

# Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The struggle between golf and ping pong is yet to come.

Tennyson is dead, but the schooners continue to cross the bar.

A soft coal trust has just been formed. Is this to come as another hardship?

The American mule will have no reason to kick when the Boer war is really ended.

Alfred Austin reports that he is about ready to wet-blanket the coronation with that ode.

Reports about Mr. Rockefeller's bald head and weak stomach seem to cheer some folks up wonderfully.

Now that the Kaiser states that Captain Coghlan's song "merely amused" him, the captain may tune up again.

One of the poets announces that "Our best thoughts are in words we never say." The poet is not a lady.

King Leopold would hardly win the prize in a popularity contest at which his loving subjects were permitted to vote.

The wonder of it is that the Russian ministers of the interior go on permitting the presence of students in that country.

Most of us would rather be looking at the train through a telescope when it was breaking a world's speed record than be riding on it.

It is announced that the czar has secured no exclusive rights in Manchuria. When he wants them, however, he will reach for them.

When M. Santos-Dumont can come over the ocean in his flying machine, he can snap his fingers at the brass officials in the customhouses.

The president took luncheon in the women's building at the Charleston exposition. Think of strenuous Teddy eating lady fingers and lemon ice!

The \$250 fine imposed on the Princeton students for defacing a monument looks a good deal like visiting the sins of the children on the fathers.

A man accused of murder in Detroit was wearing celluloid cuffs when arrested. Many persons therefore will doubt whether an alibi can save him.

There must be a sorry state of affairs in Russia when the assassination of a prominent officer of the government is considered cause for a celebration.

The blow has fallen. New York society has been forced to give up ping-pong because it is within the reach of the middle classes. Pity the sorrows of the rich.

Envious editors who can't get away may now reprint with satisfaction the old definition of a fishing rod as "a pole with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

Surgeons have performed an operation on Emperor William's face. For the future peace and happiness of the surgeons let us hope the face may come out all right.

The news that the prices of provisions are going up ought to inspire some scientist to invent a cheap and nutritious dinner tablet to be taken with water three times a day.

There appears to be no fear in golf circles that ping pong will supersede it as a social sport. It is claimed by some that no outdoor sport equals golf in a social way except, perhaps, plowing.

Another old saying has been sent to the scrap heap. Down East a woman married in haste and did not repent at leisure. On the contrary, she sued for divorce within three days after her wedding.

The Chicago woman who wanted a divorce because her husband quoted poetry to her has been defeated in court. It really begins to look as if poetry and the poets were coming to the front.

A man who used to be the King of Spain has just died, reminding the world of the fact that it is very easy for one who has been a king to be forgotten when he's gone from the throne a few years.

A Texas physician who has given a great deal of thought to the subject says he is convinced that a person suffering from spring fever can overcome the disease in a short time by digging postholes. Here is a hint for St. Louis.

It required a Richland Century jury just ten minutes to decide that three Wisconsin kisses are not worth \$15,000. While it is too bad to have home products depreciated it is just as well to allow the necessities of life to remain within the reach of the poor.

Scientists who declare that there is nothing in the theory that acquired traits can be transmitted should explain why Edwin Gould, Jr., aged 8, should devote himself to the task of collecting lost pins and selling them for a half cent a hundred.

# AFTER THE PACKERS

## Attorney General Knox Believes Meat Combine Illegal.

### ORDERS STEPS TAKEN TO BREAK IT

#### Initial Movement Will Begin in Chicago

—Bill in Equity for Injunction to Be Framed—Other News of General Interest to Readers.

A Washington, April 24, dispatch says: Attorney General Knox made the following statement regarding the so-called beef trust:

"On April 4 this department directed W. A. Day, Esq., of Washington, in his capacity as special assistant to the attorney general, to examine into, as far as practicable, the public charges to the effect that a combination of the large meat dealers of the United States had been effected contrary to the provisions of the laws of the United States. This preliminary examination resulted in instructions to Mr. Day and Mr. Betha, United States attorney at Chicago, on April 7, to prosecute simultaneously in Chicago and the east a more particular examination into the allegations and proofs alleged to exist in support thereof. From their reports I am satisfied that sufficient evidence is in hand upon which bills in equity for an injunction can be framed to restrain the combination mentioned from further proceeding under their agreements, which clearly appear to be in restraint of interstate trade.

