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C. B. HALE PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

City Officers.

Mayor.....C. H. Potter
City Clerk.....J. C. Teel
Treasurer.....J. O. Botter
Roy Gorman
Councilmen 1st ward.....Ed Pulpinger
Councilmen 2nd ward.....J. A. McArthur
J. H. Bailey
Electric light & water Com.....G. W. Burgess
Marshal, day.....E. M. Ward
Marshal, night.....John Kinsel
Subscribe for the Chief.

Political Advertising

The columns of the CHIEF are open for legitimate advertisements of all kinds. Candidates, regardless of party affiliation, are welcome to use these columns. Price of announcement \$5.00.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of Webster county subject to the will of the Democrat and Peoples Independent electors at the Primary election Aug. 17th., 1909, and most respectfully solicit your support. E. W. COPLIN

FOR SHERIFF.

We are Authorized to announce that Wm. Kirkpatrick will be a candidate for the nominee of Sheriff by the Democrat and Peoples Independent parties at Primary election August 17th 1909.

FOR TREASURER.

We have been Authorized to Announce the Candidacy of R. W. Koontz for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the will of the Republican voters to be expressed at the primary election August 17th. 1909.

FOR TREASURER.

I will be a Candidate for Treasurer of Webster County Nebraska, subject to the will of the Republican Electors at the Primary election August 17th 1909. Respectfully, J. F. GRIMES.

FOR TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce the name of Dr. R. F. Raines as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Treasurer of Webster County, subject to the will of the Republican electors at the primary election to be held August 17, 1909.

The people down at Lebanon have reached the limit. In the published proceedings of the city council we notice that T. J. Bunker was allowed a claim of \$12.50 for "teams to well." Now do all the Kansas horses insist on being led to water and then receiving pay for drinking?

The Campbell Citizen came out last week with scare heads galore. In bold black type appeared the words, "Look out for Cyclones and Lightning," and the next line dyed a carmine hue in three inch letters came the words "We celebrate July third." That ought to be celebration enough for one whole county. Ordinarily the Citizen is an excellent appearing sheet but last week it looked like a circus bill.

James C. Dahlman, Omaha's wild west Mayor has announced his desire to be Governor of the great state of Nebraska. Aside from the ability to ride untamed bronchos we know of no other qualification the mayor has for the office to which he aspires. He may be able to fool some of the people of Omaha all the time but we believe that the rest of the state are wise and are not looking for sensational Jim-crats for public office.

Governor Shallenberger has demonstrated his ability to conduct the office with judgement and far-sightedness and should be returned. We want men in the governor's chair that are safe and sane.

Press dispatches announce that Mayor Dahlman, of Omaha, is planning a picnic for the purpose of getting together the influential democrats of the state, at which time and place he expects to demonstrate that Governor Shallenberger is becoming extremely unpopular for having signed the daylight saloon bill and to announce himself as an aspirant for the governorship nomination. Suffice it to say that Mayor Dahlman has repeatedly disgraced the fair name of democracy by his past over acts, but this last act is certainly the climax of his political floundering. It would seem that any one in touch with public sentiment and public thoughts could readily see that in signing the "Daylight Saloon bill" Governor Shallenberger discharged a duty that called forth the highest praise and approbation from every law-abiding citizen throughout our commonwealth, and for the discharge of this very act alone the people of Nebraska should demand his re-nomination and re-election.—Grand Island Free Press.

Pinesolve ACTS LIKE A POUXICE BELIEVES ALL FORMS OF SKIN DISEASE
Carbolized

(Continued from first page)

neric pen of eye, but short of wind, to nervous fox hound yelping as he ran about the camp, to agile greyhound standing mute but pleased, at active preparations for the chase, with promise of the prize and his own share, of admiration for the end achieved. As thus he stood, he saw a puff of smoke, from burnished gun in youthful hunter's hands, and heard a whistling ball, that soared upon his rock and harmless flew, above the timber line, ere yet the loud reverberation ceased, along the glen. With eyes of fire, he reared himself, and scurrying round, upon the rocky table where he stood, bleated defiance in sonorous tones, to all things animate, and then resumed his place, and measured keenly all that passed below. Their preparations made, the hunters took their line of march, and bring up the slope to indicate the course, cheered on the dogs and followed hard behind. The foremost hound with speed took up the trail, and pressing forward, left the rest to follow on by sight, his deep voiced bay the only hint where lay the path. He reached the summit of the lofty rock where kept the goat, and pausing not to raise his drooping head, approached the verge, where most the beast had stood and where the scent, was warmest, and there let forth a cry so loud, that all the echoes woke, and everywhere 'twas known, the quarry was at bay, and ready now, to greet the hunter first to gain the rock, a moment thus they stood, but ere the dog, losing his scent, could get his vision clear and view his prey. The wily tenant of that mountain claim, shook out his beard, stamped his impatient foot, and gave a hitch to his loose hide. Then bounding forward met the advancing hound full half the way, and with impulsive stride he swept him off, and saw him go, sheer down a thousand feet, scaling from rock to rock, to land at last, bruised, bleeding, dead, near by his master's tent. Again he reared himself, again set forth, in wild cavortings on the rocky floor, anon essayed to stand, upon his head, then jumped and whirled himself about from side to side, filling the air with quick tumultuous bleatings, till at last, his joy had spent itself, then he turned, and gave attention to the advancing crew of dogs and men. A moment more, and half a score of hounds, from the last cover, broke in full cry, massed themselves upon the single trail, and leaped, upon the rock. There face to face they stood, for a brief space. And then the goat leaping a dizzy chasm, far up the mountain took his solitary way. He paused not till his nimble feet had gained a lofty headland far beyond the reach of dog or man, then turned, a moment as if to shape his course, then with his face set eastward, cantered down the farther slope to seek the plain.

