



Billiousness Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation. Poor Digestion Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pain in the heart. Loss of Appetite A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run-down constitution and makes the weak strong.

American Public Health Association, Denver, Colorado, October 1 to 4, 1895.

For above will sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo at rate one and one third lowest, standard, first class, limited fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale September 30 and October 1 and limited to October 25.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea remedy, which has cured her sound and well.

The list of letters remaining at the post office uncalled for up to Sept. 19, 1895:

Myrtle Alkire, Chas. E. Hennen, J. Landreth, C. H. Langdon, Orren Thompson.

The above letters will be sent to the dead letter office Oct. 3, 1895. If not called for.—FRANK COWDEN, Postmaster.

Market Report. Corrected weekly by Red Cloud Produce Co. Wheat 45 @ 50, Corn new 25, Corn old 40, Oats new 15 @ 20, Eye 30, Flax 80, Hops 3 00 @ 3 50, Butcher's stock 2 00 @ 2 25, Butter 10, Eggs 10, Potatoes 30, Spring chickens per lb. 6, Old hens per lb. 4, Hay per ton 3 00 @ 3 50.

Bladen. James white of Red Cloud was in this city Monday.

Frank Spence, who has been visiting his brother E. L., returned to his home at Ruskin Monday.

C. C. Stout was transacting business at the county seat Friday.

Mrs. C. E. Hicks is visiting friends at St. Joe.

Mr. B. Norton, who has been making his home at Mrs. White's, died quite suddenly last Friday. The funeral took place Sunday and his remains were laid at rest in the Harmony cemetery. The deceased was a young man of good habits and has not been in good health for some time yet he has not been down sick. He helped to do some threshing a day or two before he died.

Nelson Bartlett is under the doctor's care.

Ray Eck left the latter part of the week for Wood River, where he has secured employment.

The weather is warm, hot, dry and dusty and under all this the corn is drying up fast so that Jack Frost cannot catch it.

A. Hilten and family left the fore part of the week by the overland route for Iowa, where they expect to make their future home.

C. E. Hicks and daughter drove down to Red Cloud Sunday.

Remember the date of the picnic in J. L. Grandstaff's grove, Wednesday September 26th. You are all invited to come and bring your baskets well filled.

The Misses Rose and Mabel Thorne and Willie Thorne were visitors at the school Tuesday.

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle, and colors evenly a brown or black. Any person can easily apply it at home.

THE JINRIKISHA.

STANDARD ORIENTAL CARRIAGE INVENTED BY A YANKEE.

Missionary Gobel's Rheumatism Was the Incentive—Other Experiences of That Lively American Who Wasn't In Sympathy With Everything In Japan.

For the jinrikisha, which is the greatest blessing travelers in the east enjoy, we have to bless an American sailor who came here on Commodore Perry's flagship in 1858, and then returned seven or eight years later as a missionary of the Methodist persuasion.

The jinrikisha is another illustration of the old adage that necessity is the mother of invention, for Brother Gobel was afflicted with rheumatism in his later years and found it difficult to navigate. The sedan chair, which was used by the nobility, was too close for him, and the kago, a vehicle in which the humbler classes were in the habit of carrying the lame and the lazy, was very uncomfortable for his long legs, so he took a packing case, painted it black, as appropriate to his dignity, and set it upon a pair of wheels.

For shelter from the sun he rigged a canvas awning that could be raised or lowered according to his convenience, and he hired a brawny coolie to haul him about. That was the origin of the vehicle which takes the place of carriages and street cars in Japan, Korea, India and China, for Brother Gobel's invention has spread all over the coast.

Jonathan Gobel was a muscular Christian. He feared God and lived a righteous life. He desired every one else to do so, and when moral suasion failed he often tried force. When he arrived in Japan, he was a stalwart, powerful fellow, and usually came out uppermost when he wrestled with sin.

