

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. NOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

FIRELIGHT.

Not summer's noontide glory
Infoling mountain hoary.
A breadth of woven gold,
For moonbeams as they quiver
At midnight on the river:
Nor starlight pure and cold;
Nor glare of lamps revealing
The giddy mazes wheeling,
Of feet that never tire—
Can rival in their splendor
That mystic charm and tender,
A trembling, fitful fire.
For while the gray light dances
Upon the wall, what fancies
Come dancing over the soul—
Come quicker yet and quicker,
The more the bright tongues flicker
In lightnings from the coal.
Then palaces are builded,
And days unborn are glided
With visionary gleams:
'Tis then the memory passes
Beneath the chandelier grasses
In retrospective dream.
Ah, firelight, weird, enchanting,
Bright hopes and dreams implanting,
Most sweet of lights and best,
Beneath thy benediction,
Hearts weary with life's friction
Can find a moment's rest.
—Chamber's Journal.

GIGANTIC BEARS.

The Grizzly and the Silver Tip,
the Black, the Brown, Etc.

Fleets of them in the Northwestern Ter-
ritories—A Fierce Encounter Where
Man and Bear Both Went
Over the Precipice.

The big grizzly bears found all through the canons of the Rocky Mountains and spurs of the great range seldom descend from lofty altitudes, where they manage year in and year out to eke out a subsistence near the perpetual snow line. An old and experienced hunter has said that "any man's a fool to go in arder bear alone." The grizzlies of the East and the grizzlies of the West are almost totally different animals. The "Ursa Major" of this latitude are monstrous in size, endowed with ugly dispositions and prodigious strength, and as for grit, they dispute—and very often successfully, too—the sovereignty of the mountains and forests with the king of American beasts, the mountain lion. Hunters disagree upon the point of how many different species of the bear tribe we have in the Northwest. There are at least three distinct types of the family in Montana, namely, the grizzly, brown and black bear. Beside these, there are also gray bears, cinnamon bears, and the Rocky Mountain gray-bear. The true gray is seldom, if ever, seen now as high as the forty-fifth parallel, and as far east as the main divide; the cinnamon is simply a cross between the brown and black bears, and the mighty silver tip is neither more or less than a mongrel of the brown and grizzly, partaking strongly of the nature of the two, particularly of the latter. In fact, I think I am justified in asserting that all the members of the species intermarry, and that the silver tip is the king of the family. This big fellow, springing from the grizzly and the brown, combines all the ferocity and tough strength of the former with the agility and stubbornness of the latter, each distinctive trait being more prominent in him, and possessed to a greater degree than by the very animals from which he borrows them. The silver tip is unquestionably the ruler of the family, by reason of his great size and belligerent disposition. Lewis and Clarke, in their narrative of their journey through this region nearly one hundred years ago, speak of meeting not only brown and black bears, but also numerous white bears, who made it perilous traveling at times for various members of that bold pioneer party. There are no white bears in Montana, Dakota, Idaho, or the bordering possessions of the Canadian Northwest. Probably the albinos referred to were cinnamon bears, who, early in the spring after coming out of a winter's sleep, take upon themselves a dirty, yellowish-brown color, which, at a distance and in a snow-covered country, might readily be mistaken for white bears whose coat of fur badly needed a bath. In one place, after coming upon a so-called white bear, the journal describes him as possessing small black eyes (almost like jet beads), a hide of bright yellowish brown, the front of the fore-legs near the feet being quite black, and the animal itself of a ferocious and warlike nature. This description of the white bear of 1804-5 tallies with the cinnamon bear of 1857, which makes him about the same ugly customer that he was a hundred years ago. There are few black bears in this immediate vicinity, most of them inhabiting the western slope of the Rocky Mountains and the forests that thence continue to the Pacific Ocean. The woods of Oregon and Washington are overrun with black bears. The largest black fellow I ever saw in my life was in the woods of Washington Territory, near Mount Rainier. The black bears of Montana, as well as the cinnamon, as a rule inhabit low places, such as creek and river bottom, willow marshes, and timbered spots; but grizzlies and silver tips stick to high altitudes, from which even huge pressure seldom drives them. Grizzlies are generally credited with highly-cultivated appetites; carnivorous food, Campfire stories vividly tell of the bloodthirsty deeds these monsters habitually commit, but were all the blood-drinking Yarns aired around the cheerful blaze carefully sifted down

