

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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A. B. McARTHUR PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

Legislative and State House News.

Organized agriculture has captured Lincoln this week as never before and the hotels have been crowded with visitors from every part of the state. Both house and senate members have been doing the receiving of constituents in the most agreeable manner possible, while the farmer people have not been at all slow in letting it be known that they have both eyes open on the winter's doings by this legislature. The Sheridan County boosters who came down in a special train of Pullmans, and who brought along their wives that all might enjoy a visit to the state house and the mid-winter meetings, have attracted as much attention as would the representatives of the dignitaries of some neighboring states. Sheridan county leads in everything good in Lincoln this week.

Among the big news of the week was the annual election of the officers for the state board of agriculture and the attendant defeat of Mellor for the position of Secretary. The newly elected officer to that place is E. K. Danielson of Osceola, who has been with the state fair for a number of years and who was elected last year as one of the board of managers. There was considerable of a contest and much surprise was indicated as the result of the vote.

On Friday, the 19th, Governor Neville attached his signature to the first two bills to pass the legislature—those voting appropriations for the assembly and incidental expenses of the same.

There has been one death among the employes of this legislature, that of one of the old janitors who had served the state for a number of years, Mr. Alexander, who passed away very suddenly on Friday evening at his home in the south part of this city.

As this letter is written, the eleventh day of the session, there have been 274 bills introduced in the legislature. Of this number two hundred and three have originated in the house. Not very many have been received back from the printer, but during the latter part of January there will be enough on the desks of the members and in the hands of committees to make business hum with the usual energy that has marked previous sessions.

Much ado was made by an certain brand of republicans over the governor's appointment of E. O. Mayfield to the position of member of the Board of Control when the nomination came before the Senate. Just what this all meant was that one faction of the republican party wanted Mayfield while the other did not and as there was no good reason for the rejection of Mr. Mayfield and he had back of him practically all of the leading men of the republican party, the senate confirmed the nomination. There have been some who thought that the governor would appoint one who did not affiliate with any political organization. Just how they expected the governor to discover that kind of a citizen in Nebraska would be difficult to determine.

One measure that has been up before previous sessions and which has again made its appearance in the present legislature, is that of extending the term of office for county officers to four years instead of two years as at present. The proposed law does not affect the present county officers. And if we were going to guess what the result would be it is that some of our friends over the state holding positions of trust will be doomed to disappointment, and this with a knowledge that the House has already by a large vote decided to pass the measure. When the county officers ask for an increase of salary they will find it much easier to defend their request under present day conditions than they will that the tax be increased to four years.

Notice to Creditors.

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Luther Martin, Deceased.

Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is August 10th, 1917, and for the payment of debts is December 24th, 1917. There is to be held at the county court room in said county on the 10th day of February, 1917, to examine, hear and allow all claims duly filed which are a first or second lien upon said estate, and on the 11th day of August, 1917, to examine, hear, allow and adjust all claims and objections of general creditors duly filed.

Dated this 9th day of January, A. D., 1917. (Seal) A. F. HANNEY, County Judge.

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DAISY

By JANE OSBORN.

Daisy Dodge was standing in a frame of sunshine in the doorway of the little eight-sided school at Dabneyville vigorously ringing the large hand bell that called the children, little and big, back to the afternoon session.

"Here's another letter for you, Miss Dodge," piped one of the older girls. It was Gussie Love, daughter of the general storekeeper, who also acted as postmaster.

After school Daisy began to read her letter.

"Dear Miss," it began in large, distinct, boyish writing. "I'm not much of a letter writer, and I haven't ever started writing to a young lady before, but it is so lonesome out here in the lumber camp that I thought I would begin just to keep from getting so dreadfully blue. Perhaps you have never seen a lumber camp. I am sending a snapshot that shows just what I look like. When you answer this letter, as I hope you will soon, please send me a picture of yourself. I always did like brown-eyed girls the best. With best wishes, Thomas William Jones.

