

The CHIEF
Red Cloud - Nebraska
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C. B. HALE, Publisher

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY.

Democratic and Peoples Independent Party Ticket

- For Judges of the Supreme Court—
B. F. GOOD
J. J. SULLIVAN
J. R. DEAN
- For Regents of State University—
CHARLES T. KNAPP
HARVEY E. NEWBRANCH
- For County Treasurer—
W. B. CRAMER
- For County Clerk—
GEORGE HADELL
- For Sheriff—
WM. KIRKPATRICK
- For County Superintendent—
MISS MABEL DAY
- For County Judge—
I. W. EDSON
- For Commissioner, Second Dist.—
L. PISIGER

CITY TICKET

- For Constable—AL. SLAHY
- For Assessor—A. D. WUNDERL
- For Justice of Peace—WM. MACHRY
- RED CLOUD TOWNSHIP TICKET
- For Road Overseer—JAMES MCINTOSH
- For Assessor—CHARLES GURNEY JR

The Chief is pleased with a new exchange which came to our desk last week. The Polk county Democrat is a live paper published by an able editor and we welcome it to our family table.

These scientifics are after all sometimes of real value. Just as wheat is ready to jump over the moon in company with the nursery cow along comes a man of science proclaiming that excellent bread can be made from alfalfa leaves and can be sold at a profit for two cents a loaf. Please pass the alfalfa.

How often we see the words "In our rush to press we" (apologize). Many times this may be owing to carelessness or negligence but more often it is caused by patrons waiting till press day to order what they want. Few people realize the amount of work there is to be done on press day. That is the big day of the week and it is an eventful day indeed, indeed who can go through the entire ordeal and retain the same smile with which he commenced.

The Commercial Advertiser struck a terrific blow on the head of the mail last Friday when it advocated securing a competent judge to pass upon the condition of our electric light plant. Somebody starts a story that a man stubbed his toe on a pebble and the next time the story is heard it is to the effect that the president has butted his head against a stone wall. Too many people are prone to discourse learnedly upon a subject with which they are entirely unfamiliar. Let us not be hasty in giving our views. Our own opinion is that the mayor and council owe it to themselves and to the taxpayers of the city to procure a competent reliable man to come here and examine our plant, give it a test and advise us what to do. Let us get advice from some one who knows. This

will not cost a great deal and then we will know what to do. If it is found that a new engine is indispensable, we would be a paying investment we know that that would warrant the cost in making a purchase of one. If the reverse be true then let us drop the matter and forget it. When an opinion of cost is needed a sensible man will give a competent lawyer for his information and the same business judgment should be used in municipal affairs. It is due the taxpayer that an exact statement be given showing the true condition and needs of the light service.

Mr. W. B. Cramer, candidate for county treasurer on the fusion ticket, is one of the self-made men of this county. He came to this county in 1874, a poor man, and took a homestead in Bath, township where he resided for thirty years. In 1893 he removed to Red Cloud in which place he now makes his home. In spite of grass hoppers, drought, hot winds and all the discouragements of a new country he had faith in Nebraska and cast his lot with her struggle. He has lived to see his faith rewarded. His indomitable will and perseverance carried him thru.

If elected to the office to which he aspires the affairs of the county will be in safe competent hands. Those who have experienced the hardship of pioneer life and have helped to develop the county are worthy of any honor which the county is able to bestow.

We believe that no mistake will be made in casting a vote for Mr. Cramer for county treasurer. He is the right man for the place.

An Explanation.

In as much as the impression has gone forth that the writers of the articles which appeared in the Reporter signed, "Paid," feared to sign their names to said articles, we desire to state that we offered to sign each article, but for prudential reasons it was deemed best by the editor and our selves that the articles be published without signature. We unhesitatingly claim the responsibility of writing these articles. If opportunity is given to publish other matter our signatures will appear with the same.

E. S. Bickford,
A. D. Burgess.

—Indiana Reporter.

We are indeed pleased to find two men who have been using the columns of the press to air their private opinions with unadvised enough to come out and own their authorship. There is altogether too much of this anonymous writing for newspapers. If a man has anything of benefit to say he ought to be willing to sign his name and not hide behind the name of "paid article," "taxpayer," "citizen" and the like. Most editors are willing to give their space for such articles but it is an imposition on the fraternity to ask them to publish that which the author is afraid to sign. People expect a newspaper to speak out and the paper has a right to expect a man to sign his articles. Perhaps the articles would not be so forcibly put nor so drastic in tone if the author's name were appended.

The gentlemen referred to undoubtedly succeeded to the quins of their conscious and I regretted their cowardice. There is hopes for them. Next to sending an anonymous letter is the contributing an unsigned article to a newspaper. If a man has anything to say to the public let it be of such a nature that he is not ashamed to sign his name. It is an imposition on the editor to ask him to publish outside views and take all the brunt of the results.

The HARVEST MOON



She put up the dshpan, rinsed the soap off her hands in a basin and dried them on the hand towel.

As she did this the light from the lamp shone on her face. It brought out the deep shadows under the high cheekbones, the set mouth drooping at the corners, the heavy brown hair drawn tightly back from the forehead and the cold eyes.

She sighed deeply as she stepped to the lamp to lower its light, but her face did not relax with the sigh.

In the growing darkness of the room a streak of moonlight, coming through a small opening of the door, stood out distinctly. This caught her eye. She stepped to the door and flung it open.

Moonlight flooded the room. It enveloped her.

She stepped out into this ethereal glory of the harvest moon, which blotted the earthly lines of care and monotony so lately written luxuriously in her face.

It was kind, and how she had longed for kindness! In the exhilaration of the moment she forgot the drudgery of her life, forgot that tomorrow would come and with it the round of hard work—cows to milk, men to feed, berries to pick, the baking, scrubbing—all the innumerable things that never come to an end. She forgot that she was tired, that it was late and that the men were in bed.

