

RED CLOUD CHIEF.
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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Of the metal and the fire,
They made me from my ringing sire,
And made me of the city's choir,
Which sings in free and sunny air.
And here since I've been living,
I've seen the light of day,
And with my voice I've been ringing,
Giving my notes with iron tongue.
Alone, but never lonely,
The better of the better here,
Colored in the upper atmosphere,
I speak in accents stern and clear,
And none so ready as you,
With none so ready as you,
Giving my notes with iron tongue,
Alone, but never lonely.

Here by myself in beauteous hall,
Peeping through bars at earth and sky,
And back my knees I bring;
I come for smiles, to cheer you, my boy,
I herald news and hopes and fears,
And never tire of ringing,
From place of vantage, looking down
Upon the lights and shadows here,
And with the merriment of my play
In cracking roof and rafters,
I tell the hours for the school;
I call to prayer the pastor's flock;
I laugh and forth I strike my rock,
And sink to silence after.

When the twilight slowly crawls
Over the stars and broken walls,
And darkness on the earth is laid,
And down the flag bleeds pale,
I watch the gleam on the quiver,
I see the lightning's flash of fire,
The human current cross the floor,
Eddying, surging to and fro.

Or day or night there mowed my gaze
The sloping floors, the crowded ways,
The mother of a dreary man;
I see the mother of a man;
One day a rest for them may come;
One day in seven years or more,
No time from all of duty free,
My toll is never ending.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FARMER.

MY DEAR JAMES—You ask me for some advice as to your farm work in life. You say that you are dissatisfied with the prospect of being a hard-worked farmer all your days, but at the same time you do not consider yourself a gentleman or a gentleman's son. You are a farmer, and you want to acquire a vast fortune by speculation. You expect to work for your living; but you think there may be some pursuit which will be equally remunerative and not so laborious and monotonous as the farmer's. You ask if it would not be better for you to become a "first-class mechanic" than to be a farmer.

This is in your opinion, not alone to you, but to many other boys who take a serious view of life; whose common sense gives them a fairly correct estimate of their own powers and abilities, and who desire to earn a business for which they are adapted, which will give them fair wages, a reasonable amount of leisure, and a respectable position in life.

Most of the young men who work in a gloomy view of their own business, think almost everybody else is better off than they are, and generally try to discourage others from following their own path. The farmer and mechanic are about equally ready to say: "Our business is going to the dogs. If I were a farmer, I should not have anything to do with it." Sometimes they do this with the selfish desire to keep down the supply of workers in their own line, in order that the demand for their own service may be increased.

But the fact remains, in spite of this universal disparagement of their own business, that there are some occupations more, some less, desirable than others; and I shall try to give a few reasons for thinking that a farmer's boy, unless he has a decided bent for mechanical pursuits, should "settle" where there is always plenty of room and recompense, had better stick to his own business.

The Boy Who Whistles.

"He whistled along, unknown what he whistled,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought."
It was probably a memory of his boyhood which prompted Dryden when he linked the whistling lines together which head this article, for certainly no man can read them without once catching the whole sentiment of the couplet.

Because John Dryden, the poet and dramatist, was buried in Westminster Abbey and lives in history, it is not improbable that John whistled on his way through the lanes of Aldwinkle to confess, on reaching his home, that he had forgotten one of the many most important articles in his pocket, a watch or a ring. Boys whistled in the seventeenth century just as they whistle now. In fact whistling has always been and always will be one of the prerogatives of boyhood, and he who whistles a whole life with him to maturity or old age has always a reserve force with which to blow aside many of the aches and ills of a lifetime.

Who is the boy who has not had a dear companion whose face was no more promptly recognized than his whistle? Every boy has a memory of the signal which so often reached his ears as he alone, from the time he was knowing that it was against rules and regulations to be out of doors at night, persistently pucker his lips and blow temptingly terrible to resist and not always overcome.

