# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF. A. C. HOSMER, Publisher,

RED CLOUD, - NEBBASKA.

ON THE CHURCH-STEPS.

Came out of church; the grand music was Over,
The bells had been rung,
But my heart was still singing the joyfullest

My heart ever sung.

I went through the verbs: To be loved, to be For there in the glad, Christmas sunshine he walted, On the church-steps.

You see, I had promised to make him a pres-That beautiful day, And though it was costly, I'm sure I was To give it away;
And though on that moment my life was de-

Too proud of my power, I stood there pre tending. On the church-steps.

And what was this present the dear boy expected?
You goose, can't you guess?
Well, listen—he asked me so hard with his eyebrows,
I had to say—yes.
He knew he had conquered, I made no re

But gave him my love for his love and exist-There, on the church-steps.
—N. Y. Graphic.



First my mother she died, then my father he got married; then my father he died and my mother she got married-and now I've got no father, no mother, no Christmas, no turkey, no not hin'."

#### Christmas and New Year's Items.

-Rejoles, our Savior He was born On Christmas day in the minutes. -Old Christmas Carol in "Shelch Book." -The best Christmas presents are those that will beautify a home for a

-At Christmas be merry and thankful withal.

And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with
the small.

-Thomas Tusser. -How to present a Christmas present to children-sock it to 'em. -Low-

ell Courier. -Without the door let sorrow lie.
And if for cold it hap to die.
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie.
And evermore be merry. —Wither. -In England a barrel of oysters is a

very common Christmas present to country friend.

-The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in than stable lay, new-born,
The peacoful Prince of Earth and Heaven.
-Alfred Dommett.
-Christmas comes but once a year; but then it makes its presents felt .-N. O. Picayune.

Christmas! Hear the joy bells ring!
Gladly in the churches sing
Of His mercy, of His power,
And the gifts the angels shower.

-I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. - Dickens.

—As flits the holy Christmas-birth.

He this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will. —Thackcray. -Devise liberal things for the poor, that they may, by your gifts, be re-minded of the coming of the Christ-



Pa's Pocket-Book Before Christmas.



How It Looked After the Holidays.

The poor will many a care forget;
The debtor think not of his debts,
But as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it were Christmas all the year,
Thomas M

-Christ mas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human famlly into common communion.—Charles

-Some say, that ever 'gainst the season come Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated. The bird of dawning singeth all night long, So hallowed and gracious is the time.

-It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child

Rise happy morn! rise holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night,
O, Futher, fonch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

— Trungson.

Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the senial flame of charity in the heart. the

-The belfries hristendom

will kindly whistle - "If som There'll B Sorrow There,' we dany Turkeys. chorus.'

And loving words withat,
Welcome the merry Christmas in,
And hear a brother's call.

—F. Laurence.

-The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem, with one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely.—Dickens.

-The church bells of innumerable sects are all chime bells to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands, and awaking a great joy in the heart of our common humanity .-Chapin.

-Fogg says his son William is always particularly well-behaved about this time. With him Christmas is indeed the season of good Will.—Boston Transcript.

-This happy day, whose risen sun Shall set not through eternity. This holy day when Christ, the Lord, Took on Him our humanity. -Phabe Cary.

-Who taught mankind on that first Christwhat 'twas to be a man; to give, not take: To serve, not rule: to nourish, not devour: To help, not crush, if need, to die, not live? — harles Kings cy -A Williamsport (Pa.) young lady was asked by her "feller" what she de-

sired for Christmas. She said: "Call around for me Christmas morning and bring a minister with you." souls, two hearts.

-Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands, The chorus of voices the clasping of hands; Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

-In making Christmas presents always choose a useful gift. If you have a friend who is a hard drinker give his family an order on an undertaker, or else present him with a cemetery lot .-Philadelphia Chronicle.

-There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky. There s a mother's deep prayer and a baby's low cry; And the star rains its fire while the beautiful

And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King. —J. G. Hoband. — "Cupid"—You ask how you shall best prevent a quarrel with your inam-orata? Be still, O loving heart, and draw comfort from the reflection that your best girl isn't going to break away from you until after Christmas anyway. -Lowell Courier.

