Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD. - NEBRASKA

No prattle is so purposeless as that of prayerless preaching.

The man who reflects deeply will soon be a light instead of a reflector.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what passes in the world for wisdom.

The pleasures of dissipation are like gaudy colors—they attract for a moment, but afterwards they oppose the senses.

Happiness is like a meteor. It blazes and goes out and all is blacker than before it came. People are often deceived as to their true interests.

The wedding present of the emperor and empress of Russia to the new queen of Servia is a necklace and tiara of diamonds and emeralds valued at £20,000.

A New Jersey farmer read all the campaign literature sent to him by the opposing organizations and then committed suicide. The warning contained in this case fairly bulges out.

A Universalist minister in Middletown, N. Y., in order to be allowed to lay the cornerstone of his people's new house of worship, will have to join the Mason's union. Rev. Mr. Emery is no mason, but he will pay $15 for the privilege of holding a trowel in his hand for fifteen minutes or less. Otherwise, there might follow a strike, or boycott.

It has frequently been stated that Mrs. Louis Botha, the wife of the Boer general, is a descendant of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. This is a mistake. She is a descendant of Emmet's elder brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who was one of the United Irish Directory in 1789, and was punished by the government by confinement in Fort George for three years.

Berlin last year for the first time registered over 1,000,000 strangers who had visited the city. Vienna, which formerly had more visitors than Berlin, counted only a few over 500,000 in 1899, and was surpassed by Munich with 600,000. Dresden had over half a million visitors; Hamburg, Leipzig and Zurich each about 400,000, and Stuttgart, Basel and Dusseldorf each over a quarter of a million.

The police of Cincinnati state that there are two lovers in that city who have been engaged to be married for the last fifteen years. This postponement of the fateful plunge, however, is not due to the prospective bridegroom being a laggard in love; still less is it due to the bride proving unduly coy. The simple explanation is that no time has occurred during the above period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

The reputation of the mosquito, which was never of the best, is being torn to shreds by the scientists these days. The insect has been proved to be one, if not the sole, means of spreading malaria; and now it has been discovered that elephantiasis, a hideously deforming disease of the tropics, is due to the action of a very minute worm which enters the body through the mosquito's proboscis while the insect is sucking its victim's blood.

Between Formosa and the coast of China lies in a group of twenty-one islands, interspersed with innumerable reefs and ledges, which are called the Pescadores islands. According to the investigations of a Japanese geologist, these islands have suffered in a remarkable manner from the northwest winds, which blow with savage violence there during nine months of the year. The original area of the islands has been greatly reduced by erosion, and their surfaces are barren and desolate, so that the wind-whipped group forms "a quasi-desert amidst the green island world of northeastern Asia."

The body of Lieut. Fred H. Beecher of Gen. Forsyth's scouts, which was buried on Beecher Island in the Arikaree ricer, Colorado, 33 years ago, has been recovered, and will be sent to Brooklyn. Young Beecher, who was a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, fell in a fight with the Cheyennes under Roman Nose. Gen. Forsythe, Lieut. Beecher and 47 men were surrounded by nearly 1,000 Indians. Two men, Charles Christy and Fletcher Vilotte, got through the Indian lines and eventually brought relief. Soon afterward they were detailed on the squad to bury Lieut. Beecher. Both men were at the recent unveiling of a monument on Beecher Island, and it was through them that the long lost grave was located and the body recovered by the relatives.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon has returned from Britain and will make his headquarters in Boston for a season. His church in Topeka some time ago granted him eight months' leave of absence. His new story will deal with the servant girl problem, and those who have read the opening chapters pronounce it equal to "In His Steps."

A great institutional church, modeled after the famous Metropolitan Tabernacle of New York, is planned by the Methodists of Chicago, as a result of recent consolidations.

BANK $700,000 SHY

FIRST NATIONAL OF NEW YORK THE LOSER.

TRUSTED BANK TELLER THE CRIMINAL

Guilty One Had Been in Bank's Employ For Twenty Years, and Regarded as Absolutely Honest—Believed He Has Fled to South America.

