

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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Good Stables, Good Beds, and Square

Meals, at Reasonable Rates.

Partners of the Travelling Pub-

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Carriages run daily to Belvidere, the

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VALLEY HOUSE!

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

JOS. C. WARNER, Proprietor

This Hotel is entirely new, having been

built the present season, and is fitted up with

regard to

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE.

BOARD BY THE DAY & WEEK

At reasonable rates.

A large and commodious STONE STA-

BLE has just been added to the premises.

City Meat Market.

MARK H. WARNER,

Has just opened a Meat Market on

Webster Street, next door south of

Park's Shop where he will keep

and sell fresh meats of all kinds.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID

FOR BEEF, CATTLE, HOGS,

AND HIDES.

Red Cloud, Neb.

HILLIARD PARLOR,

T. R. LEE,

Hastings, Nebraska.

This establishment has just been fitted up

in good style, and is just the place to enjoy

the best supplies at the bar. 49-6a

Dr. T. B. WILLIAMS,

Family Physician,

Tenders his services to the public and

will attend to all Professional calls.

Office at the Red Cloud Drug Store.

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Livery rigs on short notice.

Stable West of the Valley House.

STONE MASON.

H. C. WEBER,

Would announce to the people of Red

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all kinds of stonework on short notice and

reasonable terms. All orders may be left

at the office or at his residence four miles N. W.

corner of Red Cloud, Neb., town N. range 10

west.

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pared to execute orders for

MILLINERY,

Dress-Making

AND

PLAIN SEWING of all Kinds.

On hand and for sale a fine assortment of

LACES, VEILS,

KID GLOVES,

LADIES HATS, &c.

Miss S. A. MUNSELL,

(In McNitt's Building.)

RED CLOUD, NEB.

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PAPER.

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

"THE BEST RELIGIOUS PAPER"

A Choice of

TWO BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS.

An Illustrated Portfolio of Twelve

Cents by Henschel, each \$1.00 in,

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22x28 in., after Landseer. Price \$3.25

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  - CHAMBRÉS, DELAINES, LAWNS,
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  - Canned Fruits, Oysters and Crackers,
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  - FLOUR, MEAL & BACON.
- And everything usually kept in a First Class Dry Goods & Grocery Store.
- J. G. Potter,  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

## LUMBER LUMBER

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DEALER IN

PINE LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES

Doors, Blinds,

Sash, Mouldings

Lime, Tarred Paper, Etc.

And every Article usually kept in a First Class Lumber Yard.

I GUARANTEE TO DUPLICATE ANY BILL THAT CAN BE GOT AT JUNIATA OR HASTINGS.

## HARDWARE!

I am now as in the past, ready to supply my customers and the public generally, with anything in the Hardware line, at prices that defy competition. My motto is

"Small Profits and Quick Sales, for the Ready CASH!"

I keep a general assortment of Hardware and a full line of

FARM MACHINERY,

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, NAILS, and HOUSE

TRIMMINGS, TINWARE, CARPENTERS

and MASON'S TOOLS, SADDLERS HARD-

WARE, a full assortment.

FORKES, SHOVELS, SPADES, HOES, WAGON SEAT SPRINGS,

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and BATH BRICK.

M. B. MCNITT,

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Keeps constantly on hand the largest stock of Dry Pine Lumber in the West. Also

BLINDS, MOULDINGS, LIME.

TARRED PAPER,

and all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL.

Our stock is well selected and purchased direct from the rafts, and will be sold as low as the lowest.

IOVER & PARDOE,

Hastings, Nebraska.

### CORN SONG.

BY J. G. WATKINS.

Heep high the farmer's wintery beard!  
Heep high the golden corn!  
No richer gift the autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, gleam  
The apple from the pine;  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
From out her lavish horn.

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and flowers  
Our plows their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of cloudfest April played.

Ye dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beside the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June  
Its leaves grew bright and fair,  
And waved in mid afternoon noon,  
Its soft and snowy hair.

And now with autumn's moonlight eyes  
Its harvest time is come,  
We pluck away its frosty leaves,  
And bear its treasures home.

Then richer than the fabled gifts  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grains shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers roll in silk,  
Around the costly board,  
Give us the loaf of damp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whoe folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain:  
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly roots:  
Let midew blight the eye;  
Give to the worm the orchard fruit,  
And wheat the field to fly.

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let for his golden corn  
Send up our thanks to God.

AN IRISH TALE.

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first—for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened. It was still repeated louder, and then came a cry: "Con O'Creagh! Con! I say! Open the door! I want you!"

"I know the voice well. It was Peter McCabe's. But I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say:

"Oh! Mr. Peter! what's the matter? Is the old man worse?"

"Faix! that's what he is—for he's dead!" replied Peter.

"Glory be his bed! When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I, from my corner, could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an owl heathen, Con! and never made a will!"

"That's bad!" said my father—for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad!" said Peter; "but it would be worse if he could't help it. Listen to me, Coney! I want ye to help me in this business; and here are five guineas in gold if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned 'the very image of my father; and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week!"

"Arrah!" said my father—for he was getting frightened at the notion without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is for ye to come over into the house and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means; but by yourself. And you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make your will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbors and Billy Scanlan, the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, leaving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand! And as the neighbors will see ye, and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will! But have no fear. Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarreled with him last week about the Easter dues, and Father Tom said he'd not give him the rites—and that's lucky now. Come along, now, quick!—for we've no time to lose. It must be all finished before the day breaks."

"All right!" was the reply.

My father did not lose much time at his toilet—for he just wrapped his big coat around him, and slipping on the brogues, left the house. I sat up in the bed; and listened till they were gone some minutes. Then, in a costume as light as my parent's, I set out after them to watch the course of the adventure. I thought it take a short cut, and he before them; but,

by bad luck, I fell into a bog-hole, and only escaped drowning by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little stool, with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the whole proceeding. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed and beside it was a table with physic bottles, and spoons, and teacups. A little further off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him.

The country people sat two and sometimes three deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to soothe his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky, which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly-wrought expression of the country people's faces—never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or sob—the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back;—these were all so real that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low, faint cough from the dark corner where the bed stood seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then, in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said:

"Where's Billy Scanlan!" I want him to make my will."

"He's here, father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand, and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy; and be quick—for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites!"

A general chorus muttered, "Oh! misha! misha!" was heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unfeeling severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind."

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son Peter,—and never was there a better son or a decenter boy! Have you that down?—I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killinnooney and Knockbeobora, with the field meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge and right of turf on the Doonac bog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lanty Casan's acre, and Lusny field with the limekiln. And that reminds me that my mouth is dry. Let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he. "Oh, I remember—at the limekiln. I leave him—that's Peter I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's well; and it is the elegant fine crops that grow there!"

"Ain't you getting wack, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of his father's loquaciousness—for to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he—"I am getting wack. Ah, Peter! Peter! you watered the drink!"

"No, indeed, father! But it's the taste is laavin' you!" says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the wide cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done, now," says my father. "There's only one little spot of ground remaining, and I put it on you, Peter,—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are the neighbors listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes sir! Yes, father, we're all minding," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be a poison to me if I am not as eager about this as every other part of the will!"

"I'll say, then, I bequeath the