

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.

## TRY IT.

Could I write, with ink and quill,  
One trait of your youth and me;  
Could I show its all-pervading  
Power in progress, I would pen—  
Try it.

Maze words these, born in Heaven;  
Down by thoughtful angels hurried;  
Sighing, man to doom is driven;  
Breeding, they give man the world—  
Try it.

Luck to Judgment went to Labor;  
Thick the nimbard of success;  
Toll to Truth should be a neighbor;  
Honor brings her own reward—  
Try it.

Starry orbs set all the student;  
Earth's past age is still unused;  
Nations seek the way, the student;  
Through and across made to hold—  
Try it.

How did Watt to steam give motion?  
Locks, trace purpose of mind?  
How Columbus crossed the ocean?  
How did Luther change mankind?  
They tried it.

How did Homer write his epic?  
How did Scott compose his lays?  
How did Mendelssohn, his music?  
How did Shakespeare write his plays?  
They tried it.

Thus it was, will be forever,  
If "To be" is in the world,  
Man must live with firm endeavor,  
Well to think, then plan, then do—  
Try it.

## A BITING WEAPON.

### Its Life-Long Effect upon the School "Bully."

A cosy October sun was lighting up the western window panes of a small country school-house in Northern New York, while at her desk, in deep thought, sat the young teacher. The term, which ended with the summer, had been her first experience in teaching. That she had given satisfaction, both to parents and teachers, was evidenced by the fact that she had been re-engaged for the winter term, which was usually taught by a man. She was endowed by nature and by education, and had the rare faculty of imparting instruction; yet she had not succeeded in quelling a certain turbulent spirit. Peter Dean, one of her pupils, had given her constant trouble. He had "stunned out" every female teacher for the past three years, who did not at once take the aggressive with him. He rejoiced in the title of "Bully of the School." For this he was flattered by the weak, bad element of the school, feared by the weak good-looking upon by all as a leader, and one who would never "be bossed by a school marm."

Miss Emery had just been enjoying a short vacation. She had been able to bestow some portion of her summer's earnings upon her invalid father, and the hard-worked, though refined mother, who lived in an adjoining village. She saw now that her winter term would compare a different class of pupils from any she had taught in the summer. Farmers' boys, taller than herself, who came with a desire to learn something, but with all the rustic youth's natural antipathy to the ruling of a mere girl, with general contempt for her endowments and methods. She saw to her sorrow that Peter Dean was still king, and that none of the new boys were bright enough to be her knights. They sided with the enemy. Only that morning, on suddenly looking up at the blackboard, seeing eyes and smiles directed thither, she had read to her mortification:

### MISS EMERY.

There was also a remarkable representation of these two people in all the angular chalking ugliness of a blackboard sketch. A swift glance around the room discovered to her looks of amazement on all the faces but one, that one, which was Peter's, was bent upon his book in permanent unconsciousness of what was going on.

A little maid, who loved her teacher and sorrowed for her, came to her side and said:

"May I rub it out, Miss Emery?"

"Yes, Nellie."

But the insult had not been erased from Miss Emery's heart, nor was her spirit calmed by the fact that Peter was constantly inventing new schemes of evil, and new intinities, while no appeal to his majesty could avail, and no wonder that she did not avail, for that quality had not yet been evolved from the class of this boy's nature. He had been one of his "terrible" days. Wishing to give him every advantage of mild reproof, she had tried "moral suasion" without effect. He had shown his satanic character, by despising it, and leaping out of a window with an Indian war-whoop, in order to show his disrespect before the others, when it came his turn to say "good-night."

This was the cause of Miss Emery's despondency as she sat alone in her deserted school-room. She was meditating an attack, an armed onslaught, should the next day bring news of misery as this had been, since all else had failed. As the quiet repose of the autumn day stole upon her, her thoughts took a new direction.

"Perhaps John would help me if I should ask him." John Willets was one of the younger trustees, a college-bred young farmer, who lived with his aged father and mother, in the white cottage not five yards distant from the school-house.

glance, as if the characters would appear again and accuse her.

"It is so seldom I have spoken with John, how could they have guessed?" "Though it was 'John' always in her thoughts, it was 'Mr. Willets' when the thought passed from heart to lip. She did not finish her reverie, for just then Mr. Willets went by on his handsome gray, and, glancing through the dirty window, lifted his hat in passing as if he had known just where to look for her.

"He is going to the post-office," she said, as she went hastily to a window that commanded a view of the turn in the road. The children must have noticed that he stopped often to hand me my mail. I must give them nothing to remark upon. I must go home without it to-day and without seeing him; but I have promised to spend next Saturday at his mother's. The archness can not deprive me of that pleasure."

