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**LONE HOLLOW;**

Or, The Peril of the Plains.

Exciting and Romantic Story  
of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. KERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOON  
BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND  
OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"It was cruel in him to remain away from me, but he must have known that you were suffering. It's always so, however, in love affairs. Of course Austin did not get the letter I undertook to convey that awful night on which I came near bidding a final adieu to this mundane world. Had he received that letter all would have been well between you. I can tell you for a certainty, however, that you have suffered even less than Austin, who, not receiving a reply to his forlorn note, deemed you unyielding, and that a reconciliation was now out of the question."

"How could he think so when—"

"Of course it was strange," interrupted Lura, with a covert smile, "but it will all come right in the end if you just refuse to countenance that villain, Clinton Starbright. I shall see Mr. Westwood and tell him all about it, and then the crooked paths will all be made straight."

"You are very kind."

"No, I'm not. I am utterly selfish," asserted Lura; "I do all this to gratify my own heart. I've not thought of you as a villain, and I mean to do it or die trying. I came near it, too, that night. I will tell you about it, for I know you are anxious to hear the wonderful story."

"I am deeply anxious," assured Grace. "You all thought me dead!"

"I had come to believe so. Romeo came home riddled, and a search failed to reveal any thing. Of course we were puzzled to know what had become of you if Romeo had blung you from the window and on outwitting dead you ought to have been found, that was the puzzling part of the whole affair."

"Exactly, and Captain Starbright was as deeply puzzled as the rest."

"Certainly."

A short laugh fell from the lips of Lura. The red clouds danced on her forehead, and a fierce light burned in her eyes. "The consummate hypocrite!" she cried, in a withering way that thrilled Grace to the quick. "But I won't indulge in invective against that creature now. I mean to hunt him to his hide and then see that he meets with a just punishment."

Lura then proceeded to relate how she had taken the path leading along the edge of Hangman's Gulch, past the cabin of the witch, Mother Calvera, whose name she had since learned; how she had become bewildered and turned about to retrace her steps; and then of her meeting the two ruffians in the immediate vicinity of Mother Calvera's cabin; of her being jerked from the saddle and lifted high above the precipice.

"Did you ever go high up, way up to the top of a swing, Grace? You know, if you have, what a scary feeling shoots all over you; that was just how I felt when those ruffians lifted me over that abyss. I was too frightened to utter a word—it was the first instance in my life that I got so far up as that. Presently I felt myself propped down, down, shooting like a rocket through the air, then a bush switched against my face, a terrible scratching on hands and limbs, then a crash and utter blackness."

Lura paused in her narration.

"Grace Penroy was breathing deeply, her face pale, her great, honest gray eyes dilating with the intensity of feeling aroused by the words of her cousin."

"Go on, Lura, I'm listening," aspirated the listener after a brief moment of silence.

"You wish to hear all about it now—you are not too tired?"

"No, no, go on; I am dying to hear the whole story of your adventures, dear cousin."

"It seems wonderful, something like a fairy story to me now," proceeded Lura, "but I have evidence of its utter truthfulness. I might have been dead, but was not. In descending the sixty feet to the hard ground below, I had passed through the bushy top of a tree which, I was told, effected to break my fall and land me stunned and bruised, yet alive, on the stones and leaves at the foot of the deciduity."

"I must have lain there several hours ere a strange creature came by, and I saw apparently dead on the ground, and in the kindness of his heart lifted and carried me nearly a mile in his strong arms. When I opened my eyes the glow of flame filled them and I was nearly blinded. I was very weak and could not sit up. Soon, as I spoke and called for water, for I was very thirsty, a face bent above me, a kindly old face, framed in with white hair and beard, the face it seemed to me of one of the ancient patriarchs.

"'Best quietly, pretty deave,' he said, 'I will bring you water and food, but you need not stir for the present. You are one of the victims of the Dogs, and I will save you.' I thought the man's language was strange in the extreme, and he was kind and attentive, however, ministering to my every want, but I had been so rudely shaken up, it was more than a week before I was able to be on my feet and move about. Then I made an examination of my quarters, to find quite an extensive cave. To me it seemed to have been fashioned by the hand of man, a parting of the old man, he assured me that his name was Don Benito, once a subject of the Doge of Venice, but now an exile, and that the cave had been excavated by men many years before for a hiding place from the wrath of the Doge. Of course, I knew that this was but the wild talk of a madman, whose reason had fallen after a brief period from death at the hands of traps, as I then supposed my late assailants to be.

"Of course I felt uneasy, and this I anxious to make my escape, but this I could not do, since Don Benito kept a close watch upon my movements. In my opinion the cave was excavated by horse-thieves or counterfeiters; and I am of the opinion that the present dweller may have been at one time a member of the band. I made no such suggestion to him, however. He was constantly harping about his wrongs, and assuring me that the Doge had attempted to murder him with his own hand. To prove his assertion he showed me a scar over his right ear, where the assassin's blow had been delivered.

