

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The untruth of today is called a lie; the untruth of a hundred years is called a legend.

The average man would rather lose \$5 on a horse race than a nickel through a hole in his pocket.

"Talk platitudes and avoid attitudes" is the direction which a cynical newspaper gives to the campaign orator.

One Chicago man has escaped jury service on the plea that he is prejudiced against the city. But then some men will say almost anything to escape jury duty.

Five thousand honey bees, as they leave the hive, weigh about one pound, but when the insects return from their visits to the flowers, freighted with honey, they weigh nearly twice as much.

The founders of the republic had little thought that this would ever be anything but an agricultural country. Today one-third of our exports are of manufactured goods. The great deposits of coal and iron ore, to say nothing of other industrial advantages, are nature's decree that we should become a great manufacturing nation.

In the Chateau de Luynes, the beautiful residence of the family of the Duc d'Uzes since the reign of Henri IV., there are some fine carved woodwork, a beautiful painted staircase, and some chimneypieces of marble with Gauthiere mountings. These have been purchased by Frederick Litchfield during his recent visit to Paris, and will be removed to the Sinclair galleries, London.

The well-known Spanish painter, Joaquin Sorolla, has been awarded a first-class medal in the Paris exposition, and all those who admire his works are pleased at his success. The Madrilenos call Sorolla "the painter of the sun," because no one can surpass him in those wonderful scenes of outdoor life painted in full sunshine, brilliant light everywhere, dazzling to the eyes, with heavy shadows lying where the light cannot penetrate.

Some figures intended to show the decline of the bicycle's popularity have just been compiled in Philadelphia. In August of this year, it appears, only 40,037 bicycles passed through the gates of Fairmount park, as against \$1,998 in August, 1899. For purposes of recreation and pleasure the bicycle no longer enjoys the vogue it had one or two years ago. But in its capacity for usefulness there is no evidence that it has suffered a decline.

A patrol of citizens has been keeping nightly vigil, in a Nebraska township, over the home of a man and woman who recently founded a new sect. The religious enthusiasts have broken up families and in other ways made themselves obnoxious to the community, but sober people have determined that the town's good name shall not be marred by the mob law which wilder spirits threaten. Hence the nightly guard. With all propriety one may call it "knightly" also, for there is something as high and fine as the spirit of chivalry in the conception these Nebraskans hold of the obligations of citizenship.

Forty-two thousand seven hundred and ninety exhibitors out of 75,531 have received awards at the Paris exposition. The United States obtained 1,981 awards; of these 220 were grand prizes, 486 gold medals, 583 silver medals, 422 bronze medals, 270 honorable mentions and a long list of gold, silver and bronze medals of collaborators. In the last exposition only 1,000 prizes, including those for collaborators, were given. The prizes were as follows: Grand prizes, 53; gold medals, 214; silver medals, 300; bronze medals, 246; honorable mentions, 229. The names of those who received grand prizes or gold medals have been made public.

One of the moving stairways which are being adopted by the elevated railway in New York has been started and is now in successful operation. It is said that the traffic at that station has increased fully 100 an hour over the normal rate, but this probably is due largely to the novelty of the thing. There are, however, many people who would patronize the elevated road were it not for the stairways to be climbed. In appearance, the new device resembles the old stairway, except that one-half of the staircase proper is a piece of moving rubber matting that works not unlike a threshing machine elevator and sounds like one, somewhat subdued. One simply steps upon it and steadies himself by means of a side rail, when he is carried to the car platform.

Paris has been running to see a new pianoforte prodigy, a Spanish baby of three and a half years, named Pepito Rodriguez Ariola, who, though his hand can stretch over only five notes, repeats pieces that he hears and improvises besides. As he cannot strike a chord, he plays the notes instead quickly one after the other. He began to play a year ago and has been inspected recently by the Psychological congress at the exposition, which finds that apart from his music he is a perfectly normal infant. Of course he can not read a note.

