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# RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1875.

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A portion of our columns will be devoted to entertaining and miscellaneous matter for family reading.

All who are interested in having a wide-awake, lively, local newspaper published in the Republican Valley it all, and called me his jester.

MATHER & WARNER. Editors & Proprietors A COLD SNAP.

Aunt Lackland lived away out in the country in those days- in the backwoods, Nell and I called it, though, to be sure, our own place wasn't so populous, considering that there were seventy odd miles between the two but then we were on the river banks. and a steamer ran between us and Boston erce a week, and we had a shabby little new reper and a shabbier lecture course, and an occasional concert, and sleighing parties, zul assembles among ourselves, while out at Lackhed people lived so far apart that it was a day's work to make a

Aust Lickland was a widow wit ne children, and we had often urged her to come to Wateredge and live wit us, but she had steadily refused, and thought she should'ut live out half her days if she were to forsake the familiar fields where her good man had plowed and reaged. She had an old servant, who had lived with her since her marriage; and a kind of cousin of her husband-Eben Andrews - had come to manage the farm for her at uncle's death. who was executor of the will, residuary legatee, and goodness knows what not, and by whom she set the world. It u-ed to be, "Eben thinks so," and "Eben doesn't like this," till I got worn to shoes strings the first time I went to see her, for, you see, mother, pitving her forlors coedities, living so out of the world, and no blood relation within in call, used to send Noll and me to make alternate visits there to make sure she wasn't imposed upon by her

husband's relatives. "Who cares what Eben thinks and likes?" said I, for, I suppose, I was a little jealous that she should regard the opinions of this raw farmer as of

greater importance than mine. "I dare say you'll care more'n you' like to own before you're much older." said she, laughing, "and you won't be

the first girl, neither." "I'll go right home if you talk so," I cred. "I don't think I shall lose my young affection to Eben Andrews in a hurry. Any body'd think I had

never seen a young man before." "You never did see one like Eben,

"And I never want to see anoth-"That's just the way girls talk when they're in love," put in Tildy Bruce,

sewing for Aunt Lackland, whose eyes began to fail her. Tildy was something of a companion for use in that lonely place, though I had no great fancy for her. She lived

who had come down to do up the

six miles away through the woods, and Eben used to go for her, and carry her home when her work was done. "There's our Esther." she went on-"what fun she used to make of

Tom Adam's red head! but, sakes particular hair is gold!" "Very likely," I retorted. "it runs

in the family. I heard you say yourself that Eben had the biggest hands you ever saw. I suppose they'll shrink as soon as he offers them to you."

"He's got a heart to match 'em." added Aunt Lackland, for I really thought Tildy impudent enough to joke about the size of my aunt's bu-band's cousin's hands-"yes, and a

mouth to match the heart!" "So much the better to kiss you. my dear," sang out Kben himself; and there he was, standing in the doorway. I didn't know how much he had overheard, and I didn't care; at least I thought I didn't, and I left the room in dudgeon, and slammed the door. A great bear of a backwoodsman to talk of kissing me! Well, I suppose I was a contrary minx, for when Auns Lickland said that Eben doted on green. I took great pains to wear blue ribbons; and when he declared that blue became me mightily, face. "I guess you'll find the mistake dien's; and when he began to read aloud, I left the room, or hummed a Perhaps I did. But I must say i tune as rudely as you please. Tildy nettled me to see how well he born run and jump for him, choly and morose, and lost his appetite:

ed, and made beau-catchers of her hair, seem to mind. She used to dare me to refuse his arm when he offered it, or his hand when day." Tildy suggested, pleasantly. riage or over a stile, and I was just posing I had said yes?" fool enough. She indeced me to send him a savey valentine, and to play all thought as much."

"That means a fool," said I. faring impress upon her that she was

fool than the jester, you remember," oracalarly.

