

# Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Mr. Carnegie might be invited to help out on the scheme to establish a religious daily in Japan.

Mme. Nordica must be preparing for a green old age if she expects to collect that \$4,000,000 from Uncle Sam.

Cuba's health authorities have decided that the dissemination of yellow fever is entirely due to mosquitoes.

Lord Kitchener is fencing in the Boers but what will happen when his troops get chased up against the fence?

The American speculator is everywhere. He now wants to rescue Miss Stone for one-sixth of what the bandits ask.

It begins to look as if it might be necessary to get out a search warrant for Colonel Arthur Lynch, M. P. for Galway.

John Long married Miss Belle Loud in Tennessee the other day. Well, Long and Loud ought to be able to make themselves heard.

Since his retirement from military life time is said to hang heavy on Gen. Buller. He ought to be able to make a good hand at bridge whist.

The German national game of "Skat" is said to require thought, culture and deliberation. The Yankee cat flees at the mere name of the thing.

The ninety-nine-an-hour wind on the Pacific coast began before congress got down to business. This much in justice to that much maligned body.

Senator Hoar suggests "limiting the circulation of funereal doctrines." It seems to us that would seriously interfere with the output of New England ideas.

What the other fellow thinks of us doesn't matter half so much as what we think of ourselves after making a 1 per cent deduction for proper self-esteem.

The empress dowager of China has conferred the two-eyed peacock feather on General Yung-Lu, the Boxer leader. This ought to tickle the foreign powers half to death.

A membership of 1600 in the Harvard Club of New York would seem to show that the metropolis and Cambridge are within easy reaching distance of each other.

The new navy of Mexico is to be built in the United States. Uncle Sam can accommodate the world either in building navies or in smashing them. Apply at the world's workshop.

Pardon the suggestion, ladies, but when pretty little Wilhelmina asks her subjects to be as forgiving to her unworthy husband as she, herself is, does she wink her other eye—just a little?

A Chicago policeman shot at a dog and hit himself. This is a distinct improvement on the well-known practice of shooting at a dog and hitting some inoffensive citizen or innocent child.

Mike Sullivan, who was a professional baseball pitcher a few years ago, is now a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Mike must have put in some of his spare moments not leaning against the bar.

The fact that twenty-three men have been killed or wounded in the Adirondacks this year by hunters who mistake them for deer has created a demand for the suppression of the long-range rifle. At a distance of two miles a man may look like a deer or a monkey or anything else in the animal creation.

Mrs. Ormsby of Chicago, of course, sues for a divorce, and, therefore, may be set down as considering marriage a howling failure. Yet fourteen children were born to the marriage, of which three came singly, four came in two of a kind, three came at one time, and the last result showed up in fours. Under the circumstances it was more probably a failure of the flour barrel rather than of the marriage.

The passing of the historical novel is foreshadowed and few readers of fiction will mourn the loss of the swashbuckling, blood-thirsty heroes familiar to the public for the last five years. To demand for modern woovers of up-to-date girls has already been felt and business men are likely to get a chance to do a little love-making in the pages of the stories of 1902. The golf stick is to take the place of the sword and the automobile is to supplant the fiery war horse.

The heirs of Anneke Jans are inaugurating another determined movement to obtain possession of millions of dollars worth of property held by the Trinity church corporation of New York for centuries. At a Philadelphia meeting they raised \$2.68 to pay a lawyer.

It is something cheerful to read of the condition of Italy's finances, which show a surplus for the year. It reminds one of the financial condition of about all the other European nations, because it is so different.

# STRANGE MURDER

## James B. Hay of Salt Lake Buried in a Trench.

### POSSESSED A LARGE SUM OF MONEY

#### Agitators Sent to Jail—Letter Exposes the Plot—Duel in a Boarding House—Two Children Burned to Death—Embezzler Skips Out.

The body of James B. Hay, secretary of the Pacific Lumber company, at Salt Lake City, Utah, was found buried in a shallow trench alongside the Rio Grande tracks near Sixth and South streets.

Last Monday Hay called at the home of Peter Mortensen, a contractor living at 2210 Walnut avenue, and collected \$2,800 which Mortensen owed the Pacific Lumber company, and which late in the afternoon Hay had refused to accept, not caring to leave that amount in the office safe over night. He gave a receipt to Mortensen and left, saying that he was taking the money to Manager G. E. Romney of the lumber company.

