

Blood Diseases

such as Scrofula and Anemia, Skin Eruptions and Pale or Sallow Complexions, are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion



the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. No other remedy so quickly and effectively enriches and purifies the blood and gives nourishment to the whole system. It is pleasant to take and easy on the stomach.

Thin, Emaciated Persons and all suffering from Wasting Diseases are restored to health by Scott's Emulsion.

Be sure you get the bottle with our trade-mark on it. Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

State Creek.

Farmers are plowing and beginning spring's work.

Parties and dances are still numerous but will have to stop soon on account of hot weather.

Myrt Fern had the sad misfortune to lose a horse from heart disease.

Some of the boys on the creek are trying to get married and others unmarried.

Leonard Guthrie has written his parents that he will not come home this summer having accepted a profitable position in Iowa.

Ward Stevens is attending to W. H. Rosencrans' work while he is in the east.

The property left by Mr. Warington has been seized by the county sheriff for taxes and taken to Al. Decker's where it will be sold at a specified time.

Rev. Haskings of Guide Rock preached an excellent sermon at the Penny creek school-house Sunday night. He preaches there again in four weeks.

A small portion of the aid Messrs Rosencrans and Saladen went east for has arrived—about 40 bushels. It is being carefully distributed by the committee. When the next three car loads arrive there will be great rejoicing in Line township. Farmers want their seed and feed as soon as possible.

Some black-hearted thief swiped three of L. A. Haskin's turkeys Tuesday night, and the beauty of it is he is dead on to the rascals but is keeping perfectly still about it until the proper time. Lush will put in a large crop turkeys or no turkeys, and is trying to hire a hand for the summer and pay him with a fine team of horses. Who wants a job?

Miss Bessie Norton will close a very successful term of school next Friday. She is far superior to the ordinary teacher, and has greatly endeared herself to all her acquaintances in this neighborhood, who will wish her success wherever she may go.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight year's standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by C. L. Cotting druggist.

Stillwater.

Sam Goble has been on the sick list.

Boyd Vance has returned from Iowa.

Hugh McIntyre of Jewell county, Kan., attended church at Eckley last Sunday.

Rob't Grechalgh has had the scarlatina but is on the road to recovery at present.

Miss Cora Wagner of Guide Rock attended church at Eckley last Sunday.

Geo. Harris and wife of Cowles were out calling at J. W. Smith's last Sunday.

Jem Sanders came down Saturday to make a visit with many friends over Sunday.

H. Curtis and wife and Wm. Shots and bride attended church at Eckley last Sunday. Mr. Shots has lately

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

returned from Pennsylvania with his bride.

I noticed some one from Stillwater wrote a long letter to THE CHIEF last week which I think is rather hard on those receiving aid in this township, for as far as I've heard I do not think any one has received aid that did not need it. But there always are some people who will find something to crank about. SIMPSON.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, Ulcers, Salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Cotting.

A Mur.

Minnie—That is what I call downright mean.

Mamie—What?

Minnie—Why, the church guild is getting up a series of mock marriages illustrating the rite in various countries and times, and that cat of a Mrs. Potts has asked Belinda Parsay to pose in the "middle ages" affair.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Everything Against Him."



—Life.

One Way.

"Do you have much trouble with your help, Mrs. Penguin?" asked Mrs. Waglum.

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Penguin.

"Why, how do you avoid it?" said Mrs. Waglum in astonishment.

"I don't keep any," said Mrs. Penguin.—New York Sun.



DON'T WAIT

For a Cold to Run into Bronchitis or Pneumonia.

Check it at Once

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"Early in the Winter, I took a severe cold which developed into an obstinate, hacking cough, very painful to endure, and troubling me day and night, for nine weeks, in spite of numerous remedies. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral being recommended me, I began to take it, and inside of 24 hours, I was relieved of the tickling in my throat. Before I finished the bottle, my cough was nearly gone. I cannot speak too highly of its excellence."—Mrs. E. Bosch, Eaton, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

BILL NYE IN NASSAU.

HE EATS GREEN COCOANUTS AND PLAYS WITH THE NASSAU DOG.

Some Striking Characteristics of This Animal, Who Dwells in Close Proximity to the Nassau Hog—The Natives Show Up in Their True Light.

[Copyright, 1885, by Edgar W. Nye.]

As these lines are being penned the good ship Cienfuegos is going to pieces on the rocks, and the mullet, the angel fish, the yellow tailed snapper, the cowfish, the spikefish, the jewfish, the shark, the smelt, the mackerel, the skate, the flounder and the eel are sailing up and down the gilded saloon and criticising the architecture of the ship.

