

**RED CLOUD CHIEF**

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.  
RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA.

**FROM DAY TO DAY.**

Only from day to day  
We hold our way.  
Uncertain ever,  
Though hope and gay desire  
Touch with their fire  
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day  
We grope our way  
Through hurrying hours;  
But still our castles fair  
Lift to the air  
Their glistening towers.

And still from day to day  
Along the way  
Beacon us ever,  
To follow, follow, follow,  
O'er hill and hollow,  
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay,  
The bugles play  
And trumpets sound  
From out those glistening towers  
And rainbow showers  
Bedeck the ground;

Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way,"  
We smiling say,  
And forward press  
With swift, impatient feet  
And hearts that beat  
With eagerness.

Yet still beyond the gay  
Sweet bugles play  
The trumpets blow,  
However we flying haste,  
Or lagging waste,  
The hours that go;

Still far and far away,  
Till come the day  
We gain that peak  
In Darden: then, blind,  
No more we find,  
Peril-ance, what we do seek.

-*Nora Perry, in Harper's Magazine.*

**SKATING FOR LIFE.**

Remarkable Escape of a Confederate Prisoner.

The snow, which had been coming down for hours, gradually ceased, the soft flakes changing into an icy sleet, stinging the faces of pedestrians, and converting the feathering covering of the streets into a sheet of glass, over which locomotion was becoming more and more impracticable. The leafless branches of the trees along the sidewalks swayed in the rising wind, dropping fragments of ice upon the heads of the passers-by, and occasionally, no longer able to sustain their icy burden, coming down with a sharp crash on the pavement below.

The office of Messrs. Simmes & Harcourt, Attorneys at Law, presented a cheerful contrast to the dreary scene without. A huge bed of coals glowed in the open grate, and lit up still more brightly the crimson rug and curtains. The two gentlemen, themselves the only occupants of the room, seemed to fully appreciate their agreeable situation, as seated before the fire they allowed newspapers and chat to pass, and for the nonce, briefs and law-books.

"Sharing at the Park," said Mr. Harcourt, the junior partner, as a street car bearing the announcement in large letters rolled by within sight of the window. "That little flag will bring joy to the hearts of the skaters."

"I confess," said Mr. Harcourt, folding up his newspaper, "that I still enjoy the sport as much as the young people. It puts young blood in the veins—skimming over an icy floor, through an icy atmosphere. Now this roller skating is a miserable substitute. I suppose that is the only kind you ever enjoyed, Simmes, in your benighted section, where you can hardly save ice enough to cool your summer drinks."

"You are very much mistaken, my dear fellow," rejoined his companion, returning from the window where he had been viewing the arctic scene below. "In my section, as you call it, I have felt as cold weather as here—perhaps I'll except the present 'blizzard.' You remember I came from Kentucky. We had splendid skating almost every year."

"Indeed! You indulge in it here, then, I suppose."

"No," said Mr. Simmes, "never. I have not skated," he continued, reflectively, "for twenty years; and then I skated for my life."

"What?" exclaimed his friend, "were the wolves after you?"

Mr. Simmes smiled. "Yes," he said. "The wolves were after me, and nearly got me, too."

"My dear fellow," cried his companion, slapping him upon the shoulder, "as it possible I've known you so long, and you've never told me such an adventure. Here sit down! We have nothing specially important on hand this afternoon, so suppose we devote it to the recital."

"Well, if you are willing to run the risk of being bored, but perhaps your sympathies will be on the side of the pursuers."

"What! the wolves?"

Simmes laughed. "They were not beasts," he rejoined, "they were human wolves; or perhaps that is too harsh a term to apply to them. They were simply doing their duty in trying to catch me."

"I guess the sheriff and his posse were after you. Was it arson or murder that you had committed?"

"Neither. In fact I had committed no crime, that I was aware of, and yet I was escaping for my life, and my pursuers were perfectly right in endeavoring to capture me."

"Well, no more riddles, if you please. My curiosity is sufficiently whetted, so proceed," said Mr. Harcourt, settling himself comfortably back in his chair in the attitude of a listener.

The poor fellows were nothing loath to engage in any thing that broke the monotony of prison life, and loud and many were the shouts of laughter that echoed over the lake as the luckless tyros, one after another, came to an ignominious fate.

"In my Kentucky home I had been accustomed to the sport every winter, and was accounted the champion skater of the neighborhood. Many a time had I distanced a whole party of young people in a race up the river, and I prided myself on my accomplishments. This, however, I kept a profound secret; for the wily thought I had entered my brain, 'why not make my escape in this way?' Once across the lake and in the woods, pursuit would be next to impossible; and I trusted to luck—and pluck—to work my way home.

