

## RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

### THE COWBOY IN THE EAST.

The Indians he slashed and stabbed and slapped and slew and slaughtered:  
He'd boot and shoot the howling Ute who squealed and roared and tottered:  
He'd hang and whang at every gang of robber and marauder.  
The horse thief strung on the limb he hung, and thus kept law and order.

In every fight big buck he struck and never met disaster:  
In glen and den, 'mid brutes and men, he never found a master:  
No gash or slash could ever dash against his front terrific:  
No foe could stand his red right hand that slugged so scientific.

The rattlesnake he punched and crunched; he overthrew the bowyer:  
He sought and fought an awful lot each beast beneath the horizon.  
No scar or jar could ever mar, no harm could ever get him.  
But want of breath and speedy death o'ertook all things that met him.

But to the town he came for fame, he moved into the city:  
He fell, ah well! I grieve to tell—the pity—oh, the pity:  
He'd hit and split his head, and get a bruise at every crossing.  
And the heroic man and the moving van his married form was posing.

When'er he crossed the street his feet with wheels and things were tangled:  
And his frame became a bloody shame, all maimed and mangled and mangled:  
He'd fall and sprawl right thro' it all, his bones all dislocated.  
With most of his face stuck on the wrong place, and both of his feet mis-mated.

And soon it came to pass the day, the big gas house exploded—  
And he—ah me!—was hit, you see, he didn't know it was loaded.  
O, my! in the sky he shot as high as was cot tractor a boummer.  
And his scattered frame was found, they claim, in nineteen different countries!

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

### CONTESSA ROSELLI.

The Adventures of a Modern Romeo in Romantic Venice.

The ball at the Villa Borghese was over, and Philip Leighton, one of the guests who felt the evening well spent, was going leisurely homeward on foot. It was a clear, moonlight night in the bonny month of May, and such a night in Florence, with its violet sky sown with golden stars, is a blessing not to be wasted under the roof of a cab.

Jack Templeton's sister dances like a fairy, and keeps a fellow amused; Faye Norton is so deucedly pretty one forgets and forgives her silly speeches. What hair she has! Upon my soul, I believe I'm in love with them both!"

Thus musing, the young man crossed the Piazza del Duomo and turned into the sleepy Via Ricasoni, which seemed quiet as the aisle of an empty church. Presently, out of the shadow, Philip saw two women approaching, both evidently frightened at finding themselves alone in the street at so late an hour. At seeing the young man they stopped, hesitated, and then advanced again, apparently reassured by a glimpse of his honest, comely face, revealed in the moonlight.

"A thousand pardons, signore," began a sweet voice in Italian, "but I and my maid are not able to open our door; possibly your stronger hand might make it yield."

The house indicated was a grim old palace, many stories high, built of heavy blocks of stone, like a prison. Statues looked down from many a niche, and the lower windows were guarded with the "kneeling" grating invented by Michael Angelo.

Philip threw himself upon the heavy wrought-iron fastenings of the door, but they refused to give way even under his vigorous shaking.

"The door closes with a latch inside; a sharp blow will sometimes open it without the key, which Giacinta has unluckily lost. There is no one inside the house to come to our rescue; we are really in a very awkward plight."

The white-lace fichu had fallen back over the shoulders of the gentle-voiced stranger, and Philip saw that she was exquisitely pretty, with the pensive, dark eyes of her race, and a tender, sensitive mouth. Her lips quivered, and there was a hint of tears in the liquid eyes.

This was too much for Philip, who, instead of acknowledging himself baffled by the door and resuming his homeward route, vowed within himself to see these fair dames safe under the shelter of their own roof, or perish in the attempt. Poor old Giacinta was not, strictly speaking, fair, but the aureole of beauty emanating from her young mistress seemed, to Philip, to encompass the faithful attendant with its benign influence.

Across the street was a ladder leaning against a house in process of repair, at sight of which Philip's look of perplexity vanished.

"Does the open window in the second story lead to the signora's rooms?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes; those are our rooms. The rest of the house is unoccupied, or we could hope to wake up somebody to let us in."

"If it is not too audacious a proposition," continued Philip, "I will climb up to your balcony, Romeo fashion, with that ladder, descend the stairs, and open your refractory door from the inside."

