

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher. RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

IF SHE COULD ONLY COOK.

You are not a cook, my dear! You are not a cook, my dear! You are not a cook, my dear!

MRS. LINCOLN'S HALLUCINATIONS.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is not sick, in spite of paragraphs in one thousand newspapers of the country. She is perfectly healthy.

Mrs. Lincoln came to this city to reside upon her return from Europe, in October last.

In an unlucky hour Mr. Rice gave our Sammy a bridle for the little colt. Fortunately the colt was docile, and no one learned to lead beautifully.

In the vagaries of a diseased mind in one eminently related to the tragic period in American history, upon which have been held the woven threads of the thousand and one stories of Mrs. Lincoln's probable death from day to day.

There was the looked-for opportunity. His wife went up for the benefit of her boy, his head hid the business for the man, the bride landed on the fence-post, and...

A horse which days ago a colored man drove a horse and wagon up to the park, and asked how long before a train would pass.

As the train thundered in, the horse reared up and pawed the air, shook off a man who grabbed the bridle, and whinnied around, he upset the wagon and dived it, and went up the...

Residuary legatees. But the lone woman of National interest had more loose rein than under restraint in the use of her funds.

Mr. H. Hubbs, of 178 Broadway, was the engineer that Delamater & Co. put in charge of the construction of John P. Holland's torpedo ram when in May, 1875.

The splendid weather, so unusual for Washington at midsummer, is favorable to riding parties.

Three men had a very narrow escape from going over Niagara Falls the other night.

When Malek el Adib left the home of his childhood that he might go West and seek a fortune.

Any representative business man must have noted with saddened heart that over-devotion to business which kills almost as surely as...

So the robbers stood Malek on his back and pounded the soles of his feet with the bastinado until he disgorged from various secret pockets, belts, double shoe soles, and from the straw and cushions of the coach, 125 dollars.

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When the Black Hills fever was at its height, McJ. was one of the young men who went from St. Louis in the expectation of becoming a millionaire.

McJ. gathered hold of his horse's halter and led him towards his cabin. "What are you doing?" he asked.

The stranger followed and kept up his offers until finally he had secured the horse.

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Religious Reading.

THE TWO GATES.

Open the East Gate now. The day with unnumbered hours, Unnumbered by man's eye.

Open the West Gate. Lay down thy daily toil, Glad of the night's repose.

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