Charles L. Alvord, jr., note teller of the First National bank of New York, is a fugitive and a defaulter to the extent of $700,000.

The announcement of the defalcation, created the utmost excitement in the financial district, but the well known stability of the First National, and a statement by the bank had a quieting effect. This statement was as follows:

"The note teller who has been in our employ for many years, is a defaulter to a large amount. His operations have continued for a considerable period and have been skillfully concealed through a manipulation of his balance books. The discovery was made by one of the bank's employes a few days after the completion of an examination of the bank by the United States examiners. During the continuance of his peculations periodical examinations have been made by several examiners representing the comptroller's department, all expert accountants, and the bank has also had frequent independent examinations neither of which has developed any irregularity. The aggregate of the false entries, amounting to $700'000, has been charged on the books out of the reserve, without diminishing the surplus or profits of the bank, as reported in its last publis hed statement. It is expected that the shortage will be materially reduced by a substantial sum of which there is fair prospect of recovery."

Alvord had been with the bank for twenty years, and was one of the most trusted men in the institution. His stealings extended over a long period but no suspicion of the truth was known until ten days ago, when he sent word that he was ill at his home. After he had been away for a day or two the bank put experts at work and some irregularities were found. As the experts delved deeper and deeper into Alvord's books the extent of the robbery began to dawn on the officers until they were overwhelmed to find that it reached the enormous sum of $700,000.

Whether that sum is all that he took is not yet known. It has not yet developed how the note teller was able to put his hands on so much money, but one of the directors is reported to have said that Alvord was enabled to take a large sum, because as note-teller he was in charge of the mail. This he opened every morning and he had ample opportunity to abstract notes, drafts and checks, as well as money. Of course, he had to be especially skillful to make his accounts balance: This director admitted that he was at a loss to account for the failure of the bank examiners to discover Alvord's irregularities at their last examination.

What Alvord did with all the cash is also a mystery as yet, except that as usual in such cases it is said that a large amount of it went into stock speculation.

Casualties in China.

General Chaffee reports from Taku, China, the following deaths: Hugo C. Kraft, Fouteenth infantry, dysentary; Joseph Lyons, Fourteenth infantry, dysentary; Henry Kirkland, Ninth infantry, dysentary.

The war department has received the following telegram from General Shafter at San Francisco:

Following additional deaths have occurred on transport Sherman: Privates J. M. Hailes, Thirty-seventh infantry, chronic dysentary; James Eichison, Thirty-ninth infantry, chronic dysentery: Elmer E. Werter, Thirty-seventh infantry, sub-acute dysentery.

General McArthur cables the following casualties:

Died from disease, David C. Whitney, William G. Parham, Thomas David, Marion C. Bennett, Josph Barker Cuts, J. Rush; Ralph C. Dunlap, Albert O. Bernard, Frank M. Linck, Corporal Edward J. Interbitzen, Robert Banks, Corporal James E. Tansey, Allen P. Adams, John L. Forbiss, Corporal James L. Hickey, Corporal Schuyler Wiemar; William C. Wood, Seargent John Hubbard.

Killed by comrade, Clarence T. Fleming.

Wants Law Against Polygamy.

The woman's home missionary society in session at Chicago adopted a resolution asking congress to submit to the states a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Clinton B. Fiske, New York; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Delia Lathrop, Delaware, O.; recording secretary, Mrs. F. A. Aiken, Cincinnati; treasurer, Mrs. George H. Thompson, Cincinnati.

M. Landry, a cigarmaker, was caught at Minneapolis, Minn., in the act of robbing the poor box in the church of Notre Dame, by Father Andre, who had fitted a burglar key to the lock. Landry was arrested and placed in jail, where later he committed suicide by hanging.

At Madison, Neb., a son of Will Kaul was thrown from a horse, resulting in the fracture of the wrist bone. A son of Paul Peterson got in the range of a horse's heels and had his collar bone broken.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD-BOY SHOT

Accident Happens at Lincoln Opera House After the Show.

