

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

The Hungarians are acting very South American.

The sultan of Hacedo wants war. He will get it, a la Gen. Sherman.

Peary is thoroughly convinced that a pole is there to be found anyway.

Russia is preparing a coup and Turkey is in it. Thanksgiving is coming.

Hall Caine is coming to this country, but not, let it be understood, by request.

Before betting on the Bogota let's be sure the Padilla isn't manned with Americans too.

It has been discovered that lightning will not strike water. Always drink your chaser.

It now transpires that the boxers are led by a woman. And yet they say China is backward.

This is the football season, and in consequence of the scarcity of coal nearly everyone is kicking.

The Duke of Marlborough says he will never set foot in America again. Please accept our best thanks.

What a terrible lot of thinking a man does about himself when he lies awake at night!—*Atchison Globe.*

The Kaiser's tariff commission has decided that tooth brushes are luxuries. So are soap, water and towels.

We can't understand how anybody who lives in the climate of New Orleans ever gets up energy enough to riot.

With beef going up in Germany and already up in America, the cause of vegetarianism never has been so strong.

If people would save up all they are saying about coal and put the language in the furnace it would be hot enough.

What is this? Girl strikers in a riot? Are men to have no rights whatever that are sacred from the other sex?

Victory seems to have perched upon the banners of both armies in Venezuela, and it will be necessary to fight the war over.

An iron and steel trust has been formed to operate in China. The Chinese wall will soon have a coping of barbed wire.

Henry James Fitzroy, earl of Grafton, has been declared bankrupt. It takes a lot of money to live up to a name like that.

Steamers coming back from Bering sea report a poor catch of seals. Now, of course, your wife will insist on a new sack of skin.

Fire put to fight a wedding party in Hoboken. Probably there hadn't been one in the house for so long that the bride got scared.

Lieut. Peary says that the pole can be reached by a sufficient outlay of money. But just now Pierpont Morgan doesn't need the pole in his business.

A French scientist has discovered that a man may be alive long after his heart has ceased to beat. That's true, too; our banker is that sort of a man.

Fears are entertained on this side of the water that Count Boni de Castellani will get scratched in some of these French duels resulting from Zola's death.

Nearly sixty thousand Italians emigrated to Argentina last year. The glad sound of the street piano is probably cheering the people of that far-off land today.

Some wise observer has discovered that close proximity to electric lights will cause baldness. How this would interest the Prophet Elisha and the late Julius Caesar.

Pullman porters have formed an anti-tipping association. It is high time measures were taken to check the practice of forcing tips on a worthy and unassuming class of citizens.

After fifty-six years of married life, a Chicago couple advise their friends to remain single. The surprise of the matter is that they managed to live together for fifty-six years in the Windy City.

A Texas professor announces that he has "reduced the production of poetry to a chemical formula." Had he reduced it to an irreducible minimum he would have done still better.

A Quaker City court has declared that "craps" is not a game of chance. Neither is a brace game of *tero*, nor poker, when played by professionals.

Fortunately the Crown Prince of Siam is pleased with the United States army. Thus we are relieved of the necessity of reorganizing it.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

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

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

The fellow set off at a lively pace on his snowshoes and in an hour and a half was back, saying: "They be not there."
"What d'ye mean?" asked Kate.
"Gone."
"What is gone?"
"Camp."
"Where?"
"Dun know," and he shrugged his shoulders again.
She was nonplussed, and in fact frightened.

"Gone!" she whispered, half aloud.
"Gone and left me alone with this sick man in this wilderness! Gone, and with that poor child. Why, I can't hardly believe it, and yet my heart has always told me th' rascal was a villain. Oh, Laura, Laura! where are you now, my poor child?" she began to sob. "I promised ye I'd stay by ye through thick an' thin, an' I've gone an' lied to ye. That rascal put this poor sick man off on me, an' what could I do?"

In her helpless rage she looked about for some object to vent her wrath upon, and seeing Horra Cummins emerging from the small tent in which he had slept, she rushed at him like a virago, crying:
"You red-headed thief, where is yer master? I say, where is yer master? Speak or I'll chuck yer head in the snow an' hold it there till ye smother!"

With a look of surprise he said:
"Why, I did not know he had gone."
"He is, and took my little friend with him."
"Well, that is strange; that beats anything I ever heard! What can he mean?"
"I don't know, but there is some mischief in it, and I'll be bound you are at the bottom o' it."

"Why, my dear good woman, you do me a very great injustice," began Cummins with mock humility.
"Look here!" she yelled. "Don't ye come none o' yer monkey-doodle business around me, for I won't stand it. Rack out an' find that good-for-nothin' master o' yours, and tell him t' bring that girl back or I'll make Alaska so hot for you the icebergs will melt!"

