

THE CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, EDITOR. LAYTON TATE, ASST. LOCAL EDITOR.

ALL PRINTED AT HOME

Ingersol on Silver.

"I said I would say one or two words on such vulgar things as gold and silver. I am satisfied, as I am that I live, that the few—who control the debts the currency, the money of the world—have combined, either conscientiously or unconscientiously, to make the debtor pay more than the creditor has a right to ask.

The tendency has always been in this world to put the burdens on those least able to bear them. In barbarian countries the women have to do the work simply because they are the weaker—that is all. And the others, being the stronger, do not expend their strength in working, but expend their strength in making the weaker do their work.

This is precisely the same in our civilized society to-day. Between the rich and the poor, if the burden is to be borne in this country, it is borne by the poor—always.

They are the first to suffer. Let the blast of war blow over this country, who goes to the war? Who goes to the front? The millionaires? Not one. Who goes? The great presidents of corporations? No. The Bankers? No. The men who preside over great vaults of gold? Not much! The poor man goes because nine times out of ten the poorer man is the more patriotic. The poor bear the burdens of this country and of this world.

Only a few years ago our money was gold and silver—money that had been the money of man for thousands of years. Our silver was demonetized and gold made the standard.

There is no man in the United States with ingenuity enough to account for the demonetization of silver in 1873. There is not one.

I do not think the few should have the right to combine to increase the value of what people call money against the debtor and in favor of all the creditors. I want free coinage of all the silver you can mine from the mines of America, and if there are those who are not willing to take silver we will not trade with them."

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 Druggist and 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. C. L. Cotting's Drugstore.

From Missouri.

WEST PLAINS, Mo., Oct. 23, '93. EDITOR CHIEF.—I started from Red Cloud September 27th, 1893, with my family, which consisted of Mrs. C., little Nora and myself. We started with, you might say, heavy hearts, owing to the condition of sick relatives and reports we had heard about the terrible roads which led to this country, also about this country in general, but to our surprise, the hardships: pull we had was from Red Cloud to Jewell City. People got me to believe that when we struck the Missouri line we would have nothing but mountains and rocks, but for seventy-five miles in Missouri we never used our wagon brake, until we got to a little town by the name of Greenfield. There we struck some rocks and hills, but nothing like we expected.

We found plenty of springs of fine water, though afraid to leave one without filling our jug with fresh water.

Now, in regard to the enterprise of this great country, it appears to me as though people have gone wild on growing fruit. There is one farm in this farm of twenty-seven hundred acres, and am safe in saying thousands on top of thousands more are being cleared for the same purpose. Most farmers that can raise money to buy trees are putting out more trees.

In regard to the city, every man appears to work for the interest of the town. Any enterprise that is proposed is pushed to the utmost. There is at present a large opera house being put up, some business houses and quite a number of dwellings. Farmers are also improving some. They have some good horses and mules, but cattle are a very inferior grade, as little Nora says, look what big horns

those little calves have. The hogs—I don't know what to compare them to. Well, I will tell you how I yoked mine. I could not get a fence tight enough to hold them, so I yoked them and you would have laughed to see them trying, as the Missourians say, to fish the fence.

As to sheep, they have as fine sheep as in any country. Vegetables are very fine and generally cheap. Irish potatoes are worth 40 cents, sweet potatoes 30 cents; other vegetables in proportion. Corn is from 25 to 50c. There is no standard price here for anything. I got my corn for 30 cents, and hay by going in the country. If you watch, you can get it at 40c per ton—all timothy and clover.

To make a long story short, I am not at all sorry I came to this country, though there are some things lacking in me to make a good Missourian. I am no fiddler, nor hunter, and abhor the cries of the fox hounds. When I get those three, I will be all right in Missouri. A. CALMES

Iowa It

To suffering humanity to tell the great benefit my wife has received from Parks' Sure Cure, the truly great Liver and Kidney Cure. She has been constitutionally wrecked for several years. Tried everything fruitlessly. After much persuasion from my druggist backed by his guarantee I bought a bottle of Parks' Sure Cure and the results are more than wonderful. W. P. Bays, 2404 Jones St., Omaha, Neb. Sold by C. L. Cotting.

