

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1875.

NO. 34.

STEVENS HOUSE.

STEVENS & DOW,
PROPRIETORS.
Bloomington, - - Nebraska.
New House, Clean Beds, and every
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Stage leave this House daily for
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To the travelling Public we would
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Wines and Beer.
Each kind of the best quality the market
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Will respectfully inform the Ladies of Red
Cloud and vicinity that she is pre-
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see Southwest Nebraska settled with
live and enterprising pioneers. To
this end furnish accounts of the re-
sources and capabilities of the soil, the
best locations still vacant, and, in fact,
everything that will tend to induce
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REPUBLICAN

VALLEY

THE CHIEF,

Is a Weekly Newspaper, published at
Red Cloud, Webster County, Ne-
braska, and is devoted to the Inter-
ests of Webster County, and
SOUTHWEST NEBRASKA.

Special on will be given t

all Home a cal matters Every

thing of local or general interest

in this county, and adjoining

counties, will be promptly reported

at the earliest possible date.

During the coming political cam-
paign THE CHIEF will support and
labor for the success of the Republican
Party.

A portion of our columns will be de-
voted to entertaining and miscellan-
eous matter for family reading.

All who are interested in having a
wide-awake, lively, local newspaper
published in the Republican Valley
are invited to examine THE CHIEF
and become subscribers.
MATHER & WARNER,
Editors & Proprietors

SQUANDERING LIVES.

The fishermen who live the street
The world with the river in their
The soldier steps bravely to battle;
The woodman lays ax to the trees.

They are each of the breed of heroes.
The method attempted in words;
Strong hands that so lightly labor,
True hearts that take comfort in strife.

In each it the seed to replant
The world with the river in their
The centre of honest affection,
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shock strikes the blood of the other
The soldier is dropped in the sea.
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted
In many achievements unseen,
But lengths the days of the onward,
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noble is lavished
That the selfish profit may find;
God sees the lives that are squandered,
And we to his wisdom are blind.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE MORNING SEA.

While wending our way homeward
after a day of toil, a strange episode
came to our observation that calls for
sympathy, and is worth relating, as a
warning lesson to those who hesitate
on the brink of doing that which re-
quires concealment from the world.

A little boy, in tattered garments,
and a sailor's hat that quite over-
shadowed his brow, came up with
a "Please, mister, could you find it in
your heart to stop and listen to a poor
unfortunate boy's story?"

A pair of blue eyes that must have
caught their light from the skies, look-
ed up earnestly. They could not
be resisted despite the vision of a cold
dinner, and loved ones watching at the
window, with true seeming very long.

"Well, little fellow, your face be-
speaks in your favor. Let us step in-
to this stairway out of the blistering
cold and sleet, and you may be sure of
a faithful listener, if you will promise
not to be too long."

The stairs were dry, and the hall
was warmed by a register, for we were
in the entrance to some fine Broadway
offices. Nearly all but the janitor had
left the building, as it was nearly six
o'clock, and wealthy, professional
men were seen with their coats on their
arms, so we sat down on the stairs
and attended to the little fellow's tale.

"You are good sir, to mind a ragged
urchin. I do not often meet any one
who goes out of his way to be kind to
me."

"Do not cry, my little man, your
tears reveal nothing but sorrow and
distress, which a man need not spend
time to turn to the right or left to see,
as they are everywhere visible."

With an effort the boy restrained
his grief and began:

"My father is a rich man. He lives
on Fifth avenue, in a grand mansion.
I dare not go to his house and claim a
home. He has threatened to have my
mother and I put out of his way if I
ever molest him by entering his house.
I do not exactly understand how it all
is. It seems strange to me that his
other children have any better right
to his care and to nice things than I
have. But mother never wants me to
talk about it. When I insist upon
knowing, she tells me I am an illegiti-
mate child, and that I would disgrace
both her and my rich father if I told
anyone who I am."

"Why he never comes any more to
see us is more than I know. He used
to love mother, and come often to our
humble home. I loved him very much
as he always brought me pretty toys
and candy, when he ran down from
the city to stay over Sunday, as he
often did."

