

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Immersion is the German writer's cure for plate craft.

Your education cannot be stolen—but the fruits of it often are.

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: No coal in the bin.

James J. Hill is suspiciously quiet. He must be working up another surprise for the boys.

The South American Daughter of the Revolution has to wear a number to indicate which one.

The American navy can fire at four miles' distance now, says Capt. Sigbee—and what's more, hit.

Each generation is wiser than the next. The Shah of Persia has only 65 wives, while his father had 1,720.

The Sultan of Morocco has presented an ultimatum to the revolutionists. It is bound, of course, in half morocco.

Fitzsimmons' successive farewells to the prize ring call to mind the successive farewell tours of Adelina Patti.

A banker in Muscatine, Ia., has married a telephone girl "who always answered his calls promptly." Selfish old pig!

Golf has found its way into China. The children over there have not as yet succeeded in putting Bogey to shame, though.

What a pity it is that a man finds it so hard to see the rights of others as soon as he puts on a pair of automobile goggles.

Count and Countess de Castellane are on their way to this country. The amount wanted has not been given out for publication.

Col. Waterson's statement that he doesn't know mint from catnip, and always takes it straight, should put an end to that julep joke.

King Alfonso says he will marry the woman of his choice. If the audience will kindly be seated we will now hear from the lady.

Many a son of his father would never be heard of were he not fined for speeding an automobile. This is the cheapest kind of fame.

A meeting of the corporation of Ark broke up in confusion to-day, says a cable from Ireland. What does the meeting usually break up in—riot?

Instead of giving up automobilizing, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., threatens to give up Newport, because of its restrictions on automobilists. How awful!

J. Pierpont Morgan gave a newsboy \$1 for being honest. Does Mr. Morgan realize that he may need that dollar before spring to buy coal for his ships?

It is alleged that the editor of the London Saturday Review stood under an American flag by mistake the other day and was eleven minutes "coming to."

The Boxers continue to kill Christians in China. But perhaps the Boxers have not all heard that there were several foreign armies in China a few months ago.

The news that eighteen bears have been shot on the streets of Duluth gives hunters a chance to tell how they made the big game take to the city for protection.

No thought of the possibility that Marconi would send a wireless message over the Alps ever entered the mind of Hannibal when he was toiling over them, splitting rocks with vinegar.

A Chicago man has been badly hurt by getting on a limb and sawing it off between himself and the tree. He probably wanted to find out whether there was really anything in the joke or not.

A Michigan man has gone insane trying to find out what becomes of the old match sticks. It is denied, however, that he is the one who first began to worry over what became of the pins.

After a Winchester man shot nine skunks on his piazza the other day no board of trade on earth could have prevented the inhabitants from driving the atmosphere out of town.—Lynn (Mass.) Evening Item.

Another man of science exploits the theory that Mars is inhabited by beings superior in intelligence to the people of the earth. We wonder how they go to work to settle a coal strike.

The lady who was shot because her hat was taken for a bird will probably join an anti-bird millinery society when she gets out of the hospital.

They say King Edward has the look and bearing of an old man. This, however, is not remarkable. Edward cut his eye teeth quite a while ago.

GRAVE ROBBERS

Gang of Vandals Arrested at Indianapolis

BODIES BY WHOLESALE

One Hundred Believed to Have Been Taken for Medical Colleges Within a Period of Three Months—Other News of Interest

An Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 29, says: The wholesale robbery of graves in the cemeteries about Indianapolis was brought to a close early today by the arrest of a gang of seven negroes.

Warrants were also issued today for a prominent physician, the demonstrator of anatomy of a local medical college, in which two stolen bodies were found about ten days ago, an interne in the college, and the white janitor of the college.

Rufus Cantrell, one of the negroes, made a complete confession, and implicated others. He said the physician accompanied the negroes on several of the grave robbing expeditions.

The police say the operations of the gang were on a larger scale than any gang ever in the state. Upwards of 100 graves, it is said, have been robbed by the ghouls during the last three months.

The detectives say the negroes were armed with shotguns and equipped with horses and wagons with which to do the work.

The bodies were sold to different colleges, which opened their winter terms within the last week.

The revelations made, the detectives say, are not only astounding but horrifying.

WILL WED ONLY UNION MEN

Girls at St. Paul Declare a Matrimonial Boycott

The young women of the clerks' union of St. Paul, Minn., have completed arrangements for the organization of a girls' league, in which every member will pledge herself to marry none but a union man and to refuse absolutely to receive attentions from any but men with "cards."

