Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

People are dolefully announcing the "passing of negro minstrelsy." But just watch the billboards.

Omaha has a golf club for smallpox convalescents. Little need of the sign "Only members allowed on the links."

Mr. Carnegie might ease the Union Pacific railway's pedagogical burden by dropping a library into Wyoming and Nebraska.

St. Louis is vastly interested in an operation on a man's heart. He is now well on the road to recovery. It was a surgical operation.

A California man has offered to sell his wife and four children for $50. As for himself, he could probably be had for a glass of beer.

President Roosevelt can write feelingly on the subject of deer. He has been trailed himself by office-seekers until he knows how it feels.

The city of Paterson, N. J., is struggling to recover from the effects of a fire, a flood and a strike, besides wondering what is to come next.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Leteve's successful serum treatment for the cure of lockjaw will not be applied with indiscriminate benevolence.

Until women can listen to Kubelik, the violinist, without crowding to kiss him it will be wise for man to insist on his exclusive right to vote.

The man who never makes a mistake is harmless. He never makes anything. Doesn't even make the mistake of classing anybody with himself.

Sir Robert Ball says the moon is surely edging away from us, and considering the many things that she is compelled to witness who can blame her?

The French and Italian manufacturers of oil paintings by the old masters are getting a share of the money that comes out of Senator Clark's copper mines.

The Czar of Russia is on a visit to one of his cousins. It will keep him busy to make the rounds, as his national family now numbers more than 100,000,000.

Probably one of the gloomiest men in the wide world to-day is Gen. Weyler, because the outbreak at Barcelona did not continue long enough to give him a "free hand."

A Minneapolis man named Zigzaggowski has been arrested in St. Paul for making his way over from Minneapolis after the manner of his name and citizenship.

A French court decides that a telephoned swear word is a penal offense. Marconi can't get that wireless apparatus into working order any too soon for weak humanity.

Count Boni de Castellane does not neglect his American relatives, plebeians though they are. He writes them every now and then, mentioning the amount of his debts.

Twenty-two million dollars' worth of diamonds were taken out of the Kimberley mines in South Africa last year—almost enough to go around at a New York society event.

A picturesque feature of the Boer war was the fording of the Orange river by Commandant Kritzinger, clad in yellow gaiters, lavender trousers, a new frock coat and a tally-ho hat.

Along with the proceedings of the annual convention of the Society of Friends comes the announcement that there are 900 firms in America engaged in the manufacture of fighting goods.

The Emperor of China has finally acknowledged that he isn't running the world. After his experiences with the Empress Dowager it is remarkable that he clung to the foolish belief in his own supremacy so long.

Among the letters which a New York man wrote to a woman whom he is now suing for money loaned her, is one in which he calls her "my darling, my love, my life's blood, my more than queen." And yet, he got over it. 'Twas ever thus.

A wireless telephone is among the possibilities of the coming year. And none can realize the force of the convulsion of joy which will seize the business world when the familiar cry, "The line's in use," take its place among the voices of the past.

A Pittsburg preacher is causing trouble because he heard kissing in the choir while he was delivering his sermon. He can hardly be blamed. No man could be expected to go along smoothly under such conditions without reference to his notes.

A Los Angeles girl has compromised for $4,500 for injuries received in a collision between cars of two different street railway companies. Of this sum her lawyers received $2,000. Yet some people think Los Angeles lawyers are not magnanimous!

FIRED TWO BULLETS

Enraged Woman Shoots Citizen on Streets of Albion, Neb.

THE CULMINATION OF A LAW SUIT

Two Negro Chicken Thieves Killed and Three Badly Beaten By White Men—Found Drowned in the Blue River—Resents Hazing.

A deplorable domestic affair between Adam John Patterson and his wife and George Thompson of Boone county, which has been in the district court for two terms, culminated in a shooting affray on the streets of Albion. Mrs. Patterson fired several shots, two taking effect, one in Thompson's arm and the other in his leg. It is claimed he also fired several shots. A drayman named Forey was hit in the foot by one bullet. Mrs. Patterson is under arrest and the officers have Thompson in charge. The feeling of friends on both sides is intense and further trouble is feared.

