EDITORIAL NOTES.

President Harrison's cabinet is considered extra good, and made up of solid timber.

The "bold melish" of Nebraska has had an appropriation of $20,000 given in by the state legislature and we presume that they are happy.

Wonder how much "Bones" the bibulous manager of the "weakly thing" gets for writing up his heavy articles on the bridge business as political thunder? If the managers of that quadruped outfit could see themselves as others see them they would crawl off somewhere and crack their softheads against a post. Their efforts in that line are decidedly silly.

German newspapers do not regard President Harrison's inaugural with friendly feeling. That is but natural. They understand full well what Harrison's utterances mean and that the period of fooling with Uncle Sam has come to an end. But it makes little difference how foreign governments feel; the people on this side the water are satisfied —Lincoln Journal.

The city council should not fail to make arrangements to get another city pump for the water works. It is an absolute necessity that the city be provided with two pumps. Suppose at any time that the present one should be disabled, which is probable, what kind of a condition would our people be left in, in case of fire? This should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. It is an absolute necessity.

"What a gathering of the faithful" that will be at Washington now that President Harrison has been sworn in as president. Every mother's son who has ever voted the republican ticket will want office, and especially the Big 8 outfit from the devil up to the chief mogul of that unholy combine. They are after it hot and heavy. They want the post-office. they want the county offices, they want the city offices, and in fact, they are a hungry set of office seekers.

'Tis Harrison.

On last Monday at noon Benj. Harrison of Indiana, was properly inducted into the presidential chair for the next four years, and Grover Cleveland stepped down and out. With this condition of affairs it is hoped that with President Harrison in the chair, better times will come to the people, as under the former administration of misrule the people played shy of enterprises fearing that democracy by their free trade theories would knock the bottom out of business in the country, hence, the hard times. We now look for better things.

Here is the List of Cabinet Officers.

WASHINGTON, March 5,—President Harrison to-day sent to the senate the following nominations:

Secretary of state—James. G. Blaine of Maine

Secretary or the treasury—Wm. Windom of Minnesota.

Secretary of war—Redfield Procter of Vermont.

Secretary of navy—Benjamin. F. Tracey of New York.

Secretary of the interior—John. W. Noble of Missouri.

Postmaster general—John Wanamaker of Pennsylvania.

Attorney general—W. H. H. Miller of Indiana.

Secretary of agriculture—Jeremah Rusk of Wisconsin.

COWLES.

Ed Paul is on the sick list.

Shool closes this week.

A. A. Peak returned last Monday from a trip to Omaha.

Mr. George Hilton and family were visiting in Cowles this week.

Mrs. Hilton's health is improving.

C. W. Fuller started to Omaha last Monday.

A. A. Peak moved this week in the Wells' house.

Fuller & Good have put in a stock of groceries at the post office.

Miss Addie Hayes is at home, her school having closed last Friday.

J. D. Schenck has moved in the France house.

O. B. Wells was visiting here last week.

J. K. Best returned from the east last Sunday bringing his mother with him. She is in her 85th year.

D. R. Schenck of Red Cloud was in Cowles last Wednesday

AMERICAN.

Gone Way Down.

Adam Morhart, our popular hardware dealer, says now that the republicans are in power again he has determined to knock the bottom out of barb wire and from this date will sell painted barb wire for $3.75 and galvanized for $4.25, and will throw in one pound of staples with every 100 pounds of wire. This is the cheapest that barb wire has ever been sold in Red Cloud.

Written for THE CHIEF.

The Dying Scab.

BY REV. W. S. FALKENBURG.

"Steady there, stranger friend, steady there: please,
Open the door, so the passing breeze,
Sweeping the hall-way, will fan this pale face;
For this is a fearfully sweltering place."
"Scab?" Yes, my friend, but I'll tell you what's true,
For braver men search you the wide world through
No man pulls a throttle, or mounts a cab,
With a braver heart than this dying scab.

