

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

THURSDAY JULY 13, 1876

Rates of Subscription. One copy 1 year, \$2.00. One copy 6 months, 1.00. One copy 3 months, .50.

Official Directory.

CONGRESSIONAL. A. S. Paddock, U. S. Senator. W. H. H. Jones, U. S. Senator. Lorenzo Crossen, Representative. EXECUTIVE. SILAS GARBER, Governor. Lincoln. Bruno Tschick, Sec. of State. W. H. Weston, Auditor. J. C. McBride, Treasurer. Geo. H. Roberts, Atty. Gen. J. M. McKean, Lincoln, Sup. Pl. Justice.

For President R. B. Hayes.

For Vice President, W. A. Wheeler.

CALL FOR A REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

TO NOMINATE CANDIDATES FOR STATE OFFICES.

The Republican electors of the State of Nebraska are hereby called to send delegates from the several counties to meet in State Convention at Lincoln, on Tuesday, the 26th day of September, 1876, for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for member of congress, and candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Attorney General, and Land Commissioner, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

The several counties are entitled to the same representation as in the State Convention called this day to meet at Fremont on the 23d day of May, 1876.

MEMBERS OF DELEGATES.

Table listing members of delegates from various counties: Adams, Antelope, Boone, Burr, Buffalo, Butler, Cass, Clay, Colfax, Cheyenne, Cuming, Dakota, Dawson, Dixon, Dodge, Douglas, Fillmore, Franklin, Furnas, Gage, Hamilton, Harlan, Howard, Jefferson, Johnson, Kearney, Keith.

By order of State Central Committee. C. E. Yost, Sec. C. H. Gere, Ch'n. Lincoln, March 28th, 1876.

Call for Meeting of Republican State Central Committee.

The members of the Republican State Central Committee are hereby called to meet at the Commercial Hotel in Lincoln, on Wednesday the 26th day of July, 1876, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of completing the organization of the Committee, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the same.

JAMES W. DAVES, Chairman.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORATION DELIVERED AT RED CLOUD, BY J. S. GILHAM, ON THE 4th OF JULY.

[We have not room to publish the whole of the oration in this issue. We therefore publish the following extracts which will illustrate the scope and character of Mr. Gilham's speech.]

Through adversity and defeat, through success and triumph, in weakness and in strength, we have arrived in our history as a nation to this meeting of the centuries. Standing here to-day, at the intersection of these two great cycles of time, we may pause for a moment to look back over the century that is past, and gird up our loins for the century to come. The day we celebrate, one hundred years ago, dawned on the American people scattered along the Atlantic seaboard, separated from the wealth and comforts of the old world by the ocean before them, their progress checked by the mountains behind them. To-day the sun which beams above us has been followed in his course by the cheers and jubilee of millions of American citizens and leaves us to-day to stand on the ruins of the stupor of the times recently fallen. Little ones are playing in childish innocence about their forest homes. In the edge of the timber the settler swings his axe, while his rifle loaded and ever ready rests against a tree. Away in the distance some startled deer look, affrighted upon the evidences of man's presence. On the ground among the leaves, the experienced eye detects the track of bears, or the spot where the baffled panther streak when leaping for his prey. The sun has already begun to disappear and the long shadows of the trees fall

across his way, as the backwoods-man shoulders his axe and rifle and returns to the house. The dusk of evening gathers over the scene and the wearied limbs lie down to rest. Suddenly, a bright light gleams in at the window, and the terrific whoop of the Indian ruffs and the axe are raised. The terrified children are held close to the mother's breast. Cautiously the door is opened. The blaze of burning dwellings illuminates the blackness of night with its awful radiance. Dusky shadows fit to and fro among the trees. The sharp twang of the bow string and the whistling flight of the arrow tell of the presence of the foe. The pioneer knows no fear. The rise of old Revolutionary times stands him good service now. Farther than arrow's flight, surer than arrow's wound wherever a moving object appears, its muzzled points, and the crack of its discharge is blended with the scream of the stricken savage. All might long from tree and bush the arrow flies. All night long the bullet speeds on its death errand. Returning twilight brings the disappearance of the foe. The coming day reveals a neighbor killed and scalped, a few smoldering heaps where once freemen dwelt. With rifles in their hands the little community perform the last sad rites for the fallen and pursue again the labors of the day. Tree after tree falls before the sturdy blow of the axe. The clearing extends wider and further on every side. Slowly and with exceeding difficulty the rocks are removed to make room for farms.

