

### MITCHELL IS FOUND GUILTY.

#### Jury Brings in a Verdict After Being Out Eight Hours.

Portland, Ore., July 5.—The jury in the case of the United States against Senator John H. Mitchell returned a verdict of guilty as charged.

The charge was that Senator Mitchell while occupying his public position accepted a pecuniary compensation for practicing before the federal departments at Washington, which, under the statutes, constitutes a crime. A few minutes before 11 o'clock the bailiff was summoned to the jury room. A moment later he reappeared and communicated to those in waiting the news that the jury had agreed. Judge DeHaven, the attorneys and the aged senator, whose last days were to be crowned with disgrace, were summoned and quickly appeared. Judge DeHaven ascended the bench without removing his overcoat and directed that the jury be brought in.

Captain Slayden, clerk of the court, received the verdict from the foreman and read it amid the crash and rattle of fireworks exploding in the streets on all four sides of the court house. Slayden spoke low, and because of the din without only two sentences of the verdict were audible: "Guilty as charged," and "recommended to the mercy of the court."

Senator Mitchell received the verdict with fortitude. Severe and evidently unexpected as it was, he showed by no outward signs save the ghastly pallor of his face and the nervous stroking of his beard that he felt the blow.

Judge Bennett arose and on the part of Senator Mitchell moved a new trial. Judge DeHaven directed that the motion be continued until next Monday and declared court adjourned.

### DEVLIN'S BANK IS CLOSED.

#### First National of Topeka in Hands of Comptroller of Currency.

Topeka, Kan., July 5.—No definite statement was obtainable regarding the condition of the First National bank, controlled by Charles J. Devlin, the big coal mine owner, which closed its doors.

Colonel W. H. Rossington, vice president of the bank, locked the institution's books in the vault to await the arrival of J. T. Bradley, the national bank examiner, whom the comptroller had appointed receiver of the failed bank, and he would only say: "The bank's trouble has not been caused by dishonesty on the part of anyone, but by lending too largely to one borrower. There has been no stealing."

This borrower is, of course, Mr. Devlin, and the bank is said to hold the capitalist's paper to the amount of \$1,000,000. Mr. Devlin, whose sudden illness brought about the tangle in the big coal mining and railroad properties, valued, it was estimated, at close to \$7,000,000, is still under the care of a physician and no statement could be secured from him.

### Tires Supporting Wife; Kills Her.

Cleveland, July 3.—That he had become tired of supporting his old wife, who had become an invalid, was the excuse for killing her which August Otto, a sixty-eight-year-old German, gave the police when he confessed committing the crime. Otto walked into an undertaker's shop, requesting that proper attention be given the body of his wife, who, he said, had fallen down stairs and killed herself. The woman's head was almost hacked to pieces and blood stains led to a hatchet found in the barn.

### Loomis Arrives in Paris.

Paris, July 3.—Francis B. Loomis, assistant secretary of state and special ambassador to take over the body of Admiral John Paul Jones from the senior special ambassador, General Horace Porter, arrived here. He was met at the depot by a number of officials, French and American, who accompanied him to the hotel, where Rear Admiral Sigbee and the officers of the American squadron are already quartered.

### STRANGE ACCIDENTS.

#### A Broken Neck as the Result of the Turn of a Foot.

"The man who fell out of bed and broke his neck will scarcely attract more than passing notice," said a thoughtful man, "for there have been many cases equally remarkable. I recall one case where a man's neck was broken by a very slight turn of his foot. He attempted to 'catch himself'—that is, to preserve his balance—and the effort was of such violence that he broke his neck. Many men have broken their necks by a sudden stumble and a fall on the sidewalk or by being knocked down by some hurrying pedestrian, or by a street car or a vehicle of some sort.

"It is not at all uncommon for a policeman, with no intention of doing more than subdue an unruly member, to break an offender's neck by rapping him over the head with his club. Sometimes the fall which follows and sometimes the blow breaks the neck of the

offender. Sometimes a sudden, violent motion of the head, a quick jerking motion, the kind we make when dodging, will break the neck.

