

NOT ON THE BILLS.

SOME SCENES FROM THE PLAYERS' LIFE.

BEAUTIFUL ESTELLE CLAYTON'S TALE OF WOE.

Why She Left the Stage Forever at Chicago—Professional Jealousy Knows No Law When It Has an Object in View.

It is a pretty difficult task for an actress to succeed from comedy to legitimate roles. Beautiful Estelle Clayton is the latest person to find that out. Miss Clayton did not happen to have wealthy parents to pay her way in a school for acting, so she began at the bottom of the ladder, so to put it. She advanced very rapidly and soon made



an enviable reputation as a comedienne of the second magnitude. So she was invited to a higher sphere in her chosen profession. When she was placed by the side of Sadie Martinot in the play called "Dr. Bill" there was a large sized grumble on the part of the former. It spread rapidly to the other members of the company and Miss Clayton began to feel the keen edge of opposition to her progress. The audiences received her well, though. This only intensified the feeling against her, which was so openly manifested at Chicago that she left the company and returned to New York.

Miss Clayton's part was that of the young woman who had so much trouble with the door key. A part formerly impersonated by Martinot. In one of the acts, she is supposed to fall to the floor in a faint. Other members of the company were then supposed to rush to her assistance, place her upon a sofa, pat her hands and finally revive her.

The extent to which professional jealousy can go was demonstrated during this scene in Chicago. It was the first night and the theater was packed with the wealth and fashion of the Western metropolis. When she fell after the usual manner she was jostled to the lounge but the pats, caresses and sympathy were not forthcoming. She instantly discovered that a strong draught was sweeping over her thin silk stockings, that she must be making a liberal display of her feet and ankles—if, as she hoped, nothing more. The audience noticed her unfortunate predicament, but was more sympathetic than her sister performers. Indeed some suppressed groans were manifested in the rows closest to the stage.

That night Miss Clayton laid the matter before the manager of the company, and in addition told him of how the other actors assisted Miss Martinot under like circumstances. The answer was to the effect that she would have to look out for her own comfort, that he could not be troubled with such trivial matters.

"Do I understand you to say that such a scene is trivial?" she asked rather sharply.

"Yes, and you are none too good anyway," was the curt and insulting reply.

Miss Clayton, very much astonished at this reply to her grievance, next appealed to a lady member of the company, the soubrette, who was present in the scene with her and asked her if she would at least arrange her skirts at the next performance.

"Please understand, Miss Clayton, that I am not your servant, and if you want anything done with your clothes you will have to do it yourself or get



LEFT THE STAGE FOREVER. "someone else," was the soubrette's consolation.

The next performance was accompanied by the same exhibition of meanness, only in a more disastrous form. In placing her upon the sofa, the soubrette by a dexterous movement managed to perform an act that brought blushes to the cheeks of the ladies in the orchestra and parquette. Miss Clayton

could not make herself heard and whispered to the leading man to relieve her of her embarrassment.

"O d—n your feet; cover them yourself," was the sympathetic and gentlemanly reply.

After such outrageous treatment as this Miss Clayton was supposed to spring up readily and act her part like a light-hearted girl, and as if nothing had happened. She did her part fairly well, suppressing her tears as far as possible, made brave by the scowling faces around her. That night she resigned from the company and from the theatrical profession forever. Manager French, the owner of the company who was in New York, learned of her withdrawal and at once perceived the cause. He wired her to remain and that he would see her through all right. She sent the following reply:

"I have quit your company and the profession for good."

She was prevailed upon, however, to act through the Wednesday matinee when the climax of her insults was reached. It was her place in one part to shake a key from the leading man's coat. As a rule she carried this key in her bosom so as to drop it at the proper time when she wanted to pick it up and handing it to the leading man say "Here's your key, go to your room." In her confusion this day she had forgotten it, a fact which she discovered just as the scene was due. Under ordinary circumstances such an omission would amount to nothing. On this occasion it was different. She reached to the stage and pretending to pick something up repeated the quotation supposing that the leading man would "help her out." "I don't see any key," he answered so that the audience could hear him. "When you give me a key I'll go to my room."

As Clayton's embarrassment was enjoyed by the company, while it pained the audience. Thereupon she left the stage broken hearted, disgusted with the profession which she says she will never re-enter. It is quite likely that the matter will be taken up by the Manager's association and the Elks. Most of the members of the "Dr. Bill" company belong to the latter order. Such occurrences do not recommend players to the general public.

HIS SWEETHEART DIED.

And He Thought He Had Nothing More to Live for.

