

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF



Vol. 16.

RED CLOUD, WEBSTER COUNTY, NEB., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1889.

No. 32.

Nursery Stock

L. H. Rust says to send in your orders for Nursery stock at once if you want it at Bed Rock Prices.

L. H. RUST, Red Cloud.

F. V. TAYLOR,
KEEPS THE FINEST LINE OF

Furniture!

In the city at prices that all can afford to buy if in want of an thing in his line.

Opposite First National Bank, Red Cloud.

Spring is Coming!

AND C. L. COTTING, IS Putting in a large stock of

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Window Shades, Paints, Oils, Kalsomine, and everything needed for Cleaning. Be sure and see my stock before you purchase.

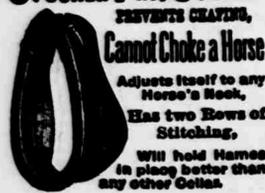
METROPOLITAN LIVERY, FEED, & SALE STABLE.

Morhart & Fulton's Old Stand, Webster St., Red Cloud, Neb.

HENDERSON BROS., Props.

Fine rigs, good horses, board by day or week. Your patronage solicited. Don't forget the place, east side of Webster street, Red Cloud.

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Harness Goods!

Team Harness, per set, \$20, \$24, \$26, \$28, \$30, \$32, \$34 and \$40. A full line of Single and Double Driving Harness at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES. It will pay you to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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HENRY COOK

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines
Paints, Oils, Varnish, Stationery, Books, Etc.

AT THE BOX-OFFICE.

Duplicates on Exhibition in Every City on Matinee Afternoons.

There were three of them, and each wore a tailor-made suit and a half-masted carnation. They came hurrying and skurrying up to the ticket-seller's window, and he shut his teeth firmly together and braced himself against a pillar for what he knew was coming.

"Are there any good seats left for the matinee?" asked one of them.

"Yes'm. Here are three—"

"Oh, mercy! We don't want to sit there—do we, girls?"

"Oh, no!"

"Of course not. Here: We want to sit about here."

"Those seats are all sold."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"Isn't it, though?"

"How'd you like a front balcony seat, Katie?"

"Oh, I'd rather be down stairs."

"We could see everybody come in from the balcony."

"That's so; but then—there! Are those three seats sold?"

"Yes'm."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"Isn't it, though?"

"I just think it's mean."

"I can give you those three seats, miss."

"Oh, they're too near the stage. Aren't they, girls?"

"Yes, indeed. I'd rather be too far back than too near."

"Wish we could have a box."

"Wish we could."

"Here's three seats, miss."

"Oh, I don't believe we could half see from there."

"Well, we must have seats where we can see, for the dresses are lovely, they say."

"I know. Maude Billings and I had those seats last Saturday afternoon. They're lovely seats."

"I like to sit about ten rows back."

"Do you? I like to be a little nearer than that."

"Oh, I don't mind being a row or two nearer, either; but if one gets too near—There's three lovely seats all by themselves. Are they taken?"

"Yes'm."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"Isn't it, though?"

"Supposing we do try the balcony?"

"Well, I don't care."

"You willing, Maude?"

"Oh, I don't care."

"All right; give us three good front-row balcony seats."

"Be sure and give us good ones."

"Yes; right in the center of—"

"The first and second rows in the balcony are all sold, miss."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

"Isn't it, though?"

"It's so provoking!"

"Well, what are the next very best seats you have?"

"Those three right—"

"Oh, those are horrid!"

"I don't want to sit there."

"Supposing we go around and see the 'Queen's Mate'?"

"All right; supposing we do."

And away they go, to the combined delight and disgust of the waiting crowd behind them.—Time.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Its Members concede that it Does Not Pay to Be Strictly Honest.

"Dorin' de past fortnight," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened, "I hev received scores of letters expressin' heart-felt sympathy wid my misfortunes an' breathin' good wishes fur de facher of dis club. I wish to return my thanks to all sich, an' to add dat I am e-namored as good as new agin."

After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and other routine business Brother Gardner stated that he had been asked to secure an expression of opinion on the question: "Does It Pay to Be Strictly Honest?" He would call upon Sir Isaac Waipole, as the oldest member, first.

