

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

ESTABLISHED WEEKLY AT

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

C. L. MATHES & N. H. WARNER, EDITORS and PROPRIETORS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, Attorney at Law.

H. C. KALEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC and REAL ESTATE AGENT,

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A. H. BOWEN, J. A. LAIRD, BOWEN & LAIRD,

Attorneys at Law

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

JUNIATA - - - NEBRASKA

Cobb, Marquett & Moore, I. A. WYERS,

Lincoln, - - - NEBRASKA.

Our offices will be in attendance at each term of the District Courts of the several counties in the Republican Valley.

C. R. WILCOX, J. S. GILHAM, Wilcox & Gilham

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

Collection Promptly Attended to

OFFICE IN POST OFFICE BUILDING, Red Cloud, - - - Neb.

W. H. RICHARDSON, J. A. TULLY'S

Richardson & Tulleys,

REAL ESTATE & COLLECTING AGENTS

Will buy and sell Real Estate on Commission, and pay taxes for non-residents.

Special Attention given in collecting. Correspondence solicited. All letters of inquiry, or on business promptly answered.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEB.

D. H. Freeman,

JUNIATA, - - - NEB.

Boys and sells Western Securities,

School Bonds a Specialty.

BUCK HOUSE, GEORGE BUGS, JR., - - PROPRIETOR,

FRANKLIN, NEB.

Good Accommodations, Livery and Feed Stables.

La Glade House, Red Cloud, Nebraska.

ALLEN EYES, - - - Proprietor.

Good Stables in Connection with the HOUSE.

This hotel has been refitted and refurbished throughout. Commercial Men, Railroad Men and all parties visiting Red Cloud, will find ample accommodations at this hotel.

GlovertonHouse, SLOVERTON, NEBRASKA.

M. WILLSON, Proprietor.

Good Stables, Good Beds, and Square Meals, at Reasonable Rates.

The Patronage of the Travelling Public, Respectfully Solicited.

Republic River

STAGE LINE.

T. WEBB, Proprietor.

Regular trips will be made between JUNIATA and RED CLOUD.

It shall be pleased to carry passengers upon the days mentioned, leaving Red Cloud at 8 A. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, leaving Juniata on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27, 1875.

NO. 25.

PROCTOR HOUSE,

G. D. PROCTOR, - - PROPRIETOR, RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

The Travelling Public Will find this Hotel to be first class in every respect.

Carriage runs daily to Belvidere, the nearest Station on the St. Joe & D. C. R. R.

VALLEY HOUSE, Red Cloud, Nebraska.

JOS. C. WARNER, - - Proprietor

This Hotel is entirely new, having been built the present season, and is fitted up, with regard to

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

BOARD BY THE DAY & WEEK

At reasonable rates.

A large and commodious STONE STABLE has just been added to the premises.

City Meat Market.

MARK H. WARNER,

Has just opened a Meat Market on Webster Street, next door south of Park's Shoe Shop where he will keep and sell fresh meats of all kinds.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID

FOR BEEF CATTLE, HOGS, AND HIDES.

Red Cloud, - - - Neb.

BILLIARD PARLOR.

T. R. LEE, Hastings, - - - Nebraska.

This establishment has just been fitted up in good style, and is just the place to enjoy a game of Billiards.

The best supplies at the bar. 49-6m

Dr. T. B. WILLIAMS,

Family Physician,

Tenders his services to the public and will attend to all Professional calls.

Office at the Red Cloud Drug Store.

STONE MASON.

H. C. WEBER,

Would announce to the people of Red Cloud and vicinity that he is prepared to do all kinds of Mason work on short notice and reasonable terms.

All orders may be left at this office or at his residence four miles north east of Red Cloud, Sec. 20, town 2, range 10 west.

Miss S. A. Munsell,

Would respectfully inform the Ladies of Red Cloud and vicinity that she is prepared to execute orders for

MILLINERY,

Dress-Making

AND

LAIN SEWING of all Kinds.

On hand and for sale a fine assortment of

COATS, VEILS, KID GLOVES.

LADIES HATS, &c.

