

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Man is given a sense of humor to compensate him as the years rob him of enthusiasm.

Time was when on the announcement of a bank failure they used to ask "what's her name?"

Parisians ate 23,000 horses last year. Here we have a field where the automobile cannot hope to compete.

It is reported that a duke wants to marry Helen Gould. Now comes the supreme test of Helen's good sense.

Why doesn't some enterprising medium arrange an interview with De Lessops on recent events in Panama?

The man who stood on the bridge at midnight probably found it cheaper than sitting in at bridge at the same hour.

If it is true that the greatest happiness is in having enough, the man with seven daughters should be oh, so joyful.

The Brooklyn Eagle thinks current carping at Patti is due to the "acidulous pessimism of the supercritical few." Good.

Thieves have stolen one of the big bronze gates of Central Park, New York, but at last accounts the obelisk had not been taken.

When New York society leaders fall out the wondering world learns that being in the smart set doesn't dull the edge of a lady's tongue.

A woman strike sympathizer threw a brick at a car in Chicago the other day. It is not related what shop window suffered in consequence.

"People are seldom satisfied with small favors," remarked the philosopher. "What fun is there in kissing a girl if you can't muss her hair?"

The enthusiasm which Japan and Russia are showing for peace causes a suspicion that there must be a stock of damp powder in the far East.

An English mayor has handed out his salary to be divided between the poor and the town bands. The bands, presumably, are to be bribed to quit playing.

The Toronto World hopes Uncle Sam will "choke to death on the next bite he takes of Canada." Perhaps he'll try to swallow the pesky thing whole next time.

During the last fiscal year the railroads of the country killed 3,653 persons and injured 45,997 more. What are Macedonian outrages compared with this record?

The Cuban congress has voted a gift of \$50,000 to Gen. Gomez. Evidently the Cuban congress wants Gomez to retire permanently from the revolution business.

Somebody will be trying to prove next that Cresceus never trotted a mile in less than three minutes, and then he was tied to an automobile and timed by a sun-dial.

There are those who think that our national patriotism is even robust enough to survive the suppression of the dynamite cracker and the toy pistol on the Fourth of July.

The banks continue to merge. And nobody rises to protest. In fact, everybody seems to be satisfied. The banks enjoy a monopoly of this sort of feeling when it comes to merging.

Hartford Post: We have found that the most lovable women, as a rule, are those who have no more mathematical ability than is required to keep account of the milk tickets.

The boy who writes in his copy-book, "Reach after the higher things," cannot understand why his backward anatomy should be tattooed because he gathers jam from the top shelf.

It will probably be incumbent on the historian of the immediate future to record that Generalissimo Rafael Reyes of the Colombian army marched down a hill and then marched up again.

The new fund for the Methodist ministers amounts now to \$40,000—more than half of what Willard Allen took. It is not generally known just where Mr. Allen spent Thanksgiving.

Their fighting may not be up to the European standard, but the Central American countries do not keep the "War is Inevitable" headline standing for several months before they get some kind of action.

King Peter tried to congratulate Great Britain's diplomatic representative at Belgrade on King Edward's birthday, but got snubbed for his pains. Peter will have to keep quiet and make motions when he wants to express his thoughts.

One of the judges has decided that a girl has no breach of promise suit against a man who proposes on Sunday and fails to carry out the agreement. After this it may be expected that the lights will be put out promptly at 12 o'clock Saturday night.

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUNDOUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc. Copyright, 1901, by Cassell Publishing Company. Copyright, 1902, by Street & Smith.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"A dreadful railway accident has taken place on the Southeastern railway. A goods train from London to Maidstone, which contained two wagons loaded with petroleum barrels, through some mistake in the signals, ran into the 4:30 up train from Dover, at the point where the lines cross. The engine, tender, and three first-class carriages have been smashed up and burnt by the petroleum. Twenty-three passengers are either dead or dying."

The perspiration stood upon his brow as he read this—this grim and ghastly paragraph—over and over again.

"How could I possibly let them see this?" he groaned to himself. "They would go out of their minds with the horror of it. And yet," the thought struck him, "what is to prevent them from reading it all, and more beside, in the morning papers? Though, of course, there is hope—there must be a gleam of hope! Some must have escaped! How slow this train is. And yet, why should I want to travel faster? How do I know what awaits me at my journey's end?"

When the train reached London Bridge, a little before ten, he found all was bustle and confusion. The news of the accident had spread like wildfire, and a momentarily increasing throng of agonized friends and relatives besieged the officials, attacked the telegraph office and hurried hither and thither, backwards and forwards, in search of something definite in the shape of information.

Ted Burritt forced himself through the crowd which was gathered round some person in authority, and put the same questions which burst from so many lips at once.

"Was anything more known about the accident? When would the line be clear, and when would a train be allowed to run to the scene of the disaster?"

else, no possibility of recognizing or identifying any.

