

Red Cloud Chief.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Mrs. Partl will take home \$400,000 profits. If that isn't faring well, what is?

It begins to look as if the Missouri mule may as well be getting ready for a sea voyage.

Japan has millions for war, and it would do well to keep them for locomotives and bric-a-brac.

Turkey has promised to make full reparation, and hopes we will be good enough to let it go at that.

It may be that the Turkish soldier smokes a better brand of coffin nail than the British soldier does.

King Edward swore the other day and now New York is threatened with a shocking wave of profanity.

And yet many more persons have been hurt in railway accidents this year than in flying machine accidents.

Learned ethnologists have discovered that all tribes within the arctic circle are of one race—the blubber race.

There are heavy fogs in Paris this winter, owing no doubt to the sudden good will between that city and London.

All Fools' day appears to have played a part with the bungler who sought by forgery to fasten guilt on Capt. Dreyfus.

When Tom Lawson writes verse instead of prose in dealing with Amalgamated and Helze, is the worst ever or isn't it?

New York could satisfy a good deal of natural curiosity by revealing where it goes to get the exhibits for its beauty shows.

A man named Solomon is in trouble at Hamilton, Ont., over a little matter of two wives. How the Solomons have degenerated!

From the comments it is inferred that New York considers "Parsifal" superior to Pete Dalley, but not quite so good as Willie Collier.

Sir Thomas Lipton is accused of failing to live up to his financial obligations. Still, that's a common failing for jolly good fellows.

The French soldier who intends to subjugate wild African tribes by phonograph doubtless means to fit all the cylinders with "Hawatha."

The duke of Roxburgh renews his declaration that he will never come to America again. Nevertheless, we wish you a happy New Year.

This year has added 5,723 miles to the mileage of railroads in this country. Let us see that this does not increase the number of collisions next year.

It is rumored that Mr. Morgan offered \$250,000 for the original manuscript of "Paradise Lost." Wonder what he'd offer for "Paradise Regained?"

What a vast sum that Missouri mar with the "scrupulous conscience" must have secured by foul means when he has returned by stealth more than \$2,000.

An Indiana man has written a financial history of the world. But who cares anything about financial matters now? What we want is a treatise on the liver.

Those hand-painted stockings that we learn from the fashion magazines—the girls are wearing now should have been just the thing to hang up Christmas eve.

10 mills make a combine,
10 combines make a trust,
10 trusts make a merger,
10 mergers make a magnate—
And he makes all the money!

Andrew Carnegie has been left a bequest of \$500 by the will of a Philadelphia woman, which of course means simply so much more trouble for him in his task to keep from dying rich.

With riots and murders and hold ups making life exciting in Chicago, the Chicago police have received strict orders that hereafter—they must keep their trousers nicely creased.

Fancy what a dull place the island of Hayti would be if they didn't have those revolutions. You can't expect people to be satisfied with no other excitement than chicken fights and the backbone fever.

Long Gee, a Chinese laundryman near New York, has applied to the courts for a divorce from his wife, a Chinese woman, and all their friends and acquaintances feel intensely and thoroughly scandalized at his American conduct.

Bill Nye's grave in North Carolina is said to be unmarked by a stone of any kind and to have suffered such neglect that it may hardly be found among weeds and rubbish. What a funny story Bill could write on the subject if he were here now!

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

A lovely place in the evening light
Wherein to rest and be idle,
Its borders so shadowy yet so bright,
Where old-fashioned roses dwell by right,
And queenly lilies are clad in white,
Like flowers adorned for a bride.

Dear haunted garden, at dusk we stand
And your dim memories ponder:
Of children who played there—a household band
Of lovers that haply a lifetime planned,
Of aged ones resting here hand in hand,
Now at rest on the hillside yonder.

They have passed away, but their work survives,
Its fragrance to strangers granted;
And as their garden still blooms and thrives,
Even so the grace of their homely lives
Beyond the winter of death revives—
They are not dead, but transplanted.

Ah! sweet the flowers that our love await,
Where the springtime is fresh and vernal,
Where never the summertime comes too late,
And never a blossom out of date;
Thank God in the peace of that heavenly state
The old-fashioned joys are eternal.

—Philadelphia Price Current.



The Turn of the Tide

By CECIL J. DENTON.

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"Oh, Nellie! Oh, Nellie! where are you?" called Charles Macdonald, artist, just home from his studio.

