

In the Desert

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War

By H. B. WELSH...

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)
As they walked toward the door Rayburn's eyes fell on the dark bulk of the dead hyena beside it. A curious expression passed over his face. He touched the dead beast with his foot.

"What's this, Cleland—a dead dog?"

"Rather a dangerous kind of dog," answered Cleland, smiling. "It is a hyena, and would have made short work of me if I had not happened to be beforehand with my rifle."

"Lucky for you. I thought I heard a shot as I came round; but fancied I had made a mistake afterwards," said the other, with a peculiar intonation. "An ugly customer to deal with, and you're lucky to have escaped. Well, are you ready?"

They went out into the moonlit night. Cleland led the way up from the camp.

"I was tempted by another fellow to take a look around before we turned in," he said, as they walked on as quickly as the sand would permit. "We thought we might happen to fall on some traces of the Baggara. We got into a jungle, and had the greatest difficulty in finding our way out. In the thickest part of it the other fellow tripped and fell, his rifle went off, and he shot himself right through the shoulder. It's a nasty wound, and, though I did the best I could to bandage it, I'm rather afraid he won't be able to keep it still. I ran all the way back, and have not roused anyone, I was in such a hurry to get you up to aim."

Cleland thought this account a little inconsistent with the leisurely way in which he had seen Major Rayburn wandering round the camp; but he said nothing, and the two men hurried on together.

The ground became less arid as they did so. An occasional mimosa-bush dotted the sand. Presently they came in view of what was evidently the jungle.

"You are done up, I can see," said Rayburn, suddenly pausing to look at the other. "I have a flask with me. Will you take a little?"

"I am all right, thank you," said Cleland, quietly. "I do not take alcohol, you know."

The other made no remark, but stepped on, Cleland following. In a few minutes they were in the very heart of the scrub. An almost impenetrable jungle it was, whose sharp mimosa-spears caught the incautious traveler by the clothing, pierced it through, and pierced the flesh with a thousand sharp, thorny pricks, over whose rough half-grass his feet stumbled and tripped at every step, and whose huge twisted ropes of creeper flung down straggling tendrils over his neck and shoulders so that he was caught like a fly in a spider's web.

"This is becoming almost impassable!" Cleland exclaimed. "Where is your wounded man, Major Rayburn? Is he anywhere near here?"

"We were quite as far as here, but looks to me as if I had lost my bearings," said Rayburn. He paused and seemed lost in thought; then started suddenly. "Ah, I see now! This palm tree was our guide, I remember that. This is the way, Dr. Cleland!"

He turned aside to the left, leading Cleland more into the heart of the jungle than ever; then he paused again.

"Will you stay here for a few minutes while I run on in this direction, doctor, and see if there is any trace of my poor companion? I begin to feel quite uneasy. Have a cigar while I am away; they are the best Havanas."

Cleland agreed, and stood waiting while the other went on, and soon disappeared from sight. Cleland heard him calling "Vanburgh! Vanburgh! where are you, man?" for a few minutes; then his voice died away and there was complete silence all around.

CHAPTER VII.
How long he waited he never afterwards knew. It might have been half an hour, it might have been more. But suddenly a strange sensation began to creep over him, a sensation of most extraordinary drowsiness, which he seemed unable to combat.

He had taken one of Rayburn's proffered cigars, thinking it would be ungracious to refuse, and feeling, moreover, that he would be the better for one after that long tramp and the fatiguing scramble through the jungle. He was smoking it as the feeling of drowsiness crept over him.

He made a courageous effort to shake it off by trying to move about as well as his limited space would allow. Once or twice he shouted Rayburn's name at the pitch of his voice; but no answer came back.

"I may as well sit down," he thought at last. "I feel as if my limbs would scarcely support me."

A little knoll of the rough half-grass formed a temptation; he yielded to it and sat down. In a few minutes the whole of his surroundings—the jungle, the thought of Rayburn and his wounded friend—faded away into nothingness; drowsiness passed into unconsciousness, and Cleland slept.

When he awoke it was daylight—nay, more, the sun was high in the heavens, and was pouring down the full heat of his rays upon the tall palms, the mimosas and assias surrounding Cleland. He started to his

whirling clouds of black dust—like cayenne pepper in appearance, and quite as disagreeable—Cleland saw something which made his heart leap.

It was a long line of stationary lights!

He had no doubt now but that he had come in sight of the English camp. He spurred on, hope lending him strength and swiftness.

In half an hour he was quite close to the encampment. Then he paused, a strange, uneasy feeling possessing him.

