

# Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

It is an easy matter to distinguish friends from relatives at weddings and funerals.

Shetland has had a wonderful herring catch this season, 329,400 cans, valued at over \$1,500,000. This is a record for all Scotland.

An Indianapolis physician died the other day while laughing at a cartoon. This ought to be a warning to the comic artists not to be as funny as they can be.

Army estimates for the coming year are on the basis of a force of 100,000 men and include appropriations for bringing home the volunteers in the Philippines. The navy department also estimates for an increased force of enlisted men.

An edition de luxe, limited to 500 copies and offered for personal subscription at one guinea, will perpetuate a newspaper prepared by British officers while prisoners in Pretoria. The Gram, thus edited, was produced by means of the hectograph. When the time comes for a complete and dispassionate history of the South African war, the Pretoria paper will be an interesting witness.

Homestead grants for 20,000,000 people, it is said, will result if the plans of the National Business Men's league are successful. The league wishes the federal government to construct immense reservoirs for controlling the flood waters in the arid regions of the western states and to determine a practical method of irrigation for that country. To make the suggestions possible congress will be urged to give \$250,000 yearly.

The prize-firing returns of the British navy, recently issued, are said to show that the best work was done by one of the battleships on the China station. The worst firing is set down to the discredit of ships in the Channel squadron, which is charged with the protection of a region where inaccurate gunnery in time of war would prove costly. In modern warfare hearts of oak are not enough. Straight shooting also is necessary.

Boston is up in arms against Prof. Sheperdson of the University of Chicago for his assertion that her famous tea party owed its origin to mob violence. Boston, however, should be calm. Like the Triggs idea of fame this characterization of a famous act of American history is merely a Midway platitude snapshot. Bostonians do not seem to understand that the University of Chicago has several rare but unintentional humorists among its professors.

The schooner J. M. Weatherwax, which arrived at Port Townsend from Honolulu recently, had an unusual experience a few days before reaching port. When 150 miles off Cape Flattery, the schooner ran into an immense flock of birds, resembling the wild canary, thousands of which settled in the rigging and other parts of the vessel. The sailors furnished the feathered visitors with food and drink, and hundreds, if not thousands, of the birds remained on board till the schooner reached port. They became very tame, and left the vessel when it approached land.

Lord Lamington, the governor of Queensland, has left Brisbane for a tour through the northwestern district of that colony. The great pastoral region, along the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, is rarely honored with an official visit, and the settlers will, no doubt, be delighted to see the governor. Lord Lamington, on his side, ought to enjoy the trip. The blacks are still numerous in this part of Australia, and their habits and customs are very curious. But the governor's attention will be directed more particularly to the material resources of the country, and the possibility of increasing the means for its development.

While friends of education at home are largely concerned themselves with pictures in our public schools, foreign educators have been profoundly impressed with our public schools in pictures. The sixteen moving pictures of New York schools, showing nearly two thousand pupils in all parts of school work, including recess, cooking classes and fire-drill, were one of the wonders of the Paris exposition. They were accompanied by a phonograph, by which, for instance, when the children saluted the flag, the pledge of loyalty and patriotic songs were given at the same time. Both the Russian and the New Zealand governments have sent urgent requests for the loan of these pictures for display before the pedagogic societies of those countries.

Lieut. John S. Doddridge, U. S. N., has been in command of the torpedo boat *Talbot* during many of the experiments with liquid fuel the last year and has no hesitation in expressing an opinion on the merits of the systems hitherto tried on this little craft. So far these trials have not resulted in much valuable information, but have demonstrated beyond cavil that with the methods so far pursued in the use of liquid fuel for warships the system is practically useless and it is not believed the future will see much improvement in this matter.

# In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

## CHAPTER I.

"The dear boy! It is almost too good to be true! By this time they must be married, and Temple-Dene is saved!" Lady Jane Templeton sat tapping her feet restlessly on the floor, her dark-blue eyes flashing and sparkling as again and again she read over a closely written letter spread out upon her lap.

