

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

With nine presidential tickets in the field the average voter ought to be able to pick out something that will harmonize with his complexion.

Intense heat never seems to be the slightest bar to smoking, though just why a man should want to carry a little fire with him is beyond most of us.

Mofakham-Dowleh, the new Persian representative at Washington, was born and bred a soldier. He entered military service at the age of eleven and did not take up diplomatic life until he was twenty-five years old.

What little reform gets into Turkey usually slips in by the back door. Report has it that the only dynamo now in Constantinople passed the customhouse as a washing-machine; and thus the feelings of the authorities were spared.

A rifle range of 1,100 yards is to be erected near Gettys station, Portsmouth, Va., on the Seaboard Air Line railroad. It is to be built expressly for the marines stationed at the navy yard, who will this summer take turns at the target. It is the intention to make expert marksmen of the men, so that they will become as proficient in the use of firearms as their brethren in the army.

The commercial treaty between the United States and Italy, just ratified by the Chamber of Deputies of the latter country admits into our ports from Italy, at the reduced rates provided in section 3 of the Dingley act, the articles therein enumerated, including brandies, wines and works of art. We look for a large increase in the importation of Italian works of art.

Charles Booth, a careful student of social conditions, says that "the unemployed are, as a class, a selection from the unfit; and on the whole, those most in want are the most unfit." Of course, no employer can afford to pay a man for doing poor work. Unfitness may be either a misfortune or a fault. In either case, society suffers, and must learn how to prevent the increase of defective members by making industrial training a part of general education.

Russia's czarina has organized an association of Russian women in reduced circumstances, who are almost constantly employed for embroidery for ecclesiastical purposes or for court dresses. The czar generally buys the altar cloths and vestments to give to churches and thus a market is created for this branch of needlecraft. Queen Emma of Holland has also a school of woman embroideresses, who wrought the young queen's coronation robe and also some of her evening dresses.

Before Jan. 1, 1907, France is going to spend \$95,367,200 in increasing her navy. The scheme proposes the construction of six 14,865-ton battleships; five 12,600-ton cruisers, twenty-eight 205-ton torpedo destroyers and an undated number of submarine torpedo boats, for which the sum of \$13,660,000 has been set aside. The French navy is the first to possess submarine boats really worthy of the name, that is to say, able under certain conditions to discharge successfully the torpedoes with which they are armed against hostile vessels, either anchored or in motion.

Milwaukee, famous for its beer, may now claim distinction as being the "German city" of the United States. There are more Germans in Milwaukee in proportion to its population than in any other city. The percentage of population is 66, and Hoboken is a close second with 57 per cent. New York has only 38 per cent and Chicago 37 per cent. Boston is at the bottom of the list, with a German population of only 7 per cent of the total. Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, Newark, Cincinnati, and Jersey City have larger percentages of Germans in their populations than either New York or Chicago.

One of the most honored and conspicuous figures in the public life of Great Britain during the last half century was Lord Playfair, of whom a sketch appears in the North American Review. The vast sanitary improvements which have taken place in England within thirty years and the evolution of the whole system of scientific and technical instruction are due to Playfair more than to any other man. He originally suggested the adoption of open half-penny letters, now known as "post cards," and he was largely instrumental in suggesting the basis of an equitable agreement between Great Britain and America when President Cleveland's Venezuelan message had brought the two countries into dangerous antagonism.

"Athletics are first-class as a pastime," Governor Roosevelt recently said to the boys of St. Paul's school, "but they are as poor a business as the world contains." Oliver Cromwell's statement of the same truth is two hundred and fifty years earlier. He wrote to his little sons at school that he did not grudge them "laudable recreation nor honorable carriage in them nor legitimate expense;" but that he did emphatically protest against "pleasure and self-satisfaction being made the business of a man's life."

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you mind, my dearest?"
"Yes; I wish I had been the first, Alan."