-- Lowett Courter.

-- The morning dawns with brighter ray,
To heraid a new metal day
Of peace and love.
For lo: In yonder manger lies
The Holy Child—while songs arise
From choirs above.
He comes—He comes—let earth rejoicing tell
The story of its young Immanuel.

-- William B. Chisholm.

-The Christmas cards this year are beautiful, and it is a pleasant custom to send them to friends, but the best Christmas card that we know of, says the Mobile Register, is one tied on to the leg of a turkey, with the name of some deserving poor man or woman written on it, who is not able to buy any Christmas cheer.

-It is said that the custom of making New Year calls is on the wane. Last year "best society in New York merely hung out baskets." To travel about a city all day, in a suit hired for the occasion, dropping cards into a basket, is about as wild and hilarious fun as to sit on a fence and see your est girl go by with another fellow. Norristown Hera'd.

-"I'se only been like Santa Claus, said a little seven-year-old girl found by her mother dragging a basket in a Philadelphia street Christmas day. "Mamma said last night Santa Claus never comes to the poor, so I said I will give some of my toys and fings to the poor children myself. So I got mamma's basket and put in the fings, but I didn't find any poor children, and got lost and didn't know what to do.'

-Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Charley!" Clara exclaimed, in well-Charley!" Clara exchanges, "Why, Char-disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley yourself," Charley look the hint and offered himself on the spot.

-- As Christmas is near at hand, we may expect soon to see in our St. Louis exchanges such items as this: "A Chicago young man, in a rash moment, told his girl that if she would hang up her stocking on Christmas eve he would fill it to the brim with something nice. He has since seen her stocking, and is undecided whether to get into it himself or buy her a sewing-machine." Norristown Herald.

-The old north breeze through the skeleton

Trees
Is chanting the year out drearily:
But loud let it blow, for at home we know
The dry logs crackle cheerily.
And the frozen ground is in fetters bound;
But pide up the wood we can burn it.
For Christmas has come, and in every home
To summer our hearts can turn it.
Wassail! Wassail!
Here's happiness to all, abroad and at home,
Wassail! Wassail!
Here's happiness to all, for Christmas has
come.

A lively writer of "Girl's Gossip," in the London Truth makes some comments on the Christmas-card mania, the force of which will impress itself on many people, just now. She says: "One does not like to throw them away

-they are too prett; and yet, after the first week or two, no one ever looks at them. The worst of sending cards is that one is almost sure to forget somebody, and get into a scrape. I think I shall advertise next Christmas in the daily papers: Madge Manners offers the compliments of the season to all who care to accept her good wishes. No cards." It would save a quantity of

-Capacity of the Chicago Stocking: "Papa," said a gushing young damsel of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas a seal-skin sacque and muff, a pair of diamond ear-rings, that beautiful writing-desk we were looking at the other day and bushels and bushels of French candy. Will you, papa?" and the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tattoo on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder. "Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive. upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in the back yard and I will fill it for yoz, darling, if I have to chuck in a house and lot."—Rochester Postial you, Pinkerton Puckerpurse, you are concealing something from met.

### THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"Thank Heaven," said old Pinkerton Puckerpurse, "that I have no brats to



buy Christmas presents for, or botherations of that sort-Just then there came a violent ringing at the front door-bell.



"What-! Who-! Why-!"



Yes, sure enough, here was Mr. Pinkerton Puckerpurse, bachelor, with a real, live baby suddenly thrust upon him, and making night hideous with its loud: "Awa-awa-awa-a-a-a!



Obviously, the first thing to be done was to try and soothe the little savage to sleep, or the neighbors would be roused. Bachelor Puckerpurse's "Husha-bye baby, thy daddy is green," sounded very much like the wail of a doomed man, as he wildly swung the basket to



case never occurred to him before, and bell. "Ha! twins this time, I'll war- as Dakie himself." rant."





