

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1875.

NO. 36.

STEVENS HOUSE.

STEVENS & DOW,

PROPRIETORS.

Bloomington, - - Nebraska.

New House, Clean Beds, and everything that's Lovely.

Stage leave this House daily for all points South, East, and West.

Good Stabling in connection with the House.

To the travelling Public we would simply say

"GIVE US A CALL"

JACOB KOHL.

Corner 1st Street & Hastings Avenue

Hastings, Nebraska.

Keeps on hand at all times the best Liquors, Wines and Beer.

Everything of the best quality at the market prices.

RED CLOUD MILLS.

NATIVE LUMBER

Constantly on hand. All kinds of DIMENSION LUMBER,

SHEETING,

FENCING,

AND BRIDGE PLANK.

All sold Cheap for Cash.

Call and examine lumber and prices.

C. Macomber,

Carpenter & Builder

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Is prepared to make estimates and take contracts for all kinds of buildings.

Miss S. A. Munsell,

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

MIL LINER Y,

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 McNitt's Building.)

RED CLOUD, - - NEB.

HARNESS SHOP

The interests of Immigration will be looked after, and the publisher desires the co-operation of all who desire to see Southwest Nebraska settled with live and enterprising pioneers.

To this end furnish accounts of the resources and capabilities of the soil, the best locations still vacant, and, in fact, everything that will tend to induce immigration.

S. V. Ludlow

Is now prepared to do all kinds of work

IN THE

Harness line.

The best of materials used, and all work WARRANTED.

REPAIRING

Done on short notice and at reasonable

Prices.

Shop in McNitt's Store.

Red Cloud Nebraska.

VICK'S

FLORAL GUIDE

FOR 1875.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY. - January Number just issued, and contains over 100 Pages, 500 Engravings, descriptions of more than 500 of our best Flowers and Vegetables, with directions for Culture, Colored Plate, etc.

The most useful and elegant work of the kind in the world. - Only 25 cents for the year. Published in English and German.

Address, JAMES VICK,

Rochester, N. Y.

THE ONLY PAPER IN

OUR VILLAGE.

Along the old accustomed paths with musing steps we go.

The green trees arch above our heads, and every branch we know:

The meadow has a tale for us, the lane its story to tell.

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The home that childhood's halo crowned claims separate tenderness.

Captured by Telegraph.

During the winter of 1869 I was employed as night operator in the railroad office at D—, Iowa.

The principal road between Chicago and Council Bluffs runs through D—, and the great irregular night trains, and the constant danger of collision resulting therefrom, rendered the position of night operator by no means an easy one.

It may be well to mention here, as necessary to the following story, that besides the railroad office, there was also at D— a business office of the Union Company. This we always spoke of as the "down town" office.

One stormy night, not far from 11 o'clock, I sat at my desk—and, for a wonder, idle. The wires had not called for some time, and I was leaning back in my chair, listening to the wind outside and reflecting on the loneliness of my situation.

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"Five hundred dollars' reward will be paid for information leading to the capture, dead or alive, of Tim Lynch, the ringleader of the 'flat heads' tragedy. Lynch is a remarkably large man six feet four inches in height, very heavy and broad across the shoulders. His eyes are a deep gray, with a deep scar over the right one. Hair, wavy, black and beard of the same color. When last seen he was dressed in a black knessuth hat, faded army overcoat, pants of gray jean, and heavy boots. The above reward will be paid to any one furnishing positive information of his whereabouts."

Sheriff of "County."

At the very instant I finished reading the advertisement, there occurred the most remarkable coincidence that has ever come under my observation. I heard a heavy tread on the stair, and then the door opened and there entered—Tim Lynch! The moment I set eyes upon him I recognized him as perfectly as if I had known him all my life. The army overcoat and gray pants tucked into the heavy boots, the massive frame and shoulders, the slouched hat pulled down over his right eye, to conceal—I was sure the scar; above all, a desperate hunted look to his foreboding countenance—all were not to be mistaken. I was as certain of his identity as though he had stepped forward, pulled off his hat to show me the scar, and told me his name.

