

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," AND \$1.50 A YEAR IS THE PRICE OF THE CHIEF.

VOL. XI.

RED CLOUD, WEBSTER COUNTY, NEB., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1884.

NO. 23.

RED CLOUD CHIEF

Published every Friday Morning
—BY—
A. C. HOSMER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, \$1 50.
One copy, six months, 85.
One copy, three months, 50.

Entered at the Post-office in Red Cloud as matter of the second class.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

John P. Bayha, County Clerk.
Chas. Buschow, County Treasurer.
Geo. O. Yeiser, County Judge.
J. W. Warren, Sheriff.
Chas. W. Springer, Superintendent of Public Instruction.
C. P. Rinker, County Surveyor.
J. M. Mosena, County Coroner.
J. E. Smith, County Com.
Jacob L. Miller, }
Jno. McCallum, }

Garfield Post No. 30. C. A. R. meets every other Monday evening. Regular meeting on Monday evening on or before the full moon. M. B. McNITT, Com. S. West, Adjt.

HARVEY LODGE, DIV. 95, O. R. C., meets second and fourth Sundays in each month, in Masonic Hall. P. LYMAN, C. C.

Business Directory.

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Special Attention Given to Collections.

DIRECTORS: Levi Moore, R. D. Jones, F. E. Goble, Roast. V. Sherry.

Buy and sell Exchange. Make collections. Discount Notes and do a General Banking Business.

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E. H. Ambler, Cashier.
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Invitation to all. Come, now is your chance for BARGAINS. We are on deck ready for action, with a MAMMOTH NEW STOCK of DRY GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING AND GROCERIES. Complete in every department. Newer and Best Selected in the market. You will find us in the NEW BRICK STATE BANK BLOCK.
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—Dealers In—
Fresh Meats,
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Cash paid for hides & pelts.



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A. T. GARBER BROS.
Come and Obtain Prices before you buy elsewhere. We make a specialty of
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Come, come, will you come, why don't you come?
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LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & C.
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—()—
DRY LUMBER A SPECIALTY, THE BEST IN THE MARKET AND
SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, - - Proprietor
FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1884

Composed for The Chief.
LOVE.

BY WALTER LA FOL.

Love is not a thing of passion,
Not a thing of senses rife,
But the essence of affection
And enlivens human life.

We are creatures of sensation,
Of passions and affections too,
But the noblest of creation
Learn their passions to subdue.

What is man without affection?
Without true love within his soul?
Where on earth is there attraction
For such a narrow withered soul?

But the man who loves a maiden,
Needs but to know that she loves him,
To make his love as the love of Eden,
And teach that true love's no whim.

See him as he looks upon her,
Looks into her lovely face,
His heart is full of love and honor,
Hers of purity and grace.

Shall they marry and forever
Join their love in love's embrace?
Or shall they part and never, never
More behold each other's face?

One's as likely as the other,
None can tell what may take place,
She may have an objecting mother,
Or he may see a fairer face.

Isn't it as you remember,
(It seems to me a hard behest.)
That the man is of the fewest number
Who marries the woman that suits him best.

BILL NYE RESIGNS.

To the President of the United States:

Sir—I beg leave at this time to officially tender my resignation as postmaster at this place and in due form to deliver the great seal and the key of the front door of the office.

The safe combination is set on the numbers 33, 66, and 99, though I do not remember at this moment which comes first, or how many times you revolve the knob, or which direction you should turn it at first in order to make it operate.

There is some mining stock in my private drawer in the safe, which I have not yet removed. This stock you may have if you desire it. It is a luxury, but you can have it. I have decided to keep a horse instead of this mining stock. The horse may not be so pretty, but it will cost less to keep him.

You will find the postal cards that have not been used under the distributing table, and the coal down in the cellar. If the stoves draw too hard close the damper in the pipe and shut the general delivery window.