for facts I am afraid that fully ninety per cent. of the grizzly stories would turn out to be fiction. I do not think a grizzly is carnivorous from choice. He seldom descends from his mountain home to the creeks and rivers in search of wild plums and chokeberries (the favorite diet of brown, cinnamon, and black bears), but prefers to remain aloft and feast upon the stores laid up for winter use by his industrious neighbors, the gophers and mountain squirrels. Pine nuts are plentiful high up, and then the grubs and worms found beneath old stones and moss-covered boulders are good enough for King Bruin while they last. When the nut, berry and plum supply runs short, none of the family hesitate to fall back upon a diet of pork, beef, mutton or venison. A recent report from the Highwoods, in the neighborhood of Arrow and Wolf creeks, says that more bears have been seen this year than for ten years past, and that quite a number of cattle have been killed by them of late. A few months ago, at Mullery's ranch, near Gorham, a big silver tip came down out of the mountains one night, invaded the hog pasture of that industrious ranchman, and in a very short time laid out no less than thirty fine porkers. The hogs squealed, made a great fuss, of course, and as long as there was a show of resistance the bear never stopped boxing their ears. One blow of his mighty paw was enough to kill a hog, and there is no telling where he would have stopped had he not been interrupted in this pleasant pastime.

The grayback of the Rockies is rather a different brute from his cousin of the Adirondacks and the Pennsylvania hills. Perhaps the Eastern members of this interesting family never weigh more than four hundred or five hundred pounds, but out this way many of the grizzlies and silver tips caught have touched the beam at one thousand and twelve hundred pounds and even greater. Mr. Charles Soper, of Bozeman, a thriving city a short distance west of here, is said to have shot one of the largest graybacks ever seen in the West. The hide was something tremendous. The beast having been killed late in the fall, at a time when he was plentifully supplied with "bear's grease," it would not be wide of the mark to estimate his weight when alive at sixteen hundred pounds. Certainly the enormous hide justified these figures, and the claws and head preserved would justly entitle him to the credit of being the father of the family.

As a proof of the wisdom of the old hunter's warning about "going in arder bear alone," the following narrative will best illustrate its truthfulness: "A party of gold hunters started out from Deadwood some years ago to prospect the country to the north and west of that mining camp. The men in the party were 'old timers,' with one or two exceptions, and among the latter was a Swede, full of grit, who stood nearly seven feet in his stockings. The Swede, however, whose family name was Frank, was by no means a 'tenderfoot,' having dwelt some time in the Leadville mining camps and boasted that he had killed 'bar in his day,' and was afraid of no four-footed critter that roamed the mountains. The party of twelve were climbing a steep mountain, darkness was coming on, and prospects of a supperless night were in view, when the seven-foot Scandinavian volunteered to push on ahead in the hopes of securing an elk, deer, or mountain sheep. The foreigner was a good shot with his rifle, had plenty of grit and courage, and his immense strength and powerful physique rendered it extremely improbable that he would find his match in the timber ahead. The hunter disappeared, and the others toiled on behind, climbing the steep ascent wearily and footsore. At one place the road wound around a steep precipice, the sheer descent of the cut basaltic walls on the left being something like a thousand feet. Far below the tops of giant pines could be discerned, but in the awful depth they appeared like stunted shrubs and bushes. Near the summit and to the right the free land broadened or widened out, and this was covered with a dense growth of willows and stunted pines, from which proceeded the most awful grumblings and howls imaginable. Just as the party appeared on the top all at once out from the stubble came retreating the big Swede, followed by an enormous silver tip, who was driving him slowly backward toward the edge of the precipice. The man was bleeding badly, nearly all of one side of his face being torn away, the result of a wicked blow from the huge paw of the vicious monster. The bear, on the other hand, was quite as badly wounded as his antagonist. His head was a mass of gore, the lower jaw was simply hanging by a few shreds, and one of his hind legs was broken. The Swede was backing slowly, holding in his right hand a large hunting knife, which every second he would plunge to the hilt in the shoulder of his shaggy foe. At one thrust of the Swede the bear caught him fairly with a return whack of his monstrous paw that must have broken the man's arm, for he quickly transferred the blade to his left hand, and gave back blow for blow as best he could. The denouement came so suddenly that the horror-stricken comrades could render no possible assistance. Even had they started on a run, they could not have reached their friend in time, and to risk a shot with a rifle would have been just as dangerous to the Swede as to the bear. Step by step the man was forced back, until he hung almost upon the edge of the precipice. There seemed no hope for him unless he could assume the aggressive in turn, and this could not be done, as the man was doing his utmost,

