

THE CHIEF
Circulation, Per Week, 1350.

A. C. HOSNER, Editor.
LARRY TATE, Asst. Local Editor.

WITHOUT THE



It is easy to steal or ring watches from the pocket. The thief gets the watch in one hand, the chain in the other and gives a short, quick jerk—the ring slips off the watch stem, and away goes the watch, leaving the victim only the chain.

This idea stopped that little game!

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

Sold by all watch dealers, without cost, on Jas. Boss Filled and other cases containing this trade mark—Ask your jeweler for pamphlet.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

What's in a Name?

BY BILL WILLOUGHBY CHAPTER XII.

After Uncle Pete had been hustled out to the dining hall by the irrepressible Dick, who went with him to see that he should be slighted in no wise, and who sat at the table with the good old fellow plying him with questions so fast that the latter was often compelled to sit with fork or spoon poised half way between his plate and mouth, we repaired to the sitting room above and there had a long talk with our newly arrived friend. He told us all about the old home, the neighbors, the horses, the dogs and with such hearty good will that we had little to do more than to listen. Through him came the tenderest of messages from our mothers, and a roll of bills from our fathers—this latter, however being unnecessary as each of us had still the greater part of the money with which we had been supplied while at Cincinnati. But just as we thought Uncle Pete was ready to stop and breathe a while, he startled us with the following bit of information:

"Well, Mars. Bill, I spees I bottah take a little res' an' try to git a nap, so as to feel fresh in de mo'nin' as I has some impo'tan' business to look aftah." Now the idea of Uncle Pete having anything to attend to other than visiting our two worthy selves had not entered our minds, and the reader may judge of our surprise when, in response to the question propounded by us simultaneously as to what that business could be, the old fellow leaned grandly back in his chair, adjusted his shirt collar, brushed the knees of his new Kentucky jeans trousers, broke forth as follows:

"Well, Mars. Bill an' Mars. Dick, did yo' nebah heah tell ob two little boys 'way down in Georgy whose masta sole one to dem bad men down on de Red rivah an' lef' de oddah po' little fellah a cryin' his eyes out because de man wouldn't buy 'em boaf? Well, dat little boy dat git sole growed up to be a man, an' shortly befo' de wah made a break fo' liberty, followed de norf star till he dun foun hisself over heah in Cannadah, sah under de queen's protection. During fifteen long yeahs I neber heah one bressed wold from dat boy, and not until a few days ago did I know dat he was still dis side of de river Jording. I had took a lot of cattle fo' ole Mars. Willoughby an' Mars. Naylor down to New Orleans to sell, an' while dah a gen'loman say to me: Is yo' de boy Mistah Willoughby bought from me in Nashville, case he was a cryin' his eyes out since his little brodah gon' away?

I jis busted out an' cried like a boy, I did, an' de man he don stood dah an' puled out his handkerchief an' wipe de big tears from his eyes. By an by I brush de tears out my eyes, an' said to de gen'loman; O, Mars. Little am dis yo' or am'it yo' ghos' dat look me in de face? He den wid de tears rollin down his cheeks, frowed bof his amhs aroun' me an' say: yes Pete my boy, I is yo' ole Mars. Little, an' can yo' forgib me, Pete, as I hope de Lawd hab don' dis ten yeahs ago? But I felt wicked an' said to de man: yes sah, I will if yo' will gib me back my brodah, sah.

Den de gen'loman cried as if his

soul was all broke up, an' said to me: yes' Pete, my poah boy, I's guine to find ye back yo' brodah, who lef' de gen'loman I sole him to, an' am now somewhah close to Ottawa, Canada. So he pulled out a roll ob money an' han' to me sayin: take dis freely an' go an' see yeah brodah. An' now heah I is an' heah I's guin to rejoin until I fin' my own brodah, Thomas Jefferson Morgan."

This being settled, we now retired for the night and, after a good night's rest, awoke in the morning to find the rain pouring down, which continued the whole day long and far into the following night. To better reconcile Uncle Pete, I told him that I would advertise in the Old Dominion, the paper I was on, and that it would not be long until we should find his brother. But Uncle Pete was not the man to sit down and wait for others to bring his brother in, and so set about finding him for himself. But as days and days came and went with no tidings from Thomas Jefferson, Uncle Pete became restless, and sometimes almost out of spirit. To keep him from yielding to his feelings, I would ask him to accompany me both day and night as I went the rounds gathering news for the paper. I told the dear old fellow that I got on so much better to have him along to point out this and that incident that otherwise might escape my notice. Occasionally I would have him take an opposite direction and meet me at a half way place around the square. On all of these little excursions I would provide him with note book and pencil so that he might make a memorandum of such things that would go to fill up the news columns in my paper. Sometimes Uncle Pete would walk by my side with head erect, shoulders well thrown back, and with steady measured step look the very picture of some noble statesman except that he had a skin as black as 'night.

