

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Of the 46,988 deaths which occurred in Paris for the year 1890, no less than 12,314, hence about one-fourth, were due to consumption; 37.2 per cent of these persons died between the ages of 1 and 20, 60.2 per cent between those of 20 and 40.

An Alabama geologist who has been prospecting in the neighborhood of Decatur says he has found unmistakable traces of gold and phosphate within fifteen miles of the city named. He refuses to divulge the exact location, as he is operating for the purchase of the lands and the organization of a stock company.

Workmen digging a ditch near Round Prairie, in Logan county, O., have just uncovered one of the finest and best preserved mastodon skeletons yet found in that state. Unfortunately they damaged one of the enormous tusks before they knew what it was. The tusk is nine feet in diameter at the socket end.

The castle in which Oswald d'Aurmenne, a Belgian artist, has offered Mr. Kruger a home was built by monks 303 years ago as a convent. It has had a varied career, a former owner having entertained royalty in it, and was bought only a few years ago by M. d'Aurmenne, who is wealthy, and restored all the old splendor, besides instituting all modern conveniences and comforts.

Fresh excavations on the eastern slopes of Vesuvius have brought to light a vast edifice, 24 rooms of which have been discovered, and the walls of which are covered with frescoes of a date anterior to Pompeii and of great beauty. The director of the Berlin Museum is on the spot, and it is reported that the Kaiser has offered £100,000 for the "find."

Several of the European general staffs are studying the feasibility of organizing special corps something after the Boer model. The principal difficulty lies in the limited supply of horses at the command of the various governments, with the exception of Russia. The last equine census in that country is stated to have shown considerably more than 10,000,000 horses fit for war purposes.

Lorney L. Salley, a 70-year-old veteran of the civil war living at Freeport, Ind., received a pension of \$25 per month and applied for an increase to \$40. There was some irregularity in his affairs, and these were discovered when his application was considered. The result was that his entire pension was taken away. The old man brooded over the matter and began to fall rapidly. He absolutely refused all food for weeks, and died on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Reicke of California are in charge of a signal station on the brow of a lofty peak in the Sierra Nevada mountains, where they keep a sharp lookout, field glass in hand, for fires which might break out in the snowsheds that skirt the railroad through the rocky wilds. If a small flame should pass unnoticed for an hour the whole chain of sheds might be consumed and the tracks endangered. The woman watches by day and the husband by night.

A frank and somewhat artless statement of what is being done in the line of burning the farms of the Boers is made by a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette at Johannesburg. This enterprising person wishes to form a company to buy up the farms of the Boers and sell them to English settlers. The properties can be bought for a mere trifle. The reason why, as given by this speculative correspondent, is instructive. When the Boer prisoners of war return they "will find in nine cases out of ten that their homesteads have been burned down and scarcely a head of stock left." They will be destitute and their only hope of subsistence will be in the sale of their land for whatever a speculative company may choose to give.

If there were no such things as time locks a Presbyterian church at Mount Jay, Pa., would be \$8,700 richer than it is. Rev. David Conway, while pastor, was thrown from his carriage last year and fatally injured. Knowing that death was near he made a will leaving \$5,000 to the church, but learning that under state law bequests must be made thirty days before death he signed an order on a local bank giving to the church \$8,700 worth of bonds he had on deposit. This was in the evening, and as the bank vaults were protected by a time lock the bonds could not be delivered till next morning. Before that time Mr. Conway was dead. The banker held the securities pending a legal decision, which has just been given, to the effect that the bonds must be added to the estate and divided among Mr. Conway's relatives.

A market woman named Jacques, in trying to entrap a mouse in the fireplace of her lodgings in Paris, pulled out a loose brick behind which the mouse had sought refuge, and was astonished to find a parcel consisting of notes, cash and securities to the value of 40,000 francs. She at once took her find to the police station, and will be entitled to claim it in a year's time unless the owner comes forward and proves his right to the fortune in the meantime. Within half an hour of her discovery becoming known the finder had an offer of marriage.

ANNENT THE TREATY

The Senators Want Full Control of the Nicaragua Canal.

