



'Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty,' and One Dollar a year is the Price of The Chief.

ALL HOME PRINT.

RED CLOUD, WEBSTER COUNTY, NEB., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1893.

VOL. 21. No. 14

**THE CHIEF**  
Published Weekly.

Subscription, - \$1 Per Annum,  
Invariably in Advance  
If not paid in advance, after this date March  
18, 1892, the price will be \$1.25.  
Entered at the Post Office in Red Cloud, Neb.,  
as mail matter of the second class

**RATES OF ADVERTISING**  
Prof. cards, 1 inch or less per year..... \$6 00  
Six months..... 3 00  
Three months..... 2 00  
**STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
Per inch one year..... \$1 00  
Per inch six months..... 3 00  
Per inch three months..... 2 00  
Special notices per line or line space, first  
publication 5 cents.  
Transient specials, payable invariably in ad-  
vance, per line 10 cents.  
All reading notices in the nature of advertise-  
ments or puff, 5 cents per line.  
Legal notices at legal rates, viz: for a square  
(ten lines of Nonpareil or less) first publication  
\$1.00; for each subsequent publication, per  
square, 50 cents.  
No "preferred position" contracts made.  
All matter to insure publication must be re-  
ceived at this office not later than Wednesday.  
Advertisements cannot be ordered out for  
the current week later than Thursday.

**B. & M. R. R. Time Table.**  
Taking effect Aug. 13.  
Trains carrying passengers leave Red Cloud as follows:  
**EAST VIA HASTINGS.**  
No. 142 Passenger to Hastings - 3:00 p. m.  
**ARRIVE.**  
No. 141 Passenger from Hastings - 11:05 a. m.  
**EAST VIA WYMORE**  
No. 16, Passenger to St. Joseph St.  
Louis and Chicago daily - 10:40 a. m.  
**GOING WEST.**  
No. 15 Passengers for Denver, daily. 8:19 p. m.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**D. R. J. S. EMIGH,**  
Dentist,  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.  
Over Taylor's Furniture Store.  
Extracts teeth without pain.  
Crown and bridge work a specialty.  
Dental plates, and all kinds of gold fillings,  
in gold and rubber plates and combination  
plates.  
All work guaranteed to be first-class.

**I. W. TULLEYS, M. D.**  
Homeopathic Physician,  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.  
Office opposite First National Bank.  
U. S. Examining Surgeon.  
Chronic diseases treated by mail.

**C. L. WINFREY,**  
Auctioneer,  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.  
Will attend sales at reasonable figures. Satis-  
faction guaranteed.

**J. H. SMITH,**  
Insurance Agent,  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.  
I do a strictly farm insurance and invite  
and invite all to see me.

**RANDOLPH McNITT,**  
ATTORNEY.  
MOON BLOCK, RED CLOUD, NEB.  
Collections promptly attended to.

**O. C. CASE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MOON BLOCK, RED CLOUD, NEB.  
Collections promptly attended to, and  
correspondence solicited.

**D. F. TRUNKY,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.  
OFFICE—Up stairs, in Moon Block,  
over Fair Store.

**GEO. O. YEISER,**  
Real Estate, Insurance  
and Collecting Agent,  
MOON BLOCK, RED CLOUD, NEB.  
Notary Public.

**R. P. HUTCHISON,**  
Tonsorial Artist,  
4th AVENUE, RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.  
First-class barbers and first-class work  
guaranteed. Give me a call.

**D. STOFFER,**  
Fashionable Barber,  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.  
I give my personal attention to my  
patrons. First-class shaving and hair  
cutting a specialty.

**H. E. POND,**  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.  
Conveyancer, Real Estate, Loan  
Insurance and Pension Agent.  
I especially invite you to call on me for  
anything in my line. Loans made on  
firm property at lowest rates.

**CHAS. SCHAFFNIT,**  
Insurance Agency,  
I represent  
German Insurance Co., Freeport, Ill.  
Royal Indemnity Co., Liverpool, England.  
Home Fire Insurance Co., of Omaha, Neb.  
Fidelity Assurance Co., of London, Eng.  
Central Assurance Co., of Quincy, Ill.  
Guardian Assurance Co., of London, Eng.  
Washington Insurance Co., of Burlington, Iowa.  
British American Assurance Co., Toronto, Can.  
Office over Postoffice.

