

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

While engaged in fishing off Low-stoft recently a fisherman landed in his net a unique piece of amber. It resembled a huge pebble, was oblong in shape, weighing eleven pounds fourteen ounces, and is the finest specimen of amber that has been discovered on the English coast for several years. It realized \$137.50.

The cattlemen are planning a movement to hold an annual cattle show at Kansas City, Kan., to be called the "American Royal." Four breeds of beef cattle, also hogs, sheep and Angora goats, will be included. It is thought that the show will win recognition for Kansas City as the cattle center of the world.

An electrically lighted clock is a new and useful device for home use. It is placed within sight of a sleeper's bed, and when he wishes to learn the time he touches a button at the bedside, and in an instant the clock is illuminated that he can plainly see the dial. A little storage battery supplies sufficient electricity to last several months.

Portugal, being in strained relations with Holland, emerges from obscurity long enough to get mentioned in foreign dispatches. A plucky little kingdom! With a home population smaller than that of Pennsylvania and an area less than Kentucky's, she bears rule over African and Asiatic dependencies which contain more than nine million people and cover nearly a million square miles.

The British government encourages inventors and scientists by extending financial assistance to those whose work is considered of sufficient value to warrant such development. The grants are made through the British royal society, and range in value from \$50 to \$2,500, according to the nature of the invention to be exploited. At the present time the society has in hand \$20,000 ready for distribution within the month of January.

It is said that several of the European general staffs are studying the feasibility of organizing special corps something after the Boer model. The principal difficulty lies in the limited supply of horses at the command of the various governments, with the exception of Russia. The last equine census in that country is stated to have shown considerably more than 10,000,000 horses fit for war purposes.

A lively spree was enjoyed a short time ago by some hogs and geese at the cider mills of William Smith, at Bloomfield Center, Mich. A mass of cherries which had been used to flavor brandy, had been thrown where the hogs could get it. Geese as well as hogs stuffed themselves with the cherries, and soon they were staggering and squealing, squawking and "honking" in a high state of excitement, all comically fuddled.

Queer advertisements occasionally find their way into the Irish papers. A recent issue of a Limerick newspaper announces that "Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, wagonettes, brakes, hearses and other pleasure vehicles for sale or hire." This is the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, declared that "Mrs. B. of G. sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross."

The Christian names of the girls registered at a certain New England academy in 1850 were Abigail, Albina, Clarinda, Elizabeth, Esther, Louella, Myrtilla, Parthenia, Ruth and Sophronia. The names of a class of girls now attending a western high school are Fannie, Lulu, Marguerite, Pearl, Sylvia, Thyra and Yvea. Some of those in the earlier list sound curiously old-fashioned—but the people of 1950 may find occasion to wonder and exclaim at names that are more or less popular in the year 1901. The one happy certainty is that our descendants will be perfectly satisfied, as each succeeding generation is, with the result of their own efforts at christening children!

Heredity does not determine courage, or its opposite, but the constitutional tendency may be clearly marked through generations. A recent rescue of shipwrecked persons off Grand Manan is the subject of a report from our consul at St. John, New Brunswick. During a period of more than seventy-five years, grandfather, father and sons of a certain family have repeatedly saved life or piloted vessels out of danger. It is said that the Canadian government is to give the rescuers suitable testimonials. The whole world is a debtor to its heroes of peace. To strengthen the courageous purpose of others by brave doing or enduring is to fulfil one purpose of living.

The condition of general business is pretty accurately reflected by activity or apathy in the New York stock exchange, so it need cause no surprise that during December the "record" price was paid for a seat in that body—\$50,000, exclusive of the initiation fee of \$1,000. Membership in the exchange carries with it life insurance for \$10,000, so there is a limit below which the price can hardly fall. But since the very seat that has just sold for \$50,000 less than two years ago, no one would dare to predict how high the "boom" may take it.

GRAVE DANGER

Americans of Venezuela in a Hostile Camp.

ENGLISH NEGRO POLICE LEAVE POSTS

Employed to Do Police Duty But Become Scared When Insurgents Begin Firing—Families Almost at Mercy Of the Natives—Other News.

