A. H. BOWEN. JAS. LAIRD.

BOWEN & LAIRD, Attneys at Law

REAL ESTATE AGENTS. Will practice in all the Courts of

the State. JUNIATA - - - NEBRASKA

Cobe, Marquett & Moore, JAWYERS,

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID term of the District Courts of the several

r. R. WILLCOX. J. S. GILHAM. Willean & Gilham

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Will Practice in all the Courts of the Collection Promptly Attended to

OFFICE IN POST OFFICE BUILDING. Red Cloud.

WORSWICK & CO. BANKERS, AND DEALERS IN

REAL ESTATE. HASTINGS, ... NEB. Prompt attention given to Collections, 46-6

W. N. SICHARDSON, J. A. TULLEYS

Richardson & Tulleys.

REAL ESTATE & COL'CTING AGENTS

Will buy and sell Real Estate on Commission, and pay taxes for non-residents.

Special attention given to collections. Cor-respondence solicited. All letters of inquiry, or on business promptly answered. RED CLOUD, - - - NEB. Capt. R. B. Parsaen, Notary Public. . W. DORSEY.

DORSEY & PRESSON, Real Estate Dealers, LONGINGTON - - NEB.

Have constantly for sale a large quantity of choice Lands in Southern Nebraska. Also buy and sell tands on Commission and pay Taxes for non-residents. tion of a claims before the local and general Land Offices, and Secretary of the Interior.

D. H. Freeman, JUNIATA, . . . NEB.

Buys and sells Western Securities. School Bonds a Specialty.

BUCK HOUSE. GEORGE, BUCK, Jun., - - PROPRIETOR, RANKLIN, NEB.

Good Accommodations, Livery and Feed Stables.

La Clede House.

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

ATTAEN AYRES, - - - Proprietor. Good Stable in Connection with the

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK. This betel has been refitted and refurnished throughout. Commercial Men. Railroad Men and all parties visiting Red Cloud, will find mple accommodations at this Hetel.

HOUSE:

ClovertonHouse or the superb Chromo, "THE TWINS" CLOVERTON, NEBRASKA.

including postage. No extras of any kind. Without premium \$3.00 a year. ... Proprietor. Stables, Good Beds, and Square Liberal commissions and exclusive territo-ry. Samples and circulars free. Send Postal Card at once to Mask, at Reasonable Rates. HORATIO C. KING, Publisher. of the Travelling Pub-

# RED (LOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

be first class in every respect.

PROCTOR HOUSE.

G. D. PROCTOR, -- PROPRIETOR,

HEBRON, NEBRASKA

The Traveling Public Will find this Hotel to

enarest Station on the St. Joe & D. C. R. R.

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

JOS. C. WARNER, - - Proprietor

This Hotel is entirely new, having been built be present season, and is fitted up with regard to

COMPORT 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

FOR BEEF CATTLE, HOGS,

Red Cloud. - - - Neb.

AND HIDES.

BILLIAND PARLOR.

T. R. LEE.

Hastings, - - - Nebraska.

The best supplies at the bar. 49-6m

This establishment has just been fitted up

Dr. T. B. WILLIAMS,

Family Physician,

Tenders his services to the public and

Office at the Red Cloud Drug Store.

LIVERY & FEED

STABLE

J. D. POST, Proprietor.

Having fitted up a large Stable is prepared

at all times to furnish room and feed for team

Stable West of the Valley House,

STONE MASON.

H. C. WEBER,

Miss S. A. Munsell,

Would respectfully inform the Ladies of Red

Cloud and vicinity that she is pre-pared to execute orders for

MILLINERY,

Dress-Making

PLAIN SEWING of all Kinds

LADIES HATS, &c.

LACES, VEILS,

KID GLOVES.

TALLMAGE'S

Miss S. A. MUNSELL,

In McNitt's Building.

"THE BEST RELIGIOUS PAPER"

A Choice of

TWO BEATTIFUL PREMIUMS.

An Illuminated Portfolio of Twelve Gems by Hendschel, each 8|x10| in.,

22x28 in., after Land-eer. Price \$3.25

AGENTS WANTED.

Box 5105, New York.

Livery rigs on short notice.

will attend to all Professional calls.

and sell fresh meats of all kinds.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13, 1875.

NO: 23.

## GOODS!

J. G. POTTER

Takes this method to Inform the Public that he has Just opened up a new and complete Stock of DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

Consisting in part of CALICOES, DARK, LIGHT & PINK, CHAMBRES, DELAINES, LAWNS, DRESS TRIMMINGS & LININGS,

TABLE LINENS, & TOWELING, PANTS, OVER-ALLS & SHIRTING,

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, COFFEE, SUGARS & TEAS of all Kinds,

Canned Fruits, Oysters and Crackers, Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos,

FLOUR, MEAL & BACON.

