# Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD. - NEBRASKA

Performing less than you promise tears down credit; but performing more than you promise builds it up.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.-Charles Dickens.

Probably the most extraordinary lournal in the world is published weekly in Athens. It is written in verse, even the advertisements.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble.

Mrs. H. P. Van Cleve, "the first white baby born in the Northwest," lives in Minneapolis, and though 82 years old, is still mentally vigorous and much interested in the world's affairs. The daughter of one regular officer and the widow of another, she first saw the light of Fort Crawford, Wis., on July 1, 1819, and has passed through many trials, hardships and adventures of military and pioneer life.

Once realize what the true object is in life-that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even fame itself, "that last infirmity of noble minds," but that It is the development of character, the rising to a higher, nobler, purer standard, the building up of the perfect man-and then, so long as this is going on, and will, we trust, go on forevermore, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not an end, but a beginning.

A political festival, which is becom ing more and more important, is the 'opening" of the campaign, that is, the first public meeting for the presentation of the issues to be decided. In what city to fire the "first gun" is usually a question of interest; so is that of the date when the shot may be most effective. An early opening obviously makes a long campaign. This year in most of the state political interest is so light that the campaigns will be

Mrs. Cora Dibert, a woman of Altoona, Pa., escaped death by one inch of water the other day. She was pumping water when the platform on which she was standing collapsed and she dropped to the bottom of the well. She was just able to keep her head above water by standing on her tip toes. When unable to stand longer she covered her mouth and nose with one hand and went under for as long as she could hold her breath. Her occasional shouts were finally heard and she was rescued just in the nick of time. She says that one more dip under the water would have been her

One can accomplish much in forty years, remarked Professor Haeckel, the scientist, in whose library at Jena is a good-sized case filled with his own works. His vocation has demanded the labor which most men would deem a full measure of toil, while his avocations have revealed a capacity for work of a remarkable character. It is said that he has a collection of more than two thousand of his own paintings, mostly water colors, besides thousands of other sketches in ink, crayon and pencil. Dividing men into producers and non-producers, it is not difficult to say to which class Haeckel belongs.

Frederick Ring, awaiting trial for highway robbery, attempted to roast himself to death by setting fire to his hed in the Essex County Gaol of New Jersey. He is now in the gaol hospital under close guard. The prisoner, who is known as a desperado, had received a visit from his mother. During the interview he had wept bitterly. After she had gone Ring wrote a long letter of confession. This was found by the warden when he searched Ring's cell. In the letter Ring confessed to having committed a murder in South Jersey about two years ago. Since then, he declared, the fear of arrest and hanging made his life a tor-

The statistician of the Department of Agriculture has lately returned from a trip to Europe undertaken for the purpose of arranging with the European governments for an interchange of crop reports with the United States. The negotiations were successful, and it is expected that the plan will be in operation next autumn. The step is a very important one. Heretofore this country has had to depend upon private sources for information of foreign crops, which was always incomplete and sometimes inaccurate. The value of such reports to the American farmer is considerable, since the prices of American farm products are largely influenced by foreign crops.

Very few so-called Malaga grapes come from Malaga. They used to flourish in that vicinity many years ago. but there was a blight that killed off most of the vines, and that special brand of fruit is now chiefly grown elsewhere in Spain.

An insect of an unknown species bit the lip of Miss Catherine Rambo of Baltimore, Md. Pain and swelling resulted, and the swelling extended to her chin. After she had suffered several hours, death resulted from blood-

# LIFE CRUSHED OUT

Supposed Tramp Killed in Railroad Yards at Lincoln.

CRUSHED TO DEATH BETWEEN CARS

Was Still Alive When Found by Railroad Employee, But Expired Soon Afterward-Attempt Made on Life of Pope Other News Notes.