OPPOSITION OF SOUTHERNERS STRONG

Senator Money of Mississippi Declares It an Insult to the American People— Executive Session Devoted Wholly to Consideration of Treaty

The senate spent almost five hours Monday, December 10, in executive session considering the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Senator Morgan took issue with Senator Teller as to the purport of the first clause of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, claiming that it applied only to Great Britain's right to fortify the Nicaragua canal itself.

Senator Teller replied at some length, asserting that the provision was of more general importance. He said anyone could see for himself by reading President Buchanan's views upon the subject when he was minister to England. The declaration then made showed plainly that England had attempted to extend her rights beyond the immediate vicinity of the canal. Mr. Teller repeating his declaration that the United States should construct the canal, if at all, regardless of English position and without going through the formality of ratifying the pending treaty.

During the day speeches were made by Senators Money, Stewart, Frye and others. Senator Stewart announced that he was for the treaty without amendment and Senator Money that he was against the treaty in any form. He wanted the canal built as much as any one but he considered the pending treaty little less than an insult to the intelligence of the American people. He had no doubt that if proper diplomatic efforts should be made it would be possible to secure the complete abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that was what he wanted. That convention, he said, was contrary to the wishes of the people of the United States and they could be satisfied only by erasing it forever. There has also been new conventions between the United States and both Nicaragua and Costa Rica, giving absolute control of the waterway to this country.

The possibility of Secretary Hay's resigning in case the foreign relations committee amendment to the treaty should prevail, having been alluded to, it was denied by Mr. Frye, who said he was in a position to make official denial of that report. The secretary had no such intention. Mr. Frye announced himself as favorable to the treaty.

LIPTON CAN HAVE A MATCH

Thomas A. Lawson Promises to Build a Cup Defender.

After a conference with Boston designers, Boston builders and a number of representative Boston men, Thomas W. Lawson, the financier and horse fancier of Boston, announced that he would personally stand the expense of building another yacht to compete for the honor of defending the American cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock II. The new yacht, according to Mr. Lawson, will be designed by B. B. Crawshaw of Boston, while George Lawley of South Boston, the builder of the former cup defenders Puritan and Mayflower and the outfit of still another, the Volunteer, will probably construct the new boat. It is expected that Capt. Nat Watson, one of the best skippers in the east, will act as sailing master.

PREPARES A TARIFF BILL.

Philippines Commission Fixes Duties on Exports and Imports.

The Philippine commission has prepared a bill fixing the duties upon imports and exports says a Manila dispatch. There will be a public discussion of the measure. Under its provisions importations from the United States into the islands are dutiable. The importation of explosives, adulterated wines, articles under false trade marks and apparatus used in games of chance are prohibited. The rates of duty have not yet been perfected.

Fifty-two prisoners were captured in the suburbs of San Antonio and San Benito by a detachment of the Thirty-seventh regiment. Many escaped, but a portion of these were overhauled and captured by the gunboat Laguna de Bay.

AGED MAN KILLS HIMSELF.

Seated in a chair in the study of his luxurious home, Uriah C. Dunlap, one of Brooklyn's foremost business men, was found dead with a bullet hole in his head. At his side lay a revolver. Melancholia, aggravated by worry over the condition of an ill daughter, is believed to have led Mr. Dunlap to take his life. He was sixty-six years old.

ANNITY FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

The London war office announces that an annuity will be paid to every officer and man who served in South Africa since October 10, 1899. The least amount will be £5. It is roughly estimated that it will take £1,000,000 to complete the payment.

NEGRO LYNCHED FOR ASSAULT.

The negro who assaulted and fatally wounded Mrs. Joseph White, the wife of a farmer living near Rome, Ga., was caught and lynched. Mrs. White is not expected to recover.

DEATHS IN THE PHILIPPINES

General McArthur Sends List From Wounds and Diseases.

General McArthur notified the war department that the following deaths have occurred in the troops in the Philippines since the last report:

Dysentery—Michael Welch, Henry Waldschmidt, Owen Kelly, Henry Cavanaugh.

Suicide—Leroy Taylor, Alfred Hartley, Segreant John Dudley.

Died from wounds received in action—Uric Jusseaume, John Richty, William Dodd.