The next day Peter was rather more subdued, but like the quiet day that is called a "weather breeder," he was brewing mischief. She tried once more her powers of gentle reproof, but of no avail. Thus she struggled for several weeks, giving the theory of "moral suasion" a full and fair trial. But the whole school had become demoralized through her patient delay in dealing with the culprit. They made the mistake of thinking her afraid of their champion. The result was already only too apparent in the behavior of the others.

Before the close of the school day before the holidays, which had been a day of peculiar aggravation, she took her place quietly at the side of Peter's desk, while hearing the last class. As she dismissed the school, her hand was laid upon Peter's shoulder very gently, but with a "hidden hold," which expressed itself very forcibly to him, though not to others.

"I would like to see you after the others leave," she whispered. Here was nothing to hurt his pride. It was rather something to be proud of, to have them all see that white hand resting on his shoulder. He sat still, but with a grimace at the scholars, which made the most of them laugh as they passed out. It was the emphasis of that hand and eye that reclaimed him from disobeying.

After the last child had said "good-night," Miss Emery locked the door, putting the key in her pocket. Then she sat down at her desk to write copies. The silence and restraint had their effect upon her. Gladly now would she have relinquished the latter part of her design, but more was needed. She must be resolute. She walked over to him with a quick, firm step, now that silence and her strong will power had somewhat subdued him, and with the words slowly, but emphatically spoken:

"There are some animal natures that can not understand kindness. These must be made to understand the lash."

Then, snatching the leather belt from her waist, she inflicted one blow upon his unprotected shoulders, merely one, but dealt with such force and precision that he leaped from his place, fearing her like a tiger. They were eye to eye now, but there was no flinching on her part. She saw the evil spirit pass over his eye and brow, and the flash of anger subside, then quietly began to replace her leather zone, which was a fashion of the time; but one of the clasps was gone, and she threw the belt carelessly aside and went back to her writing. The clock ticked, the pen flew. His flesh yet tingled with the lash of the strange weapon. Early exercise had developed muscle and strength in that young teacher's delicate frame, and she had full power that would have governed an army, together with that magnetism which accompanies a strong will. He dared not leave his place now without her consent, and he knew too well that her door was locked. The minutes wore on monotonously. Would she keep him there all night? The sun was going down. The slow winter day was drawing to a close. A better spirit came to him, invoked by the strong will discipline yet gentle nature of his jailor.

A movement at last in his seat, a shuffle of feet and at length he came awkwardly to the desk and stood at her side.

"Miss Emery, I wish you'd please let me go home, for I've got the chores to do."

"I am very willing you should go now, Peter. I was only waiting to see the growth of your own manliness. I know it was there."

He lingered a moment, as if he had something more to say. It came at last by way of apology.

"They bet me, in his store, that I could not turn you out, and I bet 'em I could, but I give it up. You've beat, my how."

She almost smiled at his apology, taking it as it was meant. She looked into his eyes which no longer avoided hers.

all. I was right here. You were a brave girl."

"Here?" "Yes. Close beside you. If that fellow had given you the slightest trouble he would have suffered for it; but you have completely subdued the young scamp without aid."

"She looked up with a smile, forgetting her red eyes." "But where were you, Mr. Willets?" "I will tell you. I was right behind that door which the black-board hides—ready to come, armed to the rescue."

"She turned quickly. 'I did not know a door was there.'"

"No, but I did. This was originally a dwelling house, you know. As soon as I discovered that he did not go out with the others, I guessed your purpose and trembled for you. That young bear has muscle enough to crush this small arm to atoms. I swung myself over the railing, came through the basement window and stationed myself where I told you. I had the advantage, you know, of an access through my own garden."

"You have not been a prisoner there ever since I dismissed the scholars?" she said, a look of merriment darting from her eyes.

"For two mortal hours I have been the companion of spiders on that moldy stairway. I dared not go away until I felt sure of your safety. Foolish girl to lock your door! I have had time to think over all the sins of my youth. I do not wonder that the silence had its effect upon me. I am quite subdued."

"I am sorry for you," she said, with a bright smile that signified she was not at all sorry.

"But I was a prisoner in the castle of hope," he said. "I think you can guess what that hope is."

She had guessed his secret long ago, and had one to match it. The shadows dispersed in the quaint old school-room. The fire-light shot gleams of gold from floor to ceiling, and the spirits that reign over the "charcoal freestone walls" began to dance and laugh, and make the most of their opportunity. It was not often they could see such lovers—happily absorbing interest in one another. Before the glow of the embers faded the lovers walked arm in arm across the little snow-covered lawn, and Mrs. Willets welcomed the young girl who would one day take the place of daughter-in-law in her household, for this had long been her desire.

