The Red Cloud Chief.

A. C. HOSMER, - - Proprietor

FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1883.

A LITTLE CHILD.

Uncongenious childhood's tiny grasp
Draws us from business, books and art;
Mightier than all the world, the clasp
Of one small hand upon the heart.

Of late, with lids that mimicked death,
In fever flames our darling lay;
While we who watched her fluttering breath
Could only wait, and hope, and pray.

Pale gliding shapes and whispered words
Haunted the hushed and shadowy room,
Till the first twitter of the birds
Awoke, and daybreak edged the gloom.

On vacant chairs and silent walls,
Where lonely watches of the night
Grow old, how strange, how spectral, falls
The mockery of the morning light!

As in a trance of fear w[illegible]ed;
Peril to one we cann[illegible]
Peril and pain to one b[illegible]
Make trembling cowa[illegible] [illegible]he brave.

The dawn rose, pitilessly bright;
The sunshine wore an alien hue;
There was not any more delight
In song of bird or spark of dew.

How idle seemed the task that claimed
A cold, accustomed service still!
Each worldly wish was quelled and shamed:
Alike were things good and ill.

Friendship itself small solace brought;
We came and went like dull machines;
How foreign to the harassed thought
The most familiar household scenes!

The golden fields and azure skies
Were veiled in sorrowful eclipse,
Till beamed again those darkened eyes,
Till smiled once more those childish lips.

Another night: all night she slept,
She woke: O joy! was ever dawn
So heavenly sweet as that which swept
With dalesing showers the trees and lawn!

The hillside frowned by lowering brows
Of gloomy thickets overhung;
But in the dripping chestnut boughs
A cheerful robin perched and sung.

Dear omen of her blest release
From pain and the Great Dread past by!
Peace filled our souls, the light of peace
Was over all the earth and sky.

O happiest day of all the year!
Each moment had its joyous thrill;
Whatever came brought hope and cheer;
Alike were tidings good and ill.

Now never more, O heart, be sad,
When cloud and tempest drench the pane,
But keep the day with thoughts as glad
As robins singing in the rain.

—J. T. Trowbridge, in *Youth's Companion.*

PRISON PETS.

There are numerous instances on record of persons in "durance vile" making pets of the most unlikely of animals, nay, even reptiles and flowers. The instances considered noteworthy have been generally those of persons of rank. In reality, the passion is not more to be wondered at in the Count Picciola of school-book notoriety, who gained over the good-feeling of his keeper to respect the pet flower which had sprung up between the stones of the prison-yard, than is a similar feeling exhibited by the deepest-dyed criminal of the common jail. In fact, it has been noticed that the feeling, if anything, is stronger in the man of few resources.

The present humanitarian system of conducting prisons provides the educated prisoner with many means of killing, if not improving, his time, which a bygone system ignored. Companionship is found in books of the very best kind. In the case of the uneducated prisoner, it is very different. For many hours of the day he is shut off from everything but intercourse with his own thoughts, and these being, as a rule, not very companionable, he casts about for something to engage his attention other than the four bare walls of his cell. Suddenly he hears the chirp of some impudent sparrow, enticed by a few stray bread-crumbs which the poor wretch has spared from his allowance and pushed through the grating of his window. Here is something which certainly bears him no ill-will; something which, to one given to suspect, is above suspicion. There is not the slightest doubt about *this* visitor. But the unsuspicious feeling is not reciprocal. The crumbs are all very well so long as they can be reached from without the bars. The dark within is an unexplored region. But there comes a spell of sharp frost, may be, which whets the appetite of the feathered visitor, or there is something in the manner of the would-be host which reassures him, and the inquisitive little head is cautiously pushed inside the bars, in order to follow up a trail of crumbs judiciously laid by the tempter. No harm follows; and familiarity breeds boldness. The little fellow is surprised to find himself quite within, tail and all, and, as though astonished at his own audacity, beats a hasty retreat. The next visit finds him less modest. He advances across the floor; then, with sidelong glances, makes a backward movement, then a forward one, till he feels quite positive that the statue-like figure in the corner has no bellicose intentions. As a sort of feeler, the figure moves a foot or a hand. This is too much for Mr. Sparrow. A fluttering retreat to the bars, out, and away, leaves the lonely inmate still more lonely. The thought of the crumbs, however, steals the little feathered breast, and by-and-by he makes another essay. At last he loses all fear, and hops up quite close to the immured one to snatch some crumbs sprinkled from the hand in sight of the bird. From this it is not far, as confidence is gained, to hop on to the knee and shoulder. What sort of bird-logic has been going on in the breast of this little sparrow? In a week or two he learns to come at a call, and to eat his meals from the hand of a man who, very possibly, is suffering imprisonment for kicking his wife very nearly to death, or for some kindred crime; but who would take infinite pains to attach this little soulless bird to himself, and resent, with blows if necessary, any interference with his pet.