DEAD IN THE RIVER

Supposed to Have Drowned in the Blue Near Shelby.

Coroner Kepner has returned to Osceola from the Blue river south of Shelby, where a man has been found drowned. No one knows him. The man seems to have been 75 years old, and a very well dressed and good appearing old gentleman. On his person was about 50 cents, and some letters addressed to Riley Stratton, Spring Ranch, Clay county, Nebraska. A man had been all night the night before at Stromsburg, and that was the name by which he registered. He left his stachel there to be sent somewhere in the Dakotas and said he was on his way to Council Bluffs. It seems he had made a fire on the bank of the river, had taken off his coat and was washing himself and fell into the river, which was about two feet deep where he was found. That is the judgment of the coroner's jury.

Sent to Penitentiary.

George Mann pleaded guilty to the charge of assault with attempt to commit rape in district court and Judge Thompson of Hall county sentenced him to four years in the penitentiary at hard labor. Mann coaxed two little girls to ride with him, and took the most indecent liberty with the older one, who was but 9 years old. Her brother followed Mann to Grand Island, the crime having been committed several miles out in the country, and his arrest followed. The father of the girl was not at home at the time, or it is the general opinion there never would have been an arrest of the culprit. Through considerable diplomacy by County Attorney Horth, a trial in the district court was averted, Mann pleading guilty and owing to the certainty of punishment thus provided for, the county attorney recommended the leniency of court.

Lieutenant Sinclair Acquitted.

Lieutenant William S. Sinclair of the Twenty-eighth infantry, recently tried by court-martial on the charge of causing the death of a soldier prisoner by gagging him and pouring water on his head, has been acquitted.

The two reconcentrado camps in Betangas provinces are reported to be most carefully maintained. The Filipinos in the camps, it is said, are healthy and contented, and the streets and houses are perfectly clean.

The food supplied consists of rice and many vegetables. All the people in the camps have been vaccinated, and rigid sanitary precautions are taken to prevent the spread of disease. There are 6,000 Filipinos in one of the camps, and 19,000 in the other.

Twelve Seniors Suspended.

Superintendent J. H. Adams of the Ottawa public schools has suspended twelve members of the senior class for disobeying rules. The trouble arose over a class color contest, which was forbidden. The suspended pupils wore bits of red bunting taken from a rival class flag into the class room. The pupils, with their parents, are requested to meet the superintendent, when the suspended pupils will all probably be admitted to the schools again.

Will Not Reimburse United States.

A dispatch to the London Exchange Telegraph company from Constantinople says:

"The Turkish government has flatly refused the demand of the United States for the repayment of the sum of $72,500 paid to the brigands as a ransom for Miss Ellen M. Stone and her companion.

The Groom 79 and the Bride 63.

Thomas Goodwin, 79 years old, and Mrs. Elizabeth E. Rodkey, 63 years old, both of Willis, Kan., were married at Hiawatha. It makes the groom's second marriage and the bride's third. Both have been living alone and they decided to marry to be company for each other in their old age.

Found a Man's Head.

The head of a man apparently about 35 years old was found by Levi Hendren on his farm at Clearwater, Kan. The grewsome object was in a good state of preservation. Great excitement prevailed in the village and the county authorities were notified. Later Dr. Warren, a local physician, stated that he had brought the head from St. Louis and had placed it in the manure so that it would the more readily decompose. The people, however, will not accept his statement and think a crime has been committed.

ELOPES WITH SINGLE MAN

Atchison County Woman Disappears With a Man Ten Years Her Junior.

