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SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

To YOUNG MEN IN LOVE (3rd Article):—Some day, when you have toiled for her awhile longer, and gathered a reasonable amount of worldly goods for her protection and comfort, she will place her hand confidently in yours in the presence of witnesses. With her "I will!" she will forswear liberty. Her wistful eyes will be raised in tender love toward yours as she makes the greatest sacrifice of her life; for that is what it is, as you will appreciate it you stop to think. What will those eyes see in you? A hero. She thinks you are one, if she is loving you for yourself alone; and I am presuming she is. You are to her a knight, a cavalier, a hero bold; she glories in your strength or your kindness, or some quality that makes her esteem you above all others. Though a hundred men pass before her in review, they are waved aside to their own disparagement, when she compares them with you. Just as ardently as you admire her does she admire you! But she is only dreaming of your heroism and goodness. The dream is one so beautiful for you to consider, that to awaken her to a different reality will be cruel pain. If you are shrouding your real character and deceiving her as to your motives, try now to open your soul wide to the qualities she loves. Let them rush in until you are possessed by them, so that she may never have before her eyes the sorrow and distress of an illusion. So what she thinks you are; and while she will still remain the more powerful to mould and the greater in heart (how true!) she will nevertheless look up to you as though she were the lesser. What a sweet offering of incense to your proud and happy spirit that will be! Deception as to goodness and nobility until both become habits of the soul, is worth the effort of carrying on, and when fully attained will make the life together a growth in the sweetest graces of humanity.

MY KNIGHT.

Why do I love him, my noble Knight?
Is it because of his visage bright
Or his strong right hand and his bounding
health.
Or his costly garb and his worldly wealth?
Is it because of his wooing sweet
Or the gifts he flings at my favored feet?
Is it because of the noble race,
Whence he boasts his lineage, proud, to trace?
Ah no! 'tis because, for the love of me
He has cheerfully donned his paucity—
Stalwart and brave beyond compare,
But gentle and kind to his lady fair.
Clad in an armor of truth is he,
With the stainless shield of purity,
And a sword unsheathed to uphold the right,
That's why I love him, my Knight, my Knight!

You smile at the old fable about the greedy dog that dropped a bone in order to snatch at its reflection in the water below. Beware of similar foolishness! In the present state of your feeling you admire the beauty, the good sense, the modesty, the attractive ways of the woman of your choice. You look up to her and she can raise you in all that is worthy. The progress of 1900 years is being enjoyed by you; the ages during which woman has grown, under the influence of a virgin's son, from a creature of utility to the Jew and a creature of pleasure to the Gentile, into a radiant help-mate that draws out of man more fully the divine possibilities of his nature; these ages are epitomized in your love. The gain to you from her devotion is, in a measure, like the gain of the world from her dear sex since the Christian Era. Just as we expect her influence to keep the world continuously progressing, so may your gain keep on growing as you come to a fuller knowledge of her. O, greedy one! Is this not enough? You are a better man because she loves you before marriage. This is the substance now in your possession. Will you forget it all and rush through the gates of love as though the Creator had from

all time planned to form this particular woman for your particular pleasure? If you do, the shadow alone will be yours. The substance of love is her entire nature and its effects on you; the shadow is physical pleasure indulged in for your own sake. Here is the wrecking point of many a fair ship of marriage that has started joyously over the sea of life. The polar star of united helpfulness is forgotten in the presence of passion's flickering light. The joyousness comes to an end, the act of love now lowered to mere instinct rounds out the full desire, increased indulgence call for further indulgence, sense becomes all-in-all, and then—last and worst stage of all—the heart goes wandering anywhere and everywhere seeking physical pleasure, and it becomes almost a matter of indifference whether it be one woman or another that furnishes the pleasure. The fruits of Paradise will then have changed in your grasp to the ashiness of Dead Sea apples. Evil within you will have triumphed over good and the corpse of love be gibed at by the demon of lust.

See the young life as a stately ship riding
Over the sea like a water bird gliding,
Will she wait till the levin of passion is shed,
Or follow love's pole star so pure overhead?
Carelessly trimmed, a light hand on the tiller,
The billows and surges of evil days fill her,
She drifts to the depths that are dulled by the
dead;
Though the pole star of love shines so pure
overhead.
The helmsman, half blinded, his fears ever
heightening,
Is waiting the flash of the furore lightning,
Vainly he trusts by its fire to be led,
When the pole star of love shines so pure
overhead.
Shattered and scorched by the guide he awaited
The helmsman lies dead on the vessel ill-fated,
Also for the victim by passion misled,
Who trusts not love's pole star so pure overhead.