There was grim determination in those Ohio settlers. There was an energy of purpose there, an unconquerable spirit, born of revolutionary struggles, defeats and triumphs, which might be opposed by whatever odds, which might be confronted with whatever obstacles, but could not be withstood.

The true American energy and courage was embodied in that resolute frontier man, and that spirit was as force, as invincible and obstinate in the forests of Ohio, as when, a few years previous, he stood shoulder to shoulder with his fellows on the heights of Bunker Hill. To-day looking over the past and paying our tribute of gratitude to those who have suffered and died, and yet conquered, for our sake, side by side with the revolutionary soldiers, the minute men of Massachusetts, the Green Mountain boys that fought with Stark and Allen, the riflemen that followed where Marion and Sumpter dared to lead, let us remember and honor the backwoods-man of Ohio. Ignorant and unlettered he may have been, poor he undoubtedly was. But the strength of his arm was equalled only by the firmness of his will, and with a purpose true and steadfast, a resolution undaunted and undimmed, and a heroism that never faltered, he toiled on, laboring against the obstacles nature had planted in his way by day, contending against the savage treachery of the Indians by night. His labor was not in vain. Some of this audience will remember the hard career and log cabin campaign of 1840. Ohio had become a state, wealthy and populous, and she elected Wm. H. Harrison, the backwoods-man, the Indian fighter, grim-visaged, hard-fisted old Frontiersman, President of the United States, the first president elected by Northern voters since the days of Adams. And in the campaign just opened, the hopes of three million republicans center on another of Ohio's sons, reared in more auspicious and prosperous times, eminent for his culture, refinement, purity and modesty, the essential qualities of the best type of our American citizens, and possessing, we hope, all the daring courage, all the invincible resolution, all the undying energy of the old Ohio Frontiersman.

THE ILLINOIS FARMER. Later on in our history and within the memory of the more aged of this audience another field of labor opens up to American industry. Far as the eye can reach stretches the rolling prairie. There is nothing in sight on the wide expanse, limited only by the vast circumference where earth and heaven meet, where the light brown grass tingles with the deep blue of the sky. I was wrong, there is something in the center of that great expanse, a speck on the surface of the plains, there are the first signs of American enterprise; a sign of wagons, sail-covered are moving slowly over the area. Hundreds of miles now from civilization, Cincinnati far to the South and Chicago, unknown to the settler, the wagons pursued their slow journey towards the stream, evidences of which were already in sight. Slow moving with exhausted horses, the shades of night darkened over them, ere they descended the last slope to the river bottom. The dreary and tiresome pilgrimage is over. The camp of the wearying and rolling journey is reached. The morrow will find them seeking sites for homes and heaving the logs for their dwellings. The old life is ended and the new life begun. Behind them in the past were the ease, the happiness and the pleasures of the city. The wages and the contentment of the laborer, the ease if not affluent circumstances of the tenant, and the sure pay of the mechanic. Before them in the future was the poverty of an unsettled wilderness, the miseries of unrequited labor, toil unceasing, sufferings indescribable, and privations as yet unexperienced. But they blenched not. Hope cheered and strengthened their spirits until experience hardened and fortified them. In weakness and poverty they began their labor. In suffering and distress their work was pushed forward. The log cabin gave them shelter and afforded them a home. Weak and feeble were their early efforts and sickness and fever rendered them still more impotent. Ignorant of the climate and the soil miserably and repeated failures attended their first struggles. Discouragements without end confronted their faltering steps. The grain raised from the field found no market, brought no price. Years passed and there were no gains. Each returning day brought new wants and diminished the supplies. The necessities of life became luxuries. Privations comprised their resources and gains. The most untrusting labor, the most pinching economy could not secure them from debt. Hope sickened and all but died within their breasts. But they struggled on with what little strength they had. They endured not for months but years, all that poverty and weakness imposed upon them. They were men of energy, of strong purpose, of a high degree of mental talent. But poverty held them in its vice like grip. Accumulating debts

harrassed and annoyed them. Their hands were tired. Energy and enterprise languished without the means to assist them. They were strong men bound with bands they could not rend. But the cords that would not break, constant struggling might wear out, and they toiled on, until, after years passed, one by one the ties were sundered. The want that howled about them was driven from the door. The debts that clamored for payment were discharged. The harvest brought with it a little gain. Success breathed upon them the breath of hope and they wrought in might where before they had labored in weakness. They achieved conquests where they had met with failures, found profits where their feebleness had incurred but debts. The future became rosy and purple with the hues of victory, and the Illinois farmer rose from poverty and misery into affluence and happiness. He was a man of peasant castings, gave back their radiance to the sun as he moves in his orbit over the Mississippi valley this bright July morning. Cattle that feed upon a thousand hills tell of present and prophetic future abundance. Cities and villages have sprung up in the path of the emigrant wagon. The commerce of the nation with its ceaseless din and hurried bustle is whirled over the once uninhabited prairies. The American pioneer is gone, but the population and wealth of the Mississippi valley, the results of his enterprise, perseverance and heroism have crowned his efforts with success, and the American people meeting on this Centennial Anniversary to celebrate the birth of the nation and review its progress will not be ungrateful to his memory.

Yes, Honor, unstinted and in full measure to those old pioneer farmers. History makes no mention of their struggles. Fame reports none of their achievements. Not in the full blaze of glory do their deeds appear. Not with the crimson pen of the warrior are their triumphs recorded. Nothing that is lofty, glorious and inspiring attested their progress save the brave spirits within their skulls, the small and almost insignificant, rather than their struggles, and humble their victories. Yet, not always are courage and heroism confined to the most sounding and inspiring achievements, to the pomp and splendor of life. The courage of the soldier marching on to victory, through the storm of battle, in the blaze of musketry and the roar of cannon is not the highest courage. The spirit to dare a great deed and achieve a brilliant success is not always the noblest spirit. To brave death itself is not more courageous than to be wearying and discouraging and disheartening to the men of the line, to the marvelous feats that history records, and fame trumpets are not the most heroic things of earth. The sounding pomp and glittering pageantry of glory will animate the most timid and the weakest to action. But to toil in weakness, to labor in distress, to be checked on the right and left, to be left by the limitations of poverty, to work body and mind year after year and count no gains, to see each returning season defer the fruits of labor to the distant future, to wait courageous when the hands find might through hope and confidence, in all the disappointments and despondencies, in all the discouragements and disheartenments incident to the settlement of a wilderness by poor men, to toil bravely on, requires a courage the highest and loftiest, and a purpose the most unyielding and invincible.

Any man can summon up the courage to win a victory that will blazon his name with glory, but to work bravely when the hands are tied by poverty, the body feeble with sickness, and the mind sick with failure, demands not the bravado of a day or year, but a resolution fixed and firm for life. Such men were the pioneers. What they endured and suffered has been poorly told. The experience of many in this audience could inform you much more truly and fully. Some of you have taken, and those men, whose grizzled heads, furrowed brows and broken frames, spoke with a feeling eloquence of the struggles and trials and hardships of pioneer life. You have seen the wife, her beauty wasted, her features pinched and narrowed by want and privation. You have seen a man, in the old man's eye, as he told of the little boy whose merry prattle cheered the bleak home, dying on that bleak prairie, when medical skill would have saved, but was not attainable, whose sufferings found no delicacies save a mother's lips. Through the rolling prairie, such difficulties, amidst such discouragements, the settler of the Mississippi valley labored until success rewarded his efforts. There have been grander, more showy and ostentatious, but no truer types of American heroism, than was that of the Illinois and Iowa pioneer farmer.

THE CALIFORNIA MINER. Winging its eagle flight over the vast area between the Mississippi and the Pacific, the genius of American progress folds its unwearied pinions on the summit of the Sierras. Dragging its slow course, the eastern slope of the western mountains, a long train of wagons pursues its tedious march. Over the broad plains of the Missouri, where the buffalo roamed, along the course of the Platte to its source, up through the deep defiles between the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, down into the trackless desert beyond where the sage brush and cactus only grow, on through the great basin of the inland sea, where the rivers sink into the sand and the alkali blinds the sight, until the white towers of the Sierras gladdened the vision, the train had moved its slow pace forward. Nearly two thousand miles behind were the outposts of the civilized world. Beyond over the mountains upon which they were slowly climbing was an unexplored country, the mystery of the west, the unknown ocean. In those wagons, tired and exhausted, was the remnant of a band of resolute men, that months before had left the states to seek the confines of the earth. They were the advanced guard of the business of the nation, a man whose name is dearer to our hearts than that of any other American past or present. Tall, awkward and uncouth in figure, even more homely in countenance. A life of coarse hard struggle has left its marks upon him. Care and anxiety have deepened the furrows on his brow and sharpened the lines of his face. Yet the countenance is one of the most attractive that man looks upon. A noble charity, a deep earnest sympathy, and a genial hearty benevolence smooth down the angles until the hardness of the man is gone and the trouble have engendered. The rugged, care-worn face is almost beautiful with the frank honesty, the high moral worth, and the tender loving sym-

phy that characterizes the soul. Severe trials, and arduous labors have been his lot in life. But the severest trials, the heaviest responsibilities, the most trying duties are set to come. A messenger brings in a telegram that moment flashed over the wires containing the ominous intelligence that the rebels had fired on Sumpter. The moment was come. The dreaded danger was at hand. His worst forebodings were realized. The great conflict between the states and the Federal government had culminated. The intricate and perplexing question as to the respective powers of the two governments were to be solved. The decision must be made. The resolution taken and action commenced. The gloom that had been approaching deepened upon his countenance. The shadows that already clouded his brow darkened above him. The dim light of liberty, of trial of distress and doubt thick of eve him until the lightning flash of assassination burst upon his devoted head. But no superincumbent weight could conquer the giant soul within. No difficulties or anxieties could subdue the lofty courage and rich full tenderness that swelled up in his heart. Lincoln was ready. His decision was made, his purpose fixed. With malice toward none and charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right, foreseeing the burdens and duties and trials which were to be laid upon his mind and shoulders from his heart, anticipating the death that should end his labors, he highly resolved that the nation should have a new birth, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth. Lincoln was a man of the people, his heroism was the heroism of the people. His patriotism was the patriotism of the people. Whatever there was of moral grandeur, of unselfish devotion to truth and justice, of unwavering fidelity to duty, of invincible firmness to do, to dare, and to suffer for the right's sake, was the genuine reflection of the moral sentiment and deepest purpose of the American people. That man is the American who does not cherish his memory with his fondest love. There is no patriotism in the soul that does not swell with admiration of his name. There is no purity in the mind that reverts not his integrity. There is no courage in the heart that melts not with sympathy at the recollection of his life.

THE SOLDIER. Not as in the old revolutionary times did another Paul Revere ride with the news from village to village, or beacon fires blaze on the hilltops, but flashing along the wires, issuing from a thousand points, borne on the wings of steam, sped the dread news that war was begun. In the villages and in the towns rang out the shrill notes of the life and the hoarse clangor of the drum. Flocking together from the store and shop of the city and the farms of the country, came the brave and courageous spirits of the West. Up from the cities and the plains, from ocean to ocean, with the sound of rifle and drum, the onward tramp of marching men and choirs of loyal hearts, rang out the proud, hopeful notes "We are coming, Father Abraham 3,000,000 men." Gathering together from all the states of the north came the mighty armies. Forging into line under the waving folds of the stars and stripes, nerving their breasts for the conflict before them, at the word, march, they moved forward, piercing the air with the huzzle notes of exalted enthusiasm, shaking the earth with the solid tread of an unconquerable determination. On to the Mississippi, through the blood drenched field of Shiloh, by the easy won Donelson, down to Vicksburg triumph crowned. Back an east to Chattanooga, up above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, through the smoke and carnage of Mission Ridge, forward to the sea with Sherman. Following the tramp of armies, the beat of drums and roar of battle swelled the brave song of loyal men. "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave. But his march shall not be in vain." Close packed in the deathful wilderness, falling by thousands before the sickness of the swamp, filling by tens of thousands before the desperate fire of the enemy, but laking not, wearying not, fainting not, pushing forward, pressing onward, in the face of destruction, in the teeth of slaughter, in the jaws of death, until in the heart of the rebel capital, over the walls of

LIBBY PRISON, over that den of infamy, over that lazar house of Sibley, and fame and heroism where the Union Soldier lay confined, floated the banner of freedom, crimsoned with victory, its glorious blue, radiating and enduring as the heavens, and its glittering stars beaming upon the darkened and war-deluged land, the bright and precious promise of silvery peace. The war is over. The rebellion is crushed. Slavery is no more. The noble prophecy of Lincoln is fulfilled. "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land have swelled the chorus of the Union, when fate did us as he foretold they would be, "by the better angels of our nature." The soldier's work is over. In times of peace we are unconscious of the virtues that in our midst; but when the crisis comes, when duty calls, the American of later days was as ready, as willing, as courageous as the Revolutionary patriot. In the name of the veterans of the war, and around the graves of the fallen, we would cover with the scars and wounds of many a bloody field, wasted and weakened with the evils of the march and camp, bearing the footprints of the ravenous famine at Andersonville, in the name of the martyred Lincoln, I demand that moral heroism, the highest and noblest, be accorded to the Americans of to-day.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Time forbids me to cite other incidents in our history. Those already cited are enough for my purpose. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war. Let us to-day rejoice in those victories that have girdled the eastern forests with their noble cities, girdled the western prairies with their golden harvests, dug from the hills and mountains their shining treasures, captured the earth for the coal to feed the flaming forces, mined the Alleghenies, and with their iron ribs notched the surface with innumerable railways for silver handed commerce to circulate the nation's wealth. Peace hath her heroes, noble as the armed warrior or the planned knight. Let us remember and honor the heroism of the Ohio Backwoods man, the Illinois Farmer, the California Miner, and the Western Pioneer. Patriotism and courage beat high and warm in the hearts of Americans to-day. Let us not forget the veteran soldiers in our midst. The century that is to-day is setting to rise no more, hence as infinitely in advance of our forefathers in material progress. With all honor and deference to the illustrious dead, we are not to find them in material, not behind them in integrity, not behind them in purity, not behind them in the energy and heroism that are necessary to a nation's life. Strengthened by past victories, conscious of undimmed manhood, following that Divine Guidance which has been our cloud and our pillar in the century that is past, let us advance boldly and hopefully into the century to come.

THE NEW "DOMESTIC" Sewing Machine. A Double-Thread Lock-Stitch Machine. THE LIGHTEST-RUNNING MACHINE IN THE WORLD. With our printed directions, no instruction or mechanical skill is required to operate it. The construction of the machine is based upon a principle of unique and unobtainable simplicity, comprising simple levers working upon centres. The bearings are few, and they are hardened and polished. The machine is made at our new works in the city of Newark, N. J., with new special patented machinery and tools, constructed especially to accomplish what we now offer. Every machine fully warranted.

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Settlement of the West. The settlement of the country between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, rendered comparatively easy has commenced, and is rapidly going on. We stand here now in the midst of that work, our labor is easy and our labor light. Our progress is sure and rapid. The unbroken prairie is fast developing into farms rich in agricultural wealth. Houses and homes indicate increasing prosperity. Villages neat and attractive dot the courses of our rivers. "Westward the star of empire takes its course," and the great plains are already teeming with their population and alive with industry. The great work of settling the continent is completed. The most insurmountable obstacles, the most gigantic difficulties have been overcome. To-day the American people extend in an unbroken line from ocean to ocean. Wealth and prosperity and civilization gladden the desert and the plain. To-day the grand chorus of praise and thanksgiving rising from American hearts, starting from the white washed shores of the eastern ocean, rolls onward in one uniform and moving anthem, over valley and plain, over mountain and desert, until it loses itself in the tranquil waters of the Pacific.

THE MOVER'S WAGON. Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot, my feelings will not permit me to pass without paying tribute to a very important factor in our progress and development. Next after the staff of Franklin and the sword of Washington, the star-spangled banner and the American eagle, let us appreciate and honor the mover's wagon. The old mover's wagon, the canvas topped wagon, the slow going wagon that crawls over the plains. Bird of the bright and snowy plumage, the prairie schooner, the veritable ship of state, the beautiful bride of the prairie, pioneering in the morning breeze, and before the evening zephyrs, careening before the gale, and moving with solemn dignity in the calm. Trust emblem of American enterprise, with sails wide spread, launched on the rolling billows of the plains. Storms may assail them. Tempests may wreath their way on their devoted head. But their pinions are never furled. Capsized, indeed, they may be; but with the first lull in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, their rightest itself on their beam ends and goest forth to conquest. Beautiful symbol of American energy, moving, forever moving onward, forever onward, the genuine chariot of liberty, and the Divine Goddess herself the charioteer thereof. A thing of beauty and a joy forever.

MORAL ENERGY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—LINCOLN. Dwelling on these scenes and reminiscences we have watched our country's progress towards wealth and greatness. One important question remains to be asked. Wealth and prosperity, offensive, lessens the moral and weakens the purpose. How have Americans been affected by their prosperity? Are they less true to principle, less courageous in duty? Let our minds go back a few years. In the capital of the country, in the highest office of the nation, a man whose name is dearer to our hearts than that of any other American past or present. Tall, awkward and uncouth in figure, even more homely in countenance. A life of coarse hard struggle has left its marks upon him. Care and anxiety have deepened the furrows on his brow and sharpened the lines of his face. Yet the countenance is one of the most attractive that man looks upon. A noble charity, a deep earnest sympathy, and a genial hearty benevolence smooth down the angles until the hardness of the man is gone and the trouble have engendered. The rugged, care-worn face is almost beautiful with the frank honesty, the high moral worth, and the tender loving sym-

BAUM'S NEW CHICAGO STORE. IN MONROE'S BUILDING 1ST HOUSE SOUTH OF THE POST OFFICE. RED CLOUD, NEB. CALICO, NAINSOOKS, HANKINS, CAMBRICS, CRITONNE, JACONET, PIQUE, LAWN, GRASS CLOTH, CHEVIOTS, COTTONADES, JEANS, CASHMERE, DELAINS, ETC. DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Ready Made Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, and everything in the line of General Merchandise, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. It will pay you to examine my stock and prices before buying elsewhere. A friendly invitation extended to all. All I ask is a trial and I am sure that I can convince you. I will keep the largest stock and the cheapest store west of the Missouri River. Thanking the Public for their past patronage, I would respectfully solicit their favors. L. BAUM. P. S. Highest Market Price paid for all kinds of Country Produce, Hides and Furs.

CHAS. R. JONES, Juniata, Nebraska. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, Tinware, Queensware, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS. Highest Cash Price Paid for Grain. THE LONE EAGLE GROCERY STORE. J. G. Potter has just received the finest assortment of Groceries, Queensware and Provisions. Ever brought to the Valley. Give him a trial and you will find it worth your while. J. G. Potter, Red Cloud, Nebraska. Centennial Year! Splendid Crops! Abundant HARVESTS. Best Harvesting Machines are the McCORMICK HARVESTERS. SELF-RAKES, DROPPERS and MOWERS. These machines combine all the modern improvements and are warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or no sale. These machines were tried by a large number of the farmers of the county last summer, and did their work better than other machines in the field. A large stock will always be on hand at the store of Garber's store, on exhibition, and Steiger himself will be there ready for business, and to "set 'em up."

NEW HARDWARE STORE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MITCHELL & MORHART. Have opened a new store and have just received a full and complete stock of HARDWARE, Cutlery, Carpenter & FARMING TOOLS, COAL and WOOD STOVES. We have also a Tin Shop connected with our store. We manufacture Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware. Our Stock is LARGE and well assorted, and we will deal as cheap as any house west of Lincoln. Call and See Before Purchasing Elsewhere. Opposite the Lumber Yard. Red Cloud, - - - Nebraska. VALLEY HOUSE. J. C. WARNER, Prop. Is always ready to attend to and make comfortable his patrons. This Hotel is entirely new, having been fitted up for the express purpose of the traveling public. STAGE LEAVES FOR THE RAILROAD ON MONDAY WEDNESDAY, & FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK AT 7 O'CLOCK A. M. I claim to have the BEST STABLE West of Lincoln. Always keeping on hand a good supply of HAY AND GRAIN. Also a good conveyance for the purpose of conveying passengers from this place to any other at reasonable rates. Red Cloud, Nebraska.

SAM'L GARBER. DEALER IN Dry Goods and Groceries. BOOTS and SHOES Hats, Caps, & Ready Made Clothing. We have the Largest Stock in the Valley and will not be undersold. GIVE US A CALL, ONE & ALL Sam'l Garber. Red Cloud, Neb.

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