Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA

When the wind propels a hat it is chased, but the remarks of the man who owns the hat are seldom chaste.

The wornout uniforms of the British army are sold at auction each year, and bring back into the treasury nearly $150,000.

The undertakers of Cincinnati have formed a trust. Doubtless the members will boycott all their acquaintances who persist in remaining alive.

The Mexican census, recently completed, shows a total population of 12,491,573, over two-thirds of whom are illiterate. Over 80 per cent of the population is of mixed or Indian blood.

This year's wine yield in France is expected to be exceptionally abundant. The "Moniteur Vinicole" estimates the total output for France at 55,000,000 hectolitres, as compared with 48,000,000 in 1899.

Having duly annexed the Transvaal, Gen. Roberts appeals to the Boers to stop fighting. As they are now, from the British point of view, legally subjects of Queen Victoria, why not have the Boers arrested?

Lord Rowton, who is the literary executor of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, has been visiting the queen, and it is rumored that she has directed him to put off the publication of Beaconsfield's memoirs till after her death.

Recently a new fruit was exhibited to the fellows of the Royal Horticultural society in London. The plant bearing it is a hybrid between the raspberry and common blackberry. The taste of the fruit combines the flavor of the dewberry with that of the raspberry, and it comes into perfection as the raspberries are failing.

It is said that gas for lighting purposes is obtained from the leaves of the Australian gum tree and in Germany, Russia, Norway and other countries, gas made from wood has been introduced. Almost every tree may be said in a way to produce gas, for they all give off carbonic acid gas in greater or less quantities during the night.

Work has been begun in Baltimore on the silver service for Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, to be made from the silver coin captured on the Spanish cruiser Christobal Colon. The service will consist of eighteen dinner plates, one gravy boat, one ladle, four vegetable dishes, one game platter, one fish platter, one entree platter and one soup tureen. The total weight of the silver is 2,000 ounces, and the cost when completed will be between $7,000 and $9,000.

The "missing link" has again been found, this time in Java, where Dr. Dubois has unearthed certain fossil remains of such an interesting character that Professor Haeckel, the celebrated German biologist, has determined to go there himself and investigate. Dr. Dubois is firmly of opinion that the bones belong to a species intermediate between the highest ape and prehistoric man. His views have been received with favor by many scientific men, among them Professor Haeckel, who has never ceased to advocate the importance of making further excavations in the district of Java where Dr. Dubois found the remains.

The craze for Kruger coins and stamps has been so pronounced that a complete set is not now to be had in the regular market. A $1.25 piece is rated at $12.50, and what is known as an "extraordinary" crown at $50. This is because in 1892 the die makers gave the bullock-wagon shafts, instead of a pole (or disselboom.) All coins from half-sovereigns downward were so struck, and got into circulation before the error was discovered. Any one of these coins fetches more than $5. There is likely, by the way, to be a slump in the rating of Transvaal postage stamps, for a Pretoria official says that he has overprinted stamps to the value of $1,500,000.

Of course educated deaf mutes get to be pretty handy with their pencils. They have to write all their communications to speaking people, and do so very rapidly. The Rev. A. W. Mann is a deaf mute missionary and expert penman. For twenty-five years he has made missionary trips to deaf mute churches, not alone in this country, but in foreign lands. Mr. Mann writes wrong side up as well as the other way. He is often interviewed. The method is this: The reporter sits at the table opposite Mann. A pad of paper lies between them. The reporter writes a question, Mann reads it upside down, and, without moving the paper, writes the answer—also upside down.

It is said to cost $57,000 a year to maintain all of the Moody educational enterprises, over and above receipts from hymn book royalties and tuitions. The latter are low even below cost, because Northfield is intended to help those students who are compelled from financial considerations to help themselves or go without an education. Every year many sons and daughters of well-to-do families are denied admission. This year the deficit has nearly all been made up and receipts for the endowment fund are coming slowly but steadily.

A Sacrifice To Conscience

by H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The sick man turned a startled look on her.

"What do you mean, little one? Tell me, Jasmine. Have you any reason for saying this?"

