

Be Wise! Observe that Money Makes the Mare Go!

And money is what we want. Our Store is full of New Goods, all nice clean Stock, Bargains without number cover our counters and shelves. You are cordially invited to call in and look us over.

Dress Goods Department.

All styles, all colors, all prices.
We Mean Business
Goods must be sold.

Ginghams, Outings, Suitings and Prints.

Prices away out of sight. We have over-loaded in these goods and will close them out cheap.

Underwear DEPARTMENT.

Men's, Ladies', Children's, and
Infants Underwear

We have a splendid assortment. All styles and prices.

HOSE!

Ladies' woolen hose, Ladies' cotton hose, Children's woolen hose, Children's cotton hose.

We have bought an immense line of these goods, and will positively undersell any house in Red Cloud,



CLOAKS.

Ladies', Misses and Children's Wraps
We have just received a large invoice of the above named garments which are nobby and stylish. These goods are fully 20 per cent Lower than any other house dare offer them.

See our children's wraps.

See our Plush wraps, see our capes,
See our elegant cloth wraps.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere

We are overstocked and must get our money out of them.

Overcoats

We have about 150 overcoats left and will sell them regardless of cost.

If you want a first-class coat remember Martin & Son undersells all, we Lead and Follow none,

Flannel Blankets

Quilts, Comforts, Hoods and Facinators, in fact a full and complete line of Dry Goods will be found at our store.

For nice Fresh Groceries

For First-Class Dry Goods,

For a New and Stylish Cloak,

For a Good Warm Overcoat,

Remember the old and reliable firm of

Martin & Son.

Written for THE CHIEF.
What's in a Name?

BY BILL WILLOUGHBY.

CHAPTER XV.

After a moments pause Dick found expression and said in a clear manly voice: "Mr. Stewart let not that unpleasantness have the least to do with the present; think not for a moment that we could possibly hold enmity in our hearts against a man of your noble daring and love of country.

For, as we all know, you were actuated at the time of our hostile engagement, not by feelings of personal resentment, but of resentment of what you believed an insult to our southern principals. We are only too glad to be of service to you while you sojourne with us in this land of strangers, ice and snow."

I could not but notice a shadow cross the face of the sick man while Dick was delivering these words of welcome, and felt that the proud heart was moved as it would have been hard to move under other circumstances. But before he had time for reply he was seized with a spasmodic suffering of the lungs to that degree that became alarming. His daughter knelt by his side, applied smelling salts to his nostrils, brushed his hair soothingly from his broad white forehead, and in a low soft tone such as a mother would employ while watching over her babe, spoke words of encouragement, and assured her father that he would soon recover.

Then she arose and prepared certain medicines for administering to the sick man from certain vials on a little table near at hand, assuring him meanwhile that the doctor had given her every assurance that the patient would soon be beyond the danger line, in fact was already so much improved that he—the doctor, thought it

scarcely worth while to call until the morrow, although he would drop in during the night.

I shall never forget the sweet womanly courage with which these assurances were given, and none but God and the angels, perhaps, shall ever know how dear to my heart, from that moment until the present period, have been the memories of that sacred hour.

The sick man soon fell into a sleep, so calm and restful, that I could scarcely realize that but a few moments before he had seemed to be struggling hard with the grim monster Death, in his efforts to over come.

The little clock on the mantle ticked away the moments of time in a cheery little voice just as though no soul lay near by hovering between the two great shores of time and eternity.

There sat the three silent watches. Dick, looking calm and dignified, as though waiting for the returning consciousness of the sleeper, without so much as lifting his eyes from the floor, and thinking—as he told me years after—how very sad it would be for the noble girl to take her leave of her only surviving parent, away from her home and friends.

There knelt the only child and daughter of the unconscious man, with one arm tenderly placed between her father's neck and the cushions, while a hand rested gently on his bosom as if thereby to lull the pain that had caused such paroxysms of suffering.

Not a word had been spoken for more than an hour, when the eyes of the sick man slowly opened, and rested upon the calm, sweet face of the girl; so calm as to superinduce the belief, on the father's part, that she had fallen asleep. I do not think he was conscious of the presence of any one else than his child.

His lips moved as though in silent prayer, while tears stole silently down his cheeks.

I heard him murmur, and, softly approaching the head of the reclining chair, I was in the act of speaking to him, when to my surprise he said to me, in a whisper: "Don't stir, Mr. Willoughby, don't stir; poor child how much she needs rest!"

But the girl was not asleep, and, on hearing the words of her father, again soothed and calmed him into a state of rest.

I think it must have been four o'clock in the morning when the physician tapped softly at the door and Mary—for such was her name—as softly quitted her father's side, and opened the door.