"Fatal?" Yes; h-sh see, he opens his eyes;
And steadily looks to'rds the far stretching sky,
Opens his lips as to speak—but a sigh
Comes from the lips that are white and dry.
Heavens! What spasms, for Jesus dear sake
Oh! God, this poor soul in thy mercy take,
Heavens door open, and let him come in,
Safe from the crash of the wreck, and from sin.

"How came it?" I'll tell you, please step this way.
D'ye know Jim Shephard? Well, the other day
He struck. Yes he run on number 'leven.
Well, he left her, I think it was seven
Who swore that no scab by night or by day,
Should run any train on the track that way,
Well, matters got worse by day and by night
And that dying man has come of the fight.
That man lying there was put on Jim's run,
When a terrible fight against him begun.
The strikers they swore, that for him they'd lay,
And teach him a lesson, some not distant day.

"A few months rolled by, when Jim's toddlin' boy,
And his pretty wife, in a transport of joy.
Boarded the train for a trip to the west,
That place of all others, the sweetest and best.
She was going home for the Christmas tide;
She was going home where love only bides,
To pillow her head on her mother's breast;
To mingle in gladness with all of the rest,
To dream of the pleasures, Ah! gone for aye;
To wonder if pleasures e'er came to stay.

"Say Don" (the scabs name) the fireman said,
"The strikers are going to paint our train red.
"They'll have to be quick" said Don with a smile,
For I'm going to pull out in a mighty short while."
"All aboard," and the bell gave a dismal toll,
While the train from the depot began to roll,
Don drew the throttle, the hissing steam,
Eddied and whirled in a cyclonic stream,
While the tempest of sparks, like falling stars,
Darted athwart the arresters bars.
Like thunder it crossed the narrow bridge,
Then nosed the crest of a shadowy ridge,
Despoiling the leaves of their dewy dress,
Whirling away, went the night express.

"Don," said the fireman, "d'ye know who's aboard?
Sim Sheppards wife, and his little Rhode."
'What if—" but Don bit his lips; and the rest
Of the sentence was quickly suppressed.
But the fireman noticed the flash of Don's eye
As he counted the posts that hurried by.

* * * * *

"Jump pard!" cried Don, as with Samsonic hand,
Reversing his engine, he braced to stand,
And, gripping the throttle he sent all the steam
To the cylinder chests in a bellowing stream,
And looking in front, beyond a sharp bend,
On the track, saw some cross ties, lay end to end,
The very spot that some devilish fiend
Would choose as a place to wreck a train,
To rob, or to murder, no matter what pain.

The fireman jumped, and the train hurried by
But Don gripped the lever, determined to die
Before he'd forsake his responsible place,
Ten rods to the cross-ties, perhaps a less space,
Was reached in an instant, a cry rent the air
As Don prayed, "Oh! God, for Jim's loved ones care,
And—" crash! and poor Don, ever true to the last,
'Mid the wreck of the train was pinioned fast.
The engine plunged through the quick yielding bridge,
The tender on top like a monstrous wedge,
While the mail car hung o'er the slippery bank,
Telescoped into the water tank.

Confusion reigned in the passenger cars,
While moments stretched out to a thousand hours.
Startled at first, in an instant of space,
Each looked in dismay at the others white face.
The eye telling most what the freightened heart said,
Of the living and saved, or the dying and dead,
As with one concept each sprang for the door,
But e'er it was reached, the crashing was o'er,
The lamps flickered out, while the cars took fire,
And the pine-fed flames rose higher and higher,
At length out of danger, each passenger stood,
Out of harms cruel way, 'mid the thankful crowd.

What of Don Botkin, 'mid the stifling fumes
Of the hissing steam, in a burning tomb,
In an unconcious state, beneath the wreck lay,
And knew nought that passed, 'till some one said, "say,"
And opening his eyes, saw the gleam of a knife,
As some one cut to him, to give him fresh life,
At length from the wreck, he was drawn by the men
Bleeding, it seemed from every vein.
His face looked unearthly, the coal and the gore
Clotting his clothes and his whiskers o'er,
Shapeless his body, his spirit seemed fled,
As we gently laid him upon a clean bed.

