

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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AFTER DUSK.

Pale gleam the stars in the dark sky. The yellow moon hangs low. The little white topped wavelets die on foam girt rocks, and rippling flow on into shining bays where slow The silver sea twists to and fro; And with a clang of wings on high The wild swans seaward fly.

LOUNGING ABOUT.

They are lounging about in the stores and saloons, The old stories and whistling old tunes, And the looks of their clothes, which are neatly and the outfit more showy. Clearly prove that they're partial to leisure and fun. They are lounging about And their clothes are out, But for public opinion they don't care a pin. When the mercury mounts at the bidding of Spring, Then the loungers appear on the streets in a string. For the sun has a charm for these indolent types As they stroll with their backs to a wall or a fence. And emphatically whittle While they exhibit their lack of good sense. They are looking for work--so they say with a sigh, But their manner of looking we're bound to condemn. When we recollect work is inquiring for should they meet face to face. Why, the former would dodge and go rapidly by. So they stand in the sun and they think and they think, How delicious 'twould be invited to drink. And when supper-time comes they partake of the bread, and their promise with me for an indefinite space of time for my own selfish satisfaction merely. At the same time, believe me, I am not a man to say "adiou" to the dearest girl in the world.

MRS. STOUGHTON'S DIAMOND.

Greta had seen her household gods fall about her before she was able to pry pride into her pocket, where there was plenty of room, and turn her hand to the only work she understood. It was some five years since she had begun to go out by the day to make and mend carpets, old and new, for the housekeepers of Hampton. She had plenty of employment now, some money in the bank, and a lover. She looked forward to the time, not so far off, when she should begin upon her own carpets, when the money in the bank would be drawn out to buy the parlor set and the household linen, pictures and knickknacks, perhaps the wedding-goods and trousseau. She sometimes diverted herself with these thoughts while sewing up the tedious seams of Mrs. Cashmere's Brussels, or matching the faded figures in Parson Needy's three-ply, which had been patched and darned and turned more times than she could count. She used to amuse her sometimes to observe that the drawing-room carpets finally graduated in the attic, going through the preparatory course in sitting-room, dining-room, nursery and parlor-chamber. She had been working for Mrs. Stoughton for several years, and had gone home, quite tired out with the conflict over that lady's chamber carpet, which had sent its best days. She had been obliged to rip and match figures and insert patches to deceive the eye and tact, and at the end Mrs. Stoughton had told her she would not have her. But when she heard from her husband, who had gone away on business and taken the key of the money-drawer with him by mistake, Greta shrewdly suspected that the drawer was as empty as a drum, but made no demur. She would oblige a neighbor, and she would remember it. The following day she was engaged at Dr. Cardamon's, when she heard Fred rush in from school, and shout: "I say ma, 's supper ready? Give me a hunk of gingerbread, anyhow. Where's Greta Loring? I want to ask her if she's steady or later, as I deserve it at your hands. And, my dear Greta, what better can you do? Who will give you employment, with this blight upon you? How will you earn your daily bread?" "I don't know," returned Greta; "I don't know if I can do any more, but it would be contemptible to reward your unselfishness by merely marrying you for a home."

such a husky deserve consideration at her hands? And if Mrs. Stoughton was more or less afraid to say her soul was her own before that impetuous other half of herself, how much more was she afraid to say that her diamond was no longer hers! Accordingly she made haste to put the matter into the hands of the law and the mouths of the Hampton gossips. Doubtless Greta would not have lodged in jail at this time had not Mr. Grafton secretly exposed her case, while he undertook the case Mrs. Stoughton had intrusted to him. Mr. Grafton was a wealthy bachelor, somewhat gray, and a good deal bald; he had smiled upon Greta more than once, without receiving any answering smile; perhaps he thought now that every thing arrives to him who can afford to wait--that this was his opportunity. His housekeeper had once engaged Greta to make carpets at Grafton Place, and he had taken pains to show her over the house and grounds, and had nearly snatched a kiss in the shadow of the lindens, as he put her in the carriage to send her home. Greta had been rescued if she chose to call him that she should not be dependent upon Mr. Grafton's tender mercies after Stephen Sotherne had been notified of her stratagem. At the same time, she felt disinclined to break the bad news to him till after all was over. For how could it be possible for an innocent person to sue for a diamond? But Greta was not a little stunned one morning on receiving a letter in the handwriting of her "true love," which ran in this wise: MY DEAR GRETA--It is some time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, and it has occurred to me to ask if time and distance were not too great to come to each other; to wonder how long you would continue to love a man whom you only saw once in a year, since it seems to me that owing to the bad times our marriage is as indefinitely postponed as the millennium. Now, my dear girl, I do not wish to stand in your way, but if you are not disposed to me some more eligible partner would you please, I feel certain, my health is precarious, and I am advised by my doctor to try the air of California. It is a prescription more nauseous than drugs, since I must leave you behind me; but I could not, in the least, consent to my promise with me for an indefinite space of time for my own selfish satisfaction merely. At the same time, believe me, I am not a man to say "adiou" to the dearest girl in the world. Sincerely, STEPHEN SOTHERNE.

