

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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

SONG OF THE SCYTHE.

Far up on the mountain-side,
Where swiftly like phantoms glide
The cloud-land shadows,
I hear a mower's scythe.
With a busy sound and blithe,
In the rocky meadows.
Hark!—on the breeze conveyed
The rhythmic rush of the blade,
By strong arms whirled;
It sings, in a murmurous tone,
Of work to be bravely done
In this busy world.
Sometimes, with a jangling tone,
The bright blade strikes a stone,
But seems to cry:
"This naught! Let the worries pass,
There needs must be stones in the grass
For all who try."
Thus, wind-borne all day long,
You may hear the scythe's brave song
On the mountain farm,
But the mower little knows
Of the song that comes and goes
As he swings his arms.
—Mrs. M. W. Blacker, in *Good Housekeeping*.

"HELD UP."

An Englishman's Experience in This Country.

From time to time there have appeared accounts in the American newspapers of the robbery of railway trains. These robberies have generally taken place in remote and outlying parts of the States, into which the railway system has but lately penetrated. For a train to be what the Americans called "held up," was, during the last year, rather a frequent occurrence, and the process of "holding up" was done in a manner so skillful as to be generally attended with success. There were cases reported in which the robbers got the worst of it, but they, too, often made good their escape, not only with their lives, but with considerable booty, leaving the train they had plundered to go on its way minus its mails and the passengers stripped of their money and valuables. Last November, on my way from San Francisco to New York, the train in which I crossed the Rocky Mountains fell into the hands of these marauding gentlemen; and as my experiences may be interesting I venture to give them here, though they may not be so startling as those of some other travelers who have fallen among thieves.

I left Salt Lake City on the forenoon of a beautiful day in the fall of the year, and after skirting the river "Jordan and the "Lake of the Gileads," names which the Mormons have transferred from Palestine to their own territory, the train began to enter a wild and rugged country, and to cross the great mountain rampart by which the plain of the Salt Lake is environed. All the afternoon we slowly ascended, and it was evening before we reached the Castle Gate, formed by two enormous steep rocky walls, between which the railway passes. There were a good many carriages in the train, and the "Pullman" in which I traveled had about twenty passengers. We were very comfortable and time passed quickly. As soon as it was dark the berths on each side of the car were made up by the negro attendant, the heavy curtains drawn, and we all went to bed. I had been sleeping soundly when I was awakened at two in the morning by the train being brought suddenly to a standstill. Being in the lower berth I had the advantage of having a window to look out of. I drew up the blind; a bright moon was shining and every object outside was perfectly clear and distinct. The place looked wild and lonely enough. Huge boulders of rock were strewn about, and the hillsides rose steep and bare. As there was no railway station visible, and the train showed no sign of going on, I became convinced that something was wrong, and awakened my traveling companion in the opposite berth. As he was partially dressed he said he would go and see "what was up," and made his way to the open platform of the car. As he appeared outside, he was asked by a man standing near the track, what he wanted. He replied that he merely wished to know what had stopped the train, when he received the not very reassuring answer, "Go back, you fool, or I'll drill a hole through you!"

The occupants of the car were now wide-awake, and popping their heads out from behind the curtains of their berths, discussed the situation in a lively manner. It was now evident that we were "held up," and the conversation turned on what was likely to be the upshot. I was particularly struck by the good humor with which every one seemed to regard the occurrence. It apparently was regarded by them as a very amusing experience, and by none more than by the ladies of our party, who joined freely in the conversation. No one could at all have imagined that they were expecting every moment a summons to march out in *dehabille* and take their stand in a row on the railway bank. Shouts of laughter sounded as one Yankee after another made dry observations as to what was likely to happen, and how the robbers would make hay of the beds while we stood shivering in the moonlight. Amid the merriment, however, there was evidently an effort by the passengers to make their money as safe as circumstances would permit. From all parts of the compartment there resounded the clink of coin. One person opposite me put his watch into a boot.

"Where have you put your money?"

I heard a passenger in the next berth say to another.
"I have ripped up my mattress and put it there."
"Put it all in?"
"Yass."
"Well then, I guess you had better take some out. Them boys knows you warn't traveling this line without a cent."