"P. S.—I forgot to say that I am boss of a hundred men in the lumber work and I own ten thousand acres of unworked lumber land that I am going to begin cutting when I have saved enough to begin—perhaps next winter."

For just a moment, Daisy's eyes lingered with interest on the snapshot photograph that showed the writer of the letter in his characteristic costume of the lumberman at his work. She tucked the picture back in the envelope when she realized that she was allowing herself to admire the broad shoulders, straight figure and well-proportioned features of the stranger.

Then she took the key from the pocket of her plain school dress, opened a desk drawer and carefully took out ten letters that she had received within the last two weeks.

Why these letters? Why these proposals?

For half an hour Daisy sat and pondered. Then she wrote a letter that she hoped might clear up the mystery and restore her peace of mind.

It was to this Thomas William Jones, and in it she told him frankly what had happened and she asked him to help her solve the problem.

The letter she received in reply was brief and to the point. "I am ashamed of myself for having written the sort of letter I did, but I was very lonely."

Then he explained that he had read a description of Daisy in a sheet published in a matrimonial bureau.

Daisy answered this letter promptly and then waited impatiently for the next letter from her unseen champion.

On a warm spring evening, about two weeks later, Daisy was sitting on the upper porch of her three-room upstairs abode, when she saw through the semidarkness the tall figure of a stranger swinging up the road and then turning in at the schoolhouse patch. Her heart was beating with excitement when she reached the downstairs door and stood face to face with a strange young man. She had half-guessed—surely she had hoped even—that it was Thomas William Jones, and Thomas William Jones it turned out to be.

"I've been traveling a day and a night to get here," he told her, standing in her open door, hat in hand. "The reason I came—partly, at least—is to tell you that I have put a stop to those annoying letters. I went to the place where they publish the sheet and I held them up for the letter. Some one had sent it in signed with your name."

Daisy and the stranger forgot all about the offender and began to talk of other matters—even about themselves. They had both been very lonely. They had both lived for years without any real friends.

It was quite dark when Thomas William Jones started to return to the little local tavern where he had left his bag on his arrival in the village. He had been in Daisy's company rather less than an hour, and already she regarded him as her firm friend.

"You will just have my word for it that I am what I say I am," he declared, "but I want to tell you before I leave tonight that only one of the reasons I came here was to give you the letter from the agent. The other reason was to find out for myself if you aren't the girl I have been dreaming of all my life. Are you going to send me back to the woods without a chance to make good?"

Daisy put out her hand to bid him good night.

"You must go away now," she said, "but I don't want you to go back to that lonely camp until—until—"

For a moment he held her hand securely in his giant paw and then he turned and went without another word.

Daisy went to her little bedroom and, before the small oil lamp, opened the folded pages of the letter the stranger had brought from the matrimonial bureau. She read what purported to be a letter from herself, signed by her own name. It was in the crude copy-book writing of Gussie Love.

"It's a state-prison offense," she said, half aloud, "but I'll forgive you, Gussie. I can afford to. You did it to bring me happiness and you have succeeded."

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MATCHMAKER

By ANNE RICHMOND.

It was a warm day in April and old Botts was sitting just in front of his shop door when along came a dainty figure of a girl with a large square package.

"I have some books to sell," she said.

The fact that she was shabby and that the dark blue suit she wore was almost as faded as his own served as a tie of sympathy.

So it was that he bought the books without looking at them more than superficially, and paid her what with him was a maximum price—25 cents a volume.

She was Miss Pansy Mead and her address was the fifth floor back in a lodging house in a little side street near by.

Then, when Pansy had gone, he looked at the books for which he had paid \$3.75—a sum which the timid Pansy had seized with avidity. The second-hand man knew that look of eagerness, for often the wares he bought were sold for the price of a meal or a night's shelter.

The books seemed to be fairly new. For this reason he determined to put them in one of the shelves in place of some of the less attractive volumes that were then occupying the place of honor.