Park's Shor Shop where he will keep And everything usually kept in a First Class Dry Goods & Grocery Store. J. G. Potter,"

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

W. L. VANALSTYNE REDU OUD, ... NEBRASKA. DEALER IN

PINE LUMBER, LATH, SHINGELS 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.



### Would approunce to the people of Red all kinds of Mason work on short notice and reasonable terms. All orders may be left at this office or at his residence four miles north east of Red Cloud, Se . 20, town 2, range 10

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 competi-

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

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

FARM MACHINERY,

NAILS, and HOUSE TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY. TRIMMINGS. TINWARE, and MASONS TOOLS, SADLERS HARD-WARE, a full assortment.

FORKES, SHOVELS, SPADES, HOES, WAGON SEAT SPRINGS, &C., &C. Also BROOMS, SUGAR BOXES, BASKETS, and BATH BRICK.

M. B. MCNITT,

Nebraska. Red Coud,

OSWALD OLIVER.

THE CHICAGO LUMBER YARD !

RED CLOUD. - - NEB. HASTINGS,

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

AT

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. IO VERS PARDOE.

Hastings, Hebraska

## CORM SONG.

BY J. G WEITTIER

Heap high the farmer's wintery heard! Heap high the golden corn : No richer gift the autumn poured

From out ber lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean

The apple from the pine; The erange from its glossy green. The cluster from the vine.

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 changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o're hill and plain, Beneath the sun of liny, 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 hot midsummer noon,

Its soft and snowy bair. And now with autumn's moonlit eyes. Its harvest time is come; We plack away its frosty leves. 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 iders roll in silk,

Around the costly board; Give us the bowl of samp and milk, By homespun beauty poured. Then shame on all the pruod and vain, Whose folly laughs to scorn

The blessing of our hardy grain: Our wealth of golden corn. Let earth withhold her goodly root: Let mildew blight the rye; Give to the worm the orchard fruit,

And wheat fields to the fly But let the good old erop adorn The hills our fathers trod : Still let us for his golden corn

#### Send up our thanks to God. AN IRISH TALE,

It was a little after midnight that in. I heard it first-for I used to him to the bedside. sleep in a little snug basket near the "Write what I bid ye, Billy, and fire : but I didn't speak, for I was be quick-for I haven't a long time frightened. It was still repeated afore me here. I die a good Catholouder, and then came a cry: "Con lie, though Father O'Rafferty won't Cregan! Con! I say! Open the

door! I want you!" I knew the voice well. It was Peter McCabe's. But 1 pretended the room; but whether in grief over to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. the sad fate of the dying man, or the At last my father unbolted the door, unflinching severity of the priest, is and I heard him say:

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

dead !" replied Peter, "Glory be his bed! When did it expressions. happen ?"

en, Con! and never made a will!"

said whatever was pleasing to the turf on the Doorac bog. I give him

were always reckoned the very image freshed by it. of my father; and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

without well knowing why.

come over into the house and get into the bed."

father, trembling.

"By no means; but by yourself. And you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send Peter! you watered the drink!" for the neighbors and Billy Scanlan, the schoolmaster, and ye'il tell him the taste is lavin' you!" says Peter ; what to write, leaving all the farm and again a low chorus of compassionand everything to me-ye understand! ate pity murmured through the wide And as the neighbors will see ye, and cabin. hear yer voice, it will never be believ- "Well, I'm nearly done, now," T. J. PARDOE | ed 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 NEB 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. short cut, and he before them; but, at the cross to Con Change and his mer, "there's millions in it."

and only escaped drowning by a saints! but I feel my heart grow chance. As it was, when I reached lighter after that !" says he. A good the house, the performance had al- work makes an easy conscience. And ready begun.

I think I see the whole scene this health, and many happy returns-" instant before my eyes, as I sat on a it was a table with physic bottles, and let his father die impeace. spoons, and teacups. A little further off was another table, at which sat slipped back to my father, who was

writing materials before him. sometimes three deep round the two acres at the cross?" walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself "Sure it was all a joke, for the matter helping the company to whisky, which | tell them all about it?" was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit it?" 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 facesnever more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind ; the low, by a sigh or sob-the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend. whoes memory was thus foreibly me shake with fear. brought back ;-these were all so real shook with fear.

then, in a silence where the buzzing of legacy he left himself. And thus we a fly would have been heard, my fath- became the owners of the little spot

"Where's Billy Scanlan!" I want

him to make my will." "He's here, father!" said Peter, a knock came to the door of our cab taking Billy by the hand, and leading

> give me the rites!" "Whose stomach?" feebly a ked the A general chorus muttered, "Oh

musha! musha!" was heard through hard to say.