"Hours had passed, and we thought him dead.
The house, it was quiet, no noise but the tread
Of his faithful nurse, who came to his side,
Wondering if braver men ever died.
Stopping an instant to touch his pale face,
Noticed, he thought, the slightest trace
Of reason regaining its long lost throne,
When the murderous work at the bridge was done.
The eyes opened wide, then partially closed.
His face changed from death-like to sweetest repose:
The color came back to his ashen cheek.
He opened his lips, and began to speak.

"Say nurse, th-he wre-wreck wa-was at n-number s-sev-en,
I 'v-vers-d th-the lev-r of numb-r s-sev-en,
An-and (wa-water pl-please) pl-pledg-d my worth less li-life,
If-f n need-be, t-to sa-save J-im's pret-ty wi-wife.
I-m go-goin to d-die nurse. I n-know, I-n-know
Th-they'-ll p-ut th-this m-mash-d bod-body under the sn snow.
But-a-heart-like mine, i-it can-n ne-v-er d-die,
H-he'll ta-take it t-to him, to th-the wor-world up on hi-high.
Te-ll J-Jim th-that to-s-sav-e him his b-boy, an-d his wife,
I g-ga-ve up my love-d, an' 'sides th-that, my life.
I ne'er for re-venge, woul-d a tr-tuo fr-friendship stab.
I hope he'll re-mem ber, Don Bot-kin, th-the se-scab.

* * * * *

The nurse ceased his story, while child-like he cried,
Then hurried back to the dying man's side,
And I, with quick step, to my own happy home,
Hastened along in the evenings gloom.

The soul of Don Bodkin the scab, passed away
And his body prepared for the funeral day,
From far and from near, the people came
To look on the face of this traitor to man.
And tears trickled fast, as the deed was told,
How he spilt his blood for two happy souls,
And they too, the joy of an enimies life,
Jim Shephard's sweet boy, and his sweeter wife.
No crape hung more dense, than on Jim Shephard's door;
No coffin more covered with tears, o'er and o'er;
No grave kept more clean, 'till summers end,
Jim Shephard kept green the grave of his friend.

The sweet blue-eyed lass, whom Don Botkin had swore,
He would marry at spring-time, and love, and adore,
Pined away like a dove for its missing mate,
And at last passed away through the pearly gate.
A white marble shaft marks the silent grave,
Where, side by side, sleeps the lovely and brave,
Sweet flowers in beauty, and fragrance, entwine
Their loviest blossoms with sweet scented vines.
But, the oder of flowers, can never compare,
With the perfume of love, that lingers 'mid air
While the tears start and flow, as passers-by see,
On the slab, this sweet motto—"This man died for me."

Widows' Rights in Law.

There is a law, I believe, that ought to be made of far more importance to the people of the state than most of our legislators are aware of.

It is for equal justice to husband and wife. For instance, if the husband dies, the widow receives a certain legal share of the estate, if any. If the wife dies, the husband holds all of the estate, as though the wife was living. Now, the right way would be for the widow to hold and control the property, if any, the same as the husband does after the death of the wife thereby saving fees and other expenses of administering on the estate, and eating up what little might be left.

The widow's children are as dear to her, and more so, nine times in ten, than they are to the father of them. Some say the widow may marry again, but so may the father. Make a law for widows to hold property, to buy and sell the same, and to transact all business the same as though the husband lived, and the wife was dead. Why not? Yours truly, I. M. HILL.

It is undeniably a fact that a widow may be seriously inconvenienced by the existing law and that the property of orphans may suffer detriment through it. Of course if a widow is made administratrix of this property the objections are lessened. But the question is whether it would not be more beneficial to insist up on a proportionate provision for the children in the event of the wife's death.

