

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

H. L. TRONER, Publisher. RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

THE OLD TRAMP.

I'm a sorry old fellow, and I've been a wanderer for years...

THE GHOST OF THE NIGER.

Three years ago I shipped on board the Niger, Capt. Phillips...

Our Captain was a Tartar, and no mistake; he had the eye of a hawk...

One night when I was at the wheel the wind rose to a gale...

"Stay your hand!" The voice was wonderfully loud and clear...

"Come down, I say, on deck!" I foamed the Captain.

"Then the ship must be haunted!" cried the Chief Mate.

"No, you won't!" roared out a voice from behind the lookout.

It was broad daylight when this took place, so we could see that there was no one there...

Sailors in general are superstitious beings. Whichever can't easily be made out or accounted for on natural principles is laid to the account of the supernatural.

decoration, I saw in Professor Meredith the Medical Jack Chester...

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FARM AND GARDEN.

LARGE SMALL FLOCKS OF SHEEP. B. C. Cabot, at Logansport, Ind., writes the Indiana Sheep Growers' Association...

When the performance was over, my old sheep was back on his feet...

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HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

To add realistic effect to "Duchess" the "Cabin," at Logansport, Ind., writes the Indiana Sheep Growers' Association...

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