



ALL HOME PRINT.

RED CLOUD, WEBSTER COUNTY, NEB., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895.

VOL. 23 No. 15

DURING THE MONTH OF

APRIL

I will make 20 per cent discount on

Boots and Shoes.

Now is the time to get HARDWARE and TINWARE cheap. I am closing them out. 20 per cent reduction on CUTLERY for a short time.

I have a Bargain Rack!

On which articles of all lines will be found at less than cost.

G. A. HARRIS.

COWLES.

NEBRASKA.

E. G. MORANVILLE,

Livery and Feed Barn.

First-class in every detail. Lots of room, bright baled hay and a variety of grain. New rigs and swift horses can be secured for city or country drives at reasonable prices.

NORTH OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

Special Millinery Opening.

Saturday, April 13th,

Easter Sale!

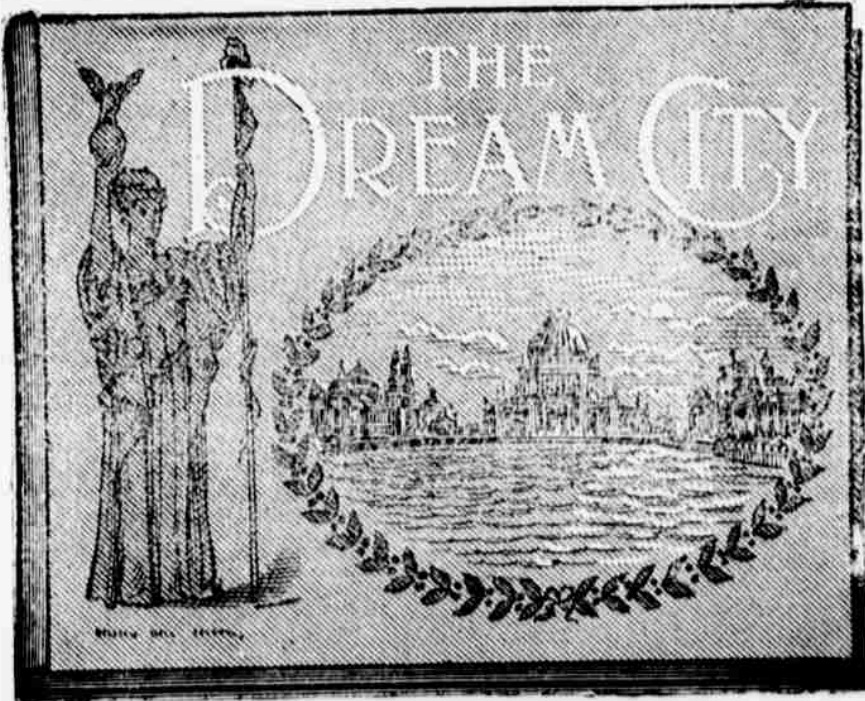
My goods are all new; just received from the wholesale house. You will find special bargains in these goods.

Ladies' Leghorn Hats at 50 cents each.

Children's Lace Straw Hats at 25 cents.

Come in and see our stock. Nothing will tell better than to see them yourselves. First door south of Nation office, in Moon block.

MRS. J. A. RICHARDSON.



This Beautiful 64-page World's Fair Portfolio given to all of The Chief subscribers free on renewal, or to new subscribers who pay a year in advance.

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.

This is a most Extraordinary OFFER

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 NON-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.

HAD A LOGICAL DELUSION. A Paranoiac Who Deceived Even an Expert in Insanity.

A physician who has to do with the treatment of the insane has a variety of experiences that do not always come within the purview of the general practitioner, says a writer in the New York Express. I recall one that has no particular moral or application, but as it happened one Christmas day twelve years ago, you may find it interesting as illustrative of one of the many curious phases of insanity. I remember I was reading in my office early in the morning, when a visitor was announced, who sent word he wished to see me at once and on important business. I laid aside my book and invited him in. He looked like an honest, hard-working mechanic.

"It is rather a painful subject to me, doctor," he said, "but I have thought it over for several days, and finally made up my mind that the best thing I could do would be to consult a physician who understood insanity. I have been directed to come to you. I would like you to pass your opinion on my wife's mental condition. She has exhibited symptoms of insanity for a long time, and has now become so violent that I am actually in fear of my life. I want to send her to an asylum where she will be well treated, and where she may be cured."

My visitor spoke in a tone that was half fearful and half solicitous. He gave me an address in the tenement district on the east side. I told him my engagements would not permit me to visit his home for a day or two, but that I would go as soon as I could. No other time but 9 o'clock would do. His wife was at home during the day, he said, but for reasons which he would not explain he did not want the examination made then. We went in quite early and sat down in the front room that served for a parlor. The husband, who was rather an undersized man, was trembling from head to foot. He partly screened himself behind the policeman.

