



Mine Bros. Miner Bros.

RIGHT PRICES!

By right prices we don't mean City prices or Bargain prices, but prices that are right for reliable merchandise. We stand back of the representation of every article sold from this store. If you are not satisfied with your purchase, bring it back in salable condition and we will cheerfully refund your money.

GINGHAMS.

8c A lot of 1,000 yards of fine Gingham in stripes, checks and plain colors—the usual 10c kind. Instead of 10c, price **8c**

18c One lot of French Gingham in stripes. These are mostly remnants and short lengths carried over from last fall, with a number of new patterns. Usual price 25 to 30c. Price now **18c**

NECK RIBBONS.

Some pretty new novelties in fancy neck ribbons. Satin Tafeta in white, with large silk em-

broidered dots in pink, blue and red. Champagne color with small silk embroidered dots, in white, red and black. A late novelty; per yard **35c**

LACES.

500 yards of 2 to 4 in. Torchon and Val. Laces. Come while the assortment is complete. Per yard, while they last **5c**

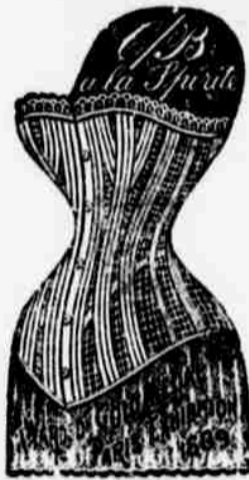
SILK GINGHAMS.

Whites and black stripes, colored stripes, plainwhite, lace effects, etc., in regular 50c cloth, but remnant lengths of 5 to 18 yd pieces. Instead of 50c **33c**

CORSETS.

We are overstocked on one number of Corsets—our No. 294 in black and white; a full run of sizes, in the perfect-fitting C.-B. Corset. Regular value \$1.00.

Special, 75c.



'Satisfaction or money back.'

MINER BROS

CORRESPONDENCE

Interesting Items Gathered by Our County Reporters

Esben.

Listing is the order of the day. Many farmers down here have finished putting in their potatoes. Nearly everywhere you look you can see peach blossoms. Howard Houghtaling put his father's corn in last week and is now working on his own. Mr. and Mrs. Mert Houghtaling visited with the old folks Sunday. Cass Michael lost a \$600 horse Sunday evening. George Michael has up a new windmill in place of the one recently blown down. Mrs. L. Guthrie is on the sick list. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Houghtaling visited in Leonon last Saturday.

Line.

Farmers had to quit listing corn on account of the rain this week. Married, Mr. William Norris and Miss Lucy McCall. Born, April 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Dyke, a boy. The co-operative creamery has com-

menced business. Ernest Haskins collected the cream on the river route. Wm. Kaminsky was the guest of Wm. Van Dyke Tuesday. The county commissioners were in line on business this week. S. C. Shuck is building an addition to his barn. Sunday school at Penny creek at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. Campbell of North Branch. The Shannon boys are building a new barn on the old John Colbert ranch. Peaches and plums are coming out all right. John Beauchamp is able to be around again.

Business Notices.

Light harness at Joe Fogel's. Infants' all-wool white shirts, 50c. F. Newhouse. Try Ward Hayes for a first class shave or hair-cut. If you want the best and cheapest harness, go to Fogel's. Furnished Rooms for Rent—Inquire of Mrs. J. A. Tulleys. Moraville's Perfection Hair Tonic for sale at Schaffnit's barber shop. Some more of that cream white Henrietta at F. Newhouse's, at 25c a yard.

RED CLOUD, CHIEF of the SIOUX

By U. G. KNIGHT.

At the confluence of the Keya Paha creek and the Niobrara river, in Holt county, Nebraska, six miles west of the present town of Butte, in a beautiful grove of cottonwoods and box elders which stood between the two swift running streams, in the latter part of October, 1814, stood a goody sized Indian village. Here amid the falling leaves stood a wigwam, made of skins of beasts, and in this modest domicile late one afternoon was born a little red man—a Sioux Indian papoose. The old Indian woman who acted as nurse took the little babe, covered with the bead-worked blanket bordered with rabbit skins, to the flap of the wigwam and looked out, casting about for a name, as was the usual custom, to be derived from nature. The sun had just set and the sky was covered with a beautiful pale red so common in that country. Great, fleecy clouds were piled up against the horizon, all tinged with a beautiful crimson, and the old woman caught the spirit from them, fell to her knees in silent worship and called the babe "Oumayou," which was afterward interpreted by a Jesuit missionary to mean "Red Cloud," although the Sioux word for that name is quite another term now.