"I will be there in a minute, Charlie." Hardly had the words been uttered when the portiere was drawn aside and a girlish figure appeared. Her eyes were illumined with love, and a smile of sweet content played around the corners of her rosy lips. If any cares disturbed the quietude of her existence, her husband never discerned them.

"Why, little woman, how bright you look!"

"Don't I always look radiant when my lord and master deigns to bestow the light of his countenance on his handmaid?"

"Hello! what have you been reading? Some oriental fantasy? But, seriously, methinks I see a brighter sparkle in thine eyes. By jove! you have started me spouting in rhythm. Come and sit on this sofa and make a clean confession."

"Well, Charlie, dear, I am afraid my misdeeds are so small that I shall require but little absolution. For some time I have seen the clouds gathering on your brow."

"But, sweetheart, how could you see them? Am I not always cheerful? I flattered myself that I bore a strong resemblance to the merry grig."

"How can you be so foolish, sir? Must I again impress upon your mind that love has piercing eyes? Foolish boy! Intuition told me that our present path was not as smooth as it might be; they say only two things trouble a man, love and the want of money. I was vain enough to think the former was not the cause, therefore, I came to the conclusion it must be the latter, but I had an abiding faith that all such troubles would square themselves in the end."

"About as easy as squaring a circle!" answered Charlie.

"Thought I would not bother you, but do the best I could. You may laugh, sir, but I had a small mountain on my mind, lying awake at night devising means to make a joint last as long as possible—puzzling my brain to turn it into all sorts of strange dishes to cover its identity. You may have a light heart, dear, I have not run into debt over housekeeping expenses. The butcher, the baker, and all the tribe that supply our wants, have been paid."

"But I had come to the end of my resources until—well, never mind! I will tell you that in its right place. You were always generous with my pocket money, slyly replenishing my

pocketbook; that made a nest egg to work on. Then, to use an expression of yours, I resorted to my 'avuncular relative.' I wrote to one of those concerns that advertise to wait on you at your residence. They did not give me anything like I expected, for some really handsome jewelry that belonged to my mother."

"That is how pawnbrokers get so enormously rich; they give a third, or less, of the value, hoping that the article will never be redeemed."

"A happy inspiration seized me," she continued, "when I was at school a lot of us girls went in for writing

stories. I, at least, had no thought of having my effusions published though some of the girls are making a name for themselves, and, I suppose, are coining money. We were stern and exacting critics, never failing to tear one another's choicest productions to shreds. I believe we took a fiendish delight in unmercifully knocking those characters of straw to pieces. I had quite a nice little pile of stories snugly stored in one of my trunks. I sent four or five of them to publishers. Two or three times they came back. I redirected them to other



magazines. Now, Charlie, don't call me a fraud and look incredulous."

"You are, without an exception, the sweetest and dearest little fraud I know of."

"This very day I received such a polite note from an editor, accepting one of my stories, and asking me to submit more. He also gave me the name of another magazine that he thought my work suitable for. Isn't that nice? Behold, unbeliever! there is the check," giving it a dramatic kiss as she showed it to her husband. "So while you are producing the beautiful scenes of nature, I can scribble. But, darling, I will not neglect your well being, nor take less pride in our home. In proof thereof I have prepared the daintiest of luncheons, a savory meal to delight the soul of my lord. How will that do, Charlie, mine?"

"Well, for once you are a fraud. I had visions, coming home, of taking you to Delmonico's; but I would rather have a dish prepared by those neat, little hands, than the grandest banquet served by the finest chef. I also have news. I am delighted with your good luck, and I don't know how I can thank you sufficiently for the gentle spirit in which you have come to the rescue of a common fowl."

At last, I think I may say, the tide has turned. Harry Devine, an old chum of mine, at Yale, came into the studio this morning with a friend of his. He was looking for pictures to adorn the walls of his newly furnished house. My dear, he is wise in his generation, as he said he would rather pay a fair price for American works of art, which he knew at least were genuine, than to invest a fabulous sum in works of old masters which were, perhaps, spurious. He purchased two landscapes, giving me a generous check for them."

"Oh, Charlie! I am so glad. I knew your work deserved a good price. I only wish I had had the naming of the figure; it would show how much I admire your painting. I am infinitely more pleased than if I were hailed as the rising star in the literary firmament. You are the sun, and I feel glorified in reflecting some of the beams by being your loving wife."

