

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA NEWS ITEMS.

The mail from Columbus to Madison is now tri-weekly. Land Commissioner Davis is having a record and lease book prepared for every county, which when written up will contain the entire school land business of the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Paris special says the popular clamor against President MacMahon is great. The circulation of foreign newspapers in France will only be permitted after a minute censorship. An Athens special says war between Greece and Turkey is considered inevitable.

A California Bear Story.

A few days ago a very exciting but also ludicrous incident occurred at the upper end of Hunter's Flat, some ten miles north of West Point, Calaveras County. John Giles, who has been profitably engaged in trapping in the mountains above the past winter, visited a Mr. Hall, who owns a small ranch on Hunter's Flat.

In examining property left by Mrs. Chas. Q. Clapp, a lady who died at Portland, Me., a few days ago, the heirs discovered, carefully packed away, a very handsome china service that once belonged to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

The Baron Gustave de Rothchild has no gorgeous gaudy decorated rooms in his Paris mansion; but he has a salon of light carved wood lightened with gold, and ornamented with scenes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," exquisitely painted.

Joaquin Miller's hobby, they say, is not that he is a great poet, but that he is the most accomplished "mascher," or lady-killer, of the age. A few of the sex still survive, and Miller claims he has not had a fair chance all around.

One of the daughters of Robert Southey, namely, Mrs. Hill, died a few days since, at Lexington, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. This lady was often affectionately alluded to in the poet's correspondence as "Little Bertha."

Mr. Spurgeon has not recovered his health. Hard work has told its tale on him. On a recent Sunday he could hardly get through his accustomed services.

THE EASTERN WAR.

A special to the London Times of May 17th says a great battle is impending on the Danube, and heavy cannonading was in progress. For several days the Russians had been concentrating a large force to force a passage of the Danube at Giurgevo. Opposite, in Rusehuk, the Turks were in strong force, and determined to resist any advance of the Russians.

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repulsed. The Russians maintain their position in the neighborhood of Kara, and a battle is expected shortly. A dispatch says a Roumanian vessel full of Russian soldiers has been sunk by the Turks. A Budapest dispatch says: The Russians in a vicinity of Tchukwan-ko have smoked and burned all the villages and massacred the women and children.

The Turks have sent reinforcements to Nikopolis to guard against any attempted passage of the Danube there. The British Consul at Rusehuk has had a serious dispute with the Turks, owing to their preventing the landing of an American missionary. It is reported that the Consul struck the Turkish officer. A Constantinople dispatch says: Shiek-ul-Islam has proclaimed a holy war against Russia.

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making offensive preparations at Sath-ches and along the Tomoki. They have ordered fortifications at Alsanitz and Ivar. The Turks have stationed a strong corps of observation at Adis to guard against a sudden movement from Serbia. It is reported from Belgrade that the council of ministers have resolved that Prince Milan shall inform the Czar that after the Roumanian proclamation of independence Serbia cannot maintain neutrality.

A correspondent in describing the movements of the Russians near Batoum says the Russian investing army was driven back on the 17th of May with great slaughter. The Turks were incited to battle by impressive religious ceremonies. The gunners were given arak and powder to drink, and met the Russian charges with the ferocity of madmen, pursuing their historic tactics.

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GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Collector of Internal Revenue Reeves telegraphs from Virginia to Washington, that Collector Jentry and four others have been shot in Lee county in discharge of their duty—one mortally wounded. ... Quigley, the wife murderer, was hanged at Philadelphia, May 17th. ... Five candy makers in Boston, have been indicted for poisonous adulterations, with bonds fixed at \$4,000 each.

The St. Louis Republican calls attention to the fact that an organization of lawless men exists in several border counties of Missouri and Arkansas who call themselves "Ghouls," but are more familiarly known as Kuklux, whose chief purpose is to run and protect small illicit distilleries in the mountains, and kill or whip or otherwise punish all persons who oppose them and show any disposition to enforce the law.

The Saratoga, a large iron steamship, which was being launched at Chester, Pa., May 23d, started from its blocking sooner than was expected, killing and wounding many. About 40 men were under the Saratoga when she went off. Seven men were killed, and some of the injured may not recover.