At any rate, here and at this time was born the Indian who was afterward to give so much trouble to the world and for whom was named a town which will be a monument to his memory when lettered marble has crumbled and to the dust returned.

This was nine years after Manuel Lisa located a trading post at Bellevue and ten years before Peter Sarpy, the first white settler, located in Nebraska.

Red Cloud was much the same as other Indian children, except that he was a born leader and early showed his works among his playmates. However, not much was heard of him until 1832. At this date, and before, the Sioux Indians occupied or claimed nearly all that portion of Nebraska north of the Platte river and west of the Elkhorn. The Pawnees were between the Platte and Republican, and other tribes in the eastern part of the state.

In that year (1832) there occurred one of the worst Indian battles known to the world, which took place between the Sioux and Pawnees. Just where the battle ground was no one seems to know, but it is most generally located on the Platte east of Kearney. At any rate, there were over 18,000 warriors in the fight, and 2,500 of the Sioux were slain, and nearly as many of the Pawnees. The Pawnees were victorious and took many prisoners, and after the battle was over they burned 700 of the Sioux captives alive.

In this battle Red Cloud came to the front. He was only 18 years old, but he showed a valor and fighting capacity seldom seen in one of his age. A brave was not admitted to the councils of war in Sioux camps till he was old, but in Red Cloud's case it was different and from that time on he was not only listened to, but given command in many instances.

In 1848, when new Fort Kearney was established near its present site, the soldiers soon found out that Red Cloud was their worst foe. From that time on until he made his peace with the government he was a fighter, particularly in battles. Not so much a skulker as most Indians, but a leader and a strategist in war.

There are endless stories of his prowess which could be related, but space forbids. In 1869 he was hunting with a small band of his followers on the Republican, when some of his braves discovered a wagon with four

white men in it near the mouth of Elm Creek, east of what is now the town of Red Cloud, and they gave them battle and killed them all. These men were from Michigan and were hunting buffalo. Red Cloud always said that he had nothing to do with this killing and that he censured his men severely for it. This was positively the last time the old chief ever visited the spot which bears his name, and probably the last time he was ever in the Republican valley.

His doings in the after years are rather vague, as he was crafty and preferred that people should not place too much blame on him.

There is a belief among a good many of the Red Cloud people, to which is

the hill in an open grave, covered only with poles and brush. Her clothes, dishes and trinkets were placed in the grave, and her pony was killed and all near it. White despoilers soon took everything away, even to the bones, and I well remember how Jim Fryse, who once edited the Argus with George Warren, used to show the skull of this poor girl to interested visitors, he having sent his younger brother John down into the grave for it.

The picture of Red Cloud given here is one of the three only authentic ones in existence. The chief never would allow a photograph to be taken of himself until, in the summer of 1900, he was traveling up the Running Water, in Sioux county, with a few others of his tribe, when he came to the ranch of Cook brothers. One of the Cooks was a good speaker of the Sioux language and, as there happened to be a photographer there, besides myself, he coaxed the old man to have a photo taken. At first he refused, but on the promise of being presented with a fat cow he came to terms and the picture was taken, from which there were made three copies. One of these was



CHIEF RED CLOUD AND HIS SQUAW. (By courtesy of the Oxnard (Cal.) Sun.)

added the zest of romance, that the Indian girl who was buried on the hill south of town was the daughter of Red Cloud, but this is not the case. This girl was the claimed daughter of Medicine Horse, chief of the Otoes, and was with a portion of her tribe at the time of her death. I remember her well. She was certainly a beautiful girl, about 18 years of age, and had a delicate, refined manner such as few Indians have. Old Medicine Horse was a fluent speaker of the Sioux language, and as my father also understood that language perfectly they often had long talks with each other, and I, a small boy, stood near with wide open eyes. The girl who died had none of the features of her supposed father, but instead rather favored a white man named Perry who lived with them and acted as interpreter, and it was he who taught this beautiful Hiawatha the ways and words of the paleface. When she died Perry took it more to heart than did Medicine Horse, and soon afterward followed her to the "happy hunting grounds," with a broken heart.

