

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Nearly half the Chinese seeking admission to this country at San Francisco are refused.

The United Kingdom gets, on an average, 33 inches of rain in a year, Europe generally 26 inches and North America 40 inches.

London's fire brigade puts out a fire at an average cost of \$200. New York pays \$690 for the same service, and Cincinnati holds the record with \$1,475 per fire.

The only states in the country in which no brewers' tax was paid last year into the Federal Treasury as a part of the internal revenue were Mississippi and North Carolina.

The thrift of the French may be inferred from the fact that one-fourth of the whole population are depositors in savings banks and that the amount to their credit is over four billion francs.

In the Atlas Mountains of Northern Africa there are goats which climb trees to browse on the foliage. Some of them have been seen standing erect on branches thirty feet from the ground, while others were lazily reclining on boughs gently rocked by the wind.

The Bismarck column, which the German students have decided to erect to the memory of the first Chancellor, will be built on the so-called Hammeisberg, near the estate of Silk, in the neighborhood of Friedrichsruh. The site was fixed upon by Prince Herbert Bismarck.

Judge Frank P. Longley, of the county court at Troup, Ga., has resigned on account of his health, and has been succeeded by his father, F. M. Longley, who was at once appointed to the position by the governor. This is believed to be the first case of this kind on record. The new judge is 60 years old, his predecessor being 32.

A thief lately arrested in Madrid carried a concealed electric battery in his right hand. He would approach a man offering his hand in friendly fashion. If the man responded by clasping the outstretched hand an overpowering shock was the result and the thief would get through his work and away before the victim recovered.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild has leased for five years a piece of ground at the highest point of the Ampezzo road, between Toblach and Ampezzo, in the Austrian Tyrol. In this charming spot he intends to erect an asbestos house in separable compartments. The workmen have already left Vienna to lay the foundations of the new villa.

The frontier defense of the Roman Empire between the Danube and the Rhine has been under examination by a royal commission for eight years, and the work is nearly completed. At Carnantum, in Austria-Hungary, an ancient bakery has been discovered. The room contained two baking ovens and a row of charred, completely preserved bread loaves. Ancient bread has been known hitherto only from Pompeii.

Of all the young men in the country, only five per cent are members of churches; of college young men, fifty-two per cent are members of churches, so says Dean Hulbert of the University of Chicago. College life has its peculiar temptations, of course, but it abounds in opportunities also. A young man must grow. If he aims to grow upward, his college will help grandly. But he may prefer to grow downward, and that the college cannot always hinder.

A fire recently broke out at Hermannsreuth, an Austrian village near the Bavarian frontier. A Bavarian fire brigade, which was stationed only three miles away, hastened to the rescue, but the Austrian customs authorities refused to allow the fire engines to pass the frontier without paying the usual tax on imported machinery. The Bavarian firemen naturally turned back and half the village was burned down before the nearest Austrian fire brigade could reach the scene.

"The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon," remarked the Professor at the breakfast table, "but its echo lasts a deal longer." Latterly it seems to last before it begins. Nearly a year before his coronation King Edward has announced that the ceremony of kissing by the peers be omitted. "Imagine me compelling Devonshire to kiss me!" he is said to have exclaimed. "He would never survive the ordeal." William IV, who objected to this part of the ceremony, submitted to it, but declared he would renounce the kingship rather than repeat the experience.

The humor of the locomotive that "struck a cow and cut it into calves" is due to an oversight of the proof-reader. The work of elevating railway-tracks about street crossings, now being pushed in half a dozen cities of the middle West, is due to a different oversight, that of "reform" mayors and aldermen, who believe that pedestrians and occupants of carriages have rights which corporations are bound to respect. Even the ruminating cow may yet find her safest promenade along the city street.

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XI. Haram is Caged.

Carefully the three men emerged from the dungeon; and when Osmir had closed and bolted the door behind them, Selim went on ahead with the lantern. They were armed with good stout swords, and the blacks wore daggers in their sashes.

"In what direction must we pass out?" asked Julian, as they came to the end of the first vaulted passage.