A Port of Spain, Jan. 29 dispatch says: According to advices received today from Caracas a trustworthy engineer, who has arrived there from Pich lake, reports that the situation is disastrous. He says that a hundred and fifty English negroes, who were employed to do police duty when the insurgents began firing, went into the jungles, only twenty-five Americans being left to protect the property and lives of American families.

The messenger from the lake implored the United States legation to afford protection, saying that the lives and property of Americans were exposed to guerilla attacks, firing going on nightly, and the Americans being too few to hold out long. Minister Loomis, according to the same advices replied that these reports were possibly exaggerated, but that they could not be ignored, and that he would wire the fact to Washington.

Mr. Olcott, the Orinoco manager, has returned from Caracas, where he went to try to arrange for the release of the steamers and schooners captured by a Venezuelan gunboat near Trinidad. The British owner flew the Venezuelan flag, and the crew were not shot.

The resolution in the east, near the asphalt deposits, is increasing but the disturbances are remote from Caracas, which remains tranquil.

The commander of the French cruiser Sachet confines these intelligences and the report of the activity of the insurgents. It appears that an attempt to capture Ciudad Bolivar, capital of the state of Bolivar, about thirty-five miles up the Orinoco is likely to be made as soon as the insurgents have received a large supply of arms expected.

Cables to the Trinidad papers from Caracas are severely censored. The Venezuelan government threatens three American reporters with forcible expulsion and is rigorously suppressing press dispatches to the United States. Even diplomatic messages are tampered with.

WORKMAN KILLED.

M. W. Lilley, a B. & M. Track Repairer, Run Over By Switch Engine.

At Lincoln, Neb., Monday, Jan. 28, after he had quit work, and was on his way home, M. W. Lilley, a B. & M. track repairer, was instantly killed. He probably did not see the engine, which was within ten feet of him, when he stepped on the track. A moment later his crushed and mangled body was taken from under the engine. He died within five minutes of the time he was struck.

M. W. Lilley was a man about forty-five years of age, employed on the repair tracks of the yard. He lived at University Place. The crew of the engine supposed he saw them approaching and had no thought that he would walk on the tracks in front of the engine.

The engine was coming down the line as Lilley walked along the track. He stepped on from the fireman's side. The fireman saw him but was powerless to stop the engine. Engineer Maloy did not see him. The fireman succeeded in getting the engineer to stop when the drivers of the big machine were over Lilley's body. His body was taken out from between the drive wheels and he died within a few seconds afterwards.

Coroner Graham viewed the remains and ordered them taken to Undertaker Roberts' morgue.

WILL SERVE AS A PRECEDENT

Salary of Congressman Dates From Time of Election.

By a vote of ten to five the house committee on judiciary has adopted a resolution that Representative Richardson of Alabama should draw salary from August 6, 1900, the date of his election to succeed General Wheeler. The case has excited some controversy, as the authorities have been divided as to whether Mr. Richardson's pay should date back to the time of General Wheeler's resignation or from March 4, when congress convened, or from the day of his election. The decision will serve as a precedent.

Under Single Management.

The Toledo & Ohio Central will, it is understood, take possession of the Columbus Northwestern, running between Peoria and St. Marys, O., next Monday, February 4, and will at once begin operation of the road. The details of the arrangement have not been given out by the officials of the Ohio Central.

Admiral Kautz Retired

Rear Admiral Albert Kautz, who has just been relieved from command of the Pacific station, was placed on the retired list January 29 on account of age. He has had a long and distinguished career, of which nearly eighteen years was spent at sea.

Safe Blowers at Culver.

Culver, a small town north of Salina, Kan., was visited by burglars and two stores were broken into. The thieves secured about \$200 in the two places and made good their escape.

GOTHENBURG'S HEAVY LOSS

Most Destructive Fire in History of Nebraska Town.

The most destructive fire ever experienced in Gothenburg occurred Sunday night, January 27. A large livery barn and three store buildings are in ashes.

The fire was discovered about midnight bursting out from the roof of A. P. Singer's livery barn, which was a frame structure 40x100 feet in size, and in a few minutes the whole building was wrapped in flames. Thirty-two head of horses, including a fine stallion, perished in the flames and the stock of buggies and harness were destroyed.