Then of evenings Dick would beguile the good old man into long and interesting discussions of the olden days, and finally gave him to understand that one day not very remote there was going to be a wedding party leave a little town down in Ohio that would put in an appearance at the old farm in Kentucky, where Uncle Pete was to take the oversight of all driving excursions into the surrounding country in order that every day might be "done to the queen's taste." This was great news for Uncle Pete and he at once became so engrossed with the thought as to almost forget the oft repeated ejaculation, what about to retire for the night.

"Well, Mars. Bill an' Dick, I spees fin' Thomas Jefferson in de next day or two sho' as ye livin'."

But as all things must have an end sooner or later, so was it in this case. One beautiful autumn morning while nature seemed to have come back to revive the sun shine of June for a season, and while Dick and Uncle Pete and I were walking along the street together, Dick going to the college and I to my daily work on the paper, we were brought to a sudden stop by Uncle Pete turning right about face and calling out to a negro lad of some twelve years to "stop dah jis a minit, Loney till I ax you a question."

The boy politely obeyed, but looked at the same time as though astonished at so sudden an interruption.

Uncle Pete broke in with: "well my boy I is Petah Morgan of ole Kentuck, an' yo' looks jis like Thomas Jefferson Morgan my brodah, who was sole way down on Red Ribah yea's an' yea's ago, now is not yo' Thomas Jefferson Morgan?"

The boy was now most thoroughly confused and for the moment stood speechless. But Uncle Pete being equally confused in his ideas as to how the boy should show no changes, such as time and worry produce upon the human body, and yet intent on claiming the lad for his lost brother, held the lad firmly yet lovingly in his great hand and repeated now slowly as if wandering in a dream: "yes dis am little Jeff as sho' as two an' two am foah."

The boy now seemed to grasp the situation and remarked that perhaps it was his father the gentleman was seeking.

To this Uncle Pete replied, "sho as de lub ob God dat's de idea, bress de Lawd fo' de chiles good sense: yes, sonny yo's right, yo' is de odder boys little boy, an' as exactly like de odder as two peas in de pod. Tak' me, O,

take me quick to yo' fathah, boy, less dis ole heart ob mine bust all to splinters."

The boy proffered his services, and away we all went with more speed than graceful movement, and soon found ourselves standing at the door of a large and substantial looking cottage. The boy rang the door bell, a pretty colored child opened the door and we entered. There we sat awaiting the coming of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Morgan, Sr.

We kept talking to Uncle Pete and in that way prevented him from making a bold dash through the door leading into another room, so eager was he to meet the gentleman of the house, and claim him for his long lost brother.

We had not waited more than a couple of minutes (and yet those minutes seemed hours to our excited minds) until the lad returned accompanied by his father. To attempt a description of this meeting would be a vain attempt indeed; for no sooner did these two middle aged men meet and stand face to face than the recognition seemed to be mutually enjoyed by them. They folded each other in their strong arms and wept like women.

Finally their feelings subdued to that degree that enabled them to command their voices and, Uncle Pete desiring to apply a test of their brotherhood, called out in earnest tones:

"Take off yo' boot Jefferson, an' if yo' be de little Jeff what was, den dah a scar on de bottom ob yo' left foot clah across."

Mr. Thomas Jefferson Morgan to put the question forever at rest, here complied with Uncle Pete's request and soon displayed the scar as perfect in its outline as when first the wounded member had been healed.

This settling the question of brotherhood of these gentlemen of color, Dick and I took our leave in order that they might be unrestrained in their new found joy.

But when the accustomed hour for our social gathering at our hotel came round again we found uncle Pete settling his bill with the clerk. "What now, Uncle Pete?" enquired Dick. To which Uncle Pete replied: "Now I be fended Mars Dick, but I mus' take yo' fathah to de school. He is all tender an' too young as well as have their white brethren.

A late mail that evening brought us a bundle of matter mostly composed of letters from our friends at home. But I could not fail to detect in one of them just a trifling unsteady

ness as he opened a letter bearing the postmark Sidney, Ohio, and rather than place him under restraint I walked over to another table and began perusing my own letters.

But all this was useless; for Dick soon threw himself back in his chair and gave vent to his feeling in manner and form as follows: "O, Bill, my own true friend Bill, I am the happiest boy in all the land! Here just read what they all say!" I took the letters (for there were three of them) and read as follows:

FRIEND RICHARD—There may be surprised to hear me say that thee now has my permission to address thy letters, until farther prohibited, directly to my niece Naomi. Thee has no doubt learned from thy parents that they and ourselves have had quite a correspondence, and that your standing as a man of honor is so perfectly satisfactory to mother and I that we shall gladly entrust to thy care our beloved Naomi.