"I have, therefore, in compliance with the law, which provides: 'It shall be the duty of the several district attorneys of the United States in their respective districts under the direction of the attorney general to institute proceedings in equity to prevent and restrain violations of this act,' directed the district attorney at Chicago to prepare a bill for an injunction against the corporations and persons who are parties to the combination mentioned to be filed in the United States circuit court for the northern district of Illinois."

A Chicago representative of the packing house said that the packers welcomed a full investigation of their relations with each other and the conduct of their business. In their behalf he entered a denial to all charges that they are in combination to control prices or in restraint of trade.

#### Would Remove Duty.

Representative Livingston of Georgia today introduced a bill repealing that portion of schedule G of the tariff law of 1897, providing a duty on meats.

## REMARKABLE OPERATION

### Michigan Physicians Implant Skull of Dog Upon Human Head.

Physicians of the college hospital at Saginaw, Mich., have performed a remarkable operation, that of grafting a piece of a dog's skull upon a human head. The patient is John Olberg of Kenton, Houghton county. He is now recovering from an old affliction. Olberg's skull was fractured four years ago. Over the hole, which was an inch and a half in diameter, there formed a foreign growth. This pressed on the brain and caused convulsions.

When it was decided to operate on Olberg, the doctors chloroformed a dog and removed a piece of its skull. The piece taken out was then implanted in the opening in Olberg's head.

### Car Runs Away.

Runaway cars "few" the "Frisco track at Galena, Kan., and crashed into the east end of the Interstate wholesale grocery store on North Main street. A cavity as large as the freight car is inside the wholesale establishment. A flying switch was made to put a section of cars on a side track, when the brakes refused to work. The car hit the building squarely and crashed on through everything it came in contact with until its speed was stopped.

### Uses His Knife.

United States Senator Money of Mississippi had trouble with the conductor of a Washington street car over a transfer, and the senator jabbed the conductor's hand with a pen-knife when that official sought to eject him. The senator was not arrested, as the constitution protects him from indignity, and the conductor, who was not seriously wounded, will not prosecute. The senator states he used his knife only to protect himself.

### Accused of Abduction.

Leopold Stein has been arrested at Vienna, Austria, on information received from the New York police, charged with attempting to abduct a Viennese girl. Stein formerly lived in New York, where he married a Miss Ulrich two years ago, and subsequently deserted her.

### Torpedo Boat Launched.

The torpedo boat destroyer Hopkins was launched at the yards of the Harlan & Hollingsworth company in Wilmington, Del., Thursday. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Alice Gould Hawes of Washington, D. C.

### Despondent Over Sickness.

Edward J. Roberts, aged twenty-nine years, residing six miles southeast of Nebraska City, committed suicide by shooting himself over the left eye with a shotgun. He had been sick with measles and became despondent. He leaves a wife and three children.

### Big Price for Steers.

A bunch of steers sold on the local market at St. Joe, Mo., Wednesday, for \$7.25, which is the highest price ever paid in St. Joseph for cattle. The previous high point was \$7.10.

## PROTEST IS IN VAIN

### Excuse Around Leased Nebraska Ranches Must Come Down.

A party of Nebraska cattle kings reached Washington Thursday. They are Bartlett Richards of Ellsworth, Charles F. Coffy of Chadron, A. N. Moddiette of Rushville, Daniel Hill of Gordon, William Verdon of Valentine, E. C. Harris of Chadron.

The cattlemen called upon Senators Millard and Dietrich, and presented the petition in behalf of bills now pending in congress for leasing public lands for grazing purposes. At noon Senator Millard presented the party to Secretary Hitchcock of the interior department, and the subject of leasing and existing fencing was discussed at length. The secretary gave the visitors no satisfaction, contending that the fences must come down at an early day. Nor did he commit himself on the subject of the bill to lease the public domain.

## PALMA WELL RECEIVED

### President Elect of Cuba Given Enthusiastic Reception at Bayamo.

President-elect Estrada Palma arrived at his old home, Bayamo, in Santiago province, Thursday. He was enthusiastically received along the route from Holguin, from which place he traveled in an old-fashioned Cuban volante. He was accompanied by hundreds of persons on horseback. Upon approaching Bayamo Senator Palma was met by a number of his old war companions, who escorted him to the town.