Good news—the best of all news—had come that day to the old home of the Templetons. The long, weary years of grinding poverty were at an end. More, the utter ruin that threatened Temple-Dene was averted once and for all. Little wonder, then, that Lady Jane's eyes danced, and her mouth twitched with unaccustomed smiles.

"I must tell somebody!" she went on excitedly. And she stretched out her hand to the bell handle.

"Send Miss Leila to me, Somers," she looked round to say to the footman who answered the summons.

While Lady Jane waited a slightly anxious pucker came into her brow. There's bound to be a shadow behind each human joy, however bright, and it would be a difficult task for her to tell the good news to the "somebody" whom she had summoned.

It was a cheerless, cold December day—the first of the month. From the distant belt of the Temple-Dene woods a faint mist was rising.

Could the blue skies and the warm sun ever have laughed down on a world so dun and sodden? Would they ever again break through the gray pall of sadness?

A slim figure of a girl, with hurt, bewildered eyes and a drooping mouth was moving listlessly along the corridor in obedience to the footman's message, and in Leila Desmond's eyes the gray day seemed to fit in with her own "sorrow-shot" heart. She almost hoped it would be always like this now—dull and dun, lifeless and loveless.

"You sent for me, aunty?"

She parted the heavy, faded blue-plush portiere between the south and the east drawing rooms, and looked straight at Lady Jane.

"Oh, Leila, yes!" Her ladyship started and she spoke nervously. "Quick! How slowly you move, child! Come and sit here by me." She patted the blue-satin couch on which she sank.

Everything about and around the mistress of Temple-Dene was blue—pale blue—for Lady Jane had been a blonde beauty of the fairest order in her palmy youth.

Time had faded the hangings and satin coverings, the frilled cushions and the hue of her own once rich robe, for Lady Jane Templeton was a miserably poor woman. Evil days had come upon her and her belongings, but they had not quenched the proud woman's spirit as they had that of her husband, Francis Templeton, the dreary, broken man, who sat all his days in the library, a victim to a form of melancholy.

The masterful spirit of the woman had never rested, seeking a way out of the dark cloud that shrouded Temple-Dene. All her hopes of deliverance from sheer ruin were placed in Gervie, the heir and only child she and Francis Templeton ever had.

By day and night she had spent her energies in rousing Gervie to the rescue of his family.

So the words that had trembled on the lips of Gervie Templeton day after day were unspoken after all. From boyhood his heart had been filled with one image—that of the girl, Leila Desmond, his mother's eldest niece. They were orphans—Leila and Sybil—daughters of Lady Jane's passionately loved younger brother. When he died his sister gathered the desolate children, motherless as well as fatherless, into her home, bringing them up and educating them.

But the instant the mother recognized that the girl, Leila, had grown to be the one woman in the world for her son the springs of love for her brother's orphan froze up. She almost hated Leila, even after she had gained her point and separated the two lovers. But it was Lady Jane's hour of triumph, and she could today at least afford to be gracious.

"Come, my dear Leila," she repeated, "I have news—great news—from my boy."

A shock of fear ran through the girl, who had crept slowly up to the faded blue couch.

Lady Jane, busily engaged adjusting her eye glasses and spreading out the foreign letter on her lap, did not observe blanching cheeks and trembling lip.

"I have heard from Gervie. A wonderful thing has happened, Leila. You will be astonished. My boy is engaged. He has met a sweet girl in San Francisco—a great heiress; and—and—well, I suppose they are actually married, for the wedding was fixed for the last day in November. This is the first of the month, so, if all is well, they are married. Can you believe it, Leila? And, oh! Temple-Dene is saved. Her money will redeem the dear old home. Oh, how good God is!"

The words rang through the brain of the listener.

God was possibly good to some folk—to Aunt Jane, for instance, and to the happy girl-heiress whose gold had bought up Leila's own heritage; but God seemed terribly cruel to her. He had stripped and robbed her of all that made life sweet and fair. So Leila sat dumb, twisting her slim, small fingers together on her lap; and Lady Jane's jubilant voice went on in her ears.

