

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The Khedive of Egypt recently sent a present to Pope Leo XIII, in the shape of a mummy, dating back to two thousand years before the Christian era.

A movement is on foot in North Carolina, prompted by the tobacco dealers, to erect a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh in Raleigh. Collection boxes are to be placed in stores where tobacco is sold.

A line of "observation automobiles" is to be run in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of visitors. Each vehicle carries twenty-two passengers and will be accompanied by a lecturer on points of interest at the capital. The fuel is kerosene and the motive power steam.

Dr. S. J. Trexle of Kutztown, Pa., before his death, provided that everyone who attended his funeral should have a free dinner, and over 1,000 persons availed themselves of his offer at the two leading hotels, where arrangements had been made to feed the multitude.

A New York newspaper recently celebrated its fiftieth birthday by bringing out a copy of its first issue. That number contained, among many musty and forgotten things, an article on the Nicaraguan canal route, extracts from English papers on the superiority of American yachts, and an article on the sympathy of Americans with the Cubans, oppressed by Spain. Verily, "the thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think."

An American laundry machine company has recently shipped a complete steam laundry plant to Vladivostok, eastern Siberia. It will be capable of handling four thousand pieces of linen a day, and will consist of washers, centrifugal wringers and a large mangle. This is said to be the first introduction of such an equipment into that region. If so, it is doubtless a case of "wringing out the old; wringing in the new," slightly to amend Tennyson's familiar lines.

The "Donau Zeitung," a Bavarian newspaper, gives currency to the rumor that the Kaiser has instructed the military authorities to remit all sentences passed on soldiers of the China expeditionary force. His Majesty, it is said, does not wish that the men who went voluntarily to China to fight for the Fatherland shall return home to undergo punishment. Quite a large number of soldiers of the German forces have been sentenced to more or less heavy punishment for offenses against military discipline committed in China and for excesses against the person and property of the Chinese.

When Emma Paul was called as a witness in court in Baltimore, Md., in a suit brought by her father against her mother, the astonishing facts were disclosed that, although she is aged twenty years, she did not understand the nature of an oath, had never been to a church or Sunday school, had never heard of God, or heaven, and did not know of the promise of immortality. It was discovered that the young woman had lived in Baltimore all her life, and that her home was in the heart of a densely populated section. Judge Wickes allowed her to testify, saying she was an extraordinary and unsatisfactory witness.

The street car companies of Chicago are apparently not in high favor with the Service committee of the committee on local transportation of the city council, for it has formulated a code that is likely to reduce the receipts of the railroad companies considerably. The committee at a meeting decided that if a passenger is obliged to stand up in a car and hang on to a strap he has received value for only four cents, and not five. Then the committee has suggested to the corporation counsel to enforce an ordinance relative to transfers, making it obligatory on the traction companies to furnish transfer slips to any of its intersecting lines.

An interesting operation has just been performed in the hospital attached to the University at Halle, Germany. A 6-year-old girl patient was suffering from partial paralysis and as the doctors in charge considered this could only arise from a tumor on the brain, Prof. von Bramann decided to remove it. With an electric saw he cut out a piece of the skull a little larger than a half-crown, cut through the inner skin, and discovered a tumor as large as a walnut. The professor skillfully removed this tumor, sewed up the inner skin, fitted in again the round piece of the skull he had sawn out, and sewed up the outer skin. The operation lasted an hour, and may be considered perfectly successful, as the child is quite well again and all symptoms of paralysis have disappeared.

At the request of friends and admirers of Dr. Armand Hansen, the discoverer of the bacillus of leprosy, the Norwegian sculptor Visdal made a bust of him, which was unveiled the other day, on the occasion of Hansen's sixtieth birthday. Professor Lassar delivered an address, in which he remarked that it had taken the world a quarter of a century to fully realize the import of Dr. Hansen's discovery, but that already, in consequence of it, great improvement had been effected in Norway, long one of the favorite haunts of that terrible disease.

HE TAKES POISON

Well-to-Do Bachelor Farmer Kills Himself.