Miss S. A. MUNSELL,

(In McNitt's Building.)

RED CLOUD, - - - NEB.

J. S. McIntire,

Cashier 1st Nat. Bank, Clarinda, Iowa.

BANKER.

HASTINGS, - - - NEBRASKA.

Exchange bought and sold on all cities of the United States and Europe.

County Warrants, NOTARY AND SCHOOL BONDS

Bought and Sold.

References by Permission:

ALEX. President Cook Co. National Bank, Chicago.

Wm. H. Bond, President First National Bank, St. Louis.

John J. Bond, Cashier Pacific National Bank, St. Louis.

Wm. Bond, Cashier Bank of Iowa, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Wm. Bond, Governor State of Iowa, Des Moines, Iowa.

Wm. Bond, Clerk Superior Court, Iowa, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

WORSWICK & CO.

BANKERS,

AND DEALERS IN

REAL ESTATE.

HASTINGS, - - - NEB.

Special attention given to Collections.

NEW GOODS!

J. G. POTTER

Takes this method to inform the Public that he has just opened up a new and complete Stock of DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

Consisting in part of CALICOES, DARK, LIGHT & PINK, CHAMBRES, DELAINES, LAWN, DRESS TRIMMINGS & LININGS, CORSETS & SKIRTS, VAILS & GLOVES, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, TABLE LINENS & TOWELING, PANTS, OVERALLS & SHIRTING,

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, COFFEE, SUGARS & TEAS of all Kinds,

Canned Fruits, Oysters and Crackers, Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, FLOUR, MEAL & BACON.

And everything usually kept in a First Class Dry Goods & Grocery Store.

J. G. Potter,

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

LUMBER LUMBER

W. L. VANALSTYNE, RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

DEALER IN PINE LUMBER, LATH, SHINGELS

Doors, Blinds,

Sash, Mouldings

Lime, Tarred Paper, Etc.

And every Article usually kept in a First Class Lumber Yard.

I GUARANTEE TO DUPLICATE ANY BILL THAT CAN BE GOT AT JUNIATA OR HASTINGS.

NEW HARDWARE STORE!

MITCHELL & MOHART

Have opened a new store and have just received a full and complete stock of

HARDWARE, Cutlery, Carpenter and FARMING TOOLS,

COAL and WOOD STOVES. We have also a Tin Shop connected with our Store-ware. We manufacture Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware.

Our Stock is LARGE and well assorted, and we will deal as low as any house west of Lincoln.

Call and See Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

Opposite the Lumber Yard.

Red Cloud, - - - Nebraska.

THE CHICAGO LUMBER YARD!

AT HASTINGS, NEB

Keeps constantly on hand the largest stock of Dry Pine Lumber in the West. Also

BLINDS, MOULDINGS, LIME, TARRED PAPER,

and all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL.

Our stock is well selected and purchased direct from the mills, and will be sold as low as the lowest.

O. C. OLIVER

Hastings, Nebraska.

The Boston Commander.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN MALIPALMO, GENTLEMAN."

Let him turn his face to the wall
Count out his burning tears;
He never needed the blood-drip,
Nor the decolored years;

Let him turn his face to the wall,
Count out his burning tears;
He never needed the blood-drip,
Nor the decolored years;

Neither the gale of blasting homesteads,
White wheat fields blackened in
Death;
Nor the murder and famine,
Nor the loss upon earth.

All the cruels of war-time
On both sides poured like rain,
Came down upon him;
But he never needed the blood-drip,
Nor the decolored years.

And these, whom he reckoned as grass
By the mower in myriads strown,
Why, every one was a human life,
A life as good as his own!

Let him wish that thinned life ended,
That death had covered defeat;
But those lives cry out for vengeance
From farm and village and street.

Hear it, victor and vanquished!
Hear it, o'er seas and land,
Ye neighbor-remains whom it reaches
As a murmur faint and bland.

For life is dead, God listen!
And if ye are blind, He sees,
And mocks at your diplomatics,
Your child's play of war and peace.

There is an Eternal Justice,
Although it may tarry long;
Though the weak may appear down-
trampled,
And the right seem with the strong.