Ted Burritt approached and looked down upon one; then staggered and nearly fell.

"Are these all?" he asked, in a dreadful whisper. The man who was in charge of this ghastly detachment answered, briefly, "There be a heap more on 'em in the church yonder!"

CHAPTER VII.

In the Vestry.

There was very little sleep for anyone at Magnolia Lodge that night. Mrs. Burritt was at last persuaded to go and lie down upon her bed, where she was ministered to by her daughter and the cook.

So in lamentations and torturing suspense, together with brief intervals of broken rest, the night wore away. The servants, with scared faces, crept about the house and prepared the breakfast, which nobody touched.

May Burritt came down stairs about eight o'clock, and the first thing that she saw was the daily paper lying in its accustomed place beside the urn.

"Ah!" she gasped, "now to know the worst!"

The account she sought was assigned the most prominent position, and was headed in large capitals, "Terrible Railway Accident! Thirty-two lives lost! Numbers roasted to death!"

She read the brief paragraph, into which so much horror was condensed, and stood as though turned to stone. Then coming back to herself, she murmured: "Mother must never see this, it would kill her!" And she left the room, taking the paper with her.

"After all, though," she ventured to hope, "there have been some saved. Why may not he be among them? Surely Ted will send a telegram soon. Poor boy! I wonder what he is doing?"

A little later in the morning, when



"What's that? Run, May, and see!"

And the answers, repeated over and over again, and passed from mouth to mouth, were:

"No further details of the accident had been ascertained, and no names of the victims had yet been published, as the telegraph lines had been broken."

The first train to Bannock Bridge, the scene of the disaster, would be run as soon as the line was clear, and that could not be for some hours longer. The unfortunate people who craved to know what might be the fate of some of their nearest and dearest, could do nothing but wait, hour after hour, every minute of which seemed an age, and each separate hour an eternity.

And so, at last, the hours wore away, and very early in the morning a train started, bearing its weary, haggard load of men and women, each hoping that God had at least been merciful to him, or her, whoever else He might have bereaved.

Ted Burritt sat in his corner of the carriage, and let his thoughts wander where they would. All at once the thought occurred to him, "What had become of the friend? The friend whom his father went to meet, and who was to return with him? But what did it matter about him? Why, but for him, though the accident would have taken place all the same, it would have had nothing to do with that pleasant, peaceful home at Dulwich!"

By the time he had recovered himself a little he saw that the day was beginning to dawn. Surely they must be very near the scene of the disaster.

Even in the faint early light, which was all they had to illumine the scene, signs of the recent catastrophe began to appear. By the side of the line they saw drawn up some of the ruined carriages. Another moment, and the train drew up at the picturesque little country station, which had now been converted into a temporary dead-house. The mournful, wild-eyed cavalcade, which alighted at the platform, were met by the stationmaster, who merely motioned with his arm, and said, "In there."

The whole crowd, with one accord, poured in the direction indicated.

A dreadful sight met their eyes. In the waiting room and booking office a dozen charred remnants of human beings were laid out on tarpaulins—each one of which had lost all semblance to humanity. There was no

roof seemed to swallow up what little light there was.

"They've put 'em all inside the chancel rails," said the old man, who had constituted himself a sort of ghoulish master of the ceremonies.

No one seemed to care to be the first to approach that part of the holy edifice.

At last Ted Burritt, with a grim determination, approached the railing.

Inside, the bodies, or what had once been bodies, were disposed in two rows.

Those on the right hand lay in coffins which had been hastily gathered from all parts of the neighborhood; those on the left were mere groups of ashes collected together on pieces of tarpaulin.

Ted Burritt began at the right-hand side. The other people followed his example, and the old clerk acted as cicerone.

"This 'un," he said, indicating the terrible contents of one coffin, "is supposed to a-bin a young female, as they found a thimble and a bit of a dress among the ashes. Thimble 'ad the name o' 'Lizzie' scratched on it."

A man who was craning his neck over Ted Burritt's shoulder gave a sharp cry: "That's my girl! That's my Lizzie! And her mother waiting for her at home, and won't believe anything can have happened to her—Oh, Lord!" and he broke out into wild outcries.

Some of the others, forgetful of their own concerns for a moment, gathered round him and made an attempt at consolation.

"At least you know which she is—that ought to be a little comfort to you."

"But I thought she might have been saved. She was such a good girl—and look at her there!" and he gesticulated towards the open coffin.

"I can't stand much more of this," murmured Ted Burritt, as he wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

They left the bereaved parent moaning over his child's remains and again passed on. The next three coffins were examined, shuddered at and left. The mutilated corpses which they contained possessed neither head, feet nor hands. They could never have been taken for anything human had not the fact been established beyond all doubt. Was either of those his father?

