

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS Editor.

BED CLOUD. - NEBRASKA.

Poetic Chips.

Put away his little child; Lay his fannels in the drawer; Bring him forth his linen duster, Lead him from the city's roar.

Who stands der streets und gorners round, Mit setrel agzes to be ground, Und shumled und bowed, und nufor frowned!

Down where the wake-robin springs from its slumbers, Opening its cardinal eye to the sun, Come the dull echoes of far-away thunders, Heavy and fast as the shots of a gun.

HE HAD A HEART.

BY W. A. TAYLOR.

"As heartless as a Jew," is an expression that long since passed into a proverb, but why as "heartless as a Jew" would probably puzzle the inventor of the expression were he now living.

Its survival only shows that we have not, even in the nineteenth century, outgrown the blind and unreasonable prejudices of the Middle Ages.

The story of Abraham Levi, dealer in second-hand clothing and purveyor of cast off trifles, is a notable example showing that the much abused Israelite has a heart. His place of business is in a tumble-down old house on Webster avenue, in the smoky city of Pittsburgh.

Overcoats and dress coats in various stages of dilapidation, broken-winded pianos and melodeons, torn music and broken-backed books, old-plates and boot-jacks and every imaginable odd and end of domestic or personal appointment are to be found piled up on boxes, shelves and in dusty corners.

Mr. James Harbison was one of the iron kings of the Smokey City, a widower with one son and two daughters, and a million in solid cash.

Emma Harbison was not a favorite with her brother Arthur and her sister Samantha. She had been her mother's favorite, but her father never exhibited much partiality for her.

Mr. Harbison had removed to Pittsburgh from the interior of the State upon the death of his wife while his children were yet small, and Emma, as she grew up, still kept the rural ways of her early childhood which gave mortal offense to her fashionable brother and sister.

At length Mr. Harbison died, and was buried, and the will, which he had taken good care to make, was admitted to probate. It was short and to the point.

"To Emma Harbison, I bequeath the workbox that belonged to my dear wife, with the trinkets it contains. To my dear children, Arthur and Samantha Harbison, I bequeath all the remainder of my estate, bonds, stocks, lands, tenements, and property of whatever kind.

is priceless to me. Let me have five dollars on it, and I will redeem it in the future."

"Oh! Mein Gott! Miss, life duffor? Vy, it would bankrupt me if I gif you a dollar. I do not care to take him at dat."

In vain did Emma Harbison plead the sacredness of the keepsake. Mr. Levi was inflexible, and at last she parted with her inestimable treasure, receiving a single dollar in exchange. But this pittance only kept off starvation for a day or two, and at last she was picked up one night by the police, wandering the streets, and taken before an alderman.

She told her pitiful story to the magistrate, and her brother and sister were sent for. They came and disowned her, and declared her an impostor, and she was consigned to the House of Refuge, which was under the management of one of the worst tyrants that ever disgraced a reformatory institution.

A legislative committee, a year ago brought to light the horrible practices that had been carried on for years. How delicate girls were horsewhipped, and tied up by the thumbs, and subjected to every conceivable torture at the caprice of the officials.

Arthur prided himself on his financial sagacity, and invested his and his sister's fortune in paying stocks that brought handsome dividends. But the financial crash of 1873 brought them ruin. The collapse of the National Trust Company, Brady & Co.'s banking house, and other banks where Arthur had invested, beggared them, and swept almost a million dollars out of their selfish grasp.

They were in as great straits for the necessities of life as poor Emma had been, and lived solely on the charity of a few of their wealthy friends, a little less heartless than the most who had once fawned upon them but knew them no more.

Abraham Levi valued Emma's work-box at ten dollars, but found no purchaser. After vainly trying to sell it one day, he shook it indignantly at the customer as she was leaving the shop, and was surprised to hear something move inside of it. Taking the key to unlock it, but it was empty. Holding it open he again shook it, and again heard something moving.

And such a sight as met the astonished eyes of the Jew! Spread out on the bottom of the box was a new United States seven-thirty bond with ten years coupons unclipped. He picked it up and another precisely like it met his gaze.

"Dot' shust vat I will do!" He opened his safe, took out the box and placed it under his arm. Just as he reached the street carriage stopped in front of his store and Miss Emma alighted.

