

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

John Chinaman is likely to find that Uncle Sam is merely changing the time-lock.

It is too bad that the fight couldn't have been pulled off while Teddy was running the senate.

That Detroit case merely goes to show that the bank director who directs is still a rare bird.

The Wilkesbarre Times is raising a howl about dirty bank notes. Well, lucre is proverbially filthy.

Now that Minister Wu has been in a railroad wreck he can be regarded as thoroughly Americanized.

Count Boni de Castellane has just written—a not for money—a letter on the Panama canal question.

Even the little banks throughout the country will be obliged to put on fenders or the trusts will get them.

Sir Robert Ball of Cambridge predicts another glacial period; and he was not lecturing in Boston, either.

Senator Clark is said to be unhappy because he has so much money. Evidently he does not greatly desire happiness.

Porto Rico had a good-sized riot recently. It is hard for a people to break up long-established customs all at once.

There is also the consenting wireless message that the lady flashed to the throbbing signal station in Marconi's heart.

King Edward is to receive seventy water color paintings as a coronation gift. Has not the king power enough to avoid this?

It is considered a notable event in Italy that when parliament was opened there no ink wells were thrown at the presiding officer.

If Japan made its alliance for the purpose of borrowing money it should have selected J. Pierpont Morgan rather than Great Britain as its partner.

Maryland once grew the finest figs in the world. In fact, some of those vain-glorious Baltimore people do say that Eve imported her apron from that state.

A Cleveland genius has invented a smokeless furnace—at least one that will not produce black smoke. This shades all the other inventions of the current year.

The judge may nod on his bench; the Supreme Court has said so. If justice is blind what harm can there be in a judge closing his eyes for the much needed forty winks?

There are indications that the Spanish throne will be sadly out of repair by the time King Alfonso is ready to take possession. Alfonso, by the way, is a royal thirteener.

The Albany Times-Union encouragingly remarks that if Spain's new navy will keep near shore and avoid belligerent people it may have a long and honorable existence.

In his capacity as general pacifier Uncle Sam might be willing to tender his good offices in the present unhappy controversy between Spain and the anarchists, if called upon.

Last week a Brooklyn clergyman asked the trustees to reduce his salary from \$10,000 to \$8,000. Hopes are entertained that the trustees will shortly be able to partake of solid food.

A Brooklyn lawyer tried twenty-two cooks from an intelligence office in one week, and then made an attempt on the remainder of his life. The simple alternative of slaying the cooks did not occur to him.

A New England railroad has issued \$40,000 worth of free passes to a state legislature. This is one of those extraordinary accidents which are liable to happen in the best regulated railroad president's office.

Concerning the culture of Sumatra tobacco under cloth in the United States, it is generally anticipated that Connecticut inventive genius will succeed in devising some available paper substitute for the cloth.

An Atchison Christian Scientist is bold enough to say that if Father Time approaches him he will snatch the scythe out of his hand and break it. That is being done every day by unscientific resolute persons of the other sex.

It isn't necessary for one gentleman to jump over chairs and hit another gentleman on the nose because one gentleman is called untruthful in a high place. It is sufficient to say, with emphasis on the "if"—"If the gentleman will repeat that remark outside the house—"

President Harper says he is in the East only to secure a president for his law school, but that will not prevent cautious millionaires from taking the opposite side of the street when they see him sauntering carelessly along.

SEVEN HOGS STOLEN

Traced to Valley Where They Were Disposed of.

CASHIER IDENTIFIES ONE OF THE THIEVES

Another Mine Horror in Which Five Lives Were Lost—Nebraska Represented in Cattleman's Convention—Wants Trial Ended.

A farmer by the name of Spath, living near Jamestown, Neb., had seven hogs stolen during the night of March 3d. The thieves were traced to Valley, where it was found they had disposed of the hogs to the Omaha Elevator company, which had turned them into the stock yards with a lot of others, which were about to be shipped to market at South Omaha.

