

The CHIEF

Red Cloud - Nebraska.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Entered in the Postoffice at Red Cloud, Neb.
as Second Class Matter.

E. B. DEWOLF - PUBLISHER

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"UNIVERSAL CONTENTMENT."

World Herald.
Former Senator John M. Thurston "of Nebraska" was a prominent caller at republican national headquarters in New York the other day, and obligingly talked for publication. Among the gems of wisdom which fell from his lips was this:

What some people have termed apathy among the voters of the country is nothing more than universal contentment with conditions as they are—with the present administration of affairs by the republican party.

"We want to know!"
"Universal contentment with conditions as they are!"
Nothing wrong. Nothing to be remedied. Nothing to be improved. Nothing to be changed.

Stand pat!
This is the gospel according to St. John, "formerly of Nebraska," but more recently an urbane and persuasive representative of some of the special interests as a member of the "third house"—or lobby, to be less polite—at Washington.

"Universal contentment" with tariff conditions as they are!
"Universal contentment" with the Dingley law; "woodman spare that tree, touch not a single bough."

"Universal contentment" with the monopoly of the trusts and with trust prices!
"Universal contentment" with the watering of stocks and the manipulation of securities for the fleecing of the public!

"Universal contentment" with the record made by the last congress!
"Universal contentment" with the existing brand of republican prosperity, with two million men out of employment, thousands of mills and factories standing idle, soup houses and starvation in the large cities, stagnation in business and suppression of enterprise!

"Universal contentment" with the conditions which enabled a few big gamblers on wall street to bring such conditions about, and that allows them to escape unwhipped of justice after doing so!

"Universal contentment." This is the song Nebraska's one time St. John is singing just as he used to sing it in the good old days when he had the honor to represent Nebraska in the United States senate and the Standard Oil company as a defendant. Nebraska was prosecuting in the supreme court of the state.

But the conditions are different. The "full dinner pail" is full of nothing but dents and bruises, not to mention that its bottom has fallen out. The whirring wheels and belching smokestacks and glowing furnaces and those other things of which St. John was used to declaim so eloquently are not whirring and belching and glowing exactly as they did once. And the contentment with things as they are has been displaced by a healthy discontent, and the people are striving for reforms which Bryan has long preached and which Roosevelt and La Follette tried in vain to get through a republican congress.

Mr. Thurston may think he sees "universal contentment," but he may be a bit near-sighted. He had better look again.

Order to Show Cause.

At a County Court held at the County Court room in and for said county Friday, August 2, A. D. 1908.
In the matter of the estate of Anders Anderson deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Svend Lindquist filed on the 21st day of August A. D. 1908, praying for the examination and allowance of his final account of the same date, a decree of assignment of the lands belonging to said estate to the persons entitled to the same, an order distributing the residue of personal estate and thereupon an order discharging him from further burden and service in his said office as executor.

Ordered, that Wednesday, the 16th day of Sept. A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County and show cause why prayer of said petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter, by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

I. W. Edson,
County Judge.

1st Pub. Aug. 2-3-4.

WANTED COMPANY IN MISERY.

Stranger Asked for Directions at Unfortunate Moment.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger on the bicycle, riding slowly up to the sidewalk and steadying himself by putting his foot on the curb, "but I am looking for a restaurant where I can get a good meal. Can you direct me to one?"

The man whom he addressed was standing in front of a store, trying to rub a grain of sand out of his eye with one hand and holding his hat on with the other, for it was a windy day, and at first he made no response. But presently he spoke.

"Go to the next block," he said, "and turn to the right. Four doors down you will find a restaurant."

The stranger thanked him and rode on. About an hour later they accidentally met again. The stranger was on his way out of town. He stopped and spoke.

"My friend," he said, "I followed your directions. I went to the restaurant you directed me to, and I got the worst meal I ever had in my life."

"I thought you would," answered the other. "If you had waited till I got that grain of sand out of my eye I should have sent you to a good restaurant, but you didn't. I just had to divide my misery with somebody, and you happened to be handy."—Youth's Companion.

TOMMY AS GOOD AS A CHART.

