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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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HARVESTING
The little birds sang, and the orchards rang
With their cheerful notes, and the sunshine gazed
Over the bending trees, on orchard and tree.

VARIETIES
A GOOD SUMMER RESORT—Home.
An imaginary quantity—A lady's age.

THE MURDER OF GEN. MCCOOK.
The Sioux City Journal gives a long and circumstantial account of the assassination of Gen. E. S. McCook, Secretary of the Territory of Dakota, from which it appears that on the night of the murder a railway meeting was being held at the court room.

QUANTRELL
A Shreveport (La.) paper insists that Quantrell, the rebel bushwhacker, is not dead.

STRONG FOR A MINISTER.
The Rev. I. S. Kallouch, of the Lawrence Tribune, insinuates that "the hoary-headed old hook-nosed devil of the Leavenworth Times" wants a controversy with him.

PUNISHING PROFANITY.
The criminal code of Nebraska, which went into effect on the 1st inst., contains this provision against profane swearing: If any person of the age of fourteen years and upward shall profanely curse or damn, or profanely swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, every such person shall, for each offence, be fined not less than 25 cents, nor more than \$1.

GOOD.
Capt. E. B. Ward, the new President of the Burlington and Southwestern railroad, signalled his entry into office by an order forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors by the employees of the company, and says the order will be strictly enforced.

METHODICAL MURDERER.
Mr. Peter Coleman, of Gallatin, Texas, is the most methodical murderer we have read of for many a day. Peter recently went to an undertaker's and ordered a coffin for a neighbor named Smead, hired a grave-digger and four carriers, and then hunted up Smead and shot him.

A FIGHT TOOK PLACE THE OTHER DAY, on the premises of a farmer in Pelham, N. H., between a hen with a brood of chickens and a large striped snake, which evidently was on business. The matronly hen made a loud outcry, and at the approach of the reptile flew at it with ruffled feathers and threatening beak, which its adversary evaded as best it could, but finally, after repeated efforts to secure a chicken and as many rebuffs by biddy, it crawled off into a wall, and the frightened and enraged bird clucked a retreat and got away without the loss of a single member of her family.

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS FEATURES of the Yellowstone region is to be found in the hot springs. On the borders of the Yellowstone lake are often to be seen elevated mounds, which jut out from the shore into the water. These contain pools filled with heated water, so that it is possible for a person standing on the mound to catch trout in the lake with the help of a fishing-rod, and cook them in the boiling spring without taking them off the hook.

KEEPING FAITH.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about 5 years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it, in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

The power of the human eye over animals, *ferre nature*, is irresistible. When you see a bull rampant, or a catamount couchant, in the attitude preliminary to a deadly spring, you have only to fix upon him your glittering eye, and he is powerless to move except at your volition.

FIGHTING THE RAILROAD MONSTER.

Boston papers tell of another "Fight of a Man with a Railroad," in which the plaintiff maintained the unequal contest with a pluck equal to that shown by Mr. Coleman, in his famous suit with the Boston and Hartford road.

PETRIFYING CORPSES.

Among the many triumphs of science and art exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition is an invention of Dr. Marini for petrifying human corpses, which seems to have proved very successful.

THE SOUTH LOOKING UP.

The Charleston News reports that Southern cotton-mills are working full time, and are making money. They claim to have learned that yarn can be manufactured in South Carolina, shipped to the North, and sold at a net profit of five cents a pound.

THE COTTON CROP.

The last number of the Financial Chronicle prints an annual statement of the cotton crop of the United States for the year 1872-'3, compared in its details with the statement for the preceding year. The statement is of unusual interest, because, in the first place, it is much more complete than any heretofore issued, and secondly, the crop proves to have been more than 400,000 bales larger than the estimates that were current one year ago.

COLLEGE GRADUATES IN CONGRESS.

"The Congressional Directory" of the last Congress shows that of 317 Senators and Representatives only about 87 were graduates of a college. But this number is not to be taken as absolutely correct; for the biographical notices of the "Directory" in a few instances say nothing about education, and in others are suspiciously ambiguous.