The two people who were speaking were sitting together on a boulder by the seashore of one of our prettiest watering places. It was early October, and although it had been a late season, yet there was already a touch of coldness in the air, notwithstanding the brilliant sunshine. The sea was as blue as the sky, tossing and little disturbed by the wind, yet only enough to give it color and motion. The little town looked white and clean, smiling in the autumn sunshine. A thoroughly conventional English scene, just as the girl herself was a thoroughly conventional English girl. Her dark blue eyes were brown and of a soft texture; her face a perfect oval, with a little square chin, into which there had been pressed, as by some loving finger, the prettiest dimple in the world. A tall, slight figure, that gave promise of a fuller, ampler womanhood; a clear white skin, flushed rosy; and lashes and eyebrows many shades darker than her hair completed a whole that was very captivating. She was dressed, too, conventionally, although the blue serge dress and jacket fitted her as only a tailor-made gown can fit. A little sailor hat was perched upon her head in just the most effective manner possible.

But at this minute the dark blue eyes looked troubled, the pretty hands were clasped round her knees, and she was looking seawards and away from the man by her side. He, too, looked troubled. It had cost Alan Mackenzie a good deal to record the events of his life, and to speak of the young wife he had lost four years ago. He had wanted the past to be past; and although Veronica's memory was dear and sweet to him, and the girl herself had been loving and tender, yet it seemed to him hard to bring up the dead past. There was such a chasm between that life and this, such a difference between the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girl he had wooed under the brilliant South American skies and this girl whom he was wooing beside the tumbling English sea, that it often seemed to Alan Mackenzie that he must be an entirely different person.

He leaned forward and looked at her. She had her face turned towards the sea, so that he could just see the delicate profile outlined against the blue sky, could just see the pink ear-nestling against the coils of her hair. It was not for her beauty alone that he loved Joyce Grenville. He felt that she was his equal in most, his superior in some, things. He and she together, he thought, could live the perfect married life. And now there was the shadow of poor Veronica to come and throw a gloom over their wooing. Veronica, whom he had never loved like this girl; Veronica, for whom he had had the tenderest protective pity, but that was all.

And now he looked at Joyce, and felt to the full that if he lost her he lost everything that made life worth living; that life without Joyce would be incomplete, and that all his success in life—and he was by no means disposed to undervalue that—would mean nothing to him without Joyce. She was so desirable, was Joyce, with her high-bred, British air, and with all the qualities that he knew her to possess, and with that fact staring him full in the face that she loved her, and her alone.

His voice trembled as he said: "Do you mind so much, Joyce, that it will be an insuperable bar? Do you mean that you cannot say 'Yes' to me?"
She turned round and faced him, and he could see the trouble in her eyes and the twitching of her lips. "No," she said, in a low voice. "I don't mean that; I cannot give you up, Alan. You have made me love you; I cannot change my love in a day. But it has cast a shadow over me. I cannot rejoice over my love for you as I did now I know this: That life cannot give the unalloyed happiness that I thought possible half an hour ago."

"Because you are not the first, Joyce? In one sense you are the first. I have told it you all quite truthfully—how first I felt nothing but pity for her, and then gradually I wanted to shield her from the hardships of life, and there was no other way. I married her."

"And she—did she not love you?"
Alan did not hesitate, nor did he prevaricate. A less truthful man than he might have made light of Veronica's devotion, but he could not. The dead girl's passionate eyes, fixed upon him with an expression of undying love in them, rose up before him. "She," he said, in a low voice—"she loved me more than her life."

Joyce gave a little exclamation. It was not altogether pain, but as if she had said that she had known it well. Of course she had loved him! What woman would not have loved Alan Mackenzie?

He said nothing, but she could see his lips quivering. That troubled her. She felt that he would say no more, but that the first words must come from her. He had stated his case; he had pleaded with her. It was for her to say "Yes" or "No." Only he had told her the whole truth. Some men would have said less; but then she

loved him for that very truthfulness, which would hide nothing from her. "I wish you had not told me," she said. For a moment she thought that this really was so, and that she would rather not have known; it was only momentary, however.

"Would you rather not have known?" he said, and looked at her reproachfully. "Joyce, I hate having to give you this pain; but I have always thought that the very essence of married happiness lay in the fact that husband and wife had no secrets from each other."

