

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The cotton exported from the United States during the past year amounted to 3,330,890,448 pounds.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius.

The close of the tourist ticket season has brought out the fact that at least 2,000 persons have taken up permanent residence in Colorado, as a result of mid-summer excursions.

Friends, thought absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak yet in the enjoyment of health; and what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive.

A man in Alpine, Col., is at least willing to sell his body for money. His name is W. S. Coburn, a prospector. He owns a lot of mining property that is valuable, but his credit is exhausted and he cannot get money to further work it. Hence he thus advertises in a local paper: "If I have a right to sell my body when it becomes a corpse I am in the market for anybody desiring such investment. My body will make a good skeleton."

A fault in the New Zealand submarine cable, which recently caused much trouble to find and repair, is stated to have been caused by the bite of a fish. It was almost bitten through, a broken tooth, half an inch long and apparently belonging to a fish of large size, being found embedded in the strands, which rested 330 fathoms below the surface. The accident is of a very unusual nature, as large fish do not usually descend to such great depths.

An effort will be made at the coming session of congress to have the census office made a permanent bureau of the government. The proposal has the support of common sense. To assemble all the experts necessary to carry on this great undertaking, as well as to train the thousands of clerks, is too large a task to undertake "from the ground up" on each decennial year. Much statistical work, moreover, might be distributed to advantage through the decade.

Before the Deputy Magistrate of Allipore (Bengal), one Shaik Ozer, of Basatolia, was recently charged with having brutally branded his girl wife. The girl used to run away from her husband's house to her father's, and on the last occasion she was brought by the accused, who, after subjecting her to various tortures, branded her with a pair of red-hot tongs, and thereby disfigured her permanently. The accused was sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment.

A portion of a hatpin, about three inches long, was found in the intestines of Alfred Phillips, a four-year-old boy of No. 73 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, who was operated on for appendicitis. The pin was badly rusted, and evidently had been in the boy's body for some time. The child had suffered from severe pains for several months, but it was not until recently that an operation was decided upon. It is feared that the boy cannot live, as the intestines were perforated several times by the pin.

The common notion that Germans are the heaviest beer drinkers is refuted by statistics published by the British Board of Trade. Last year every German, on the average, drank twenty-seven gallons, while the average Englishman drank thirty-two gallons. The consumption in the United States was less than half as much, per capita, as in Germany. With the exceptions of the Belgians, the British are the largest beer-drinkers in the world, and the consumption has grown rapidly during the last fifteen years. A sharp change toward total abstinence would compel a recasting of budgets, for last year 36 per cent of the net revenue of Great Britain was derived from the taxation of beer, wine and spirits.

Ten thousand dollars is the price which Andrew Foy, a stonemason, thinks the city of New York should pay him for three of his front teeth. On the night of Sept. 17 Foy stepped off a new cement sidewalk in the vicinity of Kedzie avenue and West Taylor street, and, losing his balance, fell against an upright piece of scantling. Three of his front teeth were driven far into the scantling by the force of the fall, and Foy could not release them. He took the scantling along and sought a dentist, but the teeth came out when the dentist tried to pull the scantling off. The scantling, with the three teeth sticking in it, will be exhibited when the damage suit comes to trial.

From New Zealand comes an announcement of the death of Mr. T. J. Burns, one of the leading citizens of Dunedin, and a direct descendant of Scotland's national poet. The extreme south of New Zealand was colonized under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland, and a grandson of the poet, the Rev. Peter Burns, accompanied the first ship load of settlers. They have developed into a large and flourishing community, and their chief city, Dunedin, is frequently referred to as the "commercial capital of New Zealand."

HEAD END COLLISION

Estimates Place the Number of Dead and Injured at 100.

CORPSES BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION

Engineer Denies Responsibility—Highlanders Commit Two Murders in San Francisco—Supposed Accidents the Work of Indians.

From 100 to 150 persons were killed or injured November 27 in the most disastrous railroad wreck in the history of Michigan railroads. Two heavily loaded passenger trains on the Wabash railroad collided head-on at full speed one mile east of Seneca, the second station west of Adrian. The westbound train of two cars loaded with immigrants and five other coaches was smashed and burned with the result of awful loss of life and fearful injury to a majority of its passengers. The eastbound train, the continental limited, suffered in scarcely less degree.

The track in the vicinity of the wreck is strewn with dead and dying. The responsibility for the accident is laid on the crew of No. 4. It is said that this train passed its meeting order with the regular westbound train, No. 13. The trains were to have met at Seneca, but No. 4 ran by and struck the westbound train a mile east.

