

**Red Cloud Chief.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA  
The new state hymn adopted for Rhode Island is sung to the music of the Austrian hymn.  
This year's harvest in the south of Ireland is stated to be the best experienced for a quarter of a century.  
An enterprising person in Chicago has discovered that the bee keeps just as busy in storing away honey on the third floor of a home as in a hollow tree in the woods.  
A remarkable case of suicide came under the notice of the authorities at Cureshem, near Brussels, recently. A printer driven to despair by habitual drunkenness, made his own coffin, placed it in position, and hanged himself. The corpse was found dangling over the coffin.  
Professional baseball umpires are so worried by the abuse they receive that most of them are subject to nervous complaints. Aware of this fact, some of the life insurance companies refuse to issue policies to them. It is only a short time ago when an amateur umpire in Farmersburg, N. Y., was clubbed to death because he rendered an unfavorable decision.  
Jean Paul says that the mother puts the commas and semicolons into the child's life, the father the colons and periods. The whole punctuation of the late Empress Frederick's life was inherently royal. As Mr. Balfour recently put it before the House of Commons, she was "endowed with gifts of nature and of education which would have made her, even in another station, a remarkable and accomplished woman."  
In mine accidents it has often happened that rescuers were baffled and lives were sacrificed because the exact whereabouts of the imperiled men were unknown. The mine owners of Scranton are about to place telephones at regular intervals along the workings in their mines, so that the instruments may be easy of access to the men when danger demands their use. The step is greatly to be commended, and it suggests other beneficial uses of the telephone.  
"Government in America is practically shaped in the caucus. For the Christian man the primary meeting should be as sacred an appointment as the place of prayer, and if the Christian men of a community would interest themselves, they could get good men nominated." These words, spoken at the recent Christian Endeavor convention, embody a truth familiar to all, yet one that it is well to emphasize during the month before election. The evils which exist in politics are largely the result of the neglect of duty by the very men who most loudly complain of them.  
A curious story comes from the Russian frontier. At the little Russian town of Wysliten 400 families became homeless owing to a great fire. The town being next to Rominten, where the Emperor William shoots every year, his majesty not only sent soldiers to help extinguish the fire, but gave £500 for the distressed townspeople. The weather being inclement, blankets were bought for those who were compelled to camp out of doors. The Russian customs officials refused to admit the blankets until the high customs duty, which in Russia is imposed upon such articles, was paid.  
The wire cables used by tourists for protection and aid in Alpine climbing may prove a source of danger. On July 20 several tourists made an ascent of the Tribulaun, in the Stubai Alps. Near the summit, where the ascent had to be made with the help of wire cables, the rocks began to emit a humming noise, and an ice-pick, coming in contact with the cable, produced a spark. Shortly before there had been a thunderstorm, which caused this electrical disturbance. Before the tourists realized what was occurring, the lightning struck the cable, stunned a tourist and the guide and buried them several hundred metres below.  
The federal government and the state of Minnesota will soon clash in the courts over the question of the ownership of many thousands of acres of valuable lands. The tract in dispute is situated in northern Minnesota, running from Rainy Lake to Lake Superior, a distance of about 200 miles and taking in the entire northern tier of townships. The lands are located in the gold fields recently discovered and on that account are considered very valuable. The lands were selected by the state under the provisions of the Swamp act of 1860, but it is contended by the Washington officials that the tract so chosen on the border of Canada is not swamp land, hence the proceedings.  
One of the most talented men in England is Walter Crane, the decorative artist. He is a teacher and writer in art, a book illustrator, a painter, a designer of furniture, glass, mosaic, wall paper and fabric. He is, besides, a poet, lecturer and a fearless Socialist.  
Albany, N. Y., claims the honor of having made the first carriage manufactured entire in this country. Several were built in the year 1814, and the event was duly noted at the time as an evidence of the spread of United States enterprise.

## THE ROOF CAVES IN

Frank Koltenback, a Farm Hand Smothered to Death.

### LOSES HIS LIFE IN UNUSED CAVE

He Was Soon to be Married—Lifeless Body Found by Members of Family of Intended Bride—Was Highly Respected—Other News.

