

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Freight rates from Manila to Hong Kong, a distance of only 700 miles, are as much from San Francisco to Hong Kong, a distance of 8,000.

The "abandoned" farms of Massachusetts are fast being taken up. Three years ago there were 330 thus classed in the state. A recent enumeration shows there are now but 136.

In Brittany and the lower Pyrenees fairs are held annually at which the peasant girls assemble to sell their hair. Parisian dealers are the chief customers, purchasing many thousands pounds.

The Philippines touch closely upon the gutta percha belt, yet the tree does not grow there indigenously, and it is at least very problematical whether it can be cultivated there. It will not grow in Cochín, China, likewise near the gutta percha belt, because the average temperature is too low and the changes too sudden.

The emperor of Morocco has a very peculiar band. His private musicians are 80 in number and they all play clarionets, which were made by a London firm. Curiously enough they are all in one key. The emperor takes great delight in listening to the 80 clarionets being blown simultaneously, but he can not convince his court that "music hath charms."

Some curious botanical experiments made at a zoological laboratory at Naples are reported by Hans Winkler. A flowerless aquatic plant, that grows normally with its roots in the sand and leaves in water, was inverted, specimens being placed with the leaves buried in the sand and the roots in water in strong light. The roots changed to stems and leaves, the buried parts becoming roots.

"Not if I were as rich as Croesus," recently objected an American who is supposed to be worth \$100,000,000. Unhappily for Croesus, "the bubble reputation" may petrify as well as burst. Archaeologists digging among the libraries of Asia discovered the inventory of Croesus, and found that that fraud of a millionaire was worth only \$9,000,000. America swarms with Croesuses who could buy up the typical rich man of the olden time.

A great sensation has been caused in Vienna by an order for the arrest of a member of the Austrian Parliament, named Franz Krempa, who is accused of highway robbery in the district of Tarnow. The prosecution claims that Krempa, at the head of a band of ten peasants, waylaid a man named Rusinowsky, a horse dealer, robbed him of a considerable amount of cash, and beat him until he was insensible. Krempa belonged to the Polish People's Party, and is now missing.

Every time that Russia "bluffs" England and gains a diplomatic victory, says a wise observer, a certain marketable quantity of prestige is transferred from one nation to the other. He adds that trade cannot flourish nor subject races be governed without an ample store of prestige to draw upon at will. It is an interesting fact that the first but now obsolete meaning of prestige is illusion, imposture. Unfortunately, the element of trickery in diplomacy, whereby national prominence has been gained throughout the history of foreign governments, is by no means obsolete.

Doctor Dussaud of Paris has invented a cinematograph, by means of which blind persons can experience the illusion of moving objects as people with sight do an illuminated screen. The apparatus consists of a machine that causes a series of reliefs, representing trees, birds or other objects, to pass rapidly under the fingers. The reliefs are so graduated that the delicate sense of touch possessed by the blind translates their variations into apparent movements of the objects represented. Doctor Dussaud employs the apparatus mainly for educational purposes. He has also devised a system of electric vibrations for conveying to the deaf an impression of musical rhythm.

In the Interstate Park near Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, has been discovered a singular group of "giants' kettles," or pot-holes, covering an area of two or three acres and ranging in diameter from less than a foot to 25 feet, and in depth from one foot to 84 feet. They have been bored in exceedingly hard rock, and in many cases they are like wells in shape, the ratio of width to depth varying from one to five up to one to seven. Mr. Warren Upham ascribes their origin to torrents falling through glacial "moulines" at the time when the northern territory of the United States was buried under ice. As with similar pot holes elsewhere, rounded boulders are occasionally found at the bottom of the cavities.

In northwestern Montana, near the British line, there is a lake the waters of which flow through the St. Mary river to Hudson bay. The divide between the lake and the head waters of the Milk river, an affluent of the Missouri, is so low that engineers say it would be feasible to divert the outlet from Canadian to American territory. As water for irrigation is highly valued on both sides of the line, the question whether the United States has a right to divert it is one of international interest, and may yet become important.

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)

"Do, doctor," he implored, earnestly; "I feel I shall never progress toward recovery so long as you compel me to remain in this room."