Years afterward, long after Peter Dean had graduated with honor from higher schools, he was elected to a position of trust in his county. John and Mary Willets went to congratulate him. He took from his pocket-book the small clasp of a lady's leather belt.

"I remember the story of it to this day," he said. "It made a man of me. You have good reason to be proud of her, squire; there's real grit there. But you'd better look out that you never get the slash of a leather belt over your shoulders. It'll worse than a thousand scorpions. I tell you, squire, it's an effective weapon. It makes a fellow up for all time."—Chicago Journal.

## A PHILOSOPHER.

He Reasons Powerfully and Impressively with a Druggist.

A merchant wrote as follows to an Arkansas man: "I am on my death-bed and would like to have the money you owe me. My physician says that I can live but a few days longer."

The Arkansas man replied as follows: "I received your letter a few days ago and I expect you will be dead by the time you receive this. If not, I beg your pardon for not sending the money. My experience teaches me that a dying man does not need money. If I were dying it wouldn't make any difference to me whether I had ten dollars or was in debt. I have never been dying, you understand, and I can not speak from experience, but I am a man who can forecast things pretty well and therefore do not speak in a hap-hazard way. Some fellow, I have forgotten who, said that a dying man can do nothing well. Perhaps you know more about this than I do, but allow me to say that a dying man is a mighty poor bill collector. If I were sent out to find an efficient bill collector, I would never select a dying man, no matter what his standing in the community might be. Let me see, I have owed you for some time. I regret this very much but don't suppose that I regret it any deeper than you do. If I had paid you I would not now owe you anything. At first it may not strike you as the truth but mature reflection has taught me to it is a fact. At one time after receiving the last letter which I shall doubtless ever get from you, I thought that I would immediately forward the amount which I owe you, but then I thought that you might be dead and would never know it. When I do a man a favor I want him to know it. Ingratitude is one of the roots of all evil. I would rather pay a man ten cents and impress him with the fact, than to pay him ten dollars and know that he would forever remain ignorant of the fact; therefore, I hope that you will understand my position. But what is the use of all this? You may be dead by the time this reaches you, in which event you would never give me credit for all these expressions of sympathy. As I previously remarked, a dying man has no need of money. Material things are of but little use to him. Well, I must close. If you are not dead when you receive this please let me know and I will write you another letter."—Arkansas Traveler.

"I am a doctor," he said.

"A doctor of what?" "A doctor of chances."

Murray is not disinclined to talk about the evil of taking the chances. "Gamblers' talk is seldom truthful," he said. "The instant a man begins to talk about his play, the temptation to become so great that in nine cases out of ten he yields gracefully to it at the start. I know a little chap who was born with a raging instinct for gambling. The more he plays the wilder the instinct becomes, and it already has had the effect of lowering him in a business way. When he was a boy he went into a big wholesale dry-goods house down town, and as he was always willing, agreeable and sharp, he managed to be promoted every year, until he became the head of one of the departments, at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year. From the day he became known to the cashier, as a boy, until he recently left the establishment, his accounts were always far overdrawn, and his condition one of advanced financial embarrassment year in and year out. He says very frankly himself that he never remembers the time in his life when he wasn't broke, and yet he has always lived quietly and made a fair income. He was recently discharged on account of neglect of business, and he is to-day simply waiting an opportunity to become a professional gambler. His people are of the highest respectability, and he is himself a man of some fine feelings, but if it came to a decision whether he should play poker or eat, he would be hungry and pay poker every time. He is the most unfortunate

## GLASS-WARE.

A New Era of Decoration Inaugurated by European Manufacturers.

Foremost among accomplished facts stands glass for table use, and decoration. Prominent as an exquisitely beautiful is the new strawberry diamond cut glass, its flashing, glowing antics in different forms and colors as sunset clouds: there are lily-shaped vases, ice-frosted beakers, opals, glittering glasses and decanters; and radiating prismatic splendor comes from every article in use now on the table. All are of low foundation without standards. The Russian-cut American glass takes the same style varied with oval and crescent-shape for salads. A circular tray in closest imitation of hammered brass holds a pitcher and set of gorgeous harlequin wings; this is one of the many specimens and styles of Webb's famous English glass. The delicate and beautiful cameo glass is produced in vases, jars, flagons and bowls in sapphire, golden tints, pale water-green and rose; some in distinct colors, others exquisitely shaded. The most elaborate work is seen in the enameled Bohemian glass of the gayest colors, not unlike rich tapestries. Some large goblets of many colors gleam with long pinnated ferns and bright scroll-work; others show the delicate enamel gold-tinted in emerald, purple, scarlet and rose like the wing of a butterfly. There are plates, and cups and saucers to correspond, that bear the semblance of being set with gems in the thinnest of glass. The well-known Doulton stoneware, Lambeth pottery of England, maintains its prestige in the familiar dull blues and buff colors, mostly in odd pieces for table service, such as large cheese bowls, jars, mustards and salts. Other specimens of glass, fine and thin as a bubble, are decorated with the wrought gold of the jeweler in delicate filigree, and in these specimens the glass is blown into the gold. Webb's English peach bloom porcelain consists of long-necked jars, beakers, chalcids shaded from the base of the golden-yellow peach gradually to the top into the rich purplish red of perfect ripeness.