The promoters of the new organization are firm believers in unionism and will do all they can to further the cause. The members will be single girls who are willing to marry if they find the right man and if he is a member of a labor organization.

EMILE ZOLA DEAD

The Noted French Novelist Succumbs to Asphyxiation

A Paris, Sept. 29, dispatch says: Emile Zola, the novelist, died at 9 o'clock this morning of asphyxiation, the result of an accident. Madame Zola is seriously ill.

Emile Zola was born in Paris, April 2, 1840. His first novel to attract attention appeared in 1863, while he was employed in a publishing house. It was "Comtesse Annonin." Zola was the most prolific writer France ever had. The author's death is surrounded by the greatest mystery, giving rise to rumors that he had committed suicide. Dr. Le Normand, summoned by servants, arrived too late. He says death was caused by asphyxiation by oxide of carbon, which was emitted from a stove found burning in the room when the physician arrived.

Whether death was due to an accident or otherwise cannot be proved until the conclusion of the report of police commissioner Zola and the madame had returned to their Paris residence Sunday, after a summer spent at Medan. Both were well.

At 9 o'clock this morning the servants, hearing groans in the bedroom, entered and found the author undressed and senseless on the floor, the madame in bed gasping and their little dog dying in the corner of the room. A small stove in the room was red hot. Physicians, hurriedly summoned, found Zola dead. The madame was kept alive by artificial respiration.

There is a striking resemblance of the deaths of the society leaders, M. and Madame Sadons, residing in the same neighborhood, and that of Zola.

SPANISH QUEEN MARRIED

King's Mother Weds in Secret and the Monarch Very Angry

A Madrid, Sept. 29, special states: A sensational scandal in the royal family is stirring court circles. King Alfonso has discovered that his mother, during her recent journey to Austria, was secretly and organically married to her master of horse, Count Eacosura. The queen mother years ago plighted her troth with the count and intended to marry him until, for state reasons, she was compelled to marry Alfonso's father.

When the boy king learned of his mother's marriage he became wildly enraged, violently abused her and ordered her retirement to the provinces.

Good humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.—Alexander Smith.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.—Cicero.

He only confers favors generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.—Johnson.

When moral courage feels that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable.—Leigh Hunt.

ROOSEVELT BETTER

President Improving and Wound Healing Satisfactorily

The president's physician authorized the following statement Monday morning:

"The condition of the wound is satisfactory. His temperature this morning is normal. The patient slept well and at present is occupying a roller chair. He is cheerful and from the beginning has shown neither impatience nor restlessness, but has carried out the directions of the physicians with scrupulous care. Since the use of the aspirating needle to evacuate the sac the 22d, which left no wound, there has been no operation until yesterday (signed.) "CORTELYOU."

After breakfast this morning the president was placed in a rolling chair and taken into the front rooms of the temporary White House, where he received several callers, including Postmaster General Payne and Governor Crane of Massachusetts.

The physicians met at 10 and examined and dressed the wound. They found it was draining nicely with no inflammation.

Wife on Trial for Murder

Mrs. James Gallagher was placed on trial at Iowa City, Ia., charged with having shot her husband to death last April as he lay asleep at her side. Harry Holada, a hired man, is charged as an accomplice. In a statement after his arrest, Holada claimed the woman, with whom he had been intimate for months, sought to have him kill her husband, but he refused. She then committed the crime and sought his help to conceal it. Sensational developments are anticipated.

Deadly Cyclone

Another cyclone, believed to have been more terrible than Friday's has destroyed the towns of Belpasso and Torre Santa Maria in Catania province, Sicily, says a Rome dispatch. Many houses were destroyed. The cathedral at Belpasso was blown down, crushing many in the ruins. Ships have been blown ashore along the coast and it is feared the death toll will be appalling. The people have fled in terror to the mountains.

Watery butter

Recently in Chicago a car of butter from a Kansas creamery company was examined by government experts and found to contain 24 per cent of water. It consisted of ladle goods, and this explains how the water got into it. It was probably worked in intentionally in the process of working over the butter. This is a trick that is worked with variations. Sometimes chemicals are used to help incorporate the water with the butter, and at other times heat alone is depended upon. This butter was evidently reworked at a high temperature. At the present time the ruling of the government is that butter must not contain over 16 per cent of water. In the past, as there has been no law on this point, no investigation has been made, and it has been assumed that the trick was not being worked as extensively in this country as in Europe. It may turn out, however, that we have been constantly victimized in this respect, and that the imposition has been going on all the time. The government inspection will now bring it to light and will at least prove a check upon it.