"Such a letter, my dear, brimful of all particulars and details. Everything I wanted to know is set down clearly. Dear boy, what a head he has for business! The settlements are most generous—quite extraordinary. If she dies without heirs, everything absolutely goes to Gervie; if he dies first, Temple-Dene is hers, supposing there is no heir. So in any case Temple-Dene is saved, and my life-prayer granted."

"It seems to be a good bargain for both."

Leila spoke at last, and her voice sounded harsh and bitter, though the elder lady did not notice it.

"A splendid bargain," she was repeating, in all innocence. "And, you see, Gervie was able to arrange the settlements himself without delaying, for I suppose you know, Leila, that Temple-Dene is already the dear boy's own by mortgage. All his uncle's money left to Gervie was swallowed up in it when he came of age; but that was, after all, a drop in the ocean of debts and difficulties."

"However, all that misery is now at an end. This dear girl's wealth will set the old place on its feet. My poor husband's life is a frail thread now, high spun out; but Gervie will see to it that my future is an assured one. And, of course, that in its turn touches yourself and little Syb. My home shall be yours always. So, Leila, the good news travels in a widening circle, and reaches one and all of us."

Lady Jane laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, but Leila shrank away quickly.

"I shall be able now to take you out, my dear. You shall see the world and marry well. I shall manage that, never doubt it. Oh, how life has changed all in an hour! I can scarcely realize it that all the money worries are to be smoothed out. But my poor Francis! If he could only have held out as I have done. Indeed, he will not even comprehend the glad news when I carry it to him. Leila, they say there's a black shadow to every joy. What if—what if my poor husband's mind goes altogether? It would be better far if God took him!"

Lady Jane stood up, shuddering with horror.

"I must go to him—Francis must be told. With a rustle of her faded silk skirts she left the room; but Leila sat on, clasping and unclasping her fingers ceaselessly.

Gervie married! For this girl the end of the world has come, then. To another belonged the right of loving her lover. Yes, he had been hers. Of that, at least, she could never be robbed. Leila, hurt and "sorrow-shot" to the soul, felt bitter and sore.

For the last couple of years—ever since the girl awoke to the knowledge that Gervie loved her—life had been a dream of happiness, into which no ray of doubt had crept. Then came the crash of all fair hopes in the knowledge that the love-dream must end. And now Gervie was married. With a moan Leila would have risen from the couch, but a pair of soft arms held her down.

"Darling said," a breathless, quick voice said, "I know! I have heard the news. Aunt Jane has just told me. I could kill him, I could! I hope all the sorrows and griefs in the world will come upon him and her, too. I hope they will be unhappy ever after." The hot words came raining fiercely, and a young face, working convulsively, was pressed against Leila's ice-cold cheek.

It was Sybil, the younger sister, warped alike in mind and body, for the girl was deformed. A careless nurse had dropped the tender infant on the flagstones in the hall, injuring her spine irremediably. Never would Sybil Desmond walk this earth straight and tall; and she had grown up with a wild, distorted frame of mind at enmity with all mankind—all save the idolized sister, who was all the world to poor, misshapen Syb.

## CHAPTER II.

"And you're going to take me to England for Christmas, to your own home, Gervie?"

"To our home, my wife. You must learn to say 'ours,' not 'yours,' Gladly."

Englishman, upon whom all eyes were turned with admiration, first encountered the slim, round-eyed heiress of Hiram Fairweather, the Chicago man, whose corner in iron had made him world-famous.

Gladly's mourning for the dead father had only just blended into tender grays and virginal whites, and the girl, liberally adorned otherwise with shy blushes, cunning dimples and happy smiles, was entering the widely welcoming arms of society.

Gervie Templeton was the first Englishman of good birth Gladly had as yet known. Hiram Fairweather's "boom of luck" had not come in time for him to take his place in the top-most circles of American society.

It had arrived all too late for the patient, meek helpmate who was lying in a shady corner of a country churchyard, with tired, hard-working hands folded restfully.

It had come too late to polish their only child into a fashionable lady by means of a European education; but Gladly was young—scarcely nineteen—and rarely dainty of face and form, so society willingly accepted the rose, uncut as it was, and petted her unstintingly. But society could not keep its new idol for long.