A MOCK PRAYER.

A Democratic Convention in Colorado Closes With Prayer by Major Crooke—Terrible Arrangement of the Administration.

A recent copy of the Gunnison, (Col.) Tribune has been sent to the CHIEF office. Prayers to Cleveland are very much in vogue now, but this copy of the Tribune contains the best one that has yet appeared. It is as follows:

TO ALMIGHTY CLEVELAND.

Previous to the close of the democratic county convention last Tuesday, Edward Crooke, mayor of Irwin, arose and all the delegates reverently bowed their heads while he offered prayer to Almighty Cleveland. The voice was filled with emotion and the reporter found it difficult to get every word. But here it is:

Oh, almighty and all-powerful Cleveland, who art in Washington, when not fishing; thou who art the father of Ruth and Ruth's sister, and the god-father of the democratic party, (his father wouldn't own it if he were here) we hail thy name as the great political prophet of the century. We bow down before thee in humble political obedience. When thou sayest go, we go, when thou sayest come, we come. We have no desire but to serve thee. If thou sayest black is white we will swear to it and lick the everlasting 'stiffin' out of the man who disputes it. When thou takest snuff we will sneeze; when thou sayest free silver we will echo thy words; when thou sayest gold then gold it is. We are democrats after the improved modern type. Our business is to vote the ticket and vote 'er straight. What is it to us whether we have free silver or not? We are but dogs that eat of the crumbs that fall from our masters' tables. When the crumbs fall we wag our tails; when they fall fast we wag faster; when they don't fall we stand and wait until they do. This is democracy. This is the kind of democracy which elected our great and Almighty Cleveland. Oh, most adored master, we love thee for what thou hast not done for us. We love thee because thou art Cleveland. We humbly surrender ourselves to thee. Do with us as thou wilt. Though wheat is but forty cents per bushel we love thee; though cotton is low we love thee; though business is dull we love thee; though thousands, millions, are out of employment we love thee; though our children are clothed in rags we love thee; though our wife, the dear companion of our bosom, is scantily dressed and looks so shabby that she can't go to church, we love thee; though we are sinking deeper in debt and poverty is knocking at the door and hunger is staring us in the face, we love thee still. This shows our great faith and love for thee. Our wives and children we will sacrifice, even as the Hindoo mother sacrifices her offspring by throwing it under the crushing wheels of the juggernaut. Oh, mighty Cleveland, words cannot express our love for thee. We love our party, too. What care we about the many promises it made. We know it promised free silver, and we know it won't give it to



Mrs. S. A. Morrow, Doud's, Iowa.

Hives

Like All Other Blood Diseases, Are Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been a sufferer for several years with hives, and have tried everything I could hear of, from friends, or ordered by physicians, but nothing cured. In fact, I

Seemed to be Getting Worse

Finally I read about hives being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and decided to try this medicine. Before half a bottle was gone I was almost cured, and now, being on the second box

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

It, I am entirely cured and take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who suffer from this distressing affliction. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also helped me in many other ways. It is a good medicine. Mrs. S. A. Morrow, Doud's, Iowa.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