and still the silver tip was getting the better of the fight. All at once the desperate animal raised his huge paw and brought it down with a terrific force upon the head of the man. The scalp was torn away by this last stroke and the poor fellow was blinded by his own blood. Again the bear struck him, and the Swede tottered on the brink with nothing in reach to lay his hands on by which he might save himself. Evidently with the desperation of death staring him in the face Frank did the only thing possible under the circumstances. As he was swaying backward and ready to go over he threw from him the useless knife, and, in despair of all hope, madly clutched the bear around the neck with both arms. The force of the last onslaught carried the animal too far, for the next moment both the silver tip and the man, in that awful embrace of death, went rolling over the frightful precipice together and were dashed into an unrecognizable mass on the rocks and pines hundreds of feet below. Frank's rifle was found in a bunch of quaking aspens, broken short off at the stock. There were no cartridges in the chamber, which proved that the seven-footer had certainly exhausted his magazine before drawing his knife, and that after he had shot all his shells the silver tip had insisted upon fighting at close quarters, which accounts for the broken stock and verifies the probability of the man clubbing his gun when the maddened beast rushed upon him. It was late in the fall when the encounter occurred, probably at a time when the monster was heavily equipped with fat, and, of course, the long keen knife would have to pass through a thick layer of "blubber" before encountering a vital part.—Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Famous Sportsman's Narrow Escape from an Enraged Panther.

How it feels to find one's self in the jaws of a panther is that kind of knowledge which most people are well content to acquire at second-hand. Probably all men would not have the same sensations, but this is the account which Colonel Barras gives of such an experience. He was a born sportsman, and, of course, could enjoy many things which to ordinary persons would seem any thing but pleasant:

The panther came for me with lightning bounds. I could see nothing, owing to its tremendous speed, but a shadowy-looking form with two large, bright, round eyes fixed upon me with an unmeaning stare, as it literally flew towards me. Such was the vision of a moment! My presence of mind did not desert me. I raised my gun and fired with all the care I could at such short notice. But I missed, and the panther landed, light as a feather, with its arms round my shoulders. Thus we stood for a few seconds, and I distinctly felt the animal sniffling for my throat. Mechanically I turned my head so as to keep the thick, wadded curtain of my helmet-cover in front of the creature's muzzle; but still I could hear and feel plainly the rapid yet cautious efforts it was making to find an opening, so as to tear open the jugular vein.

I was helpless, and so stood perfectly still, well knowing that Sandford would liberate me, if possible. At the first onslaught we were so placed that he could have hit the panther only by firing through me, which would have been injudicious, at least. As may easily be supposed, the animal did not spend much time in investigating the nature of a wadded hat-cover, and, before my friend could take aim without jeopardizing my own life, the beast pounced on my left elbow, taking a piece out, and buried its long, sharp fangs in the joint till they met. At the same time I was hurled to the earth with such force that I knew not how I got there nor what became of my gun. Still, throughout, I maintained a clear impression of what was going on.