"If my skill and speed were only equal to what they once were, I felt sure the thing was feasible. But I had not been on skates for three years, and months of prison fare and inactive life had greatly weakened me. However, I gladly seized the opportunity of trying, but always feigned reluctance. I thought I would venture out, and many were the awkward slips and tumbles I purposely made. I would have given anything to have dared, just for a few slides, to give my powers full play, just to satisfy myself that my old skill was as good as ever; but this would betray me, so I affected to be as awkward as the others; yet all the while the old familiar feeling would come back to me at each step I took, and I felt sure, if I once plunged forward, I could skim over that lake like a bird.

"We had been amusing ourselves thus for two days, when, on the third, as we were marbled out to our daily exercise, the guard remarked: 'Guess there'll be no more skating after to-day, boys. There'll be a thaw pretty soon, so you'd better make the most of it this morning.'"

"I felt the blood rush to my face as he spoke. Should I dare to try it to-day? It was my last chance. I thought of my old mother at home, who was wearing away her heart for her boy, and I resolved to make the attempt."

"There were no signs of a thaw yet, as we came down to the lake, but the temperature was decidedly milder than it had been for several days. I watched the boys bucking on their skates, and then slowly put on mine. I examined them carefully, to see that they were sound in every respect, buckle and tongue and all, good for a two or three mile race."

"As good luck would have it, none of our guards accompanied us on the ice this morning, so secure did they feel of our escape. I stood beyond their reach, but sat or stood around in the sun, prepared to enjoy to the utmost our awkward feats."

"Well, I started off at last, very cautiously at first, as though afraid to trust my insecure footing. My object was to get as far as possible from land and the armed guard before I made a dash for freedom. I would go a few paces, then fall and roll over, apparently in the most helpless manner imaginable. But I managed at each tumble to get a little farther away, till at last I was about fifty yards from the shore, and quite a distance from the rest of the party before I attracted any attention. Then a loud voice from the guards sung out: 'Hello! you these, Johnny Reb! Come! tumble back this way, and be quick about it!'

"I immediately tumbled, but not in their direction. 'Um-coming,' I cried, 'I can't ever stand on this slippery thing!' and sitting down I commenced to slide around in the most awkward and grotesque fashion."

Here the narrative was interrupted by a sudden laugh from Mr. Harcourt. "What a figure you cut—must have cut," he said.

"Yes, indeed; and the guard on shore greeted my manuevres, and those of my equally graceful companions, with shouts of laughter, and such complimentary ejaculations as 'bull-frog,' 'terrarium,' etc."

"I slowly scrambled to my feet, and, while apparently endeavoring to steady myself, rapidly took in the situation. I was fully sixty yards from the shore. Not one of the guards was on the lake, and it would take some moments to backle on the skates. They would have their guns, too, which would impede their progress. As all this fitted through my mind, I was slowly shuffling back and forth, as though making my way toward them. I saw that at the moment their attention was diverted from me by the gyrations of the other prisoners; I wheeled and sped up the lake like a shot."

"Oh! the delicious sensation that tingled through every nerve and fiber of my frame as I flew like a bird over the ice. In a moment I was on the river at my old Kentucky home, leaving my captors far in the rear. But now the race was for freedom—for life—and I felt all my old skill and fleetness return to me fourfold at the thought."

"But loud cries, followed by rapid shots, now came from the shore. I glanced back and saw the guards scrambling into their positions, while the prisoners were starting at stupid amazement at my flying form. So great was the exhilaration of my physical nature I could not realize the tremendous danger I was in. I laughed aloud and clapped my hands in an ecstasy of excitement. I felt as though I had wings, so smooth and rapid was my flight—wings to my heels, if not to my shoulders, as I fled on, like a modern Mercury."

"Instinctively bent my course toward the mainland (lying some half-mile away), but of course had no idea of attempting it, and landing until I had quite distanced my pursuers; for only on the ice could I hope to prove a match for them. That they were following in eager and enraged pursuit, I felt sure; for 'Halt! Halt!' was borne on the wind, and shot after shot came whizzing through the icy air."

"I glanced back. Five or six of them were in full chase; and they were five skaters, too, for I could see the speed of their motion. But for the good start I had made, I had surely been overtaken. On and on I sped. Trees and other objects on land, which I gradually neared, flew by me like figures in a kaleidoscope. The cold wind whistled through my hair and clothing, but my whole body was aglow with the rapid motion and excitement."

"I suddenly remembered the guard's remark about the coming thaw. What if I should come to this ice, and find a cold and watery grave! Oh, that there only were signals ahead! But the danger ahead was now sufficient to drive me on to any that might lie before."