"None," she answered, gently patting his thin hand, "but that kind of instinct which you once said to me, daddy, all women have. I don't like him; I mistrust him. Is it not strange? There are some people, now"—she paused, and a litle soft color crept into her cheeks—"that one feels could help one, would never betray one, could keep one's secrets as they would their own."

"Yes,' said David Lloyd, "that is so. There is that young lawyer, now—what is his name?—Enderby; I think I could trust him. But you are wrong about Lyndon, Jasmine; he is my friend. Now it is time for my medicine, is it not?"

Jasmine went away for it, and after giving it to him, sat down by the fire. There was a soft light in her eyes, a kind of tremulousness on her mouth, as she looked into the flickering flame. Of what was she thinking? Who can say? The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

But she did not forget her household duties. She ran away presently to get the early tea which her father liked more than any other meal. Suddenly she heard a faint cry, and running to her father's side she found him lying back in his chair, a ghastly color like that of death overspreading his face, his eyes open, but fixed and glazed, his lips apart, and a slight froth upon them. His whole appearance was a terrible one; but Jasmine had seen it once before—the night on which she had gone for Doctor Lyndon.

She looked for a basin of warm water, and put his stiff hands into it, as if with an idea that that would do him good. As she did so a knock sounded on the door. She flew to it, and opened it to see Paul Enderby.

It was Sunday, the day on which he had promised to come.

"Oh, Mr. Enderby," she exclaimed, "father is terribly ill! Will you come in?"

He followed her, and was shocked to see the terrible condition of her father. Jasmine continued her operations, loosened the neckband of the dressing gown, and chafed his hands with her own trembling ones.

"Shall we lift him into bed, and I shall run for the doctor?" said Enderby, in a whisper.

"No, no—not Doctor Lyndon!" she exclaimed, with a sudden energy that startled him. "But, if you do not mind helping me, we could lift him into bed."

Enderby, with great gentleness, did so. Then he stood aside, wondering, as he had often done before, why he came always to be a helper of this man and his daughter; it was while Jasmine hung over her father, doing what she could for him with such womanly and almost motherly solicitude, that Enderby saw in her now a woman, not a child.

Suddenly the dreadful look passed from the sick man's face, and he began to talk in a strange, rambling, incoherent way.

"Yes, yes, Lyndon—just so, that's what we must do. Keep it quiet, of course. But he—what is his name?—Sir John, Sir Matthew—no, no I've forgotten!—he'll help me. He won't see harm come to me. And then there's Jasmine, my little one. Oh, whatever happens she must be cared for and looked after, and she must come to me. See here, this is how we'll—we'll—"

His voice trembled away incoherently. Jasmine, her face very white, and wide terror in her eyes, turned to Enderby. The young man's heart ached at the agony in her appealing look.

"Has he ever been like this before?" he asked in a low voice.

"Only once," Jasmine whispered, "and that was the night I met you. Oh, it is terrible!"

"What can we do? You don't wish for Lyndon. Shall I get another doctor?" Enderby asked.

"No; he would be so put about over it when he became conscious." She moved to the foot of the bed, for the incoherent babblings were now lower, and Enderby followed her. Suddenly she looked up with terror in her face. "It is awful to think it," she said, whispering—and he could see her lips twitching nervously—"but I—I am afraid of Doctor Lyndon. I don't trust him. Can it be—oh, I dare not say it!"

Paul started violently, and he felt his own pale face. Could there be anything in the vague suspicion and mistrust of this man? He felt he must know what Jasmine thought; so much depended upon it. He laid his hand on her arm.

"Miss Lloyd, will you trust me sufficiently to tell me what you mean? You have some reason to dislike, to distrust Doctor Lyndon? As I told you, I know him—a little. Perhaps I might be able to help you if I knew what you fear."

Jasmine stole to her father's side. He was asleep. She came back to Enderby, and made a motion to him to follow her to the window.

