

**WHAT BEAUTY IS.**  
 What constitutes beauty? It is the face that would be an ornament even without the smile.  
 It is not a face, no matter how fair; it is not an Adam's, no matter how sure; it is not a beauty—the kind that is made.  
 It is a face that is the result of a life that is lived.  
 What, then, makes beauty? A face may be made.  
 Or even to take, you may contain something that makes us, without knowing how.  
 The beauty that makes us into it, however.  
 What is it, then, beauty? The eyes do that.  
 With love or affection or friendly desire, the lips do that, smile from a gladness inside. The look that shows us that we are loved.  
 What constitutes beauty? The grasp of the hand that tells you are welcome wherever you stand.  
 The eyes do that, listen with sympathy true. The words that give comfort, that courage renew.  
 What constitutes beauty? Good actions do all. The hands that will help you to rise if you fall. The voice that is honest and cheery and sweet—these only make beauty—forever—complete.  
 —R. G. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

**HUNTING A GRIZZLY.**  
 A Number of 'Would-Be' Hunters Indulge in Perilous Sport.

They Hunt Well, But Before the Day Was Over They Needed Some One to Help Them Let Go—The Boston Journalist.

Governor Waterman, of California, owns a gold mine in Cuyamaca valley called the Stonehill. It is a handsome piece of property and its operation has brought a number of small industries into the valley, such as ranching, bee-keeping, gardening, etc.

The Cuyamaca valley and the mountains surrounding it are infested with bears, both grizzlies and cinnamon, and their ravages on the small herds of cattle and swine in the region are by no means the least of the small rancher's troubles.

In a little canyon branching off from the trail which leads up to Governor Waterman's mine lives a little rancher named Greenwood. He has a vegetable patch and raises a lot of things for use on the mine, including horses. In the woods adjoining the little ranch runs a large herd of hogs. Greenwood lives with his wife and two children in the little "shanty" cabin. The hogs at night occupy a big corral built of logs and brushwood. One night in August Greenwood was awakened by a tremendous commotion in the pig-corral. The rancher arose and got down his rifle. His wife got up and peered out of the one window of the little cabin. Then she lighted a lamp and the two, opening the door, held the lamp out and peered from behind it. To their horror there stood, not more than fifty feet away, an enormous grizzly. He had a squalling porker under his left arm, and in anticipation of the coming feast his face was a joyous expression. The sudden glare of the lamp and the appearance of the ranchman and his wife astonished him, but he did not let go of the pig nor did he run. He simply stood up on his hind legs and seemed to say: "Well, who are you?" Greenwood brought up his rifle, but did not dare fire lest the bear might tear down the cabin.

The two hastily retired indoors and the huge bear leisurely walked off with his prize. It was a monster grizzly and Greenwood thought it would weigh twelve or fourteen hundred pounds.

A few days later Governor Waterman visited his mine and was told about another Greenwood's unwelcome guest. The Governor is something of a wag, and resolved to have some fun. He wrote to State Fish Commissioner Joe Redding, Dr. J. de Barth Short, of Los Angeles, and his private secretary, Marcus D. Borock, telling them of the find in the mountains, and asking them to get up a hunting party. Governor Waterman's secretary had not lost any grizzlies and did not care to be in pursuit of one. He declined to join the party and turned over his invitation to Charles Yale, secretary of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Mr. Yale accepted it with eagerness. Another gentleman invited to join the party was Allen Keely, a Boston journalist returning in Los Angeles. He had conceived the purpose of capturing a grizzly bear alive and sending it as a sensational gift to the Boston zoological collection. Mr. Keely believed it to be perfectly feasible to tame one of these bears, and with that idea in view he had taken several courses of instruction in the use of the lariat from an accomplished Mexican vaquero.

smaller branches so as to leave room for either rifle practice or the swing of Mr. Keely's lasso, so might be required.

By this time the evening shadows were falling and the party started for the cabin. About one hundred yards from the cache was a marshy swale several rods wide which it was necessary to cross to get to the cabin. It was in fact a mudhole, very wet, but dotted with clumps of bog which would support a man if the clumps were carefully picked out. The party crossed this in single file, led by Tip Ferguson, and were soon at the cabin. While supper was preparing the arms were got out and examined.