Could this be his own camp? It consisted in the center of a long zareba, protected by what seemed like a jungle of mimosa and palm, thickly interspersed with half-grass and creepers. As he approached he saw that in front there was a deep trench and a stockade. At either end there were a few tents, not unlike those to which Cleland was accustomed.

He stood still, a chilly fear creeping over him. Suddenly, as if they had sprung out of the ground, two tall figures stood, one on either side of him, and two immense brown hands gripped each one of his arms.

Cleland turned quickly towards one of his assailants, and saw a tall, dusky figure, clad in a dark and dirty "jibbeh," or upper garment, loose drawers, and on his head a piece of rolled cloth, somewhat resembling the Turkish turban. The face beneath was dark and sinister.

Cleland could no longer have any doubt on the subject. He was in the hands of the enemy!

He had sufficient knowledge of the language to explain.

"Where are you taking me? I am an innocent man!"

"Cursed be all Christian dogs and infidels!" exclaimed one of his captors. "Allah! Allah! You are a spy, and the Khalifa will hang you, as he has hung others!"

"Are you taking me to the Khalifa?" exclaimed Cleland, only able to understand half of what was said.

The man made a brief assent, and then, pointing his lance at Cleland's breast, made him come on.

There was really nothing else for it but to allow himself to be led forward, and Cleland submitted without any resistance.

He was dragged on by his captors, whose savage looks and tones showed clearly that they had no feeling save that of bitter hatred against the man who wore the dress of the hated English infidel. In a few moments Cleland found himself entering the zareba by means of an opening concealed behind brushwood and mimosa-thorn.

Inside the zareba he was dragged across pits and trenches, between lines of fierce-faced, gloomy-eyed derisives, who sprang to their feet, lance in hand, past huts, donkeys and tethered camels, on to a central hut, which he guessed must be that of the Khalifa.

The door was open, and the next moment he found himself in the presence of the ruler of the Soudan, the man who had such terrible reason to hate the accursed white race—accursed both for their unbelief and for their determined attempts to overthrow his power.

A straw mat lay on the floor in the center of the hut; on this reclined the Khalifa. He looked up as his soldiers entered with their prisoner, but made no attempt to rise.

Cleland met a pair of cold, merciless black eyes, set in a thin, dark face, keen as an eagle's, and as cruel, without wincing or wavering. The Khalifa waved his hand towards his men, who began an excited oration, most of which Cleland could not understand; but one word he could make out, and that was "spy."

(To be continued.)

Delicate Surgical Operation.
A celebrated astronomer suffered acutely for over twelve years from an unknown trouble in his leg. The surgeons did not seem to be able to diagnose his case. He finally went to the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore, and an examination by two young surgeons showed that the lameness was due to a diseased nerve in the leg. The patient was told that the operation would be painful, and in the nature of an experiment, as it had been tried only once before, in France, in which instance it was successful. The patient refused to take anesthetics, as he desired to witness the operation as far as possible. The leg was opened and the nerve was found to be diseased, and the patient directed the surgeons to cut it out. The nerve was entirely removed, the wound closed and in ten days the patient was able to dress himself and walk about the hospital, and he is now able to go up and down stairs and walk half a mile at a time.

The Claim Was Justified.
Visitors to the Paris exposition may have noticed over one of the restaurants the inscription, "Ici on parle toutes les langues." Those who are familiar with the results obtained in French restaurants where "Anglais" is spoken will naturally be rather skeptical about this comprehensive claim to speak all the languages under the sun. A visitor recently remarked to the manager: "You must have a great many interpreters here." "Not one," was the reply. "Who, then, speaks all the languages?" "The customers, monsieur."—New York Chronicle.

Truth's Characterization of Landorf.
According to London Truth, Count Landorf, who is spoken of as successor to Count Mouravieff of Russia, never goes into society, and hardly has any friends. He lives in apartments at the Russian Foreign office.

Why should a clock be arrested for striking the hour?

FORAGING ON THE STATE

Bold Raids Being Made on State Funds by Fusion Officials.

ARE PAID FOR SERVICES NEVER RENDERED

How High Up Officials Have Promoted Treasury Raids— Fresh Bread for Officials and State Bread for Inmates.

BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 6.—Last week's report concerning the management of the State Institution for Feeble-Minded Youth at this place only gave a brief recital of the facts. There are other facts relative to it hitherto unpublished which are worthy of the closest consideration by everybody.

