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You may be easily and quickly cured by taking AYER'S PILLS

I have been a victim of terrible headaches, and have never found anything to relieve them so quickly as Ayer's Pills.

Having used Ayer's Pills with great success for dyspepsia, from which I suffered for years, I resolved never to be without them in my household.

I always use Ayer's Pills, and think them excellent.

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U. S. M. R. Time Table. GOING EAST. 66, Local Freight, Lv 6 A. M.

CHURCHES

CHRISTIAN Church—Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

SOCIETIES

A. O. U. W.—Each alternate Tuesday evening.

D. O. F. H.—Red Cloud Lodge No. 1, A. O. U. W.

B. E. O. F.—Adhem Lodge No. 186; I. O. O. F. every Monday night.

CALANTHE Lodge No. 29, Knights of Pythias Thursday evening.

R. F. D. Lodge No. 608, Modern Woodmen of America alternate Wednesday evening.

V. A. L. L. E. Y. Lodge No. 5, Fraternal Order of Elks, first and third Monday of each month.

CHARITY Lodge No. 33 A. F. and A. M. each Friday evening on or before the full moon.

RED Cloud Chapter No. 19, R. A. M. alternate Thursday evening.

CYRENE Commandery No. 14 alternate Thursday evening.

CHARITY Chapter Eastern Star No. 47 meets first Friday evening after full moon.

GARFIELD Post No. 80 of A. R. M. Monday evening on or before the full moon.

GARFIELD W. R. C. No. 14 meets all alternate Saturday afternoon.

MARY SEERS MOHENRY Tent No. 11 Daughters of Veterans Monday evening.

H. S. KALEY Camp No. 25, S. of V. Tuesday evening.

S. F. M. Circle No. 3, Ladies of the G. A. R. first and third Saturday evening.

RED CLOUD Council No. 18 Loyal Mystic Legion of America first and third Friday evening.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Gout Remedy. Use in time, sold by druggists.

NON-SMOKING

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER.

Dear little mother of Poverty Row, rocking your baby into sorrow and toil.

Now I must look at you there by the door, I who am fortunate, buoyant and strong.

Dear little mother of Poverty Lane, where are the roses that bloomed in your cheek?

Dear little mother of Poverty Place, Motherlove health the stripes of the rod.

Dear little mother of Poverty Row, Hear now my prayer for your long-horned boy.

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THE LETTER.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for the skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity.

Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy he became even more sober than usual, and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it.

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy.

He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even.

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street, everything had an unusual appearance to him.

He saw handsome carriages; he, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief.

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give advice that would be of some value.

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I didn't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish the arrangement to be carried out on a proprietary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis then?"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I know no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you, it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments, she said, "How will this do?"

"Dear sir"—

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear friend?'"

"If you wish it so," she crossed out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter.

"Dear friend—I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and you are the only one I could consider for the purpose. You are a man of business, and have been for several years, very prosperous, and as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will—"

"I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

A moment later she read:

"I am glad to join in this business, I make you this offer entirely from a friendly and not from a financial standpoint, hoping that you will be so good as to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No, I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, type-written, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that though. 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it 'Your friend.'"

Next morning Miss Gale came into Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me and that perhaps you did not need me to-day. I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having come astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Mr. Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale," he said, gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it!" she reported faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice, I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale, in a long-drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used, and fled to her type-writing room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments and then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street.

After a long and aimless walk, he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his room and found a letter marked "personal" on the desk. He tore it open, and read in neatly type-written characters:

"I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, and I shall be glad to be associated with you as a partner. Why did you put me to all this worry writing that letter, when a few words would have saved ever so much bother. You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you may call. You have the address."

MARGARET GALE.

WAS HELD BY HONOR.



ERCY, MARIE, they are hunting me like a wolf!"

The speaker was a fine-looking man in the prime of life, and he bounded into his own home as he uttered the startling exclamation.

"Have there been new arrests?"

Pierre?" asked his wife, looking up from her work with a terrified expression on her beautiful countenance.

It was a troublesome time in Paris. The new government had just issued a decree that all communists and insurgents should be put to death without delay. The terrible edict was being carried out on every hand, and every hour witnessed the untimely fate of many an honest, if misguided, heart.

Pierre Lamonte had been among the most zealous workers against the republican party before election, and now that the latter had come into power he was wanted to answer for his rash speeches and intemperate action.