Since that time nothing had been seen or heard of Hay until recently, when his body was found. The money was gone and in the back of May's head was a great jagged wound.

It is the theory of the police that some one saw Hay receive the money from Mortensen, followed him when he left the house and murdered him and buried the body in the hastily dug trench.

Hay was thirty-one years of age, prominent in Mormon church work and implicitly trusted by his employers. He came to Salt Lake from Australia several years ago.

Peter Mortensen, the contractor who paid young Hay the money Monday night, was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the murder.

### FIND KEY TO THE MYSTERY

#### The Possible Assault of Mrs. Dennis a Suicide.

Samuel C. Presley, a printer, thirty-nine years old, of Washington, D. C., was found dead in bed this morning in his room at the house adjoining that of Mrs. Ada Gilbert Dennis, the modiste who was mysteriously assaulted a week ago in her apartments. Death was attributed to suicide by inhaling illuminating gas.

Presley left letters directing his burial at Many, Ia. The police found in his room a key fitting the vestibule door of Mrs. Dennis' house. A boy named Lonsdale, who saw a man emerging from the Dennis house late on the night of the attempted murder, was taken to see the body of Presley and said he was quite sure he was the man, and a slouch hat, the kind worn by the man he saw, was found in the room. Stains, thought to be blood, also were found on Presley's garments.

#### Plot Exposed.

When Convicts Turner, Barnes and Bob Clark, leaders in the federal prison mutiny at Leavenworth, Kan., were arrested at Lawton, Clark handed a letter to the sheriff, requesting him to mail it. The letter was addressed to Clark's brother at Keokuk, Ia. Suspecting a plot, the letter was given to Deputy Warden Lemon. Since his return Warden McLaughry has had experts working on the letter, which was in cipher. Later the "key" was found. Clark had requested his brother to get a confederate, board the train at Guthrie, overpower the officers, and kill them if necessary to enable him to gain his freedom.

#### Irishmen Sent to Jail.

Hearing the charges of holding meetings and delivering intimidating speeches in defiance of the police, brought against Connor O'Kelly, M. P., and several other officials of Castlebar, Ireland, was concluded Dec. 18.

Mr. O'Kelly was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Four other were sentenced to terms ranging from a fortnight to a month. All the sentences imposed were without hard labor.

The court refused the demand of the defendants for leave to appeal from the jurisdiction of the court. The refusal of the court was due to the fact that the defendants refused to promise not to speak publicly in the interim.

#### \$7,500 Damages.

Joseph Coveney of St. Joseph, Mich., was awarded a verdict in the circuit court against Frank Phisecator, the Baroda gold king of the Yukon valley, in the sum of \$7,500, because it was alleged, Phisecator alienated the affections of Coveney's wife. Coveney had previously obtained from Phisecator \$9,500, and then followed Phisecator to the Klondike and demanded \$12,000 more. In the Yukon Coveney was put in jail and forfeited \$7,000 in gold dust, to secure his freedom. The present suit was brought to recover \$7,000 and \$500 interest.

The Philadelphia committee for the relief of the Boer concentration camps decided to cable \$1,000 to the Dutch consul at Cape town at once. The money is to be used to relieve the suffering in the camps in the vicinity of Capetown.

Plans for sending a relief ship from Philadelphia were fully discussed. The secretary was instructed to send a letter to President Roosevelt asking him if the government would interfere in any way with the ship under the American flag and what protection, if any, the ship would be afforded by the government.

# BOER LEADER CAUGHT.

## Commandant Kritzinger Wounded and in Hands of British.

A dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Belfast (about half way between Pretoria and the frontier of Portuguese East Africa) announces that Commandant Kritzinger, the famous Boer commander who has figured so prominently in connection with the invasion of Cape Colony, has been captured badly wounded, by General French. Kritzinger was trying to break the block-house cordon at Hanover road.

Commandant Kritzinger has been described as a leader of exceptional ability, not second even to Christian De Wet. He has been repeatedly referred to in dispatches from South Africa as being hotly pursued, cornered or crushed up against the Orange river in flood. Once no fewer than seven British columns were in hot pursuit of him and drove him towards the Orange river, which was then unfordable. But when the British thought they had him caught they discovered that he was fifty miles in their rear, threatening the railroad, after having divided his command into two sections.

