



HEART DISEASE!

Fluttering, No Appetite, Could Not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought that every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sweep a room without resting. My husband induced me to try

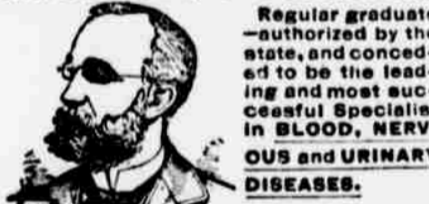
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous.

MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5.00, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

HEADACHE cured in 20 minutes by Dr. Miles' PAIN FILLER. "One cent a dose." At druggists.

OLDEST AND ORIGINAL Dr. WHITTIER

10 WEST NINTH STREET, (N. E. CORNER) KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.



Regular graduate authorized by the state, and conceded to be the leading and most successful specialist in BLOOD, NERVOUS and URINARY DISEASES. Nervous Debility With its Many Glorious Symptoms Cured. Lost Vitality Perfectly and Permanently Restored. Syphilis Cured for Life Without Mercury. Urinary Diseases Quickly Relieved and Thoroughly Cured.

Why is Dr. H. J. Whittier invariably successful? Because he makes no promises that he cannot fulfill. Avoid cheap cures and unskilled physicians, and consult Dr. Whittier in person or by letter (giving symptoms) and receive the candid opinion of a physician of long experience, unquestioned skill and sterling integrity. MEDICINES from our own laboratory furnished at small cost and shipped anywhere secure from observation. TREATMENT never sent C. O. D.

FREE CONSULTATION. URINARY ANALYSIS. Office hours—9 to 4 and 7 to 8. Sunday 10 to 12.

Guide to Health and Emergencies for 6 cts.—stamps—to prepay. Call or address in strict confidence.

DR. H. J. WHITTIER, 10 West Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Burlington Route BEST LINE TO DENVER AND CALIFORNIA

G. F. Stapleton, BLACKSMITH, Makes a specialty of Repairing Buggies and Carriages. Horse-shoeing and Plow Work promptly attended to, and takes pains shoeing. Trotting and Running Horses, And all work expected of a first class Smith. Shop North of Marble Works.

Take Notice. All persons who have books belonging to the city reading rooms will please return the same as soon as possible. For the reading rooms have been closed. Those who have books in these rooms may call and get the same.

NOT A BIGGS.

But He Might Have Been a Relative or Something or Other.

She sat right opposite a bashful looking young man in a Jefferson avenue car and looked at him so steadily for five minutes that he grew impatient. Finally she shifted the market basket, two bundles and stalk of celery to the seat beside her and leaned over and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but isn't your name Biggs?"

"No, madam," he said, blushing.

"Then you're not a son of Hiram Hartley Biggs of East Saginaw?"

"I am not."

"Not Hiram Biggs' nephew or cousin?"

"No."

"Name isn't even Biggs?" she urged persuasively.

"It is not."

"Well, I thought for sure you was one of 'em. I never saw such a family likeness."

The victim smiled that uncertain smile which is played, like trumps, when in doubt, and there was a welcome silence for three blocks. Then the owner of the market basket leaned over once more.

"It seems to me you favor ole Mrs. Biggs more'n you do Hiram," she said.

"Ah!"

"Yes. She was a Higgins. You have her eyes and hair. There is a Biggs look though, sure enough," she added reflectively, inspecting the young man still more critically.

"Born in East Saginaw, weren't you?" she inquired suddenly.

"No."

"Ever been there?"

"No."

"Well, tain't chance," she declared emphatically, "and if I had three blocks more we'd get to the bottom of this. I'm sorry I have to get off here," she added as she gathered up the market basket, the two bundles and the stalk of celery and started for the door.

"Too bad, ain't it, to leave it unsettled like that?" she said regretfully to the conductor as she climbed off the car.

But the young man didn't think so. He looked as if he had shaken a brick off his devoted head, and even the conductor seemed relieved as he started up the car again.

"Hold on, conductor," screamed the friend of all the Biggises, dropping the market basket, two bundles and stalk of celery on the track and hurrying after the car.

"It might be on his mother's side," she said breathlessly. "Ask him was his mother a Popham or did"—But the car was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

Returning Thanks.

Here is a story of a colonel who was much addicted to traveling and who once reached home when the house was full of his son's guests and staid to dinner. One of the company, a notorious drawer of the long bow, told a story of his being off the Cape of Good Hope in an Indianan, when a floating object was discovered which proved to be a cask, whereon a man was seated clinging to a small staff in the bughole.

"Come on board," retorted the ocean waif when hailed. "No, thank you. I'm very comfortable here. I am bound for the cape. Can I take letters there for you? Don't bother about me. I'm all right."

Then, amid the silence which followed this incredible yarn, Colonel G. arose and gravely addressed the narrator.

"Sir," he said, "for years I have been trying to find any one belonging to that ship to return thanks for the great courtesy shown to me on that occasion. At last I am enabled to do so, sir. I was the man on the cask."—Tit-Bits.

Not So Stupid.

