

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

"CONQUERED AT LAST."

(Some time since the Mobile *Newspaper* offered a prize for the poem which, in a Southern writer, should be judged most meritorious, expressive of the gratitude which existed in the South to the North for its people's help in the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of this offer on the part of the South by patience. This offer on the part of the South was met by seventy-seven competitive compositions from various parts of the country. The committee to judge the poet laureate were submitted decided in favor of the poem "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., who gave it.)

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude dissolution followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part.
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and
main,
And the forests bend in his breath like grain,
Their heads in the dust and their hearts
broke.

But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?
You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's
wind,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our
wounds must heal."
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were
steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts
were sore,
And "we to the conquered" on every door.

But the soldier came and he would not spare,
The one that walked in darkness was
there.

He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the
street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet.

In the dead, dead, dead, that were every-
where,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

You heard it, O brothers!—With never a
measure,
You opened your hearts, and poured out your
treasure.

O! Sisters of Mercy, you gave above those!
For you helped, we know, on your bended
knees.

Your pity was human, but oh! it was more,
When you shared our cross and our burden
bare.

Your lives in your hands you stood by our
side;
Your lives for our lives, you laid down and
died.

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than lay down his life that his friends may
live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the
wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers; our sword we
gave,
We had shown how our hearts—they are all we
have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends! and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by kindness" we'll write
on our heart.

WHICH WAY?

Children, stop your play,
And tell me which way
I shall take to the city on the hill.

For the sun is setting,
With a smile:

"This way,
Through the woods, across the stream,
By a brook where wild flowers grow,
Where the birds sing sweet and low;

Then you'll be safe,
And here you are.

For the calm rests you, makes you still,
If you take this way to the city on the hill."

—San Francisco *Advertiser*.

CROFTY'S CRIME.

How a Plot to Murder a Rival Scientifically Miscarried—A Curious Invention Which Proved the Death of the Inventor.

[From the San Francisco Argonaut.]

A few weeks ago some workmen engaged in removing an old mansion on the corner of California and Mason Streets were considerably puzzled at finding a number of copper wires connecting the bath-room with a room above. The owners of the property were equally puzzled, having never before known of their existence. The wires were removed and nothing more thought of the matter. This recalls to my mind an incident which many will now remember.

On the 13th of July, 1862, a Prof. Crofty was found dead in the bath-room I have just mentioned. Crofty was well known among scientific men as a professor of chemistry, and, besides, had a large circle of acquaintances in this city. He was supposed at the time to have committed suicide, and his death furnished a three days' sensation for the press. The accounts in four leading newspapers materially conflicted, which made the matter all the more interesting to the public. All agreed, however, with a singular unanimity of opinion, that he was dead. Even the *Call*, while not positively admitting his demise in the article, virtually conceded it in the head-lines.

Crofty, when found, was lying in the bath, covered with wounds of curious nature that no one could explain how they came to be inflicted. They were deep, ragged and gaping, and there was no instrument found in the room with which they might have been made.

Even the detective who visited the scene of Crofty's death shook their heads and sat at sea. Those who discovered the body found the door securely fastened from the inside, and were obliged to burst it open. The room had no other means of egress or ingress.

"Suicide!" remarked one of the reporters, when he saw the wounds on the neck? asked a detective.

"Who else was here?" responded a journalist. And neither man had any more to say.

A post mortem revealed nothing new, except that the physicians found a state of the blood which they could not satisfactorily account for.

"He was frozen," said a young physician, whose opinion seemed to have its foundation only in surmise.

"You seem to have forgotten that this is July," remarked an elderly gentleman connected with a university.

The newspapers vied with each other in building up ingenious theories accounting for the affair, the coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide, for want of any thing better, and the remains were buried.

The reader who desires to get a more detailed account of the affair—as related at the time—can do so by referring to the files of any of the city papers of that date. In fact, I would produce them here did space permit. The main thing, however, is to clear up the mystery of Crofty's remarkable death.

He came to the coast in 1860, and was reputed to be a man of sufficient means to live handsomely on the interest of his money. He stopped a while at the Oriental Hotel, and there met Edward Dean, a young man who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. The two became intimate, and finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and home-like. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a mutual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California Streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker, and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Crofty and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he liked the men personally, and partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men of taste could wish. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

One evening a hack drove up to the door, and a woman, clad in wraps, bounded up the steps with astonishing vigor and agility, like most Western girls who are blessed with good health and animal spirits. She dashed into the hall, in a style that sent a perceptible tremor throughout the house, and fell into old Armstrong's arms. A flood of kisses followed.

It was his daughter Alice.

Next morning the usual formalities of introduction were gone through, and Miss Armstrong became one of the fixtures of the place. A few days before her arrival Prof. Crofty had suggested the idea of living somewhere nearer the center of the city. After Miss Armstrong entered the house, however, no further allusion was made to the proposed removal. The Professor began to pay Miss Armstrong the most devout attention, and as a master of course she fell madly in love with young Dean, who paid her none. It is generally conceded that one of the most effective ways of wooing a woman is to let some other man do it. The woman tires of the indefatigable lover, and the man who treats her with indifference is soon repelled. Some men learn this by experience; Dean discovered it by accident.