"So," said Tildy, afterward, "be minute, and you'll say, 'Yes, thank

as though I would marry a farmer when I've been at bos ding school, and can play the piano and read French! Mercy, if you should see the young men at Wateredee, in their kid gloves and broadcloth, you wouldn't wonder that I wasn't ready to fall in lov. with Eben Andrews, Tildy." And what are they like at Water-

edge? a ked Aunt Lackland. "Like heroes in a romance," said I. spatefully; "not at all like Eben An-

"No, I reckon they're not; heroes of fildle-sticks and nonsense?" "Heroes of yard-sticks, I guess."

added Tirly. And, sure enough, Eben did find you might call it mine, in the long- ing. run. One day in March he asked me o go down into the maple grove to be a fool who'd refuse you, if I do say see the sap run, and to take a drink of it." I think she sometimes forgot in soft drifts. The afternoon was clear ask her but once !" woods the sun illuminated it, shining I, not thinking what I was saying. upon the nuked trees, and creeping "I never should ask her but onee," through the tangled boughs, till it said Eben. roundelay, and another responded sociething disagreeable instead.

busy over the gypsy fire boiling down a neighbor-and the house echoed the sap made long reverberations, me- with fun and frolic, and we played forlodious as the wind sweeping across an feits, and danced in the big kitchen, Æolian harp. We drank the sap, yet I felt heavy hearted in spite of cool and sweet, as it dripped from the myself. I can see Eben now, leading wounds in the maple trees, and stirred in Virginia Reel with Tildy Bruce; be the boiling pot under the cross-sticks, was a famous dancer, but that was the and the afternoon faded, and the sun- last time he ever tripped on the fanset blushed and looked into the wood, tastic too, thanks to me! and the workmen dropped away one by one, leaving Eben and me to follow at our leisure. But he lingered still. covering the pot, smothering the fire,

that ica was waiting. We stood there side by side, looking into the smouldering embers, when I said again,

though I had long ago warned him

"Come, Eben Andrews, lord of loiterers, I can't wait any longer." "Neither can I," he returned, facing me. "I must know to-night, Letty whether you love me or not!" I repeated. "Whatever gave you that crazy notion?"

to love you, Letty," be answered; a remarkably comfortably season, and I had freard that love begets love." "Well, we will let by-gones be byalive, now she's married to him, every gones," said I. "I'm sure I never gave you any encouragement. But

pray don't speak of this to Aunt Lackthough I should like to have had my crowd he'd thought it, and the season aunt know I had refused her precious | would be ten miles longer without me. aben, I was sure if she found it out But go I would. there would be an end of my visits to Lackland; she would have never have to Faring to meet the Wateredge stage allowed Eben's happiness to be placed with John?" I asked. in such jeopardy; and somehow, though I didn't care for Tildy Bruce, matisen. and had refused Eben, and was by no means devoted to my aunt, yet I liked

to go to Lackland : I had never asked would be sure to lose the way if he myself why, and I didn't care to know. hadn't rheumatism. You might wait "Well, Tildy," said I, that night, for the mail-carrier, and drive back from Faring; and the shaft is in away, carrying the come with it. In after Aust Lackland had had prayers, with him." and Eben had taken his candle and gone to bod, and we were left to rake over the kitchen fire-"well, Tildy,

Eben's found out his mistake !" Her eyes snapped like brands of fire, and the color flew all over her I just changed to cherry-color next is yours before you're much older." time. If Eben liked curls, I combed said she. "I'll wager, though, that my hair out as straight as a Digger he doesn't feel auxious; he knows you

Bruce used to giggle, and say that I himself. I had read in novels how the did it just to keep myself before his hero was either soured by unrequitted eyes; and she was always so ready to affection, or became splendidly melanand flattered him so broadly; but Eben didn't carry out either prothat I could have skaken her soundly gramme; he behaved just as usual, many a time. She spared no pains to and passed his plate for a second piece please him, were the colors I discard of padding, and made jokes, and didn't

"I guess Kiben was loking the other he would have helped me into a car- "Pretty serious joke," said L "Sup

"Then it's a supposable case, ch?