Ever thy friend,
PHINEAS BLOOMER.

DEAR FRIEND RICHARD—Father having already covered the most essential points concerning which I would myself have written, had he not anticipated me, I shall content myself with a few hints as to the future course to be pursued by thee and thy intended wife. I wish now to impress thee with the thought that thee alone must hold thyself responsible for the weal or woe of both thyself and our dearly beloved Naomi. For, to divide the responsibility of making thy wife happy and contented in life, with others, would be but to

lessen thy care to look well to her interests. I do not mean by this that we, her guardians, shall feel relieved from the duties incumbent upon us, but that thee and thy wife must feel that thy prosperity and contentment depend upon thy well-directed efforts to make the married estate just what it ought to be, and just what it will be if the husband and wife live according to God's holy ordinances. Write us often.

Your friend,
RUTH BLOOMER.

MY OWN DEAR RICHARD—I now write thee to say to thee that I am, of all women, the most happy. If thee could only know what a darling thy mother is, and how she has completely turned the scales in our favor by her honest exposition of what she calls thy good and bad traits, thee would love her even more dearly than thee does, if that were possible.

Now everything has been made so clear to uncle and aunt that they, I presume, have removed their objections to thee freely corresponding with me. I am more than glad that thee has had thy rough experiences of the past few months, for by and through such experiences thee has become more deeply impressed with the thought of the importance of correct living. I do not upbraid thee for the part thee acted in that bloodless affair near your old home, but I do pray that thee may never again feel called upon to violate the laws of thy country simply to gratify thy feelings of manly courage. Now, my dear Dick, (Heaven forgive me if I have sinned through calling thee Dick) there can be no reason why I should ever fear to trust thee in the future; and that I can and do even now trust thee in the fullest sense of the term, thee must feel assured. But as I am busy to-day doing up a bonnet for dear old aunty Whitfield, who is too poor to hire such work done, I cannot well devote more time at present to the very delightful task of writing to my own darling Dick, (there, God forgive me again) and will therefore say good bye my best beloved. Ever yours,
NAOMI.

Guaranteed Cure.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at C. L. Cotting's drug store. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Harvest Excursions.
It is with satisfaction that the Burlington Route makes the following announcement regarding this year's Harvest Excursions.

The dates which have been fixed for the excursions are August 22, 29, and October 10. On them, Sept. 12, 19, and 26, a special train will leave St. Louis all railroad agents west of Chicago will sell round-trip tickets to Burlington Route stations in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, South Dakota and Wyoming, at extremely low rates. Tickets will be good for 20 days and will admit of stop-over on the going trip at any point west of the Missouri River.

These facts brought to the notice of the residents of the different states reached by the Burlington Route in order that they may inform their friends in the East that, during the next few months, three unequalled opportunities of coming West will present themselves.

The Passenger Department of the Burlington Route will gladly aid the people of the towns along its lines in their efforts to induce Eastern people to avail themselves of the advantages of these homeseekers' excursions. The undersigned on request, will not only mail to any desired address a supply of advertising matter, but he will also be pleased to put interested parties in the way of obtaining the most favorable rates of fare.

J. FRANCIS,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent Burlington Route Omaha Neb.

A little boy of Mrs. McDonald's, living near here, fell against a red hot stove and was fearfully burned. The pain was terrible, and it was thought the burn was so severe as to scar the child for life. I sold the lady a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which, after greasing the sore, she applied. It soon removed all the fire and eased the pain, and in ten days the boy was well, no trace of the scar remaining. J. D. McLaren, Keosauqua, Clinton Co., Ill. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

In order to reduce stock, we will sell all fancy rockers for 15 per cent discount for 30 days. Now is the time if you want a nice rocker.
F. V. TAYLOR.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osason,
Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Arcuss, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Conway, Ark.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, Pres.,
The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

School Supplies.



Our line of the above goods is complete and prices the lowest.

Deyo & Grice.

BALD HEADS

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair brittle? Does it split at the ends? Is your hair dry, harsh, Does it fall out when combed? Does it have a lifeless appearance? Does your scalp itch? Is it full of dandruff? Are some of your hairs falling out? Is your scalp as dry as a heated condition? If these balding symptoms be warned in time or you will become

SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER

is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the disease of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mineral nor oils. It is not a dye, but a thoroughly cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads. Keep the scalp clean, healthy and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum 25c Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send direct to us, and we will forward promptly, on receipt of 25c. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 5 for \$4.00. Soap, 50c per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.,
87 South Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

F. M. REED, PROPRIETOR

City Livery, Feed and Sale Stable



RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

K.G. BAKING POWDER

25 OZS. FOR 25c
ABSOLUTELY PURE - JUST TRY IT
E. F. JAQUES & CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.