

LAND

Farms listed and sold on straight commission basis at owner's price. Cash buyers for improved farms and ranches secured through careful, liberal and systematic advertising. Any desirable real estate listed up for cash sale or exchange.

**We Want a Contract
On Every Farm That
Is on the Market
In This Territory**

Call And See Us

Some of the best farms in Webster and Franklin counties listed. Excellent opportunities to get in right on a good farm. Several for sale on easy payments and special deals worth the money. The largest list of local farms to select from. Several desirable pieces of real estate now listed for trade or exchange.

DAN GARBER & CO.
REAL ESTATE LOANS AND COLLECTIONS
Red Cloud, Nebraska.
Headquarters in the RED CLOUD CHIEF OFFICE.

THE PURITAN CAFE

HERB LUDLOW, Proprietor

We have the reputation of serving the best meals in this city. This fact, coupled with the best of service, is the secret of our success.

We also carry a full line of cigars and tobacco and serve ice cream and soft drinks, having opened up our fountain for this season on Easter Sunday.

FURNISHED ROOMS IN CONNECTION

IF IN DOUBT LET US CONVINCING YOU

GARFIELD

One more week of school in Dist. 85. Ray Davis is working for Bert King this week.

Charley Campbell shelled corn one day last week.

Charley Alles was thrashing his alfalfa Monday.

Sundays are the only days that it rains in Garfield.

Bud Houchin is visiting with Guy Barnes this week.

Guy Barnes sowed twenty acres of alfalfa last week.

Louis Manley was a pleasant caller at Will Fishers Monday.

George Hotelling is working for Charley Schultz this spring.

Will Fisher and children were visiting at George Coons Sunday.

Amack Bros. shipped a car of hogs and a car of cattle on Sunday.

Ruth Harris was a pleasant caller on the Fisher girls Thursday evening.

Len Munger took his mules over to Clyde Bowens to pasture this summer.

George Houchin bought a horse in Guide Rock to match his big gray horse.

Clyde Bowen is raising the roof of his house and is having it reshingled and fixed up. They got the roof tore off in time for the rain.

It looks as though we would have a big crop of fruit this year. We hope that Jack frost will stay a way a while longer. The trees are in full bloom and they look nice.

Denver Auto Owners

Will Tour Nebraska

In order that they may get an observation at first hand of Nebraska and her productive soil, a party of Denver business men will make a tour from Colorado to Omaha, leaving Denver on the evening of May 18 and arriving in Omaha on May 21.

The trip will be made in automobiles and probably over the river to river road. The last stop is scheduled for Hastings, where the Omaha delegation will meet the visitors and escort them to their city.

The Omaha automobile owners are planning a rousing reception for the Coloradans when they arrive, while the Commercial Club will look after entertainment when they arrive in the city.

Not the Stately Oak.
Many a boasted family tree is merely underbrush.



Breeders Attention

I will keep my Stallions and Jacks during the season of 1912 at the Old Day Barn, South Elm Street, where I shall be pleased to have both my new and old customers call and see me.

H. A. Johnson

PHONE IND. 202

The Real Estate and Farm Loan Department in the Chief office has for sale a large list of Webster and Franklin county farms, the best and cheapest all-purpose farms to be found. This part of the Republican Valley country is the heart of the Corn and Alfalfa Belt, and is unexcelled for easy, thrifty farming. The soil is fertile and produces bountiful crops of corn, wheat and alfalfa, and this is one of the best districts in which to raise grain, hay and hogs, and feed cattle. Among their list are a number of farms that will pay good interest on the investment; several that can be purchased on easy payments and special deals; and many that will pay their way and grow in value. The prices vary according to quality, location and improvements. This country has good schools, rural mails, telephones, good roads, convenient markets and shipping facilities, and every qualification necessary to profitable grain and stock farms, dairy farms and feeding stations. Land values, prices and terms that should interest any land-buyer or homeseeker. Also a number of desirable City Properties listed and several good local farm trades. Correspondence solicited.

The *Chief* does all kinds of Job Printing neatly, accurately and promptly.

The Red Marshes

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Beyond the red marshes lay the sea. In the gray November days it was a tumbling sea, with the waves topped with white foam, and coming in heavily through the rusty marsh grass.

But it was at low tide that Marta's little dory slipped down the silver pathway of the streams that cut their way through the marshes.

Sometimes she met Sim Gregory coming back with lobsters from the early morning catch, and Sim would shake back his black lock, and would ask in his surly way, "What good things are you taking to your dad this morning, Marta?" and Marta would pipe up with her clear note, "It's fried clams."

For Marta's father worked on the new causeway, helping with his labor to make a permanent way to the rocky promontory which was cut off from the mainland at high tide.