"And where, may I ask, do you want to go?" demanded Dr. Stubber, irritably.

He had grown wonderfully fond of his patient during the past few weeks, and could not bear to deny him anything but what was impossible.

"To the library," said Denzil; "they can wheel the sofa up to the fire, and I promise you faithfully, I will not try to walk. Give me your permission, and then my mother and Lady Caroline can say nothing. I want to go down to-morrow."

"Well, well, we will see about it," answered the doctor.

This reply, Denzil knew, was equivalent to a promise. And accordingly the following day saw him installed in state in the library, with books and early spring flowers around him and all the family at his beck and call.

It so fell out that about three o'clock he was alone, Mrs. Younge having been called off for some reason by Mabel, with an assurance that she would let her go back again in less than five minutes.

Almost as they closed the one door in making their exit the other, situated at the top of the room, opened, and Mildred Trevanion came in. Seeing Denzil so unexpectedly alone, she hesitated slightly for a moment, and then came forward, looking rather shy and conscious, he thought.

She was remembering her last interview with him in his own room, and was feeling terribly embarrassed in consequence, while he was dwelling upon the same scene, but was viewing it very differently—not as a reality, but merely in the light of a happy dream.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, rather awkwardly, standing beside his lounge, and looking down upon him.

"You might have seen me long ago if you had cared to do so," he rejoined, reproachfully. "You are the only one of all the household who never came near me during my illness."

Mildred glanced at him suspiciously. Had he really forgotten all about it? His face was supremely innocent, and she drew a deep breath of relief, which yet was mingled with a little pain that he should so entirely have let her visit slip his memory.

"You had so many to see after you—I was scarcely wanted," she said; "and of course all day I heard reports of your well being."

"Still you might have come, if only for a few minutes," he persisted. "Not that I expected you would. There was no reason why you, of all people, should trouble yourself about me."

"If I had thought you wished me—"

"Mildred!" he exclaimed, angrily; and then she ceased speaking altogether, knowing she had vexed him by the open hypocrisy of her last remark.

"If she had thought!"—when she knew, in her inmost heart, how he had been waiting, hoping, longing for some sign of her presence.

"So you have broken off your engagement with Lyndon?" he said, presently, regarding her attentively.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "or, rather, he broke it off with me."

"He!" repeated Denzil, with amazement. "Then it was his doing—not yours? How could that be?" Then, jealously—"And you would perhaps have wished it to continue? You have been unhappy and miserable ever since?"

"I have not been unhappy exactly, or miserable; but I certainly would not have been the one to end it."

"What was the reason?" he asked, unthinkingly; then—"I beg your pardon. Of course I should not have asked that."

"There were many reasons," returned she, calmly. "Perhaps"—with a little bitter laugh—"you were right after all. Do you remember telling me that you thought no good man would ever care to marry me? Well, your words are coming true, I think."

"Will you never forget that I said that?" Denzil's voice was full of pain as he spoke. "You know I did not mean it. How could I, when I think you far above all women? You know what I think of you—how I have loved you and always shall love you until my death."

"Oh, hush!" implored Mildred, tremulously, suddenly growing very pale. Then, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, she asked him hurriedly—"Are you getting stronger now—really better? I should like to hear that from yourself."

"Would you?" he said, looking pleased and radiant, and possessing himself of one of the small slender hands that fell at her side. "Do you really care to know? Have you any interest at all in me? Say you will come and see me, then, here to-morrow at this hour. Think how lonely it is to lie still all day." He pressed her hand entreatingly and kissed it.

"If nothing prevents me," promised Miss Trevanion, with faint hesitation; and then the door opened and Mrs. Younge, Lady Caroline and old Blount came in.

"Ah, Mildred, good child," cried Mrs. Younge, innocently, "you have been

taking care of him while I was fearing that he was alone all this time. Denzil, you are a spoiled boy from all the attention you receive. I hope the time did not seem too long, Mildred, dear. I meant to be back directly."

Miss Trevanion blushed, and, making some pretty, graceful answer, escaped from the room, while Lady Caroline glanced covertly at Denzil, who appeared totally unconscious of any undercurrent in the conversation, and old Blount looked mischievous.