Mr. Spath had been giving these particular hogs a certain kind of treatment and for the purpose of keeping an account of their gain had marked them so it was an easy matter to identify his stock.

The thieves sold the animals and had given assumed names when they went to the bank to cash the check. One of them discovered that he was known to the cashier, upon which he politely introduced his companion as the gentleman in whose name the check was drawn, upon which the cashier paid the money.

The thieves had only been out of town a short time when the sheriff of Lodge county arrived. They have not yet been captured, but as one is known and no expense is being spared, they undoubtedly will be taken soon.

Reserve Wants Trial Ended.

The attorneys for John B. Meserve seek to have Judge Baxter of the criminal court bring his trial to an abrupt ending by directing the jury to acquit the defendant on the ground that he has committed no offense against the laws of the state of Nebraska, declaring in explanation of this contention that the \$3,000 interest on \$60,000 of permanent school funds, which interest he is alleged to have embezzled, was his own money and not the state's. They practically affirm that Meserve deposited the funds in the bank because there was at that time no authorized place to invest it and no secure safe to keep it in, and that it is none of the state's business if the bank did pay interest to Meserve while it was on deposit.

Nebraska Man Vice President

The National Cattle Growers' association, in session at Denver, elected the following officers: President, F. C. Lusk of Chico, Cal.; first vice president, Bartlett Richards of Ellsworth, Neb.; treasurer, S. G. Gill of Denver; secretary, H. W. Robinson of Denver.

An executive committee was named, including Bartlett Richards and Hugh Chick of Nebraska and F. M. Stewart and G. E. Lemen of South Dakota. Resolutions were adopted asking President Roosevelt to suspend the work of removing fences from the public range until action on the leasing bill is taken. The convention adjourned sine die.

An Odd Elopement.

Mrs. James C. Hessian, aged 30 years, and John Cornelison, a 17-year-old boy, left Leavenworth and have not been seen. They are said to have eloped. The couple is believed to be in Kansas City, Mo. The police authorities there have been notified to look out for them. The local police have been unable to find either of the parties in Leavenworth.

Mrs. Hessian is the mother of two children, one aged 7 years and the other 10 years. Her husband is a laborer at Fort Leavenworth. Young Cornelison is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Hessian.

Court Cases at Plattsmouth.

Judge Jensen adjourned district court at Plattsmouth until next Monday, when the jury work will be taken up. The case of Anna Wilkinson against John Wilkinson, in which the defendant petitioned the court to modify a decree of alimony on the ground that fraud had been perpetrated, was taken under advisement. Two years ago Mrs. Wilkinson secured a divorce and was allowed \$1,000 alimony. The original papers in this case have been lost.

A Woman Horse thief.

Fort Scott has a female horse thief on her hands, who stole a horse and buggy from a liveryman, but was caught by the officers at Baxter Springs. The woman is an attractive blonde, about 23 years of age, and calls herself Birdie McCarty. She is believed to be a member of an organized band now working in this section.

Suicide at Coffeyville.

Mrs. George F. Boswell, wife of a Coffeyville business man, committed suicide in Neal, where she was taking treatment. She had been in the hospital there for about a year and concluded she could not get well. This, it is thought, unsettled her mind.

Suffers Severe Injury.

An accident happened to George Westlake of Eagle, Neb., when he was assisting in netting down a windmill tower on the Dentler place. The rope broke that was holding the tower and let it fall, striking Westlake on the head and bruising him up badly. A plank that was holding the tower struck his leg, breaking both bones just above the ankle.

Murder and Arson.

Charles Andrews, a negro, killed his wife, set fire to her room, cut his own throat and died at Newark, N. J.

SHOT ON THE STREET

Photographer Shane Kills Ed Katherman Apparently Without Cause.

Ed Katherman was shot down and instantly killed by J. B. Shane of Lawrence, Kan., in front of the latter's photography gallery.