HIS MIND WAS MENTALLY UNBALANCED

Found Dying Alone by a Brother Who Chanced to Visit Him—Other News of More or Less Importance to the Reader.

James Wallace, a well-to-do farmer who lived three miles south of Hastings, Neb., committed suicide by taking a dose of strychnine. Wallace was a bachelor, about forty-eight years old, and lived on his farm, which adjoined that of his brother, William.

On October 17 James Wallace disappeared and for several days no trace of him could be found, but he returned to his home on the night of the 23d as suddenly as he had disappeared. When asked where he had been he said at Onawa, Ia.

From that time on he acted strangely and at times his talk showed that he was mentally unbalanced. When William Wallace went to his brother's house he found him in a dying condition. Neighbors were called in, but he died before aid could reach him.

Coroner Irwin held an inquest and the verdict of the jury was that the deceased had come to his death by a dose of strychnine which was administered by his own hand. The deceased owned a fine, well-improved farm, had a large bank account and had nearly one hundred dollars on his person. Besides the brother in this country he has a sister at Galveston, Tex.

WARD DECLARED GUILTY

Life Imprisonment for the Murder of the Shephard Boy.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against W. H. Ward of Pluma, S. D., and he was sentenced to life imprisonment at Sioux Falls at hard labor.

This has been one of the most interesting murder cases ever tried in the Black Hills. Ward killed Lee Shephard and buried the body in his potato garden near the house. The body was found and all the evidence was against Ward from the start. It is believed that the motive of killing the Shephard boy was to get him out of the way so he would not influence his brother Harry adopted by Ward, to leave the old man.

Ward is also suspected of killing Kirk Shephard, he disappearing at about the same time. Ward takes his sentence coolly.

A RIVAL OF PALMA

New Cuban Presidential Aspirant in the Person of General Maso.

An Havana, October 31 dispatch says General Bartolome Maso surprised Senator Thomas Estrada Pina and the latter's supporters by coming out with a manifesto declaring himself a candidate for the presidency of Cuba. He makes a strong bid for the autonomist, Spanish and negro vote. After declaring that he has been induced to enter the field of presidential candidature in order to preserve the nationalism and patriotism of the country, he says it is necessary to associate with the new republic the autonomist party, "whose knowledge of the needs of the country is undeniable and whose work for Cuba's welfare under Spanish rule was such as to establish its leaders as men of sound judgment."

Still Hopes to Lift the Cup.

Immediately after his arrival in London, Sir Thomas Lipton drove out to his suburban residence, Osidge, at Southgate. An assemblage of friends and neighbors met him about two miles from the house with a band, unharassed the horses and drew the carriage home. Responding to an address of welcome on behalf of the village of Southgate, he said he had hoped to drink from the cup in Southgate, but it had stuck in spite of a jerk he had given it.

"I mean to lift it yet," he said, in conclusion.

Denies the Whole Story.

A Crawfordsville, Ind., dispatch says: Prof. W. O. Emery, who retired from the chair of chemistry in the Wabash college, which he held for several years, has issued a statement denying the charges that he had given to a rival corporation information concerning the secret mixing process of a match company. O. M. Gregg, superintendent of one of the companies, is a trustee of Wabash college.

Small Wreck on the U. P.

A special from Rock Springs, Wyo., says the westbound Union Pacific passenger train No. 3 was wrecked at that place by running into an open switch. All the passengers were badly shaken up, and W. W. Alexander of Chicago was painfully injured.

France in Earnest.

The officials of the French foreign office confirm the report that a division of the French Mediterranean fleet, composed of three battleships and two cruisers, under the command of Admiral Caillaud, has proceeded from Toulon to the Levant to make a naval demonstration against Turkey. The fleet will go to the extreme limit.

Rev. Frank Crane, who resigned the pastorate of the Hyde Park, Chicago, M. E. church, has accepted the call to the People's church.

STEAMER LINES TO ASSIST.

Will Help Enforce United States Immigration Laws.