"Well," said he, when he had shaken hands with Denzil and wished him joy in his kind hearty way at having recovered his freedom, "I have just been with Sir George, Lady Caroline, and he tells me you are determined to marry off all your family at once, like a sensible mother."

"I don't know about that," returned Lady Caroline, laughing. "One at a time, if you please, will suit us well enough. We do not want to be left without any solace in our old age. But you mean Charlie and Frances, I suppose?"

"Yes," said he, "they have come to a proper understanding at last I hear. I think they came to that before Christmas," observed Lady Caroline; "but the question of late has been when to name the wedding day. Frances was very refractory in the beginning, but at last she has given in, and it is actually arranged to take place on the thirteenth of next month; always provided the day is fine—as she says nothing on earth would induce her to be married in rain."

Old Dick laughed.

"She has been such a spoiled pet all her life," he commented, "that I think she will give Charlie something to do to manage her."

"I agree with you," said Lady Caroline; "but she is such a dear girl with it all that one can not help loving her and forgiving her the very trifling faults she possesses."

"And then true love is such a smoother of all difficulties," put in Mrs. Younge, softly, raising her eyes from her knitting.

"It is time for us to be thinking of wedding presents," said Denzil. "I wonder what she would like, Lady Caroline."

"Well, I hardly know," answered her ladyship; "but I can easily find out by putting a few adroit questions. I suppose jewelry is about the best thing a young man can offer."

"And how about Mabel's affair?" asked Blount.

"Oh, the child!" cried Lady Caroline—"surely she can afford to wait; and, besides, she must, as George has decided nothing must be said about it until Roy is in a better position."

"I have just been talking to Sir George about that," said old Blount; "and I think it a pity the young people should be sighing for each other when they might be together. I am an old man now, with more money than I know how to spend; so I have decided that they shall have half, and set up housekeeping without further delay."

"My dear Richard," cried Lady Caroline, greatly touched, "this is too generous. Why should they not wait? Why should you deprive yourself of anything at your years?"

"My dear creature," returned old Blount, "I am not thinking of doing anything of the kind. I am far too selfish to deprive myself of any luxuries to which I have been accustomed. But I literally can not get rid of the money; so they may just as well have it as let it be idle."

"There never was anybody like you, Dick," said Lady Caroline, with tears in her eyes.

"Except Sir George," returned old Blount, mischievously, at which they all laughed.

"And still we have Mildred to dispose of," he said presently, with a sidelong glance at Denzil, who gazed stolidly out of the window.

"Dear, dear—will you leave me no daughter?" expostulated Lady Caroline; and Mrs. Younge, who had grown very intimate with them all during her son's illness, looked up plaintively to say:

"There is really no understanding young people in these days. Now how she could object to that nice Lord Lyndon is beyond my comprehension—quite. He seemed in every way so suited to her."

"And he seemed to me in every way unsuited to her," put in Denzil, impulsively and rather crossly.

"Did he indeed, my dear?" said his mother, with mild surprise. "Well, see how differently people judge."

"Differently, indeed," coincided old Blount. "And now tell us, Denzil, what sort of a person do you think would make her happy?"

There was a sly laugh in the old man's eyes as he asked the question, and Denzil, looking up, caught it; so that presently he laughed too, though rather against his will.

(To be continued.)

Cottage Hospitals for Canada. Countess Minto, the wife of the governor general of Canada, has offered to become the head of a movement to establish cottage hospitals throughout Canada.

The less we have the more the recording angels place to our credit when we give.

A SMALL TORNADO

Wind on a Rampage Near Dorchester, Neb.

SEVERAL SMALL BUILDINGS WRECKED

Minor Damage Done But no One Badly Injured—Seven Freight Cars Wrecked—Tramp Gets Broken Arm—Other News Notes.

A windstorm struck Burlington train No. 72 one-quarter of a mile west of Dorchester about 2 o'clock Saturday. The train was pulling into the station when the storm center passed over it, throwing six empty box cars into the ditch and badly wrecking them. A car load of merchandise was turned crosswise on the track and wrecked. Other cars in the train were damaged.