As far as could be learned, there was no provocation whatever for the deed, and no reason for the act has been assigned.

Ed Katherman has been employed at Wiedemann's ice cream and oyster parlors, and was on his way home with Harry Green, who is employed at the same place. The two were walking south together, talking and laughing as friends are wont to do. As they passed Shane's gallery Mr. Shane was standing in the door. Katherman looked up and said: "How d'you, Mr. Shane," not stopping nor making any further remark. Almost instantly, and just after the boys passed the door of the shop the report of a revolver was heard and Katherman fell dead at the feet of his companion, falling on his face and with his hands in his pockets, as he had then when he passed the place. Green turned in time to see that the shot came from a revolver in the hands of Shane.

Shane was immediately arrested. At no time did he make an admission or denial of the shooting. Shane was taken to Topeka for safe keeping.

To Stop Saloon Fines.

County Attorney Torrance has filed in the district court a petition in quo warranto against the city of Arkansas City to test the right of that city to receive money from her joints. The petition charges the city authorities with receiving sums varying from \$50 to \$100 per month from certain parties engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, contrary to law. This, it is alleged, is done by reason of an understanding between them that the marshal can collect a fixed sum as occupation tax which he is to turn over to the city clerk without divulging the names of those engaged in such sales. The petition charges that the city of Arkansas City has been exercising this unlawful corporate right for a period of two years, and prays that said city may be required to answer the charges so that it may be arrested from exercising such corporate right.

Contractor Goes Into Court.

Charles Olsen filed a petition in the district court of Hall county asking a writ of mandamus compelling the county board to let the bid for the construction of the new court house to him as being the lower bidder. Olsen's bid in round numbers was \$77,000, and Fildorf & Kirschke, local bidders who were awarded the contract, bid \$84,000. Olsen refused to enter an agreement to complete the court house by January 1, 1903. He is also said to have admitted to the county board that he had made a mistake on one item of \$3,400. Fildorf & Kirschke were awarded the contract on an offer to complete the building by January 1, 1903, and on the finding of the board that the latter was the best bid. All other bidders were above \$84,000.

Mystery is Cleared Up.

The mystery surrounding the whereabouts of Alice Burton, the pretty 17-year-old girl who disappeared from her home in Arkansas City, Kan., was cleared up when she wrote home. The girl was supposed to have eloped with a young man and he was arrested at the depot in Wichita, where he was awaiting the train to meet the girl, but she did not arrive. He was later released and went to Kansas City. The girl's family received a letter from her stating that she was married to William Brennan, at Independence, Mo., and that they are living in Kansas City. No attempt will be made to force her home.

Sent From the Indian Territory.

A Missouri, Kansas & Texas prison car, at Muskogee, I. T., was attached to the northbound train with twenty-eight convicts, under sentence of from one year to life, for the prison at Fort Leavenworth. Ten are white men, eleven Indians and seven negroes. Included in the party were Chitto Harjo and nine of his followers, who have to serve two years each. Forty-eight are under sentence at the military prison, but as that institution is crowded, fourteen are held for later shipments.

American Mules the Best.

A parliamentary paper was issued containing dispatches and reports regarding the remount department in South Africa. It refers to the American mules as being the "best received from any source, magnificent workers, and kept in condition under the most adverse circumstances."

The American horses, the report says, varied greatly, but the majority were excellent.

Three Tunnel Workmen Killed.

A landslide on the Illinois Central railway near Rosine tunnel, Kentucky, killed three men. The bank of a deep cut caved in and several workmen were buried. All were taken out alive except the three men.

Bloodhounds After a Tramp.

A tramp set fire to a barn on the farm of Chris Steinweg, near Douthan, Kan., and the building, together with 400 bushels of wheat, burned. Bloodhounds from St. Joseph are after the tramp.

Was Weary of Life.

