

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow never comes," said my little child one day; "To-morrow is no long to wait, so very far away."

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Why should I stake my happy youth, Upon a man's untested truth, And proffered prayer?

IN PAWS.

It was a rainy morning. Customers were few in the rambling old pawnshop in the Bowery about which I am going to tell you, and the strange little man who kept the place had more time than usual to look over his stock and calculate his sales.

A woman with a battered face and bleared eyes had just been in and pawned an infant's chair, which was probably the last article of any value she had left in the house.

"I'm hungry," she replied, in a plaintive tone. "I'm hungry."

"You had better eat," said the pawnbroker, with a look of sympathy. "I'll get you some bread."

"Oh, I have hurried so, Guttman, dear!" she said, looking at her watch. "I have hurried so, Guttman, dear!"

"Where have you put her now, Guttman, dear?" she asked, looking at her watch. "I have hurried so, Guttman, dear!"

Old Guttman walked into the next room. This scene was too much for him. He had reproached her, he had even have borne it better; but there was not a word of remonstrance.

"Yes, Nina," Guttman remarked at last, as the child stood spell-bound by the portrait, "the painting is beautiful; every one will always say that; but all the time, Nina, it is not your mother, for she, as you will say, is in Heaven, so very far away."

"O Guttman dear, I know she is in Heaven!" the girl replied; "but this is all I have now, and I could not live without it, indeed I could not. I say to myself, when it is cold, and the rain pours down, and my feet freeze with the snow and the ice, 'Never mind, Nina, your mamma is over there, and Guttman dear will keep her safe; and then I think no more of the cross people and the cold streets.'"

"So," said the pawnbroker under his breath, with a glance at the little figure standing motionless before the portrait. Old Guttman had an eye for the artistic, and this child, bereaved, barefooted, and dressed in rags, with the look of an angel in her sweet infantile face, was a picture that he knew his friend Raphael would have craved to immortalize.

The pawnbroker loved the masters, and always spoke of them as his friends. There was a bit of dusting to do in an opposite corner, and when Guttman turned round again, Nina was gone.

"Ah, Guttman! you be found her!" he said to himself when he was alone. "And you, my pretty lady, with de big eyes, had bewitched me long enough—too long. I sorry for de child, but I may not keep you always because of that. When de shenlanten come again and vant to buy you, it will be one, two, tree, and off you go."

Business grew more lively towards noon, and the pawnbroker forgot all about the big eyes; but they looked out wistfully, nevertheless, on the strange company in this strange establishment, and sometimes one visitor more alive to the beautiful than the rest would linger a moment before the easel, and forget his troubles in the charm of this lovely face.

The rest of this stormy, disagreeable day passed as usual in the pawnbroker's establishment. Men and women, old and young, crept in with their treasures, and after a few low-spoken words with the proprietor, would creep out again, his money clanked tightly in their hands.

In the evening a young man of refined appearance came in, hurriedly, and pawned his watch, a large gold watch. He was evidently an old customer, for he said, with a hard laugh, as he put the money in his pocket— "I have got ahead of uncle this time, Guttman. He thinks I have turned out an infant's chair, which was probably the last article of any value she had left in the house."

"Yes," said Guttman, holding up the watch before him, and looking at it with a look of interest. "How much did you give him?" "Twenty dollar."

FARM TOPICS.

Prof. M. W. Phillips, of the University of Illinois, writes as follows in the Chicago Live Stock Journal: The Professor of Greek in this University called my attention, two days since, to his cows. They will make better beef than any I have ever seen.

That evening the great artist had a reception at his studio, and after the visitors had all gone, he went out with a friend for a stroll in the cool evening air. The portrait had been greatly admired by his visitors, and after a minute examination by a brother artist, it had been left standing on the floor at the side of the room.

When the gentleman entered the studio on his return at about 12 o'clock, a strange sight met his eyes. A little girl, all in rags, sat on the floor by the side of the portrait, her head leaning against the picture, fast asleep. In her hand was the card she had taken from the picture-frame, with the artist's address upon it.