A small store building just east of the barn was burned down, and one east of that was on fire several times, but was saved from the flames.

West of the barn and fronting on the main street, two iron veneered store buildings, owned by A. G. Carlson, one occupied by him as a hardware store, and the other by R. J. Stack, as a restaurant, caught fire and were burned to the ground, only a small portion of the goods being removed from the buildings.

There is no fire protection here and it was only by great efforts of the citizens that the fire was confined to these buildings.

Mr. Singer's loss is estimated at from \$5,000 to \$7,000, with \$1,200 insurance. Mr. Carlson's loss is placed at \$7,500 with \$4,500 insurance, and Mr. Stack carried four hundred dollars insurance on an eight hundred dollar stock of goods.

The other building burned was owned by Gust Olenecantz of New York city, and was worth about \$300; no insurance.

JACOB STOTLER DEAD.

Veteran Newspaper Man and Kansas Pioneer Passes Away.

News comes from Kansas City that Jacob Stotler, the Kansas Pioneer and veteran newspaper man, who was lately editor of the Perry, Okla., Republican, died in St. Joseph's hospital on January 26. The cause of Mr. Stotler's death was a bladder complaint, aggravated by his generally broken down condition, brought on by hard work. He and Preston B. Plumb came to Kansas from Xenia, O., in 1857, bringing with them an old-fashioned printing press and outfit of type, which they hauled from Lawrence to Emporia behind an ox team. Together Stotler and Plumb founded the Kansas News, at Emporia. In those early days the name of the territory was spelled with a "z" instead of an "s."

A year later Mr. Stotler bought out his interest in the paper and continued its publication until 1884. Since that time he has engaged in the newspaper business in various Kansas towns, accepting, in 1897, the editorship of the Perry, Okla., Republican. Mr. Stotler held various offices in Kansas, being for several terms a member of the legislature.

ROWN PRINCE HONORED.

King Edward Invests Him With Order Of the Garter.

The crown prince of Germany, Frederick William, was invested with the order of the Garter January 28 at Cowes, Isle of Wight, by King Edward VII. The investiture occurred in the council chamber of Osborne house and was a brilliant function. The high officers of the household, military and civil functionaries and the emperor's entourage, including a party from the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, were present, all in full uniform.

While the crown prince knelt before the king to receive the insignia his majesty addressed a few cordial words to the prince and then, turning to Emperor William, in touching terms he thanked him for his visit at this time of sorrow and bereavement and dwelt on the personal and other ties uniting the two countries, Germany and Great Britain.

NEEDS NEW CREDENTIALS

Ambassador Choate Must Be Accredited to the King

It has been decided that Mr. Choate should have new credentials. His old credentials accredited him to the queen. He will now be accredited as United States ambassador to the court of Edward VII. Lord Pauncefoot, it is expected, will receive new credentials as ambassador to the United States, his present commission being signed by the queen.

Badly Injured By a Fall.

Isaac Breitendahl was seriously injured at Fremont by a fall from the roof of his barn. He was on top making repairs and having finished started to descend by a door through the roof. He expected to step on a pile of coals and let himself down easily, but he missed his footing and fell to the floor below. His back was wrenched and he was bruised in a number of places. It will be some weeks before he will be around as usual.

Lumber for Manila.

Bids for 3,000,000 feet of lumber have been opened at Seattle, Wash. They will be forwarded at once to Washington. The lumber is for Manila.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

"Connie" Sullivan, former bantam-weight champion, is dead at New York.

The mine workers' convention refused to raise salaries of national officers.

To General Bethune has been left the task of driving the Boers out of Cape Colony.

Governor Sayers reported to the Texas legislature that \$1,988,414 had been contributed to Galveston sufferers.

LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I have to thank you for a great kindness, Mr. Dynevor," she said simply. "You put no name to your note, so I never knew till now to whom I was indebted."

"It was a very trifling service. When I read the advertisement it flashed upon my mind you answered the description of the missing girl."

