

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

A HUSBAND'S WAIL.

Dear Genevieve, you were so sweet When first you gave your hand to me. So charming, love: from head to feet You were a perfect symphony.

AN APRIL FOOL.

A Dramatic Story Good for All Seasons of the Year.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Brown, an eccentric elderly millionaire, has taken his nephew Mr. Horace White (whom he knows to be hopelessly in love with a Miss Jane Gray, a bright young American girl, assistant teacher of Italian in a fashionable young ladies' seminary in his native city, New York, and his niece, Miss Winnie White, to Italy to study art. The three are housed in fine apartments in an old palace, the one room used as a studio containing easels, tables, chairs, a sofa, hassock, some unfinished pictures, studies, fragments of statuary—in short all the aesthetic furnishings usual to studios. When the story opens Miss Winnie and Mr. Horace White are discovered sitting before their respective easels in altogether different attitudes.

Winnie (casting a troubled glance towards her brother)—"Horace!" Horace—"Well!" Winnie—"Do you use permanent blue or Prussian blue with crimson lake when you want to get the right purple for this drapery?" Horace—"I don't use either. Hang it all, Winnie, I'm getting desperate!" Winnie—"Horace White, what are you talking about? Let me see your picture!" Horace—"O, it isn't the picture—but see it—see it—do!" (Shows plain white canvas.) Winnie—"Well, upon my word!" Horace—"Winnie White, if you were a sister worth having you'd not sit there 'ponning your word, but help your poor, unhappy brother out of his deep, his miserable affliction! I wish all the pigments, oil and turpentine were—"

Winnie—"There you go! Just because you don't like to paint—"

Winnie—"Which half?" Horace—"She's here—here at this very minute, in Rome!" Winnie—"Well, what of that?" Horace—"That's only one half—the better half!" Winnie—"Is there a worse half, Horace?" Horace—"There is—and it is that I bade her follow me; for, Winnie, we are—already—married!"

Winnie—"I knew it was Horace! Uncle Party listen to me—let's send him away to Naples—to Milan—to Monte Carlo!" Horace—"Winnie! Winnie! are you insane?" Winnie—"I thought only of offering a counter attraction." Horace—"Not a bad idea! I'll give him a pocketful of gold and let him go—he won't be back very soon, ha! ha!" Winnie—"So that's settled. By the way, Uncle Party, I forgot to tell you of the beautiful model I engaged. You'll be in raptures when you see her—such glorious big brown eyes with fringes an inch and a quarter long! And soft, dark hair, as lustrous as silk, and such a mouth! The old lavaunda—the wash-woman—told me about her and she will fetch her to-morrow morning—but, 'sh! There comes Horace—I leave you to pronounce his doom!" (Passing out as Horace enters, she whispers to her brother:—"Accept all your uncle's propositions and trust in me!" (Exit.)

Horace—"Yes, Monte Carlo. Go and gamble!" Horace—"I mean that you are going to Monte Carlo—yes! Well, sir, the Monte Carlo to which you are going lies less than one small quantity of a mile away!" Horace—"Cheating!" Winnie—"Just what I say. Listen! (Looks all about the room then whispers.) Do you know the road that leads across the Tiber—over the Bridge of St. Angelo close by St. Peter's, where, only a stone's throw away, dwells one who is perfecting her Italian? Ah—I know my brilliant scheme would please you—and—bless you, my children!" Horace—"O, Winnie, you're a brick—a regular kila! But though it's a awful nice—a present—how will it avail—"

Winnie—"Why, by the time your money is gone your wife will have won the heart of Uncle Boney, see?" Horace—"N—no, not exactly." Winnie—"Well, it's all arranged between us; and I shall hire her as a model—she will come every day and pose for me—a real Italian type she is, you know, and Uncle Leon, will, of course—"

Brown—"The poor girl! All right, Winnie; I'm off to telegraph Horace to come home; and, do you know, small woman, I've a notion of turning match-maker—I, your uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte Brown!" Winnie—"Uncle Boney, aren't you ashamed of yourself? And there's Jane Gray!" Brown—"Confound Jane Gray! I beg your pardon, scene-reener, did I frighten you! Hang it all; tell her I'm a brute—a blasted idiot—any thing you choose—I'm off!" Mr. Brown leaves the room hurriedly, whereupon the two young ladies arise from their places beside the easel and begin an animated conversation.

