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**SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.**  
BY "NEMO."  
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To TEACHERS AND PURPOSEFUL PEOPLE.—That faint little tap on your desk for "attention" at the first session this term, will, to some of you, sound as ominous as the tolling of a death-knell. It will conjure up the pleasures of the weeks of rest, and they will all vanish under a lurid cloud out of whose gray body will peep visions of children who insist on being stupid when the superintendent appears, or who are triumphantly mischievous when your back is turned and strangely angelic when you wheel round to detect them. Really, there is little wonder if your heart sinks within you, as you remember that to keep up the standard of the school you will need to be alert, not once a week, but every hour of every day. I can quite understand a feeling akin to nausea, when the familiar backs of the old familiar books tell you that, this year as last, you will have to go over the self-same simple lessons to a new set of simple listeners. Then, if you are a woman a little feeling of angry protest will arise; for you know full well that the average man of your town, however free he feels to point out your defects, would prefer a week of the hardest toil to one day of attempting the control of twenty of your sprites; and, if you are a male teacher, criticised for your severe discipline, you need no telling that no mother, out of a captious ten would be able to govern such a heaped-together family except by free and indiscriminate slappings.

Altogether you feel a little gloomy as the duties begin to burden your shoulders again.

But do not undo the good of your vacation by fretting and fuming. To a certain extent the laborious character of your work is recompensed, in that your rest time is longer and your hours of labor shorter than is vouchsafed to the general run of brain-workers. Take courage from that, and stand up to duty in your chosen sphere as bravely as your favorite historic character stood up to his. But as for yearning for full appreciation—sweep the temptation behind you else you will be unhappy continually. No good work is ever fully appreciated. This you probably believe in theory, but your difficulty comes in adapting the theory to a fact, and that fact your own career. It is painful to discover that you are the living counterpart of the man who fell among thieves—people of your community pass you by without bestowing any more than a thought on you, and it is left to me, a distant and impoverished Samaritan, to pour in the oil and the wine upon your troubled spirit.

We expect children to place themselves where their heads can be patted, but well-balanced men and women never do this. I will even dare to suggest that if a half of your good efforts were fully praised, your head would be turned, and your heart too, away from the very things that first brought you applause. Not a tithe of all the good work of life is done where men may place garlands of esteem upon it. If it were so, how would our bridges or our houses weather a single storm. Out-of-sight work counts in the great balance sheet of the Almighty; if you are tempted to doubt it, say it over and over again until you reach the point of glorying in the doing of a duty though no witnesses be near. The faith you demand of the scholar, who is urged by you to believe that though his well done task is wiped from the blackboard, it yet remains part of his mental gain—that faith must be yours, impelling you to a royal giving up of yourself to your work, though every shred and particle of effect seem to utterly disappear.

**THE HIDDEN LIFE.**  
A gentle flower in the forest grew.  
**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder**  
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Where never a soul its sweetness knew,  
And its upturned eyes with beauteous hue,  
Ne'er glowed with responsive love's delight.  
It withered and died, unmarked, unseem,  
When low in the sky the pale sun hung;  
Still the wild birds called on joyous wing,  
So its life seemed but a wasted thing.

Yet the wind had taken its pure sweet breath,  
And borne it away to a room of death,  
Where it glided in with the setting sun,  
And calmed the soul of a dying one.  
For it banished of unbelief the wraith,  
And restored to the soul a child-like faith,  
As it whispered the words which angels know.

"Consider the lilies how they grow!"  
You have nodded your head when your beloved Emerson wrote about ideals and their values. But bowing the head is not bowing the heart, and it is heart-worship alone of an ideal in life, that will make you walk buoyantly and triumphantly the solitary path. Teachers are of all people most miserable if their horizon is bounded by anything less than helpfulness to the nation. The four walls of your room too often seem to shut you off from the world; some weary day, dear women, when nerves have been strained almost to the screaming point, and you, dear men, when to yield to anger would be joy, close your eyes on the post of duty that for a moment seems dreary and let your imagination run free. Then will you quickly see that you are not called to carve insensate blocks, but to "lead forth" individualities; that the children who under your care grow to a knowledge of themselves are potential elements in the national life; that the work you do is being duplicated in hundreds of thousands of other little school houses, and that the aggregate of all the work done is making or marring our national future. Does the bricklayer ask for admiration over one brick well laid in the wall of some towering building? No, he goes on to another, being careful to align his work to the work of all the rest! You too, unpraised and yet content, because possessed by your ideal, will go on with your good work, transmitting the dull clay of duty into golden opportunity. The routine of arithmetic and the strange mouthings of phonics will then be changed from items in a scheme of teaching, to valued portions of our national bulwarks.