Looking over my stormy and eventful administration as postmaster here, I find abundant cause for thanksgiving. At the time I entered upon the duties of my office the department was not yet on a paying basis. It was not even self-sustaining. Since that time, with the active co-operation of chief executive and the heads of departments, I have been able to make our postal system a paying one, and on top of that I am now able to reduce the tariff on average-sized letters from three to two cents. I might add that this is rather too-too, but I will not say anything that might seem undignified in an official resignation which is to become a matter of history.

Through all the vicissitudes of a tempestuous term of office I have safely passed. I am able to turn over the office today in a highly improved condition, and to present a purified and renovated institution to my successor.

Acting under the advice of General Hutton a year ago, I removed the feather bed with which my predecessor, Deacon Hayford, had bolstered up his administration by stuffing the window, and substituted glass. Finding nothing in the book of instructions to postmasters which made the feather bed a part of my official duties, I filed it away in an obscure place and burned it in effigy, also in the gloaming. This act maddened my predecessor to such a degree that he then and there became a candidate for justice of the peace on a democratic ticket. The democratic party was able, however, with what aid it secured from the republicans, to plow the old man under to a great degree.

It was not long after I had taken my official oath before an era of unexam-

pled prosperity opened for the American people. The price of beef arose to a remarkable altitude, and other vegetables commanded a good figure and ready market. We then began to make active preparations for the introduction of the strawberry roan two-cent stamps and black-and-tan postal note. One reform has crowded upon the heels of another until the country is today upon the foam crested wave of permanent prosperity.

Mr. President, I cannot close this letter without thanking you and all the heads of departments at Washington, for your active, cheery and prompt cooperation in these matters. You can do as you see fit, of course, about incorporating this idea into your Thanksgiving proclamation, but rest assured it would not be ill-timed or inopportune. It is not alone a credit to myself. It reflects credit upon the administration also.

I need not say that I herewith transmit my resignation with great sorrow and regret. We have toiled on together month after month, asking for no reward except the innate consciousness of rectitude and the salary fixed by law. Now we are to separate. Here the roads seem to fork, as it were, and you and I and the cabinet must leave each other at this point.

You will find the key under the door mat, and you had better turn the cat out at night when you close the office. If she does not go readily you can make it clear to her mind by throwing the canceling stamp at her.

If Deacon Hayford does not pay up his box rent you may as well put his mail in the general delivery, and when Bob Head gets drunk, and insists on a letter from one of his wives every day in the week, you can salute him through the box delivery with an old Queen Anne tomahawk which you will find near the Etruscan water pail. This will not in any manner surprise either of these parties.

Tears are unavailing. I once more become a private citizen, clothed only with the right to read such postal cards as may be addressed to me personally, and to curse the inefficiency of the postoffice department. I may be in error as to the attributes of the American citizen, but I believe the above to be most prominent. I believe the voting class to be divided into two parties, viz., those who are in the postal service and those who are mad because they cannot receive a registered letter every fifteen minutes of each day, including Sunday.

Mr. President, as an official of this government I now retire. My term of office would not expire until 1886. I must therefore beg pardon for my eccentricity in resigning. It will be best perhaps to keep the heart-breaking news from the ears of European powers until the dangers of a financial panic are fully past. Then hurl it broadcast with a sickening thud.

Very respectfully yours,
BILL NYE.

A WIDE AWAKE DRUGGIST.

Mr. Henry Cook is always wide awake in his business, and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, or any affection of the throat and lungs. Sold on positive guarantee. Will give you a trial bottle free.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kans., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints, purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Henry Cook.

DON'T SPILL THE MILK.

"There is no use crying over spilled milk," says the old saw. If you are not only bald, but have no life in the roots of your hair, there is no use crying over that, either. Take both time and yourself by the forelock while there is a forelock left. Apply Parker's Hair Balm to your hair before matters get worse. It will arrest the falling off of your hair and restore its original color, gloss and softness. It is a perfect dressing withal, clean, richly perfumed, cools and heals the scalp.

DELANDS, of Fairport, N. Y., are always abreast of the times. They quickly seize upon every possible means of improvement, and in consequence their soda is superior to all others.