"The same thought had occurred to me, but I did not like to express it. It is a dangerous height, you might fall, and it is an unreasonable service to ask of a stranger."

"Pray do not think of any inconvenience it might be to me; your confidence is quite reward enough. May I make the attempt?"

"I should be only too thankful."  
"I have plenty of wax matches in my pocket. Am I likely to find any obstacles to my progress between the window and the hall door?"

"No; you have only to cross one large room and an ante-room before finding yourself at the stairs."

With surprising dispatch Philip tilted the swaying ladder into place beneath the balcony of the old palazzo, and began the ascent.

"I beg of you, signora," said the girl, lightly touching his arm for a moment with her slender white hand.

Philip looked down into her face with one brief, soulful glance that seemed to say: "For you I would risk my life gladly."

"May the Holy Madonna and all the saints protect the noble signorino!" Giacinta exclaimed, as she steadied the ladder with her sturdy shoulder. The ladder was a little short, and where it stopped there was need for a clear head and iron wrist to avoid accident.

Inspired by those caressing eyes following him so intently, Philip mastered the difficulties and gained the ledge of the window without more serious mishaps than a cut on his wrist.

"What will Uncle Gino think of this adventure, Giacinta?" said the young lady, as their knight-errant disappeared within the window.

"He ought to be thankful we were not obliged to finish the night in the street."

"It is indiscreet and imprudent, doubtless, to allow a perfect stranger to enter our rooms alone, but I'm sure he is a gentleman whom we can trust. Do you not agree with me, Giacinta?"

"There couldn't be a dishonest soul behind a face like that, signorina mia. 'Twas an old woman's eyes for telling good from bad. He looks like the blessed San Michele at Santa Maria Novella."

Giacinta's rhapsody was interrupted by a burst of drunken laughter coming round a near corner. To escape a band of midnight revelers, the two women shrank into the shelter of a gateway.

"A queerish sort of an errand for a fellow to be bound on," thought Philip, as he dabbled over the balcony, "dropping himself through the dark maw of a window into what may be the bottomless pit, or a den of thieves. 'Tis ought he knows. More likely to be a stronghold of spooks, from the general aspect of things. My stars! what's that?"

Swinging himself cautiously into the room, he had lit upon a sleeping cat, which promptly punished his intrusion by plunging a vigorous set of claws through the young man's silk stocking.

"Her pet, I suppose." And instead of giving the cat the vicious kick his evil nature dictated, Philip stroked its silken coat till a cozy purring responded to his touch. By the light of his wax matches he saw that his wrist was bleeding from the cut, and he pulled out his handkerchief and hastily bound up the wound before proceeding further. His card-case slipped out of his pocket with the handkerchief and fell unnoticed to the floor.

Philip found himself in a very large and handsome room with the rich painting and gilding of the De Medicis period. All was tarnished and worn now; the once elegant furniture was dropping to pieces, and the hangings were faded and torn. A chair lay overturned, and the drawers of a tortoise-shell cabinet were pulled out and their contents strewn carelessly about, as if one had made a rapid search for something regardless of order.

Philip would have gladly taken a more lingering look at the old portraits peering down at him from the walls, some of them with dark, searching eyes so like those of his lovely protegee, but a feeling of delicacy prompted him to make his way through her rooms as quickly as possible.

He hastened down the stairs, lifted the latch, and admitted the two women, more agitated than ever owing to the disturbance caused by the drunken men.

"I can never sufficiently express my thanks, signore," said the young girl, holding out her hand. "You have spared us more annoyance than you can realize."

Giacinta covered Philip's hand with kisses, and swore she would burn a thick taper for him the next day at Santa Maria Novella.

"May I not know the name of our benefactor?" the lady continued.

Philip, overjoyed at what seemed the overture to a more intimate acquaintance, searched in his pocket for his card-case, but to his perplexity and annoyance, failed to find it.

"Might I have the pleasure of calling to-morrow to bring the card I seem stupidly to have mislaid?" he asked, with some hesitation.

"I certainly wish to know to whom we are indebted for so great a service. My friend, Madame de Caroiast, is coming to tea to-morrow at four. Will you come then? But I must introduce myself. I am the Contessa Roselli. Now, as it is so shockingly late, I must bid you good-night. Thank you a thousand times, and do not disappoint us to-morrow."

