

CLOUD CHIEF  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

AN OLD SONG.

By C. J. A.  
You laugh as you turn the yellow page  
Of that queer old song you sing  
And wonder how folks could ever see  
A charm in the simple melody  
Of such an old-fashioned thing.

That yellow page was fair to view,  
That quaint old tune was fresh and new,  
That simple strain was our delight,  
When here we gathered, night by night,  
And thought the music of our day  
An endless joy to sing and play.  
In our youth, long, long ago,  
A joyous group, we loved to meet,  
When hope was high and life was sweet,  
When romance shed its golden light,  
That circled, in a nimbus bright,  
O'er time's unscrupled brow.

The lips are mute that sang those words;  
The hands still that struck those chords;  
The loving heart is cold.  
From out the circle, one by one,  
Some dear companion there has gone;  
While others stay to find how true  
That life has chord and discord too,  
And all of us are old.

Time not alone with music thrills,  
The power of thought profound that fills  
The soul. 'Tis not art!  
The old familiar tones we hear  
Die not upon the listening ear.  
They vibrate in the heart.

And now you know the reason, dear,  
Why I have kept and treasure here  
This song of bygone years.  
You laugh at the old-fashioned strain:  
It brings my childhood back again,  
And fills my ears with tears.

A CHASE ON THE RAIL.

It was during the latter part of the summer of 1862, that I found myself holding the position of engineer on the V. and S. C. Railroad; a road at that time held by the government, and used for the transportation of soldiers and military stores. I can assure you we were kept pretty busy in those days, having to run at any moment, night or day, whenever there was an occasion for it, and we were always in great danger, not only from the poor condition of the track, but from the guerrillas. Night and day we were liable to be called into active service, so we seldom enjoyed a season of rest even when it came, being, as we were, in constant dread of a call to our post. This was always the case with me, at last, and I never wished to remain long away from the depot lest I should suddenly be needed.

It was twelve o'clock one Friday night that I was taking a train up the V. and S. C. Railroad, McLean station, and four cars full of armed men, returning to the latter place after a successful raid, and knowing that I must make "short time," the gauge stood high, showing the unusual pressure of steam I was carrying. We had reached Clinton, and were stopping a little while for refreshments, most of the men taking their meals in the car, when a single engine steamed out from the side track on to the main road. This engine was one of the largest on the road, and was called the Vulture. She was a most powerful machine, and could well vie in point of speed with any other one of our engines. My "Dasher," however, was considered without doubt, to be the fastest traveler on the road, though not so powerful by far as the Vulture.

The engineer of the Vulture was a cross, surly fellow, who was looked on with suspicion by many of the officers, but as we were short of experienced hands, and could ill afford to lose him, he was allowed to keep his place. On this night I noticed that he seemed uncommonly surly, and I determined to watch him, especially as he was going up the road too, and would immediately precede me. I felt that some thing was wrong, and this impression was confirmed when I went over to the Vulture and saw how high her gauge stood. I noticed also, that Nick Dasher—the engineer—had no freeman with him, and evidently intended to make the trip alone.

It is necessary to state here, that a couple of long trains full of horses were expected down the track that night, and I had received orders to switch off and wait for them at the second station above Clinton. Well we started—Nick and I—keeping but a short distance ahead of me, and so near, that on a straight track I could see his actions plainly. We were both running at high speed, but not any too high for safety, and my headlights kept the Vulture in a flood of light. Our track, though in very poor repair, was a pretty straight one, and very well graded. Only two stations above Clinton was a stretch of straight road extending for twenty-six miles, without cross or curve, and not one station along the whole length of it. There were sundry deserted side tracks along there, but they were seldom used, and altogether it was the most desolate, lonesome stretch of railway I ever traveled over. To keep the road from being torn up, pickets were posted every five miles as guards for the track, but the telegraph wires had been cut in many places, and there was no communication between the different points thereabouts.