Mike Frey, sr., of Junction City, Kan., shot himself at his home. The bullet entered his body just below the heart and ranged downward. The physicians say he cannot live. The cause for the suicide was ill health. He was about 67 years old and was one of the early settlers of this county, coming here about thirty years ago.

Severe Fighting.

Local government officials at Colon declare that severe fighting has occurred at Facativata, near Bogota, and that the rebels are routed.

At Swords' Points;

OR,

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XVI (Continued.)

These resulted in a discovery, for he felt positive that he could see signs of a trap door above, no unusual thing in these old Berlin houses which have stood the grime and storm of centuries.

To reach it he utilized a table that stood in a corner, upon the top of which he placed a chair.

Eureka! The extempore ladder accomplished all that was expected of it, and when he found a small section of the ceiling actually yield to his gentle, persuasive pressure, Paul began to believe that he had the game in his hands.

Being a thorough athlete he experienced no trouble in drawing himself up and passing through the opening.

Had he bettered his condition? He seemed to be in an apartment of some sort.

While moving forward to find a wall, he halted several times to listen, and thus became fully convinced that there was something or some one in the room with him. This was not pleasant, since it laid him open to attack at any moment.

As though the situation was not interesting enough for Paul, his hands by accident, while groping around, came in contact with some object that had rested upon a small table; and such was the unexpected force employed that the vase toppled over upon the floor with a crash.

It was loud enough to almost arouse the dead.

Paul heard the unknown spring erect in surprise and start toward the spot where the table had betrayed the intruder.

Bent upon defending himself, he prepared to receive the party who rashly advanced, but there was no need of warfare.

Suddenly a descending shriek attested that the unknown had struck the chute—the open trap had received him most affectionately, and ventured to kiss his face, no doubt, several times as he was passing through.

At least, so far as our friend was concerned, he wasted no pity upon the late inmate of the room who had gone into such sudden exile.

A door would be a very welcome addition to his requirements just then. And he found it, since this roof above was of the plain every-day calbre, and not fashioned to deceive stray pilgrims.

Once out of the door, Paul found himself in a hall—at least he judged it to be such, for there was no light to betray the fact.

He could hear voices and the rustling of moving persons around; then lights flashed up in the same wonderful manner which had marked their disappearance when Paul sought to detain the countess.

It began to look as though he would yet be brought face to face with the forces of the enemy, and compelled to fight his way out of this spies' nest.

How lucky he was armed! What a glow of satisfaction to draw that little toy from his hip pocket, and feel that so long as it remained faithful, he would control the situation.

But this was not making progress. To remain where he was increased his difficulties, whereas by a bold rush he might be so lucky as to reach an outer door, which, upon being forced, would bring him to the street.

He found the stairs. Nothing seemed to hinder his progress in that direction, although there was considerable racket in other parts of the house consequent upon finding the unfortunate victim of the open trap in the room where the American had been confined.

Paul reached the outer door and was drawing the bolts, when a cry attracted his attention.

Looking up he saw the countess, with startled eyes, surveying him.

He bowed with the grace of a Chesterfield.

"Ah! countess, you see it is hard to hold one who has been cowboy and Texas ranger," he said.

"You are free—you you will betray me, and I shall be shut up in a gloomy fortress even if my life is spared. Mon Dieu! how cruel, and I love you so, monsieur," she cried, wringing her white hands in distraction.

"Countess, there are some hours before morning, and you will have until then to escape. I am not without pity. Endeavor to forget your luckless attachment, since only misery can come of it. Countess, I have the door open; allow me to say bon soir."

She had one last glimpse of his manly figure, and then the closing door hid it from view.

When next they met, these two, the one who would not and the one who would, it must be under skies that were glowing with the blaze of battle and upon the greensward drenched with the blood of gallant men.

CHAPTER XVII.

Beyond the Rhine.

Months after. With the Iron Chancellor at the plow the ghastly furrow of war, with all its attendant horrors, had penetrated far beyond the historic Rhine. All France was quivering under the fearful shock.