Commissioner General Powderly of the immigration bureau has entered into an agreement with the principal steamship and railroad lines of Canada for the regulation of immigration to the United States through Canada. This agreement, which takes the place of the former arrangement, which expired three days ago, is regarded as much more favorable to the United States than the last one, and will be more effective in keeping out the prohibited classes of immigrants. It provides that aliens arriving in Canada destined to the United States shall be inspected at Halifax, N. S., Quebec, Point Levis, Vancouver, St. John's, N. B., and Victoria, B. C., by United States commissioners, who shall issue certificates to such as are entitled to enter this country, and the holders of these certificates shall be entitled to enter the United States at any of the above named places without further examination. The examinations at these points shall be similar to those conducted at the ports of the United States. All aliens adjudged inadmissible shall be returned to the countries from which they come by the lines bringing them over.

The various Canadian steamship lines agree to return from ports of the United States such aliens as become public charges within one year after landing, the same as is now done by lines running to United States ports direct.

It is agreed also that the immigration laws and regulations of the United States shall apply to the inspection of aliens coming through Canada destined to the United States. The agreement which goes into effect immediately may be cancelled by either party on giving sixty days' notice.

THINK MISS STONE DEAD

Unequal to the Rigors of the Cold Weather.

The positive conviction that Miss Ellen M. Stone is dead is contained in a letter which has just been received in Boston from Ivan Raduloff, a student, who was with the American missionary when she was captured by brigands in Turkey, together with Mme. Talika. According to this letter the snow in the mountains, into which Miss Stone and her companion were taken by their captors, was three feet deep three weeks ago, at the time the letter was written. Even in the summer time the snow upon the highest of these mountains does not melt. The first snowfall usually comes about the middle of September and by the middle of October the mountain passes are absolutely closed to travel.

It was the conviction among Miss Stone's friends in Samokov, Bulgaria, three weeks ago that she could not possibly have survived the rigors of her captivity until that date. There was a hope that Miss Stone might have been concealed by her captors in the monastery of St. Ivan of Sila, which is near the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier, and on the Bulgarian side of it.

DENIED BEING GUILTY

Execution Made a Horror by Breaking of First Rope Used.

Louis Council, colored, convicted of criminal assault on a white woman, and who was reprieved three times by Governor Aycock of North Carolina, was hanged at Fayetteville. At the instance of a Catholic priest Council held up a crucifix on the scaffold and swore that he was innocent. Then the priest stated that he believed the negro was not guilty of the crime charged. When the trap was sprung the rope broke, and a second time the noose had to be adjusted. The negro actually stood upright on the trap during the second ordeal. He was absolutely cool. No blame is attached to the sheriff for the breaking of the rope. He considered it of extra strength. It had been used to hang a negro preacher at Raleigh.

Adrift in an Open Boat.

Adrift on Lake Michigan in an open boat, with no provisions, and with the temperature at the freezing point—that is the fate of Charles Peterson of Kewaunee, Wis., keeper of the government lighthouse, and his son Ralph. The two were blown away from shore by the westerly gale and though search was made there has been no trace found of the missing light keeper. There is every reason to believe that the two have perished.

Indians Agree to Sell.

Major McLaughlin, special agent of the interior department, has concluded a treaty with the Fort Totten reservation Indians. The Indians agree to sell 104,000 acres, the sum of \$143,000 to be paid after ratification and \$20,000 a year for twenty years. They also agree to relinquish all rights to a recognized claim against the government of \$80,000. Senator Hansbrough believes the reservation will be ready for settlement next spring.

Purchaser Lines at Lincoln

Bullied, the famous stock farm in Hanover, V., was sold by Geo. E. Crawford & Co. to J. H. Neagle of Lincoln, Neb. Neagle proposes making his home at Bullfield and will use it for a stock farm. He will raise blooded stock. Bullfield has been the property of the Doswell family for a hundred years. It was widely known during the lifetime of the late Major W. Doswell.

The very young man thinks that at least ninety-nine girls out of a possible hundred would gladly marry him if asked.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER III.

Alice left her sister standing in the room and went upstairs. But she was more than one minute away; she was three or four, for she could not at first lay her hand upon the letter. When she returned her sister advanced to her from the back drawing room, the folding doors between the two rooms being as before, wide open.

