

THE CHIEF

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What's in a Name?

(By HILL WILLOUGHBY)

CHAPTER VIII.

Before giving an account of the introduction of Dick to the young Quakeress, let me introduce her first to the reader.

She was an orphan, and had for some time past lived with her aunt and uncle—the good Quakers—and was to them as a daughter. She was, at the time of which I am writing, 18 years of age, a perfect type of womanhood, and blessed with a sweetness of disposition such as is rarely found among girls whose every desire has been anticipated by kind and indulgent parents or guardians.

I doubt much if this young lady was conscious of the excellence of her physical, mental and moral make-up. I had already learned enough of her history to know that she had been carefully educated and fitted for the adornment of society.

Well, to tell the truth, I, like many another young man, had a pet aspiration of my own; an aspiration which I had up to that time never divulged to any one, not even to Dick.

I had from my early boy-hood been infatuated with the thought that I should one day add my name to the already too long list of heroes who have sought to explore the north pole regions. And in order that there might be no unnecessary impediments to my becoming a great explorer, I determined not to fall in love with some pretty girl and join her fate to my very doubtful one as such explorer.

Naomi Sutherland—for such was her name—made an impression on my mind as she arose that day from her sewing chair, where she had been for hours stitching away at a dress for an old lady who had the misfortune to be too poor to hire her work done, to receive an introduction to Dick, who had entered her presence for the first time, and who stood in all his manly grandeur, and yet with a flush upon his cheek such as I had never before detected on a similar occasion; such an impression as shall never be effaced from my memory.

Naomi received Dick with that maidenly modesty peculiar to young women of real refinement. But I could not fail to notice that into her eyes came an expression such as I had not observed in them up to this time, and began to feel that my prophetic vision of love at first sight was about to materialize.

I had not many days to wait until I

saw the vision become a reality; saw unmistakably that Cupid had sent his golden tipped arrows with unerring aim deep into the hearts of this grand good man and this noble woman.

I have from my youth up abhorred all soft sentimentalism, believing, as I ever have, that a great proportion of the protestations of love we hear so much about is but the hollow vapors of diseased minds.

But here was a demonstration of the blessedness of a love born of heaven; a love such as God hath ordained; a love purely unselfish, grand and almost if, not altogether, incomprehensible to those who behold it only in others, but who had not fasted of its sweetness for themselves.

Dick and Naomi read together, walked together, played and sang together, and drank together from the same blessed fountain of love.

And here though at this long distance of both time and place from the scenes and experiences of those few bright days whose happenings I am trying to narrate, allow me to leave upon record my gratitude to the Author of all good, for this divine something called love; that spirit born of heaven which permeates the souls of men, women and innocent children. I have come to the point where I have all faith in the spirit of love, regarding it as the very foundation principle on which stands securely not only civil law, but the home, the grand intellectuality of the human race, and the future destiny of us all after we shall have passed beyond our present approximate environments.

I believe the passion of the soul to be, when in conformity with the law of God, as sacred in the mind of God as are His promises. Is it not so that God's kingdom is chiefly composed of love? I insist that love is the ruling passion of the soul. Hatred is a strong and fearful passion, but not so strong as not to yield to the gentle, subtle, yet all powerful, all consuming influence of pure love.

Divines may talk about the great love of God and His Christ, and declare that no man can love his fellow until after he has learned to love the Deity, but after all they cannot get over the fact that no man has as yet been able to love God, until after having tasted of that love which God ordained should be felt by mortals for one another. Says one of the bible writers: "For how can a man love God whom he hath not seen, and hate his brother whom he hath seen?"

And I give it further as my belief that nine-tenths of the religious instructors of the present age are wasting time in their fruitless efforts to convert the people by appealing to them to fall in love with the Deity. I believe that the chief ingredient in the Christian religion is love not to God, but love for our fellows; and when I listen to the appeals of the Christian ministry—falsely so called in many instances—to sinners to give their hearts to the Lord, and love Him, I feel that it is but a waste of time, so long as these sinners have not been taught that the Supreme commandment is that "Ye love one another."

Doubtless our first conception of love is the demonstration of that great principle on the part of one or more of our fellows.

But as I am not writing a work on moral ethics, but am simply recording the happenings to a limited number of my fellow beings, and giving some of their experiences, I beg pardon for the above digression, and shall again take up the thread of my narrative where it fell, and endeavor to weave it into the woof of my story.

