

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

After a woman succeeds in getting the wedding ring where she wants it she begins to say what she means.

A bachelor says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

There was a remarkable gathering at the funeral of Dr. J. S. Trexler, at Kutztown, Pa. Before his death he provided that every man attending his funeral should have a free dinner, and over a thousand persons availed themselves of his offer at the two leading hotels, where arrangements had been made to feed the multitude.

Harry Mangum and Jim Robinson, two colored men, disputed over a game of craps in Jackson, Tenn. Mangum drew a pistol and Robinson fled, pursued by the other. After Mangum had fired two shots he fell dead from heart disease. The intended victim is regarded with awe, and it is believed he was saved by a providential miracle.

"Don't watch the clock," was Mr. Edison's advice to a young man who recently asked him how to succeed. Profoundly significant is that old joke about the laborer who left his pickaxe hanging in the air at the stroke of noon. A hanging pickaxe is the fittest emblem for a confirmed clock-watcher—and the pickaxe hangs always in the air, never digs out a path for him to advance upon.

Earl Fitzwilliam of England, who began his 87th year a few days ago, has sat forty-four years in the house of lords and received his training as a parliamentarian in the house of commons, which he entered sixty-five years ago as a young man of 22. The earl, who is active in spite of his great age, has been for some years the oldest of the Knights of the Garter, which decoration he received from Lord Palmerston early in the '60s, and he is also in years the oldest knight companion, although he has not held that decoration as long as the Duke of Cambridge, who received his blue ribbon from William IV.

When is a cigarette not a cigarette? When it is a pipe. The answer to the conundrum was given by English magistrates. The taking of a tobacco pipe into a certain mine was prohibited. A partly smoked cigarette was found in a workman's pocket. The man was arraigned and fined. The judges held that a paper charged with tobacco was a pipe within the meaning of the rule. It was an instance of applied common sense. Human life is of more value than literal construction. The petty court was merely illustrating a working principle observed in tribunals of a more august organization and a larger jurisdiction.

The American boy is ahead of the English boy, in the judgment of Sir Thomas Lipton, because he gets a better chance to show what is in him. In America the managers of large concerns are often very youthful. In England their youth would be a disqualification, since there a man must look old before he is thought to look wise. Sir Thomas believes that to be "a great error of policy in the affairs of a nation, a business firm or a family." He himself came to this country when he was fifteen years old. He declares his experience here "the best commercial training I ever had," and holds that "it would be a good thing to send every English boy to America when he is seventeen, and to keep him there for a couple of years." This is generous and even flattering to us, but Sir Thomas's countrymen may find a flaw in the argument, reasoning from their point of view—that after the English boy had been here two years they might not be able to get him back.

Arizona is interested and the camp of Doa Cabezas is in a fever of excitement over the discovery of a new placer fields in the southern part of Arizona, which are so extensive and rich that a small army of prospectors expect to become rich. The diggings thus far discovered are five miles in length and three miles in width. A party of placer miners just returned found very rich dirt. Many claims have been staked out, but numerous parties are outfitting, and there will be a rush to locate all available ground in the district outlined and prospect for new placer ground. The gold discovery was made by a sheep herder employed by George Vandewalker, who picked up nuggets in a wash and filled a beer bottle with coarse gold. The Mexican continued herding sheep, meanwhile enriching himself daily with gold. During a debauch at Doa Cabezas he showed considerable gold dust. Friends were let into the secret, and all prospered before the news leaked out.

One hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold in London in one lot. They are intended as ornamentation for ladies' wearing apparel. Each tail weighed an average of two ounces, and this means that about 1,792,000 cats were slaughtered to complete the consignment.

A rigid liquor law prevails in Grinnell, Iowa. It is a crime for two or more persons to drink alcoholic stimulants in company. When a man thinks he needs a bracer he must flock by himself and drink alone.

VENT THEIR RAGE

Four Hundred Striking Miners Attack Non-Union Men.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE BEATEN

One Non-union Man May Probably Die—Double Murder at Pueblo, Colo.—Forger Busy at Hastings—News From Other Parts of Country.