"I know you will not betray us," she said in a low voice. "Perhaps you have guessed my father has some secret weighing on his mind. I do not know what it is; he has not told me. But I know this: my father is a good man, and he has never done anyone a wrong in his life. Doctor Lyndon knows his secret; I can see that. My father trusts him, and takes everything the doctor prescribes. He hardly takes any food; that is because Doctor Lyndon says he must not eat much, and that is making him so weak. And the doctor gives him a medicine—it is marked 'Hypophosphates' on the label. He had taken a dose of that—the last dose in the bottle. The last time he was ill like this; and that he had today is the last dose in the bottle. Is not that strange?"

It was starnge—very. Enderby's face, grave and pale, was slightly turned from Jasmine; but she saw it, and a sudden, overwhelming terror moved over her. In her agitation she seized his hand.

"You think it—strange?" she said. "Oh, I must save him! I must save him! Help me, dear God—help me!" Passionate sobs broke her voice, and she threw herself on her knees, covering her face with her hands. Enderby looked down at her, strange emotions stirring him.

Then he bent down and raised her up gently.

"Don't give way like that, my child! We shall save him, no fear of that. I shall tell you what I will do. I have a friend, a doctor. You must persuade your father to see him. As for the bottle, you must let me have it, and we shall soon know the truth. And in the meantime, be brave and strong, and take care of your father; and on no account give him anything prescribed by Doctor Lyndon."

With a sudden impulse the girl seized his hand again, and this time snatched it to her lips.

"May God bless and reward you for ever and ever!" she murmured, brokenly. And then, as if ashamed of herself, turned away, while a warm blush drowned the pallor of her face.

CHAPTER VI.

"Yes, there is nothing else for it. I must refuse Sir Henry's offer, and Cecil will be lost to me forever," said Enderby to himself, as he walked away from Burdon mansions.

It was nearing the hour for evening service, and church bells were already ringing a clangor of loud invitations over all the great city. Enderby was a church-goer. He was not one of the class, so common among college-bred and cultured young manhood, who consider a religion a superstition, and have renounced the belief that there is any God who ruleth the earth; and he felt at this moment, which seemed like a crisis in his life, a strange desire to be guided in his course of conduct by something higher than human wisdom or counsel.

He went into Westminster Abbey, and remained throughout the service. The psalms seemed strangely applicable to his own use.

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill?

"He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor, and hath not slandered his neighbor——"

* * * * * *

"He that sweareth unto his neighbor and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.

"He that hath not taken reward against the innocent."

Enderby bowed his knees humbly with the rest of the congregation, and from his heart went up a truly earnest prayer:

"Help me, O God, to do the thing that is right, even though it be to my own hindrance! Guard me from ever seeking a bribe against those who may be—nay, who I feel sure—are innocent."

He wrote to Sir Henry Lennox that night:

Dear Sir Henry: Will you allow me to withdraw my acceptance of your most kind and generous offer to take me as your junior in a certain case that is pending? I find I cannot conscientiously take the case in hand. I can only trust to your generosity not to ask my reasons, which are private ones. Again thanking you for your kindness, yours very sincerely,

PAUL ENDERBY.

He had promised not to disclose his acquaintance with the man calling himself David Lloyd, and he meant to keep that promise until he was freed from it.

Enderby had gone straight from Burdon mansion to his friend Doctor Bunthorne, and asked him to call upon David Lloyd, merely saying it was a case in which he was interested, though the Lloyds were little more than chance acquaintances, and promising to call in on the doctor and hear his report.

On Monday he met Sir Henry at the Law Courts. The great lawyer looked pale and worn; Enderby had never seen him look so old or so spent a man.

"You do not look well, Sir Henry. Why don't you take a holiday?" he said. "If I were your doctor I should insist upon it. The brain needs a rest as well as the body, and you give yours absolutely none."

"I am all right," said Sir Henry, a little impatiently for him; he was usually so patient even in dealing with stupid witnesses or dogmatic 'learned brothers,' that it was a common legend among the barristers that the Queen's Counsel had never been seen out of temper.

"So you don't wish to make a name for yourself in the Browlow Pearl case, Enderby? Have you heard anything about it from—from any one?"