Varioloid—William K. Hardens, Grant Latimer.

Killed by comrade—Sergeant George Givens.

Killed by sentry by mistake—Shane Doyle.

Drowned—Vincent Zlatnicki.

Typhoid fever—Henry G. Sullivan.

Uraemia—Isaac Thomas.

Chloroform narcosis—Charles U. Stinnett.

Tuberculosis—Samuel Hardy.

General MacArthur says that the announcement in his telegram of October 4, of the death of John Dolan, company K, Thirty-seventh infantry, was a mistake. It should have been Corporal John A. Dolan, company C, Thirty-seventh infantry.

RIDES OUT A FIERCE STORM

Transport Belgian King Narrowly Escapes Sinking.

The transport Belgian King has reached San Francisco after a voyage of thirty-five days from Manila, made memorable by disaster and narrow escapes from total destruction. Shortly after leaving Manila the vessel encountered a typhoon, and for two days those on board waited for the death that seemed inevitable. The coal in her bunkers shifted and the ship for forty-eight hours was on her beam ends. Only the sudden abating of the storm saved the transport from going to the bottom of the ocean. The Belgian King was laid up seventeen days for repairs at Hong Kong and after leaving the latter port her coal caught fire through carelessness in loading and burned three days, while the transport made a desperate effort to reach Taku. The fire gained such headway that at one time the staterooms were too hot to be occupied.

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES

Former Nebraska Man Dies in Florida Insane Hospital.

Prof. J. W. Towne, who went to Georgia a few years ago from Nebraska, where he was distinguished as a college president, died in the state insane asylum at Chattahoochee. Prof. and Mrs. Towne were wealthy, and being forced to move to Florida on account of his health, bought large orange properties. The freeze of 1895 robbed them of their entire accumulations. Two months afterwards their home was burned. Mrs. Towne died and the combination of misfortunes drove Prof. Towne insane.

TWENTY PERSONS INJURED.

Railroad Accident Caused by Car Jumping Track.

Twenty persons were injured in an accident on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore road at Grays Ferry station, in West Philadelphia. An empty box car jumped the track and damaged several of the passenger coaches on the express train which leaves Washington at 11 a. m. Miss Emma Gougherty, of Chester, had both legs broken and is in a critical condition, and Miss Ella Little, also of Chester, was dangerously injured.

SAYS HE IS DALY'S BROTHER

Man at Hot Springs Claims Relationship With Dead Millionaire.

After reading an obituary of Marcus Daly, Rev. P. Daly, an inmate of the soldiers' home at Hot Springs, S. D., declares that the Montana two-millionaire was his brother. They were separated when little boys, the family being poor. Rev. Mr. Daly says he has often read of the multi-millionaire Daly, but never for a moment thought that it was his little brother who left home ragged and penniless.

Railroad School of Instruction.

Instruction car No. 106 of the International correspondence school of Scranton, Pa., in charge of Manager Coult, who is also secretary of the executive board of the brotherhood of locomotive firemen, and W. W. White, lecturer, with their assistants and attendants, who have been at Chadron, Neb., for the past few days, have left for Cheyenne, to give instructions to the employes of the railroads at that place. The car contains the original mechanism of two huge trains, namely, a fifty-car freight train, and a ten-car passenger train, and the instruction commenced on the car may be continued to the men in the railroad service by correspondence from the school until they graduate from the course and receive diplomas.

Made Homeless by Fire.

A fire at Borlange, near Falun, Sweden, has rendered 200 persons homeless and caused damage to the amount of half a million.

Stands by the Throats.

Though wounded by gunshot Engineer Hanselman of the Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis sat in his cab with the train speeding along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He was running a passenger train. At Gettysville, Ind., he entered the cab and complained of a sharp pain in his side. Nothing was known of the wound till Hanselman was lifted unconscious from the engine at Belleville. There is no explanation for the gunshot wound, which will prove fatal.

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER VIII.

A few hours later Temple-Dene was ablaze with lights that flashed down on a brilliant scene. Dinner was just over, and the gentlemen as well as the ladies had deserted the dining room; for outside, under the solemn Christmas stars, and drawn up in a semi-circle on the snow-covered terrace, were the mummies shouting in coarse unison an old world chant:

"God rest you, mercy gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay!"

