



The Western & Southern

MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION,

Red Cloud, Nebraska,

Have Bargains for you in

Felt Boots,  
Rubber  
Boots,

Grain Leather Boots,

Arctics, Over Shoes, Sandals,

Ladies' Gossamers,

Men's Rubber Coats,

Comforts, Blankets,

Flannels, Etc., Etc.,

Ladies' and Gent's Underwear,

Cloaks and Shawls,

The above goods must and will be sold at

The Western and Southern Mercantile Association

MASON'S OLD STAND

Chas. Schaffnit, Manager.

CARNEGIE'S FORTUNE.

The Pittsburgh Iron-Maker's First Big Venture in Oil.

It is an interesting fact not generally known that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the big iron manufacturer, whose income was the subject of so much newspaper comment during the campaign, made his first big money in the oil business. The death, in Pittsburgh, of David A. Stewart, chairman of Carnegie Bros. & Co., suggests reference to the Columbus Oil Company, of which Mr. Stewart was treasurer and the active manager, and Mr. Carnegie one of the several stockholders. This company bought and operated the Story farm on Oil creek, between Titusville and Oil City, a history of which reads like a story of the Arabian Nights. It was the richest farm ever developed in the oil country, and from his interest in this farm Mr. Carnegie became comparatively a rich man. The farm was originally owned by William Story, who barely made a living from it prior to the discovery of petroleum. It consisted of 400 acres, and Mr. Story offered the place for \$4,500, one-third of which was to be in cash and the balance in three annual payments. He could find no purchaser until oil was struck on the creek, and then he sold it to Mr. Carnegie and his friends for \$35,000 cash. The Columbus Oil Company was organized to develop it May 1, 1861. Mr. Stewart was made treasurer and Mr. Carnegie one of the directors. The capital stock was \$250,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$25 each. The farm proved to be productive beyond all expectation, and in the entire history of the petroleum industry no other farm has approached it as an oil bonanza. The first year's output was 20,800 barrels, and the following year it was increased to 89,600. In two and a half years after the incorporation of the company dividends had been declared amounting to 130 per cent. on the capital stock. In 1864 the production of the farm increased to 141,508 barrels. During this year the average price of oil was \$9.874 per barrel. During the first six months of this year four dividends were declared, amounting to 100 per cent. on the capital stock. A month later the capital stock was increased to \$2,500,000, and a dividend of 5 per cent. on this amount was at once declared from the earnings of the farm. Before the close of the year five dividends were declared, making in all 25 per cent. on the increased stock. Ten years after the first well was struck on the property the production of the farm was 142,034 barrels for that year. In those ten years 1,715,972 barrels were produced, and the whole amount of its dividends were 401 per cent. on its capital stock. In a law suit in Erie in 1885, Mr. Stewart, treasurer of the company, testified that the Columbus Oil Company had sold oil from the farm to the value of between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Estimating the amount of oil produced by the farm since that time, the total output is placed by practical oil men between \$9,000,000 and \$10,000,000. Although the Story farm has been constantly operated for twenty-seven years it is still producing about 100 barrels a month. All the old original wells have been drained and abandoned some years ago, and the present production is from new wells drilled within the past few years. Hundreds of farms in the oil regions have yielded vast fortunes to their owners, but none of them have a record equal to this, and from this farm Mr. Carnegie received a start that has made him one of the money princes of the world.—Titusville (Pa.) Letter.

THE LATE COLOROW.

Characteristics of the Recently Deceased Chief of the White River Utes.

Since the "Ute war" fiasco of August, 1887, Colorow had been under military surveillance which chafed him, and added to his usual surlyness, but, undoubtedly, restrained him from annoying the people in the White River country. He was seventy-five years old.

Colorow would never scare. Many times his camp has been approached by cowboys, and he has listened to their threats without moving. Some two years ago he was camped near Elk Springs, and one evening a party of eleven armed men rode up to his camp and told the old chief he would have to move on. He listened to them in silence, and when they got through and waited for him to reply he deliberately stepped into his tepee, appeared again with a Winchester, and said he was ready to be moved. It is needless to say he was not moved.

