

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.
Red Cloud, Webster county, Nebraska.

A weekly journal devoted to the interests of the world in general and Webster county and adjacent territory particularly. The largest and best equipped paper in the great Republican valley.

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Ave down north of 1st St. Bank, RED CLOUD, NEB.

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There is to be some changes in our business affairs and we wish to close out our cloaks, shawls and skirts.

CLOAKS, CLOAKS.

SHAWLS, Shawls, Shawls, SHAWLS.

SHAWLS

SKIRTS! SKIRTS!

SKIRTS, SKIRTS,

We will see that they are sold for less than so-called

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REMEMBER OUR MOTTO:

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD,—COST WHAT IT MAY.

Plaids, Stripes, Combinations, etc., that we consider cheap at 30c, 35c, 40c, and 45c, will all be sold the

Very LOW FIGURES of 20c PER YARD.

COME BEFRE IT IS TOO LATE!

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BUY YOUR GOODS AT THE

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Opposite Postoffice. My stock of Furniture and Mortuary Goods, is the LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE ever brought to the the Republ. can Valley and my prices can not fail to please.

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FRIDAY JANUARY 8 1886.

Helps to Somebody.

Press the finger against the upper lip, close to the nostrils, to prevent a sneeze.

Strike a clock, then put on the hands at the hour struck, in order to have them correspond.

For cramp in the feet, press the hollow of the foot against something hard and round. A broom handle is the best thing.

Add to the covered brick used as a weight for holding a door open a strip of the covering sewed strongly to the sides and raised just enough to admit the foot, then lift it by the toes and save stooping.

An aid in making button holes in a garment which frays badly is to take a piece of glue that has a smooth and rather thick edge, dip it slightly in hot water, and pass lightly over the goods before cutting the button-holes. The result will be satisfactory.

In putting away Summer or Winter clothing for the season label all packages on the outside, and keep handy a memorandum book with the contents of each trunk, drawer or chest specified. It will prove a saver of time and vexation. One often forgets just where a bundle, or mittens, or scarf, etc., were put, especially if the accustomed place has been changed.

Keep, if you can, a closet for the sole use of medicines and appliances for sickness or accidents. A narrow, high, chimney-side closet answers the purpose admirably, with shelves over it, and deep drawers to fill the remaining space. Bundles of old, soft cotton and linen pieces, a roll of cotton batting and flannel, the rubber bag, medicine dropper, bed-pan and feeding-cup, and everything needed in an emergency or long sickness. Have every vial plainly labelled, those marked poison place always on the upper shelf. Keep the whole under lock and key, the key beyond reach of children, but easily accessible to older members of the family. —Good Housekeeper.

Sam Jones' Story.

As told at the Methodist church Friday night it is as follows: "There was a married couple with half a dozen children and only one bed. The whole family slept on that bed and were so packed that one couldn't turn over at all. So when anyone got tired sleeping on one side he'd say, 'turn'—and over the whole family went. They got so used to that, even when they heard the word 'turn' in their sleep they would bustle over. One day the old man was fishing on a log bridge over the river. The son was hot and the fish wouldn't bite, and he fell asleep balanced on the log. One of the boys saw him and thought he would try a joke, and hallooed out 'Turn!' Over the old man went kerplop into the water. Now I want the temperance men to halloo 'Turn!' to the anti-men who are asleep on the bridge over the prohibition river. They will hear it and drop in." —Atlanta Constitution.

The Mersey Tunnel.

This important undertaking, being very nearly completed, is on the eve of opening for traffic, and by the end of the quarter it is expected that trains will be running regularly and frequently between Liverpool and Birkenhead. The time-tables and the fare tariff are undergoing final revision. Advantage has been taken of some unavoidable delay in completing the ventilating apparatus to arrange the junction for the lines authorized in the last session of parliament for connecting the tunnel with the rails along the line of docks. The ventilation is secured by means of powerful fans in the air-shafts in the tunnel, which produce a current of air at the force of thirty miles an hour. Access to the tunnel for passengers will be obtained by a stairway, an inclined way, and an immense lift capable of carrying one hundred persons. It is hoped that the prince of Wales may consent to open the tunnel. —London News.

True Friendship.

Hirsch and Hertz, both Israelites, were partners in business. Both were rich, both had families, and both were devoted friends. They were moreover the most devoted friends. So great was their friendship for each other that they had made their wills, each bequeathing to the survivor all his property.