"On I flew. What distance I was making I could hardly guess, but certainly two or three miles must now lie between me and my prison home. But at last the long continued and unweakened exertion began to tell on me. My breath came short and quick, and my heart beat to suffocation. I could not keep it up very much longer. I felt sure. Again I looked back. Far in the distance four or five men were still struggling on; but away in advance of them, one resolute fellow was rushing toward me with headlong speed. Though I kept steadily on, as I looked I saw, to my dismay, that he was gaining on me. He was near enough for me to perceive by his dress that he was an officer, and not being encumbered with heavy fire-arms was thus able, I suppose, to make the time he did. I gathered up all my energies to make one last and desperate effort to distance him. My limbs began to tremble. Months of prison life had

prison fare had made me weaker than, in the first part, I had realized.

"Halt!" came within fifty feet of me, and a pistol-ball whistled through my hair and took off my hat. At the same moment a crackling sound came from under my feet, I staggered, lurched violently to one side, then lost my balance and rolled over and over on the yielding ice.

"All is over now," I thought; for I felt too utterly exhausted even to attempt to rise. But just as all hope forsook me, a loud crash aroused me, and I turned my head just in time to see my pursuer go down in the treacherous chasm in which I had been so nearly engulfed. Then I knew that I was saved; and with suddenly renewed strength I got to my feet again and made off. I continued for a half-mile farther up, and then made straight for the shore. There I unstrapped my skates and took refuge in a deep thicket, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep."

"I wonder, now, that I had not frozen to death, and had not the weather moderated greatly in the last few hours. I am sure I had been in time to see my pursuer go down in the treacherous chasm in which I had been so nearly engulfed. Then I knew that I was saved; and with suddenly renewed strength I got to my feet again and made off. I continued for a half-mile farther up, and then made straight for the shore. There I unstrapped my skates and took refuge in a deep thicket, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep."

"Here Mr. Simmes paused, and gave a retrospective shiver as he leaned over the fire.

"And what became of the poor fellow who went under the ice?" asked Mr. Harcourt.

"Drowned, I suppose; I hoped so at the time, at any rate. I never saw him again. Well, that is the last time I skated," continued Mr. Simmes, rising, and standing with his back comfortably turned to the fire.

"I've never had the least fancy for the exercise since."

"But pray continue your narrative," said Mr. Harcourt, as he rose and stood on the rug beside his friend. "I can't bear to think of you in that thicket with frozen limbs and aching bones."

"Haven't I bored you enough already? You know I only promised to tell you my last experience on the skates."

"Indeed, I have an intense curiosity to know how you got along afterwards."

Mr. Simmes resumed his seat, and continued: "When I awoke I was almost suffocated. I was in a dense wood, with no sign of habitation within sight. That I should find food and shelter for the night was imperatively necessary; so I slowly got to my feet and looked around. There seemed to be no outlet, not even a cow-path. I commenced my journey inland, however, making my way through the thick underbrush and over frozen streams, till, finally, after an hour's weary walking, I came across a little path. This I followed for some time, when, at a sudden bend, I saw, a few rods before me, a comfortable farm-house, lights gleaming from the windows, and a general air of hospitality pervading the whole premises."

"I approached with considerable trepidation, for I judged that my forlorn, bareheaded appearance would be decidedly against me. My timid knock at the door was answered by a young girl, whom I thought the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld, having been thrown for so many months into the society of rough men only. In the most graceful manner that was possible under the circumstances, she begged my night's lodging, saying I had lost my way. The young lady questioned me closely, and I suppose I must have made some very inconsistent statements; for at length, to my surprise and dismay, she said: 'You are an escaped prisoner, are you not?'

"I was speechless, and could only look at her beseechingly. She laughed heartily, but, in a moment, said gravely: 'Don't be afraid, I will help you; but father mustn't know it for the world. Come in!' and I followed her into a cozy sitting-room, where an elderly lady was preparing a table for supper. She introduced her as her mother, and, after telling me I was, between them, they hastily devised means for secreting me for the night."

"As the man of the house was expected at any moment, I was conducted to a little room somewhat apart from the rest of the house. Here this angel-girl brought me my supper. 'You must be off by daylight,' she said, 'but I will see you again.'"

"She handed me a tapping at my window roused me. After hastily dressing I came out. Would you believe me! there stood my lovely hostess with a bundle in her hand, and a horse, saddled and bridled, beside her."

"You must be right off," she said. 'Here are some things you might need, and money'—thrusting a purse into my hand. 'And this horse is my very own. You must take him, and may return him—when this cruel war is over.'"