Then there was more clinking heard, as a reasonable sum was transferred from the mattress to the owner's purse. From an opposite berth I saw a lady emerge, robed in a dressing gown. She marched down the compartment to the door, where there stood a large tin cistern for holding iced water. The lid of this she opened and dropped in some hundred dollars. Replacing the lid she went back to her couch triumphantly.

"Guess they won't look there," she said to me as she passed by.

A long, thin man, who was by profession a "drummer," or commercial traveler, now said he would "pull on his pants and go out and prospect." In a few minutes he returned, and standing in the doorway, gave forth his information for the benefit of the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said: "the state of matters is this. They are now in the mail-car, trying to force the safe, and when they've done, we may expect the pleasure of their company here." So saying he made a graceful bow and retired.

The black attendant then locked the doors at each end of the car and went to bed.
"Use hopes," he said, "they get enough to content them without a coming here—plenty of shiners in dat safe."

Looking out of the window again I saw a curious sight. By the side of the truck stood the engine-driver and two others in a row with their hands up above their heads. They appeared like so many boys at school. I saw no one else, but a stout middle-aged man in a huge cowboy hat, with a gun in his hand. He looked like a well-to-do farmer. While I was watching, the engine-driver and his mates got up on the train, the engine gave a sharp snort, and to our great astonishment on we went. Sambo, the attendant, rushed out, and said we were fairly off. We passed the camp fire, beside which the robbers had waited for our arrival, and some logs of wood which had been laid across the track. The "drummer" now valiantly emerged on the platform armed with a shot-gun which he said was loaded with swan shot.

"I see one of them there behind that big stone," he cried; "guess I'll give him a stringing up."

The other passengers would not allow him to fire.
"They have got Lancaster rifles, you fool," said one roughly, and they'll go popping off sixteen shots apiece at the cars, and one of them may be 'll go through your darned old head." So the "drummer" restrained himself.

At the first station we stopped and the telegraph was set to work sending the news of what had happened up and down the line. We then got information as to what had really occurred. The engine-driver had seen a light set on the middle of the track. This was the usual signal to stop, and he pulled up. He found five men dressed like cowboys, and with blackened faces, waiting for him, who told him and his mates to come down and hold up their hands. Each of the robbers carried pistols and a rifle. Having placed a guard over the three men they proceeded to the mail car. This they left in a state of inexpressible confusion. Mail bags were ripped up, letters and newspapers lay scattered about. The bags, I think thirty-six in number, containing registered letters they took possession of. They then went to the car where the safe was kept, and ordered the man inside to open it. He had rolled all the heavy baggage against the door, and was slow in obeying their command. They told him to be quick or it would be worse for him. On entering, one of the robbers presented a pistol at his head, and told him to open the safe. He said he could not do that as it opened by an arrangement of letters composing a word. The word had been telegraphed on ahead, and he did not know it.

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the other, "and if you don't open it, guess you'll have to die."

When the ten minutes had elapsed he was going to execute his threat, but one of his comrades interfered, saying he believed the man was telling the truth. They then worked at the safe for some time, but after many attempts had to give up hopes of opening it. Afterwards they held a consultation as to whether they should go through the cars, but decided there were too many passengers for them to cope with. Going down to the track they removed two logs of wood they had placed across the rails.

"Get up," said the leader politely to the engine-driver. "Now you may go on—good-night!"

The whole booty was thus only the mail bags with the registered letters, the value of which it was impossible to tell. They did not even take the watches and money of the engine-driver and his comrades. The object of their expedition had evidently been the safe, which contained a considerable amount of gold.

In the smoking compartment of the train, I listened to a lively discussion as to the likelihood of the robbers being caught. The general opinion was that "the sheriff would nab them," though one "guessed they would skip out of that territory pretty quick."

"You see, stranger," said a fine

open-faced man, from San Francisco, who from the number of wild adventures he related we called "the Scalper," "Uncle Sam don't care a dime for you and me being robbed, but it's a awfully different thing, touching the mails. You bet! they'll be nabbed." I asked him whether if they had come to our car, there would have been any resistance.

"Guess," he said, taking out of his pocket a neat little pistol, "there 'ud be some shootin' goin' on around. I wouldn't give them my money without pulling on them."

