

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The fool who rocks the boat is too often the one saved after the upsetting.

Solomon's temple has been found, but the plumbing is reported to be in bad condition.

The man who invented postal cards is dead. The postmistress ought to give him a monument.

What a national calamity it would be if the earthquakes in California had ruined the prune crops!

There is no danger that the czar of Russia will disarm. If he ever does his own subjects will get him.

A Denver scientist has rediscovered the planet Eros. He should be the next man to have a go at the north pole.

Water is not so cheap after all, when William K. Vanderbilt finds himself compelled to offer \$50,000 for a small pond.

Apparently the train robber sees no need for him to go west to grow up with the country. Illinois is good enough for him.

Alfonso is, indeed, leading poor old Spain a merry pace for progress. He is said to have learned to swear and to drink highballs.

Now that Yohe and Strong are safely away from American shores a strict quarantine ought to be established against them.

Some of the chauffeurs have apparently decided that it involves an unnecessary waste of time to go back and pick up the dead.

The water in Great Salt Lake has fallen six feet during the past eight years. There must be a hole in the bottom of the old thing.

Lord Kitchener is called the bravest man in the British army, but has never been able to summon up courage enough to get married.

Women have been mobbing women in the streets of Paris of late. And all over the matter of schools and religion. How the hair must have flown.

A Buffalo man was held up and robbed in his own back yard. This ought to be some consolation for those who are held up at the summer resorts.

When a preacher takes a woman by the hand, and says, "We missed you last Sunday," she feels that her faithful attendance at church has not been in vain.

The cholera epidemic in Egypt is so virulent that people die in five minutes after being stricken. These microbes must carry double-barreled shot-guns.

The warning that the Egyptian sphinx is crumbling to pieces gives American multimillionaires a new opportunity to contribute to a relic restoration fund.

In a dispatch from New York Gates' wealth is said to be only \$20,000,000. This is ridiculous. He wins more than that much every week at poker alone.

A great drawback to women making an unqualified success in business life is their inability to look on calmly while those who owe them large sums are doing the Dives act.

The esteemed Cleveland Plain Dealer says there is only one rhyme for "month," and gives it as "oneth." How about million's, billion's, trillion's, and so on, neighbors?

Sarah Bernhardt admits that she is 58 years of age. But it must be said for her that she has not yet arrived at that point in life where most women begin to grow too stout.

Rose Coghlan has declared, in the Montana district court of Lewis and Clark county, her intention to become a citizen of the United States. We need all the good-looking citizens obtainable.

Whether the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition has been temporarily suspended or permanently abandoned, the north pole must do more or less dodging to keep out of Lieut. Peary's way in his final dash this season.

Since Kipling wrote "The Vampire" how many men, after a quarrel—in which they were, of course, to blame—have made sarcastic reference, either mental or oral, to "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair?"

The grave diggers in one of Chicago's cemeteries have struck. Still, the situation isn't as serious as it might be. Since the advent of the automobile scorcher it frequently happens that there isn't anything left to bury.

When Gens. Botha, Dewet and Delarey reach London, King Edward will grant them an audience. Had some such meetings been held before the South African war, instead of after, the world might have been spared a sorry spectacle.

CAUSED DEATH

Charles Fair and Wife Killed in Automobile Accident

MACHINE DASHES INTO A TREE

A Tire Bursts and the Automobile Swerves From Path and Runs Into the Tree, Throwing Occupants High Into the Air

An Evereux, France, August 14, dispatch says: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair, Americans, who were related to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., (Miss Virginia Fair) were returning to Paris from Trouville today when one of the tires of their automobile burst and the machine swerved, crashing into a tree fifteen miles from here. Both were killed.

Their chauffeur became insane as a consequence of the shock.

Mr. and Mrs. Fair had been staying at Trouville during racing week. They had a very fast forty-five horsepower automobile which attracted considerable attention and with which they were highly pleased. Mr. Fair had been from Trouville to Paris and back again in one day on the machine.