A Vincennes, Ind., November 19 dispatch says: Four hundred union coal miners from Washington, Cannellburg, Petersburg, Princeton, and Montgomery arrived at an early hour and made an attack upon the non-union miners employed at the Prospect Hill mines near this city. As a result two men are fatally hurt and a half dozen more are seriously injured.

The union miners formed at the union station and marched to the mines. Just as the men of the day shift were going on duty they were attacked and received horrible treatment.

The union men asked for the foreman, William Scott, and when told that he was in bed, said: "All right, we will get him," and started after him, and for a short time pandemonium reigned. In the melee that followed Scott and his family defended themselves as best they could, but were overpowered. Scott was badly beaten about the head and face, and W. P. Collins, an attorney of Washington, a brother-in-law of Scott, who was visiting there, sustained injuries that may prove fatal.

SHOCKING CRIME.

An Entire Family Murdered Near Los Angeles, Cal.

The dead bodies of A. P. Wilcox, wife and two-year-old son, were found in their home at Downey, twelve miles from Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 18. All the bodies were horribly mutilated, and the bloody conditions of the premises indicated that the murderer or murderers had met with a fierce resistance. Wilcox and his family had been shot and then literally cut to pieces with a knife.

The crime was discovered when a neighbor called at the house and found the place evidently abandoned. On forcing the door he found the dead bodies of the murdered family stretched out on the floor. The woman had been shot while carrying a plate from the stove to the table. The baby lay in the middle of the room, while the dismembered body of the father was stretched near the door. It is supposed the crime was committed two or three days before discovered. No clue to the perpetrators has yet been found.

FEATURES PRESERVED.

Perfect Cast From Death Mask of Major McKinley.

After two months' work a cast from the death mask of President McKinley, taken on the morning of his death, was finished recently. The mask has been carefully guarded, being kept in a safety deposit vault in Buffalo when not in the hands of Edward L. Pauch, an expert mask-maker from Hartford, Conn. The mask is the property of the federal government. Next week it will be taken to Washington, where for a time it will be shown to the public at the Smithsonian institute.

It was the express order of the government that no photograph of the mask should be taken. It is said to be one of the most perfect ever taken of a notable person. The mask differs from those of Napoleon and others in that instead of merely including the face it portrays practically the entire head. The plaster itself weighs twenty-five pounds.

A Two Weeks' Nap.

James A. Harris, of Peoria, Ill., aged sixty-seven years, a porter by trade and the father of ten children, went to sleep on the morning of November 7 and all efforts to awaken him have so far proven unavailing. He sleeps in a sound sleep and has been kept alive by milk and wine which have been forced down his throat. He had not complained previous to November 7 and his family and the attending physicians are at a loss to understand the case, though the physicians think it a case of hemorrhage of the brain. Harris recently moved to Peoria from Orange Prairie, Ill.

Priest Sentenced to Death.

A Manila dispatch of November 18 says: The Filipino priest, Deposoy, has been sentenced by court martial to death for the murder of certain of his countrymen who favored the Americans. Out of respect, however, to the condemned man's calling and the great religious body to which he belongs, and most unworthily represented, General Chaffee has commuted his sentence to twenty years imprisonment.

Tin Workers Yield at Last.

The last remaining rough edge of the strike of the iron and tin workers probably will be smoothed over soon, says a Pittsburgh dispatch. When the strike was settled by President Shaffer the steel workers acquiesced in the settlement and showed a willingness not only to work, but to let bygones be bygones. The tin workers, however, refused to go back to their old places and have been idle since July 15. Now, however, they are evincing indications of growing tired of their long idleness and a movement is on foot to have the strike officially declared at an end.

SENTENCED TO DEATH

An Insurgent Major Ordered 103 Spanish Prisoners Massacred.

The records of a score or more of court martial trials of Filipinos charged with murder and other crimes, have been received at the war department of the Philippines. Probably the most interesting case is Francisco Braganza, major in the insurgent army, who ordered the massacre of 103 Spanish prisoners in February of 1900 and who now has been sentenced to death for his crime.

General Chaffee made an unusually long review of this case, characterizing the wholesale destruction of life as "the most barbarous and revolting massacre of helpless prisoners known to the modern history of war. He calls attention to the fact that the chiefs of the insurrection did their utmost to prevent the United States from fulfilling its obligation to employ its best efforts to return the Spanish prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos to Spain. It was upon the approach of a detachment of American troops that this Filipino officer ordered the massacre of the helpless Spaniards in his charge. "In what manner this cruel policy could serve the cause of the insurrection," says General Chaffee "passes ordinary comprehension." "The records give full details of the horrors of the killings."