Then followed some California yarns, well worthy of Mayne Reid, how a train had lately been stopped at Kansas, how the guard shot four robbers, and the rest fed. The State gave him one thousand dollars and the company two thousand.

"He has now changed his trade," added the narrator.

"What for?" I inquired.
"O, he has been on the drunk ever since," was the reply, given as gravely as if "being on the drunk" was a well-known and honorable profession.

Then the "drummer" told how at Bucharist, he had waked one night, and found a man at work on the lock of his trunk, and getting out his pistol, had shot him through the arm and disabled him. And a ranchman, out West, from near Los Angeles, had a curious story, how the only time he was ever out without his pistol, he had been robbed. After a series of similar tales, a grave man, who had been silently smoking his cigar, struck in.

"Well boys," he said, "I am glad them robbers got none of our plunder, but don't you go, any of you, and take the blood of a fellow-critter. It's an awful thing to do sure-ly. There was a friend of mine once shot a man. He saw him put his hand behind his back, and thought he was going to draw, and pulled on him. The sheriff was after him, and he came up to my ranche, and I kept him dark, I did. But he was miserable. He said he could always hear the groans of the dying man. He saw him staring at him awful with all his eyes when he lay down in bed. He didn't live long after that. It's my opinion that business killed him. Don't you boys, go and take the life of a fellow-critter if you can help it!"

So ended my adventure in the Rocky Mountains. I may add that I never heard while in America whether the robbers were captured. I do not know yet whether they are still at large. I saw, however, in a telegram lately that a train on the same line had been "held up," and "that the robbers had got off with a rich booty." Possibly they were my old friends of the Rockies still pursuing their calling.—*J. Cameron Lees, D. D., in Good Words.*

PURITAN WRITINGS.

What the Earliest American Literature Teaches Its Students.

The writings of all those early New-Englanders have an Elizabethan quaintness of diction which one tastes alike in the quaintness of Bradford's and Winslow's records of Plymouth, in the seriousness, sincerity and credulity of Higginson, and in the ribaldry of the ungodly and unruly Thomas Morton, of Merry Mount. One fond of tracing the origin of national traits and customs will find a pleasure in following to its far source in some of the New England and Virginia Englishmen of the seventeenth century the modern American fashion of booming a new country. The Rev. Francis Higginson does this in pleasing prose, and the good William Morrell in deadly verse, for Massachusetts Bay; John Smith blows the trumpet for Jamestown, and for all Virginia Colonel Norwood, in his voyages, sounds repeated blasts, while Master R. Rich praises the new land in as awful a ballad as any made to a mistress' eyebrow. Norwood has more than gleams of gaiety, if one may not quite call it humor; his work has unquestionably literary quality, and we wish we could say as much for John Rolfe's wordy and scattering apology for marrying Pocahontas; but that has chiefly the quality of a very disagreeable self-righteousness.

The most valuable fact about the earliest American literature, which is not yet American of course, is that it so fully reflects the life of the time and place—the objective life of daring and adventure and hardship, and the subjective life tormented and maddened by abominable beliefs, with its struggles to escape from them. In Virginia these are not felt; there is a delightful freedom from them, but for this very reason the literature of that colony has a more superficial character; it lacks the depth as well as the gloom which characterizes the sermons and memoirs of New England.

Whether life more influences literature, or literature life, is a question we need not stop to dispute about here; they probably have a perfect balance of interaction at all times; but what one might certainly infer from this anthology of the Puritan literature is the Puritan life. If there were no other records of the state of the civilization which produced these writings, the general complexion of that life might be inferred here, and this gives an historical importance to the compilation which might be easily underrated. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Puritan life in New England was all psalms and sermons; enough is given to show that it had its relief, and to let the reader perceive that these were something of the nature and the general pleasurable effect of dancing in chains.—*W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.*

A German chemist has found that chloroform may be detected in the lungs of animals four weeks after death.

ERRONEOUS IDEAS.

A Wise Man's Opinion of What the Remorse of Criminals Means.