George Webber was crushed to death between two cars in the Burlington yards at Lincoln shortly before 12 o'clock Thursday night. When found he was still alive, but died within a few minutes. He told those about him that his name was George Webber, but he was not able to tell anything further before he died. A memorandum book found on his person gives the name of George Webber, 102 North

Clark street, Chicago. A brakeman on an outgoing freight train noticed a man standing between two cars in a string that had been moved by a switch engine a few minutes before. Something in the attititude in which the man was standing arrested his attention and he called to a switchman to investigate. Investigation proved that the man was held fast between the cars by the bumpers, and that his body was crushed. He was taken out, carried to the yard office and a physician called. He died about the time Dr. Everett arrived. Nothing further than his name could be secured from him.

# HE TRIES TO KILL HIMSELF

Young Man Arrested at Omaha Attempts to Suicide.

Albert Farris, formerly of Lincoln, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself in his home in Omah a, Neb., shortly after a warrant for his arrest had been served on him by Constable Bartram of Lincoln. The Lincoln officer had instructions to take Farris to Lincoln to answer the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Farris was under arrest and the constable had gone with him to his home to permit him to change his clothes before making his journey to Lincoln. While in his bedroom alone Farris shot himself, the bullet passing through his body almost grazing the heart. He has a chance of recovery though it is not certain how serious the wound might become

Farris victimized several business men for various sums.

# MAY CUT SHORT HIS TRIP.

Marquis Ito Suffering From Heart Trouble at Chicago.

Stricken by recurrent affections of the heart, a malady to which he has long been subject, Marquis Hirobumi Ito, former premier of Japan, is confined to his room at the Auditorium annex, and may be forced to abandon his prospective tour of the United States. His conditions are such that his attendants are much distressed concerning him. All plans for the visit in Chicago were laid aside, and no arrangements were made for the continuance of the journey. F. Koyama, the Marquis' physician. announced that the nobleman's condition was less hopeful than during the early part of the journey, and that the party may be forced to return to Ja-

# MORMON CHURCH HEAD DIES

President Lorenzo Snow Succombs to Old Age.

A Salt Lake, Utah, dispatch of October 10 says; President Lorenzo Snow of the Mormon church is dead. Mr. Snow contracted a severe cold, which developed into acute bronchitis, resulting in his death. President Snow was a native of Ohio, where he was born in 1814. He succeeded the late Wilford Woodruff as president of the church about four years ago.

# Rublin and Jeffries to Fight.

November 15 has been agreed upon as the date for the Jeffries-Ruhlin fight in San Francisco. Jeffries has posted his \$2,500 forfeit in cash and nothing remains now but the selection of the referee. It is generally understood that Harry Corbett will be chosen, if he will accept. Tim Hagerty, the Australian, who came to meet McGovern, has agreed to meet "Kid" Lavigne.

Fatal Wreek on L. & N. A wreck on the Louisville and Nashville railroad at Wasioto, Ky., recently, resulted in the death of engineer James Shumate of Middlesboro. James Hale, brakeman, was perhaps fatally injured. John Cooper was slightly bruised. The wreck was caused by a crosstle being placed on the track. A man was arrested at Wasioto charged with the

Whaleback Steamer Lost.

A Washington, D. C., dispatch of October 9 says: The life saving service has received the following from its station at Bailey's Harbor, Wis.: "The Whaleback steamer Thomas Wilson totally lost. The crew, twenty men, saved by life saving service."

A tornado passed two miles south of Clifton, Kas., doing much damage to buildings. The path of the storm was righty rods wide and everything was swept before it. Vague reports of casualties are coming in.

### 3,000 ROOTERS GO NORTH

Nobraskans Flocked to the Flour City to See Football Game.

Nebraska was represented Saturday at the Minnesota-Nebraska football game by three thousand enthusiastic supporters of the Scarlet and Cream.

