

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20, 1875.

NO. 24

**PROCTOR HOUSE,**  
G. D. PROCTOR, --- PROPRIETOR,  
HEBSON, NEBRASKA.  
The Travelling Public will find this Hotel to be first class in every respect.  
Carriage runs daily to Bellevue, the nearest station on the St. Joe & D. C. R. R.

**VALLEY HOUSE!**  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

**JOS. C. WARNER, - - Proprietor**  
This Hotel is entirely new, having been built by the present owner, and is fitted up with regard to

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

BOARD BY THE DAY & WEEK

At reasonable rates.

A large and commodious STONE STABLE has just been added to the premises.

**City Meat Market.**

**MARK H. WARNER,**

Has just opened a Meat Market on Webster Street, next door south of Park's Shoe Shop where he will keep and sell fresh meats of all kinds.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID

FOR BEEF CATTLE, HOGS, AND HIDES.

Red Cloud, - - - - - Neb.

**BILLIARD PARLOR.**

**T. R. LEE,**

Hastings, - - - Nebraska.

This establishment has just been fitted up in wood etc., and is just the place to enjoy a game of billiards.

The best supplies at the bar. 49-6m

**Dr. T. B. WILLIAMS,**

**Family Physician,**

Tenders his services to the public and will attend to all Professional calls.

Office at the Red Cloud Drug Store.

**STONE MASON.**

**H. C. WEBER,**

Would announce to the people of Red Cloud and vicinity that he is prepared to do all kinds of Mason work on short notice and reasonable terms. All orders may be left at his office or at his residence four miles north east of Red Cloud, Neb., town 2, range 19 west.

**Miss S. A. Munsell,**

Would respectfully inform the Ladies of Red Cloud and vicinity that she is prepared to execute orders for

**MILLINERY,**

**Dress-Making**

AND

**PLAIN SEWING of all Kinds.**

On hand and for sale a fine assortment of

**LACES, VEILS,**

**KID GLOVES,**

**LADIES HATS, &c.**

**Miss S. A. MUNSELL,**

(In McNeill's Building.)

RED CLOUD, - - - - - NEB.

**J. S. McIntire,**

Late Cashier 1st Nat Bank, Clarinda, Iowa.

**BANKER.**

HASTINGS, - - - NEBRASKA.

Exchange bought and sold on all cities of the United States and Europe.

**County Warrants,**

**COUNTY AND SCHOOL BONDS**

**Bought and Sold.**

References by Permission:

R. F. AYLER, President Cook Co. National Bank, Chicago.

N. B. MUMFORD, President First National Bank, Clarinda, Iowa.

J. W. BROWN, Cashier Pacific National Bank, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

C. C. CARPENTER, Governor State of Iowa.

C. LINDBERGH, Clerk Superior Court, Iowa.

**WORSWICK & CO.**

**BANKERS,**

AND DEALERS IN

**REAL ESTATE.**

HASTINGS, - - - - - NEB.

Special attention given to Collections.

## NEW GOODS!

J. G. POTTER

Takes this method to inform the Public that he has just opened up a new and complete Stock of **DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,**

Consisting in part of **CALICOES, DARK, LIGHT & PINK, CHAMBRES, DELAINES, LAWNS, DRESS TRIMMINGS & LININGS, CORSETS & SKIRTS, VAILS & GLOVES, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, TABLE LINENS & TOWELLING, PANTS, OVER-ALLS & SHIRTING,**

**BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, COFFEE, SUGARS & TEAS of all Kinds,**

**Canned Fruits, Oysters and Crackers, Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, FLOUR, MEAL & BACON.**

And everything usually kept in a First Class Dry Goods & Grocery Store.

**J. G. Potter,**

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

## LUMBER LUMBER

**W. L. VANALSTYNE**  
**REDCLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA.**

DEALER IN

**PINE LUMBER, LATH, SHINGELS**

**Doors, Blinds,**

**Sash, Mouldings**

**Lime, Tarred Paper, Etc.**

And every Article usually kept in a First Class Lumber Yard.

