

NEBRASKA NOTES.

The late, generous rains have been just the thing for fall wheat.

Peter Hanson of St. Paul, was run over by a hand car and badly bruised.

The Kearney cotton mills were sold to the Union Savings Bank and Trust company for \$75,000.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gambe, one of the pioneer settlers of Blue Springs, passed away at the age of 65.

W. E. Strode of St. Edwards, has been arrested for selling \$3,000 worth of mortgaged property.

The cold weather at Alliance reduced the temperature one night almost to the freezing point.

Counsel Max J. Baehr, who has been visiting at St. Paul has returned to his post at Madgebury, Germany.

A farmer near Arlington claims he will have fifty bushels of corn to the acre.

Charles Swanburg of Malmo lost a span of horses by lighting. His barn was also badly wrecked.

Two fine suits of clothing were stolen from John Alexander's tailor shop at Grand Island.

H. W. Withney of Omaha had his foot mashed and it may have to be amputated.

Lincoln was bothered by crooks during the state fair, and the police took the guests and locked them up before they secured much of a harvest.

Freomont is figuring on putting in glass works. The Platte river sand has been declared by experts the best in the world for that purpose.

Ed Arnold, an employe of the Burlington, is reported, was killed in the yards at Lincoln Saturday morning by being struck by an engine.

Because escapes have been numerous from the pen, Governor Savage has issued orders that no convict will be allowed to remain outside the cells at night.

John Paseo and Fred A. Kometch were examined by the Dodge county board of insanity commissioners and committed to the asylum for the insane at Norfolk.

The State Adventists Association had a damp time in their camp at Lincoln last week, but the attendance was good and all were well pleased with the week's work.

From a freight car standing in the Union Pacific yards at Omaha was stolen fourteen pair of waterproof over-shoes, and seven pairs of boys' duck boots valued at twenty-five dollars.

Dr. John T. Wood of Coffeyville, aged 89 years, is still a practicing physician. He has been practicing for seventy-four years, and it is claimed that he is the oldest doctor in the service in the United States.

Ed Johns, of Lincoln, who shot a police officer on August 29, has been bound over to district court in the sum of \$2,500. This is the second court against Johns, and he is short on bonds-men.

An official opinion has been given out in the attorney-general's office that it is unlawful for a person to bring in Nebraska during the closed season game which has been killed in open season in any other state.

It is believed that foul play on the part of some discharged prisoner was the cause of Miss Maude Secord's death at Clay Center recently. It will be remembered her clothing caught fire from supposedly, her stepping on a match. It is now found that some chemical was thrown on the carpet, which would ignite by stepping on them.

Reports of the sugar beet crop continue to be unfavorable. The factory at Ames will start up the latter part of this week or soon thereafter. It is not yet known whether the rains of the last three days will have the effect of decreasing the saccharine percentage of the beets or not.

The Omaha police have located Mrs. Mollie Mabray, the woman who threw carbolic acid into the face of Miss Maud Hanson, but declined to disclose her whereabouts to the press. Chief Donahue says she left the city immediately after the assault, but is still in the state and may be arrested and brought back to Omaha at any time. He is waiting only to ascertain whether Miss Hanson will prosecute.

David Miller, a colored man, while at work at Nebraska City at the cold storage plant, slipped and fell while working on the ice chute and was caught in the back with the ice tongs. The tongs fastened themselves in the flesh of his back and he was held suspended for some time by the muscles of the back. One of the points of the tongs entered near the spine and the man is in a very serious condition.

The new Missouri Pacific-Elkhorn freight depot at Lincoln is nearing completion. The office part of the building is being plastered and will soon be ready for occupancy, while the roof is placed on the warehouse part of the structure.

Augusta Wagner of South Omaha married a "pilgrim" and after getting his roll of dough amounting to \$386 gave him the shake. She then sold her furniture, bought on the installment plan, and now she is liable to go to the pen for selling mortgaged property.