"Hello! what's that?" said Slorgam. Pinkerton Puckerpurse, in a sepulchral voice, "it's a famous neighborhood for cats.



nuts and raisins than you ever saw betofe! Yip! Peel me down, dear father
hang my hide on the fence, mother
darling!"—Detroit Free Press.





So there was nothing for it but to bring out the now howling infant and explain. While doing so in a rather in-



His friend suddenly disappeared, and Pinkerton Puckerpurse found himself alone hugging his bottle instead of a baby, for he had only been dreaming. The very next day he signed the pledge and his check for \$1,000, which last he gave to an orphan asylum .- L. Hopkins, in Christmas Graphic.

#### A Christmas-Box.

It wasn't a pretty box all trimmed with paper-lace and embossed pictures and filled with bon-bons.

It was made of wood, and once upon a time it came to Mr. Daley's store full of soap. It was under Mr. Daley's log must be of a certain kind of wood, counter that very afternoon before Christmas, when Dakin Language at the Devonshire it consists of fagots of Christmas, when Dakie Lane came to arh bound together, and an extra glass buy ten cents' worth of raisins and a from the cider barrel is expected by the pound of sugar and a pound of crackers great for every crack made by the blaz-and a very little spice.

of it, if, on her way home in her carriage a little later, she had not passed Dakie again with one arm full of his small parcels. Just at that minute a big dog bounced up against him, and down went Dakie on the sidewalk; and the paper of sugar burst open, and the raisins were scattered about, and more than half of the crackers went into the

"Oh, dear me!" said Dakie, as he be gan manfully to repair as much of the mischief as he could. "No pudding now," thought the

lady; and in a minute more she was being driven back to Mr. Daley's store. There the soap-box was pulled out from under the counter, and into it "Ha! she sleeps at last, and now to went all sorts of nice things; raisins and my revenge!" "Stay!" said the mon-currants and figs and nuts and candles, itor within, "perhaps you were an in-fant once yourself." This view of the was nailed on, and Mr. Daley's man was nailed on, and Mr. Daley's man was hurried away with it to Dakie's he hesitated. Another ring at his door- home, where it arrived almost as soon

"Why, why, who sent it?" cried Dakle.

"I don't know," said Mr. Daley's But Dakie knew the moment he read, in big letters on the cover: "For the baby's Santa Claus." "It was the lady!" cried he. "Oh,

isn't she beautiful!" "Bu'ful!" echoed the baby. - Youth's Companion.

## How the Sunshine Came.

A boy of twelve stood leaning against kerel He had barely time to thrust the in-nocent cause of his agitation out of hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his sight, when in walked his old friend right hand going up occasionally to Slorgam to spend the evening. another anatomy about his size and asked:

"I dunno. I've just been licked." "Who dun it?"

"Why?"
"Why! Haven't I got three dollars

saved up to buy pap and marm Christ-mas presents, and if I can git 'em to

whale, me before Christmas won't I

spend every cent of that money on my-

"Bully! You are all right! You've

bin licked, and they won't expect even

a stick of gum from their pounded son.

I'll go home and slam the baby around

and steal sugar and kick the cat and

sass mother, and if I can git walloped

to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow

and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping-knifes and rock-candy and

She told him I had been

"Going to run away ""

was all through hurting."

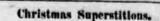
self? How much you got?"

"Two dollars."

" Sick?" " No." " Any the family dead?"

"Did your ma ask him to?" ching for it more than a month. "Say," said the new arrival, "you are in luck. I'm trying my best to git dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents sounds like an infant afflicted with "Ccts, only cats," replied if he had tanned me this noon and it





It is a curious fact that the forms and raditions of our ancestors, connected with our festivals, have been retained and handed down from one generation to another with very few changes; none, however, except where civiliza-tion has softened and beautified them, for the mi-tletoe and holly, the Yule-ler and Christmas gandles are as fell and Christmas candles, are as full meaning in the New York homes of to-day as they were in merry old En-

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then Till sunset let it burn." One of the earliest customs is the corating of our homes and churches with evergreens at Christmas-time, for our forefathers believed that the dec-oration of private dwellings in recogni-tion of the Incarnation of the Divinity would, by marking the homes of the rusion and evil auspices of fiends.