And as he went he reasoned with himself. Where are the jolly Woodmen that I knew, twelve moons ago. Those men who in the forest cut the ties for yonder railway, who brooked no dog and never fired a gun. They called me Billy, and their names I knew, "Doc," Ross, Haskins, "Hank," and Sherwood, and some two dozen more, familiar all to me who grazed about their camp, till the full moon twice came and went, nor was the moon all that got full, for I was full betimes the morning sun, mounted the heavens, and they were sometimes full before the aforesaid sun, dropped out of sight, but always good to me, I wish that I might see them all again. I mind the times when they would save the labels from their cans, the paper sacks that erstwhile held their goods, with none too close. A shaking out of what they had contained; they fed me plug tobacco, gave me mush; oatmeal and crackers steadily were mine, potato parings always came my way, and I was glad, at special times. To forage for myself; I over did the thing that time, when in my haste I knocked a can of dynamite, off a high trestle, and sent it down to where a dozen pigtailed cleared a trench, and I still quake. As I remember how the trestle heaved, the trench grew wide and deep, and nine celestials crossed the great divide, and of the three, who jabbered pigeon English in the doctor's tent, I kept me clear, for they were shy a nose, two ears, some fingers and besides, their frayed out pigtailed filled their minds, with dire forebodings, and they longed to wreak their vengeance upon me. The trestle too, up-ended in the air, was like to prove, conducive of unpleasantness to me, whenever the Boss should come, and so the boys, with fair consideration of my future state, chipped in and hired a man to take me safe away. So here I am, and these pot hunters from the effete East, are ever here, with costly dogs and nicker plated guns, to make my life a scene of dreariness and pain, with scarce a joy, save when I butt a hundred dollar dog, clear off the cliff; were better far to be a livery stable goat, in some big town and have my whiskers colored with axle grease by wicked boys, and see the Coppers hold their nose and draw their clubs, and shout 'move on' and hear the women scream, and see the girls run up the steps of houses strange to them, the while I hold the fort, without the gate; then bide uncertain here.

I am resolved to make my way, out in the wide, wide world, and never yield the quest until I come, to where the boys are found. I know in other days. He tossed his head and shook himself as if to shake the dust, of that wild western place, from off his fur, then gorged himself with tender prairie grass, and took a long deep drink of limpid water from a spring that flowed out o'er the plain. Then as the eve drew on he shaped his course and on through all the live-long night he took his way, till just at dawn he climbed a mountain spar, and paused at last upon the keystone of a railway tunnel there. Nor had he long to wait; the morning freight came slowly up the heavy grade to reach the crown just where the tunnel opened to the East. The firemen looking back espied the goat and slyed a chunk of coal. The brakeman stood erect, half choked and blind with smoke, and never saw the beast, who deftly leaped upon a car and scampered o'er the train to stow himself for a long trip, far towards the rising sun. It chanced the day before, a brace of hoboes had filled the iceless tank of a refrigerator car, with bright clean hay, filched at the last stock yards, and designed to ride therein. To the old eastern home; a station back. They had jumped off to do the town, and incidentally got left; the scurrying goat came to the open hatch, sniffed the fresh hay and dropped him down to take a long sweet sleep.

The sleepy brakeman came and closed the hatch, and he was left to eat and sleep and ruminate at will; the far seeing tramps had swiped a station pail and filled it at the tank, and banked it in a corner of the berth where it should prove a place to wet their throats; the goat appropriated it with all the rest. The rest is easily told, the car moved East without mishap, was shunted out at Denver, was taken in by a Burlington crew, and jerked 2:40 down that lively line. In Alma yards the checking clerk declared the load was spoiling and wired ahead to ice the car at Red Cloud and told the crew to clean the tanks en route; they took the south side switch at Red Cloud, to meet the No. 13, and while they lay there went to clean the tanks. The hatch upraised and out popped the goat, and ambled off upon the steez sheds, caromed upon a straw stack, struck the ground and thence with many a caper took his way up town. Well up the street he saw two brawny men upon a milk cart and turned aside with wild and wooly signs of recognition to where they took their load. They gave him buttermilk, a piece of battax, an empty salt sack and divers others things both good and bad; and when they drove up town with many a cautious glance to left and right they led him up a stairway and turned him loose within their Woodman's Camp. There now from night to night, they hold high revel, they let him buck the nervous candidate; they let him prance around their campfire the while some unsophisticated jay, holds on in abject terror. They feed him ode ends of the Eastern Star with now and then a short white apron with those strings that hang about a foot below the wearers coat; at other times a wig or robe dropped by the K. of P., and when else fails they bring up circus bills, etc. and much besides.