Next week's letter will be the last in this line of thought for the present, although the subject is not by any means exhausted. I need to emphasize that these articles are direct appeals from my young heart to yours. A saner, better idea of marriage so fateful in its influence on the generations of the twentieth century, is what we all need. So bear with me in what I have yet to say concerning our relation to the women we love.

According to a celebrated anatomist there are upwards of 5,000,000 little glands in the human stomach. These glands pour out the digestive juices which dissolve or digest the food. Indigestion is want of juice, weakness of glands, need of help to restore the health of these organs. The best and most natural help is that given by Shaker Digestive Cordial. Natural because it supplies the materials needed by the glands to prepare the digestive juices. Because it strengthens and invigorates the glands and the stomach, until they are able to do their work alone. Shaker Digestive Cordial cures indigestion certainly and permanently. It does so by natural means, and therefore lies the secret of its wonderful and unvaried success.

At druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

To Raisers of Swine.
I have discovered a remedy which I claim will cure the disease now prevalent among hogs. I have had two years experience doctoring cholera hogs, but this disease is not cholera. I have a preventive and cure which if taken in time will ward off the disease. I will sell enough for one dollar to cure ten hogs. I am ready at any time to go and doctor hogs. I have shown what my doctoring will do in my own town where they have failed with all other remedies. Call at Cook's drug store for Carpenter's hog medicine.
A. H. CARPENTER,
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

The "Bicyclist's Best Friend" is a familiar name for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, always ready for emergencies. While a specific for piles, it also instantly relieves and cures cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails. C. L. Cotting.

A BRILLIANT PAGEANT.

Ringling Bros.' the Grandest Display Ever Seen in America.

A thirty-section free street parade!—this is the startling novelty which Ringling Brothers, the noted circus managers, offer the public this year as the latest evidence of their originality and munificent expenditure. The idea of dividing a circus procession into divisions is in itself a novelty, while the way in which the original scheme has been worked out not only reflects great credit upon these always progressive managers, but makes the street parades of other institutions look small and tawdry in comparison with it. In the city of Chicago, where Ringling Bros.' famous circus has exhibited over one hundred times to the largest audiences ever seen in the World's fair city, the leading newspapers unhesitatingly declare that Ringling Bros.' street parade is the most novel, the most unique, the most gorgeous and the most royally resplendent street display ever inaugurated by a circus management. And even this does not tell the full story of its wonders. Each section represents some distinct national characteristic, either in this or other countries, or some noted historic era, while the costuming, the tableaux, ornamentation and the vari-colored of the huge dens and cars of state are so arranged as to blend in harmony or to create striking and effective contrasts to the artistic eye. Among the notable features in the thirty sections into which the parade is divided, are characteristic representations of all the most noted military organizations in the world, all in their national uniform, properly accoutred and mounted on magnificent war horses; a military convoy in the Punjab, with its ponderous elephants, drawing great lumbering cannon and bearing East Indian sharpshooters in their oscillative howdahs, together with guides, native soldiers and all the impedimenta of an Indo-British army on the march; a blood-quenching reproduction of the Derby day meet, with huge tally-hos, slender spiders, pretty 7-carts, blooded racing stock, London's society leaders, jockeys, touts and other characteristic features of English racing life; a brilliant picture of Roman and Grecian splendor as pictured in the great spectacles of Rome and Athens, together with the Olympic games and charioting of the historic days of Augustus; a caravan crossing the desert; a complete children's parade, with pony chariots, tiny tableaux, miniature cages and other novel effects delightful to the childish sense; 10 bands of music, over a hundred dens, cages and tableaux cars, and many other unique representations, each presented complete in its individual section, and comprising in their entirety the most bewildering beautiful and effective street display ever conceived or successfully organized. It is this wonderfully new and novel procession that will inaugurate circus day in Red Cloud next Thursday, September 2nd, and those who fail to see it will miss the greatest event, outside of the performance itself, that has been presented to the public during the present century. Reserved seats and admissions will be on sale all day at Grice's drug store at exactly the same price as on the exhibition grounds.

Keep it in the house, whenever you get "blue" or feel "shaky" or indisposed, one small dose of "Economy Bonaset Cordial" sets you right. For sale by C. L. Cotting.

Moments are useless if trifled away; and they are dangerously wasted if consumed by delay in cases where One Minute Cough Cure would bring immediate relief. C. L. Cotting.

