

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The best way to punish the brigands will be to cut off their missionary supply.

Wealth doesn't always bring happiness, but it can generally furnish a pretty good imitation.

With Paderewski's wife along, do the girls think his playing is quite as heavenly as it used to be?

They are going to levy a tax on novels in Paris. It might well be a prohibitive one on some of them.

As a rule, stockholders do not kick so long as the dividends hold out. Then they want to know, you know.

Another Spanish crisis has been averted by blocking the wheels that kept the Chamber of Deputies in motion.

New rules have been adopted for the government of golf tournaments this season. The game heretofore has been too exciting.

Mr. J. W. Happy has just been appointed postmaster as Mayfield, Ky. It ought to be easy for him to live up to the name now.

Burglars secured 15 cents in the safe of the Standard Oil Company at San Jose. Now watch the price of coal oil take an aerial voyage.

A new woman has been discovered in Chicago. The defendant in a divorce suit is described as a combination of vixen and angel.

The price of seats on the New York exchange has tumbled to \$60,000. This extravagant sum, however, secures only a way-back location.

Scientists tell us that another ice age is coming. As it is still several thousand years off there is no immediate cause for shivering.

Legislation is now sought to enable the owners of adjacent property to restrain the pasturing of bulls. This has the semblance of a bear movement.

The American Indian has not been completely civilized, but he rarely gets the worst of the bargain in exchanging his wares for the white man's wampum.

California prunes are to be utilized in the manufacture of vinegar. The fraternity of boarders long ago soured on the prune, and now it proposes to sour back.

Hyphen is the name of one of the horses entered for the American Derby that are favorably regarded—presumably on the theory that it never fails to connect.

A New York man has been chosen as chief of the fire department at Manila. This is believed to be the forerunner of an Irish police force at the Philippine capital.

But little notice was taken in Holland of the anniversary of Queen Wilhelmina's wedding, and no reference to it whatever appeared in the leading Dutch papers. Why?

An explorer has found some water in Kansas that is said to bear a close resemblance to that of the Dead Sea. Probably it represents the remains of some prehistoric joint.

The average number of inmates in Bellevue hospital, New York, is equal to that of a good-sized town—that is, it is from 2,000 to 3,000—and of these a good many are unable to help themselves.

Poor Lo, who once flourished a tomahawk, now meekly surrenders before the first click of the barber's shears, and yet there are some persons who do not approve of our methods of subjugating the Indian.

Snowballs extinguished a fire at Georgetown, Pa., and prevented the destruction of the entire village. The villagers probably will keep snow in icehouses during the summer season for fire-fighting purposes.

With the football fiend, the empty pistol joker, the thin-ice skater, the boat-rocking idiot, the kerosene fire-maker and the reckless coaster rounded up, there would be great encouragement given the national census.

A man in Quincy, Ill., kicked at a cat and broke his own neck. The attempt merited some punishment, but we are disposed to consider this a trifle too severe. A broken leg or an arm should have proved a sufficient lesson.

Now that lyddite has been found to have remarkable qualities that encourage friendly vessels 2,000 yards away from the enemy's ships, it appears to be rather more of a boomerang than is needed in the gentle art of modern warfare.

The Granite Falls Tribune tells of a young man in that town who can drink half a pint of clear alcohol without a recess. One of these days there will be a flash of blue flame and that young man's relatives will have no funeral bill to pay.

YOUTHFUL SUICIDE

Young Man Living Near Waverly, Neb., Found Dead.

NO MOTIVE KNOWN FOR THE RASH ACT

Commissioner of Pensions Evans Resigns—Cracksman Enters Bank at Hazle Hills—Wealthy Farmer Ends His Life—Other News.

Benne Anderton, the sixteen-year-old son of George L. Anderton, living near Waverly, Neb., was found dead hanging to a rafter in his father's barn. No reason for the deed could be ascertained after the inquest was held. The boy was living on his father's farm and helped Mr. Anderton manage the place. In the morning he took his team and went out on the farm to work as usual finishing what he was doing about 9 o'clock. He brought his team back to the barn and unhitched it, then went into the cowshed and taking a big strap he tied one end to a rafter and the other end around his neck. Standing on a small manger prepared for feeding a calf he stepped off. Death came by strangulation as his neck was not broken. When found his feet were scarcely an inch from the floor.

Coroner Graham was notified and an inquest was held during the afternoon. None of the boy's friends were able to furnish an explanation for his act. He was not known to be troubled over any matter and in fact seemed well satisfied with his lot. He worked in a store at Waverly last winter but did not like to remain there and was pleased with the thought that he was helping his father manage their farm. The boy was not known to have any morbid thought or to have been crossed in any manner pertaining to his affections. His friends were at a complete loss to offer any explanation for the act. He was reserved but cheerful and in fact of a jovial disposition with those who knew him well. The verdict of the jury was simply that he came to his death by hanging himself.

