A FIGHT WITH ARABS

A TERRIBLE AND BLOODY CONFLICT ON THE RED SEA.

A Chapter of Experiences From the Atel of Ocean Adventures.

British officer, now in command of the physical appearance to denote that he Mexican man-of-war Zaragossa, related the following story to a reporter:

About five years ago, it matters not the month or day, I was dispatched to tient's chair. the eastern coast of Africa, on the Red tor. I'ze come all the way from Newsea, to arrest the slave trade which at that time was reported to be growing I saw a doctor down thar, and he said to an alarming extent along the Abys- he looked ober and read up 21 books, sinian coast. The trade was carried on and he doan' find any case like mine.' between the Arabs and the natives of that country. The Arabs would sail across the sea in small vessels, which were called dhows, would collect the slaves from the chiefs of warlike tribes and would return with them to Mocha, which in times of pilgrimage was the greatest market for slaves on the oriental coast.

Upon arriving in the waters infested with the Arabs I established myself at the island of Perim, near the outlet of the sea of the pharaohs. My vessel was a small steamer, and the number of the crew was nine. In the island of Perim there was a harbor where the boat could be concealed. It was my custom to go out in small boats, as the Arabs in their dhows could see the steamer afar off and would make away before I could catch them. In that manner we succeeded in surprising a great many and taking prisoners. It soon became difficult, however, to effect their capture, as they began to operate with a code of signals and to go in large numbers.

I circulated the report among the Arabs that I had departed from the island and had returned to England. That was done upon the arrival in the harbor of a large ship going from Bombay to Liverpool. I requested the captain of the ship, and the permission was granted, to allow me to hoist my cutter on board his vessel. Succeeding in that, we covered the small craft up, so that the Arab could not see it while we were under sail. Arriving nearly opposite Mocha, my vessel was lowered into the water, but it was done under the cover of the night. The following day I saw the sails of three dbows going in the direction of the slave trading city. My report had brought the Arabs away from the coast, with their dhows loaded with human freight. We made straight for the three boats, but they scattered before we were near enough to communicate with them. Pursuing one, we soon ran it down. As we approached the vessel the Arabs fired upon us, killing one of our men. We returned the sally with deadly effect, as our arms were superior and our position better. Stubborn resistance was offered, but we made the contraband craft crew captive and removing the rudder left her to float until we could chase the others.

The second dhow was well loaded and had perhaps 20 aboard as well as 25 or 30 captives to be sold into bondage. The slaves were bound in the bottom of the vessel. We were resisted, but did not lose any of our men. We were obliged rill a number of the Arabs. As placed three men in charge of this vessel I was left with four men to make the attack on the largest dhow, which appeared to be well loaded with Arabs and slaves, the Arabs appearing to be well armed. We steamed alongside of the dhow and demanded their surrender, but the demand was met with a deadly fusillade, which killed two of our men, for the Arabs were splendid marksmen. We came up within a few feet of the dhow while the conflict was raging. The sea was rough. The vessels were tossed against each other and were badly shaken up. The fire soon ceased, for the Arabs, who had muzzle loading guns, had all fired a round and were not in a position to reload their weapons. At this juncture I jumped aboard the dhow. Along the edge of the vessel was

a walkway 18 inches wide.

This was separated from the opening in the hull where the slaves were bound by a sort of banister 10 or 12 inches high. In jumping aboard I missed my footing. The vessel was tossed as I sprang forward, and instead of landing on its edge, as I intended, I went over the banister and down amid the captives. The fall made me insensible. I knew nothing. I cannot to this day tell how long I lay unconscious amid the bound Numidians and surrounded by bloodthirsty and exasperated Arabs, numbering perhaps a dozen. At last I regained consciousness. When I opened my eyes, one of my men, who was a brave, strong fellow, was standing over me slashing the Arabs with a cutlass to the right and left. A half dozen of the Arabs were lying about me, some dead and others dying from the wounds inflicted by the terrible onslaught of the young Britisher. My first thought was to use my pistols. As I pulled one from my belt I looked up and saw an Arab behind the young fellow, who was making a brave effort to save my life, with a drawn scimiter. He was in the very act of killing the boatswain when I fired between the knees of the latter and short work of the others. It was a great slaughter; but, to be sure, it was one of preservation. We returned to the others, and binding the Arabs made our way to Perim. The slaves were sent back to their people. As a result of my fall I injured my spine and was carried to England, where I lay upon my back, unable to move and undergoing the greatest agony, for two long and weary years. -New Orleans Picayune.

A Nice Distinction. Lady-I should like some material for a concert dress. Shopman-Is it for light or heavy music?-Paris Pescheria.

HE IS TURNING WHITE.

