

Red Cloud Chief.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Everything comes to those who wait long enough—even death.

At all events the President succeeded in getting Smedes on the map.

Admiral Schley cannot be held responsible for all the acts of all his cousins.

A Montana train robber has been killed by a train—which seems, after all, a just retribution.

The Venezuelan government sees a way out of its financial troubles, by forming a debt trust.

Andrew Carnegie's illness was just serious enough to remind him that he is still disgracefully rich.

Of course the Alabama is expected to show such wonderful speed only when it is going toward the enemy.

Pope Leo's health is not so precarious after all. He is making engagements to be filled three years hence.

The steel trust is still running along without Mr. Schwab, although it is sending him a small check every payday.

Two eligibles have refused the crown of Roumania, and the present owner is puzzled to know what to do with it.

Mr. Ogden Armour is said to have handsomely recouped himself for Dr. Lorenz's fee by cleaning up \$350,000 on wheat.

There are those who think that the only proper way to break into society is to first break some selected commandments.

Minister Wu's successor has sailed for this country with a retinue of sixty persons. Is he trying to beat our exclusion laws?

A New York judge has decided that women may smoke if they want to. The decision is all right, but why should they want to?

Complaint is made that the hard coal newly mined lacks luster and finish. The lessons of adversity are wholly lost on some people.

It was clearly wrong in the Yale glee club to greet Mrs. Nation with such a ballad as "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More Like You?"

Every time an American goes abroad to sell goods, it is referred to as an invasion. What a lot of nervous persons there must be in the world.

Much as Uncle Sam would like to have Venezuela agree to square up with her honest creditors, he may draw the line at going on her note for that purpose.

In the case of a hypnotist who gives exhibitions, a Kansas judge has decided that a man has a right to bury his own wife alive, but no man ought to want to do it.

Prince Mirko, who may lose the Serbian throne through writing letters to an actress, is the latest fool to learn that love and politics cannot be mixed successfully.

A maniac in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was restored to his right mind by hearing a Boston orchestra. It seems to work both ways. Some orchestras drive people insane.

The Sultan of Turkey is taking a peculiar way just now to convince the world that he meant what he said about Christians being as much to him as Mohammedans.

Russian evacuation of Manchuria seems to be taking the form of concentrating the troops in those parts of the "evacuated" province where they are likely to be needed—by Russia.

Rockland, Mass., has shipped a pair of shoes 7 1/2 inches long to be worn by a negro down in Arkansas. It reports that they are not big enough he will be respectfully advised to try on the box.

A judge in Buffalo fined a man \$100 for not appearing to serve on a jury, and it was then discovered that the man had been dead for two years. Evidently they have queer jury methods in Buffalo.

The news that J. P. Morgan has cleared up \$12,000,000 in the past year will be welcome to the friends of the financier, who feared that he would have difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door.

Why waste time hunting bears, ducks and rabbits when the railroads out West are offering \$1,000 each for defunct train robbers? That would seem to be the most exciting game.

A Chicago justice has ruled that the face belonging to a young woman who lives in that city is not her fortune. The age of chivalry is past, 'tis dead.

The proper way for Prof. Clark of Chicago to prove his proposition that a man can live well and save money on \$300 a year is to try it himself.

MRS. GRANT DEAD

Spark of Life Went Out Just Before Midnight

HEART FAILURE THE CAUSE

Had Suffered for Years From Valvular Disease—Her Daughter Present When the Summons Came, But Three Sons Were Away

A Washington, Dec. 14, dispatch says: Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, wife of President Grant, died at her residence in this city at 11:17 tonight.

Death was due to heart failure. Mrs. Grant had suffered for some years from valvular disease of the heart, which was aggravated by a severe attack of bronchitis.

Her age prevented her rallying from the attacks. Her daughter, Nellie Grant Sartoris, was the only one of her children with her at the time of her death, her three sons, who had been summoned here, all being out of the city.

There was also present at the bedside when the end came Miss Rosemary Sartoris, a granddaughter, Dr. Bishop, one of the attending physicians, and two trained nurses. Death came peacefully, the sufferer retaining almost complete consciousness practically to the end.

Word has come from Jesse and Ulysses S. Grant, two of the sons now in California, that they have started on their way to Washington. The other son, Gen. Fred Grant, is in Texas and he will hasten here as soon as he receives a message telling him of his mother's death.

The remains of Mrs. Grant will be deposited in the tomb at Riverside Park, New York, where those of her husband now repose. Whether they will be taken there immediately or whether the ceremony will be postponed for a time could not be ascertained at the house tonight.

Mrs. Grant, whose maiden name was Julia Dent, was born in St. Louis in 1826 and was the daughter of Frederick and Allen Wrenshall Dent. She was married to General, then Captain, Grant, in 1848. During the civil war Mrs. Grant was with the general much of the time and remained as near as possible to him when he was campaigning. She saw her husband twice inaugurated as president and accompanied him on his journey around the world. As mistress of the White House she gave liberally to all the charitable institutions of the city.

