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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

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

NO. 31.

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

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SQUANDERING LIVES. The sailor wades in the sea. The sailor steps bravely to battle. The woodman lays ax to the tree. They are each of the breed of heroes. The manhood attempted in strife: Strong hands that go lightly to labor. True hearts that take comfort in strife. In each it the seed to replenish The world with the vigor it needs— The centre of honest affections, The impulse to generous deeds. But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher The sailor is dropped in the sea. The woodman lies cold by his tree. Each prodigal life that is used In many achievements unseen, But lengthens the days of the coward, 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 requires concealment from the world. A little boy, in tattered garments, and a sailor's hat that quite overshadowed 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, looked up entreatingly. 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 he speaks in your favor. Let us step into this stairway out of the blustering 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 do not usually delay in business hours except after three in the afternoon. 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 illegitimate 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 remained 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 entered, 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 the 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 knowing and feeling bitterly the humiliation."

"I kept my promise all the same. I never revealed the truth. Every mother 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, 'Son getting must be done; that boy knows too much.' Letty, give him to me. I will make a man of him yet 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 inconsistencies. 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 cannot 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 former life.'"

"So be 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 take a gentleman of your own. You shall have horses of your own to ride and drive in Central Park, and go into my office to learn the business after you leave college. Will you go?"

"My heart bounded with delight. It seemed to me that the fogs which had mistle my childhood were clearing away in sunlight. "And you will take mother too, will you not, sir," cried I, with confidence and pleasure. "Mind your business about your mother. No, she cannot come now."

"Amazed, I looked from one to the other. Father was vexed and impatient; mother, grief-stricken and trembling like an aspen leaf. "Bart, 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 ever 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. You have worn out my love by crying and moaning 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 adopted 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 so long as she could, and then she said: "My child, you are the unfortunate victim of my misplaced, misguided love. Your father deceived me with false promises. He was a widower with children. He promised to make me his wife. I was the happy daughter of parents who surrounded me with enough, so that life promised well. He came with vows and devotion. 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 ricked all, even honor for love, and hope of a grand home and riches, and lost. You were born. Before it was too late, I implored 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 home 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 installed in the house he promised me, I am dot-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."

Your father promises me a position, which will secure us from actual want 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 decide. 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 settle this matter. This is my last offer."

"I would not leave my mother here alone to mourn her life away, because of your selfishness 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 not if you will. I will never give you another cent."

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

"I renounce you from this time henceforth," 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 believe 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 prepared for college. It is a disappointment 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 household work."

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

"And so we went. The car stopped 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 huts were jotted here and there, but the chances for life—except for the fishes—were barren indeed. Further along, in a clump of trees, stood a small house. Only for the pretty-curtailed windows and neat appearance, it might have been called a hut, 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, roaring, muttering, mysterious sea! The house stood so near the water's edge that, in a storm, its angry, hungry tongue must have almost clutched its rocky walls, while licking its lip, the beach.

"Is your mother very sick, little friend?" whispered we, apprehensive. "Yes, sir, I fear she will die. She longs to go; for she says I am big and brave enough to make my living if I left alone."

We entered a small but well furnished room. Evidences of taste and refinement were scattered about. A guitar stood in the corner. Pictures adorned the walls. Books and magazines were on a little marble top centre 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 sufferer. 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 young 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 sobs 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 crowned 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.—BART'S PROMISE.

A TERRIBLE FIGHT. An African traveller gives the following account of a fight between panthers and alligators:

The cause of strife was plain; but how it began, who commenced it, I at least, could only guess. There were six combatants—four black panthers, two alligators, each about twenty-five feet in length; the other, perhaps, twenty feet. The cause of contention was the dead carcase of a panther. Blood-stained jaws, throats, breasts and paws, showed the panthers had been engaged in the brotherly office of burying their own dead—in their own stomachs. While engaged in this pious duty, they were assailed by the alligators, who wished to render the same service, and were bent upon doing it. Whether the sensibilities of the saurians were shocked at the cannibalism of the panthers was not stated, both parties being too "eager for the fray" to talk. Alternately fighting fiercely, and tugging furiously at the partially devoured carcase of the panther that had intended doing me the honor of breakfasting upon me, they heard as not.

The body was torn open—the life turned out—so that iterations of flank and breast had been earned his brethren were in their efforts to retain him in the family. He should not be buried in a strange land—they would take him to their own bosoms. They had, probably, been interrupted by the saurians, but they fought stoutly, and, being two to one, although inferior in size, the issue was doubtful. Already one of the short legs of the largest alligator was broken—one of his flanks opened. Had the opening been a little larger the entire possessions of the saurian must have been scattered over the earth. One of the panthers was dispirited—retreated by the sheer force of jaws of the alligator; some ribs had succumbed; another had a hind leg fractured; a third had the side of neck flayed, as if skinned by one skillful at the work, the flap trailing on the ground as he fought.

