

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF



VOLUME XXV.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, NOV. 19, 1897.

NUMBER 46



10 yards Black and White
DRESS PRINTS
40c.
Sold everywhere for 60c.

MINER BROS.

10 yards
OUTING FLANNEL
50c.
Extra value.

SPECIAL - CLOAK - SALE.



Ladies' Jacket.
Twilled goods, color green
neely trimmed in front and
back with braid, the very
latest style, only
\$10 00.



Ladies' Jacket.
Blue and grey mixed goods
trimmed in military braid,
very nice for Misses, price
\$5.00.

Ladies' Jacket.
Broadcloth, fine black or
blue—black latest cut, six
large buttons, box front ef-
fect, an exceptional value,
only
\$7.50.



Ladies Jacket.
Boucle cloth, black satin
Rita Dame facing, military
braid trimming back front
and sleeves, fly front, ex-
cellent value,
\$11.50.

Child's Jacket.
Green, brown and grey
mixed goods, very nice,
aged 8 to 12 years, price,
\$5.00.

Child's Jacket.
Red and black mixed goods
for children, nice value
\$3.50.

Ladies' Capes
in all styles and materials
prices ranging from
\$1.50 to \$10.

Ladies Piush cape
Bead and astrachan trim-
med,
\$16.00.

- Table Oil Cloth, per yard, 15c
- Basting Thread, per spool, 2c
- Solid shield safety pins, 3 sizes, per card, 3c
- Pins, per paper, 1c
- Cotton Batts, Extra value, 5c
- Men's fleece lined shirts and drawers worth 50c 42c
- Remnants in Dress Goods at one-half price.

CLOAK SALE NOVEMBER 20TH.

- Toilet Soaps.**
- Genuine Buttermilk Soap, per box 22c
 - Pears Unscented Soap 12c
 - 3 bars Lambs Wool soap 10c
 - Palm, Elder and Glycerine soap 3 bars for 10c
 - Labelle toilet, 3 bars for 5c
- Towels.**
In this department you will find a very complete line.

- Gloves.**
- Men's Lined gloves 17c
 - Men's Working gloves 17c
 - Men's Working gloves 25c
 - Men's Lined Mitts, 30c and 25c
 - Good values in Hogskins, Buckskins, and sheepskins. The best sheepskin fleece back, calf skin face mittens, 30c worth 75c.
- DISHES.**
In this department we are offering the best values in the city.

- Groceries.**
- Corr and Gloss starch 5c
 - 12 Boxes parlor matches 10c
 - Magic Baking Powder 7c
 - Standard Lemon or Vanilla extract 8c
 - 10 bars Laundry Soap 25c
 - O S Smoking Tobacco 20c
 - Mershaum smoking tobacco 20c
 - Star or Horse Shoe chewing 38c
 - Cocacanal 7c
 - 2 boxes toothpicks 5c
 - 1 pall Jelly 50c
 - 1 pall Syrup 55c

CLOAK SALE NOVEMBER 20TH.

- Patent Hooks and Eyes per card, 3c
- Needles, per paper, 1c
- Ranchman's Twill shiring, per yard, 9c
- Velveteen Dress Binding per yard 3c
- Cambric, best quality, per yard 4c
- L. L. Unbleached Muslin per yard, 4c
- APRON CHECK GINGHAMS.



1 handle, 1 stand, 1 each 1, 2 and 3 irons, nickel plated in coupons. \$1.25

EXCELLENT VALVE SPRING WRINGERS, In coupons \$3.00

WHITE WOOD FOLDING IRONING BOARDS, In coupons \$1.50

Chairs Redeemable in coupons at \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00. The finest line of prizes in the city. All prizes of the best quality.

LAYMEN'S THANKSGIVING.

BY "NEMO."
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We thank Thee, who art power unmeasured, that though perished and forgotten generations have sought to know Thee as Thou art, yet both Thy form and Thy dwelling-place remains as ever unknown and undescribed. Thus gratefully do we see that each generation, clamoring for life and feeling after light is prompted anew to reverential seeking, because Thou art still hidden among countless things that proclaim Thy handiwork and hint at Thy mighty power. And we thank Thee that the secret of the Almighty is least known by the forward who seek Thee flippantly, not being impelled by their soul's hunger.

But thou who fillest endless space, And art by highest hosts adored, Leave us some light, Thyself to trace, Lest we should lose Thee, Lord.

Creator of all things, and Permitter of evil, we thank Thee for the world as it is, with its wrongs that need righting and its pangs that cry out for soothing. We thank Thee that things are not as they ought to be, for therein do we find justification for our existence and stimulus to effort. Created to be doers

of deeds, and that we are still called to be co-workers with all who in all ages have combatted evil, and worked, blindly sometimes, to give truth's light to the world.

But Thou who seest every sin, And sheathest still the avenging sword, Let not the wicked always win, Lest good grow weary, Lord.