It is regarded as a very unlucky circuenstance if any leaves or sprigs are hopped or remain behind on the renoval of the church or home decoraloas, and all must be cleared away be-Candlemas-day (February 2); and in no account should the sacred mistlebo bough - the standing symbol of cough-and-ready flirtation, without conciousness or necessity of harm-be ast into the street or carelessly thrown side; for love luck it must be burned y the oldest unmarried member of the amily, male or female.

If one wishes to revive an old Romay ustom, let him send a holly branch to his friends as typical of good wishes, and it may have a double meaning by adding a sprig of mistletoe, the gleaning berries conveying a message of hope, fir if the holly carries good wishes and ficesight or forethought, the mistlefoe is an assurance of "I surmount difficulties," and many a wife has been won

by this little token of assurance. From the remotest times of the burning of the Yule or Christmas log, it has had all kinds of superstitions connected "Going to have a pudding?" asked Mr. Daley's boy, weighing out the sugar. One log is the general custom, but we have known a hod of coal selected for that purpose when wood was inaccessible. A bit of the Christ-Mr. Daley's boy, weighing out the sugar.

"Yes," said Dakie. "And I want a stick of eandy, too, if you please, to put in the baby's stocking. There's a cent"

It was a very large cent, and it shone as if Dakie had pol'shed it.

"That's worth two sticks," said the grocer-boy. "We don't often see such a shiny one. "What're you going to have in your stocking?"

"Nothing, I guess," said Dakie; "I'm too old. I'm going to be the baby's santa Claus."

"Oh," said the grocer-boy, wrapping up the two sticks of candy; and Dakie aid unity see him pay for one of them out of his own pocket. "That's it."

A lady-customer at the other end of the counter was giving Mr. Daley and one of the counter was giving mr. Daley as miled at Dakie as she went past him out of the store-door.

Perhaps that would have been the end of it, if, on her way home in her carallake and the none cannot be house, and let no one tempt you."

Scient "I have a cheese and cake untouched of it, if, on her way home in her carallake and the no one tempt you."

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Scient "I have a cheese and cake untouched in he house, and let no one tempt you."

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Bridget, who promised to Mrs. J., but ob, with what a way in the way in the way in the way in the sure that the fire does not good to sure that the fire does not good to say the hard the fire does not good the children in the with, and be sure that the fire does not good the children in the interin to eu them before the proper time.

It is very lucky for a child to be born on Christmas Day, especially if the day fals on Sunday. And the girl who is a brile on the 25th of December is said to have nothing to fear.

At no other time is a black cat-a stringe black cat—thought to be lucky but at Christmas. If one comes into the house, it is a sure sign of money. No person but the boys must presume to 1,0 out-of-doors on Christmas morn-ing until the threshold has been con-secrated by the incoming footsteps of a

"I'm folks what hab short talking (quariels) on Christmas Day or night won't hab no luck in friendship, love or pocket," said an old colored mammy; and be sure you wish some one a "Mer-ry Christmas" before you put your shoes and stockings on; and for real good luck kiss the oldest person in the toute first on Christmas morning, and the youngest on New Year's morning.— Herper's Basar,

# The Jones' Skeleton.

e, like a white-winged dove, has ate y proofed over the Jones family, day last week the demon of disthe day last week the dealy. Jones chered most unexpectedly. Jones was cetting ready to go down town in the morning, and in looking for a hand-kerchief in the family bureau found a drawer that resisted him—in fact it was a most unheard of thing in that At first it only made Jones cause the resistance threw him he room, and bounced him up a chiffonier on the other side, n he regained consciousness he faria and asked her, with white, s, where the key was. She as in her pocket. He demandhe refused to give it to him; and sued one of those painful doilences which are so much more ng than words or blows. Jones and came in for three days, ed during the whole time, for suspicion had taken possession