"I am glad I'm copped," said Mr. Jackson when he fell into the hands of the myrmidons of the law. Upon which text several lay-sermons have been delivered on the effect of remorse upon gentlemen of his class. In my opinion, this now historic phrase should not have been quoted without its context: "I have had a hard time of it lately." This latter reflection, I believe, is what most persons in Mr. Jackson's position mean by their remorse; their sorrow is not for the crime, but for its consequences. In the case of offenses that fall short of murder, though they are often infinitely more disastrous, and sometimes morally worse, it is certainly so. The swindling banker comfortably located at Stockholm, in a society of his fellow-countrymen, the grades of which, I am told, are peculiar—the highest circles have "gone in" for upwards of £100,000 and the lowest being mere pilferers of £10,000 odd—is not disturbed by widows' moans and orphans' groans; but if he is where extradition is possible, he is full of regret and pity—for his own perilous position. The idea of discovery and arrest is never absent from his mind. He hears "the voice we can not hear" ("saying 'I arrest you for forgery,'" he "sees the hand we can not see" (taking hold of his shoulder) every hour in the day; but it is not the voice or the hand of conscience, but of personal apprehension (literally apprehension). He is glad to be "copped"—though it is noticeable that he very rarely anticipates that pleasure by giving himself up—because he has such a bad time of it, and not at all because he has imitated another gentleman's handwriting. Yet if some habitual criminal who has been beating his fellow-creatures within an inch of their lives, ever since he could handle a bludgeon, goes beyond the inch and kills the fellow-creature, we imagine him prostrated with remorse. A more absurd idea was never entertained than that this sort of creature appreciates in the least degree "the sacredness of human life." The case of a sentimental person, like Eugene Aram, for example, who thinks he can commit a murder and "have done with it," is wholly different; the deed itself haunts him, and gives him bad nights; though it is to be observed that if he murders one or two more people his insomnia disappears, and he recovers his appetite. As for Mr. William Sykes being troubled by Nancy's eyes, I never believed one word of it. If you had put the question to him, I could anticipate his contemptuous reply exactly, though I decline to write it down. The opponents of capital punishment are such excellent people themselves that they can not understand the feelings of Messieurs les assassins. Ask any prison warden how many days' purchase he thinks his life would be worth if a "lifer" could not be hung for taking it; for what is very remarkable, your ruffian is sensitive about the sacredness of human life when it is his own, but in no other case, believe me. Mr. Jackson, of course, may not be found guilty of murder; but I object to any person of his class being represented as influenced by the sentimental emotions because he sings "The Thorn" and the "Pillgrim of Love" so touchingly. Gifted with such an "organ," if he had only thought of blacking his face and assuming the guise of a nigger minstrel, he would not have been "laughing in chains."—*London News.*

Bismarck as an Organ-Grinder.
The latest story about Bismarck describes how he called on Emperor William the other day, and while waiting in an ante-room heard voices in the Imperial nursery, and went in. He found the little Crown Prince grinding away at a barrel-organ, while two younger princes were trying to dance.
"Please, Prince Bismarck, come and dance with me," said one of the youngsters.
"No, I am too old; I really can not dance," said the old gentleman; "but if the Crown Prince will dance, I will grind the organ for you all."
When the Emperor opened the door, the Chancellor of the German Empire was found grinding away in a high state of pleasure and perspiration. The moral of the anecdote was drawn by His Majesty, who said that, not content with making three generations of Hohenzollerns dance to his pipe, Bismarck had already begun with the fourth.—*London Truth.*

Slightly Misunderstood.
"Yes," said Miss Crashington, the celebrated exponent of society and emotional drama, "I had a most successful tour in England last summer."
"Did you enjoy the trip across the ocean?"
"Very much coming back, but not so much going over."
"Were you sick?"
"Not so very, but I felt badly and wished I hadn't agreed to come. Wanted to back out, you know."
"I understand; you felt like throwing up the whole affair."
"O, dear no! I wasn't as sick as that!"—*Merchant Traveler.*

Disastrous Suspicion.
Charley—I say, Brown, have you got change for a ten?
Harry (suspiciously)—Er—no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket.
Charley—Sorry, old man; I wanted to pay the five I owe you.—*Life.*

—On a windy day in New York recently thirteen hats were blown from the Brooklyn bridge to return no more to the heads of their sorrowing owners.