A colored islander dived for our mail and rescued it, one bag at a time. For this he received \$100, or about \$5 per bag. One hundred dollars on Harbor island will maintain him in affluence for 100 years.

There is no cow on Harbor island, and goat's milk has to suffice. We were taken by the rescuing schooner Good



GREEN COCOANUTS.

Will to Dunmore town, a little hamlet on Harbor island, and were met by all the inhabitants, who asked me to lecture.

As we approached the island we could see the tall coconut trees waving in the soft February breeze, a temperature like June at the north. Mr. Jacques got a piazza full of coconuts when we landed, and all for 25 cents. We had a big native cut the ends off these green nuts, and we drank the juice. There is as much difference between a coconut just off the tree and one that has been plucked several months as there is between the new laid country egg and the dramatic or stage egg.

I do not like the grocery store coconut nor the dedicated truck which is sometimes sprinkled over a frosted cake, but a juicy green nut just off the tree is soothing and refreshing to the weary stomach of one who has been wrecked.

All night the soft wind sighed among the tall palms and rustled the long leaves of the banana, while ever and anon one could hear the gentle bleat of the kid.

We were scattered about among the cottages of Dunmore, and I slept with Mr. Coffin of Boston. We were both grateful to find ourselves alive, even though the people where we stopped took our bedding and put it on the other folks in the still watches of the night.

Those who were capsized in crossing the reef were fitted out as well as possible with dry clothing and gladly took what came along. A prominent Philadelphian appeared in a spongy fisher's overalls, and a New York lady cheerfully rolled up the bottoms of a pair of flannel trousers and paced the deck with a glad smile.

The officers said we were the best behaved party they ever saw at a wreck. This is a high compliment considering that we had never attended anything of the kind before.

The disaster occurred on Monday morning at 4:30, and at sundown we were all landed on Harbor island. On Tuesday morning we went aboard the schooner and started for Nassau, 52 miles distant, but the wind died down by 10 o'clock, and we were becalmed. I told Captain Sweeting repeatedly to luff, but he seemed to think he knew his own business better than I did, and so persistently refused to luff.

However, the Santiago, bound for New York, and a sister ship of the Cienfuegos, hove in sight just off the wreck and took us in tow, so that before sunset on Tuesday the Hog island light, off Nassau, could be seen, and the white breakers shooting up 30 or 40 feet into the air, with a background of palms and the white walls of the fort.

The people of Nassau are divided into two classes—viz, those who do absolutely nothing and those who solicit notice.

Living in Nassau does not cost anything to speak of unless you stop at the Royal Victoria hotel, and even there you may live well at \$3.50 to \$4 per day, including "sour sop." Sour sop is a cool beverage made from the juice of the sour sop and flavored with absinthe.

The colored brother here is a shade more worthless than anywhere else on earth. He is also impudent and mean. The police are black, and Dr. Parkhurst is needed every hour. The uniform of the police is rather picturesque—made of dark blue, trimmed with red, and surmounted by a scarlet turban the shape of a jelly roll.

Two of our party lost their overcoats, and several valises disappeared. Those who hustled for their property personally recovered it, but those who relied on the police did not.

Nassau now has a cable line via Jupiter, so that one is not wholly out of the world while here. The local office is under the management of Mr. Burns, an accommodating gentleman of the Caucasian race.

This is a great sponge depot, and those

who do not sponge a living on land do it at sea. The sponges are not so good as those which come from the Mediterranean sea, but do very well, especially in pugilistic circles, where they are found to be very suitable for throwing up at the close of the fight.

The Nassau dog is worthy of a fast decaying community. He may be ever so proud and ambitious when he arrives here, but he soon gets up later and later in the morning, begins to postpone till tomorrow that which should be done today, does those things which he ought not to have done and leaves undone those things which he ought to have done, and there is absolutely no health in him.

He has a corrugated back and a concave stomach. He has insomnia and fleas when no man pursueth.

He makes a good watchdog in some cases. He will watch your dinner till you get out of sight and then eat it himself.

Nassau was once the home of enterprising pirates. They are not so enterprising now. Years ago they gave one a chance for his life. Now "Chuck me a penny, boss!" is the general cry.