The president-elect had sent a telegram to the Cuban senators and representatives-elect in Havana, saying he would ask the American government before he assumed office to pardon all Americans under arrest or awaiting trial in Cuba.

The municipal council of Havana has voted to ask Secretary Root to grant the pardons of the Americans Senator Estrada Palma referred to in his telegram.

## RIOT STAGE REACHED

### Patterson, New Jersey, Strikers Engage in Fight with Police.

Striking dye helpers at Patterson, N. J., stormed the establishments that were still running and by force compelled a complete suspension of business in their trade. They engaged in a series of running fights with the police and plant managers and in one of the fiercest clashes exchanged a volley of pistol shots with them. Many persons on either side were severely injured during the rioting.

It was believed for a time that it would be necessary to ask the state for troops to restore order and insure protection to life and property, but the police expressed confidence in their ability to handle the situation and no request for outside aid was made.

### Potatoes Go Up.

Prices of potatoes at Chicago jumped to \$1 a bushel in the wholesale market at Chicago Thursday. There has been an advance of 13 cents since Saturday last, and the present price is the highest since last August, when the product sold at \$1.25.

The crop of old potatoes has been nearly used up and supplies in all markets are unusually small. New Cubans sold at \$1 a barrel Thursday. The new crop is just starting to market from Louisiana.

### Convicts Plant Trees.

Warden Jewett of the Kansas penitentiary has just completed the setting out of a large and apple and peach orchard on the old prison. Within the last two weeks 600 apple trees and 2,000 peach trees have been planted. The apple trees have been set out mostly on the level land and the peach trees on the hills and rolling ground. There are about 100 old apple trees, which were planted many years ago. The planting was done by convicts.

### Leg Broken by Fall.

As Mrs. N. L. Whisler and her two daughters were starting to return to Ashland from a visit with their old neighbors, the Hickles, seven miles west of Ashland, the horse shied as the buggy was being turned and Mrs. Whisler was thrown out of the vehicle and sustained a break of her right leg, just above the ankle.

### Declines the Honor.

Rev. Nathaniel S. Thomas, who was elected bishop of the missionary district of Salina, Kas., by the Episcopal house of bishops at Cincinnati has said he would not accept the honor. Mr. Thomas stated that he would at once notify the house of bishops of his decision.

### Governor Murphy to Resign.

Governor Murphy of Arizona has announced that he will resign. Alexander O. Brodie, lieutenant colonel of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, will succeed him, having already been named by President Roosevelt to take the place upon the expiration of Murphy's term.

### Wilhelmina Getting Better.

A Hague dispatch says the following bulletin was issued: "Queen Wilhelmina had a quiet night. The fall in the morning of temperature continues and the feeling of illness has lessened. The patient is taking sufficient nourishment."

### Deaf Man Run Down.

John Edwards, a well-to-do man of Valparaiso, Neb., while walking through the Union Pacific yards was killed by being struck by cars that were being switched. He was deaf and dumb and could not hear the sound of the approaching train.

### Won't Eat Meat For 30 Days.

An agreement has been entered into among the two thousand employees of the Chicago & Alton shops in Bloomington, Ill., which provides that none of their number will eat meat during the next thirty days.

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.  
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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## CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

Naturally, Charlie Stuart was justified in believing the girl to be the child of some Flemish citizen. True, she was not dressed in the usual Dutch fashion, but her golden tresses and blue eyes, that shone like twin stars, made him take the fact for granted.

He was, therefore, considerably surprised when, springing to her feet, she advanced a step or two toward them, holding out her hands, a look of great joy illumining her face, and in a voice which the echoes of her recent sobs still haunted, addressed them in purest English:

"Oh, sirs! Heaven has heard my prayer and sent you to my rescue!"

Stuart made up his mind then and there, strange as such a proceeding might be, that there was a deeper mystery about the presence of this young girl in these terrifying surroundings than had at first occurred to him.

Many things united to make him believe this—the fact of her not being missed by her party, her manner in avoiding any reference to the friends who should be so anxious—yes, then and there he became convinced that a story lay back of it as startling as any product of an opium smoker's dream. Charlie knew it would be well for him to divert the girl's mind as much as possible from the horrors she had so recently been forced to face. Thus as they walked along, he even grew somewhat merry, and his object was accomplished, since the girl's temporary trembling fit had passed away and she was now calm enough to ask questions regarding their opportune presence in the dismal place.