FURS FROM CANADA.

Estimated \$100,000 Worth Have Been Smuggled Into This Country.

Detectives from the treasury department of the United States government believe they have unearthed one of the most extensive smuggling schemes in the history of the country. They estimate that \$100,000 worth of furs have been smuggled into this country from Canada, and of this quantity about \$25,000 worth have been confiscated by the government from some of the most fashionable people of northern Ohio.

Collector of Customs Charles F. Leach and his deputies have charge of the work of confiscation. The victims live in Youngstown, Canton, Massillon, Cleveland and several northern Ohio towns, but Collector Leach refused to make public their names.

The furs are of the most beautiful and costly kinds. One lot received from Youngstown cost at least \$1,500.

A big fur firm in Montreal is accused of sending goods into this country and avoiding the duty. They were shipped, it is said, to White River Junction, Vt., a small place on the Canadian border. From this point they were sent by express to their destinations. Mr. Leach says the members of the fur firm are under indictment in the United States court in Vermont, charged with smuggling.

The United States detectives believe that there is much more of the property in the United States outside of northern Ohio.

Collector Leach says the discovery prevented the smuggling of some \$40,000 worth of furs that were just ready to be shipped.

Sir Thomas Wants the Cup.

A London, November 26 dispatch says: Sir Thomas Lipton's announcement at the banquet that was recently given in his honor at the Hotel Cecil that he was willing to make another attempt to lift the America's cup, should no one else do so, may be taken as tantamount to a definite challenge. His inquiries in yachting circles have elicited the fact that no other British yachtsman has the slightest desire to step into the breach and it is safe to say that his Shamrock III. will be seen in American waters. However, with the view of securing all legitimate advantage, Sir Thomas will not officially communicate his decision to the New York Yacht club until the evening of the expiration of the time in which the challenge can be received.

Dr. Conway Acquitted.

Great interest was taken in the preliminary hearing of the case of the State of Nebraska against Dr. J. R. Conway of York which resulted in dismissal. Dr. Conway was arrested on a warrant of the county coroner charging him with performing a criminal operation on Mabel Helrick of McCool, which was the alleged cause of her death. Attorneys for the defense objected to the dying statement of the deceased, and most of the afternoon was consumed in arguing the admissibility of the statement. Later the judge ruled that it was not admissible and the prosecution moved to dismiss without prejudice.

Burns a Woman to Death.

Anna VonBroth of Chicago, died of burns. Before her death she said she had been quarreling with Andrew Boland, who removed the globe from a lamp and attempted to burn her face. She cried for help, and during a struggle her dress caught fire. Alarmed at what he had done Boland attempted to extinguish the flame and was himself badly burned.

Alleged Train Robber Captured.

A Nethart, Mont., special says: A man who was arrested at this place is suspected of being one of the principals in the Great Northern train robbery of July 3. He gave his name as Robert Collins. Later he was recognized as an old-timer who has not been seen since last May. The man as Bob Collins is believed to be O. C. Shank, alias a partner of Harry Longbaugh, Kid Curry and George Parker. He does not admit his identity but says he has \$12,000 buried.

CAUSE OF THE UPRISING

Translations of Gospels a Serious Matter to Greeks.

Basil L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins university, the noted Greek scholar, who has spent much time in Greece learning the peculiar situation, said that while a proposition to translate the gospels into modern Greek might seem to Americans to be a small thing to raise a fuss about, it was a serious matter for the Greeks. There have been many translations of the scriptures into modern Greek, but none of them have been sanctioned by the Greek church. They have been published by protestants, and though distributed by the colporteurs and missionaries, they are not in any sense "official," or approved of by the churches of the country, which is the great conservator of pan-Hellenism. Its answers uphold the glory of ancient Greece and reverence the language with intense devotion.

Alluding to the intense reverence for the ancient Greek and the manner in which the patriotism of the people is bound up with their church, Professor Gildersleeve remarked that the protestant propaganda in Greece seemed to him helpless. The people would listen politely to what might be said, but it made absolutely no impression on them they would treat it with quiet contempt. They argued themselves as the heirs of all the glory of the Greece of old and consider that the wars with the Turks are only a conception of the wars of the ancients with Persia. Their devotion to the ancient language displays itself in many ways. The store signs are either in ancient characters or in the French language. The people from the highest to the lowest, are possessed of most intense thirst for learning.

