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FIGHT OVER A DOG.

IS HE ROVER OR THE FAMOUS BEAUFORT PRINCE?

A Year's Litigation Does Not Settle the Ownership of a Mastiff—The Cost of a Single Entry in a Boston Dog Show—An Interesting Case.

There is a big mastiff dog at present leading a quiet existence on a farm near Boston who in the five years of his life has been the object of considerable litigation and is likely to be the object of still more. Just whose the dog is is a matter of great difference of opinion. Martin Fallon, on whose farm the animal now is, says the mastiff is his dog Rover, and he and his lawyer succeeded in making a jury believe that. Dr. Longest of Boston, a well-known dog fancier and a member of the American Mastiff club, says that the mastiff is his Beaufort Prince, and a Judge of the Boston Municipal court has so decided. The trouble began at the Boston dog show of April, 1894, says the New York Sun. The animal in question was entered there by Dr. Longest as Beaufort Prince, out of Goethe by Champion Beaufort, the greatest prize winner ever brought to this country. Beaufort Prince is a litter brother of Beaufort Black Prince, a famous mastiff prize winner. The dog had originally been bought from J. L. Winchell of Fair Haven, Vt., by Charles F. Fraleigh of this city, who exhibited him at the bench show of 1892, where, despite the fact that he was disqualified because of an injury to his knee pan, the dog received a "Very highly commended."

Then Beaufort Prince was sold to Dr. Longest, who exhibited him at Chicago and Detroit. Then came the Boston dog show. Among Dr. Longest's exhibits was a mastiff listed as Beaufort Prince. Now, besides the lameness of one leg and a drooping eye, Beaufort Prince has another peculiarity that would readily be noticed by a dog fancier, although it might escape an ordinary observer. The dog exhibited at the Boston show had all the peculiarities which characterize Beaufort Prince. Nevertheless, Martin Fallon, who was present at the show, then he cried out:

"Why, that's my dog Rover. Get up here, Rover, old boy, and speak to your master."

The good-natured beast stood up, shook himself and wagged his tail, but without any apparent great interest in the matter.

"That ain't your dog, sir," said the trainer in charge. "That's Dr. Longest's Beaufort Prince, and a fine dog he is too."

"That's my dog Rover that was stolen from me last Thanksgiving," insisted the farmer, "and I'm going to see the managers of this show about it."

He did see them, and the outcome of the matter was that, to the extreme disgust of Dr. Longest, the animal was turned over to the farmer under the name of Rover. Here the legal complications began. Dr. Longest replevined the animal, who became Beaufort Prince again, and the suit for the permanent possession of the dog should be decided against him. It was not so decided, the judge of the Municipal court before whom the case was heard in May decided that the dog was Beaufort Prince and therefore the property of Dr. Longest. Mr. Fallon appealed the case, which went to trial in the Superior court before a jury. On the Fallon side of the case it was set forth that Mr. and Mrs. Fallon and their daughter and son-in-law all recognized the dog as Rover; also that the dog recognized them. Mrs. Fallon swore that the supposed Rover evinced signs of recognizing their horses, and it was further set forth on their side that the dog had undergone a surgical operation such as usually leaves a scar. For the other side, experts examined the object of contention and swore that there was no such scar to be found. Then evidence was adduced to show the record of the dog from his birth. An affidavit by Mr. Fraleigh was read, stating that he had had the puppy Beaufort Prince since it was two months' old and had given it to Herbert Mead. Mr. Mead swore that the dog was Beaufort Prince, and John Read, superintendent of the dog shows, and Ben Lewis, a trainer and expert, positively identified the dog as Beaufort Prince. It was supposed that this settled the case. But here Mr. Fallon's lawyer unfolded himself in a powerful summing up. He set forth that his client, a simple and guileless farmer, was being done out of his property by a gang of conscienceless dog sharps, and more than hinted that any man who made a practice of engaging in dog shows wasn't any too honest any way, and stated flatly that the testimony on the other side was manufactured. Then he became very plaintive and oratorical, and so worked upon the jury's feelings that they returned a verdict to the effect that the dog was Mr. Fallon's Rover. Then Mr. Longest reckoned up his accounts and found that it had cost him \$700 and his dog to make that entry

in the Boston dog show. The matter came to the notice of the American Mastiff club and much indignation was aroused by the action of the court. A letter was presented to the American Kennel club through the Mastiff club's delegate, Mr. Stephenson, asking the indorsement of the organization to the club's proposed action in the matter. The Mastiff club will take up the case and endeavor to obtain a reversal of judgment. An interesting question is, now that the law has decided that the dog is Rover, what ever became of Beaufort Prince?