TOO MUCH WORK.

Why Americans Need the Gospel of Recreation Preached to Them.

If ever people needed to be preached to them a gospel of recreation, the Americans need it now. We work too hard, and too fast, and with too much friction, and, above all, too constantly. We are proud of our speed. We believe in "push" and "go." We are careless of the fact that haste makes waste, because we have plenty to waste. We do not understand nor practice, nor care any thing about economy, because we have not felt, as most peoples have, the need of economy. Our business man hurries from his home in the morning on the fastest train he can get, reads the newspaper all the way to his office, and grumbles at a delay of two minutes. He rushes through his business at a breakneck rate, snatches a lunch at midday, dictates letters to his type-writer, leaves himself just time enough to catch his train, and rushes home at the same pace. Once there, he enjoys himself by taking a ride behind the fastest horse he can afford to own. After dinner he plays a game of whist, or, as that is generally too slow for him, of poker, until after what ought to be his bed-time. If he lives in the city his evenings are spent at the club or the theater, or in the hotel corridors talking business. Rest he has none, except, perhaps, on Sunday, when he spends most of the morning looking through the papers, and most of the afternoon dozing, or perhaps taking another ride behind his trotters. Americans do everything fast, especially in New York. They take their drinks standing and at a gulp. They eat one meal a day in about the same fashion. They walk fast, talk fast, make and lose money fast, ride fast, sail fast, eat fast, drink fast, and if a way could be discovered of sleeping fast, they would do that.

After one gets into it there is a swing and a movement in all this that is fascinating. It is contagious, and we all catch it. There is the same sort of pleasure in doing business fast that there is in driving a fast horse or sailing a fast boat. That is one reason why New York is the most fascinating of American cities. After its "go" others seem a little tame. One becomes used to excitement, and wants to keep strung up to concert pitch all the time. Beyond doubt, too, there is something good and admirable in this rapidity. It enables us to accomplish marvels. We have come nearer than any other people to annihilating time and space.

But, after all, when one thinks it over calmly—if perchance he can ever find time to think calmly—is this hurry worth our while? Or, to put it from the American point of view, does it pay? The answer to that question depends upon the goal we have in view. Most men are making all this haste in order to get rich; but when they get rich do they "take things easy," and enjoy life? Possibly a few of them may, but the vast majority do not. When they get an income of \$10,000 they want \$20,000; when they have got that they want \$40,000. Not one in a million of us ever gets rich enough, and the few who do leave off business generally find that they have lost, from disuse, whatever faculty of enjoyment they once had, aside from the hurry and push of the business world. The capacity for enjoyment has to be cultivated, like any other capacity; and it will not grow except by constant use.—*Epoch.*

DOZENS OF DEFINITIONS.

Read Them, and Then You Will Know What Constitutes a Lady.

To answer this question, we will again have recourse to the dictionaries. Johnson defines a lady as a woman of high rank; an illustrious or eminent woman; a woman—one of the fair sex—a mistress, importing power and dominion, as lady of the manor. This is broad enough, it would seem.

Stormonth gives these definitions: A woman of distinction or rank; the wife of a titled gentleman; the title of daughters of peers of the first three grades; a familiar term applied to the mistress or female head of a house of the better class; a woman in any station of life who is possessed of refined manners and kindness of heart, and generally whose character is adorned with those Christian and social virtues which men most love and esteem in women; a term of courtesy applied to any respectable female. The fifth of the above definitions is a remarkably good one, if it were not narrowed by the idea that Christianity alone comprised all the higher virtues.

Webster's definitions may be next considered. A lady, he tells us, is a woman who looks after the domestic affairs of a family; a mistress, the female head of a household; a woman of social distinction or position; the feminine corresponding to lord. In England, he further says, it is a title prefixed to the name of any woman whose husband is not of a lower rank than a knight, or whose father was a nobleman not lower than an earl; also, a woman of gentle and refined manners; the feminine corresponding to gentleman; a wife or spouse.