Let no man despise you for good reason; glorify your office; try to rise to the demands of the age; work for a twentieth century to dawn on a generation of right thinking children; having done all, gulp down that clamorous cry for praise, and be content to have lived as a conscious guardian of untold treasures. The reward is ever from within.

Sick-poison is a poison which makes you sick. It comes from the stomach. The stomach makes it out of undigested food.

The blood gets it and taints the whole body with it. That's the way of it.

The way to be rid of it is to look after your digestion.

If your food is all properly digested, there will be none left in the stomach to make sick poison out of.

If your stomach is too weak to see to this properly by itself, help it along with a few doses of Shaker Digestive Cordial.

That is the cure of it.

Shaker Digestive Cordial is a delicious, healthful, tonic cordial, made of pure medicinal plants, herbs and wine.

It positively cures indigestion and prevents the formation of sick poison. At druggists. Trial bottles 10 cents.

**KLONDIKE LETTER.**  
(Special Correspondence.)  
TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 7.

This letter will be devoted to facts and figures on the passes and trails to the Klondike gold region. There are four principal passes, and all heretofore have had their favorites among the miners. Chilcoot is the most dangerous and the highest pass, Chilcat is not so dangerous, but much farther around, and can be traversed by horses and cattle, which is also true of the White pass on the Skaguay trail. The Stikine river route has been used for many years by the Hudson Bay company in packing its supplies into the Yukon country. Starting their pack trains at Ashcroft, they travel north through a wild, rough and desolate country until they arrive at Telegraph Creek on the Stikine river. From Fort Wrangle to Telegraph Creek a river steamer is run to start Klondikers on their inland journey. In season there is good grass for stock all along this trail, and strange as it may seem, vegetables are raised in considerable quantities at Telegraph Creek, which is in the same latitude as Juneau. Ten years ago R. H. Norton, a mining engineer of this city, now state inspector of mines, says he saw as fine a field of oats at Telegraph Creek as he ever saw in his life in any country. Mr. Norton, by the way, had a very startling experience with the Indians who guard the headwaters of some of the rivers that are said to be rich in gold. Briefly stated, he was nearly drowned and was nursed back to life by the red men, and his friend, who persisted in entering the land of gold alleged to be further up the river, was told by the Indians, after an all-night's session to consider the matter, that they would permit him to proceed, provided he married one of their women and became a fellow tribesman. He refused.

Now, as to these trails. A detailed statement has been prepared after a thorough, painstaking and expensive examination. The facts here given are gleaned either from personal investigation and observation, or from reliable citizens who have gone over the various trails and have had experience for years in these routes.

**ROUTES FROM TACOMA TO THE KLONDIKE.**

There are two general routes from Tacoma to Dawson City—one by way of St. Michaels, at the mouth of the Yukon river, and up the river by steamer, being the longest way around and most expensive; the other by way of steamer to Telegraph creek, Dyea, Skaguay, Chilcat or Fort Wrangle, thence over the several trails and passes to the headwaters of the Yukon river and down the river to the gold fields. The latter are the shortest, quickest and cheapest routes.

**THE ST. MICHAELS ROUTE.**

The St. Michaels route is by steamer from Tacoma to St. Michaels, a distance of about 2,500 miles, and then by river steamers up the Yukon to the gold fields, a distance of about 1,700 miles further.

**TRANSPORTATION.**

The cost of a ticket by this route, from Tacoma to Dawson City, is \$200 including meals and berths. Competition may reduce this to \$150 or even \$100, for ordinary second-class accommodations.

**FREIGHT.**

Freight by this route is high, ranging from \$500 to \$1000 per ton.

**TIME REQUIRED.**

The time required by this route is about the same as by the other routes over the passes, and the portage of 120 miles over a comparatively level country being made in from 5 to 7 days, and the voyage from the head of the lake being a day or two shorter than by the other route, and much less hazardous.

