

Ducker's Cash

Dry Goods House!

We are receiving our New Fall Goods!

Owing to the stringency in the money market in the east, we were able to buy some of the goods so that we can sell them at less than WHOLESALE COST. We are going to push business more than ever this fall and that means

That we will give our Customers Bargain Prices on everything we sell,

In our line of DRESS GOODS. We have some of the newest goods made.

Hop sacking, Whip cords, Fancy French Suitings

and Henriettas. Special Bargains in New Fall Dress Gingham and Prints

One lot of Dark Fall Prints only 3 7-8c per yd. Special bargains

in Dark Outings, Flannels and Flannelles. One lot of Simpsons

Bandenburg Cloths at 12 1-2c regular price 25c

Special bargains in Window Shades, Carpets and Curtains, We are opening up our NEW FALL CLOAKS and JACKETS, they are the nicest line of garments that we have ever had. We invite everybody to come and see us. We know that our prices and goods will interest you.

G. A. DUCKER & CO.

Written for THE CHIEF.
What's in a Name?
BY BILL WILLOUGHBY
CHAPTER IX.

We left Sidney that afternoon, and not many hours afterwards landed in Detroit, Michigan. We had no experience on our way worthy of being here-in recorded, and were glad indeed to find ourselves so near the point of separation from states wherein were detectives and deep-mouthed blood hounds hard upon the tracks of a couple of "Old Kentucky's favorite Sons," as Dick persisted in characterizing the two run-aways.

We were late in the night in reaching the depot, and found no little trouble in avoiding being literally carried off the platform and loaded into one of the "buses" that stood in unbroken line along the paved street, and whose drivers and rustlers were attaches of the innumerable hotels of the city. But not wishing to parley and thereby bring ourselves under too close surveillance of the horde of blue-coats whose lapels were adorned with the glittering star, we accepted the kind invitation of a little Frenchman, who, with a short black beard, eyes as dark as night, and a voice as melodious as that of a lagoon bull frog, was soon causing us to be whirled along at a rapid rate towards what he declared was the only first-class hotel in the city—"The Napoleon"—with the accent upon the two terminal letters. On reaching this wonderful hotel, and just as I was entering our names in the register, I could not avoid casting my eyes upon the affable clerk who with his piercing black eyes seemed to watch our every expression of countenance, and who seemed almost on the point of asking me if I was entirely familiar with the names which I was writing. But I managed adroitly to change the sprawling capital B, with which I had started out with a flourish, with a capital J and so wrote "Joseph Bodkin." Dick, who had watched my embarrassment, now seized the pen and dashed off in a bold hand, "Archie Burlingame," and wrote opposite our names our places of residence as agreed upon the day we sat in the little back parlor of the restaurant at Cincinnati. We next took a survey of the great, old office of this great, old hotel. There upon the wall hung a life-size portrait of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, in honor of whom the hotel was named—with the Bonaparte left off—and for whose memory all Frenchmen seem to have an idolatrous devotion. There, too, were the pictures of a half dozen of our presidents; also a picture of a poor, ragged slave be-

ing pursued by blood hounds and slave catchers, whose facial expressions seemed to out vie their brutal, yet not less fiendish hounds. I felt a sort of tremor run through my veins at the bare possibility of our having been exposed to the same kind of pursuers, and, after suggesting the desire to get a few hours sleep, we were politely shown up two long flights of stairs by a gaily attired young Frenchman, who, as he left us in a large double bed room, hoped that "Monsieurs might rest superbly." Tired and sleepy though we had been, yet the French atmosphere surrounding us caused us to sit for some time ruminating. There upon the table lay a neatly bound volume of the life of this same Napoleon. Dick opened the book and read a few paragraphs something after the following order: "Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, 15th of August, 1769. At the age of ten, he entered the military school at Brienne, as a king's pensioner. During that period he displayed a great aptitude and predilection for mathematics, history and geography, and indifference to merely verbal and literary studies. His manner was sombre and taciturn, but as Courtenay says, this arose chiefly from the circumstance that he was a foreigner, poor and unaccustomed to French, which he first learned at Brienne. In October, 1784, but here the history of the great Napoleon was brought to an abrupt close, owing to a gruff voice coming over the transom from an adjoining room in fashion as follows: "At you tam upstard mean vaki' n' up beople in dot middle of de night w'at your tamstiff 'pout dat ole fraud of a Bonapart? Git you to sleep purty tam, quick or I gifs you some history vat makes your pones ache." So Dick threw the volume down with a slam upon the little table and, mounting a chair, rained a stream of bitter invectives through that particular transom into the ears of the burly Dutchman for the space of five minutes, such as I had thought it impossible for the dear fellow to have attempted in a strange house, and that, too, among strangers. But Dick was more penetrating than I, and, as he told me afterwards, felt sure that the majority of the attaches of the hotel were French, and that the Dutchman would get the worst of the debate. He berated the Dutchman, called them the most amusing of names, and, being something of a dialectician, imitated the voice and pronunciation of that Dutchman to a degree marvelous to hear. I tried to make peace between the two belligerents, but before I could accomplish my purpose, I heard a great commotion in the hall, and soon our door, which had remained unlocked, was thrust open and in came three Frenchmen in dashabille, demanding the cause of the disturbance. Dick turned to them and then pointing to the life of Napoleon proceeded to state the case. This had the desired effect, and all three of the Frenchmen mounted chairs and proceeded to read the "riot act" to the now subdued and frightened Dutchman in a manner simply indescribable. I