On we went, past Bellefontaine, over the road between that and Pine Grove, and on past that station. When we reached Pine Grove, where I had been told to stop, I perceived that instead of stopping up, Nick put more steam on the Vulture, and I determined to see the thing through. I had my muscles against going on too, for I had the lives of all on board in my keeping, and I knew that any accident would be owing to my own rashness.

We had no conductors on our road in those times, and all responsibility for the safety of the train devolved on the engineer. I felt the responsibility of my position, but I knew that two full trains were coming down the road, and I believed that unless I did something to prevent it, Nick would cause the destruction of both. I had seen him drink time and again from a bottle he had in the engine, I had noticed how he threw the wood into the already overheated furnace, I had seen him fat-n-down the escape valve, and I knew he was bent on something desperate.

We were now dashing along at forty miles an hour, and many heads were thrust from the car windows to see what might be the matter, but not once did I slack up, not once did I alter my mind in my determination. "Cram in all wood you can, Dan," I said to my fireman, "and see there through this adventure. There is danger ahead."

Not a word did the faithful darkey say, but he set his teeth firmly and tossed in stick after stick of wood, while I closed every valve and carefully watched the gauge. It was a fearful grand thing to be tearing through the darkness, with nothing between us and eternity save two thin bars of iron, and we felt all the grandeur of it, too. No fear held us in check, for both of us had been in peril before on that road, and on that very engine.

An unknown something told me that I should soon know what Nick intended to do. He was putting in wood by the cord, it seemed, and crowding on steam as though he was mad. I felt it to be an awful moment, and yet my heart did not fail me, nor did I allow a nerve to tremble. The engineer, whose whole life consists of one unending peril, soon learns to keep his nerves under control.

We were now approaching a bridge which crossed a wide, deep stream. The river flowed under this bridge not more than three feet below the track, and the structure itself was considered unsafe, so much so that all trains went over it so slowly as a man usually walks.

Both engines were on the bridge, which shook like an aspen. Suddenly Nick pulled the whistle-string of the Vulture, and a loud, unearthly shriek echoed from hill to hill, as the long peat-up steam found escape there. I strained my eyes ahead, and saw a boat containing two men waiting near the bridge, on the bosom of the river. The next moment Nick sprang on to the top of his tender. In his hand he held a rope, which I believed was fastened at the other end to the lever. I was right. He gave a tug at the rope, jerking the lever way out, and the next moment dove into the water. With a bound that made the bridge bend, and nearly threw her from the track, the Vulture shot forward and went tearing up the road.

"Ah, I see it now!" I exclaimed, "Dan cut loose from the train; we must catch that engine or blow ourselves up." In an instant my order was executed, and I pulled the steam valve wide open. Forward we darted, like a bolt from a thunder cloud, making every timber on the engine crack, and throwing ourselves on the wood in the tender. On we dashed at such a rate of speed that it nearly took away our breath, over rails and cross-ties, up grades and down them, around curves, over bridges, through cuts and tunnels, and along the straight track. The Vulture tore over the road like an enraged fiend, and we after her at only about two hundred yards distance.

"Cram in more wood, and pour oil on the fire, Dan, for we must overtake the other engine if we would save the lives of those on the down train." I could make the engine go no faster, but I could see that we were very slowly gaining on the Vulture. A little more steam and we would be able to overtake her. On we dashed, the wheels revolving like lightning, and the whole engine rocking in a terrible manner. Never did I ride like it before. The machinery and axles were so hot that I feared something would give way every minute, and I knew that if a single bolt should break it would hurl us into eternity. The boxes under the tender smoked as if on fire, the furnace was red hot, the brass work in the engineer house was at a white heat, every curve might be our last, for we were in danger of running off every moment, and our sensations were such as no pen can describe.

We had traveled over fifteen miles of road in twelve minutes, and were now only about ten feet behind the iron fiend we were after. It had been a terrible ride but we were fast approaching our goal. "Dan, take the lever and run the engine, I am going to board the Vulture. Don't slack up until you see me on her tender, and then stop as soon as you can and cool off the boiler before she blows up."

