

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AT—

RED CLOUD,

Webster County, Neb.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

Written by F. Russell, of Mexico Mo., on the anniversary of his eightieth birthday.]
There's now a new world in the climate,
That's what they call it now.
That first I drew my infant breath,
Just eighty years ago.

How few the numbers now that live
In this our world below,
Who first initiated their vital breath,
Just eighty years ago.

Then came the composed scenes,
That trifling rooks show,
Appeared like visionary dreams,
Since eighty years ago.

Our nation, then a little tree
Just just to grow,
It's brought from sea to sea,
Since eighty years ago.

You're a man, and in other fathers' trod,
And elsewhere place not go,
Tradition was their patron God,
Eighty years ago.

Inventions like a bound flame,
Have lit men's brains aglow,
And what we have seen
Since eighty years ago.

When Fulton first condensed the steam,
How little did he know,
His mighty wonders we have seen
Since eighty years ago.

Electric fluid—astounding thought—
An angel might not know
What you've wrought
Since eighty years ago.

Beneath old ocean's dark waves,
Where rolling billows flow,
Fly telegrams with lightning-speed,
Since eighty years ago.

The numerous factories in our lands,
Do all come to us,
From Europe and Asia,
Since eighty years ago.

Religious heresies more or less,
All die their ages from the press
Since eighty years ago.

No mission to the world,
Salvation's way to show,
No unfeeling, unfurled,
Since eighty years ago.

No who's ready to train the young
In paths that they should go,
That glorious work was not begun
Since eighty years ago.

Napoleon First (Ah, who can tell
The blood he caused to flow,
He and his army fell
Since eighty years ago).

These vast prairies where once roamed
The emigrant has found his home,
Since eighty years ago.

Of all the blessings we've received
Since eighty years ago,
That calls for gratitude to God,
Slavery's overthrow.

When eighty years have come and gone,
O, shall I, can I know
The things on earth that have transpired
Since eighty years ago.

GELCHER'S EXPERIENCE.

A man came into Mr. Gelcher's office a few days ago and tried to sell him a patent-east-iron-universal-combination-little-giant-family-handy-andy made up of a above-mentioned, bed-wrench, claw-hammer, fruit can opener, kettle and pie-plate lifter, screw-driver and carpet stretcher, all in one handle, for the small sum of fifty cents; and because Mr. Gelcher called it a lumber and would not buy it, the man told him he'd regret it—and he did.

At 8 o'clock that evening Mr. Gelcher, who had just moved into a new house, stood in his shirt sleeves in the middle of a great, blank, front room, and ran his hands through his hair, and smiled grimly as he surveyed the rather painful prospect of a carpet loosely spread out upon a door which in turn spread out beyond the carpet on one side to a discouraging extent. It was terribly clear that that carpet would have to be stretched some, and this, in connection with the fact that it was made up of a great square, sprawling pattern that would not put up with a great deal of stretching, and at the same time look well, was what caused Mr. Gelcher to run his hands through his hair so much and think. Mrs. Gelcher was down-stairs hunting up some carpet tacks that Mr. Gelcher had reported as being in his breast pocket; but as he hadn't designated the coat nor specified as to whether the pocket was outside or in, she didn't return immediately, which allowed him plenty of time for reflection.

Mr. Gelcher had worked himself up into a very amiable condition of mind when his wife came upstairs very red in the face, making soothing remarks on the beautifully explicit style of a man's directions, and bearing in her hand an old paper full of carpet tacks, no so full as when she had started, to be sure, for she had distributed them around rather easily on the carpet, leaving a pleasant hint that the carpet cost money, to last till 2 o'clock next morning, which in the latter break manner in which that carpet was then going down would be about the time he'd be through. Then she darted the saucer on the carpet, looked all about him for the hammer, got up again, looked all over the adjoining room, returned weary, prostrated himself again to further prosecute the search, and finally struck the funny bone of his knee on something hard underneath the carpet in the middle of the room. Then he crawled off on one knee into a corner, and made faces, and nursed his hurt, while his wife, who was standing in the doorway of the adjoining room, caught up the edge of the carpet, gave it a toss that distributed the tacks some, and then savagely remarked that any fool would know better than to lose a hammer that way. She ran her hand under the carpet, and after making several wide and vigorous sweeps, she held the hammer up for him to look at, very much as if it was a rare pleasure to him. Then he got up and took the hammer and held it firmly in his left hand, and kept it there to be used.

