

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

THE ANCIENT MINER'S STORY.

"Yes, I'm fixed as solid, sir, as most of folks you see; At least the coyote Poverty has ceased to sniff at me; That is, he's worth a million downs—that is, it is today; What it might cost to-morrow, though, I couldn't exactly say.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S REVENGE.

The legends of the various Indian tribes of South America furnish no more terrible one than that of a young girl possessed of more than ordinary beauty for one of her race. The daughter of the Chief of the Aburarian tribe of Guatemala, she was naturally proud of her blood and station, and revengeful of an insult to her very desperation. Often had she been wooed, but never won. The arrow that was to reach her breast appeared not to have been feathered until Carlos Estalez, an agent for a fur house, took up his abode in the vicinity of her people and filled her ears with a glowing account of how Pocahontas had been respected and treated. Then her pride awoke as it never had before, and she longed for such a position. Her readiness for attention was flattered by his constant visits to the wigwam of her father, and her love of dress pampered by his showy presents. She held her head still higher above her companions—passed them with a cold stare and feigning to read, and took but little pains to disguise her determination to become the wife of the white man.

more clearly and honorably at the marriage than did Carlos. Old Pedro Miguel had seen a trader and trapper among the red men in that locality for more than a score of years. He knew their character too well to judge them otherwise than aright, and he shook his head solemnly as he saw the matter verging toward a climax. "What are you taking so much trouble about that wigwam for, Carlos?" he asked Estalez one day, as he saw the rude but comfortable structure near completion. "To live in, Pedro," was the answer. "Wasn't the one you wintered in good enough?" "No; it was cold and uncomfortable."

form of "Berry Hunter," as she crawled upon the shore at a little distance and darted along the homeward trail, almost as swift and noiseless as the wind. She had listened to every word which she was to be made a wife and then deserted—knew that all the promises of her white lover were lies! Ah! if there ever was a hell raging in a human bosom—ever a brow blacker than a thunder-cloud it was her's, as she rushed toward her wigwam with her fingers playing convulsively with her long knife. But the next day, when she met Estalez, she was as calm as a summer morning. She yielded to his embraces—she returned them with interest—she showed her love so warmly that if he had any doubt he was more than satisfied now. "Come," he said, "tell me when you will be my wife."

Our Best Young Men. "What's all's talk 'bout that Texas fellah and this Lasker business?" asked one of our best young men, as he stood with his friends inhaling the maddening fumes of the destroying cigarette. A long silence followed, which was at length broken by the best young man who makes a living by sucking the head of a cane. After pondering the question fully for a long time, he said: "What Lasker's 'bout?" The first best young man was evidently annoyed by the question. He looked sadly at his toothpick shoes, hoping for some inspiration from them, but none came. He sighed heavily, cast an appealing glance toward the well-informed best young man, who remained silent, however, and the first speaker replied: "Same Lasker—fellah that got into trouble with Texas—Doubtless, he's Texas fellah's name, b'lieve, some kind of—er ah—trouble, b'lieve."

THE LAY OF SIR HENRY WAT-TERSON. The lay of Sir Henry Waterson, Kentu k and the Muse's dearest son, And fiercer than the fiery Hun. A marshal of Democracy, A chief of Big Mugwump was he, And rattled about right merrily. Full of genius and full of fight, Bold could he speak and fairly write, He always knew that he was right.

where the Republican party stands on the tariff question. It has demons on its feelings and intentions in that direction, and is able to point to work done and benefits conferred in proof not only of its clearness of conviction, but also of its ability and disposition to carry out what it professes. Putting aside all considerations of abstract moral and sentimental significance, such a party has claims upon the confidence and support of the people from a simply practical point of view that are sufficient to justify an expectation of continued victory. The voters of this country are, as a rule, intelligent and quick to see where their material interests lie, and what party can best be intrusted with the control and direction of those vast and vital concerns upon which general prosperity depends. If the Democratic party were absolutely immaculate in a moral and patriotic sense, it would still be unfit for the task of solving the financial and industrial problems of the time. No amount of possible goodness could alter the fact that it hasn't sense enough, nor prudence enough, to deal carefully and successfully with issues of a practical business character. Any lingering doubt upon this point in the mind of the average citizen must be removed by the present spectacle in Washington, of which the principal Democratic statesmen are the conspicuous and wrangling figures. A party that has to resort to bulldozing and the reading of the riot act to determine where it stands on the tariff is certainly not the kind of party that the people of the United States are going to place in charge of the Government; and all prophecies of that nature may safely be laughed to scorn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Caucus and Mr. Randall.