"We must pass up where a guard is always kept," answered Osmir; "and our only hope is that we may be able to fall upon the sentinels, and overcome them, without creating disturbance enough for a general alarm."

"Whatever can be accomplished by strength of arm, we will accomplish," said the robber; "and I think we can be shrewd enough not to strike until we see that the blow shall fall surely."

"You can depend upon us," added Osmir, stopping while Selim opened a door. "We have already placed our lives in jeopardy, and only a successful exit from the palace can now save us. But, as I told you before, there is danger in the way."

"You have counted the chances?"

"Yes."

"And are you ready to bide the result?"

"Yes."

"Then let us meet the worst. If you, to set me free, are ready for the risk, I should be much more so."

At this juncture Selim, who had opened a door, and gone on a few steps in advance, came hurriedly back, with a look of alarm in his face.

"I hear footsteps in the passage overhead," he said, in a whisper.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I heard them very plainly."

"What is the passage of which you speak?" asked Julian.

"It is one through which we must pass," replied Osmir, "and one in which we had expected to find no obstacle."

"It may be," suggested Selim, "that a new guard has been set there."

"That cannot be," asserted Osmir. "I came through there only a short time since, and the place was empty. Hark—I hear the steps from here—and I think they are coming this way. Hold a moment. Remain where you are, and I will find what this means."

Thus speaking, Osmir glided away into the darkness, towards the point where the stairs led down from the upper passage. After an absence of a few minutes he returned, and his first exclamation told that he was excited.

"The king is coming!"

"The king!" repeated Julian, in a quick, deep whisper.

"Yes—and two of his guards are with him. Some one else came as far as the head of the stairs with them, but I think only the king and the guards are descending."

"He must be coming to see me," said Julian.

"It must be so," answered Osmir; "for there is nothing else here for him to see, save bare damp walls and loads."

"Hark! Here they come. I hear their voices, and can see where the rays of their lanterns break in the gloom." It was Selim who said this, and as he spoke he drew back, and hid his own lantern beneath the skirt of his tunic.

Our adventurers, from where they stood, could see the feet of the steps at the far end of the passage; and presently they saw two men descend, the foremost one bearing a lantern, and wearing the robes of the king, while the other seemed to be an officer of the household.

"I see now," said Osmir, as he gained a view of the approaching men. "I was mistaken. The guards have been left behind, and this is Benoni, one of the captains of the guard, who comes with the king."

The robber chieftain was for a moment undecided as to the course he should pursue. Once his sword was half drawn from its scabbard; but Osmir, who heard the movement, seemed to have a better idea.

"My master," he whispered, touching Julian upon the arm, "let us draw back out of sight, and allow them to pass. They will certainly keep on to the dungeon we have left, and we will follow them thither."

"You are right," replied the chieftain. "They will be completely in our power when they have passed us."

Just back of where our trio stood was the door by which they had last passed, and upon one side was a deep niche in the wall, which had evidently been constructed for the reception of rubbish. Into this they quickly glided. Selim so effectually cloaking his lantern that not a ray of light escaped.

In a little while the king came near to the hiding place, with his lantern held carefully before him, and his head bowed, as though he was fearful that he might make a misstep. He walked slowly, and his frame shook with a perceptible tremor. When he reached the door he stopped, and turned towards his companions.

"Benoni," he said, "I think you may remain here. This is the last passage, and I will go the rest of the way alone."

"I had better accompany you to the end, sire."

"No—I prefer to go alone."

"But," urged the captain, "the way is rough and dubious, and you may miss your step."

"Out upon thee for an ass!" cried the king, indignantly. "Do you think my step is growing feeble? I tell thee it was never stronger. I will go the rest of the way as I have said. I shall find Selim at the door of the dungeon, and he will render me such assistance as I may need there. I must see this prisoner alone. He possesses a secret which I must fathom before he loses his head."

"I beg thee, sire, be careful."

"Peace, good Benoni. Don't fret on my account. I know what I do. I'll find out the story of this robber's life, and then his head shall come off right quickly. Stay you here, and await my return."

Thus speaking, the king moved on, and when the sound of his uncertain, stumbling footfall could be no longer heard, Julian reached forth until his hand touched one of his companions.