"Sir Henry, I am not at liberty to reply to your question," replied the young man, with the slightest shade of hesitation. "May I ask you again, as I asked you in my letter, to generously leave the matter as it is? I shall never, believe me, forget your kindness in making me an offer which, if I could have accepted it, would have been so advantageous to myself."

Sir Henry turned aside for a moment; but when he looked around again the momentary expression of irritation had passed from his face.

"For whatever reason you have refused, Enderby," he said, "I am sure it is one that does honor to yourself. The man who can refuse to take fortune's tide at the flood, when he knows it will lead on to fortune, because conscience forbids him to do so, is a man who, perhaps, may not succeed in this world, but whose failure, if he fails, is more glorious than the success of others."

"Thank you, Sir Henry," said Enderby, flushing a little. The praise of such a man as Sir Henry was worth something, for he was one whom Paul Enderby admired and revered with all his heart.

How had he been deceived by such a man as Dundas Lyndon? Enderby asked himself the question again and again. In his own mind he had arrived at what seemed a likely enough solution of the mystery of David Lloyd.

Dundas Lyndon was in some way connected with the crime with which Lloyd had been accused, and was working upon the gentle and unsuspicious nature of the latter in order to get an inconvenient and dangerous witness out of the way.

Enderby hardly knew how deeply he was interested in the case until he discovered that he had almost forgotten an engagement he had in the evening, at which he expected to meet Cecil Lennox.

She was there, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, as Enderby approached, and looked very lovely in her exquisite Parisian confection of primrose and pink.

Enderby's pulses beat quicker as she turned her brilliant smile upon him. She extended her hand, and in a few minutes he and she were alone.

"So you are to be my father's junior in a great case that is coming on?" she said, still smiling upon him. "I am so glad! I congratulate you beforehand. It is the beginning of fame for you, and you will go up the ladder so quickly once you have started the ascent."

Enderby's face fell, and a shadow came upon his brow.

"Sir Henry told you so much, Miss Lennox? But did he not tell you that I had refused his generous offer?"

Cecil started.

"Refused! You can't be in earnest, Mr. Enderby! Refused such an offer! Why, it will be the making of your fortune! This case is a celebrated one, my father says. What poesible reason can you have for refusing?"

(To be continued.)

Coquetry of Cuban Women.

There is an innate coquetry about a Cuban woman that shows itself even in the least prominent of bows she ties. Her clothing is always dainty, and is frequently adorned with the needlework of her own fingers. Her gown may be nothing to look at twice, but her linen is something exquisite, and no other people rival them in cleanliness. In many ways the Cuban woman of today promises much for the future, but there are now strongly marked limitations, and this rip has revealed many of them to her. For instance, she never before thought much about physical culture, and those people who are blessed with gray hair are strongly reminded of the American women of yore, with whom it was the proper thing to faint, and a waist that measured over eighteen inches was a source of continual mortification. That is just about where these dwellers of the tropics are now in the scale of physical perfection. Their muscles are flabby, their chests thin and the splendid set-up of the American girl is never seen. They do not stand straight. It is not possible when they lace as they do and wear such thin shoes. In fact, they do not wear shoes as a rule, but a sort of little house slipper that is only intended for Turkish rug wear.

Wonders of the Telephone.

Sound does not travel along a telephone wire; the sound heard in the receiver is produced through the agency of electricity, the velocity of which depends on the source whence it is generated and the conductor along which it travels. There is certainly a limit to the distance to which telephone messages may be sent, but every year sees this limit increased. Many long distance lines are in use, as, for instance, from New York to Chicago. Lines are sometimes run under water; there is now, and has been for some time, telephonic communication between London and Paris.

CLOSE TO CONCORD

GOOD NEWS FROM CHINA REACHES WASHINGTON.

ENTIRE AGREEMENT FELT TO BE IN SIGHT

Victory in Diplomacy For United States—Russia and France in Complete Accord, and Germany is Not Far Away—Other News.

A Washington, Oct. special says: Favorable news has reached Washington from the European chancelleries, indicating that a complete agreement as to China is within sight. The agreement will be on the basis of the proposition laid down by the United States and the subsequent notes treating of that subject. The accord of Russia with the United States is more complete than was anticipated at first and the reports show that all the European nations are probably placing themselves in position to take advantage of the opening made by the United States and soon will be ready to begin negotiations for a settlement with the Chinese government.

