THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD CHIEF

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A. C. HOSMER.

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The original letter from which the above is an extract, and several hundred others expressing similar opinions, in equally strong terms, are on file, and will be shown to any one calling at our office. Those who shown that the interest in the matter arises purely from a desire to guard against imposition.

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS,
Market and 6th Sts. ST. LOUIS, MO.

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF WEBSTER county, Nebraska.

Joan Agnes Guellow
Against
William Elden Guellow.

The defendant, William Elden Guellow will take notice that on the 28th day of January, A D 1885, the plaintiff in the above entitled cause Joan Agnes Guellow filed her petition against you in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska charging you, the said defendant with being her lawful husband and that you have abandoned her without cause or provocation for two years last past, also charging you with having cruelly abused and mistreated the plaintiff and also with failing to support plaintiff and her minor children, the issue of said plaintiff's inter-marriage with you, the said defendant. The object and prayer of her said petition is to obtain an absolute decree of divorce against you and also for a decree awarding her the care, custody and control of said minor children, Walter Elden Guellow, Minnie May Guellow, and William Robert Guellow and for such other and further relief as equity and good conscience may suggest. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, March 16th, 1885 or your default will be taken and decree rendered against you as prayed for in said petition.

Dated Red Cloud, Nebraska, Jan. 26th, 1885.

JOAN AGNES GUELLOW,
Per her attorneys, Case & McNeny.

Advice to others.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for children teething. Its value is incalculable. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Attention Teachers.

Notice is hereby given that I will examine all persons who may desire to offer themselves as candidates for teachers of the common schools of Webster county at my office in Red Cloud on the third Saturday of each month. Examinations to commence at 9 a. m. Do not ask for special examinations. C. W. SPRINGER,
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Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you, at once, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely. All ages. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER - - Proprietor

FRIDAY, MAR. 6, 1885.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."

Anything to keep the knowledge of her fatal act from her! I forced myself to talk in a light, cheerful manner. I jested at the appearance of the few muffled-up country people whom we passed on the road. I pointed out the beauty of the Newton the wayside, each branch of which bore foliage of glistening snow. I did all I could to turn her thoughts into other channel—to drive that strange questioning look from her eyes. Right glad I felt when we were at last in the train, and the first stage of our flight accomplished fact.

Upon reaching London, I drove straight to the hotel at which my mother was staying. It was one of those high-priced respectable private hotels in Jermyn street. I engaged rooms for my sister and myself. I sent Philippa to her room to rest; and then went to find my mother. In another minute I was in her arms, and ere half an hour was over I had told her Philippa's story, and my love for the woman on whose behalf I besought her protection.

Yes, I had done right to trust her. I knew her noble nature; her utter freedom from the petty trammels of society. I knew the love she bore her son. Let me here thank her once more for what she did for me that day.

She heard all my outpourings in silence. I told her all, save two things—the name of the man who had wronged my love, and the fate which had overtaken him. I told her, as I have dared to hope that in time to come my love would be rewarded. I prayed her to take my poor girl to her heart, and by treating her as a daughter restore, if it were possible, her self-respect.

My mother heard me. Her sweet face grew a shade paler. Her lips quivered, and the tears stood in her eyes. I knew all that was passing through her mind. I knew how proud she was of me, and what great things she had hoped I should do in the world. She was a woman, and woman-like, had centred upon her son's bettering himself by marriage; but, in spite of all this, I knew I was right in counting upon her aid. Once again, my sweet mother, I thank you.

She rose. "Let me see the woman you love. Where is she? I will go to her."

"She is here, in this house. Ah, mother, I knew you would do this for me."

She kissed my forehead. "Bring her to me," she said.

I went out, and sent word to Philippa that I wanted her. She soon came to me. She had removed the stains of travel, and although pale, looked the perfection of graceful beauty. I led her to my mother's room. She stopped short as she saw it occupied by a lady. A quick blush crossed her cheek.

"Philippa, dearest," I said, "this is my mother. I have told her all, and she is waiting to welcome you."

Still she stood motionless, save that her head bent down and her bosom heaved. My mother came to her side, and, placing her kind arms round her, whispered some words which I neither heard nor tried to hear. Philippa broke into a storm of sobs, and for some moments wept on my mother's shoulder.

Then she raised her head and looked at me, and my heart leaped at the expression in her tearful eyes. "Basil, my brother, you are too good to me!" she ejaculated.

My mother led her to the sofa, and, with her arms still round her, sat down by her side. I left them, knowing that my love had now the truest, noblest heart to sob against; the quickest, most sympathetic ear to listen to the tale of her wrongs; and the softest, kindest voice to soothe and console her.