"I recall a case where a man threw his neck out of joint without breaking it by throwing his head to one side in an effort to dodge a bullet fired at him at short range. The bullet passed through the rim of his hat. Even after that he carried his head tilted over the right shoulder and was never able to straighten it."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

### DUST OF THE DESERT.

#### It Is an Affliction, but It Is Not Impure, Like City Dust.

A traveler in Egypt writes: "With all its heat and dust the desert has its charms. True, the desert dust is an affliction, for when certain evil winds blow the desert is shrouded in dust—vast swirling clouds through which no eye can see. But when the dust storms have blown over and the desert is calm again you forget the dust, for the desert dust is dusty dust, but not dirty dust. Compared with the awful organic dust of New York, London or Paris it is inorganic and pure.

"On those strips of the Libyan and Arabian deserts which lie along the Nile the desert dust is largely made up of shredded royalty, of withered Ptolemies, of faded Pharaohs, for the tombs of queens and kings are counted here by the hundreds and of their royal progeny and their royal retainers by the thousands. These desecrated dynasties have been drying so long that they are now quite antiseptic.

"Dust of these dead and gone kings makes extraordinarily fertile soil for vegetable gardens when irrigated with the rich waters of the Nile. Their mummies are also said to make excellent pigments for the brush. Ramesses and Setos, Cleopatra and Hatshepsut—all these great ones dead and turned to clay—when properly ground make a rich amber paint highly popular with artists."

### The Stuart Kings.

The family name of the Stuarts was originally, as Mr. Bayley observes, Fitzalan. The original Walter Fitzalan, brother of the ancestor of the dukes of Norfolk, was lord high steward of Scotland, and from this circumstance his branch of the family appears to have adopted the name of Stewart. When the change began is not certain, but it was probably not later than the time of Alexander, the great-grandson of Walter Fitzalan, for both his sons—James, the grandfather of Robert II, and all the Scottish Stewart kings, and John, the ancestor of Lord Darnley—appear to have borne the name of Stewart.—Notes and Queries.

### A Designing Doctor.

The Sydney Bulletin tells of a motoring doctor who ran into and captured a pedestrian. He looked behind him and, seeing the man still prone, made a circuit and ran back, intending to stop beside and help him. But the motor shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. The doctor turned his car once more and was cautiously stealing near to the prostrate sufferer when an excited spectator rushed from the sidewalk and, shaking the victim, exclaimed: "Look out! He's coming at you again!" Whereupon the man scrambled up and started to run.

### Hate All Around.

The famous English Chief Justice Holt and his wife hated each other to the limit, and when she fell dangerously ill he was so delighted that he became disgracefully tipsy. But his wife was equal to the emergency and sent for the great Dr. Radcliffe, who hated Holt, and therefore out of spite when the case was presented to him came with great promptness and saved her life.—London Chronicle.

### Horrible Example.

"Maw, what is a horrible example?" asked the youngest boy, looking up from his newspaper.

The eldest boy stopped his figuring long enough to say, "Wait till you get into algebra, and you'll find any amount of 'em."

### The Royal Road to Learning.

Freddie—What's an honorary degree, dad? Johnson—That's a title a college confers on a man who would never be able to get it if he had to pass an examination.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

### A Game of Chance.

May—You have never taken part in a game of chance, have you? Ethel—No, but I am going to be married next week.

### The Lightning Cure.

"Here's a story of a man who was cured of rheumatism by being struck by lightning."

"I'll risk de rheumatism every time," said Brother Dickey. "I don't want no doctor what's ez quick ez dat!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### His Job.

"What's Stevens doing now?" "Nothing." "But I was told he was holding a government position." "He is."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Wings of the Morning.

(Continued from Page Three)

land. With the slow speed advised by the Roman philosopher the back sight and fore sight of the rifle came into line with the breast of the coarse brute clutching the girl's face.

Then something bit him above the heart and simultaneously tore half of his back into fragments. He fell, with a queer sob, and the others turned to face this unexpected danger.

Iris, knowing only that she was free from that hateful grasp, wrenched herself free from the chief's hold and ran with all her might along the beach to Jenks and safety.

Again and yet again the rifle gave its short, sharp snarl, and two more Dyaks collapsed on the sand. Six were left, their leader being still unconsciously preserved from death by the figure of the flying girl.

A fourth Dyak dropped. The survivors, cruel savages, but not cowards, unslinging their guns. The sailor, white faced, grim, with an unpleasant gleam in his deep set eyes and a lower jaw protruding, noticed their preparations.

"To the left!" he shouted. "Run toward the trees!"