**THOMAS SAMMONS.**

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. Colting.

**YUKON BOATS.**

During the season of 1897 there were two lines of steamers running on the Yukon between St. Michaels and Dawson—the Alaska Commercial Company, which run the Bella, 185 tons, 75 passengers; Alice, 200 tons, 100 passengers; Margaret, 260 tons, 100 passengers; 3 barges of 228 tons each, tugboat Yukon, 10 tons, and tug W. H. Seward, used at St. Michaels harbor and vicinity. The North American Trading & Transportation Company run the John J. Healey, 241 tons, 150 passengers; Portius B. Wear, 200 tons, 75 passengers; and the Charles H. Hamilton, 400 tons, 200 passengers. The steamer Arctic was lost during the season, and the Victoria and P. C. Richardson, new boats, will be ready for the opening of the river in the spring of 1898.

**THE FLEET OF RIVER BOATS.**

The fleet of river boats will be largely increased in the spring by the addition of several boats from Tacoma and the building of others on the river.

**TIME, BY OVERLAND ROUTES.**

To make the trip from the landing at the foot of the mountain passes to Dawson, takes about five weeks, under ordinary conditions. The trip has been made in twenty-one days, but, however, without carrying anything more than a camp outfit and sufficient supplies for the journey. Under ordinary conditions a stop of several days has to be made at Lake Linderman, by the Dyea and Skaguay routes, to build boats for the journey down the lakes and river to Dawson, over 500 miles, which is made in from six to twelve days.

**HOW TO GET OVER THE PASSES.**

Chilcoot pass from Dyea is not passable for horses, and supplies are taken over on sleds drawn by dogs and men, or packed over on the backs of miners or Indians. The sleds are made in Tacoma, of eastern hickory, are 7 feet long, 18 inches wide, 8 inches high, and weigh about 30 pounds. The runners are steel shod and the knees iron braced. About 400 pounds are carried at a load over the pass, but after reaching the lakes, early in the spring before the lakes open, the sleds carry from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. Two or three large dogs will handle a sled, and six or eight make a fast team.

**TABLE OF DISTANCES.**

Upon careful personal investigation we make the following estimate of the distances from the steamer landing at Dyea and Skaguay, to Dawson City:

Summit.....	9
Head of Lake Linderman.....	3
Lake Linderman.....	6
River to Lake Bennett.....	1
Lake Bennett.....	24
Cariboo Crossing (river).....	2
Tajish Lake.....	19
River to Marsh Lake.....	6
Marsh Lake to Lake LeBarge.....	31
Lake LeBarge.....	56
Mouth of Hootalinqua river.....	30
Yukon River to Dawson.....	360
From steamer landing to Dawson.....	561

Distances by the Stikine route are given below.

**STIKINE RIVER ROUTE, FORT WRANGLE.**

By this route the start is made from Fort Wrangle, 150 miles nearer Tacoma than Dyea or Skaguay, where transfer is made to the river steamer. All the mountain passes are avoided, the divide between the ocean and Yukon basins being in the uplands at the head waters of the Stikine, Taku and Hootalinqua rivers, in a country where there is abundant pasturage for horses and cattle.

**Old Settler's Picnic.**

Note.—The following having been handed to and published in another city paper last week is published this week by the Chief only as a courtesy to our many old settler readers. Hereafter articles which have been printed in other papers the week previous will not receive space in our columns. Committees in charge of such matters will please take notice and act accordingly.

The following is the premium list for the old settlers' picnic to be held at Red Cloud, September 23, 1897.