"She handed me time to thank her, and I was overwhelmed by her kindness, as you may imagine."

**THE RAMADAN FEAST.**  
A Month Which Faithful Moslems Spend in Prayer and Fasting.

Ramadan—that terrible month of daily fasting and mighty feasting—is, like the Chinese new year, governed by the moon. This year, precisely at the moment the new moon became visible, the evening of May 25, Ramadan began and continued throughout the lunar month. The origin of this long fast seems shrouded in mystery, as it is said to have been observed by his fire-worshippers long before Mahomet. All, who thought the command to all true believers to fast this eleven months in the year was quite too much to require of mortal flesh; through the Angel Gabriel he therefore besought the Great Spirit to reduce the time one-half. Finding this still a heavy trial, he again interceded, and got the time fixed at one lunar month, where it still remains, and no doubt thousands of Mohammedans ardently wish the time much more reduced. By the more intelligent class it is less religiously observed each passing year, but to the pious peasantry it still means real penance, as they faithfully abstain from food, drink, and even from the use of tobacco, during the entire day. Even the "Hamals" (who are the real beasts of burden here) are so conscientious about keeping this fast, that, with every nerve quivering with fatigue, and in torment with hunger they will stand with a tempting morsel in hand watching the declining sun patiently waiting until the sunset gong is heard, then devour it in beast-like haste. In homes of affluence the devoutly inclined sit at their tables, with fork or spoon in hand, waiting also for the welcome boom of cannon before they can begin their nightly feasting. As a rule, they turn night into day and vice versa. Still it is supposed some sleep is indulged in, as precisely at twelve o'clock a patrol passes through each street with a large drum, bent upon awakening all sleepers to a midnight feast, which may be prolonged until the morning twilight. Then the mouth must be carefully cleaned and the fast resumed.

When the luxurious liver feels constrained to observe this fast, he is said to resort to many ingenious devices to allay suffering. One of the most successful has been a pill of opium, wrapped in one, two and three, or more coverings of gold foil, all to be swallowed before retiring. As these coverings are gradually dissolved, the opium holds them for long hours in the desired oblivion. It is now said that but few of the aristocracy of Turkey pay any heed to this fast, still they dare not publicly disregard it. The Sultan is credited with setting an example of strict observance. If he does so literally, he must neither eat, drink nor smoke during the long summer day. Even to indulge in a delightful and refreshing perfume is sin.

This month of fasting is supposed to be a "revival season" to the Moslems, in which they are to devote much time to the study of the Koran. Hospitality, alms-giving, prayer and peacefulness are to be especially cultivated. You hear of the rich man standing at his door at sunset to salute and invite to his table the poor who happen to pass by, sending them on their way rejoicing in presents of money; but you see little of this to-day.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

**ARTISTS' OIL COLORS**  
Combinations That Are Used in the Production of Paintings.

From the cochineal insect is obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet and purple lakes. Sepia is the ink fluid discharged by the cuttle-fish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked. Indian yellow is from the urine of the camel. Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder plant, which grows in Hindustan, is manufactured turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. When burned, it is burned sienna. Raw umber is an earth from umbria, and is also burned.

To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic—the base of the varnish so called—is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago. Bistre is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc. Scarlet is iodides of mercury, and cinabar, or native vermilion, is from quick-silver ore.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The scant crop of potatoes this last year suggests the inquiry whether we do not depend more upon this article of diet than its nutritive value warrants. We are apt to think it indispensable in some form, at least at breakfast; and dinner, and yet the ratio of carbonaceous or heat-producing matter it contains is nearly twice as great in proportion to the nitrogenous matter as it should be to constitute a perfectly healthful food.

**UNINVITING BUSINESS.**  
A Detroit Woman Who Dresses the Hair of Dead Customers.

"I was only twelve years old," said a prominent lady hair-dresser, of this city, "when I was called on by the friends of an old lady who had died to go and dress her hair."

"And did you go?"

"No. I ran and hid myself under a bed and staid there a whole afternoon. Although I loved her and had often dressed her hair when she was alive, I could not bear the idea of doing it after death. But I have done many heads since for dead persons, and while I do not like it, I have a professional pride in making them look well for the last time."

"It must be very distasteful to you?"