To say that Greta was surprised would be the same as if we should call an earthquake "unpleasant." She was thunder-struck, overwhelmed, with just spirit enough left to return Mr. Sotherne's letter, and presents by the next mail without a word. "He has heard all about the diamond, and believes it," she thought. It would be a comfortable arrangement if one could cease to love the instant a lover proves unworthy, but hearts are not made of such stuff. When every thought and motive of one's life is woven up with those of another, one can not unravel the tangled web all at once. "Another such shock will send me to the insane asylum," sighed Greta. But there was another yet in store for her. Mr. Grafton had taken the diamond in upon her after her day's work. One evening he said: "Miss Greta, what if you should be found guilty of this--this--" "If they should find me guilty! How can they find an innocent person guilty? If I took the diamond, where is it?" Mr. Grafton smiled indulgently. "People have been imprisoned, branded, exiled, hanged, and quartered for sins they never committed. If you were guilty, you would be more likely to escape; you would have laid your plans; you would have had your money; the tears would be in her eyes. "And there is no one to help me," she gasped, thinking aloud, rather than speaking to Mr. Grafton. "Yes, yes, there is some one ready to help you, Greta," said that gentleman. "I will help you, if you will only give me the diamond as a condition." "You, Mr. Grafton? What right can I give you? I don't understand." "If you were my promised wife--Ah! my dear Miss Greta, don't turn away your head disdainfully; hear me out. Mr. Stoughton is under some obligation to me, and if you were my promised wife, I could write him. He would be no more said about the missing diamond; it would be accounted for in some natural manner. You would be no longer suspected. No one could suspect the woman whom Thomas Grafton delighted to honor." "You are very kind, Mr. Grafton; but I do not love you, Mr. Grafton."

"I don't ask you to love me. Of course you don't; the idea has never, perhaps, entered your head before. I only beg that you will marry me. Love will come as it may, later, as I deserve it at your hands. And, my dear Greta, what better can you do? Who will give you employment, with this blight upon you? How will you earn your daily bread?" "I don't know," returned Greta; "I don't know if I can do any more, but it would be contemptible to reward your unselfishness by merely marrying you for a home."

coat of arms, and his ancestors and his money. How does he get over that little affair of Mrs. Stoughton's diamond? I expect he expects to visit his wife and ask no questions, once she's a Grafton. "Law! it's the way of the world; a pretty face makes a man forget trespasses and get rid of his judgment. It's no use quarreling with such things as our age. Greta! I make a fine lady, and I mean to pay my respects at Grafton Place directly; I'm just crazy to see how I'd look in the blue satin parlor. And all this time Greta had not even considered it. It is true, wealth and comfort are alluring. She had told herself that Providence would provide, and how would she know but that lived the would provision made for her? It would be delightful, no doubt, to enjoy such an establishment as Grafton Place. She remembered what visions of romance had accompanied when she had rambled through the quaint old-fashioned mansion, which might easily boast a haunted chamber; through the halls with the "dim religious light" falling from painted windows; gazed at the portraits of the dusty Graftons; pushed aside the brocade hangings; drank from the china that had outlived generations. She recalled the great mirrors that lined the walls, the silver epergnes upon the side-board heaped with fruit, the flashing ivory of the piano, and the odor of the hot-house flowers. And it might all be hers at a word. Only let her say "yes," and she might wear her velvets and lace with any lady in the land, drive in her satin-lined carriage, and have her servants under her, and all that heart could desire. All! Yes, all! but self-approval, love, and Stephen Sotherne. Still, her answer "No," and Stephen and love would still be lacking, and hardship, want, and public disapproval be superadded. "The miserable little thief!" thought the exasperated Mrs. Stoughton. "She has played her cards to perfection, cozening that old fellow into marrying her. No doubt he'll run the day, and serve him right." In the meantime, as Greta had not given him a refusal, Mr. Grafton chose to consider himself accepted. He consulted her about the wedding journey, about the new servants to be engaged, as if the marriage was a matter of course. She acquiesced in his suggestions, but she had no choice to make; she was drifting with the stream, and having hard against it, she was ranking believe that she could love him by-and-by; by his attention, his generosity, touched her; that was all. One day Mrs. Stoughton's husband returned home. It would seem as if no event could have less effect upon Greta's fortunes. She watched him walking by, and wondered if Mrs. Stoughton was glad to see him. "Any news in Hampton?" he asked, at his dinner-table. "News enough, Mr. Grafton is going to be married," returned his wife. "That remains to be seen--I must see Grafton directly. Married, eh? Well, he's old enough. Who's the bride elect?" "That little husky, Greta Loring!" "So, softly, softly, my dear, it sounds envious."