Supper over, the party started, Tip Ferguson leading. They crossed the swale in safety, and then, being near the cache, moved with the utmost caution and in breathless silence. Their hearts beat violently, and for the first time little Mr. Keely began to wish he had a gun. It was by this time nearly nine o'clock, and in the first darkness of a September night. While Tip Ferguson slowly reconnoitered and peered into the darkness the procession halted and the doctor lighted the kerosene torch. Under its light the party found the tree which in the afternoon they had prepared as a blind. And in a few moments all were in its branches. The cache beneath it had not been disturbed. "Well, come soon if we keep quiet," said Tip. But he didn't come for a long time. The party "doused" the burning kerosene and sat in darkness for two hours or more. The hard seats in the branches, the long, tedious vigil, the quiet of the night, and natural drowsiness soon relieved the party of its spirits, and the proposition then was made to go home. Just then, however, a commotion in the bushes was heard. It grew louder and louder. Then there was a roar, and pretty soon a rustle in another direction. It was evident that there was not only one bear approaching, but two. This discovery was quite enough to keep every hunter in his perch. But the grizzlies did not come near the tree. They seemed to meet in the bushes, about twenty yards away, and to be bent on having a good time until the breakfast hour. They growled and yowled and skylarked about and played for nearly two hours. The half-frozen hunters in the trees could see as the early dawn approached the chapeau move like waves in the sea, but they could see nothing to shoot at. An hour later daylight came and the bears began to think of breakfast. Slowly one of the monsters emerged from the brush. He was a tremendous animal, weighing a good deal more than half a ton. He came along with that lazy and peculiar shuffle so characteristic of the grizzly. His companion, evidently a female, was smaller but none the less formidable looking. The hunters prepared to open fire, but Mr. Keely decided for just one more chance with his lariat. This was reluctantly granted, for all were in great haste to end the business.

This story might have had a very different ending had Mr. Keely been refused permission to try his lariat. It was due to a most unfortunate circumstance connected with the lassoing of grizzlies, with which Mr. Keely was unfamiliar, that the tale ends as it does. In order to facilitate his use of the lariat Mr. Keely was given the topmost perch in the somewhat fragile tree, and to better secure his prey when caught he had made the "home end" of the rope securely fast about its trunk.

The big bear approached the cache, unconscious of danger. When within a few yards of the tree and just within lasso range Mr. Keely let fly his lariat. Alas! he had learned his vaquero lesson too well. The rope went out with a fierce whish, it gracefully uncoiled its coils in the air, and in a second its loop was around the bear's neck. Unfortunately it caught him with one forefoot out, so when taut it came around his breast and shoulders. The bear was greatly astonished, and gave forth a roar which sent his mate flying to the brush to protect her cub. Then he picked off the entangling rope, but Mr. Keely, with true vaquero skill, tightened the loop, and he could not shake it off. Disgusted and now thoroughly alarmed, the huge grizzly made a plunge for the brush. Mr. Keely paid out his rope with the skill of a whalerman till it brought up with a snap and a whirl which made the very air echo. Fortunately the tree-top gave, and the sudden shock and spring landed the bear on his back. Now began a struggle between rope, bear and tree, which promised startling results to the hunters. They foresaw this, for Tip yelled "Cut the rope; he'll have us up by the roots!" "Fire at him!" screamed the doctor, but who could fire and hold on for dear life at the same time? The bear was furious and struggled with all his strength. The rope was new and of the toughest hide. "He's got us like a trout on the end of a rod," gasped Commissioner Redding as he grasped the slender tree and held on. Meantime the bear's efforts redoubled. He pulled and tugged at the wayward tree till it almost bent double. At last with a mighty roar he gave one plunge down came the tree-top to the ground, and up came its roots. The hunters jumped for their lives. Relieved of the spring on the lariat, the latter snapped like a cord, and the bear, finding himself free, doubled on himself and made for his cavern. Then came a race for life. Fortunately, the monster was impeded by the trailing lariat and the swamp was near. Into it fell pell-mell plunged the fleeing animals. All were unarmed—their guns were shaken out of the tree early in the scene. The doctor went into the water up to his chin and the bear, floundered through up to their waists. Of course the bear would not follow them in the mud, and so ended the contest.

A courier-looking party never was seen than that which, still, cold and half-dressed, found its way on bear lasso to Greenwood's cabin. Mr. Greenwood did not abide them. He simply went behind his cabin and laughed for a good hour. The hunters themselves had no spirit for joking, and not one of them would under any circumstance speak to Mr. Keely. Their disgust with him was intense. —Chicago Times.

Look sharp, boys," exclaimed Tip Ferguson. "There's a grizzly not far off. This is a bear's cache. He killed that pig not more than an hour ago, and has gone after his mate. Let us keep a sharp eye and all just as he left it, and we'll all right. Meantime we will go back to the cabin for supper."

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Its superior excellence proved in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the great universities—the Harvard, Yale, and Cornell. It is the most perfect make.

