

THE CHIEF

Circulation - 1450.

A. C. HOSMER, Editor. LAROV TAIT, Asst. Local Editor.

ALL PRINTED AT HOME

Republican State Ticket.

- For Supreme Judge, T. C. O. HARRISON, Grand Island. For Regents of the State University, H. D. ESTABROOK, Omaha. C. D. WESTON, Hay Springs. C. W. KALEY, Red Cloud.

Republican County Ticket.

- For Treasurer, J. S. WHITE. For Clerk, L. H. FORT. For Sheriff, JOHN RUNCHEY. For Superintendent, D. M. HUNTER. For County Judge, D. F. TRUNKEY. For Coroner, I. B. STANSER. For Surveyor, W. E. THORNE.

Republican City Ticket.

- For Supervisor, A. H. KALEY. For Assessor, JOS. W. WARREN. For Justices of the Peace, SAM'L WEST, T. W. MENDENHAL. For Constables, G. A. MILLER, J. G. SAPP.

'Remember our Kaley' is up for state honors.

The minority don't rule, but keep others from ruling.

What is meant by the action of congress? When did they act?

Voters, it is only a few days till election. Be honest and faithful, and support the best material. This you will find on the republican ticket.

We are about to change our views as to this campaign being quiet. It is growing quite interesting for an off year, yet we entertain no fears of the result.

One thing we are proud to see, and that is that the defeated aspirants for honors in the convention are apparently as ardent in the work for republican success as any one else. They will some time be rewarded.

John Runcley is the republican candidate for sheriff that will surely be elected if signs of the times do not fail gloriously. He is a model young man affable and courteous and is making an excellent canvas.

J. S. White, the next county treasurer in the city this week. Mr. White is making a good canvas and is making a great many friends who, with his large number of "old stand-bys," will elect him beyond a doubt.

Don't forget that old Webster county has her say with any of them in the coming election, and remember that a republican victory is confidently expected. Hope for it, work for it, and your anticipations will be confirmed.

Don't fail to support most heartily the man whom the republican convention honored with a unanimous nomination by acclamation. He is able, and trusty, and has given great satisfaction in the office of county superintendent. He will no doubt be elected.

There should be no hesitation in the mind of any voter, who has an interest in Webster county to vote for C. W. Kaley. Nor do we think that there will be. We do not believe that he has an enemy in the county, perhaps not in the state, and it is certainly right and just to support your home men.

Republicans remember the "day of election is only one week from next Tuesday. Remember your home duty is to support the republican ticket thoroughly and uncompromisingly. Remember it is the best selected ticket in the county or state. Remember that the prospects are bright for the victory, and remember that the deplorable condition of the country is due to democratic ruling.

Bro Newmeyer of the Gu de Rock Signal, has dug up his tomahawk and scalping knife and nothing short of the bloody scalps of the whole gang put up by the republican ring at Red Cloud will ever satisfy him. It's a clear case of bolt for the cause. Bro. Newmeyer does not particularly object to the men but to the machine that placed them before the people.—Blue Hill Leader.

The above emanating from the source it did, causes us no shock or surprise. It was not published because the Leader believes that way however, but just for policy's sake you know,

Gladstone is the only person between this country and a revolution, since he is an old man and there is no one at present capable of filling his place, one is led to believe that trouble is brewing and is almost sure to come in Europe.—Ex

We firmly believe there is not a republican in the state, but that is proud of the future supreme judge, T. O. C. Harrison, and well they may be. He is worthy of it all, and more too. His character is as pure as the driven snow. His most active opponents, have never dared to assail his record, nor question his fidelity, or ability. The more that is said of him the more he is loved, and his popularity is increasing rapidly every day. Nothing but cold death can ever deprive him of the supreme judgeship, and we are informed that he is enjoying perfect physical health.

EARLY MORNING FIRE.—At 4 a.m. Friday morning the fire bell sounded its dread alarm, and many citizens arose from their peaceful slumbers, and started for the scene of the conflagration, which was located in the building of Mrs. John Moore, on Cedar street, between third and 4th avenues. In an almost incredible short space of time the firemen appeared on the scene, and hastily quenched the wicked flames that had already gained much progress on the interior of the building. Very little property was saved but the building was partly insured.