One delightful afternoon as Dick and Naomi were out walking and enjoying the effects of the beautiful sun shine as it came subduedly through a sort of haze peculiar to Indian summer, and while all seemed to these two happy young souls but one eternal day of blessedness, they came of a sudden in sight of a throng of men, women and children who had congregated at one of the most public street corners, and without a thought of any danger of an interruption of their day-dreams, they soon found themselves in the very midst of this strange assembly. But they soon discovered that the cause of the commotion originated from a great strapping fellow who sat perched upon a seat in a market wagon, and who had wantonly

and maliciously driven his strong team into that of an old colored man, who with his frail looking old wife had but a few moments before been driving along the streets on their way to the market there to dispose of a weeks accumulation of eggs, butter and vegetables, and had so jostled their poor little rickety wagon as to send their products of the farm and dairy into the filth of the much neglected street. Then to add insult to injury this specimen of brutality sat upon his perch and gave vent to a string of abusive epithets, calling the poor old people niggers, and cursing the day wherein president Lincoln had struck the shackles off the limbs of near four million souls. I had been over to the post office, but on beholding the crowd at the corner had hurriedly crossed the street and arrived just in time to see the big blackguard remove a quid of tobacco from his cavernous mouth and bespatter the face of the poor old negro with the loathsome article just as she was crawling out from under his horses feet where she had fallen when so rudely jostled by the stronger team of the brute who drove it. In my excitement I had not noticed Dick's presence, but all of a sudden saw him leap from the sidewalk, place his hands on the wagon box, spring into the wagon and with a single blow knock the vulgar teamster off of the seat, in the mud below. "Bravo!" cried a one-legged soldier, and then a shout went up from the crowd. Dick sprang out just in time to meet the now infuriated villain who came at his antagonist like a wounded bison, but was met by Dick's good right fist, and sent sprawling upon the ground. Again he made a lunge at Dick, and again did he go down, but this time to lie very low in the gutter until pulled out by a trio of policemen who had just then come upon the scene. They were about to arrest Dick as well as the big duffer, but were employed by the old colored woman not "fo de deah Lawd's sake to rest an' take to de jail, de brassed gen'lman who had don stopped de mouf of de dirty blackguard what has don' gon' an' knocked us all into de mud." For once in the history of the strange things that do sometimes happen, be it recorded that these gentlemen of the star turned their attention to the mud-besmeared, woe-begone looking creature whom they had just dragged out of the gutter, and made no attempt to arrest Dick. Dick, assisted by Naomi, lent a helping hand at trying to save some of the goods of the old people whose hearts were well-nigh bursting with grief over the loss. After gathering up a portion of the rolls of butter, unbroken eggs, cabbages, and other stuff and restoring it to the little wagon, Naomi slipped a handful of bright silver coin into the hands of the old lady, and, touching Dick on the arm whispered that they would better return home.

I shall never forget how noble Dick looked as he passed through the crowd, and how supremely happy looked the sweet young lady who for the very first time—so far as I know—leaned gently upon the arm of her escort. That evening we all spent together at Phineas Bloomers', and a joyful evening it was. When I look back to that one particular evening, and remember how little did we suspect that before another such should be enjoyed by us collectively for many, many months, I am thankful that no such thought at the time crept in to turn our happiness into forebodings. There we were, Phineas, Ruth, his sweet-faced old wife, Naomi, Dick's affianced, (as I afterwards learned that she really was) Dick, the noble, great hearted Dick, and he who writes faithfully and true this narrative, be it never so homely executed.

We sat until late in the evening, talking, listening to Naomi at the piano, and to the pure flute-like voice of the bride that was to be, and to the full manly voice of her future husband. We took our leave at last, and returning to our hotel, were soon sleeping soundly. Next morning we awoke early, and after breakfast strolled out over town for our accustomed walk, when what should we hear but the names Bill Willoughby and Dick Nailor being cried by a little news-boy as he went from street corner to street corner offering the Columbus Journal for sale. As I now remember, he cried out in about the following fashion: "Co-l-u-m-bus Journal. All about Bill Willoughby and Dick Nailor being in Ohio while the detectives are on their track. Co-l-u-m-bus Journal, only five cents." We bought a paper, and read at our leisure the most exciting account of how we were being pursued not only by detectives but by deepmouthed blood-hounds. Of course we said nothing on the subject to our friends, but took our leave of them the same day, and headed with all speed for that popular refuge for all criminals—Canada—where after our arrival we had some rich experiences of which I shall speak in a subsequent chapter or two.