And how happy I should have felt, could that one night's dark work have been undone—could that white tomb forever hold its ghastly secret!

CHAPTER VII.

THE MELTING OF THE SNOW.

The first stage of our flight toward safety accomplished, I sat down to once more review the situation, and to take such counsel as I could give myself. I endeavored to foreshadow the consequences of the inevitable discovery of Sir Mervyn's Ferrand's death. I tried calmly to ascertain in what quarter the disregard of discovery was situated, and how best to guard against or turn aside the peril.

Undoubtedly the chief person to fear was Mrs. Wilson. She alone knew that the man intended to reach Reding that night. She alone knew in what relation, or supposed relation, he stood to Philippa. The very night of his death would be fixed by the snow storm; and I felt sure that as soon as the dead man was identified Mrs. Wilson could not fail to associate her guest's sudden departure and subsequent illness with the terrible event. The moment she revealed what she knew or suspected, suspicion must point to the right person, and pursuit must at once follow. My heart grew sick, as, think how I would, I could see no loophole by which to escape from this danger.

About secondary things I troubled but little. Upon calm reconsideration, I did not believe that my stolid William would for a moment jump at the right conclusion. If he were led to suspect either of us, it would be me, not Philippa; and I well knew that he was so much attached to me that, although he felt certain I had done the deed, he would feel equally certain that I had good and proper reasons for doing it, and no word to my detriment would pass his reticent lips. No, there was little to fear from William.

I had blamed myself deeply for the impulse which had urged me to hurl the fatal weapon away. Why did I not keep it and bury it fathoms deep? If that pistol were found, it would possibly furnish a clew which might be followed up, and undo everything. My only hope was that I had thrown it in some spot where it might lie for years undiscovered, until all association between it and the murder had disappeared.

To sum up briefly, I was bound to decide that the drinking circumstantial evidence which could be furnished by Mrs. Wilson drove me back to my original idea. There was no chance of my poor Philippa's remaining unarrested or unsuspected of the deed she had unwittingly done; so her only hope of safety—indeed, considering all, I may also say my only hope of safety—was rapid flight. We must gain some land in which we could dwell without fear of being arrested. What land was there?

Many a one. The date of my story is before 1873, when nearly all the extradition treaties were made. At that time such treaties existed with only two foreign countries, France and the United States; so that our choice of a resting-place was not so limited as those who are flying from the clutches of the law find it to-day. However, in order, to make certain, I paid a visit to a legal friend of mine; and, by quoting a supposititious case, managed to acquire a good deal of information respecting the dealings of one nation with another, so far as fugitives were concerned.

I found that although, with the two exceptions above named, there was no settled international law on the subject, there was a kind of unwritten sentiment, which was known by the name of the Comity of Nations. Under this code of courtesy, a notorious criminal, who had sought refuge in the arms of another country, was not uncommonly, although there was no law under which he could be arrested, given up to his pursuers, by being simply driven across the frontier of the country in which he had hoped to find security. However, I gathered that this so-called comity was scarcely expected to be observed in the most friendly state, while the fugitive had fled almost pell-mell, and so placed his guilt beyond doubt. No one can only know how far this obliging expulsion might be pushed upon. It was generally supposed to be decided by the amount of influence or persuasion which one government could exercise on the other.

This information rather took my previously-conceived idea as to the case with safety might be ascertained; but, reflection told me I had little to fear. The case against Philippa could be nothing more than one of suspicion. No one, not even I myself, had seen the deed done. A warrant would, I should be forced to say, be signed; but if our flight preceded its execution, I did not believe that any government would put itself out of the way to aid the English law. There was no one, save myself, who could positively swear that Sir Mervyn Ferrand had been killed by Philippa.

I learned that Spain was then, even as it is now, the land safest against English law. Perhaps the reason is that there, yet at times cold-blooded, Spaniard reckons human life at a lower value than more northerly nations. Any way, it was to Spain that I turned my eyes; Spain that I resolved to reach without an hour's unenforced delay.

The very next day I broached the subject of foreign travel to my mother. Although so short a time had passed since they first met, I was overjoyed to see the terms upon which she and Philippa stood. The girl seemed to cling to her as to a natural protector—seemed ready to instantly step in the place of the mother she had lost. After all, the love of her own sex is indispensable to a woman's happiness. It did my heart good to see the two together. Philippa talked to my mother as she had never yet talked to me, and I knew that when the day came upon which I should ask for the only reward I wanted, my mother's kindness to the forsaken and shame-stricken girl would be an advocate that pleaded strongly in favor of my suit.