The Scourge of Damascus
A Story of the East...
By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)
"I hope you have rested well," said the chief, approaching the princess.
"I have slept, sir," she replied, trembling as she looked into his dark face.
"Then you are ready to resume your saddle. We will ride before the heat of the noonday sun is upon us."
"You will not claim us for companions further, I trust."
"Only while our roads lay together, lady. Surely you cannot object to that."
"But I wish to go to the bank of the Pharaoh."
"Just as I expected; so I shall not be disappointed. Your horses are ready. I will have them brought this way."
The guard had already been placed upon a horse, and Ulin saw them binding him to a saddle. What did this mean?
Hardly knowing what she did, Ulin suffered herself to be lifted into the saddle; and in a few moments more Albia was by her side.
"Why have you bound Shubal to his seat?" she asked.
"That he may ride safely. He is a bungling fellow, and might tumble off if he were not secured. But don't let that worry you."
CHAPTER XVI.
The Strange Horseman.
At this moment the guard came near to the place where his mistress sat, his horse having moved of its own accord, and as she turned towards him he spoke to her:
"My dear good lady, they lie to you when they tell you that they mean you no harm. I have heard them talk and I know their plans. We are all to be sold into slavery in the kingdom beyond the Syrian desert!"
"Mercy!" cried Ulin, turning pale as death and clasping her hands in agony.
"O, my dream! my dream!"
"Easy, fair lady," said Al Abbas. "This black rascal knows not what he says. I allowed him to speak so that I might see how his mind ran."
"It is false," exclaimed Shubal. "I heard them lay the plan. You, my mistress, are to be sold for a—"
The guard's speech was stopped by two of the robbers, who threw him back upon his horse, and stopped his mouth with their hands.
"Sir robber," cried Ulin, stretching her hands out towards him, "deceive me no more. I think my poor slave has told me the truth."
"A pest upon the slave, lady! His tongue shall come out by the roots if he speaks again without my leave. Stick to your saddle, and keep up your courage."
As the Arab spoke he leaped upon the back of his horse, and ere the princess could ask another question, the party was upon the move, the order of arrangements being the same as before.
"We are not going towards the Pharaoh," said Ulin.
"No," replied Albia. "We are going the other way."
"Then Shubal told us the truth."
"Alas, dear mistress, I dare not say."
"But you think so?"
"I cannot deny it."
"And you thought so before you heard Shubal speak?"
"I feared something of the kind."
Al Abbas overheard the girls as they thus conversed, and he was presently by their side.
"Lady Ulin," he said, and he spoke sternly and sharply; "you are now on the move, and when you stop again it will be far away from Damascus. I owe something to the officers of that city, and I will repay a part of the debt by taking you away from them. You are to go just as far as I please to take you; and the more quietly you go the better it will be for you; so you had better begin to accommodate yourself to the circumstances."
He rode back to his place and Ulin grasped the bow of her saddle for support.
"Courage," said Albia, riding as near as she could. "There may be some way to escape. The good spirits will not desert us."
The princess heard the words, and they had a marked effect upon her. She had naturally a strong resolution, and when she was once resolved to bear up, her strength was not long in coming to her assistance. On the present occasion she knew that she had heard the worst. In fact, she had reason to believe that her captor meant for her the most dreadful fate to which one in her station could be subject. For a while she was completely stunned by the fearful blow; but as she came to reason with herself, she saw that her only hope was in escape. The Arabs were low, brutal and sordid, and would sell her for gold. She could read in their evil faces that they were not to be touched by sympathy. What then could she do? She must get away from them. And if this was to be done she must summon all her energies to the work.
But, alas! the case looked hopeless enough; what could two weak girls do against such odds? Only some interposition beyond their own efforts could save them. So, after all, if help was to come, it must come from some unknown source. And could such help be found? If fervent prayers could

"Who are you that thus pursue and stop me?" demanded Al Abbas.
"I am Julian, the Scourge of Damascus!" replied the foremost of the opposite party.
At the sound of that name the Arab trembled, for he knew that no king's officer had been more persistent in driving petty robbers from the plains of Damascus than had Julian. But presently he recovered himself, seeming to think that, were the man's assertion true, the opposing force was not strong enough to be feared.
"If you be Julian," he cried, "you have come forth with a small retinue. But what seek you?"
"I have come to take from you those prisoners that you hold. Deliver them up to me, and I will trouble you no more."
"And suppose that I should refuse to do any such thing?"
"Then I should be forced to take them from you. As I address you, I recognize you as Julian. If I am not greatly mistaken, you are Al Abbas, the Arab—a villain who lives by robbing women and old men."
"Now, by the blood of Cosh!" exclaimed Al Abbas, drawing his sword and urging his horse forward, "I'll make you feel another thing the Arab robber can do! What, ho, my men! Down with these rascals!"
In a moment the Arabs were ready for action, and hurried forward to strike with their leader.
As soon as Shubal found his guard gone, he called to Albia to come and set him free.
"Cut these cords," he cried, "and I may be of some help in this affair. Merciful heaven, is not this the work of a good spirit!"
The bondmaid was not long in setting him free from his saddle, and as soon as he was clear he sprang forward to where the ring of clashing steel had already broken upon the air.
With something like a smile of disdain upon his handsome features did Julian behold the approach of the Arabs, while Hobaddan, who sat close by his side, looked grim and stern. Osmir and Selim drew to the front as the token of battle was given, and their cool, determined bearing, plainly showed that they were foemen not to be despised. Al Abbas rode directly for the youthful chieftain, with his sword ready for the stroke; but he had mistaken his man, if he thought to touch any vulnerable point. Julian knocked his weapon up, and quickly drove him from his horse; and then, seeking to make quick work of it, and feeling no great sympathy for woman-stealers, he simply rode the Arab leader down, cleaving open his head as he fell.
Shubal was close at hand when Al Abbas dropped, and quickly as possible he possessed himself of the fallen man's sword, and was just in season to join in the conflict as three of the Arabs had attacked Julian. The young chieftain struck down one of them by a winding blow across the bare neck, but he might have had severe work with the other two had not help arrived; for the rascals were strong, and the death of their leader had given them new impulse to conquer. It was not the impulse of revenge. No, no. The death of Al Abbas left more gold for those who survived. But the unexpected arrival of the freed slave upon the scene gave a new turn to the tide. One of the Arabs he struck down from behind, and the other one alone proved no match for the stalwart chieftain.
In the meantime Hobaddan, with Osmir and Selim, had disposed of the others. Two they had slain, and two had taken to flight.
(To be continued.)