"Did you tell her everything?" asked Joyce, woman-like.

"No, dearest. God forbid that I should wish to deprecate the girl who loved me so well; but she was not your equal. She was simply a pure, sweet, loving woman; but she would not have understood. She had pretty ways of making a house homelike and charming; but she had but very little education. I could not have told her everything. Joyce, you know all about our brief married life now. I don't believe that you—I don't believe that you would be jealous of the dead woman. Now tell me straight out if you will make me happy. I don't think you know or can guess what you are to me. How my whole life and soul are bound up in you, how empty my life would be without you. I think if you understood that you would forget all about the story I have told you, and give yourself to me, to hold and to keep as the dearest thing in the world."

The tears were standing in his eyes, he was so much in earnest. It seemed to him as if the making of the marriage of his life was in this slender girl's hands; and she was moved, too. "Of course I mind, dearest," she said. "If I did not mind so much I should not love you so much. Just think how would you like it if some other man had had my first kiss, my first words of love?"

"I should not like it at all; I should hate it, Joyce," he said, frankly. "I knew you would. I should have asked you to marry me a year ago if I had not had this past behind me. I have loved you well enough all the time. It is only now that I have been presumptuous enough to think that you love me a little that I have spoken; and if you do truly love me, Joyce, you will only be sorry for all that I have suffered in the past."

Joyce was not an ungenerous girl, and though there was a certain sting in the fact that Alan had suffered through another woman, yet she could feel it in her heart to pity the girl who had only been Alan's wife for four months, and who had died in so tragic a manner. She rose. "Shall we go in to the others, Alan?" she said, softly.

But he caught her hand. "Not before I have had my answer, Joyce. Oh, no! not before I have had my answer! Don't be cruel, darling! Put me out of pain!"

"Dearest," she said, "you know your answer. You know that I love you, and that I would never deny my love. This unhappy story of yours has been a surprise to me, and a little shock; but it does not really make any difference, does it, when two people love each other?"

"Joyce," he cried—"there was the purest joy in his tone—"Joyce, you have made me so happy that I have no words to express my happiness. And you will not think of this again? It will not be a bar between us? It only comes to me now and again, when I have thought that you would not like it. And now, Joyce, you are cheating me of my kiss of betrothal. Come behind this rock."

And as Joyce was just a sweet, loving girl, who had promised herself to the man she loved, she made no demur, but gave him his kiss; and they both walked up to the house, trying to forget the thing that had been discussed between them. And, as a matter of fact, they did forget it. They were so happy in each other, and so happy in the prospect of the new life before them, that they actually did forget. Alan told his story to Joyce's father as he had told it to Joyce, and after that he felt he had done all that would be asked of him. He revelled in the thought of Joyce's love, and poor Veronica might never have existed for him at all. There was nothing but talk of preparations for the wedding and settlements, nothing but congratulations and envious of his luck, nothing in all this to remind him of the simple preparations for the civil marriage that had been the only one possible in Rio. Joyce had begged for a six months' engagement. Alan had insisted on three; and as there was really nothing to wait for he had his way.

He had known Joyce for more than three years, and had met her at the house of a mutual friend, had been attracted to her from the first; so that it seemed as if they had actually been engaged much longer than was the case. He was still in the firm of Dempster, only now he was a partner instead of an employee. He had been called to the bar, but did not practice regularly, seeing that he did not have much time. The three months passed very quickly; there was so much to do, so much to settle. It was a very

happy time, but one evening Alan got rather a nasty shock. He had been seeing Joyce, and they had spent the usual happy time together. He was immersed in thoughts and dreams of her, and was not looking very much where he was going. Turning a corner sharply he ran up against a man who seemed a little unsteady in his gait.

"I beg your pardon!" Alan said. The man uttered an imprecation. At the first sound of his voice Alan thought that it was familiar to him. He gave a start. "Hutchinson!" he cried. The man looked up. A gleam of recognition lit up his drink-sodden eyes, and with the recognition there came, too, a gleam of hatred.