Summer and Fall Feeding

Wise dairymen now feed their cows in both summer and fall if the pastures are such as not to give a full feed without too much labor on the part of the cows. Allowing cows to fall off in their milk is not a profitable operation. It may save a little feed, but it loses far more in the value of lost milk. When cows are allowed to drop in their milk yields for even a few weeks they can not be brought back to their previous yields until they again come in fresh. The men that have planted corn, oats, peas and the like for summer feed will have no trouble this summer and fall in keeping up the milk flow. Those that have silage will find no difficulty at all. The men that have no green stuff to feed can only lament their misfortune, as it is very doubtful if, at the present prices, it will pay to feed considerable quantities to the cows on pasture.

Harrowing Wet Ground

Ground should not be harrowed when it is too wet. Only the skillful farmer can tell when it is too wet. One farmer follows the practice of taking a handful of soil and working it into a ball. If the ball holds, together he considers the soil too wet to be worked. The harrowing should be done when there is sufficient moisture in it to keep it from being very hard on the surface but should also be dry enough so that when harrowed the particles of soil will fall away from each other. The time during which ground is just right for harrowing is of short duration. This is especially true of clayey land. On sandy soil there is little trouble in harrowing at any time, especially if the soil be very sandy.

APHORISMS.

There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy.—Sheridan.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

One had better be a first-class ox driver than a third rate professional man.

We are all creatures of circumstances, and merit often falls where good luck wins.

Little mugs of lager, little drops of dram are the cause of nearly all the trouble in the land.

Many a young lady would appear more beautiful if she would make herself beautifully less.

The patient work horse can't go all the gaits, but he is worth more to the farmer than his roadster.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Deed," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Course ye might hang him up by the neck until he was dead an' he wouldn't tell. What would a man care for bein' killed himself? It's when you begin an attack on his flesh an' blood he trembles."

"Well, d'ye reckon that's certain?" asked Padgett, rubbing his bullet head to get the idea through.

"Know it."

"Why didn't we light on that afore?" "Because the youngster goes under a nickname. He's Cracklash here an' Paul Miller in Fresno. That's the whole long and short o' it."

"Well, sail in on the capen an' see what ye kin do with him," growled Ned seating himself on a stone and twirling his stick in his hand. "I leave it all t' you; take it an' see how ye'll come out."

Then followed another long consultation among the other three.

It was not until late that night they proceeded to carry out their plan. The old hermit whom they called the captain was taken apart from his fellow prisoner and seated on a stone. Ben Allen then proceeded to interrogate him.

"You are Captain Joseph Miller of the schooner 'Eleanor,' ain't ye?" he asked.

"Those two rogues told you that. They know it, and it's no use to deny it."

"You left a wife at home—a wife and child?"

"Yes."

"Your wife was named Mollie and your boy baby's name Paul?"

"I don't admit or deny."

"After you sailed away so many years your wife gave you up for dead, and with her child removed to Fresno, where she lives now. She never told her son the sad, uncertain fate of his father, fearing when he grew up he would start in search of him, and she always had a superstitious dread of the forests of Alaska."

The sea captain sat unmoved throughout the narrative. Ben went on:

"But when Paul Miller grew to be a man he heard of the fabulous riches in Alaska and came to find it. He had amassed quite a fortune, when he was robbed, followed the robbers to the woods and was captured by them. Now, the young man yonder is Paul Miller, your son."

The stern old captain was unmoved save a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, but he made no answer. Ben continued:

"Though you may have lost the walrus hide on which the map to the buried treasure is, yet you know the spot, and can take us there. You shall do it or I swear that your son shall die before your face."

Again Ben Allen was disappointed. The old man was wholly unmoved, as if he had been talking to stone. The captors waited about him with half-suppressed breathing, hoping that something would occur to break his imperturbability, but they were disappointed.

The threat of Morris had only been to intimidate the prisoner. He was willing to make any sort of threats, but not being the hardened criminal Ned Padgett was he called a halt at the line of murder.

"Boys," continued Morris, "I haven't given up all hope yet. We may be able to do somethin' with him. Let's keep up the scare."

"Agreed."

"We can even get a rope and go through pretense o' hangin' the youngster."

"That's it; go through anything to make the old rascal tell us where it is."

With this resolution more firmly fixed in their minds they once more returned to where the old captain sat as unmoved as when they left him.

"Well, Captain Miller, have you decided to tell us where you cached the treasure?" asked Ben Allen.

"No," was the immediate answer.

"Do you want to see your son hang before your eyes?"

"I have no son."

"Don't you know that young man is your son?"