"But, Nellie, we have been living on the ragged edge of a volcano for some months. I have suffered the torments of the inferno for that space of time—not very flattering to your pretty face and engaging ways, but we will let it pass. You were aware of the fact that I hadn't much money when we burnt incense together at the shrine of Hymen. Like all lovers of art, by my pictures not being unmer-

cifully skied in the salon, I imagined the stream of Paeolus would flow our way, with naught but gentle ripples. In my arrogance, or let me modify the expression, by saying, for the love of mine art, I would not condescend to paint pot-billers for grasping dealers; therefore I found myself in a state of collapse; inspiration seemed to leave me; even my historical painting, which I still hope may hang in the academy, was at a standstill. I was too extravagant in furnishing our bridal nest and my atelier. I do like to have around me pretty things. It is conducive to higher work. But, thank the powers, I paid ready cash for everything; it was a good thing for us, as I was enabled to raise the 'needful, though at a ruinous rate of interest, I must confess. What seemed such hard luck was to have a lot of good material on hand, and vainly apart, I felt it to be above the mediocre, which represented solid cash, but could find no market for my wares. Duns, debts and difficulties, the three demons dreaded by impecunious mortals, stared me in the face. Only yesterday I received a note informing me that the interest on the loan on our goods and chattels would fall due next week. If the amount was not forthcoming they would be under the painful necessity of levying on the furniture, etc.

"Thank goodness, darling, that the dark clouds are rolling away, and that the flood tide is making. It will not be my fault if I do not take advantage of it. I have satisfied my creditor, much to his astonishment and disgust. Now he is quite willing to wait for an indefinite period for his money. I suppose, with the hope that he will get me in his claws again. Now for the rest of my news. That same friend of Devine's has commissioned me to paint some scenes in the Thousand Islands and the Adirondacks. Pack your trunks and be ready for a start as soon as possible."

"Well, Charlie, we have each tried to hide our troubles from the other. I am so glad I can aid with my mite. I never intended to be a drone in the matrimonial hive. May we go hand in hand down the stream of life. Don't laugh at me."

"Laugh! I am as grave as a judge, but I must let the exuberance of my spirits escape, by giving three times three for my queen bee."

WAS A FAMOUS BIRD.

But Eight-Year-Old Prize Winner Was No Table Delicacy.

The earl of Denbigh, who commanded the Honorable Artillery Company of London during its recent visit to America, told at a dinner party in New York one night a story which, he said, Andrew Lang had related to him.

There was, according to the story, an aged Scot who had a reputation far and near for his fine fowls, which took prizes at all the fairs and shows of the countryside.

A gentleman, stopping in the neighborhood, heard so much of the Scot and his birds that he decided to give the old man's stock a trial. Accordingly he sent an order for the finest turkey that could be procured, and in due season was delighted to receive an exceedingly large and plump fowl.

The fowl was roasted and served, but so tough and dry did it prove that the gentleman could not eat a mouthful of it. Very much chagrined, he set forth to find the old Scot.

The latter, after listening to his patron's outburst of disappointment, said with a sneer: "Hoot, man, why ye kenna tell a guid bird when ye see it. That turkey I sent ye has ta'en the first prize at all the shows for the last eight years."

Holding Hands.

The way was steep and threome,
And hot the afternoon,
Alone I walked, reluctant
To reach my home too soon.
Before me in the pathway,
Near where the statue stands,
There walked a son and father,
And they were holding hands.

But, as I watched them sadly,
The man in anger flung
Aside the little fingers
That to his own had clung.
I heard him say, ignoring
The weary boy's demands,
"It's hot enough, I reckon,
Without our holding hands."

Yes, little hands are clinging,
And little feet will fall,
But little hearts are tender
And little lives are frail.
If one I knew could only
Come back to give commands,
I'd gladly walk forever,
Forever holding hands.
—Milwaukee Journal.

The Living Present.

F. Marion Crawford, the prolific novelist, has little sympathy with the "art for art's sake" cult. He has a swift, fluent pen, and does not believe in that indefatigable polishing which Walter Pater advocated. Otherwise Mr. Crawford could not possibly turn out the number of volumes annually that he does.

A young woman was introduced to Mr. Crawford recently. Hearing that he was a novelist, she said: "And have you written anything that will live after you are gone?" "I don't know," he replied. "You see, what I am after is something that will enable me to live while I am here."

A Circulating Medium.

"Yes, sir," said the village grocer, "I take the big weeklies to keep track of the world's affairs and the big city dailies to keep posted on what is going on in this country."

"But don't you take your home paper?" asked the drummer.

"None."