"Not always. It comes in the way of my business, and naturally my employes shrink from going. Sometimes we have a call through the telephone, to come to such a number, and dress a lady's hair. One of the young ladies will be sent with curling irons, pomades, hair-pins and other things, only to find that the 'lady' is a corpse. The girl will not, or can not, undertake it, and I go myself. There is only the front hair to crimp and arrange becomingly. One day last week I dressed Mrs. —'s hair for the last time. She was young and very pretty, and looked as if asleep. The hair does not die, so that it is easily arranged. When it is a wig or crimped I have it sent to the store, and when it is dressed, take it to the house and put it on. Let me tell you something that happened lately. A lady died in this city who wore a gray wig. I dressed it and put it on. You can just think how surprised I was, when a couple of weeks later, a member of the family came in here and tried to sell it to me. She said they had it taken off just before the casket was closed for the last time."

"And did you buy it?"

"Buy it? Certainly not. It is not very long since a man came in and offered me a number of switches of different shades and color. I would not buy them, and sent for a policeman, as I thought he had probably stolen them. But, as it turned out, they came from an undertaker's, and were the unclaimed property of strangers who had been given pauper burial."

"Is it customary to dress the hair of the dead?"

"It is. I have some customers who have exacted a solemn promise from me that I will dress their hair when they die and make it look natural and becoming. I have even been sent for by those who had only a few hours to live and taken my instructions from their dying lips."

"Is the process the same as with the living?"

"Just the same, except that I do not arrange the back hair in all cases. But sometimes the hair is dressed entirely, just as it would be for an evening party. And I frequently furnish new switches, crimps or bangs, at the request of relatives who want no pains spared."

"And you are not afraid?"

Madame shrugged her handsome shoulders.

"It is a lonesome task," she said, "and it certainly does make me nervous. Once the corpse opened her eyes and looked at me, or I imagined it. I nearly fainted. And once a lady who was holding a lamp went out of the room a moment, leaving me with a lock of hair in the crimping pins. A gust of wind blew the door after her, and I was in the dark alone with the dead woman. I think if she had not opened the door just at the moment she did, I should have fallen insensible."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

—The hammering of brass in a Philadelphia decorative art society has been enjoined. The rural peace and quietness of the town must be preserved.

—The thermometer has shown but forty-eight degrees in Greenland thus far this winter, and the inhabitants talk of advertising the country as a Florida resort for invalids.

—First Arcola Man—"What is your opinion of Anarchy?" Second Arcola Man—"It's just the thing. I'm a base ball player, and rub myself with it every night to take out the soreness."—*Arcola Record.*

—Some one asks: "Does it pay to be good?" Perhaps our evidence in the matter will not be taken, and so we shall not answer the question directly, but we will say that is good to be paid.—*Louell Citizen.*

—When a lady enters a crowded street car she should not rush for the front end at once, as she invariably does, but turn and look at the men on the end of the seats. They get them because they know they are safe.

—"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me." "How do you know?" "From what she said to-day." "And what was that?" "She said that if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A Yankee Captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued, badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that position, he replied: "I thought he would make about forty barrels."—*Exchange.*

—A grocer at Lafayette, Ind., stored twenty-five tons of groceries on a floor made to hold up fifteen tons, and was the most surprised man in town when everything gave way with a crash. He had never figured on pressure and resistance.

—"Dress," said Bagley, with all the force of an original idea, "does not make a man." "No," replied Pompano, gloomily, as he fingered his wife's dressmaker's bill he had just received, "but it often breaks a man."—*Philadelphian Call.*

—A fatal mistake: Father—"Jennie, why do you snub that little girl with whom you were formerly so friendly?" Jennie—"She is mad at me." "Why is she mad at you?" "Because I forgot one day, and said she was an old friend of mine."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"What is the price of that tea?" she asked of the guileless grocer. "One dollar 'arf, marm," was the response. "Is not that too steep?" was the next question, and the G. replied: "Yes, marm, that's what they do with it."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"Zedekiah, I saw you coming out of that saloon on the corner, this afternoon," said a woman to her husband. She spoke with chilling severity, but Zedekiah rallied, and exclaimed, with an air of innocent surprise: "Well, my dear, you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"No, it isn't so much the confinement and hard labor that I regret," sadly said the bank embezzler who had just been sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary; "it is the breaking up of all my cherished church associations of the last fifteen years. That is hard to bear—very hard."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Do you intend to try housekeeping?" asked one traveling man of another as they were discussing their plans. "O. yes, will try it. We've got the place, and there are only fifteen or twenty payments due and a couple of outside mortgages on it, but we shall nevertheless do our best to keep the house."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The Dignity of Art: He—"Are you doing any painting now, Miss Glaze?" "No, I'm not painting; I'm working in pastel." He—"Pastel? What's that?" She—"O. colored chalks, you know; the best effects are got with the tip of the finger." He—"O, I know; I've seen the men doing it on the pavements. Awfully jolly!"—*Fun.*