I GUARANTEE TO DUPLICATE ANY BILL THAT CAN BE GOT AT JUNIATA OR HASTINGS.



## HARDWARE!

I am now as in the past, ready to supply my customers and the public generally, with anything in the Hardware line, at prices that defy competition. My motto is

**"Small Profits and Quick Sales, for the Ready CASH!"**

I keep a general assortment of Hardware and a full line of

**FARM MACHINERY,**

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, NAILS, and HOUSE TRIMMINGS, TINWARE, CARPENTERS, and MASONS TOOLS, SADDLERS HARDWARE, a full assortment.

FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, HOES, WAGON SEAT SPRINGS, &c., &c. Also BROOMS, SUGAR BOXES, BASKETS, and BATH BRICK.

**M. B. MCNITT,**

Red Cloud, - - - - - Nebraska.

## THE CHICAGO LUMBER YARD!

AT

**HASTINGS, NEB.**

Keeps constantly on hand the largest stock of Dry Pine Lumber in the West. Also

**BLINDS, MOULDINGS, LIME,**

**TARRED PAPER,**

and all kinds of

**BUILDING MATERIAL.**

Our stock is well selected and purchased direct from the mills, and will be sold as low as the lowest.

**O. O. OLIVER**

Hastings, Nebraska.

### A Terrier Tackles the Wrong Tom-Cat.

A Tom had owned a terrier dog. A bob-tailed crazy cat—And that their purr got that there man. Into many an ugly man. For the fellow was on his heels. And the purr was on the bite. So to kick that bob-tailed animal Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman owned a Thomas cat. That fit at fifteen pounds. And other cats got up and got When that there cat was round. When his dog came long one day. Who the woman she did dwell. As the dog he growled ferociously. And went for that cat like-well.

He tried to chew the neck of the cat. But the cat would not be chawed; So he hit on the head of that dog. And bit and chewed it and clawed it. Of the hair it flew! and the purr he yowled. As the dog went into his hole. And chunks of flesh were peeled from his back! Then he fannaced, and kick'd, and died!

The man he ripped, and cursed, and swore. As he gathered a big block-bat. That he would be durned essentially. If he didn't kill that cat! The woman allowed she'd be blessed if he did. And she snatched up an old shot-gun. Which she fired and peppered his diaphragm. With bird shot number one.

They toted him home on a window blind. And the doctor cured him up. And he never was known to fight again. Or to own another pup. Folks may turn up their snouts at this here rhyme: I don't care a cent for that! All I want to show is that fighting dogs May tackle the wrong tom-cat.

### THE LOST MINE.

"Let us go back." "To the States?" "Yes." "To Buena Vista?" "Of course. Where else would we go?"

The last speaker was a dark-faced, brigandish-looking man of five and forty; his companion a handsome fellow at least fifteen years his junior. They sat in the light of a small fire in one of the famous gulches of New Mexico, and seemed to be alone. Their carbines rested on the ground beside them, and the twin looked fatigued.

The words of the older caused a sneer to ruffle the lips of the other, and determination flashed in his dark eyes. "I am not going back to the States, much less to Buena Vista, before I have found the treasure."

"Then, by George! someone will find you in a gulch with a dozen feathered sticks in your body. Where's Davis?" "Dead!" "And Angebright?" "Dead."

"Yes, and if you'll go up the Rio Grande you'll find poor Knight's anatomy, and in the best heart that ever lived in Ohio is an Apache arrow-head. There were five of us when we left Buena Vista; and you and I are all the Indians have spared. And Heaven knows that they are after us now!"

"You can go back if you wish, Kyle. I am going to find the treasure." "What! go back and leave you here? Chabert Ross, you don't know Kyle Bains I never mor'e half believed the story about the lost silver mine, and we have been upon a wild-goose chase."

"I believe we are near the treasure," responded the younger adventurer, confidently. "I do not think that the information I gathered in Taos is altogether deceptive. But we will talk while we hunt to-morrow. Kyle, I guard to-night. Lie down and go to sleep."