Quickly stepping out of the window, I made my way to the cowcatcher, and took up a position to spring at the proper time. It required all my strength to hang on, but I stuck to my place like a leech. Still we dashed on through the darkness, and were soon within three feet of the Vulture's tender. A heavy crouching down, a sudden spring forward, and upward, and I gained a hanging hold on to the railing. Next moment I threw myself

on to the small pile of wood in the tender, and jumped down inside. Just as I did so, I heard the escape valve fly open on the "Dasher," then the whistle pealed forth its note, and I saw that Dan was letting off steam and "checking up."

Springing forward I jammed hard back on the lever, threw open the furnace door, opened every escape valve and took such other measures as were necessary to check the speed, and got the boiler into a safe condition. When I had done these things I carelessly glanced up the road, and there, not a mile away, I could see the lights of the approaching train. I blew the stopping signal twice, and heard it answered, before I felt that my night's hard work was done—that the trains were out of danger.

They came up to us and stopped. Dan and I told our stories to the astonished passengers, and were thanked time and again for what we had done. Both of us, though, were so near worn out that men were deputed in our places, and the engines run back without any labor of ours, save that of overruling the work. We did not, however, get away until almost morning, so badly had the chase injured both engines, and it took oceans of oil—so to speak—to get them in running order again.

When we got back to the bridge where I had left my train, we found Nick and the two other fellows under guard. They had been caught trying to get away, and we found that the whole thing was a well laid plan for the destruction of the two volunteer trains.

The two other fellows were Nick's accomplices, who had been on hand to pick him out of the water. Nick's dive did not injure him much, and he was afterwards court-martialed and shot as a deserter and spy. Afterward, when the "Dasher" was smashed up by being run off of a trestle work. I took charge of the Vulture, and made many trips in her. It is needless to say that Dan and I were allowed a whole week of recreation after our hard night's work chasing the runaway iron-horse.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The following is an extract from Senator Carpenter's speech of July 4th at Janesville, Wis:

"The Declaration of Independence promises equality in regard to the pursuit of happiness. Labor is the source of all prosperity and happiness; and equality in the pursuit of these requires that every man shall be equally protected in respect to the fruits of his labor. This presents one of the most difficult problems of modern civilization—an equitable adjustment between labor and capital. Take, for illustration, our inter-State commerce. The farmer raises wheat; the railroad transports it to an Eastern market; commission men handle and sell it to the consumer. Now the price which a bushel of wheat will command in the New York market ought, upon equitable principles, to be distributed between the farmer who produces, the railroad company which transports, and the commission merchant who receives and sells it, in the exact proportion in which each has contributed to the general result. So in regard to any article manufactured. What the article is worth, when completed, ought to be divided among all those who have contributed to its completion, in the exact proportion of the contribution of each to the final result. But this has never been the case. Labor, in all countries, and at all times, has been the prey of capital, and how to relieve it from this oppression, and make all men equal in the pursuit of happiness, by securing to each the exact and just fruit of his labor, is the great problem to be solved before the pledge made in the Declaration of Independence can be fully performed.

This problem is replete with difficulties, and its solution requires a reorganization of the business of the country. It must be attempted, too, without the aid of precedents, and carried out against the efforts of capital, which is always alert and thoroughly organized. The legislation of every country has favored capital at the expense of labor. Capital is protected and labor is taxed. There is a bond of sympathy between the rich, and the capital of New England sympathizes and co-operates with capital in every State of the Union. The attempt recently made in Congress to strip from our national banking system its feature of monopoly touched in a tender spot every banker in the land.