"Not for anything under heaven," Philip murmured half audibly, as the heavy door shut away from him the gaze of the girl's star-like eyes.

There was now no more perplexity in the young man's mind as to whether he preferred Jack Templeton's sister to Faye Norton. He had forgotten them both, and had no thought in his heart save for the lovely Italian.

Like culprits the two belated women stole up the stairs to their rooms. Giacinta lighted the old Roman lamp, and by its soft, steady flame of olive-

oil the familiar old portraits looked down as if welcoming them home.

"Why, Giacinta! what does this mean? My desk wide open, and all the papers scattered about. Oh, Madonna Mia! the money from the Libro Aperto vineyard was there—fifteen hundred francs!" The young girl flew to the desk and plunged her hand into a drawer at the side. "Gone! Giacinta, we are robbed!" and she buried her face despairingly in the cushions of the nearest sofa.

"The Holy Mother grant you are mistaken, carina!"

"I am not mistaken, alas! In that drawer I put the money while Paolo waited for the receipt. I remember doing so with painful distinctness. Paolo sat there on the blue ottoman. I let him set down because of his lame foot. He went quietly away after getting his receipt, and I locked the money in the drawer as usual."

Giacinta fumbled wildly about among the papers, but all to no avail. The money was certainly gone.

"And he with a face like the blessed San Michele," she moaned.

"No, no; you are mistaken, amica mia!" cried the contessa, reading the suspicion in the old woman's eyes. "I would as soon accuse you of robbing me, you faithful old granny. Our rooms must have been entered earlier in the evening. The window was open, and the ladder conveniently near. Many rough men were abroad to-night, owing to the festa at Cajano. No, you need not lose faith in San Michele, as you call him. Something impels me to trust the honesty of that young stranger who helped us, as I would trust my brother Ugo in Heaven."

"The Madonna herself put that trust in your pure heart, bambina mia, and I, too, have faith in the young signorino; but, ah, me! it's hard losing all that money!"

"The worst will be telling Uncle Gino. He will be furious. What a night of misfortune this has been."

And yet, in spite of the great misfortune she had sustained, Contessa Natalia Roselli, as she drifted into dreamland for a few hours, felt that this special night had been fraught with a new, rare happiness for her.

She awakened to a stormy, painful scene. Ill news travels quickly. Gerino Roselli, Natalia's uncle, had heard of the robbery, and had come for full particulars.

"What is this wild story of Giacinta's?" he began, angrily. "You have had the colossal folly to let a street-vagrant loose in your rooms. Of course he improved his opportunity and took your money."

"Uncle, I'm fully convinced the money was stolen before this gentleman came to our assistance. The window was open; the ladder carelessly left near by the workmen. Paolo saw me put the money in the desk; possibly he succumbed to the temptation."

"What preposterous nonsense! You would throw suspicion on an honest contadino, who grew old in your father's service, to screen a well-dressed, soft-spoken blackie? Who is this fine gentleman, pray? Where does he live? Of course, if he is honorable he has told you all this!"

"He wished to give his card, but had none with him; he is coming this afternoon to present himself in due form."

"A likely story! And you, you confiding innocent, do you realize that the loss of this money leaves you with next to nothing to live upon till the Rovézano rents are due? What do you mean to do?"

"Certainly not ask charity from you, Uncle Gino. Giacinta and I have already learned what sharp poverty means, and we can bear this misfortune as we have borne others." A proud fire burned in the young contessa's eyes as she spoke.

"What's this?" said Roselli, as he turned on his heel to leave the room. His foot had struck against a small object lying on the floor in the shadow of a table. It was Philip's card-case. Roselli opened it and read on the first card, "Mr. Philip Leighton, Via Palestro, No. 23." This is probably the name of your gallant rescuer," Roselli added, sarcastically. "Rather a suspicious circumstance to find his card-case lying so near the plundered desk."

"I will keep it for him till he comes," said Natalia, holding out her hand in quiet dignity.

"By all means, my dear, keep it till he comes. I hope your confiding patience will not be put to too severe a strain."

Roselli took one long, searching look at the card, and resigned the pretty leather toy to his niece's keeping.