Sedan and Gravelotte had been fought and lost—Worth was but a dismal nightmare, the emperor a pris-

oner of war with MacMahon's fine army, and both Metz and the capital besieged.

Everywhere the German arms had been victorious.

Paul Rhineland had already seen much of war's horrors, and all that was martial in his nature had been stirred by the scenes of excitement that had come his way.

There had been news of Hoffman.

The man was a traitor to his country—madness had seized upon him, and making use of the fact that his maternal grandparents were Alsations, hence French subjects, he had gone over to the enemy, bag and baggage.

Paul heard this with grim satisfaction. Paul, who knew to a certainty that this change of heart had been wrought through the witchery of that beautiful and magnetic creature, the countess, and that Conrad was her latest victim.

All unknown to Rhineland, events were under full headway and driving swiftly toward a most dramatic climax, at which altar his fate must be decided.

It was an October evening. The mutter and growl of heavy siege guns, that for hours had been sending their projectiles into the forts defending the citadel of Metz, had by degrees died away, and night was spreading her mantle of rest over the tragic scene. MacMahon's great army was hemmed in more securely than ever.

This October night was destined to be forever marked by a white stone in the annals of Paul's romantic life history—ere the morning star shone upon Metz he would have passed through another experience that must have had a decided influence upon his whole future.

He was sauntering about after coming from the field hospital, when he met by chance an aide of the general in command at this post.

From him he heard news that electrified him; news that indicated so daring a night assault on the fortress that Paul hardly believed it to be true. Immediately he sought an audience with the commander to beg for indulgence and the coveted opportunity of seeing whatever of action there might prove to be in the assault.

Rhineland had seen much of service, but his desire to have some sort of share in everything that came to pass led him to join the forces selected for this hazardous task. He was in the van, of course—men of his stamp usually find some means of reaching the front rank when the battle is in progress.

When the French opened fire it seemed as though the whole outer works blazed with the fury of a Vesuvius.

Chassepot and mitrailleuse mingled their bark until it became a thunderous roar—men shouted and cheered, while above it all could be heard the hollow rattle of the flat Bavarian drums.

To Paul the music was a hideous nightmare, but he could appreciate the fact that it served to animate and enthrust these Bavarians just as the pibroch thrills the Highlander—muscles grew as stiff as iron, teeth snapped close together, eyes were set in that steady stare that tells of indomitable will power—and into the jaws of death they went.

They were now at the foot of the apparently impregnable fortress.

The fire above was just as furious, but most of the missiles overshot the mark, and had they chosen to wait, a chance for a breathing spell now offered itself. However, they went up over the walls like the wild chamois of the Swiss Alps, those little Bavarians did.

In the eyes of the amazed Frenchmen they must have appeared little short of devils hatched out of the infernal fires that blazed all around.

Once in the fortifications they came into hand-to-hand conflict with the French, and then the fiercest kind of warfare was inaugurated.

The Bavarians might have held the fort had they been quickly reinforced, but it was not the policy of the German generals to bring on a battle, since starvation must decide the question speedily enough.

Their object had been attained in teaching the French that after all their position was not so impregnable as they might have believed.

And hence the signal of recall sounded.

Surrounded by struggling forms engaged in a desperate death grapple, with fires and the blaze of still booming cannon lighting up the scene as with the glow of infernal conflagrations, the spectacle of Paul engaged with a French swordsman was one fit for the delectation of the gods, and Mars himself must have been fully satisfied with such a heroic picture.

Then came the recall. Paul remained, not through choice, but because he had become involved in a singular engagement, and could not break away.

Two men, sadly lacking in that chivalrous spirit for which Frenchmen have become famous the world around, had chosen to attack him at the same

time, and if their eagerness was any gauge to their capacity for doing harm, Rhineland must be in a bad way indeed.