Good Ammunition.

While in London last summer the Saunterer strayed into one of the cheaper London music halls. All through the music the audience was chaffing the orchestra, for even the lowest of European audiences knows good music, and is free in venting its approval or disapproval. Suddenly in the back of the gallery a fight arose, and two costermongers, locked in a close but unfriendly embrace, gravitated to the rail overhanging the pit. At last one of them got the better of the other, and grabbing him by the collar, held him out over the rail. Apparently he was going to drop him into the pit. But from the audience in the pit arose a voice, shrill and small, but perfectly audible:

"Don't waste 'm, 'Arry! Throw 'im 'at the trombone!"

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EGGED ON BY THE KAISER.

Why Duelling is Prevalent in the German Army.

Germany is full of people who believe that militarism is responsible for every evil from scouring the milk to enlarging the emperor's head, and their arguments are taken generally with several grains of salt. However, as regards duelling, they seem to have a fairly strong case. They have shown that the spread of duelling has followed the growth of standing armies; that it is most prevalent in France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Russia, the five great military powers, while in England, and even in hot-blooded Spain, it has fallen into disrepute. That since the armies began to grow, in 1871, the annual number of duels in Europe has increased from about 700 to 1,250 or 1,400; and that, with every man trained to be a soldier and to cling to the army traditions of swords or pistols for two, the challenges and meetings will multiply so fast that only burglars, tramps and saloon brawlers will be left to give the criminal courts an excuse for existence. That a German officer who declines to fight when insulted will be forced out of the army at once is known to all. That the emperor thinks this encouragement to break the law against duelling just and necessary is known to all who know him. That the war minister has declared repeatedly that the courts are not able to protect a soldier's honor has been published fifty times in the last week. Under these circumstances, which are duplicated in Russia, Austria, France and Italy, the laws enacted by the five big military powers against duelling are useless.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Enjoying Her Cry. I have at a moving play sat next to a young lady whose pocket handkerchief was at work vigorously throughout half an act. At the dropping of the curtain she worked scarcely smile for a minute or two. But when speech returned to her, what do you think her first words were? Simply these: "I am so enjoying it all." And yet she was a tender-hearted, sympathetic girl, who would have fainted with horror in the presence of a newly stuck pig.—All the Year Round.

Scrofula

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: "I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 5 bottles of **CSS** I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all."

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RECKLESS INDIANS.

GAMBLING AMONG BLACK RIVERS AND PUYALLUPS.

The Red Men Will Literally Stake Everything They Possess Upon the Result of the Primitive Game of Guessing in Which They Are Engaged.

A great game of chance is in progress on the Puyallup Indian reservation, Washington, and has been kept up steadily for the past three weeks. The Black Rivers are trying to clean out the Puyallups, and will keep it up until they succeed or are themselves stripped of all they possess. It may be a month before the game is concluded, but when it is, either one side or the other will have parted with its last blanket, its last calico dress and its last of everything that has value in Indian eyes. The Black Rivers may go home laden with spoils, or they may walk sorrowfully to their native heath without even a gun or a squaw to keep them company, for, in the excitement of gaming, the Indian often wagers his "knoothman," as his wife is dominated in the mellifluous "Chinook." The Indian is an inveterate gambler, and is what the white sport would call "blooded."

About twenty of the Black Rivers have come over to the Puyallup stamping grounds with all their worldly possessions and will remain there until they go home either stripped or loaded with spoil. The game is played in a frame shed, possessing but a dirt floor. Around the sides are the sleeping mats of the visitors and their blankets, and in the center is a fire, about which the players and spectators are grouped, while a flaring and flickering light is shed upon them by a blaze of pitch knots burning on an ash-covered stool. The game begins about 8 o'clock each night, and often lasts until late the next day. When all is ready two patriarchs from each side enter with the "lay-out," consisting of wooden chips about the shape and twice the size of a silver dollar, and 120 tally sticks, all wrapped in gaily-decorated mats. Two bags of thin bark shavings complete the outfit. Mats are spread before the fire and two men from each side seat themselves, facing each other, and are ready for business. The adherents of rival players range themselves in the rear and watch the game with intense interest and bet recklessly. One of the players takes ten chips, one of them distinguished from the other by a white ring, and divides them into two equal piles and carefully mixes them with the bark shavings.