After the first shy look, the first few stammering words, Gladly had no longer a heart to boast of, though she herself was innocently ignorant of the fact. For this girl there would never be any other man than the chivalrous English stranger whom fate had introduced into her life. No other love could ever take the place of that which filled her veins with its blissful ecstasy. Her simple heart secret was an open page—Gladly knew no guile wherewith to hide it.

The astute dame of fashion who, for a certain handsome sum allowed by the trustees of the wealthy heiress, took Gladly under her wing, contented herself with smiling blandly at the pretty love scene going on under her eyes.

"Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing." Gervie Templeton did not let the grass grow under his feet until he had secured the matrimonial prize of the hour.

And, to do this young Englishman justice, he fully meant to "have and to hold . . . to love and to cherish," this fair, sweet woman whom he had won, until death should part them.

"He's got what he came over here for," moodily said one of many disappointed swains.

"That's so," observed another. "It's always like that. Those dandy English chaps have only to throw the handkerchief, and the richest of our heiresses, as well as the smartest of our summer girls, are at their feet. Bah! It's sickening!"

"Oh, come," broke in a kindlier spirit, "surely it's not so barefaced as all that? Though, now I think of it, he does not seem over-head-and-ears in love with that little Fairweather girl. There's a look in his eyes as if he had missed the chief aim in life, and consequently didn't much care how things went."

Perhaps the last speaker was not wide of the mark. Gervie Templeton certainly had a past of his own looked carefully away—honorably away now.

For the young man meant the vows he took upon himself when he and trembling, shy Gladly stood together at the altar. He would love and serve as well as he could the sweet, young helpmeet God was trusting to his care. Never should she know, if he could help it, that she had come second, not first, into his heart to remain there.

So another youthful pair set out for weal or for woe—who might say as yet?

(To be continued.)

## Ming Khama.

Khama is king of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechuanas, because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves, and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term. Khama is an old man now—lean, hungry and as ugly as can be; but he is a very good old man, and in his way has probably done more real good to the cause of the natives in his part of the country than any other two dozen native chiefs. He will not allow any intoxicating liquor whatever to be sold anywhere within his dominions. He and all his people are strict teetotalers, and there is a heavy fine for making tshuana, or Kaffir beer, a comparatively harmless decoction of fermented mealie meal.

## Humorous Census Returns.

Many humorous features were developed in the taking of the census of 1900. One question was indicated by the remark "length of residence," which was expected to show how long the people living in various localities at the time of the census had been there. When the reports came in it was found that many of these queries were answered in figures in this way: 20x4, 15 30, etc. The enumerators had gone around with a foot rule and had measured the length of the residences of the people they counted.

## Highest Chimney in World.

Antwerp has the highest chimney in the world. It belongs to the Silver Works company and is 410 feet high. The interior diameter is 25 feet at the base and 11 feet at the top.

## Artificial Nutmegs Analyzed.

A German chemist has analyzed the artificial nutmegs that are made in Belgium in large quantities. They include various vegetables and 80 per cent of mineral substances.

# SHELBY IS BURNED

## OPERA HOUSE FIRED AND BUILDING BURNS.

### INCENDIARIES LOOT SOME OF THE STORES

Seat of Many Business Firms, and Total Loss Placed at Twenty Thousand—Bloodhounds in Pursuit—Other Interesting News.

Reports have reached Rising City, Neb., of a disaster at the neighboring town of Shelby. Burglars entered the butcher shop and looted it, along with Jack Rathborne's store and James Hill's restaurant. Thence they went to the postoffice, blew up the safe and set fire to the building, which was totally destroyed, along with the opera house block, D. R. Laird's drug store and Brigham's dry goods store. Kennedy's implement building was crushed by falling walls. The thieves escaped and the country is being scoured by men on horseback and with teams.

### Unable to Quench Fire.

The crime was committed between 2 and 3 o'clock a. m., October 31. The first anyone knew of it was when the fire was discovered in the opera house block. It had already gained great headway and the primitive fire fighting apparatus of the town was insufficient to save the building and its contents.