**Great English Remedy. Murray's Specific.**  
 A guaranteed cure for all nervous diseases such as weak memory, loss of brain power, hysteria, headache, pain in the back, nervous prostration, vertigo, loss of appetite, universal lassitude, neuralgia, weakness, impotency, and general loss of power of the Nervous System—in other cases, caused by indigestion or overexertion and which ultimately lead to premature old age, infirmity and consumption. \$1.00 a box or six boxes for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Full particulars in pamphlet, sent free to every applicant.

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**  
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 The following all give the appearance of a healthy skin.

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**  
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**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
 By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, do hereby give notice that I shall sell at public sale on the 25th day of February 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Red Cloud, Nebraska, the following described real estate to-wit: The north-east quarter of section thirty-five (35) town two (2) range ten (10) north of range 10, and the north-east quarter of section thirty-six (36) town two (2) range ten (10) north of range 10, in Webster county, Nebraska, and will receive the proceeds of said sale for cash in hand, on the 25th day of February, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Red Cloud, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was held) at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

**NOTICE OF SALE.**  
 In the district court of Webster county, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Edward Demars.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of license made in said matter, at the court house in Alma, Harlan county, Nebraska, on the 22nd day of January, 1900, by the Hon. William G. O'Connell, judge of the district court of the eighth judicial district of Nebraska, J. Xavier Demars, administrator of the estate of Edward Demars, will on the 25th day of February, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Red Cloud, in Webster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: All the right, title and interest of which said Edward Demars died seized, in and to the north-west quarter, (1/4) of section five (5) township three, (3) range twelve, (12) west of the sixth principal meridian, in Webster county, Nebraska, arising by virtue of a contract for the purchase of said land executed by the Burlington and Missouri River rail road company in Nebraska to the said Edward Demars and bearing date September 11th, 1893, in Webster county, Nebraska. J. Xavier Demars, Administrator.

**NOTICE OF SALE.**  
 In the District court of Webster county, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Isaac May deceased.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of license made in said matter, at the court house in Alma, Harlan county, Nebraska, on the 22nd day of January, 1900, by the Hon. William G. O'Connell, judge of the district court of the eighth judicial district of Nebraska, J. Xavier Demars, administrator of the estate of Isaac May, will on the 25th day of February, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Red Cloud in the county of Webster, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described premises to-wit: The west one-half (1/2) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of section three, (3) town four, (4) range eleven, (11) west of the sixth principal meridian, in Webster county, Nebraska. J. Xavier Demars, Administrator.

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**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
 By virtue of an order of sale issued by L. H. Fort, clerk of the district court of the eighth judicial district in and for Webster county, Nebraska, do hereby give notice that I shall sell at public sale on the 25th day of February 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house in Red Cloud in said county, Nebraska, the following described real estate to-wit: The south one-half (1/2) of the north-east quarter (1/4) and the north-east quarter (1/4) of section three, (3) township four, (4) range eleven, (11) west of the sixth principal meridian, in Webster county, Nebraska. J. Xavier Demars, Administrator.

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**F. V. TAYLOR,**  
 KEEPS THE FINEST LINE OF  
**Furniture**  
 In the city at prices that all can afford to buy if in want of anything in his line.  
 Opposite First National Bank, Red Cloud.  
**LIVERY, FEED, and SALE STABLE.**  
 George Watson's old stand where we make a specialty of educating young horses for track or road. Call and see us.  
**GILBERT BROS. Prop.**

**-HOLLAND HOUSE-**  
**LIVERY AND FEED STABLE!**  
 J. C. HOLCOMB, Proprietor.  
 First-class Turnouts. Everything New, Neat and clean and in good repair.  
 Boarding and Feeding Teams at Reasonable Rates. Only the best hay and grain used at this stable. Give him a call. Gates' Old Stand, Red Cloud.

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**Fort Abstract Co., Red Cloud,**  
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**FIRST NATIONAL BANK,**  
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**CAPITAL - \$75,000**  
 Transact a general banking business, buy and sell county warrants, also county, precinct and school district bonds. Buy and sell foreign exchange.  
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 Jas. McNeary, J. A. Tully, G. W. Lindsey, R. V. Shirrey,  
 John R. Shirrey, Henry Clarke, A. J. Kenney.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**  
 Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of the eighth judicial district in and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending in said court wherein the said John A. Tully is plaintiff and Robert V. Shirrey, Henry Clarke and Howard B. Cathen are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public auction for cash in hand at the court house in Red Cloud in said county, Nebraska, the following described real estate to-wit: The south one-half (1/2) of the north-east quarter (1/4) and the north-east quarter (1/4) of section three, (3) township four, (4) range eleven, (11) west of the sixth principal meridian, in Webster county, Nebraska. J. Xavier Demars, Administrator.