

Scrofula

THE OFFSPRING OF HEREDITARY BLOOD TAIN.

Scrofula is but a modified form of Blood Poison and Consumption. The parent who is tainted by either will see in the child the same disease manifesting itself in the form of swollen glands of the neck and throat, catarrh, weak eyes, offensive sores and abscesses and of tentacles white swelling—sure signs of Scrofula. There may be no external signs for a long time, for the disease develops slowly in some cases, but the poison is in the blood and will break out at the first favorable opportunity. S. S. S. cures this wasting, destructive disease by first purifying and building up the blood and stimulating and invigorating the whole system.

J. M. Seale, 1815 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn., says: "Ten years ago my daughter fell and cut her forehead. From this wound the glands on the side of her face became swollen and burst. Some of the best doctors here and elsewhere attended her without any benefit. We decided to try S. S. S., and a few bottles cured her entirely."

SSS makes new and pure blood to nourish and strengthen the body and is a positive and safe cure for Scrofula. It overcomes all forms of blood poison, whether inherited or acquired, and no remedy so thoroughly and effectively cleanses the blood. If you have any blood trouble, or your child has inherited some blood taint, take S. S. S. and get the blood in good condition and prevent the disease doing further damage.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge whatever for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE CHIEF

PUBLISHED BY
W. L. McMillan.

One year \$1.25
Six months .75

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One column per month \$1.00
One half column per month .50
One fourth column per month .25
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MOBILITY IN DISTRESS.

An Austrian Countess Who Is Obligated to Serve in This Country as Housemaid.

An interesting case with an American end to it is now engaging the attention of the Austrian law courts, where Count Des Fours-Walderode, scion of one of the oldest houses of the Bohemian aristocracy, is being called to severe account for squandering the fortune of his two children, for having neglected to give them an education in keeping with their rank and for having rendered himself guilty of gross contempt of court, notably by kidnapping his children some years ago from the care of the guardians appointed by law, and after he had been judicially deprived of his parental rights on account of his extravagance. The count, whose matrimonial differences with his wife resulted in a sensational divorce, the court deciding that neither the husband or wife was worthy of the guardianship of the children, abducted his boy and girl from their legal guardian and fled with them to Switzerland. On the intervention of the Swiss courts being invoked by the Austrian authorities, he came with them to this country, and, according to the evidence just produced in court, says the Baltimore American, neglected them to such a degree that his daughter, Countess Marie, now 21 years of age, was obliged to take a position as nurse girl in a family in Chicago under the name of Marie Mertens, while the boy, who is two years younger, was left to pick up his own living as errand boy in a store in New York, also under an assumed name.

Finally the family learned of the condition of the two children and caused them to be brought over to Europe, where they arrived penniless and with nothing but the clothes on their backs, the young count, in spite of his 19 years, being as ignorant as a boy of 13. The girl has now been placed in possession of her share of the family fortune, which is large and sufficient to keep her in comfort and affluence, while steps have been taken to prepare the boy for the army, his maintenance being meanwhile provided for in keeping with his rank. Both children in court displayed considerable bitterness toward their father, especially the girl, who seems to have retained a particularly disagreeable recollection of the time when she was obliged to earn her living as nurse girl at Chicago. To-day her allowance from the family fortune is \$20,000 a year.

Parting.
"We must part!" faltered Gabrielle. "No! No! No!" cried Hermann, looking at his watch. "I have but ten minutes!"

She regarded him wonderingly. Mere child that she was, she had yet to learn that fond hearts may not part and do it right in less than two hours, at the least.—Puck.

She Read the Signal.
There is a romantic story about Lord Kelvin's second marriage. In the early seventies he, then Sir William Thomson, was in West Indian waters, on board his schooner yacht, the Lalla Rookh. As a recreation he took up the question of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He had been talking of it at the dinner table of a friend in Madeira, and the only apprehension that seemed able to grasp it was that of his host's daughter, a lady he greatly and silently admired.

"I quite understand it, Sir William," she said.
"Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it and could answer me?"
"Well, I would try," she responded. "I believe I should succeed in making it out."

The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and in transmitting the reply. The question was, "Will you marry me?" and the answer was, "Yes."

A Homely Greeting.
According to Ainslee's Magazine, when the governor of Newfoundland, Sir Henry McCallum, K. C. M. G., went ashore at a small harbor of the east coast he was met at the landing place by a grizzled old fisherman, who sought to make the stranger welcome, whoever he might be.

"Be you comin' ashore, sir?" he asked.
"Yes," said the governor.
"Be you here about the lie (seal oil)?" the fisherman pursued.
"No," said the governor.
"Be you one o' 'Sam' Lewis' men from Red Bay, sir, come about the timber?"

"I am the governor of Newfoundland," Sir Henry announced, with some show of dignity.
"Be you, now?" said the fisherman, with a friendly offer of his hand.
"Well, 'tis a mighty good job—if you can hold it. An' I hopes you will. Would you like a cup o' tea, sir?"

