

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

ANOTHER STOCKING TO FILL.

WHAT MAMMA THINKS.

SANTA CLAUS' Santa Claus heard our...

Write down his name in that long list of...

Give your kinship of boys without measure...

Give your gift from the good God above us...

Only a week has our holiday been over...

Leave him a gift that makes children to love...

Now he's too young to know you are near him...

Soon will old Santa Claus cause him to...

Every fresh Christmas will further endear...

caresses from you will his childhood be...

Think of the trials he has before him...

Time with his hours to him are around...

Swift to the days to which none can restore...

Soon into manhood our baby will bound...

While he believes in your mythical god...

Give him his need of the sweet Christmas...

Let him his brightest of childhood's sweet...

Santa Claus, Santa Claus, smile on my boy...

SANTA CLAU'S VIEW OF IT.

Another old What's the matter with you?

Don't these people know that I'm worn out?

Every year I'm coming from the North Pole...

Every year I'm coming from the North Pole...

First they want a rattle, then a ring to tie...

Then a box of soap, then a doll or kite...

Then a story book, then a hat and a...

Then a book, then a hat, then a...

Then a hat, then a book, then a...

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Then a hat, then a book, then a...

Fred Loring crept out of the bulkhead...

of his father's cellar, and making sure...

that he was not observed, climbed a...

fence and went through the fields to...

the back of a neighbor's house. Then...

he picked up a pebble and threw it...

against a second-story window. The...

window was raised and a head thrust...

out.

"Is it you, Fred?"

"Yes, he is quick."

"All ready," whispered Ross, and...

slipping through the window to the...

shed beneath, he dropped to the ground...

by aid of the water-spout. The two...

went on to a by-lane, where they were...

presently joined by two other boys...

whom they greeted as Brinley and...

Tabbs.

"Have you found out where he sleeps?"

asked Fred.

"Yes, on the second floor; but there's...

a grape-vine trellis right under it...

answered Tabbs. "I made an error...

and found it in the room, and found it...

of the land. The spring is on the right...

hand lower pane. Nothing is easier...

than to break the glass and reach...

through it."

"Do you suppose he'll resist?" asked...

Ross.

"No doubt he will if we give him a...

chance," said Brinley, coolly. "How...

ever, if you're getting scared, you'd...

better go home to your mother."

"I'm not scared!" said Ross, indignantly...

"but it's as well to be prepared, and...

that remains to be proved," said...

Brinley. "See if he doesn't beg before...

we get through with him."

"Have you brought the masks?"

asked Fred.

"I have them," said Tabbs, "and the...

cord, too," displaying the articles to his...

companions.

And now I will wonder what deed...

of these four youths were contemplating...

at midnight with mask and cord, but...

no one hasten to assure you that you are...

not reading a tale of rapine and murder...

but only of a school-boy frolic; at least...

so they considered it.

Not to be behind certain higher institutions...

they were about to have a new...

render himself unpopular, by keeping aloof...

from his fellow-students, which they...

thought to be a prudent course.

"They say to attribute to pride and...

fanciful superiority."

"I don't care," said Brinley.

"He may be of Spanish descent, but he...

hails from Georgia," said Fred.

"He's black enough to be of African...

descent," said Tabbs.

"And ugly enough to be the missing link...

between the ape and man," said Ross.

"You say so, which there was a general...

laugh. "It will be morning before we...

know it. Now for the *modus operandi*...

Having got into the room and tied...

him fast, what are we to do with...

him?"

"Look here, fellows, I've a plan,"

said Fred. "Don't let's hurt him; but...

let's set him up in the arm-chair, and...

dress him for an old woman. I've...

found a new and improved spectacle...

and some other things. The final...

decision being in favor of ducking the...

victim, and then securing him in the...

arm-chair, and then, in a few minutes...

afterwards, when he is all alone, we...

will strike him with the cord, and...

then we'll be off."

"That's a good plan," said Brinley.

"I've a better one," said Tabbs.

panions just at dusk came upon a hat...

with a little clearing about it.

"And there he sits at the door, smoking...

his evening pipe," said Brinley.

"Was nothing done about it?" asked...

Brinley.

"Yes, there was an investigation; but it...

amounted to nothing. It would not have...

been to the credit of the institution...

to find out if he was or was not...

besides, we were all gentlemen's sons.

So it was passed lightly over, or spoken...

of as a boyish frolic which terminated...

in an unexpected manner. Langford's...

mother was so angry with him that she...

was only son, and she was a widow. Thus...

the madman scattered firebrands, arrows...

and death, and said, Am I not in sport?

"And now, boys, you know one reason...

why it is that I am what I am. I escaped...

the law, but a retribution worse than...

the law has power to inflict has followed...

me," continued the brooding over Langford's...

death unsettled me, I suppose, for my...

head has not been wholly right for many...

years. I have wandered from one part of the globe to another...

but have never been able to set myself...

about anything, and I never shall be. Let...

my story be a warning to you."

But little more was said that night.

The four boys departed, sadder and...

wiser, and as they had been the leading...

spirits in all acts of insubordination, there...

was a general feeling of gloom and...

depression during their connection with it.—

Ruth Chesterfield, in Youth's Companion.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN FARM-HOUSES.

Christmas Day in country houses, far...

removed from business centers, is too...

frequently a dream of peace and content...

ment, and a big dinner and the absence...

of the usual routine of work. Where...

there are no children in the household...

there is some excuse, possibly, for the...

failure to observe the day in a joyful...

manner. Otherwise it is unjust to the...

young folk, who are thereby deprived of...

a rightful heritage. Every child is a...

subject for sympathy, and the Christmas...

is a day when the heart of the parent...

and goes through the pang of the 20th...

of December as a red-letter day.

The failure to provide an extra good...

dinner at this season for young people...

is a failure, in a majority of cases, of...

the convenience of procuring toys and...

fancy articles as gifts from distant...

towns, or the lack of means to make...

the day a day of peace and contentment...

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HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

FLAVORING ICE-CREAM.—Set a quart of...

milk to boil, then stir into it the...

six eggs, favor with any extract...

traced and sweeten to taste with...

whites of eggs to a stiff froth. When...

the custard is thick put into a deep...

dish and beat the frothed eggs again...

Serve cold.

THERE is one system of tillage, says...

the London Chronicle, far too prevalent...

in small gardens, particularly. It is...

that of digging and manuring only one...

space deep till a few inches of the top...