freely together. She could not meet the gaze of those lustrous eyes without trembling, and she sought to avoid that which so much moved her. If he had approached her and spoken freely with her on some subject of general interest she would have joined him readily; but he did not do so.

Morning came again, and again the maiden met the man who had saved her from the Arabs. This time he greeted her in few words, and soon turned away to speak with Hobaddan. He did not seem well. He looked paler than on the day before, and there was an expression of pain about the mouth and eyes. Ulin was uneasy. Perhaps his wound was giving him new trouble. As soon as the morning's meal had been eaten, she sought Ezabel and asked her if Julian was suffering from his wound.

"No," replied the old woman. "I do not think it is his wound. I have noticed his appearance and have asked him what it meant; but he puts me off with a smile and a blessing and tries to assure me that all is well. I do not like to see him suffer. He is like a child to me and I love him tenderly. Ah, the world little knows what a noble, generous soul dwells within that manly form."

"If I thought he was suffering from my account," said Ulin, "I should be most unhappy."

"How on your account?" said Ezabel, quickly.

"I mean in consequence of the wound he received while fighting for my deliverance."

"I hardly think it is that. Something beside the wound troubles him. It may be that the short captivity in Damascus worries him. He may have heard something there that gives him unpleasant thought."

At noon Julian did not appear when the rest ate their dinner. He was out by the river. Late in the afternoon Ulin met Ezabel again and the latter seemed sad and dejected.

"Julian is going to leave us," exclaimed the woman, in answer to an inquiry from Ulin.

"Leave us?" repeated our heroine, with a start.

"Yes; so he told me only an hour since."

"When will he go?"

"Early in the morning."

"But he will shortly return?"

"I fear not. I asked him that and he only shook his head."

"Does he give any reason for his going away?"

"None that you need to know, my child. In fact, he gives me no reason directly. I am left to draw my conclusions from accidental remarks."

"Well," replied Albia. "I think Julian feels that there are enough dwellers in the hermit's cave without him. I may be mistaken; but his manner, for a day or two past, has seemed to indicate that he was not perfectly at ease here."

The princess asked no more questions, but busied herself with her own thoughts.

As the sun was sinking from its daily course, Ulin wandered out into the grove alone, and as she approached the spot where she sometimes sat with the hermit, she saw Julian, seated upon a bench beneath an orange tree. At first she thought of turning back, and retracing her steps; but an impulse which was no result of her will, but rather an instinctive emotion, as though some secret force, led her on; and almost before she was aware of it she came so near that the youth heard her stop and looked up. He started when he saw her and a flash of joy, like a quick passage of sunlight, was upon his face. In a moment, however, the look was gone, and a shade of sadness succeeded. The maiden could not now have withdrawn even had she been so disposed in the first place. Following the strong impulse, she advanced to the shadow of the orange tree and placed her hand upon Julian's shoulder; and it thrilled the youth like an electric shock.

"Kind sir," she said, scarcely able to speak above a whisper when she commenced, "Ezabel tells me you are going away."

"Yes, lady," Julian replied, rising as he spoke; "I have so determined."

"And you go soon?"

"In the morning."

"This is sudden, sir."

"No, lady; no more so than my movements are apt to be."

CHAPTER XIX.

Ulin and Julian.

Ulin hesitated and trembled, and finally sat down upon the bench from which the chieftain had arisen. In a few moments she had recovered herself so that she could speak without faltering.

"Good sir, I have one question to ask you." She went on hurriedly, as though the old impulse still led her; "You had not planned to leave the cave so soon?"

"I had planned nothing about it, lady."

"But—if I had not been here, with my servant, you would have remained longer?"

"Lady, do not ask me such questions."

"I must ask them, sir, for I want to know. If I thought that my presence here had caused you to leave your old home, I should be most unhappy. When I came here I did not know how near and dear this place was to you. If one of us must go, let me find some other resting place."

Julian started and trembled like an aspen. A moment it was so, and then he turned upon the maiden a look so earnest and so deep and so full of tumultuous feeling, that she shook beneath it.

"Lady," he said, speaking almost in a whisper, "you shall know the secret which I had purposed never to reveal to mortal being. The words are forced from me. Let me speak them now; and then let them be forgotten. When I heard that the king of Damascus had shut up a fair maiden within the Palace of Lycanuis, and that he meant to make that maiden his wife, I felt my heart grow sick within me and I resolved, if the fair one was held against her will, that I would set her free. I led my brave men to the palace and overcame the guard which the king had set. Heaven was opened, but in the blessed realm I was offered no abiding place. I saw the loved spirit of light within the cave which had been the home of my childhood; but my love I dared not speak. How could I, the enemy of Damascus, and the branded robber, tell my love to the daughter of the king's prime minister. Lady, I dare not trouble you more."

(To be continued.)

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN.

Prudent Business Men Now Get Rid of That Fompostly.

Some of the most successful business men in this country make it a rule to dispense with the services of any man in their employ, no matter how important his position may be, as soon as he comes to regard himself as "indispensable," says Success. This may seem harsh and even unbusiness-like; but, if we look into it, we shall find that there is wisdom in this practice. Experience proves that the moment a man looks upon himself as absolutely necessary, he usually ceases to exercise to the fullest extent the faculties which have helped him to rise to that indispensable point. He becomes arrogant and dictatorial, and his influence in an organization is bound to be more or less demoralizing. Many concerns have been seriously embarrassed by the conduct of managers, superintendents, or heads of departments, after they had reached positions where they thought no one else could take their places. This undue appreciation of one's own importance is as disastrous in its results as utter lack of self-esteem. It is really evidence of a narrow mind, and ignorance of general conditions; for the man who is up to the times, thoroughly posted in regard to the world-wide trend of the twentieth century, will realize that there are few people in the world no matter what their talents or ability, who cannot be replaced. It is a very rare character, indeed, that is imperatively necessary, and the man who actually reaches this point does not brag of it, nor act as if he considered himself "indispensable."