What is the philosophy of the matter? Is it the waking up of dormant feelings? the softer, better memories of happier days, when the love of wife and children had not become estranged? Every man, even the lowest type of criminal, loves something or somebody. It may be a selfish, base love; but it is a love, nevertheless. Who can fully understand the anomaly presented by the wife-kicking "Black Country" puddler, who feasts his favorite bull dog while his poor children go about uncared for? Most likely the prisoner who has been so tender with the sparrow when

An Interesting Incident of Travel in Montana.

A letter to the Philadelphia *Press* thus describes the recent stage robbery near Helena, Montana: The stage was moving along at a walk, about noon, when three masked ruffians emerged from their hiding-place, and, leveling their shotguns at the driver and passengers, shouted "Hands up." The order was promptly obeyed, without a murmur, and, in obedience to the next command, every man stepped from the stage with his hands in the air, and formed in line on the roadside. Then one of the "posse" stepped forward and helped himself to the contents of each pocket, while the other two kept their guns leveled so as to enfilade the line. There were two ladies aboard—one on the box and one inside—who cried bitterly, but the gallant assurances of the Claude Duvals that nobody would be killed unless they resisted, allayed their fears; for they knew too well that the terror-stricken nine with their hands in the air hadn't strength enough left to pull a trigger. The valuables being secured, the stage was allowed to pass on, and a merchant with a two-horse team, who followed, was next held up, but was victimized only to the extent of some whisky and cigars. Though this is quite a serious business, yet it has its ludicrous side, which is worth telling. One passenger in leaving the stage put his pocket-book, containing $270, in the folds of the curtain and did not search for it again until the stage had progressed eight miles, so great was his demoralization, and then to his horror it was gone; later, however, it was found on the floor of the coach. A Chicago gentleman who wore kid gloves, was detected fumbling with his finger, and upon being made to take off his glove displayed what was apparently a plain gold ring, which he desired to retain, "it being the gift of a dear friend." The wily highwayman, however, turned over the finger and found to his delight a supurb brilliant. "That is a shiner," he exclaimed; "a perfect daisy;" and he transferred it from the finger to his own boot. Among the wreck the next day was found a government envelope addressed to some official in the territory, upon which was indorsed in pencil, "Opened by mistake by a posse of thred highwaymen." Last night I listened to the story of the robbery told by one of the victims to a crowd of friends. An "old-timer," sitting by, inquired how big the shotgun looked. "Well," replied the victim, "I could have driven a six-mule team down the barrel."

Had to Pay Up.

A funny story is being told in Washington at the expense of W. W. Corcoran, the millionaire philanthropist, which goes to show that millionaires must occasionally step up to the Captain's office and settle, just the same as poorer people. It appears that Mr. Corcoran chartered a special car for himself and party to take them to White Sulphur Springs, paying eighty-eight dollars. When the car was switched off from the Midland road at Charlottesville to the Chesapeake road the new conductor came around for tickets. Mr. Corcoran refused to pay, on the ground that he had chartered the car for the Springs. The conductor explained that the Pennsylvania road had no control over the line and that unless eighty-eight dollars was forthcoming he would have to side-track the car. "I will not pay another cent," said Mr. Corcoran, who would have said the same if the amount had been eighty-eight cents, and I will spend $1,000,000 before I will be imposed upon in this manner. "Who are you, anyhow?" asked the conductor. "W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, sir," was the stately reply of the great twenty times millionaire. "Well, sir," was the rejoinder, "if you are Mr. Corcoran you can better afford to lose $2,000,000 than I can to lose my place." He said he would telegraph his manager, however, for instructions. At the next station the reply came indorsing the conductor. This was shown Mr. Corcoran, and he was further informed that the car would be side-tracked right there in the woods unless the fare was paid. The millionaire growled and swore and threatened and paid the money.—*Washington Letter.*

Something New in Snake Stories.

On last Thursday night, as the stage was coming from Markleville, the road seemed to get very heavy near Woodford's Canon. The nearest horses could hardly drag the load, and they seemed to have harder work at every step. Finally they stopped to rest at the top of the little knoll just this side of Woodford's Station, and when the driver attempted to start the horses they could not pull an inch. He dismounted and took a lantern to examine the running gear, when, to his astonishment, he found, as he supposed, that a rope had been tied between the two wheels. Laying his hand on the rope, he started back with a yell of horror on discovering that a live snake had twisted itself between the hind and fore wheels, and was holding the stage as securely as if the wheels had been tied with an inch rope. The reptile had evidently been trying to block the stage for several miles, and when the horses stopped for a rest improved the opportunity to tighten the coils so as to effectually prevent the stage from starting again.

