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Western & Southern Mercantile Association, Red Cloud.

AN AMERICAN BELLE.

How She Is Brought Up, Educated and Trained for Social Life.

A New York girl is as brilliant, beautiful and incomprehensible a thing as one of Browning's poems. Happening to sit at lunch the other day next to one of the most successful debutants of the season I thought I would make gentle inquiries about her early life. She was a charming creature, eminently New Yorkish, and, without being strictly handsome, was irresistible. She was tall and not too slight, with a well-developed figure. A warm color mantled on her clear cheek, and her features were fairly regular, the chief attraction being a pair of large, dark blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, which she knew very well to be her best point, and used with great effect. As she pulled off her long gray gloves and took up her oyster fork I noticed her beautiful hands, which were long and slender, with perfect almond shaped nails that bespoke the man-cure's frequent care, and taper fingers. Her rings were few, but costly—too costly.

"Where did you go to school?" I asked, to begin with. "In New York, or were you at boarding school somewhere?" She turned her beautiful eyes upon me in pretty perplexity. When she spoke her voice was delightful, quite English in its rich, generous quality, and she talked slowly, with a sort of quiet dignity that was very charming. "Oh, no, I never went to school," said she, smiling. "I had a governess and master at home. My governess taught me the necessary smattering of history, arithmetic and geography, and being a Frenchwoman always spoke her own language with me. My maid was also French, that being one of my earliest accomplishments. Then masters came in for German and Italian, music and dancing. Oh, dear, what care they did take I had to walk so many hours a day, take a cold plunge-bath every morning—that was for my complexion—go to the dentist every month, have my hair brushed by Celline for an hour every night before I went to bed, and sit for a long time every morning with my shoulder strained against a back-board to make sure that my figure would be good. I rose every morning at seven and went to bed every night at eight. This went on until I was sixteen.

"At sixteen," she said, "they took me abroad. Even on the steamer I was not allowed to make any acquaintances. I spent a year at school in Leipzig, a very small and expensive place, where there were young German girls of high degree and a scattering of English and Americans from the best families, with whom I was not only permitted but instructed to become intimate. Then mamma came again, and this time took me to Paris, where I staid another year at the Sacre Coeur. Then I was eighteen, and it was time to prepare for the important event of my coming out. I left the convent in March, and for the next three months we had a most glorious time getting my things together in Paris. I assure you mamma spent quite \$10,000 for the gowns, hats and chiffon she said were absolutely necessary for my first season. From a mere child I suddenly bloomed into a young woman. Mamma took me with her to one or two entertainments in Paris; after that we went to London just for the end of the season, but it was divine; then to Newport for August, to Lenox for September and October, to Tuxedo for November, and then to New York, where early this month mamma gave a great reception to introduce me. And such a good time as I have had since! I think, after all, it is a good plan to keep girls in the background until they are ready to come out. They enjoy it all the more because every thing is so new."

Certainly, her education has been an unmitigated success. She asked me to come and see her, which I did the next day. She lived in a gorgeous house on Fifth avenue, away up by the park, and I found her in a lovely little nest—her own room, a dainty chamber all white and gold, with silver brushes and combs and glasses strewn all over the toilet-table, costly favours, trophies of her many triumphant cotillions decking the walls. Then she had a luxurious little boudoir besides. Her brisk, white-capped maid, a quick-witted Frenchwoman, anticipated her every want. She had but to ask for a thing, and presto! she had it, whatever its price, and it really seemed as if she ought to have been a perfectly happy being.

But ah! The little rift within the lute! She had given her young heart to Philip van Vanderness, who has only \$3,000 a year. To attempt matrimony on that meager pittance would be sheer madness, so the fair debutante's papa declares, and he utterly scorns such a parti. The debutante herself knows it to be impossible, and

are you don't find here this man's name morain? Stranger (boldly)—"I'm and hands. 'tends' to me business! Wat ver A thir way in which arm-exercise

would rather be less fond of the luxury which has become a necessity to her and be happy in a simple way. That, however, her education had made out of the question.—N. Y. Cor. Providence Journal.

—It was recently decided in England. In a legal contest for the possession of a dead body, that the executors of a dead man's will have the right to the control of the corpse; that therefore, "a man can not lawfully dispose of his body by will or any other instrument." The judge added: "That is a legal conclusion."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Emma Abbott, like Jenny Lind, was a poor girl. But she has made a fortune with her voice, as Jenny Lind did.

—There are said to be about a dozen negro physicians in Brooklyn, some of whom have been in active practice for fully forty years.

—A former participant in rowing races has married the daughter of an Australian mine owner. He now makes good use of the ore.

—The man who made the first photograph ever produced in the United States, Franz George Schreiber, is still living in Philadelphia, hale and hearty, at the age of eighty-six.

—"Mark Twain" lost his hat and coat at a recent ball in Connecticut and was obliged to drive home with no protection from the cold save that afforded by his luxuriant locks. He kept himself warm by cracking jokes.

—A New York woman makes a good living as a guide to other women in visiting the city. She meets them at the train, takes them to their rooms, shows all the sights and performs all the duties which are undertaken by European guides.

—Henry Ward Beecher once said he could suggest a plan for obviating the trouble caused by the dampness that ruined so many cargoes of wheat sent in bulk across the ocean. His plan was to store in the hold of every ship several copies of the annual reports read at religious anniversaries.