"It's you!" he cried, and he swore again.

"Yes," said Alan, "and I am sorry to see you like this. Can I do anything for you, Hutchinson?"
"Do anything for me? You? I'll trip you yet!" cried the man, his hatred flashing like a knife. "Do you think I have forgotten how you got me turned out, how you ruined me? No! And I will be even with you yet if I hang for it! And there's that girl of mine, too! I always thought that you had a hand in her disappearance! I will be even with you yet, my fine young man!"

"Well," said Alan, coolly, "I would have helped you if you would have let me; not that I regard your threats. It was your own dishonesty and nothing else that was your ruin. And as for the girl, you are right there. I married her, and she was drowned; but she was no daughter of yours, and you knew it."

Hutchinson's surprise got the better of his caution. "I brought her up," he said, "even if she was not my own. In a way she was mine. And so you married her, did you? And now you say she is dead."

"She is dead, poor soul!" said Alan. "Died in the wreck of the 'Valparaiso' four years ago; and I'm to be married again. I wish you would let me help you, Hutchinson!"

An evil sneer crossed Hutchinson's face. "Married again, are you? Soon? Well, I will wish you joy, you and your bride. You may have an unexpected guest at your wedding, although I am not quite sure. We will see what way things will go. Good-by, my fine gentleman!"

He left Alan with a curious sense that something untoward had happened, although the young man could not say what it had been.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE.

Motive Is the Ground Color for Historical Pictures.

Unless an author can maintain, without deviation, from the first to the last pages of his book, the language of the period of which he writes, his work will be better, his pages will be more easily read; and whatever true atmosphere he may be able to create in other ways will be more convincing if he writes in the language of his own times. No books have a stronger flavor of their own period than the D'Arctagnan romances, well translated into modern English. It was as well for an English author to attempt to give German atmosphere to a story of German life by writing it in broken English, as to attempt to give old-time flavor to an old-time tale by writing in a tongue composed of both the old and the new. If I am right in my conclusions, atmosphere may be imparted by facts and language, subject to the conditions above stated. These two methods, although generally attempted, more frequently fail than succeed. Novels wherein old-time phrases and historical facts only are relied upon to give old-time color are accepted without question, perhaps, by those who do not know the period of which the novels treat, or do not care to analyze the question. But to an inquiring mind, knowing the period, such a novel as to its atmosphere is usually as disappointing as wet gunpowder. It is from the setting of the story and from the acts, motives, and methods of thought of the characters that true atmosphere may be imparted. What the characters are made to feel, do, and say give the real atmosphere. What they say is important matter; not how they say it. Motive is the ground color for all historical pictures. There is no period in history of which we have a complete view. At best we can only catch glimpses of the environment of men and women who have preceded us, and who have faded into the dim, hazy light of the past. We have but fragmentary pictures, that come to us in sections, like the picture-blocks of a child, with many parts missing. Those parts which we lack we try to fill in as best we can, guiding our hands, as we draw, by the parts we have.—Charles Major in the June Scribners.

Ingredients of Toilet Soap.

The basis of the better qualities of toilet soap is generally curd or yellow soap, in the making of which special precautions are taken to insure absence of free alkali. This is most important, as otherwise the soap would be altogether unsuitable for toilet purposes, the free alkali being injurious to the skin. This is the reason why so many of the cheaper laundry soaps produce chapped hands and similar results when used for toilet purposes. If, on the other hand, there is an excess of fat, the soap is greasy and does not possess the cleansing properties a good soap should. A laundry soap may be made without much difficulty by an amateur, but it is better to buy whatever toilet soap is required, for the reasons stated, and also because special apparatus is required to make a soap of first class quality.

CONGER IS ALIVE

Message Has Been Received From Minister.

HE WAS SAFE AS LATE AS JULY 18TH

Holdings Out in British Legation, But Besieged—Officials Do Not Doubt Authenticity of Dispatch—London Is Not so Hopeful.