The wife of the gate-keeper of the chateau was the only witness of the disaster. She says she noticed a big red automobile coming along the road at tremendous pace. Suddenly something happened and the wrecked machine fell from the road for about sixty yards. It then dashed up an embankment, turned a complete somersault and crashed into a big elm tree in front of the gate of the chateau. The automobile was completely wrecked, the front axle was broken and other parts of the machine were smashed, including the steering gear. When the automobile turned over, the wife of the gate-keeper says she saw Mr. and Mrs. Fair thrown high in the air and fall with a heavy thud to the ground. The chauffeur, who was sitting behind the Fairs, was precipitated into a ditch. He staggered to his feet calling for help. The gate-keeper's wife rushed to his assistance and aided him in extricating Mr. and Mrs. Fair, who were buried beneath the wrecked machine and in the last throes of death.

Both sustained ghastly injuries and were almost unrecognizable. Mr. Fair's head had been crushed in, while his wife's skull was split. The chauffeur was terribly afflicted at the calamity and seemed bereft of his senses. He threw himself into a ditch on the opposite side of the road and rolled about crying, "My poor masters."

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, jr., who was Mr. Fair's sister, returned from Trouville Sunday and sailed for New York yesterday on the North German Lloyd steamship Kron Prinz Wilhelm.

A San Francisco, Cal., dispatch states: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair left San Francisco in the latter part of May last for a trip to Europe. Charles Fair was the son of the late Senator Fair and was one of the heirs to the immense estate of the late Senator Fair. It is peculiar that the son of the late John W. Mackay, one of Senator Fair's partners, was also killed near Paris a few years ago by being thrown from his automobile.

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NEBRASKA STATE FAIR

Every Indication That This Year's Exposition Will Be a Hummer

It now seems certain that the state fair this year will be the best exhibit of the resources of Nebraska that has ever been given. The agricultural and horticultural exhibits, it is hardly necessary to state, will be exceptionally fine. Numerous improvements have been made in the buildings and grounds. A number of exhibitors have erected permanent buildings for their exhibits. The grounds are thickly covered with a heavy mat of blue grass and shade is abundant. New barns and stock pens have been built, and applications for space already exceed the available supply in every department. The following is a brief summary of the features of the week.

Monday, September 1, is Labor day, and is Lincoln day at the fair. A special speed program will be carried out under the auspices of the Lincoln roadster club.

On Tuesday, Hon. Jas. Wilson, secretary of agriculture, will deliver an address on agriculture. At 7 p. m. J. Bryan will speak on "The Resources of the State." The races will include a 2:45 trot, 2:17 pace, and a three-fourths of a mile running race.

Wednesday is Fraternal day, and a competitive drill between teams of the different orders for a purse of \$250 will be a feature. A sale of Shorthorn stock under the auspices of the Shorthorn Breeders' association will begin on this day and continue for two days. In addition there will be trotting, pacing and running races. On Thursday and Friday the speed programs will be a prominent feature. The facilities for getting to the grounds have been improved, and the crowds will be handled with little difficulty. It is expected that the attendance will be the largest of recent years.

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A SERIOUS SITUATION

Venezuelans Dump Barcelona Officials in Jail

Commander McLane of the Cincinnati cables from Barcelona, via Hayti: "Barcelona is occupied by the revolutionists. They have imprisoned all the civil and military officials and are in possession of the entire district. Some pillaging was done but everything now is quiet. Twenty-nine business houses were sacked, mostly foreign, and fifteen private dwellings."

The state department has received the following from U. S. Minister Howell at Port Au Prince: "Impossible to communicate with Gonzalez because the wires are cut. A cablegram from the navy department from Commander McCrea of Cape Haytien, says: "The blockade is admitted ineffectual by Admiral Killick and has been abandoned."

Commander Rodgers of the Marietta cables the navy department from Port of Spain: "There are three Americans at Angostura, Venezuela. Life and property are safe. The city is controlled by the revolutionary military chief. Foreign citizens are alarmed. A steamer of the Orinoco company is forcibly detained at St. Felix for government use."

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STRIKERS THREATEN

They Surround a Washery and Violence is Feared

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 14, dispatch says: Guarded by a force of fifty men armed with Winchester and behind a high barricade of barbed wire, the Warnke washery at Duryea this morning resumed operations after making four unsuccessful attempts in the last four weeks. A crowd of five hundred strikers now surrounds the place. Sheriff Jacobs fears an attack may be made and has sent deputies to reinforce the guards.