- To the oldest man of the old settlers—A walking cane by the State Bank.
- To the oldest woman of the old settlers—A dress by the Nebraska Mercantile Company.
- To the largest family present on grounds—A pair of shoes by Galusha & Wescott.
- To the man first married in county—A hat by Freymark & Co.
- To the woman first married in county—A book by H. E. Grice.
- To the first seller of garden produce—An order for groceries on Turnure Bros.
- First seller of dairy produce—An order for groceries on Sherwood & Albright.
- First seller of eggs and poultry—An order on Mizer & McArthur.
- Bringer of the first fowls—A choice rooster by Dyer & Aultz.
- First defeated candidate for office—The best pitchfork in the market by Mitchell Bros.
- Man who has lived longest in a sod house—A string of bologna sausage by Reynolds, successor to Lindsey Bros. butchers.
- First money loaner—A shave and clip by Geo. Fentress, barber.
- First patentee, outside of Red Cloud and Guide Rock—A county map by J. H. Bailey, abstractor.
- First correspondent of CHIEF on grounds—One year's subscription to the CHIEF.
- First correspondent to Argus—One year's subscription to Argus.
- First correspondent to Nation—One year's subscription to Nation.
- First breeder of thoroughbred swine—One year's subscription to Farmer.
- Youngest baby of old settler on the grounds—Baby shoes by Henry Deidrick.
- Man who threshed the first wheat—A double-shovel plow by A. A. Pope.
- Man who brought the first blooded horse—A halter by J. Fogel.
- Owner of the first race horse—A bride by J. O. Butler.
- First school ma'am—A marble corner shelf by Red Cloud Marble Works.
- Youngest married couple—each of whom have been at least twenty years in county—A marble clock shelf by Overing Bros.
- First lady music teacher—One dozen sheets of music by Henry Cook.
- Owner of first clock brought into county—A chain or breast pin by T. Penman.
- First divorced person—A second hand flatiron by Evans & Rickerson.
- Man who raised first apples—A gallon of cider J. K. Aultz.
- First populist—Abundance of pop by Charley Calmes, restauranter.
- First grain thrasher—One box of cigars by M. M. Stern.
- Oldest boy born in county—A box of cigars by John Polnicky.
- First Carpenter—A box of cigars by Jos. Herberger.
- Youngest married couple—All the ice cream they can eat by William Bence.
- First raiser of millet—Ten pounds hog millet, W. B. Roby.

Special additional premiums will be announced elsewhere by Charles Platt, Jas. Peterson, Miner Bros., The Peoples Bank and others.

Owing to over-crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the school room is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs and bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, superintendent of schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by H. E. Grice, Druggist.

**The Cruel Knife!**

The alarming increase in the number of deaths which occur as the result of a surgical operation is attracting general attention, and a strong sentiment against such methods of treatment is fast developing among the most intelligent classes. It seems that in almost every case for which the doctors' treatment is unsuccessful, the learned physicians decide at once that an operation must be performed, and the keen blade of the surgeon is recklessly resorted to. Doctors are human, and of course are liable to make mistakes, but their mistakes are too fatal to be indulged in promiscuously, and as so many lives are sacrificed in this manner, it is but natural for the public to believe that half the operations are unnecessary, besides being a fearful risk to human life, even if successful. It is a positive fact, however, that all operations are not necessary, and that a majority of them are absolutely undertaken without the slightest chance of success. The doctors have never been able to cure a blood disease, and a surgical operation is their only method of treating deep-seated cases, such as cancer and scrofulous affections. Aside from the great danger, an operation never did and never will cure cancer, as the disease never fails to return. Cancer is in the blood, and common sense teaches anyone that no disease can be cut from the blood.



Here is a case where the pain inflicted on a six-year-old boy was especially cruel, and after undergoing the tortures produced by the surgeon's knife he rapidly grew worse. Mr. J. N. Murdoch, the father of the boy, residing at 275 Snodgrass street, Dallas, Texas, writes: "When my son, Will, was six years old, a small sore appeared on his lip, which did not yield to the usual treatment, but before long began to grow. It gave him a great deal of pain, and continued to spread. He was treated by several good doctors, who said he had cancer, and advised that an operation was necessary. "After much reluctance, we consented, and they cut down to the jaw bone, which they scraped. The operation was a severe one, but I thought it was the only hope for my boy. Before a great while the cancer returned, and began to grow rapidly. We gave him many remedies without relief, and finally upon the advice of a friend, decided to try S.S.S. (Swift's Specific), and with the second bottle he began to improve. After twenty bottles had been taken, the cancer disappeared entirely and he was cured. The cure was a permanent one, for he is now seventeen years old, and has never had a sign of the dreadful disease to return."

**Purely Vegetable**

containing not a particle of mercury, potash, or other mineral ingredient, which are so injurious to the system. S.S.S. is sold by all druggists. Books on Cancer and Blood Diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

**Before submitting to the SSS knife, try SSS the only real blood remedy.**

**DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure.**  
Quickly cures Dysentery and Diarrhea.