us, but we will stick to the party. We know we said if it did not do the things it promised to do we would leave it, but we lied when we said it. We thought then we had some manhood about us, but we ain't. We have no independence. Thou, oh mighty Cleveland, has all the manhood and independence in the party. We are fools, liars, lick-spittles, mudsills. We have no business to want any thing or to say anything. Last year we favored free silver, and now we have to oppose it. We favored it then because we thought it was right. We oppose it now, most adored master, because thou tellest us to. Ain't we a honey of the first water? Did ever dog serve his master more faithfully? Did ever a dog get less for it? Oh mighty master, we are ever ready to serve thee and party. All the pay we ask is to be patted on the back by some local politician and called a good democrat. We ain't got any sense. We don't want any, only enough to vote the ticket. It don't take any sense to be a good democrat. What a joyful thought! We don't have to think. We don't have to worry. Our work is all mapped out for us. All that is expected is to do what we are told to do. We thank thee, oh Cleveland, that we are democrats. We thank thee for the panie. We thank thee for the hungry and idle men and women in the country. We thank thee for the low prices. We thank thee for the banks that have busted and the thousand of business failures since thou hast come into power. We thank thee for the hard times. We thank thee for the rags our children wear. We thank thee for the clothes our wives need and can't get. We thank thee for what thou has done for the banker and what thou hast not done for the people. We thank thee for all these things because it is our duty as a good democrat to do so. It may be "against the grain," but we will take our medicine. We will work our wives to death, starve our children, sacrifice our homes, crucify liberty and kill prosperity, but will never go back on our dear old party. And on thee, our most adored Cleveland. Thou art more account than all of us put together. Thou knowest more than the south and west. Call us fools; spit in our faces; wipe your feet on us; we will love the all the more. And now our great political father, we leave us in thy care. Do with us as thou wilt. Kick silver in to the middle of the next century; give more privileges to the national banks; issue more bonds; preserve the McKinley bill; establish state banks; foster trusts; bribe congressmen with patronage; fish when ever thou wilt, and hunt snipe when ever thou carest to, and we will endorse everything thou doest, carry Cleveland roosters, campaign torches and forevermore sing thy praise. Amen.

One Lady Says

I have been troubled for years with a hacking cough. Have had many doctors and tried fifty cough cures. I grew worse all the time. I tried Parks' Cough Syrup and found immediate relief. It begins at the bottom of the disease and I know it is the best cough remedy on the market. Refer any sufferer to Mrs. W. J. Fahey, Le Roy, N. Y. Sold by C. L. Cotting

Police Women. Governor Lowell of Kansas has appointed a woman to the police force of Topeka. The usurpation of no masculine occupation—from that of drum major to chimney sweep—by women causes surprise now, but, all the same, when the world is a little older and wiser, it may cause surprise. Most reforms once started go with a rush that carries them beyond the point of common sense, and it is not until there have been successive reactions and advances that they quiet down, like an oscillating compass needle, to point in the right direction.

A policeman's duties are very promiscuous, and apt at times to be exceedingly disagreeable and to require brute strength and a cold heart. Since there are plenty of men to do this sort of work the world is not richer, but poorer, if women can do it too. Let the women go in for scholarship, for all that is highest and noblest and most refined in men, but let them not change their work at all rather than change to something less refined, less Christian, less womanly—in the new and broad sense of the term. Let them indeed direct the policeman if they can do so wisely, since policemen are necessary, but let men execute the orders.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Elizabethan Ruff.

The full ruff is again upon us, and superseding the feather bon which one made of very rich grosgrain ribbon which ties quite closely about the throat and may be worn with any costume, as it is invariably black. In making such a ruff two strips of 4 inch wide ribbon are laid in double box plait, the length to fit the throat. After they are plaited they may look a little stiff, but do not be induced to catch the plait down, as after one or two wearings they will fall of their own accord. Long ends of ribbon are the finish, and the ends are tied in loops that almost reach the waist and ends that fall below it.

Above all things this ruff or ruff must fit the neck closely, the effect given in wearing it being just like that in those old pictures of ladies of the time of Queen Elizabeth—those ladies who would have given any money to have learned how to keep their ruffs stiff. Lace ruffs are liked for evening wear and are developed not only in the black and white, but in the coffee colored laces. These, however, are only for evening wear and full dress occasions.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Old Laws About Women.

Renewed activity on the part of the "women's rights" folks recalls what are described as "two very remarkable enactments illustrative of the helplessness of men"—one English, the other a colonial act for New Jersey people. The English one reads as follows, "Any person who shall by means of rouge, or of blanc, or perfumes, or essences, or artificial teeth, of false hair, of cotton espagnol, of steel stays or hoops, of high heeled shoes or of false hips, entice any of his majesty's male subjects into marriage shall be prosecuted for sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared void"—this was only in 1770.

The New Jersey colonial act, which was earlier than this, differs but little from the English enactment. It provides "that all women of whatever age, profession or rank, maid or widow, who shall impose upon or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paint, artificial teeth, false hair or high heeled shoes shall incur the penalty now in force against witchcraft."—Newcastle-on-Tyne Chronicle.

School Directors in Kansas.