Nurse Had No Trouble Remembering Time for His Medicine.

A Boston physician tells a story of a youngster of his own that an over-strenuous vacation had put on the sick list. The father had an appropriate prescription filled, and left the bottle with the child's mother. As she, however, is very forgetful, he gave her a chart, and suggested that she set down the hours when the medicine should be given, checking off each dose as taken. Upon returning from his evening calls, however, he found the chart blank.

"Good gracious, Mary," he exclaimed; "surely you haven't failed to give Tom his medicine?"

"Oh, no. I did not miss a single time," his wife assured him.

"How in the world did you remember it without the chart?" he asked.

She smiled.

"That was easy. I just told Tom this morning at what hours he was to have it, and half an hour before each time he would begin hallooing that he wouldn't take it."

Devil-Tempted Young Men.

There is no one so devil-tempted today as the young custodian of the cash drawer. He is tempted because he assumes he is not paid enough; tempted because he cannot indulge himself as some who are better paid; tempted because he is vain of a good appearance; tempted because he wants to shine socially; tempted because he loves devotedly and cannot shower gifts from his thin pocketbook; tempted because he is a neophyte in forbidden mysteries; tempted, most of all, by the desire to emulate some other, apparently successful young men who have made great "killings" on the race track or the stock exchange.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Turks as Beggars.

Beggars are never suppressed in Turkey. An American lady by mistake gave a beggar of Constantinople a gold piece. The man had left his post when she returned, but one of his colleagues told her where he "resided." It was a fine house, and at the door was a servant who politely informed the lady that "my master is dressing. He will be down soon." And then the well-groomed beggar, dressed for dinner, appeared and gladly returned the gold piece, exclaiming in the meanwhile that such mistakes were highly embarrassing.—Charities and The Commons.

Looking into the Future.

A minister of a church in Edinburgh, Scotland, recently surprised the congregation at a Sunday evening service by handing in his resignation. He was only 60 years old and was in good health and vigor. The following Sunday a committee of the members regretted upon him and expressed their regret at the step he was about to take. They said to him: "You have plenty of work in you yet. Why resign?" "Yes," he replied, "I know but you had better accept my resignation now. When I am 70 you will not be able to get rid of me."

Rule of Character.

Our own problem looks exceptional to us, but it is not. The next man we meet has an equally hard sum on his slate and is working it out or giving it up, quite in our own fashion. We think, perhaps, that riches would solve our difficulty for as in no time, or pleasure would soften it, or change would substitute an easier one. But in reality there is only one rule by which to work it out—the rule of character.

The Only Way.

Towne—Of course the scheme is a good one, but do you think your wife will approve of it?
Browne—Yes, if by careful hinting I can get her to formulate it herself and make her believe it's her own.

Proof of Wealth.

"Has your friend much of a fortune?"
"I should say so! He has nine children, and can afford to write poetry as well."

LED TO NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL.

Wounded Vanity at the Bottom of Disastrous Russian Campaign.

By the peace of Tilsit, that remarkable compact made between Napoleon and the czar in a tent on a raft moored in midstream of the River Memel, Bonaparte became master of Europe, Prussia, the Rhine provinces, Italy, Spain, were all his, and it has always been a historic puzzle why he should have gone out of his way to break an agreement which must have satisfied even his ambitions. The best authorities agree that it was wounded vanity.

No sooner had he compelled the czar to hand him over Europe than he conceived the idea of marrying Alexander's sister. Trusty ambassadors were sent to St. Petersburg on this delicate mission. The czar received them courteously, but showed disinclination to favor the marriage. This he was entitled to do without giving offense; but it is said that a court busy-body heard Alexander privately say that nothing should induce him to allow his sister to marry "the Corsican parvenu."

This was assiduously reported to Napoleon, who, from that moment, plotted that mighty invasion of Russia, which cost him 150,000 troops left in the snow, and proved "the beginning of the end."

HERE'S REAL SAFETY ENVELOPE.

Ingenious Device for Double Locking a Letter.