"They have just arrested a dozen at the Heyward and dragged them away like so many sheep to the slaughter. Curse them! It was only the thought of your sake and Henri's I am almost firing into their midst."

"Hush, Pierre!" cried his frightened wife, who trembled to think what his impetuous nature might bring upon them. "You must not talk like that. Calm your passions until the storm has blown over. In a few days, I dare say, the trouble will be escaped."

"I am not so sure of that, Marie," he replied, showing that her words had not been without their effect. "I am not a coward, you know that, Marie, but for your sake and Henri's, I am almost afraid to remain here."

"Do you think they will follow you to your home, my husband?"

"Alas! I know not where I am safe. They may be here any moment, and again it is possible that I am safer here than I would be elsewhere."

"I have a plan, Pierre. Why not let Henri go upon the street and see what he can learn? Our boy is capable of taking care of himself, as you well know."

Though he was not quite 15, and small for his age, little Henri had proved on several occasions that he possessed a man's ready wit and courage, so his father willingly allowed him to start upon his errand, little dreaming of the fearful consequences it was likely to incur.

Whistling merrily to give a show of unconcern, Henri left his home, going swiftly toward the more densely populated portion of the city. Everywhere he went he saw evidence of the reign of excitement. Men were grouped together in earnest conversation at almost every corner, while through the darker streets and alleys crawling figures could be seen stealing away in all directions. He saw several squads of armed soldiers and as he approached the Elysee palace he was startled by the arrest of half a dozen insurgents.

Not wishing to be seen too near such scenes Henri turned off to the left, and was entering the garden, when he was startled by the utterance of his father's name. Concealed from the speaker's gaze by a thick bush, he heard the other describe to an officer his own home, with the added information that his outlawed parent would be found there at that moment.

He heard the officer say that a squad of soldiers would be sent at once to effect his arrest, when he was further startled by the appearance of four fugitives, who were fleeing for their lives. All were armed and they looked like a desperate party; but seeing an officer and his men suddenly stopping their escape, they uttered cries of dismay.

All but one threw up his arms and surrendered after a short resistance. The exception, catching sight of Henri's hiding place, leaped to the spot, and thrusting his weapon into the frightened boy's hands, pushed him out into the pathway of the excited soldiers.

Before he could offer a word of explanation Henri found himself borne away by the soldiers.

"GET THESE HENCE, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

away with the rest a prisoner! The smaller party was soon added to the larger band under a fierce-looking colonel, who marched them away to the place of execution, highly elated over his success.

I need not describe poor Henri's feelings, but I really believe he thought more of his father's peril than he did of that overhanging himself, terrible as it was.

They were nearing the scene which had witnessed the death of so many of his countrymen, and in a few moments it would be all over with him. Then his father would be dragged to the same fate! And then what would become of his mother?

Though Henri was a brave boy, he turned pale as he thought of all this, and then, with the spirit of a desperate resolution in his heart, he stepped boldly in front of the officer, and making the true military salute with a good deal of grace said:

"Monsieur, I suppose you mean to shoot me with the others?"

"Of course, you young rebel!" answered the surprised colonel. "Back there into the ranks with you! Taken with arms in your hands along with the rest, what else can you expect? It is my orders," he added, with less of severity, as he saw the extreme youthfulness of his prisoner.

"I don't blame you, monsieur," Henri

COLUMBIAS—They almost fly. Bicycling for Women. Physicians recommend bicycling. Dame Fashion says it is "good form." Two new models for women's use in—Columbia Bicycles. Model 41 COLUMBIA, Model 42 COLUMBIA. \$100. Model 42 COLUMBIA has been especially designed for the many ladies who prefer to wear knickerbockers rather than cumbersome skirts. Ladies' wheels also in HARTFORD Bicycles at lower prices—\$80, \$60, \$50. Send for Catalogue, Free at any Columbia Agency, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. BRANCH STORES: Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Buffalo. Six handsome paper dolls, showing ladies' bicycle costumes by noted designers, will be mailed for five 2-cent stamps.

well on horse, and is full of your duty. But I left my mother, promising to return in a few minutes, and if I do not come back she will worry about me. Then, too, I have her watch, which she prizes highly, as it was a present from my father. She is very poor, too, and the watch will be so much for her when I am gone. Now, if you will only let me run home and quiet her a bit and give her her watch, I will return just as soon as I can to be shot. I won't be gone over fifteen minutes, monsieur. May I go?"