I am happy to say to you, farmers of Rock county, what I did not know when I penned this address. By a dispatch I have received from Madison this morning, I am informed that the judges of the Federal Court, Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court, Judge Drummond, the United States Circuit Judge, and Judge Hopkins, the District Judge—who have been holding court jointly in Madison for the purpose of considering this question of the validity of the Potter law on a modest application from some mortgagee or bondholders to issue an injunction to restrain the State of Wisconsin from expropriating its own laws—have pronounced the Potter law entirely valid and constitutional (apart from the question of the rights of the people and placing them upon the firm basis of judicial protection. [Applause.]

Capital stands by its friends, and rewards service munificently. Labor, having been defrauded for ages, distrusts even its friends, and is compelled to make only a moderate compensation for faithful service. These are a few of the disadvantages under which labor is entering into a contest which is destined to shake this country and the world. The first victor will be on the side of capital, but the final result, in this country at least, is not doubtful. Sooner or later the people will open their eyes and be wise; and evidence is multiplying on every hand that the unjust exactions of capital will be resisted until they shall be abandoned.

The organization of the trades union reaching to every State and Territory; the more recent and far more powerful organization of farmers to resist the exactions of corporations engaged in the carrying business; the growing opposition of the masses of the people to monopoly in all its forms, and to legislation for the benefit of special classes and particular business interests; all these things besoken the joining of an issue, and the beginning of a contest to settle the question whether the laborer shall be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his toil.

Whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad. The petulance and rage which capital is now manifesting as the first steps taken by labor for its own protection, indicate that a monopoly is marked for destruction. The cheering aspect of this contest is that labor outnumbered capital at the polls, and will ultimately assert its power. Capital, if wise, would yield gracefully, and deal justly; and if refusing to do this, it shall finally be shorn of some of its just rights, it will have its own obituary to thank for the result.

The first attempt of the people of Wisconsin to relieve themselves from the oppression of monopolies and fix within reasonable limits the cost of transporting our products to the seaboard, has been met with defiance and insurrection; and our railroads are operated to-day in opposition to a valid law. The people are told that railroad companies will submit to reasonable regulations, but they, and not the people, must be the judges of what are reasonable regulations. This will not do. The sovereignty of the State must control its corporations, and the people of the State, through legislatures of their choice, may, and must, determine what is reasonable compensation to be charged by railroad companies. And if the corporations persist in their attempt to rule or ruin, they will only succeed in ruining themselves.

I have referred to this subject, not for the purpose of arousing feeling upon a local question, but because it is one of the elements, and one of the earliest manifestations of a contest that is looming up and beginning to darken the land. The people of the whole country are looking anxiously to Wisconsin, to see whether in this first controversy between the people and the corporations, which is only a branch of the general struggle between labor and capital, the people or the corporations, labor or capital will triumph; whether a board of directors in Wall street have more power than the Legislature of the State.

Upon this contest depends many mighty questions; whether under our free institutions this government of the people, by the people, for the people, the rich can so manage as to fasten forever upon the fruits of labor, whether the rich are to be forever growing richer, and the poor poorer; whether they who produce the wealth of the land must continue to live in poverty and want, while they who produce nothing are to riot in wealth and luxury; whether, in a word, to quote from our text, all men are to be made equal in the pursuit of happiness by enjoying the legitimate fruits of their toil.

A few words as to the manner of conducting this contest. They who stand upon the law must concede to their opponents the protection of the law. They who demand justice must render justice. In this unequalled uprising of the people prudence should control. No one desires to ruin railroad companies or other capitalists. It is simply intended that if they will not act justly they shall be made to. If railroad companies will not fix reasonable rates, reasonable rates shall be fixed for them; and when a law is made it shall be enforced; and its observance shall be enforced as the observance of other laws is enforced, by the judicial arm of the government. The whole people are interested to discountenance and prevent any lawless and violent proceedings against corporations. If they see fit to violate the law let us obey the law, and compel them also, and compel them by legal means. Rendering to them full protection for all their just rights, the people may demand the observance of their own; and thus we shall obtain to be a people governed not by violence, but by law.