Strange But True.
I do not know just why it is; I cannot understand, but somehow things don't seem to go the way that they were planned. There was Willie Wilkins' mamma said he should a parson be,

put he's now dispensing cordials in a wet-goods hostelry; and Tommy Tucker, who was the bright boy of our school, since he has grown up he's known as "Deacon Tucker's fool;" and Charley Chump, whom we allowed a natural fool to be, has been years in congress—and it's all a beating me. There was Little Loggins, just as modest as could be, she is wearing knickerbockers and she is a sight to see; and the girl who held that marriage is a thing that heaven forbids, she is now addressed as "Mrs." and is ma of seven kids; and the boy who said he'd write his name with fumes eternal crew, you will find it largely written, "Old Bill Bogbins, debtor to—"

For the things we mostly figure on are the things we do not get, and the castle we have builded is the one that is marked, "To let." The parson says the heavenly land is bright and full of bliss. I hope he's better posted than he is concerning this, for he said, "the righteous hunger not, nor do they thirst for bread"—Perhaps they don't, but, if they don't, they sometimes starve instead. And I often almost wonder if the next world won't surprise, by being just about the thing we never did surmise, but I trust that this is error, for I would not think mayhap that the one who goes to hades is the one who strikes the snap.—Minneapolis Messenger.

To heal the broken and diseased tissues, to soothe the irritated surfaces, to instantly relieve and to permanently cure is the mission of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. C. L. Cotting.

Perfectly harmless, but very powerful is "Economy Bonaset Cordial," a remedy par-excellence for all forms of indigestion. For sale by C. L. Cotting.

Pelts—Bishop.
A pleasant marriage ceremony in which Mr. F. H. Pelts was the groom and Miss Lottie J. Bishop the bride was consummated at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Bishop, in Blue Hill on Wednesday, August 25th, Rev. G. W. Hummel officiating. After the ceremony a splendid dinner was served and enjoyed by all. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and is one of the fair and accomplished young ladies of Blue Hill. The groom is a son of R. L. Pelts with whom he is associated in business and is a young man of sterling worth and habits. The newly married couple left on the afternoon train for Illinois to visit with a sister and other friends, after which they will return and make Blue Hill their future home. We wish them a long and happy life and a safe journey.

Look for the facts demonstrated by experience. Thousands and thousands of people suffering from the effect of impure blood have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act directly and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

The fellow who does not think the Dingley tariff bill protects the agricultural classes in its provisions should study this list of a few items before he opens his mouth and exposes his ignorance:

- Cattle \$2 a head.
- Hogs \$1.50 a head.
- Horses \$30 a head.
- Sheep \$1.50 a head.
- Barley 30 cents per bushel.
- Buckwheat 15 cents per bushel.
- Corn 15 cents a bushel.
- Oats 15 cents a bushel.
- Rye 10 cents a bushel.
- Wheat 25 cents a bushel.
- Butter 6 cents a pound.
- Milk 3 cents a gallon.
- Beans 45 cents a bushel.
- Cabbage three cents each.
- Eggs 5 cents a dozen.
- Hay \$4.00 a ton.
- Honey 20 cents a gallon.
- Hops 12 cents a pound.
- Onions 40 cents a bushel.
- Potatoes 25 cents a bushel.
- Lard 2 cents a pound.
- Poultry 3 cents a pound.—Beaver City Tribune.

Republican County Convention.

The republican delegates met in convention at the court house in this city pursuant to call, for the purpose of naming eight delegates to the state convention at Lincoln.

Chairman Hacker called the convention to order and the call was read by Secretary McNitt.

Or presentation of credentials it was found that all precincts were represented except Harmony and Oak Creek.

On motion D. F. Trunkey was made temporary chairman and D. C. Jenkins secretary.

C. W. Kaley, candidate for regent, was given the privilege to select a delegation to the state convention and named the following gentlemen: T. C. Hacker, J. S. Hoover, Geo. J. Warren, R. T. Potter, D. C. Jenkins, Dr. T. R. Hall, A. Galusha, R. McNitt, C. D. Robinson and M. W. Dickerson.

A communication from J. T. Mallalieu, secretary of the state central committee was read.

Following are the names and post-office addresses of the gentlemen who will comprise the new county central committee:

- Guide Rock precinct—James Watt, Guide Rock.
- Beaver Creek precinct—G. M. Wainor, Guide Rock.
- Stillwater precinct—Louis Bangert, Lawrence.
- Oak Creek precinct—John C. Rose, Rosemont.
- Garfield precinct—N. L. D. Smith, Red Cloud.
- Fineasant Hill precinct—Dr. T. E. Hall, Cowles.
- Inavale precinct—W. F. Benkle, Inavale.
- Catherton precinct—W. J. Matheny, Otto.
- Elm Cheek precinct—C. E. Putnam, Cowles.
- Potdam precinct—A. H. Kreigsmann, Blue Hill.
- Red Cloud precinct—C. H. Potter, Red Cloud.
- Batin precinct—Robert Harris, Red Cloud.
- Glenwood precinct—Wm. Thorne, Bladen.
- Walnut Creek precinct—I. W. England, Inavale.
- Harmony precinct—H. Weidgerahn, Bladen.
- Red Cloud, 1st ward—W. B. Roby, Red Cloud.
- Red Cloud, 2d ward—J. S. White, Red Cloud.
- Line precinct—Joe Saladen, Red Cloud.
- T. C. Hacker was re-elected chairman and D. C. Jenkins was elected as secretary in place of R. McNitt. The convention then adjourned.