The doctor after divesting himself of his bear skin coat, seal skin cap, and huge fur gloves, took a seat near the patient's side and examined him with about the same tenderness that a Fiji would diagnose the symptoms of a pet wolf.

He felt the patient's pulse, looked at his tongue, thumped him on the chest as though sounding a melon to determine its ripeness, and then in a cheerful tone began to reassure the girl that her father would be about the hotel in "less than no time." I sat and looked at this gentleman so lately wrapped in furs, and it struck me that the only reason why he had not knocked on the door with a roaring bang was owing to the muffled condition of his two huge hands.

Indeed here was a man of no ordinary character; a man standing high among the medical fraternity, and still, to my mind, better adapted to work of operating a menagerie than that of nursing back to life and health again men, women and tiny infants.

He had no hair to speak of on his great, round head, wore a huge black

beard, while beneath his shaggy brows twinkled a pair of snapping black eyes that seemed to sparkle in the light of the gas jet, and throw off rays or threads of electrical light. I think this professional gentleman's huge physical proportions may have had something to do with the size of the doses he dealt out to his patients; for judging from the powders he now piled out on square bits of yellow paper, he must certainly have belonged to the school of heroic treatment. Then he prescribed certain remedies to be had at the druggists, such as brandy and old Kentucky rye.

But, after all, there was a sort of healthful invigorating and encouraging atmosphere carried into the sick room by this huge gentleman of medicine, and no doubt those whom he had faithfully administered to for years and years in the past had come to esteem him highly.

It was said of this doctor, that once, while amputating a limb for a sailor, he stopped in the midst of the sawing and offered to bet the poor fellow a shilling that he never had a leg sawed off half so neatly before; but then when he met his patient a year afterwards hopping along the streets on crutches, he gave him money with which to buy a cork leg.

The doctor had scarcely left the room when Mr. Stewart, with a smile on his face; looked quizzically about him, and remarked: "I duly appreciate your magnanimity, Mr. Nailor, and your kindness as well, Mr. Willoughby, and do not know what we should have done in this cold, strange land had we not found you here.

Come, gentlemen, and let us shake hands in true Kentucky style and then I will introduce you to my daughter." We grasped the sick man by the hand, each in turn, and were then formally introduced to Miss Stewart.

Miss Stewart shook hands with us as though the meeting was that of old and long tried friends instead of persons of but a few hours silent acquaintance: for, paradoxical as it may sound, we were acquainted and yet we were strangers.

Yes, I at least, had formed my acquaintance of that noble girl; had been touched to the heart's core by what I had seen of her tender and yet heroic love for her father.

I am glad to record, however, that my admiration for the loving-hearted daughter was not tinged with the selfish hope of one day sharing with her parent that great love with which she so unmistakably and unselfishly loved him.

At this juncture Miss Stewart, after thanking us for our kindness, and assuring us that she would esteem it a favor if we would call in the afternoon of the now approaching day, brought our coats and furs, and accompanied us to the hall where we took our leave.

Day after day and night after night did the sick man lay in his room, no longer propped up in the invalid chair, but in bed.

And day after day and night after night did we visit the sick man, and on no occasion did we find the daughter absent from his room, or at most farther away than in an adjoining room ready to respond to the call of the two nurses—a man and his wife—who ever since the night of our first visit were in constant attendance.

And when Mr. Stewart was finally pronounced convalescent, we used to visit him, read to him and pass the time away most enjoyably.

I think Dick outdid me in the matter of reading to the sick man, and relating some of the experiences of the past few months of himself and others while out hunting, skating, coasting and so on.

Then too, the great hearted fellow had sent south for a mocking bird which he had carried in its rustic cage to the sick room and had placed near a window where the rays of sunshine falling athwart the room caused him to catch the inspiration of his native land and pour forth the richest strains of song.

Dick and I together had found some rare home plants in the city which we purchased and had removed to the sick man's room also, and which no doubt added much to the joyous songs of the bird.

During these weeks we had kept steadily on with our work and were progressing very satisfactorily indeed. Dick had completed his course in commercial school, while I had become quite a fixture of the great publishing house of The Old Dominion. We had kept up a close correspondence with our families, and knew how things were in the old home and neighborhood generally.

Dick kept up a weekly exchange of letters with Naomi, and was beginning to sigh for the coming of the day when our exile should cease, and he could claim the hand of his intended bride.

But much as I longed for my return to the dear old home in the south; much as I longed to shake the honest hand of my father, much as I yearned to be enfolded in the arms of my devoted mother; much as I longed for the hunting grounds, the fishponds, the shady lanes and wide spread elms, yet there seemed to be a strange intermingling of my home in the sunny south and my present place of abode such as I could not fully comprehend.

But one calm, cold night, as Dick and I sat with our friends, the Stewarts, and while Dick was reading the

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