One day Hirsch appeared at police headquarters in a very much excited frame of mind. He was pale and trembling. He stated, in a voice quivering with emotion, that for three days he had not seen or heard anything of his bosom friend, Hertz; that he, Hirsch, had reason to fear that Hertz had met with foul play. The chief of police replied calmly:

"The proper way to do, Mr. Hirsch, is to offer a liberal reward to anybody who will bring back your friend."

"I will give five hundred tollars to anybody who will bring back my dear friend alive and well," sobbed Hirsch.

"You must try and brace up. You must accustom yourself to the idea that your friend is dead."

"Lead, lead!" shrieked Hirsch, seizing his hair with both hands.

"Yes, and you should provide for that emergency by offering a reward for the return of his remains."

HOW BEES COMMUNICATE.

Mr. C. H. Lake, of Baltimore, writes to a local paper that bees have a language well understood by themselves, and pretty well known by any bee-keeper of any extensive experience. The hum of contentment, the hum of trouble, the hum of peace, the hum of defense, the hum of plenty, the buzz of starvation, the roar of grief, the hum of joy, the buzz of the heavy laden, the cry of pain, and the music of their 'distilling' hours are well understood by the watchful bee-keeper. The cry of pain from a bee within hearing of the hive will affect the whole colony. I have often taken up bees into a honey-room and allowed them to fill themselves with honey and then open the windows a little and allow them to go into their hive. In a short time they would return, and before many minutes the whole colony seemed to be made aware of the booty at hand, and upon closing the window hundreds collected, buzzing terribly to gain admittance, buzzing as if to test the sagacity of Italian bees. I caused a block of honey to be broken on the sill of a window; in less than three minutes the first bee made its appearance, it made three trips before a companion came with it, and within ten minutes over twenty were feeding on it. I then closed the window and formed a small opening in one corner of the paper, every bee came through that opening upon the table on which the honey now lay, and their number increased; the honey was next taken into a passage-way connecting with an adjoining room; here, too, the bees followed, and had to pass under the door. The honey was next placed in a dark closet, made tight, except a small opening near the lock, and here they found it as readily as in the open room and communicated to the others, and for an hour a steady stream of bees was pouring forth from the hive to the honey, while other colonies within twenty feet were quiet. The experiment was tried in August, when no honey was coming in.

A year ago one of my assistants went to a neighboring apiarist to remove the surplus honey, which was taken into a dark cellar. The adjoining cellar was lighted by a window that had a small piece broken out of one pane, scarcely large enough to admit the passage of more than one bee at a time. The owner, upon going to the cellar in order to get some marketing products the next morning, discovered a bee or two going through the opening, but thinking no harm could come from it, was content to let it pass, as he supposed, his honey safe. Imagine his surprise upon his return to find a cloud of bees on the window and his honey gone; one or two had been left in the boxes when carried to the cellar, that had found a way of escape through the broken pane, and communicated where their hidden treasure was.

An early writer in an English paper thus alludes to a similar occurrence under his observation. "A few pounds of honey was taken from a hive about six miles from London, and placed in a closet under lock and key. The windows of the room having been left open, the bees gained admission and, entering the closet under the door, removed the whole of the honey. The cells of wax were left entirely and the honey was conveyed to the central division of the hive, where it was safely deposited during the day. It is evident that bees must have been employed to observe where the honey was placed, and that as soon as the information was communicated to the hive, the colony took this vigorous measure for the recovery of the stolen property. It is remarkable that they should have succeeded so completely and in so short a time, since the closet was entirely dark and they could only enter by a crevice under the door."

She Sits a Queen.

An Englishman writing "Some American Notes," just published in *Macmillan's*, says of Chicago:

Nothing I saw in America impressed me more than this city. I had not conceived of anything so fine, so really inspiring as its greatness and enterprise. Beautiful it is not, for nothing that the craft or energy of man has reared upon American soil is truly beautiful; but there is dignity in the long lines of the tree-bordered avenues and the vistas of the stately streets. And to think of the activity displayed in the great reconstruction! Fourteen years ago, when fire laid the city in ruins, a population of 300,000, with the population of Chicago, with its suburbs, must approach three-quarters of a million. There is no one—no American—who does not take pride in Chicago, and regard with as much awe as an American is capable of regarding the spectacle of its prodigious and unexampled development. And yet it is not America alone which should be proud; for it was not America alone, it was the whole civilized world which raised this phoenix city from the ashes of the old. To-day the population of Chicago is not yet American; it is German, Scandinavian, Irish, English. You hear all Teutonic tongues in the streets. The first person who spoke to me after my arrival was a woman, who asked for a direction, and addressed me in Norwegian. The names above the stores are two-thirds German. The women of every all the rapid freshness and bloom of the Teutonic type, the sap of the old world is not yet dried out of the faces of the men. The inevitable change no doubt will come. The men will soon wither into Americans, and the beautiful women of Chicago will learn to eat five meat meals a day.