Passing from his home to his place of preaching one Sunday he found a dozen men or more engaged in building a house. He stopped to talk with them and entreated them to cease their sinful labor. They refused to do so. He ordered them to stop, and they declined. Then, seizing a heavy bamboo pole, he smote them hip and thigh. Several were laid out senseless, and the next morning Brother Jonathan was a prisoner before the consular general, charged with aggravated assault and battery.

Mr. Gobel afterward built himself a modern house on what is known as the Bluff, south of Yokohama, and surrounded his grounds with the first fence that was ever built in this part of the world. It was made of bamboo palings, and the boys in the neighborhood used to annoy the good missionary greatly by rattling sticks against it as they ran along the street.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the admiral in astonishment at the spectacle. "What has happened to you?" "I beg your pardon, sir," replied Tommy, "but has I was coming halong hup the 'll, a-rubbing my stick hgainst the missionary's fence, sir, 'e come hont in 'is pygamas and said as 'ow 'e 'ad vowed by the grace of God to lick the 'ide hoff the next man who did that, and 'e 'as done it, sir."

The jinrikishas are all made in Japan, and a large number are exported to the neighboring countries. They cost from \$17 to \$40, according to the care bestowed on their construction, the material used and the character of their decoration, but they could not be made for more than twice that money in the United States. Many of them are owned by the coolies who draw them, others by companies or private individuals who let them to the coolies for a share of the money they make.

The system of operating them is very much like that in use by our hackmen at home. Each jinrikisha has his name and number upon his hat and his lantern. He is registered at police headquarters and pays a small tax to the government. Those that are attached to the tourists' hotels are required to pay a small percentage for the privilege, as they get more patronage and many fees that do not fall to the lot of the ordinary man on the street.—Tokyo Letter in Chicago Record.

WHIPPED A PRINCE.

How Poor "Tom" Benton Fell Foul of England's Future King.

Tom Benton occupied for many years—in fact, until his death—a responsible position in the household of Queen Victoria. Benton, who was of humble birth, was but a lad at Brighton when his parents died within a few months of each other. It was shortly after these events when the queen's attention was called to the young boy under rather peculiar circumstances.

One day, while Benton was gathering shells on the beach at Brighton to make pinushions, which he sold to the summer visitors, a young boy, nicely dressed and about his own age, appeared upon the scene and scattered, with a vigorous kick, the accumulated shells. Benton gathered up his treasures, and placing them again in a pile warned the intruder that if he repeated the trick he would give him a "good licking."

The kick was repeated with even more vigor than before, and the shells were sent flying in every direction. True to his word, the "poor boy" soundly thrashed the stranger. It was a close contest at first, as the lads were quite evenly matched, but the more fully developed strength of Benton finally brought him off victorious.

Just as the melee was over a gentleman and lady approached, and the former said: "You did quite right, young man. We have seen the whole transaction. This boy is our son, but he was the aggressor and received the thrashing he well merited." A number of questions were asked the lad as to himself and his family. The replies told the boy's life, how the death of his parents had brought poverty to himself and his brothers and sisters.

"This is the queen," said the gentleman, who was none other than Prince Albert, "and the young man to whom you administered such a merited whipping is the Prince of Wales." Turning to the prince, he continued: "You must send his young man to school and pay for his tuition out of your own pocket money. That cannot add to your punishment, but can benefit this poor lad with whom you picked such an uncalled-for quarrel."

Thus it was that Tom Benton met the queen of England. He was sent to a school about midway between Portland and Dover. After completing his studies there he was taken into her majesty's service and remained there his entire life. Between Benton and the Prince of Wales there was a strong bond of friendship, such as could exist between true manly men.—New York Herald.

DEAR OLD LADY.

She Was Going to "Albert's" and Reached There Safely.

