

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The latest census shows that there are 420,274 horses in Denmark, 188 for every 100 acres under cultivation and 185 per 1,000 inhabitants; the sheep number 1,058,656, which is 281 per 101 acres and 454 per 1,000 inhabitants. Denmark is an agricultural country. About three-fourths of the population are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. Copenhagen is the only city of any size.

Princess Clementine d'Orleans, who is now the only survivor of the large family of Louis Philippe, has celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday at Schloss Ebenthal, her seat near Vienna, whither she has just returned after a long stay at Mentone. Princess Clementine married Prince Augustus of Sax-Coburg-Gotha, a brother of the late king dowager of Portugal, and a first cousin of Queen Victoria and of the prince consort.

The Missouri egg factory of Springfield handles about 50,000 dozen eggs a day, all of which are candled before entering the factory. About three wagon loads of eggs are rejected each day and hauled outside of the city limits where they are dumped. A man living near the dumping ground has collected enough chickens hatched by the weather from eggs thus thrown away to stock a chicken farm. Every day for a month or more he has been carrying a number of chickens home from the dumping ground, where they had been hatched by the unprecedented heat.

Persons interested in wild flowers are endeavoring to create—and to organize—a sentiment for the protection of our native plants, especially near large cities. The pond-lily, trailing arbutus, native orchids, fringed gentian and many of the evergreens have been gathered in Massachusetts for sale in such quantities, and so steadily sought by frequenters of suburban woods, that their extinction is threatened. The remedy suggested is that care be used to cut rather than pull the flowers, so that the roots need not be disturbed; and that those who gather rare plants for the market should be discouraged by lack of patronage.

Bishop Philpotts of Exeter early earned his reputation for saying sharp things. One of the guests at an undergraduate's party, in Oxford, sang a song much out of tune. Then Philpotts was called upon. "I haven't a note in my voice," said he. "Well, if you can't sing, you must make a speech or tell a story!" declared the host. "If I am to tell a story," said the future bishop, "I think I should say that I should like to hear—sing that song again!" Much later in life he went to pay a visit in Devonshire. "It's a beautiful place, isn't it?" asked a guest. "Yes," said the bishop, "but if it were mine I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

The value of a recipe lies partly in its being accurately set down and followed. Harper's Magazine has the following directions for making a breakfast delicacy called pop-overs, as they were imparted by the Chinese servant to a lady visiting in the family: "You take him one egg," said the master of the kitchen, "one lit' cup milk, You flect him one cup flour on sieve, take pinch salt—you put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You make him flour go in, not move fast, so have no spots. Make but'ed pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Puttee him in oven. Now you mind you business. No like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

During month of July thousands of young people gathered in Cincinnati and San Francisco, in Christian Endeavor and Epworth League conventions. Enthusiasm in large measure was theirs. But the public, always utilitarian, asks: "What have these young people actually done?" A few among the "best things" reported by the Junior Endeavors alone, children under 14 years of age, are a sufficient reply: Clothed and paid board of a crippled boy in school. Gave a thanksgiving dinner to thirty-five poor children. Earned money to give poor children an outing in July and August. Kept a crippled old lady in clothing and food all winter. Furnished flowers all winter to our church. Made scrap books for hospitals. Educated two colored boys. Placed a rack in depot and kept it filled with good reading. Gathered two hundred good books for the prison committee to use in its work. Bought an invalid bed, which is loaned in the community. Surely an enthusiasm riveted by such acts of helpful service need not hesitate to call itself true religion.

Gladstone's humorous advice to the farmers to convert their superfluous turnips into beautiful jam has been abundantly acted upon, even in the virtuous United States. Around one case of the Agricultural Department's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition hang squares of cloth, originally white, now yellow, orange, scarlet, crimson, blue and purple all colored by aniline dyes extracted from commercial jam and jellies. In comparison with such nefarious adulteration comment would be colorless.

CORN IS STILL KING

John H. Ames Says Stand Up for Nebraska.

STATE SCARED BUT NOT HURT

Citizens a Very Prosperous People—Some Figures to Show that the Loss From Dry Weather is Hardly Worth Mentioning.