Word comes from Beatrice, Neb., of a fatal accident which occurred on the farm of Mrs. Philip Graff, three miles west of that city. Frank Koltenback, a young man twenty-nine years of age, who had been employed on the farm for the past twelve years, went into an unused cave for the purpose of making some repairs. It is supposed that he knocked out one of the timbers causing the roof to cave in on him. When he was missed a few hours later and investigation made his lifeless body was found under the earth. The deceased was a most highly respected German and it is said he was to be married to the daughter of Mrs. Graff.

In view of the intended marriage it is said Mrs. Graff had bought the Oscar Filley residence in Beatrice with the intention of moving there and leaving the young couple on the farm.

### ROCKHILL ON HIS WAY HOME

Commissioner is Hopeful of Continued Peace in China.

W. W. Rockhill, the commissioner who represented the United States in the conference between the allies and the Chinese arrived at Victoria, B. C., on the Empress of Japan on his way to Washington. He has with him a copy of the protocol between China and the powers, which was recently signed by the representative of the powers. He will proceed directly to Washington. Affairs in China have assumed their normal state, the commissioner said, in answer to a question. He did not anticipate any further outbreak, but there was no telling what would happen in China. The so-called insurrections in Kan Su and Manchuria, he said, were simply local uprisings, and had been very much exaggerated.

### ESTIMATES FOR THE NAVY

Increase for the Fiscal Year Ending in 1903.

The estimate for the navy for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, were made public at the navy department. The total amount is \$98,910,981, against \$77,924,535 appropriated for the current year. The chief increases are \$2,500,000 for construction; \$2,000,000 for armor and \$129,325 in the appropriation for yards and docks.

Secretary Long, in speaking of the estimates, said that they were made with a due regard to the needs of the navy, and intimated that they had had the approval of the administration.

### CHINA WANTS MANCHURIA

Li Hung Chang Asks Russia to Cede It Back to the Celestials.

Twice within a week Li Hung Chang has visited N. Paul Lessar, Russian minister to China. Chinese assert that Earl Li has pressed for the recession of Manchuria. Mr. Lessar proposing that China should send a special envoy to St. Petersburg to arrange terms, and Earl Li suggesting for the mission his greatest enemy, Chang Chi Tong. The report must be accepted with some reserve.

### Settle Feud With Fight.

A London dispatch says: The long standing feud between the Durham and Worcester regiments of infantry culminated in a serious affray at Aldershot, when the Worcesters with fixed bayonets and ball cartridges, attacked the quarters of the Durhams. Severe fighting followed during which many of the men were injured. A number of the Durhams are suffering from dangerous bayonet wounds.

### Recovering From His Wounds.

George Pease, the Plattsburgh man, who was shot while returning home from a dance several weeks ago, has almost recovered from his wounds. At first it was feared blood poisoning would set in, but the attending physician succeeded in removing the bullet which had lodged in his neck. Charles Sitzman, who is charged with the shooting, is now in jail awaiting trial at the November term of district court.

### Postal Reform in Effect.

Assistant Postmaster General Madden has issued orders providing for the first exclusion of publications from the second-class mail privileges under the recent amendments to the regulations governing second-class matter. This first list of publications is sweeping and embraces a number of well-known serial issues.

### Stock Exchange a Monopoly.

Judge Marshall Gephart, in a decision handed down in the district court at Holton, Kan., holds that the charging of a commission prescribed by the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange for the purchase or sale of live stock by the members of the exchange, is illegal, and that such a commission cannot be collected by law. The decision in effect holds that the Kansas City Stock Exchange is a monopoly and an outlaw, and that its transactions are in violation of the Kansas statutes.

## FIRE IN A CHICAGO HOTEL

One Man Loses His Life and Three Narrowly Escape.

One man lost his life, three persons narrowly escaped suffocation and a score or more guests of the Garden City hotel, 48-48 Sherman street, Chicago, were rescued from upper floors by firemen in a treacherous blaze in that hotel. The dead man is Levi Whitman, a resident of Indiana, whose body was found, after the fire had been extinguished, in a court to the rear of the building. Whitman leaped from a third story window in an effort to escape. The hotel was filled with guests, many of whom had retired for the night. The flames spread with such rapidity that those on the upper floors were entirely cut off. The loss to the hotel was small.