The Russians already have given notice of such purpose, and while the text of the French note on this subject, referred to in press dispatches, has not reached the state department, the officials are satisfied that this is correctly reported and that France, like Russia, is ready to negotiate at once.

As for Germany, either the proposition of that government has been misunderstood, or it has sustained a change of mind.

Possibly the former is the case, but, however that may be, it is quite certain from the advices which have reached Washington that the German government, upon careful inspection of the plans for a settlement projected by the United States, finds therein nothing inconsistent with the German aspirations. Therefore it may be expected that Germany, too, will be prepared soon to join in this common movement towards a settlement.

Degradation of Prince Tuan.

The Chinese minister has delivered to the state department official confirmation of the degradation of Prince Tuan and many other Chinese leaders. The following official statement is made as to Minister Wu's dispatch:

"A cablegram received from Director General Sheng at Shanghai states that by imperial edict, issued on September 25, Prince Chwang, Prince Yih, Secondary Princes Tsai Lien and Tsai Ying are deprived of all their respective ranks and offices; that Prince Tuan is deprived of the office and is handed over to the imperial clan court, which shall consult and decide upon a severe penalty and his salary is to be stopped; that Duke Tai Lan and the president of the censorate, Ying Nien, are handed over to the said board who shall consult and decide upon a severe penalty, and that Kang Yi, assistant grand secretary and president of the civil board, and Chao Su Chio, president of the board of punishment, are handed over to the board of censors, who shall consult and decide upon a penalty."

RECAPTURE A BATTERY GUN

English Soldiers Get It Back From the Boers.

Lord Roberts, in a London dispatch of September 30, reports that Rundle's troops, in the Bethlehem district have recaptured from the Boers a mountain battery gun lost at Nicholson's Nek, and also 65,000 rounds of Martini-Henry ammunition.

Pretoria, Oct. 1.—General Baden-Powell has arrived here to take charge of the police in the Transvaal and the Orange River colony, where it is intended to maintain a force of 12,000 men, all under General Baden-Powell.

Lorenzo Marquez, Oct. 1.—An explosion occurred at Komatipoort while the British were destroying the Boer ammunition, resulting in the death of twenty of the Gordon Highlanders.

Lorenzo Marquez, Oct. 1.—The Austrian steamer, Steria Lloyd, has sailed from here having on board 400 Transvaal refugees, part of them being Irish-Americans.

A MURDEROUS INSANE MAN

Runs Amuck at Albert Lea, But Finally Shot Down.

John Hare, a crazy man, ran amuck at Albert Lea, Minn., shot Policeman Oscar Subby, who attempted to arrest him, and held a big crowd at bay. He also shot William Jones in the abdomen, causing a serious wound. A crowd followed Hare down the street, keeping up a perfect fusilade of shots. A rifle bullet through the brain finally brought him down. He can live but a few hours. Officer Subby was shot through the left lung under the heart, but may pull through. Jones is in a serious condition.

Coal Mine on Fire.

The Sunnyside coal mine at Evansville, the largest mine in southern Indiana, is on fire and a large force of men is fighting the flames. It is feared the entire mine will be destroyed. It is valued at $200,000.

A negro hobo is under arrest at Grand Island for shooting at the night-watchman of the Union Pacific, Juergen Klintworth. Klintworth had ordered the negro out of the yards and had clubbed him. Later the negro took a shot at the watchman. When arrested the fellow had reloaded his revolver.

The population of the city of Los Angeles, Cal., as announced officially is as follows: 1900, 102,479; 1890, 50,393. These figures show for the city as a whole an increase in population of 52,084, or 103.35 per cent from 1890

WOMAN TELLS OF THE SIEGE

Mrs. M. S. Woodward Penned Up With Conger Family.

A San Francisco special says: "Mrs. M. S. Woodward of Chicago, who, with her daughter, Ione, landed today from the steamer Coptic, told a new story of the Pekin siege.