Interest in the contest and the rate war of the railroads are the factors responsible for the enormous crowd that went north

The Elkhorn railroad carried five special traid loads of people from the city, beginning to move the crowd on Thursday evening when two trains left. Three trains, carrying thirtytwo cars loaded to the guard rails left Lincoln station Friday evening. Added to this the Burlington sent out a special train of nine carloads of people bedeeked with scarlet and cream

For the five trains nearly 2,600 tickets were sold. The Burlington carried

450, making a total of of 3,000 people. So great was the demand for tickets and so meager were the resources of the roads that it was with difficulty equipment of any kind could be fur-

#### For Better Reports.

Thomas J. Baldwin of Council Bluffs, special field agent of the division of statistics, United States department of agriculture, called recently on Deputy Labor Commissioner C. E. Watson. Mr. Watson introduced the stranger to Governor Savage and a conversation followed in regard to closer relations of state and government statistitians in regard to crop reports. Mr. Baldwin called attention to the lack of reliable reports from Nebraska relative to crop acreage and made a plea for remedial legislation. It was suggested that precinct assessors should be required by law to complete returns. The governor approved the idea.

Chicago Murderer Hanged.

George Dolinski of Chicago, convicted of murder, was hanged there recently. The crime for which Dolinski paid the extreme penalty was the murder of his brother-in-law, Anton Lisle, a year ago. Dolinski had become infatuated with Mrs. Lisle. who was his wife's sister. The evidence against Dolinski, while mainly circumstantial was sufficient to convince the jury that murder had been done in order that Dolinski might mary Mrs. Liste.

#### Threatened Life of Pope.

Glavinovitch, the anarchist arrested at Rome recently, a short time after his arrival from Dalmatia, he having been heard to threaten the lives of the pope and Cardinal Rampoli, pontifical secretary of state, has been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for carrying deadly weapons, and then to be deported to his home in Dalmatia.

### Elevator Burned.

The elevator on the Burlington road at Pawnee City, Neb., belonging to A. D. Johnsan was totally destroyed by fire. It is not known how the fire originated. The loss is about four thousgrain in the elevator.

# Northern Limited Wrecked.

The north coast train westbound on the Northern Pacific was ditched at Dempsey, Mont. Six crowded passenger coaches left the track but remained uprignt. The wreck was caused by a lot of bridge timbers being piled too near the track and which were struck by the train. Railroad officials insist that no one was injured.

# Chicago Man Kills Himself.

George Rankin, a prominent board and no sign of fear was manifest. Osof trade member and a partner in the mir and Selim stood like two deaf commission firm of John Rankin & Co., committed suicide in Oak Park, Chicago. Mr. Rankin mourned deeply over the death of his wife three years ago, and members of his family attrib- | them out, and guard them well. Place ute his act to this sorrow.

# Charge Not Sustained.

Ernest Seton Thompson, the noted writer on wild animals, and John Goff, the guide, who were arrested by Game Warden Bush in Rio Blanco county, Colo., charged with violating the game laws, were acquitted on trial of the case at Meeker.

# Kills the Station Agent.

Mrs. E. Valli was arrested at Denver for alleged complicity in her husband's death, who had been found dead with his head beaten to a pulp. The coro- tected the notorious Scourge, Julian. ners verdict charged the crime to Charles Baker who is said to be in love with the victim's young wife. The the hermit. tragedy occurred near Jefferson, Colo.

# Choate Will Not Resign.

A London dispatch says: There is no foundation for the report published in the United States that Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador, who proposes to sail for the United States with his family soon, in order to take a holiday, will not return to London.

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Iowa literary association adourned after electing F. F. Dowley of ledar Rapids, president.

Armour & Co., have bought land and will build a million-dollar packing he had before exhibited. "I have a seplant at East St. Louis. By the giving way of girders Frank

C. Bence was killed and three men injured at Bay City, Mich. The sultan of Turkey received in private audience, General Porter, am-

bassador to France, and Mrs. Porter. Railway passes will not be abolished December 31 next. The plan to wipe them out of existence was killed at a meeting of the executive officials of the western railroads at Chicago.

At St. Peter, Minn., Frank Tanke and his wife were arrested, charged with the murder of John Wellner, the woman's former husband. Wellner, a wealthy farmer, lived near Lafayette and was killed on the night of January 1, 1899.