"A Lot of 'air."
The inhabitants of the little town of Somersby, in England, where Tennyson was born, are frank in giving their opinion of their distinguished fellow townsman. One old woman thus related her impressions of the poet to a visitor:

"'E was a very quiet man. 'E seemed as if 'e was 'alf asleep, with 'is eyes 'alf shut an' 'is peepin', an' 'e used to poke at ye, loike I' fun, wi' 'is stick. 'E 'ad such a lot of 'air an' a long beard, an', sinkin' her voice confidentially, "'e never looked very clean; no, 'e didn't."

And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:
"If you'd met 'im gooin' along this dusty road, you'd 'a' takken 'im for a tramp gooin' to Brigg for a night's lodgin'."

It Reminded Him.
One sharp November day, says the Philadelphia Record, a boy entered a car, leaving the door open, much to the discomfort of an old gentleman who sat next. As the wind chilled his marrow his temper rose. Leaning across his seat and taking the kid by his ear, he said: "Were you brought up in a barn? Why don't you shut the door?"

The boy said nothing, but closed the door, coming back to his seat in tears. This sight moved the old man to relenting pity. "There, there," he said, "little man; I didn't really mean you were brought up in a barn."

"That's just it," retorted the kid. "I was brought up in a barn, and every time I see a jackass it makes me think of it."

An Interesting Coin.
An interesting coin has just been sold in Germany. It is one of the few coins in the history of the world which can be accused of having a humorous side to it. In 1679 the Danes descended on the port of Hamburg, but their attack on the famous Hanse town proved unsuccessful. The inhabitants of the town struck a medal to commemorate the occasion. The legend on the coin was as follows: "The king of Denmark has been to Hamburg. If thou wouldst know what he achieved, look on the other side." It is needless to add that "the other side" is a blank.

His Man Was Appointed.
As an instance of the acuteness of Al Daggett, the former Republican leader of Kings county, N. Y., the story is told that when Seth Low was elected mayor of Brooklyn some years ago he wrote to Mr. Daggett, offering to appoint as commissioner of elections one of any three men he might name. Al wrote three lines to the mayor, as follows: "Charles Henry Cotton, C. H. Cotton, C. Henry Cotton." Needless to say Mr. Cotton was appointed.

Her Pet Fad.
Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Robinson is the greatest woman to stick to a fad I ever saw.
Mrs. Brown—Why, I never heard anybody mention that before.
Mrs. Jones—Can't help that. It's so, all the same. Just see how she has gone on admiring that husband of hers these twenty years and more.—Boston Transcript.

Taken Seriously Now.
Bunker—I used to get considerable amusement out of golf.
Ascum—Ah, then you don't play any more?
Bunker—Yes, indeed. I was referring to the time before I began to play.—Philadelphia Press.

Mild Case.
Wife (anxiously)—Is my husband very ill, doctor?
Dr. Stickum—Oh, no. Only about \$100 worth.—Exchange.

Albani and Gye.
The story of Mme. Albani's first London engagement is as follows: Colonel Mapleson heard of her singing at a theater at Malta, and, thinking that she would be successful, he made her an offer, through an agent, of a contract to sing in Her Majesty's theater. She agreed to it and went to London; but, on arriving there, she told the cabman to drive her to the Italian opera house. He, instead of going to Her Majesty's, took her to Covent Garden, which was also devoted to Italian opera.

She was shown up to the manager's office and stated that she had come to sign the contract which Mr. Mapleson had offered her. Mr. Gye, thinking to play a joke on his rival, Mapleson, made out a contract, and Albani signed it. Mr. Gye then told her that he was not Colonel Mapleson, but that he could do much better by her. He offered to tear up the contract if she liked, but told her that Nilsson was singing at Her Majesty's and would brook no rival.

Albani decided to let the contract stand and thus became one of the stars of Covent Garden, eventually marrying the son of Mr. Gye.

A Short National Anthem.
Japan has perhaps the shortest of all national anthems. It is called "Kimi Ga Yo," from its first three words, and consists of thirty-two syllables, which count in poetry, however, as thirty-one. The exceeding brevity is due to the national fondness for conciseness of phrase and for economy of expression in all forms of art.

The patriotic song is what the Japanese call a "tanka," or verse of five lines, the first and third being of five and the others of seven syllables. Below is given the anthem in Japanese, with an English translation:

Kimi Ga Yo.
Kimi ga yo wa
Chiyo ni yachiyo ni
Sazareba nani
Iwawo narite
Koko no musu made.

TRANSLATION.
May our lord's dominion last
Till a thousand years have passed
Twice four thousand times o'er! old!
Firm as changeless rock, earth rooted,
Moss of ages uncomputed.

—Japan and America.

An Empire Sold at Auction.
The Roman empire was once sold to the highest bidder. On the death of Pertinax in 193 the Praetorian guards put up the empire for sale by auction, and, after an animated competition between Sulpician and Julian, it was knocked down to the latter for 6,250 drachmas. The Romans held auctions of various kinds, the proceedings being much the same in all cases. The auction sub hasta, which was a sale of plunder, was held under a spear stuck in the ground. The magistrate auctioneer, or auctioneer, was chosen from among the argentarii, or money changers, and his assistants were the cashiers.