He then grabs one pile, shavings and all, in each hand, and moves his hands in a circle rapidly from right to left, while one of the opposite side guesses in which hand he holds the white-ringed chip, or "queen," as it is called. If the guess is right one of the tally-sticks is taken from the player's pile and given to the guesser, but if wrong the guesser's pile suffers. Each side started with six tally sticks and when one side has won them all some one occasionally breaks. The Puyallups are now thirty-six ahead, but the end is not yet in sight. Bets are constantly being made, not on the separate plays, but on the outcome of the game, and will be settled at the same time. These bets consist of money, blankets, horses, watches, guns, cows, buggies, harness and everything the betters possess, even to the clothing on their backs. Among the Indians of the Puget Sound and Columbia region there is a primitive game of guessing that resembles the Chinese game so closely as to suggest a common origin. It is but one of the many things in the customs of the Pacific coast Indians that indicate contact with the Asiatics at some previous period.

As the game progresses the friends of the players, who are all deeply interested in the outcome, because of having staked their worldly wealth upon it, encourage them, and assist in every way possible. The women appear to be as interested as their lords. They arrange themselves in lines on either side of the players and occasionally break into monotonous chants or indulges in the peculiar movements that pass for dancing among the American aborigines. All night long this is kept up without intermission, the Indians apparently being incapable of fatigue. To the mere spectator the game is most monotonous, but never so to those who have so deep an interest in the outcome of the play. In former days, when tribes came together to the number of hundreds and thousands on each side, when such forms of wealth as have been introduced by the whites were unknown to them, and they had only their native articles to wager; when they were dressed in their native costumes, the scene must have been far more wild and picturesque. Now the men wear woolen shirts and overalls and the women are dressed in bright calico dresses, with shawls over their shoulders and colored handkerchiefs on their heads.

Where Are the Grandmothers?

I often wonder what has become of the type of white-haired, white-capped, sweet-faced dames, whom we treasure in our memory as either our own or some other favored mortal's grandmother. Search for her as you will, she is not to be found. The grandmother of to-day is a dresy, middle-aged party, who would prefer that her children's children call her "aunty" than give her the rightful appellation that implies a greater weight of years. The ardent love for the little folks has not diminished. The active, stylish woman of 50 is quite as wrapped-up in the toddlers who liep "grandma" as was her more picturesque prototype. Are these youthful grandmothers due to the fact that girls are marrying earlier? Whatever the cause we cannot help feeling sorry for the children who will never possess memories of such grandmothers as marked the old time.

Horses' Peculiarities.

Horses are very much like people in the choice of their company. Some people would as soon be in the company of horses as with human society. Some horses are very particular who handles and drives them. They will fret and fume in the hands of one, and be perfectly calm, pleasant and contented while being handled by another. These peculiarities and adaptation of men and horses to each other should be considered of more importance than is usually thought of.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

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

ACCIDENTAL FAME.

Circumstances Do Sometimes Make, or Bring Out, the Man.

The great French painter, Bastien Lepage, who died lately, was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art. His mother worked in the fields to keep the sickly boy at school. At 15 he went alone to Paris, starved for seven years, painted without success, but still-pained.

He had just finished a picture to send to the Salon, when Paris was besieged and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches. On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture and another shell burst at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home, and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris, and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans for a living. One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was always sincere, gave his best work to this advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight; the leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful young girls gathered around a fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling stream. Lepage believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it at the Salon?" he asked his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it."

Lepage refused.

"Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture."

The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the Salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the Salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition and his later work a place among the greatest of living artists.—To-day.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Many Chicago Retail Stores Are Putting It Into Practice.