But ye who in camp or council
Go giving war's bloody need—
False patriotism, sham glory,
Ambition and laudful greed;

Who stand by watching and stem not
These horror-flouring eras of crime;
Know—there is a God that avenges,
As well as a Christ that died.

A LIVING STATUE.

In the height of the Exhibition season of 1862 there was a great deal of unpleasantness, mystery and suspicion generated in the Industrial Palace by a constant succession of petty robberies, which took place nearly every night at the best stalls. Articles of value were stolen from drawers and boxes; money left by stall-keepers often went, unless very securely stowed away; but the depre-dators did not venture on taking any bulky articles, or on breaking open any receptacle which would require great force. They knew their risks, that was evident; and that the thefts were committed by some person or persons connected with the Exhibition was also beyond a doubt. Watches had been set, traps had been laid over and over again, but all in vain. When too much had been done in the way of planting watchmen no robberies took place at all; and when articles had been purposely left, apparently forgotten, but in reality fixed by the minutest wires to bells which sounded at the slightest touch, they were left untouched. The thief, if only one, always stole, too, from places in the shade, so that he could command a view of the more open spaces, while he himself was unseen.

One morning, as the sergeant of police was going his early round before the building was opened for the day, he came upon an exhibitor and his staff of assistants, who were grouped round a box which was open before them, and at which they were looking with apparent interest.

"Good morning, Mr. Basilton," said the officer; "a very fine day we are likely to have."

"Fine day, sir! And a very fine night we have had too, I suppose," retorted the exhibitor, in a tone far less pleasant than that in which he had been addressed. "Here's a pretty affair! Seven pounds worth of Scotch pebbles set in silver—brooches, earrings, and so forth—the whole of them clean gone."

The sergeant, with expressions of regret, said he would see the officer who had been on duty. Mr. Basilton professed to have lost all confidence in the police, and asserted that if he were to watch, the thief would certainly be discovered the very first night.

"I wish you would try, then," said the sergeant; "I would obtain permission to watch with you; and if you can suggest anything fresh, I will gladly support you."

Although, when he made this last assertion, Mr. Basilton probably meant nothing at all, yet, after a little talk with the officer, the desire of finding the thief, and his belief in his own superior sagacity, were strong enough to make him volunteer to watch; and it was agreed that the sergeant should join him just as the palace was closing at night, when they would be on the look-out directly, for it was impossible to say at what time of the night the robberies were committed.

Strict attention was enjoined on either side, and observed by the sergeant entirely, and by Mr. Basilton pretty well, and as he mentioned his plan to Mr. Chesnuton at the French stall just by, and to his neighbors, Mr. Hynes and Mr. Carrabas. Mr. Carrabas, by the way, was not there that morning; so Basilton told Mr. Glisser Mr. Carrabas's foreman, instead, who, in a becomingly sympathizing tone, wished him success.

The evening came, the spies met, and hung about the passages of the vast building until deepest twilight, and until Basilton was pretty nearly tired of being on his feet.

"Now," said the sergeant, unconsciously dropping his voice as he spoke, "we will take up our quarters. If we can only get there unperceived, I have arranged what I think you will find a pretty good corner."

"All right," returned the exhibitor, in the same guarded tone; and they stole unobtrusively on, passing, one or twice a constable, but the presence of the sergeant of course prevented any questioning. Some large boxes left, apparently by accident, at the angle of a stall, were really so placed that they formed an almost perfect screen, and, without any reason to suppose that they had been noticed, they slipped in, and sat down.

Presently the moon rose; and as it climbed higher, and its light grew stronger, the building became visible throughout with a light which was most unearthy and ghostly in its character. This impressed itself very much upon Basilton.