TRIPLE RUNAWAY.—Wednesday morning, M. B. McNitt's ponies used on the oil wagon were hitched to that concern and, in an unguarded moment, took fright and dashed down the alley from his feed store at a terrible rate of speed. When they neared the south end of the block, Smith's dray team, which had been standing there, took fright, and going south one more street, scared the team of a farmer who was in his wagon unloading hogs at Richardson's chute, and starting suddenly, they threw him out and went tearing away down street, only being checked after they had crossed the railroad track. The dray team was caught without much trouble, but the oil tank turned west and then south finally bringing up against the frame house occupied by the family of Thomas Richardson. They seemed to strike it with full force, the tongue of the wagon went entirely through one side of the building, and shattered a cook stove inside. The wagon and harness were demolished to a certain extent, but the horses escaped with only slight injuries.

PROF. DUNGAN'S LECTURE.—Prof. Dungan's lecture at the Christian church, Monday night was highly interesting and instructive, and largely attended. Excellent music was furnished, both vocal and instrumental by the Misses Campbell, Lillie Smith, Dora Henderson, Blanche Sherman, Grace Fort and Georgia Scott of Cowles. After the house was seated, the speaker arose and calmly pictured most impressively some of the interesting scenes in Rome, Naples and Pompeii. The lecturer spoke from actual observation, having visited this country, and being familiar with the scenes and features he delineated in his lecture. He spoke of the city of Rome, which he termed as wonderful in many ways. He told of the beautiful statuary, the magnificent buildings, the strange customs of the people, &c. He related many humorous narratives concerning his visit there, and then carried his audience to the interesting incidents in Naples and Pompeii, where the historical volcano, Mt. Vesuvius is located. In the great city of Rome, the speaker said, there are no beggars because of the authorities strictly prohibiting them. But at Naples there are thousands of them. Poor mendicants, in every phase of typical poverty wandered the streets and begged, and as a rule they were the most repulsive specimens of humanity that could be imagined. He told of walking the streets of that great city quite alone, and meeting an American artist, who immediately recognized him as one of his own countrymen. His graphic description of the ruins in the city of Pompeii was very interesting. He said that some of the most marvelous features in the world could be seen there. Then he told of Mt. Vesuvius, which many years ago belched forth that terrible storm of ashes and enveloped the great city of Pompeii. When he recalled the summit of this wonderful volcano he said, he expected to find it very narrow, on the contrary, there was probably ten acres of barren ground with numerous fissures here and there, where issued forth a hot ashy smoke, which in the night appears much like a fire. The crater was something wonderful to behold, and the speaker assured the audience, that although many stones, concerning the destruction of Pompeii, &c, were exaggerated, yet no one who had not actually visited there, could conceive a liberal idea of its varied beauty and grandeur.

Do not put off taking a medicine. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease, give strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

See W. W. Wright's for the finest gas-que stoves in the city of Red Cloud.

LONDON BY GASLIGHT

SATURDAY NIGHT STREET SCENES IN THE CITY OF THE DOCKERS.

A Break in the Fearful Dreariness That Marks the Life of the Telling Thousands of the East Side of the Great Metropolis. Music, Songs and Dances.

The memory of a Saturday night in the City of the Dockers is like the recollection of a troubled dream, for on this last night of the week the great, hot streets are filled with the pent-up life of 600,000 houses (one cannot call them homes), and all the varied phases of this hand to hand struggle for existence appear. The docker is prodigal of his few shillings on Saturday night, the maximum of his liberality being shown most often in the public house and on the catch penny street conjurer, while the minimum is apparent at the stalls of the grocer and butcher. But men, women and children are out on the streets, and, whatever else it be, Saturday night is something of a break in the fearful dreariness that marks the life of the east London toiling thousands.

The people love music. Their interpretation of music is rather rough and loud. The bass drum of every band that parades in a labor demonstration of a Sunday gets terribly punished before the day is over, but it commands a great following, and on Saturday night the street musicians and singers easily gather their crowds and reap an abundant harvest. The barrel organ is found everywhere, and wherever it is rattling out the popular "Daisy" or "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" the sidewalks will be crowded, while two or three couples of little girls dance on the flagstones.

Nearly every girl of 8 can dance, many of them have already appeared in public at the cheap concert halls, and as one watches them, hatless, dirty, but with faces beaming with delight, he does not know whether to be glad of their joy or to pity their hollow present and hopeless future the more. Often a part in these street dances will be taken by the older girls, factory girls, as they are all called in east London, who are out in crowds on Saturday night. They are an untamed, fantastic lot. All wear enormous hats, adorned with feathers, and train their hair about the forehead by curling it forward quite fiercely. They are intensely loyal to the customs and traditions of their own "set," and forced as they are to subsist on an income of 6 to 8 shillings per week they are a vexing problem to the east London philanthropist and reformer.