I knew that I was lying on the ground with the panther on top of me, and I could feel my elbow-joint wabbling in and out as the brute ground its jaws, with a movement imperceptible to the bystanders, but which felt to me as though I was being violently shaken all over. Now I listened anxiously for the report of Sandford's shot, which I knew would be heard immediately, and carefully refrained from making the slightest sound or movement, lest his aim should be disturbed thereby. In a few seconds the loud and welcome detonation, which from its proximity almost deafened me, struck upon my ear. I sat up. I was free! The panther came! I looked round and found that I was some distance from the place where I had fallen, so that the beast must have dragged me some little way. Sandford, as soon as he had got the chance, had placed the muzzle of his rifle to the side of my antagonist and fired a large bullet right through it, which had caused it to dart back hastily to its lair.—Youth's Companion.

Plantation Philosophy.

I know some pussons dat I likes ter talk ter, not because I think so much o' 'em, but because w'en I verses wid 'em I allus thinks mo' o' marse I.

Natur', it 'pear like, takes er sort o' pleasure in flingin' cold water on de bright promises dat she hab made. De blackest ha'r is nearly allus de soonest ter turn gray.

Dar is many things wus den de lie dat is used fur ter kiver up er bad truth; not dat kind dat hides er crime, but de kind dat makes us b'liebe dat suthin' good has been said about us, when de feck is dat suthin' bad has been said.—Arkansas Traveler.

—"Spanish" onions, which are really Sicilian and Italian onions, are largely supplanting the American onion from the markets of this country.

LONDON'S PET GORILLA.

The Baby from the Tropics Proves to Be a Gloomy Little Fellow.

The unpleasant idea that must arise in the mind of a visitor to the gorilla which has been comfortably housed in the Zoological Society's gardens, Regent's Park, will probably be that he ought to be spoken of as our young relation. The missing link, it is true, may yet be wanting, but it is humiliating to be forced, after watching the newcomer, and the chimpanzee Sally, in the next cage, to the conclusion that the hairy creatures behind the bars and the nineteenth-century people in front of them have much in common. Our young gorilla is, of course, at present, the curiosity par excellence at the Zoo. This is his indisputable right, because of his rarity.

The successful prolongation of Chimpanzee Sally's life to the fourth year gives hope that the gorilla may also be kept in the land of the living to be petted, admired, argued about and to be called (to its face) a great troglodyte and an anthropomorphic ape. Our young gorilla does not, so far, impress us as being a happy or contented disposition. Small wonder, indeed, is there for his melancholy. He roamed from the Gaboon in a wretched box with scarce room to move, and arrived from Liverpool at the Zoological Gardens terribly knocked about, and, of course suffering from a cold that it was feared would be the forerunner of that pulmonary disease which so generally proves fatal to the tropic-born anthropoids. The chimpanzee, coming also from gorilla land, had been very good practice for Mr. Bartlett, who accordingly nursed the gorilla with almost parental care, and has had the satisfaction of seeing him recover health and in some measure become reconciled to his captivity. The animal has all the characteristic marks of the true gorilla, and it is a great advantage to the natural-history student to have the opportunity of making comparisons between him and the chimpanzee. Which of the two is most human in appearance will probably be a matter of opinion. Sally is tame, and even playful. She understands what her keeper says to her, and has been taught by him to count straps up to five. She is fond of being noticed and will thrust out her paw, with its long fibrous nails, to grasp the hand of a stranger. The gorilla as yet will make friends with none, but he will occasionally be tempted at the sight of a bunch of grapes to come forward and sulkily pick up and eat the fruit thrown in among the straw. By and by he may emerge from his sullen fit and permit himself to be handled like his distant relative next door. After all, he is, being three years of age, but a baby, and there is ample time for the ameliorating influences of kind treatment (not to mention the courses of bananas, grapes, and an occasional pineapple to which he is meanwhile treated) to soothe his savage and remarkably broad breast. Sally is more human, at least in her diet, than the gorilla, for she has no objection to meat, and will tear to pieces and make very short work with a pigeon. The gorilla's appetite has naturally to be a good deal humored in these early days, when the luscious fruits and berries of his native forests have not been quite forgotten. The atmosphere of the house in which these large apes reside, which is on the north side of the gardens (opposite the kangaroos), is kept at about seventy degrees, and the cages of both gorilla and chimpanzee are roomy apartments, furnished as appropriately as can be expected under the circumstances. The gorilla will mostly be found crouched upon the straw at the remote end of his house, with his arms clasped behind his head, and the stolid expression of his flat face and dark eyes expressive of a settled gloom. There is in his demeanor at such times a real touch of nature that makes him kin with all who have been unhappy. The young specimen should supplement his visit to the gardens by another to the Natural History Museum, where a stuffed adult specimen will be found.—London Daily News.