Mr. Anderton owns his farm about three-quarters of a mile from Waverly. He formerly lived in Lincoln where he was a plasterer. He has a family of five children.

Seizure of Seal Skins.

About \$50,000 worth of seal skins were seized at Seattle, Wash., by the local United States customs officers. The capture was made aboard the schooner J. B. Ward, which arrived some two days ago from Unalaska. Two thousand and twenty-six skins were consigned to local houses. They are of the Bering sea product, and Deputy Collector Mitten thinks they were taken by pelagic sealers. The schooner Ward, however, appears to have had no hand in the taking of the seals, and that alone, Collector Mitten stated, saved it from seizure.

Committed Suicide.

William Margrine, a wealthy farmer living near Blue Hill, Neb., committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. When found by his son, who had been sent to call his father to dinner, he was apparently standing in the corner under the hook used to hang harness on, his feet resting on the ground. No cause is now known for the rash act, as he was supposed to be well-to-do, financially, and his domestic relations were pleasant.

Jessie Morrison Goes to Jail.

Miss Jessie Morrison, whose bond was nullified when the state supreme court granted her a new trial, recently on the charge of murdering Mrs. Olin Castle, her rival, surrendered to the sheriff and was placed in the cell she occupied several months previous to her first trial. Miss Morrison will, it is said, have no trouble in furnishing a new bond, the amount of which will be fixed when the district court meets.

Bigamist is Sentenced.

C. C. Nelson, who was taken to St. Joseph, Mo., from San Antonio, Tex., charged with bigamy, pleaded guilty to having three wives and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. Nelson came under jurisdiction of the St. Joseph courts by reason of his marriage there last September to Mrs. Mary Parker of Plattsburg.

Clark Wins in Arkansas.

Returns from the democratic primaries held in Arkansas recently show that ex-Governor James P. Clarke has been endorsed for United States senator and that Governor Davis has carried sixty-five out of the seventy-five counties in the state in the contest for United States senator in Arkansas.

Lone Highwayman.

E. E. Geisler was held up at Lincoln, Neb., by a lone highwayman, who met him near the state capitol on Fourteenth street. The man pulled a gun on him and made him give up his watch and overcoat. He also lost a small sum of money.

Said to be Talking Too Much.

The attention of the president having been called to alleged interviews with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Taylor in a number of newspapers in which he put himself in the position of opposing certain exclusion bills now pending in congress, Secretary Shaw has been requested by the president to examine into the matter and report to him as to the truth of the allegations. As Secretary Shaw is in New York, no action will be taken by him in the direction of carrying out the president's instruction until his return.

TENDERS RESIGNATION.

Commissioner of Pensions Evans Yields to Popular Clamor.

Commissioner of Pensions Evans has placed his resignation in the hands of the president. It will not take effect until some important position in the diplomatic service is found for him.

The following letter from Hon. H. Clay Evans resigning the commission-ership of pensions, together with an appendix statement, was made public at the White house:

"Department of the Interior, Bureau of Pensions, Washington, D. C., March 15, 1902.—To the President: For some time I have been considering the question of resigning. It will soon be five years since I assumed the duties of this office, and I now have the honor of tendering you my resignation as commissioner of pensions, and will thank you to accept the same at as early a date as may suit your convenience. Thanking you for your kindly consideration, and with assurances of my best wishes, I am, very respectfully,
H. CLAY EVANS."

The statement appended to the letter is as follows:
"Mr. Evans some months ago verbally expressed his desire to resign, and finally put it in writing on March 15. The president, however, has told him that he will have to remain as commissioner, in the first place, until his successor has been determined upon, and in the second place, until there is some position to tender him which the president will regard as a promotion and as a fitting reward for his excellent service in the department."

BANK VAULT BLOWN OPEN

Thieves Secure \$1,000 in Cash and \$700 in Drafts.

The vault of the Bank of Hazle Mills, Neb., was blown and \$1,000 in cash and \$700 in drafts was taken. The haul was evidently effected by experts, as the job was neatly done and no person was aroused. The discovery was made by William Hollidick, a farmer, who, while on his way to the creamery this morning, noticed some of the bricks in the vault misplaced. He made a more thorough investigation and found the interior of the building wrecked. The discovery was made that the robbers had stolen a team from the livery stable of Sanford Saunders and escaped across country. They secured tools for the work in a blacksmith shop.

The entire front of the safe was blown off. Miss Zola Evers, postmistress, had deposited \$125 in the bank on Saturday night. The bank was insured against loss by burglary in the National Burglar Insurance association.

Scampered Through the Gaps.