The passengers got out and tackled the snake with clubs and stones, and, as the reptile thrashed about under the wheels, the horses were wild with terror. He was finally killed by a blow on the head, and it was after midnight before they got him disentangled from the wheels. He was the style of snake known as the mountain runner, and measured twelve feet four inches. When stretched tightly between the wheels he was much longer.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

—Snake matches are the latest wrinkle in field sports on Long Island. The contestants start in different directions, and the one returning with the greatest number of snakes hanging to his belt is proclaimed the victor.

—Women are a great deal tougher than men, or the low neck or short sleeve fashions would have killed them off long ago. And where is the man who could wear the modern lace sleeves and keep warm?

CLIMBING THE SPIRAL STAIRS

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire as much as we did before the little ones came to widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral staircase; we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up the stairs."

"That is a pretty illustration," remarked her friend, musingly, gazing into the glowing coals which radiated a pleasant heat from the many-windowed stove. "You know we can not stop toiling up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity provided the advance in life is not attended with calamity or suffering, for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health utterly broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even light household duties. Medical treatment failed to reach the seat of the trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute congestion of the stomach. The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to die. As the crisis had partially passed, my husband heard of the merits of Parker's Tonic as an invigorant in just such cases as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. It appeared to pervade my body, as though the blessing of new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and am now in better health than I have been for a long time."

[Extract from an interview with the wife of Rev. P. Perry, Pastor of Baptist Church, Coldbrook, Mass.

Excited Thousands

All over the land are going into ecstacy over Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their unlooked for recovery by the timely use of this great life Saving remedy, causes them to go nearly wild in its praise. It is guaranteed to positively cure Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma., Hay Fever, Bronchitis Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Trial Bottles free at H. Cook's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Saltrheum Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Teeter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by

20y1. Henry Cook.

RUIN WROUGHT IN THE FOREST.

How depressing it is to see acres of a noble forest. How saddening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of a noble forest. How saddening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous aticle stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, dilicious in odor, and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight, occasional application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order.

New Advertisements

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS.

Also, Sample Room for the accommodation of the public.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

Harness Shop,

—BY—

J. L. MILLER.

—DEALER IN—

HARNESS' COLLARS, SADDLES, HORSE-BLANKETS,

WHIPS, COMBS, BRUSHES, HARNESS OIL

And everything usually kept in a first class shop.

Two doors north of 1st Nat. Bank.

RED CLOUD, NEB.

Trunks & Valises.

365 Acre Farm!

FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAS 365 acres of fine farming land for sale or rent. 100 acres under plow, 120 acres bottom land for grazing, river on north line. 12 acres timber. Will rent entire farming outfit if desired. Will leave some cattle if wanted. Farm is located six miles from Red Cloud, has three good houses, barns, stables, sheds, wells and lots of good water. 40 acres fenced. Also, cattle pens. Address, or apply on farm, to

FRED PETERSEN, Engineer,

21 Red Cloud, Nebraska.

MARYATT & CO.,

Have secured the sole and exclusive sale of the solid gold combination perfume ring, represented herein. It is a beauty, and just the thing for a handsome present for Christmas. It will be a token that will be appreciated by any person. See them before you buy your presents.

Geo. O. Yeiser,

Real Estate & Insurance Agent,

RED CLOUD, NEB.

Office on Webster Street, in Miller & Ball's seed store.

Buys and sells Real Estate, attends to renting property and collecting rents. 30tf

Has on his books desirable Town and farm property.

Farms from 80 to 1,000 acres.

Below are a few from list.

1000 acres of beautiful land with stream of unfailing water.

A very nice farm of 160 acres with residence, fine barn, wind mill and tank, 200 acres fenced, wood fruit etc., at a bargain.

160 acres fine land, 3 miles from Red Cloud, cheap part cash balance on long time.

Farm of 160 acres, 130 under cultivation, good dwelling, wind mill, walnut and forest trees, all smooth land.

80 acres near Red Cloud, all plow land.

140 acres near Red Cloud under a high state of cultivation.

Farm of 160 acres, fenced, and crop fenced, good dwelling, unfailing water.

40 acres under cultivation, cattle horses, hogs and crop, all offered for a short time at low figures.

Farm of 640 acres, 100 under cultivation with improvements, 8 miles from Red Cloud.

Farm of 190 acres 30 acres under cultivation, sod house and stable, offered at $4.50 per acre.

Farm of 330 acres, about 80 acres under cultivation, good dwelling, granary etc. wood and water.

Also, town property, business houses residences, vacant lots suited for business houses and dwellings.

