

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF



RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.
Red Cloud, Webster county, Nebraska.

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A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.
FRIDAY JANUARY 29 1886.

NEGLECTED ENGAGEMENT.

From Mark Twain's "Private History of a Campaign" that ended, in the December Century, we take this incident:
"For a time life was idly delicious, it was perfect there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in our direction, from over Hyde's prairie. The result was a sharp stir among us, and general consternation. It was a rude awakening from our pleasant slumber. The rumor was but a rumor, nothing definite about it, so in the confusion, we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was for not retreating at all, in these uncertain circumstances, but he found that if he tried to maintain that attitude he would fare badly, for the command were in no humor to put up with insubordination. So he yielded the point and called a council of war to consist of himself and the three other officers; but the privates made such a fuss about being left out, that we had to allow them to remain, for they were already present, and doing the most of the talking, too. The question was, which way to retreat; but all agreed that the only way seemed to have even a guess to offer. Except Lyman. He explained in a few calm words that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple: all we had to do was not to retreat forward him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Everybody saw in a moment how true this was, and how wise; so Lyman got a great many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm."
It was after dark by this time, and as we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive, it did not seem best to take the horses and things with us, so we only took our guns and ammunition, and started at once. The route was very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very black and rain began to fall; so we had a troublesome time of it, struggling and stumbling along in the dark and soon several persons slipped and fell, and then the next person behind stumbled over him and fell, and so did the rest, one after the other; and then Bowers came with the keg of powder in his arms, whilst the command were all mixed together, arms and legs, on the muddy slope; and so he fell, at the same time, with the rest of the command, and this startled him, and he detached down the hill in a body, and they landed in the brook at the bottom in a pile, and each that was underneath pulling the hair and scratching and biting those that were on top of him; and those that were being scratched and bitten scratching and biting the rest in their turn, and all saying they would be before they ever got out of the brook this time, and the invader might not for all they cared, and the country along with him, and all such talk as that, which was dismal to hear and take part in, in such a rathered, low voice, and such a grisly dark place and so wet, and the enemy may be coming any moment. The keg of powder was lost, and the guns too; so the growling and complaining continued straight along whilst the brigade pawed around the pasty hillside and stopped around in the brook hunting for these things; consequently we lost considerable time at this; and then we heard a sound, and heard our breath and listened, and it seemed to be the enemy coming, though it could have been a cow; but we did not wait, but left a couple of guns behind, and struck out for Mason's again, as briskly as we could scramble along in the dark. But we got lost presently among the rugged little ravines, and wasted a deal of time finding the way again, so it was after nine when we reached Mason's stile at last; and then before we could open our mouths to give the countersign, several dogs came bounding over the fence, with great roar and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the sleeve of his trousers and began to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to; so we had to look on, helpless, at what was perhaps the most mortifying spectacle of the civil war. There was light enough, and I saw for the first time the man who was now on the porch with candles in his hands. The old man and his son came and made the dogs without difficulty, all but Bowers'; but they couldn't undo his dog, they didn't know his combination; he was of the bull kind, and seemed to be set with a Yale time-lock; but they got him loose at last with some scalding water, of which Bowers got his share and returned thanks. Peterson Dunlap afterwards made up a fine name for this engagement, and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory.

The Bees of South America.

In an old book we are told of a little black bee, found in the island of Guadalupe, which lives in hollow trees, or the cavities of rocks by the seaside, and lays its honey in cells about the size and shape of pigeon eggs. These cells are black or deep violet color, and so joined together as to leave no space between them. The following are mentioned by Lindley as indigenous to Brazil: "On an excursion toward upper Topogipipi, and skirting the dreary woods which extend to the interior, I observed the trees more loaded with bees' nests, than even in the neighborhood of Port Laguna. They consist of a ponderous shell of clay, cemented similarly to the martin's nest, swelling from high trees about a foot thick, and forming an oval mass full two feet in diameter, when broken the wax is arranged as in our hives, and the honey is abundant. Capt. B. Hall found in South America the eggs of a honey bee very different from the Brazilian, but nearly allied to it, not the same, as that of Guadalupe. "The hive we saw opened," says he, "was only partially filled, which enabled us to see the economy of the interior far more advantage. The honey is contained in the elegant hexagonal cells of the lower part, but in waxy tubes not quite so large as an egg. These tubes or bladders are hung around the sides of the hives and appear about half full, the quantity being probably just as great as the strength of the wax will bear without tearing. These tubes are supported by the upper portion. In the center of the lower part of the hive we observe an irregular-shaped mass of comb, furnished with cells like those of our bees, all containing young ones in such an advanced state that when we broke the comb and let them out they flew merrily away."

