

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

VOLUME XXVIII.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 28, 1900.

NUMBER 52

Miner - Bros.,

Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Time is Drawing Near!

Invoicing time will soon be here and in the mean time we will make our greatest effort to close out all goods at a

SPECIAL INVOICE CLEARING SALE.

Dress Goods and Suitings.

The Colors are Handsome,
The Designs are Attractive,
The Goods Will Wear,
Prices That Will Sell Them.

- Crepes
- Crepes Effects,
- Brilliantines,
- Henriettas,
- Serges,
- Storm Serges,
- Novelty Goods,
- Venetian Cloth,
- Flannels,
- Plaid,
- and Camels, Hair Suitings.

A big reduction in silk waist patterns and trimming silks.

Convince Yourself

that our JACKETS are not only the best bargaining ever offered, but that every garment would be a bargain were we to ask regular price for it. All go at

50c ON THE DOLLAR.

BLANKETS!

Our Advantage Comes from Care in Buying.

We have the assortment and the prices are trade winner prices. Cotton fleeced blankets medium and heavy weight, just the thing for these cold nights.

40c to \$1.75.

The Chief, \$1 per year.

CASH IN ADVANCE.

PICKED UP FRESH.

Swear off.
"How would you like to be the ice man?"

Smile and the crowd smiles with you if you but pay for the smiles.

Last Tuesday was about the driest—we mean a little—Christmas this town ever saw.

Next Tuesday begins the new century. Begin it right by paying up your subscription.

The average kid would be right in the height of his glory these days if there was even just a little "injury rubber" ice.

A Kansas girl has sued a man for \$2,000 for kissing her. He must have a kisser that explodes like a dynamite bomb to do that much damage.

An exchange is anxious to know if a girl ought to get down on her knees when she is proposing? No, why should she get on her knees when his are so handy.

A lady was heard to remark, "If all the men were dead but one what would become of us poor women?" Better inquire what would become of that poor lone man.

One of our townspeople asks us to give a recipe for keeping fresh meat. Either eat it or lock it up in an iron vault. Never hang it out doors after dark if you wish to keep it.

Divorces have become so numerous and frequent that the business might be simplified by just licensing it and permit the minister, judge or justice who tied the knot to do the untying.

Once upon a time there were two brothers. One worked himself to death before he was fifty, and the other, who was lazy and did not work, took care of his health and lived to inherit his brother's money.

A reverend gentleman in Kansas recently delivered a discourse on "How Men Should Treat Their Wives." In this place a man seldom thinks of his wife when there is any treating going on, and never thinks to treat her.

A stranger approached a fellow on our streets the other day and extending his hand said: "Good morning, your face and form have a familiar look; where in h—l have I met you?" "I don't know," was the quiet rejoinder. "What part of h—l are you from?"

The man who has never lived in the country when a boy, made cider, pulled the cows, kissed the girls at the husking bee, swallowed quinine in a scraped apple and castor oil in cold coffee, ate molasses and sulphur, drank sassafras tea three months in the spring to purify his blood, has lived in vain.

A local preacher near Republican City who was conducting daily revivals both afternoon and evening, said there would be no services on Monday afternoon, to give the women a chance to wash. Of course he meant the regular family washing, but he is now hunting a new field to work in.

And now eggs have been cornered. It is bad enough to corner wheat, corn, pork, lard, etc.—real necessities of life—but when egg nog, flaps, Tom and Jerry, angel's food, etc. have been shut out from the mouths of its poor mortals, it is enough to make a Nebraska go out and lie down in an alfalfa pasture and die from sheer chagrin and mortification.

One of our subscribers wishes to know the difference between a salary and wages. It is this: If a man is getting from two to four dollars a day for running a machine of some kind, laying brick on a wall, or doing anything that makes collars and cuffs uncomfortable he is getting wages. If he sits at a desk and gets from four to six dollars a week, has soft hands, wears a white collar, cuffs and tie, he gets a salary.