She only felt—felt without thinking—that something was leading her on, that something thrilled her and seemed to be lifting her away from weary things.

She followed the moonlight, followed it through the field where the late summer grain had been piled in sheaves, each tawny pile topped with its fringing sheaf, each casting a pyramidal purple shadow on the yellow stubble. It seemed to her that a field never had looked so beautiful before.

She followed the moonlight past the tall trees that stood apart like sentinels and basked contentedly in the silver light.

She followed it down the stretch of rutted road to where the willows leaned over a ribbon of silver water.

There she stopped. She had reached Willow creek and could follow the moonlight no farther.

Still her dream did not desert her. She watched the silver shower of insects dance above the water. She watched them without thinking, only delighting in the vague hypnotic power of the night and the moon, only feeling that all was well for the moment and she must not think.

When a chill of dampness crept over her, her dream ended. She shivered and sighed.

But though the dream was gone, the hard look did not return to her features. The face was softened by the gentle light, and then came these thoughts:

"I have been mean to John because I had to work so hard. He has worked hard, too, and things haven't always gone well. I never tried to make it easy for him. I never cared except that it seemed as if I should always have to work and work. I've thought only of how it was going to be for me and didn't care about him.

"That's the reason I'm cross and ugly and people are almost afraid to speak to me. Why shouldn't the men who work for John never have a word for me? They like John because he isn't ugly and mean and I am."

"My life has been hard, but I've made it better and made life harder for John, too."

"Oh, how sad, how good, how blessed the moonlight has made everything!"

"I wish John could see this night, but I suppose he would see nothing different. I suppose he's too tired. Poor John!"

She put her arms to her eyes and then quickly smoothed it down. As she wiped the little plain forehead, her face and John's, she saw a dark figure on the back porch. To have been caught showing emotion would have been strange indeed in her. Her face stiffened back to the old lines. But it was only for a moment and then with conscious grace she allowed her features to relax again.

John was sitting on the porch. His head bent forward, his hands clasped, his wife put her hand to her forehead and the drooping head, it did not get so strange to permit him as she had expected. John walks with a start.

"John," she said, "why aren't you in bed? Have the others gone to bed?"

"I should I'd stay up for you, Annie. There's a full moon. Did you see it? Seems as if I ain't seen so fine a night since a long time."

He fumbled awkwardly for Annie's other hand and took it in his two big calloused hands.

They said nothing. They couldn't. All seemed so strange and new. For the moonlight had brought a wonderful kindness.—Chicago Daily News.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

Cowper: Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

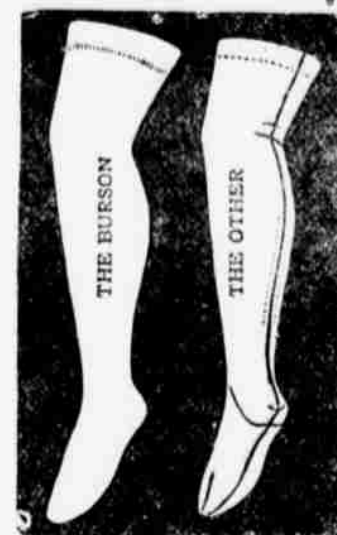
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Pony Coat Sweaters in new designs carefully knitted of fine Zephyr Wool in fancy jacquard stitch the newest insweater making. This perfect fitting garment has the stylish V neck, two patch pockets and closes with good pearl buttons. For real value this garment is unequaled in price from \$2.00 to \$3.50.

Others at 60c for children. 75c, \$1 and \$1.25 for boys and girls.



Have a few odd sizes in Corset Covers left which we will close out cheap. Come in and let us show them to you.

Agent for Butterick Patterns

W. C. T. U. ITEMS.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and who-so is deceived thereby is not wise.

No, that he is a fool but foolish, is not wise to his better self, to his family to his country or to salvation.

My boy when your feet are tempted to enter the portals of a place of a questionable character either by its glitter or some cunning man, stop think what would your father or mother say, what would my employer say, will this add to my promotion my moral or spiritual welfare.

Chicago has a big fight on hand, from Oct. to April they will hold meetings by such men as "Billy Sunday" and other noted workers, if they win out 7,000 saloons will close their doors for eighteen months. If the big cities want clean government there is more hope for the cause to win out, then anarchy and vice, the ward heeler and drunkard will have to go.

Red Cloud Lecture Course.

The first entertainment will be given Wednesday evening Oct. 20th at 8:15 o'clock by the Garber Home Glee Club. Personnel: Homer C. Garber Barjo, Soprano, Magie, Charles M. Brown, Tenor, Novatty, Violin and Novatties, Maude I. Howe—Pianist. The program will consist of Barjo solos, Violin solos, Saxophone solos, twenty minutes of Maple Vocal solos, Barjo duets and other instrumental combinations, and the playing of novelty instruments, including imitations of all sorts. It will be an evening of Music, Magic and Mirth. Season tickets \$1.50. The reservation of seats will commence Saturday at 9 A. M. Oct. 16 at Grace's Drug Store. No more than six tickets will be reserved to one person. This is to give all a square deal.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED IN 3 DAYS.

Maeton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscular joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been ill for six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Deton's Relief for Rheumatism. It gave her immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by The H. E. Glee Drug Co., Red Cloud, Neb.

WANTED INFORMATION REGARDING Farm or Business for sale. Not particular about location. Will sell to any one who will give price. Description and state when possession can be had. Address, L. DARDYSHIRE, Box 899, Rochester, N. Y.

Ingersoll Trenton \$5.00, 7.00 & 9.00



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