John H. Ames of Lincoln gives the following comforting article on Nebraska and its resources:

You are fond of repeating the phrase "Stand up for Nebraska." The sentiment is excellent, but the precept, like that which recommends the exercise of Christian charity, is of little practical value without illustration by example. With respect to the present financial condition of this state there are certain facts and figures which are deserving of comment both because they are cheering to our own citizens and because they should serve to put us in our true light before others.

It is worthy of note, in passing, that Nebraska has suffered less from the recent drought than any state lying to the south of her and less than Missouri and large parts of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and of several European countries. This advantage is, of course, relative only, but it is a just cause for congratulation that from a universal or widespread disaster one has escaped comparatively unharmed. The following figures are estimates only, but they have been furnished by reputable grain dealers in this city of long experience and conservative inclination, and are based upon personal observations and hundreds of inquiries at trustworthy sources of information. They may be relied upon to any extent in which trust can in any case be reposed in similar estimates.

Substantially the total loss suffered in this state on account of the recent drought is made up from the injury inflicted upon the yield of oats and corn. It is estimated that the largest harvest of these two grains ever made in Nebraska was that of the year of 1899, when the corn yielded in round numbers 277,000,000 bushels and oats 37,000,000, but the production of corn in that year was phenomenally large, exceeding that of the previous season by 16,000,000 bushels and that of the average of previous fruitful years by more than as much more. In the absence of the drought a reasonable expectation of the corn yield in this state would have been 250,000,000 bushels, at the average price of 23 cents per bushel obtained last year would have been worth \$57,500,000. Add the value of 37,000,000 bushels of oats at 15 cents, \$5,550,000, and you have a total \$63,050,000. But it would have been unreasonable to expect that Nebraska would have harvested so much of these crops unless the other grain-producing countries should have been equally fortunate. Had such been the case that fact, together with the estimated enormous yield of 700,000,000 bushels of wheat, would doubtless have forced the price of corn down to 18 cents a bushel or less, resulting in a reduction of \$12,500,000 and leaving a total of \$50,550,000. On the other side of the ledger it is estimated that we have raised this year not less than 75,000,000 bushels of corn and that there are still in the hands of the farmers and dealers at least 40,000,000 bushels of last year's crop.

Much of the new corn will not grade and no merchantable value can be put upon it, but it will be available for feeding purposes, and there are considerable quantities in scattered neighborhoods that are uninjured. It will at least release the old corn from demand for domestic consumption or at any rate permit its conversion into cash, which at the present price of 55 cents per bushel will amount to \$22,000,000. Oats, in some localities, have produced a good crop and the estimated yield is 20,000,000 bushels, which at the present price of 35 cents are worth \$7,000,000, or nearly a million and a half more than last year's crop. The total of the two items is \$29,000,000, leaving an adverse balance, as compared with 1900, of \$21,550,000. But there is another important item which has thus far been left out of the reckoning, and which will more than redress this balance. The boss chump of the agricultural bureau has excluded Nebraska with her normal annual yield of 250,000,000 bushels from the corn belt, and has doubtless never heard that a bushel of wheat has ever been raised in this state. But the fact is that it is already a considerable factor in the fall wheat production of the country, and is likely soon to become one of the principal wheat producing states. Its yield of that grain last year was 25,000,000 bushels, worth, at 40 cents a bushel, \$10,000,000, and the estimate this year is 30,000,000 bushels, at 75 cents a bushel, worth \$22,500,000, or \$27,500,000 more than the same crop last year and enough to turn the above mentioned adverse balance into a net gain for the

Highest Assessment Per Capita.
Houghton county, Michigan, which is in the heart of the Lake Superior copper mining region, has the highest assessed valuation of property per capita of any county in the United States. The total valuation for this county is \$120,000,000.