A Sacrifice To Conscience

BY
H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"That is what I cannot tell you, Miss Lennox," said Paul. His heart had sunk like lead at her words, and still more at the change in her voice and expression. "But one thing I can tell you," he said, after a minute's pause—"I have doubts about the validity of the charges made against the accused, and I could not conscientiously take up the side of the prosecution when I am more than doubtful of the criminal's guilt."

Cecil burst into a laugh. Paul felt a chill come over him as he heard that laugh, clear and silvery as it was.

"Oh, just young Judge!—a Daniel come to judgment!" she cried, in a tone of mockery, which hit Paul hard in her voice. "Why, it is the first time I knew of a barrister being troubled with a conscience where a brief was concerned! My dear Mr. Enderby, you are going to let all chances slip past you like this? If so, do your friends need to look forward to the time when you will be a successful Queen's Counsel or aspiring to the Woolpack?"

"If success depends on my putting wealth and ambition before honor and justice as an end, Miss Lennox," Paul answered gravely. "I certainly shall not attain it. But you do not mean what you say?" he added, a tone of keen pain in his voice.

He turned to her suddenly, and looking into the beautiful, fascinating face, a sudden wave of hot, young passion swept over him and he seized her hands.

"Ceil," he said, a little hoarsely, "for pity's sake say you do not mean that! I would willingly win fame and wealth that I might win you; but even for so precious a prize I cannot sacrifice my sense of right. Tell me, is there any hope for me, even if I do not attain such success as you dream of?"

For a moment there was silence—a silence during which Enderby's heart beat with almost sickening speed. He dared not look into her beautiful face. If he had done so, he would have seen an expression that would have chilled the warm passion in his voice.

At last she said, almost in a whisper, though they were in a deserted corner of the room, with no one near:

"Paul, I have always looked forward to your success, because—because I wished it to be also mine. Shall we make a compact, 'twixt us twain, as Scotch people say? If you undertake this case with my father, and the case is won, we shall take future successes as granted, and you will win that prize you speak of."

Enderby's face paled, and his throat swelled, his pulses beat with the wild, strong pulsations of victory. He had just dared to hope for this great prize, and now, lo, it was almost within his hands! Almost! For nothing stood between him and it but this wretched man, who might be dying, or might be insane, for anything he knew, and his daughter. Nothing but a half-formed belief in the innocence of a criminal whose case he had not investigated. And all his future happiness was at stake.

Suddenly, as Paul Enderby hesitated, there came to his memory the words he had heard chanted in the gray old abbey last night:

"He that hath not taken reward against the innocent... though it were to his own hindrance."

He turned towards Cecil, the flush gone out of his face, his lips suddenly grave and set.

"You do not ask me to do this thing, Cecil—to sell my soul for your love?"

Her ripe red lips curved themselves as if into a laugh, then became steady, and bending a little nearer to him, she whispered:

"Would you not give up anything on earth for my love, Paul?"

Somehow, the whisper, meant to tempt him beyond resistance, was the means of strengthening the manhood and uprightness of Paul Enderby. For one moment—only one—that strange revulsion of feeling which sometimes comes to a man in his love for a woman, came over him. He felt as if the beautiful girl he had loved so passionately had undergone some such change as that which the lovely Germaine underwent when

"The lady's eyes they shrank in her head—

Each shrank up to a serpent's eye," and he saw her as a temptress, not as the woman he loved. He looked at her in the face.

"Anything but manhood and honor, Cecil. I should be worthy of scorn and contempt if I sold them for my happiness, or for the fulfillment of my dearest earthly hope."

For a moment Cecil Lennox's fair face grew dark and evil. She was accustomed to flattery and love. They were the very life of her soul, the breath of her life. She herself felt for Paul Enderby such love as such a woman is capable of; but in this moment it was changed to angry hatred. "Very well," she said, all the softness gone out of her caressing tones, and a harsh ring in them which Enderby had never heard before, "that settles the question for us, Mr. Enderby."

I have no doubt your decision is a wise one—for me. And now, will you excuse me if I speak to someone else? I see some of my friends are growing impatient."