Besides the barrel organs, there are violins, accordions and any number of soloists unaccompanied by an instrument. Blind women, old men and the poor wrecks of this awful struggle for existence here stand at the curbstone and in weak, thin voices sing their songs. The restless crowd moves on, save when some one more curious or more kindly than the rest stands near to look or listen. A bent woman, whose thin shawl was thrown over her shoulders, was feebly singing some old song in the midst of the jostling throng around a public house. I saw a strong young girl of 14 come kindly toward her, drop a penny in the little box held by the feeble hand and then hurry away out of sight. Happy will the strong young lass be if the swirl of the turbid stream of east London life does not bring her some time to the place of the curbstone singer. Indeed there is no place that I have ever seen where mirth and pathos, vice and virtue, meet and mingle as on these streets in a night like this.

One sees very little begging. There is not much street begging anyway—there's no use begging; the people are too poor. The mendicant flees Canning town for the wealthier residential quarters. Of course the children beset one. The sidewalk artist is sometimes found, but the most common form of appeal is from the ragged little fellows who turn hand springs or stand on their heads for you. They really do their athletics very nicely, and there is something so appealing and "old manish" in their looks that it is hard to resist them. I was hurrying through the crowds in Victoria docks one night about 10 when a boy of 7 came out and ran beside me, relating some "sort of verse," I thought. Three repetitions made it clear:

Ha! pny won't wit yer, Penny won't break yer, Tu! pnce won't send yer t' the work'us.

He was evidently working on a "graduated scale of benevolence adapted to the abilities of the donor." I believe by the emphasis laid on the last item that he estimated me from my gold bowed spectacles at tu'pence.

The barrows of east London delicacies abound in the streets where marketing goes on. The woman who sells cold pickled pigs' feet is in fair demand. The man who retails shrimp at a penny a bag gets a good trade, but the couple who preside at the barrow filled with "cockles and winkles" have their hands full. The delectable mollusks are displayed on little dishes as large as "individual butters," with a bit of garnishing of parsley, and are eaten with vinegar on the spot.

These barrows are found especially at the entrance of Victoria Docks road, a great marketing place in Canning town on Saturday night. Clothing (very cheap and shoddy and called "slops"), little tools for household use, cheap laces, filberts, "red bandanna" handkerchiefs and horn combs are some of the many articles sold from barrows in the street, outside the regular shops for meat, fruit and fish. On the whole, trade is carried on with great briskness, but more quietly than in market streets at home. The butchers are the most noisy. They delight in wearing tall hats and screaming odd calls at the full of their lungs. A penny is the standard unit here in Canning town. The buyers are poor, and everything that can be called at a penny is. A common cry is:

A penny a pun, a pun a penny, at the barrows, where a pound of anything can be sold at this low rate.—Harford Courant.

UNCLE SAM'S MAILBAGS.

When Worn Out, They Just Begin to Be Really of Service.

To see the government economically administered, go where they mend mailbags. When a mailbag is worn out, it is considered as just fit for service. A new mailbag is stiff, unyielding. When it has knocked about the world, had the starch taken out of it and its weak places discovered, it grows pliable, gives when it can't force its way and is now prepared to do business successfully. Like a human being, the mailbag has had its experience. The most active mailbags now in the service have scarcely a hand's breadth of the original fabric. The ordinary jute mailbag is mended by women. This is one of the now few branches of the public service outside of the civil service rules. The women who mend mailbags are appointed by congressmen or public officers in the old way. A more democratic gathering cannot be found in Washington. It is dirty if not difficult work. In the numbers of women clad in their worst clothes, their heads hidden in paper fools' caps with long curtains, their hands guarded by leather bands and at work on sewing so rude that it seems like a travesty on the gentle art of the needle, it is difficult to detect from one another the delicately nurtured woman, the sturdy foreigner and the negro. They are all there working in perfect amity.

Each woman sits on a low chair. She has exchanged her street dress for her working clothes in the commodious dressing room. She receives every morning a mailbag holding 10 bags. Five of these are comparatively good; five are more or less bad. It is a mild sort of lottery, which these women experience twice or three times a day, and the element of chance is not the less exciting though it lie in the depths of a dirty mailbag.

Bad or good the women are paid \$4 cents a bag. For the woman who cannot earn at least \$1.07 a day there is no place in this room. They earn on an average about \$1.80 a day, and some women exceed this amount. Each woman works with a darning needle and twine thread. Her first acquirement is the sailor's stitch. With this she can patch, darn or embroider. When she has finished the bags, they are carried to a central table, where on a bulletin board her name is scheduled. There her work is examined by one of three men and checked off accordingly.

Not all sew. Some string the bags at the neck and put on the tags and locks. One of these is a blind negress. She has not seen since a child, but she works rapidly and deftly while she tells with pride how she can embroider and sew at home.