The wife of Clarence Russ, the storekeeper at Cummings, Kan., aged about 40, has disappeared with Billy Cummings, aged about 30, who lived with his mother near Cummings. The Cummings family is an old and respected family of Atchison county. The town of Cummings was named for Billy Cummings' father. The store which Russ runs is owned by Charles F. Kaffer of Atchison. The couple ran off last week, Mrs. Russ going on Monday and Cummings on Tuesday. A few days ago Russ received a letter from his wife, written from a Colorado point, in which she said she did not intend to return. She advised her husband to get a divorce. In her letter she had no complaint to make against her husband; in fact, she said he was too good to her. She told her husband if he got married again not to be so trusting.

FOR STEALING CHICKENS

Two Negroes Dead and Three Others Badly Beaten.

Great excitement prevails at Madrid Bend, Ky., forty miles below Hickman, on the Tennessee line. Two negroes were killed by white men and three horribly and probably fatally beaten.

Elijah Drake, colored, it is claimed, was caught stealing chickens and was attacked by enraged whites, being driven into the Mississippi river and shot dead. The body floated to shore and the white men made another negro tie a rope around the neck and pull him out to deep water. The white men then attacked four other negroes living in the neighborhood, who, it is claimed were implicated. The negroes showed fight and in the melee that followed Jim Stewart, colored, was shot and instantly killed.

Two Electric Cars Dynamited.

Two cars of the Kansas City-Leavenworth electric line were dynamited at Leavenworth. One woman was injured. The first explosion occurred early in the evening on the line running to Fort Leavenworth. The car was damaged beyond repair, one of the wheels being torn off and the motor ruined. A 60-pound rail was split in two.

A second explosion occurred later on the Fifth avenue line. No damage was done beyond breaking of windows. The company has offered a reward of $250 for information leading to arrest of guilty parties. A strike has been on in Leavenworth for some weeks, and the dynamiting of the cars is a result

Casebier Still Missing.

The whereabouts of Herbert Casebier, the young grocer who disappeared from his home in Arkansas City, Kan., are still unknown. An examination of his affairs shows everything to be in first-class shape and his relatives can find nothing that would in any way lead him to take this action. The officers believe they will be able to locate him in a few days. Casebier was until about a year ago a conductor on the Illinois Central road running out of Jackson, Tenn., and is a member in good standing of the O. R. C., which has been asked to assist in locating him.

Jointest Went Free.

The jury in the liquor case against Sam Smith of Arkansas City, Kan., failed to reach a verdict and was discharged. The jury stood nine to three for acquittal, and a new trial will be held. Smith was arrested on the complaint of a woman, who claims to have bought a half pint of whisky from him. The woman is Mrs. Myra McHenry of Howard, Kan., who, for some time, has been in this city investigating the liquor traffic. She is the editor of the Searchlight, a temperance publication in Howard. She introduced the bottle and its contents in court, and then failed to secure a conviction.

Both Wives Left Him.

John W. Honn of Shenandoah, Ia., has sued his brother, Thomas G. Honn, for $25,000 damages for the alleged alienation of the affection of his two wives. The defendant is a wealthy ranchman who recently settled at Fort Scott, Kan. The plaintiff alleges that his brother conspired to ruin him financially, and that his alienation of the affections of his first wife was the execution of that conspiracy. Both women obtained divorces and are living in Iowa.

Traffic Manager Missing.

Frank M. Hill of Chicago, for the last ten years traffic manager of the Chicago Junction railways, has been missing for nearly a month. Telegrams have been sent broadcast throughout the United States, but no trace of Hill can be found. It is feared Hill is temporarily unbalanced as a result of brooding over a reduction in salary.

Strenuously Resents Hazing.

J. R. Campbell of Webster City, Ia., a student at the Iowa state agricultural college, shot a fellow student, J. A. Lawrence, through the shoulder. Lawrence had hazed Campbell and otherwise aroused his hatred. The shot struck Lawrence full in the breast, glanced on a pocket comb and passed through the shoulder.