A curious form of wager was once hit upon by Old Q—a familiar sobriquet by which the Duke of Queensbury was known to the sporting world. The Duke was famous for eccentricities in a betting way. The match he made to drive a carriage nineteen miles in one hour without changing either of the thoroughbred horses with which he started, made a sensation at the time, and the actual achievement of this feat was perhaps as remarkable as anything of the kind in the annals of coaching.

By the fall of a scaffold, May 23d, in Baltimore, one man was killed, and three seriously injured. ... Some years ago when Dr. E. W. Beck was county physician of Hudson county N. J., a man registered as Aloysius Molnar, committed suicide at Hoboken, and Dr. Beck was appointed administrator of a large and valuable amount of property and money found in his room, and has since held it. Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, has now instituted a suit in the New Jersey Court of Chancery against Beck for the recovery of this property, asserting that Molnar was really named John Kemner, once employed under the Austrian government in a railroad office, from which he stole a large quantity of bonds and fled to America.

Only when the voice of duty is silent, or when it has already spoken, may we allowfully think of the consequences of a particular action.—Hera.

Country Stories.

The Boston Journal prints a letter from Hopkinton, N. H., in which the following old-time incidents are described: "Years ago there lived in this town two individuals noted for their habitual indolence. Public opinion was undecided which was the lazier. One day a wag announced that the doubtful point had been settled, an effective but having been applied. In response to particular enquiries he stated that the two men had been made to stand under a dripping roof, their heads tipped back so that they would receive the dripping rain directly in their eyes. The plan succeeded the fact that one of the doubtful individuals would wink when the descending element impinged upon his naked eyeballs, while the other wouldn't budge the breadth of an eyelash. We presume all civil cases, in the face of this remarkable explanation.

Lois Eastman was a non compos mentis. Being also a pauper, she was annually farmed out to the lowest bidder. For years her lot was cast with a family living about a mile west of the town. At that time public thoroughfares were less directly defined than afterward, when travel had assumed more direct courses. One day a stranger knocked at the door of the house where Lois lived, and was met by Lois, of whom he inquired the way to the village. Lois' directions were: "You go right down by Joe Putney's turnip-yard, by the sweet apple tree, and so on down to John Gage's."

This was, indeed, a part of the way to the village, but the stranger urged: "I don't know anything about your turnip yard, sweet apple tree, or John Gage's either."

Lois lost her patience in view of such intolerable ignorance. "Well," she said, "then you are one peaky feller if you don't know the way to John Gage's!" For years after, if a person of lesser mental capacity appeared in town, it would, perchance, be said of him, he "didn't know the way to John Gage's!" One individual of inebriated habits, like other similar unfortunates, was sometimes in debt. One day, being under the influence of drink, he conceived something of an affront at the familiar approach of a youth who had fairly got into the stiff collar and square cravat age, and who demanded the payment of an indebtedness of a no less considerable sum than 25 cents. Bitulous took as fair an ocular inspection of the youth as his unsteady condition would allow.

"Ah! yes, I (hic) know you. I know your father, too; a sight (hic) more respectable man than you. But I (hic) tell you one thing you may depend upon: As for bein' harassed and tarred all over town for the (hic) small matter of 25 cents, I won't. I (hic) will pay you eventually!" There used to be well known here a brace of Judges of prominence in the earlier history of the State. They were Judge H. and Judge S. Judge H. was gotten up under the pattern of a broom-handle, and Judge S. bore a corporeity of decided corpulence. One day, when spending a leisure hour together, the conversation of the two gentlemen turned upon the subject of the transmigration of souls. Judge S., who was a most incorrigible joker, remarked: "H, do you want me to tell you my opinion of what will become of you if that doctrine is true?" "I should be very glad to hear your opinion," replied Judge H.

"Well, I think you will do one of the other two things; you will either go into a very small humming bird or else into a devil's darning-needle," suggested Judge S. "Since you have been so good as to give me your opinion of my future chances," said Judge H., "I am going to make free to give you my opinion of yours."

"Go on," said Judge S. "I think," observed Judge H., "you will go into one of these big squash-bellied garden louts, and won't have to change much either." We give another one from Judge S. One of the churches in town was destitute of a pastor. Brothers A. and B. were speaking together about the matter of a supply. Judge S. overheard and suggested: "I know where you can get a minister and have a deacon thrown in."