The following from the Lincoln Beacon answers the doubt as to women voting at school elections:

In one district there was but one man present. The director, a man, forgot the date. The other two members were women, and both were present. With delicate gallantry the man was made chairman, and the women proceeded to do the business of the meeting, not forgetting a single thing. They voted an ample tax, and to repair the schoolhouse, and unanimously for county uniformity of textbooks, re-elected the treasurer, who is serving her fourth term, and the clerk duly prepared and sent in her returns. If the argument, "Women don't want the ballot, for they do not vote at school elections," applies, what can be said of the men, who rarely ever come out in greater numbers than just enough to transact the business?

Against Miss Davidson.

Miss Davidson, an enterprising young woman of Memphis, was elected notary public by the Shelby county court and entered upon the duties of her office. She was capable and was given so much business that some other notaries became jealous of her success. They brought suit against the fair young notary, claiming that a woman was not eligible to the office. The case was first tried before Judge L. H. Estes of Memphis. He decided promptly in favor of the defendant. The plaintiffs then appealed to the supreme court, who have just handed down their opinion. Their decision is against Miss Davidson. They say it is unconstitutional for a woman to hold this office in Tennessee.—Memphis Correspondent.

Not Prepared For a Snap Shot.

A characteristic little story comes from the scenes of the recent land rush. One of the heroines of the occasion was Miss Mabel Gentry of Neosho county, Kan. She was the seventh to seize a claim, riding on a spirited pony. She was armed with a revolver and a lunch basket and was prepared to guard her claim as long as it was necessary. But when an enterprising newspaper correspondent asked leave to take her photograph she promptly demurred on the ground that she was "looking like a fright."

They Passed the Bonnet.

At a recent woman's club meeting, funds being needed for some important scheme, in default of the traditional hat, a bonnet was passed around, securing a rich harvest.—New York Correspondent.

WEATHER FORECASTS

Furnished Expressly for The Chief for Webster County

(Copyrighted by W. T. Foster.)

ST JOSEPH, Mo., November 11.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 11th to 15th, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 15th, cross the western mountains by close of the 16th, the great central valleys from 17th to 19th, and the eastern states about the 20th.

This storm will be of very considerable force, and will increase as it moves eastward, developing its greatest force east of the Mississippi river. This disturbance will inaugurate one of our most severe storm periods, and will appear to have inaugurated winter before the winter solstice has arrived. The temperature will run to extremes, very warm and very cold for the time of year. The temperature of the second and third weeks of November will go below the general average.

The warm wave will cross the western mountains about the 15th, the great central valleys about the 17th, and the eastern states about the 19th.

The cool wave will cross the western mountains about the 18th, the great central valleys about the 20th, and the eastern states about the 22d.

More severe weather than usual will occur from November 24th to December 9th, and immediately following this period a severe cold wave may be expected. Winter storm waves will cross the country about November 25th and December 1st and 7th. Particulars next week.

PROF. HARRINGTON AND ABBE.

For twenty-two years Prof. Cleveland Abbe has been the autocrat of the national weather bureau. His ability is not questioned, but having ability does not prove the correctness of ones theories. Discussions through the public press as to whether heat or electricity is the original moving force of weather changes is making rapid inroads on the rigid orthodoxy of Prof. Abbe's theories.

In this annual report, Prof. Harrington, chief of the national weather bureau, referring to the recent work of Prof. Bigelow, and a bulletin of which the latter is the author, says: "In this bulletin a general account of the relations thought to exist between terrestrial and cosmical magnetism and certain meteorological phenomena is given.

The result is that the radiant field of sunlight is to be regarded as a magnetic field in which a spherical conducting magnet is rotating in the known astronomical conditions; that the earth is thus acted upon by a couple tending to pull the north magnetic hemisphere toward, and to push the south magnetic hemisphere away, from the sun; that the plane of symmetry, passing through the center of the earth and thus not affecting its axial rotation, is itself turned westward, by about twenty-three degrees in the northern hemisphere and about eight degrees in the southern from the meridian of the sun, that the lines of force are absorbed by the earth as a better conductor of magnetic waves than the surrounding medium and indicate by their peculiar curvature that magnetic refraction is the simple law of the complex resultant formula; that the polar fields pass into the mid-latitude through a belt which is, to a certain extent, discontinuous, and which is the region occupied generally by auroral manifestations, which must therefore be the result of a combination of magnetic wave vibrations increased sufficiently in frequency to become just visible as light; that among the many important conclusions in physics to be drawn from these premises is the confirmation of Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light."