Miss Nellie, the daughter who became the wife of Algernon Sartoris in 1874, has lived in Washington with her mother for several years.

Frederick Dent Grant, the oldest son, is in the army and two other sons, Jesse and Ulysses Sherman, live at San Diego, Cal.

IN NATURE OF COMPROMISE

Commission Settles Missouri-Nebraska Boundary Dispute

A Kansas City, December 12, dispatch says: The commission which has been sitting at the Midland hotel to hear arguments in the Missouri-Nebraska boundary line case, adjourned today after making a decision which is in the nature of a compromise. The point at issue was the ownership of 15,000 acres of valuable land at the point where the two states meet.

The dispute was caused by the changing of the current of the Missouri river. Formerly the river made a great bend, and came around again, leaving only a short neck of land. On July 7, 1866, the river broke across this neck and since then the line has been in dispute.

The commission which was appointed by the United States supreme court found that a line drawn through the territory of the old river bed, equally distant from each side represented the main channel of the Missouri river prior to 1866, and that all land lying on the Missouri side of the line belonged to the state of Missouri, and all land lying on the Nebraska side of said line belonged to that state. The river shortened its course fourteen miles by cutting through the neck of land.

SATISFIED WITH OUTLOOK

German Commission Pleased With Exposition Prospects

A New York, December 12, special says: Th. Lewald, imperial German commissioner general to the Louisiana purchase exposition, who has been in St. Louis arranging for the German exhibit and who afterwards paid a visit to Washington, is here today and will sail for Germany tomorrow. In an interview he expressed the opinion that the exposition would be a very grand affair. It is his desire that Germany shall have an exhibit worthy of her position among the nations of the world, and if his ideas are carried out his country's building will be one of the attractions of the exposition. Besides the industrial and art exhibit he will suggest that the social life of the country be portrayed and that the building be surrounded with German gardens. Besides the allotment for the building, Mr. Lewald has secured space in the industrial arts building for a display of the decorative art of Germany, and he has arranged to meet in Berlin Mr. Ives, director of arts for the exposition, now traveling in Europe, to complete the details of the exhibit.

Water Famine at Detroit

Anchor ice clogged the intake pipes of the Detroit waterworks system in Lake St. Clair during the night and the city suffered from a water shortage until nearly noon, says a dispatch of December 12.

It was so serious during the early hours of the morning that a number of factories were compelled to suspend for the day for the lack of water.

It is estimated that 3,000 or 4,000 men were compelled to be idle and lose today's pay on account of the water famine.

BIG HAUL OF GAME

Warden Simpkins Seizes Big Shipment of Quail

A Fremont, Neb., Dec. 12, dispatch says: Two barrels of quail consigned from Verdigre as an express shipment to George W. Linn & Co., Chicago, were seized here by Deputy State Game Warden George L. Carter this morning, while en route to their destination, and the person who sent them will be placed under arrest for violating the state game laws. The birds were shipped with the feathers on, and each barrel was covered with a layer of dressed chickens in order to hide its contents.

Warden Carter received a tip several days ago that someone at Verdigre was quietly buying up quail, and he laid his plans accordingly. The birds are said to be so thick along two streams near there that one can almost go out and kill them with a club. Although their slaughter is forbidden until November 1, 1903, hunters have been subjecting themselves to liability for prosecution in Knox county by shooting them.

The name of the consignor was not learned, as Local Agent M. A. Repass of the American Express company, who had the way bill, went to Omaha with it leaving the deputy warden ignorant of the sender's identity. However, Mr. Carter established telephonic communication with Omaha and thus secured this important information. It has been known for three or four days that a shipment of quail would probably be made from Verdigre, and a secret service agent in the state's employ has been quietly putting in his time there and at other points along the Fremont road. He was at Verdigre this morning when the two barrels of birds were placed aboard. Warden Carter had gone up as far as Norfolk yesterday, and he met the detective there this morning. He boarded the train, came to Fremont and went into the express car at this point and broke the barrels open.

At first sight it appeared that the cargo was not what the warden was looking for, as nothing but dressed chickens could be seen. Mr. Carter has been long enough in the business, however, to know the tricks that are sometimes resorted to. The idea struck him, too, that the barrels did not seem heavy enough to hold dressed chickens. He accordingly took off a few of the carcasses and found underneath a mass of smaller birds, not dressed, and with their heads on. They were Nebraska quail.

The other barrel was found to be similarly filled. Mr. Carter at once took charge of them and ordered them set out on the platform. The train to Lincoln carried them to the capital city and Mr. Carter with them. The law provides that seizures of game shall be distributed amongst the hospitals of the state, so that the quail will be put to good use, though they were killed illegally.