A Portland Scene.

Passing along First street, last evening the writer noticed one of the better class of Chinamen leading by the hand a 3-year old daughter, whose adornments bespoke the care bestowed upon her. The two sauntered along, pausing to glance into the windows, and seemed content with themselves and the world. They passed for a moment on the corner, when clattering up the street came a Madge Wilshire of a courtesan a restless, unsteady, wandering sprite seen often flitting here and there, as if the seven devils which went out of Mary Magdalene had full possession of her. No more moral and unassuming specimen of fallen humanity, a mere child without in appearance, one will hardly see. Sin and degradation have set ineffaceable seals upon every feature, and yet as she neared her two countryfolk her flying pace slackened to a slow walk, and she gazed wistfully upon what to her represented home. Her dress, her manner, when the poor wanderer of the night had passed the man and child she stopped as if impelled by an irresistible impulse and called the little one by some endearing diminutive, betrayed and declared by its feminine softness and pathos. In 1850, when she had moved from a "second hand" pass, caught the child's hand, and as a motion which was of itself a shudder of horror, dragged the babe away as if from the gaze of pollution and perfidion. The outcast gave one more look, hesitated a moment, and then with a gesture of despair faded away into the night, as Dickens has it in his "Lives of the Great," in the strangest manner possible. In this chance meeting of three of the Chinese races there was a picture as complete as ever artist drew of the gulf which divides the fallen from the pure. It is a callous heart which, witnessing it, could fail to pity the daughter of perfidion, who, pausing, was about to speak a tender word to a stranger's child, found herself spurned as if her very voice had in it a nameless curse.—Portland Oregonian.

A Story About McCullough.

When he was here several years ago he told a funny little incident which had occurred during his sojourn at Richmond just before he came here. The story has been published, but it is forgotten now. "The Lady of Lyons" was the play, and among the players was a maiden amateur who had the stage on the brain, and had it bad. She tore passion to tatters, and threw a fire and horror into her love scenes which both amused and excited the audience. At times she fell from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when Claude Melnotte, in the shape of McCullough, was describing his place on the Lake of Como, repeating those tenderest words of Balzac, the maiden's soul was fired, and when he closed with the tender sentence, "Prithoe, low, dost thou like the picture?" she threw herself into McCullough's arms, crying out in tones of superlative affection, "Oh-h-h-h Cl-a-u-d-e." Lingering sweetness long drawn out. She then collapsed like a balloon, and hung, as McCullough said, like a porous plaster to his form.

At this moment a disgusted newsboy in the gallery, in the same tone in which she had uttered her last exclamation, howled out, "Oh-h-h-h Cl-a-u-d-e." The house came down. The audience roared, howled, and howled again. McCullough burst into a hah he himself, and nearly dropped the loveless maiden.

The girl, however, showed no sign of laughter. She carried out her part, but the next moment, with a screeching gesture, thrust her fingers into McCullough's hair at the side away from the audience, and pulling a bunch nearly out by the roots hissed in his ear: "How dare you laugh, sir, at that vulgar remark! The pain in his head brought the tears to his eyes, and McCullough resumed his part in the scene of love.—Washington Correspondent.

STUDY OF LEGS.

Living on a Hill Advantages to Cities —Langtry's Crooked Limbs.