English Held Foreign Mortgages.
Residents in England have £110,000,000 invested in mortgages in foreign countries. These investments annually drain the foreign countries of about £5,500,000 in gold cash.

three crops, wheat, corn, and oats, of \$5,950,000. This is by no means the same as saying that the drought was a blessing in disguise. If we had raised 250,000,000 bushels of corn and had sold it at 23 cents and the prices for the other grains had been the same as last year and the oat yield had been 40,000,000 bushels the account would have stood:

Corn.....	\$57,500,000
Wheat.....	20,000,000
Oats.....	6,000,000
Total.....	\$83,500,000

While the actual account stands:

Corn.....	\$22,000,000
Wheat.....	37,500,000
Oats.....	7,000,000
Total.....	\$66,500,000

Showing an adverse balance of \$17,000,000, which would have doubtless been cut down by lower prices to not more than \$4,500,000, or about four and one half dollars per capita of the population. But what we actually did get last year, taking the average yield of 250,000,000 bushels of corn was:

Corn.....	\$57,500,000
Wheat.....	10,000,000
Oats.....	5,500,000
total.....	\$73,000,000.

Or \$6,500,000, that is to say \$6.50 per capita more than we got this year. The margin was cut down this year by the enormous increase in the yield of wheat and the great advance in prices.

There are many other reflections suggested by the foregoing if there were time and space for making them. For instance there has never been a time when there was so much forage, or roughness as the farmers call it, in this state as there is now. The hay crop in most of the state is beyond the average and in large parts of it immense. There have been millions of tons of alfalfa raised this year, perhaps twice as much as ever before. The corn stalks, where the crop has failed, are a large growth and contain the nutriment which in other years has gone to make and mature the ears. Harvested in season and properly cured they will make a great amount of the best live stock feed in the world. All these things are much more than a set-off for the diminished yield of oats. The stock yards markets have not yet been crowded with immature stock from Nebraska farms. On the contrary, our farmers have not only, with individual exceptions, no necessity for marketing their young cattle, but, in many instances, are taking advantage of the opportunity to buy at normal prices from our southern neighbors animals to be wintered on our surplus forage. In this manner millions of dollars' profit will doubtless be realized within the next few months. The value of these things is difficult, if not impossible, of estimation. In ordinary years the hay crop is, after corn, the most valuable in the United States. Last year it was supposed to be worth \$445,000,000.

All things considered, including barley, rye, dairy products, fowls, eggs, vegetables, etc., it is likely that the total value of farm produce in this state this year will not fall below \$100,000,000, or \$100 apiece for every man, woman and child of our population. This is an immense sum, one which it may be fairly conjectured cannot be exceeded in any state of the union and which is far beyond anything that can be reasonably claimed for any foreign country. At that rate the annual value of farm produce in the United States, exclusive of live stock, would be about eight thousand million dollars (\$8,000,000,000) or not far from four times the amount it has ever reached. The worst that can be said about us is that we have lost \$4,500,000 by the drought, but even this statement is only metaphorically true. Correctly speaking one cannot be said to have lost that which he never had. Compute all our garnered wealth and compare it with that of any former year and it will appear that we have as much as we ever had. What we have lost is not what we had, but an anticipated gain. Our anticipated income for the year for the year 1901 is about four and one-half per cent less than we hoped and less than it might have been but for the drought, but the remaining ninety-five and one-half per cent is an enormous sum and provides us with resources with which, with a favorable season in 1902, to more than repair the damage.

"Stand up for Nebraska."

JOHN H. AMES.

Egg Lemonade.
Dissolve one cup of sugar in one pint of water, add the juice of four lemons. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light colored and creamy; and then the whites until stiff. Mix them thoroughly, add the lemon water and one pint of fine chopped ice. Add more sugar if needed.

Christian Endeavor in England.
Christian Endeavor is gaining rapidly in the Church of England. New societies affiliate almost every week with the union. There are eight societies in the Established church in Bristol, and at a recent rally in St. Phillip's school there was a very large attendance.

Club the Oldest Weapon.
The oldest known weapon was the club. The clubs of the lake dwellers of Switzerland, studded with stones in default of nails, and thus making formidable weapons, have been recovered from their habitations.