BROKE BLAINE'S BOOM.
Ex-Governor Newell's Medical Opinions Turned Jersey Delegates.
Friends of the late William A. Newell, once Governor of New Jersey, have recalled an old story in which he figures as the rock upon which the Presidential hopes of James G. Blaine were wrecked in 1876. The ex-Governor, who was a physician as well as a politician, was a delegate to the Republican national convention in that year, and he was prominent among those members of the New Jersey delegation who favored Mr. Blaine's nomination. While the struggle for the various aspirants was in progress, the news came that Mr. Blaine had been stricken with what was variously described as apoplexy and sunstroke. This event was eagerly seized upon by the two or three Jersey delegates who favored Mr. Conkling, and these hearing that Dr. Newell had expressed a fear that the effects of such a "stroke" as Mr. Blaine had suffered might seriously and permanently affect his mental faculties, saw an opportunity, as they thought, to help their candidate. They secured a conference of the delegation, and when it had met, they called upon the ex-Governor to give his opinion, as a medical man, as to whether, in the circumstances, it would be prudent to nominate the Maine statesman. The answer, given with extreme reluctance and regret, and of course entirely sincere, was in the negative. Mr. Blaine's hold upon the New Jersey delegates was immediately broken, but their votes ultimately went, not to Mr. Conkling, but to Mr. Hayes. Those who like to ascribe great effects to small causes stand at the time, in the inaccurate, long-drawn explanation of Dr. Newell the explanation of Mr. Blaine's failure to reach the Presidency, for they say that, though he was defeated in 1876, if he had been nominated in 1876 he would have been elected.—New York Times.

UPHOLDS THE CHALLENGE.
Court Says Admiral Howison Cannot Act as Member.
Within three hours from the time of convening the Schley court of inquiry at Washington it was announced that Rear Admiral Howison was disqualified from serving as a member of the court, and was excused from further duty. This brought the proceedings to an abrupt termination, and caused a temporary adjournment of the court in order to permit the navy department to designate an officer to succeed Admiral Howison. No further session is probable until the first of next week. It had been expected that little official business would be accomplished on the opening day, and the prompt decision as to Admiral Howison came somewhat as a surprise.
Prior to the court's convening a good-sized crowd assembled at the Washington navy yard, where the court meets, to witness the coming of the prominent naval officers who were to take part in the proceedings. They came uniformed and unheralded and until the full dress uniforms had been donned at quarters inside the yard, for the actual sessions of the court, there was little to lead dramatic interest to the occasion.
Jesse Morrison is Free.
Jesse Morrison, who was sent to the state penitentiary at Lansing, Kas., for five years for killing Mrs. Clara Wiley Castle, was released. Miss Morrison was released on bond pending an appeal of her case to the supreme court. She says she never expects to go back to the penitentiary.
Killed in a Ball Game.
Otto Kuhn, aged twelve, was killed at Pana, Ill., while playing ball, being struck in the temple by the ball.

HERR MOST ARRESTED AND IS IN JAIL AT NEW YORK.
John Most, the most widely known of New York anarchists, and editor of Frieheit, the organ of the anarchists, was arrested at New York by Central Office Detectives Knurch and Fernstein. The arrest was made in a saloon, over which are the offices of the newspaper. Herr Most objected volubly to the arrest, but to no purpose, and he was locked up at police headquarters as a "suspicious person."
The complaint against Most is based on and quotes in full an editorial which Most printed in the Frieheit on September 7. The editorial reads in part: "The greatest of all follies in the world is the belief that there can be a crime of any sort against despots and their accomplices. Such a belief is in itself a crime. Despots are outlaws; they are, in human shape, what the tiger is among beasts. To spare them is a crime. As despots make use of everything, treachery, poison, murder, etc., so everything should be employed against them."
Most protested that he had committed no crime, and that all that had appeared in his newspaper were simply opinions in a new guise that had been printed and reprinted and voiced thousands of times in the last fifty years.