"I war in hopes dat queshtun would nebber cum up in dis club," said the old veteran, in reply. "It ar' a queshtun which has caused me many sleepless nights, an' which I hev nebber bin able to settle to my own satisfakshun. On one occasion I found a wallet in de road. It contained \$30, an' when I restored it to de owner he handed me all de money an' thanked me besides. On several other occasions I hev found wallets and spent \$5 worth of time huntin' up de owner an' bin rewarded wid ten cents. A grocer once gin me a \$10 bill fur a \$1. I handed it back an' he gev me half a pound of tea. De very next week I gev him a \$5 bill fur a \$2, an' he kept it an' swore dat I was a liar."

"If I buy meat the butcher works me or less bone in on me," continued the old man. "If I buy wood or coal it ar' alius a little short. I expect de dry-good man to cheat more or less, an' de hatter an' shoem-ker don't alius stick to facts. If I war strictly honest I reckon I should land in de poor-house in about a year. I don't advise no one to be dishonest, but it ar' my finished the four of the wrong one he goes away, to return again a week

ning around de streets he should be taken home and tied up to de bed-post until some one advertises a liberal reward an' no queshtun axed."

Waydown Bebee then spoke as follows:

"Dar' was a time when I was so strictly honest dat ober fifty of the nayburs' chickens used to roost in my back yard o' nights. At de same time dem nayburs borrow'd money of me an' dun forgot to pay it back, an' if I left a spade out doahs ober night it was gone in de mornin'. If I owed a debt I ached to go an' wake de man up at midnight an' pay him. If I found half a dozen lead nickels in my change, I melted 'em up for bullets to shoot cats. If I diskivered ten cents on de sash in de post-office I handed it to de postmaster. I practiced dis course fur over five long years, an' dorin' dat time I not only run behind \$1,000, but I heard myself spoken of on all sides as a greenhorn, a pancake an' an idiot. I finally decided to change. In five years I has picked up ober \$2,000, am out of debt an' grocers and butchers send to my house an' solicit my trade. When you ax me if it pays to be strictly honest I mus' reply dat it don't—not by a jug-full!"

Elder Toots was then called upon, and he said:

"If dar' am any one pesson in Detroit who has had chicken fur dinner any oftener dan I hev I should like to see his photograph, an' yit whar' am de pesson who dare stan' up an' say I steal chickens! I used to be strictly honest. If I found a cent in de road I went whoopin' up an' down to find an owner. If a \$25 lost dog crept under my house to be taken keer of until advertised I drove him out an' let de man next doah get de money. I not only paid the house rent on the day it was due, but made all repairs out of my own pocket. I run right down hill, an' by an' by I woke up to find de ole woman out of 'taters, flour, meat, sugar, tea and every thing else 'cept Rough on Rats an' two bars o' soap, while my toes war out in January weather. On dat same mornin' as I was gwine down town, I heard one man say to another: 'Say, Jim, see dat pesson? He ar' de fool nigger of Detroit. If he had a quarter wid a hole in it he would frow it in de ribber fur a millionary.' Dat sot me to thinkin'. Dat very night I stole a lot of wood, three chickens, a bag o' 'taters an' a pair of butes, an' I hev prospered ober since. I specks it will be a little harder on me when I cum to de gates of Heaven, but I am doin' powerfully well down yere below an' increasin' my fat ebbery day."

Whalebone Howker, being asked for his experience, gave it as follows:

"I was de honestest man in Detroit until a merchant sold me two cotton undershirts fur all wool, an' one of his cash boys beat me outer twenty cents de change. On dat same day my pound of coffee was short an ounce an' a half, a peddler gin my wife a lead dollar, an' de landlird lied me out of a week's rent. De worm turned, I sat down an' counted up dat I started life wid fo' hundred dollars an' had been reduced to about sixteen. I went out dat night an' stole a bar'l of salt fur a grocer, an' befo' ten o'clock next day dat werry man had trusted me fur fo' pounds of brown sugar—a thing he had refused to do a thousand times befo'!"

From dat date I have steadily gone up hill, an' to-day I wouldn't surrender my property fur less than three thousand dollars."