"Yes, I was the girl mentioned. It is nearly three months ago, and I have heard nothing. Sometimes I feel almost safe; then something depresses me, and I go through all my terrors again."

"You mustn't," he said gently; "you will make yourself ill if you fret over contingencies. Believe me, Easthill-on-Sea is as safe a hiding place as you can find. It is hardly known beyond its own immediate neighborhood."

The tea room was deserted—Harold established Beryl in a remote corner, and fetched refreshments for her from the buffet. The grey eyes sought his face half pleadingly:

"I ought not to trouble you," she said wistfully; "but I should like to tell you just this: I have not done anything dreadful—I mean, I am not flying from justice."

Harold laughed outright; he really could not help it.

"Forgive me," he said penitently; "but no one could possibly think you were. You do not look like an escaped criminal, Miss Lendon."

"My father has married again," she said frankly, "and I could not stay to see his wife in my mother's place, so I ran away. I don't think it was wrong."

"But he must miss you very much."

"Oh, no," she said naively, "he never cared for me. He always said I was a nuisance to him, and he would want me less than ever now he has his new wife."

"I hope you are fairly comfortable?" he said anxiously. "I have never met Mrs. Tanner; but I own to a great dislike of her friend, Mrs. Wilmot."

"Mrs. Wilmot is terrible; but Mrs. Tanner is not in the least like her. She is very sad and gentle."

"And you mean to stay with her?"

"Yes; if only the school gets on enough for her to afford to keep me."

"Miss Lendon," said Harold, when she rose to return to her post, "I need not tell you your secret is safe with me; but you are very young to be so much alone in the world. Will you make me just this one promise? That if troubles arise so that you need a friend, you will let me do my best to help you."

She was his enemy's daughter. Beryl felt if he knew she was the child of the pair who had wronged him he would have no more to do with her; but she only said simply she should never forget Mr. Dynevor's kindness.

It was a brilliant function, and an unqualified success. When at last the stalls were empty, and the flock of pleasure-seekers had gone home, Mrs. Craven carried off the busy money-makers to an informal supper at the Manor. Mrs. Dynevor and her son joined the party, and Beryl found herself seated between Kitty and her brother.

"Will you come and see me, Miss Lendon?" asked the daughter of the Dynevors kindly. "Mother will be very pleased to welcome you. I suppose, in strict etiquette I ought to call at Woodlands; but I might come in school hours, or make some other dreadful mistake, so it will be much nicer if you come to Uplands."

Beryl thanked her; but said something about her duties and Mrs. Tanner.

"Oh, she must spare you sometimes. I seem to know you quite well after all these hours spent together, and we can't go back to being strangers."

Mrs. Grey, her husband, and Beryl drove home in the shabby pony carriage; Mrs. Dynevor and her children walked the half-mile between the Manor and Uplands in the silvery moonlight.

"It was a huge success," said Kitty. "I really quite enjoyed myself, and we made a lot of money."

"And you worked like Trojans," said her brother; "everything went off famously."

"Mother dear," said Kitty anxiously, "are you tired?"

"Not very. You mustn't think me dull, Kitty; but somehow I never can enjoy myself at the Manor. I seem to see the good old days, when your uncle and aunt were alive and we visited there. Kind and hospitable as the Cravens are, it is not the same thing."

"Of course not, mother," said Harold; "but they are far pleasanter neighbors than the real owner of the soil."

"I hope he will not come here," breathed Mrs. Dynevor anxiously. "Harold, you must have been eight or nine when your Aunt Nina left the Manor; do you remember her at all?"

"Only that she was very pretty and gentle, and seemed more like a play-fellow than an aunt; but why do you ask, mother?"

"Then you won't see the resemblance," said Mrs. Dynevor, in a disappointed tone; "but when I first looked at that girl who came with Mrs. Grey I thought the years had turned back, and I saw Nina as she was when your uncle brought her home a bride. Miss Lendon's face is graver and sadder, but the likeness is wonderful."

"Chance resemblances are puzzling

things," said Kitty. "I have asked Miss Lendon to come and see us, mother—you don't mind, do you?"