For Philip, also, there was a rude awakening that morning. A furious Italian gentleman demanded to see him; asked an account of the last night's proceedings, and accused him of stealing fifteen hundred francs from the Countess Roselli. A policeman and cab were at the door, and before he fairly realized what was occurring, the bewildered Philip found himself lodged in a cell at the Bargello. A sad contrast to his dreams of imbibing draughts of tea and enchantment with his fair innamorata. He had no friends in Florence of whom he cared to borrow money, and he was not in funds to bail himself out to keep his appointment for four o'clock.

Count Roselli kept his own counsel as to the summary measures he had taken, and withdrew for a few days to his podere at Feitro.

As the day wore away with no signs of Philip, Natalia said to her hand-maiden:

"Giacinta, I'm haunted with the fear that Uncle Gino has done something

desperate about this miserable money. I wish you would go to the Via Palestro and ask for Mr. Leighton."

Giacinta went, and returned in floods of tears. Mr. Leighton had been arrested that morning. The padrona said he was such a nice, open-handed gentleman; there must be some monstrous mistake about it all.

Natalia seized pen and paper, and sent Giacinta to the Bargello with a tear-stained note declaring her belief in his, Philip's, entire innocence, and her shame at her uncle's conduct.

Philip, in durance vile, poured out as much of his soul as the back of an old play-bill would hold, in reply.

Thus these two lovers—for the cruelty of the tyrant uncle had roused in both young hearts this consuming passion were made to suffer, each for the distress of the other, in hopeless uncertainty.

The third day of Philip's bondage, a young woman, with a handkerchief bound over one eye, presented herself at the Palazzo Roselli and asked for the young contessa.

"They tell me a young English signorino is in prison for stealing the contessa's money," she began. "Perhaps they will let him free if I tell what I saw on Thursday night when the money was taken."

"What did you see? Tell me every thing!" cried Natalia, eagerly.

"I'm chambermaid in the house across the street. A bad headache was on me on Thursday night; I couldn't sleep, and came to the window for fresh air. I saw two men prop a ladder against your window. One man was a big, brawny, evil-looking fellow; the other was lame."

"This lame man, was he old or young?"

"Old, signorina, with one shoulder higher than the other."

"Paolo!" said Natalia, under her breath: "My intuition was right. Go on—what happened then?"

"The big man began climbing the ladder. I thought it all looked suspicious, and I slipped out of my room to give the alarm. It was dark as pitch in the corridor, and I fell down stairs, giving my head a furious blow on the stone stairs. I was wild and wandering-like till yesterday, because of this wound on my head. To-day I remember everything, and thought it right to tell the signorina contessa. May the Madonna strike me dead if what I say is not true."

With all possible haste Natalia dispatched a man of the law to Libro Aperto, to question Paolo, the farm servant. Paolo was accused of the theft, frightened into a full confession of his guilt, and the greater portion of the money was recovered.

Philip, upon his release from prison, learned from Italian friends the history of the Roselli family.

The young contessa was considered little less than an angel by those who knew her well.

"Poor child!" continued Philip's informant, "she hasn't a friend or protector on earth but that faithful old nurse, Giacinta. Her uncle is a hard, cruel man, and the rest of the family are all gone. There is barely enough money left to keep this young contessa, the last of a long and noble line, from actual want. The big palazzo has the name of being haunted, and they can't get a tenant for any of the scores of rooms. I wish some prince would fall in love with the contessina and give her the surroundings she deserves."

"I wonder if a poor artist would do instead," thought Philip, as he betook himself to the Palazzo Roselli.

A week later the poor artist, poorer in his own estimation than in reality, offered himself heart and soul to his beautiful patrician mistress.

"My darling Romeo, I could not live without you," was her shy response to his pleading.—Lucy Blake, in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

### HOW TO GROW RICH.

Father Clarkson Delivers a Pointed Lecture on True Economy.