"I'm envious of that little thief!" "That's it! What has Greta stolen--old Grafton's heart? Nobody knew he had one before. Perhaps she has only developed a latent organ in him." "Oh, Herbert, I am so sorry to tell you--I never could make up my mind to write it; but she was at work here--Greta Loring--by the way, I haven't paid her for the diamond--I must see Grafton directly. Married, eh? Well, he's old enough. Who's the bride elect?" "That little husky, Greta Loring!" "So, softly, softly, my dear, it sounds envious."

your humble servant. I am the culprit, Mrs. Stoughton. It was I who, writing some ready-made business purposes, abstracted the diamond from your ring, and pawned it to Mr. Grafton. He advanced a considerable sum upon it, and I never meant you should know till I had redeemed it--perhaps not then. After all, perfect confidence is the only safe thing between you and me, I find. Now we must go and beg Greta's pardon."

FASHION NOTES.

—Collars remain low. —Belts are again in fashion. —Large bonnets do not take. —Plaited skirts are very popular. —Shoulder capes are very fashionable. —Clinging dresses already look old-fashioned. —Plain skirts without flounces are coming in vogue. —All light fabrics make up well in plaited skirt skirts. —Small children wear boots and shoes without heels. —Short basques are de rigueur, with panier draperies. —Fashions grow larger and rise higher around the hips. —Elbow sleeves are to be worn again for street costume. —Black Brussels net bonnets bid fair to be very fashionable. —Traveling dresses are made with no trimming, or very little. —New lamprequis and curtains are of striped mummy cloth. —Plain skirts, as yet, are worn only by very fashionable women. —Children's garments have large square pockets back of the hips. —Small boys and girls dress precisely alike except in the bonnet or hat. —The use of elbow sleeves has revived, and is again in vogue. —That of black velvet bands for bracelets. —Plain, short, round skirts are faced at the bottom, not bound or edged with braid. —Young girls just entering their teens are given dresses very like their older sisters. —Pinafore suits for girls of from 4 to 10 appear among novelty costumes for children. —Gabrielle fastening in front with a double row of buttons, and trimmed with flounces at the bottom, are worn by both boys and girls under 5 years of age. —A pretty belt is formed by a wide watered ribbon passed around the waist, with one long flat loop and two longer ends hanging directly down the front. —Changeable ribbons, blue with gold, green with cream color, rose with blue, and pale peacock and pink with gendarme blue are among the millinery novelties. —The materials in use for untrimmed plain round skirts are corduroy, plain satin, ladies' cloth, velvet, striped satin and moire silks, and moire and faille striped silk. —A pretty style of graduate's dress is made of sprigged mill muslin with plaited ruffles of the same, profuse decorations of pale blue and rose-colored ed satin ribbon in loops and cravats. —Wide half belts of the material of the dress are worn under the arm-sewn in at the side seams, and fastening in front with buttons, rings, or buckles, frequently in a point over the waist. —Suits of bunting trimmed with polka-dotted satin of contrasting color are greatly in favor with young ladies and misses. They are made with basque and over-skirt usually and plaited skirt. The overskirt has plaitings down the front and sides, if the skirt is in red and yellow, and bows of old gold and cardinal satin ribbon. The more expensive French bunnings have a kilt skirt and a bouffant apron overskirt that is caught up very high on the sides by lengthwise shirring. Others have the apron of the bunting made like a scarf, with red and yellow trimmings, and very pretty and picturesque. —Rice fritters: 2 cups of boiled rice made into a batter as thick as can be stirred with rolled bread or cracker crumbs, mashed potatoes, of each 1 cup, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in 1 quart of water, the dough; drop into boiling hot butter, and cook for 5 minutes. —Egg Salad: 2 large heads of lettuce coarsely minced, with 8 hard-boiled eggs, a small teaspoonful of rice, cream, or 2 tablespoonfuls of "salad oil," vinegar, mustard, pepper and salt to taste. When lettuce is cut, add a large part of a small head of cabbage may be substituted, but this must be shaved with a sharp knife, not minced. —Stewed Onions: Wash, peel, and cut into slices 6 fine large onions, and put into a stew-pan with 1 quart of cold water and 2 small teaspoonfuls of soda; when the water comes to a boil, pour off and set the onions back over the fire with 1 cup of boiling water, 1 cup of butter, 1 large tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, season to taste and boil half an hour. —Fried and Broiled Mash: Mash to broil or fry should be made as follows: Into boiling water that has been sufficiently salted, should be sifted Indian meal--the coarser the better--as thick as cream, and stir well. Boil for 10 minutes, then pour into deep pans to cool; when entirely cool, cut in slices an inch thick and fry in butter. The butter must be very hot before laying in the mash; sprinkle slightly with salt and pepper and fry a dark brown. —Sponge Cakes: Use 1 cupful of sugar, 1 of flour, and 3 eggs. Beat the eggs to a froth, then add the sugar, and beat until it is dissolved; then add the flour, stirring it in round and round very gently and quickly, so that the foaming mass may not be made solid. Bake in a small flat tin, in a very quick oven. Old housekeepers used to tell us we must not set a heavily when sponge cake was in the oven, else it would fall. I do not find it so hard to bake as that, but there is one thing certain, the cook must know her oven, for you must not move the cake until it is nearly done, and, unless burning, not then. —To Cook Asparagus: Usual receipts for cooking asparagus state that half an hour is necessary; 20 minutes is sufficient. It is too delicate a vegetable to be overboiled, for all the flavor is washed then. Clean the stalks of grit, wash in cold water, and be sure to tie up the asparagus in bundles of 15 or 20 when you go to boil them. Have your water in a full boiler, in which there should be the good tablespoonful of salt; cook 20 minutes outside; drain thoroughly, steaming them slightly when they are cooked. Serve on toast, with a sauce of melted butter. Asparagus boiled plain and eaten cold, with a plain oil and vinegar dressing, is excellent. —Umbrellas are now made of paper.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