# DIE TOGETHER.

## Deliberately Planned Quadruple Suicide at Columbus, O.

Two young women and two young men were found dead in rooms at a boarding house at Columbus, O., and evidence points to a quadruple suicide deliberately planned.

The two couples secured adjoining rooms, claiming they were married. Nothing was seen of them, and though the rooms remained locked and no response could be secured to repeated calls, suspicion was not aroused until the next day after their arrival. Finally the doors to the room were forced and the occupants were discovered lying on the beds dead.

It is evident that both couples had planned suicide, but the motive is not known.

#### Fatal Duel in a Boarding House.

Daniel Bradburn and David Fagan fought a duel to the death with revolvers in a small room of Hall's boarding house, at Uniontown, Pa., where both men lived. Bradburn was killed and Fagan is in jail with a bullet hole in his side, from the effects of which he may die. Fagan had accused Bradburn of stealing money from him. Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Addis were in the room and tried to stop the quarrel. Mrs. Hall was shot through the hand during the fight.

#### Pope Leo Maintains His Health.

A dispatch from Rome to the Paris Temps quoted by the correspondent of the London Times and New York Times in the French capital, describes an interview with the pope, in which his holiness complained about the false reports in regard to his health.

"You see," said the pope, "that it is not all over with me. I work six or eight hours a day, and my work is not easy, for it embraces the whole church. Please say that I am not yet dead."

#### Collision Costs One Life.

Milwaukee passenger train No. 3, and freight No. 62, collided recently head-on at Potter, Ia., a little station five miles west of Tama. Mail Clerk J. E. Carpenter, of Columbus Junction, was instantly killed; Engineer Ben Giles of Perry, severely injured, and seven passengers slightly injured.

The trains met on a curve just east of the station. The engineer of the freight says the air brakes failed to work.

#### The Victim of Shooting Dead.

Willard S. Haynes, the Chicago traveling man who was shot at Salt Lake City, Utah, by Roy Kaighn, a nineteen-year-old boy, while the two were conversing in the foyer of Knutsford hotel, about three weeks ago, died from the injuries. The body will probably be shipped to his old home at Bushnell Ill., for interment. Kaighn has been in jail since the shooting.

#### Baby Boy to Welcome General Funston.

A son was born to Mrs. Frederick Funston, wife of Brigadier General Funston of Kansas, at Oakland, Cal., December 18. Mrs. Funston returned from the Philippines a few weeks ago and has been living with her parents since. General Funston sailed from Manila for the United States last Sunday. He is due about January 8.

#### Bride of Three Weeks.

Ora Strine, aged twenty-five years, of Elkhart, Ind., cut his wife's throat with a razor and then attempted to end his life in the same manner. She died in ten minutes, but the surgeons who sewed up his windpipe think he may recover. Jealousy was the cause of this deliberate murder of a bride of three weeks.

#### Fled to Canada.

Lee D. Mills of Phoenix, Ariz., local manager of the Southern Mutual Investment Company, has fled to Canada, taking a large sum of money and leaving behind local creditors to the amount of several thousand dollars. It is alleged that Mills' shortage approximates \$10,000.

A letter has just been received at Manchester from Captain John Cofa at Morocco, saying that he expected a fine blooded Arabian saddle horse to reach him from the interior about December 10. He says the animal will be shipped to Washington for President Roosevelt's use.

A warrant was sworn out by County Attorney Root of Plattsmouth against James Moran, charging him with grand larceny. Moran, it is alleged, stole \$110 from Nicholas Cox of Avora. He was captured at Nebraska.

# The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.

In an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering, gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little more than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin around the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door; it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you tonight, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to. "Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself, which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and can't admit folks tonight."

"Gone to bed at 8 o'clock?"

"Yes; I'm ill."

"I will give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you want to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes around the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and there's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you. The last sweepstake you got into—"

The man lifted his face and burst forth with such eagerness that the stranger could only arrest his own words and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it, and I drew the right horse and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I have been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some"—the stranger coughed—"friends of mine were in it, also," said he; "and they lost their money."

"Everybody lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! Just take a sight of me! There's an arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection; it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively toward his own pocket.

"I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Some 'at nigh akin to it."

A pause of unsuspicion and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of a salt spoon after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"Well, we'll talk about the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell.

"I thought that was over and done with all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just beginning. The bracelet is found and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time; I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly in your proper clothes? not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian?"