Little Harry Long, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Long, Thirty-first and Y streets, Lincoln, was shot through the body at the Funke opera house, October 22. The shooting was accidental and occurred while the child was in its father's arms. The accident was caused by the father dropping his overcoat, in the pocket of which a revolver was carried. When the coat dropped the gun was discharged, and the ball passed through the child's body, entering just below the stomach and leaving the body on the right side. The wound is an exceedingly dangerous one and may prove fatal.

Mr. and Mrs. Long had gone to see the play at the Funke. When the curtain went down on the last act the father was sitting in his seat with his baby son in his arms. He got up and was preparing to leave. He picked up his overcoat and in turning around dropped it. The sharp report of a small pistol was heard and his child screamed with pain. The child was at once taken to Steiner's store across the street and a physician called.

Four physicians soon arrived. An examination of the wound was soon made at the drug store. It did not bleed much, but from the course taken by the ball it was seen that it was a very dangerous injury. The child with its father and two physicians were taken in a cab to the family residence.

RURAL DELIVERY EXTENDED

Carrier Appointed for District Around Milford.

Additional rural free delivery has been ordered established at Milford, Seward county, with one carrier, T. W. Bundy, who will cover an area of thirty-six square miles, serving a population of 620.

The postoffice at Camden will be discontinued and patrons served by rural carrier.

A further dividend of 10 per cent has been declared in favor of the creditor of the First National Bank of Neligh, Neb., making 50 per cent on claims proven, amounting to $98,584.

Nebraskans issued patents today: David W. Hoover, Lyons, hay stacker; Thomas P. Owen, York, combination padlock; David P. Sims, Lincoln, valve-regulating device for water motors; Herman Welch, Osceola, dump.

Margaret Johnson, of Lincoln, has been granted a widow's pension of $8 per month.

STRUCK DEAD BY AN ENGINE

Fred W. Bullard Killed by a Union Pacific Passenger Train.

Union Pacific northbound train No. 46, struck and killed Fred W. Bullard between C and D streets, Lincoln, Neb., Tuesday evening. Bullard was on the track and did not get off when the engineer whistled at him. He was not seen until the engine was almost upon him and it is believed that he had been sitting by the side of the track and had got up and walked on to the track in front of the passing engine. Bullard was a tinner by trade and for years had conducted a shop at 325 South Ninth street. The shop was damaged by fire about one year ago, and was moved off the street sometime ago. Since then Bullard has been traveling over the city repairing tinware where he could find work to do.

FAIL TO BREAK THE VAULT

Bank Robbers at Adams Make a Water Haul.

An attempt was made at Adams to rob the State bank. The robbers secured a crowbar from the railroad and other tools from the blacksmith and wagon shop of H. Gillett & Son. They pried open the back door of the bank and removed some brick from the back wall of the vault, but did not succeed in entering the vault. It is thought they must have been disturbed in their work or they would have accomplished more than they did. H. H. Norcross, cashier of the bank is of the opinion that it is the work of inexperienced hands at the business. The hounds would have been sent for, but it had been raining through the night and was raining some this morning, so that it was thought the hounds could not follow the trail.

TROOPS SOON START HOME

End of Enlistment Period for Men in Philippines.

At military headquarters in San Francisco it is stated, says a dispatch of October 22, that the first installment of the volunteer army now in the Philippines will leave Manila November 1. From that time until next June the transports will bring home about 25,000 men at the rate of from 4,000 to 5,000 a month. The sick will, if possible, be shipped on earlier transports, that they may travel without crowding.

The various regiments will be mustered out and paid as soon as possible after they arrive here. By this arrangement the camps now at the Presidio will be sufficient to accommodate the entire army.

Cow Causes Wreck.

A locomotive and several cars were thrown from the track near Center county, Pa., on the Bald Eagle railroad, by running over a cow. The engineer, John Foster, and his fireman, Daniel Snyder, both of Tyrone, were killed. Wm. Weiser, a brakeman, was seriously injured.

The Spanish government has decided to postpone the reopening of the cortes on account of the Spanish-American congress which meets November 22 and lasts until November 27.

