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Ventriloquism.

Some Remarkable Examples of the Strange and Deceiving Art.

Perhaps the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist. Familiar, because almost every country town has been visited by one or other of these exhibitors—mysterious, because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak, as if from the stomach instead of the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips. But the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver to those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by expressing this art in a public coffee-house. Some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed while others would button up their coats, as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, St. Gilles, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother. Suddenly they heard a voice as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal. Not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces and chanted the De Profundis. A committee appointed by the Academic des Sciences to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism went with St. Gilles to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aerial spirits somewhere in the neighborhood. During the interview she heard what she termed spirit voices above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room, and was with difficulty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquist's voice of St. Gilles. Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, valet de chambre of Francis I, whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-endowed girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit, and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to believe liberally in the marriage arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, specters, and purgatory. Suddenly he heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by his son advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly afterwards were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer. He placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspecting ventriloquist, who, of course, forgot to pay it over for the ransom of the Christians, either in Turkey or anywhere else. When the usurer learned afterwards how he had been duped, he died of vexation.

GENERAL NEWS CONDENSED.

The latest intelligence from the Northfield robbers is stated that they were surrounded near Minnesota Falls, Blue Earth county, Minnesota, and their capture was considered certain. The robbers were without horses, blankets or coats, and apparently had but little to eat, except green corn. All these things they left in a camp which they hurriedly vacated on the approach of their pursuers. On the evening of Sept. 14th, two masked men boarded the Utah Central railroad train, eight miles north of San Francisco, gagged Wells, Fargo & Co's messenger, then opened the safe and took out \$15,000, and made their escape. Officers started in pursuit of them. An explosion occurred, Sept. 13th, at the Warren powder mills, Rockland, Maine, instantly killing Lyman Belmer, one of the workmen, and probably fatally injuring another. Mrs. Foster and daughter, of Canterbury, N. H., while crossing a railroad track in a buggy near East Concord, Sept. 13th, were struck by an engine, and Mrs. Foster instantly killed. The daughter had both legs taken off and cannot recover. The horse was killed and the buggy demolished. A fire at Canton, Md., Sept. 14th, destroyed the oil works. Loss, \$35,000. The Architectural Iron Works, of New York, have failed—liabilities \$200,000, of which \$110,000 was due to the workmen. A stable, with contents, including six horses, was burned in Cincinnati, Sept. 14th. Loss, \$2,500. An adjoining stable, containing two horses, was also burned. Watson & Chamberlin's brick paper mill at Landville, Ill., was burned by incendiaries early on the morning of Sept. 15th. Loss, \$50,000. The Rhode Island dye works at Providence, R. I., were burned, Sept. 15th. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$80,000. The sale of the Old South Church in Boston, for \$400,000, was perfected, Sept. 15th. The building is to be used strictly as a historical museum. John Walker, the principal owner of the London Times, and the inventor of the Walker Improved Press, has arrived in New York from England. Over 7,000 paying visitors registered at the Centennial, Sept. 14th. The cash receipts were over \$80,000 for the main grounds. Sept. 21st is fixed upon as the day on which Hill Gate in New York harbor is to be blown to pieces. Margaret Sealburg, aged 71 years, was killed in New York, on the night of Sept. 14th, with a club by Daniel Bourne. He says he had been for a long while unable to find work, and for this reason had been constantly annoyed by his wife and the old woman. A party of foreign capitalists has been viewing the route of the Covington, Columbus & Black Hills railroad, the first 25 miles of which is completed to Ponca, Nebraska. The road was projected, built and equipped to the present terminus since the first of March this year. Arrangements have been made to complete 150 miles this year, and reach the Black Hills in 1877. The yellow fever interments in Savannah, Georgia, Sept. 15th, were 27. Destitution is increasing. Atlanta contributes \$2,000 for the sufferers, and citizens of Charleston over \$3,000. The city government of Charleston also gives \$1,000. Geo. Deoboun was killed in St. Louis, Sept. 15th, by the falling of an elevator, and two other persons were badly hurt. The cash receipts for admissions to the Centennial, Sept. 16th, amounted to \$81,891. D. B. Beam, a prominent merchant of Patterson, N. J., has called a meeting of his creditors; liabilities, \$320,000. Abe Kleinman in Chicago, Sept. 16th, shot, and it is supposed mortally wounded Charles Creighton, during a heated political discussion. A fire on Duane street, New York, Sept. 15th, caused damage to the amount of \$55,000. Three saw mills at Crena, Maine, burned on the night of Sept. 15th. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$10,000. The total number of yellow fever interments in Savannah, Sept. 16th, were 21. On the evening of Sept. 8th, Gen. Crook's command discovered a hostile village of 30 lodges of Indians, near the Slim Butte. He surprised them, capturing the village, taking prisoners and some ponies, and killing several Indians. Among the Indians was the chief American Horse, who died from his wounds after surrendering. Lieut. Van Luttewitz of the 3d cavalry, was seriously wounded in the knee and leg, and amputation was necessary. A violent storm prevailed, Sept. 17th, all along the Atlantic coast and throughout the Southern Gulf and Eastern and Middle States, and even extending into Canada. Much damage was done to shipping, while houses were unroofed, trees uprooted, and fences prostrated. A number of fishing boats on Lake Erie were capsized and several lives were lost. The evidence in the trial of Lee for participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre has just closed. It shows that there were over 25 white men on the ground when the massacre occurred, who for the most part had been deceived as to what was wanted of them; that not over a third of them participated in the massacre, and even some of these fired in the air; that the Indians did the greater part of the bloody work. Other evidence showed that Lee confessed the deed, and justified himself for committing it. The Eagle Hill shaft colliery, near Philadelphia, burned Sept. 17th. Loss, \$75,000. A freight train broke through the trestle work over Tom Paine's slough, a branch of the San Joaquin river, on the Western Pacific railroad, Sept. 18th. Thirteen cars plunged into the slough, and two persons were killed. J. S. Mayberry, revenue detective, residing at Mount Springs, Alabama, was brutally murdered on the night of Sept. 18th. The murderer shot him through a rear door. Seven tankshot entered his head, killing him instantly. The night was dark and the murderer escaped. The general impression is that the murderer was one of a gang of counterfeiters now under indictment, and whose trial will soon come off. John Bennett fatally shot Patrick Duffer, in Boston, on the evening of Sept. 17th, while the latter was endeavoring to break in Bennett's door. The yellow fever interments in Savannah, Sept. 18th, were 28. The latest news from the scene of hostilities in the Indian country is to the effect that the Indians are desirous of giving up. In Crook's attack at Slim Butte between two and three hundred Indians were killed. Col. Corbin reports that Kill Eagle and Little Mound, with 100 persons, with all their arms and ammunition and 100 ponies, had surrendered to him at Standing Rock, on the 15th of September. Twenty-nine of the men were in the night on the Little Big Horn. Four Jewish youths were drowned at Montgomery, Alabama, Sept. 19th, by the upsetting of a skiff. The schooner Charles R. Simmekson, sunk during a storm in Delaware Breakwater, Sept. 19th. Seventeen passengers, the captain, mate, one seaman and a boy were drowned. The boiler of a steam thrasher near Canfield, Ohio, exploded, Sept. 19th, killing Newton Cummings, Daniel Fox and Isaac Rhoades, and seriously injuring two others. The pursuit of the Northfield, Minn., bank robbers has been given up. Two of them were followed into Dakota to a point between Sioux City and Yankton. It is not known in what direction the other four escaped, but it is supposed they are out of the reach of the officers of Minnesota. A horrible murder was perpetrated near Sterling, Rice county, Kansas, on the morning of Sept. 15th. That morning a man named Patton appeared in Sterling covered with blood, with a bullet hole through the back of his head, and another through his upper lip. His story was that he and a companion named Douglas were arrested for horse-stealing and were on route from Wichita to Great Bend in charge of deputized officers in a wagon shackled together, and an officer riding on horseback behind. At about sunrise one of the officers rode up and shot Patton through the back of the head. Douglas jumped up and on begging for his life, was shot through the right temple, killing him instantly. The bodies were thrown out of the wagon. Seeing that Patton breathed another shot was fired at him, the ball passing through his lip. The bodies were then dragged towards the Arkansas river about 200 yards, and the murderers departed. Patton, who still survived, waded the river and made his appearance at Sterling. Patton says he belonged to a band of horse thieves and "peached" on them, and that the man who shot him was the leader of the band.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The proposed scheme for a telegraph line between Paris and New York failed to receive the necessary subscriptions, and has therefore fallen through for the present. The former independence of the Polish administrative authorities has been entirely abolished by Russia, and the office of Secretary of State for Poland is to be suppressed. The Geographical Congress at Brussels brought its sitting to a close, September 14th. It decided to form an International Association, with a view to the exploration of Africa, and the suppressing of slavery. The association is to be composed of two members from each country, besides an honorary member. The King of Belgium is to preside the first year. Rain has recently fallen in great torrents, and the Moravia Valley is now a great swamp. By systematically burning the villages the Turks have destroyed what would have been their shelter, and they are now exposed without cover to the storm. Important military operations are impossible, and the rain will render the valley untenable. The Servians have supplies for a year's campaign at Delegal and Alexantz, while the Turks are obliged to haul. The London Telegraph's special from Vienna asserts that Germany will not make any move in aid of Russia's demands upon Turkey, and in the event of war, Germany will remain absolutely neutral. It is stated that although the reply of the Porte to the representatives of the Powers will formulate the conditions of peace, it will leave the conduct of the negotiations with the Powers. The intolerance of the Spanish government against the Protestants is stated to have given rise to frequent exchange of notes between the British and German governments. It is understood they will address a remonstrance to Spain, and call upon her to act in conformity with her