But when he looked closer at the books he was more than amazed. Some of the volumes in the set were missing.

He waited for a few days, thinking that perhaps the original owner would return with the missing volumes, but he waited in vain. Then, one day, he climbed up to the little bare room at the address she had given. He found the girl surrounded by piles of half-sewed white garments.

He explained to her what he supposed had been her mistake and the girl seemed not in the least surprised.

"I am sorry," she said, "and I would like to give you back the money you gave me, but I am very poor. Perhaps in a few weeks I shall have more sewing to do and then I will bring it around. The money I raised on the books made it possible for me to make the first payment on a sewing machine. Then I was able to get this work to do. But they pay so poorly; until I become expert it means hardly enough to pay the rent and for my simple meals. The worst of it is that I do not possess the missing volumes. They were given to me this way and I had to sell them."

What was Old Botts to do?

It was pleasant sitting out of doors, and the second-hand man was musing, over the fumes of his pipe. Then a brisk, well-dressed man approached.

"I've got some books for sale. I'll let you have them for a song. It's more to have them out of the way than anything else that I am bringing them to you. There are fifteen volumes. I'll let you have them for ten cents apiece. I know that's cheap, but, to tell you the truth, they won't be of much use to you. They are missing volumes. Here are the first and third volumes of the 'Vicente de Bragelonne,'" he continued.

The young man opened the suitcase and took out the handsomely bound books. Old Botts stared and interrupted the stranger.

"And there's the second volume of 'Monte Cristo,'" he said, without looking at the books. "And the odd-numbered volumes of Grote's 'History of Greece' and—"

"How did you know?" asked the younger man, amazement written all over his face.

The old man led the way inside his little shop and pointed to the collection of books he had placed there two months ago.

So the matchmaking was begun. How the second-hand man knew that there was a little romance at issue is hard to tell. For his life, spent among old furniture and dilapidated kitchen wares and dusty old books, would hardly have given him any intuition in affairs of that sort.

He told the young man of the pretty little girl who had brought the heavy bundle to him and of his later visit to her humble quarters.

"She said she would come around to pay me for the books which I told her would be of no use to me and I know she will keep her word. But now she need not. I will buy your batch for twenty-five cents apiece. They are all in good condition."

"Not if I know it—you won't buy them," said the young man. "I'll pay you seventy-five cents for each of your volumes if you say so. Where did you say the girl was staying?"

In a minute more, the young man was off, and it was not till two or three hours later that he returned.

"I thought I would explain how it happened," he said on his return. "You see, Miss Mead and I were engaged, and it was all my fault that we were separated. I went my way and she went hers. I have been lucky and she has had no end of misfortune. We had given the books to each other as presents. It was a little whim of ours to give alternate volumes so that when we had a little home of our own they would be complete. And she had to sell her books to pay for that sewing machine and I decided to sell mine just because I couldn't bear the sight of them any more."

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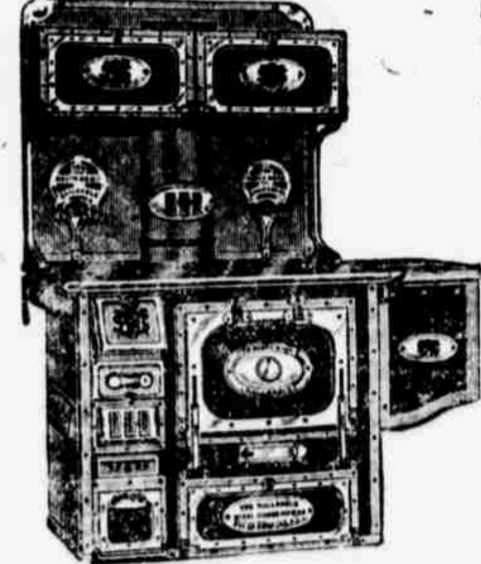
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