—Borax is preservative of fresh meat, either dry or in solution. —Rusty stove-pipes can be much improved in appearance by simply rubbing them over with a bit of woolen cloth moistened with kerosene oil. This should be done of course when there is no fire in the stove on account of the explosive character of the kerosene. —Ink stains in cotton or linen can be removed by washing in salt water; while some may be taken out with vinegar or milk without injury to color or fabric; but either of these methods must be employed before the fabric is washed with soap, or even wet with water. —A pinch of salt and a small piece of sperm added to the quantity of starch--added to boiling starch improves it much, especially when it is designed for shirt bosoms. The salt keeps the iron from sticking and the sperm acts as a gloss. —A moth-destroying tincture is made as follows: 1 ounce of gum camphor, and 1 ounce powdered shell of red pepper are macerated in 8 ounces of strong alcohol for 7 days and then strained. With this tincture the fur or cloth is sprinkled over and rolled up in sheets. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of "Chinese tincture for moths," and is found very effective. —The good suggestion is made in the Herald of Health that all painted inside-work should be kept covered with a coat of varnish to render any deleterious ingredient of the paint harmless and the cleaning more easy; also, that if you will paper the walls of the smoothest surface is much to be preferred, as it will collect, absorb and retain less dust than if rough. —Small holes in white walls can be easily closed without the assistance of the mason by taking equal parts of plaster of paris and the white sand used in water to pack and apply immediately. Smooth off with a flat knife or piece of wood. This mixture hardens very quickly and therefore only a small quantity should be prepared at a time. —To stain floors in oak or walnut colors, put 1 ounce Vandyke brown in oil, 3 ounces pearlsh and 2 drams dragon's blood into an earthenware pan; pour on the mixture a quart of boiling water, drawing off again a quart; then mix with a wooden box piece of wood; smooth the floor; fill up the cracks with plaster of Paris; then take a stiff brush, dip it in the stain and rub this in well. The brush should be rubbed lengthwise of the boards, doing a small portion at a time. By rubbing in one place more than another an appealing ring will be made more apparent. When dry, size the floor with glue sizing, brushing it in hot. When this is dry the boards should be sandpapered smooth and varnished with hard brown varnish. —FOR THE TABLE. —Cheese Toast: Toast stale bread cut in thin slices a fine brown, pour over it boiling water, drawing off again as quickly as possible, butter well, sandwich with toasted cheese and serve hot. —Rice Fritters: 2 cups of boiled rice made into a batter as thick as can be stirred with rolled bread or cracker crumbs, mashed potatoes, of each 1 cup, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in 1 quart of water, the dough; drop into boiling hot butter, and cook for 5 minutes. —Egg Salad: 2 large heads of lettuce coarsely minced, with 8 hard-boiled eggs, a small teaspoonful of rice, cream, or 2 tablespoonfuls of "salad oil," vinegar, mustard, pepper and salt to taste. 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