The great-souled man understood the story as well as if it had been told him. His heart was touched. He took the child in his arms, and placing her in the care of one who could give her the sympathy and love of a mother, little Nina awoke in the morning to warmth and sunshine, to the light of her mother's picture, and to pretty clothes and tender, loving words.

I can not dwell on Nina's after history. She grew up a true and beautiful woman, and the great artist's picture of her, painted abroad, was the gem of the academy, and made for the interior a wider reputation than he had ever had before.

Nina never forgot the old pawnbroker, and always called him friend, and "Guttman dear" just as in the old days, and his occasional visits to her home were among the brightest moments of the old man's life.

It was in 1859 that I met in Mobile, Ala., the owner of this book—Dr. J. H. Witherspoon, grandson of President Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Doctor was an educated gentleman, and urged me if I ever came in the region of Greensboro, Ala., to be sure to call on him and he would show me his wonderful Bible.

I found the venerable doctor living exactly on the spot, and with the shades about him, for he did not seem to think there was anything in his Bible against slavery, though his grandfather signed the declaration that "all men are born free and equal." The book was brought out from a careful keeping, and sure enough, though I had seen for years the great Van Es library, with Bibles having a chain attached that once held them to a certain part of the Bible of Philip Melancthon with his autograph, I had never seen any such book as this.

"I took it in my hand with awe, for it was written in the days of King Alfred, and by a monk of Cornwall, England, who worked at it forty years—almost a lifetime—and was evidently on the very finest of parchment, and had the best of ink. How such a finish could be put upon the skin of any beast in the days so long ago, when the binding of the book was in oak boards, tied with buckram, was a mystery and almost a contradiction.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Delicate Cake: One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, three cups of flour, two tablespoons of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, the whites of eight eggs; stir butter and sugar together to a cream; into one cup of sweet milk put two-thirds cup of flour, mix with this butter and sugar, then add soda, sift flour and cream of tartar together, add to above, and lastly the egg beaten to a stiff froth, and bake moderately in a tin.

Corn Bread: Two eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of corn meal, one and one-half cups of wheat flour, butter half the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar, then add flour, meal, and cream of tartar, after being sifted and thoroughly mixed together, and bake three-fourths of an hour.

Good Coffee: The editor of Truth says there is nothing easier than making good coffee, and gives the following simple recipe: Put the ground coffee in a sateenpan—two spoonfuls for each cup—put the sateenpan on the fire; just before the water boils throw in a cup of cold water, and take the pot off; strain the coffee through a piece of muslin, and you will have better coffee than is produced by the most complicated and costly patent machines.

Crackers: Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into a quart of sifted flour, add half a teaspoonful of salt and mix into a stiff dough with sweet milk. Lay this on a floured board and beat it with the rolling pin as long as time and muscle will permit. The longer the dough is rolled the better. Roll it out very thin and cut round into whatever size you may desire. Wash each one carefully with the surface with milk and bake hard in an oven moderate enough to give only a light color.

Charcoal powder is good for polishing knives without destroying the edge. It is also a good tooth powder when finely pulverized.

Straw matting may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth, dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

Buttermilk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponge in the milk for a few hours, then squeeze it out, wash it in cold water, and lemon juice is also good.

The white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been steeped until it forms a jelly, is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain, and a piece of lint be changed as often as it becomes dry.

The other night, when a certain Detroit club had gathered in its hall, a member announced the serious illness of one of the officials. A second member at once moved to the platform and said: "Gentlemen, no one can regret this sad news more than I do. It seems to me that the occasion calls for a few remarks expressive of sympathy and condolence. I do not wish to occupy your valuable time, but I feel it a duty to say of the ailing brother—"

There the person himself entered the hall, having been detained beyond the usual time by some occurrence on the street. The speaker didn't seem in the least put out, but waved his hand around the hall and said: "I certainly am not trespassing upon the valuable time of the club when I say that we all rejoice to see our brother here. I am now more than ever convinced that I should include in a few remarks."

Home Education. The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household: 1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say. 3. Never promise them any thing unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done. 5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they are your, or make you lose your self-possession. 7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the propriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be repeated. 9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another. 11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth. 13. Never allow tale-bearing. 14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

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