# The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East... SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Executioners. At an early hour the follwing morning he sent for Omar, wh soon answered the call.

"I have one word to say-or quest to make," said Horam, aftir the morning's greetings had passed wish you once more to tell me story of Helena's innocence, and thenceforth to remain silent upd the subject. I may have dreamed some of the things that now startle my thoughts; for I am not clear at what point you left me last night."

Thus called upon, the king of Appro related all that he had told on the previous evening, and then made ome further explanation of incidents witch he had not before revealed. It we a plain, simple statement, bearing the stamp of truth upon every word.

"O!" groaned Horam, clasping thin hands together, "what would I give to call Helena back to life! It it cannot be. She is gone-and s was innocent!"

He started up from his seat, at walked several times across the floor and when he next approached hi royal guest, he had grown calmer and his lip had ceased its quivering "Omar, I have no blame for you Henceforth let the book be sealed."

He had taken one or two more urns up and down the apartment, gence that Benoni had arrived, and desired audience.

"Send him in at once. Good brother, you will remain with me." This last was spoken to Omar, who had turned to leave.

In a little while Benoni made his appearance, and Horam was sure he could see the flush of victory upon his brow.

"Now, my captain, what word do you bring?"

"Good word, sire. We have captured those whom you desired to see, and have also brought an old man and old woman who resided in the cave."

"Have you brought the Lady Ulinand the robber chieftain-and Osmir and Selim?" "Yes, sire."

"And these others are the old hermit, Ben Hadad, and the woman who lives with him?"

"Yes, sire." "By the crown I wear!" cried the monarch, leaping up and clapping his hands, "this is enough to make me forget the wrongs I have suffered. Let and dollars with insurance of about the robber chieftain and the two three thousand. There was but little treacherous guards be brought before me. But-hold. There was one other spoken of by the Arab-the lieutenant

"He was not in the cave, sire; nor was he about the place."

"Very well. Let the chieftain be brought in."

The captain retired, and presently returned, followed by Julian and the two guards. They were heavily ironed, and six stout soldiers walked behind them. The youthful chieftain had schooled himself for the ordeal,

mutes, seeming to care nothing for the fate that surely awaited them. 'That is all," said Horam, after he had looked at the prisoners. "Take twenty of your most trusty men over them, and remember that those twenty | me?"

heads shall answer for the safety of the charge." "Shall I conduct them to a dun-

geon, sire?" "No,-there is no need of it. They will not live to behold the setting of this day's sun!"

Ben Hadad did not tremble when he stood before the king; nor did Ezabel

seem much frightened. "Old man," said Horam, "I understand that you have harbored and pro-"He hath found sheiter with me, as have all who ever sought it," replied

"And you also harbored the lady Ulin. You knew who she was, and that she had fled from her home."

"Yes." "And perhaps you knew why sh

fled?" She told me her story, sire."

"It is enough," cried the king, impatiently. "I wish to hear no more. You both stand condemned, and the degree of your punishment shall be made known to you soon enough.

Omar was upon the point of making some remark, when Benoni entered. "Now, Benoni," said Horam, with more nervousness in his manner than rious question to ask you; and I desire that you should answer me promptly and truly. You have noticed the conduct of the princess Ulin?"

"Yes, sire, she is in love with Julian the robber." Benoni again went out; but he did

not have to go far, as he met Aboul coming towards the royal apartment. The king greeted him as he entered, and asked him if he had seen his daughter.

"Yes, sire," replied the minister, "I have just left her."

"Have you talked with her?"

"Then you must have discovered the secret which hath been imparted to me. Did you speak with her of this robber chieftain?"

"I did, stre."

"Well-what did you observe?" "O, mercy, sire-spare my child!" "That is not the answer to my question, Aboul. I asked you what you

discovered." "I discovered," returned the minister, in tones of deepest dread, "that her love had been turned from you."

"Aye-and upon whom?" "Upon Julian, sire."