"What a fine collection of bracelets, Alice!" she exclaimed, as she took the letter. "Are they spread out for show?"

"No," laughed Alice; "Lady Sarah is going to the opera, and will be in a hurry when she comes up from dinner. She asked me to bring them all down, as she had not decided which to wear."

"I like to dress before dinner on my opera nights."

"Oh, so of course does Lady Sarah," returned Alice, as her sister descended the stairs, "but she said it was too hot to dine in bracelets."

"It is fearfully hot. Good-by, Alice. Don't ring; I will let myself out."

Alice returned to the front room and looked from the window, wondering whether her sister had come in her carriage. No. A trifling evening breeze was arising and beginning to move the curtains about. Gentle as it was, it was grateful, and Alice sat down in it. In a very few minutes the ladies came up from dinner.

"Have you the bracelets, Alice? Oh, I see."

Lady Sarah went to the back room as she spoke, and stood before the table looking at the bracelets. Alice rose to follow her, when Lady Frances Chenevix caught her by the arm and began to speak in a covert whisper.

"Who was that at the door just now? It was a visitor's knock. Do you know, Alice, every hour since we came to town I have fancied Gerard might be calling. In the country he could not get to us, but here—Was it Gerard?"

"It—it was my sister," carelessly answered Alice. It was not a true answer, for her sister had not knocked, but it was the readiest that rose to her lips, and she wished to escape the questioning.

"Only your sister," sighed Frances, turning to the window with a gesture of disappointment.

"Which have you put on?" inquired Alice, going toward Lady Sarah.

"These loose fancy things; they are the coolest. I really am so hot; the soup was that favorite soup of the colonel's, all capsaicums and cayenne, and the wine was hot; there had been some mistake about the ice. Hill trusted the new man, and he did not understand it; it was all hot together. What the house will be tonight I dread to think of."

Lady Sarah, whilst she spoke, had been putting the bracelets into the jewel box, with very little care.

"I had better put them straight," remarked Alice, when she reached the table.

"Do not trouble," returned Lady Sarah, shutting down the lid. "You are looking flushed and feverish, Alice; you were wrong to walk so far today; Hughes will set them to rights tomorrow morning; they will do till then. Lock them up and take possession of the key."

Alice did as she was bid. She locked the case and put the key into her pocket.

"Here is the carriage," exclaimed Lady Frances. "Are we to wait for coffee?"

"Coffee in this heat," retorted Lady Sarah. "It would be adding fuel to fire. We will have some tea when we return. Alice, you must make tea for the colonel; he will not come out without it. He thinks this weather just what it ought to be; rather cold, if anything."

Alice had taken the bracelet box in her hands as Lady Sarah spoke, and when they departed carried it upstairs to its place in Lady Sarah's bedroom. The colonel speedily rose from the table, for his wife had laid her commands on him to join them early. Alice helped him to his tea, and as soon as he was gone, she went upstairs to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. Tired as she was, and exhausted in frame, sleep would not come to her. She was living over again her interview with Gerard Hope. She could not in her conscious heart affect to misunderstand his implied meaning—that she had been the cause of his rejecting the union proposed to him. It diffused a strange rapture within her, and though she had not perhaps been wholly blind and unconscious during the period of Gerard's stay with them, she now kept repeating the words: "Can it be? can it be?"

It certainly was so. Love plays strange pranks. Thus was Gerard Hope, heir to fabulous wealth, consciously proud of his handsome person, his herculean strength, his towering form, called home and planted down by the side of a pretty and noble lady, on purpose that he might fall in love with her—Lady Frances Chenevix. And yet the well-laid project failed; failed because there happened to be another at that young lady's side, a sad, quiet, feeble-framed girl, whose very weakness may have seemed to place her beyond the pale of man's love. But love thrives by contrasts and it was the feeble girl who won the love of the strong man.