When a fellow buys half a hog and takes the ribs and back bones out and eats them and lays the hams, shoulder and side meat outside the house on a dark night, set up in small chunks suitable for carrying on a tray, he concludes that he is either a miserably liberal sort of a fellow

permanent dementia or spasmodic and intermittent insanity. However we opine that the next time Sam Foe buys a half a hog he will also buy a gun and a dog to protect it while it is undergoing the curing process of a midnight freeze.

A man came running by our office the other day and said a carpenter up street had swallowed a two foot rule and was dying by inches. We started out to investigate and inquired of a doctor if such a thing could be possible and he quietly remarked that that was nothing, he once had a patient who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees. Another bystander remarked that that reminded him of a fellow up in Buffalo county who swallowed a pistol and went off easy. Then another fellow chipped in and said that an old friend of his in Indiana drank a quart of apple-jack and died in good spirits. We concluded by this time that we had completed the investigation and returned to the seclusion of our den.

The following fable from the Topeka Mail and Breeze is very suggestive. A Kansas duck which had faithfully stuck to business during the summer and laid several dozen large fawn colored eggs, complained that she was not appreciated. "See that hen over there," said the duck, "she hasn't laid as many eggs as I have or as big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody is saying a word about me." "The trouble with you is," said a wise old rooster who was standing near, "that you don't tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without saying a word, while that sister of mine never lays one without letting everyone in the neighborhood know what she has done. If you want to cut any ice in this community you must learn to advertise."

GUIDE ROCK.

John Portenier arrived from Phillipsburg, Kansas, Saturday night, coming down to spend the holidays with friends and relatives.

Albert Vollers south of town buried an infant child in the Guide Rock cemetery Sunday.

Mrs. L. Reisalt north of town died Saturday night at 9.15. Interment took place at the Guide Rock cemetery Monday at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Reisalt has been suffering with heart trouble for several months and her death was not unexpected.

Christmas was very quiet here this year.

J. R. Skeen was in town Monday. Sheriff Wells was in town Monday.

The county board had instructions from Governor Poynter in regard to the smallpox in this county.

The county board meet in regular session next week.

Sam Edgerton will manage the Edgerton ranch south of town next year.

Tom Dillon will move onto one of O. A. Edgerton's farms near North Branch, Kansas in the spring.

Fred Hagan and James Colvin are spending the holidays with relatives in Norton county, Kansas.

Archie Campbell has two sisters visiting him, one from Iowa and the other from Oregon. He has not seen them before for twenty-five years.

H. Sawyer of Cheyenne county, Kansas, is visiting his brother W.H. Sawyer of this place.

Frank Dickerson's horse ran away from in front of the blacksmith shop Wednesday and tore his buggy to pieces.

To Whom It May Concern,

Red Cloud, Neb. Dec. 18th, 1900.
Notice is hereby given, that my wife, Arvilla Watson has left her bed and board without any just cause and of her own will and act. All persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for her support or maintenance, nor for any debts she makes, and any person or persons furnishing her any necessaries or any goods whatever, or extending to her any credit do so at their own risk.
WILLIAM E. WATSON.

ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

Incidents of Every Day Life Which Very Few People Stop to Think About on Account of Their Littleness.