But, could it ever be? Could we know happiness in the face of that dark night's work? Ah me! my heart sank as I thought that any day might bring the crushing blow. Let there be no delay. Let me not blame myself hereafter for any negligence or false security. Let us away from the peril.

"Mother," I said, "will you come abroad with Philippa and me?"

"Abroad, Basil! I have only just come home."

"No matter; come with us at once. Let us go to some place where is warmth and bright sunshine. Let us go to Spain."

"Spain! why Spain? Besides, surely Philippa is not fit for a long journey!"

"It will do her good. Her recollections of this country are but sad ones."

"Well, in a week or two I will see about it."

"No, at once. Let us start to-morrow or the next day. Mother, I ask it as a favor."

"Give me some good reason, Basil, and I will do as you wish."

"Look at me, and you will see the reason. Cannot you see that I am ill, worn-out, nervous? I must have a change, and at once."

She gazed at me with solicitude. "Yes, I know you are not well; but why Spain?"

"A whim—a sick man's fancy. Perhaps because it is Philippa's father's country put it into my head. Mother, tell me, how do you like her?"

"She is the woman you love; she is very beautiful; she has been cruelly treated; she is blameless; to say more after so short an acquaintance would be exaggeration."

"You will come to Spain with me—with her?"

She kissed me and gave in to my whim. I sought Philippa.

"My mother is going to take us abroad," I said with a smile, which was forced, as all my smiles now were. "She will see to everything for you."

"She is kind—she is sweet," said Philippa, clasping her hands. "Basil, I am beginning to worship your mother. But why are we going abroad?"

"To get away from sad thoughts, for one thing; for another, because I feel ill."

She gave me a quick look of apprehension which brought the flush to my cheek. "Oh, let us go at once!" she cried. "Let us leave this land of ice and I will nurse you and make you well. Where are we going? When are we going?"

"To Spain—to-morrow or the next day."

She looked at me with the troubled gaze which I had so often noticed. "Basil," she said, "you are doing this for my sake."

"And my own, I fear."

"I threw away your love—I spoiled your life. I came to you a shamed woman. You saved me! You did not scorn me. You brought me to your mother's arms. Basil, may God requite you; I never can."

She burst into tears, and left the room hastily.

It was well I settled the matter of the foreign journey then. That afternoon the wind changed and a thaw set in—a thaw that slowly but surely drew away the thick white veil which covered the whole of England.

That night I had little sleep. I could do nothing but lie awake and picture that white form slowly melting away, until the white face beneath peered out of it and made the dread secret known to all. To-morrow morning we were to start. I prayed Heaven that it might not be too late; that the next twenty-four hours might pass without what I dreaded taking place. For I knew that by now that ghastly object on the roadside must be lying with the light of day on its pale face!

With an effort I opened the morning's paper, and ran hastily up and down the columns. What cared I for politics, foreign news, or money-market intelligence? Here was the one paragraph which riveted all my attention. The white tomb had given up its secret! Read! To me those words were written in letters of fire!

"HORRIBLE DISCOVERY NEAR READING.—The melting of the snow has brought to light what to all appearances is a fearful crime. Yesterday afternoon a laborer walking on the highway discovered the body of a gentleman lying by the roadside. His death had been caused by a pistol-shot. It is supposed that it must have occurred on the night of the great snow-storm, and that the body has lain ever since on or in the snow, which had drifted to the depth of some feet. The facts that death must have been instantaneous, and that no weapon can be found near the spot, do away with the theory of suicide. Letters and papers found upon the murdered man show it to be that of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, Bart. The unfortunate gentleman's friends have been communicated with, and the inquest will be opened to-morrow."

For some minutes I sat like one stunned. I threw the paper to pieces and turned it. I think of all my dark days that one was the one I would be least willing to pass again. I trembled at every footstep on the stairs. Any man who paused for a moment outside our windows sent a cold chill over me. And in the midst of my misery I had to wear a cheerful face, and talk to Philippa and my mother about the pleasures of our projected journey! Ah! if we only reached the end of it in safety, the pleasure would not be altogether imaginary.

The morning dawned. No fatal messenger had arrived. I glanced hastily at the papers, which, however, contained no more information about the tragedy. Shortly afterwards I saw we started to drive to Charing Cross. The rattle of wheels over the stones seemed to send fresh life through my veins. We were on the road to safety.

We started in plenty of time, so I wished to call at my banker's on the way. It was my intention to take with me a large sum in gold. No one of any kind could be traced, but the bank-note would be? no tale. I changed my check, and while doing so asked if there were any letters for me. Several persons addressed letters to me at my bankers. The age no matter, sent to inquire, and, with my box of gold, passed under the functionaries raking a letter with a woman's hand-writing on the envelope. I turned it into my pocket, to read at my leisure.