About 1,500 Boers and Delarey, Liebonborg, Kemp and Wolmarans, were within the area of Lord Kitchener's latest movement, but though surprised by the rapidity displayed by the British troops, gaps in the latter's lines enabled most of the burghers to escape. The Boer prisoners totaled 179 men, including Commandant H. Kruger and Former Landrost Neethling of Klerksdorp.

The Times compares the future relations of the United States with Cuba to the former relations of Great Britain with the Transvaal, and expresses the hope that the United States will have better luck than Great Britain.

Turkey Mobilizing Troops.

The Turkish government has decided to call to the colors 90,000 irregular troops in batches of forty battalions, each batch aggregating about 20,000 men. This mobilization is ostensibly for the annual maneuvers, but in view of the conditions in Macedonia considerable significance is attached to the movement.

One hundred and fifty Turkish troops attacked a Bulgarian post near Saratash. One Bulgarian was killed and several were wounded. The Bulgarian garrison is being reinforced by two companies of soldiers.

House Busy on Pension Bills.

The house spent the day passing private pension bills. In all 215 were passed. With one exception this is the record for the number of such bills passed at a single session. The president's policy with regard to the veto of bills to remove the charge of desertion from the records of soldiers came in for considerable discussion during the day. Early in the session a number of minor bills were passed. The sundry civil appropriation bill was reported and Mr. Cannon gave notice that he would call it up on Monday.

Executed for Committing Crimes.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail says that news has been received from Kutel, Trans-Caucasia, that three Russian nobles, Prince Kipidanz, Prince Valerian and Prince Zujidkiz, were executed March 3 for the murder of over 100 persons. The trials of the princes lasted two weeks. They were the leaders of a widespread bandit organization which had terrorized the Caucasus by systematic robbery, arson and murder.

Given Medals for Bravery.

The secretary of state has awarded a gold life-saving medal to Elmer Mayo for his heroic services in rescuing Seth L. Ellis, at the recent Monomoy, Mass., disaster in which the entire life-saving crew of the Monomoy station, with one exception, was lost. The secretary also awarded a gold medal to Seth Ellis, the survivor of the crew.

Falls to Cure Consumption.

Recently an institution was opened in Belgium for the alleged cure of tuberculosis by the exclusive raw meat diet. After a trial of a few months the experiment was abandoned, as it was found that there was no efficacy in the Riche cure.

Extent of Detroit River.

The Detroit river is the outlet of the greatest bodies of fresh water in the world, aggregating 32,000 square miles of lake surface, which, in turn, drain 125,000 square miles of land.

At Swords' Points; OR, A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE
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CHAPTER XXI.

Paul Plays for Time.

Rhineland needed no lexicon to tell him facts that were as plainly marked as daylight before his eyes. No sooner had his eyes fallen upon the face of the dapper captain who came last month into the apartment behind the soldiers than the truth burst upon him like a flash. It was the countess!

The eager look upon her face as she entered the room told him it was with her a moment of considerable satisfaction, a time of triumph. Paul was calm.

He knew the crisis of his life, perhaps, had come.

There was a foe more to be feared than the duelist through whose living shoulder he had thrust his ready blade in the gray of dawn.

It was his duty, of course, to appear indignant, and to demand what such an unannounced entree might signify.

The major was good enough to listen to Paul's little protest, though the contemptuous smile never once left his florid face.

He begged to assure the gentleman that it was with deepest regret the soldiers of His Majesty the Emperor thus invaded a private house in the city of Metz, but these were times when all ordinary rules and regulations had to be set aside, and they had been given positive assurance that those who were plotting treason against France, had sought refuge beneath this roof.

The one glance Paul swept around showed him his mother, pale-faced, yet brave, surveying the scene in astonishment, Beatrix wringing her little hands in sore dismay, knowing what danger hung over the head of her Karl, and that latter individual, perfectly cool and alert, watching the course of events.

Paul drew out his papers of parole, which he carried as a protection—they gave him the liberty of the city of Metz upon certain conditions which he had thus far faithfully carried out.

"Monsieur le major, will you be good enough to examine these documents?" he said.

The officer caught sight of the signature, and felt compelled to give them a glance.

"They seem regular enough," he granted.

"Then this is, after all, a mistake?" The fat major smiled.

"Oh, no, monsieur. I do not exceed my duty, I assure you, when I come to place you under arrest."

"But—the charge—surely I have a right to visit my mother and my sister."

It was the dandy captain who uttered a cry and fastened her eyes eagerly upon the fair face of Beatrix—perhaps, in that moment, the countess may have wondered whether she might not have been too hasty after all—if one of these charmers thus turned out to be his sister, might there not be some hope of the other proving at least a cousin?