"I shall be glad for her to come, Kitty, she seems a charming girl. And, my dear, if Harold were not the best of brothers, you might be earning your bread."

"I shouldn't be half as brave and contented over it as she is," said Kitty frankly.

Arrived at the Uplands, mother and daughter went to bed, for it was past their usual hour. Harold turned into his own den to smoke one pipe before retiring. As he lighted the gas his eye fell on a letter with the Marton postmark, addressed in the well-known hand of Mr. Proctor.

"What can he want to write about? I saw him yesterday."

But the lawyer had gone out of his way to do Harold a kindness. He would not even trust one of his clerks to write the letter of warning which he sent to his old friend's son. The letter was marked "private"—a needless precaution, for Harold Dynevor would be sure to keep its contents from his mother and Kitty until the last possible moment.

Dear Dynevor: I have had news for you. It has reached me from a true source that Eustace Lendon intends to give you three months notice of foreclosure at Micalmas. My informant believes that he is keeping his intention dark, so that it may take you by surprise. In the hope that the three months will be all too short for you to get the needed capital, I need not assure you of my most earnest sympathy. Still, the amount, though large, is not preposterous, and it ought to be possible to arrange things. Anyhow, by this letter you have five months to raise the money instead of three.

Yours sincerely,
W. Proctor.

Harold Dynevor put his head on his hands and fairly groaned. He had been old enough when Dynevor Manor passed to a stranger to feel the loss of the old place very keenly; but that was as nothing compared to the bitterness he felt at the bare thought of Uplands, his mother's home, going from them to the man who was their direct foe.

"Please God, it shall not be," he said reverently, as he folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "Mother shall never lose the house she was born in if I can help it. I'll work as man never did before, I'll toil early and late, but that money shall be found. And Eustace Lendon must content himself with Dynevor Manor; Uplands shall not be his!"

But, brave as was the resolve, Harold did not make light of the difficulties in his path. To raise such a sum would have been a hard task even in prosperous times; and now, when a succession of bad harvests had spelled something like ruin to many a landowner, the difficulties of the attempt were quadrupled.

CHAPTER VIII.

Helen Craven's engagement followed very quickly on the fete, and she departed on a long visit to her fiancé's family. Perhaps it was her friends' absence which made Kitty Dynevor remember the pretty girl at Mrs. Tanner's and her desire to see more of her. She missed Helen very much. There was a cloud on the Uplands. Kitty, who was still treated as "the little one," from whom all sorrow and anxiety must be kept as long as possible, was not allowed to know that Eustace Lendon now held the mortgage on their home; but she could not help seeing that her mother was graver than usual, and Harold seemed extra troubled. She knew them both too well to ask questions, and deciding a little company would be good for them all, she strolled over to Easthill-on-Sea about a fortnight after the fete, called at Woodlands, and asked to see Mrs. Tanner.

Kitty was impulsive in all things. She detested the Wilmots, but she was ready to believe Beryl that Mrs. Tanner was not like her sister, and she felt she could hardly hope to see much of Miss Lendon if she persisted in ignoring her employer.

She took a great fancy to the slender, sad-eyed widow, and made her request as frankly as possible.

"I lost my heart to your assistant at the fete, Mrs. Tanner. I asked her to come and see us; but perhaps she is standing a little on ceremony, for I have not seen her, so I came over today to ask if you would let her walk back and have tea with us."

"I shall be very pleased," was the prompt reply. "Miss Lendon is a dear little thing, and this is a dull home for her."

"Do you know," said Kitty, "when she came into the tent in her white frock, I thought Mrs. Grey had discovered some wandering prince, and pressed her into the service."

"She is very pretty," said Agnes Tanner, with a smile, "and, what is more, she is very patient and sweet-tempered. All my pupils like her, and my own little girls almost worship her. I hope I shall be able to keep her if only the school gets on."

Kitty said a few kind words, hoping Woodlands would prosper, and then Mrs. Tanner sent for Beryl.

"Miss Dynevor wants you to go back with her to tea at Uplands," she said kindly. "I can spare you perfectly, and the change will do you good."

Left alone, the two girls looked at each other; and then Kitty Dynevor broke the silence impetuously.