POLITICAL NOTES.

So far, the returns of the Maine election show 121 Republican Representatives, and 29 Senators. The Republicans of the First Connecticut district have nominated by acclamation Gen. Joseph Hawley for Congress. The Republican nominee for Congress in the Seventh Missouri district, is Col. John H. Stoner, not Stevens, as at first reported. J. D. C. Atkins, of the Eighth, and Hon. Wm. McFarland, of the First Tennessee districts, have been renominated for Congress. The Democrats have nominated John F. Farnsworth for Congress, on the first ballot. The Maine Legislature will stand: Senate, 120 Republicans; 21 Democrats. House, 29 Republicans; 2 Democrats. Republican gain in House 31; and in Senate 1. The Republicans of the Fourth Alabama district have nominated James T. Rapier for Congress. He is colored, and was formerly in Congress. Some of the delegates bolted and nominated Jere Harrison, colored. The Greenback Convention of the Sixth Ohio district nominated E. B. Hall for Congress. The Republicans of the Freeport, Ill. district, have renominated by acclamation, Hon. H. C.

THE THUNDER-SPIRIT.

A Tradition of the Seneca Indians. Heron, the great Thunder-Spirit, had his lodge behind the sheet of water which pours down at the Falls of Niagara. For a very long time he dwelt there, astonishing the Indians with his stunning peals, but never venturing forth to practice his strange art before their eyes. They could hear him, and knew he was there, but never, as yet, had been seen; not that all likely that he, or the effects of the sun, ever would have been seen, but for a little incident, the results of which brought him forth. A young and beautiful maiden, residing at Seneca village, just above the Falls, had been contracted in marriage by her father, to an old man of disagreeable manners and hideous person. She at once resolved to seek death, rather than drag out the life of misery which such a union must bring about, and with this object in view, she launched forth from the village in a bark canoe, and swept down the rapids of Niagara, singing her own death song, until she took the awful leap. But death was not ready for her. Heron, the Thunder-Spirit, happened to be wide awake, and when he saw her coming down among the foaming waters, he coolly caught her in his blanket, and conveyed her to his home behind the falls. Of course, the maiden had romance enough about her to be grateful for all this, more especially when she found she was entirely beyond the reach of the monster her "cruel parent" had selected to comfort her through life. She fell upon the neck of the Thunder-Spirit, and wept sweet tears. The tears softened his stern heart, and led him to smooth back, if not to toy with, her golden tresses. In short, to hurry through a long story, they got to billing and cooing—they fell in love—they made the interesting affair known to each other; and the wronged, though beautiful maiden, became the wife of Heron, the Thunder-Spirit. And, as a matter of course, she was very happy. About this time the Senecas of the village above the Falls, were visited by a pestilence which swept them off by hundreds, and while some prayed to the Great Spirit for help, others gathered around the cataract and sent in their petitions to Heron. The tale of their sufferings moved the Thunder-Spirit, and he sent the maiden forth to tell her people that a monstrous serpent was dwelling beneath their village, just below the surface of the ground; that it was depending upon their bodies for food, and that it came forth at the end of every moon and poisoned the waters, in order that they might die and be buried within its reach. As soon as the Indians learned this they pulled up and moved to another locality; consequently, when the great serpent poisoned the waters as usual, the earth brought him no food. This was an affair so strange that he crawled forth to see what it meant, when, to his surprise, he found the village was deserted. With many curses on the head of the Thunder-Spirit, as the author of his misfortune, the serpent took the trail of the retreating Indians, and started away in hot pursuit. The maiden still loved her father, and when she saw the serpent on its way to effect their further destruction, she appealed to her husband, Heron. Heron was not a treaties; and so he hid his hiding-place, as bolt after bolt crossed the air, and he fell. The water of the stream and the cataract, to show their damned they fell behind the falls, and fell upon the precipitous rocks below, and it is now known that the Thunder-Spirit space behind the cataract, and the row compass sleeping upon it may now hear if you stand on the bank, would exercise a pastime of throwing stones, is forced to come limited. Unreasonable as this may seem, there can be no doubt but that the Senecas believed every word she said. They were to be met with in the country, they pointed near the mouth of the banks were shown.

A Religious Pack of Cards.