"Well," said I, "where is the patient?" Just as I spoke a boxom Irishwoman came in, wiping her hands on her apron. "Good evenin' to yez," she said, with a good-natured smile, "an' what" — at that moment she caught sight of me.

"Well, I declare," she said coming forward, "an' sure, here's Docther Gray. An' how are ye, docther? Sure I haven't laid eyes on ye since ye sent Jimmy there to the asylum. Poor soul! He got better an' they let him out, but he's as bad as ever now."

CONDUCTOR WAS HORRID.

She Was Talking of Her Birthday and Her Age Up.

Loud talk in public places, such as restaurants and public conveyances, is more of a European than an American custom, but occasionally you meet Americans, or persons born in this country of foreign parents, who have that European habit strongly developed. Sometimes this habit occasions embarrassment to those who indulge in it.

A woman, dressed gaudily and in a way that did not comport with her years — for she was in the neighborhood of two score, while her attire would have been more appropriate for a girl of 17 — entered the Cottage Grove car a few days ago, according to the Chicago Times.

It was evident from her attire that she had an object in concealing her age. Her escort was about 35 years old. Their actions denoted that she was either his sweetheart, or trying to be.

The woman talked very loudly; her escort answered quietly. Everybody in the car could hear every word she said. When the car reached Forty-first street she announced:

"My birthday will be to-morrow." "Indeed!" replied the escort, "I am glad you have imparted the information. It will give me the opportunity." "Now, see if you are a good guesser. Guess how many," she interrupted. "Oh, I wouldn't like to try." "Go on. Guess how many." "Forty-second!" cried the conductor.

The passengers struggled to suppress laughter. The woman's escort

smiled, but the woman looked angry. "Let's get out!" she said softly — the only thing she had not said loudly.

A Hard Question. Teamster — You're agent for the S. P. C. A., ain't you? Deacon De Good — Yes. Teamster — And you're a church member, ain't you? Deacon De Good — Yes. Teamster — Well, if you had a balky horse, what would you do — beat the horse, or just sit down and cuss?

Barnum's Grandfather. The first real estate entry of record in Kanawha county, West Virginia, was made January 2, 1795, and is of 150,000 acres of land to Phineas Taylor, of Waterbury, Conn., who was the grandfather of Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman. The property has been in litigation almost ever since.

Undoubtedly. "Say, Jack, what is the capital of Switzerland?" Jack, who has just returned from abroad — Why, the money they get from travelers, of course.

BABY'S TOOTH. Why It Meant a Five-Dollar Bill to the Nurse.

She was as dusky as evening in Tennessee, but her teeth and eyes glistened through the ebony like stars through a cloud. Her companion was of lighter hue but equal amiability, and the two laughed to their hearts' content, careless of the other passengers who caught the infection and roared, too, as the black one told her story.

"You see," she said, "I was nussin' for de cap'n an' Mis' Laura, and de lil gal Ella wuz dross sufferin' de regular tormens wid'er gums. De cap'n, he sez dat hit wuz wun downrite, bu'nin' shame dat chilluns wuz borned wid all der toof, an' he worrit about dat chile twell dey wuz scarcely enny libbin' in de same house wid 'im."

Mis' Laura, she wuz po'ly, so lil Ella, she slep' wid me. De course, I tried ebery way I cud ter ease de chile's misery in'er gums, but de fus' toof is allays de mos' ornary wun ter cut, an' de baby suffer dross orful. 'T las' wun nite de cap'n up an' say, 'I gib fife dollars ter de wun wun't fuff fine er toof in de baby's mouf.' Mis' Laura, she say she boun' ter git dat munny, but I say ter myself dat hits my fife dollars. Dat nite I fa'rly slep' wid my finger in dat chile's mouf, but dey ain' no toof come thoo de gum.

