

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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At Croquet. How I rue the day I played croquet With charming Mabel Gray...

GRANT IN SCANDINAVIA.

Following Encomiums Upon the Character and Progress of "The Race that Rules the World" - Recapitulation of Scandinavian Achievements for More than Eighteen Centuries.

It was natural that Gen. Grant, in his tour of Europe, should first halt in England; that his next objective point should have been Scandinavia...

Grant is a Goth and a soldier, and it could not but be that he was curious and eager to behold the land that cradled the Gothic race...

In that land dwelt a people, the first instinct of whose nature was love of liberty, for without liberty they counted life but a burthen. Democracy in its purest form flourished in Scandinavia...

The Northmen of the middle ages were no unworthy children of the Goths. They transferred their field of operations from the land to the sea, and became almost as formidable on the latter element as they had been on the former.

petition "From the rage of the Normans deliver us merciful Lord and Father" was incorporated into the litany of the French church.

History does not, perhaps, present a more tremendous phenomenon, than the rapid and irresistible spread of the Goths, during the first centuries of our era.

Gustavus is the most luminous figure in history between Charlemagne and Napoleon—greater of soul indeed than either of these.

We need not wonder, upon this cursory review, that Gen. Grant directed his steps to Scandinavia from England. His soldier instincts draws him towards a cognate people, whose great deeds in war have been renowned for sixteen centuries.

If England is the parent of America, Scandinavia is the grand-parent; and if we regard the one with more immediate affection, we must honor and venerate the other.

the most energetic and progressive of modern times does not admit of a doubt, and as little doubt there is that they owe their character chiefly to the infusion of that vigorous and high spirited stock that followed the conqueror across the channel.

Some of the Scotch papers are giving details of a very extraordinary will case which will shortly be submitted for trial. The story is this: The daughter of a country practitioner in a little village in Scotland awoke one morning to find herself a great heiress.

Some fifteen years ago a young lady came to pay her visit. She was a stranger to Miss Grant, and was brought by some friends. It ended in this young lady Miss Temple, leaving father and mother, with their entire concurrence, and living with Miss Grant, for better or for worse, until death should them part.

Two years ago Miss Temple married. Last Christmas Miss Grant died. The will was revoked. She never forgave the defection, she never made another will, and the estate goes to an obscure country doctor in Aberdeenshire, who hardly knew he was related to Miss Grant, and never saw her.

Wonderful stories are told of how he dare not meet it face to face with their spears, and therefore resort to strategy. It is said that, when the Galla hunter has discovered the haunt of a black panther, he digs a round hole in the ground some six feet deep, and just large enough for him to stand upright in.

The survival of the fittest, is a new theory, but an old principle. In the gigantic combats upon the continent of Europe during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, when nations and races contended for the mastery, the has been nurtured in the bosom of the free institutions, and he has a sympathetic yearning to commune with a people who from the dawn of their history have despised servitude and defied the oppressor.

A well known young lady of this city recently made herself the victim of a ridiculous mistake. A handsome and wealthy gentleman, whose acquaintance she had just formed, invited her to attend a dress party in his company.

matter good naturedly and remarked, "Why, this is only my duster." He revealed beneath it a garment of shining broadcloth.

principle of emitting a loan, and again in London we were cheated. Finally I determined to study financial matters myself—first in London, then in New York.

How They Write Their Poems. Although 70 years old, Mr. Longfellow has in his manner little of the sentimentality which pervades his poem "Mortuiri Salutamus."

How the Gallas Kill the Black Panther. Wonderful stories are told of how he dare not meet it face to face with their spears, and therefore resort to strategy.

The Japanese Idea of a "Ring." When Japanese first came in contact with Western countries, immediately we began to have financial affairs with them.

A Mistake. A well known young lady of this city recently made herself the victim of a ridiculous mistake. A handsome and wealthy gentleman, whose acquaintance she had just formed, invited her to attend a dress party in his company.

Five well sharpened timothy seeds down the back of a perspiring farmer's boy who is mowing away hay under the ridge pole of the barn, will bother him more than any question touching Louisiana, or the future of the soul.

was necessary to issue an edition with in their means. In writing Mr. Lowell discards the table, but, seating himself midway between it and the fireplace in a broad easy chair, he employs for the purpose of a desk a stiff piece of pasteboard resting it conveniently on his knee.

Three Days an Autocrat. The brakeman who was the brains of the Pittsburg Trainmen. An important action of a sub-committee on Public Safety yesterday was a conference with Mr. Robert Ammond, a brakeman for the past year on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, who rejoices in the honor of having, for three days, taken from the hands of General Manager Laying the sole control and management of the road and its branches.

Knowing his influence with the trainmen, the sub-committee requested the conference for the purpose of inducing him to use his power to effect the raising of the freight blockade on the road, as far as, at least, as was necessary for provisioning the city.

Late yesterday afternoon a meeting of trainmen was held in District's Hall, Allegheny. The committee of seven, from the Committee on Public Safety, were present with Mayor Phillips and Mr. Ammond. The meeting began, speeches were made by members of the committee friendly and pacificatory in character.

Near the upper end of Adams street, in a little white cottage, which stands far back from the street, leaving room for a pretty lawn, trellised grape vines and beds of flowers, lives the retired magnate. He is in his twenty-fifth year, tall, slender, intelligent, quick and forcible.

The President's coachman is pointed out as one of the sights of Washington. He is as black as the ace of spades, but invariably carries a large raised umbrella when out driving, whether he avails himself of it or not, to guard against sunstroke, it is not known.

During the three days when he held the office not a single mistake or accident occurred, though excitement and danger attended everywhere. The conduct of the road was entirely in his hands, even to the issuing of passes. Mr. Laying himself could not have headed it over the road without having a pass countersigned by Robert Ammond.

Mr. Lowell's only occupation is that of a lecturer. He takes breakfast in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock, after walking about the country for an hour or so before it, and reads or writes as the mood seizes him, although his attention to books is rather more systematic than to his desk. He is fond of flowers, and often works among them. He likes angling, and appreciates almost all kinds of field sports.

The reproducing apparatus was on a table in full view of the entire audience. An operator turned the drum crank, and Mr. C. W. Greene announced before each piece of music who was to sing or play it at the Central Station, five miles distant. The reproduction sounded as if coming from a second-rate violin that needed rosin. The note could be heard distinctly throughout the largest hall in the city—Philadelphia Times.

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