With this threat Kate turned and entered the shanty.

"That woman's a regular sea tiger!" growled Cummins, as he walked over the hill. Once out of her sight he sat down in the snow to think the matter over. "Blame me if she ain't a perfect devil of a woman. The boss has put a hard job on me. She knows I had a hand in it. Now the youngster don't show any signs o' dyin' very fast. I wish he would, but he don't. What am I to do with this tiger cat? She'll snatch my eyes out if I go back."

Meanwhile Kate went into the small shanty, vowing she would have harmony or know the reason. Her patient was wide awake, his great, dark brown eyes on the door. For the first time Kate realized that he was a young man and quite handsome.

"Were you talking to some one out there?" he asked.
"Yes, I was just a-layin' one o' them triflin' critters for not attendin' to his work. I give him a piece of my mind and I reckon after this he'll know what's what!" Kate declared.

"Don't your people agree?"
"Yes, all agree with each other, but none don't agree with me. They go do things without askin' me or consultin' me a bit more'n if I was a block o' stone, and had no more sense'n a Kansas badger."

Paul, who felt considerably stronger, raised himself on his elbow and asked:
"What have they done, my good friend, without consulting you?"
"Pulled up stakes an' gone! Yes, gone, an' not left a sled nor dog to follow 'em with. I don't keer so much so far as I'm concerned, but that poor child all alone with that man; and she told me with her own mouth she mistrusted him, and I said I'd stand by her, and, like a lunk-head, let 'em side-track me off here and then he slopes an' takes the pore little thing with him! Oh, it makes me hot, but I'll have harmony yet; see if I don't!"

"What do you mean, my good woman?" Paul asked in amazement.
"Who is this man that deceived you?"
"That scamp from Fresno called Lackland!"

"Lackland from Fresno?" The patient started up in bed staring at her.
"Who is the poor young thing he took away—the girl?" asked the patient, seizing her arm in a vice-like grip.

"Lana Kean."
With a wild shriek he leaped half-dressed from the bed and rushed from the shanty.

CHAPTER XV.

The Old Man of the Mountains.
Long after day had dawned the little train of porter Indians, dogs and sleds, continued their way over the snow. Laura protested against this separation from her friend, but it was all in vain.

When the tents were pitched Laura met Lackland and asked:
"Where is my companion, Kate Williams, from whom you promised I should not be separated?"
"She is back with the sick man," he answered. "It was our wish to

bring her, but the storm came up so sudden that we had no time to send for her."

"Can you not do it now?"
He shook his head and said the avalanche had fallen in the pass behind them and they were completely shut in where there were.

"Will there be no escape?" she asked.
"Not until spring unless we can cut our way through."

Laura went to her tent and wept. She realized how helpless she was and began to distrust the man who professed to be her friend.

"Oh, God," she groaned, "to see alone can I now appeal for help! I need expect none from these men."

Mr. Lackland seemed very much distressed that she was cut off from her female companion, and selected four men to go back, as he said, and bring her over the fallen avalanche if possible. The four selected were Ben Allen, Morris, Ned Padgett and Tom Ambrose. When Lackland took them apart, to give his final instructions, he said:

"Take the woman and wounded man back to Skagway."
"What! An' have him hang us for holdin' him prisoner in the mountains?" asked Allen.

"But he is insane. You are four witnesses to one."
Ned shrugged his shoulders and muttered something about never wanting to see Skagway, especially while their late prisoner lived.

"Very well, then, start with them toward Skagway, but don't reach the place. Become lost. You understand how to do that. At least he must not know anything of the young woman here, and she must have no knowledge that Paul Miller is alive."

His final instructions were so clear and imperative there could be no possible mistake, and when he had finished they took their departure. The story about the avalanche falling in their rear and blocking up the way was all a clever invention on the part of Mr. Lackland.

Lackland went to Laura's tent, his white face wearing a careworn and troubled look. The lines of his features seemed more deeply drawn and his face was expressive of the greatest concern.

"Laura—Miss Kean," he began, in his cautious, considerate manner. "I hope you will believe me when I say that this lamentable accident causes me unaccountable annoyance on your account. When awakened in the night with the intelligence that a storm was coming and the pass would be impassable, I decided that for you I must act at once. If we were aboard a sinking ship and I should rescue you and take you ashore, would you deem it an act of hostility because I did not wait for some companion of yours?"