## ROGERS LITIGATION ENDS

Metropolitan Museum of Art Gets Bulk of Property.

A New York dispatch says that all litigation with regard to the will of the late Jacob S. Rogers has been settled. The Metropolitan museum of art gets the bulk of the estate, valued at \$5,000,000. The amount paid in settlement was \$250,000, about 5 per cent on the amount involved and not much more than a year's normal income on this amount of property.

### Faithful Employee Remembered.

The Nebraska City Daily News publishers presented B. F. Morden, who has been their foreman for twenty-seven years, and who leaves for Portland, Ore., to make his future home, with a fine gold watch. The ladies of the M. E. church also gave Mr. Morden and wife a farewell reception, which was largely attended, and they were presented with a handsome silver tea service as a token of the high esteem in which they are held by members of the church.

### Mutiny on German Ironclad.

The Berlin Tageblatt says that there is on board the coast ironclad mutinous conduct similar to that which recently occurred on board the cruiser Gassel. Some of the sailors on the Hagen cut the fire hose and damaged other parts of the fire apparatus. It is supposed that the action of the sailors was due to discontent on account of their furloughs having been curtailed.

### Burglars Cause Fire.

Burglars blew open the safe in the office of the Bluffton Milling company at Bluffton, O., with a large charge of dynamite. The building caught fire and the entire plant was destroyed, causing a loss \$25,000. It is said the burglars secured nothing, as the safe was empty. They fired two shots at Night Operator Greer who attempted to turn in a fire alarm, and escaped.

### Henderson Sent to Prison.

H. C. Henderson, who has been in jail at Dallas, Texas, for a year and a half, and who claims he assisted in the kidnaping of Eddie Cudahy at Omaha, was sent from Dallas to the state penitentiary. Henderson was a year ago convicted of swindling in several cases and now goes to serve thirteen years in the penitentiary.

### Fell From Fourth Floor.

Mrs. Parmenter, wife of Lieutenant Henry E. Parmenter, a naval officer on duty in Washington, D. C., fell from a fourth story window in the Portland flats, and striking on a stone sidewalk, received probably fatal injuries. Mrs. Parmenter had been in poor health for some time.

### A New and Tiny Prisoner.

A Sofia, Bulgaria, dispatch says: During the night another letter from Miss Ellen M. Stone's companion, Mme. Tsilka, was found posted on her parents' door, announcing that Mme. Tsilka had given birth to a child, and that both the infant and the mother were doing well.

### Inspectors Prove Robbers.

Three men representing themselves to be gas inspectors, entered a house on Seo street, Rochester, N. Y., and after beating into insensibility Mrs. L. M. French and Mrs. A. A. Gardiner both about sixty years of age, ransacked the place. They secured jewelry valued at \$3,000 and escaped.

### Alaska Department Merged.

A dispatch received at the war department from General Randall, dated from Dutch Harbor, Alaska, reads: "The department of Alaska was discontinued September 30. Leave tonight for Valdez and Skagway." The Department of Alaska has been merged into the Department of Columbia.

### Killed by Electric Car.

D. F. Holman, inventor of the Holman railway track layer, an appliance in use on many railroads where construction work is being done, was struck and killed by an electric car at Oak park, Chicago. Mr. Holman was seventy years old and well-known in railroad circles.

## THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany is still confined to her sick room.

The body of Arthur Bryant of Lowden, Ill., was sent to his home from Oklahoma. It is believed he was murdered.

The textile workers at Vogtlaud, Germany, have made a demand for higher wages, declaring that unless these are granted they will go on a strike.