"Oh! Mr. Levi," she exclaimed, I am just in time. I see you are going to sell my box. I have come to redeem it."

"No Miss," replied Levi, I not go out to sell him; I go to take him to you. But coom in, young lady, I wish to explain."

Emma entered the dingy place, and Mr. Levi told her the whole story in a straight-forward way, and then showed her the fortune he guarded so carefully and ignorantly for so many years, and which he had tried to sell for the sum of ten dollars.

"And how can I ever reward you, Mr. Levi?" asked Emma, grasping his hands.

She secured the position of shipping clerk in a rolling mill for Arthur, and the position of music teaching for Samantha. She treats them in the most sisterly manner, but insists that they shall earn a living for themselves, and to this, all who know the trio say amen.

Farragut in Mobile.

Mrs. Frances M. Bartlett contributes to the Portsmouth (N. H.), Weekly an account of a conversation she held with Admiral Farragut in the summer of 1895, at a ball given in his honor at what was then called the Atlantic House, at Rye Beach, N. H., and is now known as the Farragut House.

"Every preparation had been made to give brilliancy to the ball. The house was decked in bunting, bands of music lent their power to the general gaiety, and ladies vied with each other in richness of attire. The officers of the army and navy were in attendance, and a few invited guests from Portsmouth 'assisted.' As I alighted from an open carriage, in the twilight, I observed a neat, sailor-like little fellow, with a round cap, standing at the steps.

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"Beyond the Pruth, however, the Roumanians have blood-relations. From the mountains that bound the horizon, to the heart of Hungary, as well as between the Danube and Dnieper, there are 8,000,000 inhabitants who speak their language, have the same customs and religion, and who answer proudly, when questioned, 'I am a Roumanian!'"

He was in attendance to pitch him head-foremost over the cliff into the waves below.

It chanced on a certain day that Trassulus had been invited to one of these charming soirees. "Tell me," said Tiberius, with a curious look, "how long do you think you have to live?" Trassulus, who was no fool, appeared to be absorbed in mysterious calculations; and suddenly, with an expression of alarm that was not altogether feigned, he exclaimed, "that he was menaced at that very hour by a great danger."

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"The Flag of the Prophet." What is this flag of the Prophet, around which the turbaned, "faithful," are called upon to rally? The best authorities state that it was originally of a white color, and was composed of the turban of the Korah, captured by Mohammed.

"A Mania for Clocks." One of those odd geniuses who spend their lives and means in collecting curious and rare articles, lately died. His name was Sylvester Bonaffon, a retired merchant of Philadelphia.

"Astrologer's Perils in Ancient Times." Formerly they had rough and ready modes of testing claims to supernatural powers. "Dost thou know where thou wilt pass Christmas?" asked Henry VII of an astrologer.

"The Holy Shrine." It is announced in the cable-jpatches that the Sherif of Mecca has placed at the Turkish Sultan's disposal the treasures of his holy shrine, amounting to 200,000,000 piastres.

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Choate Address Before the New England Society.

In December, 1843, the New Englanders in New York celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, Rufus Choate being the orator, and choosing as his theme, "The Age of the Pilgrims, our Heroic Period."

Pausing with a sad, far-off look in his eyes, as the vision had suddenly risen upon his memory, and with a voice inexpressibly sweet and pathetic, and nearly choked with emotion, he said: "In a late visit to Plymouth, I sought the spot where these earlier dead were buried. It was on a bank somewhat elevated, near, fronting and looking upon the waves—symbol of what life had been to them—ascending inland behind and above the rock—symbol also of that Rock of Ages on which the dying had rested in that final hour."

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questing Abbasides, in the middle of the eighth century; next into those of the Caliphs of Bagdad and Kahira. It was brought into Europe toward the close of the sixteenth century by Sultan Amurath III, with whom Queen Elizabeth made a treaty of commerce in 1579. It was deposited in Constantinople, where, covered with forty-two wrappings of silk, it was deposited in a chapel in the interior of the seraglio, where it is perpetually guarded by several emirs with constant prayers. It is known, however, that the banner unfolded by the Moslems at the beginning of a war, and likewise carefully preserved, is not the same as the identical flag which Mohammed had made out of the white turban of the Korah. The Moslems believe that it is, and will fight bravely under it, thus verifying Mohammed's famous declaration, that "whosoever dies with it, shall be killed by Allah." "—Paris, Transilvania, was visited last Tuesday by the Kaiser, being the first time of his visit to the city.