ANOTHER LETTER.

Miss Stone Writes From Her Captive Home in Bulgaria.

A Sofia, Bulgaria, dispatch says: Another letter has been received from Miss Helen M. Stone. Her health has been somewhat affected by continual confinement and hard fare, but she expresses herself as still confident of ultimate release.

A letter to Mr. Dickinson, diplomatic agent of the United States at Sofia, replying to his proposals concerning a ransom, says the brigands will hold out for a figure very much above the sum at Mr. Dickinson's command. The brigands interpret Mr. Dickinson's not having fixed on the sum he is willing to pay and on a time limit as being indications that he can get more money. They also demand immunity from prosecution. But it is impossible for the diplomatic agent of the United States here to have power to bind the governments of Bulgaria and Turkey. This point, however, is not likely to be a serious obstacle in the way of negotiations.

PLEA FOR STATEHOOD.

Governor Jenkins of Oklahoma Makes Annual Report.

The annual report of Governor William M. Jenkins of the territory of Oklahoma has been made public by the secretary of the interior. Governor Jenkins makes a strong plea for statehood, saying that the past rapid development of the material interests of the territory insure the future. He claims a population of 500,000 for Oklahoma and adds concerning its prospects: "In the little more than a decade which has elapsed since the creation of the territory the people have accomplished here more than any other community has accomplished in a quarter of a century. The story of the achievements of this people, their progressiveness, energy, industry and American citizenship has never been equaled."

Cashes Two Checks at Hastings.

A supposed forger is accused of swindling a couple of Hastings, Neb., business men to the amount of \$10.25. The man first paid a visit to Kauf & Rindersprecher's butcher shop where he bought some meat and gave them a check for \$10.25 drawn upon the First National bank of Hastings in favor of George Martin and bearing the signature of J. M. Sewall & Co., grain buyers, of Hastings. The man signed the name of George Martin on the check and it was immediately taken by the butchers. A few minutes later he went to the butcher shop of Henry & Dreibilbis, where he repeated the performance for the same amount of money. The matter was not discovered until the butchers went to the bank where the checks were pronounced forgeries. The man who signed the name of George Martin was of sandy complexion and was dressed like a farmer. As yet no trace of him has been found.

Eight Hundred Miners Are Marching.

Three hundred coal miners are gathered together in Washington, Ind., waiting for the Baltimore and Ohio southwestern westbound train, to take them to Vincennes, where they will be joined by five hundred other miners who are now marching from surrounding towns to that city. Early in the morning they will descend on the Prospect Hill mines there and endeavor to persuade the non-union men to stop work.

The men are divided into companies, each of which has a captain. They say they will tolerate no violence and will only employ lawful methods to gain their ends. They will not return until they have closed the mines down they say, or secure the union scales of wages.

The men at Prospect Hill have been out on a strike for several weeks for higher wages. Non-union men have taken their places.

Natural Gas Explosion.

A natural gas explosion occurred on the main line of the Buffalo Pipe Line company at Buffalo village, eight miles west of Washington, Pa., which resulted in injuring six men, two of whom will probably die. The explosion was caused by the gas igniting from a torch in the hands of one of a gang of repair men.

The First Thanksgiving

INCIDENTALLY," remarked the man with a basket on his arm as he came into the presence of the editor, "I might mention the fact that if you want the finest and fattest turkey for your Thanksgiving dinner, my store is the place to get it, but that is not what I am here for. I came in to bring you an item of interest. You may not know, notwithstanding an editor knows more than anybody else on earth, that the first proclamation of Thanksgiving Day that is to be found in printed form is the one issued by Francis Bernard, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, and Vice-Admiral of the same, in 1767."