But at the present hour, nothing is more amazing than this queen of the West and her immense and unwarmed activities. Thirty trunk lines, with their countless affluents and tributaries, empty and refill their cars in her depots. As in the days of her imperial dominion all roads in the civilized world led to Rome, so do all the new highways of American civilization lead to Chicago. Along these iron arteries of commerce the wealth of a whole nation is poured into her lap. The forests of the north pile high her quays with timber; the prairies of the west fill her store-houses with grain; the cattle from a thousand miles are gathered in her yards. Her wide arms are over every city, town and village in the West. Upon the main of her store-rooms stand the ships of commerce, and the masts of her steam-ship lines are the masts of her empire.

Under the old regime the capacity of distilling was about twenty gallons. It was rare to find one that made a barrel per day, and two gallons per bushel was considered a large yield, and often the cellar of a gentleman's house was his warehouse. Ready customers were on hand with their jugs, waiting the run. The taste of that day had not been cultivated to a just appreciation of 15-year-old Bourbon, but thought a little catnip and tansy gave it a fine flavor. The distillery usually consisted of a log cabin, and often only a shed in the open air.

Since alcohol becomes vapor at a lower temperature than water boils, the vapor that arises is almost entirely alcohol, which goes through copper pipes, or what is called the worm, simply because it is cooled around the inside of a large tub or flake stand, which is constantly supplied with cold water introduced in the bottom of the flake stand, the heated water overflowing at the top. This cold water condensed the vapor in the worm, which came out what was called singlings. This was redistilled in the same way to give a higher proof whisky. In that day there was no such thing as a thermometer; the distiller's arm was the substitute in testing the heat of his tubs, and the proof vial was used instead of the hydrometer, and the proof of whisky was decided by the local. The distiller in running his proof from the still would shut it off when the bell of the worm disappeared, and would run what was called backings as long as they would burn. The custom was to throw them on the cap and set fire to them. This was redoubled with the singling.

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Old-Time Whisky.

The mode of manufacturing whisky in the days when it was sent down the Mississippi river on flat boats and sold at 15 and 20 cents per gallon, differed as widely as possible from that of the present, says the *Louisville Commercial*. The location of springs in that day decided that of the distillery, for the simple reason that they had no machinery or pumps, and the water flowed through troughs, dug out of oak saplings into the flake stand or condenser. Of necessity the spring was sufficiently elevated to flow in the top of the flake stand. The whisky of that day can truly be said to have been hand made, as everything was done by manual labor. The grain was ground at the neighborhood horse-mill and carted on horseback to the distillery. The mashing was done in small tubs, as now, except that the spent beer or slop was carried in buckets from the still to the tubs. The meal was then put in and stirred with a stick until thoroughly cooked into mush, and let stand about twenty-four hours to cool. Then cold water was put in and thoroughly stirred. Yeast was then taken from tubs in a state of fermentation and put into the new tubs, and allowed to stand forty-eight or seventy-two hours, as the weather might be cold or warm—the colder, the longer the time of fermentation.

After the fermentation was complete the mash became beer, which was dipped in buckets and run through into jup-shaped copper stills which were placed on a rock and the furnaces so built that the fire, made of wood, went entirely around the still some distance above the bottom, the smoke coming out into the distillery. But the distiller, to make doubly sure that his still might not burn by the setting of the meal, which would prevent the beer coming in contact with the heated still, would leave off what was called the cap and stir with a pole until the lever was about to boil, when he would replace the cap and paste it around with rye meal. This boiling process is called distilling.

Since alcohol becomes vapor at a lower temperature than water boils, the vapor that arises is almost entirely alcohol, which goes through copper pipes, or what is called the worm, simply because it is cooled around the inside of a large tub or flake stand, which is constantly supplied with cold water introduced in the bottom of the flake stand, the heated water overflowing at the top. This cold water condensed the vapor in the worm, which came out what was called singlings. This was redistilled in the same way to give a higher proof whisky. In that day there was no such thing as a thermometer; the distiller's arm was the substitute in testing the heat of his tubs, and the proof vial was used instead of the hydrometer, and the proof of whisky was decided by the local. The distiller in running his proof from the still would shut it off when the bell of the worm disappeared, and would run what was called backings as long as they would burn. The custom was to throw them on the cap and set fire to them. This was redoubled with the singling.

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