Enderby bowed and left her, feeling as if a page in his life had closed forever.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the next day before Enderby was able to call upon Dr. Bunthorne.

"You are interested in these people, Enderby?" said the doctor, looking at the young man sharply.

Dr. Bunthorne was a clever man of middle age, whom Paul had known for many years.

"Were you aware the sick man had a doctor of his own attending him—Dr. Lyndon, whom I know by name and report?"

"I was aware of that, Dr. Bunthorne, though I did not mention it to you for fear professional etiquette, of which your doctors make a divinity, should prevent your going. The truth is, I'm afraid, Dr. Bunthorne, what I am going to say will be held as confidential."

"Certainly! At the same time, you know, my dear Enderby, medical men make it a rule never to hear anything to each other's disadvantage?"

"More of your etiquette!" cried Enderby. "Well, I'm not going to say anything against your brother-professional; I'm simply going to ask your advice."

Very briefly he told how he had first met Jasmine Lloyd, and then repeated the incident of his last visit, and Jasmine's statement about the strange attacks to which her father had twice succumbed.

Dr. Bunthorne listened in silence, and when Paul ceased, he asked:

"Do you happen to have this bottle of medicine with you?"

Enderby produced it from an inner pocket, and laid it on Dr. Bunthorne's table. It was a large bottle, with the label on which "Hypophosphates" was printed still upon it.

The doctor lifted it and looked at it critically. There was a very small quantity of light-colored fluid at the bottom. The doctor uncorked it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"Seems all right," he said critically. "However, you leave it with me, and I shall have it analyzed by my own analytical chemist. I don't half like the business, mind you; still, as you have applied to me, I feel bound to satisfy you so far. But, you know, thing is absurd. Dr. —, the man we speak of, has the highest reputation?"

"What should you say Mr. Lloyd was suffering from?" Enderby interrupted.

"Well—ahem!—one hardly cares to say from a first examination. It looks rather like an epileptic attack from your description. He seemed all right when I saw him, only his mind was wandering a bit; he evidently did not know who or what I was."

"And yet when I spoke to him a few days ago he was perfectly sensible, and as sane as you or I," said Enderby. "Do attacks of this kind you speak of not affect the mind permanently?"

"Usually," answered the doctor dryly. "But, of course, there are cases of periodical insanity. I should say this is one."

As Paul Enderby walked slowly away from the doctor's West End house, he asked himself if perhaps he had been too hasty in forming his conclusions? Had his instinctive dislike of Dr. Lyndon misled him? If David Lloyd and the man Gerard were one and the same person—as he felt sure they were—was it not very likely that Sir Henry Lennox's account was the correct one, and that the crime of five years ago had been committed in a fit of temporary mental aberration?

He was very busy after that for a day or two. A brief had been put into his hands, and he had to be a good deal with his solicitor.

He was glad to be occupied just then. It kept him from thinking of Cecil Lennox, as he imagined he should do had he much leisure. He had been in love with her—of that he had no doubt, and he had lost her forever. It was natural he should feel such a blow deeply.

And yet, when leisure did come, the singular thing was that it was not Cecil Lennox's face which came up in Enderby's mind and haunted him so persistently. It was the soft, delicate face, half-child's, half-woman's, of Jasmine Lloyd.

Towards the end of the week he made up his mind to go and see them.

He was turning round the corner which led to Burdon Mansions when a closed carriage drove rapidly past him.

Something in the turn-out seemed familiar to Enderby. He glanced at it, and as it rolled past he caught a glimpse of the inmate—Sir Henry Lennox, leaning back on his cushions, his hands idly crossed on his knees, his eyes upon them, his face ghastly pale!

Could he have been seeing David Lloyd? The thought flashed through Enderby's mind, only to be dismissed instantly. But he hurried on towards the block of dull gray buildings, and in

a few minutes found himself before the Lloyds' door.

But just as he was about to knock there was a sound of hurried steps inside, the door flew open, and Jasmine, pale and breathless, almost fell into Enderby's arms.