The chemists employed at the Kansas state agricultural college have finally discovered a poison which promises to exterminate prairie dogs and the demand for it has increased to such an extent that the college is no longer able to fill its orders. The poison consists of a mixture of strychnine, potassium cyanide and sugar syrup and is put up in the college laboratory in small cans. These cans of poison are sold to the farmers and stockmen who are troubled with prairie dogs. The preparation is expensive, but it is said to be the only one which will exterminate the pests.

At Swords' Points;

OR,

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

CHAPTER XX.

At the Wolf's Head Drinking Fountain.

Even at the risk of being noticed by hostile eyes, Paul turned his head so that he might look into his companion's face.

"I see you, too, have met with an adventure, Karl," he muttered, once more scanning his paper, although the French words danced up and down before his eyes.

"Perhaps one could hardly call it by such a name, when compared with your double exploit," modestly. "But perhaps you can guess she is here in Metz."

"Beatrix, my sister?"

"Yes; and not alone. A nun accompanies her. I myself have seen her, and under conditions little short of tragic."

Paul breathed hard.

Already he had begun to find love in his long desolate heart for this pretty sister, and the thought of danger overtaking her aroused his spleen.

"Tell me what happened, brother," he muttered.

"It was last night. I had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the city, bringing with me three carrier pigeons belonging to a man within our lines, and which were to take my messages in cipher to the general.

"While wandering around, picking up all the information possible, chance—no, it was a favor of Providence, threw me among a group of soldiers in one of the parks.

"They had been drinking to drown the impending woe, and were in a condition far removed from the usually polite Frenchman.

"Enough to say they stopped two women who came from the direction of the hospital—I heard a scream, and forgot the danger I ran, for the voice was that of Beatrix."

"How many were there?"

"Some four or five."

"Excellent. And you put them to flight alone and unaided?"

"Yes; and Beatrix was horrified at discovering my identity, though I believe, pleased to know that it was to a German arm she was indebted for the rescue."

"What of—her companion?"

"She thanked me most sweetly. You remember what your mother looked like when as a child you saw her last. She is still the same, with a face purified by suffering. I fear she is not long for this world. Her incessant labors in the field she has chosen have undermined her health. It may come back, but the chances are she will presently slip away from you all."

Somehow this gave Paul a shock, and he immediately resolved that he would seize the very first available opportunity to make his peace with the poor lady whose life history had been so sad.

"I must see her."

"When would you care to seek her?"

"Soon. This evening, if it is possible."

Karl considered.

"Do you know the wolf's head fountain, down by the high wall yonder?"

"I drank there not an hour ago."

"It is well. Meet me there at nine to-night, and together we will seek those in whose interests we are so deeply concerned."

"Done! At nine, you say?"

"Yes; and now I am about to move off. Remember."

Paul counted the minutes until nightfall.

A great yearning had come upon him to see his mother and reassure her that forgiveness had come at last—to take her weary form in his manly arms and look into the eyes that had wept so many tears of bitter regret.

Totally ignorant of the exciting events which this night of nights had in store for him, Paul sauntered in the direction of the little wolf's head drinking fountain that projected from the wall which he had agreed to as a rendezvous for meeting Karl.

As he drew near the drinking fountain he remembered that caution was an absolutely necessary adjunct to his mission. Keenly he surveyed each lounger in turn.

Fortunately the two comrades had arranged a crude system of signaling, based somewhat upon the code in use during their days at old Heidelberg, and by a cautious use of this Paul was at last enabled to clutch the hand of his comrade.

All seemed working well.

He found Karl somewhat worried under the belief that he was being watched.

It might be imagination, but he feared that suspicions had arisen regarding his identity.

"I have news," he said, as their hands were pressed together.

"News—of Hildegarde?" demanded Paul.

"No. You know what we guessed was the reason for Conrad's being here?"

"Yes—a woman," replied Paul, quickly turning his head to look over his shoulder, as though the mention of the countess might cause her to appear.

"Well, she is in Metz, though I hope not within sound of my voice, and you may depend upon it just as much a factor in the game as ever. I saw her come out of the hospital where your victim was being nursed, and the look on her face was worth studying."