—"Sir" William Conrad Reeves, Chief Justice of Barbadoes, recently knighted by Victoria, is a colored man. His mother was a full-blooded negro. His father was a Scotch planter. The Chief Justice began life as a printer. He has served as Solicitor and Attorney-General of the colony, and resigned the last because of a disagreement with Governor Sir John Hennessy on West Indian federation. He has served for six years as Chief Justice.

—It is told of Memphis, the young Australian portrait painter who has made a reputation in London, that he got his start through shrewd frankness. He went to Ellen Terry, who is not unusually willing to sit for her portrait, and said: "Look here, Miss Terry, I'm a young man from Australia, with few or no friends here, and I want to make my way in the world. Won't you let me paint your portrait?" "Certainly," said the actress, and the portrait that he painted brought him instant recognition.

—The Springfield Union tells this story about President Dwight, of Yale: On becoming president of the university, he knew and presumably cared nothing whatever for athletic sports of any sort. He immediately put a telephone in his residence, and when his wife asked him for the reason of the innovation he blandly replied: "I want, as president of this university, to hear the result of the base ball, football and rowing contests just as soon as they are over. Yale's success is nearest my heart."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."
—There was a young fellow from Cork, Who landed one day in New York, But they sent him back home Over the wide rolling foam. For he tried to eat soup with a fork.

—A colored woman testified at a trial in Stanford, Ky., "that she would have been killed, had she not seen the bullet, which was coming straight at her, and dodged it."

—"We are related, I believe," said the Earthquake to the Case of Ague. "I think so, though we have never met before," replied the Case of Ague. "Shake!" both exclaimed simultaneously.—Life.

—A physician says that more wrinkles come from laughing than from worrying. Young women should remember this when they see a man's hat blow off and go whirling down the street.—Norristown Herald.

—"I wish to get a pipe suitable for a present," said the daughter. "Let me see something artistic, please." "Something er—er—what?" stammered the bewildered clerk. "An artistic pipe," chimed in Mrs. Malaprop. One that draws well, you know.—N. Y. Sun.

he'll drop his scythe, won't he?" "It's time for you to go to bed, Johnny."
—"Moses is down to th' shop with his pa, ur he might"—"No, I hain't, ma; I'm here. I"—"Don't yo contradic' me, yo good-fur-uthin' scamp! 'Fears like yo're losin' all th' manners yo ever did have! The one thing, Misus Klubber, I won't 'low a chile ur mine to do's to contradic'!"—Harper's Bazar.

—A misunderstanding.—Bobby (proud of his progress in Latin)—"Pop, what's the Latin for people?" Father—"I don't know." Bobby (loudly)—"Popul." Father (seriously)—"What do you mean, yo young scamp? Lia, do if By the piper, lad, I've half a notion to baste you."—Binghamton Republican.

—"He was a valuable dog," observed the lawyer in his reminiscences, "and his owner sued for five hundred dollars, but never got it. One link in the testimony as to who killed the animal was missing." "And was it never found?" asked the listener. "Yes, it was found," replied the barometer, without one sign of feeling, "it was found long afterward—in a butcher-shop."—Chicago Globe.

Thanks Awwally.

I found on arriving in New York and Chicago to buy goods, that manufacturers and jobbers were more anxious to sell me goods than ever, giving me many bargains, which I shall give my customers the benefit of. Never in my business career have I been able to offer better bargains to my customers than at this time. As money is hard to get, it will please you to be able to buy so much for so little money. Very truly,
C. WINNER,
The Clothier.

Dr. Kim's condition powder will cure distemper, cough, cold, fever and most of the ailments which beset infants, young children and subjects. Sold by all druggists.

Wier's extract of tar and wild cherry is a safe, reliable and pleasant remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma and all throat troubles. It relieves and benefits consumption. Try it and be convinced. Every bottle warranted. Price 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by the Emmett Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill.

Uncle Sam's nerve and bone liniment will relieve sprains, bruises, neuralgia and rheumatism. Sold by all druggists.

Some 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.

Best Ice! Best!
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 so tainted creek ice but pure river ice. P. BARKLEY.

For Sale.

Any one wishing to purchase a No. 1. stallion 3 years old, past, half Norman and one-half Kentucky Grey Eagle, weight 12.50, would do well to call on Wm. Huffman on A. Kaley's arm, 2 1/2 miles west and 1 mile north of Red Cloud. Terms easy.

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.

Save regrets and purchase from a home dealer, who will give you dollar for dollar, old pianos, old organs, bought for cash and the same applied on a new instrument, satisfaction warranted.
SADA J. BAILEY.

Mothers will find Dr. Mitchell's soothing syrup just the medicine to have in the house for the children: it will cure coughs, colds, sore throats and regulate the bowels. Try it.

Wier's daylight liver pills are a boon to all who suffer from indigestion, constipation, torpid liver and biliousness. Agreeable, pleasant to take and warranted to go through by day light.

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ARE THE SOLE AGENTS FOR
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Of Beatrice, Neb., and are prepared to make Farm Loans on better terms and on shorter notice than any other firm: Both interest and principal can be paid here. Call on us at our office over City Drug Store.
Insurance Written in the Best Companies.

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

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W. L. HAINES,
Having purchased the stock of
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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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