"Oh, Mr. Enderby! Oh, thank God! My father—my dear father! I think he is dying!"

"No, no, my child; not that—not so bad as that," said Enderby soothingly.

He took her hand—it was trembling, and she herself was shaking from head to foot—and drawing her gently within the house, closed the door.

Jasmine was not crying, but her breath was coming in short, pitiful gasps, and there was a look of such terrible fear and grief in her dark eyes as touched Enderby strangely, feeling of pitying tenderness took possession of him.

"May I go to see him?" he asked, still holding her hand.

"Yes—oh, yes! But I am afraid no one can do much for him—not even a doctor. And his mind—oh, that is the worst of it—that is the worst of it!" cried the girl passionately, yet with strange control over her voice, so that it never rose above a whisper.

"He doesn't seem to know me—and he says such terrible things!"

"They were at the door of the bedroom, which stood ajar. Jasmine went in, and Enderby followed her; and as he did so he heard the low, weak murmur of a voice that went on talking without cessation or alteration of tone. Jasmine grasped her arm, uttering a little cry under her breath.

"Look! look! Oh, he is looking at you!"

"The sick man had suddenly risen in bed. His ghastly face, hollow-cheeked and sunken-eyed, was turned to the door; in the dim eyes there was a strange flash of fire. He raised a thin, shaking finger, and pointed it at Enderby.

"Yes, it was for her sake I did it. Hal—and for yours! Oh, God, to think what I have suffered all these years for your sakes! And now I am come back, this is how you treat me! Hal, Hal! old friend, mate of other days, whom I loved and was proud of because you were getting on so well, and I—I knew I had helped you—yet how did you repay me? And my child—my little Jasmine, my little one—will you bring this shame on her head? Oh, God, most merciful, in His name, Hal, you will do it—you will!"

He fell back on his pillows with a moan, and his eyes closed. Jasmine, a sob bursting from her lips, sprang forward; but Enderby was before her. He bent over the sick man.

"No, no; thank God, he lives yet! Have you anything to give him to strengthen him? A little wine or brandy?"

"I have Doctor Lyndon's medicines, but I dare not give him any," whispered the girl, in an agonized tone. "He took the medicine—Doctor Lyndon gave it to him when I was out—and I am sure that has hurt him. Tell me what I shall do."

"Stay with him, and I shall run out myself for something," said Enderby hurriedly, and he was just about to do so when the sick man suddenly opened his eyes, and fixed them on Enderby's face. Then, with a great effort, he raised himself once more on his pillow, and spoke in a changed voice, slow and deliberate, yet with a certain determination in it. His eyes were fixed on Enderby's face, and the latter felt a strange thrill, so like did it seem as though the words were actually spoken to him.

"Then there is only one thing for me to do, and I will do it, Hal, for my child's sake. I must tell the whole truth, and I can do so. I have the proof—the proof!"

Once more he fell back in bed, his eyes closed. Enderby felt his pulse. It beat pretty regularly, though feebly and slowly.

(To be Continued.)

A KING'S WIFE.

Difficult Selection Usually Falls to the Lot of Statesman.

Selecting a wife for a king is as difficult as picking out a good horse, and in some instances it has been carried out in much the same manner. When Henry VII. of England meditated espousing the princess of Naples he sent three commissioners to examine and report on her attractions and qualifications—mental, moral and physical. The envoys were instructed to study the habits and character of the princess, to test the soundness of her lungs and to note her personal appearance, with especial reference to the color of her hair and the shape of her nose. They performed their duty with scrupulous fidelity and made a detailed report. "The nose of the princess," they wrote, "has a little elevation in the middle of its length, from which point it bends down toward her lips, as if it were seeking to kiss them."