It is safe to say the grizzled soldier had never seen the equal of this audacious request. He pulled his heavy gray mustache fiercely, and was about to order him back into the lines, when the peculiar gravity of the situation struck him with so much absurdity that he demanded:

"Want to go home to bid your mother good-bye, eh? What proof have I that you will come back to be shot?"

"My word of honor, monsieur," replied the youthful hero, drawing his slight figure up with great dignity. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words.

"Your word of honor, eh? Well, I must say if it is the equal of your wit and assurance, you have a pretty good stock. Go home, and mind that you are lively about it."

With a joyful exclamation Henri bounded away, and a few minutes later he entered his home, where he found his parents anxiously awaiting him. In a few words he told his father of his peril, when the latter lost no time in fleeing to a place of greater safety. The brave boy then turned to kiss his mother, saying:

"I think I had better go back on the street, that I may keep posted in regard to what is being done. Please take your watch, for I may lose it, or it may be stolen from me."

He could not tell her he was going back to be shot. She would know that all to soon. Bidding her to be of good cheer, he went out of his home with a farewell look at its dear surroundings, and her with her tear-wet eyes.

It had taken Henri longer than he had expected to go home and return to his dismal fate, so he found that the place of execution was temporarily deserted. But upon inquiring of a bystander he was directed to headquarters.

Ten minutes later Col. Beauchamp was surprised in the midst of his rush of terrible business by the appearance of the young communist before him, who, with a military salute, said:

"Here I am, monsieur. I am afraid it took me longer than I expected. But I have comforted mother and given her the watch, and now I am ready to be shot."

For a moment the bluff old soldier was unable to speak or move. He recalled the boy's countenance as belonging to him whom he had considered as set free on account of his youth, and then, in a brusque manner, he cried:

"Get thee hence, you young rascal! Go back to your mother, and never let me catch you in such company again, or even your honor may not save you."

Then, as Henri, showing his first evidence of fright, left the place, and the colonel with a very red face returned to his stern duties, he muttered to his party of communists doomed to die:

"So they have heroes among them—those wretches!"

I am glad to say that Henri's father escaped, thanks to his timely warning, but when at last the danger was over and the story of the young hero reached his parents' ears, they could not help weeping to think how near he had been to death on that fateful day. If it was not true heroism I do not know what is.

A PARALYZING PUN.

A Mean Man Takes Advantage of Every Occasion to Injure Them.

He was one of those punsters who make puns even at funerals. Just like the man that John Dennis had in mind when, in 1691, he wrote: "A man who would make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket." He makes vile puns, mostly, but he makes a good one now and then. A man who makes many puns cannot help but make a good one once in awhile. The particular pun which is to be given to the public in this paragraph was made in the office of a certain official who has a white beard long and flowing. The punster and a reporter entered the office, together and together spoke to the official. The reporter noticed a hair on the official's shoulder and said: "Mr. —, there's a long, white hair on your coat; I'll take it off." The punster saw that his chance had come, and, gathering himself as a bloodthirsty mosquito does when about to bite an innocent maiden, blurted out: "White hair it away." Neither the official nor the reporter spoke for a moment. They were paralyzed by the desperate man's rudeness.

Virginia and Its Nickname.

The authorities in the colony of Virginia, at the time of the contest in England between the Stuarts and Cromwell, appear to have been devoted to the Stuarts, and when the Cromwellian government threatened to send a fleet to reduce the colony to submission, its officials dispatched a message to young Charles, who was afterward King of England, under the title of Charles II, but was then hiding in France, asking him to come over and be king of Virginia. It is said that Charles was on the point of starting, when the collapse of the commonwealth and the Cromwellian regime took place, which sent him back to the English throne. Charles never forgot this devotion of Virginia to his fortunes, and that colony was subsequently classed with England, Scotland and Ireland as one of the main portions of the empire. In this way Virginia came to be known among the American colonies as the Old Dominion.

Capt. James A. Crossman, the commander of the Alliance, which had such a narrow escape from the cannon of a Spanish gunboat, was an acting ensign in the United States navy from Dec. 14, 1863 to Aug. 23,

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease, I had spent hundreds of dollars TRYING various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off, and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to HOT SPRINGS. Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted, and decided to TRY THE EFFECT was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover after taking the first bottle, and by the time I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S. S. S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed. S. S. S. W. S. LOMIS, Shreveport, La. Our Book on the Disease and its Treatment mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.