Several times Charlie knew she was looking at him intently.

He believed that he could guess the reason—that she had a story to tell, a story far out of the ordinary run, and was studying him when she thought herself unobserved, studying him to determine whether she dared entrust him with its astonishing details.

## CHAPTER III.

### Charlie Makes an Engagement.

Who was she?

This question came into Charlie's mind many times while they walked through those gloomy passages, seeking the worn stone stairs at the top of which stood the roughly hewn oak door studded with rusty nails.

At the foot of the worn stone steps the girl came to a sudden stop.

"Sir," she said, addressing Charlie as though he were the only party in sight, "unless I am mistaken these steps lead up to the museum of the Steen, and we have reached the exit of this horrible underground tomb."

"We can be in the light as soon as I unlock the door up yonder," he said quietly.

"One moment, before we ascend, I want to catch my breath—to tell you how grateful I am for your timely assistance."

"Please don't mention it," said Charlie.

"Indeed, it was a great pleasure, fair lady," chirped Artemus, eagerly.

"You overwhelm me with confusion. I have, as you may well suppose, received something of a shock, and hardly feel equal to the task of explaining to you just now what strange circumstances brought me into the desperate predicament from which I have been rescued by your assistance. But I trust I may see you again soon, when the explanation that is due will be gladly given. Forgive me if I say I have been studying you all this time, and something tells me I may surely trust you with my life. God knows I need friends."

Her words thrilled Charlie.

"Pardon me, miss—I should have told you before—my name is Charlie Stuart. I am at present an exile from old London, in search of a mission. Perhaps I have found one," he said, with an amused smile.

A faint flush chased across her countenance.

"And I—am Arline Brand."

She had a small reticule attached to her girdle, as was the custom. Opening this, she took out a quaint little inlaid cardcase and handed him a bit of pasteboard.

"When you call, ask for me under that name, by which I am known. But let me say again—as a duty I owe you, Mr. Stuart—let me give you full warning that, while I appreciate the great favor you have done me, I must tell you I have enemies, and that if you should seek to continue the acquaintance so strangely begun, it might possibly bring you into trouble."

"I never yet have allowed fear of mortal man to influence my actions," Stuart said, proudly.

"But these men are cruel and unscrupulous. You can realize that after seeing to what a dreadful fate they would have condemned me because I refused to carry out their will."

"They are a set of precious scoundrels and cowards!" he declared.

"Ah! but perhaps they are all-powerful at court—men in touch with a dynasty that can shake the earth if aroused, to whom one poor human life is as a fallen leaf," she said, as if testing his loyalty.

"It is the same—I see no reason why I should draw back." Taking out his watch, he continued, in the most deliberate fashion: "It is now almost

high noon. At eight, then, this evening, to the minute, I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you at your hotel, and until I am convinced that it is unlawful for me so to do, all the police of Antwerp shall not stop me in my rights of a British citizen traveling under the protection of his flag."

Arline impulsively held out her hand.

"I thank you. God bless you, Mr. Stuart!" she said, in broken tones. And Charlie, as he felt the little hand quiver and throb in his, found a strong indignation arising within his breast, directed against those unknown parties who had so mercilessly condemned so charming a young woman to a cruel fate.

It was Artemus who unlocked the heavy door and ushered them into the garish light of day, who gravely relieved Charlie of his brass candlestick and placed it, together with the rusty keys, where they belonged.

Charlie saw that his companion glanced hastily to the right and left through her veil. Once he was almost sure she gave a start, but by no word did she signify discovery.

"Could you get a cab for me?" she asked with a perceptible tremor in her voice.

"Easily, no doubt. There are usually vehicles waiting outside the Steen. This way, please."

Before the vehicle started, Arline Brand threw back the veil, and again Charlie was given the privilege of looking into those honest blue orbs, rivaling the heavens in their hue.

"I will release you from your promise if you regret making it, Mr. Stuart," she said, softly.

"Thanks; but I am a singularly obstinate man, I fear. At eight to-night, I said. Besides, I confess to much curiosity to bear what you promised to tell."

and Paris as in Antwerp—Baron Demetrius Peterhoff.