She bowed her head and was silent. In argument, the subtle villain always beat her, but when left to herself to consider what he had said and commune with her own heart, she instinctively felt the man was a villain. Intuition, or whatever you may choose to call it, told Laura her lover lived. She was conscious of his presence somewhere in this vast world, and felt as instinctively drawn to him as the needle to the magnet.

Days passed and the small party was still in the valley, hemmed in by the mountains and eternal snows. Lackland made frequent visits to Laura after despatching the four men to give an account of their progress in cutting their way through the pass.

"Laura," he said, in a low gentle tone, which would have thrilled any other woman, "I have tried to hope against hope for your sake. I have tried to believe your lover lived, but I must yield to facts. All this journey, hardship and suffering, this passing the winter in an Alaskan wilderness is to no purpose."
"Is it not?"
"Laura, are you very strong?"

She gave him a swift, wild look—an imploring glance and gasped:
"What do you mean?"
"Can you bear a great shock?"

"What shock—what is it—speak out, I beseech you!"
"Paul is dead!"

"It is false!"
"It is true!"
"What evidence have you?"

"The evidence of men who saw him die. He died three weeks ago!"
His face was so white, he expressed such concern, that she was strongly impressed with his manner, yet she cried:

"What you say can't be true! My heart tells me he lives."

Nevertheless, her eyes grew dim with tears, which trickled down her cheeks. Lackland, for several moments overcome with his own emotions, at last said:

"Laura, it's your noble, sanguine nature—which I admire—that makes you hope against hope. But, alas! it is useless for you to feed yourself on hopes longer. I know it must be true, for men whose word I cannot doubt tell me, and it must be true. But Laura, whatever may happen, believe me, I will ever be your friend. Let me weep with you over your loss!"

"Don't, don't talk so! You frighten me!" she gasped.

"Frighten you, darling?" he whispered. "Frighten you? Oh, if you knew the pangs of this heart—if you only knew how tenderly devoted I am to you; if you only knew how willingly I would change places and lie in the unknown mountain tomb until the sounding of that great trumpet which shall wake the dead, you would not have the least cause for fear."
"Hush—hush! Don't talk so!"
She was stunned and confused by his impassioned speech. Poor girl, alone in an unknown forest, with a

madman—no wonder she was frightened.

She had started up from the camp stool and taken a step toward the door of the tent as if she would fly, but he quickly put himself before her and said:

"No, no; don't leave me, dearest, I will not harm you. I will not touch you. I only want to say one word. When convinced our poor, dear Paul is no more, will you, oh, will you look with more favor on my suit?"

She found her voice now. The words—the stinging insult fired her soul—and in a voice in which grief, rage and disgust were strangely blended, she cried:

"No, no—a thousand times no! If it was for this you have followed me across the ocean and wilderness you can go—yes, go! I will have no more to say to you—go!"

Drawing herself up to her full height, with all the scorn which an injured soul can depict in a handsome face, she pointed toward the door of the tent. Unable to stand before the proud, defiant creature whom he had in his grasp, he started toward the door of the tent, when one of the strangest figures either had ever seen, entered.

It was a man fully fifty years of age, his long, white hair and beard evidently many years' strangers to either razors, scissors, combs or brushes. In his hand the old man carried a Winchester rifle, the butt of which he placed on the ground, while he leaned on the muzzle, and fixed his curious eyes on the man before him. So piercing was that glance that it seemed to penetrate the very soul of the scoundrel.

The old man might have been taken for a Rip Van Winkle, but for the fact that his arms were all of the latest improvement. Advancing a pace or two and pausing, he leaned on his rifle, glancing from first one and then the other, but uttered not a word.

After a moment's amazed silence Lackland gasped:

"Who in Satan's name are you?"
"The old man of the mountains," was the answer, in a low husky voice, which seemed to chill the blood in the veins of the rascally Lackland. There was firmness in the voice, a steady gleam in the eye, which indicated he had met a man whom it would not do to trifle with.

"Where did you come from?" asked Lackland, quaking.

"From the mountain," was the answer.

"What are you doing here?"
Without paying any heed to him, the old man of the mountains, none other than our hermit friend, the captain, turned his eyes upon Laura and asked:

"Are you going to the Klondyke?"
"I was going," she answered.

"And alone?"
"A woman companion was with me, but she remained back on the trail twenty-five miles, and an avalanche has filled the trail, so she cannot come."

"There has been no avalanche," the old man answered, in his deep voice. "There has been no avalanche!"

She quickly fastened her gaze upon the face of Lackland, who began to retreat toward the door.

"So you have deceived me, monster!" she began.