"I have nothing more to live for." And Joseph McFarland turned from the death bed of the girl he loved. She had just passed away calling his name



DIED FOR LOVE.

that she might make an ante-mortem request, and he arrived just as she had breathed her last. Zella Smith was the belle of Noble township near St. Mary's, Ohio, the daughter of a wealthy farmer of that name. The latter had frowned upon her relations with McFarland and said that they could never marry. Then she grew ill and pined away, a victim of her own love. As she grew worse, she implored her father to send for her lover. It was not until it was apparent that she would not survive that the stern parent consented to her request, and then it was too late. After leaving the Smith residence, McFarland went to the house of a cousin in St. Mary's. He wrote a long letter to Miss Smith's father, and after placing it in the post-office, purchased a 44-calibre pistol. Returning to the house of his cousin he placed the muzzle of the weapon to his temple and fired. In an instant he was in eternity. He evidently believed that he would meet Zella Smith in the world beyond for his letter to her father closed: "I will meet Zella at the judgement seat of heaven, where the God that knew the purity of our love will judge us accordingly."

VOMITED A BIRD.

Peculiar Symptoms Attending the Illness of a Child.

The medical profession of Fall River, Mass., is much interested in a strange case, reported by Dr. Casgrain, one of their number. It appears that Victoria Berube, aged 6 years, died recently after remaining unconscious for sixty-four hours. She had been in delicate health for two years. The day before her death she went home from school and shortly afterward was taken sick, vomiting a black substance. Dr. Casgrain was called and found the patient insensible. He was unable to resuscitate her.

Two hours before her death she vomited a dark reddish substance, which, on examination, was found to contain a partially formed bird. The doctor declines to advance any theory, but will report the facts shortly to the local medical society.

At the present day sacred pigs roam inviolate about the Buddhist monasteries of Canton and elsewhere in China.

SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

As thro' the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.
—Alfred Tennyson.

A BORDER WAR.

Western Kansas was the scene of many battles between the Indians and white men in the early days of its settlement. The worst of these and, next to the Custer Massacre, the bloodiest battle of the plains was fought at Arickaree creek, a tributary to the Republican river.

During the year 1867 the Indians were very troublesome and early in the fall they appeared in the vicinity of Sheridan, a railroad town near the line of Colorado, and ran off a lot of stock. A volunteer scouting party, numbering about fifty men, was sent out from Fort Hayes to pursue the Indians.

The party was made up of well trained Indian fighters, noted scouts, buffalo hunters, trappers and plainsmen. They were led by Col. Forsythe, an officer of Gen. Sheridan's staff, and Lieut. Beecher was chief of scouts.

For the first three days' travel no sign was found of the Indians, but on the fourth day they struck a large trail.

Following this until dark without seeing Indians, or any fresh traces of them, the party prepared to encamp for the night in the little valley of Arickaree creek. Heavy guards were posted and the pack mules stationed to graze near the mouth of a small ravine.

The night passed without alarm, but just as day was breaking a clatter of hoofs and shouts from the guards aroused the men in time to see nearly all the mules going up the valley on a mad stampede.

The Indians had crept down the ravine near the herd, then raised up quickly, swinging their blankets and shouting. Retreating rapidly beyond rifle shot, they gathered the frightened animals into a bunch and disappeared over the hills.

Orders were given to mount and pursue at once. Just as the men swung into their saddles wild shouts and a heavy tramping were heard, and the valley above them was alive with mounted Indians coming down like a cloudburst.

To advance was madness—to retreat and escape impossible. At this season of the year the Arickaree creek was dry, and the men fell back across its bed to a high sandbar, an island in the high water season.

The Indians charged furiously, trying to ride down the little party, but the scouts were finely armed and held them in check. The men dug little rifle-pits in the sand, scooping it out with their hands. Behind these frail shelters they held back the savages and tried to shield the wounded.

After several hours of terrible fighting the Indians withdrew to the surrounding hills and kept up a siege until all the horses and mules were killed. Then a large, richly-dressed Indian, evidently a high chief and medicine man, rode out in advance of several hundred warriors and, telling them the white man's bullets would melt before they touched an Indian, led them on a great charge. Believing themselves safe from danger, they charged up within pistol shot of the sandbar and poured a murderous fire on its brave defenders.

Nearly half the scouts were killed or disabled and all seemed lost, when several of the best shots concentrated their fire on the chief. He thought the battle won and rode within a hundred feet of the sandbar, waving his rifle and urging on his warriors. A moment later he fell heavily to the ground, and his men, unable to stand the stream of lead poured into their ranks, drew off in a sullen retreat, led by the riderless pony of their chief.

The squaws on the hills met them with wild wailings for the lost chief; then all was hushed and quiet.

Now the scouts had time to help the wounded and count the dead. The sand of the little bar was red with blood, and dead men and horses lay about in confusion. The brave leader, Col. Forsythe, was shot through both legs and Lieut. Beecher was shot through the small of the back.

One man was struck in the forehead by an arrow. At the same moment a rifle ball, passing his face horizontally, knocked out the arrow and passed on into the body of a horse.

The wounded men were deprived of the little aid that might have been given them, for the surgeon, Dr. Moore, was shot through the head and was entirely unconscious. The scouts had scarcely time to count their losses when the tramp of a marching army warned them that the battle was not yet over.