A Negro In the St. Louis Dispensary Who

Is Undergoing a Remarkable Change. There was a rare case the other day at the city dispensary in the person of a middle aged colored man who drifted into St. Louis trom Newport, Ark. His tempt to Suppress the African Slave name was Isaiah Johnson, and he said Trade-It Reads Like a Leaf From a Nov- he had been employed as a farmhand down in Arkansas ever since he was a boy. He was possessed of a powerful Captain Charles Beresford, a former frame, and there was nothing in his was a sick man.

"What is the matter?" asked Dr. Hough as the man sat down in the pa-

"Dat's what I want to find out, docport to see what's comin ober my hide.

He then went on to tell Dr. Hough that he had "white patches" all over his body, and he believed he was going to turn into a leopard. He was taken into the consultation room and told to strip. Dr. Priest was called in and the case pronounced one of leucoderma. There were about eight spots on the man's chest and stomach varying in size from 2 to 6 inches in diameter. One-half of the back of each hand was white, and the legs from the knee down were entirely so, with the exception of two or three black splotches on each calf. There were also patches of white skin on the upper part of the legs, the thighs and back. His face had not yet begun to turn. His original skin was a dark coffee brown color, and he had long hair on his head and a full growth of whiskers.

Johnson said he had noticed white spots on his hands about a year ago, but paid no attention to them. Then a large spot developed on each side of his chest, which was followed by two on his legs. So it continued until he became alarmed and consulted a doctor. The man has no money, though he is physically able to do any kind of work. Dr. Homan says the chances are that if he lives long enough he will become entirely white. The cases are very rare, there being not more than one in every 10,000 negroes who become afflicted with it .-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE MISHICOTT MYSTERY.

A Family Receives a Large Sum of Money and a Fine Watch From an Unknown.

Some mysterious person is playing the role of Santa Claus for a family at Mishicott, Wis. The gifts take the form of large sums of money, as much as \$14,000 having been received at one time, and watches, jewelry and other costly articles. In the early part of October of last year a stranger appeared in the village and inquired regarding the Hallberg family residing there, claiming to be a Mr. Harris and to represent a brother of the Hallbergs who had left his home about 30 years ago to seek his fortune in California, and of whom the tamily had never since heard. Before leaving the stranger promised to write soon and send good news. He was looked upon with suspicion, and no faith was placed in his promises.

Several weeks later Jens Hallberg received a letter containing matters relating to the long lost brother and bits of family history only known to the family. Inclosed was a check for \$14,000, which was to be equally divided among the sisters and brothers, giving each \$2,000. The check proved to be good and was cashed at the Manitowoc Sav-

ings bank. The Hallbergs are respectable people and rank high in the community. They are as much mystified as all those who have looked into the matter and cannot account for the strange action of their brother, in case he is still among the living. This week the family received a gold watch studded with diamonds from "Mr. Harris."-Special in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cardinal Manning's Message.

A London correspondent says: When Cardinal Manning was dying three years ago, he spoke a few words for posterity into a phonograph which was kept carefully preserved till the other day by Cardinal Vaughan. A small company of distinguished persons, including Embassador Bayard, met on the invitation of the cardinal at the archbishop's residence to listen to this revival of a voice that is still. The voice was very distinct and clear. There were long pauses between the words. The message was not in itself of great import beyond showing the predominant thought in the mind of a man just before death. It follows: To All Who May Come After Me:

I hope that no word of mine written or spo-ken in my life will be found to have done harm to any one after I am dead.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING, Cardinal Bishop.

A Chance For American Inventors. The Netherlands Society For the Pro motion of Industry desires to receive papers containing an indication of th means to obtain energy through windmills, to accumulate this energy electrically and to transmit it or to make it transportable. The drawings belonging to the answers must be made on white paper-no blue prints-on a scale of one-quarter. The prize offered is the gold medal of the society and a reward of £30. Answers must be sent before killed the Arab. Between us we made | July 1, with the author's name, in a closed envelope to the general secretary of the society, F. W. Eeden, at Haarlem, Holland.-London News.

> None Worthy to Succeed Tennyson. It is now definitely understood, says a London journal, that there is no intention of appointing a successor to Tennyson at present. It is frankly admitted that the reason is because there is no poet worthy to wear the laurel last worn by Wordsworth and Tennyson. It is even asserted that the present government have an understanding with the Conservative leaders to leave the vacancy unfilled until a more worthy bard

SCARED TO DEATH.

In a tea planter's bungalow in Assam three men sat smoking and talking. The oppressive heat of an Indian night made conversation something of a trouble, and which stood within easy reach.

One was a man of 30, alert, active, with keen blue eyes, the type of the hardy Scot, who makes the best planter. The man upon his right hand was a planter also, but though still young it was evident that the enervating climate had wrought dire havoc with his nerves and constitution.