The panthers fought for life and what sustained life; the saurians for the only thing they ever fought for—something to eat. The great effort of the latter was to crush the bodies of their opponents between their elongated jaws. The aim of the panthers was to avoid that, dodging about like flies, being here and there in the "soft parts," as surgeons say; but even these parts, though soft, were tough and not easily torn. To attack in front was hazardous; behind, nearly as bad. The long sweeping tails in fluted leathery bands, which would break the backs of nearly a dozen panthers. All the latter effected was to bite underneath, as they could. The saurians, while fighting, tugged the cold meat towards the water; the panthers pulled it back. Once in the lake, the panthers were done; these they could have no power; their antagonists being more supple, their chief power was in water.

The roars and yells were frightful; there was more noise than work. A disastrous movement of the saurians gave the panthers an advantage. One saurian strove to get a panther between his ponderous jaws. The under jaw having no due articulation, the upper one rises and falls, like the lid of a box opening lengthwise. As the saurian was closing his jaws upon the panther, as he thought, the other saurian, by a blow of his tail, hurled the panther quite beyond the reach of the said jaws, and the tail entered them! The jaw snapped down victoriously—the tail was curtailed. Howland harmless as a threshing machine forever, its owner became an easy conquest for the panthers. Yells told the tale of the woe that had befallen the saurian's tail. The woe was undeniably—the panthers made an assault—in three minutes hind legs, flanks and stomach were macerated that the saurian was done for.

The two panthers engaged upon him joined the other two, four to one were long odds. The reptile was not so easily beaten even thus; he got a panther into his mouth, but he was too long about it. As Americans say, he "catawampusly" chewed him up," but seemed to enjoy the bon-bouche, while the other three were bent upon his destruction. With much craft they seized his throat when his mouth was full, and, by dint of mutual tugging, made a larger opening in it than that made by nature. Both saurians were settled. It was time for us to settle the panthers. One panther had his back broken, all the rest were worse for wear—they took but little killing.

SEVERAL ADVISE ABOUT BOTS. We never could understand why so many persons experience such trouble with their loaves. We like boys, and think we could select almost any little chap 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 and chime out of tea he will become interested in something detrimental to his moral life; if you put him on the right track he will be just as much interested. And almost any mother or father, by a few experiments, can give

what worthy way will attract their child. Give him books, tell 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, theaters, and so on, and leave our boys to the mercy of school-life and street associations!

Give your boy a bit of land, some farming tools, even to raise a few flowers or vegetables; or a chest of mechanical tools, scientific apparatus, with specimens, a lens, magnifying glass, microscope. Test all the best possibilities, and you will get 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 interesting 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; here they must a school companion, and urged him to take some tobacco to make a cigarette. "I don't use the article," was the ready reply. We made up our mind that that boy had a mother who cared for her children.

When we see mothers leaving their children by after day to hired nurses, and leaving them evening after evening to find their own way of passing time, and knowing the temptations ever offered children, we wonder so many select the half-way compromise between good and evil.

How does anyone accept parentage without its attendant responsibilities? Is a pure life of so little consequence? We hear parents say, "I cannot manage my boy." We always want to reply, "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 page in geography has a local history-story that can be told to fit it in the memory. The family accounts can be handed over to the young arithmetician, 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.

EDITORIAL NOTE. RIVERTON, Franklin Co., Neb., March 27th, 1875. EDITOR CHIEF.—As the spring is now approaching, the Immigration has taken a start on its westward course, and may not get off of place at this juncture, through the columns of the CHIEF, to let homeseekers know, that in the counties of Webster and Franklin are still to be found some first-class homesteads. A homesteader in either of those counties, enjoys the privileges of many conveniences which can not be met with in other counties. 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 remunerative and profitable, with plenty vacancies in almost any point along the entire Republican Valley for the investment of capital.

We will refer to Riverton for instance, there is a point for its natural advantages, cannot be excelled in the State. There is a mill power here on what is called the McNeill 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 deed to any man, or company of men, who will put a good mill on the same. Here is a noble chance for a woolen or flax mill. Every one of course, is aware, that we have one first-class flouring and grist mill, owned by Messrs. Vallentine & Shepherdson, and two saw mills. To back and support those mills, we are in the center of a rich agricultural country, thickly populated by an industrious class of settlers. Riverton is no "mushroom town," forced to an unnatural growth, through outside agencies, but one that is growing natural, with the surrounding country. No act of Congress, can remove our water power from us. We need capital in our midst, and we need many branches of industry, or men of business with a little money to invest in business in this town. We want a drug store, a tie shop, a shoemaker, a harness maker, and a livery stable; these are branches of business that Riverton will need in its future.

The McNeill Addition Town Company, of Riverton is a corporate body. This company have bought and laid out one hundred acres of land south of the old town site, in township one. It proposes to offer any land which in its power, to those who wish to build on their site and carry on business, it will do the lot built on; to the party improving it, and it intends to deal squarely, fairly, honestly and liberally with every person who comes here to do a legitimate business.

O'SULLIVAN. It was Tom Hood, who said, "Spring has now set in with its usual severity." Buffalo on the Texas prairie are more numerous there for many years in the past.