

Written for THE CHIEF.  
**What's in a Name?**  
 BY HILL WILLOUGHBY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Next morning I received a letter from home, saying that all the indictment against the duellers and their accessories had been by order of the court, nolle prossed, and that the late victim of the Hon. Mr. Stewart had recovered of his injury.

The letter further stated that all this was brought about on account of the high standing of all the parties, but more especially through sympathy for the mothers and wives and daughters of those engaged in these violations of the law; and that aside from this state of general sympathy, there was such a strong sympathy for Miss Stewart as to have brought about this happy termination of these unpleasant affairs.

I left the office of the Old Dominion and hunted up Dick, and laid the matter before him, after which we called on Mr. Stewart and apprised him of the contents of the letter.

He and Mary had just breakfasted, and Mary, dressed in a neat morning gown of gray, trimmed with white fur, was standing near the window talking in a low musical voice to Dick's mocking bird, and feeding him out of her hand, when we entered their cheerful room.

She came forward, not without a coyness I had never before observed, yet with a smile of welcome, and relieved us of our furs.

After we were all seated, I made known our errand, and was not slow in detecting a look of disappointment rather than that of pleasure come over the countenance of the girl, as she stood by her father's chair with one hand resting upon its back, while the other was placed tenderly upon his shoulder.

We soon learned that the girl's seeming disappointment was owing to her father's poor health, and the daughter's fear that in his haste to return home, he should suffer a relapse.

But it was soon arranged among us that no haste should accompany our preparations for our return, but that we should pass the time as pleasantly as possible until such time as the sick man might be able for the journey.

Mr. Stewart, apparently, gave the thought of our eagerness to return to our homes but little weight. But Mary urged us to go in order to relieve our parents from the anxiety that had so long been oppressing them.

And still I could see that the dear girl was making a great sacrifice of her personal feelings in thus urging us to go.

But Dick, the ever gallant Dick, put matters at rest by declaring that our mothers would be heartily ashamed of us were we to return before Mr. Stewart was able to return to his home also.

Now, if there is one thing above another for which I praise the name and fellowship of dear Dick, it is that one kind act of his life.

For, to carry out the plan to return to the south together, the dear boy was sacrificing his own personal hopes and plans, and delaying the long hoped for hour when he would be free to visit the idol of his heart—Naomi.

So the days and weeks went slipping by until the cold winds and frosts and sleet and snow, incident to a long winter in the Canadas, began to subside.

One bright morning while we were on a call at the Stewart there appeared a robin red-breast sitting on the window-sill just outside the window near which hung the cage in which perched Dick's mocking bird, who, catching the sound of the robin, broke forth into an extasy of imitative song—and as we knew that spring had come.

The sick man, although much improved, was the mere shadow of his former self, and did not look as though he would soon be able for the journey. In about a week after the advent of the robin, we wrapped Mr. Stewart up in furs and robes and carried him down and gave him a drive about the city.

From that day his improvement went steadily on, until by the end of April—at which time we had hoped to leave for home—he had made such rapid improvements as to be able to go, in company with his daughter, about the city, visiting Parliament, the theaters, churches, schools and other places of interest.

During all the months I had been busy looking after the interests of my

employees: had visited different of the provinces, and picked up quite a stock of information as to the customs, politics and resources of the Canadas.

I had, too, become greatly attached to the proprietors, and employes in and about the great house of the Old Dominion and felt sad to think that the day was near at hand when our pleasant relations must cease.

Then, too, there were the Gibsons for whom I had a strong social attachment.

And, too, there were the judge and a host of acquaintances for whom I had a special warm feeling, among whom was Uncle Pete's brother, all of whom I must say "good bye" to, perhaps, forever.

But as time waits for no one, and the day being very near for our departure, we began to arrange our affairs generally for that very important occasion.

Dick and I talked matters over and determined that we would go by way of Sidney, and stop there for a time in order to enjoy the friendly greeting that we felt sure awaited our presence.