Obedient, the bearded man drew a blanket about his person, and threw himself upon the ground. A moment later he was asleep, and it seemed that his guard, Chabert Ross, was not far from the land of dreams. He secured worn out with traveling; but there was a fire in his eye, and his ear was on the alert for admonitions of danger.

Perhaps he thought of the three Ohio boys who in high spirits had crossed the Arkansas at his side a short time prior to the date of his present escapement. Brave fellows and full of adventure they were; but there were Indian arrows in their bodies, and on the banks of unexplored streams the sleep of the dead.

Now but two of the little band of five men who left the Beckery State to discover one of the many hidden silver mines of New Mexico remained, and they had hunted many weeks with the shadow of death's wing above them, and dark mystery before.

The *quin fetus*, invented perhaps by some imaginative writer, had lured them to the gulches and chasms of the, to them, *terra incognita* of America. Would they ever escape? It was a question they could not answer.

Chabert Ross felt that sleep was stealing over him while he watched his prostrate companion, and coveted the refreshing slumber that closed his heavy lids. He rose and paced up and down the canyon in the light of the stars; on each side, dull, gray rocks, on which his giant-like shadow fell. Once he paused and drew a meditation portrait from his bosom, and looked at it.

He saw the beautiful features of girlhood, bright blue eyes, and a wealth of radiant hair, as arched as the semicircles.

"She wouldn't know me now," he murmured. "I look so old. I wonder if all silver-hunters get so haggard. I ought to go back to her; but not without the treasure. No! no! no!"

He repeated the monosyllabic word, determination, and the giant, talking in his dreams, seemed to respond prophetic, for he said: "Then we've got to die; there's no help for it!"

Ross laughed when he saw that his burly companion had spoken in his slumber, and a minute later having sent himself before the fire, was asleep himself.

He did not hear the stealthy footstep in the canyon; he did not see the figure that came from the gloom his eyes had failed to penetrate.

It was the figure of an Indian girl, who carried a bow, to the string of which was fitted an exquisitely-shaped arrow. She saw the sleeping man, and never took her eyes from them.

Had she marked them for her shafts? We shall see. Stealthily approaching, she stooped over Chabert Ross, and touched his shoulder with her bow. The touch roused him, and he looked into her eyes astonished. She touched her lips indicative of silence, and, stepping back, motioned him to rise. He glanced at Bains.

The giant still slept, and, confident that the younger hunter arose and followed the Apache girl.

Without a word, she led him down the canyon until she began to ascend. He followed her up the rough path to the country above, and on the edge of the gulch—the precipice—she paused.

"The country so far as the white man can see belongs to Walpain, the Apache," she said, sweeping her hand before her. "He owns a thousand rifles, and more horses than the two pale-faces can count. Neva is his child, and the only child he has. She has followed the pale-face for many miles, and she knows what brought him to the land of the Apaches."

She smiled as she spoke the last sentence, and Chabert Ross started forward with eagerness. "Tell me—tell me, Neva, where it is?" he cried. "The lost mine of shining silver?" she asked.

"Yes! yes!" "What will the pale-face do if Neva tells him?" "Anything you ask!" "Anything, he says," she said, triumphantly, in a low whisper. "He says he will do anything Neva asks if she tells him about the lost silver mine. She will try him. Neva will see if the pale-face is as good as his word."

"Try me girl. Chabert Ross never broke a promise." Then her right hand pointed to the west—away from the canyon: "Do the eyes of the silver-hunter behold a fire?" she asked. "They do."

"There is a wagon-train from the white man's country," continued the Apache. "Walpain has said that it might halt in his land, for the pale-face to hunt silver mines. In one of the wagons is a pale girl."

Chabert Ross started again. "Will the white man swear to obey Neva if she tells him where the silver is?" the chief's daughter suddenly asked. "Yes." "Let him swear it." The oath was taken. "Now!" cried the Apache girl, in tones of triumph. "Neva commands the silver hunter to slay the white man."

located the lost silver mine, and swore to guide the hunters thither. "But first the white girl must step upon the long trail," she said. "If the hunter fails, Neva's shaft will find his heart. She will meet him to-morrow night. Can he find the fire where his brother sleeps?"

