

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Lord Kitchener gets the glory and the cash in the same package.

The Panama hat puts the old scuff at woman's expensive headgear out of use.

Cecil Rhodes will probably never forgive himself for not holding on a few weeks longer.

The Shah of Persia has passed on up from Italy to Germany. Italy is now busy fumigating.

The dull season has settled down upon Venezuela. Only three revolutions are going on there now.

Russell Sage declares that capital and labor are closer now than ever before. Capital is, at any rate.

Antiseptic paper collars are to be made by a new concern out in Iowa. Once try one and you will use no other.

That impending visitation of seven-year locusts would not be so bad if they would cut out the orchestral effects.

Norway is disposed to insist on a general adoption of the idea that it is not a mere hyphenated appendage to Sweden.

Montana saloonkeepers are serving what they call the "Mary MacLane highball." It is described as something fierce.

When the Boers get back to farming they will do well if they make furrows with the same facility that they made history.

The fashionable man now wears a Panama hat that cost him \$15; but he can't afford to have meat more than once a day.

Mrs. Lease did not ask the court to restore her maiden name. Mr. Lease might score a point by having his own name changed.

Young King Alfonso wants to substitute horse racing for bull fights as the national sport of Spain. We think ping pong is about their size.

A Chicago man was first to look into Mont Pelee's crater. It must have reminded him of the historic spot where the tunnel caved in.

Rev. "Big" Shusher of Kentucky has been arrested on a charge of counterfeiting. A man with such a name is sure to fall sooner or later.

The fact that the country is crying loudly for small change would seem to indicate that the man with the large roll is not having everything his own way.

George J. Gould advocates athletics as a preventive of dissipation, but every one knows that the exercise of lifting the high ball has ruined many a man.

A Chicago man went crazy because he inherited \$1,000. It is evident that he would never have been a Morgan even if he could have had Pierp's chance.

The man who gets mad and stops his paper is in about the same position as the man who stops his clock. Time and the paper both go on just the same.

Pictures of Raoul Sartout, the only survivor of St. Pierre, lead the public to feel happy in the thought that the poor man is not qualified to take the lecture platform.

Up to the hour of going to press Hetty Green had not forwarded a reply to the British nobleman who advertises that he wants to marry a rich American woman.

Since President Roosevelt has had his \$1,000 hunting dog sent to the White House, the family cat doubtless has had a chance to learn something about the strenuous life.

Japan is endeavoring to negotiate a loan of \$1,000,000 in America. It is suspected that the crowned heads of the orient are preparing to make an investment in Panama hats.

King Edward has conferred the Order of the Garter upon two more of his distinguished subjects. They, King might vary the decorations a little by the bestowal of an occasional pair of suspenders.

It is well to remember, however that the New York lawyer who dropped dead while playing ping pong might have gone the same way even if it had been nothing more fierce than croquet.

Andrew Carnegie has given away nearly \$7,000,000 in libraries and similar enterprises, and still is not in sight of a poor man's death. No wonder he is thinking of trying investment in a few newspapers.

The Maryland man who served le cust pie at a dinner party discovered that his guests hadn't brought their grasshopper appetite with them, but he had the comfort of knowing that there was enough dessert left for next time.

THE MILITIA RULES

Pawtucket, R. I., in the Hands of State Troops.

SERIOUS TROUBLE FOLLOWS THE STRIKE

Street Car Employees and Mobs Become Riotous, and Drastring Measures Necessary to Maintain Order—Other News of Interest.

A Pawtucket, R. I., June 12, dispatch says: For the first time in the history of the city, bayonets in the hands of soldiers ordered out by the governor of the state to suppress riotous disturbances glistened in the streets of Pawtucket today. The astonishing increase in the number of lawless acts directed against the United Traction company, whose union men have been on strike since June 2, and the inability of the limited police force and deputy sheriffs to suppress rioting induced Governor Kimball to call out the militia.

Numerous scenes of disorder occurred during the day and more than a score of people were injured, one fatally. In the presence of about one thousand persons and the militia this evening Adjutant General Sackett read the riot act. The city was taken possession of by the militia. A provisional regiment was formed composed of companies from the First and Second regiments, with the First battalion of cavalry. The regiment responded to an emergency call promulgated by Governor Kimball, and Brigadier General Herbert S. Tanner assumed command. In the afternoon orders were issued calling out the third division of the naval reserves and the machine gun battery.

BURGHERS ARE FRIENDLY

Accept New Order of Things With Excellent Grace.

Reports from all the districts say that the burghers are increasingly friendly, states a Pretoria dispatch. The only bitterness observable among the leading Boers here is against France and Germany. They declare the war was protracted unnecessarily owing to hopes held out by the French and German press.