In early life we recollect hearing a young man inquire of a venerable gentleman, who had accumulated a large estate, what the secret of his success was. He said it was: "When you earn seventy-five cents per day, spend only fifty cents of it and keep out of debt." That information, simple as it was, has had an important influence upon life's transactions. And if it were lived up to by a large mass of laborers, mechanics and all classes of wage-workers the world would be a great blessing. The rapidly increasing riches and consequent willful and wicked extravagance of a large class of our population is corrupting the minds and misleading the practices of the great mass of workers. Whilst the riches are increasing, paupers are multiplying much faster. There are twice as many, according to population, of those who ask and receive aid now as did fifty years ago. And yet the wage-worker receives twice as much now as then. The articles of food cost no more, and clothing not half as much as then. Wage-workers of all classes, both male and female, are not prospering as formerly. They are not weekly, monthly and yearly laying up a portion of their wages as then. They live more extravagantly, spend more recklessly, and foolishly ape their neighbors in fashionable follies. Mechanics appear, at least a large proportion of them, not to attempt to make any provision for the future. When they make \$15 or \$18 per week, instead of permanently investing at least one-third of the amount, they spend it all. Then, if work fails, or the man is taken sick, or any member of his family, so as to keep him from work, the family at once becomes an object of charity, the rents are unpaid, the butcher's bill neglected. The man becomes discouraged at the accumulated debts, until he begins to debate with himself whether he ought to try to pay the old debts. So soon as he does that—when he begins to study how to forfeit his honor, repudiate his obligations, he is gone. He no longer has that keen sense of honor which teaches him to regard as sacred his debts. Then he is no longer a man. His pride, his ambition, and all of the impulses which nerve and sustain a man in life's conflicts, are gone. He has no confidence in himself and his neighbors have less. But if a man lives by rule, uses the plain necessities of life, and scorns to ape the follies and corrupt practices of the growing cussedness of the world, and lays up carefully at least one-third of what he earns, soon he will see there are better days for him. A little weekly and annually saved, the increasing accumulation of interest, and the renewed energy will soon build or buy a house. Then the expense of living decreases, and the saving can be more, until imperceptibly the man with his family find themselves in comfortable circumstances, respected by the world, his financial credit established, and he is enabled to enter other enterprises than as a day laborer.

We have seen these things worked out and demonstrated all about us for the last sixty-five years. The man who spends as he goes soon has nothing to credit, but is broken down in spirit, credit and character; but the man who weekly saves a portion of his earnings, economizes in his business, soon places himself among the honored and respected. It is as certain as the revolution of the spheres. But the man who saves nothing sinks lower in spirit, enterprise and character. He soon becomes too indolent to work and not too proud to beg. And he goes down as fast as gravitation will take him. Trust no man who does not regularly save and lay up a certain per cent. of his wages. There is no hope for him. He will become sour, abuse those who prosper by saving and will live a miserable life, hating the prosperous and dying a beggar. "If you earn seventy-five cents per day, spend only fifty cents of it"—Iowa State Register.

BLACK IS WHITE.

A Seemingly Inconceivable Argument from Etymology.

The word black (Anglo-Saxon *blac*, *blac*, black), is fundamentally the same as the old German *black*, now only to be found in two or three compounds, as *Blachfeld*, a level or plain; *Blachmahl*, the scum which floats on the top when silver is melted, and *Blachfrost*, and it meant originally "level," "bare," and was used to denote blackness, because blackness is (apparently) bare of color. But the nasalized form of black is blank, which also meant originally bare, and was used to denote whiteness, because whiteness is (apparently) bare of color. The same word was used to denote the two opposite things. From which it would seem that black is white. To any one who shall point out a flaw in this etymological argument I shall endeavor to be grateful, provided he does not disturb the very satisfactory conclusion. This I should naturally resent. It may help him to a conclusion and serve as a further support to my contention to point out that *blac* in Anglo-Saxon actually means "white" as well as "black," so that it is not in its nasalized form only that the same word is employed to express opposite things. Why is this, unless that to the primitive mind both white and black appeared to agree in being bare or void of color, and for that reason to deserve the same name? And here I can not help harboring a suspicion, suggested by the Old German *Blachfrost* (which appears to be nearly obsolete, or only used in some localities) that our "black frost" meant originally a frost bare of accompaniments, as hoar, rime, and it is a coincidence only that it should be black in color and blacken the vegetation. But we have long lost hold of the original meaning and believe it to refer to the color.—Notes and Queries.

### INTELLIGENT MONKEYS.

Curious Anecdotes of a Chimpanzee and an Orang Outang.