"Yes," answered the young man, and the next minute the Apache girl was gliding away.

For awhile he stood alone, undecided. He thought of making his way to the corralled train, and getting a glimpse of the travelers; but, after some sober thinking, descended to the bed of the canyon, and rejoined his companion, whom he immediately awakened.

Kyle Bains was soon made acquainted with Neva's visit, and the oath she had exacted from his friend. "Look here," he said. "We can't find the silver without the girl, that's certain; and she won't guide us until the white one is out of her road. A little case of jealousy. Her red lover has been smitten by the pale girl. I'll attend to the business. I've sinned oftener than you, Chabert Ross."

"But it will be murder." "Well, what of it? Nobody will know it in Buena Vista or elsewhere. It will give us the silver!"

That seemed to decide Chabert Ross. He would escape the crime; but would he not be *particeps criminis* to the final deed? In his eagerness to find the lost mine of untold wealth—lost for three hundred years—he never thought of that!

The men kept awake until the light of day dissipated the night, then, after dispatching a fugal meal, they secured their steeds, which they had turned out to graze, and gradually left the canyon.

"Yonder is the train!" said Ross, pointing westward. "We'll ride down and see where it halts first."

They urged their horses into a brisk gallop, and were rapidly nearing the wagons, when Bains drew rein with an exclamation of surprise.

"I've been thinking for some time that black mass was a party of Indians," he said, with his eyes fixed upon a dark body approaching the wagon-train from the south west. "If they're Apaches, Ross, we want to keep our distance for the present."

"Yes" was the response. "We'll watch them from this point." It was soon distinctly seen that the moving mass was a band of savages, and some consternation seemed to prevail among the emigrants. Men were seen hurrying to and fro, seeing to their steeds, families and firearms.

By-and-by, the savages reached the train, and the silver-hunters saw them mingle with the whites.

For a few moments the intentions of the Indians seemed to be peaceful; but suddenly a yell rent the air, and the report of firearms followed.

"Heavens! they are massacring the whites!" cried Ross. "We must help them, Kyle." "No!" was the response. "They are doing the work you were to do." "I care not if they murder me. I want to see that girl. They shall not kill her."

He unsling his carbine, and gave his steed the shining spur. "He is mad!" ejaculated Bains, dashing after him. "But I'll follow him to the gates of Hades!"

He soon caught up with the excited Ohioan, and together the train dashed among the combatants, and dealt deadly blows right and left. Several wagons were already in flames, and the emigrants were fighting for their families like tigers.

two men fought themselves out of the woods, and rode away like the wind. Hotly the Indians pursued; but they never caught the man who, for the life of Kate Aylesford, took terrible vengeance.

She was Chabert Ross's Ohio love; hers was the fire on the meditation, and it was her life that the silver hunter had promised Neva to take. The Indian girl never met the hunters again. In their hunt for vengeance they forgot the lost mine, and years afterward a man with gray hairs entered the village of Buena Vista.

It was Chabert Ross, and he told a tale of vengeance that chilled every heart. Kyle Bains fell before an Apache arrow; but not until he could boast of satisfying his hatred of the red race.

Where Kate Aylesford sleeps I do not know, but there is an old man who could tell you, reader.

**Patches in the Wrong Place.**  
One of Boston's best-known merchants, noted for his shrewdness and penetration, had a top once procured a short time since and came off victorious. As it is an illustration of this millionaire's penetration in great business affairs, we give the story here.

It appears that the merchant wanted another gardener upon his country estate, near Boston, and an individual presented himself for that office. "Understand the business?"

"Yes, been in it for years." Whom had he lived with last? The applicant mentioned a gentleman the merchant was well acquainted with, stated that he left for no fault, but that his former employer was going to Europe, had sold his estate, and had no further use for him.

"What wages do you expect?" "Eighteen