"My mother is the loveliest woman
I ever saw. Father often told her so.
I have heard him say it. I love her
more than I do my own life. She is
patient, so sweet-tempered, so angelic.
When I was eight years old, father
sent me away to school. It was a great
grief to poor mother to be left alone.
But she loved me too well to deprive
me of an education. I learned very
fast, and in a year got to the head of
my class and was promoted. I remain-
ed four years in this school, where I
met the sons of rich men, and I went
ahead of them all. At thirteen, I was
placed in a class to prepare for college.
One promise my father exacted of me,
and mother entreated, that I should
never forget it. He said I must never
tell whose son I was. I was sent under
an assumed name, as a poor boy,
who was being educated at the expense
of this generous gentleman, my father,
who was respected and feared by his
teachers. I was not old enough for
two or three years to feel the sting of
a charity scholar. But as I progressed
in learning, I was taunted into know-
ing and feeling bitterly the humili-
ation.

"I kept my promise all the same. I
never revealed the truth. Every
month or two I was allowed to go
home, which was only a few miles
away, and there I found father and

mother as happy as could be. After
awhile, it seemed queer that father
was always a visitor in his own house,
and I wondered why we lived in a poor
shanty when he was so rich, and why
mother never went to the city?

"I asked them why they did not
move away from the dreary old place,
where there was no comfort, much less
luxury?"

"Mother looked frightened, father
became very angry, and said 'I had
better not ask questions.'"

"Before I went back to school on
Monday morning, I heard him say,
'See getting must be done; that boy
knows too much.' Letty, give him to
me. I'll make a man of him you
will be proud of."

"To this my mother only said, 'And
what will I do? You are not coming
hereafter, you have said, and now you
would rob me of my only joy.'"

"Nonsense, you ought to think of
the boy's welfare. Women are cry-
baby individualities. There is no way
of managing them if they get their
hearts set."

"My mother rose to her feet and
looked more indignant than I ever saw
her before. Her face was very pale
when she said, 'Robert, God will judge
between you and I. Our account can-
not be settled in this world. My
wrongs are too deep. But our boy
shall decide this matter for himself.
He shall not be an unwilling sharer of
my father's life.'"

"So he it," answered father.
"Come here to me, Bart," said he.
"You asked to leave this dreary place
forever. You may go with me, sir, if
you will, and I will make a gentleman
of you. You shall have horses of your
own to ride and drive in Central Park,
and go into my office to learn the busi-
ness after you leave college. Will you
go?"

"My heart bounded with delight.
It seemed to me that the fog which
had mistled my childhood were clearing
away in sunlight."

"And you will take mother too,
will you not, sir," cried I, with confi-
dence and pleasure.

"Mind your business about your
mother. No, she cannot come now."

"Amazed, I looked from one to the
other. Father was quiet, and immen-
sely dignified and self-contained."

"But, your papa offers you more
than I can ever give you. He and I
are separating, I fear, forever. He
does not intend to take me over to the
city. Will you go with him and leave
your mamma here alone?"

"At this my father exclaimed with
rage, 'Madam, you are overstepping
the bounds of my liberality. It is more
than you had a right to expect, that I
ever acknowledged that boy as my son.
I did it because I loved you. He
has worn out my love by crying and
moping your life away for years. But
I like the boy and will have him, or
you shall both be sorry.'"

"May I tell the boys at school that
you are my real father?" I asked.
"They call me a pauper now, and it
makes me so wretched when I know it
is false."

"You must say you are my adopt-
ed son; and as such you shall go into
my family to live with my children."

"Your children? Where are they,
father? Have I brothers and sisters?"

"Well, not exactly. You see,
Bart, you must choose between your
mother and me. Then we will arrange
everything."

"Mother was moved with intense
and conflicting emotions. She held
her peace as long as she could, and
then she said:

"My child, you are the unfortun-
ate victim of my misplaced, unguid-
ed love. Your father deceived me
with false promises. He was a widow-
er with children. He promised to
make me his wife. I was the happy
daughter of parents who surrounded
me with enough, so that life seemed
well. He came with words and devo-
tion. I knew he was rich, and could
give me a fine position. My heart was
loyal, though I was ambitious. He
said he would not marry a woman who
had not all and every confidence in
him before marriage."

