

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

ANTIQUITY OF THE PUMP.

Man in All Ages Has Employed Ingenious Devices for Raising Water.

The development of the modern steam pumping-engine forms one of the most important features of progress in the field of mechanics.

Machines for raising water may be said to be as old as civilization itself, and their invention extends so far beyond written history that no one can say when the art of lifting and distributing water began.

The oldest civilization of the orient, noted not only for her magnificence and power, but for her knowledge, wisdom and engineering skill, understood and made practical use of such important hydraulic devices as the syphon and the siphon, the latter being a remarkable invention and the real parent of the modern pump.

A representative piece of mechanism occurs frequently on the sculptures of early Egypt. It has the appearance of, and is generally believed to be, that of a portable pump.

The same may be said regarding the chain-pump in China, an invention the origin of which antedates the Christian era.

The application of steam to raising water is of uncertain origin. Long before the Christian era certain applications of fire to vessels containing water, by which effects were produced calculated to astonish ignorant workmen.

SOME PECULIAR PETS.

Members of the Despised Rat Family and Their Ways.

This is not popular with pet-lovers in 1893; but persons who have ever seen a rat, and who have ever seen a rat, will not be surprised to find that the rat is one of the most interesting and curious of animals.

The white rat is often kept by boys, more, however, as a curiosity than as a pet, and always under protest from their mothers.

A winsome pet is the common brown mouse, and now I fancy I hear the most vigorous protests from my readers who, though they do not shriek and take refuge on chairs and tables like Howell's feminine characters, still have a strong feeling of distaste to him.

All these little creatures should be tamed and attached to people by their affections, and not kept as prisoners in a cage.

O! MOTHER.

"O! mother, I want my bonnet tied!" "My hat has lost a string!" "Must I be Bobby Barnes' horse?"

"O! mother, Mamma's comb is in, With Moll, and Bess, and Fred; Can we have cream and cake to-night, And send the boys to bed?"

"O! mother, send those children out, They make such fearful din! I've got my sermon well rehearsed, As far as 'What is Sin'?"

"O! mother, mother, should you cease One little hour the care That day by day, year after year, For this dear head you bear, It seems the wheels of life must stop, Rich mother love! It springs, A free, sweet fountain, and it leads The commonest duty wings."



CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"But you will let me know what it all means, Norrie? It is so hard to credit John's being a brute to you, when your leaving him as you did has just knocked all the go and the grit out of him."

"Does the leg hurt very much? Let me wet the bandages." "I had forgotten all about the pesky thing. It is you who hurt very much."

"Oh, Lord, if people only wouldn't be so mysterious! There is some mistake at the bottom of all this misery, and that's what I said to Lorrer when Rafe and I left home. I said: 'Lorrer, everybody goes to the city when they get miserable and want to hide. Sib Fairbanks went there, Dennis went there, and John's wife has gone there.' I said: 'Lorrer, you needn't blurt it all out to Rafe, but when we get to New Orleans Rafe can hunt Dennis up, and I'll ferret out John's wife. When I find her, I'll kill her but what I'll get to the bottom of this nonsense!'"

"And now here you are—" "Where is Rafe? Why is he not here with you?" Nurse Hamilton asked, in a dry, harsh voice.

"He got off yesterday with Dennis. I missed the boat, you know. I meant to have gone, too."

"And who is Dennis?" "Who is Dennis? Didn't John ever tell you about Dennis and Ida Fairbanks? That's another Lorrer mess."

"The portfolio slid from Nurse Hamilton's lap upon the polished bare floor and lay there unheeded. Dick was in a private apartment. There were no other patients to see the gentle, white-rapped ministrant kneeling beside his narrow iron cot, clasp his hands in both of hers, and, with her soft eyes glued ravenously to his face, whisper, in a voice over which she had lost all control:

"No, I never so much as knew there was a Dennis Lorrer. Dear, dear boy, tell me about Dennis and Ida Fairbanks."

"Then Dick told her—somehow fantastically, perhaps, for he was young, and the romance of it grew with the telling—all that he knew of Dennis' unfortunate wooing of the Glenburnie maiden.

"And, you see, of all us boys," he added, "John is the only one who would ever consent to be a go-between. It looked like playing a trick on mother. But Dennis and John were always particular cronies, and the last time he came up he coaxed John over, and John soaxed her over. She went with John one night to see Dennis at old Isham's house. They patched it up some way between them. Then when mother got ill, she began to worry so over Dennis that Rafe and I started out in search of a brother, and found him. But you were the long-lost sister I was hunting for. I got disheartened, though, and agreed to go home with the boys."