We travelled by the tidal train for Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne. It was not the pleasantest weather in the world for a journey, but I wrapped my charges up warmly, and did all I could to mitigate the hardships of the voyage, undertaken ostensibly for the sake of my health. My mother, who was by now an experienced and seasoned traveller, settled herself down to the journey, although she little guessed how short the rest I meant to give her until we reached our destination. She laughingly protested against the cruelty of dragging an old woman like herself away from England just as she had returned to it; but there was that in her voice and manner which told me she would for my sake make a far greater sacrifice of comfort than this.

I thought that Philippa's spirits, like mine, rose as we left London behind us. She smiled at my sallies and feeble attempts at making merry, while, now that we were fairly on our road to safety, were not quite so forced as they had been during the last few days. She listened with interest to the pictures I drew—imaginary ones, of course—of the beauties of the south; and I was glad to believe that the thought of visiting what might almost be called her native land was beginning to awaken her interest. Only let me be able to show her that life could still promise a pleasant future, and the moody memories of the past months might be banished forever.

I am sure that no one who could have seen us that morning would have dreamed that out of that party of three, consisting of a comfortable, pleasant-looking English matron, a strangely beautiful girl, and myself, two were flying from the hands of justice. Our appearance was certainly such as to disarm all suspicion.

"But where are we going?" asked my mother. "I object to go wandering about without knowing where our pilgrimage is to end."

"We are going to Paris first, then to Spain—to wherever we can find the warmth and sunshine which is necessary to my existence. If we can't find them in Spain, we will cross over to Africa, and, if necessary, go down to the Equator."

"Then you young people will have to go alone. I draw the line of my good nature at Europe."

I glanced at Philippa. Her long curved lashes hid her eyes; but a telltale blush was on her cheek. I knew that the day was not so very distant when she would answer my appeal as I wished. I knew that, could I but sweep away the record of that one night, all might yet be well with her. Oh, that she may never read what I alone know!

As we were nearing Folkestone I remembered the letter which had been given me at the bank. I drew it from my breast, intending to read it; but the sight of the Reading post-mark on the outside made me change my intention. I remembered Mrs. Wilson's half promise to send me some communication. I longed and yet I dreaded to break the seal. I felt it would be better for me to read that letter alone. Whatever might be the tenor of its contents, I was sure it had some bearing on Philippa's relations with Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

We were soon on board the steamer and under weigh. Although the Arctic rigors of the last three weeks had departed, the air on the sea was too keen to make the channel passage an enjoyable one. I persuaded my mother and Philippa to take refuge in the saloon; and then I found a quiet spot where I was able to read my letter without fear of interruption, or of betraying myself by the emotion its contents might cause. It was well I did so, for the first words blanched my cheek. The letter began abruptly, so:

"I know or guess all. I know why Sir Mervyn Ferrand did not reach my house that night. I know the reason for her strange excited state. I know why she left my house before you came to seek her. I know how he met with the death he deserved.

"Ah! she is braver than I am. She has done what years ago I swore I would do; and yet I had not the courage. I was base enough to forego revenge for the sake of the beggarly sum a scoundrel he offered me—for the sake, perhaps, of my children. I sank low enough to become his pensioner—do me no bride me, even to taking under my roof the woman who thought herself his wife. Yet she has been braver than I. But her wrongs were greater than mine; for I had but myself to blame for being in such a degraded position that he could throw me aside like an old glove. He never married me.

"Fear nothing for your sister, if she be your sister. Tell her my lips are sealed to the death; and for the sake of her brave act tell her that.

"Sir Mervyn Ferrand's first wife died on the 18th of June 18—, three months before the day on which he married your sister. She died at Liverpool, at No. 5 Silver street. She was buried in the cemetery, under the name of Lucy Ferrand. She has friends alive; it will be easy to prove that she was the woman whom he married. Her maiden name was King. He hated her. They parted. He gave her a sum of money on condition that she never called herself his wife. He lost sight of her, I never did. For years I hoped she would die, and that he would marry me. She died too late for the hope to be realized. I told him of her death; but I changed the date. I would not tell him where she died. Part of his object in coming to Reading that night was to endeavor to bring the letter into my hands. He would never have had it. No other woman should have been his wife as long as I could stop it.

"Now that he is dead, you can tell your brave sister that she may, if she likes, take the name, title, and what wealth she may claim. For nothing have not I left Guy Ferrand as dead."

(Continued on the Eighth Page.)