Then, too, I so much desired that Naomi and Mary should meet, that I was the more resolute in my intentions.

Mr. and Miss Stewart were pleased with our program, and so on the morning of May 5, 18—, we left the city of Ottawa for our old Kentucky home via the little Ohio town among the bluffs, where lived the Bloomers, our best of friends, where we arrived in due course of time, and were escorted to the hotel by the same old gentlemen of color, who, months before had so lavishly prepared a breakfast for Dick on the morning of his arrival from Sandusky.

The faithful old fellow was now in his feather owing, as I afterwards learned, to Dick's having telegraphed him while enroute, that we would be there on the 6:30 p. m. train.

If I had been astonished at the breakfast prepared for Dick, what was my amazement on entering the same dining room to find a spread so elaborate as simply to defy description.

There, too, was the same black girl with the same white apron—or one exactly like unto the one she wore that morning—and there were the same pictures adorning the walls; the same bright carpet, and the same dish teeming with smoking quails "don't do queen's taste" as Uncle Zack expressed it.

And indeed the appropriateness of Uncle Zack's remark became the more apparent to me, when I beheld the relish with which our little band of travelers were soon partaking; and more especially so when I rested my eyes upon the queasy form of the young lady, who sat opposite me, and who was full of vivacious wit and humor such as I had not thought it possible for her to indulge.

Mr. Stewart, too, seemed to enjoy the meal, and the conversation as well.

Dick was in a happy vein, and, with an occasional order given Uncle Zack in an under tone, kept that worthy gentleman on the fly for more of this and that and the other for our little party, all to the supreme delight of Uncle Zack, who was showing off to an advantage, but seldom equaled and never surpassed.

Uncle Zack, of course had not heard the story of our nom de plumes under which we sailed when at Sidney before and to our amusement called us as he had then done Mars Archie and Mars Joseph. This we explained to Mr. Stewart and Mary after we had left the dining room and retired to the parlor, where we spent the evening most enjoyably.

During the evening, and while we were listening to Mary's sweet voice as she sang a popular song with an accompaniment on the piano, and while I was deeply absorbed, the door opened all of a sudden, and who should my eyes behold, but the Rev. Doctor Somerville, as he came partly into the room, hesitated, and acted as though alternating between doubt and fear? And was it very remarkable that the dear, good man should be in a state of doubt and fear, remembering as he did the choking I gave him at the depot in Cincinnati, and the way I had turned him over to the police as a dangerous lunatic?

I sprang to my feet and rushed into the Doctor's arms, and with all my heart asked his forgiveness. I told him how I had to employ the deceptive exploit in order to keep out of state's prison.

The good soul forgave me without

the least reserve, and went so far as to relate his own experience and the trouble he had in proving his sanity before the board the following day. The dear, forgiving old Doctor went so far as to chuckle to himself as he narrated his experience in that behalf.

After this bit of pleasantry, and on his becoming conscious of the presence of Mr. Stewart and Mary, and after I had introduced them to the Doctor, he turned to me and said: "Where is that boy with whom I found you playing marbles the morning of my call at your father's house, William?"

I do believe the good man would have gone to the full extent of my string of Christian names had I not startled him by exclaiming: "Where has Dick gone to? When did he leave the room? But, remembering all at once that Dick had other ties than those of our little party, and that he had no doubt gone to call on Naomi, I felt no alarm at his absence.

So the Doctor and Mr. Stewart were soon conversing pleasantly, while Mary and I, talking in a rather confidential tone, passed away the hours until the great old clock on the mantle tolled out the hour of midnight.

The landlady now showed Mary to her room for the night, and Uncle Zack performed a like service for Mr. Stewart.