So far the Indians had fought on horseback, as Indians usually prefer to do; but now they were coming to regain the body of their chief. An army of picked warriors was marching down the valley in a solid column—all had darkened their war paint and none wore a thread of clothing. They came on steadily, each brave singing his death song and all unheeding the fire that mowed down their ranks like grain. Again and again their desperate charges were hurled back by the scouts, until at last, rushing over the bodies of their dead, they reached the body of their chief and bore it away. Hardly half their original number reached the hills, and before the bar the bodies lay in piles as if hurled there by some great explosion.

The first day's fight was ended by the taking of the chief's body. The night fell, still and dark, and passed without alarm. The dead were buried

in shallow graves dug in the sand, and the wounded were made as comfortable as possible. About midnight two of the men crawled slowly away from the bar into the blackness beyond. They were to try to get beyond the Indian lines before day-break, hide themselves till dark again, and then push on toward Fort Wallace. This was a desperate chance, and their absence weakened the defending force, but the only hope was to get aid from the post, one hundred and thirty miles away.

Soon after they left the camp Lieut. Beecher died. For hours he had begged the men to shoot him and end his suffering. He was a nephew of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and was a brave man and a good officer.

The Indians had posted their forces so as to leave the road down the river open, hoping that the scouts would try to escape by that way. Burdened with their wounded and without horses, they would have fallen an easy prey to the well-mounted savages.

No fires were lit on the sand bar, and the darkness and silence completely deceived the Indians.

With the first gray light of day the scouts saw a large band of mounted Indians coming down to take up the trail of the supposed fugitives. Every man laid low in his little rifle pit, and when the savages rode within a hundred feet of the bar each man picked out his brave and fired. Many Indians fell, and a band of ponies, seemingly riderless, scurried back to the hills. After this the Indians grew more cautious and kept up a siege at long range.

No men were killed after the first day, but the wounded suffered much for food and care. One man dug a shallow well in the sand and got plenty of water, warm and full of alkali, but a blessing for all that.

They cut off the hind quarters of the horses and boiled some of the flesh in a small jar. The animals had laid for two days just as when killed and the meat was horribly tainted. Only by sprinkling it with plenty of gunpowder could it be used at all.

When night came again two men tried to get through the Indian lines, but were driven back. On the third day a steady siege was kept up, with only occasional hard fighting. That night two men succeeded in getting away.

On the fourth day Mr. Moore died. He had received a heavy rifle ball in the head and had lain unconscious since the first day.

After the fifth day no Indians were seen, but the scouts could not venture to move, for over half their number were disabled. All were suffering from lack of food and prickly pears were gathered to help out the horse meat. The pears were so full of tiny needles that they only added to the sufferings of the starving men.

For four days more they waited, watching the hills for Indians and fighting starvation and death inside the camp.

On the morning of the ninth day the guard raised the cry of "Indians!" The men wore worn and weary with watching and fasting, the ammunition was almost gone and all felt that the end had come.

Over the hills the dark line of the enemy was coming on like a storm cloud. Each man grasped his rifle tighter and braced himself to meet the last charge.

The rising sun threw its glow across the valley, and a wild cheer arose from the little sandbar as its light fell, not on Indian warpaint and spear, but on the rifles of soldiers. Throats full of dust, gunpowder and prickly pear needles were forgotten. How they cheered those blue coats! Even the wounded raised themselves to look at the line that meant life and home. It was the relief from Fort Wallace. The brave fellows who had crawled away from the sandbar in the darkness had reached the post and hurried back with aid for their comrades.

The Indians were gone, siege and battle were over, litters were made, and with every care for the weak and wounded the return to Fort Wallace was begun.

Everywhere were met traces of the battle. The Indians had suffered great losses, as was shown by the remains on the field, though the majority of the dead were carried away. Many bodies resting on scaffolds were found along the line of the Indians' retreat. Wet blood on some of these showed that the warrior was yet living when placed there. The scouts had lost their chief and many more, while their colonel and half the survivors were wounded. They reached Fort Wallace in safety, and the Indians did not soon forget the lesson of the Arickaree fight, where fifty white men held back ten times their number of savages.—San Francisco Chronicle.

On Modern Physics.

An extraordinary archaeological find is reported from Helsingfors, in Finland. It consists of a huge chest with complicated fastenings of iron, which, together with the other details of its structure, point to a date early in the middle ages. On being opened, it was found to contain a quantity of ancient ironwork and a large roll of parchments. The manuscripts begin with the following words: "Sugar presb. abb. S. Dion dixit * * *". Then comes a complete and detailed treatise in Latin on steam considered as a force and on its applications.—In short, a very accurate discourse on modern physics.

The Value of Pearls.

Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other tints at intervals are in demand. For some years past black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen, worth \$600, will fetch \$1,000 perhaps if another can be got to match it perfectly.

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