Just at this time the man who goes out of your door, pulls it strongly to after him and sees that the latch is fastened, shows that he has had good teaching in his younger days.—The person who carefully closes a door in the winter time will nine times out of ten be found to be just as careful in his own business matters.—Now not changing the subject, Sam Foe has always been careful in closing the door after him and he did not fail to do so.—Where he erred was that he didn't as carefully put the hog inside the house before closing the door.—The old saying of "whole hog or nothing" didn't stand in this case for the fellow who is regaling himself on Sam's pork was satisfied with a half hog, but he probably would not have passed up the other half if it had been there.—Sam was hoarse for several days answering telephone messages about that section of hog.—He has come to the conclusion that the hog was kidnaped and strong suspicions are entertained that Pat Crows is mixed up in the deal.—Sam is not however going to put \$25,000 up against a lantern for the return of his hog.—He isn't even going to put out a red lantern.—We are sorry that the small boy who has been patiently going to Sunday school for the last several weeks was cheated out of his sack of candy, but we would advise that he persevere for it won't be so awful long until the Sunday school picnic is on.—Young man, when you have been in the newspaper business long enough to be able to count the silver hairs of worry which were once black and glossy, you will learn not to subsidize your paper to the whims of a few and try to suppress facts which should rightfully be told for the good of the community.—Don't make prominent the item telling of the shortcoming of the poor devil who was drunk and disorderly to the exclusion of the article in regard to the smallpox.—In the suppression of the one you might save a mother's tears, in the suppression of the other you are trying to mislead the patrons who pay you for printing important news.—A guilty silence leads one to think that matters are worse than they really are.—Next thing after the holidays will come the revivals and they will keep the church poor buying coal.—Missouri one day recently shook for the drinks and the papers came out in big scare-head articles pronouncing it an earthquake.—The best lighted store in the city is that of H. E. Grice.—Rubberneck.—You could find several of them out on the streets this week.—They just looked like an old hen turkey on a roof stretching her neck to find a good place to light.—They do not know how rude they looked.—They were on a par with baldhead row at a skirt dance.—Now that Christmas is past the man who did not advertise will carefully pack up his two or three year old toys and bring them out next year as a brand new stock.—There are a number of little seditious scandrels in the atmosphere hereabouts but probably they will not reach the general perfumery stage before they are hushed up.—Don't get curious, while there may be a few here, the foregoing item was printed in a Kansas paper before we got hold of it.—The quietest Christmas in thirty years.—We felt real sorry for the man and his family who came in last Sunday from the country to attend church.—It's a good thing to take this paper even to find out that there will be no church services as a precaution in regard to the smallpox.—A paper down in Kansas gets off the joke that the cream of the British army is "whipped cream" down in South Africa.—What's the matter with the "rest room" scheme?—What's the matter with the auditorium?

DISTRICT NO. 7.

Christmas has come and gone.

Steve Morrison is home from Colorado where he has been employed in a beet factory.

Lawrence Pierce is home from his school for a vacation.

A very pleasant entertainment and Christmas tree was held at the school house Monday afternoon, Miss Hagan, etcher.

Miss Lottie Barber of Alameda, Kansas is visiting her cousin Miss Maude McCane.

A rag bee was held at Mrs. Morrison's on last Wednesday and a very sociable time was had.

Mrs. Maurer and Mrs. Josie Fether were the guests of Mrs. E. McCune Thursday.

STATE CREEK.

Gathering corn is yet the order of the day. Several are not done yet. Some corn is turning out better than was expected and you can buy it now for thirty cents per bushel.

Mops sell as stockers for about four cents and we get \$4.55 to \$4.90 for the fat ones.

The Christmas tree at Andersonville was a success. The choir rendered some very choice selections. Miss May B. Hensgens and Miss Viola Ward presided at the organ. Several parties were the recipients of valuable presents. The only bad feature of the evening entertainment was the poor order of some who filled the aisle and whopped more than others cared to hear and did not stop to think how it sounded.

Jesse Sapp, formerly of Cors now of Mitchell county, was up on a visit with relatives and friends the fore part of the week.

O. A. Provalt and Miss Edith Boyce were married last Wednesday.

Carl Budd is reported as quite sick though some better at present.

Elmer Beardslee and Miss Elaine Davis were married last Sunday by Squire S. N. Potter.

The boys of this creek have been in the two late charivaris and report a good crowd and say they were well treated at both places.

OCCASIONAL.

That Cough Hangs On

You have used all sorts of cough remedies but it does not yield; it is too deep seated. It may wear itself out in time, but it is more liable to produce la grippe, pneumonia or a serious throat affection. You need something that will give you strength and build up the body.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will do this when everything else fails. There is no doubt about it. It nourishes, strengthens, builds up and makes the body strong and healthy, not only to throw off this hard cough, but to fortify the system against further attacks. If you run down or emaciated, should certainly take this nourishing food medicine.

SCOTT'S EMULSION, CHICAGO, ILL.