

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

"A little child shall lead them."

A petty cloud between the two had fallen— She leaned back, proudly, silent, in her chair; He, at the window, stared out at the darkness, And dark his own brows were;

When, suddenly, a baby's shrill cry sounded 'Mid the lace draperies of its dainty bed, And, swift as with one thought, they turned together, Though not one word was said.

But in their haste, drawing aside the covers About the crib, it chanced that their hands met;

One swift, shy glance she gave him, he to her, And, lo, her eyes were wet!

She raised the child with tender mother care, To soothe its piteous cry of vague alarms, And found them both, herself and babe together, Clasped close in his strong arms!

—J. K. Ludlum, in Good Housekeeping.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

The Use They Make of Their Big Horns.

Curling Themselves Up Into Balls and Rolling Over Lofty Precipices—Thirteen Out of Three Hundred Killed by Falling Fifteen Hundred Feet.

Of all the game animals in the Northwest, and particularly Montana, the Big Horn or Rocky mountain sheep furnishes the most sport to huntsmen. Chasing the buffalo across the plains on horseback and killing them with a revolver, which was at one time the favorite method of hunting the big bison, used to be the ne plus ultra of Nimrodic amusements in Montana, but since the buffalo have disappeared hunters have drifted back into the mountains, where the "Ovis Montana" are to be found during late years in the greatest abundance. There must be lots of fun scampering over the prairie after a fifteen-hundred-pound bull, but there is the heat and violent exercise, not to speak of the danger of your horse plunging into a prairie-dog hole and sending you downward to grass at an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees. The mountain sheep is always found among the peaks and cliffs in cool altitudes and pretty near the timber or perpetual snow line. The Big Horn sheep of the mountains is a most difficult animal to kill. They are usually found in small flocks, flocks of sheep-hunter living on Pryor's fork, near here, relates that he saw not long ago a flock of eight-one sheep in the Bitter Root range, and about five years ago, while scouting through the Teton basin, in Northern Wyoming, near the southern boundary of the Yellowstone National Park, he ran upon a band that must have numbered over three hundred.

These animals range all the way from the Rio Grande to the Mackenzie, but at the limits named they are exceedingly scarce and most difficult to kill. Their natural home is among the mountains of the Upper Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Some few are found in Washington Territory, Oregon and California, but the center ground which they revolve is the Yellowstone National Park and the bordering counties of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Particularly are they plentiful in the mountains from which they take their name—viz., the Big Horn.

Very little is known of the habits of this rare game animal, even by those who have written on the subject. They range winter and summer alike in the same latitudes and altitudes, only in summer they wander farther away than in the opposite season. During the cold months they stay on the southern slopes of the mountains so as to catch the sun. In the summer they are generally found on the higher benches, where the bunch grass and mountain clover are abundant. Among the peaks where they habituate one of the first things to appear in the spring is the wild onion or leek, which is eagerly sought out and devoured by them. This wild plant imparts to the flesh a delightful flavor, and makes the meat of the Big Horn the most delicious in the mountains. Their greatest enemy is the mountain lion. In fact the principal diet of the mountain lion is the tender offspring of the "Ovis Montana." When lambs are not to be had the fierce North American panther does not object to feasting on the parents. These rare sheep are also subject to a sort of scab disease, which, when it becomes epidemic, sweeps off at short notice scores of them, young and old alike.

The "Ovis Montana" is adorned with the most remarkable headgear imaginable in the shape of monstrous horns. These are used by them for various purposes, but principally as a means of defense. Astonishing as it may seem, they also use their immense horns to assist them in descending from one lofty eminence to a lower. If in slipping from crag to crag and from ridge to ridge it should become necessary to make a jump downward, no matter what the height, they roll themselves up into a kind of ball, vault out into the air, and, turning a succession of somersaults, keep the ball rolling, so to speak, until they strike on their powerful horns below. The shock would kill an ordinary animal, but these hardy denizens of the mountains don't seem to mind it much, for they spring to their feet and go bounding over impossible chasms and jagged rocks until it becomes necessary to make another descent, when the same tactics are repeated.

W. B. Dow, of the Green Mountain Cattle Company, relates that he saw near his ranch on Powder river, not long ago, a band of three hundred mountain sheep. They were browsing on a lofty cliff, when for some unac-

countable reason the flock became stampeded and rushed away like the whirlwind. On they came pell-mell to the edge of the cliff, which was cut sharp into a perpendicular decline of fully fifteen hundred feet. The leaders paused, but there was no help for it. The rear guard crowded them over, and the entire flock went neck over heels down into space. It was no doubt a curious sight to see three hundred mountain sheep doubled up into balls and falling over such a lofty precipice. Down they came, one after another, until the whole band had made the awful jump. As this was such a frightful leap for any breathing creature to make and live, it is not surprising to know that thirteen out of the three hundred were killed by the concussion. The cowboys of the ranch secured the meat, which they declared far superior to their choice Montana steers.