Who Struck Billy Patterson.

About forty years ago, at one of the medical colleges of this country, the students had a trick of hazing every new man who entered the institution. They would secure him hand and foot, carry him before a mock tribunal, and there try him for some high crime with which they charged him. He would be convicted, of course and sentenced to be led to the block and decapitated. A student named William Patterson came along in time, and was put through the court and sentenced in the usual solemn and impressive manner. He was blindfolded and led to the block, and his neck placed in position. The executioner swung his axe and buried it in the block, allowing it, to be sure, to go nowhere near Patterson's head. The students laughed when the trick was at an end, but Patterson was dead. He had died from what medical men call shock. All the students were put under arrest, and the question arose, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" On the trial it was shown that nobody struck him, but the medical students retained the expression, and it has come down through time to the present day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—A good place to study human nature is in a horse car; but you are apt to think that human nature isn't worth studying before you get through.—Somerville Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Scientists say that the potato rot comes once in ten years—every decayed, as it were.—Tid-Bits.

—A ton of diamonds is worth \$30,000,000. Don't let the dealers come the 1,800 pound dodge on you.—Puck.

—Too cold for ice cream and no sleighing. The young man who can't save money now never can.—Albany Journal.

—For thirty-two years Mrs. Catherine Murdock has kept the light in the Rondout (N. Y.) lighthouse burning brightly.

—One Robert Rickman has lately patented a calf weaner. Perhaps he can invent a device to wean a dude from nursing his cane.

—There is nothing under the face of the sky that can be quite so stuck up as a sheet of stamps, when it tries to.—Detroit Free Press.

—Some of the men who are anxious for a revolution as to theater hats might do good work toward a reform in theater breaths.—Merchant Traveler.

—It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But this country started in business with thirteen States, and seems to be holding her own.

—"Papa," asked little Bobby McSwilligen, "what is a railroad pool?" "A railroad pool, Johnny?" replied McSwilligen, "is where they water the stock."

—What this country needs is a society to protect the innocent seals from the slaughter. At least that is what the average impecunious husband thinks.—Somerville Journal.

—A match vendor entered a butcher shop, when the following brief dialogue was heard: Vendor—"Hello, Chops! How's your liver to-day?" Chops—"Three cents a pound. How's your lights?"—Lovell Citizen.

—A new cab company just started in New York, bases its claim for patronage on a patent hansom with a top that lowers to suit the occupant. A cab with a price that lowers to suit the occupant would fill a long-felt want.

—"What is your specialty, my friend?" inquired the visitor of a dime-museum freak. "Phenomenal intelligence." "In what direction does it lie?" "I'm the man who always 'shuts the door.'"—Harper's Bazar.

—People who have studied into the origin of phrases all agree that the saying, "I acknowledge the corn," was invented by a man. A woman never acknowledges a corn no matter in what condition a husband may find his pet razor.—Somerville Journal.

