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RED CLOUD CHIEF

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

A weekly journal devoted to the interests of the world in general and Webster county and adjacent territory particularly. The largest and best equipped paper in the great Republican Valley.

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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

FRIDAY, MARCH, 19 1886.

Polar Night.

Our ship still now had passed the rolling deep.
The west fell flat, the hollows went to sleep,
And when the drifting ice-shoes gathered round,
Fast as a wedge the vessel's sides were bound.
So, as the waves went out, down under shrouds,
And midnight darkness settled over the gulf,
For six long months the hyperborean gloom
Enveloped all on a living tomb.
The storm was quelled, the sail fell slack,
The vessel
Swam long vast mass of crushing ice up
curled.
A secret shuddering filled the stoutest heart,
At his own thoughts every man would start,
And each would speak to each with bated
breath.
Like shades within the frozen realms of death,
They spoke of home and friends, at distant
height.
Said that soft voices dashed the opaline
light.
Reckoned their days of suffering—long and
drear.
Just then, from out the dull, dark heavens, a
fire
Broke like a purple meteor, putting forth
A tide of splendor over all the north.
Bright, glimmering constellations went and
came.
Methods of marvelous thought with falling stars
Shot from the arctic circle, lighting red
The equinox crystals round each soldier's
head.
And sparkling deep with galaxy of light
Irradiate regions of the arctic night.
Then that last ship became a scene of joy,
The dying shrouds—once peer and valor
lost.
Whom hunger had demoralized, joined the rest,
That shared their rapture with his crazy jest.
He swore the spring had happened out of tide,
And, jelling at the northern lights, he died.
—Montagu.

Relics of Bradock's Field.

A Uniontown (Pa.) correspondent of the Pittsburg Commercial writes: On the north shore of the Monongahela river, a short distance above where the British troops crossed after their defeat, I have found at different times some excellent stone specimens. A spring bubbles up in a small cave that cuts into the bank of which, I think, was a favorite place for the manufacture of stone implements by the Indians. I believe this from having found considerable quantities of chips of flint and a few weapons that appear unfinished or broken in their manufacture. The implements are evidently made by skillfully applied blows of a properly-shaped stone. In this art the aboriginal manufacturers were very expert. The blows were apparently made vertically to the surface of the stone, and the fragments chipped off so as to produce a peculiar conchoidal fracture, which is characteristic of all genuine examples. In some instances the weapons thus formed were smoothed by rubbing, but seldom sufficiently to efface the marks of the chipping process. Only when made of soft material, such as slate, were they highly polished, and then probably only for symbolic or ornamental purposes. It may here be said that the most usual substance employed is that known as chert or horn stone, a variety of quartz more brittle than flint. Yellow and red Jasper and halcyon are also employed. The frequent use of Jasper is of interest, from the fact that no bed of this material is found nearer than Easton, which shows that some degree of commerce was carried on among the Indians of the state. In my collection of the Bradock's field implements are four pieces consisting of bored stone. Two of them are finished with much skill and care. One of them has some interesting carving in the shape of a wolf's head. The collection also contains some specimens of broken pottery, which are especially interesting from the archaic character of their ornamentation. This consists of parallel straight lines, sometimes in two crossing series, and of rows of rude pits. There is no curved or angular lines, and no simpler or ruder ideas of ornament could be conceived.

Another Illusion Gone Glimmering.

"It seems like a pity to shatter a belief that has existed for years," said a dealer in pug dogs, pigeons and peacocks this morning to a news-gatherer, "but the old, old story about the vanity of the peacock is a miserable myth. I can not understand why people have believed in it so long. Why, sir, are you aware that the peacock has less brains than a chicken? Do you know that the peacock is practically the idiot of the feathered tribe, the same as the pig is of the canine race? A peacock, sir, hasn't sense enough to go in when it rains. No, sir. What I say is literally and actually true. I have seen 'em stand out in a storm and pick up corn, while every sensible turkey, goose or duck would be under shelter."
"It is simply the greedy plumage of the peacock that has led to the story of his vanity. I suppose in days gone by, when some parson or other had no text, or was mad because money went for bonnets instead of the contribution box, he just lit on the peacock as a subject and jumped in without regard to nice distinctions in natural history."
"It is true that when the peacock hoists his tail and struts around it looks as if he was trying to show off, and all the women folk say: 'Just look at the vain thing!' The truth is that the peacock rarely, if ever, exhibits his magnificent circular tail except when courting. A male pigeon swells out his chest and raises his neck feathers, while a barn-yard rooster seeks for dainty morsels for the hens and chucks complimentary cinks. The peacock takes a different style, that's all."
"I don't suppose that a peacock has sense enough to know that his feathers are gaudy or his tail ugly. It's a dead sure fact that he has a smaller head and less in it than any bird you can mention that is half his size in body. Vanity is blown!" —Philadelphia Times.