The pent up feelings of the mob broke their bounds at Scranton, Pa., Thursday afternoon and the men attacked the guards on duty at the Warnke washery. The guards leveled their rifles and fired into the mob wounding four men. The full extent of the casualties is not yet known.

The rioting is still in progress and Sheriff Schadle of this city has been appealed to for aid.

A telephone message from Duryea late Thursday afternoon stated that ten persons in the crowd and two deputies were wounded in the rioting at the Warnke washery.

Escaping Convict Shot
Harry Thompson, a prisoner at Fort Thomas for desertion, attempted to escape and was shot through the body by a sentry says a Cincinnati dispatch. He ran five miles up the river, stopping at various houses and compelling the people to dress his wound. He is badly injured.

Land Owner Suicides
Baron Severi Brunfick, once a Polish miner, and owner of a half million acres of land, committed suicide at Cincinnati Thursday morning.

NEWS IN BRIEF
The will of the late John W. Mackay was filed at Virginia City, Nev., and gives the estate to his widow and son, who are made executors without bond.

Gus Ginet, a prominent Polander of Pana, Ill., set fire to some straw under a balky Montana pony. The pony was burned so badly that the flesh of its abdomen burst when it started. The animal soon died. Ginet was arrested by the humane society, and feeling is high against him.

Considerable excitement has been created at Johannesburg by the discovery of a new gold reef which is said to traverse a large extent of territory.

The secretary of the interior has granted to the department of agriculture the privilege of establishing nurseries and planting on the two forest reserves recently established by President Roosevelt in the sand hill region of Nebraska. Surveys are now being made of both reserves, and nursery sites will be chosen and put in readiness for planting by the end of the summer.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Alameda's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"We've got one on 'em wounded, an' let's make most out o' him we kin afore we let him go. Let's not go an' act like a hull passel o' fools as don't know what we're a-doin' nohow. Save him an' we'll git Crack Lash's dust back an' we'll hang all four together; you all know that's much better'n hangin' one at a time."

The life of the captive was spared for the time being, and the miners proceeded at once to organize themselves into a vigilance committee, preparatory to stopping crime at the very beginning in their new settlement.

Lying on a low couch in one of the shanties was the hero of this story, known as the Klondyke as Crack Lash Paul. His wounds were severe, and he was in a feverish condition. One of the miners who had some knowledge of medicine and surgery had extracted the ball and dressed the wounds. The name of the doctor will perhaps never be known. In the Klondyke he was only called "Sawbones."

The patient's face was flushed and his eyes closed. His quick breathing and nervous movements indicated that he suffered mentally as well as physically.

"Be quiet," whispered "Sawbones" in the ear of his patient. "Here, take this." He raised the head of the wounded youth and gave him a spoonful of nerve-quieting medicine. He drank it off, and then lay back on his bed and slept. The doctor arose from the low stool at the side of the couch and went out.

He quickly turned his gaze toward every projecting branch within range of his vision. A look of disappointment came over his face as his eyes searched in vain for some object.

"What have you done with him?" he asked of a miner who was going by.

"Nothin'" was the answer.

"What, ha'n't you hung him yet?" "No."

"Why?" "Glum Ralston said not."

"What's the matter with Glum? Has he got bats in his belfry?" roared the infuriated doctor.

"Hold on, Sawbones; don't get off your trolley until somethin' on the track. I tell ye Glum's all right." He then proceeded to explain matters to the irate doctor, assuring him that he would yet have the satisfaction of seeing the robber lifted high enough to get a bird's-eye view of the new Jerusalem, but explained that in order to get the others they must keep the powers of speech in the one they had.

"Well, with that explanation I cave in," growled Sawbones. "But I don't want any feelin' o' sentimentality roamin' around this camp. We don't come of a forgivin' stock, we don't."

The patient slept for several hours, and when he awoke as evening began to draw near he was much improved.

But he recovered slowly, and so did the prisoner. The latter's wound, however, was more severe than Paul's, and for a time his case seemed doubtful. The doctor impressed with the hope that some information would be obtained from the wounded man, used his skill to the utmost to bring about a speedy recovery.