"Of course I humored his hallucinations, and so we got on swimmingly together. Of course he left the cave occasionally, and went in quest of provisions for his store. On these excursions he locked me in a room opening from the main cave, the door of which was made of heavy oak. I presume it had been used as the prison-room of the outlaw who once inhabited the place, but it was not until very recently that I persuaded my keeper to permit me to accompany him on a visit to Stonefield, and in the night and on foot. It was then that I gave him the slip and managed to keep safely out of his clutches. I have met Austin Westwood since, and learned from him that Don Benito has been known to him for a long time. He considers the old fellow harmless, but decidedly a lunatic."

"It was a strange story indeed that Lura Joyce told Grace Penroy, under the glow of the swinging lamp in the privacy of her own room. It did seem much like a fairy tale, and yet the presence of Lura was

proof that she had died. It must be true; in fact she never thought to doubt it for a moment."

"It is a strange story," breathed Grace, at length. "It seems like a dream to me, and I can not be too thankful to have you back, alive and well."

"To you I am alive and well, to others I must yet be as one dead," said Lura, in a low, grave voice, as though she feared the walls might have suddenly acquired the gift of hearing.

"Why is that?"

"That I may the better frustrate the wicked schemes."

"To whom do you refer?"

"Surely you can guess."

"I can not."

Lura regarded her friend in apparent astonishment.

"Is it possible that you do not yet understand the true character of Clinton Starbright?"

"I understand him perfectly," answered Grace. "He has been very kind to me since grandpa died, and has taken all the trouble of seeing to my hands of looking after affairs about Lone Hollow."

"And he will gladly assume control of the mill or more your poor grandfather left," returned Lura, grimly.

"That is what he says. Don't trust him, Grace. He is a serpent, two-sided and treacherous. I beg you to beware of that man, who is evil from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. You will beware of him, will you?"

"For once Lura Joyce seemed in deadly earnest, and there was an intense pleading in voice and mien as she bent toward her cousin.

"I do not fear him, but regard the Captain as a friend," returned Grace. "Yet, to please him, I will be ever on my guard."

"Thanks. Do not mention the fact of your seeing me to a living soul. Keep my secret until I bid you speak, and you will never regret it. Promise me this, Grace."

"I will do as you wish, but I cannot do more."

"No thanks, Captain. I know what I am about."

"I suppose so," angrily. "I understand who has put you up to defying me."

"I have consulted only my own wishes."

"I do not believe it."

"Have a care, or your insolence may be rewarded."

"The villain I encountered in the road just now has been here, and set you on my heels against me. You have doubtless agreed to divide the spoils with him."

"The surprised look on her face was evidence that Mrs. Penroy did not fully comprehend the matter. The captain, however, less shrewd than usual, so blinded by indignation was, he failed to comprehend, and proceeded, with fierce wrath:

"It is Karl Vandille, the runaway vagabond and social outcast, who has come here and set you up to defy the expressed wishes of your father. But let me tell you that your scheme will fail. It shall be my work to expose his villainy and yours, and to secure to that kind old man's granddaughter the property that he in his dying moments said should have."

For a full minute Mrs. Penroy could not speak from astonishment.

"Karl Vandille is dead. You told me so yourself."

"So I thought, but he has returned, and to-night made an attempt to murder me, I believe, at your suggestion."

"Are you mad, Captain?"

"Very near it, I believe, on account of your ingratitude, after I have done so much for you."

"So much, indeed?" sneered the woman. "I believe nothing you say. Even if Karl should live he has no claim on my father's property."

"No, but he will assist you to win against the wishes of the dead, and in opposition to the interests of Grace. It is a plot, but it will not work, rest assured of that."

"If there is no will I shall win."

"But there is a will."

"Then I will see to produce it."

"It will be forthcoming in good time."

"Very good, I will see about that. Again I say that you are no longer wanted at Lone Hollow, Captain Starbright."

"I may not choose to go at your bidding. You like myself to stay here, and I like to stay here, with a smile that had in it more of venom than pleasantry."

"I will show you."

Mrs. Penroy sprang up and seized a bell-pull. She was about to ring for her servant.

"I will retire, but not from Lone Hollow," said the Captain, bowing and striding from the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WINDOW HEARS A REVELATION.

Mrs. Penroy hesitated a moment before ringing, until the Captain had made good his escape from the house, then she rang, and to the servant who answered she called for Grace.

The latter was in her room preparing to retire. For some reason she had not heard the pistol shot, and was utterly oblivious of the dangers that had menaced Lura Joyce after her departure from Lone Hollow.

Grace at once started to her feet.

"So you can answer when I call," uttered the woman, in a tone most unpleasant.

"Always do, mother."