Opposite sat a keen eyed doctor, whose wiry frame and resolute face inspired a confidence that was not misplaced. Here was a man ready with nerve and hand to face any emergency.
"When do you expect the brute to come

out, Gordon?" inquired Dr. Bryant. "Well, I hope he does not appear until the moon is well up. I fancy the kid will bring him when we tie it up. He is sure to be prowling near."

"Hard on the kid," murmured St. Clair. the young planter.

"It's a scapegoat sacrificed for the good of others. It is high time the tiger was disposed of. The servants are so frightened that I really get no proper service at

"When are you starting, St. Clair?" in quired Dr. Bryant. "You don't look fit to stay much longer here."

"I go in about six weeks. I do feel a bit down, but a summer at home will set me up all right." The guns were got ready, and by 10

Gordon sat somewhat farther out than the others; St. Clair was nearest to him, the doctor behind.

The time went by with tardy steps Nothing broke the stillness save the pitiful bleating of the bound kid, and once the hateful yell of the jackal disturbed the

The languor of the heavy air fell upon the senses and brought pleasant visions of happy bygone days to the exiles. Gordon again a breezy moor covered with purple heather. St. Clair dreamed of the roses in an English garden, and looked once more into loving eyes, blue as the his dreams were of "cases." His busy life had killed any taste for day dreaming he had ever possessed.
Suddenly, without sound or warning,

before the hapless men could realize what awful thing was upon them, a huge, dark mass hurled itself on the veranda. horrid growls, the creature seized Gordon in its powerful jaws, and leaping down, carrying him as it might a dog, made for

the bushes. With a wild shriek St. Clair flung down his loaded gun and flew into the recesses

of the bungalow.

Though startled beyond measure, Dr. Bryant kent his presence of mind, and calling out to arouse the servants leaped down the steps, and gun in hand ran after the tiger and its prey.

The moon ight enabled him to make out

that the tiger lay half across Gordon's body, with one great paw upon his breast as if to hold him down.

Bryant crept nearer and then stood irresolute. He knew the tremendous risk in attempting to shoot the tiger while it lay over the man, but there was no help for it; his friend might now be dying before his eyes. With an involuntary cry to heaven for

ald, he raised his gun and fired, sick with dread as to the result. The aim was true. The huge beast, with a roar of pain, rolled over and lay still. Bryant rushed to the side of the pros-

trate man and gazed anxiously into the white, still face. The scared servants

gently lifted and carried into the bungalow. His wounds were seen to be most serious-one side was terribly mangledthe arm ripped by the cruel claws and the shoulder torn by the teeth.

Bryant had spent several hours in un remitting attention to the injured man when, with a sudden flash of recollection, he missed St. Clair. He now recalled that the young fellow had not been seen since the tiger leaped upon them in the veranda. Where could he be in the midst of the commotion?

Now that his surgical skill had done all that was possible for Gordon, Bryant turn ed to seek his other friend. They had not far to go. They found him stretched on the floor in the farthest corner of the some horrid sight, and from his lips came strange sounds of pain and terror.

The poor young man's nerves had give way. The doctor saw at once what had happened, and for the time he was mad.

With two such patients Bryant had his hands full. Both were very near the fatal verge, but in the end it was the man that had been physically hurt who recovered. The one mentally injured sank lower every day, until a week after the tiger's leap he died, the victim of sheer fright.

As soon as he was fit for the journey Gordon went home, and after many months regained health and strength, though his left arm hung powerless.

He carries a claw of the tiger always with him wherever he is, and sometimes looking at it he can see again the moonlit compound and feel the hidden horror of the brute's hot breath upon his face .-

An Ingenious Clock.

Wynn Molesworth has invented and constructed a very ingenious "celestial clock," which was exhibited at the first winter meeting of the Royal Astronomical society. The entire face of the clock rotates under a wire bar representing the equatorial horizon and is regulated to perform one revolution in 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds, this being the time in which the earth turns once upon its axis. The apparent annual motion of sun, moon and planets in the opposite direction is effected by movable pins, while the north and south polar stars, that do not rise or set for us, revolve simultaneously with the rest by a separate movement. Thus may be seen the entire heavens, with sun, moon, planets and constellations in their actual places, ever rising and setting as they rise and set in the heavens.-London

Her Age. Judge (to witness)-What is your age, Witness-I am over 20.

"You must tell me the exact truth." "Between 20 and 30." "But when will you be 30?"
"Tomorrow, my lord."—Union de Val-

The Question of the Century. In the midst of the terrible pinch of hard times of 1893-4 one thing is gradually becoming clear-that is, that the economic organization of today is utterly inadequate to meet the needs of society in the intervals of silence each refreshed and must be abolished and reconstructed himself from the rapidly emptying giass on new principles. In New York nearly 70,000 people are suffering for want of food and clothes. In Chicago the number is still larger. At the woolen and cotton factories thousands of workmen go hungry because they cannot work at their trade of producing clothing.