To say that he is happy is to draw it mild. He has his mountain ways and others too, that are to say the least a little flat. He knows his friends, but hath a trick or two for those soft-handed gents who never owned an ax; the merchants and the bankers he abhors, and when they come to camp for the first time and take their lumbler station on their knees and also on their hands at the same time and he's brought in with pepper in his eyes and a split stick adjutted to his tail to steer him by, then tis as if a Kansas cyclone had broke loose, conjointly with an earthquake, a simoon of the desert and various other things. It often happens at such times as these, that he gets wild and all his pent up wick edness shines forth from his keen eyes, and then the Constal mounts a table, the clerk his desk, the banker hurries out to cash a draft, the while the boys just charge on him and lay him down and have the camp physician sit on him and all in peace.

Real Estate Transfers.

Transfers reported by the, Fort Abstract Co. for the week ending Wednesday, June 16, 1909.
Christopher Konzack to Ella M. Albin, part nw 20-1-9, wd..... 1500
Ella Armstrong to Clarence Moore Paugh, lots 9, 10, Blk. 6 Grusels sub div to Rohrer add to Blue Hill, wd..... 800
State of Nebraska to C. F. Gund, n 1/2 nw, nw sw 36 4-12, deed.... 2040
Sebastian Daniel to Monroe Daniel, lot 1, Blk 2, Red Cloud, deed..... 1
Thomas H. Roberts to Hugh B. Hunter, lot 9, Blk. 1, Vances add to Guide Rock, wd..... 500.50
William C. Smith to George W. Miner, lots 12, 13, Blk. 10, Guide Rock, wd..... 300
\$5741.50
Mortgages filed, \$5300.00.
Mortgages released \$5600.00.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
AN IMPROVEMENT OVER MANY FORMS OF LAXATIVE SYRUP
FOR SALE AT COOK'S DRUG STORE



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F. NEWHOUSE
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.



Children's Day at the Churches.

The two days for children are Christmas and Children's Day and it need not be said that both days are exceptionally pleasing to the children. The other folks enjoy a child's program too. The day was observed generally in the city. At the Methodist church the little folks took hold with a vim and vigor that would do credit to some of the experienced denizens. The church was prettily decorated and more a cheerful look. Miss Helen Overman pleased the audience with one of her excellent solos. The Christian church presented its program in the morning and notwithstanding the fact that the Christian people are without a pastor the exercises were excellent in every respect. The program was varied enough to be extremely interesting and the children showed that they had received careful training. This church has the reputation of doing things when they set about it and the Children's Day program as presented Sunday morning would be a credit to any church.

The Children's Day exercises at the Congregational church were well attended the house being completely filled. An excellent program was rendered consisting of songs, recitations and scriptural readings. This is the great missionary day for the congregationalists and they made much of the missionary work. The little folks covered themselves with glory to the delight of everyone present. The church was decorated with roses in profusion for the occasion.

Called For a Third Year.

Arapahoe, Neb., June 5th, 1909.
On June 1, 1909, Bro. J. A. Parker completed two years labor with us as pastor of the Church of Christ. These years have been fruitful ones for the church.

The old frame structure has been replaced by a modern structure of wood, veneered with pressed brick. The Bible school has been organized according to present day methods, and has doubled in attendance-in fact the whole church is enjoying the greatest prosperity in its history.

Brother Parker is just entering upon his third year's labor with this congregation. Therefore, we, the official board of the church, desire to express our entire confidence in him, and, trusting in God for guidance, we go forward under his leadership, with a full expectation of continued victory in the Master's name. Signed by order of the official board.—The Public Mirror.

His many friends here are glad to hear of his accepting the third year.

SOME years ago a famous specialist and expert in nervous diseases made some experiments to see what effect clothes had on the minds of his subject.

He found that badly fitting or shabby clothes were more or less depressing; that if he put a man into good clothes, well-fitting, good style, of good quality, the whole man was "toned up;" felt better, worth more to himself, to his work, to the community. It was clearly proved that clothes are an intellectual and moral force.

In that case, just think how much the general level of any community is affected and improved by such clothes as these Hart Schaffner & Marx suits we're selling. You may not have realized it before, but this store is doing this town a lot of good by bringing such clothes here.

Suits \$18 to \$40
PAUL STOREY
THE CLOTHIER

SAY, MISTER!
Do you know that it will pay YOU, as well as US, to buy your Building Material and Coal at our yards? Not only that our prices AVERAGE lower, or at least as low, as those of our competitors, but BECAUSE we take especial care of and protect all can be classed as REGULAR CUSTOMERS.
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