The Doctor and I sat for more than an hour still talking over the every day happenings of life. I gave him a history of the trials which I had had all on account of the duel. He listened intently gazing at the burning faggots in the great fire place during my recital, and when I was done, turned to me and said: "Now William I must give you a leaf out of the book of my life. Once I was as young and light hearted as you were the morning I turned away from your father's gate feeling keenly the effects of your playfellow's rude speech, and might have gone through life light hearted and free had it not been that I, when about eighteen years of age, adopted the doctrines of the calvinists and soon became an advocate of that faith, I, of course, was honest in my convictions, and, feeling young and zealous, soon became rather famous as an expounder of that doctrine.

I tried hard to believe that what God had ordained, must take place no matter how hard poor mortals fought against the calamity whatever that might be. I believed that some were predestined to go to heaven, while others were just as sure of perdition. I used to look at little children and wonder who among their number were intended for the kingdom of glory and who of their number sealed with the seal of God's great condemnation.

And, will you believe me? I held on to this doctrine up to the moment when you practiced the deception upon me at Cincinnati. But as I was being tried next day as to my sanity, I began to doubt whether or not I was really sane. I said to myself: "Can a man be sane who holds to such a dogma as the one I have been teaching? I sat quietly as though a mere spectator while the examination proceeded little caring as to the result. But, after a short consultation by the board I was set at liberty as one being sane. But from that day until now I have had no faith in such a blasphemous doctrine, and do bless the day when you, to save yourself from going behind prison bars, shut off my respiration and thereby set me to thinking.

I am now no longer in the service of the church, but traveling as an independent preacher and evangelist. And what is more I have learned to love little children, all of them alike, and to enjoy their innocent sports. At Christmas times I distribute among the poor children in whatever town or city I may chance to be such toys and other things as so much delight the hearts of boys and girls. Why, Bill, only yesterday I joined some little fellows in a game of marbles. But it is growing late, and you need rest; so good night, Bill, and may God's free grace and love ever abide with you."

The good man then arose, shook me warmly by the hand, and passed out of the room.

I sat for another hour gazing at the dying embers on the hearth, filled with feelings such as I cannot describe. Just then Dick came in all aglow with love's sweetest impulse throbbing in his every pulse. We soon retired, and as I fell asleep I was whispering words of prayer and praise to Him who wills that all men everywhere may be saved.

(To be continued.)



Mrs. S. A. Morrow  
 Doud's, Iowa.

**Hives**

Like All Other Blood Diseases, Are Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been a sufferer for several years with hives, and have tried everything I could hear of, from friends, or ordered by physicians, but nothing cured. In fact, I

seemed to be getting worse. Finally I read about hives being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and decided to try this medicine. Before half a bottle was gone I was almost cured, and now, being on the second bot

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

It is an entirely cured and take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who suffer from this distressing affliction. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also helped me in many other ways. It is a good medicine." Mrs. S. A. Morrow, Doud's, Iowa.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

**OUR EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.**

BY D. M. HUNTER, CO. SUPT.

On Tuesday evening of last week an educational meeting was held at the school house in Dist. No. 83. There was a fair attendance. A few questions were found in the query-box and discussed.

There are now eighty school districts in this county. A new one was formed a short time ago east of Rosemont. The number of the new district is 84. The officers of the new district are Director, P. A. Fawcett; Moderator, Wm. J. Wright; Treasurer, Jos. Wenzinger.

**TEACHER'S MEETING.**

On Saturday December 2, 1893 at 11 o'clock a. m., a teachers' meeting will be held at Inavale. The program is as follows:

Opening exercises.  
 1. Life of Frederick the Great.—H. Maude Orchard.  
 Discussion—Emily L. Robinson and Genie Kershner.  
 MUSIC.

2. Class Drill in Primary Reading—Lulu C. Barber. Discussion—Maggie Graney and M. Katie Noble.  
 MUSIC.

3. How To Teach Spelling—Jas. M. Scoles. Discussion—J. B. Barris and Edith Davis.  
 MUSIC.

4. What Should the Public School do for the Children?—N. L. D. Smith. Discussion—Sarah L. Fisher and Mamie Noble.  
 MUSIC.