An old woman wearing a pair of gold eyeglasses was a passenger on one of the trains from Buffalo to New York. She had come through from the west, and the nervous way in which she gathered her bundles around her and the number of questions she asked all showed that she was not accustomed to traveling. When the trainboy came through with his assortment of books, she confided to him the facts that she was going to New York to see her son and that she had not seen him for over a year. She grew talkative and said:

"My son Albert's a great preacher. He is a Methodist, and I am a Methodist. I taught him when he was a little bit of a boy what was right and what was wrong. He hasn't been back to see me for over a year. I live way out in Missouri, and he couldn't get away this year, but he wanted to see me, and he sent for me to come on. He preaches in a big church there, and he has got a fine family growing up."

So she prattled on. The trainboy listened to her attentively and succeeded in selling her a copy of "The Quick or the Dead?" solemnly assuring her that it was a Methodist religious book. When he left her, she began to read it, calmly at first, then nervously, until she grew tired. Then she began to nod, and finally the book slipped to the floor. The gray hair reposed on the cushion of the palace car seat, and its owner dozed peacefully.

The conductor came through to collect tickets, and seeing the peaceful sleep of his passenger was loath to wake her. Finally he leaned over and shook her gently and said:

"Where are you going, mother?" "To Albert's," was the quick reply as the eyes behind the glasses opened, and the old woman looked around her for a moment, still unable to tell where she was. The motherly response touched a sympathetic chord in the conductor's heart, and he carefully looked after her until the end of the trip and saw her rush into Albert's arms half laughing, half crying.—New York Times.

The Obedient Dog.

Here is a dog story by a Putnam chronicler: "One of the most interesting and at the same time truthful dog stories we have heard for some time is that told by Victor Pologin, who keeps a confectionery store on Bridge street. Last winter he went to Canada and brought back with him a little black and tan dog, the gift of his father. All went well for about a month, when he had occasion to reprove him for some trivial offense, telling him in French to 'go home.' He saw no more of his dog and was greatly surprised recently to receive a letter from his father in Canada, informing him that the dog had returned. He was three months in making the journey."—Hartford Courant.

Chancellor Ale.

At Oxford there is what is called "chancellor ale," brewed out of 16 bushels of malt to the barrel, and so strong that two wineglassfuls will intoxicate most people. It is kept in oak, bell shaped casks, and is never tapped until it is two years old. Some of the casks have been in use for half a century, but "chancellor ale" is only used at high table, when a man takes very high honors.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ATTIC.

Quaint Combination of Greenery and Hen-nery Above the City.

One of the queerest places in New York can be found in what looks, from the street, to be a funny little gable roofed house perched jauntily on one corner of the roof of the Windermere, on Fifty-seventh street. It is a conservatory and observatory in one, a miniature roof garden, the den of an attic philosopher, Henry S. Goodale, whose somewhat celebrated daughters, Elaine and Dora, evidently got from him their poetic strain.

The attic is reached by a steep nautical flight of steps leading up through a small square hatchway straight into a wonderful greenery of bloom, a snug-gery of comfort, likewise a henery, consisting of one fine brown Leghorn fowl and a single fluffy, yellow chick, and a dovecot, where there are softly whirring wings. It is a charming bit of Arcadia, high above the ceaseless roar and heartbeats of a great city, which under its potent spell seems unreal and evanescent, like the undulating, elliptical rings of smoke that float past the "attic" windows. The attic is all windows, except the floor, roof and the simple matched board dado. The little room is a symphony in green; the floor is carpeted with dull green denim; the gabled roof is covered with burlaps of the same hue; a green wicker couch is cushioned in green yachting cloth; a broad green and white striped awning shades the sunny sides of the little house; all the carelessly strewn cushions, though of varying designs and materials, are of the same general hue, and green figured denim draperies on slender brass rods hang ready to exclude the whole outside world if it is desired.

But it is the window gardens that give the greatest charm to the place. Long, deep boxes of country earth and loam give sustenance to thick, tangled clumps of spicy pinks, old fashioned rose bushes and honeysuckle vines, clambering over wire network trellises, which metaphorically kill two birds with one stone by literally preserving the birds—that is, the hen and her chick—from disaster and upholding the lacy green drapery of the vines.