—An article in a newspaper the other day was called "A Novel Railroad." We have traveled on it. It is the railroad on which a train-boy drops forty-seven soiled novels of the Suicide Library series on the passenger's lap before he travels ten miles.—Drake's Magazine.

—Smith—"That fellow, Jones, whom you introduced me to last evening, seems to be business to his finger tips." Brown—"Yes, I can tell you he is a cleaner. In his way." S—"What does he do?" B—"O, he runs a carpet renovating establishment."—Boston Budget.

—Tramp—"Could you furnish me lodgings of some kind to-night?" "Why don't you work and earn money to pay your way?" "I did work until a month ago." "What business were you in?" "I was pastor of one of the wealthiest congregations in Connecticut." "Is that so? Then what reduced you to this condition?" "Seven donation parties in six months."—Omaha World.

THE PATENT FIEND.

He Invents a Safety Shoe Which Leads Him in a Safe Resort.

"Want to make \$50,000 this winter?" queried a hawk-eyed man with a lap-shoulder to a shoe-dealer on Michigan avenue yesterday.

"Of course."

"Then buy my patent."

He unbrolled a package and brought to light a shoe, a tin funnel and a quart of wood ashes.

"What on earth is it?" asked the dealer.

"It is Bronson's Patent Safety Shoe. Here's the idea: In winter our sidewalks are dangerous from ice. By sprinkling ashes on ice you produce decomposition and render travel safe. Do you follow?"

"But—"

"Of course you don't, but I'll explain. This is a double-soled shoe. There is a space between the two soles, and the toe and heel ends are open. You fill this space with ashes and as you walk it flips out in advance of you."

"The idea?"

"Yes, I worked twenty-two years on the idea. The funnel fits into the heel of the shoe, and is used to load up with."

"But the ashes?"

"O, you hire a boy to follow you with a pail of them. When the shoe is empty you whistle and he loads it up again. There's nothing like it. I can walk twenty miles a day over a perfect glare of ice. Will you give me an order?"

"No, sir. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"It is, eh? You'll see whether it is or not before the winter is over! I'll sell enough to buy you out and throw your stock into the river!" An hour later he was arrested for being drunk and hilarious, and as he went down in the wagon he was explaining to the officer: "You puz on 'er shoe, you know, an' you puz in 'er ashes, you know, an' you walk on 'er ice an' 'er patrol wagon comes 'long an' gives you sleigh-ride."—Detroit Free Press.

ST. JACOBS OIL



LUMBAGO.

Carriage.—Why so many deviate from a graceful carriage may be accounted for in as many ways as there are mishapen beings.

MUSCULAR WEAKNESS.

Lame Back.—The spinal column is the mainstay of the body, which stiffens up the straight man of woman, and nature has provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

TWISTED OUT OF SHAPE.

Distortions.—Men and women recklessly twist themselves out of shape, and the result is the few standing straight and the many bending down.

SYMPTOMS.

Pains.—Those which afflict the back are the most insidious or subtle. They come at times without warning; we rise from a sitting posture to find the back so crippled or strained as to cause acute suffering.

TREATMENT.

Cure.—Rub the parts afflicted freely with St. Jacobs Oil; rub hard and vigorously, producing warmth, and if the pain is slow in yielding, wrap the parts in flannel steeped in hot water and wrung out.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

18 YEARS AGO.

For 18 years I have intended writing you. I got my back hurt when about 10 years old. When about 30 I took severe cold in my back, so that for 10 or 12 years I suffered death twice over, after almost giving up I was induced to try Merrell's Penetrating Oil. My wife applied it to my back freely and half a bottle cured me, and now 13 years have passed and my back still remains good. I have recommended Merrell's Penetrating Oil to all like sufferers since. As long as I live I cannot say enough for it. FELIX MILLER, Merchant, Hico, Ark.

J. S. MERRELL DRUG CO., St. Louis, Mo.