Perhaps!
How many people when they marry carefully put aside their joint love letters as one of the most cherished possessions of their future life, and in how many cases afterward do they ever take them out and look at them?

Now, why is this? Partly perhaps because the time of romance is over and practical, everyday life has begun; partly, also, we will hope, because now they can say so many nice things to each other, and there is no need to read over the past nice things they have written.—Golden Penny.

In a Fog.
A befogged individual was groping his way down one of London's side streets leading off the Strand when he suddenly bumped up against a man coming from the opposite direction.

"Could you tell me where this street leads to?" he inquired after the necessary apologies had been made.

"Certainly," replied the other. "It leads into the river. I have just come out of it."—Free Lance.

Crossed Vegetables.
A cross between a headless cabbage and the turnip produced the rape plant. Cabbage and turnips themselves are relatives; the lettuce plant also claims near kin to them, and far back in plant life grew a parent plant with some of the characteristics that each now claims as its own, from which all three, and many another plant also, descended.

Crushed.
"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!"

"Not if they used an old bean to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

Extremes Meet.
Peter Cunningham was telling one evening where he had been dining and what he got. "We had a thing I never saw before—a soup made of calves' tails."

"Extremes meet," was the remark of Douglas Jerrold, at that time the prince of wits in England.

His Ambition.
Young Jones—I mean to so live that when I die all the great cities of the earth shall quarrel over the question of my birthplace.

Young Brown—Yes; each one will lay the blame on some other.

Not in the Piece.
Irate but Unmusical Father—For gracious sake, Mary, give us a rest! Daughter—Can't do it, pa. There's none in the music.

A BARGAIN IN LAND.—Eighty acres (aim for sale, one-fourth of a mile from town, nearly all alfalfa land; all level; eight per cent annual interest guaranteed on purchase price in rent. Call and see it or write, U. G. KNIGHT, Inavale, Neb.

A Certain Cure for Chilblains.
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It cures chilblains, frostbites, damp, sweating, swollen feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents.

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.
Ask to-day for Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It cures chilblains, swollen, sweating, sore, aching, damp feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, price 25c.

Inflammatory Rheumatism cured in 3 days.
Morton L. Hill of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried the Mystic Cure for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by H. E. Grice, Druggist, Red Cloud, Neb.

WANTED.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$1800 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Dept. Manager 333 Caxton Building, Chicago.

Farm for Sale.
Half section, five miles from Red Cloud, fine land, first-class improvements. A bargain if sold soon. Address J. W. WALLIN, Red Cloud, Neb.

Salesman wanted to sell Anti Rust Roof Paint, Compounds and Lubricants. Salary or Commission.—VULCAN CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, O.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cures a cold in one day. No cure, no pay 25 cents.

Dr. Hess' Stock Food

is the cheapest in the market and we guarantee satisfaction or your money refunded.

7 pounds, 50c.
12 pounds 75c.
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Situated in the Southwestern part of Iowa and Northwestern part of Missouri, in the best corn belt in the United States.

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a specialty. Write for free samples and prices. Agents wanted (reliable). Address, G. E. McElroy, BLANCHARD, IOWA.

LEGAL NOTICE.
In the District Court of Webster county, Nebraska.
In Re the estate of Joseph Vodak.
An incompetent.
ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Joseph Sidlo, guardian of the estate of Joseph Vodak, an incompetent praying for license to sell the north half of the southwest quarter of section 21, in town 3, range 11, Webster county, Nebraska, for the payment of debts of the said ward, and in order to provide for the care and support of the ward, Joseph Vodak, there being no personal property. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at court house in Hastings, Adams county, Nebraska, on the 13th day of March, 1902, at one o'clock p.m. to show cause why a license should not be granted to said guardian to sell the above described real estate.

Dated this 27th day of January, 1902.
Ed. L. Adams, Judge.
R. T. Potter, Attorney.

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One Year for \$1.25.

Henry Bros., Fairfield, Ia.
ANNOUNCE TO THE TRADE THAT THEY ARE OFFERING THEIR
Black Diamond Seed Oats, 100 lbs. \$3, or 500 lbs. \$12.00
Iowa's Premium White Oats, 100 lbs. \$2.75, or 500 lbs. \$12.00
Yellow Dent Seed Corn, \$1.50 per bu. or 6 bu. for \$7.50.
Choice White Corn, \$1.50 per bu. or 5 bu. for \$7.50.
Sacks free. Cash with order. Write for prices on Choice Clover, Timothy and Millet Seed.

TRUSS FREE
The U. S. Government on January 30th, granted a patent for a truss that does away with all old fashioned ideas—an absolute perfect truss that holds rupture with comfort want money—it's free. H. C. Co., 49 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:
BALTIMORE, Md., March 30, 1901.
Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you full history of my case, to be of use to others in the same position.
About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.
I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would not cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.
I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,
F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.
Examination and advice free. **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal cost.
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