Some specimens of opaque glass called the German-Bohemian jewel glasses are decorated with beads of glass-like studs and blue medallions as frame-work; these are placed on by hand. "Matsuo-Ko" is the Chinese name of some beautiful semi-opaque glass for ornaments, also bottles and jars; the ground is shaded olive, with tints of green; some fanciful little baskets are of red shading into blue; the same style is seen again in clear crystal and in red Bohemian, with graceful decorations set in clusters from curving stems of the Chinese flower that gives its name to these charming specimens of beauty. Full-sized callas stand erect to receive their counterparts in nature. Pretty egg-baskets of English make, have receptacles for holding four egg-cups in harlequin colors.

The famous Leeds pottery makes its appearance in antique designs for decoration. There are many superb examples of pale terra in odd plates, flower-stands, great jars and vases for decorative purposes. In no branch of decorative art is there greater improvement than in that connected with the service of the table. Absence of body-color has been the greatest defect in modern glass and pottery; now the chill uniformity and dead-white surface belong to the past. The finest works of the greatest masters are copied upon porcelain in a most perfect and imitable manner. Fruits and flowers are gracefully mingled together in tazzas, apple-green bowls and figures in relief, crescents with a transparency of tone like Parian marble, chalices and plateaux, adding color, form and lustre to the table.—N. Y. Fashion Bazar.

The original doctor of chances was the Mike Murray whose retirement from the business of gambling has lately been noticed. He coined his own title on the witness-stand, when asked by a cross-examining lawyer to define his calling.

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type of a gambler, for he believes that luck can be systemized and reduced to certain rules. It is an old axiom among professionals that when a man once gets this idea firmly grounded in his head, he will die a pauper. He differs very much from another man. With this one it is tragic. He is of a highly nervous temperament, a painter by profession, and the head of a family of considerable proportions. If it were not for his play, they might all live in comfort, if not in luxury; but his gambling instincts keep him forever in debt. I saw him come into a gambling-house three years ago, with a crisp hundred-dollar bill, which he had just got for painting a portrait. 'I did it in three Sundays,' he said; 'my wife thought I was out walking, and the money you see is all my own.' He was in such a hurry to get to the faro table that he could scarcely keep from trembling. Without a moment's hesitation he took the most desperate of chances, planked down his whole fortune on a single card, and called the turn on the queen. This was a high play, and the company disregarded their own bets, and glanced toward the owner of the one hundred-dollar bill. He won. The dealer paid him a great deal of money in small bills. He swept the pile into his hat—it nearly filled it—jammed the hat on his head, and rushed violently out of the room. No more flagrant disregard of the rules of etiquette among gamblers could be exhibited. A man who makes a big winning from a house is expected to play a little of it carefully before he leaves, or at least to set up the wine and cigars for everybody in the room and toss a few dollars to the waiters. To rush away as though he simply wanted to get the money out of the house, and not give the house any chance to win again, stamps a player as knowing nothing of the rules that govern the manners of polite gamblers. So, when the painter dashed out there were one or two satirical exclamations. Within an hour the player was back there, lost every thing he had won, the one hundred dollar bill, besides, and had given his check for three hundred and sixty dollars. He said afterward: 'I shall never in my life forget the struggle I had as I hurried down Fifth avenue with that money in my hat. I had made up my mind on the spur of the moment, as I got out of the club-house, to rush home with it, throw it in my wife's lap and tell her to keep it from me. I got to my door-steps, and I couldn't get up to the door to save my life. I was dripping wet from exertion and anxiety, and I walked around the block with forced coolness, hoping to come back again more composed. In that tour around the block every story of great winnings by gamblers that I had ever heard flashed through my mind. The well-worn tale of how Jack Haverly went into a Buffalo bar bank with a two-dollar bill and came out with four thousand dollars in cash, went ringing through my mind. The more I thought of it the faster I walked, and I didn't come to my senses until I had jumped hurriedly ahead of a team of horses that had almost run me down. That brought me to my senses, and where do you think I was? Fourteen blocks from home, and at the very door of the gambling-house in which I had won the money. I knew just as well that it was no use for me to try and get away as you know that it is impossible for you to defy the law of gravitation.'—N. Y. Cor. Boston Herald.