In de mawnin' I rub de gum good, an' dat bressid baby dross kick up her lil heels and erow an' laff ez much ez ter say, 'Keep hit up, mammy, dat munny is yo'n.' All dat day dat chile's mouf bodered me; speshully wun Mis' Laura had her. I tell you, Sue, dat hit gimme a chill ter see dat baby in her own mammy's arms less'n Mis' Laura wuz ter' soever dat fuff toof and git de fife dollars. But Mis' Laura didn't fine no toof. De nex' day wuz Sunday. Dat day wuz mostly my mawnin' off, but dis time Mis' Laura say she an' de cap'n wuz goin' ter chur'ch an' ez how I mus' stay an' ten' de baby. I wuz dat glad dat I come near hollerin', an' lil Ella, she seem glad ez I wuz. Well, ez soon ez de mistis an' de cap'n wuz outen de house I runned my finger in dat chile's mouf. I feel er sort er hard leetle place, an' I rub hit right hard. Dat chile fa'rly wen' wid joy. She laf' an' kick up, an' I kep' on rubbin' an' rubbin'. De baby erowed de same ez she sayin'. 'You is gitten de fife dollars, mammy.' Den I know I boun' ter git dat toof thoo de gum befo' Mis' Laura come back, er she 'ud git de cap'n's munny herself. Sue, I got de thimble, I did, an' rub de hard place wid dat. Ef de chile wuz glad befo' she fa'rly dyin' wid delite den. All ob a suddint I feels sumpin' scraps ergin de thimble. Lil Ella gib a laff what seem ter say, 'De toof is cum.' Den I putt my bar' finger on de gum, an' sho' enuf, dar wuz der toof. I dess roll off de bed ontoo de flo' an' holler. W'en de cap'n an' Mis' Laura cum back fum chur'ch I say, 'Mis' Laura, lil Ella dun got er toof.' An' Mis' Laura she selaim, 'W'y, Liza, dat's orful.' Den I say, 'What's orful, Mis' Laura?' 'Cause de baby got'er toof?' En she say, 'No, girl, 'cause you got de fife dollars.' De cap'n gumme er bran' new fife dollar bill, an' dass whar I git me dis bonnit whut you bin miratin' erbout. Lemme off at Sam'son street, mister. Goo'-by, Sue."

Do Fishes Recollect. Mr. Seth Green, an authority upon the rearing of fishes, kept in a pond a large number of trout that had been caught by means of a fly and barbless

Highest of all in Leavening Power — Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Responsive "Grumbling." An excellent though unconscious criticism of the rapid and incoherent manner in which too many congregations perform their part of the "responsive reading" of the Psalms on Sunday was made by a small boy on his return from his first attendance at church. "Mamma," he remarked, "the people don't like the minister, do they?" "Why, certainly, Harold. What made you ask such a question?" was the reply. "Well," said Harold sturdily, "he'd read something, and then they'd all grumble, and then he'd read some more, and they'd all grumble again!" — Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Forgive Had Singing. About the year 1753, a minor canon from the cathedral of Gloucester offered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this, he requested leave to sing a solo. This request also was granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience that to his great mortification, he was violently hissed. When the performance was over, Handel said to him, gravely: "I am sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go back to your church in your country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; but dese wicked beoples in London, dey will not forgive you!" — Argonaut.

Manifestly Unfair. "Foul," cried the trainer. "Foul," expostulated the bottle-holder. "Foul," protested the pugilist. The referee assumed an attitude of attention. "That man," continued the principal, with emotion, "is fighting in double-loaded minion type, when the article called for solid nonpareil." And the literary trainer and the ink bottle-holder lifted up their voices and demanded justice. — Detroit Tribune.

The Latest Excuse. She — Before you were married you said that my slightest wish should not wait a moment for fulfillment, and now I have to talk an hour before I can get you to bring a hod of coal. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? He — Not a bit. You know a man is not responsible for promises made when he was inebriated.



ORANGE BLOSSOM Acts like a poultice, drawing out fever and pain, and reinvigorating the entire Female System. It removes all obstructions and creates a healthy, natural flow of all secretions.

It is the one natural cure for female troubles, because it is applied right to the diseased parts. Don't take internal remedies for Female weakness, common sense requires a direct application for immediate relief and permanent cure.

"Orange Blossom" is a sure, painless cure for falling and dropsy of the womb, profuse, difficult, irregular menses, leucorrhoea, ulceration, tumors, sick headache, constipation, sallow complexion.

"Orange Blossom" is a pastille easily used at any time. Every lady can treat herself with it. Mailed to any address on receipt of \$1. Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 4 Panorama Place, Chicago, Ill. For Sale by C. L. Cotting Red Cloud.



People are gossiping terribly about us. "But, as you and I know, they have no reason to." "That's just what makes me so angry."

A Romance of the Road. Turnpike Walker (in languorous mood, to his fellow tramp)—Dear Willie.

"Come, read to me some poem. Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the thoughts of day. Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bard's sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of time. Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start. Such songs have power to quest The restless pain of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer."

Willie Work (soulfully, from a scrap of an old newspaper)—How does this strike you, my boy?

- Blue Points. Green Turtle Soup, Clear. Oyster Crabs and White Bait, Fried. Turbot Sauce. Filet Mignon, Sauce Bernaise. Potatoes Lorette. Sauterne Cup. Boiled Squab. Lettuce Salad. Ice Cream a la Waldorf. Roquefort Cheese, Biscuits. Coffee. —Detroit Free Press.

Good Advice. A blacksmith was once summoned to a county court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied: "I told the fools to settle, for, I said, the clerk would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em!" —Newcastle Chronicle.

A Gradual Disbandment. A Scotch elder was asked how the kirk was getting along. He answered: "Aweel, we had 400 members; then we had a division, and there were only 200 left; then a disruption, and only 10 of us were left; then we had a heresy trial, and now only me and Brother Duncan are left, and I have great doubts of Duncan's orthodoxy." —Boston Traveller.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.