

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Mr. McGovern, like almost all the rest of the great men, didn't quit soon enough.

Queen Wilhelmina says it was only a little spat, and Duke Henry's pawn-tickets are again hopeful.

The crown prince of Serbia goes through the streets, whip in hand, and thrashes all who refuse to love him.

The good will of the United States is in such general demand abroad that the European nations may yet quarrel over it.

A company has been formed in England to build flying machines for the trade. Prusic acid, however, is cheaper.

First, Sir Thomas Lipton thought he wouldn't, and now he thinks he will. It is hard to keep a true sport out of the game.

King Edward ought not to object to being anointed at the time of the coronation exercises. It will do his rheumatism good.

It is not true that Queen Willie is thinking of coming over and taking up her residence in Dakota with a view to getting a divorce.

There is talk of sending Aguinaldo to this country to keep him out of temptation. It seems hard to break him of the insurrection habit.

In opposition to the clergymen who, lately stigmatized drummers as a godless class, Booth-Tucker praises the drum as a means to salvation.

If throwing things at the Monroe doctrine is a source of pleasure some of the European editors must be among the happiest people living.

A western judge has decided that sausage isn't sausage unless it is in links. We may yet have to admit that the color of the hair makes the dog.

London is said to be in the throes of a fashionable rage for red. Perhaps that is the reason an American has been chosen to paint the coronation scenery.

According to the testimony of Dr. Ortman, curator of invertebrate paleontology in Princeton university, the continents are not living where they used to live.

A peculiar condition exists in respect to the South African war. The Hague court of arbitration refuses to intervene, and the Britons and Boers are unable to finish it.

The reasons which actuated the Colombian rebels in evacuating Colon are not entitled to so much confidence as would have been the case had they not told them to our marines.

The persons who are arranging to construct a log house on the Kansas reservation at the World's Fair evidently want something that will be a novelty to the Kansans.

Now that the fame of New Jersey's mosquitoes has been wiped out the state has nothing left to make it famous but its applejack and the swift course of its judicial processes.

There are some new things under the sun, and one of them is stopping a battle until railway trains can pass. Perhaps the isthmian combatants welcome the locomotive whistle when things get too hot.

The example of the thoughtful testator of Lynn who has bequeathed \$1,500 to a man who once loaned him \$10 ought to bring about a boom in hitherto unquotable I O U's. Let us have a spare dollar about our clothes after this.

The Hartford Times calls the establishment of a local police force under state control rampant imperialism. And yet Boston, which is sometimes called the headquarters of anti-imperialism, manages to exist under this particular species of it. Why is this thus?

The British exchequer will now profit something over a million dollars more by the death duties assessed on the estate of an American who has just died over there. The present financial embarrassment of Great Britain would be appreciably relieved were the mortality among these expatriated millionaires larger. Still, there's no doubt that the Britons are grateful for occasional dispensations of this character. In fact, the chancellor of the exchequer bluntly said so in his speech explaining his last budget.

A New York judge decides that a woman is not entitled to alimony from the husband from whom she is divorced after she takes a second partner. Some women drawing alimony under these circumstances may declare it is mean to render such a decision just about Christmas time.

An American syndicate is reported to have bought the English "Shell" line of steamers. If this game continues much longer John Bull should be able to put his finger right on the place where the little ball is hidden.

RACE RIOT IN SOUTH

Governor Sends Troops to Aid the Sheriff.

IN ARMS AGAINST THE NEGROES

Train Wreckers in Oregon—Meade Acquitted by the Court Martial—Dewey Says no Agreement Has Yet Been Reached.

A dispatch from Andalusia, Ala., December 6 says: The governor sent troops tonight to aid Sheriff Bradshaw in protecting the negro rioters in jail here and the town is under martial law. The sheriff is fearing an attack at any moment by a mob from Opp, and is prepared to protect his prisoners at all hazards.

Three negroes, names unknown, were caught and killed by a posse of citizens near Opp today for alleged implication in the riot, and the whole country is in arms against the negroes.

Up to a late hour tonight the mob had not made an appearance. The troops are on guard and knowledge of this fact may prevent an attack.

News has just been received here that yesterday a negro committed suicide near Opp. He was being pursued by a mob with bloodhounds, and seeing that escape was impossible the black shot himself.