Oil in Place of Coal.
Seven of the largest sugar refineries on Bayou Teche in St. Mary parish, near New Orleans, have decided to discontinue the use of coal in the manufacture of sugar and sent to New Orleans an agent to contract for the erection of the necessary oil tanks.

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

"I remember," pursued Ulin. "It all comes to me now. I bathed his bruised head, and bound up his wounds, while you brought the cordial which my mother provided."

"So it was, my lady. I have seen the slave since—have seen him several times—he has brought messages to your father—and I know that his gratitude is strong. If Osmir has any power to open the prison door, and I can find him, there may be some hope."

"But can you find him?" asked the princess. She spoke eagerly, and no longer sought to conceal the real cause of her anxiety.

"I can try," returned the attendant; "and even here we have a fortunate help. Shubal, who has been so long your servant, is a near friend to Osmir. I will take Shubal with me, and we may find the man we seek. Shall I not leave at once?"

"Yes, Albia. Go at once. Be careful, for all may depend on the secrecy of your movements. I have entered upon this matter, and I will now give all my energies to its consummation. Go—and bring me answer as quickly as you can."

The bondmaid left the apartment, and when Ulin was once more alone, she started to her feet, and moved to the window. Her flush was back upon her cheek, and the sparkle was in her eye. Her pure blood was circulating with new power, as, for the time, she forgot the king in the memory of the youthful chieftain.

In less than an hour Albia returned, and the beam upon her face told very plainly that she had not been entirely disappointed.

"My good mistress," she said, "Shubal has served us well. I found him without difficulty, and he at once went alone in search of Osmir. He found him at the royal palace, and has brought him hither."

"Brought Osmir?"

"Yes."

"And what does he say?"

"I have not spoken to him of Julian. I thought you had better do that. You may have more influence."

"Very well—bring him up at once. I will shrink from nothing now."

"In a little while the tall, dark form glided within the chamber of the princess. He bowed low as he entered, and when he saw the lady Ulin, he sank down upon his knee.

"Noble lady," he said, "Albia informed me that I can be of service to you. Once you served me, and my life has been yours ever since. Command me."

At first Ulin had been startled by the appearance of the powerful black within her chamber; but when she remembered the service she had done him, and when she saw how gently the beams of gratitude fell upon her from his brown eyes, she regained her confidence.

"I will not command you, Osmir; I can only ask you to assist me. You may be able to serve me, and you may not be able. But I will not detain you with useless words. You do not yet know what I seek?"

"I do not, lady."

"You helped to bring the robber chieftain to Damascus?"

"Ha—who told you that?" He was not startled with fear; but he rather seemed to wonder how the princess had gained the information.

"Do you know a man named Hobaddan?"

"Yes, lady. He is second in command of the robber band."

"He has been here, Osmir, and he has induced me to use my influence towards gaining freedom for his chieftain. I may not explain to you, but nevertheless I am willing to confess that I do much desire to free this Julian from the power of the king. Can you help me?"

He bowed his head, and pretty soon arose to his feet.

"Lady," he said, "I did help in the capture of the young chieftain; but when I came to know him I would rather have served him had it been in my power. I found him a generous, honorable man and I learned to love him; but I was bound by an oath to the will of Judah, and I could not disobey. I wish I could save him now."

"Can you do it, Osmir? I do not wish that the king should kill him. We thought you might have access to his dungeon—that you might, at some time, be set to guard him."

"So it is, lady; but I am not to be on the guard again until daylight."

"And to-morrow may be the last!" uttered the princess, painfully. "If you cannot help us our hope has an end."

Osmir moved back and leaned against the wall, with his head upon his hand.

"Lady," he said, after much thought, "I have one source of hope. My companion, Selim—he who was with me in the work of capture—stands watch over the chieftain's dungeon at midnight. Selim may help me. If he will, Julian may be saved. I will hasten away at once, and exert this only influence I possess."

"And when can I know the result?" asked Ulin.

"Within two hours past midnight," said Osmir. "That is," he added, "if I have any result to bring. If I do not succeed, I may not return at all."