FORAGING ON THE STATE.
Not content with placing an army of incompetents on the payroll, there is positive evidence that, not only have favorites been permitted to furnish their relatives with bed and board, but they have been permitted to draw money from the public treasury for services never rendered. In this connection the name of Judge Sullivan again appears, and that, too, in connection with a very questionable transaction. The facts are these: On the day of August, 1899, Miss Keating voluntarily tendered her resignation as matron to Superintendent Lang. On that day she gave up her keys, moved all of her effects and left the institution. She notified the superintendent that she had resigned. The salary of the matron is \$66.66 per month, and a voucher for \$17.25, the amount due for eight days' service, was made out, and Miss Keating signed it. This voucher recited the fact that it was "in payment in full for all services rendered the state." It was sent to the Board of Public Lands and Buildings for approval. But it was never approved; it was abstracted by somebody and made away with.

He also informed the governor that he did not believe Miss Keating would do such a thing. "Well," said the governor, "just send her a voucher made out for the full amount and see what she will do." Again Superintendent Lang informed him he would do nothing of the kind. "I will sign the voucher on the back in blank," said the superintendent, "and I will leave the matter of making the fraudulent claim to Miss Keating." Superintendent Lang did this very thing, and he also at the same time, on learning that Judge Sullivan was mixed up in the matter, sent the following letter to Judge Sullivan:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 7, 1899.
"Hon. J. Sprague,
"My Dear Sir—I learned from some sources that you are not satisfied with the disposition of Miss Abigail Keating. Your letter to me, shortly after the date, was courteously and kindly answered. I stated to you the facts—that Miss Keating resigned her position and turned over her keys of this institution on the 8th day of August, 1899, and that she moved all of her belongings then from this institution, and has acted in no way since; that she then notified employees of this institution that she had resigned, that I did not dismiss her, and that at that time it was made public in Beatrice that she was the case. I made out said vouchers for the time served and sent them to the secretary of state. Believing that she is acting under your advice, I say to you that I am much surprised at the stand you take in this matter. That she has left the state is a fact, and you cannot deny that she resigned on the 8th day of August, 1899, and is supported by the affidavits of the employees of this institution. She never returned to this institution. I am dealing in this matter with the state of Nebraska as I would with individuals. I am sorry to find that we have any man or woman in our ranks that would demand of me, who has loyalty to the honor of the state, that I should make any affidavit of service under such circumstances. I have forwarded her a blank for record for her to fill out when she will act upon your advice. I have the duplicate voucher signed and receipted by her without any erasures, and if any clerical erasures appear on the original voucher, as is often the case, I never had any intention of filling out vouchers for any more than time served. I often make the error in filling out for full month when part is only served, so the original voucher corrected shows exactly what amount was time served. I think our party and state officials have treated you very kindly, and hope that you appreciate the kindness of our friends."—BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D., Superintendent of Institute for Feeble-Minded Youth.

At the same time he mailed a voucher signed in blank to Miss Keating, appended to which was the following caustic letter:

"BEATRICE, Neb., Oct. 17, 1899.
"Miss Abigail Keating:
"As I understand there has been some talk as to the amount due you from this institution, I have sent out vouchers for you to fill out for time served at this institution and on duty. You will fill out the same and swear to them. I trust that you will observe that it is to be a matter of record, and also, that the manner in which you left the institution is to be noted, and all in the discharge of the state of Nebraska. I observe the same rule that I would in dealing with individuals. That you resigned your position on the 8th day of August, 1899, and turned over the keys of your voluntary act, goes without dispute. I regret very much that any person of our party or of the state of Nebraska would ask me to do an act of record that I do not deem prudent. I signed the voucher only for time served. Yours respectfully,
"BENJAMIN F. LANG, M. D., Superintendent of Institute for Feeble-Minded Youth."

One week afterwards Superintendent Lang received the following reply from Judge Sullivan, written from Columbus, Neb., on a letterhead of the supreme court:

SUPREME COURT OF NEBRASKA.
"COLUMBUS, Oct. 13, 1899.
"Dr. B. F. Lang,
"Dear Sir—Your favor of recent date received. My views of the matter about which you write me are these: Miss Keating was matron of the institution during August. She was ready and willing to do the work incident to the position and was therefore, legally and morally entitled to receive the salary. Regretting that I am obliged to differ with regard to the justice of her claim, I remain, very truly yours,
"J. J. SULLIVAN."

Miss Keating signed the voucher for the full month, swore to it, and returned it to Superintendent Lang to be forwarded to Lincoln. Superintendent Lang refused to have anything to do with it and sent it back to her. She then sent it to Lincoln, but there must have been quite a struggle over it, as it was not allowed until October 30th and was not paid until November 27th. (See Voucher B. 46803.)