The block was occupied by three stores and the postoffice. One store was the large mercantile establishment of Brigham Bros., another was Laird's drug store and the other the hardware establishment of Knerr. In the rear part of the hardware store was located the postoffice. Across the alley is the frame butcher shop of Eoetz and some distance away is the grocery store of J. G. Osborne. The tills in Eoetz's place and Osborne's grocery were both tapped, and the safe in the postoffice was blown open. It is presumed that the other stores were robbed, but as the contents were all destroyed by the fire this can not be definitely known. The authorities have no doubt that they were robbed.

The fire was first seen in the hardware store, near where the postoffice was. J. W. Bellinger is postmaster. He says that his safe was blown open and robbed of a few dollars in money, and he thinks about \$100 in stamps. Of the amount he is not positive, as he has taken no invoice. Some stamps were found in the rear of the building as conclusive proof of robbery.

### Some of the Losses.

Some of the losses are as follows: Frank Brigham, \$11,000, on general store and double rooms; insurance, \$7,500. Ida M. Yerty, drug store, \$1,600; no insurance. E. E. Knerr, hardware and jewelry, \$2,800; insurance, \$1,200. G. E. Brigham, store room, \$2,500; insurance, \$1,000. Ink's store room and office, \$3,000; insurance, \$1,200. Dr. Woodward, office fixtures, \$400; no insurance. J. C. Rahe, publisher of the Sun, \$1,500; no insurance.

The top part containing the opera house and offices, costing \$5,000, had no insurance.

The opera house was the pride of Shelby and was praised by every troupe playing there. The Nebraska telephone office was in the big store. No money was secured by the robbers in the postoffice for the postmaster saved it.

Three stores were broken open and tills tapped, also \$300 in stamps were stolen or burned. Mail sacks and all mail and postoffice equipments were burned. Stolen letters and registered packages had been opened and found a block away.

The opera block, with its furniture, will probably entail a loss of almost ten thousand dollars, which the other losses will easily swell to more than the twenty thousand mark. The block and stocks, with the exception of that of Mr. Laird's, it is understood, were well insured. Mr. Laird carried no insurance and his loss will be a total one. Only twenty dollars was saved from the postoffice.

No clue to the burglars has been found. Bloodhounds from Lincoln have gone to Shelby to trace the robbers.

## MURDER IN FIRST DEGREE

### Slayer of Messenger Lane Must Suffer Death Penalty.

A Maysville, O., dispatch says the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree without recommendation against Rosslyn Ferrell for the murder of Charles Lane, an express messenger on a Panhandle eastbound train. The murder was committed for the purpose of robbery. Ferrell secured \$1,000 in money from the way safe of the Adams Express company. The verdict carries with it the death penalty, which, in Ohio, is electrocution. A desperate effort was made to save the prisoner's life.

"Mr. Cecil Rhodes," says the Pretoria correspondent of the London Daily Mail, "will oppose the settlement of the Boers in Damaraland but he will welcome them to Rhodesia and will grant favorable terms after the war to induce them to settle there."

In his annual report to the governor of Georgia, says an Atlanta dispatch of October 30, Adjutant General Byrd recommends that the negro troops of the state be disbanded and mustered out service, because, he believes, they can not be of any service to the state from a military standpoint.

## GAIN OF THIRTEEN MILLIONS

Population of United States 76,295,320—Nebraska Has Grown.

The official announcement of the total population of the United States for 1900 is 76,295,320, of which 74,627,907 are contained in the forty-five states representing approximately the population to be used for apportionment purposes. There is a total of 134,758 Indians not taxed.

The total population in 1890, with which the aggregate population of the present census should be compared, was 63,069,756. Taking the 1890 population as a basis there has been a gain in population of 13,225,464 during the past ten years, representing an increase of nearly 21 per cent.