A Sacrifice To Conscience

By H. B. Welsh

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

He paused. His story had been told weakly and slowly, with many halts and failures! but it was done at last. Jasmine, still supporting him in her arms, looked ghastly pale, and her dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears. Oh, the pitifulness of it, that she had never known this terrible secret burden her father had borne until now, when he was going away beyond her reach of help, of sympathy!

Enderby had written every word rapidly, though his face, too, had grown paler as he went on, and his lips became stern and set. How little he had understood the mystery of this man's life, the man who had literally given his life for his friends—and such friends!

Sir Henry Lennox, the unimpeachable, the revered, whom he himself had looked upon as the embodiment of all that was highest and noblest in man, had permitted so cruel a lie to be perpetuated, so frightful an injustice to continue, in order that he might save himself from disgrace and loss. It was appalling! Paul Enderby, letting his face droop for one moment on his hands, asked himself if there could be any honor or righteousness among men when this man had been guilty of so great a crime.

But no time was to be lost; already the light in David Gerard's eyes was waxing dim. Enderby roused himself with an effort, and put the pen into the weak, dying fingers.

"You must sign your name; it is the only thing you have to do now, Mr. Gerard," he said, in a voice which was full of an agitation he could not control.

Guiding the weak fingers to the spot, he watched them as they feebly scrawled "David Gerard" in weak, trembling characters across the page. Then he signed to Jasmine to lay down her father on the pillow, and write her own name below her father's; and he added his own—the only steady and firm one—at the foot: "Paul Enderby; barrister-at-law."

When he raised his head he saw that a great change had come over the dying man's face.

"I am going," he whispered feebly. "Mr. Enderby, I shall die in peace—if you tell me—all will be made right for my little Jasmine. You—you will not forsake her?"

"I will not, as God is my witness!" said Enderby, and there was a strange solemnity in his voice. "Mr. Gerard, will you trust her to me? I shall see that your name is cleared; and your daughter will be cared for. If you wish me to take upon myself the name of her guardian, I shall do so."

"May God Almighty bless you! Now, indeed, I can die in peace," said the sick man, with sudden energy. "Jasmine, my dear little one, where are you? Give me your hand. Ah, that is right. I feel it in my own. I am not afraid to die. I trust myself in the hands of the All-Merciful, who is the Father of all men, and loves His children as I do mine. It is dark—very dark! I cannot see your face, Jasmine, but I can still feel your hand. It is the Dark Valley; but there is light beyond—there is light—"

The feeble voice trembled away into silence, there was a moment's agonizing struggle for breath, then a long, long, sigh, and afterwards—silence.

Enderby bent down and touched Jasmine on the shoulder.

"God has sent him a peaceful end," he said, in a low voice. "It is all over, my child. 'At evening time there shall be light.'"

And at that moment the red rays of the setting sun fell athwart the shabby little room, and touched the dead man's face with a glow of golden light.

It was about ten minutes after that Doctor Bunthorne arrived. Enderby drew him into the empty little sitting room.

"It is all over," he said. "The patient is gone."

Doctor Bunthorne for once showed a break in his imperturable calm.

"It is a bad business, I'm afraid, Enderby," he said hurriedly. "That bottle of hypophosphates which you gave me has been in my analyst's hands—"

"Yes?" said Enderby, as the other paused.

"And besides the small quantity of hypophosphates at the bottom, he detected an almost invisible sediment, the dregs of an India distillation little known in this country, but whose properties are recognized by eminent scientists as sure and deadly."

"Good gracious! Not poison?" Enderby whispered, in shaken tones.

"Yes, poison. Not a poison which destroys physical life, but a far more subtle one, which acts upon the brain, and through slow, but certain processes destroys a certain part of the tissue of it, and leaves the victim a hopeless lunatic, Enderby."

CHAPTER IX.

"So you have come for your reward, Lyndon?"

"Yes, Sir Henry," Dundas Lyndon seated himself opposite the great Queen's counsel, whose face looked old, grey and worn. "I think I have won it fairly. The man who should take his place in the dock a few weeks hence as the thief of Lady Brownlow's jewels is a hopeless imbecile. There's no doubt whatever on the subject."

