

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

H. L. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In that desolate land and lone, Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone Bear down their mountain path...

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face, "Revenge upon all the race Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"

In the meadow, spreading wide By woodland and river side The Indian village stood;

In his war paint and his beads, Like a bison among the reeds, In ambush the Sitting Bull Lay with three thousand braves

Into the fatal snare The White Chief with yellow hair And his three hundred men

The sudden darkness of death Overwhelmed them, like the breath And smoke of a furnace fire;

But the foe fled in the night, And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight, Uplifted high in the air

As a ghastly trophy bore The brave heart, that beat no more, Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

THE MAN WHOSE YOKE WAS NOT EASY.

He was a spare man, and, physically, an ill-conditioned man, but at first glance scarcely a seedy man.

It was from a certain physician; a man of broad culture and broader experience; a man who had devoted the greater part of his active life to the alleviation of sorrow and suffering;

It was only a few weeks after this modest first appearance on the boards of the man with an Aneurism that, happening to be at a dinner party of practical business men, I sought to interest them with the details of the above story, delivered with such skill and pathos as I could command.

It was not necessary for me to do so. In a flash I remembered that my medical friend had told me of a certain poor patient, once a soldier, who, among his other trials and uncertainties, was afflicted with an aneurism caused by the buckle of his knapsack pressing upon the arch of the aorta.

In the presence of such a tremendous possibility I think for an instant I felt anxious only about myself. What I should do; how dispose of the body; how explain the circumstances of his taking off; how evade the ubiquitous reporter and the Coroner's inquest;

"You don't care to feel it?" he asked, a little anxiously. "No." "Nor see it?" "No."

He sighed, a trifle sadly, as if I had rejected the only favor he could bestow. I saw at once that he had been under frequent exhibition to the doctors, and that he was, perhaps, a trifle vain of this attention.

"Well, where is the poor fellow now?" "He's still at the theatre. James, if these powders are called for, you'll find them here in this envelope. Tell Mrs. Blank I'll be there at 7—and she can give the baby this until I come.

"There are more things, Mr. Poet, in heaven and earth than are yet dreamt of in your philosophy. Listen. My diagnosis may be wrong, but that woman called the other day at my office to ask about him, his health and general condition. I told her the truth—and she fainted. It was about as dead a faint as I ever saw; I was nearly an hour in bringing her out of it.

"But how is his general health?" "O, about the same. He can't evade what will come, you know, at any moment. He was up here the other day. Why the pulsation was so plain—why the entire arch of the aorta—What you get out here? Good by."

"What dead?" "As Pharaoh! In an instant, just as I said. You see the rupture took place in the descending arch of—"

Could I serve him in any way?

It appeared that I could. If I could help him in any light employment, something that did not require any great physical exertion or mental excitement, he would be thankful.

"You see," he added, "if I could find some sort of light work to do, and kinder along, you know—until—"

Possibly it was the dramatic idea, or possibly chance, but a few days afterward, meeting a certain kind-hearted theatrical manager, I asked him if he had any light employment for a man who was an invalid.

"O, about the same. He can't evade what will come, you know, at any moment. He was up here the other day. Why the pulsation was so plain—why the entire arch of the aorta—What you get out here? Good by."

Nevertheless, a month afterward, I was returning from a festivity with my intimate friend Smith, my distinguished friend Johnson, my most respectable friend Robinson, and my wisest friend Jones.

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"But, doctor, it hasn't got any moral." "Humph! that's so. Good morning. Drive on John."—Bret Harte in New York Sun.

Extinction of a Prehistoric Race. The extinction of the partially-civilized race who once dwelt in the Rocky Mountain region was probably the result of some great geological change.

The country is naturally arid, but doubtless, when this nearly-forgotten people dwelt here in the numerous cities whose ruins are still to be seen, the conditions of life were more favorable.

The annals of this interesting race have perished with them, and the history of their downfall is now matter for conjecture. Mr. F. S. Dellenbaugh, of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, describes as follows the course of events which resulted in the extinction of the Shinumos.

By reason of some business engagements that called me away from the city, I did not see my friend the physician for three months afterward. When I did, I asked tidings of "The Man with an Aneurism."