Yes; the knowledge diffused a

strange rapture within her as she lay there at night, and she may be excused if, for a brief period, she gave range to the sweet fantasies it conjured up. For a brief period only; too soon the depressing consciousness returned to her that these thoughts of earthly happiness must be subdued, for she, with her confirmed ailments and conspicuous weakness, must never hope to marry as did other women. She had long known—her mother had prepared her for it—that one so afflicted and frail as she, whose tenure of existence was likely to be short, ought not to become a wife, and it had been her earnest hope to pass through life unloving and unloved. She had striven to arm herself against the danger, against being thrown into the perils of temptation. Alas! it had come insidiously upon her; all her care had been set at naught, and she knew that she loved Gerard Hope with a deep and fervent love. "It is but another cross," she sighed, "another burden to surmount and subdue, and I will set myself, from this night, to the task. I have been a coward, shrinking from self-examination; but now that Gerard has spoken out, I can deceive myself no longer. I wish he had spoken more freely that I might have told him it was useless."

CHAPTER IV.

It was only towards morning that Alice dropped asleep; the consequence was, that long after her usual hour for rising she was still sleeping. The opening of her door by some one awoke her; it was Lady Sarah's maid.

"Why, miss! are you not up? Well, I never! I wanted the key of the jewel box, but I'd have waited if I had known."

"What do you say you want?" returned Alice, whose ideas were confused, as is often the case on being suddenly awakened.

"The key of the bracelet box, if you please."

"The key?" repeated Alice. "Oh, I remember," she added, her recollection returning to her. "Be at the trouble, will you, Hughes, to take it out of my pocket; it is on that chair under my clothes."

The servant came to the pocket and speedily found the key. "Are you worse than usual, miss, this morning?" asked she, "or have you overslept yourself?"

"I have overslept myself. Is it late?"

"Between nine and ten. My lady is up, and at breakfast with master and Lady Frances."

Alice rose the instant the maid had left the room, and made haste to dress, vexed with herself for sleeping so long. She was nearly ready when Hughes came in again.

"If ever I saw such a confusion as that jewel box was in!" cried she, in as pert and grumbling a tone as she dared to use. "The bracelets were thrown together without law or order—just as if they had been so much glass and tinsel from the Lowther Arcade."

"It was Lady Sarah did it," replied Alice. "I would have put them straight, but she said leave it for you. I thought she might prefer that you should do it, so did not press it."

"Of course her ladyship is aware there's nobody but myself knows how they are placed in it," returned Hughes, consequently. "I could go to that or to the other jewel box, in the dark, and take out any one thing my lady wanted without disturbing the rest."

"I have observed that you have a gift of order," remarked Alice, with a smile. "It is very useful to those who possess it, and saves them from trouble and confusion."

"So it do, miss," said Hughes. "But I came to ask you for the diamond bracelet."

"The diamond bracelet!" echoed Alice. "What diamond bracelet? What do you mean?"

"It is not in the box, miss."

"The diamond bracelets are both in the box," rejoined Alice.

"The old one is there, not the new one. I thought you might have taken it out to show some one, or to look at yourself, miss, for I'm sure it's a sight for pleasant eyes."

"I can assure you it is in the case," said Alice. "All are there except what Lady Sarah had on. You must have overlooked it."

"I must be a great donkey if I have," grumbled the girl. "It must be at the very bottom, amongst the cotton," she soliloquized, as she returned to Lady Sarah's apartments, "and I have just got to take every individual article out to get at it. This comes of giving up one's keys to other folks."

Alive hastened down, begging pardon for her late appearance. It was readily accorded. Alice's office in the house was nearly a sinecure; when she had first entered upon it Lady Sarah was ill, and required some one to sit with and read to her, but now that she was well again Alice had little to do.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Alice was called into the room. Hughes stood outside.

"Miss," said she, with a long face, "the diamond bracelet is not in the box. I thought I could not be mistaken."

"But it must be in the box," said Alice.

"But it is NOT," persisted Hughes, emphasizing the negative; "can't you believe me, miss? What's gone with it?"

Alice Seaton looked at Hughes with a puzzled look. She was thinking matters over. It seemed cleared again. "Then Lady Sarah must have kept it out when she put in the rest. It was she who returned them to the case; I did not. Perhaps she wore it last night."