A tramp named James Randall, who was beating his way to Omaha from the west, was caught in the wreck and injured. It is not believed his injuries will result fatally, but it was stated that he was badly hurt.

The main line was blocked about five hours, detaining all east-bound trains. A wrecking train was sent out from Lincoln to clear the track.

Railroad reports stated that many small outbuildings were blown down in the vicinity of Dorchester. The depot building there was moved six inches from the foundation and the top was blown from the water tank. The wind, as seen by railroad men, was a powerful one, although it did not have a rotary motion. It is believed that reports from the country districts might show more serious loss. The center of the storm seemed to have passed nearly half a mile west of the Dorchester station.

The wires west of Dorchester were down for some time after the storm, and this interrupted telegraphic communications with the storm swept district.

FIVE NEGROES LYNCHED.

Wholesale Execution of Blacks in a Georgia Town.

A Sylvania, Ga., dispatch says: Arnold Augustus, Andrew Davis, Richard Sanders, William Hudson and Sam Baldwin, all negroes, were executed in the yard of the county jail of Screven county. The necks of four were broken by the fall. The fifth died of strangulation. The negroes bore up well. They sang at the jail and afterward marched between a squad of soldiers to the scaffold. Here they made short talk and received spiritual consolation. They then drank lemonade furnished by the sheriff, and thanked him for his kindness to them. None of the negroes said he was innocent of the crime for which the men met death.

JURY SAYS MURDER

Lulu Prince Kennedy Convicted of the Crime.

A jury in the criminal court at Kansas City decided that Lulu Prince Kennedy was guilty of murder in the second degree for having killed her husband, Philip Kennedy, in January last, and assessed her punishment at ten years in the penitentiary. When the verdict was read this remarkable twenty-year-old prisoner, whose cool indifferent manner has for five months baffled the jail officials who have had her in charge, looked straight ahead of her. She neither burst out crying nor moved a muscle.

SENATOR PLATT TO RETIRE

Content to Quit at Conclusion of Present Term.

Senator Platt will retire from the United States senate at the end of his term in March, 1903. Mr. Platt is feeling better and stronger than usual, and his determination has not been hastened, it is understood on account of poor health. It is expected by his friends that he will make public soon his reasons for laying down his office at the end of the term.

KANSAS GETS FEDERAL PLUM

Ex-Congressman Peters Will be the Pension Commissioner.

A dispatch from Topeka, Kan., says: Ex-Congressman S. R. Peters of Kansas has received a dispatch calling him to Washington, where he will be tendered the office of pension commissioner. President McKinley has had under consideration the names of ex-Congressman Blue and Peters for this position, and Mr. Peters' summons settled the matter in his favor.

Woman Fatally Stabbed.

Mrs. Ida M. Thalle was fatally stabbed on the street in Villisca, Ia., by her husband, with whom she has not lived for four years. The man was arrested and taken to Red Oak to avoid violence, the angry citizens threatening to lynch him on the spot.

Dudley B. Walker a Suicide.

Dudley B. Walker, a grandson of the late Rear Admiral Walker, and well known in musical circles, committed suicide by inhaling gas at his boarding house in Brooklyn. He was thirty years old. Business reverses are thought to have caused him to take his own life.

Barn and Horses Burn.

The barn of D. Fife, about five miles north of Shelby, Neb., was struck by lightning and burned with five horses. Loss about one thousand dollars.

TAKES LOSS TO HEART.

Hastings Victim of Three Smooth Swindlers Prostrated.

Michael Hess, the Adams county farmer who was hounded out of twenty-five hundred dollars last week by three confidence men, has become seriously ill and it is feared it may result fatally. He is sixty-one years old and since living in Adams county during the past fifteen years, he has gained a reputation of being an honest, careful and conscientious man. Mr. Hess has not been seen outside of his home since he gave the information to the police and he is now prostrated.

Sheriff Sinnering has secured an excellent description of the swindlers as they stopped a week in Hastings and registered at hotels as George M. Williams, John Thom, and G. C. Haines. It is said that Williams is the leader of the trio, and he is an oily talker. He is about five feet eleven, weighs two hundred and forty and has smooth face, complexion florid, has a scar on left side of face; is slightly stoop-shouldered and dresses in black.