The editor admitted that it had not occurred to him previously. "I'm glad I'm giving you something new," continued the turkey man, "and now let me read it to you, so you may compare it with the modern style. It is headed 'A Proclamation for a Public Thanksgiving:'

"As the business of the year is now drawing toward a conclusion, we are reminded, according to the laudable usage of the Providence, to join together in a grateful acknowledgment of the manifold mercies of the Divine Providence conferred upon Us in the passing Year: Wherefore, I do, with the advice of his Majesty's Council, ap-



"INCIDENTALLY," SAID THE MAN.

point Thursday, the Third Day of December next, to be a day of public Thanksgiving, that we may thereupon with one Heart and Voice return our most Humble Thanks to Almighty God for the gracious Dispensations of His Providence since the last religious Anniversary of this kind, and especially for—that He has been pleased to preserve and maintain our most gracious Sovereign, King George, in Health and Wealth, in Peace and Honor, and to extend the Blessings of his Government to the remotest part of his Dominions; that He hath been pleased to bless and preserve our gracious Queen Charlotte, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and all the Royal family, and by the frequent increase of the Royal issue to assure us the Continuation of the Blessings which we derive from that illustrious House; that He hath been pleased to prosper the whole British Empire by the Preservation of Peace, the Encrease of Trade, and the opening of new Sources of National Wealth; and now particularly that He hath been pleased to favor the people of this Province with healthy and kind seasons, and to bless the Labour of their Hands with a Sufficiency of the Produce of the Earth and of the Sea.

"And I do exhort all Ministers of the Gospel with their several Congregations, within this Province, that they assemble on the said Day in a Solemn manner to return their most humble thanks to Almighty God for these and all other of Her Mercies vouchsafed unto us, and to beseech Him notwithstanding our unworthiness, to continue His gracious Providence over us. And I command and enjoin all Magistrates and Civil Officers to see that the said Day be observed as a Day set apart for religious worship, and that no servile Labour be performed thereon.

"Given at the Council Chamber in Boston the Fourth Day of November, 1767, in the Eighth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

"Fra Bernard.
"By His Excellency's Command.
"A. Oliver, Sec'y.

"God Save the King."
"Remember what I told you about the place for Thanksgiving turkeys," said the turkey man, laying the paper on the desk and walking out.—New York Sun.



Happiness has less use for comfort than indolence has.

Satire is the salt of wit rubbed on a sore spot.

Love and a silver dollar are tested by the ring.



F the many feast days celebrated throughout the world, Thanksgiving Day, the day set apart by proclamation to give thanks to the Giver of all good for the mercies and blessings of the year nearest and dearest to the hearts of the American people. Especially is this so in historic old New England, where family ties, associations and memories, together with the day-by-day life of the hardy sons and daughters of this prosperous and picturesque region, are tempered and molded even to this day by the traditions of their Puritan ancestry, writes Rev. John Hall.

Nearly three centuries ago a little band of brave, adventurous pioneers celebrated the first appointed day of Thanksgiving. Governor Bradford, at Plymouth, Mass., in the autumn following the landing of the Pilgrims, set apart a day to be devoted to thanksgiving, prayer, praise and incidentally to various and sundry demonstrations of good will, good fellowship and a general good time for young and old. It was a day of bounty, of openhandedness, a day when the latch-string was not only altogether out, but the door was wide open. It is said of certain venerable Puritans that after the feast was over, after the hangers-on and the few poor of the neighborhood had been fed, that they gathered into baskets the scraps and bits that remained and went out through the highways and byways looking for hungry dogs and cats, that they also might be filled on this blessed day. Falling in this, they placed the food on some rock or tree trunk, that the birds and wild beasts might eat thereof. There are many holidays around which pleasant memories cluster, but among them all Thanksgiving Day presents to our view the most kaleidoscopic pictures. This day for family reunion, this milestone on the pathway of human life, this day from which many households date their pleasures and their griefs, the red-letter days in the calendar of the aged and infirm, hoped for, waited for, prayed for, because it brought once more the smiling faces of loved ones; because it furnished one more delight before the venerable and snow-crowned heads were laid away in their last long home. There is one most delightful feature of this altogether happy occasion: Blessed be the roof under which an unbroken family circle gathers. Then it is that the day can have its full significance of thanksgiving and praise. It is hard indeed to accept the decrees of Providence when they remove from us those to whom our hearts are closely united. Try as we may, profess as we will, up from the depths of our souls comes the cry for the beloved who have been taken from us. But when we come, one and all, an unbroken band and take our places at the table filled with the good things of life, then in the fullness of our hearts we can give thanks not only for the plenty which has been showered upon us, but for the presence of those without whom our lives would be incomplete and full of sorrow.