The great metropolitan press of the country, with some honorable exceptions, will be found on the side of capital, and from its influence with the country press, which, though less than heretofore, is still great, and from its ability to reach the mass of our reading public, will prove one of the most formidable weapons that labor will have to contend with. Capital is lavish of funds, and unscrupulous of means. Labor has no funds to expend dis-

honestly. Those who stand by the people will be denounced as demagogues, and every measure of relief will be branded as a violation of vested rights, and agrarian in its tendencies. Thousands of dollars will be paid for professional opinions, and editors will be bribed to denounce every friend of the people acting from mercenary motives. This bad influence will be met by the power of the country press, which is conducted by those who will generally take the side of the people. The country press is happily becoming more and more independent of city control, and yearly becoming more influential and powerful.

HUMOR.

Sunday school teacher—"Anna, what must one do in order to be forgiven?" Anna—"He must sin."

A Western critic speaks of "Banion, the author of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" He ought to go to the "foot."

Refusal on the part of a Louisville husband to push the baby wagon on Sundays is to be made ground for a divorce.

"Sponge baths" are recommended. The best way to get one is to go to some bath room, take a bath, and tell the proprietor to charge it.

One who has made human nature a study, says that when a girl takes her handkerchief and moistening it with her lips, wipes a black spot off a young man's nose, a wedding is inevitable.

"Deserted by all but his aged bob-tailed dog, his life went slowly out as the shadows of the setting sun crept over the front stoop of Darling's grocery," is the way they express themselves in Georgia.

A Milwaukee boy has swallowed another dozen steel buttons, and his mother doesn't have to scream for him when he is out on the street playing with those Cluckerson boys. She just brings a magnet to the door, and he flies to it like a needle to the pole.

A charitable man keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front door, so that people who stop to "get a bite" can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go into the house.

It is a startling mystery how the presence of an old maid and a bald-headed man will cast a gloom over a picnic party which even pickled clams can only partially dispel.

Western drinkers put some rock candy in a bottle, rub the neck with camphor, and then go and coax innocent druggists into filling it with whiskey, saying, "My wife's got an awful headache and wants a little cambré."

A town in Kentucky has developed a queer specimen of *genus homo* in the form of a facetious dentist, who advertises that he will pull teeth "without pain to the operator, and with very little to the bystanders."

When you see a young fellow strike a match to light his cigar, then restore the unconsumed fragment to his vest pocket, accept it as a sign that he has been reading some good book on the necessity of economy for young men about to marry.

A lady writer points out the fact as worthy of note that "while the men who commit suicide are almost always unmarried, the women are married or widowed. This leads to the inference that while men cannot live without women, women find life unbearable with men."

An old bachelor says that women are so fond of appearances that if you could make them believe that there were no looking-glasses in heaven, they would set no more value salvation than they do on a poor relation.

The concert salon girls of San Francisco have gained a victory, it having been decided that under the law that women can wait and attend in saloons as long as they do not dance and sing.

"Mother may I go out to sing? Yes, my darling daughter; Pray for those wicked sellers of gin, And make them take to water."

Little Penelope Marrowfat is a child who is keenly alive to what is going on about her. Wiping the molasses from her mouth at the breakfast table, the other morning, she sweetly said: "If I should ever die of hydrophobia, papa, you won't let 'em cut out my liver, will you?"

A stranger gets puzzled in St. Louis. He picks up the St. Louis Democrat, and finds that he is reading a republican paper. Incensed at the fraud, he casts it aside and grasping the St. Louis Republican finds that he is reading a democratic paper. Then he rings the bell violently for the hall-boy and wants to know "if everything in St. Louis is a brazen deceit."

A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to a class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it a while, and said: "I'm done." Second boy stared at it and drawled out: "I can't make it." "Very well, boys," said the parson, "we'll proceed to cut for a new deal," and with this remark the leather-trap danced like lightning over the shoulders of those dejected mathematicians.

It is said of the temperance crusade that "they drink not, neither do they sin; yet, in his glory, was not a mild life one of these."



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