"There was continual fighting, day and night," said Mrs. Woodward. "There were hundreds of maimed, bleeding and burned native Christians all about us, all of whom had barely escaped the wrath of the mob with their lives. I saw little children, with spear wounds all over their bodies, and many others, old and young, men, women and children, bleeding and burned.

"We were visiting Mrs. Conger, and when found that we were hopelessly penned up in Pekin, threatened, with annilation, or a worse fate, we decided to be brave and make the most of our situation. We started to leave Pekin on June 5, but were one day too late. Train communications with the outside world had been cut off the day before. So we all went back to the legation and prepared for the worst.

"The very next day the missionaries from the burned Catholic cathedral at Nan Tung came to the legation for protection, and we had our hands full looking after their wants. After we all took refuge in the British legation, elaborate plans for our defense were undertaken.

"The boxers were not wanting in diligence, and one night captured the wall held by our forces. It was the wall of Pekin that separated us from the native city. We regained it, however, through the heroism of Captain Jack Meyers of the Oregon and twenty of the Newark's men. With his little score of brave men he made a dash for the wall and captured it without a scratch. Shortly after that Captain Meyers received a spear wound and upon top of that he was taken with typhoid fever that threatened his life.

"The siege developed many heroes. Our men made their own ammunition when they ran short. John Mitchell, a gunner of the Newark, captured an old English gun that was made back in 1860, and fired it day and night throughout the siege. He went through the trying ordeal without a scratch to the very day the relief forces arrived, when he was shot in the arm."

NEED DENTIST TO IDENTIFY

Human Head Mystery Puzzling Chicago Police.

A Chicago, October 1 dispatch says: A silver tooth plate, to which two false incisors of the upper jaw were wired, is the only clue to the identy of the severed human head that was found tied in a grain sack in Cedar lake, just across the Indiana state line.

Identification of the victim of the supposed murder by means of the head is absolutely impossible so far as recognizing the features are concerned, because the head was packed in quicklime before being thrown into the lake and the features were destroyed by the action of the chemical. The only hope of getting a clue to the mystery is that the dentistry work may be recognized by some dentist.

The head bids fair to furnish a murder mystery as famous as the Guldensuppe case of New York.

GIVES PROOF OF GOOD WILL

Pope Satisfied With American Attitude Toward Church.

A London, Oct. 1, dispatch says: Archbishop Ireland, who has arrived here from Rome, on his way to the United States, in an interview is quoted as saying:

"In one of the audiences which he granted me the pope said: 'We are pleased with the relations of the American government to the church in Cuba and the Philippines. The American government gives proof of good will and exhibits a spirit of justice and respect for the liberties and rights of the church.'"

Nebraska Man's Luck.

Daniel G. Wing, former special bank examiner, has been elected vice president of the Massachusetts bank. Mr. Wing went to Boston two years ago, and discovered the crookedness in the Globe bank, and by his efforts prevented a threatened panic. He was appointed receiver of the bank, and while it was not thought that the depositors would get 10 per cent he has already paid them 40 per cent and expects in time to pay 100 per cent. He will continue as receiver. Mr. Wing is thirty-two years old and for eight years was assistant cashier and cashier of the American Exchange bank of Lincoln, Neb.

A 35,000 Lawsuit.

Samuel D. Mercer and Lizzie C. Mercer of Omaha have brought suit against John P. Finley of that city for $35,000. The plaintiffs allege that they sold Finley a piece of real estate which was encumbered to the extent of $40,000, which Finley agreed to assume. It is said he has paid but $5,000 of this amount and the plaintiffs therefore ask judgment for the balance of the mortgage.

Insure Against War.

Articles have been filed at Lansing, Mich., by Homer L. Boyle of Grand Rapids for the incorporation of a company to insure nations against war. Among the officers and indorsers are Mayor Perry of Grand Rapids, Congressman Hamilton and W. A. Smith, United States Senator C. S. Hazeline, ex-consul to Milan and Judge A. Morse, ex-consul to Glasgow.

Every one should live just far enough away from his old home to enjoy the privilege of boasting about it.