It is meet that before we enjoy the delights of a table laden with the delicacies and dainties with which the season has furnished us, that we should render our tribute of praise and thankfulness to the great Provider who giveth at the proper time the harvest of field, orchard, meadow, forest and stream. It is but common justice that we would do this even to a friend who has bestowed favors upon us. How much more, then, to the great Creator who gives not only the simplest, but also the greatest, gifts of our lives! For the gift of life! What is life? Life is the spirit of God Himself. When God made man He breathed into his nostrils His own breath and with it a fragment of his own spiritual and immortal being.

"Cindy, reach dah 'hine yo' back 'N' han' me date ah almanac. 'WY, Land! t' morrer's Thanksgiving' Got to git out an' make hay.— 'Don' keer what de preacher say.— 'We mus' eat Thanksgiving' day.— 'Us sho' us yo' a libbin'—"

You know what Mahs Hudson lise? Dey's a turkey dah dat gibe Me a heap o' trouble. Some day Hudson g'ine to miss Dat owidshus fowl o' his: I's g'ine ober dah an' twis' 'At gobblin' nake plumb double.

Goin' pas dah t' othah day? Turkey strutted up an' say: "A gobble, gobble, gobble!" Much us ef mon' remahk: "Don' yo wish' at it wuz dahk? Ain't I temptin'?" 'S' I: "You hahk. Er else dey'll be a squabble."

"Take an' wring yo' nake right quick. Light on yo' lak a thousand brick. 'N' yo' won't know what befell yo.' 'N' I went on. 'Til, evah day. When I goes by that-a-way. 'At fowl had too much to say: 'N' I'm tiahd up it, I tell yo.

G'ine to go dis bread's night. An' put out dat turkey's light. 'N' I'll larn 'em lak a cobblin. Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass: Got to do mah wok up fas'. Ain't a-g'ine to take no 'sass. Off o' no man's turkey-robbah.

What a Girl May Do

The girl who has cultivated the spirit of thankfulness does not gush over at the gift of a daisy, and snap an indignant 'Thanks!' at the man who has lost a day from the office to gratify her little whim, writes Edward L. Pell in the Woman's Home Companion. Of course those mothers of ours had their whims, and ex-

ercised the priceless privileges of thoughtlessness and snapping now and then, as girls, and other than girls, have always done; but I think it cannot be denied that the girl of a generation ago had a conscience on the subject of debts of gratitude such as few have had since her day.

I have said that I am afraid that with many of us today it is a lost art. I am sure that it is not given that prominence which it once had, and that it is not cultivated with the enthusiasm with which it once was. Girls are taught what etiquette says about it, but etiquette deals only from the lips outward, and the result is that even our language tells the story of the decadence of thanksgiving. A traveler from Mars might hear our 'Thanks!' a million times and never suspect that it was meant as an acknowledgment of a favor. I am sure that up to, say, a dozen years ago, in those parts of our country where gallantry has held out longest, one could not give up a seat in a car without being sure of a full return in an acknowledgment that meant to acknowledge something, and that today the average man is utterly upset and undone when his cars catch the old sweet sound.

Of course this does not justify or account for the current lack of gallantry among men, but I am not engaged in the hopeless task of restoring men to the old paths, but in the hopeful one of pointing out a neglected talent which the most charming of girls may cultivate with good results. I am not grumbling. I do not mean to say that the girl of the period is one whit behind the girl of the past. I do not believe in the decadence of women. I believe that the girl of today is equal to the girl her mother used to be; but I do not believe that it is enough to say of our girls that they are equal to the girls of the past any more than it is enough to say of a flower that has had the best attention of the best florists for a generation that it is as beautiful today as it was thirty years ago.

If we have done wisely, the girl of today ought to have not only something which her mother lacked, but she ought to have all her mother's graces as well. But it is a serious question whether in pressing her development we have not cultivated some qualities at the expense of others, just as in pressing the development of a certain flower we have increased its size and beauty at the expense of its fragrance.



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