"'Do you' with a sneer. 'Real dutiful all at once, aren't you? Have you seen Captain Starbright this evening?'"

"I have not."

"Did you hear that his life had been assailed?"

"I did not."

"I heard some commotion outside, but do not believe it was any thing serious. The Captain has been carrying affairs with a high hand here of late, and I am determined to put a stop to it."

Grace recoiled at her mother in surprise.

It was through Mrs. Penroy that Captain Starbright gained a footing at Lone Hollow, and Grace had seen the two much together and believed them the best of friends.

There is little wonder, then, that she regarded the present remark with wonder.

"I supposed Captain Starbright was a welcome guest here, mother."

"Nevertheless he is not," retorted the faded widow, taking a pinch from her gold snuff-box. "I wish you would turn him the cold shoulder hereafter. He is simply a fortune-hunter of the worst type. It is my wish that you do not countenance him further."

"It has been my pleasure that I have countenanced him at all," declared Grace.

"Well, it is my wish that you should do so no more. Let us see if you can do as you say."

"I have ordered the Captain to remain away from Lone Hollow in the future. He certainly will not return if he does not have encouragement from you."

"Has he gone away voluntarily?"

"No, I ordered him to leave, I tell you."

"But I thought—"

"No matter what you thought, it's settled that the Captain is hereafter a stranger here. I will call in advisers and settle your grandfather's estate to suit myself as his only heir."

Grace was silent.

She was puzzled to know what had come over her usually docile mother, but she refused to gratify her curiosity by asking questions.

"You may go now, but remember that I forbid you having sight to do with Captain Starbright."

"Grace rose to leave the room. She had reached the door when Mrs. Penroy said:

"One word further. It is possible that you have some sneaking regard for Austin Westwood. May be mistaken in this, since I have not seen him about in some time; but let me warn you that he must remain away as well. I'll have no sneaking beaux about—they're all fortune-hunters to the last man."

Grace's cheeks reddened with indignation. Her mother had always treated her harshly, and now she felt that she was wholly unjust to treat her as though she were a little child to be reprimanded as will. Grace was like her father, honest and good, with a trusting nature that made friends, yet rendered her easily imposed on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Car of Russia wears a ring in which is embedded a piece of the true cross.

**OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY.**

What American Menace to the Coming Millennium?

Not long ago I read in that hypothetical English journal, the Spectator, a gift as the writer said, of doubtful value, and maize to the food of man, but the Spectator doubted whether the course of European history had in reality been much improved by the happy stumbling, as he called it, of the fifteenth century navigators upon two great continents. That is thoroughly English, you know.

These two vast continents, with their boundless prairies and pampas, with their extended lakes, their navigable and hemisphere-embracing rivers, mountains filled with iron, coal, silver, gold and marble; lying undisturbed in primeval quiet and unproductiveness, furnishing a hunting ground for the roving and untutored aborigines, have been subdued by man and dedicated to industry, to agriculture, commerce, manufacturing, mining, arts, science, free institutions and Christian civilization, and are turning out millions and millions for the benefit of the world.

But that is a mere material and physical contribution. In the Old World men were fettered and oppressed by human ambitions, dynastic superstitions, inflexible disdain of human rights, degrading and blasphemous assumption that whoever governs you his religion shall be yours, while padlocks were placed on immortal minds and aspirations were cruelly repressed. In America our forefathers had a *tabula rasa* on which to write laws and institutions more in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament and with the inalienable rights of man. This country in large degree has been rid of the exhausting machinery of military conquest, of oligarchy, aristocracy, priestcraft and privilege. We have liberty of press, liberty of speech, liberation of marriage from the exclusive control of the priesthood, and liberty of education. American ideas are pervading, uplifting and regenerating the effete institutions of the Old World. Principles dimly discerned by seers have been practically applied. Much of the progress in civil and political affairs in Europe during the last one hundred years has had its genesis and inspiration in the great ideas embodied in American institutions. The overthrow of the crushing and dehumanizing despotism of class distinction has come from the stimulus of American example, and old abuses and tyrannies have succumbed before our successful experiments of popular government.

The discovery of America has given to us the mastery of the ocean. The victory has been accomplished slowly. Step by step, timidly hugging the shore, venturing fearfully across channels and narrow seas, navigation has advanced. The obstacles have been numerous, and efforts were often baffled. In olden times *no plus ultra* was inscribed on the pillars of Hercules by four or avarice or superstition. Samson, in blind strength, seized the pillars of the temple, and he and the temple were crushed. The daring navigator whom we commemorate by this celebration uprooted the pillars of Hercules, with sublime faith he crossed across the untraveled Atlantic, planted on these western shores; and Spain, catching the inspiration of the grand deed, inscribed on her banner in the spirit of our American Excelsior, the nobler device, *plus ultra* beyond and still beyond.—Hon. J. L. M. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, in an address at the banquet of the Board of Promotion for the Celebration of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America, held in Washington, D. C.

