

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher. RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

The Bug Carnival.

Potato Bug came in his striped coat, "Oh, how do you do" he said...

Came waddling along the Cornfield, The triangular bugs, "By gosh!"

The Geometrids climb the tree, In the form of an innocent thing,

Carroll goes for the luscious plum, And the grasshopper he was also,

The Hessian Bug and the Borer tribe, Long ere the summer is done,

Two little men all welcome once again, We'll all be here to meet you,

The Song of the Fiddler Man.

The fiddler man was old and gray, The fiddler man was old and gray,

The fiddler man had neither hands, Nor fiddle nor bow, nor any strings,

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CARE OF THE HEALTH.

ADVICE FOR HOT WEATHER.—Keep cool if you can; don't drink any thing with alcoholic poison in it...

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"What on earth do you mean, Sue?" "Don't you see? If you will think you will see that I have given you tonight just about what she gave us last night. But then, you remember, you praised every thing until Mrs. Jones was perfectly satisfied."

"Oh, Sue! Don't you know that was all for the sake of politeness?" "Oh, was it? Well, then we are to teach our children that politeness is only for company use, and not necessary at home."

"Why, no, of course not."

"Then, if not, isn't it just as important to wear a smile and a kind face, and try to excuse little accidents at home, as when we are visiting? And if we don't grumble all the time we are among those who are mere strangers, have we a right to make those we love bearable by doing so all the time at home?"

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John presented the letter, and stood, hat in hand, while the old gentleman read it twice. "So you're John's son?" he said. "You don't look a bit like your father." Then there was a pause, Jack still standing.

"What brought you to Boston?" he was asked. "Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I'd better see his old home and get a taste of salt air."

"Going to be here over Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "My pew is No.—at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And there the interview ended. Now it chanced that, not long after, James's son, roving through the West, reached Chicago. He remembered his father's friend by name, and hunted him up in his office.

"Well, my son," said a pleasant voice, before he had closed the door. "My name is James—sir, and I thought—"

"What? You don't mean to say that—"

"Of course you are. I might have known it. Where's your baggage?" "At the hotel, sir." "Well, let me get it, and take it right up to the house," answered the genial old gentleman, closing his desk with a vigorous slam. "We'll go right up now. There's plenty of time for a drive, this afternoon. This evening you can go to the theater with my girls, and to-morrow you and I will take a run out on the C., B. & Q., and have a look at the country. Then I want to take you out to the Stock-Yards, and I have a trip on the lake, and—"

"But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed young man, "I must go home to-morrow." "Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see this city under a week, and you're going to stay that long anyway." He did. In fact, he's there now.

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FACTS AND FANCIES.

It is a peculiar feature of the butter market that a bad article outranks a good one.—Boston Post.

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AGRICULTURAL.

LIBERAL FEEDING.—I bought a half-pint of scrub some time in February last, which was in low condition...

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DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

GREEN TOMATO PIE.—Line a tin with paper paste and thinly sliced tomatoes...

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