Some of the Boers are so incensed that they have expressed the hope that some day they will fight on the side of the British against one of those powers.

The anticipated friction between the surrendered Boers and their former comrades of the national scout has not materialized to any extent.

The Boers admit they received ammunition through Portuguese territory. General De Wet says the youngsters were his best fighters and frequently held positions after the older burghers had cleared out.

The Boers of the Orange River colony are handing in only a small percentage of their ammunition. They explain that they used most of it hunting game since the peace agreement was signed.

Addressing the surrendered Boers at Kroonstadt, Orange River colony, General Elliott said the only wish of King Edward, his government and the British people was to help the burghers and get them back to their farms as soon as possible. The king, the general added, had telegraphed congratulations to the burghers on the good stand they had made. This announcement was greeted with lusty cheers for the king and for Lord Kitchener.

TO VISIT PHILIPPINES

Rep. McCall Urges Appointment of Committee to Look Into Island Affairs.

Representative McCall presented, Thursday, a memorial to the house asking for the appointment of a committee to investigate conditions in the Philippines. This memorial is presented in behalf of Charles Francis Adams, Andrew Carnegie, Carl Schurz, Herbert Welsh and Edwin Burrett Smith, who represent "a committee of persons, irrespective of party, interested in the policy of the United States toward the Philippines." The writers admit the importance of the investigation carried on by the senate committee, but contend that it is not far-reaching enough, and that "the inquiry must be made on the spot and among the people concerned."

KILLED BY A TRAIN

Dodge County Farmer Meets a Horrible Death.

Charles Fogler, a farmer living four miles southeast of Dodge, Neb., met a horrible death a mile and a half west of Snyder. His body was found on the Elkhorn railroad tracks this morning by a crew on board a westbound train. It was mangled in fearful fashion, every limb being severed and broken, the head crushed to pulp, the trunk cut to pieces and internal organs torn from their fastenings. Fogler had been to town doing some trading and while here drank a good deal. He was intoxicated when he started to walk to his home, and it is supposed that he lay down to sleep on the track where an eastbound train struck him.

Every woman would live long, but no woman would grow old.

Wanted to Lynch Him

A Scranton, Pa., June 12, dispatch says: With a rope fastened about his neck and a howling mob dragging him to a tree, where a well planned lynching was to be held, Michael Gallagher was rescued by the police this morning just in time to save his life. Gallagher is a non-union man employed in a colliery on the Erie company. While returning home he was attacked by a mob. A rope was tied around his neck and the other end swung over the limb of a tree before the police succeeded in dispersing the mob and rescuing him.

TO SHUN THE CITIES

This is What Booker T. Washington Urges the Negroes to Do.

For the first time in the history of Nebraska, for the first time in the history of the west, a colored orator has held the center of the stage at a state university commencement. And never before has the Lincoln auditorium been literally packed and jammed with eager listeners; never before has a commencement orator held the breathless attention of the audience for every moment of the time allotted to him. This is what Booker T. Washington accomplished Thursday morning at the auditorium. "The Race Problem" was his theme, and he had for his hearers every man, woman, child and student that could possibly get inside the building. It was oppressively hot. No one noticed it, apparently. All were listening intently to the visitor, who eloquently depicted the condition of the colored race and outlined a scheme for its salvation and elevation through the education of the hands.

The following are extracts from Mr. Washington's address:

"The time has passed when anything can be gained for the black man or for any section of our country by mere adroitness or by mere passing of words of condemnation between one section of the country and another."

"I believe that for us to come our race will find its greatest usefulness and most secure foundation in ownership and cultivation of the soil. Down at Tuskegee we are teaching them so that they will return to the farm rather than yield to the temptation to go to the cities and live by their wits. Those who would help save my people should use their influence to keep them out of large cities, especially in the north."

"Out of our various schools are sent graduates who are bringing about a new era of reconstruction, not the old era that emphasized politics and hatred of southern white, but that which emphasizes buying of land, building of homes, creating of schools and strengthening of the bond of friendship between the two races."

"I cannot endorse the statement that the relations between the two races in the south are becoming more strained year by year. During the last few years we have been growing into new relations. The negro comes into contact with his former master as a buyer of property, as a tenant, as a bank depositor, as a laborer, not as a slave, a teacher or a minister. While we are adjusting ourselves to these newer conditions we should be neither surprised nor discouraged if now and then there is friction and difficulty that to the superficial observer might indicate a widening of the breach."

"Wherever I have gone in the south I have found that the negro who has education, who has secured property and has high character is, with few exceptions, respected and honored by the members of both races."