# The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...  
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.  
Copyrighted 1881 by H. B. Benson's Sons.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued).  
Julian stood like one thunderstruck. He raised his manacled hands to his brow, and tried to realize the force of the wonderful thing he had heard.  
Horam started to his feet, and then sank back, and buried his face in his hands. His thoughts had suddenly flown from the story of the present hour to that other story which he had heard on the night before; and the crash almost took away his senses.  
Omar, when he saw how matters stood, felt called upon to speak; for he believed that he had discovered two things: First, that his old friend and brother was struggling to open his breast to his child; and, second, that Julian might be brought to forgiveness when he knew the whole truth.  
"My friends," he said, rising to his feet as he spoke, "the story is not yet complete. It remains for me to finish it."  
Ben Hadad and Esabel gazed eagerly up into his face; and Julian leaned toward him, with a beam of hope struggling upon his brow.  
"I am to blame in this matter; or, at least, I was the innocent cause," continued the King of Aleppo, addressing Ben Hadad and Esabel. "It was I who gave to Horam the evidence upon which he condemned his wife. I supposed the guilt of the lady Helena was positive, as I had the information from officers who would not lie; and I felt it my duty to acquaint the husband with the circumstances. On my way back to my capital, while stopping in Balbec, I gained information which assured me that the Queen of Damascus was innocent; and immediately I sent back two of my officers to convey intelligence thereof to Horam. But those messengers never reached their destination. They must have been robbed and murdered on the way. I pursued my course homeward, and amid the duties of my realm, the thing passed from my mind. Yesterday I saw Horam for the first time in three-and-twenty years; and last evening I revealed to him the fact that his first and best beloved wife, Helena, was wrongfully accused—that she was pure and true. When this truth burst upon him, his grief overcame him, and I feared that the shock would kill him."  
"Aye," cried Horam, starting up again, "it did almost kill me; for Helena was my first love, and her place was never refilled. O, my brother, what can I do?"  
"Do what is right," replied Omar, taking Horam's outstretched hand. "Be a man, and let the heart assert its sway. Remember that you did the first great deed of wrong; and that all the other evil has flowed out from that one unfortunate act."  
The King of Damascus stood for a moment with his head bowed upon Omar's shoulder, and his hand still in Omar's grasp. Then he started up, and his countenance had changed.  
"By the blood of my heart," he exclaimed, "the wrong shall not grow deeper against me! What, ho! Without, there! Slaves!—attend me!"  
The executioners chanced to be nearest, and they answered the call.  
"Bel-Dara, strike those Irons from that man's limbs! Strike off every bond, and set him free! If you harm him as much as the prick of a rose-thorn, your life shall answer for it!"  
The executioner stopped to ask no questions—he did not even stop to wonder at the order; but he proceeded to the work, and in a very few minutes the prisoner was free.  
Then the king started down from the throne, and advanced to where the freed man stood.  
"My son," he said, extending both his hands, "the truth has come so naked and so plain, that there is no room for doubt; and I now see that you bear upon your face the features of your noble mother—God pardon me for the wrong I was led to do her! And, my son,—here, in the presence of these witnesses, I ask you to forget the past—I ask you to be my son—I ask you to let me be your father;—and then, O, then, Horam will be no more childless!"  
Julian had no power to resist the appeal; and as the old king tottered forward the son supported him upon his bosom, and sustained him in the embrace of his stout arms.  
And yet Julian was not content. His face wore still a cloud; and there was trouble in his heart.  
"What could it mean? Horam feared that his son could not quite love him. Omar saw the trouble, and divined its cause; and stepping quickly forward he whispered into the ear of his brother. Horam caught at the words, and the star of hope beamed again. He clasped his hands and cried out:  
"What, ho! Without! Where is Benoni?"  
"The captain came."  
"Benoni, bring the lady Ulin!"  
Pale and trembling the princess entered the chamber; but when she saw Julian alive and free, with the shackles broken at his feet, the blood leaped again through her veins. But she had not much opportunity for thought, for the king quickly advanced and took her hand, and led her to Julian.  
"My son, this do I give thee in token of my sincerity! Now wilt thou own me for thy father, and forget all of the past save that which tells that we are of one flesh? Take this fair hand, and with it my forgiveness to you both—my forgiveness to all who have befriended you. Take it, my son, and ere Omar leaves us for his northern

realm he shall see Horam's own son sitting upon the throne of Damascus, while Horam himself withdraws from the world, that his last days may be spent in quiet repose."  
No longer rested the cloud upon Julian's brow. He caught the small white hand which had been placed within his grasp, and sank down upon his knees—sank down, he and Ulin, one in love forevermore—and bowed before the king.  
"My father—I accept the blessing! I am thy son!"  
THE END.