The widely-advertised Democratic caucus must inevitably be voted a grand failure by the whole country. People of all shades of political opinion had looked forward to it with keen interest, and no matter what the nature of their expectations were, its lame and impotent conclusion will prove a wet blanket of disappointment to all classes. Ardent free-traders who had looked forward to the pleasing spectacle of seeing the obstreperous protectionists limp forth from the caucus with the brand of Henry Waterson's rot poker still smoking on their excoated persons must bitterly feel that they have been grossly deceived. Democrats who yearn for the long denied solace of Federal offices, and consequently believe in the necessity of harmonious union until the control of the Government has been secured, can take no comfort in the surety that the conflict evaded by the caucus rendered a certainty on the floor of the House; and the Democrats who are in favor of capturing the offices first and wrestling with distracting questions of principles afterward are unquestionably the larger portion of the party.

Women and Umbrellas.

Long-continued observation has convinced me that the welfare of society demands immediate consideration of the question as to whether women should be allowed to carry umbrellas. It may be urged in defense of continuing the privilege that to refuse it would be in violation of the inalienable right of the pursuit of happiness. But if a woman gets any happiness out of knocking off people's hats and gouging out their eyes, to say nothing of tangling up the hair of other women, she ought to be induced either by moral suasion or legal compulsion to pursue happiness in some other way. It is a well-recognized principle that the rights of one person end where those of another begin; and since a woman seems to be unable to keep her umbrella outside of the corporate limits of other people it is quite evident that she ought to be limited in the exercise of her right to carry umbrellas to the Sahara, the alkali plains, and the Russian steppes. If a woman were capable of being educated in the proper carrying of umbrellas there would be some hope that with the progress of education and development she might learn to wield her present death-dealing weapon above the d nger-line. But it is a physical impossibility. She is born that way. She can no more carry an umbrella as it ought to be carried than she can throw a stone without those indescribable gyrations, or catch a ball when she doesn't wear an apron. It is too true, but she must accept the consequences of being unable to throw straight, the inevitable consequence of never hitting anything. This being true, and moral suasion having failed to bring about the desired end, nothing remains but to protect the hats, eyes and hair of the community by legal means. And it will be seen at once that this is a fit subject for constitutional prohibition. The aim is to secure a large portion of the community in the possession of their inalienable rights of wearing their hats on the tops of their heads and keeping their natural eyes.—Boston Herald.

Four Boys Did It.

It was nothing—nothing but the noisy of a laboring man suspended to a limb of a tree on Seventh street, moving like a pendulum as the night wind swayed it. A woman who was returning from the grocery and dropped two bars of soap and a pound of candles on the walk, and ran screaming away. Two boys came along and took a skip through the mud and raised a yell, and the driver of a milk-wagon stopped his horse and rung his bell in a way to bring a dozen householders out doors. A half circle was formed about the tree, a policeman sent for, and a sudden hush fell upon the crowd. "Probably out of work and driven to it," whispered one. "No doubt he had trouble with his wife," sighed a second. "Looks to me like a man who had drained the cup of sorrow to its dregs," said a third. By-and-by a policeman came hurrying along, puffing and blowing and followed by a crowd of boys. "Stand back—all of you stand back!" cried the officer. "Nobody stood back, of course. "Now somebody get me a step-ladder!" Fifteen or twenty persons suggested that somebody run for the Coroner, but no one started. A dozen others suggested that it was against the law to cut a body down unless the Coroner was present, but the ladder came and the officer mounted it and opened his knife and commanded: "Now, then, three or four of you come here to ease the body down when I cut the rope!" Four or five men stepped out, but they had no sooner seized the suicide's legs than they fell back. In half a minute more the officer backed down the ladder. Then a general titter ran through the crowd, and a small boy called out: "I seed 'em when they did it! It's a straw-man, and four boys 'ung him up and run'd away."—Detroit Free Press.

The New York District Messenger

boys have been ordered to wear clean clothes, standing collars and short hair.—N. Y. Sun.