In most states of the union a husband is not allowed to sign away property with out the legal consent of his wife. The law thus allows and all fair-minded persons must allow that the wife is pratically the business partner of a man and that her labors have an appreciable value as well as his. She is, in short, the joint creature of fortune. The man would continue to administer the estates, but would not be permitted to dissipate them. This might not be practical and is but a suggestion on the part of the Herald.

A New Jersey judge has driven an entering wedge into one of the most absurd inconsistencies of legal practice by refusing to allow a juror to be challenged upon the ground that he had read newspaper comments upon the case at issue. Lawyers have long acted upon the theory that a few lines in a newspaper would so convince the reader, that all the subtleties of legal argument, all possible evidence and the clearest provisions of the law would be insufficient to undo its work. Through a high endorsment of the influence of the press, the effect of this theory has been to bar from the jury box every intelligent man, for it is only men devoid of intelligence who fail to read the newspapers.—Gage County Democrat.

The following excellent advice is rattled off by an observant exchange: "Hello! You farmer did you save your seed corn last fall? Have you got your grain marketed, your plow sharpened, your harrow in shape, your manure hauled out, your fences repaired, your corn stalks broken, your milling done, your seed wheat cleaned, your harness mended, and your horses fat? If you have you are ready for spring if not, you had better hustle yourself. Have everything ready to go to work when the ground thaws out. Then get your small grain in the ground, not on top. Plow your corn ground deep and plant your corn the first week in first week in June, that's too late. Never cultivate your corn less than three times over; five times is better than less. The key to success in farming is to have good seed, plow and plant early and deep, get ahead by getting ready, stay ahead by early rising and staying with the work and not on the road to and from town and in town. Make your credit good and keep it good by a strict attention to business. Follow the above advice and we venture the assertion that you will respect yourself, you will win the respect of your neighbors, and your success will command the respect of business men and the world at large.—Ex.

Assessors Meeting.

As required by law all assessors are required to meet at the county clerk's office on Tuesday the 19th day of March 1889 at which time they will receive books and blanks for their use.

Red Cloud, March 4th 1889.

32-2 J. H. BAILEY.

School report of Dist. 41, Logan, Kan., for tho month ending Feb. 22.

No. not absent during the month, Marquis Merrill. No. not tardy, Marquis Merrill Emma Wittiver, Guy Merrill, Euginia Andrus, Cliff Saunders. Chas. Brown. George Wittiver, Frank Wittiver, Eva Hilton. Patrons are invited to visit the school.

LIDA HUFFMAN, Teacher.

To Trade For a Cow.

A new sewing machine. Inquire of MRS. WM. FRIEND.

Answers to Correspondents.

Catherton, March 4th, 1889.—Isn't H. B. Simmons trying to kill two birds with one stone in his canvass for the big 8? Isn't he really trying to work up his claim for sheriff and throwing in his labor for the alleged newspaper? Isn't he actually the big 8's candidate? PLOWBOY.

We give it up further than that we understand that it takes all he gets to pay his expenses. As to his candidacy for sheriff, he is wasting time if he is engaged in that business. As to being their candidate we should say that he is about their size.

Inavale, Neb, March 2nd.—What day of the month does Easter come on this year? EGG SUCKER.

We don't know eggsactly, but think it is on Sunday, April 21st.

Cowles, Neb., March 5th.—Please answer for us in order to decide a bet, how much vice president Morton's salary is per annum. POLITICIAN.

The vice president receives $10,000 per year.

St. Patricks Ball.

There will be a grand masquerade ball on Friday evening, March 15, under the auspices of the Red Cloud fire department, to which all are cordially invited to attend.

How Very Unkind.

Mention the subject of twins calls to mind the fact that Metzger of the Octopus is a twin, but unfortunately for this community the boy died.—Argus.

Shoot that $10,000 real estate deal.

Henry Cook was in Lincoln this week.