Brother A., who was also something of a wag, replied: "That's nothing; if you go down to Andover, where they have a mill, they'll give you a minister and throw in two deacons." Brother B., a more serious man, disliking to hear Brother A. speak so lightly, suggested: "Don't you think, Judge S., it would be a good thing if Brother A. should go down and go through the mill?" "It were no use to try," said Judge S., "he'd go out at the smut." We will tell just one more story. The bar-room, or office, of a country hotel is most always a familiar resort of loungers. The fact was the same years ago, when a certain landlord in the north part of town experienced some annoyance from winter loungers, who sometimes forgot to close the door after them when they came in to enjoy the fire. Once a wag came in, and the landlord, observing he left the door ajar, called out impatiently: "Do you know what that door was made for?" The wag turned, surveyed the door with a most imperturbable countenance, and answered: "Seventy-five cents or a dollar."

LEMON DUMPLINGS.—Mix with ten ounces of fine bread crumbs half a pound of beef suet, chopped very fine, one large tablespoonful of flour, the grated rinds of two lemons, strained. Divide the mixture into quarters, then in well floured cloth, and roll them in an hour. The dumplings will be very light and delicious.

THE REMARKABLE BONES DISCOVERED IN THE VALLEY OF THE ANIMAS, IN COLORADO.

Prof. Hayden has given Southwestern Colorado a new interest by discovering and describing the ancient ruins in that section, and in Southeastern Utah. The stories told about the ruins are very interesting. The fertile valley of the Animas was densely inhabited and highly cultivated by an enlightened race of people centuries ago. The ruins of the houses, corral, towns, fortifications, ditches, pottery, ware, drawings, non-interpretible writings, etc., show that many arts were cultivated by these prehistoric people which are now entirely lost. Their houses were built of most every kind of stone, from small boulders to the finest sandstone.

The finest of these ruins, and the nearest perfect, are situated about thirty-five miles below Animas City, in a large valley fifteen miles long by seven wide, on the west side of the river. This valley has been covered with buildings of every size, the two largest being 30x40,000 feet, and about 300 feet apart. They are built of blocks of sandstone, laid in adobe mud, the outside walls being four feet, and the inside walls from a foot and a half to three feet thick. In the lower story are found porches a foot square. There are rooms now left and walls for about four stories high still standing. About the second story, on the west side, there was once a balcony along the length of the building. No signs of a door are visible in the outer walls, and the ingress must have been from the top, in the inside there being passages from room to room. Most of them are small, from 8x10 to 12x14 feet, the doors being 2x4 feet. The arches over the doors and porches are made of small cedar poles two inches wide, placed across, on which the masonry is placed. The sleepers supporting the floors are of cedar, about eight inches thick, and from twenty to fifty feet long, and about three feet apart. A layer of small round poles was then placed across the sleepers, then a layer of thinly-split cedar sticks, then about three inches of earth, then a layer of cedar bark, then another layer of dirt, then a carpet of some kind of coarse grass. The rooms that have been protected from exposure are white-washed, and the walls are ornamented with drawings and writings. In one of these rooms, he impression of a hand dipped in whitewash on a joint is as plain as if it had been done only yesterday. In another room there are drawings of tarantulas, centipedes, horses, and men.

In some of the rooms have been found human bones, bones of sheep, corn-cobs, goods, raw hides, and all colors and varieties of pottery ware. These two large buildings are exactly the same in every respect. Portions of the buildings plainly show that they were destroyed by fire, the timbers being burned off and the roofs caved in, leaving the lower rooms entirely protected. The rock that these buildings were built of must have been brought a long way, as nothing to compare with it can be found within a radius of twenty miles. All the timber used is cedar, and has been brought at least twenty-five miles. Old ditches and roads are to be seen in every direction.

The Navajo Indians say, in regard to these ruins, that their forefathers came there five old men's ages ago (500 years), and that these ruins were here, and the same then as now, and there is no record whatever of their origin.—Lake City, Col. Correspondence N. Y. Sun.

An English Duke's Curious Bet. A curious form of wager was once hit upon by Old Q—a familiar sobriquet by which the Duke of Queensbury was known to the sporting world. The Duke was famous for eccentricities in a betting way. The match he made to drive a carriage nineteen miles in one hour without changing either of the thoroughbred horses with which he started, made a sensation at the time, and the actual achievement of this feat was perhaps as remarkable as anything of the kind in the annals of coaching.

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