"The Man with an Aneurism" invested his money in the name and for the benefit of his wife in certain securities that paid him a small but regular stipend. But he still continued upon the boards of the theatre.

"And the shock killed him," I said, with poetic promptitude. "No—that is not yet; I saw him yesterday," said the doctor, with conscientious professional precision, looking over his list of calls.

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with success at several widely-separated points. Consequently, when the Indian reached this obstacle, his easy progress southward was interrupted. The crossing points, too, which of course were well known to the Shinumos, had been strongly fortified by their soldiery, and thus a double check was presented to the invasion.

The following letter is a copy of one from General Washington to his brother-in-law Colonel Burwell Bassett, of Eltham, Virginia. Colonel Bassett married Anna Maria Dandridge, the sister of Martha Dandridge who was first Mrs. Custis, then Mrs. Washington.

At about 8 o'clock on the first morning of the battle of Shiloh, after the Confederate infantry under General Breckenridge had driven a body of Federal troops from their position toward the river, a battery of Georgia artillery following close behind, came upon the dead body of a lady lying outside of a tent in the rear of what was supposed to be the camp of the Fifty-fifth Ohio Volunteers—many of the dead of that regiment, dressed in Zouave uniform, being on the ground.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, as the driver drew up on the sidewalk, "but I've some news for you. I've just been to see our poor friend—Of course I was too late. He was gone in a flash."

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This changes the situation of affairs in Guthrie county, and may occasion the Supervisors some trouble, as they have expended most of the money.—Troy State Register, April 22.

Our Fathers' Simplicity. They say that President Hayes will introduce into the White House the simplicity of our fathers. A reform of that kind would be something ambiguous.

In looking over some old books the other day, the sketches of the social events of that period indicated that the simplicity of our fathers was the simplicity of pig-wigs. There was a Jenkins in those days as now—Miss Peggy Harding appeared, lovely and radiant as a cloud touched with soft sun-light, in a white mantua silk fringed with gold, a petticoat of pale blue brocade, blue satin shoes with court-heels, and white silk hose clocked with gold.

Thomas Jefferson, in a long-waisted white cloth coat, the height of the ton, scarlet vest, black satin breeches, highly-polished tinted shoes with silver buckles, with white silk hose. As he entered the court of Terpsichore, he removed from a slightly-powdered wig a peaked cocked hat of the latest fashion. Fastened to the lappet of the hat was a nosegay of sweet-smelling posies.

Go, WASHINGTON. P. S. Don't forget to make my compliments to Mrs. Bassett, Miss Dudy, and the little ones, for Miss Dudy cannot be classed with small people without offering her great injustice. I shall see you, I expect, about the first of November.

The "new production," so much admired by Colonel Bassett, to which Washington jestingly alludes, was a baby son and heir. Two daughters had preceded this infant, and as the estate, before the Revolution, was entailed, a son had been ardently desired by Colonel Bassett, who was the sole representative of his family; his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, having each been, like himself, an only son.

Miss Dudy, was Miss Judy Diggs, the daughter of a neighboring farmer and remarkable for her size and strength. She had, on one occasion, been induced to wrestle with a young man, a guest at Eltham, on condition that he would treat her with all due respect. The trial of strength and skill went on for awhile in perfect good-nature, but the young gentleman on finding that "Miss Dudy" was getting the better of him, lost his temper, and roughly handled his amazonian adversary, whereupon her spirit rose—she tossed him on the floor, and in spite of all his efforts, tied him hand and foot to await sentence from Colonel Bassett.

An Important Decision. The Supreme Court at its recent session at Dubuque decided a question of much importance to the State at large and especially to the people of Guthrie county. The title of the case was Grey against Mount, and it involves the question of the validity of the election held in Guthrie county under which the Board of Supervisors have been proceeding to erect a court house at Guthrie Center and a high school building at Panora.

Years ago the United States granted to the State all the swamp lands within its borders. Subsequently the State re-granted the lands to the several counties on condition that the fund should be used to reclaim the swamp lands and for road purposes. By a subsequent law the proceeds of the sale of the lands were to be used for the erection of public buildings and such other public improvements as the people by a vote should designate. A year or more ago the requisite number of citizens of Guthrie county petitioned the Board of Supervisors to order an election, at which should be submitted the question whether two-thirds of the swamp land fund of the county amounting to \$20,000 should be expended in the erection of a court house at Guthrie Center, and the remaining one-third for the building of a high school building at Panora.