Thou tryer of men, from the depths of hearts distressed, we thank Thee for sorrows. Though smitten and disappointed in hopes that seem purest, we yet can raise a quivering note of praise to Thee, who seest the precious metal within where no human eye can trace it, and who increasest afflictions that no dross may remain. In suffering we progress, and in feeling sorrow we learn sympathy. We thank Thee that we are deemed worthy of kinship with Thy greatest ones, molders of thought and saviors of nations who have been led upward to usefulness through great tribulation.

But Thou who sendest pain and care, And dost each trusting sigh record, Give us not more than we can bear, Lest our faith falter, Lord.

Thou giver of will, thou fashioner of individuality, we thank Thee for standards of morals, varying with nations yet existent everywhere as a boundless gulf between ourselves and the brutes. We thank Thee for the double nature within us, warring un-

ceasingly the lower against the higher. We thank Thee that our lower natures are strong and insistent, causing us ever to be watchful warriors within the citidels of our own hearts, and above all we thank Thee for every soul that learns the secret of victory over self and thus gains power to help the weaker fight his weary battle.

But Thou who seest right and wrong, Like day and night, in clear discord, Hold not the twilight over long, Lest we mistake them, Lord.

Thou Unimaginable One, whose breath is the life of our nostrils, since we can dream of nothing higher we call Thee, LOVE. For human love and love divine, we thank Thee. Borne by the soft movings of the wings of affection we rise further and further from the discord and selfishness of the dark places of the earth, into the calm of the heaven, where peace reigneth and the view is broad like Thine. For the heaven-on-earth that human love can bring, and for the glorious earth in heaven which our love-enlightened fancies picture, we thank Thee, Giver of sex.

But Thou, whose highest name is "Love," Who givest it as our reward, Let it come ever from above, Lest it degrade us, Lord.

Thou Judge of the peoples, whose

vast hand is but lightly burdened with our teeming millions, we thank Thee for our nation, restless, impulsive, hopeful. For its faith in itself as set apart and destined for a great testing in self-government; for its development, remote from threatening neighbors, so that backward steps can be blamed only upon ourselves; for the national spirit firmly holding to the belief that beneath the tossing waves on the surface of our federated life, there still moves forward a mighty, unruffled current sweeping toward ultimate national glory and righteousness. For these with loud voice we thank Thee.

But who hast upon our land, A flood of liberty outpoured, Let us its limits understand, Lest license flourish, Lord.

For our human nature that is never content with things attained, but must ever forward to new fields of actions; for our enquiring minds in an enquiring age; for the progress of intellect—until we weigh the stars and trace them in their wondrous courses—until we wrench secrets from nature, hidden through all the ages; for the conquest of earth by diminutive man, so that the rocks are rent and rivers our turned to suit our needs as monarchs of matter; for the material records of our racial progress; for all these things we thank

Thee, Thou giver of dominion. But Thou who givest to the race, A wealth of garnered wisdom, stored, Let us not win too high a price, Lest pride beset us, Lord.

For the growing understanding of heredity, that "a little child" now lead us into new educational fields; for the union of men and women on increasingly equal terms in the thought of these latter days, directing us by gentler paths into more peaceful life than when men uncurbed, ravaged the world; for, these we thank Thee. For our enforced sojourning here, and the convictions that life's experiences must perish at death, for a being lower than the angels in that we can grow in grace and fight the good fight, we thank Thee, Thou God of battles.

Lord of life and of death, of earth and of heaven, of never-ending ages and of our own little fleeting moment, WE THANK THEE THAT WE ARE!

STATE CREEK.

Dave Elliott has a very sick child.

Ed. Anderson of Pleasant Dale had a field of oats that averaged 45 bushels to the acre.

Miss Reid of the Center is teaching a successful term of school at the Hope school house.

Rev. Finch preached another one of

his excellent sermons at Mt. Hope last Sunday evening.

Miss Lizzie Cury the popular teacher of Mt. Hope went to her home in Smith Center, Saturday.

Old gentleman Francis is having quite a serious time since he got his shoulder dislocated.

Miss Hattie Moler has been real sick but is some better at this writing. Dr. Dykes of Lebanon is attending her.

While the weather is warm everyone is at work gathering corn. One man on our creek is nearly done as he commenced real early.

Since the late rains, what little wheat was sown is looking very well and while Europe was short 225,000,000 bushels of wheat this year and we could only furnish 125,000,000 it seems as though we ought to have sown more this fall and tried to have raised them the other 100,000,000 that they are short of.

Married, Miss Edith Scrivner to Samuel Mountford last Wednesday, Rev. Geo. Hummel officiating. She was formerly a very successful teacher in Line and Garfield townships and Mountford is a very successful young farmer and bachelor of this creek. Several of the relatives and other neighbors attended the supper given at the home of her father.

OCCASIONAL.