WILL IT PAY?

We take the following article from the *Diary Farmer*, which we are allowed to copy through the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Smith, manager of the Red Cloud Creamery. We judge that it should be read by every farmer in Webster county:

We are asked will it pay to purchase grain to feed to the milk cows? It is upon this principle that the dairy business is run around Elgin, Illinois. The dairymen in that vicinity purchase car-loads of mill feed, and feed their cows in the very best manner all the time, winter and summer. Forcing them all the time to give all milk possible. And the dairymen have grown rich following this plan. At the present, while the creameries in this vicinity can hardly get cream enough to justify running. There is sold weekly on the Elgin Board of Trade in the vicinity \$75,000 worth of butter and cheese.

These dairy products are produced mainly within twenty miles of Elgin. Imagine for a moment what the result would be were the creameries of Lucas county disbursing \$75,000 per week. The complaint of hard times would soon cease. The mortgages on the farms would soon melt away. New barns and fine houses would appear on all the farms. How is it about Elgin? The farmers are wealthy. They have fine houses and barns. What placed them in this situation? The answer is butter and cheese, or more briefly still, the cow. The cow cared for in the very best manner. The farmers of Kane county, Illinois, have no advantage over the farmers of Lucas county as to climate or other requisites for dairying. In fact we think this country superior. All that is needed is the cows and the care. The idea entertained by some that dairying is a small business, and only keep a few cows to be milked by the hired girl, or over-taxed wife, to raise a little pin money, must be got rid of, and the business taken hold of in earnest, with a determination of making it a success. There is no other business that insures a better return if rightly managed, none more honorable or elevating; none that insures financial independence more certainly.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The *Baptist Weekly* says: "If a church wants to secure a new pastor it can scarcely take a surer course to drive off desirable men than by maligning the pastor who has left them."

—The *Burlington Hawk-Eye* predicts that by next season society will be so artificial that the unrepresentable dandelion will remain in her cottage and send her photograph into the sun.

—"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. F., as she caught sight of the camelopard, "just look at that beast! what a long neck!" "Yes," replied Fogg, "the most remarkable case of soar throat I ever saw."—*Boston Post.*

—Lynchings are becoming so common in the West that housewives are afraid to leave their clothes-line out over night. In the morning they might find it a mile away with a man hanging to the end.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—Before the city directory man takes a census of St. Louis, watermelons are always sent there from Chicago to double up the population. After that an official count is made, showing how unreliable St. Louis figures are.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. The Boston girls ar using every effort to have this custom introduced into this country. It is the only way they can hope to compete with the Western branch of the business.—*Lynn Bee.*

—The High School girl says that modern seismologists incline to the opinion that the phenomena of the earthquake is a vibratory motion, propagated through the solid molecules of the earth after the similitude of the transmission of sound through the atmosphere. We think so too.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—When a Virginia belle was once surprised by her father in the parlor of a hotel at the White Sulphur Springs, supporting upon her shoulder the head of a middle aged admirer, she at once disarmed the impending rebuke by exclaiming: "Surely, father, this is not the first time you have seen an old head on young shoulders."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A little girl and boy, who live in Des Moines, Iowa, were discussing the stars one evening recently. The little boy argued that the stars were worlds like ours, and he claimed that they are peopled just like the earth! The little girl, with all the disdain she would muster, said: "They are not! They are angels' eyes; 'cause I saw 'em wink!"—*Golden Days.*

—A Boston gentleman married a musical and literary lady who was very charming, but who was wholly ignorant of and indifferent to housekeeping. He was very proud of her and exceedingly fond of displaying her talents to his friends. One day his brother, a blunt, keen-eyed country man, paid him a visit. Leading him into the sitting-room, which was dusty, dirty and disorderly, he requested his wife to play and sing for them. Her husband listened with great delight to her performance, and, turning to his brother, said: "Your wife has no ear for music, I believe?" "No, but she has an eye for dirt!" was the gruff reply.—*Boston Transcript.*