WORK OF TRAIN WRECKERS

Engine Turns Over and Several Cars Leave the Track.

The Oregon Railway & Navigation company's east-bound passenger train was wrecked twelve miles east of The Dalles, Ore., Dec. 6. The engine turned completely over, and the mail car, composite sleeper and diner left the track. The other cars, including a private car containing Col. R. C. Clowry, general superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company, and party, remained on the track. Engineer Maurice Cavannah was badly scalded and perhaps internally injured. Fireman Frank Cras was seriously injured. None of the passengers were injured. It was undoubtedly the work of train wreckers, as an examination showed that a seven-eighth inch square nut had been placed on the outside rail of a three-degree curve. Another nut was also found on an outside rail about 100 feet ahead of the first one. The company has offered \$1,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the wreckers.

Club Must Support Family.

Dan T. Working, the librarian of the "Doniphan Social and Literary Club," is in jail at Grand Island, Neb., undergoing sentence on conviction of having sold liquor without a license. At the meeting of the county board a resolution was adopted that whereas the man did not have money to pay his fine and the county was put to the expense of caring for his family, the county attorney be instructed to notify the members of the club of which Working was the supposed "librarian," and compel them to contribute to the support of the family. The resolution is regarded as quite a new thing, and if the attorney is successful in a suit along this line it regarded as settling quite a precedent along the line of one being his brother's keeper.

Goes Over an Embankment.

A Vancouver, B. C. dispatch says: A Canadian Pacific freight train was slowly proceeding east around a dangerous curve 400 feet above the Fraser river when Engineer Randall suddenly came upon a rock slide scarcely fifty yards ahead of him. A signal was given to the brakemen, and the engine was reversed, but too late. The heavy train behind piled the engine on the rocks and before the engineer and fireman could jump, the engine rolled 300 feet down the sheer bluff toward the river. Engineer Randall and Fireman Potruff were crushed to death beneath the engine. Three cars were wrecked, going over the bank after the engine.

Only an Attempt.

Helen Mitchell, a domestic at the New York hotel in Fremont made what is declared to have been a fake attempt at suicide. She came out of a room in an upper story of the hotel and informed some of her associates that she had taken poison, at the same time exclaiming: "It's all over now!" She then fell heavily upon the floor and it was supposed that she was about to die. A couple of physicians soon arrived and caused her to vomit, but no trace of poison could be found in her mouth or throat. A bottle nearly filled with a solution of carbolic acid was discovered, however, from which about a spoonful had been taken. The girl's hands swelled of the liquid, but her mouth was not burned and there was no inflammation of the passage leading to the stomach, hence the belief that she did not really intend to commit suicide.

The Oakland, Cal., Iron Works has made a settlement with the striking mine workers, the men having conceded the shorter work day of nine hours and an increase of 2 1/2 cents an hour in wages. All the shops in Oakland are now running on union time.

The New York World publishes a dispatch from Washington saying that Admiral Dewey has denied the statements published that the Schley court of inquiry had reached a decision in the case and that Admiral Schley had been found guilty on five counts.

HOME QUARANTINED

Sixty Wichita Children of the Masonic Home Exposed to Scarlet Fever.

Sixty members of the Masonic home at Wichita are quarantined because Roy Bevin, aged 14, one of their number, is critically ill with scarlet fever. Twenty-five of the members of the home are children attending the McCormick and the Franklin schools, and as long as the home is under quarantine they will be without public school privileges.

The case was reported to the health board by Dr. M. W. Cave, and the quarantine was at once established. The patient has been ill for two days, but few of the symptoms of scarlet fever manifested themselves until Friday, when he began to break out. He has been removed to an isolated quarter of the home, and it is thought that if proper precautions are taken no one else in the home will take the disease. A special nurse has been secured for the boy.

There are more cases of scarlet fever in that city now than of any other contagious disease, and it has been pronounced by the members of the board of health to be of a malignant type. It is more dangerous than the smallpox, which was epidemic there last winter.

MYSTERIOUS ROGUE

He Appears at Residences and Terrorizes Women.