Whenever in council with other chiefs he was always harping on the loss of his country, and the treachery of the other White River chiefs. Colorow was a good rifle shot. In fact, all of the old Indians are, as a rule, better shots than the younger ones. One time, while spending a few days at Ouray agency, the chief and head man had a little council. All the other Indians had secured their rations, and one large steer remained in the corral for distribution among the chiefs. The question of who should do the shooting came up, and it was left to Colorow, he being the oldest one present. The chiefs went to the corral in a body, and Colorow, studying the position of the steer, which was seventy-five yards distant, took a rifle from the hands of a bystander, and quicker than a flash, threw the gun into position, fired, and the animal dropped dead, struck squarely between the eyes.

His trade in pelts and furs amounted to thousands of dollars a year. The country was overrun with outlaws and outcasts of every description, and every depredation committed in the way of killing stock or stealing was laid to Colorow and his followers. The old chief actually thought he was looked upon by the settlers as the rightful owner of the country as he was humored in this whim by many to avoid tiresome talk.

He will probably be succeeded as chief by his son Gus, who possesses all the old man's daring, but lacks the lawless characteristics of his father. A Government scout said: "Colorow was cross, crabbed, mean, and always had a tremendous appetite. He was always hungry. He drank his share of firewater, too. Now that he has gone no one but his squaws and his tribe will mourn, and the Indian problem becomes a very simple one. If he were still alive and a younger man the Government would have great trouble, as Colorow's extreme age was all that prevented the Utes from committing many serious depredations in recent years."—N. Y. Sun.

TREATMENT OF CLERKS.

How Store-Keepers Can Reduce Their Expenses to More Modest.

With the trapper, the finer the fur the more enticing the bait, and the lighter will the dead-fall come upon it; in this respect most the employer follows his example: The more useful you think the young man will be to you, the more fascinating must be your inducements to procure his services.

When he is once in your trap, rule him down, so that having performed all your requirements, his bodily strength will be exhausted, and his brain intoxicated by business, so as to muddy the channel of thought, that to gather one clear idea would simply be impossible.

Here and now you will find to be the most convenient time and place to relate to him how many first-class clerks you could have hired for much lower wages than what you are to pay him. Never introduce him to a customer. In speaking of the clerk, give him a title, as the man, the boy, or the girl, as the case may be.

When you enter the store in the morning, never speak or recognize the clerks—to act otherwise, would be what some people would call being too sociable with the clerks.

When you reprove the clerk begin to bombard him with hard words and dark sayings. Do this all in the presence of a roomful of customers, for you need not feel afraid of losing custom, for a clerk never has any friends.

make one hundred per cent., and do this especially if he is working at panic wages.

N. B.—The main point in dealing with a clerk is to keep him humble. Never treat him as a man, as it is not wholesome for a clerk.

Do not allow your clerk to have one evening during the week to inform himself; no, not two hours a day, but take every moment of his time, and when he grows older you will have a grand piece of machinery, yes, a self-working tool.—Texas Siftings.

THE LATE COLOROW.

Characteristics of the Recently Deceased Chief of the White River Utes.

Since the "Ute war" fiasco of August, 1887, Colorow had been under military surveillance which chafed him, and added to his usual surlyness, but, undoubtedly, restrained him from annoying the people in the White River country. He was seventy-five years old.

Colorow would never scare. Many times his camp has been approached by cowboys, and he has listened to their threats without moving. Some two years ago he was camped near Elk Springs, and one evening a party of eleven armed men rode up to his camp and told the old chief he would have to move on. He listened to them in silence, and when they got through and waited for him to reply he deliberately stepped into his tepee, appeared again with a Winchester, and said he was ready to be moved. It is needless to say he was not moved.

