

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

CHARLEY MULGRIDGE'S FIDDLE.

When I was a boy, oh! ages ago, And back with the boys that I used to know...

It's crippled owner could ever entrance The gathered hosts at a country dance...

No wedding in all the country-side, But it was there to salute the bride...

Oh! marvelous strains have I heard since then, And magic music by wizard-like men...

For at those times when the music swelled I closed my eyes and again beheld...

And I look with eyes that know naught of tears Back through the curtain of gathered years...

And I speak again as saluting a wreath, The greeting of time, and I keep the faith...

With Charley Mulgridge's fiddle, - Carl Smith, in Harper's Weekly.



TWO years ago, while spending a couple of months in the mountains...

One evening, as we sat before the huge fireplace, after supper, Jim's wife said something to her husband...

"What is that?" I asked. "Have you ever been buried, Jim? Tell me about it."

"Yes, tell him," urged his wife, and thus adjured, Jim consented.

"It was ten years ago," he began. "I was sixteen at the time—a mere boy, and with all a boy's love for hunting..."

stopped short, and, lifting his head, looked all around in such a suspicious manner that I was afraid he would take fright and run away...

"My gun was already cocked, and, raising it very carefully, I rested it on the top of the log, and took careful aim...

"Maybe you think I wasn't tickled at the result of my shot. I uttered a shout of delight, and, leaping to my feet, ran to where the buck lay..."

"This I at once proceeded to do. I was far from being an expert at this kind of business, but I managed after about three hours' hard work to get the buck skinned..."

"I ran till I was tired out, and then sank down on the ground and gasped for breath. I was terribly put out over the affair. Here I had succeeded in killing a fine fat buck only to have him eaten by a couple of mountain lions..."

"I was in a terrible stew; I did not know what to do. I could let the lions have my deer—though I hated to do enough—but I could not return home without my gun, which was at that very moment lying on the ground not five feet from where the two lions were devouring my buck..."

"Well, not having the gun," continued Jim, "I could not return with the intention of shooting the lions, but I made up my mind to return just the same..."

"Well, I waited fully two hours, and then, slowly and carefully, for I didn't know but I might run on to the lions, I made my way back to the scene of my triumph and my discomfiture..."

"I was worse scared, if possible, than I had been the first time, but I had sense enough to not try to run away, as I had done before. Not having the fat carcass of the buck to keep them back this time, they would, I was sure, follow me, and they could easily outstrip me in a race, gorged though they were, after eating the deer..."

I was standing on my head or my heels. Almost unconsciously, however, I kept trying to edge away from the lions, and they kept right along with me. It was evident that they did not want to attack me then, but it was equally evident that they did not want to let me escape...

"As the only thing I could do, I kept walking backwards, a step at a time, and the lions kept right after me. It was impossible for me to get away from the lions, and had not something happened to bring the affair to a close, I suppose I would eventually have furnished a meal for the ugly brutes..."

"In walking backward I of course kept my eyes on the lions, and suddenly, as I took a step backward, I caught my heel on a root and fell flat on my back on the ground! In an instant the lions leaped forward, and one of them placed one paw on my breast, emitting a low growl as it did so. I gave myself up for lost, and closed my eyes..."



me; and so I laid as quiet as I could, hardly daring to breathe. "The lions smelled and sniffed around my body for quite awhile—an hour, it seemed to me—and then, having decided, apparently, that I was really dead, they began scraping leaves and dirt, and after considerable work, covered me over from head to foot!"

"That was quite an adventure," I said, "and rather a strange burial. I suppose the lions intended returning later on and making a meal of your body?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Jim, "and I have often wished," he continued, "that I could have been where I could have found them when they returned and found me gone. It would have been interesting to have witnessed their actions."

"Did you never try to kill them afterward?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "we made deadfalls, set spring guns, and tried in every way to get them, but they were too sharp for us. We never got them, and, for aught I know to the contrary, those two lions may be alive to-day."—S. A. D. Cox, in Yankee Blade.

NAMING A MOUNTAIN. A Suitable and Suggestive Name for a Princely Peak. An English tourist in British Columbia said that his unsophisticated and conventional mind was captivated by the freedom and heartiness of the dwellers in that country...

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

New Frauds Are Detected and Also Aided by It.

The writer has often been asked whether photography can lie. The fact that it now plays an important part in life renders the question rather a serious one, and one that I am certain many would like to have answered.

Photography assists the forger in so closely imitating bank notes as to deceive the most experienced; but it also assists the scientists to detect these forgeries, and in some cases, has aided justice to discover the offender.

An amusing case appeared some time ago in one of the law courts. It was a dispute between two persons about a wall. The plaintiff complained that the defendant's wall obstructed the light, to which he had a right.

A wide angle lens is one that includes a lot of views in a picture, and, as the angle is a long way different to that of the human eye, the picture in no way gives a correct representation of the scene.

Readers should beware of house agent's photographs of the houses and property they have for disposal. They are nearly all taken with a wide angle lens. With such an instrument it is possible to make a small London back garden resemble a large, open park.

By photographing three persons arranged between two mirrors placed in a position thus V, a photograph will be produced of thousands and thousands of persons crowded close together.

Spirit photography is another form of deception. Photographs are made of a sitter with a figure leaning over him. The figure retires when the exposure is half over, and thus has a misty, weird appearance in the picture.

Evaporation of the Dead Sea. The curious statement is published in the organ of the Palestine exploration fund, on the authority of Dr. Lortier, that the Dead Sea loses every day by evaporation several million tons of water.

Of No Use to Him. "The advantage in buying a knife of this kind," said the salesman persuasively, "is that it has a good file blade."

HARD MEDICINES.

Jewels As Cures for Various Diseases—Costly Remedies and Preventives.

Although popularly supposed to be itself a deadly poison, the diamond has from remote ages been credited with the power of protecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times.

The turquoise, although not credited with either remedial or protective properties, so far as disease was concerned, was nevertheless regarded as a kind of sympathetic indicator, the intensity of its color being supposed to fluctuate with the health of the wearer.

On the other hand the onyx—so named on account of its resemblance to the color of the finger-nails—could scarcely have been a nice stone to wear; for, according to medieval superstition it rendered one particularly susceptible to annoyance from nightmares and demons.

Temperance advocates, if they have any regard for the belief of the Greeks and Romans, might seriously consider the advisability of distributing amulets among drunkards, for it was supposed that these stones prevented intoxication.

Perhaps the most wonderful properties, however, were ascribed to the chimerical stones which many creatures were supposed to carry in their heads. Most of our readers have, no doubt, heard of the precious jewel which the toad carries in his brain-box, and so-called toad-stones, which were formerly worn in finger rings as a protection against poison.

The eagle-stone was considered an excellent thing to wear during pregnancy, and the swallow carried in its stomach stones of great medicinal value.

The head of a cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all, could it only have had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to possess this precious stone would have all his wishes granted.

To girls with slender allowances any sudden emergency in dress occurring just when they have supplied themselves with a stock of garments for the coming season is often extremely embarrassing, and I wonder that no one starts a provident dress society, to which members would subscribe a small sum annually, and which would make grants out of its funds on such occasions as having to go into mourning; to go unexpectedly into a climate requiring quite different sort of clothing; to act as bridemaid, and in some cases of marriage, when the relations are unable to provide any outfit, also in the event of a member being suddenly called to enter upon any new position requiring an immediate outlay in dress.

First Tramp—What's th' matter wid Mike? He looks as if life wasn't wort' livin'.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Getting in a pickle is not apt to make a man look well preserved.—Yonkers Statesman.

The trouble with a man's covering up his tracks is that he makes new ones in doing it.—Housekeeper's Weekly.

—Wee Miss—"Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball?" Mamma—"You are too little."

—Social Tragedy.—"Is it true that Chollic lost all his clothes in a hotel fire?" "It is. When Chollic was fired they kept his trunk."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Cleverly Parried Thrust.—Miss Cope—"They tell me that engagement rings with figures are now fashionable."

—In Chicago.—Accepted Suitor—"And for a wedding trip we will go to Niagara." His affianced—O, no, not Niagara. I'm tired of that place. I've gone there every time I have been married."

—Miss Dreamer—"When you stood on the brink of Niagara and looked into the seething, surging, unwhomable depths below did you not feel that you would like to jump in?" Mr. Tourist—"No, I hadn't received my hotel bill then."

—Mrs. Spleeney—"They say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. What would you doctors do were it not for sickness?" Dr. Bolins—"Ah, there you make a great mistake, Mrs. Spleeney. It is the people who think themselves sick who enrich the doctors."

FANCIES IN JEWELRY. Novel Designs That Are Pretty and Peculiar. Shell-shaped clasps are preferred for garters. Reversed coils make another pretty design. Perforated clasps in silver gilt are another preferred design.

Some pretty designs are shown in lacelaces. One was a waving line of diamonds knotted in the center.

Side brackets for candles of faience, with decorations of flowers and modeled figures, are intended for boudoirs and rooms in the styles of the favorite French figures.

Silver clasps with chain and ring are intended to hold up the long gowns now worn.

Fakir—Don't yer want to pry some things? Dude—No, I've got everything I need.