A slight change in the weather last night.

Miss Minnie Taylor, formerly of this city is in Red Cloud.

Superior Cattle Co. of Superior drove 350 head of 2 year old steers through town to-day.

Fritz Birkner will soon occupy the Featherly building where it is stated he will open a stock of clothing.

Our people should cooperate with Nelson in securing railroads from that place to Red Cloud. A good chance is open.

Moved to the center store room in the Moon block. Calll and see us. The Western & Southern Mercantile Association.

When in Red Cloud call at the furniture store of F. V. Taylor, opposite the F. N. Bank, and pick you out a fine kitchen or parlor suit.

On the inside of to-days paper will be found a complete report of the inauguration of President Harrison with illustrations of Harrison & Morton.

Harry Conover who recently went to braking on the B & M. got his thumb and index finger smashed Thursday night between the bumpers while coupling.

The case of the Red Cloud National bank vs. J. T. Emigh was on trial in the county court this week. Judge Sweezy took the case under advisement until Monday.

The Congregational Home Missionary society of Nebraska will hold a convention at the Congregational church of this city next Thursday afternoon and evening, conducted by Rev. J. L. Naile of Omaha. Addresses by noted speakers in the evening.

The report of the condition of the First National bank in another column is certainly a pleasure to the friends of that stanch banking institution. The business under the present management grows steadily day by day and has surprised the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. THE CHEIF can fully recommend the First National bank as the most solid institution of the land in Southern Nebraska.

My post-bellum friend in this week's Democrat refers to my letter in THE CHIEF of two weeks ago by saying "we can think of no movement in selecting a post-master that would engender so much of disatisfactions and feeling as the plan proposed, as the matter of locating the office would enter the contest as a means of support to the particular candidate" will my friend say there is nothing of that kind in the present contest? He says another reason "ambitious mond candidates would or might use money to buy their way into the office hoping to be recouped by locating the office. Does my friend for a moment think that those influences are dormant at present and would only arise if the people had a right to speak, he goes on "thereby creating a local government of plutocracy, and we regard plutocracy as the most sordid form of political energy known to us; its code and its motive, it is infinitely corrupting to all the institutions which ought to preserve and protect society socially." As I left the school room at the age of 17 for the army, and my chances since I came home for an education owing partly to party conventions have been entirely barren, I will admit that the word (plutocracy) staggered me somewhat but after some research I find that "Pluto" was the God of the infernal regions and that "cracy" meams to be strong, to rule. Hence I infer that "Plutocracy" means to be ruled by the old gentleman who is supposed to have charge of that tropicle clime. My innate sense of justice will cause me reluctantly to admit that as a judge of a plutocracy, I know of no person better qualified than an editor of a democratic paper to define "plutocracy." It appears to me that in Ark. Miss., Louisiana, South Carliona and other southern states that there is and has been for the last four years strong indications of plutocrsey. In conclusion has thereor can there be any reason advanced why any member of the party however humble he may be should not have a right to be heard equally with our greatest member. Yours in favor of fair play.

OLIVER R. DOWNS.

For Sale.

A good farm horse to sell on time. Inquire at this office. 32-tf

Ice! Ice!! Ice!!!

P. Barkley has a 1000 tons of PURE RIVER ice put up for the trade during the heated months, and is bound to dispose of it, and has therefore knocked the bottom out of high prices by putting the price down to 25 cents per hundred pounds. Give him your order. Remember that it is no tainted creek ice but pure river ice. P. BARKLEY.

Gasoline and Coal Oil.

