## NEBRASKA NEWS AND NOTES.

Items of Interest Taken From Here and There Over the State,

Two golden weddings were celebrated in Hall county last week. Thirty high school girls in Hum-

boldt put on black faces and gave a minstrel show. Seven of the alleged rioters in

South Omaha have been bound over to the district court.

for many years a resident of Tecumseh, died at the Soldiers' home in Leavenworth, Kas.

The 2-year-old son of John Suva, of Cuming county, got hold of a bottle of strychnine, partaking of enough to cause his death.

The Beaver Crossing high school has been recognized by the state university as a full twelve-grade school accredited to the university.

Arrangements are being made for the Central Nebraska Teachers' association and declamatory contest to be held in the last week in March.

The bill granting an extension to the Central Railroad & Bridge company to build a bridge at or near Omaha has passed both houses of congress.

Sam Story has been arrested at Le Grand, Ore., for the murder of Fred Smith in Cherry county, this state, some months ago. The murderer will be brought to Nebraska.

Clyde Bower of Kearney, 17 years old, son of A. G. Bower, had a portion of his left hand blown off by the accidental discharge of a shotgun while hunting on the Platte river.

A man was picked up by the section men on the Union Pacific railway track about six miles east of Schuyler. Sheriff Kaspar had him removed to Schuyler, where he now lies in an unconscious state.

Milford people are violently opposed to the legislature converting the Soldiers' and Sailors' home there into a dipsomaniac hospital for the treatment of the drug and liquor habit.

L. A. Jewell was killed in a sand pit two miles southeast of Ansley, while hauling sand for the Ansley Cement company. The sand caved in on him, crushing his head against a wagon wheel.

Fourteen members of the senior class of the Beatrice high school were dismissed for entering the room wearing red and white stockings and their trousers rolled up almost to their knees.

Sheriff Fischer of Otoe county took Mose Damme, a dipsomaniac, to Kansas City for treatment. He has been in Nebraska City jail for some time, having been brought there from Lorton, where he has resided for many years.

When Riley O'Keeffe and wife of Humboldt awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning they found their 4months-old baby lifeless between them. The child had been suffering and saw fleeing up the stairs-" from whooping cough and a complication of diseas

Soul of the Blue Bokhara

By FRANK LOVELL NELSON

Allen B. Curran, an old soldier, and One of Carlton Clarke's Telepatho-Deductive Solutions What see your

immensely wealthy New all my life and-" Yorker, was found stabbed

to death in his home. His it; even a strand of wool?" daughter and Ranleigh Harcamp were strange mystery which had grown out of the case.

A knock on the door put an end to our conversation. It was Collins, to whom I had given a quiet tip to stay with us through the case.

Another knock followed almost immediately, and 1 admitted Ranleigh Harcamp, whose face showed the first you and leave you that way." smile I had seen him give when he related the ease with which he had eluded Clancy's shadows.

"Now, Mr. Harcamp," began Clarke, I want you to tell us exactly what

happened last night." "I cannot," said Harcamp, between set teeth.

"Then I will have to tell you. Sit down, Mr. Harcamp."

"When you and Miss Drexlan returned from the theater," continued Clarke, "Mr. Drexlau met you and a violent scene occurred, is that right?" "Yes; I suppose Fogarty has told

you.' "Miss Drexlau, at her father's orders, finally went to her room in tears."

"I see by the papers Fogarty was eavesdropping," commented Harcamp. "Then you and Mr. Drexlau cooled

down. He suggested that you go into the billiard room and amuse yourself while he smoked a cigar, and maybe you would both see things in a different light. You became interested in practicing some difficult masse shot and stayed for some time."

"How in the name of heaven do you know all that?"

"Very simple. Balls carefully placed in line along the side rail, tip of cue badly damaged, your fingers covered with chalk. You were just about to attempt the shot after repeated failures when you heard Mr. Drexlau fall. You rushed into the hall

Harcamp rose with clenched fists and white face. "Stop: you lie! No man on God's earth knows whom I saw. "Ha, I thought I was right. You saw Miss Drexlau. Harcamp groaned and buried his face in his hands. "She didn't do it. She didn't do it. O! why didn't I confess to it and save her?" Clarke went over and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Now, brace up. Harcamp," he said. "It may not be as bad as you think. There is one

ARLTON CLARKE and Lyou repair it?" asked Clarke, interwere in New York-1 knew rupting his flow of description. not why-at the time Col. "Oh, no, gentlemen, it was perfect, James Watson Drexlau, an perfect. I have been dealing in rugs

"But haven't you even a thread of

"Why, no. You ask funny questions. the first upon the scene of the murder. More funny than young man who We became connected with the case come here every day 1 got the rug through my acquaintance with Col. and ask the price and cry when I tell lins, friend of my youth and one of him I sold it to Mr. Drexlau. And to the best reporters in Manhattan, think of Mr. Drexlan so soon killed! Clarke and I were discussing the I like to have the pick of his rugs. It make me rich.'