At Council Grove, Kan., recently, Mrs. Rich Gardner was awakened by a noise in her kitchen, which she thought was caused by the house cat. With a lamp in her hand she started from her bedroom to investigate. On opening the kitchen door she faced a tall negro who dealt her a blow in the face with a club, breaking her teeth and seriously bruising her. The light, falling from her hand, was extinguished, and in the darkness she fled from her home and to the home of A. J. Marks, two blocks away, where she told the incident. Sheriff Mikels and Marshal Fleming were notified and at once went to work. In this case and several similar ones occurring here recently, suspicion rested on two or three negroes about town. Six were brought to Mrs. Gardner, but she failed to find her assailant among them. Wright's bloodhounds at Manhattan were sent for and arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The town by this time was thoroughly excited and upwards of 500 people turned out to see the dogs work. They got the scent in the cellar, followed it up stairs, through the door and down the street. On three trials they worked in the same manner, bringing up at the home of a much respected white citizen. They failed to capture the assailant.

FOUGHT THEM OFF.

A Grocer Shows Fight and Saves His Money.

Two men entered the grocery store of E. T. Williams, in Kansas City on Tenth street and Riverview avenue, about 8 o'clock one night recently and after attempting to rob the proprietor struck him on the head with a club. Mr. Williams was standing near the door when the men entered. One of them ordered him to hold up his hands. Williams, instead of obeying, caught the man by the throat, throwing him to the door. Seeing his companion attacked the other man drew a club from under his coat and struck the groceryman several times on the head. Williams cries attracted G. W. Sargent, who lives nearby. At his approach the robbers ran. Williams was badly cut about the head, but his skull was not fractured. The robbers secured no money.

The place where the assault took place is a lonely corner, with deep hollows on either side.

Two Sudden Deaths.

The people of Carbondale have been greatly shocked by the sudden deaths of two persons within a period of 24 hours.

About 6 o'clock Monday evening at the home of Crys C. Smith, residing near Wakarusa, Mrs. Smith and her son stepped into the yard to attend to some chores, leaving Mr. Smith, who was somewhat lame from rheumatism, in the house. A few minutes later the mother and son returned to the house and found Mr. Smith lying on the floor in the throes of death.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Sarah Ann Dunphy of Carbondale was weaving a piece of carpet at the home of a neighbor by the name of Johnson.

About 4 p. m. Mr. Johnson and his wife went to a patch of corn to get some fodder, leaving Mrs. Dunphy alone.

When they returned shortly after, they found Mrs. Dunphy with her elbows resting on the frame of the loom and her hands supporting her head, asleep in death.

Mrs. Dunphy was the widow of an ex-confederate veteran, her husband having served in the rebel army.

Both were victims of heart disease and both were in unusually high spirits all day prior to their deaths.

Horse Kills a Trooper.

Private Albert Francis, Fourth cavalry, was killed at Fort Leavenworth, his horse falling on him. The back of the soldier's head was crushed. He was twenty years old and enlisted two years ago. His home was in Indianapolis.

Farmer Falls Into a Well.

Lawrence Brophy, a farmer living near Wellsville, fell to the bottom of a 35-foot well and sustained serious injuries. Brophy had been working in the well and while attempting to leave it, lost his hold and fell to the bottom.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Even than my love; Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope."
"Do not vex me," she resumed, in a pained tone; "do not seek to turn me from my duty. I—I, though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard, I have put my hand on the plough; even you cannot turn me back."

"Tell me one thing, Gerard; it will be safe. Was the dispute about Frances Chenevix?"
He contracted his brow, and nodded.
"And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife."

"Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one."
"Oh, this will blow over in time; I feel it will. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take to cheer me in my exile!" was his impatient interruption. "I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it."

"Love me still, Gerard," she softly answered, "but not with the love you should give to one of earth, the love you will give to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone."

"Oh, not yet!" he cried in an imploring tone, as if it were as she willed.

"Not just yet; I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone."

She spoke the last words hurriedly, for her footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

"What cover did you say the book had?" demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. "A mottled? I cannot see anything like it."

"No? I am sorry to have given you the trouble, Fanny. It has gone, perhaps, amongst the 'has-beens.'"

"Listen," said Alice, removing her hand from before her face. "that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?"

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage had stopped, but not at their house. "It is too early for them yet," said Gerard.

"I am sorry things go so cross just now, with you, Gerard," whispered Lady Frances. "You will be very dull over there."