"What the negro wants to do is to make himself of value in the community so that it will be felt that it cannot dispense with his services and presence."

STABBED AND BEATEN

Tramp Assaults a Boy, Robs Him, and Leaves Him for Dead.

A dastardly crime was committed just south of Grand Island, Neb., Thursday. Walter Harbold, aged fifteen, was traveling from Saratoga, Wyo., accompanied by Charles Evans, aged about twenty-five. Harbold had \$16.00, which fact was known by Evans. The latter, he says, enticed him off the main road to the B. & M. belt line, and when at a lonesome place east of the Koehler lakes demanded of Harbold that he deliver the money. The lad refused. Evans repeated the demand with the threat that he would kill him. Apparently the lad again refused, whereupon Evans assaulted him. He took a small knife from him and stabbed him between twenty and thirty times and beat him into insensibility with a club. When the boy recovered consciousness he crawled to the Koehler ice house, where he was discovered by some men, who immediately notified the police.

Harbold was taken to the hospital, and his parents, who are well-to-do people of Cambell, went at once to his bedside. While the lad is in pretty bad shape, it is expected he will recover.

WHEAT CROP ESTIMATE

Northwestern Miller Puts Nebraska in Front Rank.

The following estimate is made of the winter wheat crop of the present year by the Northwestern Miller of Minneapolis:

State	1901 Crop.	1902 Crop.
Kansas	95,000,000	50,000,000
Oklahoma	20,000,000	13,000,000
Missouri	25,500,000	33,000,000
Illinois	28,500,000	28,000,000
Iowa	18,000,000	20,000,000
Nebraska	47,000,000	50,000,000
Michigan	12,500,000	12,000,000
Indiana	29,000,000	26,000,000
Ohio	28,000,000	25,000,000
Kentucky	9,000,000	8,000,000
Tennessee	13,000,000	7,000,000
Texas	4,700,000	3,500,000
Colorado	5,250,000	5,000,000

The Nebraska figures include a little spring wheat, while all of the rest of the figures are for winter wheat only. The people of this state will be glad to see that this estimate places Nebraska at the very front rank in wheat production for the present year. Since the estimate was made the condition of wheat in this state has greatly improved.

THE NEWS BOILED DOWN

Bessie Bonchill, the actress, is dying in London.

The Oregon convicts, who recently escaped, are still at large.

An anxiously expected monsoon visited India Wednesday, assuring good crops in that country.

A fight occurred at Erazersburg, Cape Colony three days after peace was declared. Four men were killed.

A Cologne dispatch says Baron George von Bleichroder, a famous sportsman and financier, was killed in

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE HATHORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Milliner," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER X.

The Game of Fox and Geese.

Events were crowding upon each other's heels.

Charlie, while abroad, had seen something that gave him quite a start. This was nothing more nor less than a lovely woman with golden hair and blue eyes in a carriage, taking an airing, while at her side, stiff and stern-looking, the baron sat.

Charlie bowed politely. The countess gave him a look of curiosity and one of her ravishing smiles.

So she passed out of his life—lucky man.

The sight of Charlie recalled to the baron's mind the promise he had made with regard to Capt. Brand.

Accordingly he took advantage of his first hour off to get the wires in motion, and learn certain facts regarding the worthy captain.

Charlie, relying on the baron to corral the captain, had made arrangements for sailing upon the next trans-Atlantic steamer.

He had engaged passage for Arline, her companion, Artemus and himself.

The captain, having paid a man to keep upon Stuart's track, found out what was in the wind.

He learned that the crisis had arrived. Whatever he proposed doing must be put through with all possible speed, since, ere many hours elapsed, those against whom his schemes were directed would be upon the sea, and, mayhap, beyond his reach.

Artemus had heard enough to know the three schemers were planning to do his friend an evil turn, but, strain his ears as he would, he had not been able to catch the particulars of the game, owing to certain sounds in the hotel that muffled even the bold voices of Captain Brand's champagne-bibbing friends.

All he could do was to warn Stuart on general principles, and it can be set down as an assured fact that he carried out this dramatic little episode quite to the queen's taste.

It would not have been Artemus otherwise.

Charlie promised to keep his weather-eye open for squalls.

He hoped his early departure from Antwerp would serve to entirely disconcert the beggarly plans of his enemies, and leave the fellow in the lurch.

About this time there was considerable bustling being done among the various forces circling around Arline Brand, just as the planets whirl about their central sun.

The baron tried to drive from his mind the startling phantoms that had been conjured into being by the mysterious power of Isolde, Countess of Brabant, and, as this could only be done by means of work, he gave himself up to the mission of the hour with redoubled zeal.