This wonderful man had been at the head of the famous Third Section in Russia; he had been the terror of nihilists for years; an argus-eyed head of police; until, unfortunately, a cog slipped with fatal result, since the Czar Alexander was murdered through the instrumentality of a bomb, and from that hour Baron Peterhoff's usefulness in Russia was at an end.

"Ah!" Charlie said, very calmly; "I have heard of you very often, baron; but, really, I confess the prospect of meeting so renowned a character never entered my mind. To what am I indebted for the honor?"

Again the distinguished gentleman uttered the word that had startled Charlie before.

"To the pretty fraulein," Charlie frowned.

"See here, baron—I know this lady as Mlle. Arline Brand. Surely there must be a mistake."

"She has golden hair?"

"Yes."

"And eyes so blue"—holding up his hands in a dramatic manner that would have delighted Artemus—"that would have delighted Artemus—that they shame the lovely skies of the Riviera."

Charlie groaned an assent. A crushing weight seemed to press upon his brain and he felt as though tottering on the verge of a precipice.

"As to the name," continued the baron, coolly, "what does it matter? Mlle. Arline Brand is as good as another—indeed, when you come to examine it, there is something of the adventuresome stripe about so delightful a cognomen, don't you think, young sir? To my knowledge that is only one of a score of different names the lady has adopted within the last few years."

"Adventuress!"

How like the shock of a rattlesnake's stroke the mention of that word fell upon Charlie's hearing.

"Since you have been so kind as to give me warning, suppose you tell me who this wonderful lady of many names is?" he asked, coldly.

"You must have heard of the Countess Isolde Brabant."

It was a name he had often seen mentioned in London and continental papers, a name belonging to a beautiful Russian young woman, given over heart and soul to the cause of Nihilism, connected with high families in the Land of the White Czar, banished through royal decree, and now turned adventuress in Vienna, Paris and other capitals of Europe.

He shuddered at the picture.

"At least I am under favors to you, baron, for your kindness; and if I make a fool of myself it will not be for lack of warning."

"Well, young sir, I owe my life to your father. Before Sebastopol, when a fierce engagement was in progress, I had been cut down and lay there helpless, when a squadron of British dragoons charged. They would have crushed me to atoms, but that a wounded Highlander captain, crawling under, shielded my body with his own, and, raising himself, waved his tartan in the air, at which the dragoons separated, sweeping past to the left and to the right. That brave Highlander was your noble father. For years we corresponded; but in my eventful life the memory of the debt I owed him—more shame to me—became obscured by other issues. Young sir, for his sake I have sought to save you from the snare of the fowler. Be warned in time."

A cab, doubtless previously signaled, dashed up, the busy baron jumped in, waved his hand to Charlie, and was gone.

He left a very puzzled and deeply worried young man in front of the Steen.

Charlie seemed wrestling with the problem, and drawn first this way, then that; but his natural obstinacy finally won out.

"Well," he muttered through his teeth, "I said eight o'clock to-night; and, come what or come woe, I shall keep the appointment."

(To be continued.)

## QUESTION DEVIL COULDN'T ANSWER

### Unable to Predict Action of a New York Jury.

While waiting for the verdict in the Patrick case a few days ago somebody remarked to Mr. Van Diver of the District Attorney's office, that he thought the jury would acquit the lawyer who had conspired with William Marsh Rice's valet to gain possession of the Texas millionaire's fortune. Mr. Van Diver, who had followed the case closely for several months, doubted this, but added reflectively:

"Of course, nothing is more uncertain than the action of a jury. I remember a story my father told me when I was a boy in Alabama. The story was of His Satanic Majesty and a plain citizen who met one day on a narrow pathway cut in the edge of a cliff. On side there yawned a precipice. On the other side was the solid rock. There was only room for one to pass, and of these two, one must lie down and let the other walk over him."

"If you'll propound three questions I can't answer," suggested Satan, "I'll lie down and let you pass over my body." The citizen asked:

"What is whiter than snow?"

"Cotton" was the answer.

"What is sweeter than sugar?"

"That's easy again; molasses."

"What will be the next verdict rendered in this county by a petit jury?"

"Pass on your way," said the Devil, as he made a carpet of himself.

The natives of Palestine have a kettledrum, the body being made of pottery and the head covered with parchment. It is provided with a cord and is borne in festal processions.