Some of the mountain-sheep horns attain a remarkable size. One pair brought into this fort last February by a Cheyenne Indian measured seven-teen inches in circumference, although only forty inches in length. The ram from which they were taken was a splendid specimen, weighing over two hundred pounds, and stood, when erect, nearly up to a man's shoulders. Being such a wary animal, the following story of the capture of a Big Horn by Mr. F. F. Baker, a Pennsylvania gentleman, who has a ranch near Boulder, in the western part of the Territory, will seem most strange and surprising. The story comes well authenticated, and there can be no question about its veracity. Mr. Baker actually accomplished the singular feat of catching and holding by his unaided strength a wild Rocky mountain sheep—a ewe. He came upon her at the foot of a sloping bank which led up to a steep but not very high cliff of rimrock. His dog, of the shepherd breed, trained for hunting, was following, and when it saw the sheep pursued it up the bank to the cliff, where it stood at bay, making demonstrations at the dog, which was prompt in returning them.

Mr. Baker sent a man who accompanied them back to the house, a quarter of a mile away, for a gun. While he was away Baker "made a sneak" on the sheep and came around on top of the cliff above the animal, whose attention was still occupied with the dog. From this vantage point he dropped astride of its back, and grasping it around the neck with his arm held it firmly; but the wild denizen of the mountains was not to be conquered so easily, and a struggle began, in which Mr. Baker arated. Just as they reached the ground where it was level the man with the gun arrived on horseback, trailing behind a long sinew lariat. Happy thought! By the aid of the rope the mountain ewe was bound and taken to the house. But it refused to eat, and from straining on the rope required constant watching to prevent it from choking to death. Mr. Baker was in hopes of getting a lamb that he could domesticate; but finding that the ewe was barren and thin in flesh, besides pining for her mountain home, a few days afterward he turned her loose, when she fled toward the mountains from whence she was captured, bounding like a rubber ball from eminence to eminence until lost to view. —Philadelphia Times.

CASEY AND CORA.

An Illegal Transaction Which Brought Peace and Security to San Francisco.

A vast crowd witnessed the solemn sight, for the block between Sacramento and Commercial streets was then mostly unoccupied by buildings, and every available foot of space was filled with the multitude. Some of these sympathized with the criminals thus sent to face their eternal Judge; but I think they were very few. I think that, with the great majority, the feeling was one of relief, because it was one of assured safety. For my own part, I was like the Apostle Paul at the forum of Appius: I "thanked God and took courage." I have no doubt that some may say that I ought to have been impressed with the awful solemnity of the scene, and to have been shocked at its illegality. Perhaps I ought, but I was not. I was selfish enough, and irreverent enough, to send my thoughts, even with that dismal spectacle in the air above me, from the past to the future. I remembered the reign of terror under which we had so long been living, and I knew that it was ended. Right in the midst of that stirring time Gerald Massey's lines came into my mind:

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes With smiling futures glisten; For, lo, our day bursts up the skies— Lean out your souls and listen. The world moves on its glorious way And brightens 'mid our sorrow; Keep heart—who bears the cross to-day, Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

The two murderers had thus paid the penalty for their crimes. It may be worth mentioning here, that any visitor to San Francisco may find their tombs in the old church-yard of the Mission Dolores. That of Casey, the more pretentious of the two, was erected by the fire company to which he belonged, and which espoused his cause with entire unanimity. It is very near the gate of entrance, at the southeast corner of the old adobe church. It shows a broken shaft, with the inscription: "God forgive my persecutors." That of Cora is a few yards further west. It was erected by his former associate, Arabella Bryan, universally known as Belle Cora, to whom he was married in the committee room, after the passage of the death sentence, and who of course inherited his property. The sole inscription is "Charles Cora. Died May 22, 1856." —Overland Monthly.

—John Ruskin says: "When I see a girl dancing I thank Heaven." So do we, John, a girl can't talk while she is dancing—that is, not to any extent. —New Haven News.

TEMPERANCE READING.

SANDY.

"Gud Sandy," said the wee sma' voice, "The sun has gane to rest; The lammas safe in the fauld, The birdies in the nest."

"Hae ye forgot your hame, mon, The cot on Bradda's moor, The locker o' the candle light, The face at the door?"