Then with a kind of stunned and vacant expression of countenance, he dreamtly got down upon his knees, placed the saucer on the carpet, looked all about him for the hammer, got up again, looked all over the adjoining room, caught up the edge of the carpet, gave it a toss that distributed the tacks some, and then savagely remarked that any fool would know better than to lose a hammer that way. She ran her hand under the carpet, and after making several wide and vigorous sweeps, she held the hammer up for him to look at, very much as if it was a rare pleasure to him. Then he got up and took the hammer and held it firmly in his left hand, and kept it there to be used.

And then they both went to work to lengthen out that carpet and pick up tacks, and knock their heads together, and converse, until he accidentally brought the hammer down on some of her fingers that lay around loose on the carpet in the way. After which, he finished the picking-up business alone, while she sat on the window

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Devoted to the Interests of Southwest Nebraska.

C. L. MATHER, Publisher.

VOL. I.

RED CLOUD, WEBSTER CO., NEB., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1874.

NO. 48.

Popular Weather Signs.

Would it not serve a useful purpose if some scientific meteorologist were to gather into a mass the various weather signs—whether valuable or not—treasured by the farmers and other common-sense people of the country, and then sift them, so that those of real value may have their proper influence, and those which are merely fanciful cause to mislead?

That there are weather signs of abundance, everybody knows. That the greater part of these signs are utterly valueless, every person of intelligence can testify. Yet that they do practically influence the time and mode of the planting of crops and of their after culture, will be acknowledged by many who would not be suspected of the folly, and who can give no other reason for it than the force of habit.

"We are going to have a dry month," said a farmer the other day.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

"By the Indian sign of the new moon," he replied. "Its horns hung so sloping that they could hold no water."

His companion laughed. "Why,

that's my Injin sign for wet moon."

The horns slope so that they loose all the water."

The sign in the one case was no doubt as prophetic as in the other.

"Always plant your potatoes in the dark of the moon, if you wish to have a full crop," I heard my neighbor say.

"But never kill your pork nor boil your soup at such time, unless you are willing to have them shrink to nothing."

Thus refreshed he placed himself prone upon the floor, grasped the edge of the carpet firmly in both hands, raised his body slightly by bracing himself from his toes, gave a little spring to relieve the carpet of his weight, tugged suddenly to bring it into place, and losing his grip he came flat to the floor with an "Ugh!" that rendered him as voiceless as the candle besides.

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Physicians tell us that the habit of looking upstairs is apt to produce heart disease. To avoid this therefore you should never go up stairs in the ordinary way. Lie down on your stomach and crawl up first.

The poor boy living in Ohio, who looked up so honestly in his grandma's face just as she sniffed, spilt, said, he hates everything now since his eyes have been opened to things.

Tan lady who has been married eight times, has eight living husbands, and resides with none of them, and whose daughter, aged 23 years, has had three husbands—this lady is the ornament of Douglas County, Oregon.

Physicians tell us that the habit of looking upstairs is apt to produce heart disease. To avoid this therefore you should never go up stairs in the ordinary way. Lie down on your stomach and crawl up first.

Tan most thoroughly born-out-of-house-and-home man in the United States is Charles Williams, of Portland, Me. Seven times during the past year has his residence been consumed. He found himself neither at ease in his means, nor able to gain sturdier hours for literature than vigorous journalists are able to do.

Then he got up and turned upon his wife a face made up of dreadfully staring eyes, barked nose and mouth full of carpet wool, and wants to know what the devil she was laughing at, and if there was any joke he wanted to know.

She replied that she didn't know as there was much of a joke in having to mend a pair of pants that had given out in the back seat, the way he had, and she wished he'd be a little careful with his clothes the next time he undertook it, by thunder!

He was a desperate looking man, as he sat upon the floor pulling off his slippers and stockings so that he shouldn't slip again, and vowed that he'd have things as he wanted them. And when he lay himself down to that job again, he seemed an enraged Hercules, and desperately and fiercely did he put himself to the work.

