

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 Humboldt 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.

Allen B. Curran, an old soldier, and 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 dipomanic 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 dipomanic, 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'Keefe and wife of Humboldt awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning they found their 4-month-old baby lifeless between them. The child had been suffering from whooping cough and a complication of diseases.

The delegates to the state Young Men's Christian association convention, which was held at Hastings, report that greater progress in the association 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 Marquis, 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 \$336,483.49.

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 parties 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 bulldog 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 postmaster, and a merchant at Minersville, 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 called her vile names.

Soul of the Blue Bokhara

By FRANK LOVELL NELSON

One of Carlton Clarke's Telepatho-Deductive Solutions

CARLTON CLARKE and I were in New York—I know not why—at the time Col. James Watson Drexlau, an immensely wealthy New Yorker, was found stabbed to death in his home. His daughter and Ranleigh Harcamp were the first upon the scene of the murder. We became connected with the case through my acquaintance with Collins, friend of my youth and one of the best reporters in Manhattan. Clarke and I were discussing the 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 I admitted Ranleigh Harcamp, whose face showed the first smile I had seen him give when he related the case 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 Drexlau 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 mance 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 and saw fleeing up the stairs."

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 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?" I asked.

"We are in pursuit of the blue Bokhara," 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 Clarke, exultantly.

"Did he get it here?"

"No, he didn't. He picked it up from a small dealer, but there was considerable talk about it among rug men, and I went around to see it. I've seen many so-called blue Bokharas, but never one like this. It was the softest shade of blue and of the finest wool mixed with silk. The sheen was perfect."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Clarke; "but can you tell me the name of the shop that sold it?"

"Certainly; it was Agnoss's, on lower Washington street; but he hasn't anything like it. Let me show you some particularly fine Bokharas I have just imported."

But we were gone on our way to Agnoss's before he recovered from his surprise, I suspect.

you repair it?" asked Clarke, interrupting his flow of description.

"Oh, no, gentlemen, it was perfect. I have been dealing in rugs all my life and—"

"But haven't you even a thread of it; even a strand of wool?"

"Why, no. You ask funny questions. More funny than young man who come here every day I got the rug and ask the price and cry when I tell him I sold it to Mr. Drexlau. And to think of Mr. Drexlau so soon killed! 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 you and leave you that way."

"Oh, I'll tell, I'll tell," said the frightened Oriental. "I had it of Israhel 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 piece?"

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

"Then to Pell street," commanded Clarke.

"I'm afraid you'll find Fangbone a tougher proposition than the Armenian," 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, treacherous 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 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 palm.

Fangbone examined it critically, but with greedy eyes. "You haf come by it 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 Fangbone in surprise.

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

"You say the blue Bokhara is a kishoff? 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, quick!" he said, thrusting the ring at Clarke. "I will haf noddling to do vid id. Thaida she know. She is wise in de black magic as in de white. Tank God I vind id oadt 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?"

"Wander into Fangbone's, take what ever he gives you, bring it to me and you get your money." The hobo hurried off and Clarke's scheme began to dawn upon me. In a few minutes he was back. "Here's wat de sheeny give me. Now, where's de mazuma?"

Clarke handed him the money and in return the man placed in Clarke's hand a square inch of the blue Bokhara!

"Superstition, his ruling passion, and a powerful name in the Ghetto," quietly remarked Clarke. "Now the solution is in our grasp."

We stopped before one of those old-fashioned New York houses, once the home of fashion and yet to be found in the lower East side. Clarke sent up his card and we were admitted to a drawing room furnished in a quiet magnificence that contrasted strangely with the squalor and degradation all about.

The silken portieres parted and there stood before us the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

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

"Thaida!"

"You had my wires?"

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



"ENOUGH, THAIDA. WAKE."

Concentrating his mind, Carlton Clarke gazed steadily into her eyes for a few moments. Her muscles became tense, her face pallid and her eyes glassy, and then they closed in what appeared to be the sleep of nature. Clarke took the square of blue Bokhara from his pocket and pressed it against her forehead.

placed and there, day by day, a maiden weaves upon a rug. She is beautiful as the night, and as she weaves a youth watches her and strokes the inky braids of her hair while their eyes speak the tale of love that is old as this old world, yet ever new.

The sickly light of one guttering candle it was plain that we were none too soon, as the finger of death already was upon his forehead.

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