The prisoner fixed his great blue orbs on the speaker and in a firm, unmoved tone answered:

"He is not my son. I may have a son living. I once did, but he is not my son. I like the young man, for he is noble, brave and honest, but he is no relation to me."

They were wholly unprepared for this answer. The sincerity with which it was given took everyone aback and for several moments they stood aghast and silent. The ex-sea captain, after a brief silence, continued:

"Even if I had the walrus hide I would not give it to you. Even if I could now go and unearth that buried treasure I would not do it."

"Why?"

"For two reasons. First, I will not compromise with crime. Second, even if I did decide to do so and turn over the treasure to you it would be the signal for our own destruction. You would never dare let us go after what you have done."

Bob Allen and Morris and the sailors were abashed. They fell back before the piercing glance of the officer against whom they had mutined.

The baffled rascals swore like troopers, and Ned Padgett made an appeal for his knotted stick, but was over-

ruled, and after some more deliberation it was decided to try the effect of the rope on the young prisoner.

"I tell you he is the son of the old man; watch him closely when we go to hang him up and see if his eye does not grow moist."

They had a rope made of seal hide, and, cutting a pole with their hand axes, stretched it across the narrow end of the cavern and placed a rope about Paul's neck.

"Now old man, confess that you have lied, and swear that you will take us to the gold, or this young fellow will die." Paul, who had not heard the conversation between the hermit and his captors, was unable to explain their conduct to his own satisfaction. He believed his last hour had come and determined to meet his fate like a hero. When told to prepare for death, he rose, made no resistance, and his arms were tied behind his back. The noose was adjusted about his neck, and he took his position under the cross-bar, and, closing his eyes, murmured a short prayer.

All eyes were on the other captive, but he sat with face averted and said not a word. There was no change in his expression—no more indication of grief than might have been expected at the death of a stranger. When the miserable farce was over Paul had been released, and the four rascals retired again to confer with each other. Tom Ambrose said:

"Well, it's my opinion that we've lost our last chance of ever getting his buried millions."

At this Padgett again proposed his knotted stick and swore he would brain both with it, but he was prevented by Morris and Allen, who declared there should be no real violence. The two prisoners were given a meagre supper of dried beef and a little meal gruel, and driven to the far end of the cavern for the night.

When they were apart from the guard Paul asked:

"What was meant by their extraordinary course to-day?"

"They labor under the mistaken idea that we are related and both have some knowledge of the buried treasure. As they are mistaken they will succeed in getting nothing from us."

I have been mystified at their strange conduct all along," said Paul, "and I would not be surprised at any time at their taking our lives."

His companion shook his grizzled head and answered:

"No, no; they won't harm us so long as we have the secret in our own breasts. If we should tell them and they should find the treasure, then we would be killed in short order."

Paul shuddered, was silent for a while and asked:

"Then you don't believe we have any hope of mercy at their hands?"

The sea captain answered:

"No."

"Captain, let's make our escape."

"Sh! Speak lower; you may be heard."

"I will, but I am in earnest."

"So am I, but we must be cunning as the fox to escape from those rascals."

"I am willing to trust you implicitly."

"Then say nothing."

Though night and day were the same in that dungeon, the captors had their sleeping and waking hours. Paul and his companion threw themselves on their miserable pallet of straw, but not to sleep. They lay so they could watch their captors.

At last, one after another, they began to grow drowsy. One rose and went toward the pile of straw, and stretching himself upon it, was soon snoring. A short quarrel followed on the subject of guarding the prisoners. Padgett was the man selected and he swore he had done more than his share at that business and he wouldn't do any more of it, but Morris, who seemed the person in command, declared he must take his turn of two hours, and left him on duty while the others went to bed.

The whole matter could not have been better planned for Paul, for Padgett was careless and yawned sleepily before his companions had closed their eyes. For a long time he made a fight against the wiles of Morpheus, but at last his head dropped forward on his chest.

Paul raised his own head and shouldered from his pallet of straw and surveyed the entire cavern at a sweeping glance. There was a fire burning in the center which threw out a dull, ruddy glow, dimly lighting the scene. Where the fire had been built the cavern was wide, and from the lofty ceiling ages ago great fragments of stone had been torn loose and lay in a heap on the floor, a little to one side of the fire, leaving a dark path in the shadow. Paul could also see that their captors had placed their rifles in a corner farthest from them. The three men sleeping on the straw were between the prisoners and the rifles, which were on the right of the sleeping sentry. All the advantages and disadvantages of the position were taken into consideration at a glance. Paul's companion arose and gave their surroundings a quick survey, and then they exchanged glances. The look was sufficient. They understood each other as well as if they had spoken volumes. Paul was to look after the guard and the captain to seize the rifles. The young man nodded assent to the request expressed by the captain's eyes, and began to act. They rolled up the blankets and left them on the straw, with their caps stuck over them, giving them, in the uncertain light, the appearance of two sleeping men. Paul went first on hands and knees, creeping around the little mound of stone and earth and over the loose stones with all the caution possible. He

was closely followed by the hermit, who seemed to possess the wonderful faculty of moving without noise.