How many a boy has lived, who, perhaps able to whistle in but one fashion, has enjoyed his more accomplished friend who could give the whistle in two or three different ways? What a pleasure to the boy who could perform the act of whistling in all known styles!

How we boys used to stare wonderingly and with admiration at the champion whistler who could fill his mouth with his fingers, with one finger and even with the thumb and in each instance causing a shrill shriek loud enough to be heard half a mile away. Then with what a patronizing air the champion would sink his skill to indulgence in the ordinary lip-whistle or the almost as common and very superior double-double whistle. I remember with bewildering brilliancy the chief d'œuvre of settlement—the tongue-and-teeth whistle.

It is surprising how many are the whistles indicated unmistakably by the boy's whistle. There is the whistle in which the head is held erect, the eyes look straight ahead, but at nothing in particular, the lips show the utmost regular contraction, and the cheeks and lips prove total indifference to appearance and the noise, a strain most monotonous, because it ends in the wrong place, only to again take up the first note in a regular and unobtrusive way. There is also a whistle in which the head is tilted back and the mouth open, and a general indication of regret and unwillingness to do anything but whistle. Again there is the boy, often grown to manhood, who does not know one note from another, yet whistles on whistling constantly, in a hopeless effort to catch a tune which he heard the hand play at the county fair.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Queen Victoria's John Brown had employed the sunshine to the extent of \$5,000,000 of hay-making.

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—Miss Linda Gilbert is now endeavoring to secure additional educational facilities and other reforms in the prisons of Baltimore and Washington. In May she will sail for England and devote the summer to efforts in behalf of prison reform there.

—Malthusian Blind says that Mr. Lewis More than a husband to George Eliot; he was like a mother, watching over her health, cheering her despondency with his own buoyancy, and creating the spiritual atmosphere in which her genius ripened.

—Mrs. Agnes Davis says the reason she would not consent to marry Judge Davis while he was in office, was because Mr. Arthur being a widower and Judge Davis Acting Vice President, she would have had the triple whammy of the first lady in the land, a position she did not care to occupy.

OUR YOUNG READERS.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.
He honest, my boy, be honest, I say;
Be true to your friends, be true to your father;
Be true to the school, be true to the teacher;
Be true to your country, be true to your God;
Be true to your conscience, be true to your soul;

HOW UNCLE JOHN WAS FOOLED.
"All Fool's Day—nonsense!" said Uncle John Tyler, with his hands tucked into his pockets, as he sat down to breakfast one morning.

"Honest true?" asked Ben, looking up. "Honest true?" answered Uncle John Tyler, looking down. "A quarter of an ounce?" asked Ben, looking up. "That'll be three," said Ben. "One for me?" asked Ben. "And one for me?" piped Tommy. "A quarter all round," said Uncle John Tyler. "And I'm going to thrash out your father, today, so you'll have a good chance."

He thought of the blowing an ordinary tobacco pipe or a glass tube. It is hard to make very large bubbles with the mouth, and sometimes a pair of bellows is used. We cannot examine our bubbles without standing over the table or floating in the air, so we need a support, which we will make of a wire ring fastened horizontally to the head of a large nail. The nail should first be put into a solid block of wood, just far enough to keep it firm. The ring is smeared with paraffine; it prevents the wire from cutting into the bubble. A glass shade may be placed over the bubble, and which you thus protect it from draughts of air.

When blown from the mouth the air inside of the bubble is warmer and heavier than the air outside, so it will rise. When filled from bellows, the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. This rising and falling is due to pressure, the air which surrounds the bubble will tell equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch.

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be proved by blowing a bubble in a vessel of water, and dropping in a few pieces of chalk. Four or five of a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin and the gas set free which we call carbonic acid gas. The bubbles may be shown by putting in a lighted match, which this gas will at once put out. Fill a bubble with air, let it fall upon the acid gas; it will remain supported and dilate to the size of the gas in it. If you could fill a bubble with hydrogen it would bound upwards at a great rate, for that gas is the lightest known.

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