**HUNTING FOR HEADS.**

A Vicious Habit Prevailing Among New Guinea Savages.

The bad habit some savages have of cutting off the heads of any strangers who fall in their way simply because heads are required to adorn their sacred houses or to serve in the dedicatory exercises of their war canoes, has tragically ended the careers of a number of white men within the past year. The latest news from New Guinea is that Mr. Armstrong, an Englishman, was recently lured to one of the coast islands, where he was decapitated and his head sent to the coast chiefs as proof that the islanders were attending to business. About a year ago a brave in one of the wild tribes on the Indian frontier was not permitted to wed the maiden of his choice, because he had not acquired a sufficient number of heads to demonstrate his prowess. It was agreed that when he could show two more heads he might have the girl, and so he sallied forth to win reputation and a bride. It happened that the first strangers the brave and his party encountered were Lieutenant Stewart of the British army and his small escort, who were led into an ambush and slaughtered, and their heads taken back in triumph to the village. This was the cap sheaf of a series of head-hunting outrages, and the brave had not long enjoyed his honeymoon before an Indian expedition fell upon the tribe and gave it some new views on the ethics of head-hunting. This favorite pastime has flourished greatly at Borneo, but it is now in a bad way in the British part of that island, where the penalty of death is visited upon every head-hunter who is unlucky enough to be caught. A while ago the British authorities, in settling a dispute between two tribes, found that one village persisted in head-hunting because the other fellows had three heads the advantage of them. The accounts were balanced by a small supply of trade goods, and the rival head-hunters promised thereafter to live in amity.—Boston Herald.

**PUBLIC LIGHTING.**

Growth of the Business of Illuminating Streets and Squares.

The growth of the business of lighting public streets and squares may properly be classed as one of the wonders of modern times. The first feeble attempts to light the highways were made at Eldersa and Antioch in the fifth century. Laws being passed to oblige persons to place lights in their windows. Similar laws were not passed in England until the sixteenth century. In 1662 a body of torch boys was organized in London, who for a small fee accompanied pedestrians. Five years later, at Paris, chains were hung across the streets and lanterns suspended from them. Early in the present century the streets of London were lighted by insignificant oil lamps, but they were still so dark that thieves flourished and robberies were common at night.

The great advance in the matter of lighting public streets has been made within the last half century. Of the three substances almost exclusively used at present, viz: petroleum, gas and electricity, in point of absolute economy, the first named outranks the other two. Refined petroleum, at present low prices, and burned in vastly improved lamps, has added much to the social and intellectual enjoyment of mankind. It has found its way around the world, so that in the solitudes of Eastern deserts or among the jungles of Africa the traveler discovers its use for light.

There were a few years after the whales became scarce in the Arctic Ocean, and oil from that source high in consequence, and prior to the advent of refined kerosene, that the gas companies had the lighting field largely to themselves. Content with the large profits from the business that was forced to rely on them, very little progress was made either in improving the manufacture or cheapening the price to consumers.—Detroit Free Press.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

—In 1880 the value of the country was \$2,000,000 worth of wire in their hoop skirts.

—A silver pipe, on which is the inscription: "Presented by Major General Harrison, U. S. A., on behalf of the United States, to the Shawanonee tribe of Indians, 1814," has been presented to President Harrison by a gentleman who secured the relic in the Indian Territory.

—A farmer in East Corinth, Maine, wouldn't give a copper for a bounty on crows. He is able to take care of his own property. When he gets his corn planted he carries out two crows, each holding a rooster, and sets them on the two ends of his field. As soon as it begins to grow light the roosters begin to challenge each other and their music scares all the crows away.

—Here is a remedy for cramp, suggested by Dr. R. W. St. Clair, of London: Let the patient provide himself with a good, strong cord and keep it always by him. When the spasm comes on let him wind this cord around the affected part, take an end in each hand and give them a good sharp pull. It will hurt you a little—it is useless if it does not—but the cramp will vanish at once.

—A mechanical scarecrow has been invented which represents a man standing with gun in hand, ready to fire at the first intruder. The arm that is holding the gun is made to move by clockwork, which is inclosed in a strong iron box at his feet, and at a proper elevation it fires a shot louder than an ordinary gun. After the report the arm lowers. The mechanism can be regulated at the owner's pleasure by a regulator like a clock, and only requires to be wound up once a day.

—A man at Allegheny recently saved a slit two inches wide and five feet long in his parlor floor, rigged an iron grating so that it would shoot up through the slit on a spring being touched, and then invited Alice Bliss, a medium from Boston, to give a seance at his house. When he supposed the spirit of "Little Daisy" had crossed the line, he touched the spring. But it turned out that the spirit was only half way across and she received a tremendous thump.



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