"I risked all, even honor for love,
and hope of a grand home and riches,
and lost you were born. Before it
was too late, I employed him to spare
you the disgrace of an illegitimate
child. But to no effect. He said his
children were proud and exclusive,
and that they could not be kind to me.
If I came to his house as a wife so soon
after the death of their mother,
though she had been dead two years."

"To hide my shame I came to this
desolate place, hoping each year to be
resurrected by the fulfillment of his
promises. So the years have passed.
Hope fled long since, and when he
tells me he married another wife six
weeks ago, and that she is now install-
ed in the house he promised me, I am
not stunned into death. It is no more
than I had reason to expect."

"You must choose between us,
Bart. I shall stay here until I die."

"A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

An African traveller gives the fol-
lowing account of a fight between pan-
thers and alligators:

The cause of strife was plain; but
how it began, who concerned it. I at
least, could only guess. There were

Your father promises me a pithon,
which will secure us from actual war
until you are old enough to earn
money."

"This is all nonsense, Letty. Tell
the boy to come with me. I will do
well by him. There is not much time
to waste on words, as I must be off to
catch the train."

"I did not require much time to de-
cide. I went over to my mother's side
and taking her hand, said:

"I shall stay with mother, sir,
since you have forsaken her."

"Think well before you utter this
matter. This is my last offer."

"I would not leave my mother here
alone to suffer her life away, because
of your foolishness and mine. If you
would offer me a deed of your fine city
house, I have decided."

"Very well," said he in anger, "go
back to your school a pauper; finish
this year, as it is paid for, and then
come back to your mother and rot if
you will. I will never give you another
cent."

"You must, sir. You cannot for-
sake me as you have her. I am your
son; and if I am in rage, I will come
to your office and make you ashamed."

"I renounce you from this time
forward," said he. "You are not my
son; and if you value your life, never
set your foot inside my office or
house, nor tell a living soul you be-
lieve you are my son."

"I have finished with you both, and
wish I had never seen either of you."

"Then he left us. I did not want
to go back to school, but mother made
me. She was so anxious for me to
learn all I could. I am nearly pre-
pared for college. It is a disappoint-
ment that I could not continue my
studies, but some other way will open
for me sometime; I am only a little
boy yet."

"I went home at vacation, and
there I have been ever since. My
clothes were well worn at the end of
the year, and mother cannot buy
more. She is sick and broken hearted.
I take care of her and do the house-
work."

"Will you come and see us sir?"
asked the little fellow when he had
finished his story.

At a little station an hour from New
York, and the boy met us there, as he
promised to do.

A brisk walk of twenty minutes
brought us to the sea-shore.

A few fishermen's hats were jotted
here and there, but the chances for
life—except for the fishes—were har-
bar indeed.

Further along, in a clump of trees,
stood a small house. Only for the
pretty-curtained windows and neat
appearance, it might have been called
a bath, too. This was the refuge of
shame. The harbor of waiting,
for a confiding, loving woman for many
weary years. On a little porch stood
two pretty willow garden chairs. In
front was the sea. The surging, roar-
ing, muttering, mysterious sea! The
horse stood so near the water's edge
that, in a storm, its angry, hungry
tongue must have almost clutched its
rickety walls, while licking its lips, the
beach.

"Is your mother very sick, little
friend?" whispered we, apprehen-
sive.

"Yes, sir, I fear she will die. She
longs to go; for she says I am big
and brave enough to make my living
float alone."

We entered a small but well furnish-
ed room. Evidence of taste and re-
finement were scattered about. A
guitar stood in the corner. Pictures
adorned the walls. Books and mag-
azines were on a little marble top cen-
table. A glance told that the prison
had been made as pleasant as possible
years ago.

"Come this way, sir. Mother lies
in the next room."

A step, and we were in the presence
of suffering. Her head was slightly
turned toward the door. Her hand
reaching out as if to greet some one
for whom she waited. A pallor which
could not be mistaken was on her still
pore and beautiful face.

"Mother is asleep."
"Yes, poor boy. A sleep that
knows no waking."

The walls of the sea reached our
ears, and mingled with the sob of the
fatherless, motherless boy.