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

"Faix! that's what he is-for he's | Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable

"I bequeath unto my son Peter,-"About an hour ago," said Peter, and never was there a better son or in a voice that even I, from my cor- a decenter boy! Have you that ner, could perceive was greatly agi- down?-I bequeath unto my son Petated. "He died like an ould heath- ter the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora "That's bad!" said my father-for with the fellow meadows behind he was always a polite man, and Lynch's house, the forge and right of -and much good may it do him-"It is bad!" said Peter; "but it Lanty Cassarn's acre, and Luany field would be worse if he couldn't help with the limekiln. And that reminds it. Listen to me, Corney! I want me that my mouth is dry. Let me ye to help me in this business; and taste what ye have in the jug." here are five guineas in gold if ye do Here the dying man took a very hearwhat I bid ye. You know that ye ty pull, and seemed considerably re-

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he. "Oh, I remember - at the limekiln. I leave him-that's Peter "Arrah!" said my father-for he I mean-the two potato gardens at was getting frightened at the notion Noonan's well; and it is the elegant fine crops that grow there !"

"Well, what I want is for ye to "Ain't you getting wake, father, darlin?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquacio ispess-"Not beside the corpse?" said my 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 wake. Ab, Peter!

"No, indeed, father! But it's

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 Scaplan listening?"

"Yes sir! Yes, father, we're all minding," chorased the audience. "Well, then, it's my last will and

-"and may that blessed liquor be a the boys and girls who play about the poison to me if I am not as eager golden streets and have ponies and about this as every other part of the borses to ride upon. will! I say, then, I bequesth the My father did not lose much time little plot at the cross-roads to poor at his toilet-for he just wrapped his Con Cregan-for he has a heavy ploy has reached Norristown. A genbig coat around him, and, slipping charge, and is as honest and as bard- tleman returned a pound of cheese be on the brognes, left the house. I sat working a man as I ever knew. Be a had bought of a grocer, with the re- the fight. up in the basket; and listened till they friend to him, Peter, dear! Never mark that it was too lively for his use. were gone some minutes. Then, in a let him want while ye have it yourself. The grocer, somewhat offended excostume as light as my parent's, I set Think of me on my deathbed when- amined his cheese, and replied that it out after them to watch the course of ever he asks you for any trifle! Is it was worth as much as any other

by bad luck, I fell into a bog-hole, heirs forever! Ah! blessed be the now I'll drink the company's good

What he was going to add, there's little window, with one pane, and that no saying; but Peter, who was now a broken one, and surveyed the whole terribly frightened at the lively tone proceeding. It was a large room, at the sick man was assuming, hurried one end of which was a bed and beside all the people into another room to When they were all gone, Peter

Billy Scanlan, with all manner of putting on his brogans in a corner. "Con." says he, "ye did it all well. The country people sat two and But sure that was a joke about the "Of course it was, Peter," says he,

went from place to place, trying to of that! Won't I make the neighsmother his grief, and occasionally bors laugh hearty, to-morrow, when I "What!" exclaimed Peter, in

amazement. "Tell 'em all about "Faith! and why shouldn't I?" re-

turned my father, drily, "You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembli-

with fright. "Sure, ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save words ?"says my father-"the last words he ever spoke?" And here he gave a low, wicked laugh that made

"Very well, Con," says Peter, hold that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of ing out his hand, "a bargain's a barawe stole over me, and I actually gain. Yer a deep felloy, that's all !' Father only chuckled a little at this, A low, faint cough from the dark but said nothing. And so it ended, corner where the bed stood seemed to and my father slipped quietly over the cause even a deeper stillness; and log, mighty well satisfied with the

> known to this day as Con's Acre. To secure a result-Lock it up.

A matter of course-A horse race Nu unfortunate trader looks down in the mouth as a dentist.

If speech is silver and silence gold, how much is a dumb man worth? A physician advised a patient "to take a walk on an empty stomach.

"What's the diferance between mice that have been eating greeabacks

both scripchewers! The Gardner (Main) Journal says there is a store in that place in which a skull is kept on the counter marked

"What station do you call this?"

said a man, as he crawled out of the debris of a railroad smash-up. "Devastation," replied the urbane con- laid still then and let the chair bave "Well Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" No:

but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the barber made a dead head of him. He ing, when the fellow drew him-self up

"Well, what of it?" says we.

"We neber charge editors nuffin. "But my worthy friend," we continued, "There are a good many editors traveling no wadays, and such liberality

"Oh! neber minl," remarked the barber, "we make it up off de gem-

An English teacher, enjoining upon the members of a training class their duty of giving to children bright and happy thoughts of religion, used this illustration of the danger of the opposite course: He said a little girl was once asking her elder sister about

"Do they play in heaven?" she in "No; they do not play there."