The women and the men too, of course, who live on the hilly side of town, have calves shaped entirely unlike the calves of those who live on the flats. It results from a cause which every man who has paid much attention to physical training understands. Hill-climbing develops the muscles on the side and upper portion of the calves, which level walking never exercises, and which consequently never develop. Olympic club men, to develop side and upper muscles on the lower leg, do

trembling-hand exercises—springing from the balls of the feet. In that exercise the same muscles are prominently employed as in walking up hills. Hence the hill women have legs developed in such form as to reduce, by comparison, the size of the ankles. The swell of the calf is more pronounced in the dwellers on the flat side of town, who are sometimes open to the criticism made by a local French shoe-dealer, who, speaking to the reporter of a wealthy patron, said, "Madam has a beautiful foot, but her leg begins too soon."
In the days when men, at least, were given full license in the matter of dressing their legs to show them and their taste to advantage, the French had this proverb: "Of fat he fat he gambe," literally, "That makes him a handsome leg." This was said of a man's fortune: "He has 100,000 francs of his own and 200,000 which his mother left him." Answer: "Cela lui fait belle gambe." In those days it is plain that the kind of beauty that money took the place of was the beauty of the leg, therefore, how highly prized the handsome leg. By an easy reversal might not a handsome leg take the place of a fortune in furthering a man's success in life? As it is now, a man with a love of a mustache, soft, brown, curling, but with an unrepentable leg, will make more headway in a toll-room full of marriageable girls than a man with a perfectly-shaped leg, bagged up in straight-out breeches. This is obviously wrong. One's barber controls one's mistake, but the shape of the leg depends upon the manner of life, the habits and practices of the owner of the leg. That beauty of form indicates simply nothing as to the beauty or ugliness of the leg was signally proven by the case of Mrs. Langtry. After dining two continents with the beauty of her face, the famous Lily once played Rosalind in proper costume, and has ever since played it to the amazement of the critics, in a costume including a skirt, which came below her knees. The reason for this is that it would be an easy trick to hang your hat on either of the Lily's knees. An uglier leg than hers was never undraped before an astonished audience. Possibly Lily never knew how ugly her legs were. This commonly occurs, and for a very simple reason. Every man or woman examining his or her legs does so from a front and upward point of view. This is very deceptive, as the side muscles of the calves thus seen give an impression of rounded contour which a side view may totally lack.
The beautiful Langtry might have taken a front view of her legs until the end of time without discovering the fearful forward shoot of her knees. It is a side view that makes the test. Then the side muscles are no longer deceptive, and the knee, if it is too prominent, stands out, literally, like the nose on a face. Therefore, make a stand in front of your pier mirror, or if you have none, lean a washstand mirror against the wall, resting it on the floor, taking care to stand, yourself, so as to get a profile view of your legs. It may give you a surprise. A front view you are of course familiar with, and know whether or not your legs have an accountable attraction for each other at the knees. Man has only a limited opportunity to study this peculiarity—why so many women are knock-kneed. Even his opinion that so many are founded on observation largely confined to the stage, and it is possible that there may be a class of knock-knee stage and women with knock knees. Of course, the professional girl as a bribe, as they have all been trained how to stand in order to overcome any disposition on the part of their knees to come together. But when the legitimate actress, the first time donned "shape" clothes, a new pair of carving-knees is disclosed. Those who remember Belle Pateman's performance here as Hamlet will remember as straight a pair of legs as has ever carried a legitimate actress. A California stage, yet there was a noticeable tendency to flock together displaced by the small, shapely legs. Whether the peculiarity obtains in the same proportion among women in private life as among actresses will only be known when women dress so as to display as much from the feet up as they do now from the head down. It is their style of dress, totally lifting their legs, which makes the women so much more difficult to study than men. When one looks at Toby Rosenthal's Constance de Taverly it is her legs which indicate not only her feelings at the moment when she is portrayed, but also much of her character.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Patient comes in. Homeopathic doctor, after a short conversation, takes a little powder from a jar and says to the patient: "Smell that—now you're cured." Patient says: "Doctor, how much do I owe you?" Doctor says: "Twenty dollars." Patient takes out a \$20 bill, and says: "Smell that—now you're cured."
First Duke—"You think that she loves you, don't you?" Second Duke—"I'm awfully positive of it, my dear boy." First Duke—"What makes you positive?" Second Duke—"She has named her poodle after me, my dear boy, and if that isn't a strong proof of a young lady's affections, then I'm no judge of the deah cweachahs, that's all."—Boston Courier.

A little 4-year-old girl was put to bed in the third-story of her home and left, as usual, in the dark. A terrible thunder storm came up, and her mother, thinking that the child would be frightened at the lightning, went to her. On entering the child called out with delight, "Mamma! the wind blew the sun up just now; did you see it?" Year had no entrance there.

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