The climate here is very fine, but you must beware of it if you ever hope to grow up and be a good man. It is seductive to the last degree and robs one of his ambition as the poppy of the orient, blunting the senses and stealing over the better impulses for progress like a ruinous drug. You say on your arrival, "I will go at once and get my luggage from the wharf." If by evening it has not come, you ask at the office and let it go at that. By and by you say, "Well, I'm going home in a couple of weeks, and I'll let it remain there at the dock, so that it will be handy."

The Nassau hog is a trifle more meager than that of Florida. You can read long primer type through a Florida hog, but here you may read nonpareil through this one. In fact, I think that he rather magnifies the letters a trifle. Some use the Nassau hog in cases of weak vision.

We have just visited the phosphorescent lake. It was a very dark night, and every ripple sent forth a brilliant blue flame. Our boat disturbed thousands of fish, each one leaving a track like a rocket as he got away from our boat. I carried a cane and stirred up a phosphorescent display that would enable one to read the Nassau Guardian through in three minutes. I think that this lake is the most remarkable thing about Nassau.

We had a swimmer—a native accompanying the boat—and the whole body was outlined in fire. I never saw anything like it in my life. Stirred by a wild burst of generosity, I opened my heart and gave her a large English copper as we bade her goodbye.

This is no joke. She was a cute little ducky girl who swam like a porpoise and cut up in the water like everything. I asked her what she would take to come to America and act in my household as French maid. She said that she did not care to go to America, where people did nothing but follow industrial pursuits.

The colored people of Nassau are divided into (1) males, who do nothing, and (2) females, who see that future generations shall grow up to take the business off their hands.

With them indolence is an inheritance and industry a nightmare. Tomorrow is their day for doing everything, and the tomorrow they refer to has never yet been foaled.

The thermometer yesterday was down to 64, which is the coldest for 30 years, and some of the colored people had to put on an extra potato sack to keep warm. None of them wears shoes, with rare exceptions, and I saw a middle aged person selling tomatoes one day who



THE NASSAU DOG.

wore nothing but a wooden leg and a look of chastened melancholy. A shark had met him nine years ago in the harbor while on his way to lunch—the shark, I mean—and had participated about \$8 worth, considering the ducky to be worth \$75.

This is true. Also some other things which I have said in this letter. Next week I will show up the joys of a winter in the Bahamas.

Bill Nye

Less. Mrs. Slowit—I don't see how you can afford to feel sorry for Mrs. Bragg. Her husband may be disreputable, but your own is no better.

Mrs. Quickwit—True. But Mr. Quickwit is smaller than Mr. Bragg, so you see I haven't so much to complain of.—Philadelphia Record.

Not the Kind.

"Any parlor matches, lady?" he asked as he offered a bundle of his wares. "Not yet," answered the mother of four daughters, "but we hope to make some before spring," and she closed the door on the astonished match vender.—Detroit Free Press.

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
FORTY MILLION CAKES YEARLY.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

Our Spring Stock of

WALL PAPER!

IS ALL IN,

And will be sold at the following low price.

Beautiful Patterns in Browns and Whites from 9c to 18c.
Gilts from 15c to 40c,
We have ceilings, side-walls and borders to match in old grades. No old stock.
Try us. It will pay you.

DEYO & GRICE.

TRADERS LUMBER CO.,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER AND COAL
BUILDING MATERIAL, ETC.
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER FREE TO EVERY PERSON SENDING Us \$1 for The Chief. Can secure this beautiful souvenir Of the World's Fair.

A HANDSOME BOUND VOLUME OF SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS
SIXTY-FOUR PLATES. Size of page, 11 by 13 1/4 inches. Elaborate Cover in Gold and Colors, Highly Enamelled Paper. WORTH \$1.00.

YOU CAN SEND AN ADDITIONAL 15 CENTS AND SECURE BOTH THE DREAM CITY AND ONE OF OUR HANDSOME CLOTH BOUND BOOKS. THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST PREMIUM OFFERS EVER MADE BY A WEBSTER COUNTY NEWSPAPER.

SPECIAL NOTE TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS You can obtain this Handsome One Dollar Book postage paid, by renewing now for one year. If your subscription does not expire for several weeks or months yet, send in your renewal and the date on your paper will be set forward one year.

THE contents of the art series of views above referred to consists of a selection of SIXTY-FOUR photographic reproductions of the Columbian Exposition, and is invaluable as well as artistically beautiful.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD TAKE UP THIS OFFER AT ONCE.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM AGENTS INVITED. Outfit, consisting of sample of book and sample paper, sent on receipt of 25c to pay cost of wrapping, mailing and prepayment.

Address all communications, with remittances, to
THE RED CLOUD CHIEF,
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.