"I had no idea, Sergeant," he whispered to the officer, "that the place was such a strange, cemetery sort of a spot as it is. I must own I should not like to be on duty here all night. However, I have brought some little refreshments with me, so let us make ourself comfortable. In silence they ate and drank; and in silence, save for the chiming of the clock, or the occasional tread of a policeman, the hours crept on. The policeman passed within a couple of yards of the watchers repeatedly, but whether they knew of their presence or not, Basilton could not judge. The length and weariness of the hours grew at last intolerable to him, and seeing that the sergeant was as cool and wide-awake as when they first entered their lair, he whispered: "I feel terribly drowsy, Sergeant; I always do about this time. Five minutes nap will make me as fresh as a daisy. Rouse me up if you hear anything before that time."

His companion smiled, and in the same subdued tone, gave the promise. Nothing did happen requiring Mr. Basilton's presence either before or after the expiration of five minutes, although the officer stealthily looked out a hundred times during the night. At last the darkness thinned away, and then, after a short gray twilight, dawn came; and the sergeant shook Basilton by the shoulder.

"Yes, yes; I'm ready," stammered the exhibitor, then opened his eyes very wide indeed. "Why, it's daylight! I must have slept!"

"Yes, of course you have," interrupted the other; "but let us go out quietly. I don't mind our men seeing us, of course; but others need know nothing of our watch."

"I think the less your men or anybody else know about the way we kept our watch, the better," said Mr. Basilton, as they left the counter; "in fact I shall regard it as a friendly thing if you say nothing about it."

The sergeant smiled, but kept his own counsel; and it may be hinted that Basilton was very liberal fellow, although somewhat hasty. It turned out, that no pilfering had taken place that night; nor did any occur for two or three nights after, a fact which Mr. Glisser attributed to the influence of Mr. Basilton's vigilance. He took great interest in the exhibitor's plans, and paid him several compliments, which the latter received with but indifferent grace, having reasons, that the other knew not of, for thinking but modestly of his own vigilance.

One morning a little while after the fruitless watch, Mr. Basilton was in a fresh temper, for he had sustained a fresh loss. He was leaning against a pillar some short distance from his counter, thoughtfully biting the end of his pencil case, when a man spoke to him. He looked round at the sound and saw a police constable, whom he very much disliked for his spongy and unbusiness-like ways, standing close by him. He growled some hardly said words, and turned from the man, but the latter was not to be deterred.

"I am afraid you have had a loss, sir," said the man, "and hope it is not very serious; but at any rate I should like a word or two with you."

"What for?" retorted Basilton. "I have lost a gold watch, and as I have not breathed a syllable about it to a soul, I don't see how you could know anything of it, unless some of your lively forces have."

"You are too severe, Mr. Basilton," said the other, finding he stopped; "you are indeed, sir. Now sir, I have my opinion about these robberies, and I think I have found out the other

the thief works in, and can pretty well guess in what quarter he will next try. I believe I can catch him."

"You!" exclaimed Basilton, with an emphasis which was anything but complimentary to the officer.

"Yes, sir," replied the man firmly. "I can. You have a good deal of influence with the authorities, and if you will ask, I shall be taken off regular duty, and detailed for special service; and I can then catch him."

"Well, tell me your plan," said Basilton, "and in return, I will tell you this: You know there are £50 offered on the quiet for the apprehension of the thief. Find him, and I will make it £100."

The constable smiled, and, lowering his voice, spoke to the exhibitor in whispers. When he had finished, Basilton slipped his hand on the counter with a force that jarred every article around, and exclaimed: "You are right. Are you on duty?"

"No, sir," said the man. "Then, you shall be."

The application for the constable's change of duty was doubtless made, for he disappeared from his accustomed patrol.

During the next day or two, Basilton became loquacious on the subject, and in conversation with Mr. Glisser, who took a very kindly interest in the matter, owned that he had changed his opinion about the matter of the robbery. He was convinced, he said, that if the thief came by night, he would have been caught long before, but that every body was on the wrong scent, and that the thefts were really committed in the bustle of closing for the evening, and then, not being found out till the morning, it was naturally supposed that the thief came in the night. Mr. Glisser was much struck by this view, which he commended highly, and urged increased vigilance about the time spoken of.