"Dick, oh, Dick, I have been such an awful fool! John will never forgive me—never! He ought not to."

"John's wife was sobbing, there on her knees by the boy's bedside. He laid his hand caressingly on her bowed head.

"Won't you please tell me all about it, sister Nora? I know I'm nothing but a lubberly boy, but we Lorrer boys don't go back on our womenkind for a trifle. I told the boys Norrie was all right. Thank God, you have not made me take a word of it back. Won't you let me send word to John, Norrie? Just telegraph him the one word: 'Come.'"

"Not yet. Wait. Go to sleep now, dear. I must think alone."

"She stood up, kissed him tenderly on the forehead, and then stole quietly away to her own room.

"The day was nearly gone when she came back to him. Her face, thinner and whiter by many degrees, Dick thought, than when John had first brought her to White Cliffs, wore a look of such absolute serenity that it had gained an angelic touch of beauty.

She did not answer him. She was reading the note. Feminine instinct made her look at the signature first.

"Sibbie Fairbanks!" She started, and with a wildly beating heart read on. What she read was this:

"MY DEAR MR. LORRER: I have just heard by the merest chance (your surgeon being a personal friend of mine) of your inconvenient accident. He tells me that there is not a shadow of danger attendant upon it. I should have called in person to inquire, but am making haste to get home."

"Sibbie Fairbanks. Poor Amelia's first husband! The man who had deserted her so heartlessly. She had never seen him. Mellie married him while she, Nora, was teaching in a school in Arkansas. But Mellie's child would know its father at last. Would it be for Ninette's happiness?"

She folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Dick had opened it impulsively by running his forefinger under the flap. The unbroken wax impression of a martlet confronted her.

She stared at it with horror in her eyes and a confused buzzing in her ears. Was that, then, the solution to the Norcross tragedy? Had this brute, after flinging her poor Mellie aside like a flower that had lost its fragrance, come back in a jealous frenzy and utterly extinguished the life he had married so cruelly? If God reigned, there must be justice among men. Not revenge; simply justice!

She put the letter back on Dick's bed, minus the envelope. She sat mechanically through the half hour which she declared nervously was all she could spare him that night.

"There was work for her to do, and the wraith of her murdered Mellie reproached her for not being about it. She reproached herself for her bewildered indecision. She stood under the gas-jet in her own room a long time after she had completed her preparations for retiring. It was after she had risen from her knees that she said aloud, as if in answer to a protest: 'Patience, my dear. It will take him three days to reach his destination.'"

"By comparison with electricity steam is a slow-plodding beast. I can head him off, after consultation with a lawyer, my dear."

She said it aloud, as if she would reassure the unresting spirit that was



forever goading her to fresh endeavor in the direction of solving the Norcross mystery.

If ever she felt tempted to give over the hopeless task of unearthing her sister's slayer there would come back to her, with reproach in its shadowy eyes, a vision of Amelia, not as she had seen her in the Norcross mansion, ablaze with jewels and flashing in yellow satin, but Amelia in her peculiarly helpless, clinging childhood; Amelia in her pure, happy girlhood; Amelia in her winning, unsmiling, budding womanhood; the Amelia whom she had loved and protected before that rash marriage with Sibbie Fairbanks, which had been dissolved, as rashly, at the close of three years.

Of that Amelia, and of none other, would she permit herself to think. It was that Amelia who was still appealing to her for help. She raised her arms despairingly.

In all this wide world, full of clear heads, strong arms and tender hearts, there was none to care, not one to help her throw the light of truth upon that dark, dark spot in her memory. Perhaps it had been reserved for Dick to help her. Perhaps the clew had been put into his hands for her guidance.

No one could have had any motive for that dastardly deed but Sibbie Fairbanks. Amelia—the beautiful, willful Amelia—had not made him a good wife. She had heard only Mellie's partial statement; but it had been enough.

Sibbie Fairbanks had the motive of jealous revenge to steel his arm; and—there was the witness of the seal of the Fairbanks family.

"I will do it, my dear. I will follow this clew to its bitter end. Perhaps then you will rest, and so will I."

Yes, steam is a slow plodding beast, especially when every nerve in one's body is quivering with impatience.

Sibbie Fairbanks, steaming slowly up the river in answer to Ida's telegram, was in just such a feverish state of unrest, until, eagerly running across the daisy-strewn path that was thronged with his convenience at his own landing, he saw two carriages waiting under the spreading sycamore trees. One was a hackney coach occupied by two white men.

horses of the other. His withered black face had beamed a homely welcome to "his boy Sibbie" long before the gangway had been adjusted. Sibbie had waved his hat cordially in return. It was towards Cato's vehicle that he was hurrying, when a sober face and a massive form were interposed between it and him:

"I am sorry, Mr. Fairbanks, but—you are my prisoner."