"Who is this?" he asked, in a hushed whisper. It was Selim.

"There is no time to lose. The captain must be disposed of quickly. Uncover your lantern, and I will throttle him."

Selim did as directed, and as soon as the rays of light fell upon the captain, the latter started to gaze about him. But his free-will movements were quickly terminated by a blow from the first of the robber chieftain, which felled him to the floor, and before he could move or cry out, he was securely bound, and Osmir's sash passed over his mouth.

"Now," cried Julian, "for the king. He will be an easy subject to dispose of."

"And how will you dispose of him?" asked Osmir.

For an instant a dark thought struggled through Julian's mind. Here was an opportunity to put his worst enemy out of the way, and, at the same time, free the world from a ruler who had ceased to do justly. But the thought was not long entertained. The soul of the chieftain was above the doing of such a deed. Osmir noticed the hesitation, and tremblingly asked:

"Will you kill him?"

"No, no," was the quick reply. "That would be too cowardly. He is a poor foolish old man, whose continued life must be the greatest curse. We will put him where he put me, and let his slaves find him after we are gone. Come—I will lead to this event, and then you shall lead to the next."

Without further remark the robber moved on towards the dungeon where he had been confined, Selim going by his side with the lantern. Pretty soon they saw the king ahead of them, whereupon Selim was suffered to go on in advance. Haram had reached the door of the dungeon just as Selim came up.

"Ha, Selim, is this you?"

"Yes, sire."

"I did not see you when I came. Where have you been hiding?"

"I have not been hiding, sire; but have been doing my duty."

"And the prisoner?"

"He is safe."

"Open the door. I would speak with him. He is securely chained?"

"No mortal man can break the chains wherewith he was bound, sire."

"Then open—quick. His arms are bound?"

"Like iron, sire."

"And he cannot move from his place?"

"The chains all center upon the bolt in the floor."

"Then you may remain without, Selim. I wish to speak with the prisoner alone."

Selim had no particular understanding with his companions touching this movement; but he understood that Julian would act when he saw fit, so he proceeded to unbolt the door and throw it open.

"We can shut him in and leave him," whispered Osmir, when he saw the king about to pass into the dungeon.

"No, no," quickly returned Julian. "I have another thought. I may find use for those royal robes which he wears."

"By the gods!" cried Osmir, "the prize is worth ten thousand times more than I had thought. If you don those regal robes, Selim and I can lead you in safety from this place. By the blessed star, it is a lucky thought. Ha! He goes in. Shall I accompany you?"

"You may remain close at hand."

CHAPTER XII. A Royal Disguise.

Until the present time Julian had thought of overcoming the king without a word—of felling him to the pavement and binding him, and leaving him in ignorance of who had done it; but a different fancy seized him as he saw the monarch enter the dungeon. The temptation to face his deadly enemy, and let him know to what he owed his disgrace, was too strong to be resisted. The thought that he could now place his foot upon the neck of the king of Damascus, and grant the poor life which he had the power to take, was not to be passed by. And then the robber chieftain had another reason for wishing to speak with the king, since the opportunity had thus unexpectedly offered itself. Haram had come on purpose to see him.

to learn some secret. Our hero had a curiosity to know what this meant.

"Stay a moment where you are," he said, addressing the blacks; and thus speaking he passed into the dungeon just as the king had discovered that no prisoner was there.

"Ho! Selim!" shouted the monarch, turning his face to the door. "What is the matter here? Is not this—?"

He stopped, for the light of his lantern, falling upon the face of the man who had followed him, revealed another face than that of Selim.

"Haram," spoke the chieftain, "you find the Scourge of Damascus not quite as powerless as you had expected."

"What ho! Selim! Selim!"

"Easy, old man. Selim will not come at your bidding. Let me inform you that I am master, for the present, of this lower region, and Selim is my slave."

"Mercy!" gasped the terrified king. "What ho! Benoni! Benoni!"