"That is it, Aboul," cried the king, again starting up. "That is the thing that enters most deeply into my soul. And now I will tell you what the girl's punishment shall be. She shall witness the death of her robber lover; she shall see his head severed from his body-and then she shall be shut up, to lead a solitary life, through the rest of her days! None of her own sex shall attend upon her; but black guards shall be her sole companions. What say you to that?"

The executioners were not long in obeying the order. A large mat was brought in and spread upon the floor, and three stout baskets of palm-leaf were placed upon it. The mat and the baskets were darkly stained, and even Omar, used as he was to such scenes, shuddered when he beheld the preparations. When all was ready, Horam turned to his captain and ordered that all the prisoners should be brought in.

At length they came. Julian and Osmir and Selim came first. Then folwhen a messenger entered with intelli- lowed Beh Hadad and Ezabel, with Shubal and Ortok. And lastly came Ulin and Albia.

The robber chieftain was led up to the block. His arms were folded upon his broad bosom, with the heavy chains hanging almost to his feet, and his head was borne erect. There was a deep pain-mark in his face, but

it was not of fear for himself. "Outlaw!" spoke Horam, through his shut teeth, and with his thin hands clenched, "the hour has come in which you are to close your career of rapine and robbery; and these people who have been friends to you, and who have given you protection in your crime, are to see your head fall. Perhaps you would ask for mercy."

"No!" said the chieftain. "I ask no mercy at the hand of Horam of Damascus. Let the work be finished as quickly as possible, and thus shall one more be added to the list of thy bloody deeds. I could wish to live that I might take more vengeance on thee."

"And is there not one thing for which you would live?" asked the king, bending a searching, burning glance upon him

Julian started, and struggled; but made no reply. And in a moment more Horam turned to his chief executioner. "Bel Dara, go now to your work.

Let this man's head fall first. Your

arm is strong, and your hand is sure Bend him upon his knees, and watch for my signal." There was a low, wild cry breaking upon the air; and as Julian turned his

head, he saw Ulin, white and faint, in the arms of her attendant. Before the grim executioners could bend the robber chieftain to his knees there was an interruption in the proceedings. The voice of Ben Hadad. stern and authoritative, sounded above

"King of Damascus, ere you stain your hands with that man's blood, I must reveal to you a secret which it is fitting you should know."

all else:

"Old man," he said, "you speak a secret. Do you think to trifle with

"I have to cause a simple story to be unfolded to your majesty," replied Ben Hadad; "and if you will grant this woman speech, she will give you light."

The king looked hard into the face of Ezabel, and for the first time he seemed to be struck by something familiar in her features. A moment he sat as if irresolute, and then he said, starting up as though his mind were fixed:

"Let the woman approach." Ezabel came near to the throne, Ben

Hadad walking close behind her. "Woman, what is it that you have to tell? Speak, and let not the words lag upon your lips."

"I speak by the request of Ben Hadad," replied Ezabel; "and the story which I shall tell you is known only to the old hermit and myself. Even Julian himself knows not the secret I have to impart, and were he now upon the verge of death, no persuasion should draw it from me. It may be that the disclosure will consign me to your executioner; but I care not. I shall waste no words. I was born in this city, and was married at an early age. One son was born to me, and then my husband died. Shortly after this bereavement I was called to nurse a sick child-a girl, some three years old-who was suffering from an accident. The child recovered under my care, and as I had formed a strong attachment for her, and as she had also conceived the same for me, I was retained to attend upon her. Her parents were of the wealthiest of Damascus, and while they made it very pleasant for me to remain with their daughter, they also provided a good place for my son, Hobaddan, My charge grew up to be a beautiful maiden, and became my mistress; and I cerved her with joy, for she was good and kind and generous; and I knew that she loved me. In time my mistress became a wife, and I went with her to her new home. For a few months all went pleasantly under this me so last night."-Chicago Tribuna