Iris heard him and strove to obey, but her strength was failing her, and she staggered blindly. After a few despairing efforts she lurched feebly to her knees and tumbled face downward on the broken coral that had tripped her faltering footsteps.

Jenks was watching her, watching the remaining Dyaks, from whom a spluttering volley came, picking out his quarry with the murderous ease of a bee in a violent hurry hummed past his ear, and a rock near his right foot was struck a tremendous blow by an unseen agency. He liked this. It would be a battle, not a battue.

The fifth Dyak crumpled into the distortion of death, and then their leader took deliberate aim at the kneeling marksman who threatened to wipe him and his band out of existence. But his deliberation, though skillful, was too profound. The sailor fired first and was professionally astonished to see the gaudily attired individual tossed violently backward for many yards, finally pitching headlong to the earth. Had he been charged by a bull in full career he could not have been more utterly discomfited. The incident was sensational, but inexplicable.

Yet another member of the band was prostrated ere the two as yet unscathed thought fit to beat a retreat. This they now did with celerity, but they dragged their chief with them. It was no part of Jenks' programme to allow them to escape. He aimed again at the man nearest the trees. There was a sharp click and nothing more. The cartridge was a misfire. He hastily sought to eject it, and the rifle jammed.

Springing to his feet, with a yell, he ran forward. The flying men caught a glimpse of him and accelerated their movements. Just as he reached Iris they vanished among the trees.

Slung the rifle over his shoulder, he picked up the girl in his arms. She was conscious, but breathless.

"You are not hurt?" he gasped, his eyes blazing into her face with an intensity that she afterward remembered as appalling.

"No," she whispered. "Listen," he continued in labored jerks. "Try and obey me—exactly. I will carry you—to the cave. Stop there. Shoot any one you see—till I come."

She heard him wonderingly. Was he going to leave her, now that he had her safely clasped to his breast? Impossible! Ah, she understood. Those men must have landed in a boat. He intended to attack them again. He was going to fight them single handed, and she would not know what happened to him until it was all over. Gradually her vitality returned. She almost smiled at the fantastic conceit that she would desert him.

Jenks placed her on her feet at the entrance to the cave.

"You understand," he cried, and without waiting for an answer ran to the house for another rifle. This time, to her amazement, he darted back through Prospect park toward the sand's beach. The sailor knew that the Dyaks had landed at the sandy bay Iris had christened Smugglers' cove. They were acquainted with the passage through the reef and came from the distant islands. Now they would endeavor to escape by the same channel. They must be prevented at all costs.

He was right. As they came out into the open he saw three men, not two, pushing off a large sampan. One of them was the chief. Then Jenks understood that his bullet had hit the lock of the Dyak's uplifted weapon, with the result already described. By a miracle he had escaped.

He coolly prepared to slay the three of them with the same calm purpose that distinguished the opening phase of this singularly one-sided conflict.

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The distance was much greater, perhaps 800 yards from the point where the boat came into view. He knelt and fired. He judged that the missile struck the craft between the trio.

"I didn't allow for the sun on the side of the fore sight," he said, "or perhaps I am a bit shaky after the run. In any event they can't go far."

A hurrying step on the coral behind him caught his ear. Instantly he sprang up and faced about—to see Iris. "They are escaping," she said. "No fear of that," he replied, turning away from her.

"Where are the others?" "Dead!"

"Do you mean that you killed nearly all those men?" "Six of them. There were nine in all."

He knelt again, lifting the rifle. Iris threw herself on her knees by his side. There was something awful to her in this chill and businesslike declaration of a fixed purpose.

"Mr. Jenks," she said, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty, "do not kill more men for my sake!"

"For my own sake, then," he growled, annoyed at the interruption, as the sampan was aloft.

"Then I ask you for God's sake not to take another life. What you have already done was unavoidable, perhaps right. This is murder!"

He lowered his weapon and looked at her. "If those men get away they will bring back a host to avenge their comrades—and secure you," he added.

"It may be the will of Providence for such a thing to happen. Yet I implore you to spare them."

He placed the rifle on the sand and raised her tenderly, for she had yielded to a paroxysm of tears. Not another word did either of them speak in that hour. The large triangular sail of the sampan was now belling out in the stern of the boat and shook a menacing arm at the couple on the beach.

It was the Malay chief, cursing them with the rude eloquence of his barbarous tongue. And Jenks well knew what he was saying.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.—Goethe.

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