**A Leading Query ?**



**How Many Seeds in a Squash ?**

To every purchaser of \$5.00 worth of goods of us, we will give one guess on the number of seeds in a large squash at our store.

To the nearest guesser we will give a Fine New Home Sewing Machine, value \$40.

To the next nearest, an Eight Day Clock, value \$12.

To the next, \$5 in Cash.

**Squash will be opened January 1st, 1894.**

**Keep in Mind**



WE ARE SELLING

**SUITS, OVERCOATS**

**Underwear,**

Hats, Caps and Shoes

Cheaper than any house in the country.

Buy your winter outfit of us. We can save you a few dollars.

**Chas. Wiener,**

Originator of Low Prices,

Written for THE CHIEF.

What's in a Name?

BY BILL WILLOUGHBY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Six weeks had come and gone since the experiences of Dick as narrated in my last chapter, and here we were in the midst of one of the coldest and most rigorous winters that had for many years visited the American continent. I shall not attempt to here place upon record the tabulated statistics of the weather bureau of those times, but content myself by saying that at different times the mercury was so congealed as to lose its power to indicate the true condition of the temperature. But, with but few exceptions, the mails were kept in operation and we had been all these weeks in almost daily receipt of letters, pal-love and good will from friends and kinsers, magazines and other tokens of dred back in the States. My dear mother had written me regularly once a week, while Dick's mother was to him equally attentive. Then, too, we had in some way linked our lives and fortunes with the Gibsons, whose re-union had been brought about under such peculiar circumstances as to render the history of that re-union almost fictitious. It would seem from what we had learned of the history of the Gibsons, while spending the winter, that they came of an aristocratic stock in England, and that the brother was connected with the fur trade in Canada, and was a man of liberal education, a bachelor and quite wealthy. The sister, as my readers may imagine was soon placed in charge of her brother's house in the city, and was already becoming an attraction in the society of the better class, by whom she was approximately surrounded. I shall always thank God for her happy escape from her villainous captors, and ascribe to Dick the instrumentality of that deliverance. About the time of which I am now writing, I received a letter from my mother which I here transcribe to the end that my readers may judge of the whole matter therein dimly outlined, but which proved to be prophetic of one of the most stirring episodes. Here is the letter: "Dear Bill. I have had another strange experience, or dream, as father calls it, and so deeply impressed am I that something unusual will occur wherein my boy must play a part, that I shall be held in suspense until after the mysteries therein portended shall have been developed. In my dream(?) I beheld two men standing upon an elevated piece of ground near the edge of a forest, with revolvers in their hands aiming straight at each other. They remained in this position for a moment or two, when I beheld a young lady coming as swiftly as the wind from a point south of where the gentlemen stood, and at the same moment my own dear boy closing in from the north. I could not distinguish the sound of a voice, but could see the lips of the girl moving as if she were remonstrating with the two enemies who stood firm and, seemingly waiting for the signal to fire. Just then their weapons were discharged simultaneously, and as a result one of them fell to the ground. Here I came out of the reverie, only to find myself sitting at the desk, with pen in hand, where I had been writing to a cousin in New York. But my dear boy, I feel certain that sometimes out of the common course of events was thereby perturbed, and that you will be in some way associated with the matter. Do, I entreat you, be careful not to expose yourself to any danger. I will write you again in a day or two, and

hope at that time to be able to write you a good, long letter giving you all the news." I must confess that I began to feel a sort of superstition taking possession of my mind such as I had thought impossible to ever find a lodgment therein.

But after canvassing the ground with Dick, I attributed the dream as resultant from the duel which, months ago, had caused the flight of the two Kentucky boys from their sunny homes to this land of snow and frost and ice. About the time of which I am now writing, Dick conceived the idea of going on a flying trip to Ohio to see his betrothed, and go he would, and go he did, despite my most earnest protestations. One evening he excused himself for a little while, saying that he must meet a friend at one of the hotels, but that he would return in a very short time. He had been gone perhaps for some twenty minutes, when I heard a rap on the door, I opened the door, and as I did so was confronted by a tall, fine appearing gentleman, with the collar of his coat turned up, a fur cap jauntily covering a head of flowing black hair, while his full beard seemed to harmonize with furs and hair. The stranger's enquired after Mr. Nailor, saying that he had had an appointment with him, but it being past the hour for their meeting he had taken the liberty to call at our room.