## The Blind Bride.

By Amy Randolph.

Bentley Grange was a pretty place at all times of the year, but loveliest of all when the reapers were at work in the harvest fields and the yellow light of the October sun turned the woodland paths to enchanted aisles. A long, low structure of warmly tinted red brick, with mullioned windows, velvet-smooth sweeps of lawn and box borders, which stood up like walls of solid emerald on each side of the path, it had a savor of the antique about it, which one seldom sees in an American house.  
And old Brande Bentley, walking up and down in the mellow sunshine, between the walls of black-green box, with his eyes bent on the ground, and his hands clasped behind his back, corresponded well with the Grange.  
Suddenly a cheerful footstep rang on the stone terrace steps—the sound of a clear, flute-like whistle rose above the click of the distant mowing machine, and Harry Wade, the old man's nephew, stood like an incarnation of youth and sunshine before him.  
"Uncle," he cried merrily, "you've got the prettiest place in the world here."  
Mr. Bentley took out his big, old-fashioned silver watch.  
"Two o'clock," said he, "and the bank don't close until four. Humph! It appears to me, young man, that you don't stick very close to business hours!"  
"Like a limpet, uncle," said Harry. "And just for today. Will Cary has come to act as a substitute, for I really wanted to see you, uncle."  
"Humph!" again commented Mr. Bentley. "You're very fond of me—just of late!"  
"I'm always fond of you, Uncle Brande," said Harry, gravely, "but I've something to tell you."  
"Some scrape you've got into," said Mr. Bentley.  
"Nothing of the sort, sir!"  
"Want to borrow money, perhaps?"  
"Upon my word, no!"  
"You've fallen in love with some girl, then?"  
"You are right this time, uncle," said Harry, laughing and coloring; "and, of course, I have come directly to you to tell you of my good fortune. It is little Bessie Bird!"  
"A milliner's apprentice!" snarled the old bachelor.  
"If she chooses to help her mother along by trimming hats in her aunt's millinery room, I see nothing derogatory in that," said Harry, valiantly.  
"A mere child of seventeen!"  
"But I don't want an old lady of forty-seven!"  
"Humph!" growled Mr. Bentley. "What do either of you know of life?"  
"Not much, to be sure, uncle, as yet," admitted the young lover, "but we think we can easily learn—together."  
"And where do you think the napkins and tablecloths and bread and butter and rent and water taxes are to come from?" sardonically inquired Brande Bentley.  
"I have my salary, Uncle Brande," said Harry, "and Bessie has been educated to be very economical."  
"I'll have nothing to say to such nonsense," said Mr. Bentley.  
"But, Uncle Brande, all we want is—"  
"Nothing, I say—absolutely nothing!" thundered the old man. "It's folly—trash—sentimental tomfoolery! If you want my opinion, there it is! Time enough for you to think of matrimony when you are thirty. There ought to be a law to prevent young people making fools of themselves."  
And Brande Bentley turned on his heel and strode back into the house.  
So that Harry had no very inspiring news for Bessie Bird when he met her, as usual, on the corner of Broadway, to walk home with her through the pleasant autumn twilight.  
"Was he very cross?" said Bessie, who was a white-kittened sort of a girl, with fluffy yellow hair, dimples in her cheeks, and eyes the exact color of the "flowing-blue" china on our grandmother's shelves.  
"As savage as a bluebeard!"  
"Did he scold dreadfully?" asked Bessie.  
"Told me I was a fool!"  
"But if he won't consent—"  
"Then we must manage to get along without his consent," said Harry. "Because, you know, Bessie, I do love you so very dearly, and you like me a little, don't you?"  
"But your mother has always counted upon your being his heir," said Bessie. "And to lose all that money, just—"  
"Just for love and you," archly interrupted Harry. "Darling, there is