Of course the hen is not allowed the liberty of this garden in the air, though she keeps a vigilant and determined eye out for opportunities to maraud outside her own domain, which is quite spacious enough to keep her hale and hearty, apparently contented with her lot and graciously disposed in the matter of eggs. Dame Attica Henmica—which is the hen's classical name—evidently belongs to a fine old Latin race of fowls, and her neighbors, the doves, are on the most amicable terms.—New York Press.

WANTED FRESH AIR.

The King of Anam Broke a Custom and Created a Panic.

Not long ago there was terrible excitement at the royal court of Anam. The king, Thamah-Tai, who was then 14 years old, was missing. Etiquette requires that the Anamese king shall never leave the royal grounds. He is a knightly prisoner. But the young potentate was not hard to find. Though he was a king, he was a boy, and it is natural for a boy, when he has some money in his pocket, to want to get out and spend it.

That was exactly what the king of Anam had done. Entirely alone he had started on a "shopping" expedition through the streets of Hue. Of course no one knew him because he had never shown his face in public. He was simply a boy, like any other boy, and this was exactly what he wanted. But he was treated with great respect by the shopkeepers, because he seemed to have plenty of money. Curiously enough, the thing which seemed to attract him most was a head shearing machine, or hair clipper, and when the frightened nobles of the court discovered him at last it was with this singular implement in his possession.

He had already begun an attempt to experiment with it on the heads of several small street boys, who were proving rebellious subjects, when the courtiers approached him, prostrating themselves upon the ground and making alarmed outcries. The king no longer goes out shopping, but he retains his hair clipper as a souvenir of a happy day of freedom with the street boys.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Old Shoes For New.

Inmates of the House of Correction, when they are discharged from that institution, are usually furnished with a brand new pair of shoes in which to start anew the journey of life. The traders stand outside the gates and wait for these discharged prisoners. The latter are not slow to part with their new shoes in exchange for the old ones offered by the traders, not only because the old shoes are more comfortable, but because there is a money consideration too. The House of Correction shoes are strongly made and command a fair price among workmen. The traders pay a bounty of about 25 cents, together with the old pair of shoes in exchange for each new pair, and they make money by the deal.—Philadelphia Record.

The Better Part of Valor.

"Isn't that Colonel Jones with his shotgun?" asked the editor. "It is," replied the foreman. "I think you are right," said the editor. "Suppose you crawl in the stove there, and I'll just step up stairs and see if the roof doesn't need repairing!"—Atlanta Constitution.

People who refuse to pay their taxes in Burma are promptly dealt with by the revenue officials. In the Pegu district the local tax collector arrests the defaulting householder and family and carries them off to durance vile in his house until the taxes are forthcoming.

The rain falls upon the just and the unjust alike. The unjust, however, are quicker to steal umbrellas, and generally fare best in a shower.—Piscayune.



MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paragoric, Bateman's Drops, Giffrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, has issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of Charles H. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Special Premiums. DR. L. H. BECK, SUPT.

Joe Herburger—Box of cigars for best display of yellow corn.

Henry Diederich—\$3.50 pair of men's shoes for largest dozen ears of corn.

\$2.50 pair of ladies' fine button shoes for first premium on dairy butter.

W. S. Bense—Cake for best loaf of home-made bread.

Jacob Nustein—2 lbs Uncle Henry chewing tobacco for largest pumpkin.

John Polnick—One box cigars for best bear pig six months old and under twelve months.

E. McFarland—One pair child's shoes for best 3 lb roll of dairy made butter.

J. O. Lindley—5 lbs candy for best lady horseback rider.

F. V. Taylor—Fine picture, framed, for best and largest display of apples grown in Webster county.

Chas. Wiener—Hat for best handwriting, boys under 16 years.

W. B. Roby—50 lb sack of flour for bushel of white oats taking first premium.

J. O. Butler—Fine driving bridle for fastest horse owned in the county, trot or pace.

Miner Bros.—Pair boots for largest best.

Mrs. F. Newhouse—\$1 fascinator for best knitting or crochet work.