He recalled a step and looked the man amazedly in the face.

"Your prisoner?" "The man extended a folded piece of paper. He declined touching it. 'Who are you?' 'Martin Hastings, sheriff of Dalton.' 'But are you not making a mistake, Mr. Sheriff?' 'Not unless the mistake lies in thinking that you are the Sibbie Fairbanks herein described.'"

Again he offered the warrant for perusal. This time Sibbie took it and read it, standing there under the old sycamore trees that stretched their gnarly branches protectively over him, with Cato watching the whole strange scene in throbbing anxiety.

Fairbanks grew ghastly white as he read. The paper trembled in his grasp. When he handed it back it fell between him and Sheriff Hastings. He took out his white silk handkerchief and wiped the great beads from his forehead. He was afraid to trust himself to words.

"Does that mean," he asked, huskily, "that I must go with you—go back to New Orleans?" "It does."

"Do you know what brought me here?" "You are here to attend your father's funeral. We have thought of that, and are disposed to make it as easy on you as possible. My companion here—my deputy—is entirely unknown in this neighborhood. With your permission he will drive to Glenburnie in the same carriage with you. I would advise you to go quietly. He can pass as a friend who came up with you, you know."

"I suppose you mean to be kind, so I ought to thank you. I do," said Sibbie, with mechanical courtesy.

"No call for gratitude; only, you see, there's no use your kicking against the pricks, and there's no use our making it any rougher on you than need be."

"What is my friend's name?" asked Fairbanks, smiling somewhat grimly, as the sheriff beckoned to his com-

panion, a slight, boyish, beardless young man.

"Moore, as gentle as a girl, as long as you walk straight, but Old Nick him self couldn't get away from him." He had caught and misread the wintry smile on Fairbanks' lips.

"I have no desire to try his patience in that direction," said his prisoner, walking haughtily away in the direction of his own carriage. At its steps he paused and courteously turned to the officer of the law, with a regal air: "Before me, Mr. Moore."

Moore entered the vehicle. Sibbie stepped in after him. Old Cato clambered to his perch on the high old-fashioned box, and touched up his horses briskly. It was a grim homo-going! What fiction should he invent to account to Ida, the most fastidiously reserved of women, for bringing a strange man home with him to his father's funeral? She would think him a brute.

He was not good at lies. He was sick of shams, and of trying to parry fate's spiteful thrusts. Should he say to her, with blunt truthfulness, that this beardless boy, from whose cassimere trousers-pockets a pair of ugly hand-cuffs were permitted to protrude, was his keeper—that he was a prisoner of the law, wanted for the murder of his wife, the little Ninette's mother? He could fancy his high-bred Ida's horror and disgust.

It would not be an easy thing to do. It grew harder even in the bare contemplation of it, as each revolution of the wheels brought him closer to the home whose shelter he had spurned in his hot boyish resentment ten years ago. It grew to the proportions of a ghastly impossibility, as the crunching of the wheels on the gravelled drive brought to the open front door of Glenburnie a touchingly helpless group.

Ida, as tall and stately as some pure white Easter lily, Ninette, his own little daughter, all aduster with flaunting ribbons and crisp embroideries, clinging to Ida's black draperies, and old Dido, the old mammy who had rocked him to sleep in her withered arms so many, many times in the long ago.

They were waiting for him, watching for him—glad of his home-coming, eager for his home-staying.

He groaned aloud, and dropped his head upon his breast.

"Is that all there is of them?" Moore asked, looking out at the small feminine group.

"That is all." "No men folks but you?" "None."

"It's hard lines, no mistake. I wish it wasn't me that had to take you away from them again to-morrow. Hanged if I ever had a rougher job put on me." "It is creditable to you to feel so. I am obliged to you."

"Oh, as for that, it's natural to suppose that anybody in my line of business is a brute; but if you can think of any way in which I can soften this consistently with my duty, command me." "I cannot think at all," said Sibbie, leaning back among the moth-eaten cushions of the old family coach, with a groan of helpless wretchedness.

"I have it!" said Moore, briskly. "I am a men prospector for land. You kindly gave me a lift this far. Your man puts you out at the front door and drives away with me. He can hide me somewhere. The day after the—after the—"

"The funeral is set for to-morrow," said Sibbie, steadily. "The boat that brought us up returns from Vicksburg to-morrow night. I will be there."

"I will trust you. I never felt surer of a man since I went into the business."

"Thank you." "They were at the front door. Cato drove up with a jerk. Sibbie let himself out, and, giving Cato an order in a low tone, turned slowly and hesitatingly towards the little group in the doorway.

Moore's device had given him a respite only—a very short one at that. Ida's arms were about him. Her wet cheek lay against his. Dido's sobs were ringing in his ears. Ninette was standing shyly aloof, looking on with grave wonder at this dismal scene of welcome.

"Auntie!" she spoke presently, sharp, rebuking words, "you said my papa was coming to make us all glad and happy. He has come, and you and mammy Dido do nothing but cry and wipe your eyes on your handkerchiefs. Is that my papa?"

Sibbie put Ida away from him and turned towards the small faultfinder. He held out his hands.

"Is that my Ninette? Do you not remember me, child? Have you not the faintest recollection of me? No love at all to give me?"

At each yearning question Ninette shook her small golden head in grave-eyed negation. Then, in rapid crescendo—

"I remember my Norrie! I remember Uncle John, and Dick, and Rafe, and—and Celeste. But you—never! Auntie Ida said my papa was the most beautiful man in the world. She showed me his picture, and made me kiss it every day, and taught me to pray 'God bless my papa' every night. But you don't look one bit like my papa's picture; not one tiny little speck!"

He drew back his suppliant hands. "Let her go," he said, as Dido whispered a reproach in her pink ear. "Let her continue to worship the unreal father you have all made her acquainted with. Where does our father lie, Ida?"

POINTS ABOUT MONEY.

The grand total number of coins—gold, silver, copper and bronze—now in circulation throughout the United Kingdom is more than 900,000,000, which would mean three for every inhabitant of Europe.

The Hebrews had no coins of their own until the days of the Maccabees, who issued shekels and half shekels, with the inscriptions: "Jerusalem, the Holy," "Simon, Prince of Israel." These bear no images.

The earliest American coinage was made for the Virginia company at the Bermudas. The coins were of brass, with a "hogge on one side, in memory of the abundance of hogges that were found on the islands at their first landing."

Our silver half-dollar is one-half the weight of the silver 5-franc piece of France, Belgium and Switzerland, of the 5-lire coin of Italy, of the 5-peseta of Spain, of the 5-drachma of Greece, and exactly the same as the florin of Austria.

During the thirteenth century the Chinese emperors made money from the inner bark of the mulberry tree, cutting it into round pieces and stamping it. To counterfeit or to refuse to accept it as a legal tender was punishable by death.

Very large amounts of private gold coins were formerly minted in this country by individuals. Reid, of Georgia, the Bechtlers, of North Carolina, the Mormons in Utah and several banking firms in California, all once did a large business in this line.

Queen Elizabeth raised the standard of English money to a point higher than was ever before known, but at the same time made a separate coinage, containing half the usual amount of precious metal, for special use in Ireland. "It's good enough for the Irish," was her remark when a remonstrance was made.

PITH AND POINT.

OLDMAN—"Did your son get through college?" Patedegas—"No, only as far as a substitute half-back."—"Fuek. 'The question which confronts us,' howled the orator, 'is how to confront the question.'—Cleveland Plaindealer.

MANY people would rather turn somebody else down than to go to work and turn something up.—Galveston News.

"Well, Topsy, and what do you do on the plantation?" Topsy—"Well, miss, I mostly breaks de dishes and gits licked to tellin' lies."—Brooklyn Life.

"CAN you tell me in what year the town of Pompeii was burnt?" "I don't remember the precise date, sir, but it must have been on an Ash Wednesday."—Le Littoral.

"He may not be altogether original, but he imparts to everything a something of his own." "Yes, he will take up a fellow's bon mot and make a chestnut of it."—Judge.

CLERK—"Night I ask what you intend to do with these five hundred young men you are advertising for?" Shoe Dealer—"I am going to give one away with each pair of women's shoes to keep them tied."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

REFLEX, or overlapping frills somewhat deeper than ruffles, are taking the place of the balloon puffs which for some months past have formed the upper part of the fashionable sleeve.

DELICATELY-FIGURED bengaline silks in a great variety of beautiful colors are very popular. They come with un-patterned material to match and are used for church, visiting or reception costumes.

A FINEST costume of the now fashionable butcher's blue linen has the bell skirt untrimmed and a Princess. May coat faced with black moire and made with very wide revers. With this is a serpentine blouse of black China silk dotted with blue.

AMONG the dresses being imported for early fall wear are those that have the skirts flounced to the hips or waist. On some of these costumes are eighteen, or even twenty, flounces, and the sleeves are a mass of tiny frills from the waist to the shoulder.

I Lost My Hearing

As a result of catarrh in the head and was deaf for over a year. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a very remarkable case. H. Berman Hicks, 20 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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