



PRaise, ONLY, FROM ALL WHO USE AYER'S Hair Vigor

Ayer's preparations are too well known to need any commendation from me; but I feel compelled to state, for the benefit of others, that six years ago, I lost nearly half of my hair, and what was left turned gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

THE CHIEF

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Table with columns for 'GOING EAST' and 'GOING NORTH' listing train routes and times.

CHURCHES.

- CHRISTIAN Church—Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
- CONGREGATIONAL Church—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
- METHODIST Church—Class Meeting at 10 a. m.
- BAPTIST Church—Preaching at 10:30 a. m.
- EPISCOPAL Church—Services every two weeks, by appointment.
- LUTHERAN Church—Every third Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.
- CATHOLIC Church—Services by appointment.
- CHAPEL—Sunday school at 3 p. m. every Sunday.

SOCIETIES.

- A O U W—Each alternate Tuesday evening.
- D O F H—Red Cloud Lodge No. 1, A O U W meets every alternate Tuesday evening in A O U W hall.
- BEN Adhem Lodge No 136; I O O F every Monday night.
- CALANTHE Lodge No 29, Knights of Pythias Thursday evening.
- RFD Club Lodge No 608, Modern Women of America, alternate Wednesday evenings.
- VALLEY Lodge No 5, Fraternal Order of Elks, first and third Monday of each month.

AN OLD GAME.

A Seedy-Looking Fellow Tries the Ancient Glove Racket. "Say, Buffalo must be about twenty years behind the times, ain't it?" said a drummer at the Tift house yesterday.

"I saw a man try to work the old glove racket in front of the hotel today. I had gotten the idea that the glove game was too old to be worked by any one. The Buffalo man was too cute to be caught, though, so perhaps the only antiquity in the town was the man that resurrected the old game to raise a dollar.

"Did you ever see it worked? No? You ought to have been here a couple of hours ago. A well-dressed gentleman was walking down the street when a seedy-looking individual who was standing in the doorway suddenly stepped out behind the gentleman and dropped a glove at his heels without the man seeing him.

"Then he tapped him on the shoulder. "Say, mister, is that your glove?" "The gentleman answered in the negative and was about to walk away when the tramp stooped and picked up the glove. Fumbling it over he soon pulled out a ring from one of the fingers. It looked like a genuine diamond ring, too.

"Of course the tramp had a surprised look on his face. He said to the gentleman: "Say, mister, I'm a poor man and can't afford to keep anything like this, but it was a pretty lucky find, wasn't it? What'll you give me for the ring?"

"The gentleman looked the ring over carefully and then handed it back to the tramp with a laugh. "I guess I don't want that thing—not just now, anyway," and he walked away.

"There was a time when the police found it necessary to arrest men for working that dodge," continued the drummer, "but I guess they have forgotten their last 'catch' by this time."

COLORS AMONG FLOWERS.

Botanists Say All Flowers Were Once Yellow.

Yellow and white. Botanists are agreed that the earliest petals were yellow, and that, originally, all flowers were of that color. The order of development of color in flowers appears to be yellow, pink, red, purple, lilac, up to deep blue—probably the highest level—while white may occur in any normally colored flower, just as albinos are found among animals.

BUTLER FULL OF WAR.

Says He Would Like to Lead an Army Against Canada.

Before departing for his southern home and while talking to a group of reporters Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina, in a manner deeply impressive, while discussing the relations between the United States and Great Britain with reference to the Corinto affair, said: "I have no criticism to put upon our government in that affair. It was the advice of Washington that we have no entangling alliances. But I tell you what I would like to have seen. Just as the British were sailing into that harbor I should like to have seen some of our own fine warships hovering along that coast. Those things happen, don't you know, and you can't tell just how. But three or four fine ships happening along there about that time—well, of course they would naturally be interested in seeing what the Britishers were up to in landing marines, and maybe there would have been a little pleasure party of American marines sent ashore to get a fresh supply of fruits. England does not want to have a war with us. We are too valuable to her commercially. And yet in her eagerness and greed she may get into it. I would not want anything better than to lead 10,000 men into Canada. It would please my old heart unmeasurably to assist in snatching that country from Great Britain and attach it to ours. We may do it, too. Who knows?"