Being permitted to kiss her hand they utilized the occasion to study that member with care and reported that it was of a pretty shape and soft as satin, adding that her eyes were brown and her eyebrows and hair nearly black. They took such note of her respiration as circumstances and etiquette permitted. The king was desirous of obtaining a wife who was not addicted to the use of perfumes and the commissioners were able to report that the princess, like a rose, exhaled only her own fragrance. Her disposition appeared to them to be a happy combination of modesty and sprightliness. But notwithstanding this pleasing description the king did not marry her. Perhaps the nose was too much for him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

YOUTSEY IS MAD

GOEBEL SUSPECT IN KENTUCKY DEMENTED.

CAUSES A SCENE IN COURT ROOM

Gives Lie to Arthur Goebel While Testifying—Proclaims His Innocence—Charges Enemies with Swearing His Life Away.

A Georgetown, Ky., October 9 dispatch says: A remarkable scene occurred tonight in the Youtsey trial, the defendant himself being the chief participant. The court room was crowded at the time and the excitement was intense. Lee Armstrong, the Louisville detective, had just told of his talks with Youtsey, before and after his arrest. Then Arthur Goebel was put on the stand and Judge Williams, who for the first time appeared for the prosecution, did the questioning.

Arthur Goebel said: "I talked with Youtsey the day he was arrested late in the afternoon in the jail at Frankfort in reference to the murder of my brother."

Just at this point Youtsey arose and in a loud voice said:

"It is untrue; it's a lie; I never spoke a word to that man in my life, nor he to me."

Refuse to be Quiet.

Colonel Crawford told him to be quiet and sit down, and others took hold of him.

"I will not sit down. I never said a word to that man; it is untrue."

He was shouting by this time and everyone was on the tip of excitement. Youtsey's wife sprang to his side and while endeavoring to make him sit down could be heard saying:

"Now you have killed my husband, I suppose you are satisfied."

Then Youtsey shouted again:

"I am innocent; there is no blood on my hands. The men are swearing my life away."

Two or three deputies went over and grabbed him. He struggled wildly and said:

"Let me alone; I will not sit down."

Finally, after Youtsey was forced into a seat he shouted again:

"Goebel is not dead; all the demons in hell could not kill him."

Judge Ordered Him Handcuffed.

"Mr. Sheriff, if the defendant does not behave himself put handcuffs on him," said Judge Cantrill. Meanwhile quiet was restored. Youtsey settled back in his chair, closed his eyes and seemed in a state of collapse.

He waved his handkerchief above his head and groaned and cried hysterically. After quiet was restored Judge Williams asked Arthur Goebel another question, when Colonel Crawford asked a postponement of the trial till tomorrow on account of the defendant's condition. Judge Cantrill then postponed the court.

After the crowd passed out Jailor Reed and his deputies carried Youtsey to the jail, as he was unable to walk. Various reasons are assigned for his unseemly outbreak, the first being that his long confinement and the strain of the trial caused him to lose control of himself. Another is that he is really demented as shown by his remark that Goebel was not dead. He is being attended by physicians and relatives at the jail and his condition is deemed critical.

Kills Wife and Himself.

At Ava, a small town on the Mobile & Ohio railroad, in the northwestern part of Jackson county, Ill., Samuel Sorrel, a young man barely past his majority, shot and mortally injured his wife and then killed himself. The couple were married about a year ago, but did not live long together. Since Mrs. Sorrel left him the young man has repeatedly tried to effect a reconciliation without avail.

Would Send Special Envoy.

In a high diplomatic quarter at Washington the suggestion was made that the powers send a special envoy to Sinan Fu, the new abode of the imperial family, with collective note urging the return of the emperor to Peking and giving guarantees for the personal safety of the imperial household. Such an envoy could accomplish much more than the circuitous negotiations through Chinese officials.

Thinks She May Be Alive.

Assistant Supreme Ranger Harper of the independent order of Foresters in which Miss Defenbach of Chicago was insured, said that the order's agents in Chicago were not certain that Miss Defenbach had actually died. It might yet turn out, he said, that the case was one of substitution and that the body foretaken was not that of the young woman upon whose life the policy was originally taken.

Calland Dies.

H. D. Calland of West Point, Neb., who blew out the gas in his room at the Henderson hotel at Omaha several days ago, died at Clarkson hospital. Relatives have taken charge of the remains, which were sent to West Point for interment.