Shindig Watkins, Pernambuco Johnson, Three-Fry Davis and Perforated Jones, all spoke to the same point, declaring dat strict honesty was de highway to de poor-house, and Brother Gardner then said:

"I ar' not a bit surprised. My own experience fur de las' fo' ty years has taught me dat de pesson who starts out to be strictly honest won't have 'taters on his table haf de time. I don't counsel a man to be dishonest—fur from it. I ar' down on a rogue first an' last an' all de time. But what I advise is a course lyin' between stealin' a red hot stove an' bustin' a street kyar out of a ride. If I go to de grocery and pay cash down, dat grocer has no funder use fer me. If I git trusted he keeps track of me an' 's anxious about my health and prospects. If I git trusted fur thirty days, I kin stand him off thirty mo', and he is just as ready to wait on me an' deliver my goods as if I paid spot cash. Somebody stole my dog. I've got to git ober or I've no much de poorer. A merchant charges me fur all wool an' it turns out to be half cotton. I've got to ebea up somehow. If I pay \$2 fur shoes which gin me only \$1 worth of war, I mus' make up dat loss or I can't hold my own. As a matter of sentiment an' principle honesty ar' de best policy. As a matter of fact an' daily practice it don't amount to shucks. We will now adjourn, an' de janitor will check each member as he goes out an' see if he is hookin' de candies."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fine Moral Distinction.

looked up from the morning paper, "they have begun to make maple sugar in Vermont already."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, with ready comprehension. "Those maple sugar bricks left over from last year are down cellar. I'll have them sand-papered and put in the front window to-morrow morning."

"Have you the same sign you had last year to stick up in the box?"

"Yes. It reads 'Fresh from Vermont. Strictly pure.'"

"You may use that sign again, James. I don't think it would be exactly right to paint a new one with that inscription."—Chicago Tribune.

—The late Mrs. Jay Gould was a very gentle woman, whose chief liking was for children and flowers. In late years she spent much time in her conservatories. Mr. Gould built them for her at a cost of half a million dollars. The Gould tomb is on the highest mound in Woodlawn, and as seen from afar brings to mind the Parthenon at Athens, though, as a matter of fact, it is architecturally unlike what a copy of that temple would be. Mrs. Gould selected the site, and her husband paid \$50,000 for the ground.

A GOOD DIGESTION.

How many of you have ever connected cheerfulness and merriment at meal times with a good digestion? And yet, not even good cookery has a more pronounced effect on the digestive organs than happy thoughts and pleasant speeches while at the table. This is strongly exemplified among my friends, the Quinlys. There never was a more jolly, or a more healthy family. Happiness and health beam in every countenance from ruddy-faced Mr. Quinly who seems a sort of personified chuckle, to the crowing, dimpled, year-old baby, Toddlers. A meal at their house is an episode never to be forgotten—the merry quips, the bad puns, which seem the funnier the worse they are, the general air of contentment and good nature, make an impression not easily removed. Five sons and five daughters, and all as harmonious as birds in a nest. I was going to say, but any one who has watched a nest full of struggling, pushing birds, each trying to get the first worm, will agree with me that the author of "Birds in their little nests agree," is not to be commended either for his knowledge of natural history or his veracity.

At the house, by mutual consent every unpleasant subject seems to be dropped out of sight and mind during meals, and although nothing better than a "dinner of herbs" frequently graces their board, there is always "contentment therewith." No worries are ever discussed at such times. Even a dish that has suffered at the hands of stupid Gretchen, instead of being greeted with frowns and ill-natured criticism, becomes a theme for fresh jollity.

But what a different atmosphere at the Rawleys. Mr. R.—bemoans his losses, his expenses or his debts, scolds his sons, nags his daughters and complains of the food. Mrs. R.—, who doesn't believe in letting "a man have every thing his own way," laments that her house is smaller and her furniture shabbier than that of the Smiths who live across the way. She discusses the shortcomings of her servants and the disobedience of her children, and the children, not to be behind-hand, indulge in many a side squabble.

"Breakfast," says Leigh Hunt, "is a fore-rite of the whole day. Many a meal that has every other means of enjoyment, is turned to bitterness by unwilling, discordant looks, perhaps to the great misery of some person present who would give and receive happiness if at any other table."

I do not wish to bore you by going into the medical science of a fact with which any physician will acquaint you, namely, that cheerfulness during a meal promotes digestion. You can prove or disprove it for yourself by simply trying it for a season. If you have been used to feeding faint with your wife's cooking, try preparing it by way of a change, and note the result.

—Alice Childenden, in Bazar New Yorker.

It is no use to fret about the inevitable, but sometimes it helps one to pass away the time—Chicago Tribune.

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Formerly owned by Fred Winton, will sell you Furniture of all kinds, at very low figures. Call and him.

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