Winnie—"There, he's gone! Jane, he's your very own uncle, now, and you're captivated him beautifully! Why, he runs over you; and all there's left to do is to make a clean breast of it—what do you say to a bona fide American April fool in Italy! What fun!" Jane—"O, Winnie, dear, I'm so fearful!" Winnie—"Of what? Hasn't Uncle Nappy gone to telegraph Horace to come home from Monte Carlo just on your account?" Jane—"Yes, I know, dear; but Horace—"

Winnie—"Now, Jane, darling, come into my room and let's have a good old-fashioned gossip—Uncle Party will not return very soon—come! Excuse us, Horace, and go away—that's a dear; Uncle Boney mustn't find you here—and in two days you may arrive from Monte Carlo—will you go?" Horace—"Grazie, cavertivo, mio caro fratello!" (Bows and kisses his hand to Winnie, embraces his wife, and at their departure, takes up his hat and coat preparatory to leaving the house.) My lovely little wife, I'm a coward not to have acknowledged her before; but Uncle N. B. would have been Uncle N. G. if I'd have come out flat with the facts. Now, the dear old man is in love with her himself—and may all the lucky stars in my own particular heavenshine out in one blaze of dazzling glory!"

Horace—"Is it something you'd like to take home to America with you, sir?" Brown—"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! If you were as fat as you go, ha! ha! ha! you're pretty safe to capture the prize!" Horace—"Well, I shall try my best, sir, and hope to be lucky for your sake!" Brown—"And I hope for your own. But, there—ask me no questions. I see you have a thousand ready; just come into the lunch room and have a bite and sup."

Brown—"Humph! Bruno—Bruno—is he a dog that he must do this thing!" Winnie—"I should say that he was a sort of a dog in the manger, shouldn't you, Uncle Party? Well, in spite of this rich man's opposition these two kept faithful to their vows of love." Brown—"Quite the proper thing. I honor 'em for it!" Winnie—"The old gentleman, hearing of this, tried to part them." Brown—"The old scoundrel!" Winnie—"He bribed the poor boy with gold—sent him away, and tried his best to break the heart of that (waving her hand again towards Jane) entrancingly beautiful vision! Wasn't he a fiend incarnate, Uncle Leon, a terrible tyrant, a malicious monster!"

Brown—"That don't spell it, Winnie, that don't begin to spell it! But look at 'em now, girl—the young scapgrace actually has one arm around her—bless my soul!" Winnie (sternly to Jane and Horace)—"Behave, figli—non così presto!" (Horace and Jane move a little apart.) Horace—"Castagn!" (Winnie and Jane laugh.) Brown—"What is that, Winnie?" Winnie—"He said 'chestnuts,' Uncle Boney, but don't mind him—he's in the toils again!" Brown—"Proceed with your interesting narrative, my niece, and let the young people alone."

Winnie—"There isn't much more to tell. The poor boy was to be dragged away from that (waves hand again) perfectly enchanting being's presence, and was told that years would elapse before he could return. On the impulse of the moment—and the horse came—the young couple went to the office of a justice of the peace—and were married!" Brown (bouncing from his position on the sofa and beginning to pace the floor, at which all the others arise)—"So she's another's—another's—and there's no hope—no slightest grain of hope for us!" Winnie—"Uncle Poley, what, under the existing, harrowing circumstances, would you advise them to do?" Brown—"Do! Do! There's nothing left to do but go to the old demon and beg his forgiveness—"

Horace and Jane, having advanced during Mr. Brown's last speech, now kneel beside the gentleman, each seizing one of his hands and speaking together:—"Which we do, Uncle Napoleon! Jane! Bonaparte Brown!" (Mr. Brown stares wildly from one to the other, turning his head from Jane to Horace and back again with each word he utters.) Brown—"Uncle Napoleon—Bonaparte—Brown! What does this mean?" Horace (in mock pathos)—"It means that I am the poor boy, Orazio Bianco—Anglicized, Horace White!" Jane—"And that I am Giovanna Bigio—translated, Jane Gray!" Winnie—"And you, dear Uncle Nappy, sweet Uncle Poley, darling Uncle Leon, charming Uncle Boney, blessed Uncle Party, are the cruel old tyrant Il Signore Bruno—Americanized, Brown! You would never consent to look upon the face of Jane Gray, and I knew one sight of her would cause your hard old heart to relent—for, as you yourself have said, 'None know her but to love her.' So you compelled me to see her and admire her—and you are wildly in love with her, aren't you? Children, arise, and greet your uncle!" Brown—"I give 'em all up with me, children! Kiss me, Jane; embrace me, Winnie; your hand, Horace—I see it all now; and I'm nothing, after all, but a simple old April Fool!"—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If you want bloom, use small pots; if you desire luxuriant foliage, use large ones. —All who aspire to gardening honors should at some time get in the way of raising many of their own seeds. —The reason the hen that steals her nest always hatches well is that she is not too fat, and every egg has the same vitality. —In pruning roses cutting back closely produces, as a rule, flower blooms of finer quality, while from those not so closely pruned will be obtained a larger quantity of smaller flowers.—American Garden.