CURRENT ITEMS.

ALABAMA has 6,000 square miles of coal bed.
THERE are more than 170 farmers' granges in Georgia.

TRAVEL ACROSS RHODE ISLAND WAS IMPEDED FOR TWO DAYS LAST WEEK by the booths of the State Fair.

THE ANCHORAGE AND UNEXPOSED PARTS of the great suspension bridge at Niagara Falls have just undergone a close inspection.

ASHTON WARE died in Portland, Me., last week, aged 92.

ONE OF GEN. MEIGS' newly invented explosive cartridges was tried lately on a grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains, and fetched him beautifully.

IT IS STATED that President Grant's horses burned at Trenton were both thoroughbreds, and the most highly prized in his entire stock.

THE FIRM OF JAY COOKE & CO. The firm of Jay Cooke & Co. originated in Columbus, Ohio.

NEW MEXICO CURRENCY. Ready money is not very plentiful among the settlers of Texas and New Mexico, and many are the shifts and "dickers" resorted to for the procurement of desired articles.

A SHARP BUNGLAR. A burglar's knowledge of local geography stood him in good stead near Poughkeepsie the other day, for when the train on which he was riding thither, under the care of a Sheriff, was obliged at a certain point to back across the State line into Connecticut in order to get upon the proper track, the burglar, after informing his guardian that he had now no authority over him, bent him a polite good morning and

LETTER THINGS.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;

A QUEER COINCIDENCE.

In a railway car on one of the many roads stretching out from Chicago, recently, three passengers occupying adjacent seats got into a quiet conversation, when it was discovered by one of them that the other two were strangers to each other; he accordingly introduced them:

MR. TARNISH, this is Capt. Hight, my friend.

"Capt. Hight!" exclaimed Tarnish; "that name sounds very familiar. One of the best men I know in the world is Capt. Hight, and he is my brother-in-law."

"That isn't me," good-naturedly rejoined the Captain; "I am nobody's brother-in-law, and nobody is brother-in-law to me. But who is this namesake of mine?"

"He is a glorious good fellow, I assure you," said Tarnish; "I'll tell you a little story about him—a funny story, and very remarkable withal for its several coincidences."

"Let us have the story," exclaimed the Captain and myself, whereupon Tarnish proceeded to relate the following narrative:

Well, to begin with, he said, Capt. Hight and myself were entire strangers to each other up to the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. We fell in with each other when our army, under Gen. Rosecrans, was marching through Tennessee—the being in command of a company in a Wisconsin regiment, and I acting as an army correspondent for one of the Chicago daily newspapers. We somehow "took" to each other—became acquainted by accident, and were accidentally thrown together at various times, both while in camp and when on the march, and at the battles of Nashville and Stone River, had an eye on each other, to render assistance in case either of us should be mowed down by the enemy's balls or shells. Fortunately we reached Chattanooga unharmed, but fatigued and in need of rest. On the third morning after our arrival at Chattanooga, I received this answer to a telegram that I had sent to my paper at Chicago, asking for permission to come home for a couple of weeks: "Yes, come along, and report at editorial rooms on arrival." No old warrior, foot-sore with marching, scarred with wounds, and having a home and loved ones to think of a thousand miles away, was ever more delighted on receiving his discharge from service, than I was on receiving the welcome words of that little message. I had been mingling with and following the army from the day it commenced its movement against Fort Donelson up to the taking of Chattanooga, and you may be assured it was a tough and exciting series of campaigns for me—full of hard work, dangers and privations—and I was pretty nearly worn out.

Accordingly, I gathered up my traveling and writing outfit, and prepared to take the train for Nashville and the North early next morning. Meeting Capt. Hight in the evening at his brigade headquarters, I communicated to him my good luck.

"You leave in the morning, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, and shall put through to Chicago as fast as the cars will carry me."

"Just my luck," exclaimed the Captain, joyfully; "I too am going North in the morning train—received a three-weeks' leave of absence from the General to-day—and I am only too happy to know that I shall have such good company. I will go with you as far as Chicago, and then on wings of steam I'll fly to a little woman who wants to see me, not a thousand miles from there."

