

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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THE TWO ANTIS.

Extremes in friends will often meet; so oddly did they in these ways that should you see them in the street...

One day poor Mrs. Grove exclaimed to Mrs. Spare, "Good news to tell! You know how long I've been ashamed at making such a horrid swell!"

"Now, don't you think they advertise a medicine for such as I; of course good papers tell no lies, but I should like to see that!"

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Spare; "now the like of you, you're so thin, my thinness makes the people stare at me as much as your obesity."

"Last night I heard this joyful sound— 'Paul testifies that he has been cured! A wonderful cure for leucorrhoea, and no longer be but skin and bone.'"

"Ay, that I won't. I vowed out light that, ere the set of one more day, but they tell me that it's a simple thing this magic should be on its way."

"Our need, we both so plainly show; for its supply, 'twere hard to say; and if you will, I'll give you my own share, and you shall be my instant task."

So spare went straight for Anti-Pain; and from there went for Anti-Leak; at thinking, "What a wonder!"

Now both the ladies feared the eyes. They had at home—how keep this dark? One to the other quick replies.

"Is what to go on, mamma?" asks Miss Mollie, the very picture of demure innocence.

"This disobedience, madam! This running out into the street to meet that—that young man?"

"Well, mamma, you won't let him come here."

"That is not an answer to my question, Miss."

"Oh! well—not very long, I hope. When he is your son, you won't object any longer."

"When he is my—what!" gasped Mrs. Dane.

"Your son, mamma. He will be before many weeks."

"Not—sir—Mary Dane! You haven't, you surely haven't?"

"Promised to marry Charley? Yes, I have, mamma. I mean to keep my word, too!"

Mollie turned and faced her mother with the flashing eyes and firm-set lips which Mrs. Dane knew the meaning of very well.

All for Love. The Daughter of an English Lord... Her Fortune is That of a Queen.

A New York Times special from Hartford says social circles are much exercised over the marriage of Miss Nellie, youngest daughter of Ex-Gov. Hubbard, to Frederick Shepard, the family coachman.

The youth of the girl, not yet passed her 18th birthday, largely excites her conduct, while nothing so far explains it.

She had a delightful home, surrounded by all the luxuries. The coachman is about 30 years of age, of uncommonly good personal appearance, and pleasing manners.

The worst that can be said of him is that before he entered the service of Gov. Hubbard he was a hackman.

The inference is that his habits could not have been good. It is said Miss Hubbard became interested in him at first through desire to instruct him in culture by reading, she being an excellent scholar, and it is probable the intimacy was first formed through the well-intentioned designs of the girl.

Saturday last the girl suddenly disappeared from her home. Since then it became known that Shepard went to New Haven Friday and waited for her to meet him.

Saturday they sent word to her parents and a marriage certificate, showing the marriage took place in Westfield, Mass., on March 11.

Miss Nellie, on returning home, frankly admitted all, and seemed perfectly satisfied with the course she had taken. An effort was made to detain her, but she managed to elude vigilance, and got away in time to take the noon express train for New Haven, where it was supposed her husband joined her.

No effort is being made by Gov. Hubbard to ascertain where they are. If the intentions of Shepard are honorable he will return here probably and take up his abode with his parents, and if he does so he has it in his power to win respect and cast no disgrace upon the family whose daughter is now his wife.

Hints for the Household. Kerosene will make teakettles as bright as new.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as smooth as glass.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Clean oil-cloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

A tablespoonful of turpentine in the boiling water will whiten the clothes.

A little sperm, or gum-arabic, with salt, should be put into boiled starch.

Fish may be scalded much easier by dipping them in boiling water for a minute.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable goods.

Fresh milk, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

Farm Topics. How to Train a Colt to Harness. A writer in the English Agricultural Gazette gives the following as an easy and practical method of accustoming young colts to the restraint of the harness.

Put on him an easy collar, having a pair of reins attached, or add two pieces, to lengthen the traces, and let a strong man walk behind him, holding these.

After a few minutes the leader may order the man to pull the traces very gently, so as to press the collar but slightly at first.

In a little time he may pull tighter, while the leader keeps his eye on the colt; and if he shows any signs of flinching, let him order the traces to be slackened and then gradually drawn again, until the colt is used to lean into his collar, when the man who holds the traces may use his whole force for a short time only.

The traces must now be slackened again, and the same course gone over repeatedly; but stopping the colt occasionally, to gentle him, taking care, however, to slack the traces just as he steps, and to turn a little to one side when starting each time, while the man pulls the opposite trace.

After this exercise, let him be taken to the cart or other vehicle for which he is intended; allow him to smell and examine it; then push it away, and draw it up to him several times, raising and lowering the shafts, until he takes no notice of his noise or of the different appearances when raised or lowered.

Now turn him round, and put him between the shafts; rub them against his sides; push back and draw up the cart, striking him behind and on the sides with it, until he allows himself to be 'knocked about by it,' so to speak.

Next day let all his harness, collars, chains, or straps to hang and strike against him, while the whole of the previous day's lesson is gone through step by step.

Same on third and fourth days. He may then be yoked or hitched to the cart; and should have at least one hour's exercise at going up and down hill, turning, etc., before being led round.

If these directions be carried out, the colt learns that the vehicle he draws is not meant to hurt him, and he will never try to 'kick it away' or 'run off' from it.

Important to Farmers. In these days, when a business man is he is a farmer, or ought to be, he is not a farmer, or ought to be.

Remember that by patience and gentleness he can be got to do anything that will not hurt him.

When a horse shows signs of shying at any object do not beat him; but lead him up to it, allowing him to stand and look, as he comes closer.

After a few minutes he will not fear anything of the kind again. In passing by hedges with a colt, throw in stones, and stop him until he takes no notice of the noise.

Before putting on any article of harness, let your colt smell it, and then rub it against his head, neck and body.

Always start him with the voice; never with the cut of a whip. In starting, turn a little to one side; and in stopping, when going up a hill, do the same.

About Granular Butter. Several inquiries have been referred to me from various readers of the Tribune as to the details, etc., of the system of gathering and keeping butter in granules.

A Distinction With a Difference. A lady who recently arrived in this city from Japan, where her husband is a flourishing physician, has had a most amusing experience.

Why a Horse Balked. A Hartford man recently bought a young horse for \$200. Within a week or two the horse began to act badly, and finally developed such a balky disposition that he could not be ridden.

Lord Chelmsford's Narrow Escape. It is not generally known how near the Zulus came, after the disaster at Isandlwana, to bagging Lord Chelmsford himself.

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