## A REFRACTORY ROOSTER.

He Makes Himself Heard in the Halls of the Supreme Court.

The following story is told of Judge Grant, President of the National Trotting Congress: "Not many years ago I met the judge on a Washington-bound train. I noticed that his overcoat pocket bulged a good deal, and on closer examination I saw a chicken's head peeping out at one corner. Mr. Grant explained that he had a very fine fighting cock which he was taking to Washington, and he thought that if he sent it through by express it would either be neglected or stolen, so, as the chicken was a great pet and very companionable, he concluded to carry it through in his pocket, and he was up to that time making a pretty good job of it. The train was late at Washington, and as the judge had an important case before the Supreme Court, he made a hasty run from the train to the courtroom. He came into the presence of the Supreme Judges just as his case was called, and throwing off his overcoat and asking the colored man in attendance to take good care of it and hang it up within his sight, he proceeded to make his argument. The judge had a strong case, as he thought, and in hammering home his points he became somewhat vehement, and indulged in some strong-voiced assertions. In the midst of his discussion, and while the judges and the lawyers in court had their heads bent intent on his points, the chicken in the overcoat pocket gave a loud, exultant crow, and then another. This brought down the house. The Chief Justice looked inquiringly at Mr. Grant, and Mr. Grant looked forbiddingly, first at the coat and the chicken making a frantic effort to extricate itself, and then at the lawyers laughing at him. Then indignified and courtly manner he made his excuses to the Court, explained that he had not expected a chicken which was so good a fighter and under such excellent discipline to break out in court in that way. He asked for a suspension of rules until the refractory rooster was removed from the court-room. Then he proceeded with his argument to the close."—N. Y. Post.

In Mexico, the morning newspapers are sold in the streets the evening before, for they go to press about five o'clock in the afternoon. The Sunday morning papers are sold Saturday night and there are no ready for Monday, so that in Mexico there is no Sunday newspaper work done and no Sunday newspaper.

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

A Soul-Stirring and a Saddening Extract from the Journal of the House.

February 1.—Hon. Mr. Leatherburg, on the floor in opposition to Hon. Mr. Blowgun's bill for the annexation of the North Pole: "Sir, this vicious scheme of a vicious demagogue—for I can not dignify the one by calling it a measure or its author a statesman—is worthy of the dishonest heart and corrupt brain in which it had its foal and dishonorable origin. Robbery lurks in the very tide of this cut-purse bill, pillage is hidden in every line, villainy, hypocrisy, shameless mendacity and measureless greed stain every page, and all the foul blot that mar and pollute the fair paper upon which it is printed, all the roguery, all the lying, all the thievery and jobbery that lurk like moral poison and political corruption in its lines, fetid with fostering pollution and hideous with moral deformity, are characteristic of the infamous author of this most infamous measure; a man who daily degrades American politics, shames and outrages honest statesmanship, and disgraces, eternally disgraces, the chair he occupies and the deluded constituents he so basely misrepresents; a man whose heart never yet throbbled with an honest motive or a generous impulse. Sir, I have done."

February 3.—Hon. Mr. Leatherburg, rising to announce to the House the death of his esteemed colleague, Hon. Mr. Blowgun, said: "Sir, my recent tongue would cleave in abject shame to the roof of my mouth, and my right arm would forever more drop in helpless helplessness to my side, did I permit this occasion to pass by without paying my humble but heartfelt tribute to the memory of that great man who has passed away just at a time when his country least could spare him; just when the republic most needs his clear brain, his pure character, his honest heart and his faultless statesmanship. No truer man, loyally and noble in every characteristic of perfect manhood, ever adorned the profession of politics, adorned the loftiest paths of statesmanship, or honored, yes, sir, honored his house by his presence. Legislation was purified by the touch of his hand, jobbery, corruption, scheming politics fled from his coming, as the darkness flies from the light. That his name was connected with any measure was ever sufficient to indorse that measure as worthy of the broadest confidence and fullest support. Although it was my misfortune (weeps) to differ with this mighty mind on some minor questions of a political nature, yet never by thought or word, did I impute to him, or even think the hideous thought of imputing to him, aught save only the purest, loftiest motives of a soul incorruptibly honest. Sir, I have done. (Everybody weeps, save only except the reporters, who never weep.)—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

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