> 'From whom did you get the rug? broke in Clarke.

The Armenian's eyes kindled with suspicion. "What for you want to know that?" he said.

"Now," said Clarke, "tell me where you got the rug or I'll put the spell on

"Oh, I'll tell, I'll tell," said the frightened Oriental. "I had it of Israel Fangbone in Pell street. "A well-known fence," said Collins.

"If we find you've been lying I'll come back and look into your head and see everything you've ever done, warned Clarke.

"Oh, gentlemen, I tell the truth; and listen, I did repair it. Fangbone, he cut a little piece out of it, such a little piece. I weave it in and Mr. Drexlau never see it at all. I think Fangbone try to match the wool and get some fake ones made."

"A scheme that you doubtless suggested," said Clarke. "Now, haven't you that plece?'

"Oh, no, gentlemen. 1 gif you my word of honor. Fangbone he have

"Then to Pell street," commanded Clarke.

"I'm afraid you'll find Fangbone a tougher proposition than the Armeman," said Collins when we were once more in the cab.

"If he is a strong character his weak point is the more vulnerable," replied Clarke. "When I see him I will know where to attack."

Fangbone in truth was a veritable Fagin. He treated us with twisting. truculent hands, which seemed to itch. and his inky-black beard to bristle at the gain that might be derived from such a presentable set of rounders as he took us to be.

"Somedings I can show you, shentlemens? Some moneys you want, maybe? I haf it. Clarke made a careful survey of his

is money. The old man again repulses bim and points toward the door. The wealth, all that we longed for in the dark man still pleads with many pas- old days. But come to-morrow." sionate gestures toward a blue rug of The final act of the drama was surpassing beauty on the floor. At brief, We communicated with the inhist the old man advances and raises spector and he met us on the way to his hand as if to strike. There is a the Washington street number in quick blow and a finsh of steel. The Clarke's possession. This proved to old man reels and falls, clutching at be a rickety tenement. Under the his breast. The dark man seizes the guidance of the inspector, we entered rug and is gone into the night."

low it. Trace it back to the making, door brought no response and we

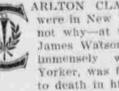
"I see a little hut in Bokhara beside the Samarkand gate. I know the spot his wasted body wrapped in the blue well. Within the door a loom is Bokhara, lay a young Turkoman. By

"You ace the results-luxury,

boldly and mounted five dingy flights "Now the rug, Thaida, the rug. Fol- to the garret. A knock at the one pushed in as it was unlocked.

There, on a miserable bed of straw,





The delegates to the state Young

Men's Christian association convention, which was held at Hastings, report that greater progress in the as sociation work has been made in the

state the past year than ever before Information has been received in Hastings from Woodburn, Ia., by County Attorney Hartigan that Benjamin Marguls, now in the county jail in Hastings, is wanted in Woodburn for the negotiation of a check for \$600 at a Woodburn bank.

Lost in the late storm, Miss Viola Fellows, a school teacher nine miles southwest of Lodge Pole, perished not more than 200 yards from her boarding place. Her body was found where she had fallen after becoming exhausted.

Luther Bush, who was sentenced recently to five years in the penitentiary on a charge of robbing a saloon at Arapahoe, escaped from the county jail at Beaver City. He secured an iron leg from the radiator and with it pried open the cell door.

State Treasurer Brian has made his monthly report to State Auditor Barton, showing the transactions of his office for the month of February. He has cash on hand and cash items, \$223,141.35; cash on deposit, \$611,-530.61. In the permanent school fund he has on hand \$836,483.49.

Rev. Hiram B. Harrison, pastor of the First Congregational church of Hastings, created a sensation when he announced from the pulpit that it was his intention to have a roller skating rink established in the basement of the proposed new church edifice, which is to cost \$20,000.

At Grand Island the case of Mrs. A. Maggie Marsh against the Union Pacific, damages in the sum of \$15, 000 being asked for on account of the death of her husband at the Union Pacific shops, was settled by agreement between the partles at bar, the company paying \$5,000 and costs.

Johnson county was first in butter awards at the recent meeting of the Nebraska Dairymen's association held in Lincoln. George S. Phillips, proprietor of the Guernseydale dairy farm, near Tecumseh, received first premium on dairy print butter and first premium upon ornamental design in butter.

F. B. Thurber of Tecumseh has a buildog which will climb trees. The dog is good-sized, and he goes up a tree a great deal as a cat does, although not as sprightly.