"My men are in their proper clothes," returned the equable officer, "and you will have the honor of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay! but you were powerful once and ferocious, too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And all for nothing. I don't know about any bracelets."

"Don't trouble yourself with inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls, too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for you to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to incaution. "She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer. "If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sex, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to the coat. "But it's a relief now I'm took, it's a weight off my mind; I was always expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey at any rate."

"Ah," said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrance and particulars.

"Don't say anything to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It came along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. "I have never had a happy hour since; I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I had wished, thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of molten fire. Our folks had taken a house in the neighborhood of Ascot for the race week, and they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen maid, and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders afore they returned, and I had druv it off till the Thursday evening, and out I got on the balcony, to begin with the back drawing room."

"What did you say you got out on?"

"The balcony. The thing with the green rails around it, what encloses the windows. While I was leaning over the rails afore I begun, I heard something like click—click agoing on in the fellow room at the next door, which was Colonel Hope's. It was like as if something light was being laid on the table, and presently I heard two voices beginning to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened—"

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe!" interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening, but it was awful hot, a standing outside there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. But by bit I heard what they were talking about—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one was worth 200 guineas. Thinks I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After awhile I heard them go out of the room, and I thought I'd have a look at the rich things, and I stepped over slanting ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balcony, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of the balcony—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir!"

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer.

"There wasn't fur to fall if I had fell, only on to the kitchen leads under; but I didn't fall, and I raised myself on to their balcony, and looked in. My! what a show it was! stunning jewels, all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside it must have struck all among 'em; and the fiend prompted me to take one. I didn't stop to look; I didn't stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest, and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I clutched it and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got safe into your own balcony?"

"Yes; but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset like by what I had done, and I think, if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder leather, and then in a sheet of paper, and then I put it up the chimney in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore 5, and I cleaned my winders; I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day towards evening you called sir, and asked me some questions—whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such like. I said, as master was just come home from Ascot, would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah," again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kep' it by me for a month or two, and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady—"

and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. Thirty-four pound, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took an oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genus," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to somebody else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't; honestly or dishonestly; it seems all one; nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policeman, and consigned the prisoner to their care.

"So Gerard was innocent!"

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off; she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough since she only remained outside the door and could answer for it that no one had entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw the very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service 15 months, and, as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt, and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk; and, in short, I have played the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is, doubtless, in your heart and hands, colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the colonel.

(To be continued.)

#### Floating Button Factory.

Taking the factory to the raw material instead of bringing the material to the factory, is an innovation just put in operation on the Mississippi river by a button factory, and it is a plan that has many practical advantages.

This factory is about forty-two feet long and twelve feet wide, fitted with all the necessary machinery for the manufacture of buttons, and provided with a three-horse-power engine for its work.

The principal material used by this factory is mussel shells, which are found at nearly all points along the river, and one of the great expenses in conducting the business heretofore has been the cost of transporting the shells. Now the factory has reversed the operation and will go to the mussels.

When a bed of shells is found the boat will drop its anchor and go to work. When the bed is exhausted it will move on to a new location. In this fashion it will go from state to state, from Minnesota to Louisiana, passing along with the seasons, and always enjoying the most desirable weather of the Mississippi valley.

#### Automobile Poachers.

A Paris correspondent tells of some wholesale poaching of automobilists, who used their "car" as a trap for the game and made off with enormous "bags" of plunder while the gamekeeper slept. The trick was so clever that, barring the feelings of the birds who failed of being "preserved" for the guns of sporting owners, the automobile poachers must be congratulated on accomplishing their purpose. They pretended to have broken down while driving along the high road, and told the peasants and the gamekeeper, with many lamentations, they would be forced to remain all night in the field adjacent. The gamekeeper, though he says it was against his will, aided the men in moving the car to a place of safety until certain repairs could be effected. These "repairs" were made in the dead of night by robbing the preserves of nearly every partridge and quail they contained and making off with the booty.

#### Nearness of Relationship.

A little miss of five, living in Washington, conspired with her brother, age four, to save enough pennies to buy papa and mamma presents. A friend of the family noticed that mamma's present was a finer and more expensive than papa's and was impelled by curiosity to inquire why the bulk of the savings had been expended for the mother. The little miss replied: "Well, you see, papa is only related to we children by marriage, while mamma is our relative by birth."