Quite a number of Chicago's large retail establishments are at present being conducted on the co-operative plan, and the result is said to have been highly satisfactory to both the proprietors and the employees. January 1 is the date at which the distribution of profits take place, and consequently quite a number of the establishments which have adopted the system made their semi-annual division of profits within the past several weeks says the Chicago Grocer. Among those which have adopted this method of rewarding their employees are Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., and the system under which this distribution is made is something unique and well worthy attention of business men throughout the country. When the system was adopted all the salespeople who had been in the employ of the company one year or more were then informed that if the amount of their sales for six months exceeded the total for the same period of time during the previous year, they would receive a commission—averaging 2 1/2 per cent. throughout the store—on the excess. Immediately the young men and women behind the counters began to increase their efforts to sell goods, and when the first distribution was made last July some surprising results were shown. Shop girls, drawing \$10 a week in wages, received as high as \$80 in premiums for the six months. The salary of the employe is raised in ratio with the excess of the sales and according to the wage percentage which governs the department in which she works. If, however, she was successful in exceeding the amount of sales necessary to make her salary at the percentage fixed in her department, say, \$1,000, she would receive a commission on this amount of about 2 1/2 per cent, or \$25. Besides this she would have her salary raised for the next six months by an amount equal to the commission per week that she had earned on her sales. In this example it would be one-twentieth of \$25, or \$1.25 advance per week.

STEVENSON'S WHIMS.

Friends Teased Him Unmercifully for His Many Peculiarities.

Winter, who studies and rough weather he lived in Edinburgh, says a writer in the "Chap Book." In summer he was off to the country, abroad, or yachting on the west coast, for in his post-humorous song he truly says: "Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye."

As a talker by the writer's fireside in these unknown-to-fame days, we give him the crown for being the king of speakers. His reading, his thoughts thereon, his plans, he described with a graphic and nimble tongue, accompanied by the queer flourishing gesticulations and the "speaking gestures" of his thin sensitive hands. We teased him unmercifully for his peculiarities in dress and manner. It did not become a youth of his years and rough weather he lived in a free country, and could exercise his own taste at will. Nothing annoyed him more than to affirm his shabby clothes, his long cloak, which he wore instead of an orthodox great coat, were eccentricities of genius. He certainly liked to be noticed, for he was full of the self-absorbed conceit of youth. If he was not the central figure, he took what he called Stevensonian ways of attracting notice to himself. He would spring up full of novel notions he had to expound (and his brain teemed with them), or he vowed he could not speak trammelled by a coat, and asked leave to talk in his shirt sleeves. For all these mannerisms he had to stand a good deal of chaff, which he never resented, though he vehemently defended himself or fell squashed for a brief space in a limp mass into a veritable back seat.

Art Up to Date.

In handing a painting, just finished, to an old lady, the other day, the artist noticed that he had omitted to sign it. Taking up a brush he said that he would put his name to it. "What," she exclaimed, "put your name to my picture? No, indeed! If any name goes upon that picture it will be my name."

The Japanese dragon fly is called familiarly the "King of Korea." There are said to be many more males than females of this species, and bad boys, by catching a female dragon fly and tying her with a string, can catch many males.

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An Attempt to Solve the Great Mystery of Bird Migration.

In an article on "Birds of Passage" the Chautauquan says if one desires an explanation for the great mystery of bird migration, there being nothing else that will answer, he will have to accept the theory of hereditary knowledge, a knowledge of the unfailing stars. The Great Bear and Orion appeared at the same time in our region even when the divisions of land and water were very different than they are today. That the stars are the guides of birds agrees with the fact that they fly at remarkable heights, often above the clouds, and that wanderers lose their way when they stray into clouds and mists. On starlight nights straggling birds are seldom noticed. When the sky is overcast, when the night is dark, but especially when a fine rain is falling, multitudes of traveling birds are heard. They will call often, doubtless for the purpose of keeping near each other; and often great numbers of them bound against the windows of lighthouses. Thus Gatzke has observed that on Oct. 28, 1882, from 10 o'clock at night till the next morning golden-crested wrens bumped like snowflakes against the lighthouse of Heligoland, and that on the following day golden-crested wrens sat on every square foot of Heligoland. Toward the end of the summer, according to the fall, it was not a rare occurrence on dark nights to see, through the light of street lamps, birds flying over inland cities. The experienced observer recognizes by its call the curlew and the strand-snipe, sea-swallow and seagull, occasionally hears even the flap of their wings. But no bird is visible in the darkness. On dark nights no stars appear; then it is that the straying bird loses his way. The stars are the most plausible guides to birds in their migrations. But only the future can tell us whether they really serve in that capacity.



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