have listened to the chattering of Magpies when in the heat of passion, to the diabolical speech of a caged hyena, but never before heard the equal of the curses and bitter epithets that proceeded out of the mouths of this trinity of Napoleonic devotees. But, as the storm soon waned by its own fury subsided, the Frenchmen came down off of their perch, and, with their red flannels gleaming in the light of the gas jet, giving them the appearance of heroes of some bloody battle, I could not suppress a smile. This trio at once surrounded Dick, shook his hand three times round, called him "friend, brother, pard, comrade, brave lad," and a dozen other endearing names, but in such a Frenchy tone as to defy translation—I shall not undertake the impossible. They soon retired, wishing Monsieur happy dreams, and we sat looking at each other in amazement. Then Dick burst into a jolly ringing laugh, and we retired to our beds to snatch an hour's rest before the breakfast gong should sound the call to the dining room. Dick, God bless his happy disposition! was soon in dreamland, while I lay tossing upon my pillow thinking: "I think! Back to the old homestead my thoughts went glowing back to the hunting grounds, fish ponds and wide-spread elms; back to the dear old home where I first saw the light of day, and where I could still hear the voices of loved ones as in years gone by; back to the spot where Dick and I mounted our fleet steeds and fled from home, and, ah, yes! from fines and prison walls; from iron couches, rusty collars and suits of striped uniform. I must have finally fallen into a half slumber, for I all at once became half conscious of hearing the booming of cannon, and Napoleon by his French subjects, the time he was crowned Emperor. What was my surprise on opening my eyes to behold the pure sunlight of day flooding the room, and Dick, with chair leaned back and heels high up against the partition door leading to the Dutchman's room, reading in clear and distinct tones a chapter out of the history of the life of the great Napoleon. For the first time in the history of the past did I feel provoked at the dear fellow, and I was about to reprimand him, when to my amusement, I beheld the face of the Dutchman purple with rage penetrating the open transom. He would bulge his eyes until they seemed on the point of quitting their sockets, and gnash his teeth as though grinding glass, and ever and anon shake his clenched fist as though possessed of the furies. I could not resist the temptation to call Dick's attention to the scene, and did so by calling to him to look up at the transom. This he did so suddenly by bounding into his chair that the subdued, though still furious sceptor at the opening above the door lost his moorings and fell to the floor with a thud that seemed to shake the very ground. We dressed hurriedly and found our way to the dining hall, where we partook of a good breakfast, got a glimpse of our nocturnal friend, who admitted not the great Napoleon, as he sat in a far off corner of the dining hall and bolted his food like a ravenous bear.

After breakfasting to our stomachs' delight, we settled our bills and began to arrange for our exit from the land of boasted liberty; the land where four millions of souls had, not long since, been held in galling chains for no other crime than that of being black; the land where men with guns, and whips, and hounds were held in high esteem because of their daring exploits as "slave catchers." Yes, we were about to take shelter in good Queen Victoria's Dominions where hundreds of hounded blacks had gone for crimes much less than ours, the crime of being black, or, as the great pulpit divines were wont to say, "bearing the mark of Cain."

We had but slight difficulty in getting our "clearance" at the house of Customs owing to the very lean condition of our baggage. Without further hindrance, we were soon on our way for Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, and on our arrival in that delightful city, were soon captured by one of the irrefragable rustlers for one of the largest and most commodious hotels in the city. Here we rested for a day or two, and soon felt quite at home. This is a grand place for scenery, both natural and artificial, being situated as it is 87 miles above the confluence of the river Ottawa, with the St. Lawrence, 126 miles from Montreal, 95 from Kingston and 450 from New York. At the west end of the city, the Ottawa rushes over the magnificent cataract known as the Chaudiere Falls; and at the north-east end, there are two other cataracts, over which the Riedan tumbles into the Ottawa. The scenery around the city is scarcely surpassed in Canada. A suspension bridge hangs over the Chaudiere Falls, connecting Upper and Lower Canada. In 1858, Ottawa was chosen to be the seat of government of the then province of Canada; and in 1860, the Prince of Wales laid the corner-stones of magnificent parliamentary offices. They are among the finest structures on the American continent. Ottawa had at the time we were there a population of only about 15,000, but now has near 30,000; returns two members to the House of Commons, and one to the provincial parliament. But as we shall have much to do, not only with this beautiful little city, but with various other points, I must hasten along.