A new envelope made in Paris is proof against the thief or the meddler who opens a letter to extract or to read its contents and then reveals it so cleverly as to hide any sign of it having been tampered with.

The new envelope is really two envelopes. Each is of thin paper, one a pronounced blue, the other lighter in color and different in texture. Each has a gummed flap.

The letter is first placed in the blue envelope, which is slightly smaller than the other. Instead of sealing this it is placed in the outer envelope and the inner flap brought outside and gummed down on to the larger envelope.

The outer flap is still unsealed. It is much larger than the inner flap and reaches down to a good-sized star-shaped opening which shows through to the inner envelope, so that when the outer flap is sealed it sticks not only to the outer envelope but also through this opening to the inner one. The letter is thus practically locked and double locked.

Act Singly.

Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they each be honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microcosmic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now.—Emerson.

Beginnings of Graft.

Frequently one has to deal with chiefs, in fact in every village the traveler will probably be welcomed by the chief. An interchange of greetings through an interpreter establishes a good understanding.

An interchange of presents is usual on these occasions and is an almost universal custom. Etiquette requires the chief to give a present in return. As a rule a chief can only offer a bunch of bananas, some pawpaws or possibly a goat or two, some of which may possibly be welcome.

On a special occasion the chief may offer the traveler a wife, a gift which he will probably decline with a great profusion of thanks.—The Engineer.

In Memory of Old Hickory.

If the spirit of "Old Hickory" should decide to journey to the spot near which he entered the earthly house of this tabernacle in 1767 he would hardly recognize the place, so great has been the change. The wilderness has been made to bloom, and in its midst stands the thriving town of Waxhaw. He would soon discover, however, that he is not forgotten, for a bronze tablet on the railroad station proclaims the fact that near this place Andrew Jackson was born. And Squire Henry N. McWhorter, who lives hard by, is always ready to greet the spirit of the great Andrew with "Welcome, dear guest and ghost."

Irish League Honors President.

T. P. O'Connor was presented with his portrait in oils at Leeds by the Irish league of Great Britain, in commemoration of his unbroken presidency of the league for 25 years. John E. Redmond made the presentation and paid a tribute to Mr. O'Connor as a safe, consistent and courageous guide for the Irish people in Great Britain. John Dillon also spoke.

Rich Indeed.

"Despite all your wealth," said the cynic, "your very name will be generally forgotten 20 years after your death."
"No, it won't," replied the financier. "My estate is large enough to keep my heirs' lawyers squabbling longer than that."

APOLOGY FROM LITTLE TOMMY.

Epistle That May or May Not Have Soothed Wounded Feelings.

Dear Teacher: My mother says I hafta apologize for droren your pickchure on the bored as if you was an oiled made with curls and a long wisaker on your chin witch you could not help or me neethur.

It was a meen thing to doo and I am sorry I did it but I could not help it becausa you stood there looken so nacherl with the curls and the wisaker and all and Jenny Ames dared me to doo it at reasa.

I doo not blaim you for wippen me becausa it looked so much like you you had a purfck rite to be mad. If I was you I would be mad too.

My mother says nobody is so sensitive for her looks as a lady teacher espeshally if she is a leetle oiled but this was not to go in the letter.

If you onley understood what is inside of boys heads maken them be mischefeuss you would be sorry for them for it is not exackly there fault. I know you feel wack about it than I do becausa my wippen does not hurt now but a pickchure goes on forever.

Teachers have a hard unnt time goodness knows without bein shode how they look for a whoal school to laff at.

Sometime if you do not care I will drore you on the bored looken swete and yung and put your name under so everybody will know who it is and so no more for the present from your too frend and skoller, Tommy.

HAVE FIRM BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

Curious Superstitions That Are Still Prevalent in Ireland.