John Thom is of medium size, about forty years old, dark complexion, very reserved and dressed in gray clothes. G. C. Haines, the Texan, is under medium size, of dark complexion, has a crooked mouth and is about forty-five years old.

AIM AT THE OFFICERS.

Deserters Make Them Their Mark in the Philippines.

A Manila, P. I., dispatch says that Colonel Bolanos, with five officers and forty-one rifles, has surrendered at Lipa, Batangas province.

The recent battle with the insurgents at Lipa, in which Captain Spring was wounded and Captain Wilhelm and Lieutenant Lee were mortally wounded, was begun by the Americans. The disproportion in number of officers hit is said to be chargeable to the fact that there were several deserters from the American army with the rebels.

The island of Panay is being ravaged by rinderpest, and so great is the havoc caused by the disease that the natives are hauling carts to Iloilo.

CADETS PAINT THE TOWN

Omaha School Boys Repent a Time-Worn Prank.

Dr. A. C. Hirst, of the First Methodist church, Omaha delivered an address Sunday to the class of 1900, Omaha high school. The regular ushers were displaced by school girls. The topic was "Self Sacrifice." In spite of the good advice received a party of high school students dubbed "Company D," on every wall and sidewalk in the business section of the city.

That company had just won the competitive drill medal.

GREAT FIRE AT SHIPYARD.

Russia Suffers a Loss of Ten Million Roubles.

A fire at the Galleys island ship yards at St. Petersburg consumed the slips, the cruiser Witjas and other vessels, the government and other buildings there and a large stock of timber. The flames also leaped the Neva-Fontanka canal, destroying several military warehouses filled with supplies.

According to the Novoe Vremya twelve persons lost their lives in the flames.

The damage done amounts to 10,000,000 roubles.

CARRIAGE STRUCK BY TRAIN

Four Persons Killed on a Crossing at Flint, Mich.

The Pere Marquette passenger train at Flint, Mich., struck a double carriage at the Hamilton avenue crossing, in the suburb of Oak Park, and instantly killed four people. The dead: Maj. George W. Buckingham, Flint; Miss Abbie Buckingham, Flint; Mrs. Thomas Applegate, Orian; Mrs. William Humphrey, Adrian.

Lipton Willing to Race.

A London dispatch says: When the attention of Sir Thomas Lipton was called to a report that his secretary had announced his willingness that the Shamrock II should race with the Independent if a cup were offered, he replied that he had made no arrangements for such a race, but did not say why he should not do so after his engagement with the New York yacht club was concluded. Continuing, Sir Thomas said:

"What I would like to do would be to arrange a race with the Constitution across the Atlantic after the challenge races, whoever wins. This would be good sport and a fine test of seamanship and the stability of a yacht under varying conditions."

July 2nd Dedication Day.

The Illinois building at the pan-American exposition will be dedicated and formally opened to the public Tuesday, July 2. The Illinois commissioners to the exposition met at Chicago and fixed the date definitely. This will in no way conflict with arrangements for Illinois day, which has been appointed for September 16, by Governor Yates. Prominent Illinois men will deliver the addresses on dedication day.

Shoots Her Husband.

Mary Dennie at her home in Quincy, Ill., in a quarrel with her husband, Edward, an engineer on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, shot him in the stomach, inflicting a probably fatal wound. Mrs. Dennie was lodged in jail. It is believed she is insane. The quarrel was over money matters.

Track Men Will Strike.

All of the Canadian track men will strike. The demand of those on the eastern division for an increase in pay of 20 cents a day has not been acceded to.

TAKES THE FIRST PRIZE.

Hagenow Band of Lincoln, Neb., is Triumphant.

Lincoln, Neb., won a signal triumph in the prize contest in connection with the Woodmen meeting at St. Paul, Minn., when Hagenow's band of that city was awarded first prize of three hundred dollars. Bandmaster Hagenow and Manager Gildersleeve were showered with congratulations.