When Paul was able to walk about he insisted on going to his shanty to investigate it, though he was so weak he had to sit down on a sluce box to rest before he approached the door.

When he had rested sufficiently he arose and, unlocking the door, entered the shanty. He searched the room carefully for some clue that might have been dropped by one of the attacking party after they entered the room, but for a long time found none.

At last he discovered in a narrow crack between the logs and chinking what seemed to be a bit of paper wadded up and thrust into the hole. He went to it, pulled it out, and it proved to be an envelope stained with blood.

The envelope was stuck in the crack near the corner where the wounded outlaw had fallen and Paul at once surmised he put it there. He took the paper out of the envelope and gazed at the handwriting in amazement. It ran as follows:

"San Francisco, Sept. 1, 1895. "Inclosed find transportation and money sufficient to pay your way to Juneau. Whatever you do, remember that Paul Miller is not to return to Fresno. Do him no harm if you can accomplish your ends without violence, but at all hazards keep him two years longer in the Klondyke."

"L. T."

He read the mysterious paper again. He turned it over and looked on the back. Who was "L. T." and why should he wish to keep him in Alaska? There seemed to be something slightly familiar about the chirography, but he was not certain. Having a clue to the mystery, he sat down to study the puzzle.

The more he read the note the more he was puzzled and the farther he seemed to get from the solution.

"There has been a carefully laid plot to ruin me," he said to himself, as he sat upon the stool trying to study the missive. "Who is 'L. T.' and why should he wish me to remain in the Klondyke?"

He left the shanty, carefully locking the door after him, and was mak-

ing his way to the cabin at which he had stayed since the attack, when he met Glum Ralston.

"Hello, Crack Lash, gettin' under way agin'?"

"I am able to be out, Glum," he answered.

"Glad on it, boy—glad on it." The ex-sailor was about to pass on when the young man said:

"I want to talk some with you, Glum. There was a deep-laid plot to rob and murder me. I have an enemy or enemies—I know not how many—who have designs on my happiness."

Ralston was not a man to be moved by emotion or jump at a conclusion. He sat a long time listening to the unquestionable evidence of the youth. When he had finished there was no longer a doubt that here was a conspiracy to injure Crack Lash, and perhaps take his life. A new light was breaking in on him and he became more interested in the youth than he had been.

"M-well, Crack Lash, I think we'd better run 'em down. Wonder how many we kin git to go with us."

"I want no one but you, Glum," said the youth. "You and I are enough, for I can trust you, which is more than I care to do with all. I believe that if I can capture those men they will not only tell me where to find my lost treasure, but also inform me who this enemy 'L. T.' is."

"Then by the trident o' Neptune we'll go an' never stop until we find them."

After consulting the matter, they decided to keep their departure a secret from their companions, and decided to start before they were awake next morning. During the night a snowstorm raged. Next morning long before the miners were astir our two friends were attired in furs, with several dogs, provisions, blankets and rifles, and set off on snow-shoes in search of the three men who had robbed and so nearly killed Paul several weeks before.

Glum Ralston had received reliable information that the men he wished to find were in a valley up the Yukon, and they acted on that information.

They found the snow still falling, though it was not very cold. For several miles they trudged along on the snowshoes in silence. At last Glum said:

"Stop!" "Why?" asked Paul.

"We'll rest."

"I am not tired."

"Ye don't think ye are, mate, but you'll have all the wind out o' yer sails afore ye know it. Set down."

There was a log lying near, and both sat upon it.

"I am sufficiently rested, so let's go on," said the youth, after a short rest, starting to his feet.

"Don't be too certain ye know ye kin stand it, lad. I tell ye it's a longer voyage 'n you think, an' there's rough sailin' between this an' the Chilkoot."

They reached Dawson City next day at noon. As Paul was still weak, he secured a room in the hotel and went to bed to rest. Being overcome by weariness and the journey, he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He was awakened by some one shaking him by the shoulder and whispering:

"Tumble up, Crack Lash."

"What is it, Glum?" he asked, starting up and rubbing his eyes.