"You give me a cold shiver, comrade. I fear no man alive, but heaven deliver me from such a woman. However, let us dismiss her from our thoughts. Tel me more about Hildegarde. Such a subject will take the bad taste from my mouth."

"Well, I have seen the young woman again and you may even have that pleasure to-night."

"How so?"

"Simply because we are going to a house that adjoins the Red Cross hospital, where she is engaged in her holy labor."

"That is singular indeed."

"It may be more ere we are through. You know I am a firm believer in the working of Providence, and to my mind there is something more than a mere coincidence in this thing."

They were now near their destination. Apparently there was no suspicious craft above the horizon—at least Von Stettin gave no indication of serious alarm.

"The hospital!" he muttered.

Paul came to a stand for a moment—who could blame him under the circumstances?

Although he halted to look in at the open door only a brief time, it proved a most unfortunate piece of business for him, as subsequent events turned out.

A figure stood to one side, perhaps waiting until the wounded soldiers had all been carried into the house of mercy—a figure screened by the shadows that fell on that side of the great building, observed Paul's action and only with difficulty repressed a cry of satisfaction when the light fell upon his face.

For although the figure and dress of the watcher seemed to belong to a dandy French captain, the countenance was surely that of the bold adventuress, the Countess Aimee.

Karl awaited his friend at the adjoining door. "Are you ready?" he asked, solemnly.

"Go on," Paul said, shortly.

The door opened and they passed in.

Up the stairs—now a light appeared above, coming from an open door.

"Karl, is it you?" asked a girl's vo[illegible] wh[illegible]pon the individual decl[illegible] other.

[illegible] the loverlike meetin[illegible]ng people he knew i[illegible] that the chances [illegible]uld never again [illegible] one because of [illegible]

[illegible] pretty girl was [illegible] second figure [illegible] she sprang [illegible]tered an ex[illegible]

[illegible]on account of [illegible]safety, within the Fre[illegible]n such a perilous mission, th[illegible] mere maidenly modesty, that made her cry out:

"Beatrix!" he called.

"Sister, have you then forgotten me?"

Then a glad cry broke from her lips, and Beatrix gladly greeted the newcomer with all the warmth the dearest brother could expect.

"You do not know—oh! Paul, how shall I tell you the truth—how will you bear it?" she said, in a weak almost panic-stricken voice.

"Ah! But I do know it, my dearest girl."

"About—our—mother?" eagerly.

"Yes."

"Oh! Paul, how is it in your heart—do you hate her still—she has suffered so—"

"Our mother," he said, softly, tenderly.

His words, his manner aroused her wildest hopes.

"You forgive—you forget—you will love her even as I do. Oh! God, this is blessed news—I thank thee for this happy hour. Oh! how glad I am that she has lived to know this blessed hour."

She took her brother's hand and led him into the lighted room.

He saw a black-robed figure rise, saw a pale face, with tender, sad and haunting eyes—heard a low cry as her gaze fell upon him and she started to stretch out her arms, but they fell helpless at her side.

It was all to his credit as a man that he did not stop one second, but walked directly over to where she stood, now holding on to the back of the chair through weakness.

"My mother!" he said, but his very voice was a caress.

Then he took her quivering form in his arms and gently kissed her.

At that she gave way.

The fountains broke forth, though the wonder was they had not run dry in the long years of her weeping.

She clung to him as she sobbed, and he pressed her head to his heart as one might a grieved child.

Paul had placed his mother upon a divan and seated himself beside her.

It was necessary that they speak of the past.

That could never be a sealed book with them.

She hung upon his every word, and there were times when she moaned like a stricken deer as he spoke of his father's uncomplaining life and the manner in which he held aloof from the whole world to conceal his grief.

But when it was all told, and he had again assured her that nothing but love dwelt in his heart, what a look of ineffable peace came upon that pale face. How she strained him to her heart, this great boy, whom she could hardly believe belonged to her, the fair child of former years.