nothing in all the world half so sweet to me, or that I court half so ardently as my little Bessie—so let there be no further argument about it. These jolly old coves down at the bank are going to raise my salary fifty dollars at Christmas, and so if you can get your frock made we'll be married then. And set Uncle Brande and the world at defiance, eh?"  
The first November snowstorm was drifting its white flashes through the air when a visitor was shown into Brande Bentley's snug parlor.  
"Eh," said he, "a stranger, Jones? I never see strangers."  
"But you will see me!" said a soft voice—and a slender, golden-haired girl stood before him, neatly yet plainly dressed, her black cloak powdered over with snow, and a spectacled old lady by her side. "I am Bessie Bird—and this is my aunt, Miss Belton, the milliner."  
Miss Belton courtesied. Mr. Bentley stared.  
"I suppose you have come here to speak to me about my nephew."  
"Yes, sir," said Bessie.  
"It will be of no use," said he, curtly. "My opinions on the subject of his marriage remain unchanged."  
"But mine do not," said Bessie. "Please to hear me through, Mr. Bentley. I have written him a letter to give him up this morning. And I came to tell of it now, so that you will feel kindly towards him once more. I have told him we never could be married."  
"You're a sensible girl," said Mr. Bentley, smiling his hand on the table.  
"And I have sent him back the little garnet engagement ring that he gave me," added Bessie, with a sob in her throat.  
"Better and better!" said Uncle Brande, exultantly.  
"Not," bravely added Bessie, "because I don't love him as dearly and truly as I ever did. But because I see now how wrong it would be for me to fetter his whole life. For— She stopped an instant and a slight shudder ran through her frame. "I may as well tell you all, Mr. Bentley; I am going blind!"  
"Blind!" echoed the old man.  
"Blind," repeated Bessie, gently, but firmly. "I have had such strange blurs and darknesses come across my vision of late, and went to a doctor. And the doctor told me, as kindly as he could, that these are but the precursors of total blindness. So, of course, all is an end between Harry and me. Will you please tell him this? I have referred him to you for all particulars."  
"I will," said the old man, buskily. Harry Wade came to his uncle that very morning in great perturbation.  
"What does this mean, sir?" said he. "Have you been endeavoring to persuade her to throw me over?"  
"No, boy—no," said the old man, and he told him all.  
"I am bound to say that the girl has behaved very well," said he. "Shall you give her up?"  
"No! Never!" shouted Harry, with pale face and tightly clenched hand. "Never! If she was dear to me before, she shall be doubly treasured and sacred now—my little smitten lamb—my drooping, white lily-bud! I will never give her up while we both live!"  
The old man's eyes glittered, a faint color had risen into his withered cheeks, as he rose and grasped both his nephew's hands as in a vise.  
"You're a trump, Harry Wade!" said he. "I respect you more at this minute than ever before. Give her up, indeed! If you gave up that little jewel of a girl you would give up the beacon star of your existence. She is a pearl of price, Harry—a true and noble woman, who wouldn't have hesitated to sacrifice herself for your benefit. Marry her tomorrow if you will and bring her right here to Bentley Grange. It shall be her home and yours henceforward."  
And in this strange and sudden way, old Brande Bentley relented and took his niece-in-law-elect into his heart. Bessie in all the flush of her rose-bud beauty could never have melted his heart, but Bessie stricken down by God became sacred and precious in his sight.

## NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

The Scripture That Prevented a Young Widow's Remarriage.

Said a drummer visitor (Miss M. E. Boyd) to a young widow—a seamstress—in a New Hampshire hill town, one day last summer: "You must be lonely here now since your husband died. Perhaps you will feel like marrying again; you are not so very old."  
"Oh, Miss Mary," she answered in a voice full of feeling, "if I only could—if I only dared!" And then came the simple story and a touching example of "the New England conscience." She had loved in early youth a young man whom her mother disapproved as a suitor. He was a joiner by trade and worthy, but the mother, having higher ambitions, separated the couple. The girl married a quiet man, her senior, who died a few years later. Then, after a decent interval, the old lover, who had thriven in business, asked her again to become his wife. That seemed a beautiful and natural ending of the story. But no. "Ah!" cried the poor thing. "If I had loved my husband I could go to James with a happy heart—oh, how happy! Eh; although things were pleasant enough between my husband and me, I always felt the difference and at heart I was unfaithful to him. I think this is meant for my punishment for thinking of James while I had a husband living. We can never marry."—Buffalo Commercial.

In the huge mass of evil, as it rolls along and swells, there is ever some good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance and triumph.—Carlyle.