A Washington, July 21 dispatch says: Like a flash of sunlight out of the dark sky came the intelligence at an early hour yesterday that United States Minister Conger had sent a cipher cablegram from Peking to the state department at Washington, making known that two days ago he was alive and that the foreigners were fighting for their safety. The Chinese minister, Wu Ting Fang, received the message. Within an hour the welcome intelligence that Mr. Conger had been heard from, after weeks of silence and evil report, was flashed throughout the country and, indeed, throughout the world, dispelling the gloom which had prevailed everywhere, and bringing to officials and to the public generally a sense of profound relief. The dispatch was in reply to Secretary Hay's cable inquiry to Minister Conger on July 11 and as both messages were in the American cipher code they were regarded by the officials as above the suspicion of having been tampered with in the course of transmission through Chinese channels. Mr. Wu promptly communicated the dispatch to the state department, where the translation was made from the cipher figures and soon all Washington was astir with intelligence.

London Sees Treachery.

A London, July 21, dispatch says: The Conger dispatch fails to carry conviction to either the British press or public. Its genuineness is not disputed, for, as is pointed out here, the Chinese must possess quite a sheaf of such messages, which the ministers fruitlessly endeavored to get transmitted, from which they could easily select a non-committal dispatch to serve the required purpose.

It is supposed that Mr. Conger omitted to destroy the cipher code and that this is now in the possession of the Chinese, in which event the selection or concoction of the dispatch would not be difficult. It is argued that the dispatch, if it were a genuine reply to the inquiries of the American government, would go more into details.

BECKHAM IS NOMINATED.

Present Governor of Kentucky Wins Out in Convention.

A Lexington, Ky., July 20 dispatch says: Governor Beckham was nominated by the democratic state convention for governor of Kentucky by acclamation. The platform indorses the democratic national platform, recommends a change in the Goebel election law by the legislature of 1901 and guarantees the representation of both parties on state and county election boards, denounces the assassination of Goebel and declares for order, civil and personal liberty. The action of Bradley in calling out the militia during the election in November, 1899, is denounced and the administration of Beckham is indorsed.

The War in South Africa.

The following dispatch from Lord Roberts has been received at the London war office:

"Pretoria, July 19.—Methuen occupied Heekpoort without opposition to speak of. Ian Hamilton and Mahon continued their march along the country north of the Delagoa Bay railroad. Hunter is reconnoitering the positions occupied by the Free Staters between Bethlehem and Ficksburg."

Fire Bugs at West Point.

In a downpour of rain at West Point the firemen were called to extinguish an incipient blaze in a rubbish heap back of Tammond's barber shop. One hour later another fire broke out in a barn on Lincoln street. The barn is a complete wreck. Prompt action saved a row of barns along the alley. It is supposed to be the work of a fire bug. Three alarms were turned in.

Mid-Road Ticket.

The mid-road journalists of the state at their meeting in Grand Island, nominated the following ticket: Governor, Taylor Flick; lieutenant governor, H. G. Rieter; secretary of state, W. C. Starkey; auditor, Samuel Lichty; attorney general, J. Stevens; treasurer, A. Tipton; commissioner, James Salmon; superintendent, Mrs. J. T. Kelley.

Tornado Near Bennet, Neb.

A small tornado struck about three miles south of Bennet during a recent storm, tearing up everything in its path for a short distance. The barn, cow sheds, chicken houses, pigpens, etc., of James Taylor were made a complete wreck and it is reported that other damage was done in the community.

Killed the Sultan.

The Matin prints a dispatch from Tripoli reporting a French victory in West Africa and the death of Rabat, former sultan of Bornu, in the Sudan. The eldest son of Rabat was wounded in flight. Omar Benbrahim has been placed on the throne of Bornu.

Still in Fighting Trim.

General Joseph Wheeler, commander of the department of the lakes, has asked the war department to assign him to duty in China.

ABSENCE OF NEWS.

Nothing Particularly New from Seat of Chinese Trouble.

There is nothing particularly new from the Orient. More or less speculative stories are at hand regarding the jealousies of the powers, and it seems they are wide apart on a joint command.