"No?" Sir Henry raised his head, and his haggard eyes looked into the cold ones of Dundas Lyndon. "And your reward, Lyndon?"

"Is, as I dare say you have guessed, Sir Henry, the right of winning Miss Lennox as my wife," replied Lyndon deliberately.

Sir Henry half sprang from his chair, then sank into it again, and looked at the man before him without speaking.

"You seem surprised," said Lyndon coldly. "I thought you had guessed long ago, Sir Henry, the cause of my enthusiasm in the affair. I am an ambitious man, as you know, and I have risked a great deal in this matter. Were but a word of this to get abroad I should be a ruined man, in a worse plight than the poor wretch whom we know; but I thought the game worth the candle. With Cecil Lennox as my wife and Sir Henry, the great Q. C., as my father-in-law, my future success is secured. Now, I have spoken frankly, and I expect a frank answer."

Sir Henry looked at him for a moment, then with a shudder he bowed his head on his hands. Never till this moment, had the wretched man, who had years ago entered on a course of deception and cruel wrong, realized to the full that "the way of transgressors is hard." His sin, at first a cobweb, had become a cable.

He was in the power of an unscrupulous villain, and he could never hope to extricate himself from it.

He looked up at last.

"I cannot use compulsion in such a case," he said, in a hard, dry voice. "Cecil may not be agreeable to—to this proposal of yours."

Lyndon smiled grimly.

"I think she will be when I tell her the consequence of her refusal, Sir Henry. One word from me, and the whole world will know the real character of the man it has been accustomed to regard as faultless."

"And the character of the man it has trusted as an honorable physician!" said a voice behind both men suddenly.

They were sitting in Sir Henry's library with closed doors. Neither of them had heard the door which connected the library with Sir Henry's private office softly open; but as both sprang round, as if simultaneously, a figure moved forward from the door, which had not closed again, and stood facing them. It was that of Paul Enderby.

Lyndon's face assumed an unpleasant hue and an ugly curve in his upper lip showed the gleaming teeth behind.

Sir Henry, however, with an effort recovered his usual dignity, and rose to his feet, bowing gravely.

"This is an unexpected visit, Mr. Enderby. I shall not call it an intrusion. It is, however, rather unusual for my visitors to enter unannounced."

Enderby was very pale, and his whole face would have given any onlooker the impression of one who has braced himself to a terrible task. He leaned his hand on the table, and his eyes did not falter from their fixed gaze on Sir Henry's face.

"Sir Henry, my mode of entry is of little consequence in comparison with the tidings I bring. I have come straigth to you from a death bed. David Gerard, otherwise David Lloyd, died at 5 o'clock this evening."

A strange sound—half gasp, half cry—left Sir Henry's lips. He tottered a little, as if he would have fallen; but the next moment, making another great effort, he recovered, and drew himself erect.

"What do you mean, Mr. Enderby?" Who is this man, David Lloyd, whom you so glibly identify with David Gerard?"

"Sir Henry, subterfuge here is absolutely valueless," said Enderby gravely, and not without a certain huskiness in his voice. No man can look on a broken idol unmoved. "What I have to say had better be said briefly. I am glad to have found this man"—he glanced, with a change of expression towards Lyndon—"with you.

"Accidents brought the Gerards—I knew them as the Lloyds—across my path. From Miss Gerard I first heard the name of Doctor Lyndon. I visited them. When I heard your story of David Gerard's crime my suspicions were aroused. These are now confirmed.

"David Gerard died today; but before dying he left a full confession, signed by himself, of the Brownlow pearl affair. He left with me the one proof—an absolute one—of his innocence, and another's guilt. I have promised the dead, and I mean to fulfill that promise, to see his name, and that of the daughter he has left, cleared.

"Sir Henry, you will have to perform this act of tardy justice. I would save you if I could, but it is impossible. The fearful wrong done this innocent man—and more, the horrible crime which brought him to his death—must be atoned for. I demand of you, in the name of justice and restitution, to make a public confession of David Gerard's innocence, and the guilt of your wife."