SERIOUS SETBACK
Change for Worse Causes Grave Apprehension.

THE PRESIDENT GROWING WEAKER
A Sinking Spell Early in the Morning Leads Physicians to Fear a Collapse —Call Sent Out to Physicians — Cabinet Members in the City

President McKinley experienced a sinking spell shortly after 2 o'clock. The physicians are administering restoratives to him with hope of reviving him.
A general call has gone out to the physicians and the members of the cabinet now in the city. Dr. Park reached the house at 2:30, and shortly after him came Secretaries Hitchcock and Wilson.
The Associated press is authorized to say that President McKinley is critically ill.
The following was issued by the president's physicians at 2:50 a. m., Friday:
"The president's condition is very serious and gives rise to the gravest apprehension. His bowels have moved well, but his heart does not respond properly to stimulation. He is conscious. The skin is warm and the pulse, small, regular, easily compressible and 120; respiration 30; temperature 100."
At 3:35 Secretaries Wilson and Hitchcock, Abner McKinley, Dr. Baer and Private Secretary Cortelyou were assembled in the main drawing room and it was understood that none of them had up to that time been called to the sick room. The gravest anxiety was pictured on their faces.
At 4 o'clock Drs. Mann and Mynter left the house. The latter said:
"The president is in better condition than he was an hour ago. We have not given up hope. He has rallied somewhat and we are going home."
Dr. Mann also said that the president rallied, but both physicians declined to go into details concerning the character of the heart stimulants administered or the cause of the collapse.

NEW RED IN JAIL.
Herr Most Arrested and is in Jail at New York.

LONGING FOR REVENGE.
Call for Ten Thousand Men to Meet Out Punishment.

Three men, one of them the son of a prominent hotelkeeper, visited the offices of the newspapers at Chicago early Friday evening, with a call written out and signed by all three, asking that if there was definite news of the death of President McKinley by 10 o'clock Saturday morning, they wanted ten thousand men to meet them in front of the county jail and take steps to lynch the anarchists confined in the building. Their call met with little response, although the general feeling was with them. There was no crowd around the jail or around the Harrison street police station, and no indications of any.
At the same time the police recognized the possibility of trouble when authentic news should be received of the president's death, and announced themselves ready and able to protect their prisoners if any attack should be made against them.
Dr. Saylin, who has been arrested, admits the anarchists held a meeting in Buffalo September 2, but says no plot was laid. The police doubt this. They cite the way in which Dr. Saylin suddenly left Buffalo, ostensibly for Denver, on the evening the president was shot. In fact, the Chicago police are now convinced that there was a plot to assassinate the president.
Emma Goldman, when asked about the meeting in Buffalo September 2, said that it had no significance; that Dr. Saylin was one of her friends, and had been very attentive during her sojourn at Buffalo. Dr. Saylin admitted that he had been attentive to Miss Goldman in Buffalo; that he had been with her a great deal, and that he had paid her expenses while she was there.
Emma Goldman, while stoutly denying that she had anything to do with the death of President McKinley, says that she would have made no effort to save him from the hands of his assassin if she had been conversant with Czolgosz's plan to shoot him.
Shortly after midnight the great crowds on the streets of Buffalo became excited over a rumor that the president was dead. A rush was made toward the police station where Czolgosz is confined. It was promptly met by the police reserves, mounted and on foot, and driven back after a week resistance.

PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

His Life, Goes Out With Dawn of Day.
THIRD TO DIE BY ASSASSINATION.
Kept Alive for Hours By Artificial Means — Finally Expressed a Desire to be Allowed to Die.

President McKinley died at 2:15 Saturday morning.
He had been unconscious since 7:15 Friday evening.
His last conscious hour on earth was spent with his wife, to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were a humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit and calmness and poise which has marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were as follows:
"Good bye, all; good bye: it is God's way. His will be done."
Then his mind began to wander and soon he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen, and the president finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:35 the administration of oxygen ceased and the pulse grew fainter and fainter. He was sinking gradually, like a child, into the eternal slumber. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities and they grew cold.
Down stairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about 6 o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney General Knox. Secretary Wilson also was there, but he held back, not wishing to see the president in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces and the words of intense grief choking in their throats.
The immediate cause of the president's death is undetermined. His physicians disagree, and it will possibly require an autopsy to fix the exact cause. The president's remains will be taken to Washington, and there will be a state funeral.

Vice President Roosevelt, who now succeeds to the presidency, may take the oath of office wherever he happens to hear the news. The cabinet will, of course resign in a body, and President Roosevelt will have an opportunity of forming a new cabinet if he so desires.

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