I seated the stranger, and we were soon chatting pleasantly as strangers would, whose mutuality centered on their absent friend. I began to grow impatient at Dick's delay, when to my surprise the stranger remarked that Mr. Nailor had taken him into his confidence with relation to his intended journey to Ohio. I felt almost indignant over this discovery and expressed my disapprobation of such an adventure, when to my surprise the stranger advocated Mr. Nailor's intentions in the warmest terms. I felt the blood crawling up into my temples, and was just on the point of remonstrating, when, all of a sudden, the cap, and hair, and beard were, with a slight movement of the hand, displaced and there sat Dick in all his manly beauty. "Yes, Dick old fellow" said I, "You are a star of the first magnitude, and have my consent to go upon your journey."

Early next morning Dick took his leave, and was soon speeding away towards the home of the good quakers, while I busied myself with the routine duties of my office; I prior to this time having been placed in charge of the circulation list of the "Old Dominion" for both upper and lower Canada. Dick was absent for some ten days; and the train that brought him back brought also a letter from my mother stating that the Hon. Mr. Stewart, who was the cause of our fight from home, had fought another duel, had mortally wounded his adversary; and that public sentiment had turned so decidedly against him this time as to necessitate his flight from the scene of his crime; that the authorities had declared their intention to pursue, overtake, and bring him to condign punishment, and he had doubtless gone beyond the confines of the United States; that it was believed by his most intimate friends that he had traveled incognito to New Orleans, and there taken a vessel for the Isle of Cuba.

We now began to see the day star of our deliverance rising. We felt that the same public sentiment that had exiled us would now condone our office, and that we should soon be bidden to return to our homes. Dick at least tried to take this view of the case, hopefully believing that thereby



Royal Baking Powder Co.  
100 Wall St., N. Y.

he should the sooner lead to the altar his loving-hearted, sweet tempered Naomi.

I, too, no doubt allowed the desire to become father to the thought. But we did entertain the hope, not that we were outcasts, but because of our parents, our homes, our neighbors and reputations. Fresh as ever comes now before our visions the old plantations, our horses, and dogs, the shady lanes, the fish ponds and the haunting grounds.

We had by this time become quite intimate with the Gibsons, spending an evening with them as often as once a week. We found both the brother and sister to be possessed of rare intelligence, and with cultured minds such as qualified them for the higher walks of society.

I shall always believe that Dick had an unexpressed hope that Miss Gibson, and I might become more to each other than the mere friends we were, but as such was not to be, let me dismiss that branch of the subject.

One extremely cold night, while we sat near the blazing wood fire on the hearth, and while we were discussing the probabilities of our return to our homes, we were somewhat startled by hearing loud successive raps upon our door; not as something unprecedented, but because of the sharp, rapid manner in which they fell.

Dick sprang to his feet, crossed the room and opened the door.

There stood our landlord in company with a little Frenchman, who looked like a bundle of fur about to be rolled into our apartment, but who, on being invited to enter, came in, and, after removing his fur cap and rolling back the fleecy collar of his fur overcoat, drew from an inner pocket a sealed note bearing the inscription: "To Gentlemen Willoughby and Nailor, 144 St. Marks Hotel, City of Ottawa, Canada," handed the same to me. Before breaking the seal, I asked the little Frenchman if an answer was expected, to which he replied: "Yes, Monsieur, so gentlemen come wiz you in one great haste; or, if ze gentlemen can't come, zen zat ze gentlemen write to ze lady." I opened and read, while Dick stood looking on over my shoulder, the following brief note: "Gentlemen Willoughby and Nailor: Will you have the kindness to call at room 112, Grand Palace Hotel, this city, with all possible speed? I have instructed the bearer of this note to direct you to the number above indicated. Come, and for heaven's sake, come quickly. I with-hold my name lest you might spurn the same, owing to some of its unpleasant associations. But, knowing you both to be gentlemen in the fullest sense of the term, I await your coming." We stood not upon the ceremony of further explanation, but were soon being rapidly driven along the frozen streets in a cab that had been standing near the

(Continued on page 2.)