manner of giddy tricks upon him, such It was dreadfully mean in me to as putting salt in his tea, and vinegar mention it to Tildy at all; but I just in his mift, and sewing up the arm wanted to show her that I wasn't boles of his overcoat, and lining his ready to marry Tom, Dick and Harry prophet. Tildy was ten years my sea "Ob, does it?" said he, quietly, ior, and if she knew how to mislead

"Well, sometimes the king was more me for her own advantage I made it spit; fit ceased snowing altogether be- ground, with spring boughs laid or well thinks that he has only got to ask, this always tind and obliging. When I lost a shoe. We had expected to reach a hole in one end of the roof for the "He'll find out his mistake," toss where I met the stage for Wateredge, wayside farm house and got dinner, but this but was without that convent ing my head, "if he ever does ask! - and we had the long lonely road to and Eben tried to hire another horse, ence, and there were knot holes in the my annual visit at Lackland at Thanks. Thought he'd be able to get our horse ling all manner of shabon giving time. There were only three shod, but by the time it was done it. It seemed to me, that Eben was a

> and Aunt Luckland said. "Of all things, one seems to need a large family at the holidays. How I wish I had ten children, all coming home with their husbands and babies! I do wish Eben wou'l get married and thought about it. People in the back- out the door, and it was speeld it from

bring a wife here!" "I can't find any one to marry me." out his mistake not long after; though said Eben, as cool as a January morn-"Pool I that's likely. The girl would

it. We went along by a short cut over that he was bone of her bone and flesh the fields, where the snow yet lingered of her flesh. "You'd never baye to or if the ground hadn't been white sing, and he whistled like all the birds as crystal, and when we got into the . "That depends spon the girl," said

seemed like a great cuthedral at even- "How unfeeling!" said I, as easy ng service, I thought. There was a as a cushion, though heaven knows, I you Letty.

from some hidden branch; and the Though we had a surprise party till I was all of a glow. Well, we got as he knew our strait he turned about crows went languidly cawing overhead, that night, and all the neighbors far back upon the highway, as and sometimes a rabbit scampered by, and near came in sleighs-if you fived thought, but it proved a mistake, and and the voices of the men who were within ten miles of Lackland you were

Aunt Lackland was getting feeble that winter, and she begged me to stay till spring, for now that sister Nell was married, I had to do the visiting for both, and I had been nothing loath before; but I must say that I felt miserable and sore about Eben ; and it seemed to me, all at once, that he must think I staid because I could not tear meelf away from his neighborbood, and that I was sorry for what I said down in the maple grove; and so. when mother wrote that there was to be a grand ball at Wateredge on Christmas night, I appowneed my in-"Because I have been crazy enough tention of going home. We had had though the sleighing was tolerably good; yet there had been no very cold weather, and folks seemed to believe that the nature of winter was changed and there wouldn't be any to steak of. Aunt Lackland said everything to "A man doesn't usually bring about keep me, and E en even thawed being jilted," he suswered. Now, enough to say that three wasn't the

"I suppose you can send me down

But John, the hired man, had rheu-"I wouldn't trust you with anybody but Eben this season of the year. John

The mail arrived only once a week

at Lackland. "I shall do nothing of the kind." said L "I shall start to-morrow, if I have to walk."

my snow-shoes." "Very well, then," said Aunt Lackmust take you himself, though there's no more need of your going than there is of my going to Greton Green. You'll like enough get sowed up at Faring, and not reach home till after Christmas, and serve you right! Come, Kien

stay?" "I've said my say." "I believe she only wants to be coaxed, after all," persisted my aunt.

can't you say something to make her

but I never humor them in it!" I wouldn't have staid after that if it had rained blue devils all the way to Faring. Oh, I was a headstrong piece? I was set upon showing Eben that there were attractions in Wateredge. It was snowing latily the morning

"I dare say: it's a war women have

"Take plenty of wraps, children." implored Aunt Lackland. "I know you will get blocked by a storm," "Nonmenter," said L "This is only a spit, and it's as mild as new eider.