Here's to your good health! Use "Economy Bonaset Cordial." C. L. Cotting.

Certainly you don't want to suffer with dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, sallow skin and loss of appetite. You have never tried DeWitt's Little Early Risers for these complaints or you would have been cured. They are small pills but great regulators. C. L. Cotting.

"Does Farming Pay?"

An insufferable guy, we have mislaid his name, is sending out circulars to the farmers of Nebraska asking, "Does Farming Pay?" What's the matter with that sucker, anyway? Of course it pays. It pays to live—just to live—in Nebraska, even if you don't do anything. We see this demonstrated by the number of men who roost on dry goods boxes in the summer and sit around the stove in the winter and absorb the heat that costs somebody else \$5 per ton in its crude state, and who eat, drink and be merry on the results of the toil of others; who are so sustained and soothed by the delightful climate and entrancing scenery that they are too infernal lazy to do anything but talk of things they know nothing about, chew tobacco and smoke pipes and cigars, and then go to the meals that their wives or someone

else has provided. But that isn't farming. Yes, it pays to farm in Nebraska. The horny handed son of toil who takes up the slack in his overalls, spits upon his palms and goes forth under the open sky with a determination to win, and also a team of up-to-date horses or high-gear mules and a breech-loading stirring plow, and a little seed of course, can raise almost anything. Wheat in this second edition of the Garden of Eden, which, by the way, is literally bound in calf, to say nothing of the multitudes of adult cattle, grows and flourishes in such luxuriance that it would be an insult to compare it with the proverbial bay tree. And corn—why this is the home of corn, the corn dodger and the corn doctor, but not of the unicorn Billy Bryan and G. Cleveland to the contrary notwithstanding. And then the apples and the peaches, and the pears, and the potatoes, and the pumpkins and squashes, and disturbances that can be raised here. Yes, sir; you can raise anything here. Why, we know a soft and tender female—she is a good deal softer than tender—who went forth single handed and alone one morning and raised the place that Bob Ingersoll has tried to argue out of existence and put a brick bat under one corner of it before 10 a.m. Betcher life, farming pays. Stand up for Nebraska.—Edgar Post.

Small precautions often prevent great mischiefs. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are very small pills in size, but are most effective in preventing the most serious forms of liver and stomach troubles. They cure constipation and headache and regulate the bowels. C. L. Cotting.

American Fashionable Life.

Julian Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) has used for her last novel a study of New York, Newport and Boston life, which promises to be read with wide interest by all who are interested in American fashionable life. No one knows the society of these three centers of fashion better than Mrs. Cruger. From her girlhood up she has had every opportunity to observe, and we have no American woman of more brilliant powers, not only of reading the human heart, but of putting her impressions in delightful fashion.

A charmingly fresh Massachusetts girl is sacrificed in her youth to the ambition of a "rich marriage." Deprived of love, she throws herself into the race for social leadership, and we follow for twenty years, with ever increasing interest, the career of this able and beautiful woman as she captures outpost after outpost, falling in Boston only to change her base of operations to England and then attacking the main works of the enemy at New York, and so on to Newport, and finally holds the capitulation of Boston itself. The first chapter opens in the September Cosmopolitan.

RHEUMATISM

Is caused by Uric Acid and other impurities lingering in the blood, which have not been filtered out by the Kidneys through the urine. The seat of the trouble is not in the skin or muscles. It's sick Kidneys. Electricity, liniments or plasters will not reach the case. But the disease can be

CURED

Mine was a case of rheumatism of the muscles and joints with kidney trouble of two years standing. One year quite bad. I have taken three bottles of your Sparagus Kidney Pills, and feel so well that I have stopped taking them. They have done me more good ten times over than all the medicine I have taken from doctors, and I can only recommend them to my neighbors.

WILSON WAKELIN,
Brook, Neb.
HOBBS
Sparagus Kidney Pills.
HOBBS REMEDY CO., PROPRIETORS, CHICAGO.
Dr. Hobbs Pills For Sale in RED CLOUD, NEB.,
by C. L. COTTING, Druggist.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma