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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

VOL. II.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1875.

NO. 32

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THE CHIEF,

Is a Weekly Newspaper, published at Red Cloud, Webster County, Nebraska, and is devoted to the Interests of Webster County, and SOUTHWEST NEBRASKA.

Special attention will be given to all Home and Local matters. Every thing of local or general interest transpiring in this and adjoining counties, will be accurately reported at the earliest possible date.

During the coming political campaign THE CHIEF will support and labor for the success of the Republican Party.

The interests of Immigration will be looked after, and the publisher desires the co operations of all who desire to see Southwest Nebraska settled with live and enterprising pioneers. To this end furnish accounts of the resources and capabilities of the soil, the best locations still vacant, and, in fact, everything that will tend to induce immigration.

A portion of our columns will be devoted to entertaining and miscellaneous matter for family reading.

All who are interested in having a wide-awake, lively, local newspaper published in the Republican Valley are invited to examine THE CHIEF and become subscribers.

MATHER & WARNER,

Editors & Proprietors.

A HEART'S REWARD.

Mable Clifton sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent mansion. A servant stood waiting. She was making out a list of articles wanted for the next day. Coming footsteps attracted her attention. She raised her eyes and looked out. The crimson flush deepened on her bright young face. "Oh!" in a tone of deep regret escaped her lips.

"She turned round after an instant of thought and said:

"John, I am not just ready to finish this list, and shall not send it for an hour yet. If you have anything to attend to in the meantime you can do it."

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a distant part of the room. Hearing the door close after John's departure he said:

"You have not forgotten to send for those wines I spoke of, my dear?"

"He has not gone yet, papa."

"Ah, well do not make it late. They will be very busy to-night," her father said, turning again to the paper.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"A boon, papa. Promise to grant me this last day of the year my boon."

"What is it my love?"

"Promise to grant it, first."

"Not in ignorance, child."

"Trust me, father."

She had an eager, earnest, noble look in her eyes that her father did trust in, and he promised her.

"Father, you shall have your way."

"Father, let us abstain from using wines to-morrow."

"What! no, no, I cannot grant you that. No wines! Why, child, have you gone crazy? For twenty-five years I have offered wines to my friends on New Year's day, and never have felt that I was doing anything wrong. What has come over you?"

"Oh, father! I have never felt just right when offering gentlemen wine, and just now, as I was making out the order for John, I chanced to raise my eyes just as Edgar Livingston was passing. It needed but a glance to see he was very much under the influence of liquor. Father, his mother is a widow, he is her only child, and all her earthly hopes center in him. Will they not be wrecked, think you, if he indulges in the wine cup? To-morrow he will make many calls. Beautiful women will offer him wine. He will not have the courage, possibly, to wish to decline. To-morrow night, most likely, he will return home to fill his mother's heart with sorrow. I don't wish to contribute one drop to that bitter cup."

"My dear, whether we have wine or not, with him it will be all the same as you say he will make many calls."

"Father, if you had a son would you not talk differently? Think how many young men of the brightest future have failed, say women, won disgrace and early graves, from love of wine. I feel as if Edgar Livingston stood upon the brink of a fearful precipice. Father, stretch forth your strong arm to draw him—if only step by step. If we do not save him, it will be a comfort to think that we urged him not forward on his fatal course."

"You are very much interested in this young man. Am I to conclude—"

"Nothing more than for his own and his mother's sake, I would endeavor to save him, or any other young man in his danger, father."

"Here will be one of my first calls. Possibly I can detain him long enough to prevent him from visiting many places where he would be exposed to great temptations. Oh, father, please grant me this!"

"Really, dear, I feel disposed to grant it, but so many will be disappointed. Besides, I have not the courage to make this great work, and set five hundred tongues to work, speculation about the cause of it. Some will declare I am about to fall, others that I have grown penurious. Ah! what is it John?"

"Just then a servant entered and handed him an envelope, saying:

"A telegram, sir."

Mr. Clifton tore it open, read it and exclaimed:

"Really, this is to bad, but I must go. John, here—"

And hastily writing a few words for a return dispatch, he handed it to the servant, and turning to Mable, said:

"My old friend Harwell is dying, and begs that I will hasten to—I cannot deny him. So you will, I must have to entertain my friends to-morrow and explain to them the reason of my failing to see them this first time for so many years."

"And—well, dear, you can do as you choose about the bill of fare. As I shall not be at home, the people will not hold me responsible for what happened in my absence."

"Oh, thank you, papa, for permission to do as I choose. I will willingly take all unkind remarks any one feels like making. But I feel confident that all that have seen will give me their kindest wishes for withholding tempta-

tion from their boys. And to the young men I shall try to make myself agreeable, and have our cook make the coffee so very fine that they will go away quite as well pleased, and with their brains a good deal clearer, than if I had entertained them with wine."

An hour after Mr. Clifton was on his way to the side of his dying friend, and Mabel sat down and wrote:

DEAR FLOXY:—Come help me to receive our friends to-morrow. Papa has been called away, and I must have you with me, as I am particularly anxious to have my reception a success.

Lovingly yours, MABLE.

"Edgar likes Floxy, I can see plainly, and I think she is not wholly indifferent to him. Together, I think we can manage to hold him here till to-morrow, and thus save his mother a great sorrow, most likely," said Mabel.

Mabel Clifton was one of the loveliest girls in P— Friends wondered that her heart had not yielded to some one of her many suitors. They did not know that she had no heart to yield to any of those who had sought it. The first season she appeared in the select circle in which her father's wealth and position placed her, she met Ernest Addison. He was a noble looking man, talented, with mind and heart alike filled with true resolve. To Mabel he had been very attentive, and she grew to love him, feeling sure the time was not far distant, when he would come to tell her of his love. But months rolled by, and he spoke not. Gradually his visits grew less frequent, until they ceased. What it was that had come between his love and hers she could never think; but she felt perfectly sure that he did love her and so, hoping that time would solve the mystery and bring a balm to her wounded spirit, she watched and waited for the coming.

New Year's day came beautiful and bright. Mabel and friend, Floxy, never looked lovelier. Mabel had explained her wishes, and fully infused her spirit into her friend. It was impossible for any indifferent person not to feel their powers of fascination. To Edgar Livingston, one of the first guests, they were quite irresistible. He lingered on, notwithstanding the many efforts of a young friend who accompanied him to draw him away.

"Do stay and help," said Mabel, and when Floxy's beautiful eyes depicted the wish, Edgar yielded.

Few, if any, went away from the Clifton mansion dissatisfied. Everything heart could desire or suggest, in the way of delicacies and luxuries of the season, Mabel offered his guests. But as her father had said, many tongues were busy speculating about it, and in a few hours it was wisely known that Miss Clifton was giving a temperance reception. Eagerly Mabel's eyes sought the door on every arrival of guests. She had had hoped for the coming of one. But the hours passed on, and when it grew late in the day, the hope faded and almost died out. She had seated herself wearily in an arm chair, when the same greeting that had fallen on her ears so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes. The beautiful flash to her face, as she rose to receive Ernest Addison. There was a rare expression in his eyes, when he received from her the greeting which seemed as if seeking an answer to the suspense of years. Her heart was bounding with new hope. Edgar Livingston had drawn Floxy to the window. They were looking out on the passers-by. Reeling along the sidewalk, shouting and singing a drunken song, came Edgar's friend of the morning. Floxy turned from the sickening sight. Edgar followed saying:

"But for you and Miss Clifton, I might have been one of that party."

And going to Mabel he said:

"Miss Clifton, your slumbers to-night should be peaceful. You have not helped to cloud either brain or heart of any of your friends to-day. Accept my warmest thanks for having saved me both."

Edgar saw an expression in Ernest's eyes that made him think it would be quite as agreeable to all parties if he would take Floxy back to the recess of the window, to the piano, or anywhere out of hearing, just then. A few moments after his fine voice was blended with a well chosen duet. Then Ernest told Mabel of the love that had been hers ever since he knew her.

"I came one night to lay my heart before you. You had many guests and offered them wine. You noticed not that I placed my glass untouched on the table. I left early. I dared not woo the heart of one who held such a fearful temptation before me; why you will know when I tell you the terrible truth. My only brother went down to a drunkard's grave; the woman he loved urged him on. For a time mother and I won him from fatal passion. He grew to love a beautiful

girl. She was wild and thoughtless, and one night, at a party in her father's house, she urged him to drink "One glass. Every one but you takes wine," said she. He resisted. She taunted him about leaving to abstain entirely because he had not the self-control to use wine in moderation. He yielded, accepted the fatal glass from her hand, and drank, first moderately, then on and on, in the old fearful way, until the end came—a ruined life and a mother's broken heart. Do you wonder that I fled from you? Every hour since, yearning to return, yet daring not. To-day I heard what you were doing. Earnestly thanking God that light had dawned upon you, I hastened here to lay my heart before the only woman I ever loved. Will you be my wife, Mabel?"

Her heart was too full of joy—she could not tell him in words how happy she was, but her little hand lay still in his. She raised her eyes a moment, and he saw the love of years beaming there. He needed no answer. Judging from the low tones into which the voices in the other room had fallen, he thought some other hearts had found their mates. But the pairs were separated, or rather rejoined, by the return of Mr. Clifton, who entered, calling out:

"Mabel, dear, to me these rooms look rather dark. Let's have the gas turned on if you please."

And when there was light enough for Mr. Clifton to look into his daughter's eyes he saw a bright light shining there. Another moment when Floxy came to greet him, he said with a smile:

"Ha! I see why you young folks know nothing of the surrounding darkness—guided by the light within. Well, have you had a pleasant day?"

"A happy day, father, there are no regrets to steal in and mar it," Mabel said with a bright smile.

"I am glad of it—glad of your resolve, Mabel. How glad you will be to know, when I tell you that this morning I closed the eyes of a father whose only son was away in some drinking saloon. How my heart ached for that father! and what a balm it was to me to think at that time my daughter was not holding the fatal glass to any young man," said Mr. Clifton, his voice trembling.

Before another New Year's day Mabel and Floxy each presided over a home of their own, and the happy remembrance of their reception is never clouded by the thought that they have added one drop to the cup of bitterness which so many wives and mothers, sisters and brothers, have to drink—the cup of sorrow which is so often prepared for them by sister women.

School and Precinct Bonds.

The following law as to registering of school and precinct bonds was passed by the late Legislature and should be carefully perused by county and officers:

An act to amend an act entitled an "Act to provide for the registration of precinct or township, and school district bonds."

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Nebraska, Sec. 1. That section four of an act "To provide for the registration of precinct or township and school district bonds," Approved February 27, 1873, be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the board of Commissioners in each county, to levy annually upon all the taxable property in each precinct or township and school district, in such county, a tax sufficient to pay the interest accruing upon any bonds issued by such precinct, township and school district, and to provide a sinking fund for the final redemption of the same; such levy of the county, and the taxes collected with other taxes, and when collected shall be and remain in the hands of the county treasurer, a specific fund for the payment of the interest upon such bonds, and for the final payment of the same at maturity.

It shall be the duty of the county clerk to furnish a copy of his register to the county treasurer.

It shall be the duty of all precinct, township and school district boards or officers, immediately after the passage of this act, to furnish the county clerks of their respective counties, with a statement of the amount of bonds heretofore issued by their precincts, townships or school districts, and not already paid, the date of each bond, when and to whom payable, the amount, the rate of interest and when and where is payable; which bonds shall be registered by the county clerk, in conformity with section three of the act which this act is amendatory, and the taxes hereafter levied to pay such bonds and interest thereon, shall be levied by the county board, and collected by the county treasurer, and a specific and remain in his hands, a specific fund for the purpose for which it is raised in all respects, as heretofore

provided for in this act; and the fee for registering under this section shall be twenty five cents for each bond, to be paid out of the contingent fund of the precinct, township or school district.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved, February 23rd 1875.

AN ACT.

To provide for stay of executions and orders of sale.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Nebraska.

Sec. 1. Hereafter no stay of execution or order of sale upon any judgment or decree, shall be granted for a longer time than nine months from and after the rendition of such judgment.

Sec. 2. The order of sale on all decrees for the sale of mortgaged premises, shall be stayed for the period of nine months from and after the rendition of such decree, whenever the defendant shall, within ten days after the rendition of such decree, file with the clerk of the court, a written request for the same. Provided, that if the defendant make no such request within twenty days the order of sale may issue immediately after the expiration thereof.

Sec. 3. On all judgments for the recovery of money, except those rendered in any court on an appeal or writ of error thereon, or against any officer, person, or corporation, or the sureties of any of them, for money received in a judicial capacity, or for the breach of any official duty, there may be a stay of execution if the defendant therein shall, within twenty days from the rendition of judgment, procure two or more sufficient free hold sureties to enter into a bond acknowledging themselves security for the defendant for the payment of the judgment, interests and costs from the time of rendering judgment until paid, as follows: 1st, if the sum for which judgment was rendered exclusive of costs, does not exceed fifty dollars, three months; 2d, if the sum for which judgment was rendered exclusive of costs, exceeds fifty dollars, and does not exceed one hundred dollars, six months; 3d, if the sum for which judgment was rendered exclusive of costs, exceeds one hundred dollars, nine months.

Sec. 4. Officers appearing stay bonds shall require the affidavits of the signers of such bonds that they own real estate not exempt from executions and aside from incumbrances, to the value of twice the amount of the judgment.

Sec. 5. No proceedings in error or appeal shall be allowed after such stay has been taken, nor shall a stay be taken on a judgment entered as here in contemplated, against one who is surety in the stay of execution.

Sec. 6. The sureties of the stay of execution may be taken and approved by the clerk, and the bond shall be recorded in a book kept for that purpose, and have the force and effect of a judgment confessed from the date thereof, against the property of the sureties, and the clerk shall enter and index the same in the proper judgment docket, as in case of other judgments.

Sec. 7. When the surety is entered, after execution is issued, the clerk shall immediately notify the sheriff of the stay and he shall forthwith return the execution with his doings thereon.

Sec. 8. All property levied on before stay of execution, and all written undertakings for the delivery of personal property to the sheriff, shall be relinquished by the officers, upon the stay of execution being entered.

Sec. 9. At the expiration of the stay, the clerk shall issue a joint execution against the property of all the judgment debtors and sureties, describing them as debtor or sureties therein.

Sec. 10. Where a stay of execution has been taken,