"They're here."

"Who?" "The rascals that robbed ye. I saw th' face o' one o' them fellers we'd seen a-hangin' around our diggin's before you were robbed, an' I'd bet my wolf-skin cap th' others ain't far off."

Paul Miller hastily donned his clothes. The pale youth drew on his fur boots and buckled his revolvers about his waist. He realized how dangerous an encounter would be and he knew he might be a corpse in twenty minutes. He breathed a silent prayer for Laura, mother, and lastly himself, and whispered:

"I'm ready."

They went down to the room below, where they found a wild crowd carousing, but no sign of the man who was suspected of being an accomplice in the robbery.

"Wait at the door, Crack Lash," Glum whispered.

shouted to them to halt. The fugitives cast quick glances behind, and then, with defiant yells, fled.

Two darted around one side of a huge, projecting cliff that formed the extreme spur of the mountain, and one went the other way. Two rifle shots rang out on the mountain, and two bullets whizzed through the air.

"Ye winged yer man, Crack Lash," cried Glum. "Follow him and I'll give chase to the others."

Paul needed no second command, but darted after the man at whom he had fired. The fugitive threw away his gun and fled for life, and for an hour Paul was in doubt whether he was gaining or him or not. At the end of that time, to his great chagrin, he saw him dash into a thick forest of pines and firs.

When next he saw him he was creeping along a ledge five hundred feet above him. With no other thought than the capture of the fugitive and recovery of his treasure, Paul threw off his snowshoes and clambered up the steep precipice with great labor and no little danger. Up he went, heedless of everything but the solution of the mystery which threatened his life and happiness of himself and Laura. He reached the fork and began to climb the great dead limb of a tree which touched the coveted ledge. At that moment he heard a crackling at the root of the tree and became conscious of a descending motion in the limbs to which he clung.

He knew he was falling, and that with the vast mass he must descend into the valley beneath. He left himself rushing downward through the air; he closed his eyes; there came a horrid crash on his ears, and he knew no more.

When Paul regained consciousness he was lying on a pile of skins and furs in a cavern.

A man clothed wholly in bear and seal skins stood over him, gazing at him with a pair of strange gray eyes. His hair was long, falling to his shoulders, and his beard, which was almost white, came to his waist. He had a half-savage and half-civilized appearance.

Paul gazed into the strange, wild face and asked:

"Who are you?"

The stranger, without taking his eyes off him, asked:

"Who are you?"

"I am a miner from the Klondyke who was robbed. I was in pursuit of the robbers when the accident befell me. You found me?"

"Yes."

Paul at first supposed that some of his limbs were broken or dislocated, and dared not move, but after a few moments he discovered that he had suffered no greater injury than a severe shock. He had fallen into a deep snowdrift, which had broken the fall and no doubt saved his life.

"Won't you tell me who you are?" asked Paul after a few minutes' gazing into the face of the mysterious stranger. The man turned away for a moment as if he wished to avoid the answer and then slowly turning back answered:

"I am a hermit; will that suffice?"

"Do you live here?" Paul asked.

"Yes."

"How long have you lived in this mountain?"

Then came a longer silence than usual, when the hermit of the cave answered:

"What difference can that make to you? I found you in a perishing condition and brought you here and saved your life. Is that not enough without telling all the secrets of my life?" He turned slowly about and went to a small fire that smoldered on the stones some distance away, and began to toast some slices of moose steak. Paul closed his eyes and tried to reason that he could be in no immediate danger. If the man had intended to kill him, he would no doubt have done so while he was unconscious. He also reasoned he might have some design in saving his life.

(To be continued.)

HE LOVED HIS HORSES.

Owner Wept When Compelled to Part With Them.

An incident which illustrates the strong attachment that forms between a man and a good team occurred at a public sale four miles south of town Wednesday. It was noticed that the owner immediately withdrew from the crowd upon the bringing forth of a fine span of blacks, but returned later when called upon to describe the team. Among other things, their age, etc., he stated that he had raised them from colthood; that they were true, kind and faithful. Here he could say no more, and crossing his arms on the one nearest him, he sobbed like a child. The intelligent animal, evidently realizing that something was wrong, turned his