This Indian maiden was buried on

secured by the writer.

In my travels in Nebraska and South Dakota that summer I came upon the old chief several times and, with a young son of his as interpreter, I engaged him in conversation as much as I could. In connection with what he told me and what I could find out from other Indians I have gathered the story.

Red Cloud now lives in a small house built by a generous government and given to him, at Pine Ridge Agency (South Dakota), a reservation about thirty miles directly north of Gordon, Sheridan county, Nebraska. He will soon be 90 years of age and is but a shadow of his former self. Age has whitened his locks and withered his faculties to a great extent, but today, he is consulted on matters of great moment in the Sioux councils and much heed is given to his words. At any hour the Grim Reaper is expected, and by the old chief the arrival of that hour is looked forward to. His son, young Red Cloud, will probably assume the empty honor as ruler of his tribe when the last call is sounded for the patriarch, only one other Indian chief

can today share the fame in exploits of battle and deeds of valor with Red Cloud, and that is Geronimo, chief of the Apaches, whose bloodthirsty ideas were always much different from those of Red Cloud. Geronimo claims reformation and has joined the Methodist church, but Red Cloud expects to die as he has lived, a firm believer in "the happy hunting ground," and his only desire now is that his dog, his rifle and his pony be sent on with him. For them he cares more than for the aged woman who has ministered to his wants for sixty years. Such is the Indian.

"And o'er his arms and o'er his bones— They'll raise a simple pile of stones— Which, hallowed by their tears and moans, Is all the Indian's monument."

U. G. KNIGHT. Oxnard, Cal., April 18, 1904.

Lincoln Letter.

LINCOLN, NEB., May 4.

Game Commissioner Carter was at Broken Bow last week for the purpose of securing a continuance in the case of the state against A. E. Brigham of Oconto, who is charged with having illegally shipped 800 grouse out of the state, and, is suspected of having disposed of fully 3,000 birds in an unlawful manner last season.

Strangely enough, nearly every important witness against Brigham has left the state without leaving his future address, and Warden Carter asks that the case be continued for a few weeks in the hope that some of them may be located and returned.

Deputies Hunger and Smith have apprehended several seiners who have been operating in the lakes near Erickson, also in the Cedar river.

Ben Rosenquist of Oregon, forgot that the wild goose season had been brought to a close, and killed three birds, for which he was charged \$21.55 in fine and costs.

Ten million pike eggs are to be hatched at the state fisheries this spring, and the fish will be planted in rivers which rise in Nebraska, as it has been found that pike have a bad habit of journeying to the headwaters and fish planted in Nebraska last year emigrated to Wyoming.

Thursday afternoon, the executive committee of the state central committee met at headquarters and selected Howard H. Baldrige of Omaha, to serve as temporary chairman of the state convention. Arthur B. Allen, secretary to the committee, was chosen as secretary of the convention. E. G. Titus of Holdrege and Byron Clark of Plattsmouth, were the only members of the executive committee who were absent.

A short executive session was held in which prospects were discussed in a general way, favorable reports being received from all sections.

As the work of the assessors progresses uneasiness about the probable effect of the new revenue law increases, not only among the farmers, but among all classes, including the much-maligned corporations. The report of the assessor of Lancaster county to the effect that six mercantile establishments in the city of Lincoln had already been assessed at a higher figure than the total of that line of business in the whole county last year has caused city merchants to hasten to the state house for information. Like the farmers, the business men, upon learning that the valuation of their holdings has been doubled many times, jump to the hasty conclusion that their tax will keep pace with the valuation, which would mean simply that they could not pay their proportion of the revenue out of the profits of their business. Uneasiness is also manifested by the managers of the Lincoln Traction Company, whose properties were found to be worth in excess of a million, and inquiries are being made by the officers of other public service corporations.

After the law has been fairly tried