"If you listen to that old fool you will believe anything. He is crazy!" cried Lackland, and darted from the tent, leaving Laura alone with the old man of the mountains.

CHAPTER XVI.

Driven to Desperate Straits.
Once outside the tent, Lackland was like one dazed and confused. He saw a figure coming toward him and recognized it as one of his men. He hurried toward him, saying:

"Cummins, you have come at last!"
"Yes; they relieved me and told me to report here. Right glad I am of it, too, for if ever there was a fiend in woman form it's that tarmagant down there."

(To be continued.)

LONG LIFE AND A MERRY ONE

Strenuous Americans Outlive the Indolent Africans.

It seems that we are all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the census bureau, that the fast life is also the long one, says Harper's Weekly. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.3. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement made by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."

LOTS OF MONEY

More Money Available for Irrigation

INCREASE WILL BE STEADY

Proceeds Reverts Under New Law to Fund Used in Redemption of Arid Region—Many Homeseekers—Other Important News

There is more money available for the redemption of arid lands of the west by irrigation than has been counted upon, even by the most enthusiastic advocates of national aid for irrigation enterprises. In the arguments before congress last winter, when the irrigation bill was pending, it was claimed that the funds then available would not exceed \$5,000,000 and that this sum would be increased but gradually from year to year. The annual report of Blinger Hermann, general commissioner of the land office, shows that there was, at the close of the fiscal year in June last, a fund of \$9,500,000 on hand, derived from the sale of public lands, and available for irrigation purposes. The sales of the last fiscal year were greatly in excess of those of any year in the last decade, aggregating \$5,500,000. This was due largely to the sale of public lands in the Indian territory and Oklahoma. These were placed on the market and sold, in some sections, to the highest bidder, the total realization being much in excess of that secured from the usual method of disposition.

NEBRASKA BEATS MISSOURI

The St. Joe Game Was a Hummer—12 to 0

Nebraska triumphed over Missouri on the gridiron, but the defeated tigers waged desperate defense, forcing the cornhuskers in achieving the victory to be content with but two touchdowns. Benedict kicked both goals and the final score stood 12 to 0 in Nebraska's favor.

Nebraska deserved to win by playing a superior game, but her partisans who expected a runaway score were wrong in their reckoning. The tigers fought back desperately at all stages, compelling their opponents to extend themselves to the utmost. The halves were cut short, Missouri asking it and Nebraska gladly acquiescing that the next husband their energies for next Saturday's crucial contest against the Haskell Indians.

INCREASE IN COAL OUTPUT

Ninety-one Thousand Men and Boys Actively at Work

There is a further increase of coal produced in the anthracite region. The estimated output is 120,000 tons. The increase came mostly from collieries that have been in operation and which are in good condition now. The number of men and boys at work is placed at 91,000. The Lehigh Valley Coal company has all of its collieries in operation, with the exception of one. The company's output of coal was 66 per cent of the normal.

Nearly all the steam men formerly employed by this company, it is said, are at work.

Des Moines Scoops Lincoln

In the most stubbornly fought game of football played so far this year on the university gridiron, the East Des Moines high school defeated the Lincoln high school Saturday by a score of 5 to 0. The score hardly indicated the one-sidedness of the play. Only at critical times did the Lincoln boys realize the seriousness of the case and settle down to hard work. Des Moines earned at least three touch downs by forcing the ball within the Lincoln five yard line, but each time failed to score on fumble. Once the visitors carried the ball over the goal line, only to lose it on a fumble. Almost the entire game was played in Lincoln's territory and at no time was there any chance of their scoring.

Fatal Injury at Gretna

Phil Dowd, a young man who had been visiting relatives at Gretna, was killed in an accident at the place. He was trying to board the east bound Burlington passenger train, No. 12, when he slipped and fell under the wheels. He was dragged 180 feet. He received internal injuries from which he died about thirty minutes later. His hips were fractured and one finger and the thumb on his left hand were cut off.

Boy Killed by Cars

Earl Burk, a thirteen-year-old boy, was killed by a train on the tracks just east of the Union Pacific bridge at Council Bluffs. It is not known what train struck him, as his body was found by some trainmen sometime after the accident.

The boy's head and arms were cut off and every bone in his body was broken.

Added to Brick Plant

The business of the Table Rock, Neb., Clay company has attained such proportions that it had to have more land for its use, and they have just purchased and had surveyed thirty-two acres of land, where a new plant will be erected in the near future.

Steel Plant Burned

The plant of the Portland Iron and Steel company at Tigonla, Me., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$100,000. The fire resulted from an explosion caused by water dripping on a large quantity of molten metal.

