

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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THE CHIEF, Is a Weekly Newspaper, published at Red Cloud, Webster County, Nebraska, and is devoted to the Interests of Webster County, and SOUTHWEST NEBRASKA.

Special on will be given to all Home a cal matters Every thing of local or general interest transpiring in this and adjoining counties, will be accurately reported at the earliest possible date.

During the coming political campaign THE CHIEF will support and labor for the success of the Republican Party.

A portion of our columns will be devoted to entertaining and miscellaneous matter for family reading. All who are interested in having a wide-awake, lively, local newspaper published in the Republican Valley are invited to examine THE CHIEF and become subscribers. MATHER & WARNER, Editors & Proprietors

WEY IS IT SO? BY PATRICK HAN. Some find work where some find rest, And so the weary world goes on; I sometimes wonder which is best; The answer comes, when life is gone. Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake, And so the dreary night hours go; Some hearts beat when some hearts break; I often wonder why 'tis so.

THE WINDMILLS OF LIFE. Far away upon the hill-tops, Hang the purple domes of heaven, Like the rainbow of the dawn, Teaching us to look to heaven. But it seems an age of waiting, Through a dark and gloomy night, And with fear all hope straying, It is hard to see the light.

Select'd Story. In a pleasant little village in the far famed "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, once lived a lawyer whose name was Hamilton, and whose character was as spotless as the untouched snow of a winter.

Indeed William Hamilton was widely different from the average lawyer, as portrayed by weak yarn writers, in their blood and thunder stories, beguiling play-wrights in their sickly attempts at dramatization, and penny-a-liners in their treacherous assaults upon the "King's English"—a class of scribblers who generally take a lawyer, and in their darning way, paint him for the villain of dire plots.

William Hamilton was ever the friend and counsellor of any struggling, honest man who happened to be, in any manner, entangled in the meshes of the law, and as such was beloved and respected by the entire community.

"Can I do anything for you, my lad?" said the lawyer. "I have made bold, sir," said he, in reply, "having heard of your goodness, to come and ask you to let me read your books at night, and in the day time, I'll work at anything for you in exchange for the privilege, I have nothing else to give, and I want to be a lawyer."

"What have you read, my lad?" said Mr. Hamilton. "Only this one book, sir," replied the boy, and he drew from the breast of his worn jacket a very cheap, and very much dog-eared copy of the new testament.

"My mother gave it to me before she died," he continued. "It was all she had to give, and a little girl taught me how to read it. When I go home at night from work in the woods, I take an armful of dry wood, and by its light on the hearth, I have often read this book through, page by page. I have many times dreamed that I was a good and great lawyer, and the poor man's friend, like you, and—" "There that will do," interrupted Mr. Hamilton, cutting off the compliment, yet pleased; not only with the lad's rustic eloquence and good intentions, but also with the favorable opinion which the boy had formed of him, for he was philosopher enough to feel that he derived some selfish pleasure from his kindness to others, and meant it to be so; and while he was candid enough to admit that much to himself he was not so egotistical as to exhibit it to others.

The lad was taken into the lawyer's office as a student, with no other present duties than to keep the establishment in order, and those he owed to himself in the attainment of all the knowledge he could derive from constant intercourse with a well-filled library and from the kind instructions of his benefactor.

In a few months he had improved to that extent, that he was of great assistance to Mr. Hamilton in his business affairs, and in a few years he was admitted to the bar as a promising young attorney. His native eloquence his pathos and power in delivery, and his legal learning soon raised him to such a standing in his profession, that he was advised by his friend, and not village and go to a large city, where he could extend the circle of his usefulness, and at the same time, make for himself a fortune and a greater name.

One bright May morning, Claude and Harry and Ralph, well mounted, rode about ten miles into the country to attend a rustic picnic. They started so early that the dew still glistened on the grass blades, and the feathery songsters warbled their sweetest notes, and every hedge was joyous with the music of the springtime.

The trio attended the picnic, and spent a jolly day with the hard hand country boys and their red checked and bawdy swatchcoats, and it was nearly dark when they started homeward.

After going about a mile they halted at a cross-road's tavern, and upon a pressing invitation from Ralph took a glass of bourbon. Several times this was repeated, until, when the young men were decidedly drunk, though so far as Ralph was concerned, the intoxication was for the most part feigned, and the whiskey dealer remarked when they went away: "Ralph Rappley played off on those boys by throwing his liquor away, and he 'aint half as drunk as he lets on."

Just before mounting, Ralph managed to push Harry rather rudely against Claude, who became somewhat incensed against Harry, and the last sort of a half earnest, half joking, and altogether mauling quarrel which often occurs under such circumstances, and which both had forgotten in a few minutes.

As the young men rode on, it became evident that Harry and Claude were getting to be more and more intoxicated, and it was about as much as they could do to keep their saddles.

That his hat was found there, and added to these, the evidence of Ralph Rappley's letter—all staring the judge in the face—Claude was held for trial, and his case decided to be an unshakable one, and before the eyes of his heart broken mother, and doubly-stricken sister, he was taken away and locked up in the murderer's cell of the county jail.

Two long and weary years, Claude Hamilton lay in that felon's dungeon, while the attorney for the State was having the trial postponed, from one term of the court to another, and search was being made all over the country for the missing witness.

Finally, in the person of the keeper of a gambling house in San Francisco, Ralph Rappley was found by a detective and was brought to Kentucky, and the trial came on.

Poor Claude, almost broken in spirit and bleached and emaciated by his long confinement, was brought into court, manacled and in chains, but he knew he had not committed the fearful crime for which he was arraigned, and therefore he stood before the bar with a manful look of innocence, which almost put to shame those who had agreed among themselves, that he was guilty.

After the arraignment had been made, and the names of a couple of the village lawyers had been announced as the counsel appointed by the court for the defendant—for the Hamilton's had no money with which to employ able counsel—a tall man of stately bearing, and dignified mien, dressed in black broad cloth, and wearing a black bowler hat, and whose hair was mixed with the silver, that five and forty years lay upon, but whose dark gray eyes bespoke eloquence and ability, rose quietly from his seat, and in an unobtrusive, grave manner, he asked the judge, and then in a somewhat hoarse voice, requested that he, too, should be enrolled as counsel for the prisoner.

While the strange lawyer conferred a few moments with the other attorneys for the defense, a flatter of applause, ran through the crowd, and as he turned toward the prisoner his large, benevolent eyes, Claude grasped his hand and thanked him with grateful tears, and the poor heart broken mother, who wept with a new born hope, and broke out into a shout of joy, and thankfulness and trust, and then Ralph Rappley turned a pale face.

The Sheriff commanded order, and soon a jury was empaneled and the witness sworn.

"Stand up, Claude Hamilton!" said the judge. "You are arraigned in this court, charged with, and to be tried for, the murder of Harry Talbot, in this county on the 15th of May, 18— Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty!"

Clear and firm, distinct, loud and musical, rang out the voice of Claude Hamilton in reply. And then he took his seat, and the trial proceeded. Some men who were at the tavern, at the time the quarrel sprang up between Claude and Harry testified to that effect, and to the fact that the young men rode away together in a high state of excitement, and that all three of them seemed to be very much intoxicated.

Ralph Rappley's room mate, who was also a clerk in his father's store, testified that Claude, Harry and Ralph had been in his room before they left on the morning of the day of the picnic and the murder, and that he had witnessed a large bowie-knife from a bureau drawer soon after they left; that Claude, as well as Ralph and Harry, knew of its whereabouts, and that the weapon produced in court, as having been found near Harry Talbot's dead body, was to the best of his knowledge and belief the same.