"Ay; fit to hang myself, if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again and I never know that the cloud is off for me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow."

"I will," said Lady Frances. "Whether the bracelet turns up or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news."

"You are a good girl, Fanny," returned he, in a brighter accent, "and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find it's offensive."

Frances laughed. "Take care of yourself, Gerard."
So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

CHAPTER XII.

The stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax lights, looking innumerable when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enlivening strains of the band invited to the dance and the rare exotics emitted a sweet perfume. It was the West End residence of a famed and wealthy city merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter and the admission to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

"There's a mishap!" almost screamed a pretty looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stooped for it, and her partner stooped also; in his hurry he put his foot upon her thin, white dress, she rose at the same moment and the bottom of her skirt was torn half off.

"Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille," quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune. "You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired."

She went upstairs; by some neglect, the lady's maid was not in attendance, and too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew to the house-keeper's parlor. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up in her arms, but her white petticoat fell in rich folds around her.

"Just look what an object that stupid—!" And there stopped the young lady; for instead of the house-keeper and lady's maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman—a tall handsome man. She looked thunderstruck; and then slowly advancing and staring at him as if not believing her own eyes.

"My goodness, Gerard! Well, I

should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here."

"How are you, Lady Frances?" he said, holding out his hand with hesitation.

"Lady Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality. Lady Frances returns her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries," continued she in a tone of pique, and honoring him with a swimming ceremony of courtesy.

He caught her hand. "Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered—at least mine is; and how did I know that you were not?"

"You are an ungrateful—raven," cried she, "to croak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters and all the news about everybody, beginning 'My dear Gerard,' and ending 'Your affectionate Fanny,' and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with 'My Lady Frances!' Now, don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?"

"I could not stop there," he returned with emotion; "I was fretting away my heartstrings. So I took my resolution and came back; guess in what way, Frances, and what to do."

"How should I know? To call me 'Lady Frances,' perhaps."

"As a clerk; a clerk to earn my bread. That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?"

"You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard," she exclaimed, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Netherleigh has taken me into his counting house."

"Mr. Netherleigh!" she echoed in surprise. "What, with that—that—"

"That crime hanging over me. Speak up, Frances."

"No; I was going to say that doubt, I don't believe you guilty; you know that, Gerard."

"I am in his house, Frances, and I came up here tonight from the city to bring a note from his partner. I declined any of the reception rooms, not caring to meet old acquaintances, and the servants put me into this."

"But you had a mountain of debts in England, Gerard, and were afraid of arrest."

"I have managed that; they are going to let me square up by installments. Has the bracelet never been heard of?"

"Oh, that's gone for good; melted down in a caldron, as the Colonel calls it, and the diamonds reset. It remains a mystery of the past, and is never expected to be solved."

"And they will suspect me! What is the matter with your dress?"

"Matter enough," answered she, letting it down, and turning round for his inspection. "I came here to get it repaired. My great booby of a partner did it for me."

"Fanny, how is Alice Seaton?"

"You have cause to ask for her. She is dying."

"Dying!" repeated Mr. Hope in a hushed, shocked tone.

"I do not mean actually dying this night, or going to die tomorrow; but she is dying by slow degrees, there is no doubt, it may be weeks off yet; I cannot tell."

"Where is she?"

"Curious to say, she is where you left her—at Lady Sarah Hope's. Alice could not bear the house after the loss of the bracelet, for she was so obstinate and foolish as to persist that the servants must suspect her even if Lady Sarah did not. She felt, and this spring Lady Sarah saw her, and was so shocked at the change in her, the extent to which she had wasted away, that she brought her to town by main force, and we and the doctors are trying to nurse her up. It seems of no use."

"Are you also staying at Colonel Hope's again?"

"I invited myself there a week or two ago to be with Alice. It is pleasant, too, than being at home."

"I suppose the Hopes are her tonight?"

"My sister is. I do not think your uncle has come yet."

"Does he ever speak of me less resentfully?"

"Not he; I think his storming over it has only made his suspicions stronger. Not a week passes but he begins again about that detestable bracelet. He is unalterably persuaded that you took it, and nobody must dare put in a word in your defense."

"And does your sister honor me with the same belief?" demanded Mr. Hope bitterly.