The great physiologist, Blumenbach, had one of the monkey tribe, whose movements and conduct he carefully watched for more than a year together. It came to manage the wood for the stove with great dexterity, and would put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cook-maid or a paragonous spinster. This animal was very partial to the fire, like all other apes, and would occasionally singe himself, when he would sally forth and roll round in the snow with all the ecstasy of a Russian after taking a warm vapor bath at 180 degrees of heat. After enjoying this luxury for a time he would return to his old quarters by the fire. He once swallowed a lump of arsenic large enough to have done the business of ten Kalmuckia, but in him it produced only a trifling indisposition, and in a short while he was quite well again.

A work on insects happened to lie for some time upon the table, and which our philosopher contemplated with solemn studiousness for about an hour. The illustrations particularly riveted his attention; whether they awakened reminiscences of his former haunts is unknown, but when the book came to be examined, it was discovered that with consummate address he had pinched out all the beetles of the large plates and actually eaten them—it is supposed mistaking them for real insects in some unknown state of preservation.

Some curious details are given of the habits of orang outangs exhibited many years ago in London. They were male and female, the former the Chimpanzee, and the latter the Borneo. In some respects they presented a marked contrast, and did not show the least tenderness or attachment to each other. The social habits of the Chimpanzee far exceeded those of the female. In the morning, on first seeing a person whom he knew, he would utter a loud cry of recognition, and running towards him, would stand perfectly erect, spreading his arms like a child to be taken up, when he would wind them around the neck of the individual in the manner of the fondest embrace; nor was it an easy task for those to whom he was attached to leave the room except by stealth.

The instinct of providing and placing warm materials for her bed was most marked in the female, who would be for two hours dragging blankets from various parts of the room, smoothing and changing their position, and beating any raised part down with her knuckles, assuming at the same time a look of gravity and an appearance of wisdom.

The hearing of both animals was remarkably acute, and the knowledge of sounds was accurately shown. They also seemed to have a pretty good idea of time, for as the hour approached at which they were removed to their nightly quarters, they would of their own accord get the blankets, and enfold themselves in readiness to depart; and if their removal was protracted beyond the usual time, it required force to prevent them from going to the door.

The Chimpanzee having caught a cold, he had a violent cough that in sound was remarkably human; and when a fit of coughing came on he was usually given some sweetmeat or cordial to stop it. He soon adopted the cough as means of obtaining these luxuries. Really, those creatures that "ape humanity so," create in us strange and by no means agreeable sensations about ourselves.—N. Y. Ledger.

A HEALTHFUL DIET.

Fruit a Perfect Food in Summer as Well as Winter.

Some people are afraid to eat fruit, thinking that fruit and diarrhoea are always associated, when, if they understood the true cause of the diarrhoea, they would know that it was caused by eating meat. In hot weather meat putrefies very quickly, and during this process alkaloids are formed which are very poisonous, acting as emetics and purgatives. 'Tis true that fruit eaten green or between meals will interfere with digestion and cause bowel troubles; but use fruit that is perfectly ripe at meal-time, and only beneficial results will follow.

Acids prevent calcareous degenerations, keeping the bones elastic, as well as preventing the accumulation of earthly matters. This is because of the solvent power of the acids; but manufactured acids are not harmless, as are those which nature has prepared for us in the various kinds of fruit. Fruit is a perfect food when fully ripe, but if it were in daily use from youth to age there would be less gout, gall-stones and stone in the bladder. Stewed apples, pears and plums are favorite articles of diet. For breakfast or luncheon, in the dining room or in the nursery, there are few table dishes more wholesome and more delicious than well-stewed fruit served up with cream or custard.

There are many persons, however, who can not eat on account either of acidity of the fruit or the excess of sugar necessary to make it palatable. Sugar does not, of course, counteract acidity; it only disguises it, and its use in large quantities is calculated to retard digestion. The housewife may, therefore, be grateful for the reminder that a pinch, a very small pinch, of carbonate of soda, sprinkled over the fruit previously to cooking, will save sugar, and will render the dish at once more palatable and more wholesome.—Medical Classics.

—Summer boarding.—Algernon de Swellton—"Will you please pass me the menu?" Eliza Jane—"We haven't any this morning, sir. They're not in season yet."