We had not been in Ottawa more than a week when Dick, to my surprise, informed me that he had addressed a letter to the good Quakers, giving them the facts relative to our troubles at home and begging them not to cast him off as a vagabond. I was astounded at what the impulsive fellow had so rashly done, and had no doubt but that in so doing he had, at one fell stroke, swept away all his hopes of one day becoming the husband of Naoma, the pure and loving

friends, there came a double letter, one from the good old uncle and aunt, and the other from Naoma. They read as follows: "Friend Richard, (for such we must now call thee) your letter of recent date came duly to hand, and we scarcely need tell thee how shocked we were on reading its contents. Thee perhaps knows that our society—Quakers or Friends as we are called—are not given to the use of carnal weapons; that our religion has taught us not to resist an enemy, but to overcome him with kindness. Thee knows, too, how very guarded we are over the peace and well-being of our niece, Naoma, and how painful it must be for us to be compelled to request thee to forego thy anticipated pleasure of corresponding with her. Aside from all this, Naoma has felt so keenly the disappointment incident to our prohibiting the intended interchange of letters between thee and herself, as to cause us much uneasiness of mind as to what the results may be.

Nevertheless, we do honor thee for the full confession thee has made, and, feeling that we would still know more of thee and thy friend William, we request thee to again write us.

We have permitted Naoma to communicate to thee and, without so much as requiring her to allow us to read her epistle, have enclosed the same herein.

Ever thy friends,
PHINEAS AND RUTH BLOOMER."

Then came Naoma's letter which read as follows:
RICHARD NAILOR.—DEAR FRIEND:—Thee will, I trust, pardon me for writing to thee after having been so deceived by the only man in whom I had ever placed confidence to that degree that could possibly cause me to acknowledge his protestations of something more than respect. Thee knows whereof I speak, and will feel the full force of what I have said. For, as I have already said, I acknowledged thy protestations. Nay, more; for I returned thy feelings in kind; returned the warm and holy affections of thine—as I undoubtedly loved thee at the time to love, gave thee not only my hand but my heart as well. I had no other thought than that in God's own good time I should become thy wife. Thee knows how we plighted our troth, and how happy I was—and how we looked forward to the day when we should be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony; joined with God's sanction, and become one and inseparable until "death do us part." But now I greatly fear that all our hopes, all our plans, all our devotion—short-lived though it was—are to be numbered with the things that were.

Write my dear uncle and aunt fully, freely, and if possible, convince them that thee meant not to toy with their niece as though she were of so small importance as to be regarded in the light of being worthy of no greater attention than that given her for the few happy days of our acquaintance. It may be, and doubtless is, a fact that I was too susceptible of the feelings which thee professed, and that thee doth now—even now—despise me for my too ready reciprocation.

Thou must write uncle and aunt, and they will communicate to me so much,

and so much only, of thy letter to them as they may deem advisable.
Thine with a sad heart,
NAOMA.

A Battle For Blood
Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

Transfers.
(Furnished by J. H. Bailey)
Emma G. Grusel and husband to Ratchel M. Mayberry wd lot 34 and 36 block 14 Blue Hill... \$150 00
Emma C. Grusel and husband to Ratchel M. Mayberry wd lot 4 block 14 Blue Hill... 800 00
Geo E Coon sheriff to John Jeffries ad nw 1/4 ne 1/4 and ne 1/4 n w 1/4 11-12... 687 50
G W Howell and wife to Rufus Misch wd lots 7 and 8 block 1 Lutz's add to Red Cloud... 50 00
James S White and wife to Jesse McCoy wd lots 5-6-7-8 block 1 Swezey's add to Blue Hill... 2500 00
F E Goble and wife to Nena E Plumb wd lots 10-11-12 block 6 Smith & Moore's add to Red Cloud... 550 00
Total... \$4737 50

See The World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.
Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in the highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address,
H. E. BUCKLEN & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Don't forget it, that Morhart wants all of the old rags he can buy, from this on. Don't forget it and sell them to him.

All Free.
Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised drug store, or get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago; and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. Sold at C. L. Cotting's drug store.

Those Wonderful Giants in Town!
If you wish to see them call on Deyo & Grier and ask for Beggs Little Giant Pills. Every bottle guaranteed.