For killing quail out of season, or at any time prior to November 1 of next year, the legislature of 1901 passed an act providing punishment in the shape of \$5 fine for each bird. The two barrels seized contained 537 quail, twenty-nine prairie chickens and ten pin tail grouse, so that if a clear case can be proven against the consignor it will mean at least a \$2,830 fine for him.

The American Express company may also come in for a fine of from \$25 to \$100 for carrying the quail. The law specifically fixes such a forfeit for receiving packages of fish or game for shipment unless the proper labels are affixed, and the same punishment is fixed for receiving consignments of fish or game that are out of season. The mere possession of such packages in transit is held to be prima facie evidence of a violation of the statute.

Warden Carter said that this seizure of quail was the largest he has made. The manner in which it was detected shows that the man who sets about to overstep the law must proceed very cautiously if he does not want to be caught.

A Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 12, dispatch says: The final report on the yield and value at current prices of the Iowa crop of 1902, was made public by director of the crop service, J. R. Sage, having been held back two weeks in order to check the returns on which it is based. The report indicates that the rains of the past season were more disastrous than the drought of 1901. The total value of the crop is placed at \$215,722,339, or \$60,000,000 less than the value of the crop of 1901. The greatest falling off is in corn. The yield this year was 295,950,230 bushels, valued at \$118,000,000, last year. Last year the corn crop was all marketable, but this year only 137,000,000 bushels, or 47 per cent, is marketable. The soft corn, in making up the figures for this year, is given its estimated feeding value. The next heaviest decrease is in the value of the oat crop, the valuations being \$40,209,000 in 1901, and \$22,297,900 in 1902. The value of the wheat crop fell off \$3,913,100, of barley \$1,371,290, and of hay, \$1,925,618.

KANSAS POSTMASTERS ADVANCED

The postoffice department has advanced 158 fourth-class postmasters to the presidential class to take effect January 1 next. They include the following in Kansas: Hanover, Harjorda, Hill City, Hillsboro, Madison.

FIRST KANSAS LAWYER WORK

The Rev. R. P. West, one of the early pioneers who assisted in framing the constitution of Kansas, died at his home in Concordia Thursday. The body will be shipped to Belleville for interment.

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR
Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.
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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Neil was intensely angry, and his dark eyes glowed beneath their dropped lids with a passionate hate. But he left his father with an assumed coldness and calmness.

The sarcastic advice annoyed him, and he wanted time to fully consider his ways. He was no physical coward; he was a fine swordsman, and he felt that it would be a real joy to stand with a drawn rapier between himself and his rival. But what if revenge cost him too much? What if he slew Hyde, and had to leave his love and his home, and his fine business prospects? To win Katherine, and to marry her, in the face of the man whom he felt that he detested; would not that be the best of all "satisfactions?"

He walked about the streets, discussing these points with himself, till the shops all closed, and on the stoops of the houses in Maiden Lane and Liberty street there were merry parties of gossiping belles and beaux. Then he returned to Broadway.

Still debating with himself, he came to a narrow road which ran to the river, along the southern side of Van Heemskirk's house. Coming swiftly up it, as if to detain him, was Capt. Hyde. The two men looked at each other defiantly; and Neil said with a cold, meaning emphasis: "At your service, sir."

"Mr. Semple, at your service,"—and touching his sword,—"to the very hilt, sir."

"Sir, yours to the same extremity." "As for the cause, Mr. Semple, here it is," and he pushed aside his embroidered coat in order to exhibit to Neil the bow of orange ribbon beneath it.

"I will dye it crimson in your blood," said Neil passionately.

"In the meantime, I have the felicity of wearing it," and with an offensively deep salute, he terminated the interview.

CHAPTER VI.

At the Sword's Point. Neil's first emotion was not so much one of anger as of exultation. "I shall have him at my sword's point," he kept saying to himself as he turned from Hyde to Van Heemskirk's house.

Katherine sat upon the steps of the stoop. Touching her, to arouse her attention, Neil said, "Come with me down the garden, my love."

She looked at him wonderingly, but rose at his request and gave him her hand.

Then the tender thoughts which had lain so deep in his heart flew to his lips, and he woo'd her with a fervor and nobility as astonishing to himself as to Katherine. He reminded her of all the sweet intercourse of their happy lives, and of the fidelity with which he had loved her. "Oh, my Katherine, my sweet Katherine! Who is there that can take you from me?"

"No one will I marry. With my father and my mother I will stay."

"Yes, till you learn to love me as I love you, with the whole soul. You are to be my wife, Katherine?"

"That I have not said."

"Katherine, is it true that Capt. Hyde is wearing a bow of your orange ribbon?"

"Yes. A bow of my St. Nicholas ribbon I gave him."

"Why?"