BEGIN THE BATTLE ROYAL

Fight for the Stratton Millions Now Fairly on.

The great legal battle over the Stratton millions has commenced in earnest in the district court before Judge W. P. Seeds at Colorado Springs. The proceedings are the beginning of the fight on the present three executors named by Mr. Stratton in his will to prove that the administrators appointed in September by County Judge Orr were illegal and therefore are not entitled to handle and administer the estate. The case was taken out of the county court and into the district court on a writ of certiorari issued three weeks ago.

The most important point yet decided was the ruling by Judge Seeds that questions in law must be taken up before questions of fact. The decision, as far as it goes, is a victory for the executors, as it means if the illegality of the appointment of the administrators is established the entire proceedings of the county court will be thrown out, in which event the executors will not have to substantiate their charges of conspiracy preferred against the administrators three weeks ago. The latter objected strenuously to the ruling.

United States Senator T. M. Patterson has been added to the array of legal talent for the executors, addressing the court for two hours, in which he reviewed the case from the start to the present time.

FULL OF YEARS AND HONORS

Elizabeth Cady Stanton Dead at Age of Eighty-seven

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the well-known woman suffragist, died at her home in New York city. Old age was given as the cause of death. She was conscious almost to the last. Her age was eighty-seven.

About a week ago Mrs. Stanton began to fail rapidly. This became more noticeable last week and then it was known to the family that her death was only a question of days or hours.

The children with Mrs. Stanton when she died were Mrs. M. F. Lawrence and Mrs. Stanton B. Latch of New York; Henry and Robert L. of New York, lawyers; Theodore of Paris, and G. Smith, a real estate broker at Warden Cliff, Long Island.

Nebraska Exhibits at Illinois Fair

Cyrus Douglas, a leading horticulturalist of Johnson county, has just returned from a protracted visit to Illinois. The object of his visit to that state was to make an exhibition of Nebraska's resources at the Illinois state fair in Springfield. He associated himself with his brother, W. W. Douglas, of Saline county, and these two men secured a nice lot of grasses, grasses, fruits, etc., for the display. The managers of the Illinois fair gave them the best booth room and the exhibit was tastefully and artistically arranged. It was a good advertisement for the state, and elicited many compliments from the fair visitors.

Hog Cholera Proving Fatal

Hog cholera is prevailing badly in Johnson county again. One of the heaviest losses this fall is Hon. C. H. Beeche of Todd Creek precinct. He had a fine herd of over one hundred full blooded Poland China porkers and has only about a dozen left. Mr. Beeche would not have taken \$100 each for twenty of his brood sows.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF

The cattle shipment has closed for the season at Belle Fourche, S. D. Over 100,000 head have been shipped.

John Volkman, a barber, was accidentally shot and killed on the stage of Thespians hall by Chas. Meinel, member of a company which has been giving a show at Cold Springs Harbor, N. Y.

What is considered the largest pear ever grown in Cass county is owned by Harry Barthold of Plattsmouth. It is thirteen inches in circumference, weighs twenty-one ounces and was grown on a three-year-old tree.

The first cars of material for the conversion of the horse car line at Nebraska City into an electric line have arrived. This shipment consists of heavy sixty-pound rails. The work of putting them into position will be commenced at once. The plans as announced include several new lines about the city, and two or three country lines to connect Nebraska City, and the smaller towns in the vicinity.

Mrs. E. Smith, living near Arborville, met with a severe and painful accident recently, which was caused by opening a bureau drawer, which contained a loaded revolver. In opening the drawer, the trigger caught, exploding a cartridge and the bullet entered the wrist of her right arm, traveling nearly to the elbow, where it came out.

Dr. W. A. Thomas, state veterinarian, recently returned from a trip to the western part of the state. Near Alliance he saw and heard much of the extraordinary growth of the loco plant on the range. Whether the rain or some other cause is responsible he does not know. Live stock eat the plant when other grazing becomes poor. The animals acquire a taste for it in this way and become addicted to the habit as much as a man sometimes takes to cocaine. The plant craves them and often ends in death. The supply of the drug being greater than ever before Dr. Thomas believes trouble will be encountered on the winter range.

Charged With Murder

A. G. Hall, wanted by the authorities of Grangerville, Ky., for murder, was arrested while working on a farm near Industry, Ia., by Sheriff Gleason. Hall confessed to the officer that he was the right man. A reward of \$200 is outstanding for his arrest.

Former Husband Arrested

Newton Cross, a former husband of Mrs. Jesse Tuman, was placed under arrest at Muscatine, Ia., under the belief that he knows something of the murder of the woman and her husband.