He presently began to turn his knowledge to excellent account, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the two men. Crofty soon realized that he was not the favorite, and never for the life of him could ascertain how a woman could form an attachment for a man who hadn't the remotest idea of chemistry. He forgot that he was somewhat old, and that some women dislike to cast their bridal wreaths upon the snow. He finally determined to put his rival out of the way, and set about laying his plans.

After a couple of weeks' deliberation he concluded to murder Dean, and do it neatly and scientifically that discovery would be next to impossible.

One day I was in his room—being an occasional visitor—and observed him busily engaged in chemical experiments. Said he: "Did you ever realize that the conditions which result in congealization might be produced chemically?"

I confessed that I had never given the subject much thought.

"Of course you understand that sudden evaporation causes cold."

I knew nothing of the kind at the time, but nodded assent rather than acknowledge my ignorance.

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant, pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of, say 100 ames of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly 100 gallons of water."

Here the Professor took a basin of water and poured in a small quantity of colorless liquid. "This is ammonia," said he. "But this"—here he added about as much of some other liquid—"is something else."

"What is it?"

"No one knows but myself." I deemed it impudent to question him further. He then attached the wires to the battery.

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant, pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of, say 100 ames of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly 100 gallons of water."

At the instant the wires were connected Crofty was in the center of the bath.

A shock of terrible chill passed through his frame, and he felt a cloud of vapor rising from the surface of the water and sweeping into his face.

Myriads of speckle crystals shot out from the edge of the tank and converged toward him like many shafts of death. He realized his situation, and dashed to reach the steps; as he did so, the jagged edges of a sheet of iron half an inch thick. There was a frightful gash in his side, from which blood was streaming. He struggled madly amid the ice, and every throw brought fresh wounds. His limbs moved no longer in water; they were enveloped in slush. The ice closed over him like a vice. He was dead.

After the evaporation of the chemicals the electricity no longer had any effect, and the heat of the room began to tell upon the ice. The mass melted, and by 4 o'clock in the morning the corpse of Crofty was floating upon the surface of the bath. He was not missed until 9 o'clock the next morning, when Dean burst open the door and found him as described.

The rest is known. The jury gave a verdict of suicide, and Miss Armstrong and Edward Dean were married on the 22nd of the same month.

Extension of the Telephone System.

An admirable system of local telephone communication, says the Springfield *Advertiser*, is to be introduced in this city by the District Telephone and Automatic Signal Company of New Haven, Ct. This is a company incorporated under the laws of Connecticut for the purpose of owning and operating the district telephone in six cities, New Haven, Springfield, Hartford, Meriden, Middlebury and New Britain. In three of these places the system is already established and in successful working order, New Haven furnishing 550 stations, Hartford, where the company began business only six weeks ago, 250, and Meriden 75. The wires were removed and nothing more thought of the matter. This recall to my mind an incident which many will now remember.

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ways took a bath before retiring, which was about midnight. In the morning Crofty had purchased two seats at the Oriental Hotel, and there met Edward Dean, a young man who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. The two became intimate, and finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and home-like. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a mutual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California Streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker, and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Crofty and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he liked the men personally, and partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men of taste could wish. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

He now began to work in earnest. He filled the tank with water, and then his wires over and over again. Every thing was in splendid working order. He calculated that he could embed his rival in ice about midnight, and then turn on hot water. In the morning there would be no trace left of the freezing. He rubbed his hands with delight, and then poured in the chemical proportions, whereof lay the secret of his discovery. Having done this, he went back to his room and laid the two connecting wires of his apparatus side by side upon the instrument. It was now 9 o'clock. He turned the gas up to a full blaze to dispense the shadows, took an easy chair and determined to read until Dean's return. The silence of the house became unbearable, and the suitor of the apartment more and more oppressive. His excitement began to tell upon him, and he was no longer cool. The man who is about to kill suffers more pain than he who knows he is about to die. Crofty paced up and down the apartment, and then a strange fascination drew him toward the bath. He entered the room again and stood gazing into the motionless water in the tank, and murmured to himself: "Four hundred and eighty cubic feet, five hundred ones."

There was a gas-jet above the tank, and its faint glow was reflected in the water. To Crofty the atmosphere seemed to have been generated in a blast-furnace. The water looked cool and refreshing. There was yet more than a glow. Crofty turned the catch of the door from force of habit, and throwing off his clothes, plunged in. He could discover no disagreeable trace of the chemicals and once more he felt the delightful sensation of being cool. It was so agreeable that he began to reflect in his mind whether he would not continue to enjoy the bath and postpone the murder.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our
wounds must heal."
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were
steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts
were sore,
And "we to the conquered" on every door.

But the soldier came and he would not spare,
The one that walked in darkness was
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And he left the print of his fiery feet.

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And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

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Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
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Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
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on our heart.

—San Francisco *Advertiser*.

Sheep Raising in Colorado.

The most reliable information obtainable gives the number of sheep in this State as about 2,000,000, valued at \$2.25 per head, or \$4,500,000 in total value. Last year's clip of wool was about 5,000,000 pounds, estimated at 17 cents per pound, \$875,000. There should be added to this 500,000 lambs, valued at \$1.50 per head, \$750,000. During 1878 30,000 head were driven in from California and 15,000 from New Mexico.

The shipments of wool in the coming season will be about 7,000,000 pounds, which at last year's price will amount to \$1,225,000, to which may be added the value of 750,000 lambs, making \$2,350,000 income from sheep alone. These figures may not be realized, but I have given you the lowest estimates.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed into any thing else than a dry mold