Meanwhile Karl and Beatrix had wandered over to one of the windows, set deep in the walls, and forming admirable lovers' seats.

Perhaps that same fate in which Karl professed to entertain some belief, had a hand in the game, which was one of the reasons why the young couple sat so long in the deep embrasure of the window, since had it not been for this, Karl might not have thought to peep aimlessly down toward the street.

Beatrix saw him bend still lower, while the laugh left his face and a look of deep concern took its place.

"Oh, what is it, Karl?" she cried, as a heavy, thunderous report shook the house.

"That is only another shell exploding near by. Our friends beyond the walls have evidently discovered some means of sending frequent bombs into the city, and there will be grave damage done ere morning. But it was not that which startled me, but a movement of French soldiers in the street below. I have grave reason to believe they are surrounding this house, and that would mean danger, perhaps death, to Paul."

Beatrix cried out in terror, and even Paul was constrained to show alarm, not on his own account so much as because of this friend who had his life in the balance.

You must get out of this instantly—go by the roof if there is no other way," he exclaimed, ready as ever to grapple with the scorching emergency.

"It is too late!" gritted Karl, sullenly.

Yes, too late, for the clatter of boots sounded in the hall without, the door was unceremoniously opened by a hand that believed in military law above the civil code, and several soldiers pushed into the room, soldiers wearing the uniform of the National Guard and led by a pompous major, behind whom strutted a figure that instantly caught Paul's attention, filling him with both amazement and alarm.

(To be continued.)

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BABIES.

No Part of the World Is Free from Queer Notions.

Lately some extraordinary superstitions about babies have come to light. For instance, the Manx people believe that it will dwarf or wizen a baby if any one steps over it or walks round it. In some parts of England people bind the infant's right hand, so that it may have riches when it grows up. In Yorkshire a new-born babe is placed in a maiden's arms before being touched by anyone else, in order to insure good luck.

In South America a book, a piece of money and a bottle of liquor are placed before the infant the day it is one year old, to ascertain its bent in life.

In Scotland a baby is considered lucky if it handles its spoon with its left hand, and it will be perfectly happy and successfulful if it has a number of falls before its first birthday. In the North of England, when a child is taken from a house for the first time, it is given an egg, some salt and a small loaf of bread, and occasionally a small piece of money, to insure it against coming to want.

In Germany it is considered necessary that a child should "go up" before it goes down in the world, so it is carried upstairs as soon as born. In case there is no upstairs the nurse mounts a table or chair with the infant.

HE WAS ABSENT-MINDED.

Youth Had Carried Off a Girl's Headpiece in Mistake.

They were quite late in returning from the French cooks' ball and the car going south on Broadway was crowded with the tired dancers. At the next corner the car stopped and a blond young man got on, who, as he entered the car, at once attracted the gaze even of the sleepy dancers. He advanced to the center and held on to a strap with one hand. In the other he carried an enormous hat, unmistakably feminine, as attested by yards of blue chiffon and waving ostrich plumes.

He was serenely unconscious of his burden until, the conductor asking for his fare, he reached for his pocket with his hand that he thought was disengaged. He then discovered the hat. His look of bewilderment brought forth audible smiles from his fellow passengers. Then he remembered. Holding up the creation in blue and gazing fondly, but liquidly into its mysterious depths of millinery, he muttered:

"Lovely girl! How forgetful of me!" And making a sign to the conductor, says the New York Mail and Express, stepped hurriedly from the car.

Coronation Clothes.

Without doubt the coronation of King Edward VII. will be the most costly and elaborate "full dress" affair that has occurred in modern times. But King Edward will not be permitted to look upon such a wonderful display of costumes as greeted the eye of his distinguished predecessor, Edward III. This beau of the fourteenth century was a spectacle that must have added greatly to the gayety of nations. He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains, hose of one color on one leg, and another color on the other; a coat, the one-half white and the other half black or blue; a long silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals and dancing men.

Many a man's word is like an echo—merely a hollow mockery.