The professors in the universities are also none the less devoted to the Byzantine Greek, but they are wedded to it not because of their patriotic feeling, but because they are dependent upon its study and preservation for a livelihood. Another fact that explains the intense feeling of the Greeks upon this subject, said Dr. Gildersleeve, is their oriental blood. Their politics is in a tangle and every little while they have a change in the premiership. If the modern Greek were substituted for the ancient Greek language in the schools and in the church, it would mean, in all probability, that the Roman letters would be used in writing and printing.

Highlanders at Work.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco was the scene of two shooting affrays in which two Chinese were killed and a third fatally wounded. Lou Fook, a Chinese gambler, and his body guard, Joe Ho, were shot at by two highlanders just as the two former were entering Fook's gambling house on Waverly Place. Four shots entered Fook's body, mortally wounding him. Ho, Fook's attendant, was shot in the neck and slightly injured. Shortly after the shooting the police arrested Lee You, one of the shooters.

Fifteen minutes later Quang Louey, a cigar dealer, and Sney Buck were shot and instantly killed in their room on Clay street. It has not yet been determined whether there is any connection between the two events.

McKinley's Estate.

The appraisers have filed their report of the appraisement of the estate of the late President McKinley. The report shows that the deceased died possessed of personal goods and chattels to the value of \$2,055,89, of securities, bank deposits and life insurance, \$133,105.15; moneys, \$129.15; total personal estate, \$135,890.18, of which \$60,132.19 was life insurance. The real estate was not appraised, as under the will it goes to Mrs. McKinley for life and at her death to his family. It is believed to be worth \$60,000 to \$75,000.

Family Killing in Ohio.

At Unionville, Morgan county, Ohio, Robert Wilking and wife and family had a quarrel. Mrs. Wilking, taking her baby, hurried to her father's, Jacob Stokes, a short distance away. The husband followed. Stokes and his wife were on the veranda. Robert Wilking on arriving, shot and mortally wounded Mr. and Mrs. Stokes. A son of Mr. Stokes then appeared and shot and killed Wilking. No arrests have been made.

Keep Tab on Natives.

A Manila dispatch says: General Chaffee has ordered that in the future complete records shall be kept of all natives taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. Duplicates of these records will be signed in English, Spanish and Tagalog. The Philippine constabulary, which was organized last August, is proving itself a valuable adjunct to the military authorities and is making an enviable record.

Killing at Sheridan.

A Sheridan, Wyo., special says: Lew Hartsough and G. P. McLaughlin, partners in the livery business, quarreled over a hired man. Hartsough shot McLaughlin through the breast, killing him instantly. Hartsough is under arrest. Hartsough is married. McLaughlin is single.

Indians Killing Hunters.

Rumors of a startling nature have reached Janesville, Wis., which throw new light on the alleged accidental killing of white hunters through reckless shooting on the part of their companions.

It is now alleged that in several instances Indians have intentionally shot the men down. The invasion this fall by thousands of sportsmen has resulted in a wholesale slaughter of deer at the very door of the Indian wigwam. This is said to have driven the red men wild with jealousy.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

"The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard," replied Lady Sarah. "How else do you account for its disappearance?"

"I—I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It appears incomprehensible now, but it will be unraveled."

"Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the Colonel. "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Gerard. Here the bracelets was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fingered it, wished for it, and both you and the bracelet disappeared. Sir—turning sharply to the officer—"did a clearer case ever go before a jury?"

Gerard Hope bit his lip. "Be more just, Colonel," said he. "Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!"

"And I am happy my brother is not alive to know it," rejoined the Colonel in an obstinate tone. "Take him in hand, Mr. Officer; we'll go to Marlborough street. I'll just change my coat, and—"

"No, no, you will not!" cried Lady Sarah, laying hold of the dressing gown and the Colonel in it; "you shall not go nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be brought against him publicly. He bears your name, Colonel, and so do I, and it would reflect disgrace on us all."

"Perhaps you are made of money, my lady. If so, you may put up with the loss of a £250 bracelet. I don't choose to do so."

"Then, Colonel, you will, and you must. Sir," added Lady Sarah to the detective, "we are obliged to you for your attendance and advice, but it turns out to be a family affair as you perceive, and we must decline to prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not be guilty."

Alice rose and stood before Colonel Hope. "Sir, if this charge were preferred against your nephew, if it came to trial, I think it would kill me. You know my unfortunate state of health; the agitation, the excitement of appearance to give evidence, would be—I cannot continue; I cannot speak of it without terror; I pray you, for my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope."

The Colonel was about to storm forth an answer, but her white face, her heaving throat, had some effect even on him.

"He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess and tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off."