The Big Cities.

New York has officially announced that her population is just 1,849,866. That settles a long-voiced question. Chicago is the largest city in the United States, the largest in the western hemisphere, and the third largest city in the world. This is how the cities stand with their present population:

FIRST NIGHT IN A SLEEPER

The Adventures of a Rural Couple Bound for Niagara Falls.

During last August when cheap excursion trains were being run to Niagara Falls from nearly every section of the country, as is the custom every year, I was given charge of a ten-car train of Pullman sleepers delivered to the Erie by a connecting line running into "Darkest Indiana," says a writer in Chicago Inter Ocean.

The passengers on this train were of the raw blue jeans type, many of whom were crossing the borders of their state for the first time, and a big majority of them were getting their first taste of Pullman luxuries. As the shades of night began to fall the thoughts of the passengers naturally turned to sleep. In the rear of the Pullman was an elderly farmer and his wife hailing from one of the interior counties of the state. They were the first people in the car to ask the porter to fix their bed, so they could "turn in." Their tickets called for one of the upper berths, which the porter immediately made up for them. After the porter had brought them the ladder his attention was called to the other end of the car, when to the amazement of the other passengers in the car the old lady quickly mounted the ladder with the alertness of a gymnast, climbed over the curtain pole, and dropped into the berth. When the porter came along the old gentleman was in the act of going through the same performance. The porter intercepted him before he had completed his giant swing and gracefully parting the curtains showed the mystified tiller of the soil that there was an easier way of getting into an upper berth than by way of the roof, at which the old man smiled and said he wondered why Maria had not thought of splitting the curtains. The train, which was running special and making few stops, had not run very far after this incident when I felt the train give a slight lurch as if the airbrake had been suddenly applied. I gave little attention to this, but had hardly dismissed it from my mind when the train lurched again. I was then convinced that somebody was meddling with the airbrake cord which runs along the roof of the car. Two officials of the passenger department of the road who were in the rear sleeper felt the jerking of the train, and climbing stepladders at either end of the car began to look for the trouble. The official at the further end of the car quickly discovered the leak. The old couple who had scaled the curtain pole to get into their berth had mistaken the airbrake cord for a clothes line and had hung all of their wearing apparel, including boots and shoes, on it. The weight of the clothes had stretched the cord so as to set the air brakes. Just as the plot had been discovered the old lady threw her "shape" over the line. This broke the camel's back. The air hissed, the brakes were set like a vise, and the train brought to a dead standstill. After the cord was unloaded the old couple were told of their mistake, and the train piloted through the dark night without any further accidents.

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A COUPLE'S ADVENTURE.

Short of Funds, but the Gentleman Was an Able Financier.

Among the throng on bicycles speeding between Ridgewood and Tuxedo on Saturday afternoon were a little couple not yet in their teens, says the New York Sun. The little lady manipulated the wheel to perfection, and as they passed along they looked even more interesting than the beautiful country about them. They had halted at Ramsey's, had cream and confectionery, and had resumed their trip when rain began to fall. Here was a dilemma the youth of 11 had not calculated on. Rain meant railroad fare back to Ridgewood, for in no circumstances could the young lady be allowed to get wet. They hastened to the first railroad station. The youth saw the wheels housed and then fished in his pockets for funds. The little treat at the saloon had absorbed nearly all his cash, but he arose to the occasion and in a confidential way whispered to the ticket agent that if two could ride on a whole ticket that cost less than two half tickets he thought he had sufficient funds to buy one. Then, to his dismay, the lad discovered he was 2 cents short even of the price of one whole ticket. He so informed the agent and asked for credit for that sum, promising to reimburse him at another time. The agent looked at the worried face of the little girl and handed him out a ticket.

IT DID LOOK SUSPICIOUS.

Nevertheless the Overcoat Transaction Was Perfectly Legitimate.