A low cry broke from the man's lips. He fell back in his chair, and bent his head on the table, presenting a heart-rending picture of a broken and crushed man, whose long-cherished sin has at last found him out. Enderby, looking down on him, felt a pity that almost choked him rise in his heart.

"It is a fearful reparation, but God and justice demand it of you!" he said slowly. "Sir Henry, heaven is my witness; I would have saved the dead from this terrible exposure if I could. There may be a way by which justice can be done and her name spared; but justice must be done."

He paused. Sir Henry did not move. Then, slowly, and with evident repugnance, Enderby turned to the other man.

"As for you, Dundas Lyndon, I have nothing to say to you. What has to be said shall be said by other than I."

He stepped to the outer door and opened it. A man in plain civilian clothes entered.

Enderby turned to Doctor Lyndon.

"Suspecting that you might be here, I took the precaution to bring a detective with me, Doctor Lyndon. Inspector, do your work."

Lyndon started and glanced wildly around the room.

A look had flashed into his face—a look which arresters of criminals know well, and which warns them to look out for their own safety.

Dundas Lyndon was desperate, and the detective saw him slip his hand into his breast pocket. But Inspector Green was a smart man.

"None of that, sir!" he exclaimed, striking Lyndon's hand down—"else I shall have to use these!" And he held up a clanking pair of handcuffs. "You are charged with practicing on the reason and life of Mr. David Gerard by means of a poison introduced into his medicines. Now, sir, say nothing; it's safer, I warn you. You had much better reserve all you've got to say for the defense."

* * * * *

A year had passed. It is once more May, "the sweet o' the year" as sweet and warm a May as that in which Jasmine Lloyd had first crossed the vision and the life of Paul Enderby.

Little or much may happen in a year. Much had happened to Paul Enderby.

Sir Henry Lennox cleared the name of the dead man, Gerard, but with Enderby's consent he had saved that of his dead wife, taking, however, full blame on himself. His fall was as great as his reputation had been high. In a few months, a broken and, Enderby believed, a truly repentant man, he left London, and went abroad to live there on the slender income his investments gave him.

(To be continued.)

ODD SPITZBERGEN.

Land of Northern Lights Is a Queer Place.

Nowadays when people travel so far and fast a trip to Spitzbergen may not sound remarkable, yet many persons have but hazy ideas concerning the land of northern mysteries. The only building at Spitzbergen is a tourists' hut about 500 miles from civilization. In the tourists' hut arrangements are unique for the reception of travelers. It is supposed to accommodate thirty people, but the sleeping places are not as large as ships' cabins and each has two berths with barely room to stand. A misguided woman visiting Spitzbergen last year took along an india rubber bathtub, but she was never able to use it—there was not room to set it on the floor! But the little rooms are lofty and therefore airy. The walls do not reach the ceiling, so there is no privacy, for every word spoken can be heard in the next rooms. Upstairs is a sort of loft with seven berths and more room, but holes in the walls admit the icy air. One compensation is that the whole house, or hut, is kept most clear. Meals in the land of the midnight sun are always erratic. One loses count of the hours and becomes vague about the days of the week. It seems natural to breakfast when you will, dine at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, have supper at 10 and go out and view the scenery from midnight till 2. It is then the wonderful lights and shadows play around the mountains and made them a veritable fairyland. Many rock plants flourish on the marshland surrounding the hut. These may be found in different colors—red, pink and white. A small Iceland poppy grows in profusion, but the prettiest of all is a creeping plant with small, bell-shaped blossoms not unlike the lily of the valley, which gives out a delicious fragrance.—Chicago News.

Ancient Rules for Generals.

For about 3,000 years China has had a text-book on the art of war, and the Mongoglian general of 1000 B. C. was instructed in a style which might almost fit this day of magazine rifles and smokeless powder, as will be seen from this extract: "If you are ten times more numerous than the enemy, envelop him; if you are five times more numerous, dispose your army so as to attack him on four sides; if you are only a little stronger, content yourself with cutting your army in two (on the principle of reserves), and if you are weaker than the enemy, try to secure cover."

One good action is worth more than a hundred good intentions.