The suggestion vanished almost as speedily as it had leaped into being. She had gone too far now to turn back—this man had scorned the chances she offered him to come in out of the wet, and she must not enter a complaint if the deluge overwhelmed him.

"Under ordinary conditions—of course—but not to plot against the lilies of France," returned the French major solemnly.

"I assure you—I am ready to take my oath that not one word has been uttered here that you might not have heard—that since my parole I have adhered strictly to its provisions, which require that I hold no communication with the German army outside the gates of Metz."

Even while Paul was uttering these words he started and cast a sudden apprehensive look in the direction of Karl.

whole adventurous career, of spell-binding the enemy. Seconds counted, and as to a minute, it was precious beyond words. Perhaps the major might be a little more amenable to reason now that he had things in his own hands.

The spell-binding began. Paul crushed down his bona fide feelings and bent his energies toward cajoling the man who held their destiny in the hollow of his hand.

To hear him talk one might have been pardoned for entertaining a grave suspicion that his ancestry, instead of dating back to old Holland or some Dutch country extended to the famous region of Blarney Castle.

For truly Rhineland did himself proud upon this occasion, when the incentive that spurred him on was life itself.

So rapidly he talked that the major was not able to get a word in edgewise.

Several times he half raised the arm holding that sword of authority, as though he would fain give the signal for a closing in on all sides.

But the major was a Frenchman, with all the courtesy that distinguished his countrymen from the barbarian outer world, and on his life he could not treat a soldier and a gentleman with so great disrespect as to break in upon the thread of his discourse with an order for his arrest.

So he waited.

Delays are often dangerous, and in this case the old aphorism seemed peculiarly suggestive.

For delay was what Paul desired—the hope of it oiled his tongue, and gave him an eloquence he had never before known he possessed.

The wretch who stands with the noose about his neck, scanning the horizon to see some cloud of dust that might betoken the advent of some courier bearing a reprieve, would appreciate the feelings of Paul Rhineland as he endeavored to so hold the fat major by the power of his eloquence that the soldier would delay giving his signal until the hoped for arrival of newcomers on the scene of action.

At first Countess Aimee listened to his flow of compliments with astonishment, since she had never suspected the young American capable of such a remarkable effort.

Gradually, as she noted the soporific effect of his harangue upon the major, she began to feel some apprehension lest her end might be defeated after all.

She frowned and stamped her little foot, whereat the major started and glanced hastily toward her.

Then ensued a pantomime between the two, he shrugging his shoulders as though asserting his unwillingness to act while Paul kept up this flow of eloquence, while the woman pointed to the American nodded her head vehemently and again stamped her foot in a temper.

Paul saw it all but he did not let a little thing like this disturb him.

He talked on, even faster than before, talked in a way that must have convinced any jury and even inclined the judge in his favor, talked as a lawyer who seldom found occasion to do so in defense of a client, for Paul was holding his own life in the balance.

A few minutes at the most was all he wanted, and, thanks to his surprising tactics, he won.

He had kept the major in suspense just three full minutes, loaded to the muzzle all the while with an order for action, yet finding no opportunity to follow it out unless he chose to forget he was a gentleman, and he would sooner die than do that.

But patience has its limits, even in a polite Frenchman, and Paul, seeing him puff out his cheeks, knew the time of probation had reached its end; but a sensation of satisfaction came over him when he heard some one clattering up the stairs, some one who presently pushed into the room unannounced.

(To be continued.)

A NERVOUS SCOUNDREL.

Served Three Years in Prison, but Made \$5,000 by It.

"One of the nerviest and at the same time one of the most dare-devil escapades I ever heard of was pulled off in Akron several years ago," remarked D. S. Blodgett, an attorney from the oatmeal metropolis, at the New Willard the other evening. "There used to be a fellow in Akron who was a crook, if there ever was one, and yet he was a man of honor. He could borrow \$10,000 from any bank in town on his word, and nobody would ever lose by loaning to him, but if he got a chance to do a man or an institution that could afford to be done he never failed to make the best of it. His motto was 'Never beat anyone on an honest debt.'"

"One evening he was at the depot talking to the express messenger, who was a friend of his. The messenger pushed an iron box into the wagon and said: 'There's \$5,000 in that box; don't you wish you had it?' That night the gentlemanly crook entered the express company's office and cracked the safe, securing the money, which he took home and buried in sealed tomato cans in his back yard. Of course, he was arrested, and after a long trial was sentenced to five years, his record and the messenger's story convicting him. He was pardoned after serving three years, came home, and dug up the money. It was in big, yellow boys, and that evening he walked over to the messenger's house, rang the bell and shook the news in his face, saying, 'There's your \$5,000; let's see you get it.'—Philadelphia Times.

A man may scorb, but the last thing he does on earth is to call for a preacher.