A robust young man, wearing a thick terra cotta overcoat, and a somewhat consumptive-looking companion, minus an overcoat, left a well-known Chestnut street cafe together at a late hour on Saturday night, says the Philadelphia Record. The former generously tendered his warm outer garment to his shivering companion, who gratefully accepted it for the walk home. On turning the corner of Sixteenth and Locust streets the pair were closely scrutinized by a big policeman. Arrived at his home, the thin man returned the coat to his stout friend and the latter started back toward his hotel on Broad street. When he reached the corner of Sixteenth street the policeman grabbed him. "Pretty slick guy, you are!" he exclaimed, "but I'm on to that little overcoat racket. I guess you got his pocketbook, too."

Why Folks Shake Hands.

When the iron glove might mean mischief it was a sign of peace to uncover the hand in greeting. That is how the custom, which is so fast falling into neglect, of taking off the glove to shake hands arose, and that is why gloves have always to be removed on presentation to the queen at court. But though the glove was removed, there was still, in the rough old days, some fear of treachery, and that is why we shake hands at all, for when men met they surrendered to the grasp of the other the right and weapon-wielding hand. Had it been possible for President Carnot, says Sir Herbert Maxwell, to insist on mutual surrender of right hands, the attack upon him would assuredly have miscarried.

Didn't Need So Much Oil.

Just previous to the big boom in oil a gentleman who knew the condition of affairs and was certain that prices would go away up, went to a friend, who had more ready cash than knowledge of the world, and said: "Friend John, the price of oil is going to go up, so I would advise you to buy 10,000 barrels."

"Buy 10,000 barrels of oil?" was the astonished reply of the man addressed, who looked as if he thought his friend was crazy; "why, I don't use a barrel in a year."

WASHINGTON.

Short Sketch About the Father of the Republic.

It fell to Washington to establish precedents for the social procedure of his successors as president, which he did, in the main wisely, simply, and well. He resolved, and so announced, that the president ought not to be expected to make or return social calls. Instead, he established the custom of a public reception. This was given every Tuesday afternoon. Washington wore on these occasions "his hair powdered, gathered behind in a silk bag. His coat and breeches were of plain black velvet. He wore a white or pearl-colored vest and yellow gloves, and had a cocked hat in his hand. He had silver knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and glittering steel hilt.

Washington never shook hands with his guests, as is the rule nowadays, but bowed to them with dignity. Dignity was, indeed, the rule of the day. The senate sat always behind closed doors. Both senators and representatives were richly dressed and wore powdered hair, and every reception was as picturesque as the very best modern "bal poudree" ever seen.

Mrs. Washington's receptions were held on Friday evenings, and at these the president appeared without hat or sword, and comported himself simply as one of his wife's guests with less formality of manner than at the official reception. The Friday receptions were held in the evening, but did not last until a late hour. If guests remained past the hour Mrs. Washington would remind them that "the general retires at 9, and I usually precede him." The Friday evening guests were seated and "tea and coffee were handed round with plain and plumb cake."

At the public dinners, given weekly, there was no ostentation of rich fare. One such meal is described as "boiled leg of mutton, with a few vegetables. After a simple dessert one glass of wine was offered each guest."

ENGLISH IN SOUND.

A Unique Puzzling Composition by a 12-Year-Old Schoolgirl.

The Northwestern Magazine gives the following unique composition written by a 12-year-old school girl. Let our young readers see if they cannot make it still more puzzling: "A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at the house and wrung the bellie. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pall face, and a feint mown of pane rose from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fare her guessed would not weight, but when she saw the little won fiers stood in her eyes at the site. 'Ewe poor dear. Why do you lye hear? ' Am yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.' She bear him inn her arms as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went forth as hail as a young hoarse."

Hartford Bicycles advertisement featuring an illustration of a bicycle and text: 'Elegant in Design Superior in Workmanship Strong and Easy Running'.

PLATT & FREES CO. Chicago Lumber Yard advertisement listing 'Lumber, Lime, Coal and Cement.'

E. G. MORANVILLE, Livery and Feed Barn advertisement: 'First-class in every detail. Lots of room, bright baled hay and a variety of grain.'

HENRY DIEDERICH advertisement: 'Hard Times Prices on Shoes' with a list of shoe types and prices.

TRADERS LUMBER CO., LUMBER AND COAL advertisement: 'BUILDING MATERIAL, ETC. RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.'

OUR PREMIUM OFFER advertisement: 'A HANDSOME BOUND VOLUME OF SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS' for \$1.