"Benoni is in my power," said Julian. "He is bound hand and foot, and cannot help you. And, thou base, false man—thou, too, art in my power. Down in this deep dungeon, where the light of day cannot come, and where the noise of the upper world cannot penetrate, here I have thee as thou didst hope to have me. Haram, I am thy master!"

The king's knees smote together, and the lantern dropped from his hand.

"Mercy!" he cried. And then, as though remembering that he was king of Damascus, he clenched his hands, and tried to speak with the voice of authority.

"Vile miscreant," he said, "let me pass! If you dare to oppose me, you shall be torn limb from limb!"

"Easy, old man. I am your master now, and if you give me occasion, I may do you harm."

There was that in the look, tone and bearing of the stalwart chieftain which caused Haram to quail. The lantern had fallen in an upright position, and its light revealed quite plainly the features of the two men.

"You will not kill me?" whispered the king.

"No," replied Julian. "I should scorn the deed, and I should despise myself if I did it. I wish simply to do this. I must leave this palace tonight, and you must remain here in my place. Some of your slaves will find you in the morning. You must strip off that purple robe, and that golden chain; and I must have the jeweled crown from your head. Come—I have no time to waste."

"Ye gods of heaven!" ejaculated Haram. "how can this thing be! Who ever heard of such a thing! Who dares to disrobe the king?"

"I dare to do it!" replied the robber, sternly and quickly, at the same time taking a step forward. "Remove the garments instantly, or I shall tear them from you."

"No, no; you dare not rob your king."

"Peace, poor fool! Hesitate another minute, and I will smite you to the floor! Off with the robe!"

The trembling monarch cast one look into the face of the man before him, and then shrank back against the wall. He was as a mere child, and for the time, while unable to do evil, he seemed an object of pity.

"If I give you these things will you spare my life?"

"I told you once—yes. And once more I beg you to remember that my time is short. You will save yourself some trouble if you obey me."

This was spoken very slowly, each word dropping from the robber's lips with the weight of a death sentence; and the lowering of the brow, and the nervous working of the hands, told too plainly that the edict must be obeyed.

HOME MADE HONEY.

A Restaurant Man Captures a Stray Swarm of Bees.

Ralph Gushee, the lessee of the Park Department restaurant overlooking the Hudson at the upper end of Riverside drive, tells a remarkable story of how he obtained the honey which is one of the "specials" on his daily menu.

"Two weeks ago," said Mr. Gushee to Corporation Counsel Whalen, who was the host of a party of politicians at Claremont, "I noticed a swarm of bees under the tree just where the carriages stand at the dinner hour. I offered \$10 to anybody who would remove them and nobody wanted to take the offer until one of the policemen detailed to guard Grant's tomb heard of it. He said he knew all about bees and I told him to go ahead. He went down in the basement and got an empty sugar barrel. Then he demanded a sheet and borrowed a pair of buckskin gloves from a gardener. He spread the sheet on the drive under the tree and set the barrel, from which he had removed a couple of staves, on its side. Then he climbed the tree and gently shook the bees down to the sheet, whence he gathered them up into the barrel. This was covered with the same sort of mosquito netting with which he had enveloped his own head and taken back of the hotel. There must have been three or four quarts of bees, and they settled into their new home as naturally as though they had come to Riverside Park for that purpose. They began to hive at once, and for the last two weeks I've been getting four or five pounds of honey right along and the bees are still at home and at work."

Mr. Whalen remarked laughingly that as the bees were evidently taking sweetness from the blossoms in the park it would be in order for the city to increase Mr. Gushee's rent. It is supposed that the bees came across the Hudson River from New Jersey.

NO NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

Mystery Surrounding Gillilan's Murder Deep as Ever.

The mystery surrounding the death of John J. Gillilan at Lincoln Thursday night was as deep as ever Saturday, after a day and night of hard work. The bloodhounds followed the trail as far as Rokeby, where it is believed they took a west-bound freight. An autopsy was held to discover the course of the bullets and if possible to locate them for evidence. This resulted in the positive knowledge that only two bullets took effect.

Conflicting theories are advanced as to the reason for the crime. Some are inclined to view it as a case of revenge while others advance the theory that an attempt to hold Gillilan up was made and that he was shot while putting up a defense.