5. General Discussion of Questions from the Query Box. Adjournment.  
 Let us have a good meeting by being present and taking part in the discussion of every subject.

Wednesday preceding Thanksgiving Day, if no school is held on November 30th, every school should have some special exercises suitable for the occasion.

Dr. Rise "the expert", the professional weakness of the American teacher is the greatest sore spot in the American schools.

Pres. David Starr Jordan, Stanford University: The whole of a man's life is spent in his own company, and no one but an educated man can be good company to himself.

New England Journal of Education: Think of yourself in your pupils place, and say to yourself honestly how you would like to be there.

A good janitor is next to a good teacher, from November to April. The hard times have not kept as pining students out of college. There are not only as many as last year, but the increase is beyond the national ratio. Education is in the air.

**La Grippe.**

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past season it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottles at C. L. Cotting's Drugstore.

**C. L. COTTING,**

"Because it is Constantly Growing."  
 Answer to conundrum.

**OUR DOLL TRADE.**

Will be immense this year for we have a lot of them and we bought them right and can sell them Cheaper than ever before.

**LOOK AT THESE FIGURES.**

A 26 inch doll with hair and glass eyes, for 50 cents.

A 17 inch doll, hair stuffed, stockings and shoes, bisc head, hair, and glass eyes for 50c.

A fine dressed doll 18 inch long for 60c  
 Fine kid body dolls with bisc head, glass eyes and human hair for 25c

Beautiful china dolls, dressed, for 5cts.

These are only a few of the Doll Bargains. Next week we will tell you something about our books and other goods.

C. L. COTTING.

**CHRISTMAS**

TAYLOR, TAYLOR,

**Furniture - Furniture**

This may look funny to you, but then Xmas is coming, Taylor has the goods, and what would be nicer for a present than a

**FINE SUITE OF FURNITURE!**

J. L. MINER, President. HUGH MINER, Asst. Cashier. W. A. Sherwood, Cashier.

**People's Bank of Red Cloud, NEBRASKA,**

Transact a General Banking Business, Special attention given to Collections.

Banking Office in Miner Bros Store.

**SUBURBAN NEWS**

As Furnished by Our County Correspondents.

**Catherton.**

Now is the time that stewed rabbits are ripe.

The farmers are about winding up picking corn, with fair crops for a dry season.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot dined with Mr. D. H. Larrick's last Sunday.

Nebraska can grow a crop of corn with less rain than any state in the union.

Mr. D. H. Larrick is putting down a cistern.

The protracted meeting at Catherton is still in progress with considerable interest.

Mr. Wm. Matheny has completed his new dwelling.

The new school-house in District 38 is nearly completed, and will be the most substantial house in the country.

**OLD BOOTS.**

**Strength and Health.**

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c, at C. L. Cotting's Drugstore.

**B atin.**

Joe Freeze is on the sick list. C. Kelly was on the sick Sunday. J. B. Wisecarver and W. A. Akers, are hauling hay to Blue Hill. Robert Rounds and family were among us Monday. Miss Lily Holmes was visiting with friends here Sunday. Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Otto Gen-

on Friday last, a boy of the usual weight.

C. F. Cather has erected a new pair of scales on his farm.

T. Anderson was shelling corn for Ely Sorgenson Tuesday.

Henry Lambrecht has built a new fence.

S. S. Lindsey and family were sailing in Riverton Sunday.

Several of the young people attended the revival meeting at Catherton last Sunday night.

**Jumbo.**

**Little Lord Fauntleroy**  
 Was a beautiful child but he had one drawback, his face was covered with pimples. His grandfather bought a bottle of Haller's Sarsaparilla and was so pleased at its results that he took 4 bottles himself and cured his rheumatism. For sale by Deyo & Gries.

**Our Shoe Stock**  
 Is more complete than ever. Buy your shoes of us and get your money's worth.—Chas. Wiener.

**Burlington Route**  
**BEST LINE TO DENVER AND CALIFORNIA**  
 Powder  
 ever been