For a lame back or for a pain in the side or chest, try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it onto the affected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. 50 cent bottles for sale by Deyo & Grice.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Furnished Expressly for The Chief for Webster County.

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St. JOSEPH, MO., August 4—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from August, 4th to 8th, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 9th, cross the western mountains by close of 10, the great central valleys from 11th to 13th, and the eastern states about the 14th.

This storm will develop unusual force, and will become a dangerous and destructive storm east of the Mississippi on the 13th and 14th. Heavy local rains may be expected, but not general rains. Temperature will go to extremes. This storm will inaugurate a period of very remarkable weather that will extend beyond the middle of September.

The warm wave will cross the western mountains about the 10th, the great central valleys about the 12th, and the eastern states about the 14th. The cool wave will cross the western mountains about the 12th, the great central valleys about the 14th, and the eastern states about the 16th.

THE SUN'S REVOLUTION.

The sun's diameter is about 118 times that of the earth, and a little more than ten times that of Jupiter, while the latter is about ten times that of the earth. The sun's mass, weight, is about 32,000 times that of the earth, its volume is about 1,300,000 times the earth's volume. The sun's density is a little less than one fourth that of water, or about one fourth that of earth. So say our great astronomers, and by such teachings the pupil is so misled, that it requires half a life time for even an independent thinker to extricate himself from the entanglements of such false teachings.

In the comparison the earth is measured and weighed, not including its atmosphere and cloud belts, while the sun, surrounded by cloud belts at least 100,000 miles in depth, is measured and weighed including its atmosphere and its cloud belts.

I despise the mind that must ever be a slave to the minds of others, never seeking reason for its convictions, and yet of such are ninety-nine out of ever one-hundred human beings. Because Herschel, Proctor, or Young says so, is not conclusive evidence that their theories are correct. The whole scientific world has totally abandoned theories that were universally taught fifty years ago, and in many things our great astronomers are now known to have been in error. Many scientific truths of to-day will become glaring errors in the next twenty-five years. One of these, persistently standing across the path of progress, is the blind, senseless theory of a burning sun, that radiates heat to the planets.

If we take a ball one foot in diameter to represent the size of the sun, the earth will be represented by a ball one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Place them 110 feet apart, and we get the comparative distance of the earth from the sun, while the nearest star would be 4,000 miles away.

The sun is said to revolve on its axis in a little more than twenty-five days, but this is all guess work, and the evidence supporting it is very weak. As we face the south at noon and look up at the sun, its spots move toward our right hand toward what is west on our earth, but if we were on the sun, the spot movement would be toward the east, precisely as, in this latitude, the high and low barometers, storm centers, move eastward.

Those spot movements are all the evidences the astronomers have as to the revolution of the sun on its axis. If these spots were caused by something attached to the solid body of the sun, then they would revolve with that solid portion, but this cannot be the case.

It must be remembered that the sun and all the planets, except the earth and Mars, are covered with dense clouds, and we never see the solid surface of any of them. The sun's atmosphere, if only in proportion to the earth, and would be 21,000 miles in depth, and that atmosphere of the sun is completely filled with dense cloud. On a body possessing such great energies as we know are at work in the sun's atmosphere, is it within reason that mountain peaks could exist 21,000 miles high? Yet such mountains must be there, if the sun spots are caused by anything that revolves with the solid body of the sun.

The spots on the sun revolve in two days less time at or near the sun's equator than at forty-five degrees of north or south latitude. These facts annihilate the sun-spots as evidences of the sun's period of rotation. No court could accept such conflicting evidence. Think of it: The spots make a revolution near the equator in two days, less time than on the parallel midway between the pole and the equator, and our astronomers strike an average of these spot revolutions, and call that average the period of the sun's revolution. Oh! what little things great men can sometimes do. The fact that the spots do not all revolve around the sun in the same period of time, is positive proof that they are not attached to the body of the sun, and therefore do not indicate its period of rotation.

These sun spots are the high barometers and move, on the sun, as do the barometers on the earth. This statement I can prove to the satisfaction of any fair mind, and I can prove that the positions of the spots are governed by the positions of the planets.

The success of Mrs. Annie M. Bean, of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, in the treatment of diarrhoea in her children will undoubtedly be of interest to many mothers. She says: "I spent several weeks in Jonatown, Pa., after the great flood, on account of my husband being employed there. We had several children with us, two of whom took the diarrhoea very badly. I got some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy from Rev. Mr. Chapman. It cured both of them. I know of several other cases where it was equally successful. I think it cannot be excelled and cheerfully recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Deyo & Grice.

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