once said love, or pressed my band Lightning would be lame; but the ing, and cometities the wird blow i will, I've been told, or referred to that that morning, and wouldn't return till the black, frosty night outside, will was about two years later when I made off the high-road where he fir-trees signaling out darkly and taken

NO. 35.

of us to sit down to dinner together, seemed almost dusk, and when I got ways stirring about, gathering for into the sleigh again the cold cut me wood, or attending to my comfort in like a knife. You know how short some way. I couldn't persuade him the December afternoons are, and it that there were enough buffalo-robes must have been growing colder and for us both; and once, while he was colder every minute, only we hadn't outside gathering first, I not my bead? woods get used to it, only this was the tears on my eyelide Semutimes something I hadn't bargained for: Eben would presume to take my hand and just as I was wishing mysely back in his, to make sure I was warm, and a Aunt Lackland's snuggery. Eben tuck the wraps about me more snugh; reined up, and said he must have said he tried to distract my mind from taken the wrong turn. It was pirch. | the situation by telling me stories of dark by this time; we couldn't have the wood-choppers and life on a boom teen our horse if he hadn't been black. of logs; and once or twice he tried to with snow, and the cold pinched me in in the forest, just to seem cheerful;

at every pore. trouble I've given you, Eben!" And the gray dawn creeping in through what do you think he answered?

delicious hush there too, and once in a had a great lump in my throat, and I It was as good as a hot soap stone, while an early hird trilled a hesitating should have eried if I hadn't said if you'll pardon the camparison; it stirred the blood to my flugers' ends, we turned to the right, and we turned to the left but Faring seemed to be

> playing hide-and-seek with us. "This beats every thing." Eben. "I thought I knew every we entered : "a pretty cold man inch of the road, and every road in

-by daylight," I gasped, my teeth chattering in my head. "You are freezing to denth." said he. "What a blockhead I am " and just then a shaft broke, and there we were! Lost on a dreary country road at nine o'clock of a bitter, starless

night. As luck would have it, we had

come to grief only a few yards from a

log-but, which stood out darkly against the snow. "The inmates must have gone to bed," said Eben, "but we will rouse them;" and he knocked upon the rule door, which swung open at his his teuch. We had happened on a oal made for their own convenience

by the lumbermen, and the but was the remnant of a last year's nest. "It is a shelter, at least," said Eben, "I will build a fire, Letty, and stop your chattering" And he built a fire, beaven only knows how, with nothing but the matches be carried in his pocket to light his steps; and he sat me down before the grateful blaze swathed in the buffalo robes; and a balf-berned pine knot, which he found in the hut, served him for lantern. while he blacketed sed led poor old Lightning to the hovel where the lumbermen had housed their cattle, and left an srusful of staaw, and he

rope or any thing about the premises, to recover the body. The wages be

"and I'm afraid to go out again into the great dark night. What a precious thing daylight is! Aren't you coming near the fire? Aren't you proved to be the one lost, and was cold. Eben? Oh! what's that? Somebody's dog?" as the door of the but trembled, and a peer of sharp eyes looked in.

"Only a wolf," laughed Eben. "Don't be troubled : he's ton wise to come in : he's atraid of fire."

"Oh, but you'll have to go out after wood to Leep the fire alive! Ehen, if it hadn't been for me!" "Never fear, the pine knot will keep him at a respectful distance and if that fails, why, here's my pistol. I never travel to Faring with-

"I never regarded a pintol as a blus- Now, just tell me the much sing before." mid L But oh, what a night it was! I couldn't think of any thing but De.