—The geranium is a healthy plant, and one that is invaluable for garden purposes. By a little care and caution one may have geraniums bloom the year through. The soil should be light and rich. —By tying a small corn-cob to one leg, allowing it to dangle at a distance of about six inches, a Maine poultry fancier is said to succeed in keeping her chickens at home. "The fowl can scratch and get about with ease, but will not attempt to fly over palings or squeeze through a crack." —A prosperous farmer remarks that when he raises a crop he has to ship it to market to obtain a sale for it; but when he raises a horse the buyer comes to him and buys his product. A little sense of the character will open the eyes of hundreds of farmers in this State, and not before it is needed either. —A woman who has always used a broom-handle or straight stick of any kind, can have no notion of the convenience of one forked at the end; one prong catches a fold of cloth and holds it as the stick is turned, so there is slight danger of its slipping off, as so often happens with the plain stick. A hole should be bored in one end by which to hang it up.

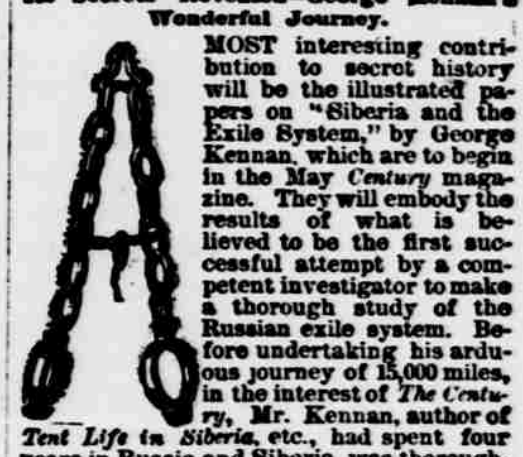
—Telegram Pudding: Boil a quart of milk in a saucepan, adding a pinch of salt and two tablespoonsful of butter. Beat four eggs and mix to a smooth batter with four table spoonfuls of flour and a little cold milk; add this to the boiling milk and stir rapidly till it thickens up. Eat with powdered sugar and cream or a fine maple syrup. —There is a big cider mill in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the farmers around there cart away the pomace as fast as it is made to feed to their milch cows. One man began at once feeding a peck of pomace, night and morning, to each cow, and noticed an immediate increase in the flow of milk. The cows kept increasing in milk and flesh as the ration of pomace was increased, which finally reached a bushel and a half per day.

—In making any soup observe: 1st. A soup should never boil; let it only simmer. 2d. A soup should never be greasy. Make the stock a day in advance and remove the fat if necessary. 3d. A soup should be judiciously seasoned. Salt, cayenne, celery seed, sweet herbs—all are good. 4th. A soup should be covered while cooking, served hot and eaten with "a quiet mind"—that final grace which makes every dish palatable.—Good Cheer.

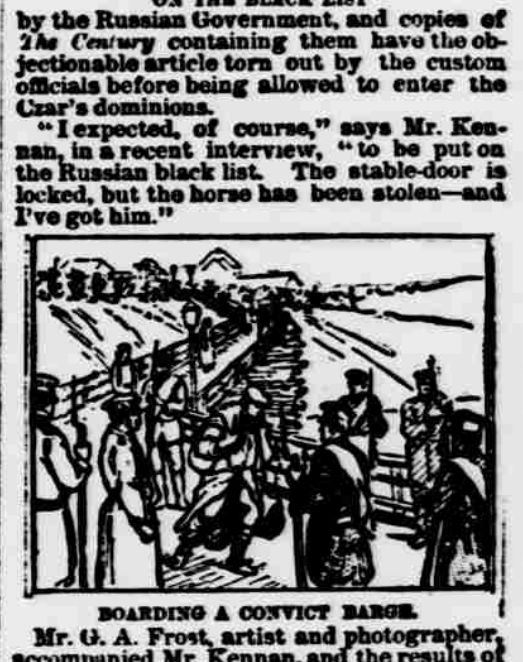
PLUMS IN PLENTY.