Whenever in council with other chiefs he was always harping on the loss of his country, and the treachery of the other White River chiefs. Colorow was a good rifle shot. In fact, all of the old Indians are, as a rule, better shots than the younger ones. One time, while spending a few days at Ouray agency, the chief and head man had a little council. All the other Indians had secured their rations, and one large steer remained in the corral for distribution among the chiefs. The question of who should do the shooting came up, and it was left to Colorow, he being the oldest one present. The chiefs went to the corral in a body, and Colorow, studying the position of the steer, which was seventy-five yards distant, took a rifle from the hands of a bystander, and quicker than a flash, threw the gun into position, fired, and the animal dropped dead, struck squarely between the eyes.

His trade in pelts and furs amounted to thousands of dollars a year. The country was overrun with outlaws and outcasts of every description, and every depredation committed in the way of killing stock or stealing was laid to Colorow and his followers. The old chief actually thought he was looked upon by the settlers as the rightful owner of the country as he was humored in this whim by many to avoid tiresome talk.

He will probably be succeeded as chief by his son Gus, who possesses all the old man's daring, but lacks the lawless characteristics of his father. A Government scout said: "Colorow was cross, crabbed, mean, and always had a tremendous appetite. He was always hungry. He drank his share of firewater, too. Now that he has gone no one but his squaws and his tribe will mourn, and the Indian problem becomes a very simple one. If he were still alive and a younger man the Government would have great trouble, as Colorow's extreme age was all that prevented the Utes from committing many serious depredations in recent years."—N. Y. Sun.

SUNSHINE VALLEY.

A Glorious Region of Cloudless Skies and Even Temperature.

On the western slope of the continent the prevailing winds are from the west. These winds define and fix climatic conditions. They are freighted with moisture as they leave the surface of the Pacific Ocean and are wrung nearly dry by the rough grip of the Cascade summits. By the time the Blue Mountains have wrenched them there is very little moisture left to fall on the great valley of Snake river. Hence the moisture precipitated between the Blue and Rocky Mountains is remarkably little. There are no great bodies of water east of the Cascades to supply by evaporation what the winds have lost by the westward passage. Hence, so far as cloudless days and months are concerned, it is doubtful if there is a region in America that can count more of them in a year than this. It is almost perpetual sunshine.

But this is only one of the conditions of climate. The altitude and latitude of this valley are both factors that may not be forgotten. The center of the valley is 3,000 feet above the sea, and it is under the forty-fifth degree of north latitude. These facts, without modifying conditions, would give this region a rigorous climate. It would be rigorously cold in winter and rigorously hot in summer. But the mountain conditions, and so on in

ders midway of the valley for 500 miles, and large tributaries fresh from these icy fountains in the mountains pour crystalline floods athwart the plains into the greater river. Mountain ranges, whose summits are a hundred miles apart, enframe the valley on either hand, and their icy glaciers breathe coolness into the skies of August, and temper the nights of summer into the most restful slumber. They also hold back the borean blasts of winter, and give it a strange quietude and calmness. Rarely is the heat oppressive or injurious. So dry and so much rarer is the atmosphere than it is at the sea level or in the Willamette valley that a registry of 100 degrees here does not mean more oppressive heat than 80 degrees in Portland, or 20 degrees below zero more trying cold than zero here. To these marks the mercury very seldom rises or falls. So, taking it all in all, it does not appear strange that the people of this valley boast of nearly as much "climate" to the square mile as those of Southern California.—Boise City (Idaho) Letter.

VOLCANIC DUST CLOUDS.

How They Travel Westward Round the Globe.