"At two hours past midnight," pursued Ulin, "Hobaddan is to be in my garden. You can meet him there."

returned the guard, after a moment's reflection, "If I succeed, I shall not fear to meet the lieutenant. If I am not in the garden at the time appointed, or very near that time, you may know that I have done all that lay in my power. Have you more to say?"

"No, good Osmir. Go to the work, and do the best you can."

He spoke a simple word of promise, and then turned from the apartment. Albia conducting him down, and guiding him out by a small door in the garden wall.

"Albia," he said, as he stood beneath the low arch—and his tone showed that he did not speak lightly—"your mistress does not dream of the danger I must undergo in this work; but I will be true to my promise, I will do all I can. If Selim will not join me, there is the end; but if he falls in with me, then we both put our lives at stake, and the prize may be won. I hope we shall succeed."

The bondmaid watched the retreating form until it was lost in the darkness, and then she closed the gate, and turned her steps back towards the house.

CHAPTER X.

In the Dungeon.

The robber chieftain had been placed in one of the most gloomy dungeons beneath the royal palace, his legs and arms loaded with chains, and his feet shackled to a bolt in the floor. How long he had been there he could not tell. Night and day were the same in the living tomb. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and a masked mute had been in to remove the tray. He had but one hope of escape, and even that was so feeble that it would not bear the entertainment. He thought if his followers should discover where he was, they might possibly dare to attempt his release; but when he came to weigh all the circumstances, he dared not think they would do it. In short, Julian had made up his mind that death was very near to him.

And what had he to live for? What, but revenge upon the King of Damascus? He had no parents—no relatives—nothing on earth of his own blood which he could claim. There might be living in the city some human being of his kin; but he did not know of such. He loved his brave fellows; but they could do without him. They were bold, stout men, and could look for themselves. What else was there? There were some poor families in the mountains—some friends upon the plain—and a few dependent ones near the river; but Hobaddan would care for them. What else was there?

The youthful chieftain bowed his head, and pressed his heavily laden hands upon his heart. There was one more—one whom he had hoped to see again in the coming time—one who had left an impression in his soul which had warmed and quickened his whole being. But why think of her? What could the beautiful daughter of Aboul Cassem be to him? In a few short days she would be the wife of his bitter enemy.

Thus mused the prisoner, standing erect, with his manacled hands folded upon his bosom, when he was aroused from his reflections by the sound of creaking bolts, and in a few moments more the door of his dungeon was opened, and the rays of a lamp penetrated the place. Two men entered, closing the door after them; but the eyes of the chieftain were not yet used enough to the light to distinguish either their forms or features. Presently, however, as they addressed each other, he recognized the two blacks who had so fatally deceived him, and his first impulse was to raise his heavy chains and smite them down; but they were not near enough to be thus reached.

"Osmir—Selim," he said, "are you here?"

"Yes, my master," replied Osmir. "Have you come to kill me?"

"No."

"To bear me to the king?"

"What, then? You have the watch over me?"

"Yes."

"And the king fears not to trust you?"

"You see he does trust us."

"Aye—as I trusted you. O, you are two ungrateful villains. When you came to me in the forest, I believed your tale of woe, and took pity upon you; and I meant to be kind to you, and make your lot a pleasant one. I looked into your faces, and I thought you were honest. I did not trust you from your speech, but from your honest looks. However, it is past. And now what seek ye?"

"Good master," said Osmir, speaking earnestly, "before I tell you why we are now here, let me say to you that we are not without hearts, and that we have some store of honesty. When we went to your camp, we went in the service of another master, whom we were bound to serve. We had sworn that we would capture you if we could. But, sir, after we had seen you, and known you, we would have re-acted had the thing been possible. We asked Judah to free us from the task, but he refused."

"Why do you tell me this story now?"

"That you may know the reason of our act."

"You action speaks for itself. Look at these chains; and mark the fate to which I am doomed."

"I meant not the action of the past, good master; I alluded to action that was to come."

"Action to come?"

"Yes, Selim and I are here to speak of your release from this dungeon. Hold—let our words be few, for the time is short. We have promised that we would lead you forth from Horam's power if the thing were possible."

"Promised whom?" asked Julian.