"Hae ye forgot the wife, mon, And weanie bide a-nase, Wi' parritch pot and nightfa', mon, Aboon the ingle stane?"

"Eh, mon, ye ken the tears doon fa' Upon the gowden croon; But weel ye loe the wull-hoose, mon, And tankards o' the toon."

"The hours they come, the hours they gang, The cock it gins to crow; And now, beyond Bradda's braes, The day it gins to daw."

"O man, ye break your Ailie's heart, Tho' tears were made to fa', Tho' weel ye ken her woman's heart, Will loe ye through it a'?"

"Puir Sandy," said the wee sma' voice, "Mair than the God aboon— Ay, mair than the wife and wean, ye loe The tankards o' the toon!"

—N. Y. Independent.

RUM IN POLITICS.

It is Becoming the All-Important Ally with the "Statesman" of the Day—The Saloon as a School for the Would-Be Public Man.

What have the seven thousand saloons of New York City done for her? They have fastened upon her citizens the most shamefully corrupt government ever endured by a community indulging in the illusion that it was free; they have almost made it impossible for an honest, educated man to touch local politics, much less take office; they have degraded the conduct of public affairs to their own low level; they have brutalized every institution they have had to do with; they have perverted and spoiled the democratic system, making a hissing and a reproach of American citizenship and the suffrage, establishing political shambles, pandering to the worst vices of the worst classes, defiling every thing decent and pure with their ribald scolding, and producing at intervals, as proof of their quality, tendencies and power, such abominable scandals as that of the Tweed Ring, or the more recent sale of votes in the Board of Aldermen. But evil as are the results of the combination between the saloon and the politicians, it is not just to hold the latter responsible for all the mischief they cause. In truth, they are the result of conditions which could not produce anything better, and it is unreasonable to blame the product while refusing to interfere with the generating agencies. The saloon is an arrangement for the maintenance and propagation of the worst vice with which humanity is afflicted; a vice which destroys every elevating influence, kills shame, manhood, ambition, family affection, honor, all that makes life worth living; a vice which fosters sins and inclinations. Now, the purpose and intent of the saloon being what it is, the developments noted are simply what ought to have been expected when so large a share in the government of the country was permitted to be seized by this sinister agency. The American system of government is theoretically sound. The means of education are accessible to all. But when our children have passed through the public schools and enter into active life, if they wish to take part in public affairs they must descend to the saloon for instruction in politics, and in the same institution the foreign immigrants must graduate before they can exercise the right of citizenship. These are our political schools, in fact, and they give the tone to our politics, city, State and National. The candidate for office finds it indispensable to "make himself solid with" the rum power. He must buy the favor of the saloon-keepers. He must frequent these places and flatter the vanity of those who gather there. Through them he must obtain the votes of the idle, the vicious, the criminal classes. He must become familiar with all the ward "strikers" and loafers. He must be represented at the caucuses which are always held where drink abounds. He must defer to the views of men of the lowest intelligence. He must subscribe to platforms drawn up by demagogues and time-servers. Is it any wonder that self-respecting men so often shrink from these ordeals, and prefer the obscurity of private life to a political career demanding such sacrifice and such debasement? The foreigner who lands in this country obtains the first ideas of its governmental system from the saloon. There he is introduced to the lowest intrigues of factional conflicts. There he is taught that the chief end and aim of politics is to make as much as possible for the "workers." There he is enlisted into one or the other of the great organizations which have reduced party politics to periodical battles for plunder, to contests for the opportunity to misgovern. There he learns that honor and principle are simply "molasses to catch flies," as a notorious politician once expressed it. There he is made to understand that he is not expected to think for himself, but that he must obey implicitly the party mandates, reverence the saloon-keepers of his ward, submit himself humbly to his "boss," and on election day be thankful that he can sell his vote for a couple of dollars or a debauch on bad whisky. This is no fanciful picture. There is not a considerable city in the United States in which purchased votes are not cast by the thousand at every important election, and these votes are almost invariably bought and paid for in and through the saloon. —George Fredrick Parsons, in Atlantic Monthly.

POSITIVE STATEMENTS.

Testimony Against Alcohol Given by Philosophers, Statesmen, Physicians and Warriors.

He who knows what is good and chooses it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is the wise and temperate. —Socrates.

I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets. —Stonewall Jackson, on being offered a glass of brandy-and-water.

I do think that water-drinkers will upset the world, and turn it around with a much better face to us when they have done with it. —Richard Cobden, M. P.

Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a faded flower, which are of the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine. —Bible.

As for spirituous liquors, they were doled out to the members of the expedition only when some unusual exertion or exposure brought some extraordinary fatigue or prostration. As a

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