To say that I was not alarmed at this sudden and unwelcome intrusion would be untrue. I am not a brave man, and my present situation, alone in the depot with a hunted murderer, was by no means reassuring. My heart beat violently, but from mere force of habit I arose and asked him to be seated. While he turned to comply, I succeeded in concealing my agitation to some extent. He drew a chair noisily forward, and sitting down threw open his coat, displaying by so doing a heavy navy revolver stuck in his belt. Then he fixed his mouth of a manly

and spoke:

"Young fellow," he said, motioning with his head toward the battery, "that thar machine is what yer call a telegraph I spose?"

"Well," I answered with a faint smile, intended to be conciliatory, "that's what we send telegrams by."

"Wal, I want you to send a message to a friend o' mine in Coboe. I tell yer aforehand I hain't got no collatoral. But I kinder guess you'd better trust me, young feller." (Here he laid his hand significantly on his belt.) "I'll fetch it in ter-morrow if it convenient."

I hastened to say that the charge could just as well be paid at the other end by his friend.

"Umph! Plaguey little you'll get o' Jim, I reckon. Howsomer, perceived."

"What is the message, and to whom is it to go?"

"I want you to tell Jim Fellers, of Coboe, that the ball quit here las' night, and other sheep'll be close on his heels."

As he delivered this sentence he looked at me as if he expected me to be mystified. But I thought it best not to appear so, and I said carelessly:

"I suppose you are a dealer in stock and this is your partner? Ah, sir, the telegraph helps you fellows out of wany a sharp bargain."

"Y'as," he answered, slowly, evidently pleased with the way I took it. "Y'as, that's um. I'm sendin' down a lot o' stock. Bought it dog cheap over in Genesee yesterday. As partry a lot as ever you see."

I turned to my instrument. What was to be done? Though ours was a railroad office we often sent business messages; and if I did as usual now I should probably get rid of my unwelcome visitor without further trouble. But in the short conversation with him I had somewhat recovered from my first alarm, and now conceived the idea of attempting the capture of Tim Lynch.

I was only a poor salaried operator, trying to save enough to marry in the spring. Five hundred dollars would do me a great deal of good just now—to say nothing of the *celat* of the thing. But how was it to be accomplished? Here was I, alone in the depot with a man big enough to whip his weight in such little men as I was several times over. Any attempt to secure him single-handed was not to be thought of. But I could not excuse myself, and going out, fasten him in. No; well I knew from the distrustful look in his face that any proposal of mine to leave the room would be peremptorily objected to by him. What then?

Why, simply this, I would telegraph to the down-town station. But alas! That very day the connection between the two offices had been cut for repairs. It was seldom used at any time of course, but what of that? It was only a question of a few seconds more time.

All these things went through my mind with the rapidity of lightning as I went to the battery. Lynch regarded me from the corner of his uncovered eye with a suspicion that made me shake in my shoes. As I sat down he rose and came to my side.

"Look a-here, young feller," he hissed in my ear, and his breath was sickening with the fumes of liquor, "perhaps ye mean fair enough—I hope ye do for yer own sake. But I don't understand nothin' 'bout them tellygrams, and I jist want to tell ye that ar'd better be spar—for, by the Eternal God! if ye go back on me I'll stretch ye on this year floor as stiff as ever I did a man yet!" and I felt the cold muzzle of his revolver on my cheek. Perhaps my voice trembled a little, but I was still unmoved in my resolution, as I replied:

"Never fear, sir! I'll tell him all about the stock." He muttered something to himself, and still remained over me.

You have heard, perhaps, how much character and expression a telegraph operator can put into his touch.

Why, there were dozens of different operators communicating with our office, and I could tell at the instant, without ever making a mistake, who it was signaling. You could tell if a man was nervous from his telegraphing just as well as you could from his handwriting. The call that I sent hurrying across the State to Council Bluffs, must have run: out upon the ears of the operator like a shriek.

"C. B. Are you there?" was what I asked, and almost instantly came back a reply in the affirmative. Then with a trembling hand I rattled off my message: "For the love of God, telegraph to our down-town office at once. Tell them that Lynch is within two feet of me, and they must send help."

A short pause, as though my message occasioned some surprise, and then came the response: "All right!" which assured me that I need not repeat.

"Wal," growled the deep voice of

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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 and local 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.

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A portion of our columns will be devoted to entertaining and miscellaneous matter for family reading.

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