The black hesitated. He knew not that he should use the name of the princess, so he finally answered:

"Hobaddan is in the city, and our promise has been sent to him. But—there is something more. If we lead you from this place, we do so in the face of great danger. We have planned for that, and have freely staked our lives in the work. But, if we succeed, and you are free, we can never more return to Damascus. If we go with you from this dungeon, we must go with you from the city, and remain with you."

Julian believed that the black was speaking truly and honestly.

"Certainly," he said, "if you lead me in safety from the bonds that now encompass me, I will give you such return as you may desire. You may remain with me, if you like, or I will give you safe conduct into the land of the Syrians."

"Your word is enough, my master; and henceforth Selim and I are your servants. We change our allegiance, and the proof of our fidelity shall be manifest in this first act of our service. We have dangers to meet, sir."

"Talk not of dangers," cried the chieftain. "Throw off these chains; give me a sword; and lead me to the upper world; and I ask no more. Once again I trust you, and if you prove true, my gratitude shall be your while I live!"

Without further words Osmir proceeded to the work he had come to perform. Selim held the lantern, while he loosed the irons from Julian's limbs; and very soon the chieftain stepped forth with his limbs free.

"There is no time to waste," said Osmir, as he cast the chains upon the floor. "We have good swords at hand, and for the rest we must trust to our wit and strength. There is danger enough between this dungeon and the open air; but I am ready to meet it."

"By the gods," cried Julian, as he grasped the sword which Osmir had placed in his hand. "I can laugh at danger now. Lead on, and let this present hour be the last of Horam's power!"

(To be continued.)

HARPOONING BLUE WHALES.

The Harpoon Gun is a Cruel Instrument of Destruction.

To pursue the blue whale successfully is, according to an interesting article in Pearson's Magazine, a complicated undertaking. For instance, one of the requirements is a boat that can steam twelve knots an hour, and which is furnished with a formidable weapon known as the harpoon-gun. The harpoon-gun is a ponderous piece of apparatus laced on a raised platform on the prow of the whaler, and consists of a short, stout cannon, mounted on a broad pedestal, on which it can rotate horizontally. The gun has also a vertical motion, and can be turned quickly in whatever direction the prow of the ship dominates. On the top of the gun are "sights" for aiming, just as in a rifle. Behind is the stock, which is grasped in the hand when firing the gun, and beneath it the trigger. The breech is a box-like arrangement, situated just where the stock is fastened to the gun proper. The gun is loaded in the ordinary way from the muzzle, and the harpoon is tightly rammed into it. To discharge the gun, a small cartridge, with a wire attached, is first put into the breech. Pressure on the trigger causes a pull on the wire, which ignites the cartridge and discharges the gun simultaneously. The harpoon is about six feet in length and very massive. It consists essentially of three parts, the anterior conical portion, the movable barbs, and the shaft. The anterior conical piece is an explosive shell filled with gunpowder, and screws on to the rest of the harpoon. The explosive shell is fired with a time-fuse after the harpoon is imbedded in the whale. Taken all in all the harpoon-gun is about the most exquisitely cruel instrument of destruction devised by the ingenuity of man! But it is only when one sees and knows the prodigious brute it is meant to destroy, that one realizes that it is nevertheless none too effective. The gun is never discharged at a greater distance than fifty feet, and seldom indeed at more than thirty from the whale. To be able to get so near requires not only very fine seamanship but a very intimate knowledge of the habits of the animal.—Philadelphia Times.

Hugest Sea Creature.

Of all the uncanny creatures in the animal kingdom the one whose acquaintance is hardest to make is the blue whale, the largest of all the whales, and, indeed, one of the most colossal animals, living or extinct, known to science. You will look in vain for him in zoological collections, in menageries, or even in museums. A brute 90 feet in length and weighing just as many tons does not lend itself to preservation or stuffing, and the few skeletons of him which do exist give one no idea of what he is like. The blue whale is hunted by the Norwegians chiefly for the sake of his oil, and is of considerable value, a full-grown specimen being worth from \$1,250 to \$1,500.