new relation; but finally a dark cloud arose to obscure the heaven of my lady's joy. Her husband became jealous of her-became so jealous that his soul was fraught with deadly vengeance. He fancied that his wife's guilt had been proved, and he resolved to put her away from him forever. Her protestations availed nothing. He would not listen to her-he would not even allow her to approach him; but he gave her into the hands of his executioners, and bade them drown her in the waters of the Pharphar. I discovered what was to be done, and slipped away from the home of the cruel husband, and sought my son. who had then become a stout youth. Hobaddan and I hid ourselves near the gates of the city, and when the executioners came out, we followed them. They had with them a large sack, and I knew that my mistress. was in it. We saw them sink that sack in the river-they sank it where the water was dark and deep-sank it in the middle of the night-and then went away. As soon as they were gone we hurried to the shore, and my son plunged into the stream, and succeeded in bringing the sack to the land. We opened it, and my sweet mistress was taken forth, cold and senseless; but she was not dead. Her heart still had motion, and after much labor we succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. The next need was to find a safe shelter for her. We dared not take her back to the city. I thought of the hermit, Ben Hadad. I had heard that he was a benevolent man. and I resolved to seek him. We found his cave; and when he had heard my story, he promised to give us shelter.

and to protect the unfortunate lady. "My mistress so far recovered as to be able to sit up; but she could not get well. Her system had received too great a shock, and her poor heart was broken. In two weeks from the time when she entered the cave she gave birth to a son, and shortly afterwards she died. She died as pure and true as heaven itself, and her child was the offspring of an honor which no temptation could have tarnished. She died: but the child lived and thrived-lived. and grew strong, and noble, and bold. We told him how his mother had been wronged; but we did not tell him all. We did not tell him who his father was; only we told him that he owed his orphanage to the king of Damascus. When he grew up he resolved that the king should suffer for the deed he had done, and subsequent events have proved that his resolution was

not vain. "This, sire, is the son of the woman who was my mistress. Julian, the Scourge of Damascus is the child I have reared. Would you know more?"

Horam sat in his great chair, with his hands clutched tightly upon the golden arms, and his whole frame quiv-

"O," he gasped, "the secret is nigh to the surface! What shall I ask?" The king of Aleppo moved to Horam's side, and whispered in his ear.

"Aye," exclaimed the quaking monarch, when he had listened to the words of his brother, "it shall be so. What ho! Benoni-clear this chamber of all save this old man and woman, and this-this-Julian! Lead them out quickly, and remain with them to watch them.'

In a few moments the two kings were alone with the three prisoners who had been designated.

"Now-now-speak!" "King of Damascus," said the aged hermit, taking a step forward, "allow me to tell you the rest. The suns of almost a hundred years have rolled over my head, and not yet have I willingly deceived a fellow creature to his injury. What this woman has told you is true. The lady who was brought to my cave three-and-twenty years ago-who gave birth to a child there-and who died in Ezabel's arms. was Helens. Queen of Damascus! And the son which she bore was the son of the king-I swear it; and in support thereof, I pledge my soul's sal-

(To be continued.)

vation!"

Evidence of Desire to Sell.

Wu Ting-fang, who was a guest at a recent wedding in Washington, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocu'arly asked to go over to the young couple and propounce a Chinese parental blessing. The obliging Wu immediately complied. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking groom, he said: "May every new year bless you with a man child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man-children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren and may

these grandchildren -It is said that the little bride grew hysterical about this time, says the New York Times, and the best man made another request of Wu-thir

Not the Girl for Him.

time to desist.

The father was quite anxious for his son to marry, and on every occasion he was picking out what he thought was a suitable girl. One night at a dinner the old gentleman sat next to a very attractive young woman, and on his way home he was loud in his praises. "My boy," he said, "she's the very girl for you." "Not much." replied the boy, with peculiar empha- 5 sis. "But I say she is," insisted papa "And I say not," insisted the son The father became testy on the subject. "You're too hard to please. You don't expect a woman to be perfect. do you?" "No." "Then why isn't this one just the girl for you?" "Because." replied the young man with an effort "she's for some other fellow. She told