Following is the official announcement of the population of the United States in 1900 by states. In the figures the first column represents the census for 1900, and the second for 1890. The number of Indians not taxed is given at \$2,415, which includes all in states and territories:

Alabama	1,828,697	1,533,017
Arkansas	1,311,564	1,128,179
California	1,485,052	1,208,130
Colorado	539,700	412,193
Connecticut	908,355	746,258
Delaware	184,735	168,493
Florida	528,542	391,422
Georgia	2,216,329	1,837,353
Idaho	161,771	84,385
Illinois	4,821,550	3,826,351
Indiana	2,516,463	2,192,404
Iowa	2,251,829	1,911,826
Kansas	1,499,496	1,427,096
Kentucky	2,147,174	1,858,625
Louisiana	1,381,027	1,118,587
Maine	694,366	661,086
Maryland	1,189,946	1,042,390
Massachusetts	2,805,342	2,238,943
Michigan	2,419,782	2,093,889
Minnesota	1,751,395	1,301,828
Mississippi	1,551,372	1,259,690
Missouri	3,107,117	2,679,184
Montana	242,289	132,159
Nebraska	1,068,901	1,058,910
Nevada	42,334	45,761
New Hampshire	411,588	376,330
New Jersey	1,883,669	1,444,933
New York	7,268,009	5,997,853
North Carolina	1,891,992	1,617,947
North Dakota	319,940	182,719
Ohio	4,157,545	3,672,316
Oregon	413,532	313,657
Pennsylvania	6,301,365	5,258,014
Rhode Island	428,556	345,306
South Carolina	1,340,312	1,151,149
South Dakota	401,559	228,898
Tennessee	2,022,723	1,767,518
Texas	3,048,828	2,235,523
Utah	276,565	207,900
Vermont	343,641	333,422
Virginia	1,854,184	1,625,980
Washington	517,672	349,390
West Virginia	958,900	762,796
Wisconsin	2,068,963	1,686,800
Wyoming	92,513	60,705

Total 45 states... 74,627,907 62,116,811

Alaska (estimated)	44,000	32,962
Arizona	122,212	59,620
District of Columbia	278,718	230,392
Hawaii	154,001	89,990
Indian Territory	391,960	180,182
Oklahoma	398,245	61,834

Persons in the service of the United States stationed abroad (estimated)..... 84,400 .....

Indians, etc., on Indian reservation, except Indian Territory..... 145,282

Total 7 territories, 1,667,111 952,945

The Alaska figures are derived from partial data only, and all returns for Alaska and for certain military organizations stationed abroad, principally in the Philippines, have not yet been received.

## AGITATION OF CARLISTS.

Several Bands Appear in the Neighborhood of Barcelona.

A Madrid, Oct. 30, dispatch says: Several bands of Carlists have appeared in the neighborhood of Barcelona on account of the Carlist activity. Their quarters were searched and important documents were found. The Carlist movement was timed to commence a fortnight hence, but it broke out prematurely.

A band of thirty Carlists are reported to be near Bergar, a town fifteen miles northwest of Barcelona.

Gendarmes searched the country house of a brother-in-law of the Duke of Solferino and seized several rifles.

The troops have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to set out for Catalonia at a moment's notice.

Word from Barcelona Oct. 30, says: The forces who are following the Carlists in the Barcelona district have already arrested sixteen. Passengers who arrived say that they saw a few bands in the distance crossed by their trains. The Duke of Colferino has disappeared. More than 100 workmen have left Bergar for a destination not disclosed.

The battleship *Pelayo*, which had received orders to disarm, has been sent to Barcelona. The troops at Saragossa, Burgos and Valladolid are ready to leave for Catalonia.

## Seven Are Killed.

At De Hart, Mont., an east bound Northern Pacific train was partially wrecked by the breaking of a switch rod. Seven passengers were killed and several injured. The train was running 45 miles an hour.

## Favors Death to Diagraco.

Dr. Michael W. Kelliher, a prominent physician of Pawtucket, R. I., committed suicide. He was under indictment charging him with conspiracy to defraud an insurance company out of \$3,500 and the case was to have been heard next Saturday.

## Contract for Khaki Cloth.

The contract for furnishing the quartermaster's department of the United States army with 1,000,000 yards of khaki cloth was awarded to the American Khaki mills at 20 cents