THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DEVICE.

ORIGIN OF COMETS.

Proof from the Little Data of the Accepted Theory.

Many of the Known Comets and Meteor Systems Were Expelled From the Earth, the Red Ones Other Planets and the Suns.

A CRAZY CLUFF.

A Straightforward Witness.

Counsel (on cross-examination)—What is your age, madam?

Witness—Forty-seven, sir.

Counsel—Married or single?

Witness—Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life; and, if it is of any interest to the court, I don't mind saying that I've worn false teeth for nearly thirty years.

Counsel—H—m. That is all, madam. There is no use trying to shake the direct testimony of as truthful a woman as you are.—*Judge.*

—"Tea gowns" are a late novelty in feminine attire. They go well with a creamy complexion.—*Cleveland Sun.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A PUZZLED PAPA

We're going this year to Lucerne,
My wife, our Jane, and Nan and I.
Now Nan is seven, and Jane is nine,
How many tickets shall I buy?

Jack pays half fare, and Nan goes free,
Though with her dolls she fills a seat,
Have children reckonings ever
They gave me my poor head to beat?

But I've a clue, Nan lies a-dying,
A little fever quarantine;
While Jane's at home with measles hiding
We've only now to count for nine.

Now I've a simple sum! Reduce a square—
Ah, what a silver tongue I've got!
Three, when a child was half price, paying
For two, why, a child is half a lot.

"Nurse and Jane" (at the bank),
"Two children and myself, please."
"Your children, sir, are not here, I think."
"Why, what a fool I am to forget Nan!"

If the cat sneezes, they count tickets
As if the cat were a child.
A child's a child, I think, in all
Where children are reckoned.

Well, I've got Nan's ticket,
Jane's ticket, my own ticket,
Now for the nurse's ticket.
"Nurse and Jane" (at the bank),
"Two children and myself, please."
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YELLOWLEGS AND DAISY.

A MOTHER'S TALK TO BOYS

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Mrs. Anson Didn't Wait.

Child (to visitor)—Mamma has gone to put on another dress.

Visitor—Ah?

Child—Yes. Saw you comin' an' run up-stairs.

Visitor—Ah, hah.

Child—Said there comes that hateful Mrs. Anson. I wish she would stay away. Oh, don't be in a hurry. Wait till mamma comes down.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

KENTUCKY'S RESOURCES.

The Incalculable Mineral and Timber Wealth of the Yellow Grass Valley.

GYPSY PALMISTRY

The Well-developed System by Which Nomadic Fortune-Tellers support Themselves.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

—A young man who took his affianced to hear the great singer, Nilsson, warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's *repertoire*. "Very much, indeed. I think it fits her beautifully," was the surprising reply.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

HINTS TO GIRLS.

Population of Great Britain.

The Registrar-General of Great Britain states that the population of the United Kingdom is to the middle of 1886 (as estimated at 35,241,482 persons, that of England and Wales at 27,483,490, of Scotland at 3,816,331, and of Ireland at 4,001,661. In the United Kingdom the births of 772,247 children and the deaths of 501,151 persons were registered in the three months ending March 31, 1886. The natural increase in population was, therefore, 87,009. The registered number of persons married in the quarter ending December 31, 1885, was 157,092. The birth-rate in the United Kingdom in the first quarter of 1886 was 32.3, and the death-rate 22.6 per 1,000. The marriage-rate in the fourth quarter of 1885 was 15 per 1,000.—*N. Y. Post.*

GREYING ORDERS

FULL OF FUN

—A minister not long ago preached from the text "He ye therefore steadfast." But the printer made him expound from "He ye there for breakfast."

—There is a report giving the results that the Java coffee crop this year will be a comparative failure. Java bear such disagreeable news? But cheery chi holds out.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Philadelphia claims to have discovered a two-cent anarchist whose declarations give exhilaration to both clubs. And yet Barnum wants to London for a $1,000 curiosity.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mr. Anderson: "Mrs. Clare, don't you like the Blue Cliffs' beautiful ocean scenery?" Mrs. Clare: "Yes, Black. They are very fine, but the air however, are very fine, but the air however, are very rare to promenade."—*Boston Transcript.*

—If the cook, you were unfortunate enough to have one, should ask you to-day what you would like for dinner to-morrow, don't say "Anything you please," but tell her what you want. Don't be afraid to express your wishes. Remember that you are the employer, and that you have a right to be served as you desire.—*Boston Transcript.*

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