The sentry stirred in his sleep when Paul was within ten or fifteen paces of him. The determined youth seized a stone and leaped toward him. Ned Padgett suddenly started up with a yell and had half raised his rifle, when the stone, hurled with great precision and force, struck him on the shoulder. Down he went under the blow, dropping the rifle at Paul's feet.

To seize the gun and turn bay on the others was the work of an instant. They were starting up from their sleep and Ben Allen shouted:

"The prisoners! They are making their escape!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Dog Courier.

Paul Miller drew his rifle to his shoulder and let drive two or three shots in quick succession, sending their late captors flying helter skelter to the rear of the cavern. Whether any of them were wounded by his bullets or not he did not stop to learn. He then seized the rifles, blankets and caps and the two men hastened away from the cavern, taking the precaution to secure not only the rifles, but three pistols and all the belts of cartridges they could find. Both of them had filled their capacious pockets with dried moose meat until they stuck out like stuffed turkeys.

They broke two of the rifles because they could not carry them and strapped the others on their backs. Long they traveled in a western direction, guided by the stars. They had given up all hope of finding their Metlakahlan friends, who no doubt supposing them lost, had returned to their home on the island. After wandering three or four hours into the forest and being completely exhausted, the two fugitives rolled themselves in their blankets and slept. They dared not build a fire, for it might attract the attention of their pursuers.

When day dawned they made a breakfast on some of the dried moose they had brought with them and prepared to resume their journey. They discovered that they were gradually ascending a mountain side. On all sides of them were forests of scraggy spruce, the trees seldom being over five or six inches in diameter, and ferns and other forms of plant life were occasionally noted.

At last they came to a great cleft between gigantic snow-robed mountains.

The first night after they began their ascent they camped on the mountain side near a spring and spread their blankets under the lee of a large boulder.

Hope had been revived in the breast of Paul Miller, but his companion, who had been deceived and cheated so often by outrageous fortune, evinced little or none of his spirits.

"We are a long way from civilization yet," he said to one of Paul's remarks about their being safe. "So often, my friend, have I had my hopes raised only to be blighted that I allow myself to believe nothing good can come to me. A terrible fate seems to have taken possession of my being—I seem doomed." The old gray head was bent on his hands, and he was silent, while darkness came over the scene.

The next day's travel over this unknown region was but a repetition of the experiences of the day before. Higher they climbed, up and up, approaching on the mountain side the line of eternal snow. A few hundred yards more of climbing brought them to the summit of the divide, where there was a pile of stones which seemed to have been placed there by human hands. No life of any kind was visible, unless that white speck on the distant ledge be a dog or a goat.

(To be continued.)

BIBLICAL TALE OF POWER.

"Jezebel," by Miss Lafayette McLaws, Has Won Favor.

Miss Lafayette McLaws' "When the Land Was Young" instantly sprang into popular favor, and for a first book was a pronounced success. The promise in her first book has been more than realized in "Jezebel," a work of singular power and insight. It is a Biblical tale of the days when Omri and Ahab were kings of Israel and Elijah was a prophet of Jehovah. Ahab, the Israelite, takes to wife Jezebel, the worshiper of Baal. When Ahab comes to the throne and Jezebel sets up the worship of Baal, the prophets and believers of Israel are incensed against the queen, and Jezebel begins a fierce persecution of her enemies. This contest is the chief motive of the story.

Miss McLaws has endeavored to throw new light upon the character of Jezebel, and, while she does not depart from the Biblical account, she surely presents this strong-willed, beautiful queen in a somewhat novel and striking manner. We get glimpses of Jezebel the woman as well as Jezebel the queen, and it is as a woman with warm passions and jealous instincts that Jezebel is most and best portrayed.

The book is replete with dramatic situations, the action is rapid and stirring, and the denouement is original and startling. Altogether it is one of the books of the day, and a distinct contribution to the novel-literature of Biblical days.

Keeness of Elephant's Scent.

An elephant's sense of smell is so delicate that the animal can scent a human being at a distance of 1,000 yards.