"There's a man to see you, sir," said the office boy politely.

"Well, you stupid, didn't I tell you I wouldn't see anybody?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you receive him?"

"I told him to wait without, sir."

"Without what?" said the boss, expecting to crush the boy by his chestnut.

"Without any chance of seeing you, sir," and the boy dodged through the door.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bargain in Sightseeing.

"What did you give that stranger money for?" said Aunt Eliza as she and Uncle Hiram waited in the station after getting off the train from Hayville.

"That's all right, Liza," said Uncle Hiram triumphantly. "That's a nice feller. I give him \$2, and he's goin to fix it so we can go out and see the skyscrapers without extra charge."—Chicago Record.

Uncle Eben's Observation.

"Hit an er good t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "foh folks ter try ter be satisfy wif whut dey kin un'stan. Ef dah was less hypnotism goin on an mo' batisim, dah wouldn't be so much trouble at de presen' time."—Washington Star.

Guarding Against It.

"Dear me," cried the nurse, "the baby has swallowed my railway ticket. What shall I do?"

"Go and buy another right away," returned the mother. "I'm not going to let the conductor punch the baby."—Comic Out.

His Duty.

"I s'nt'ny am got er fine situation at de present time," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I's next in 'politance ter de head waitah in de leadin restarant."

"G'way! What am yoh title?"

"I's de head listener."

"Nebber hyahnd ov no sech passon."

"Dat's 'cause yoh is behin de times. When ebah er customer kicks, he's gotter hab somebody ter kick to, ain't he?"

"Sho."

"Well, de perpriator ain't got tim' ter ten ter 'em all, ner de cashier ain't, ner de head waitah ain't, so dey sen 'em ter me. An I listens ter 'em."—Washington Star.

Substantial Evidence.

Saturated Sam—I say, Weary, yer ought ter git yer hair cut. People'll laugh at yer.

Weary Ways—Not much. I give it to 'em dat I'm a collego man in hard luck, and me tangled locks substantiate der story. See?—New York World.

He Was Doing Well.

Jack Negly was one of the mountaineers of the Cumberland whom I had known better perhaps than any of them, for Jack had borrowed a few dollars from me to buy a yoke of steers with, and the number of times he came to me to get the debt renewed brought me in to very close acquaintance with him. He was a farmer in a small way, and he was never known to be out of debt. He was a reuter, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm. By my advice he had moved the year before into an entirely new field at least a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and I had not seen him for several months. When I did see him at last, it was by accident, as business called me into his neighborhood. As I rode past his place he hailed me from the cornfield and came out to the fence.

"Hello," I exclaimed, "is this your farm?"

"Yes, and I jist come over to tell you, colonel, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim un yourn afore long."

"You must be doing well."

"I think I'm doin fust rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, colonel, fer headin me this away."

"I'm always glad to help if I can."

"I knowed that, colonel, and that's why I come away over here so fer from home. Hit's kinder strange to me, but ez long ez I'm doin ez well ez I am I'm a-goin to stand hit."

"Are you making any money?"

Jim's face brightened perceptibly.

"No, fain't, colonel," he replied hopefully, "but I'm losin it slower'n I ever done in my life afore."

It struck me as rather odd at first, but upon more mature reflection I concluded that Jim might have reason for his hopefulness.—Detroit Free Press.

Tobogganing.

Persons who desire to toboggan should be a little careful at first. You should never sit down on a toboggan slide unless there is a toboggan under you. There are numerous perils connected with toboggan. If there is no slide handy, you can get a pretty good idea of one of them by stepping on a piece of soap at the head of the stairs. In some parts of the country it is killing off the people as effectually as the deadly car stove, and it has been suggested that the deadly car stove should be loaded on the toboggan and both should be shoved down the slide into the lower depths of innocuous desuetude. Something of the kind is hinted at in the following poetic gem:

Little Willie had a toboggan That was turned up at the bow. Upon the slide two did collide. Willie's pants are vacant now. —Texas Siftings.

Didn't Like It.

"Daubs is as mad as hops about his picture that was on exhibition."

"Wasn't it noticed?"

"Yes, took a prize."

"What's he mad about then?"

"Well, it was a picture of cows, and it was awarded the prize for the best picture of sheep."—Tit-Bits.

The Usual Difference.

Lady—I see you advertise "good" butter, "fine" butter, "extra" butter, "best" butter and "gilt edged" butter. What is the difference?

New Boy (not very well trained)—Th' "gilt edged" butter is fit to eat. The rest isn't.—Good News.

Getting It Mixed.

"When I came down here because I couldn't stand the climate up north," said the North Dakota man who was shivering in a Georgia winter resort, "I seem to have jumped out of the frying pan into the—er—into the icebox."—Chicago Tribune.

So Feminine.

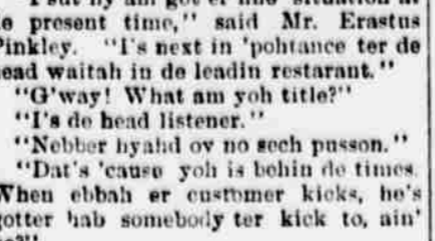
He—Do you think blonds have more admirers than brunettes?