There only remained one or two more belonging to that row, and they, too, were unrecognizable. After that nothing was left but the poor heaps of ashes on the other side.

"This is all, ladies and gentlemen," said the old man, with a sort of charnel-house cheerfulness, "sides one more in the vestry, as was put there in consequence of 'bein' very little damaged, 'cept about the legs; and passon did say as I was to show 'im first, though 'bein' easy recognized. But my pore old 'ed's bin all of a jumble since th' accident, and I clean forgot 'im. But anybody as likes can jest step into the vestry and see 'im for theselves. They've laid 'im out on the table, through 'bein' of a hextry size, and runnin' short o' coffins. 'E was found buried under a lot o' rubble, and they 'ad a deal o' trouble to git 'im out."

There was a general rush in that direction on the part of all those who had a male relative missing.

(To be continued.)

Were "Dandy-Lions."

He had been in the Dark Continent for two or three years, and when home on a visit he delighted to spin his "tall" yarns about his experiences in Africa. The hunting of wild lions was his specialty—how he could shoot them, how he could go out and be sure of finding one, how it was done, etc., etc., and he generally wound up by saying that he never yet saw a lion that he feared.

One night after he had finished yarning he was a little taken aback by one of his audience, who said:

"That's nothing. I have lain down and actually slept among lions in their wild, natural state."

"I don't believe that, I'm no fool!" said the great hunter.

"It's the truth, though."

"You slept among lions in their wild, natural state?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Can you prove it. Were they African?"

"Well, not exactly African lions. They were dandelions."

Practical Toys.

Toys, whether useful or as a pastime as instructors, are fascinating. However, the up-to-date toy is practical. Children have miniature working autos. A make-believe train, a splendid toy, is a real train of cars with real locomotive and real track.

There are children out West on whose fathers' property small streams cross. These boys imitate the things they see going on about them. They build dams, check the water, construct miniature systems of irrigation in exact copy of the plan used by the farmers of that country. The water thus dammed nourishes a garden plot of their own.

In this play there is the dignity of education.

Thought Ade Needed Schooling.

The following story is going the rounds of Highland Park, where George Ade spent the summer. The aforesaid was walking along the street one day when he met a mite of humanity, kindergarten bent, one of Mr. Ade's summer colleagues and friends.

Mr. Ade called out: "Hello! Going to school?" The prompt reply came, in the same tone of good comradeship, without the least suggestion of slyness, but just as Mr. Ade would have it: "No! are you?"

DESERVED TO WIN HER.

Young Man Who Seized Opportunity on the Fly.

"I heard a unique proposal to-day," laughed O'Beetle, as he sat down to his evening meal. "There were a couple of evidently very learned men on the car, who kept branching from one subject to another. Within hearing distance of them sat a man and a woman; in fact, I sat just between the two couples."

"I didn't pay much attention to the remarks of the savants until they began an informal heart-to-heart jabber on a matter I had noticed myself."

"It's truly wonderful how features change," said one. "For instance, I knew a married couple who had lived together so long that they finally conformed in features. After a time, one might easily have mistaken them for brother and sister, children of the same parents, so alike in looks were they."

"I've heard and read of many such cases," said the other; "it's a scientific fact that constant companionship produces a likeness," and then was started a diatribe on this interesting line.

"And just then the public proposal came in, and I was called upon to secretly admire the young man's nerve. The girl said to him:

"Do you think that is so, Will?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Will; "and do you know, I'd give you everything in the world if you'd let me look like you."

"I don't know what the outcome was, but if I'd been her I'd certainly have taken him up, for his honest outspokenness if nothing else."

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN HAIR.

Regular Markets in Many Parts of the World.

Wearing false hair is a very widespread custom. In the language of the tradesman, hair "grown on the heads of northern nations is the most valuable, both because of its superior fineness and gloss and its color. Germany and Sweden provide the most valuable hair, especially if it be golden blonde, which is of the finest texture and of a color impossible to obtain by artificial dyes. Italy and other southern nations produce only coarser and less costly varieties. Most precious of all, however, is hair of a true silver-gray color, which, in sufficiently long plaits, is almost impossible to procure, chiefly from the fact that its very rarity causes those women lucky enough to possess it to refuse to part with it. The most constant supply of human hair for the world's market, however, comes from the peasant girls in countries such as Russia and Galicia, where immediately after marriage a headress is assumed which makes the lack of its natural covering noticeable. In Bohemia, Moravia and Galicia there are regular hair markets to which the women bring their hair for sale."

Like a Boy's Pocket.