Luckily for him they were mere tyros with the trenchant blades they wielded so clumsily, and he believed himself easily capable of mastering them without trouble.

At the same time the chances of his being able to escape, once this were done, grew very dubious, since the French were gathering about the scene of the singular duel, always eager to watch any feat of arms out of the ordinary run.

They saw a spectacle that was not likely to come their way every day, for Paul kept his adversaries guessing, and parrying all manner of imaginary attacks until at length he saw his chance to retire, one of them with a thrust through the shoulder.

After that his work was easy enough.

He set upon the second officer, rattled his sword with quick fierce and thrust, and used him up so generally that he finally lost his nerve, when a quick upward blow sent his blade rattling away, and left him unarmed at the mercy of his foe.

Just then, however, Paul was not in a humor to decide whether to call the affair off or pink his zealous antagonist as an earnest of victory.

Truth to tell he had about all he wanted to take care of in looking out for himself.

There was about one chance in ten that he might escape as his comrades had done, by beating a hasty retreat over the edge of the ramparts.

Paul was not the man to hesitate and lose valuable time in calculating chances. Accordingly he whirled on his heel, made a mock bow to those who had just witnessed his remarkable fight, which compliment surely Frenchmen should appreciate, and then made a headlong break for the edge of the ramparts, intending to throw himself down regardless of minor damage, since it was his one chance to get clear.

So vast had been the number of troops pressing forward to have a share in the engagement that his way was blocked.

Finding his escape cut off in the direction of the wall, he changed his mind and decided that only a madman or one utterly desperate would continue to advance in that quarter, and his situation did not call for such a needless sacrifice since as a prisoner he would be liberated when the French surrendered.

Again he turned and made a dash in an opposite quarter, hardly knowing what lay ahead of him, yet desirous of evading capture.

Then his passage was blocked—guns threatened him, the shining bayonets being within a foot of his throat.

It was all up, at least so far as escape was concerned, and Paul was forced to admit this with a grunt of disgust. So he dropped the point of his sword to the ground as a sign of yielding, and made no resistance when they disarmed him.

A minute later he regretted his helplessness more than words could tell, for the French officer came and surveyed him with grim contemptuous mien, and Paul recognized his old foe, Conrad Hoffman.

(To be continued.)

THE POPE'S WILL.

Document Drawn Up When His Holiness Was 27 Years Old.

It is not generally known that the Pope made a will as long ago as 1837. A copy of the document is before me. It reads:

"I leave my soul in the hands of God and of the blessed Mary. I institute as the heirs of my property my dear brothers, Charles and John Baptist, in equal shares, enjoining upon them to have fifty masses said for the benefit of my soul each year for a period of five years, after which time they will be relieved of this duty, although I recommend myself to their love and charity to help my soul still further. I also impose upon them the duty of distributing twenty scudi each year to the most needy poor of Carpinoto, my native town. I bequeath to my Uncle Anthony, as a token of my respect and affection, the porcelain service, which His Eminence, Cardinal Sala, presented to me."

This was made when the Pope was only 27 years old and at a time when his health was so poor that he did not expect to survive many months. Yet he has outlived every man of his time every associate of his youth, every Cardinal that belonged to the Sacred College when he was elevated to it.

Chinese Dental Methods.

Some interesting specimens of Chinese dentistry have recently been shipped to Philadelphia by Dr. P. T. Carrington of Bangkok, Siam, who presented them to the University of Pennsylvania. The consignment, which is now on exhibition in the Dental museum, includes two pairs of crudely made forceps, used by the Chinese in extracting teeth, and many other specimens of the dental profession, among which are some artificial teeth carved from ivory. Some of the specimens presented by Dr. Carrington which have attracted particular attention among Penn's dental students are several teeth affected by betel-nut chewing, which works such great havoc with the teeth of orientals.

A model illustrating the practice among the Siamese of mutilating their teeth by filing, is also among the collection.

It takes a father to point an example, but a mother to be one.