"Me he loves, and him I love."

"You have more St. Nicholas ribbons? Go and get me one. Get a bow, Katherine, and give it to me. I will wait here for it."

"No, that I will not do. How false, how wicked I would be, if two lovers my colors wore!"

"Well, then, I will cut my bow from Hyde's breast. I will, though I cut his heart out with it."

He turned from her as he said the words, and, without speaking to Joris, passed through the garden gate to his own home.

At that moment Neil and Hyde were on the fatal spot.

Neil flung off his coat and waistcoat and stood with bared breast on the spot his second indicated. Hyde removed his fine scarlet coat, and handed it to Capt. Earle, and would then have taken his sword; but Beekman advanced to remove also his waistcoat. The suspicion implied by this act roused the soldier's indignation, and with his own hands he tore off the richly embroidered satin garment, and by so doing exposed what perhaps some delicate feeling had made him wish to conceal—a bow of orange ribbon which he wore above his heart.

The sight of it to Neil was like oil flung upon flame. He could scarcely restrain himself until the word "go" gave him license to charge Hyde.

Hyde was an excellent swordsman and had fought several duels; but he was quite disconcerted by the deadly reality of Neil's attack. In the second thrust his foot got entangled in a tuft of grass, and, in evading a lunge aimed at his heart, he fell on his right side. Supporting himself however, on his sword hand, he sprang backwards with great dexterity, and thus escaped the probable death-blow. But, as he was bleeding from a wound in the throat, his second interfered and proposed a reconciliation. Neil angrily refused to listen. He declared "he had not come to enact a farce;" and then, happening to glance at the ribbon on Hyde's breast, he swore furiously "He would make his way through the body of any man who stood between him and his just anger."

Up to this point there had been in Hyde's mind a latent disinclination to slay Neil. After it, he flung away every kind of memory, and the fight was renewed with an almost brutal impetuosity, until there ensued one of those close locks which it was evident nothing but "the key of the body could open." In the frightful wrench which followed, the swords of both men sprang from their hands, flying some four or five yards upward with the force. Both recovered their weapons at the same time, and both, bleeding and exhausted, would have again renewed the fight; but at that moment Van Heemskirk and Semple, with their attendants, reached the spot.

Without hesitation, they threw themselves between the young men. But there was no need for words. Neil fell senseless upon his sword, making in his fall a last desperate effort to reach the ribbon on Hyde's breast; for Hyde had also dropped fainting to the ground, bleeding from at least half a dozen wounds. Then one of Semple's young men, who had probably divined the cause of quarrel, and who felt a sympathy for his young master, made as if he would pick up the fatal bit of orange satin, now dyed crimson in Hyde's blood.

But Joris pushed the rifling hand fiercely away. "To touch it would be the vilest theft," he said. "His own it is. With his life he has bought it."

CHAPTER VII.

At "The King's Arms." The news of the duel spread with the proverbial rapidity of evil news. Batavius heard the story from many a lip as he went home. He was bitterly indignant at Katherine, and hot with haste and anger when he reached Van Heemskirk's house.

Madam stood with Joanna on the front stoop, looking anxiously down the road.

Just as Dinorah said, "The tea is served, madam," the large figure of Batavius loomed through the gathering grayness; and the women waited for him. He came up the steps without his usual greeting; and his face was so injured and portentous that Joanna, with a little cry, put her arms round his neck. He gently removed them.

"No time is this, Joanna, for embracing. A great disgrace has come to the family; and I, who have always stood up for morality, must bear it, too."

(To be continued.)

"BAIT" FOR WILD TURKEYS.

Hundreds of the Birds Have Fallen Before Gun of Expert.

Wild turkeys are still quite plentiful in some portions of North Carolina, as they also are in Arkansas, Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Southern Missouri, says the American Field, but just how long they will be plentiful in any of these states is a question, if the states possess a Gil McDuffie, as does North Carolina, who, it is said, only a short time since killed seven turkeys at one shot. It is claimed that McDuffie has killed 1,500 wild turkeys and 700 deer in his time, besides countless numbers of smaller game. The way he makes his war on turkeys is by "baiting." He finds where a flock of turkeys use and he lays a train of corn to a locality where he can arrange a good blind. The blind is made and corn is put out in good quantity for the turkeys not far away, he being careful to place the corn in such shape that when the turkeys feed upon it they will be well bunched. He then secretes himself in his blind and lies in wait for the turkeys. When they come and get bunched up over the quart or two of corn, he turns loose with a shotgun, and the slaughter is tremendous.

Fence of Elk's Horns.

A fence nearly 200 feet long at Livingston, Mont., is made entirely of horns of the elk—more properly called wapiti. These animals, like the others of the deer family, shed their horns once a year and grow new ones. The old horns are found in large numbers in the forests and are used for various commercial purposes.