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate. "I do not believe he has anything to confess," she deliberately said; "I truly believe that he has not. He could not have taken it, unseen by me; and when we quitted the room, I feel sure the bracelet was left in it."

"It was left in it, so help me heaven!" uttered Gerard.

"And now I've got to speak," added Frances Chenevix. "Colonel, if you were to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would, just to save him, and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me, you know."

"You do well to stand up for him!" retorted the Colonel. "You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you knew something I could tell you."

"Oh, yes, I should," returned the young lady with a vivid blush. "The Colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt."

"The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of guilt?"

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply; "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, Colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach with your nephew had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the Colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed up a wife for him and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the police officer.

CHAPTER X.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night, Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas' friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door and double locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the Colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him, and the servants to admit him, but at the sud-

denness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale. "Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afraid it's going agin the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me; it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Pshaw, Thomas! there's no worse crime attached to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir; only master will have his own way."

"Is he at home?"

"He's gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are upstairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, six, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, had you better go up, do you think?" the man ventured to remark. "If the Colonel should come to hear of it—"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it; I can't go out again for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—to an evening party up at Putney; went out you know by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him, with it all; though where could the bracelet have gone to if he did not take it?"

The drawing rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were—Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid's chair, and Lady Frances careening about the room, apparently practicing some new dancing step. She did not see him; Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"When the cat's away the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a step.

"Mr. Hope," remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny, come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest; I am in hourly fear of it."

"Fear!" uttered Gerard in astonishment. Alice winced and leaned her head upon her hand; she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored forever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope," reproved Alice.

"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that and other things."

"It is guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard."

"Don't! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London bridge wharf tomorrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious and say what you mean."

"Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the Colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously banded by the public; he would have expended his ire in growls and have gone and done it. But that is over now, and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of English lock-ups, Boulogne or Calais, or Dieppe or Brussels I may see; and there I may be kept for years."

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

"How shall you live?" questioned Alice. "You must live there as well as here; you cannot starve."

"I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle, enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?"

"When do you suppose you may return?" inquired Lady Frances; "I ask it seriously, Gerard."

"I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the Colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good."

here; how could I tell that the bawbar would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself."

"A shark!" uttered Alice, in dismay who in her inexperience had taken his words literally—"a shark in the street!"

Lady Frances Chenevix laughed. "One with sharp eyes and a hooked nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching on the opposite side now."

"How shall you get away?" exclaimed Frances.

"If the bawbar comes home before 12 Thomas must dispose of me somewhere in the lower regions; Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny, will you do me a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase in the library; my name in it and a mottled cover; I wish you would go and find it for me."

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

"I have sent her away on purpose. She'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle; you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope, a promise of your love to lighten it."

"Oh, Gerard," she eagerly said, "I am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me."

"I am looking at you," he fondly answered.

"Then look at my hectic face, my constantly tired limbs, my sickly hands; do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of must be barred topics to me?"

"Why should they be? You will get stronger."

"Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came on, the doctors said I might get better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and—gone, and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I cannot live; most probably but a few years; ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry and leave behind a husband to regret me; perhaps children. No, no."

"You are cruel, Alice."

"The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or still more selfish to let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this the other evening when that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth shall ever induce me to marry."

"You dislike me, I see that."

"I did not say so," answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. "I think it very possible that—if I could ever allow myself to dwell on such things—I should like you very much, perhaps better than I could like any one."

"And why will you not?" her persuasively uttered.

"Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere."

"Where?" he eagerly asked.

Alice pointed upwards.

"I am learning to look upon it as my home," she whispered, "and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard."

Gerard Hope smiled.

(To be continued.)

GIRL WHO GOT PRETTIER.

An Embarrassing Misunderstanding Caused by a Vocal Cockneyism.

Mr. Charles Whymper, the well-known engraver and animal painter, told the following anecdote a few years ago: "I dined at Mr. So-and-So's at Highgate last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, and I got along very nicely with her and Lady Betherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing room. I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views from the windows, the fine air, when Miss—— suddenly said: 'I think I get prettier every day—don't you?' What could she mean? I did not dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon—what did you say?' 'I said I think I get prettier every day.' There was no mistaking her words, so I answered: 'Yes, indeed, you get prettier; and no wonder, in such fresh air, and—' Just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a winking scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it some how. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her; she had dropped an 'h.' What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself; the sentence really was: 'I think Highgate prettier every day.' Mr. Whymper's hair is quite gray now.—Chambers."

The friends of the Hon. Carter Harrison should take him into some quiet nook and inform him that "the man of destiny" business has been over-worked.—Washington Post.