A negro hobo is under arrest at Grand Island for shooting at the night-watcher 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 62,084, or 103.35 per cent from 1890

ARRANGING A GREAT RACE

Horses of America and England to Compete.

The keen rivalry which has existed, particularly during the past season, between English and American sportsmen has just resulted in the arrangement of a match which will be looked upon as the most interesting event connected with the turf this year. It will be a race between a crack English horse and an American. The English horse will be L. Neuman's famous Eager, with Mornington Cannon up.

The horse which will strive to uphold the honor of America on the English turf will be John A. Drake's flyer Royal Flush, with young Lester Reiff as the rider.

The Hurst Turf club, over whose course the race will be run, has offered a magnificent gold cup worth \$2,500.

The owners have each agreed to put up an additional \$2,500 to go to the winner.

THINK THEY KNOW HIM.

Lincoln People Think Dead Robber Is Fred Kimereil.

A number of persons who have looked at the portrait of the dead train robber, on exhibition at a Lincoln, Neb., store, assert that they recognize in him the person of Fred Kimereil, who lived in Lincoln some time ago. He was a railroad man at one time, and during late years had had luck and hung about certain places in the city. Night Clerk McDonald of the Lindell hotel asserts that he has seen the man frequently in the Lindell hotel bar and others are equally as confident that he is the man who lodged there. He ran with a gang of rough customers towards the latter part of his stay here.

SHOOTS HIMSELF IN COURT

Dramatic Climax to Trial for Assault on a Teen-Old Girl.

A highly dramatic incident occurred in the municipal court room at Bennington, Vt., when Dennis M. Blackmer, who was being arraigned on a charge on felonious assault on a ten-year-old girl, rose in his seat and shot himself in the forehead, inflicting a wound which will undoubtedly cause his death. Mr. Blackmer is a well known resident sixty years of age and married. He was a member of the First Vermont cavalry during the civil war and was adjutant general of the G. A. R. of Vermont under Department Commander Huffer.

Confetti Causes Trouble.

As a result of being hit in the eye with some confetti during carnival week at Omaha, Constable Fred W. McGinnis, of Justice Crawford's court, may suffer the loss of that very valuable portion of his anatomy. He was walking through the Midway when some girl showered him with the confetti and some of the small particles got into his eye. He rubbed his optic until he thought he was rid of all the and it did not bother him until a few days ago. Now it is very much swollen and it is thought that a painful operation may be necessary to save the eye.

Coming to Omaha.

Mrs. Jack Maloney, wife of the man who was taken prisoner by British forces in South Africa, on the charge of treachery to England, despite the fact that he is a citizen of the United States, is now in Chicago, on her way to Omaha from Johannesburg. Her husband is still in the clutches of the British and Stephen Maloney, of this city, brother of the prisoner, will ask the state department to take up the case. Mrs. Maloney is coming to Omaha to live with the family of her brother-in-law until conditions become more settled.

Disorders at Vigo, Spain.

Fresh disorders have occurred as a result of the industrial rivalry between the fishermen of the neighborhood of Vigo, Spain, and those of Cangas, provision of Pontevedra, who, as already cabled, fired on the Spanish gunboat Vasco Nunez de Balboa as that vessel was leaving the port, wounding many persons, and also attacked the naval commandant of the post. The latest disturbances have resulted in numbers of men being wounded and fishing boats being burned at Cangas. The Vasco Nunez de Balboa has seized seven fishing boats.

Baich Is Better.

E. E. Baich, the Omaha banker, who was badly beaten by a supposed train robber on a Northwestern train several weeks ago, is almost recovered and will soon be able to attend to his business. He has been out of bed a short time every day for the last two weeks, and is now able to walk about, though he has not been outside the house.

France Must Wait.

M. Thiebaut, the French charge d'affaires, called at the state department October 9, but learned that final action had not been taken on the French note, and that it would be some days before the response would be ready. The constitutional questions involved require further time for consideration.

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.