She—I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?—Temps.

Appropriate.

From the shop front of a French hatter: "Latest novelty. Soft felt hats for railway collisions."—Tit-Bits.

No Wonder the Cars Seem Crowded Now.



—New York World.

A Dangerous Topic.

Last night at one of the negro churches in Atlanta the preacher, who is visiting in the city, was painting a picture of the fires of hell with all the vehemence of his rugged oratory. Suddenly a brother in the amen corner arose and said,

"Passon, if yer keep er talkin 'bout fire on such a cold night like dis I've feared ev'y one of dese here niggers will be a-wantin' ter go to perdition."

—Atlanta Journal.

Used to Larger Ones.

"In this cage," said the keeper, "we have a splendid specimen of the Pelicanus americanus, or American pelican. It is noted, as you see, for the enormous size of its bill!"

"I don't see anything remarkable about it," observed the man who had just settled with the cage company, passing on.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Open.

Dentist—You needn't open your mouth any further. That is quite sufficient.

Passant—I thought as how you were a-going to shove in them pinchers.

Dentist—The pinchers, yes, but I am stopping outside myself.—Unsers Gesellschaft.

Not Satisfactory.

"Did you manage to explain to your wife why you got home so late last night?" said the convivial friend.

"Y-yes."

"What did she say?"

"She said she wished I could be a little more original."—Washington Star.

A Parlor Esel.

Little Visitor—Why does your mother put such a little bit of a picture on that big easel?

Little Hostess—I don't know, but that easel cost \$50, and I guess mamma doesn't want to cover it up.—Good News.

Always the Way.

"How do you know the next elevator will be going up?" said the first man as he vainly peered down the dark shaft.

"Because," replied the second man, "I'm waiting to go down."—Chicago Tribune.

Art Up to Date.

Little Girl—Oh, mamma, come and look at the beautiful rainbow.

Mamma—Hush, my dear, it is very bad form to admire such a crude combination of red, yellow and blue.—Pick Me Up.

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, u "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by C. L. Cotting.

Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St., New York, 10 Spruce St.

For that painful ailment known as Neuralgia nothing will so quickly and effectually alleviate the pain as Haller's Pain Payalyzer. Apply liberally and rub in thoroughly. It is without doubt the best remedy known for the instant cure of colic, cramps and all pains in the stomach and bowels. A big bottle for 50c. Sold and guaranteed by Deyo & Grice.

Keep something out of each week's earnings and soon something will keep you.

We might tell you more about One Minute Cough Cure, but you probably know that is cures a cough. Every one does who has used it. It is a perfect remedy for coughs, colds hoarseness. It is an especial favorite for children, being pleasant to take and quick in curing.

The laborer who has enough money on which to get drunk is paid too much.

You make no mistake when you take DeWitt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, dyspepsia or headache, because these little pills cure them.

The sheep that goes astray never finds a green pasture for itself.

"Orange Blossom" is a painless cure for all diseases peculiar to women. Sold fresh by C. L. Cotting.

Do your grumbling where nobody but yourself hears it.

For the description of all important cities, time of all trains, population of all railway stations, etc., see the the Rand-McNally Railway Guide.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

HERE is Health in the Wheel.



Firm muscles, good complexion, and cheerful spirits are the result of plenty of out-door exercise and sunshine. Cycling is the popular sport of the day.

The 1894 Columbias are a realization of the ideal in bicycle construction—a triumph of American skill and enterprise. Constantly advancing in the line of progress, Columbias still maintain their proud position as the standard bicycles of the world—unequaled, unapproached.

POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

A beautiful illustrated catalogue free at our agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

Ride a Columbia

—New York World.

The City Bakery and Restaurant

Our Motto, Live and Let Live.

At the City bakery and restaurant you can get the best square meal or lunch in the city and the cheapest, and keep on hand fresh bread, buns, pies and cakes. All kinds of bread stuffs at 32 loaves for \$1.00, special rates on larger lots. You will find us prompt, neat and clean and first class. Accommodations for boarding and lodging. Fresh oysters and ice cream in season.

32 Square Meals 25c for \$1 Loaves!

Joseph Herburger, Proprietor.

SACRIFICE SALE

—OF—

Nursery Goods.

Comprising all Varieties of

APPLE TREES.

Two kinds Crab Apples, Elms and Soft Maple Shade Trees. These trees are from three to four years old and are first-class trees. You can get your choice for 5 cents per tree. Terms cash. They must be sold,

E. B. SMITH, Red Cloud.

Closing Out!

IF YOU WANT TO GET Wall Paper Cheap

Take advantage of our clearing sale of Remnants.

You will be surprised to see how cheaply you can paper a room. Come now while there is more to select from.

C. L. COTTING.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat

Twice Every Week,

AND

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

\$1.50 - per - year

N. E. ROBINSON, PAINTER & PAPER HANGER

First class work a specialty. Prices reasonable. Office first door south of Chief with W. F. Hull

See him before giving your order as it will be to your interest