In the very same cities of New York and Chicago, where so many are starying, wheat is at the lowest price it ever reached. What is it that hinders the clothmakers from producing garments for the naked? What is it that hinders the starving from getting the wheat that will give them bread? On his part the farmer is suffering, and suffering fearfully, because there is nobody to buy his wheat and thus enable him to purchase the clothing which the factory workman ought to be making, but is not.

That is the situation today. What is the cause of it? What is the remedy? It is as if a hypnotic spell had been put upon the very wheels of industry and paralyzed them to inaction. The cause of it all lies deeper than the majority of even intelligent people imagine. The o'clock all was silence in the bungalow. remedy is certainly not in souphouses Three men keeping vigil were seated in and charity wood sawing. There is a the shadow at the back of the low veranda. radical wrong when such panics as the present recur at intervals of every 15 to 20 years. To say they are a necessary accompaniment of civilization is foolishness, wickedness as well. To say there is no remedy for them is still greater foolishness. There never was an evil DR. HATHAWAY & CO., that man by his intellect and conscience could not find a remedy for.

Henry George says the cause of hard times is to be found in the fact that a few people have taken possession of most sky above. If Dr. Bryant dreamed at all, fictitious value, thus cutting off all the rest and rendering them hungry and homeless. The cure he proposes is to tax only land, and tax it so heavily that it will be no object to greedy speculators to grab it all away from the rest. Others as wise as George dispute this. Economic writers have shown only one thing-their inability to deal with the question. It is time for the American people themselves to take up the question, and putting aside all minor matters to think it out gravely, intelligently and conscientiously. The existence of this republic may depend on it.

A New Pacific Port.

The Southern Pacific railroad has made a great bid for the oriental trade in the construction of its immense wharf at Port Los Angeles. The new port is at Santa Monica, 16 miles from Los Angeles, 345 miles south of San Francisco, and is the western terminus of the Southern Pacific railroad. North America has here narrowed down so much that the distance from ocean to ocean is 466 miles shorter than it is at San Francisco.

The wharf at Santa Monica, or Port Los Angeles, is itself a great specimen came hurrying out with lamps and torches, of engineering accomplishment. It juts but were wary to keep at some distance out from the shore nearly a mile into the from the dead monster as if they feared it ea, being 4,693 feet long. This is to se Gordon was unconscious, and when the cure depth of water sufficient for large flow of blood had been stanched he was ships. Those drawing 28 feet can now be accommodated at the wharf. Railway trains will run directly out upon the great wharf, carrying freight to the ships and receiving their cargoes in return. There are seven iron tracks upon the structure. It required 4,000 carloads of stone to make the foundations secure. Out upon the end of the wharf, over the blue water, is a vast freighthouse, besides a thoroughly equipped passenger station, with restaurants and electric lights. Water is supplied in abundance from an immense well at the mouth of a canyon a mile away. The completion of the wharf and the bungalow, lying prone upon his face, his hands covering his eyes as if to keep out opening of Port Los Angeles will shorten the distance from the gulf to the Pacific almost two days.

Besides getting electrical energy directly from coal, one of the things the inventor will probably soon accomplish will be the production of light withoutheat. Lieutenant Patten, writing in The Electrical World, thinks that what nature has done in case of the glowworm man will be able to accomplish by means of scientific mastery over nature's secrets. Millions of fireflies illuminate a summer night, yet produce no heat. Man must learn how it is done. Another of the secrets nature guards jealously from man thus far is mentioned by Lieutenant Patten. How does the bird fly? No man can yet tell, but that, too, will be found out ere long perhaps, certainly

Money can now find investment in Europe almost as profitably as in America. Good city bonds in Great Britain bring nearly 3 per cent, while the French government bonds, extended for eight years, bring 34 per cent. The case is exceedingly rare that money is worth as much in any part of Europe as in America. But just wait a little till the hard times are over. Then American investments will sing a different song.

A farming district in which there are no great factories, mines or mills is apt to be rather a poor region. Mills and factories make a brisk market for agricultural products. Each depends on the other, farmer and manufacturer.

Professor Atwater says the American people eat far too much flesh and sweet stuffs. They gorge meat like carnivorous animals.

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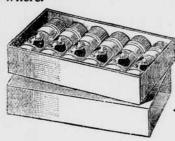
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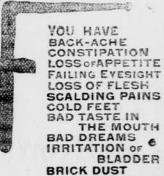
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DEPOSITS A NERVOUS COUGH

ORECON KIDNEY TEA KIDNEY DISEASE.



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and logs. I had to rub and beet those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no chef. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as wolf as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 13. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recomendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

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Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and where on the animal.

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