Varieties That Can Not Well Be Surpassed in Productiveness. Plum culture has not been a success with every grower in recent years, principally on account of the terrible work of the curculio, a most clumsy fellow generally, yet only too active when bent on the perpetuation of its own race. This insect has effectually prevented over-production of plums, and also deprived the majority of home growers of their home supply. With our present knowledge, and a number of varieties of plums which are practically curculio-proof to select from, we see no reason why the amateur should give up in despair, or let the curculio have all its own way. Many of our native sorts will produce full crops in spite of all insects, and so will the newly-introduced Japan plums, of which Ogon, Botan and Kelsey's have been tested quite extensively and found of great merit. We have seen Ogon trees loaded down with ripe fruit, every specimen of which bore the scarcely visible traces of from three to five of the ominous crescent marks, proving to our satisfaction that the fruit is able to outgrow the curculio sting and to take care of itself. The same was our experience with the De Soto plum, one of the natives from Minnesota. These two varieties can not very well be surpassed in productiveness. The Ogon is a round plum (the California growers, who describe it as oval or egg-shaped, must have a different variety), of good size, a bright golden yellow, fine, sweet, but rather dry flesh; excellent for canning; ripens here toward the end of July; tree a vigorous grower; and apparently hardy. De Soto is an American plum, of medium size, bright red color and good quality. Its productiveness is simply wonderful. Tree entirely hardy. As a blossom and pollen producer it is not surpassed by any sort with which we are acquainted, and this feature we consider of greatest value. Trees of this sort should be planted scattering almost any of the best standard sorts, with at least one Ogon and one De Soto in the middle of the cluster of trees; or he may graft cuffs of various sorts, always including Ogon and De Soto, into limbs of one or more larger, hardy plum trees—a native sort always preferred.—Orchard and Garden.

SIBERIA.



Most interesting contribution to secret history will be the illustrated papers on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan, which are to begin in the May Century magazine. They will embody the results of what is believed to be the first successful attempt by a competent investigator to make a thorough study of the Russian exile system. Before undertaking his arduous journey of 15,000 miles, in the interest of The Century, Mr. Kennan, author of "Test Life in Siberia," had spent four years in Russia and Siberia, was thoroughly conversant with the people and the language, and had reached the conclusion that the Russian Government had been misrepresented, and that the exile system of Siberia was not so terrible as was supposed. Kennan's preliminary papers has resulted in his being placed ON THE BLACK LIST by the Russian Government, and copies of The Century containing them have the objectionable article torn out by the customs officials before being allowed to enter the czar's dominions. "I expected, of course," says Mr. Kennan, in a recent interview, "to be put on the Russian black list. The stable-door is locked, but the horse has been stolen—and I've got him."



The articles begin in the May Century, which is a great and other interesting articles on ranch life; first chapters of "The Liar," a novelette by Henry James; the exciting narrative, "A Locomotive Chase in Georgia"; a sensational account of the "Chances of Being Hit in Battle," an essay on Milton by Matthew Arnold; "A Love Story Reversed," by Edward Bellamy, etc. Our local bookseller will have the number after the first of May.

FEEDING THE DEAD.

New York Chinamen Pay Tribute to Their Departed Relatives. The Chinese fed their dead recently. The Evergreens Cemetery and Woodlawn and other burying places were alive with laundrymen. The wind interfered greatly with their joss stick burning, and they set up umbrellas over the graves to keep off the power southwest, so that they could send off properly their hosts of paper servants and hundreds of yards of prayers. On golden-hued paper were the money prayers, and the black paper prayers were for cooking utensils. To prevent the spirits of their departed relatives from constantly coming home to see them, the Chinese have an understanding with the dyling that once they leave their mortal coil they shall "stay out," and that all the necessities of life in the other world shall be faithfully transmitted to them twice a year, once at the opening of spring and once at the beginning of winter. It has been discovered that the way to transmit servants, songs, plays, books and money is to manufacture them in paper and burn them. But actual eatables are carried to the graves. Wagon loads of roasted pigs, chickens, ducks, Chinese and American sweetmeats and fruits went to the cemeteries yesterday. The food was piled before each grave, amid burning red carrot-shaped candles and joss sticks. The Chinese prostrated themselves before their dead, begging them to rise up and enjoy themselves. Chinese wines were then thrown liberally upon each grave. Many graves received boxes of five-cent cigars, while others got only packages of cigarettes. It took about two hours to get the essence of the eatables conveyed to the essences who were awaiting it, and then the devotees gathered up the "accidents" and carried them home again to feed their own material bodies. But the cigars and cigarettes were burned on the graves. Home-made heathen spectators tried to snatch them off the fire, but the devotees heathens stopped them.—N. Y. Sun.

Casper Was Learning.

A white man who owed a small amount to a negro fish dealer and who had been repeatedly dunned, went into the negro's ill-smelling place of business, and handing over the amount of the indebtedness, remarked: "Here's your money, Casper. I suppose by this time you have learned one thing." "What's dat, sah?" "You have learned that when I owe you any thing it is of no use to bother me about it." "Yes, sah, I's l'arned dat, an', I tell you, I's l'arned erudder thing." "What's that?" "I's l'arned sah, nebber ter let you hab erudder piece o' fish ter you pus de money right down yere on de slab. Oh, I's er mighty han' ter l'arn, I tell you. I'm l'arnin' so fas' dat after we dey folks 'll pint at me an' say, 'Dar's de eddycatedest p'ason in dis town.'" —Arkansas Traveller.

Mr. Brown is angry! Well, can't I look angry! Am angry! That brother of yours—"