A terrific wind and rain storm struck Camp Northcott Friday afternoon, tore down tents and scattered contents, so that the foresters' drill was suspended. The scores of the teams thus far are: Pontiac, Ill., 99.4; Des Moines, 97.9; Lincoln division No. 1, 96.50; Rock Island, 98.05; Elgin, Ill., 88.83; Rockford, Ill., 98.90; Omaha, 97.05; Decatur, Ill., 70.25; Lincoln, No. 190, 36; Duluth, 93.70; Lincoln, No. 2266, 85.19.

A. R. Talbot of Lincoln gave a smoker entertainment to the Nebraska delegates.

The Modern Woodmen of America at the opening of the business session of the head camp adopted a resolution giving the executive council power to change the place of next meeting in case it is found impossible to get acceptable railroad rates. Five cities were presented for the place of meeting in 1903. Indianapolis, 334; Grand Rapids, Mich., 240; Saratoga, N. Y., 23; Los Angeles, 17; Denver, 8.

MANY ARE DROWNED.

Ferry Boats Collide in East River and Many Lives Are Lost.

The wooden side-wheeler Northfield which has been in the service of the Staten Island Ferry company for the past thirty-eight years, was rammed Friday night by the steel-hulled propelled Mauch Chunk, used as a ferry-boat by the Central railroad of New Jersey. The collision occurred just off the Staten Island ferry slip, at the foot of Whitehall street, and in less than twenty minutes afterwards the Northfield, which was crowded with passengers, sank at the outer end of the Spanish line pier, in the East river. The Mauch Chunk, which was badly damaged, landed two dozen passengers who were aboard her.

Over a hundred of the passengers of the sunken Northfield were dragged out of the water by people along shore and the crews of the fleet of river tugs which promptly responded to the ferry-boat's call for help. A few of the Northfield's passengers were hurt in the act and the police believe that some lives were lost. Capt. Daniel Gully of the tug boat Mutual, who saw the ferry boats crash together, says that immediately after the collision between twenty-five and thirty of the passengers leaped into the water and that many of these perished.

AN OMAHA GIRL ASSAULTED

Meets Man on Road Who Frightens Her Into Submission.

A brute accomplished a criminal assault upon Miss Mary Mark, thirteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Larson of 1007 North Fifty-first street, Dundee, a suburb of Omaha, Neb., and made his escape. The little girl is seriously injured but will probably recover. She met the stranger on a lonely road and was frightened into submission with a knife. Sheriff Powers and his deputies are working on the case and have the assistance of the police. No effort will be spared to run the brute to earth. A good description was obtained.

WOODMEN ON PARADE.

Lincoln, Neb., Division No. 1, Leads the Procession.

Eight thousand Woodmen were in line in the procession, at St. Paul, Minn., Thursday. Excessive heat induced more than three-fourths of the members to seek shady places and watch the parade. Lincoln, Neb., division No. 1, led the procession, preceded by Hagenow's band, with Captain Ringer, mounted, in command. Omaha camp No. 120, elicited applause from the crowds of spectators, numbering about 200,000.

BULLETINS NOT NECESSARY.

Mrs. McKinley Continues Normal Improvement.

Mrs. McKinley's physicians held their usual consultation Friday and decided to discontinue the issuance of bulletins. It is said that her condition continues to improve slowly and the doctors consider it useless to give out a bulletin each day under the favorable progress she is making. Should her condition grow worse the bulletins will be resumed.

Rescue of Drowning Men.

"Jack" Smith, a former member of the army, leaped from a Big Four bridge at Columbus, O., into the Scioto river, a distance of sixty-two feet, and rescued two men from drowning. Smith was standing on the bridge with a surveying party, when a boat in the river below, containing two men, capsized. The men were in imminent danger and Smith hearing their cries for assistance, dived from the bridge, sixty-two feet above the water, and carried both of them ashore.

Courtland Residence Burned.

Fire destroyed the residence of J. O'Brien at Cortland, causing a damage of about fifteen hundred dollars, fully insured. The origin of the fire is unknown. Mr. O'Brien was badly burned about the face and hands, as was also his youngest son.

Poison in the Ice Cream.

Sixteen young girls who attended a sociable at St. Patrick's cathedral at Clinton, Ia., are lying unconscious from ice cream poisoning. It is believed several of them will die.