OUTRAGE ON TAXPAYERS.
Perhaps one of the most shameful outrages that has been perpetrated on the taxpayers of the state by the fusion regency is the maintenance of the name of Mrs. Thomas upon the pay roll of the state. Mrs. Thomas has her name on the pay roll because, and only because, she is the mother of State Oil Inspector Sprague, who is reputed to be Governor Poynter's most trusted orderly. She is a woman who has crossed the meridian of life, being about 60 years of age. She has held the position of matron, first at Lincoln, then at Norfolk, and was from Norfolk transferred to Beatrice. At Beatrice she stubbornly refused to perform any of the duties incident to the position, and the duties of matron are being performed by the wife of the superintendent, who draws a salary of \$25 per month. Thus, two persons are on the pay roll for the same office, and the state pays \$91.66 per month, simply that the mother of a leading fusion politician may have her name on the pay roll and live in luxury. The wife of the superintendent is not envious of her position and, according to her own words, she is "forced to do the work in order to prevent disease, sickness and death among the inmates as a result of filth and uncleanness, as Matron Thomas refuses to perform the duties." Ever since she has been at the institution at Beatrice she has, with her 15-year-old daughter, lived luxuriantly in apartments at the institution, drawn a salary of \$66.66 per month and refused to perform the duties of matron.

Only a few weeks ago Superintendent Lang resolved to submit to the legislature no longer and summarily dismissed for insubordination Matron Thomas, Miss Mutz, Miss Candee, Miss Brady, Miss Spanogle and Miss Larson.

All provisions, or nearly so, are supplied by contracts, and the rule is to award contracts to the lowest bidder. The evil of this is, that the contracts are let in omnibus form, and, as usual, results, the state pays more for an article by contract than it could buy it for in the open market. By conspiring with the steward a contractor can reap a rich harvest, and to all outside appearances it would be legitimate.

STALE BREAD FOR INMATES.
Considerable feeling has been aroused over the reported fact that Contractor Wolf, who furnished bread to the institution for the second quarter of the present year, delivered two kinds—fresh bread for the officials and employes and stale bread for the inmates. When asked what became of his stale bread Mr. Wolf, without realizing perhaps the force or significance of the statement, replied: "I sell it to the institution."

"Do you sell two grades of bread to the institution?"

"Well, some of it is better than the other. The old man (meaning his delivery clerk) takes out some fresh bread every morning, but I don't know whether he leaves any at the institution or not. What I send out there for the institution is the unsold bread I get returned from the grocery stores."

"Do you ever take stale bread back from the grocery stores?"

"Yes."

"What do you do with it?"

"I sell it to the institution."

"Do you take back any stale bread from the institution?"

"No."

Other bakers are required to sell their stale bread, and do it every day, for five cents a barrel. It is used for food for hogs and horses. Not so with Contractor Wolf. He sold his to the state for \$2.40 per hundred pounds. When asked about it Superintendent Lang persisted in a flat denial and declared that, so far as he knew, there was not a word of truth in it. He said that he and his wife used the same quality of bread supplied to the inmates. The bread received was received by the steward and not by Superintendent Lang, and Superintendent Lang would therefore know little or nothing about the quality of the material delivered. However, the authority for the statement that stale bread was delivered is Contractor Wolf, the man who delivered the goods.

A DEPLORABLE SPECTACLE.
To close the chapter, which is but a partial recitation of the facts, it is enough to say that the Beatrice Institution of itself presents a bitter arraignment of the fusion party. It is not a pleasant subject for contemplation that this institution, designed to care for almost helpless and defenseless people, should be converted into a political mad-house and maintained as a resort for broken-down politicians and party henchmen. It is bad enough that the state should be required to support an army of political parasites without having the treasury exposed to the rapacity and perfidy of this same element. It is no doubt true that could the records speak they would disclose some startling facts.

One instance is recited where a young lady, who was an official at the institution and who is now an official at another institution, disposed of about \$50 worth of brushes manufactured by the inmates and made no report of it, nor has she ever paid over the money to the state. This is only one instance of dishonesty; there are said to be many others.

Odd Pennsylvania Law.
By a peculiar arrangement of the Pennsylvania election law votes are not canvassed for the candidate for whom they are cast, but for the ticket or tickets upon which his name appears. Thus in the election of Chester (Chester is a strong republican county and contains the town of Chester with its large shipyards), both parties agreed last year upon Joseph Hemphill for common pleas judge. This is the way the official canvass was declared: Joseph Hemphill, republican, 8,162 votes; Joseph Hemphill, democrat, 4,371 votes; Joseph Hemphill, fusion, 3,643 votes; Joseph Hemphill, scattering, 37 votes. There was no other candidate in the field.

Lived 123 Years.
In San Diego county, California, recently there died at the great age of 123 years Augustine, chief of the Sequoia tribe of Indians. He had ruled the tribe over 100 years, and in all that time had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time.