HEAD SEVERED FROM BODY

A Burlington Engine Kills a Man at Hastings.

As the Aurora Burlington freight pulled out of Hastings Friday evening it ran over and killed a tramp. There was nothing on his person by which to identify him. He had been drinking during the afternoon and Chief Wenzler had ordered him off the streets. He was walking upon the track. His head fell upon the rail and the front wheels of the engine severed the entire top of his head just above his ears and eyes.

PROMOTIONS IN THE NAVY

Retirement of Admiral Schley Makes It Possible.

Important retirements and promotions in the United States navy will occur within the next few weeks. Among them is that of Rear Admiral Schley, who retires from the active list October 10. The retirement of Rear Admiral Schley will promote two captains to the grade of rear admiral. They are Captains Frank Wildes and Henry Glass.

Baby Instantly Killed.

The eighteen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jones of Plattsmouth, Neb., was killed Friday by the accidental discharge of a shotgun. The gun had been placed in the corner of a small closet, and while the child was playing around in the room the gun fell to the floor. In falling the gun was discharged, the full load entering the child's breast just below the heart and caused almost instant death. The boy was in the house alone at the time the accident occurred, and when some of the neighbors rushed to the scene they found him lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

Rural Route for Ceresco.

Charles E. Llewellyn, examiner of rural mail routes for Nebraska was in Ceresco last Friday and established a rural route for Ceresco, to the west and northwest. This route covers the greater portion of Rock Creek precinct and will be a great benefit to the people residing in that precinct. It will be two or three months yet before the route will be in operation as there is considerable red tape to be gone through yet. However, the route is an assured fact.

Senate Seat Will Satisfy.

A St. Louis dispatch says: "Ex-Governor Stone is not a candidate for the democratic presidential nomination in 1904. He is a candidate for the United States senate and nothing else."

This declaration was made by Col. Moses C. Wetmore to a reporter. Col. Wetmore is a close friend of the ex-governor and enjoys the closest social and political intimacy with Mr. Stone.

Mistake in Medicine Causes Death.

A sad accident happened at the home of Prof. William Ebricht at North Platte, Neb., which resulted in the death of his eleven-year-old daughter Hazel. Mrs. Ebricht by mistake gave Hazel some carbolic acid instead of the medicine left by her physician. Prof. Ebricht was formerly superintendent of the asylum for the blind at Nebraska City.

Appendicitis Causes Death.

Mrs. Phoebe Schmitt, wife of Commissioner Christian Schmitt of Green Garden, Neb., was laid to rest in Zion cemetery. Mrs. Schmitt was stricken Sunday night with a second attack of appendicitis and was operated upon but could not survive it. Deceased had been a resident of Green Garden since 1871.

Case County Man Insane.

The board of insanity for Cass county has adjudged William Dallas a fit subject for the insane asylum. He was brought from Manley to Plattsmouth and claims that the people of that village plotted to kill him by poisoning his food. He is about forty-five years of age and until recently resided in Omaha.

Nose Broken in Ball Game.

Harley King met with an accident while playing ball at Superior, Neb. He was struck on the nose and knocked down by a hot ball, his nose being badly broken. A surgical operation was necessary before the bone could be set.

Postmaster a Suicide.

William Price, postmaster of Baltimore, O., and a well known business man, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The postoffice inspector was along shortly afterwards and examined the accounts of the office, but his visit is believed to be merely a coincidence.

Adjudged Insane.

T. J. Tex, residing near Ashland, Neb., was taken to Wahoo and adjudged insane. He is a single man, thirty-one years old.

FURNAS AND A. HUMMER.

Secretary of the State Fair and His Side Partner Now on Hand.

Hon. Robert W. Furnas is now in the city of Lincoln taking care of his friend A. Hummer, otherwise known as the Nebraska State Fair and Exposition. Mr. Furnas and his associates are elated at the prospects of having a summer of a fair this year. Every pig pen is now taken and the indications point to a live stock show at the state fair that will be an eye opener to the people of the state. Of late the accommodations for exhibiting live stock have not been of the best but now that fine new barns of the latest pattern for exhibition purposes have been constructed, the entries in this department have increased. President E. L. Vance and H. M. Bushnell left Monday for Des Moines to secure some of the attractions there for this fair. Tuesday night Secretary Furnas received a telegram stating many prize herds of exhibition cattle will be here.