Keep in the artis ration. Theret

out it."

wool, yet there was a dressiff the of isolation and da ger out learn i the woods, with the wind rearing through the trees like a thing nowe sed, and boughs cracking, and some times the host of a not making one beart stand still for an imitat. Pur hans you don't know what a camp in the reads is like? Well, in the fre place, there's no floor but the bire easy for her. I was like one having fore we had gotten five miles from it for carpeting; it is built of halfeyes and seeing not. Eben never hint. Lackland, and when we were fifteen bewn logs, and it has a window ore ed love after that, however. He was miles on our journey old, Lightning two, with wooden shutters, and there's went home he often carried me to the Faring by five in the afternoon at smote to pass through. Sometimes next town, ever so many miles away, latest, and at moon we stopped at a they build a rough chimney of stones; ourselves, I promise you; but he never for the road was rough, and presently shutters, and the draw had no fasters under the buffalo-robes, as young men farmer had driven a span into Faring wide open, and gave one a plimpse of afternoon in the maple grove, which the next day. So we jogged on again, now and then the ghat of a star on was hardly ever out of my mind. It Eben, however, knew of a place the ragged edge of a cloud, and the

Then beated a rock to put at my !

and the buffalo robes were worth

and at last I fell into a doze, and "Ob dear!" I cried . "how much waked, shivering, with a start, to find the chinks and knot boles, and to bear "Nothing is trouble that I do for a strange voice outside calling, "Goodmorning to you sir. Gee, Bright How's this for a cold snap, ch?" was a teamster, toiling up from the mill village to haul logs; and so soon took out his oxen, and put them up in the hovel, harnessed old Lightning into his team, and drove us into Para

ing more dead than alive. "A preity sold snap," school the landlord of the Sunbeam Tavera, separa take it. Hollon! what's the met

Eben had slipped frem his seat up-"Every thing-looks -so differently on the floor in a dead faint! You! may guere I was pretty well frightened, as I deserved to be.

> "It's all my fault-all my fault !" cried, forgetting the by-standers and the strange dectors. "Pity's cate," said the landlady "i the cold snap your foult? are you top. blame for the weather, miss? I'm

afraid the cold has drove you out office ?

your poor head. You'd better have something hot, dear." But you know how it was. Mr. ears were a trifle frost-bitten, and they had to amputate Eben's foot, all be cause I had been vain and headstrong about going home, and had refued to speak the truth down in the maple

grove, and scoupt a buckwood-mar and a farmer for a lover. Of coarse I married Eben, bat didn't deserve to; and as for him, he says that the cold span inspred him

his greatest blessing.

A Postponed Buriel.

The pall bourers at a funeral in

North Carolina were lately relieved from duty in a manner not enticipated. The funeral occurred at the time of TOVE the recent flood, and the recession on is way to the consetery had to cross a creek. In crossing the crack, which, was rising rapidly, the wagon stud made the bolt fast with a piece of fast, and those in charge of the cold were rescued with difficulty. No some ARE "L'tty," said he, "I'm afraid we er was the wagon bed relieved of the Pla shall have to stay here till daylight weight of the ten bearers than a new I think we have taken some back- trouble occurred. The lox of the wagcountry road, which has led us away on road upon the water and floated splinters, and there's not so inch of vain these in the procession attempted and I was too big a fool to bring any caprised and disappeared, but the cofthing of the kind. I don't know fin floated still, and, despite the conwhere I am any more than if I'd been getic efforts to secure it, was engined born blind. I don't know how I be- away by the raging waters and soon came so bewildered. We might ride lost to sight in the distance. Naturally "We couldn't hear to your walking. a-pillien, but you'd freeze to death; this little occurrence prevented the said Eben, laughing, unless you wear here I can keep you from perisbing, consummation of the funeral cereme nies, a body being one of the first so-"Oh, let us stay here; it is quite Quisites for such an occasion. Days Aned, a come was discovered upon a pile of drifted, thirty miles from where the

> were ever postponed in just and Sallie Morre, a pretty Newark mil. s a "mind-reider." She mid to bashful bean the other night : "La! believe you are going to himme." (

accident at the funeral occurred!

with its corten's, sain med in con

Way; or that the corectonies were no

prevented, only postposed. Is

doubtful, however, if burial ex

was night. That Boston youth was well in ed in the ways of woman who kimse'f to a girl in this style : you love me, and will you be tar

"He promised me into bring !

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