Sim Gregory, or, as the people of the town called him, "Black Gregory," did not work on the causeway. He preferred the free method of earning his living in the sea. He sold his lobsters to the summer hotels, and in winter sent them to the city Sim cared little for money. Perhaps that was the reason he had the name of being peculiar.

It was because Marta carried her father's dinner down the silver high-ways that Sim Gregory came through the marshes with his morning's catch rather than land at the docks in deeper water.

Sim loved Marta. Every day he brought her some offering from the sea. Sometimes Marta refused the gifts. "I can't take them," she said to Sim, one morning, as he held out to her a pair of shining mackerel.

"Why not?" Marta looked away from him as she answered. "Mother says it isn't right. She wants—she wants me to marry Edward Pond, Sim."

Sim leaned far over and drew her dory close to his own with a strong hand.

"Marta," he said, with a sharp intake of his breath, "Marta, are you going to marry Ed?"

She shook her head. "No, no. I don't love him, but mother has set her heart on it."

"Why does she want to—sell—you?" Marta raised her head quickly. "Don't you speak of it that way. Mother doesn't realize—she only thinks that Edward is prosperous."

That night the wind blew away the fog, but it also blew itself into a strong gale, which increased as the day advanced, until, at sunset, sky and water showed the blackness of a storm.

It was not until midnight, however, that the people of the town began to be afraid. Then it was learned that a half-dozen of the boats that had gone out early in the morning had not come back. The men from the life-saving station were on the watch, and fires were lighted and bells were rung.

Up and down the beach went the people whose sons and husbands and fathers were at sea. Mothers wept for their boys, children for their parents.

But nobody wept for Sim. Only Marta, straining her eyes through the blackness, prayed that he might be safe—that he might come back to her.

A shout went up, as somewhere, out in the leaping blackness, there shone a light like a star. The lifeboat, working its way against wind and wave brought back five men.

"Everybody is safe," said some one near Marta.

Marta, searching the bronzed faces, asked, "Did you—did you find Sim Gregory?"

"We saw him just as the storm broke," said one of the men. "We shouted, but he was too far away to hear us—we haven't seen him since."

All night long the life guards patrolled the beach. All night long Marta strained her eyes out to sea. When dawn came the wind died, and the sun came up, rosy red above the horizon. And as it rose it showed far out on the tossing waters a black speck.

"It's a boat!" said Marta.

"And there's a man in it, miss," said one of the guards.

Then Marta fled homeward to hear the reproaches of her mother.

It was nearly noon when Marta went across the red marshes with her father's lunch.

When she met Sim Gregory she dared not look up.

"Marta," he called, and brought his boat close to hers, and his voice was eager as he spoke, "they told me, on the beach, that you waited all night for news of me."

She answered him as she had answered her mother, "Surely a man has right to have one heart cry out for him when he's at the mercy of the wind and waves."

"Did your heart cry, Marta?"

In spite of her self-consciousness, she told him the truth. "If you had died my heart would have died with you, Sim."

No one could have called him "Black Gregory" if they could have seen him at that moment. His face was melted in its tenderness.

"I think I came back because you called me, Marta," he said. "There was one moment when in the blackness I lost hope, but something seemed to urge 'Marta's waiting,' and so—"

The State Life Insurance Company

OF
Indianapolis, Indiana

10,050,000

Deposited With The Auditor of State For
The Sole Protection Of Its Policy Holders

**Insurance in Force
\$88,148,378.00**

Gains in 1911

Increase in assets	\$1,210,232 32
Increase in surplus	214,906.06
Increase in deposit with Auditor of State.	1,050,000 00
Increase in interest and rents earned	67,442 23
Increase in Insurance in force	5,814,088 00

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Wedding Invitations
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Memos
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Shipping Tags
Business Cards
Calling Cards
Envelopes
Circular Letters
Sale Bills, Etc.

Johnny's Firm Stand.
"The horse is a very useful animal," wrote Johnny in his composition, "but if I can't have my sossiges made of pigs' meet I don't want no sossiges."

Speeding the Guest.
The hostess was so weary, after an inordinately long call from a bore, that when he at last rose to go she was almost incapable of coherent speech, and her verbs in consequence changed places in her final effort at hospitality. It ran as follows: "Oh, Mr. Peters, must you stay? Can't you go?"



**You'll Make a Hit If
You Buy Our Lumber**

Every Time You Drive a Nail
You'll Shake Hands With
Yourself When the Job's
Complete Because Every
thing Will Be Right
and Neat!

When We Sell Lumber to a
Customer Once

We Look Forward
TO A CONTINUANCE!

Saunders Bros.

The Chief Office

Look for Us in Our New Location
In The Newhouse Block