In Ireland there have been for many, many ages curious superstitions regarding fairies. In the old time these imagined little elfins were thought to be half human and half spirit nature, and had strange powers over mankind. The good folk of Erin used to propitiate the fairies in many ways, a few of them being as follows:

If a child spilled milk on the floor the mother would say: "That's for the fairies," thinking that some fairy had caused the accident. Thus the careless child went unreprimanded. If one were throwing slops out of the window or door she must cry out to the fairies: "Take care of the water!" Otherwise some fairy passing might get drenched, and retaliate in some unpleasant manner. If a horse shoe was nailed over the door it would prevent the fairies from entering to do mischief to the inmates. If a small piece of iron were sewed into an infant's garment the fairies would never molest it by causing it to suffer colic pains. If a large vessel filled with pure drinking water were placed in the kitchen at night the fairies on entering would not touch the food there, but content themselves with drinking the water.

Making Shakespeare Ancient.

A well-known dramatic critic visiting Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday and hearing the clangor of the bells, which, from their tower in the old church where the poet lies buried, awoke the little town to its devotions, approached a wintry-headed street sweeper in front of Irving's inn and said: "Who is the fellow they're making this fuss about? I see you have Shakespeare hotels. Shakespeare gingerbread, and only the other day I saw a man driving to town some pigs called 'Shakespeare's best'—who is he—the fellow who lived in that tumble-down shanty yonder?" The "oldest inhabitant" megaphoned his ear and wheezing, replied: "I think he writ." "Oh, he writ, did he? What did he write—books, confessions of a deer stealer, magazine articles—what?" "I think he writ for the Bible."

Drummers in Endurance March.

Paris was recently the scene of an endurance march of a peculiar kind. Only drummers attached to the military stations at Paris were permitted to take part. The route selected was a "circle around Paris," a distance of 23 1/2 miles. The conditions were that each participant must beat the drum continuously in "march time." Only one of those who entered, a drummer attached to the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth regiment of the line, covered the distance and filled the conditions. He drummed around Paris in six hours and five minutes.

An Unapproachable Horse.

A young man called to take his sweetheart out driving the other day, but when the stunningly attired young lady caught sight of the turnout the young man had hired for the occasion she feigned a headache and refused to accompany him.

"Why, Violet," asked the astonished mother, "why don't you go with him?" "Well, mamma," was the indignant reply, "I consider that a very foolish question on your part. How could I go when the horse he was driving didn't match a single thing I had to wear?"

Giving a Town Color.

Jason Williams took advantage of the open weather last week to paint his woodshed a beautiful sky blue, and in passing his house we found our sentiment bubbling up at the sight. A blue woodshed with a red door to it comes as near art as you can hope to find it. We hope that others will follow out the idea. Strangers entering a town for the first time judge the people by the color of their woodsheds.—Hometown (Pa) Banner.

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RECORDED THE TRUTH ALWAYS.

Wordsworth's Poetry Set Against His Failure as Correspondent.

Wordsworth, except by virtue of one quality, was not remarkable as a letter writer. His happiest moods were those "trances of thought and mountings of the mind" which came to him when wandering among the hills or seated upon some old, gray stone. The act of penmanship was always a distress to him; in his elder years he was troubled with inflammation of the eyes, and he often dictated his letters. He could chain his mind to record facts, but to do so implied a state of servitude. He cared little for the letters of great writers, and expressed a wish that his own might be destroyed. He had no pleasant malice eager to escape from the tip of the pen, such as Horace Walpole had. He had no bubbling mirth which will not be repressed like that of Lamb. He could not engrave an exquisite vignette for a friend's delight and his own, like Cowper. His pen was not an etcher's needle, nor a dagger to stab, nor a sword to cut, nor a hobby horse on which to canter. But to set over against all this Wordsworth could write the truth, and the truth he invariably wrote.

Police Methods in India.

A jewel was lost by a rich Komati. It was found in the possession of a Mohammedan. Two policemen of the station seized it from him and pledged it and obtained a loan from a local merchant. Then another policeman was asked to search the house of the merchant, and before the search was effected the merchant gave it to him with a present as a bribe not to haul him up before the court. Between the three policemen a sum of about 60 rupees was looted from one or the other of the dishonest and avaricious merchants. Then arose a split among these policemen and their comrades about the division of the spoils, and they are now blinking as to what course to adopt and whom to charge and what offense to charge with. The people are losing all confidence in these men.—Mysore Standard.

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