"Lady Sarah is silent on the point to me; I think she scarcely knows what to believe. You see I tell you all freely, Gerard."

CHAPTER XIII.

Before another word could be spoken Mr. Netherleigh entered. An aristocratic man, with a noble countenance. He bore a sealed note for Mr. Hope to deliver in the city.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed to his sister-in-law, "you here?"

"Yes; look at the sight they have made me," replied she, shaking down her dress for his benefit, as she had previously done for Mr. Hope. "I am waiting for some one of the damsels to mend it for me. I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has scared them away. Won't mamma be in a fit of

rage when she sees it, for it was new tonight."

Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances, and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Gerard's uncle. He started back when he saw Gerard.

"C—c—c— I believe my senses?" stammered he. "Mr. Netherleigh, is he one of your guests?"

"He is here on business," was the merchant's reply. "Pass on, Colonel."

"No, sir, I will not pass on," cried the enraged Colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. "Or if I do pass on, it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewelry. 'No, sir,' he added, turning to his nephew, 'you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your theft is spent! You have been starving it in Calais, I hear; how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?'"

"Sir," answered Gerard, with a pale face, "it has been starving rather than starving. I asserted my innocence at the time, Colonel Hope, and I repeat it now."

"Innocence!" ironically repeated the Colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. "The trinkets were spread on a table in Lady Sarah's own house. You came stealthily into it—after being forbidden it for another fault—went stealthily into the room, and the next minute the diamond bracelet was missing. It was owing to my confounded folly in listening to a parcel of women that I did not bring you to trial at the time; I have only once regretted not doing it, and that has been ever since."

A little wholesome correction at the penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good-night, Mr. Netherleigh! If you encourage him in your house, you don't have me."

Now another gentleman had entered and heard this; some servants also heard it. Colonel Hope, who firmly believed in his nephew's guilt, turned off peevishly and indignantly; and Gerard, giving vent to sundry unneighborly-like epithets, strode after him. The Colonel made a dash into a street cab and Gerard walked towards the city.

Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress right again, at last to appearance, was sitting to get her breath after a whirling waltz. Next to her sat a lady who had also been whirling. Frances did not know her.

"You are quite exhausted; we kept it up too long," said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger. "What can I get for you?"

"My fan; there it is. Thank you. Nothing else."

"What an odd creature to dance herself down!" thought Frances. "She's 40, if she's a day."

The lady opened her fan and proceeded to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Lady Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it and started, she strained her eyes and looked again; she bent nearer to it and became agitated with her emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, that was the lost bracelet.

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and gilded up to her.

"Adela, who is that lady?" she asked pointing to the stranger.

"I don't know who she is," replied Lady Adela, carelessly. "I did not catch the name. They came with the Cadogans."

"The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know!" indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever. "Where's Sarah, do you know that?"

"In the card room, glued to the whist table."

Lady Sarah, however, had unglued herself, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encourage her.

"I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room," she whispered in agitation. "I think I have seen it."

"Impossible!" responded Lady Sarah Hope.

(To be continued.)

KICKING A BILL OUT.

Document Actually Kicked Out of House of Commons.

Sir John Knight, a stout old Tory member for Bristol, who in the year 1693 proposed to kick a bill out of the house of commons, got into sad trouble. It was a measure for the naturalization of foreign Protestants, and Sir John, in the course of a violent invective, exclaimed: "Let us first kick the bill out of the house, and then let us kick the foreigners out of the kingdom," this observation being aimed at William's Dutchmen, if not at the king himself. But what Sir John only proposed to do with this bill the commons actually did with another obnoxious measure in 1770, says Good Words.

The peers had presumed to alter a money bill by striking out a provision which offered a bounty upon the exportation of corn. The commons, indignant at the treatment of their deputations, who had been contumaciously ejected from the peers' chamber, and further incensed by the fact that on another occasion Burke had been kept waiting three hours at the door of the upper house with a bill sent up by the commons, took the present opportunity to show in emphatic manner that there was at least one privilege on which they would not allow the peers to encroach. The amendment was promptly rejected, and with it the bill. The speaker tossed the document over the table, and members of both parties, as they went out, kicked it toward the door.

A Machias, Me., house which was built in 1765 is receiving its third coat of shingles.