Miss Nannie Oppie, a young lady residing near Minersville, Otoe county, has filed a suit in the district court against Noah Morrow, the post master, and a merchant at Miners ville, wherein she demands \$10,000 damages. She says in her petition that she went into the postoffice after her mail a short time since and the defendant attacked her and salled her vile names.

thing that may save her." "Tell me, for God's sake!" moaned Harcamp.

"The blue Bokhara," answered Clarke.

Just then a messenger arrived with a telegram. It was for Clarke and he tore it open feverishly. As he read his face broke into a smile of triumph. "At last I can act," he cried, "Quick, Mr. Collins, call a cab. You know the nearest stands. Mr. Harcamp, we will save her."

Collins was soon at the door with a carriage. Clarke gave the driver his directions, and we all got in.

"Where are we bound for?" asked. "We are in pursuit of the blue Bok-

hara," was all that Clarke would vouchsafe.

We drew up before a large store in Broadway devoted exclusively to oriental rugs, and hurried in.

"Did you ever see a Blue Bokhara?" asked Clarke of the proprietor.

"Yes," he replied, "but we haven't one. In fact I never saw but one I believed was genuine, and that didn't bring very good luck to the man that bought it, for I hear he's just been murdered."

"Yes, yes, that's the one!" said give me. Now, where's de mazuma?" Clarke, exultantly.

"Did he get if here?"

"No, he didn't. He picked it up from a small dealer, but there was hara!

considerable talk about it among rug but never one like this. It was the tion is in our grasp." softest shade of blue and of the finest wool mixed with silk. The sheen was perfect."

can you tell me the name of the shop hat sold it?"

"Certainly: it was Agnossi's, on lower Washington street; but he hasn't anything like it. Let me show about. you some particularly fine Bokharas

I have just imported." But we were gone on our way to Agnossi's before he recovered from his

surprise, I suspect. Agnossi was a dark-eyed Armenian

who kept a small stock. He was proud of having sold the most wonderful rug in New York, proud of having known the muraered man and anxious to tell all about both.

antagonist. "Yes, Fangbone, it's money. Twenty dollars on this," and Clarke took a diamond ring from his finger and laid it in the moist, outstretched paim.

Fangbone examined it critically, but with greedy eyes. "You haf come by honestly?" he asked.

"Of course, You'll be safe enough anyway. It's easily worth two hundred and I may never redeem it." "Not reteem id?" said Fanghone in surprise.

"No, I wouldn't wear it again. It's kisheff. I had it of this man Drexlau who was killed last night, and I just heard he had a blue Bokhara rug that was kisheff and it killed him."

"You say the blue Bokhara is kisheff? Who dell you dat?" "Thaida told me.

A look of fear stole over Fangbone's forbidding countenance and his eyes wandered involuntarily toward a drawer back of the counter in front of which we were standing.

"Here, dake id, dake id, qvick!" he said, thrusting the ring at Clarke. "I will haf nodding to do vid id. Thaida Washington. A white plastered archshe know. She is wise in de black magic as in de white. Tank Gott I

vind id oudt in time." As soon as we were beyond the line of vision from the interior Clarke stopped and accosted a typical Pell street hobo. "Here, my man," he said, want to make a half a dollar? Well, wander into Fangbone's, take whatdawn upon me. In a few minutes he was back. "Here's wat de sheeny

n return the man placed in Clarke's hand a square inch of the blue Bok-

"Superstition, his ruling passion, and men, and I went around to see it. I've a powerful name in the Ghetto," quietseen many so-called blue Bokharas, ly remarked Clarke. "Now the solu-

> We stopped before one of those oldhome of fashion and yet to be found in old man goes out. The tall man re-

"Yes, yes," interrupted Clarke; "but the lower East side. Clarke sent up sumes his restless walk, blowing his card and we were admitted to a rings of smoke and now and then drawing room furnished in a quiet glancing at his watch and from that magnificence that contrasted strangely to the door. He expects some one. At with the squalor and degradation all

> The silken portleres parted and front door and flings it open. A darkthere stood before us the most beautiwoman I had ever seen.

Clarke started up and took a step toward her. Their eyes met.

"Thaida!" "Carlton!"

"You had my wires?"

"Not until I got home this morning. I've been away. And you mine?"

"It has brought me and my friends. "But while it was in your hands did | Let them be your friends, Thaida!"

Clarke gazed steadily into her eyes weaves upon a rug. She is beautiful dle it was plain that we were none too for a few moments. Her muscles be- as the night, and as she weaves a came tense, her face pallid and her youth watches her and strokes the was upon his forehead. eyes glassy, and then they closed in inky braids of her hair while their what appeared to be the sleep of na- eyes speak the tale of love that is old ture. Clarke took the square of blue as this old world, yet ever new,

Bokhara from his pocket and pressed it against her forehead.