It was really a question what the scramble would result in—whether Charlie or the redoubtable captain would come out of it in creditable shape, and how Artemus might fare in the shuffle.

Lady Arline had an interview with her alleged papa, during which she announced her determination of crossing the Atlantic on business, and that she had provided liberally for him during her absence, as he would find upon applying in person to her banker in London.

The interview was possibly not devoid of dramatic features. Artemus was on guard near by, and heard the old sea dog blustering more or less in his usual way.

But he had evidently lost much of the power he formerly possessed over Lady Arline. He came forth from the rooms looking like an enraged hyena, because diplomacy had forced him to bottle up his wrath.

To Artemus Charlie delegated the task of seeing Lady Arline and her maid aboard the ocean greyhound, where he would join them later.

It was night again.

Time and tide wait for no man, and ocean steamers have to put out very frequently at unreasonable hours, in order to cross the bar on the flood.

The baron and Captain Brand played a game of cross-purposes, as it were, for, while the ex-sailor shadowed Charlie with intentions that were both dark and desperate, he was, at the same time, under the surveillance of Peterhoff's emissary—the baron himself being too busily employed catering to the comfort of his fair prisoner—in reality his captor—to personally inject his individuality into the game.

Captain Brand knew he was followed, and perhaps could give a rough guess as to the why and wherefore.

But it was not his nature to be despondent.

He believed in utilizing whatever came in his way as one of the factors that might bring success.

When a man can thus twist threatening disasters into favoring factors he is indeed hard to beat in the game of life.

Charlie was feeling unusually bold and light-hearted on this night, which he supposed would be his last, on European soil.

Presently he expected to be on board a stanch German liner, viewing the low shores of the old world with complacency—for at his side would be Lady Arline; and left behind as a memory of the dead past, such persons as the professor and his wife, Baron Peterhoff, Isolde, Countess Brabant, and Captain Brand of the Hespasia.

He intended giving Capt. Brand the

full worth of his money, and then, by a fluke, dropping him in some section of old Antwerp, while he himself took a fly and drove to the landing stage in time to catch the steamer.

Perhaps this might have been carried out had circumstances not united to arrange events in the captain's favor.

Charlie had his fun.

He dragged his persistent pursuer over a good part of Antwerp—now they were on foot and anon chasing in vehicles at a pace to set the staid old burghers agog with surprise and consternation.

Outside a desire to have a little sport with his friend, the captain, his sole purpose in leading Brand this wild-goose chase was to keep his attention upon himself, while Lady Arline and Artemus left the hotel; for somehow Charlie had a vague fear lest the resourceful ex-sailor might use force to prevent his supposed daughter from departing, advancing some daring plea that her mind was affected and having hired experts, who would perhaps decree that she should be incarcerated in an asylum.

These things might appear ridiculous, but such happenings have come to pass ere now, and he chanced to have personal knowledge of at least one similar case.

Whether or not Charlie were foolish in thus conjuring up phantoms that could not exist, was a question that should not be decided hastily.

He believed Brand to be a desperate man, against whom he could as yet hardly appeal to the law, since Arline would not give her consent.

He was convinced that Brand did not desire the heiress to get beyond his reach, and would hardly hesitate at any end in order to hold her until his sinister plans could be worked out.

Hence it was, after all, in a spirit of self-sacrifice that Charlie undertook to have a little fun with Capt. Brand, and led him this fine chase up and down the crooked streets of Antwerp.

All would have been well but for two cronies of Brand. They chanced to be standing at a dark corner where the other had agreed to meet them, and, hearing his signals, sprang upon Charlie ere he comprehended his danger.

As a result he was struck senseless by a blow from some bludgeon.

When Capt. Brand arrived on the scene his first act was to sprinkle a powdery white pigment in the young man's hair, to give him the appearance of age, and to smear his face with a little street dirt in order to disguise his features.

Then, for the benefit of the man whom he knew hovered near by, a little one-act drama was carried out, the two men chasing Brand hither and yon—then, as the baron's spy came in sight, two men running away, while a form lay on the street.

It worked like a charm. The emissary of Baron Peterhoff hastened up as people began to open the windows of houses to learn what the disturbance might mean. There he found one who appeared to be the old fellow he had been set to watch.

The man called a vehicle, placed the limp figure in its interior, entered himself, and then started to report the astonishing result of his espionage to Baron Peterhoff himself.

While Capt. Brand, rejoicing his confederates down the shady street, set off in hot haste to get aboard the steamer, which, in another hour or so, would be moving down the River Scheldt, bound for the far-off distant shores of America.