The Board of Supervisors submitted the question at a special election, and in doing so the citizens were required to vote upon the entire matter in one proposition, and it is claimed that by this means only the question could have been carried. At any rate the majority was in favor of such disposal of the fund, and the Supervisors proceeded to erect the building. About this time certain citizens asked an injunction to restrain the Supervisors from using the money on the ground that the election was unlawful.

Wright, Gatch & Wright, of this city, were retained by these citizens, and Judge Cole was retained to represent the Supervisors. The question was

argued before Judge Mitchell. The ground on which the injunction was asked, was that the Supervisors acted unlawfully in submitting the question at a special election, whereas they should have done so at a general election; also that the Supervisors acted unlawfully in submitting the question of the two improvements in one proposition, thus making a voter vote for an improvement which he did not want in order to obtain the one which he did want.

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How to Transplanting. The art of transplanting trees, shrubs, and vines is only learned by experience, close observation, and a strict adherence to the laws that govern vegetable growth. Any unskilled laborer can dig up and reset a tree or a vine, but this does not insure life, health and vigor. There is a well-adjusted balance between the roots and branches of every tree or vine. Trained practical gardeners recognize this fact, and the importance in transplanting of removing carefully all the roots possible, and especially the fine, fibrous ones, such as take up and furnish the nourishment. To save enough of these roots in transplanting large-sized trees, it is necessary to know the habits of growth of trees and vines. For instance, the Scotch white pines with their long, fleshy roots, and comparatively few fibrous ones, the body of the trees, need more care in removing than the Norway spruce with its mass of fibrous roots clusters around and near the body. The best way in all cases is to dig a narrow trench around the body, some distance from the tree, deep enough to get below the lower tier of roots. In making this circle, the flat of the spade should not be faced toward the body of the tree. The top soil on the "ball," near the body, should be removed by a digging fork or other implement that will not cut or injure the small roots. In case the trees or shrubs are to be moved only a short distance from where they are growing, as much soil as will adhere to the roots may be left on with advantage.

The second important point to be observed in transplanting is not to leave the roots exposed for a moment to the rays of the sun, or to a blowing dry air, which is quite as injurious to tender rootlets. If not set out at once, the roots ought to be kept damp and covered over with a cloth, or "heeled in." Trees coming from a distance, when the roots show signs of being left exposed, and the fibers are dry and somewhat shriveled, will be much improved by plunging them into a stream or pool of water, and then heeling them in, covering the roots carefully with moist soil, and so leaving them till ready to plant out.—P. T. QUINN, in Scribner for May.

A Word to Boys. What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh? What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself—just as the soul of Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing all his life?—J. G. HOLLAND, St. Nicholas for May.

About Noses. There are three national noses among civilized people, and only three—the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman. Each is of a description totally different from the other two, and all three have a distinct character of their own. The Jewish is the only national nose now remaining; the Greek and the Roman are occasionally reproduced among modern nations, but as national characteristics exist no longer. That the ancient Jews attached no slight importance to this feature is evidenced from Leviticus, xxi, 18, where "He that hath a flat nose" is ranked with the blind and the lame, the crook-backed, the scurvy, and the scabbed, and is forbidden to take part in the service of the sanctuary. The Greek nose has come down to us in the Greek sculptures, and certainly accords better with our Northern ideas of personal beauty than any other. Seen in profile, the outline is almost a continuation, without curve or deviation, of the outlines of the forehead, and would seem, prehistorically considered, quite in harmony with the unparalleled progress of the Greeks in art, science, and philosophy. Among the moderns the perfect Greek nose is extremely rare, save on the canvas of our painters. The Roman nose is the very incarnation of the idea of combativeness, and suggests the notion that it was borrowed from a bird of prey.—Exchange.

The good husband keeps his wife in wholesome ignorance of all unnecessary secrets. They will not be starved with the ignorance, who, perchance, may surfeit with the knowledge of weighty counsels, too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.—[Stein.]

That which some call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is my thinking.—[Falconer.]