The perspiration streamed from his darning countenance, his jaws and the seams in his pants flew wide apart, the cords in his neck stood out, and his shirt collar went by the board, but the shirt coat came into place with an alacrity and a willingness that would have shamed India rubber. Then he slowly let go with one hand and continued to go about in an excited manner after the hammet and tacks with the other, but without success they were at his left hand of course, and he must get them himself as his wife couldn't be expected to push them to do in holding that heavy candle. He felt so proud and haughty to ask her, so he commenced to operate in the direction of that hammer and those tacks by holding the carpet firmly in place with his left hand and endeavoring to turn him self completely over in order to reach the things with his right. Of course he mustn't lose his foothold, and it began to take as though he'd twist himself in two somewhere and lose all the advantage gained. Slowly and sadly he commenced to turn toward the desired objects, and with his right hand willy wavy in the air, and every muscle, seam and button strained to the utmost, he gradually turned toward his wife, who was standing almost over him, in her interest in the transaction, a face so full of mingled pain, earnestness, remorse and despair, that lady appalled by so startling a spectacle, grew somewhat nervous, tilted the candle a trifle and dropped into one of the eyes that stared at her so fixedly a considerable amount of hot tallow. Then a hammer, which but an instant before had been so eagerly clutched, went flying out into the next room among some pictures and mirrors that were loitering about in hopes of being hung up sometime, and a wild and frenzied man with one eye staring fiercely from its socket, went bounding down a long flight of tuck-strewed stairs, came in noisy contact with various articles of furniture below, floundered through them to the kitchen and finally brought up on his knees in a chair before the sink and commenced to dash cold water into his eyes, and to roar, and groan, and grind his teeth, and howl, and dance about with telling force and effect. He has very few vices, he always drank moderately and lived regularly, taking just the requisite amount of exercise always. Smoking and whisky playing are the only indulgencies which he has permitted himself to any considerable degree. Every day he is to be seen driving on the road, with the stump of a cigar between his teeth, and until within a year past he has had every evening some of his cronies in for a rubber at whist and to talk horse, a subject at which he never tires. Lately, however, his evenings have been passed very quietly. He has always been a strict man of business, kept his own counsel, and admitted or known no partners. He never allows the plea of affection or charity to interfere with his business matters. Appeals to his sympathy have about as much effect as a straw forced under the wheels of a locomotive. He has been well, active, and in the harness all his life, and has never tired or weakened. He will be 80 years of age in May, and his 60 odd years of constant hard work show that he has one of the strongest physical constitutions ever given to a man.—*New York Graphic.*

How to Get Rich.

How to get rich—has been a question beyond the conception of the finite mind. If air castles were visible to the seeing eye, we apprehend the space between us and the sky would be so thick with them that the glaring orb of day could not be seen. Those of us who do not build such castles, are glad they are not real, but only imaginary; for we are true, we would be deprived of that which is most beneficial to man—namely, light. We can count over in our mind, many who are contemplating doing wonders before their time ends. They are ever talking of what they are going to do, and howthey are going to do; yet they seem to be making no more advancement toward the object of their imagination than a turtle does in climbing a sycamore tree. Whenever you see a man who delights to tell what he is intending to do, you may raise your sail and let your vessel drive, for these persons will never gain enough of your riches to raise a ripple on the sea of your prosperity. We often see persons who would be called by the name of gentlemen, strutting up and down in the world, as if they knew more than any Professor, and owned a farm in the gold region; when at the same time, they have to borrow money to buy the tobacco that makes the fumes from their nasty, smoking pipes. If a man would become rich, and at the same time a gentleman, he must act equal to his abilities, and keep himself so that he will be agreeable to all whom he may meet.

Cabbage leaves will cure the worst ulcer. So says a French journal.

All Sorts.

MILWAUKEE made 6,000,000 cigars last year.

A NEBRASKA farmer has a hothouse for a plantation.

SOUTH DAKOTA has twenty-one defaulting county treasurers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is offered 100 articles a week. Less than ten are accepted.

DAKOTA has been doing sums, and finds that she has only twelve-eighths of a white man to an acre of land.

Drums last year \$10,656,173 worth of potatoes were imported into Great Britain; the year before \$8,271,400.

Authorship and Journalism.

If a poet, or aspiring author, must labor for the daily subsistence of a family, it is as well for his art that he should follow some other calling than journalism; for I can testify that after the day's work is over—when the brain is exhausted and vagrant, and the lungs pant for air, and body and soul cry for recreation—the intellect has done enough, and there is neither strength nor passion left for imaginative composition. I have known a writer who deliberately left the editorial profession, for which he was adapted both by taste and vocation, and took up a pursuit which bore no relation to letters; hoping that authorship would proffer him thenceforth, the freshness of variety, that upon occasion of loss or trouble it might be his solace and recompense; and that, with a less-jaded brain, what writing he could accomplish would be of a more enduring kind. It is so true, however, that one nail drives out another! As an editor, this person was unable to do anything beyond newspaper work; as a business man, with not the soundest health, and with his heart, of course, not fully in his occupation, he found himself neither at ease in his means, nor able to gain sturdier hours for literature than vigorous journalists are able to do.

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