Artemus stood on the hurricane deck of the great Red D ocean liner and looked back in the morning sunlight to the distant and fast-receding coast of Belgium.

Homeward bound!

There is always a pleasure in this thought and Artemus experienced it with enthusiasm.

So far as he knew, Charlie's plans had progressed all right, the ogre was left behind, lamenting in the land of the Belgians, and clear sailing seemed ahead.

Then his thoughts ran back to the events of the previous night. He chuckled to remember the adroitness with which he had seen Lady Arline, her companion and their luggage on board the waiting steamer, while Charlie was leading the ogre a wild-goose chase around Antwerp, partly to amuse himself and at the same time keep Brand occupied up to near the sailing time.

By the way, where was Charlie? It was strange that he failed to show up in time to see the last of Belgium's shores.

Lady Arline and her companion were walking the deck with jersey and golf cape to keep off the stinging chill.

"I'll go and arouse the sluggard," said Artemus to himself. "His little jaunt about town must have worn him out—not the first case of his kind. I rather guess," with a sinister leer at his wit.

So he went below.

The door of Charlie's stateroom was just opposite his own—a single step across the little passage.

As he approached he heard the sounds of loud snoring from within.

On the spur of the moment he decided to arouse his friend with a sudden shout, or by the advent of a convenient shoe tossed across the little room. Artemus had never wholly outgrown his college days, when he gained the reputation of being the champion practical joker of his class.

So he quietly opened the door, which was conveniently unlocked.

Through the bull's-eye windows enough of the morning light crept to allow a fair survey of the miniature apartment.

One of the first things Artemus saw was a shoe that had been tossed aside.

As he seized upon it eagerly, he

failed to note its generous proportions as contrasted with the neat footgear which Charlie Stuart affected—such trifles do not impress themselves upon the mind when weightier things are demanding recognition.

Now for a certier shot.

He turned his attention to the lower berth, which was occupied by a human form.

Just then the rasal sound of the to a sudden stop with a savage yell, and the sleeper whirled over on his side.

The act brought his face directly within range of the morning light that struggled through the small openings beyond.

No wonder Artemus crouched there as if frozen.

Talk about the magic touch of the gen! When had such a wonderful transformation ever taken place before?

For one to retire as Prince Charlie Stuart, gay, handsome and debonaire, to awaken in the guise of grim and grizzled old Captain Brand was a mystery that almost paralyzed the seeker after sensations.

Artemus took one last fearsome look at the smooth and red physiognomy of the sleeper, passed out, and then softly closed the door.

Only when safe within his own room did he give vent to his over-wrought feelings in a whistle.

"Great Jupiter! That beats everything I ever saw. Instead of Charlie—the ogre! What does it mean? There is treachery afoot. I seem to detect it in the very air around. But the question arises, where is Charlie? And shall I have to take his place as her warrior bold, and will it be necessary for me to give up my liberty?"

Poor fellow!

He did not know whether to look on it as a huge joke or a grim reality.

He thought of warning Arline; she ought to know her dear papa was on board, and that he had refused to break the paternal bonds that had become so very strong since his return from exile.

Artemus buckled on his armor.

If he was to be pitted against the old ogre, it would be a pretty fight. Capt. Brand might have succeeded in outwitting Charlie, who was too frank for deep diplomacy, but he would find it quite another thing when he ran up against the new knight who had shied his castor into the ring.

Ah! A gentle tap at the door.

Artemus almost fell over himself in his eagerness to open a satchel and clutch a little affair of steel and nickel which he carried there, and armed with which he called:

"Come!"

The door opened and a figure whisked in, immediately closing the same again.

Artemus gave a cry—the half-raised arm fell useless at his side.

There was more witchery. He had expected the old ogre, armed with a shoe, and bent upon turning the tables upon him.

Instead he saw—why, Charlie, of course, though at first Artemus reckoned it his ghost! Charlie, with a finger pressed mysteriously on his lips, a la Artemus' favorite style of communicating a secret, and his face wreathed in what appeared to be a broad grin.

At any rate, Barnaby was delighted to see him in the flesh, and as soon as he could get his wits into thinking order he dropped the weapon and held out an eager hand.

"This is a treat, my dear boy—after seeing that grim old Trojan in your bunk. What have you done? Brought him aboard a prisoner, I reckon? Ah! I didn't give you enough credit, I fear. You see, my first impression was he had outwitted you and turned the tables on you."

Artemus was boiling over with curiosity regarding what had taken place ashore, especially when his friend declared, with a wry face, that Capt. Brand had indeed come near proving too much for him.

The story was soon