Motley, the Historian.

The career of John Lothrop Motley, the historian (who died at London, May 30), illustrates the potency of enthusiasm and earnestness as important elements among those that most contribute to success. Mr. Motley's first ventures in literary work were romances. He traveled abroad and became interested in the history of Holland. He resolved to write the history of the Dutch, and commenced work in this country. As he worked he became interested, and then enthusiastic. He went abroad again that he might thoroughly study the subject. The historical records and State documents at The Hague and Berlin, were placed at his disposal, and throwing aside what he had written he began the work anew. This was in 1851. In 1856 he published "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," a work so wonderful as a composition and so picturesque and vivid as a history that placed the author at once among the most successful historians of the day.

"The Typical Boy." In the matter of personal adornment, the boy twelve or fourteen has the taste of a mule. Not that he actually feels inclined to bray, on occasions, but his aesthetic taste crops out in another way. Given his way, and a little money, he gets himself up in a red necktie, checked standing collar, boiled shirt, with ruffled bosom, corduroy breeches, stuffed in red-top boots, hair combed well down over the forehead, and parted behind, and a scent of peppermint rising from his self-fringed handkerchief like the smell of a drug-store. Then his room; you should see that! We got a peep into the room of our "devil" yesterday, and it will answer the description of all other rooms of boys of twelve or fourteen. The irrefragable dime novel was on the table, the leaf turned down to mark the spot in the book where "Tim Tanglefoot" went out before breakfast and killed a tribe of Indians. Then there was a bottle of hair oil on the table; coarse comb, with twelve teeth gone; then over the bed a wood cut of a fight between a man and a bear, and at another place on the wall a picture taken from an illustrated paper of a boy and a dog chasing a rabbit, with a wild deer in the background. The room, viewed from the "devil's" standpoint, is highly artistic, and we learn that he will soon increase the ornamentation with a jeweled hairbrush.—From the Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

"A Curious Old Newspaper." There has lately been discovered, in the library of the University of Heidelberg, a copy of a newspaper which proves to be the oldest periodical of which there is now any certain knowledge. It is a quarto volume, bearing the date 1609, and is supposed to have been printed by John Carlson, of Straburg. The paper was issued weekly, each number consisting of two sheets. It was mainly occupied with letters from correspondents in adjoining States, where were contributed regularly. It is interesting to note that letters from Vienna were about eight days on the route, from Venice, fourteen to seventeen days, and from Rome, twenty-one days. When the matter contained in the letters, together with the news, retailed at second-hand, failed to fill the sheet, the remaining space was left blank.

"A New Confidence-Game." The worst confidence-game of the season was practiced on a minister a few days since by unknown parties. A couple—apparently a gentleman and lady—went to the house of a Quincey divorcee, armed with a marriage license, and requested the minister to marry them. The ceremony was accordingly performed, according to the latest fashion; when the bridegroom asked the clergyman how much he charged. Three dollars. A \$30 bill was handed out, and the groom received \$17 in change. A few moments' conversation and congratulation followed, when the happy couple prepared to depart; but the bride who was evidently a little awkward at the business of handling a train, displayed a pair of heavy boots! This naturally aroused some suspicions of a trick. Accordingly some of the household watched the pair as they left the parsonage, and had the satisfaction of seeing the woman disrobe in an alley, and come forth as fine-looking a young man as one would wish to see. The Reverend gentleman who had made them man and wife examined his \$30 bank-note, and discovered that it was counterfeit. But he has not yet found the confidence-men who passed it on him.—Quincy (Ill.) Whig.

How often, oh, how often we find a man who will pay eleven dollars for a box of cigars without a question or a moment's hesitation, who will contract his brows and start back in speechless horror and stare for ten straight minutes at the item, "one piece of dress braid, ten cents," in a dry goods bill that his trembling wife hands him. A fine coat is but a livery when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a footman.—[Adison.

The crown of the Hartz Mountain is the highest point of North Germany, and on this point of vantage an obelisk has been raised in honor of Prince von Bismarck.