"Do you see, Thaida?" "I see," came the rich, subdued

volce. "What see you?"

"I see a richly appointed drawing room. Oriental rugs cover the floor. Over the fireplace is a picture of arms. way leads into a library and that opens into a conservatory. Three persons are there. One is an old man, one a

sight of his daughter's tears. The struggles and saves and denies him-

bowed head, his hands behind his yes, it is to the man who was slain, back.

"He halts in his walk and listens. tears open the portiere at the hall door and drags out a little old man. He is a servant. The master of the house upbraids the cringing menial fashioned New York houses, once the and then points to the door. The little

> last he stops. He listens. He hears a step. He goes out into the hall to the

> muffled form enters." "Mark well this man, Thaida, What is he like?"

"He is dark, very dark. He is emaclated. His face is drawn with suffering. His clothes are in rags, yet his bearing is proud and noble. They must act now. To-morrow I will redark figure offers him something. It the ignorance and fear of the Ghetto."

Concentrating his mind, Carlton | placed and there, day by day, a maiden | the sickly light of one guttering cansoon, as the finger of death already

Clarke stepped to him and, gently raising his head, poured brandy down his throat. His eyes roved until they lighted upon the uniform and star of the inspector.

"You have come for me," he said weakly. "You are too late. I am going to join my love."

The last words ended in a gurgle and he was dead in Clarke's arms. Starvation and want had done their work.

"And if any further evidence is needed, inspector, here it is," said Collius, as he picked from the straw a blood-stained stiletto.

. . . . . . . . . .

The blue Bokhara is on our floor now and Clarke thinks that time and use will restore its wonderful luster. We saw Miss Drexlau once more before leaving New York, when she came with Ranleigh Harcamp to express her thanks to Clarke. She was in deep mourning, but even under her burden of grief radiant with her newfound love.

"Had I only been a moment sooner might have saved him." she told us. 'I was ready for bed when I thought of a box of candy I had left in the hall. I threw on a loose house gown and started down after it. On the way down I heard papa fall, but I thought it was a noise in the street. Then I heard Mr. Harcamp coming from the billiard room and I flew back. Do you know, Ranleigh, I thought-but only for a moment-'

Clarke went alone that afternoon to make his promised call on Thaida. When he returned he was humming a little tune, a frivolous little tune for Clarke.

"Do you know, old chap," he said, 'I begin to think this trip to New York will not prove altogether a failure.'

"Then it was Thaida that brought us to New York?"

"Yec, Sexton, it was Thaida," and a pang of jealousy, jealousy of them

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menian quarter." "The number?" 'The name? "I cannot tell. Wait, he writes. He

signs. 'Kareton Boyajian.' He faints. You must hasten if you see him. "The floor?"

"It is the garret. I am weary, Carlton: make haste.

"Enough, Thalda. Wake." The eyes opened and smilled.

"Have I helped?" she asked.

"You have made all clear. But we

pass into the drawing room. The dark turn and tell you all. And, oh, Thaida, man is pleading with clasped hands. that I may then persuade you to give both, shot through me. The old man laughs scornfully. The up this sordid life, this preying upon

"Day by day the maiden weaves, and as she weaves her fair body wastes by degrees so small that her lover sees not the change. At last the

final knot is tied and the weft thrown through the warp for the last time, and with a sigh and a look of love the

weaver falls into his outstretched

"She has woven her soul into the blue Bokhara.

"The youth wanders, the rug always with him, for it is his bride. He comes young man and one a woman, young, to this city. He is in want; he is slender and black of hair. They seem starving. When near to death he to be disputing and the old man is pawns the rug that he may live. Then greatly excited. At last he points to the change comes. He finds work, he the door and his daughter-yes it is makes money. He tries to redeem the his daughter-goes out in tears, with rug, but the man to whom he pawned ever he gives you, bring it to me and one last supplicating look at the men. it is a villain. He has learned the you get your money." The hobo hur- There they part, not all in anger, as value of the rug and will not give it ried off and Clarke's scheme began to the father seems to weaken at the up but for a great price. The youth

young man goes out through the li- self everything until at last he has brary and the aged man lights a cigar the sum. At last he is able to buy the Clarke handed him the money and and walks the drawing room with rug, only to find that it is sold to-

The youth seeks him out and, by the ruse that he has smuggled rugs for He slips across the room on tiptoe, sale, gains entrance at midnight." "Where is he now? Look well,

Thuida. "He is near."

"The street; can you read it?" "It is Washington street, in the Ar-

"Two hundred and sixty-eight."