While this was going on, there had been no fresh depre-dations from the counters, and Constable Lowell had been absent from duty, although no one seemed to have noticed it. When the visitors departed at the close of day, all the interior of the building became depressing enough, as the light faded away, and there were no places more spectral in their aspects than those were clear. I must closely the white statues, which were sprinkled about. Nymphs, Venuses, Bacchuses and Apollons, Grecian hunters, scriptural and mythological figures, all looked equally ghastly in their dim white, when the twilight or night had fallen upon them. So, in the gray of the evening, all the statutory looked mystic and unearthly enough, as the stony figures looked from their pedestals; but none looked more sepulchral than did a tall sheeted figure which occupied a pedestal slightly screened

—came from which direction the visitor might—by two or three large groups. This figure might have been taken in the distance, and in the dim light, for a Jewish priest, or a Druid, or anything of the kind; but had any one come near enough to inspect it would have been seen that the long robe was of linen, not stone, and that the face was less that of an ancient hero than a modern one. And what was rather strange, this particular pedestal was empty all day, and only occupied at night.

Standing at this particular spot, any one could see in every direction for a considerable distance, and there was scarcely any hiding place near, the Druid on his pedestal had no doubt reckoned on these facts having great weight with the marauder. Several nights had gone by, and no discovery made, and yet Ned Lowell crept silently to his selected station, and assuming his disguise as the shrouded statue, patiently watched all through the darkness; so patiently, that no one not close enough to touch him could have imagined that he differed from the other figures around.

It was yet comparatively early in his watch, on a certain night, and a young moon threw just sufficient light here and there to make everything more uncertain than usual, when Lowell, fusing himself a little cramped from standing so long in one position, prepared to make one of the guarded shifts he was forced to indulge in during the evening; but just as he commenced carefully to draw one leg behind the other, he stopped, rolled his eyes eagerly round, and then remained so motionless he scarcely breathed.

With step almost noiseless—but not quite so for such a listener's ears—a man glided round the angle of a counter close by, and standing close by Lowell's passer, stopped, looked round, passed in every direction, then sat upon an adjacent pedestal, and leaning against the legs of a Hercules, listened. If the process of perspiration were not wholly a silent one, Lowell's beads came upon his forehead as he saw how near he was to a discovery. The man was sitting on the very next pedestal, a block which almost touch-

ed his own. There he sat for a while, not very long, but long enough to assure himself that no more was coming that way; then he rose, and in a few steps was at the nearest counter, and had tried a key in the lock; one or two attempts failed, but at last a door opened, and his head and shoulders were lost to sight; he reappeared with a small box, which he placed on the ground before him, and then tried one or two keys. Again the lock yielded, the lid was thrown back, and a few articles were rapidly transferred to the man's pocket.

Some object, however, seemed unknown to him, and he held it up against the dim light, endeavoring to make out what it was. To his horror, one of the statues sprang from its pedestal toward him. It was instantaneous, but the flash was enough, the figure all in white moved, and leapt upon him; then with a fearful yell, which rang from end to end of the building, the thief fell in a fit upon the floor. Alarmed by the scream, two or three officers were quickly at the spot, and turning on their lanterns were nearly as much astonished in their turn to see a white sheeted figure standing by the side of a man in convulsions.

When their momentary surprise had ceased upon their discovering who the sheeted figure was, they proceeded to sustain the prostrate man's scarf and collar, sprinkled him with water, and lifted him from the ground; his struggles ceased, and a few long breaths announced that he was "coming to."

"I don't know him," said one of the constables.

"I do, though," exclaimed Lowell. "Well! of all the parties as I could have supposed, I never could have supposed him. Why, it's that blessed Glisser—from the stall next to old Basilton—a fellow that looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth."

"Where am I?—who are you?" said the miserable culprit.

"Oh, we're particular friends of yours," returned the officer.

"But I say—I saw one of those things more," said the man, looking steadily round with a dreadful shudder Lowell had stripped off his white raiment by this time, and so it did not shock the wretched Glisser's eyes.

"We will tell you all about that in the morning," said the constable. "What you have got to do is to come along with us."

It was so—he had to "come along," and directly the exhibitors and their staff mustered in the building, the intelligence flew like wildfire