Platt & Frees Lumber Co.—\$2 for largest water melon, giver of prize to have melon.

Miss Hadell—Trimmed hat for best loaf of bread made by girl under 12 years.

Sherwood & Albright—\$2 in trade for best collection of preserves.

L. M. Vance—Silver drinking cup for prettiest baby.

Shea & Turnure Bros.—One fancy dish for the oldest old style dish.

B. F. Mizer—Half dozen china fruit plates for best display of oil paintings that were executed in Webster county.

G. A. Ducker & Co.—Linen table cloth for first prize in fancy work.

S. F. Spokesfield—50 lb sack of best flour for best bushel of potatoes.

Henry Cook—A fine banquet lamp for the most unique and original costume worn on wheel at bicycle display.

L. H. Rust—Half dozen 3-year-old cherry trees for best display of canned cherries, grown and put up in Webster county; one dozen 2-year-old grape vines for best display of grapes grown in Webster county.

W. T. Auld—\$2 for best and most complete map, drawn in ink, by child fourteen years or under, residing in Webster county. Size of map, 24x24 inches.

J. S. White—50c for best peck of sweet potatoes; \$1 for best bushel of white corn.

N. Longtin—Box of cigars to winner of fat man's race, race 50 yards.

M. M. Stern—Box of cigars to winner of potato race.

T. E. Penman—Ladies' Bicycle Race—1st prize, lady's belt; 2d prize, Trilby hat and fob; 3d prize, lady's shirt waist set.

Joe. Fogle—Fine buggy whip for winner of slow mule race.

Robt. Potter—\$1 to winner of foot race for boys under 14 years.

Fat man's race and boys' race will take place on afternoon of second day. Potato race will take place on third day of fair.

Bicycle half mile handicap races on afternoons of second and third days. Bicycle display parade each day of the fair.

Speed Program. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Three min. class, trotting, 3 in 5, \$100.00

Half mile running, 2 in 3, 100.00

Green half mile dash, 25.00

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.

Free for all trot, 3 in 5, \$150.00

Novelty running, one mile, 75.00

Green county pace or trot, 2 in 3, 75.00

ENTRIES.

Entries close Oct. 1st at 11 p. m. Entrance five per cent, payable at time of making entry, five per cent additional from winners. Division of purses, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Five entries to 60 and three to start in all races. Running entries close at 8 p. m. the day before the race. Those not intending to start in any race must notify secretary in writing before 9 p. m. the day before race.

Any horse distancing the field or any part thereof will be awarded but one premium. Right reserved to change the order or declare off any of the races on account of bad weather or any other just cause.

American and National rules govern. Stall rent during fair, \$2; hay and grain at reasonable prices.

For entry blanks, address the secretary. D. J. MYERS, Red Cloud, Neb.

Cowles.

Little Caesar Wilson came very near causing a funeral in our midst last week. The threshing machine of Adamson & Hurd was working at Ned Hurd's when little Caesar in some way got caught in the power and had it not been for the quick work of Mr. Good he would have been badly injured. Dr. Paul was called at once and says that Wilson will be all right in a few days.

Ross Paul has a very severe attack of rheumatism which he acquired by sleeping out of doors on one of the hot nights last week.

Thomas Beal spent Sunday with his family at Franklin.

Miss Mabel Walker has gone to Boston, Mass., where she expects to remain this winter and continue her studies in music and elocution. She was accompanied as far as Chicago by Sarah Teel.

Charles Brubaker has got enough of Nebraska, and started overland for Pierre, South Dakota, last Monday.

Mr. B. Thompson Morgan will deliver a lecture to the young people at the church next Sunday evening. His subject will be, "Harmful effect of Tobacco and the Human System." Mr. Morgan is working for the interests of the Y. M. C. A. and should have a large audience. Admission free.

O. MOSES.

HUTCHISON & HIATT, Tonsorial Artists, 4th Avenue, - RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA. First-class barbers and first-class work guaranteed. Give me a call