How They Served as Bible, Almanac, and Book of Common Prayer to a Soldier. An Incident in His Life. A soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow, for playing cards during his duty service. The account of it is thus given: Sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the person had read the prayers, he took the text. Those who had a Bible, took it out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book; but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He looked first at one card and then at another. The Sergeant saw him, and said: "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor. "Well, what have you brought the soldier here for?" says the Mayor. "For playing cards in church." "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much sir, I hope." "Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished." "I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have no Bible or common prayer-book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions." Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace. "When I see the ace, it reminds me that there is but one God." "When I see the deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son." "When I see the three, it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost." "When I see the four, it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John." "When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed the lamps. There were ten, but five were shut out." "When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth." "When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made and hallowed it." "When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz.: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives." "When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior. There were nine out of the ten who never returned thanks." "When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone." "When I see the king, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty." "When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys to the wrists, so he told by that." "Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one." "What is that?" "The knave," said the Mayor. "I will give your Honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry." "I will not," said the Mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave." "Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here." "I don't know," said the Mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool." "When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find 365—as many as there are days in the year." "When I count the number of cards

The Poetry of the Throat Valve.

Not long ago, an engineer brought his train to a stand still at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers gave five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said: "The conductor tells me that the train at the junction is five or fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, that is the best time to have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance a long long way into the country. What shall I do?" "Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you." "Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, fearful mother. "No, madam, I have the timetable, and the rules say I must run by it." She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the haggard face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said: "Are you a Christian?" "I think I am," was the reply. "Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction?" "Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith." Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The poor woman hurried back to the formed and sick child, and away went the train emitting the usual "chuff, chuff, chuff" of the engine, and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in a half minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time." There stood the other train, and the conductor, with the lantern on his arm. "Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must await your coming to-night, but I don't know why." "I guess, said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadful anxious to get home to Saturday night." But the man on the engine and the grateful mother they can tell why the train was late. Theological Tracts. A Frog Many Hundreds of Years Old and Yet Alive. Naturalists have made many discoveries during geological eras, but a discovery of a fossil frog in Madison street this morning, for the attention and interest of the city, and the city at once removing paving rock from the foot of Madison street, the boulders had to be broken up and applying the hammer open. One half appeared, and some six inches in diameter, cavity was half full of a faint City Engineer's finger down in the wall. It suddenly, as if by magic, moved at the place larger than a little frog, and lay there.

THE POETRY OF THE THROAT VALVE.

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