"Why wouldn't you come without my having to fetch you?"

Beryl hesitated. "I don't think I ought to come," she said slowly. "You are one of the county, Miss Dynevor, and I am only a little school teacher."

"I am not a snob!" said Kitty, quite angrily. "I know a lady when I see one, and I don't value my friends for their position or their purse. Now will you come?"

Five minutes later they were walking back to Uplands together, and Beryl was telling Kitty how long and dreary she thought the way the first night of her arrival.

"I don't wonder," returned Miss Dynevor. "A drearier place to arrive at after a long journey I can't imagine. I can't think why people tried to turn that hamlet into a watering place. Easthill itself is delightful."

"You have lived there a long time, haven't you?"

"I was born at Uplands, Harold, my brother, was born at the Manor. There had been something wrong with the Uplands drains, and mother went to the Manor for two months. The old gossip used to declare it meant he would inherit the property, that the master of Dynevor was always born at the Manor. They were quite wrong, however. But I forgot—perhaps you don't know our story?"

"Mrs. Grey told it to me," said Beryl frankly. "I think it is one of the saddest I ever heard. I wonder you don't hate Mr. Lendon."

"Mother and Harold are too good to really hate any one. I am afraid when things go wrong at home, and they look more bothered than usual, my feelings towards Mr. Lendon are rather bitter."

"I suppose you don't remember his wife?"

"Oh, no; I was not born when she left England. Of course it was really her fault the place passed away from us; but I have always felt sorry for her."

"I wonder why?" remarked Beryl, trying to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

"A very little thing. There was a woman in the village here Aunt Nina took with her as maid. When they got abroad I think she was promoted to be a kind of humble companion. She came back about twelve months before Aunt Nina died, and she lived with us for a few years. She was not given to talking; but now and again she'd let out things. She was my nurse, and I was just the age of Beryl Lendon, Aunt Nina's second child. Somehow she'd say things now and then which made me feel Mr. Lendon ill-treated his wife. She never said anything outright—never enough for me to repeat it to mother; but though I was only a little thing—she left before I was ten years old—she said enough to make me sure my aunt was unhappy."

They were at Uplands now. Beryl had no time to ask the nurse's name, or if she were still living at Easthill. Mrs. Dynevor stood on the veranda waiting to welcome the stranger, and the conversation was changed.

(To be continued.)

TO LEARN TRADES.

Training School to Make Crippled Pupils Self-Supporting.

With the new year the pupils of the public school for crippled children, conducted by Mrs. Emma F. Haskell in Illinois hall, will begin a novel undertaking, says the Chicago News. A training school will be established with the hope that some of the pupils may be made self-supporting. They appear almost helpless so far as useful work is concerned, but Mrs. Haskell says they are not. Many of them can work with their hands, and are anxious to learn. The boy who has lost both legs has an ambition to become a carpenter. This appears rather impossible, and his ambitions will be turned in the direction of wood carving. The girls will be taught needlework and similar occupations. They are almost all too helpless to be taught domestic science. Supt. Cooley will make a recommendation to the board of education at its next meeting that materials and equipment for the school is provided. Mrs. Haskell will have charge of the classes, leaving the general work of instruction to her assistants. Truant officers of the board of education are to make a canvass of the city for the purpose of ascertaining the number of crippled and maimed children who would be able to attend school if they were furnished with transportation. Secretary Larson was refused his pay yesterday by the board of education. President Harris, who blamed City Controller Kerfoot for not honoring Mr. Larson's signature a week ago, refused yesterday to issue a voucher for his salary in the new position. Mr. Larson asked for a voucher for his salary at the rate of \$4,000 a year for the part of December he served in the office. President Harris said he had been paid his former salary of \$150 a month, and could not be paid the salary of secretary until the board voted it. A statement was furnished President Harris by Auditor Custer yesterday that shows that the revenue of the board of education for educational purposes will be \$255,553 less than the appropriations called for.

The drawer in which everyday plate is kept should be lined at the bottom with green baize, cut large enough to fold over the plate when it is laid on the baize. Plate should be put away carefully and neatly, all the large forks together and all the small ones together, and so on.