Worcester is more satisfactory, it would seem, in his definition, at least to the American notion of what constitutes a lady. Only one of his definitions need be quoted. He says a lady is a term of complaisance applied to almost any well-dressed woman, but appropriately to one of refined manners and education.—*Boston Herald.*

—Work the cabbage plants often during dry weather. Keep the surface stirred and the top soil as loose as possible.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Plausible Propositions in Regard to Ancient Society in Tennessee.

Patient and systematic research, a vast accumulation of valuable material, and a thorough analysis of facts and theories by competent authority, have finally unraveled nearly all the secrets of these works and graves, until their origin and the mysteries of their construction and of ancient domestic life in Tennessee—and, indeed, elsewhere in the Mississippi valley—represented by them are nearly as well known as the life and history of the modern Indians.

The conclusions reached (often unwillingly) as the result of these investigations in all departments of research, historic, ethnologic and traditional, may be briefly stated as follows:

1.—The progress made by these ancient tribes in the direction of civilization or semi-civilization has been over-estimated. The stone-grave race and the builders of ancient mounds and earth-works in Tennessee and probably in the Mississippi valley were Indians, North American Indians, probably the ancestors of the Southern red or copper-colored Indians found by the whites in this general section, a race formerly living under conditions of life somewhat different from that of the more nomadic hunting tribes of Indians, but not differing from them in the essential characteristics of the Indian race.

2.—The interesting collections of mounds, earth-works and stone-graves found in Tennessee and Southern Kentucky are simply the remains of ancient fortified towns, villages and settlements, once inhabited by tribes of Indians more devoted to agriculture and more stationary in their habits than the hunting tribes generally known to the whites.

3.—No single implement or article of manufacture or earth-work or defensive work has been found among their remains indicating intelligence or advancement in civilization beyond that of other Indians having intercourse with the whites within the historic period.

4.—The accumulation of dense population in favored localities, and progress made toward civilization, were probably the results of periods of repose and peace that enabled these tribes to collect in more permanent habitations and to pursue for a time more peaceful modes of life than some of their neighbors and successors.

5.—These periods of peace and advancement were probably succeeded by years of wars, invasions, migrations, or changes which arrested the limited development in the arts of peace and civilization, and left the native tribes in the status in which they were found by the whites.

These propositions I am satisfied can be successfully maintained, and will afford the most reasonable solution of archeological problems long in controversy.

If we could have been given a glimpse of the fair valley of the Cumberland in 1492, the date of America's discovery, there can scarcely be a doubt but that we would have found many of these ancient settlements full of busy life, and we could have learned the story of the mounds and graves from some of their own builders; but nearly three centuries elapsed before the pioneers of civilization reached the confines of Tennessee.—*General Thurston, in Magazine of American History.*

MAKE YOURSELF FELT.

Bob Burdette Gives Some Practical Advice to Young Men.

My son, you may not be missed a great deal by a very wide circle of people when you die. It won't be necessary for you to leave much money for a tombstone. The few people who love you, who tenderly and dearly and truly love you, will know which mound covers your sleeping figure, and they can find it just by the ferns and grasses that wave above it; and a monument ninety feet high won't make strangers care for you, or make them love you, or make them remember you. You may not be missed a great deal by very many people when you die, my boy; but that isn't what you want to think about. You want to make yourself felt and noticed while you are here. That's what you want to do. And that is more than most men do. Just run your eye over this paragraph again, if you have time, and think over it a little while you are waiting for morning service to begin. Now and then you will meet a man who actually rejoices, in a mean envious sort of a way, to think that in a few years his more popular, prosperous, successful neighbor will be dead and forgotten. It may be true. The big, wide world is so busy with the living, that she does seem to forget her children when they fall asleep. But you will notice that the man who rejoices in this is really a man whom she has forgotten while he yet lives; who is not felt or heard in the world at all. Now, do you go ahead, my boy, and don't stop to wonder if the world will remember you and miss you one hundred years from now. Little you'll care for this old world in a hundred years from now; Heaven grant it may be under your feet then! You just go ahead and make yourself felt now. When you are gone the world will get along without you, my boy; but while you are here do you make it understood that you are running part of this show yourself, if it is nothing more than standing at the tent-door, and directing the people to pass to the right, and move along in front of the cages.—*R. J. Burdette.*

—Much sickness in farmer's families in winter is due to keeping large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables stored under sleeping rooms.