In the large hall, where the vivid holly berries blazed red on the steel armor of the knightly figures, and in festoons on the tapestried walls, a goodly company was assembled—the house party of guests, with a background of the domestic of the establishment.

"And this is England, and an English Christmas eve!" A pair of small, thin hands were childishly clapped. "Oh, I never dreamed it would be so lovely, so delightful!"

A broad smile went round, for the excited speaker was the bride.

"Wonders will never cease," silently thought Gervis, as he stood amazed, Gladdy had since the afternoon thrown off the stupor of melancholy that so often oppressed her now and puzzled her husband. She had been at dinner the gayest of the party, all smiles and merry quips.

"I wish Ansdell could just see her now," said Gervis to himself. "The old chap would stare. He'd have to swallow his dismal croakings about decline and wasting away. She's as merry as a cricket!"

But Ansdell could not see the transformation, for he had shut himself up immediately on arriving with a tremendous headache; and it seemed as if Gladdy in his absence had lifted herself as a plant raises its head after the storm has passed.

Even wilful, the bride had escaped from the elders of the party—Lady Jane and the stately dowagers. She would have none of their wearisome congratulatory speeches. There was but one person in all Temple-Dene Gladdy wanted, and that was Lella Desmond, to whom the bride had taken a wild fancy. She would have none by her side but Lella; and Syb watched the pair with glovering eyes that smoldered wrathfully.

They stood, these two, in the foreground of the warm, dazlingly bright interior, conspicuous figures, for both were white.

At the bride's throat and in her curly hair diamonds sparkled; while Lella, in her dead-white crape, simply made frock, had not a single ornament save her own sweet smile and a bunch of dewy, heavy-headed Christmas roses fastened in the folds of her bodice.

"I love your dear old-fashioned Christmas customs," went on Gladdy. But this time it was for Lella's ear only she spoke, and she squeezed her new friend's hand under cover of her satins and laces as the two girls stood close side by side.

"I've read heaps about the way you keep Christmas in the old country, and I know that old legend in verse, 'The Mistletoe Bough.'"

"Oh, do you?" Lella turned her soft eyes on the bride. "Then, you know, Gervis would tell you that many people think the tragedy actually happened here at Temple-Dene?"

"N-no!" Gladdy gasped. Then she added: "Gervis did not tell me. I wonder he did not."

Gervis, it seemed, had told his new wife next to nothing about the old home of his ancestors.

"Oh, well, we are not exactly sure, you know," said Lella, hesitatingly; "but there is a tradition that a bride of the family was lost, and found dead in an old black-oak chest which stands in the gallery yonder."

She pointed to the gallery running round the large hall.

"And many people firmly believe she was the Ginevra of the poem. But of course it is only hearsay, we are not positive."

"I must see it! Oh, I must! Please take me at once!" And Gladdy caught up her satin skirts to rush off.

"Wait, Mrs. Templeton—please wait a few moments!" urged Lella, laying her hand gently on the American girl's round, white arm. "The mummies are all village folk who have known us and Gervis all their lives. They would be terribly hurt if you ran away before the carols are finished."

It was Lella all over to be ever thoughtful of the feelings of others.

"But I always do just what I've a mind to do!" said Gladdy, half fretfully.

"You shall see the old oak chest tomorrow, Mrs. Templeton, I promise you that," said Lella, much as she would have sought to pacify a fractious child. And Gladdy, docile enough where she loved—and already she loved Lella—turned with smiling eyes to the half-circle of upturned rustic faces out on the snow under the stars. Presently Gladdy, pink and tremulous, was led out upon the steps to bow her thanks.

"Her be rare and sweet to look upon, and that happy! God bless she, we do say!"—the whisper went round among the mummies.

"But Mister Gervis, he do look grave, he do, same's he had the weight o' all England on his shoulders," somebody added. And there were one or two head-shakes, for we can't keep our heart secrets locked up from our

How can we listen to the story the joybells are tolling and feel one scrap of doubt?"