The above quotation establishes every claim made by planetary meteorologists and utterly annihilates the heat theory of storms. Prof. Finley's testimony before the courts while in the employ and pay of the government, and which testimony saved the lightning insurance companies from paying large losses, falls to the ground. Out of their own mouths, they are condemned, and the force in the tornado is proven to be electric.

But I sincerely regret that \$800,000 a year is not enough to induce Prof. Harrington to condescend, at least to the language of our best magazines, if he is too stiff to use newspaper language.

The people who pay the taxes in this country, do not generally understand the exclusive language used by orthodox scientists, and when paid for it by the people, official reports should be made in that plain English which is of every day use.

The quotations above are valuable, and my readers are requested to preserve this bulletin for future use, for in the discussion of weather changes I will have occasion to use Prof. Harrington's admissions.

The weather bureau will probably discontinue these investigations; there is no harmony existing between the theories of Prof. Cleveland Abbe and Prof. Bigelow, and he who has been twenty-two years at the helm has sufficient ability, right or wrong, to keep him there.

Prof. Bigelow has forced important admissions from the head of the weather bureau, and both will probably lose their heads. The question remains: "Is the sun a burning body, or is it similar to the earth, with great electro-magnetic influences over the members of the solar system?"

All His That Pills

Are good for are treated more successfully by Parks' Tea. Is not a cathartic no griping or pain, yet moves the bowels every day. Sold by C. L. Cotting.

To Be Given Away!

The Golden Eagle Clothing House will, on January 1st, 1894, give the following handsome articles away: 1 New Home Sewing Machine, value \$40; 1 eight day clock, value \$12; and \$5 in cash. Everyone should investigate this. Guess on the number of seeds in the large squash at our store. The nearest guess gets a handsome New Home sewing machine, the next nearest an eight day clock; the next \$5 in cash. The squash will be cut open January 1st.

School Report.

Report of district No. 7, for the month ending November 3.

Number enrolled 8. Average attendance 7. Those not absent during the month were: Emma Harris, Julia Martin, Gertie Martin, Roy Martin, Vale Fox and Leyd Stratton. Those not tardy were Emma Harris, Julia Martin, Roy Martin and Gertie Martin. Those whose department was 100 were Julia and Roy Martin. Those above 90 were Emma Harris and Eva Holingrain.—Daisy Craft, Teacher.

Give the Boys

A chance to be strong and healthy, feed them with good plain food and keep their blood in good order with Haller's Sarsaparilla and Burdock and who knows but they will be President or Alderman. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Hold Up!

Do you know that Wiener selling his calf and kip boots at less than manufacturer's cost price? Well, he is, and only has a few pair left. Get a pair before they are all gone.—Wiener, the Clothier.

THE BEST PLASTER.—Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades, will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by Deyo & Grice.

For Painting

You should see Frank P. Hadley. He does house, sign and carriage painting, glazing, &c.

Are your children subject to croup? If so, you should never be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a certain cure for croup, and has never been known to fail. If given freely as soon as the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. It is the sole reliance with thousands of mothers who have croupy children, and never disappoints them. There is no danger in giving this Remedy in large and frequent doses, as it contains nothing injurious. 50 cent bottles for sale by Deyo & Grice.

TAYLOR keeps the largest and best selected stock of wall paper ever brought to Red Cloud.

A. B. C.

Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption result from a neglected cough or cold. Don't neglect but cure promptly with a few doses of Boggs' Cherry Cough Syrup Sold by Deyo & Grice.

When in Riverton measure and stop at the Banks house. \$1.00 per day. Live in connection. By far the most pleasant place in Riverton.

Remember that L. P. Albright sells more flour than any other store in Webster county. If you want flour see him for he keeps the best.

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

Have you seen those all wool hose at R. M. Martin & Son's?

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.