A most remarkable case of gastronomy for foreign bodies of the stomach was described at a meeting of the Academie de Medecine. The patient, a youth 16 years old, had entered the St. Joseph's Hospital for Epilepsy. He had had melana, and a rather sharp pain accompanied by eripitation in the left hypochondrium. The operation was performed in June, and the following bodies were removed through an orifice of two and a half centimeters: Eight teaspoons, from 8 to 15 centimeters long; a three-pronged fork, a letter file 12 centimeters long, two sharp points; a needle, 6 centimeters long, a knife blade 5 centimeters long, a piece of comb 8 centimeters long, and a key. There were in all twenty-five bodies, weighing 230 grams. The stomach did not seem to have been affected, and the patient recovered completely.—Paris Letter to the Medical Record.

No More "Rickshaw" Men.

Japan is finding that electric traction and the "rickshaw" are incompatible and the result is that over 2,000 human horses in Tokyo have given up the unequal struggle with the electric car and have decided to emigrate in a body to the Hokkaido, there to engage in the fisheries and other callings. It seems a pity, for there are few pleasanter ways of traveling on a good road than behind a couple of stalwart runners who do their eight miles an hour with ease. From the national point of view the disappearance of the "rickshaw" men may have important consequences. In physique they form almost a class apart and though their calling does not conduce to longevity they were a valuable asset in Japan's military system, as they proved in the war with China.

The Rebel.

Though bridled, dumb and slow, Day after trudging day With burdened pace I go Along the beaten way.

Though traces chafe and gash, And bitter stings the lash, Ere at death's rod I fall For freedom I will dash.

Yes, even I will take The bit between my teeth; My fire shod hoofs will shake The solid earth beneath.

A leaping stride that hedge The valley of despair, Upon the morning's edge I snuff the mountain air.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

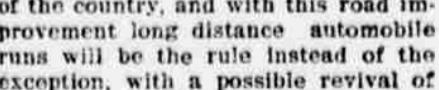
Old Age No Disability.

An interesting example of the fact that it is never too late to learn has recently occurred in Belgium. At the State School of Horticulture at Vilvorde, one of the pupils, named Pierre Germain, is sixty-nine years of age, and that age implies in his case at least no disability is shown by the fact that he has received his diploma, having passed the "final" with flying colors.

NOTES ON SCIENCE

Combination Sign Post.

How often a traveler on a public highway wishes for a sign board at cross roads to direct him which path he should take, but wishes in vain! But the seed has been sown, and the farmers in the country districts and the drivers and automobilists in the cities are pressing the demand for good roads and signs to indicate where they lead to. The appropriations made by many states are but the beginning of stretches of good highway, which will reach from end to end of the country, and with this road improvement long distance automobile runs will be the rule instead of the exception, with a possible revival of cycling in addition. The sign board should be the companion of all good roads, and the more information it can impart the greater will be its value to the traveling public. The combination here illustrated seems to answer all purposes very well, comprising, as it does, not only the necessary sign boards indicating directions and distances, but also a weather vane, sun dial, thermometer, mail box and place for weather bulletins for



For General Information.

The benefit of farmers in the surrounding country. The mail and bulletins are to be deposited each by the carrier on the rural mail route on which the board is situated, and the device will thus prove of sufficient value to the people living in its immediate neighborhood to induce them to have an eye to its maintenance and protection.

The inventor is Louis Weglein, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa.

Gives Exercise on Shipboard.

One great difficulty encountered by sportsmen in shipping their running or trotting horses to foreign lands, in order to compete with native born animals for prizes and honors, is maintaining the stock in good condition during the tedious journey across the ocean. Many a first-class horse, capable of running well at home, loses form when placed on shipboard, and is easily beaten by the other contestants in races abroad. A possible solution of the problem of maintaining the animals in good condition during their ocean journey is offered in the apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration, which seems to be practically an adaptation of the old horse power so long utilized on threshing machines. This machine is intended for use directly in the stalls, replacing the floor and remaining stationary in a horizontal position when not in use. When the animal requires exercise the turnbuckles at the front of the stall are rotated to elevate the floor and set the endless walk to motion under the weight on the inclined plane. While it is not expected that equally as good training can be had with this apparatus as on a track, its use should enable the driver to go almost directly on the race course in competition upon his arrival, thus saving

Keeps Animals in Good Condition.

valuable time and insuring better physical condition of the animal.

Nelson Burgess of Highlands, N. I., is the inventor.

Prairie Fire Drag.

A new weapon with which to fight the destructive prairie fires of the West has just made its appearance, consisting of a chain mat, covered with asbestos in the form of a smoothing blanket. This device is supplied with chains at two corners, and may be easily and quickly adjusted to drag by the horn of a saddle or from a singletree. By trailing it over the ground along the line of the fire the flames are supposed to be smothered and prevented from spreading through the dried grass.

Enormous Belgian Gas Engine.

A Belgian company has constructed the greatest gas engine yet constructed. It will have two cylinders, each with a diameter of 51 inches, with a length of stroke of 55 inches, and the revolutions per minute to develop 1,000 horse power will be 85. The engine is 67 feet in length.