"No, miss, that she didn't. She wore only those two—"

"I saw what she had on," interrupted Alice. "But she might also have put on the other without my noticing. Then she must have kept it out for some purpose. I will ask her. Wait here an instant, Hughes, for, of course, you will like to be at a certainty."

"That's cool," thought Hughes, as Alice went into the breakfast room, and the colonel came out of it with the newspaper. "I should have said it was somebody else who would like to be at a certainty instead of me. Thank goodness it wasn't in my charge last night, if anything dreadful had come to pass. My lady don't keep out her bracelets for sport. Miss Seaton has left the key about that, that's what she has done, and it's hard to say who hasn't been at it; I knew the box had been ransacked over."

"Lady Sarah," said Alice, "did you wear your new diamond bracelet last night?"

"No."

"Then did you put it into the box with the others?"

"No," languidly repeated Lady Sarah, attaching no importance to the question.

"After you had chosen the bracelets you wished to wear, you put the others into the box yourself," exclaimed Alice. "Did you put in the new one, the diamond, or keep it out?"

"The diamond was not there."

Alice stood confounded. "It was on the table at the back of all, Lady Sarah," she presently said; "next the window."

"I tell you, Alice, it was not there. I don't know that I should have worn it if it had been, but I certainly looked for it. Not seeing it, I supposed you had not put it out, and did not care sufficiently to ask for it."

Alice felt in a mesh of perplexity; curious thoughts, and very unpleasant ones, were beginning to come over her. "But, Lady Sarah, the bracelet was indeed there when you went to the table," she urged. "I put it there."

"I can assure you that you labor under a mistake as to its being there when I came up from dinner," answered Lady Sarah. "Why do you ask?"

"Hughes has come to say it is not in the case. She is outside, waiting."

"Outside now? Hughes," called out her ladyship; and Hughes came in.

"What's this about my bracelet?"

"I don't know, my lady. The bracelet is not in its place, so I asked Miss Seaton. She thought your ladyship might have kept it out yesterday evening."

"I have neither touched it nor seen it," said Lady Sarah.

"Then we have had thieves at work." "It must be in the box, Hughes," spoke up Alice. "I laid it out on the table, and it is impossible that thieves—as you phrase it—could have come there."

"Oh, yes, it is in the box, no doubt," said her ladyship, somewhat crossly, for she disliked to be troubled especially in hot weather. "You have not searched properly Hughes."

"My lady," answered Hughes, "I can trust my hands, and I can trust my eyes, and they have all four been into every hole and crevice of the box."

Lady Frances Chenevix laid down the Morning Post and advanced. "Is the bracelet really lost?"

(To be continued.)

NAPLES BREAKFAST VENDORS.

They Make the Morning Air Vocal with Their Calls.

The air of Naples becomes vocal with the characteristic calls of the breakfast vendors. "Hot, hot, and big as apples!" shout the sellers of peeled chestnuts. These are boiled in huge caldrons in a reddish broth of their own making, which is further seasoned with laurel leaves and caraway seed. A cent's worth of the steaming kernels, each of which is as big as a large English walnut, is a nourishing diet that warms the fingers and comforts the stomach of troops of children on their way to school, or rather to the co-operative creches, or nurseries, where one poor woman, for a cent a day each, takes care of the babies of a score of others who must leave them behind to earn the day's living.

Meantime dignified cows pass by, "with measured tread and slow," shaking their heavy bells and followed by their beguiled offspring, whose business it is to make them "give down" their milk at the opportune moment, and to let the milkman take it. Nothing can be funnier than this struggle between the legitimate owner, the calf, and the wily subcontractor of the lacteal treasure. Although tied to his mother's horns with a rope long enough to reach, and even lick her bag, but not to get satisfaction out of it, his bovine wit is often sharp enough to give the slip to the noose and elude the vigilance of the keeper, occupied, perhaps, for the moment, in quarrelling with some saucy maid servant over the quantity of milk to be paid for. The scene which ensues is worthy of the cinematograph. As a sequel calf's tail is nearly pulled off, but he has spoiled the oppressor's game for one day, anyhow.—The Century.

Call a man a donkey and he is apt to kick.