It appears that this cloud of dust started immediately from Krakatoe for a series of voyages round the world. The highway which it at first pursued may, for our present purpose, be sufficiently defined by the tropic of Cancer and the tropic of Capricorn, though it hardly approached these margins as first. Westward the dust of Krakatoe takes its way. In three days it had crossed the Indian Ocean, and was rapidly flying over the heart of Equatorial Africa; for another couple of days it was making a transatlantic journey, and then it might be found for still a couple of days more over the forests of Brazil ere it commenced the great Pacific voyage, which brought it back to the East Indies. The dust of Krakatoe had put a girle round the earth in thirteen days. The shape of the cloud appears to have been elongated, so that it took two or three days to complete the passage over any stated place. When the dust cloud had regained the Straits of Sunda the eruption was all over, but the winds were still the same as before, and again the comminuted pumice sped on its impetuous career. The density of the cloud had, however, lessened. Doubtless much of the material was subsiding, and the remainder was becoming diffused over a wider area. Accordingly, we find that the track of the stream during this second revolution is somewhat wider than it was on the first, though mainly confined between the tropics. The speed with which the dust revolved was, however, unabated. Continents and oceans were again swept over with a velocity double that of an express train, and again the earth was surrounded within the fortnight. The dust cloud had now further widened its limits, but was still distinguishable, and with unlesened speed commenced for a third time to encircle the earth. The limits of the stream had spread themselves outside the tropics, though still falling short of Europe. There is no reason to think that there was any decline in the velocity of seventy-six miles per hour, but the gradual diffusion of the dust began to obliterate the indications by which its movements could be perceived, so that during and after the third circuit the phenomena became so confused that while their glory covered the earth the distinction between the successive returns had vanished. In November the area which contained the Krakatoe dust had sufficiently expanded from its original tropical limits to include Europe and the greater part of North America. During the winter months the suspended material gradually subsided, or, at all events, became enmeshed, and in the following spring the earth regained its normal state in so far as the Straits of Sunda are concerned.—Contemp. Review.

Notice is hereby given that I will examine all persons who may desire to offer themselves as candidates for teachers of the public schools of this county, at Red Cloud, on the third Saturday of each month.

EVA J. KING, County Sup't.

See 60 days.

THE CHIEF has decided to extend the time 60 days further before raising the price to \$1.50. Therefore, all those who wish to get the paper for \$1 should call in by the 15th of March at the latest, at which time we shall positively raise the price to \$1.50.

A. C. ROSENER, Prop.

Compel Wearing.

Mrs. M. R. Haines announces that she is prepared to wear carpets of all colors. Leave orders with C. Schaffnit, at Haines' old stand.

**LIGHTNING HAY KNIFE**  
WE LEAD!  
THE BEST MATERIALS  
THE HIRSH HOLT COMPANY, East Windsor, Ill.

**GREAT BARGAINS!**  
GOODS SOLD CHEAPER THAN EVER AT  
**Mrs. F. Newhouse,**

I have a choice line of Dress Goods with trimmings to match, Buttons, Velvets, Flannels, Hoods, Toboggans, Hamburgs, Laces, all kinds of White Frimmings, Hosiery, Gloves Mittens, Ladies Underwear, Yarns, Silk Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains. All of the above will be sold out at the very Lowest Figures.

**C. SCHENCK,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO  
**FARM LOANS**  
Collections, Taxes Paid, &c.  
Office with the County Judge, Moon Block  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

**GUMP & WARNER,**  
REAL ESTATE & LOAN BROKERS  
Call and examine our bargains. Correspondence solicited.  
**GUMP & WARNER.**  
Opera House Block Red Cloud

**HACKER & PARKER,**  
**THE GROCERS**  
Keep the finest line of  
**Teas and Coffees**  
In the city of Red Cloud.

**THE TRALERS LUMBER CO.**  
—WILL MAKE—  
**FLOURS,**  
POSITIVELY  
Lower than any yard in the world

R. V. SHRYVE, Pres. HENRY CLARK, Vice-Pres. J. M. R. SHRYVE, Cashier  
HOWARD R. CATHEN, Assistant Cashier  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK,**  
Red Cloud, Nebraska.  
CAPITAL, - \$75,000  
Transact a general banking business, buy and sell county warrants, also county, precinct and school district bonds. Buy and sell foreign exchange.  
**DIRECTORS:**  
Jas. McHenry, J. A. Talley, G. W. Lindsay, R. V. Shryve,  
John R. Shryve, R. F. Hightland,  
Henry Curtis, A. J. Kenney.