Now is the time for profitable investments in and around Red Cloud.

Correspondences solicited.

Abstract, - Insurance,

— AND —

LAND OFFICE,

— OF —

W. H. GOODALL,

RED CLOUD, Webster Co., NEBR.

Complete Abstracts of Title to all lands in Webster county furnished on short notice and at reasonable rates.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

MONEY! MONEY!

Money to loan on improved farms in southern Nebraska at the very best rates of interest.

We call the attention of all desiring such accommodations, to the farm loan department of our business, in which we are still offering the best inducements to the public.

There is absolutely no cost to our customers. No fees for abstract title: no fees for recording mortgages: no fees for taking acknowledgments, no loans paid in checks or drafts upon which the borrower must pay a discount in order to get the money, but all loans paid in actual cash, over our counters without any deduction whatever.

In placing our loans there is no tedious delay in submitting applications to eastern parties, as our facilities are such that we can close all good loans on short notice.

We are prepared to fill desirable loans at nine per cent. straight, with no charge of any nature whatever. All payments of interest and principal may be made at our bank, and will be sent to the parties free of charge and interest notes returned to our customers.

As to our promptness and fair dealing we refer to those with whom we have placed loans (numbering at present nearly six hundred.) Call at our office, or address us through the mail.

21 tf SIMPSON & SWEEZY.

Blue Hill, Nebras

Legal Notice.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT IN AND for the Fifth Judicial District, held in and for Webster county, State of Nebraska.

Maria Ayers.

vs.

Nathan A. Ayers.

Nathan A. Ayers, defendant in the above entitled action, will take notice that Maria Ayers, plaintiff in the above entitled action, did on the 26th day of November, A. D., 1883, file her petition against said defendant in the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, charging said defendant with wilfully abandoning said plaintiff for more than two years last past; also, charging said defendant with having in the month of October, A. D., 1883, and at divers places and divers times since that date, and prior thereto, committed adultery with certain lewd women, to plaintiff unknown. The object and prayer of said petition is that said plaintiff may be divorced from said defendant; and for the custody and care of Richard S. Ayers and [illegible] Ayers, sons, and the issue of said marriage; also, asking a decree against said plaintiff alimony and for such other and further relief as equity may [illegible]. The defendant, Nathan A. Ayers, will therefore take notice that he is required to answer said petition on or before the seventh day of [illegible]y, A. D., 1884.

Maria Ayers.

By Case & McNeny, her attorneys.

[illegible]-dec21

B. & M. TIME CARD.

[illegible] arrive and depart as per following time

WEST BOUND TRAINS

	Arrive.	Depart.
[illegible]incoln Express	7 00 am	
[illegible]ansas City Ex	7 15 am	7 35 am
[illegible]ail	6 00 pm	6 30 pm
[illegible]ymore Express	9 25 pm	

EAST BOUND.

[illegible]ymore Express		6 25 am
[illegible]ail	9 35 am	10 00 am
[illegible]eaver Express	7 10 pm	7 30 pm
[illegible]maha Express		8 00 pm

NEW GOODS!

Mrs. S. R. McBride's,

The Oldest, Largest and THE

Leading Millinery Store in Red Cloud

Which will be sold at the Lowest Possible Figures. All kinds of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats,

AT BOTTOM PRICES!

No old goods to work on my customers on the "at cost basis." My stock is new and embraces all the latest styles and fashions to be secured.

DEFY COMPETITION

Am also, agent for the celebrated Butterick's Patterns. Also, a full and complete line of

MILLINERY GOODS!

S. R. McBRIDE,

Opposite Chicago Lumber Yard.

THE BEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES!

Invitation to all. Come, now is your chance for BARGAINS

are on deck ready for action, with a MAMMOTH NEW STOCK of

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES,

CLOTHING AND GROCERIES. Complete in every department.

Newer and Best Selected in the market. You will find us in the NEW

BRICK STATE BANK BLOCK.

A. S. MARSH, RED CLOUD.

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EASTWARD.

Daily Express Trains for Omaha, Chicago Kansas City, St. Louis, and all points East. Through cars via Peoria to Indianapolis. Elegant Pullman Palace Cars and Day coaches on all through trains, and Dining Cars east of Missouri River.

WESTWARD.

Daily Express Trains for Denver, connecting in Union Depot for all points in Colorado, Utah, California and the entire West. The advent of this line gives the traveling public a new Route to the West, with scenery and accommodations unequalled elsewhere.

Through Tickets at the Lowest Rates are on sale at all the important stations, and baggage will be checked to destination. And in regard to rates, routes or time tables will be cheerfully furnished upon application to any agent, or to

P. S. EUSTIS, General Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.