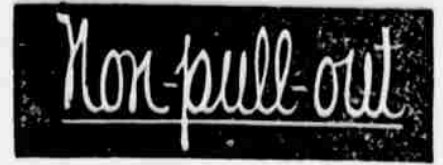


THE CHIEF

Circulation, Per Week, 1350.

A. C. HOSMER, Editor. LABROT TAIT, Asst. Local Editor.

Every Man whose watch has been rung out of the bow (ring), by a pickpocket, Every Man whose watch has been damaged by dropping out of the bow, and Every Man of sense who merely compares the old pull-out bow and the new



will exclaim: "Ought to have been made long ago!" It can't be twisted off the case. Can only be had with Jas. Boss Filled and other cases stamped with this trade mark—

Ask your jeweler for pamphlet. Keystone Watch Case Co., Philadelphia.

Harvest Excursions.

It is with satisfaction that the Burlington Route makes the following announcement regarding this year's Harvest Excursions.

The dates which have been fixed for these excursions are August 22, Sept. 12, and October 10. On them, all railroad agents west of St. Louis and Chicago will sell round-trip tickets to Burlington Route stations in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, South Dakota and Wyoming, at extremely low rates. Tickets will be good for 20 days and will admit of stop-over on the going trip at any point west of the Missouri River.

These facts brought to the notice of the residents of the different states reached by the Burlington Route in order that they may inform their friends in the East that, during the next few months, three unequalled opportunities of coming West will present themselves.

The Passenger Department of the Burlington Route will gladly aid the people of the various states in their efforts to induce Eastern people to avail themselves of the advantages of these homeseekers' excursions. The undersigned on request, will not only mail to any desired address a supply of advertising matter, but he will also be pleased to put interested parties in the way of obtaining the most favorable rates of fare.

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent Burlington Route Omaha Neb.

Notice.

If you are going to school this fall, put this paper in your pocket and present it at the office of the Western Normal College, Lincoln, Nebraska, when you register as a student and you will secure your car fare at the rate of 100 miles per term in two weeks until your car fare from your home to Lincoln has been paid. The Western Normal College is one of the greatest schools in the United States and this opportunity is given to test its merits. Fall term commences Tuesday September 5th. You can enter at any time. No examinations. Do not cut this article out but bring the paper with you.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican County Central Committee of Webster county, is hereby called to meet in the room over the post office in Red Cloud, on Saturday Sept. 9th, 1893, at 1 o'clock p. m. It is urged that every member of the committee be present.

L. H. FORT, Secy. HENRY GILHAM, Chairman.

A Free Offer.

THE CHIEF takes pleasure in announcing that it will send THE CHIEF one year to every couple that gets married in Webster county from the first of September 1893, to the first of September 1894, free of charge, provided that they will send in their names to this office. It makes no difference whether they are rich or poor, white or black, or what, all that is required is to send the names in to this office with post office address and be married in Webster county.

A little boy of Mrs. McDonald's, living near here, fell against a red hot stove and was fearfully burned. The pain was terrible, and it was thought the burn was so severe as to scar the child for life. I sold the lady a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which, after greasing the sore, she applied. It soon removed all the fire and eased the pain, and in ten days the boy was well, no trace of the scar remaining. J. D. McLaren, Keyport, Clinton Co., Ill. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Take Notice.

To whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any bills, or any debts contracted by one Eddie Luce, my adopted son who has left my home, without my consent. All persons will take warning and govern themselves accordingly. Aug. 23rd, 1893. MARY E. FISHER.

EARTHLY GRIEFS.

Dr. Talmage on God's Intimate Acquaintance with Them.

Bottle in Which Are Preserved the Tears of Humanity—Comfort for the Repentant, the Sick, the Poor and the Bereaved.

"A Bottle of Tears" was the unique theme chosen by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for a sermon lately delivered at Brooklyn, the text selected being Psalms, lvi. 8: "Put Thine eyes into Thy bottle." Dr. Talmage said: "Hardly a mail has come to me for twenty years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summer nor for twenty years spoken on the platform of any out-door meeting, but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. 'So I think I will keep on trying to be a 'son of consolation.'"

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities, but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of the other days have brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lacrymatories, or lacrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom of the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed; and we have many specimens of the ancient lacrymatories, or tear-bottle, in our museums.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear-bottles which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear-bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosities. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to when David cries, "Put Thine eyes into Thy bottle."