A dispatch from London says the action of Count von Buelow, the German minister of foreign affairs, informing the Chinese legation at Berlin that all telegraphic messages must be in plain language and submitted for approval by the censor, and the suggestion of M. Delcasse, the French minister of foreign affairs, that the exportation of arms to China be prohibited, which are generally regarded here as long steps in the right direction of treating China as a state engaged in war, have been supplemented by the official announcement from St. Petersburg that certain portions of the Amur territory, including parts of the Khabarovsk district and the coast territory, as well as the towns of the Biagovetschenak, Khabarovsk and Kikolskussuri, have been declared in a state of war since July 17. Russia's announcement is regarded in London as at least foreshadowing a speedy unconditional recognition of the fact that a condition of war exists between China and the civilized world, and the general opinion seems to favor such recognition as the best means of meeting the barbarian upheaval, while at the same time endeavoring to isolate the independent viceroys from the general conflagration.

Think He Is Insane.

H. H. Andrews was before the insanity commission at Nebraska City on the charge of being insane and was held. He is of the opinion that his family has done him an injury and he wants revenge, and his feared he will do them bodily harm. He had made application for admission to the soldier's home at Leavenworth, Kans., and further action was deferred to hear from the officials at the home.

Powder Magazine Explodes.

A Nevada City, Cal., July 19 dispatch says: Late last night a powder magazine belonging to George E. Turner and situated near the Reward mine, about two miles from this town, exploded, tearing a hole forty feet deep in the earth. It is not yet known whether there has been any loss of life and the property damage has not been estimated.

Saloon Fight at Wichita.

A Wichita, Kans., dispatch says: Jim Kennedy was ordered out of Frank Johnson's saloon at Union City, Okl., for disorderly conduct. He resented it and drew his gun, shooting Johnson in the head. Johnson replied with two shots. Johnson is dead, but Kennedy will recover. The latter is under arrest charged with murder.

Italian Reciprocity Signed.

Final signatures of the Italian reciprocity agreement have been attached at the state department. The arrangement, like that with France and Germany, is made under section 3 of the Dingley tariff act, and in the matter of imports into the United States relates only to still wines, brandies, argols, paintings and statuary.

Use Dynamite to Kill Fish.

Some persons without regard for the law used dynamite at Malony lake, near Humboldt, Neb., killing a large number of fish, specimens of which were found floating on the surface of the water the following day. The lessees of the lake think they know the guilty parties and will investigate and punish the offenders if possible.

Charge Him With Murder.

"Dutch" Poors, the alleged murderer of John Adams, has been arrested at Warsaw, Neb. Poors and Adams left Chandler, Okl., in company two weeks ago. Adams' body was found hidden in the brush south of Warsaw last Saturday. When arrested Poors had Adams' team and other property.

Thrown Into the Lake.

One hundred excursionists were precipitated into the lake while standing on the steamer landing at Lake Geneva, Wis., which collapsed from overweight. All were rescued and but few injured. No names were given. The excursionists were from Harvard, Ill.

Life Lost in the Fire.

Thomas D. Cahill, Washington representative of the Cosmopolitan magazine, was killed in the fire that destroyed the Vehmeyer broom corn warehouse at Chicago. Firemen searching through the ruins found his remains.

Find Fragments of Body.

A terrible explosion wrecked Depew's store at Naylor, Ga. Fragments of a man's body were found in the ruins and it is believed a safe blower was killed while attempting to blow the safe.

Sidney Edgerton Dead.

Hon. Sidney Edgerton, aged eighty-two, died at his home at Akron, O. He was prominent in politics in the days of President Lincoln.

Yerkes Nominated.

The republican state convention of Kentucky, held at Louisville, nominated John W. Yerkes for governor, and adopted a platform declaring the issue of the election to be the Goebel election law.

Fatal Kentucky Fight.

In a three handed fight at Hawesville, Hancock county, Kentucky, between Allen and Frank Pulliam and Jack Beeson, Hesson was killed instantly and Allen Pulliam died three hours later.