"I wish I were real good, like you," sighed Gladdy. "Lella, do you know sometimes, quite lately, a strong feeling has come to me that my life will be a short one? I haven't enough stamina in me to live."

She stretched out her thin little hands to warm them at the blaze of the wood fire. Lella gazed from them to her in profound amazement.

Was this how a happy bride talked, then? And on Christmas eve, too, when the thought of Christmas peace was warming each heart.

"Shall I send Gervis to you?" she said, softly, wondering a little at her own strength.

But Gladdy, unheeding, continued to stare wistfully into the leaping blaze, and the Christmas bells pealed on through the frosty air.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas day, with its happy greetings and its gifts, its peaceful services, its feasting of the poor and its great home dinner, was drawing to a close. It was night, and the merry makings at their height.

The old mansion of Temple-Dene, every nook and cranny of it, was filled with guests, who had come from far and near, bidden to the festivities.

Round a monster Christmas tree danced happy children, eager to grasp the gifts dealt out to them by Santa Claus, a stately figure, snow-covered and holly-decked, sham icicles hanging from his hair and beard, nobody guessing that under the disguise was Gervis himself.

He, and Gladdy also, had thrown themselves with childish glee into the evening's amusements; while Lella and little Syb, fairly exhausted by the toil of decorating the hall, the gallery and the numerous rooms, were well content to look on at the revels in which the whole establishment, guests and servants alike, were joining. There was one exception, however.

In the quiet, distant library, Francis Templeton sat among his dumb friends, the long row of books. He alone, the master of the house, was absent from the Christmas rejoicings. Never more would he mingle with his fellow men.

But in the revelry now at its height he was not even missed.

"We must have 'Sir Roger de Coverley' and then supper!" at last cried Lady Jane.

It was so long since the poor lady had tasted the joy of entertaining her neighbors that she threw herself into the business of the moment with genuine zest.

"My dear!" she seized the skirts of Gladdy's silver brocade dress as the girl fled past with a couple of flushed, eager children, one on each side. The bride had apparently cast off her melancholy of the previous night, and was radiantly gay. "You must dance 'Sir Roger' with Barnes, our good old butler, you know. You must, really!" insisted Lady Jane.

"Oh, but Mith Templeton it's going to show up the big black box where the poor lady was shut up dead!" hisped a fair-haired boy in blue velvet and point lace.

"Never mind, little man, I'll take you up to the gallery after the dance is over."

Gladdy stooped to kiss the disappointed, rosy mouth.

Presently the whole company who were not dancers crowded close to see the popular, old-fashioned dance led off by the dainty, fragile bride, in her gleaming jewels and shimmering gown, and the venerable, white-haired Barnes, the trustiest of the Temple-Dene retainers.

At the opposite end of the two long rows of dancers was Lella Desmond, trails of scarlet holly berries on her white gown and in her sunny hair, her partner being the small boy in blue velvet, Gladdy's lapsing admirer, (To be continued.)

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Needlessly Alarmed the Young Lady Covering His Grip.

A bashful young man had sat for some time in the terminal station at Philadelphia, waiting for his train to be announced. His grip he had shoved under his seat. Finally he jumped up and sought the train announcer for the third time. He was told that his train time had at last arrived. Then the young man remembered his grip, which he had left under the seat in the waiting room. Hurrying back, he was amazed to find a beautiful girl occupying the place he had left a moment before. His grip was hidden by her skirts and the bashful young man saw no way of getting at it. He feared that he would miss his train, so he decided to speak to the young lady. Strutting up to her in a flustered state, his intention to politely ask her to allow him to get his grip was forgotten and he blurted out with: "Parlous me, lady, but you are sitting on a nail and might tear your dress." With a bound the girl was out of the seat, when the young man grabbed his grip and fairly ran through the waiting room and to his train. The girl blushed as others sitting near giggled and she, too, hurried out to the train shed and waited there for her train.

Need Not Wire Boxes.

The western classification committee, in session at Hot Springs, Ark., has decided not to require the wiring of boxes containing boots and shoes, military goods and other small articles. A protest from Milwaukee shippers made by Secretary H. B. Wilkins of the Merchants and Manufacturers' association, was the cause of action.—Milwaukee Journal.