"That is good," I said, heartily; "if I could have had my choice, you are the very man I would have picked out for a traveling companion for the trip."

Next morning, bright and early, we met at the depot and took seats together in one of the cars of the waiting train, and half an hour afterward were gliding down the heavy grades, through the valleys and hills and over the bridges of

that rough region, bound for Nashville; thence to Louisville; thence to Chicago, where we arrived, dust-covered and completely fagged out. At the railway depot we bade each other good-by.

"I shall expect to see you back in the army on my return to 'Old Rosey,'" said the Captain, shaking my hand.

"I'll then take good care of yourself, old boy."

"Of course," said I; "give my love to that little woman—au revoir, Monsieur Captain!"

I reported at the editorial rooms as instructed, and after lingering aimlessly around Chicago for a couple of days, I took my satchel and boarded a Northwestern railway train, bound for a visiting expedition into Wisconsin—in fact, to visit my sweetheart. Reaching Milton Junction, where we changed cars for Madison, the first man I saw on looking from the window was Capt. Hight.

"Hallo, Cap!" I accosted him on emerging from the car to terra firma: "where did you come from, and where going?"

"Got here from Milwaukee an hour ago—am going West on the train now waiting here."

"Good again!" exclaimed I; "we shall be traveling companions again!"

We entered the train, and were speedily transported to Madison, Wisconsin's beautiful capital city. Getting out of the train, we again bade each other good-by, he going to a hotel, and I to call on a friend. Six hours subsequently I took a seat in the train for the village of Baraboo. A few hours' ride brought us to that town. Stepping off the train, to my astonishment there was Capt. Hight, standing on the platform, carpet-bag in hand.

"How on earth did you get here?" I asked, with surprise.

"By this train," he answered.

"That's mighty queer," I rejoined; "I came on this train, also, but didn't see you."

"Nor I you," he said; "I rode in the rear car and you in the front one—that explains it."

"Going any further," I asked quizzingly.

"No," he replied. "I shall put up at the hotel here for a day or two, and call on some friends residing in the town. And you—where are you going?"

"No question."

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed; "but isn't it queer that you and I should have come all this long distance without finding out our objective points, which, it seems, are very much of a sameness. Who is she, Tarnish?"

"That would be telling, Cap. I'll let you know all about it when we meet again down in Dixie."

We shook hands, he going to a hotel, and I to a certain charming private residence a few blocks distant, where no human being was more joyfully welcomed by at least one other human being than I flatter myself, I was. But no matter about that little episode of a lover's meeting, which you can better imagine than I can describe.

On the evening of that same day, just as the dreamy twilight was darkening into night, my sweetheart, hearing the front gate open, looked out of the window, and, raising both hands in surprise, exclaimed:

"Good gracious! if there isn't sister Sue's beau come to see her!" and rushing out of the room to communicate the unexpected information to the young lady referred to, who was an older sister, left me alone for a few minutes. Feeling curious to see what sort of a looking man this beau of my sweetheart's sister was, I looked out of the window, and who do you suppose I saw there, knocking at the front door? As I am a living man, it was nobody more or less than Capt. Hight!

As I remarked in the outset of this story (concluded Tarnish), Capt. Hight and I are brothers-in-law—our "little women," whom we married after the war was over, being sisters. As the newspapers say, "comment is unnecessary."

But wasn't it a very remarkable coincidence?—Chicago Illustrated Journal.

MR. SEWARD'S BOOK. It is stated that the amount paid to the heirs of William H. Seward for the copyright of the first six months of his "Travels Round the World" was \$41,464. The second six months began on the 1st of August, and the sale of the work continues as constant and as large as before. Such a profit for such a time is probably without a parallel in this country, if it has ever been equalled anywhere.

SARCASTIC. One of our religious weeklies thus compliments a contemporaneous quill-laborer in the Lord's vineyard: "On any question involving the height of a candlestick, the breadth of an altar cloth, the length of a genuflection, or the depth of an alms basin, his fervor is apostolic and his logic Aristotelian."