"What do they do?"

"They sing and are good." "Are there no toys there?" "No, not any." "No dolls, nor balls, nor Noah's

"Oh, no !" "Then," said the little one, "I shall take my dolly and go to hell." speaker said he rather liked Luther's testament, and may-give me over idea of heaven, and referred to his the jug"-here he took a long drink letter to his son, in which he told of

The slang of Mark Twain's per the adventure. I thought to take a down, Billy Scaplan !- the two acres cheese. "Yes," returned the coate-

"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a gentle man. "They are in a west place,

#### A Manly Example

A tall, youthful looking, country man paid his first visit to Baltimore a few days ago, and invited a lady acquaintance to visit a theatre with him. They lady accepted the invitation, and the young man, following the crowd, walked up to the ticket office, laid down a fifty cent note for his ticket, and turning to his companion, said to her: "The price is fifty cents." The lady happened to have her portmonaie with her, and, an preciating the situation drew from it a fifty cent note, and her callant cornpanion passed it in with his own money, and obtaining two tickets, Landed one of them to ber, which she quietly accepted and passed in after ber rural beau.

Old McStinger's Engagement with the Rocking-Chair.

(From the Columbus Journal.)

Gld McStinger was going to bed a little wavy the other night, and not wishing to disturb Mrs. Madtinger, who has a tongue like a rut tail file; he thought it just as well not to turn on the gas. He got along very well until he reached the door of the chamber where his patient wife lay sleeping. Here he paused a moment, balanding on his heels like a pole on a juggler's nose. Then he made a dash for it, in order to make a boe line scross the floor. Mrs. McStinger, with her usu al exemplary fortitude, had placed the rocking chair with such gifted skill that no man could come into the room without running over it; so the first thing he knew McStinger stubbed had toe pail off against the rocker, which knocked the scat against the craft bone of his knee, and made one of the long arms prod him in the stomach. Simultaneously he fell over the chair crosswise, and it kicked him behind his back before he could get up from the floor as he stood on all fours. The engagement was now fully opened. When a man begins falling over a rocking-chair in a dark room he ought always to have three days rations and forty rounds. Before McStinger could get up straight his knee came down on one of the long rockers behind; and the back of the chair came down on his head with a whack that laid him out flat on the floor; and before he could move, the chair kicked bim three times in the tenderest part of bis ribs, with the sharp end of the rocker. This made him perfectly furious, and he scrambled up and made a blind rush at the chair, deterand the epistles of Paul?" They are mined to bille up the entry's works. it rocked forward with him, turning a complete somersault over the handles,

throwing McStinger half way across "This man was a drummer Beware!" the room and landing on top of him, digging into his abdomen like a bell's horns, as he lay spread out on the under side. It would have been a good thing for McStinger if he bad its own way. It lay flat on its back, with the long points of the rockers embracing his abdomen, and didn't seem to want to do any thing active just then. But McStinger couldn't make up his mind to give at up yet. He rolled over sideways and upset the An editor relates how a colored chair. It fell with a crash on its side, giving him a furious dig in the liver; offered him the usual dime for shav- which made him straight m out his legs spasmodically, barking one shin with considerable pomposity, and from the instep to the knee on the rocker which hung in the air, and set-"I understand dat you is an edi- ting the chair on its feet again, where it stood rocking backward and forward at him, like a wary old ram making feints of butting its adversary, in order to throw him off his goard. The blow in the side nearly finished Me-Stinger, and while lying there rubbing on your part would prove a ruinous his wind back again, he was just beginning to reflect whether his honor required him to proceed any further in the affair, when Mrs. McStinger suddealy began screening all the names in the crimes act, under the impression that the Charley Ross abductors were trying to commit a burglary, bigamy, robbery and every thing else on her. Up to this time she had been speechless with terror, and had lam there trembling, shedding perspiration and accumulating shricking power, until she had guined the screaming capacity of a camel-back engine. She had just reached her third aforzando fortistimo acceleranbo, and was beginning to wonder whether there ready was a God in Israel, when old McStinger succeeded in getting to his feet once more and became dimly visible to Mrs. McStinger. With one last wild parting shrick she aprade from the bed and made a dash for the door, near which the rocking chair still stood menacing the whole universe with a butting motion. Mrs. Mc-Stinger had no time for investigation just then, and she pitched into and over the racking chair and clear on down stairs, the chair after her, turning over and over, and kicking Mrs. McStinger every bomp until they both landed in the hall below, where the chair broke all to store. This ended

> If wives will learn from this and story not to leave rocking chairs stand ing cround in the withhe of the room for their poor husbands to fell overs To shall not have written in role:

0,