Curt Evans, our tank line man, is doing a fine business in that line now. Curt is doing his best to please his costomers by selling only the best high test goods. He insures satisfaction to all patrons and THE CHIEF wishes him success and prosperity.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued by L. H. Fort, clerk of the district court in and for Webster county Nebraska in an action pending in said court wherein The Red Cloud National Bank is plaintiff and Thad Arnold and W. A. McKeighan are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue for cash in hand to the highest bidder at the east door of the court house in Red Cloud, Webster county Nebraska (that being the place where the last term of said court was holden) on the 8th day of April 1889 at 2 o'clock p. m. the following described property to-wit: The north east ¼ of section 2, town 3, range 10, west, and the south-east ¼, section 2, town 3, range 10, west all in Webster county, Nebraska as the property of Thad Arnold, defendant

Given under my hand this 7th day of March, 1889.

H. C. SCOTT, Sheriff.

Kaley Bros, Plaintiff's Atty. 32-4t

[Legal Notice.

In the district court of Webster county Nebraska. ss

Robert K. Orchard
vs
Leah Orchard

Leat Orchard the defendant in the above entitled action will take notice that on the 28th day of February A. D. 1889, the plaintiff herein filed his petition in the district court of Webster county and state of Nebraska, against you the said Leah Orchard the said defendant herein charging you with being the legal wife of the plaintiff, Robert K. Orchard, and also charging you with having deserted him for more than two years last past, the object and prayer of said petition being to obtain an absolute decree of divorce from you the said defendant Leat Orchard and for such other and further relief as equity and good conscience may suggest.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of April, 1889.

Dated Red Cloud Nebraska, February, 28th 1889.

ROBERT K. ORCHARD.

Case & McNeny, Atty's. 31-4t

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued by L. H. Fort, clerk of the district court in and for Webster county Nebraska, in an action pending in said court, wherein Joseph Graves is plaintiff and W. A. McKeighan and Thad Arnold are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue for cash in hand to the highest bidder at the east door of the court house in Red Cloud Webster county Nebraska, (that being the place where the last term of court was holden) on the 8th day of April 1889, at one (1) o'clock p. m., the following described property to-wit: The north-east ¼ of section two (2) town three (3) range ten (10) all in Webster county Nebraska, as the property of Thad Arnold defendant.

Given under my hand this 7th day of March, 1889.

H. C. SCOTT, Sheriff.

G. R. Chaney, Plaintiff's Att'y. 32-4t

2811.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank.

AT RED CLOUD,

In the State of Nebraska, at the close of business, February 26, 1889.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 140,895 11
Overdrafts		2,220 00
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		18,750 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages		707 00
Due from approved reserve agents	$16,207.73	17,691.45
Due from other National Banks	1,083.72	
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		12,560 21
Current expenses and taxes paid		1,727 28
Premiums paid		1,267 28
Checks and other cash items	409 05	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	9 58	6,442 01
Specie	3,308 00	
Legal tender notes	2,632 00	
Redemption fund with U. S. treas (5 per cent. of circulation)		843 25
Total		$202,109 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 75,000 00
Surplus fund		8,000 00
Undivided profits		5,494 00
National Bank notes outstanding		16,875 00
Individual deposits subject to check	97,874 70	
Demand certificates deposit	16,857 79	114,732 49
Due to state banks and bankers	88	
Notes and bills re-discounted		15,800 00
Total		202,109 00

State of Nebraska, County of Webster, ss

I, Jno. R. Shivvy, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JNO. R. SHIVVY, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of March 1889. O. C. CASE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: A. J. KENNEY, J. A. TULLETS, R. V. SHIRBY, } Directors

PROBATE NOTICE.

County court, Webster county, Nebraska. In the matter of guardianship of minor heirs of Frank Kent, deceased, upon the verified petition of Ellen J. Kent, representing among other things that James M. Kent, Roy Kent and Louis Kent of said county, have an estate in this state and are minors under fourteen years of age. That the petitioner is the mother of said minors and praying that she may be appointed guardian of the persons and estate of said minors. It is ordered that said petition be heard by this court at the county court room in Red Cloud in said county on the 6th day of March, 1889, at one o'clock, p. m. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of hearing said petition be given to all persons interested by the publication of a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Red Cloud Chief, a newspaper printed in said county.