These women from such varied walks in life work together in perfect accord. When to the foreman the dusty air and unsightly work seem to have depressed the workers, he suggests to some one, generally a colored woman, to start up some music. The wave of sound gathers until the whole room has joined in. It is usually a hymn, for hymns come most easily to women's lips.

The government is a kind taskmaster. The room is finely lighted and ventilated. The washrooms are abundantly and finely equipped with marble mounted stationary stands. At noon a tea and coffee bureau is opened, and the workers have all the tea and coffee they desire at the expense of their country. Washington working hours are easy. Vacations of a month are given, and certain sick leaves are provided for. The sweatshops of the government, where the new mailbags are made by contract, are in this city.—New York Sun.

A Perugian Superstition.

The girls of the Perugian highlands believe as firmly as any heroine of Theocritus that a person possessing a lock of another person's hair can will pain, disease and even death to the owner of the hair, and thus when maidens give their betrothed lovers the customary plaited tress it is virtually their life and all their power of suffering that they give into those trusted hands.

If the man should prove unfaithful and disease descend upon the unhappy woman, she is not, however, utterly lost, the experienced matrons of her village have means to transfer the complaint to a tree, to an animal or to cast it into running water. The patient must rise in the early dawn, touch a certain plant in a certain manner, saying, "May thou wither and I flourish again," or bind her complaint to a tree in a given fashion, taking care never to pass again before that tree lest the disease, recognizing its former possession, return to her again.—London Athenaeum.

Ice Cream Poisoning.

This is a reproach to the professions of medicine and chemistry. Year after year, with mournful reiteration, there are many reports of fatal cases. The deaths from this source must immensely exceed those from hydrophobia, but Pasteur institutes spring up like mushrooms in every country, while the deaths of the victims of poisoning by the cream are passed over in silence. Would it not be well to look into this matter? Would it not be well to prove or disprove the theory of a writer that the common ice cream freezer is often an electric battery decomposing toxic products by means of the mixture acting as an electrolyte?—Medical News.

A Stammering Mute.

Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Hobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered." "How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Dobbs. "Easily enough," replied Hobbs. "He had rheumatism in his fingers."—London Tit-Bits.

Lacking in Taste.

Maud—Why did you break off your engagement with Charley? Ellen—Well, you see he would wear shirts and neckties which didn't become my complexion.—Chicago Record.

DUCKER'S Cash - Dry - Goods HOUSE.

We are opening Special Drives in BLANKETS, Underwear, Hosiery, And Dress Goods That you cannot afford to miss.

Special Value in Grey Blankets at 88c per pair that are worth \$1 at wholesale.

Special Value in Ladies' Grey Vests at 25c. Ladies' Combination Suits, grey ribbed, at 45c, that are usually sold at 75c. Also special values in better grades. New lot of

Children's Underwear in Natural Wool and Camel's Hair at very low prices.

Come and see us. We have the right kind of goods at the right prices, and are selling lots of them.

G. A. Ducker & Co.

School Report.

Report of month ending October 20, 1893. Number enrolled are 16. Those not absent were: Flora Godwin, Georgie Adamson, Charles Arthur, Dora Lacy, Jessie Wilder and Edith Edson. Those not tardy were: Georgie Adamson, Arthur Lacy, and Edith Edson. Those who did not whisper were: Flora Godwin, Josie Godwin, Fred Lacy, Jessie Wilder, Edith Edson, Adda Adamson, Ethel Brubaker, Nellie Norris, Mary Lacy and Dory Lacy. Average attendance is 14.

MRS. C. C. BOREN, Teacher.

Market Report.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Flax, Hogs, Fat cows, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Chickens, Turkeys.

Your Last World's Fair Opportunity.

October 15-31, the Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets to Chicago at Less Than Half Rates! Tickets good for return until Nov. 15. This is positively your last opportunity of cheaply and easily reaching Chicago during the world's fair. Do not allow it to pass. A lifetime of regret is in store for every one who fails to visit this greatest of all great expositions. See your nearest Burlington Route ticket agent and obtain full information about rates and trains.

A Wedding in High Society.

Or, any other society, is not a success unless you buy your wedding suit of Wiener. He makes a specialty of them.

WANTED—Men to sell our hardy varieties of Nursery Stock, our own growing. Salary or commission. Answer with references, L. G. Bragg & Co., Kalama, 200, Mich.



"I Was a Wreck" With cough, lung trouble and generally broken down. Before I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt better. Now I am in good health, for all of which my thanks are due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. M. F. Bone, Clever, Iron Co., Mo. Get Hood's Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.