"But you certainly ought to be interested in local affairs."

"Oh, I know everything that goes on. My wife belongs to the woman's club and three church societies, one of my daughters works in the millinery shop, and the other is in the delivery window at the postoffice."—Exchange.

BELIEVE IN "OBEAH"

SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES OF THE WEST INDIES.

Their Credulity Keeps Them in Subjection to the White Planters and to the More Crafty Members of Their Own Race.

The French islands have two superstitions which are not to be found in some others of the West Indies. These are a belief in some sort of werewolf or vampire, which lives on the blood of wayfarers, upon whom it leaps when they are abroad in the night time, or of sleepers whom it finds in lonely huts; and, second, a belief in what is known in the British islands as the "rolling calf," a monster with blazing eyes, which prowls at night, clanking a chain suspended from its neck, and at whose touch men die. The following description is given of the typical obeah man:

"There is something so indescribably sinister about an obeah man's appearance that he can always be picked out by one who has much to do with his class. Dirty, ragged, unkempt, deformed, there is yet about him an air of cunning authority. His small, piercing eyes peer viciously at the witnesses arrayed against him in court for all the world like those of a cornered rat. Black men may be seen to turn as gray as ashes under the terror of that baleful gaze, and often it is only with difficulty that incriminating evidence can be dragged out of them. The wizard's awesome presence, however, does not appall an un sentimental British judge. He orders him 'twelve months' hard' and a sound flogging. Frequently the obeah man appeals against his sentence to the higher court, and in Jamaica it is not at all unusual for him to get off on some technical point, owing to the defective drafting of the law. Of course he tells the ignorant negroes that he procured freedom by his magical powers and thus their superstition is strengthened."

British law punishes obeah with flogging and imprisonment. Nevertheless obeah is practiced by the white planters almost as a matter of necessity in order to frighten the negroes and prevent them from appropriating the produce of the plantations.

You may walk through your friend's banana plantation and notice a skull stuck on a top of a stick, a small bottle full of dead cockroaches tied to a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. "Hello, old man!" you say, "working obeah—eh? I'll come and see you flogged at the jail." He tries to laugh it off shamefacedly, saying there is really no other way to make "those wretched natives" keep their hands off the crops. That is true. It is needless, however, to go to the trouble of placing these things about your plantation. If some night prowler has stolen your bananas, all you need to do is to say next morning in the hearing of the natives: "It's all right, I don't care. I've got the footprint." You will see them whisper among themselves in an awestricken way and presently one of them will come up to you, nearly weeping with terror, and confess himself the thief. The superstition is that if you dig out the earth upon which the robber has impressed his foot and throw it into the fire he will waste away and die unless he gives himself up and takes his punishment.

DOG PLEADS BEFORE JUDGE.

Showed Conclusively That Its Nature Was Not Vicious.

An amusing trial has ended at Prague in which a dog played the leading part.

The owner of the dog was sued by an engineer, who claimed damages for a bite from the animal. He also denounced the dog as vicious. At the trial a veterinary surgeon who was called in tried his utmost to irritate the dog by teasing him, but the animal kept his temper.

The complainant then demanded that in order to test its real disposition, its owner should be turned out of court and the dog let loose among the audience. This was done after the dog had been muzzled.

The dog, however, continued to display the greatest good humor, holding up one paw after another and wagging its tail. Finally it ran to the judge, before whom it sat on its hind legs begging in a most pathetic manner. The judge thereupon pronounced the dog to be a veritable lamb, and gave judgment for its owner.—Philadelphia Press.

Charity.

He told me that it covered up a multitude of sins.
That of the human virtues 'twas the greatest;
As such our admiration it invariably wins.
The more so that it often is the latest.
Without it we should find the world was rather hard and cold
And gratitude would be a singularity—
Because of which he begged me to give up a little gold
For sweet charity.

I willingly complied; I gave him quite a sum.
Of gratitude he made a demonstration,
I made it a condition that he'd be ever dumb
Concerning my magnificent donation.
I told him I considered ostentation was a sign
Of wicked pride, as well as great vulgarity—
And any baser feeling 'twere unworthy to combine
With sweet charity.

He shook my hand quite warmly and he bowed himself away.
I really thought the fellow then was decent;
That to his obligation some attention he would pay.
In fact, my changed opinion is quite recent.
Of course, it doesn't matter, but I'll be more tight of fist
Next time; a gift from me will be a rarity.
They published all the names but mine;
I wasn't on the list
Of sweet charity.