He remembered that Maria n distraught and mysterious ith a glassy lock in her eyes. led the fact that several times bell had rung in the evening thad evaded his inquiry as to there. He knew the evil tenthe age and shuddered at the Maria had met a handsomer on he. Green-eyed jealousy took eart like a canker! things come to an end. One

s. Jones went out, and as she ast the parlor door she looked id: "Jeptha, if you hear the gle I wish you'd look at him." vas his opportunity—now or de crept softly up stairs and chere the peaceful room where their old ra sleeping and turned the gas lown of the merest glimmer; then he stealth it phroduced a key and fitted it into the lock of that drawer and pulled it aller the open, and there lay before him he picture of that other man?

Oh no! but a pair of slippers embro ered in red, green and yellow with terra cotta "J. J." in a wreath of cglas-tine on each toe and a "Merry Chrismas" card tacked to the pair. Poor Jones! this was even worse than he expected. It is enough to break up any man to thrust a pair of embroidered slippers upon him, and as he stood and looked, and shivered, and realized that the thir ga were four indicates. the thirgs were four inches too short and had noft heels, he saw a paper sticking uy cariously on one side. It was addressed in a man's handwriting to Mrs. sones. Ha! ha! this, then, was a local cluet

It was; it was the bil from the man who soled the shoes, and it included one for the velvet and snother for the embeddery, and Jones was trying to foce the matter up to his satisfaction, when a tremendous blow fell upon his head and a fearful howl rent the air as Bridget shricked:

"Cw, ye mizzable, thleven, maraudin blaggard, I'll tache ye to stale into dacent people's houses — Oh, howly Moses! it's the master himself, bad 'cess



er poor, innercent wife is talking -d'se hear? 'ye moind, now-just wish me a " Hajpy New-Year!"

to him. How was I to tell him from

enny other thafe?" Jones patched up a pease with Bridget, who promised to say Niver a.

and have a cheese and cake untouched mas, which has passed into obvion, is in he house, and let no one tempt you said to have sprung from the tongs of shepherds and others at the birth of Never refuse to take or give food and Christ. The common custom of dec-shifter at Christmas-time. Orating houses and courches with evergreens is derived from a common belief that sylvan spirits world flock tothose evergreens and remais dere until the coming in of a milder stason. Holly and ivy are the evergues chiefly used in England; these are also worn about the head, and the phrases, to "kiss under the rose" and to "whisper under the mistletoe," have reference to this practice.

Christmas comes! He comes! He comes! Ushered with a rain of p unst.

Hol les in the windows gr. or him.
Schools come driving past to meet him,
Gitts precede him, hills procaim him,
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark,
Make him but the warmer park;
And yet he comes no one obsodied,
Universal's the blithe godikad,
And in every festal house
Presence bath ubiquitous,
Curtains, whose snug roomenfolders,
Hang upon his million eyes
Of fre, and cats a million pes,
And is very merry and wieVery wise and very merry
And leaves a kiss beneath he berry.

—Leich Hunt.



Our Holiday Supplement Appreciated.

-The Lancet offers these delightfully cheering remarks to the middle-aged dyspeptic: Elderly people are often able to compete with the younger members of the family in the enjoyment of Christmas cheer in a manner which amazes their middle-aged relations. The explanation is that the digestive elements are long preserved, so that a man who, in the prime of manhood, was a martyr to dyspepsia, by reason of the sensitiveness of his gastric nerves, eats and drinks with the courage and success of a boy in his later years, when his nerves are blunted, and when, therefore, hispeptic cells are able to pursue their chemical work undisturbed by nervous

worries." —"Are you going to make New Year's calls this year?" asked Burrell Chase, on the day before New Year's, of Bronson Alcott, another Austin society young man. "No, I am not going to make any New Year's calls this year, but I am going to make calls next year, which will be to-morrow. It is a little late to make New Year's calls