The storm had continued all the
night, and until a late hour of the
morning, when the clouds parted and
a rainbow crossed the heavens above
the sea—a bow of promise that another
soul had gone to a happier world,
where the weary are at rest on this
Saturday Night.—"BARK" POMEROY.

SENSIBLE ADVICE ABOUT DOTS.

We never could understand why so
many persons experience such trouble
with their boys. We like boys, and
think we could select almost any lit-
tleship from the street and make a good
man of him in time. Almost any child
requires to be interested in something;
if you let him loaf in the streets since
chances out of ten he will become in-
terested in something detrimental to
his moral life; if you put him on the
right track he will be just as much in-
terested. And almost any mother or
father, by a few experiments, can give

what worthy way will attract their
child. Give him books, talk over
different subjects—you can very soon
detect what interests the child—then
follow the lead and give him all the
advantages he craves. You will find,
in time, that it is money in your
pocket to keep your boy thus away
from bad company and mischief. We
expect so much money for our own
amusement in parties, concerts, the-
aters, and so on, and leave our boys
to the mercy of school life and street
associations!

Give your boy a bit of lead, some
farming tools, even to rake a few
flowers or vegetables; or a chest of
mechanical tools, scientific apparatus,
with specimens, a lens, camera,
microscope. Test all the latest in-
ventions, and you will yet have a boy
to be proud of even though he be
reared in San Francisco. A capable,
manly boy is worth thinking about.
Keep him busy about something in-
teresting and you need have no
trouble. We stood in a corner grocery
the other day when some little, rough,
ragged boys came in. They were all
smoking, but they had a school com-
panion, and urged him to take some
cigars to smoke a cigarette. "I don't
use the article," was the usual reply.
We made up our mind that that boy
had a mother who cared for her child-
ren. When we see mothers leaving
their children by after day to hired
nurses, and having them coming
after evening to find their own way
of passing time, and knowing the tempta-
tion ever offered children, we wonder
so many select the halfway com-
promise between good and evil.

How does anyone accept pretense
without its attendant responsibilities?
Is a pure life of so little consequence?
We hear parents say, "I cannot man-
age my boy." We always want to re-
ply, "It is your own fault." We
have known people who acted as
though the life of their children for-
good or for-evil was not worth a few
years of self-denial. It should not be
self-denial, either, but pleasure, for
the parent to guide the child.

Above all things, interest the boys
in their studies. Almost every place
in geography has a local history—
a story that can be told to fix it in the
memory. The family accounts can be
handed over to the young arithmetic-
ian, and very soon mathematics will
assume a personal interest. So in
writing and spelling, let kind letters
open the way, and the boy will soon
excel. It is so easy to learn happily.

COBERTSON & K.

RIVERTON, Franklin Co., Neb.
March 27th, 1875.

EDITOR CHIEF.—As the morning
it only did not come, I thought
through the columns of the
Chief, to let homesteaders know, that
in the counties of Webster and Frank-
lin are still to be found some first-class
homesteads. A homesteader in either
of those counties, enjoys the privi-
leges of many countries, which can
not be met with in other countries.
They have schools, churches, churches,
mills, bridges, wood, water, stone, and
every other necessary convenience that
people may find of use. In them their
growing villages are putting on the
appearance of towns. Business in
every department appears to be re-
surgent and profitable, with plenty
vacancies in almost any point along
the entire Republican Valley for the
investment of capital.

We will tell Riverton for instance,
there is a title for its natural advan-
tages, cannot be excelled in the State.
There is a mill power here on what is
called the Melville Addition, having
a fall of eleven feet eight inches, in a
distance of less than half a mile, and
which the Town Company proposes to
lead to any man, or company of men,
who will put a good mill on the same.
Here is a noble chance for a wooden
or iron mill. Every one of course, is
aware, that we have one first-class
flouring and grit mill, owned by
Messrs. Valentine & Shepherdson, and
two saw mills. To back and support
these mills, we are in the center of a
rich agricultural country, thickly popu-
lated by an industrious class of set-
tlers. Riverton is not a "mushroom
town, forced to an unnatural growth,
through outside agencies, but one that
is growing natural, with the surround-
ing country. No act of Congress, can
secure our water power from us. We
need capital in our midst, and we need
many branches of industry, or men of
business