WHY WOMEN GO TO PARTIES.

Often Because They Fear What Other Women Might Say.

The society reporter has made a great discovery during the week. It is common with other people, she has been wondering why women go to so many parties when the effort often makes them so tired that they can scarcely drag one foot after the other, and now she knows.

The lady who elucidated this problem says that she often attends parties when she doesn't want to go at all, because she is compelled to do so by the fear that people will think that she was not invited. This accounts for the queer assortment of guests found at many large parties, for this lady seems to voice the sentiment of many.

A lady left out of the party has the desolate feeling of the small boy who is not "in it." In consequence of this women with no possible community of interests or tastes are brought together for mutual entertainment, when they simply have no use for each other.

Under these conditions parties are sometimes wearisome affairs, but satisfy the pride of both hostess and guest. The latter gives indubitable proof that she really was invited, and the hostess shows to her acquaintance that she had the right to invite this especial guest. The fact that neither enjoys the other's society has nothing to do with the social amenities.—The Nebraska State Journal.

THE FIRST PAPER COLLARS.

Were the Invention of Walter Hunt of Philadelphia.

"Time was," began the keeper of a small store out on Market street, as he took down a box of linen collars, "when I had little call for these. The linen collar was the luxury of the rich. Now any tramp thinks nothing of being presented with one which is freshly done up, but which has been discarded for some reason or other. In the early sixties I sold nearly all paper collars. These were manufactured by Walter Hunt of this city, who first invented an enameled collar that had quite a run. These first ones were of toughened paper between thin muslin, which looked like linen after great pressure. The paper ones were much in advance of those first ones. The buttonholes were edged with coarse cotton and the collars made a big hit. They were stamped on the outer side with a steel die to make them look like linen, and at the same time they were curled to give them the shape of the neck. For years this city was the seat of this paper collar industry. Up to 1883, when linen collars became much cheaper any celluloid ones were introduced, many millions of these paper collars were annually put upon the market. Now I don't know where you'd go to find one."—Philadelphia Record.

To a Small Comrade.

Ah, Po, how often do I sigh
For other days and circumstances,
When your child's laugh was all that I
Craved as reward for my romances.
Full many a gallant knight was ours
Who bravely slew each new tormentor.
Ah, me! they have not now the powers
Of rescuing their poor inventor.

I'd so much rather fill your gown
With daisy wreaths and watch you try
"Then
Than scribble verses here in town;
To find, alas! no one to buy them;
I'd so much rather watch your eyes
Grow wide at some old tale I'm spinning
Than to be struggling for a prize
That after all's not worth the winning.

I've told you tales of wolves before;
I now might add another story
Of one that's ever at my door—
I work for him, Po, not for glory.
I would that some chance could beguile
His hungry vision from my garret,
And let me know again your smile,
And claim a kiss—I'm sure you'd spare it.

My little comrade, could I ask
And have the wish my heart most
chooses,
I'd soon forsake this prosy task
Of woeing irresponsibly Muses;
And out upon the daisied dawn,
With you among the whirling clover,
We would forget this musty town
And start life's story book all over.
—William R. Hereford, in New York Herald.

Prof. Mommsen's Absentmindedness.

Prof. Theodore Mommsen, the great German historian, who died recently, was very absentminded. One day he was engaged in his study in profound researches and failed to notice the presence of his servant, who announced that his lunch was ready. The servant asked if he might bring the courses to the professor, and, receiving no reply, laid the table near the writing desk. Returning, ten minutes later, with some fish, the menial found the soup untouched. Thinking it too good to spoil, he sat down and finished soup and fish unobserved of the professor. The remaining courses suffered a similar fate. About an hour later Mommsen looked up from his work proceeded to the kitchen to ask why luncheon had not been served. "But the professor had his luncheon an hour ago!" expostulated the servant. "Dear me!" said the historian, "how could I be so forgetful!" and returned peacefully to his study, where he continued working through the afternoon.

British Imports Decrease.

The imports into Great Britain from the United States in 1902 amounted to \$634,808,005, a decrease of \$70,000,000, or about 10 per cent, as compared with the imports of 1901. The imports in 1901 were the largest ever recorded, 1900 being the second largest and 1902 the third.

Galax Leaves.

The use of galax in commercial quantities for Christmas decorations dates back only to 1890, yet to-day the plant is known and used the world over, and last year no less than seventy million galax leaves were shipped from the mountains of North and South Carolina.