The dispatch indicates that the following have signified their intention of coming to Lincoln: A. Rowland, Rosell, Ia.; Galloways; C. W. Moody, Atlantic, Mo.; Galloways; Reynolds & Son, Prophetstown, Ill.; Aberdeen Angus; T. Hinsel, Mt. Airy, Ia.; Herefords; George Caryenter, Harbors, Wis.; Red Polled cattle; C. Chambers, Ladoris, Ill.; Red Polled cattle; J. E. Miller, Conway, Ia.; Belgian horses.

The board of managers have arranged for a number of special features that will add much to the enjoyment of all visitors. Not the least of these will be firemen's races, in which teams from different parts of the state will participate. It will be a novelty to many to see well drilled fire departments making runs, just like they do when a fire breaks out at home. On the race track each day some of the best horses in the country will contest for the very liberal purses that are being offered by the management, and all lovers of the "Horse Useful" should be there to view the contests from the cool of the reconstructed amphitheatre. Every friend of the state fair, every citizen who is interested in promoting the best interests of our great state, should attend at least one day during the week, and if they have anything that looks good enough to win a premium it should be placed on exhibition for others to look at.

FOUR ARE DROWNED

Boys Swept from Raft into Sea at Long Branch.

A New York special says four boys were drowned at Long Branch, their names being:

Harold Sherman, aged 12, son of H. B. Sherman of the Citizen's bank of Long Branch; Leon Gaskill, aged 11, son of Alex Gaskill, Long Branch; Raymond Blakeslee, aged 11, son of Professor Charles W. Blakeslee of the Long Branch high school; Walter Blakeslee, aged 8, brother of Raymond.

The boys were on a raft quite a distance from shore and were swept into the sea by the waves.

Shoots a Policeman Dead.

James Kizer, ex-policeman of Eureka Springs, Mo., was shot to death by Dr. L. D. Fuller, a resident physician. While Dr. Fuller was drawing water from Calif. fountain on Main street he was assaulted by Kizer, who felled him by a blow from behind, and then, using his heel, Kizer mangled the face of the prostrate man. The latter regained his feet and shot and killed Kizer. Dr. Fuller is probably fatally injured. Dr. Fuller had refused Kizer's claim for \$2.50 for services as special policeman, and Kizer had sworn revenge.

Kills Wife and Himself.

At Chicago, Nicholas, Rieblinger, while temporarily insane, killed his wife with a razor and then committed suicide with the same weapon. The couple were married over thirty years ago, but had a quarrel recently and separated. Rieblinger brooded over the trouble, and it is believed his mind became unbalanced.

Will Go to Junk Heap.

The yacht Independence has left Newport in tow for Boston. Mr. Lawson, the owner, has reiterated his statement that after September 3, the yacht will be broken up. He will have her sail in Boston harbor to give Bostonians a chance to see her then she will go to the junk heap.

Windstorm at New York.

A most violent and protracted rain storm, accompanied by wind which at times in some sections approached the proportions of a hurricane, swept over New York city, Westchester county and the southeastern portion of New Jersey Saturday afternoon. The most damage so far reported was at Jersey City, where buildings were wrecked, including a church and theatre.

Excessive Heat in Kansas.

The last few days in Kansas have been excessively warm. At Topeka on August 26, the weather was as oppressive as during the drought, the thermometer registering 94 degrees. In the southern part of the state the temperature was higher, reaching 110 degrees in Wellington. Some local rains are reported.

A cablegram announcing the death of Mrs. Ella Smith, a prominent society woman of Brooklyn, has been received in New York. The message was sent by her husband, and stated that death resulted from the fall of a great mass of ice.

A mob of gamblers and toughs have driven all negroes out of Stroud, Okla. In addition they tore down the houses of two negroes and burned the buildings and contents. The trouble started when a negro attempted to stab a white man.