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a vial, or lacrymatory, or bottle, in which he catches and saves our tears; and I bring to you the condolence of this Christian sentiment. Why talk about grief? Alas! the world has its pangs, and now, while we speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of sorrow and, perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, they perish. I come to you no fool's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery, but pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel mid-sea cries to a passing craft, "Ship ahoy!" and invite you on board a vessel which has faith for a rudder, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and Heaven for an eternal harbor. Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and other people go to their beds to rest, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this life-boat of the gospel I put out to-day, hoping, by God's help, to bring ashore at least one soul that may be now sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lacrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them; but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such misdemeanor, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek, or were dashed down by the bloated hand, or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips, foaming with still worse intoxication. But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy, and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament, then God listens; then Heaven bows down; then scepters of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying reads the heart of heavenly compassion; then his tears are caught in God's bottle.

You know the story of paradise and the Peri. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God to find what thing it can on the earth worthy of being carried back to Heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the Celestial City. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of taking back to Heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure speeds back to Heaven. God sees the angel coming, and says: "Behold the brightest gem of earth, and the brightest jewel of Heaven—the tears of a sinner's repentance."

Oh! when I see the Heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor-boy coming on the wharf, and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I

see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched and the vile, and the sin-burned, and the passion-blinded appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ecstasy and triumph: "More tears for God's bottle!"

Again: God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side, or back, or are subject to headaches, or faintnesses, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say that you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings; but God knows, God feels, God sympathizes. He counts the sleepless nights; He regards the acuteness of the pain; He estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle, and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials, filled with nauseous draughts, and at the bottles of the distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture of earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which He hath gathered all our tears.

Again: God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The controllers of almshouses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing women, who cannot pay the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor, or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those gifts are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shanties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want, seething in summer's heat, or freezing in winter's cold—they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for Heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle.

Again: The Lord remembers all the sorrows of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret—God looked over the bottle in which he gathers the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for forty years unanswered. He said: "Go to, now, and let me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God. Oh, this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Now, I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, no. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless; and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the paths of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation. I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties; and in His lacrymatory, not such as stood in ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters beside the throne of God, He holds all those exhausting tears. The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstone defaced with the elements before the divine response will come; but He who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee," will not forget, and some day, in Heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory, that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart and the earth may burn, and the stars fall and time perish, but God will break his oath and trample upon his promises—never! never!

Again: God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the court room. But be-

reavements are home troubles and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture. You cannot fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them, but more sure-footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tip-top and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outtail the swiftest steamer. You may take caravan, and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a smooon, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right; for God is the archer. This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore, and will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day, and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone, and that your weeping is heard in Heaven. You will wander among the hills and say: "Up this hill, last year, our boy climbed with great glee, and waved his cap from the top;" or, "this is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair, and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture; and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart?" Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture, and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces, and spoke in such a tremulous voice; and you say it is a good picture; but all the while you feel that, after all, it does not do justice; and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea, you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent. Now, you have done your best with your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolate nursery, upon the stricken home, and upon the

way I thrash the wheat; this is the way I scour my jewels! Cast thy burden upon my arm and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into My bottle."

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lacrymatory? In that great casket or vase, why does God preserve all our troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears? I do not know that they will be kept there forever. I do not know but that in some distant age of Heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lacrymatory of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone to? What sprite of hell hath been invading the lacrymatory? None. These are sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls that are now set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed. I walk up to examine this heavenly coronet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry: "From what river-depths of Heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply: "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter-point, and inlaid in every stair of golden throne I behold an indescribable richness and luster, and cry: "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voice of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea exclaim: "Transmuted tears from God's bottle."

Let the ages of Heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended; the Koh-i-noor diamonds that make kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian thrones and flamed on the robes of Babylonian processions, forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever, these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

Meanwhile, let the empty lacrymatory of Heaven stand forever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysolite. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it, and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered, and say, each to each, "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the Psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." That is God's bottle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inland vase of Heaven, the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

When Two Are Made One. Mrs. Backtwe—Do you know, I really think that Mr. Wedderly is leading a double life. Mrs. Goodun—I have no doubt of it. I was one of the witnesses to his marriage.—Truth.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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