

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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

FM TWENTY-ONE TO-DAY.

I'm twenty-one years old today. An independent man. The bell has rung to be good by to mother's apron strings. I'll leave my daddy's wings...

No more will daddy's raspin' voice, No more will daddy's raspin' voice, No more will daddy's raspin' voice...

THE TWENTY-FIVE HATS.

He was a Frenchman—no doubt about that. He was a very pleasant fellow—no doubt about that, either. But what his occupation might be was a puzzle to me...

In the first shipments of apples to Europe, the fruit was carefully packed by wrapping in tissue paper and affixing a label...

Europe, the fruit was carefully packed by wrapping in tissue paper and affixing a label. It was in a rather curious fashion that the truth came out at last...

I looked somewhat anxiously in the same direction, but the captain had the very last, the ship on fire or somebody falling overboard; but nothing was to be seen...

Cartier eyed it with the startled air of one suddenly meeting an old acquaintance in a very unlikely place, and I could hear him mutter:

"That's the first of the sort that I've seen since I met the old fellow at the museum, the year of the Paris Exhibition."

"So," thought I, "the murderer's out at last; this mysterious old gentleman is neither more nor less than the latter, M. Cartier."

"Well," said the old gentleman, laughing, "I should have thought I had bored you with my story long ago, ready with my reminiscences. It's not every young fellow who would listen so patiently to an old man's ramblings."

"If all old men were as interesting as you, dear sir, I should certainly make the acquaintance of as many as possible. Now, will you oblige me?"

"Well, it really is a curious story, so, if you're so good as to be interested in it, it's at your service."

"In the spring of 1867, a little before the opening of the Paris Exhibition, I had just returned to my native city, the Rue Saint-Honore, and was doing a pretty fair business, though perhaps not quite so good as I had expected."

"But one day business had been unusually slack, and I was beginning to be rather put out about it, when, toward afternoon, in came a fine-looking gentleman, dressed in a very elegant fashion, saying that he wanted some hats made after a pattern of his own, to be ready by a certain day."

"I struck me at the time as rather an odd idea, for I had never before happened to be in fashion just then, the color certainly wasn't."

Where the Presidents are Buried.

The body of George Washington is resting in a brick vault at Mount Vernon, surrounded by a marble coffin. John Adams was buried in a vault beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy...

James Madison's remains rest in a beautiful spot on the old Madison estate, near Orange, Va. James Monroe's body reposes in Holywood Cemetery, Va., on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the city...

Andrew Jackson was buried in the corner of the garden of the Hermitage, eleven miles from Nashville. The tomb is a simple structure, surrounded by a low wall of iron grating...

William Henry Harrison was buried at North Bend, fifteen miles from Cincinnati. John Tyler's body rests within ten yards of that of James Monroe in Holywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

James Buchanan's remains lie in the Woodward Hill Cemetery at Lancaster, Pa., in a vault of masonry. The monument is composed of a simple block of marble...

Abraham Lincoln rests in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., enclosed in a sarcophagus of white marble. The monument is a great pile of marble, granite and bronze.

John Johnson's grave is on a cone-shaped eminence, half a mile from Greenville, Tenn. The monument is of marble, beautifully ornamented. The body of James A. Garfield has been placed in a tomb at Cleveland.

White Elephants. A survey to gain the favor of either the King of Burma or the King of Siam is to present him with a white elephant. Hence, whenever there are reports of such an animal having been discovered anywhere, there are set out from both Burma and Siam to determine whether it is really what it is represented to be.

One night in the spring of '62 General Richardson, who then commanded a brigade, took it into his head to inspect the picket line. Coming upon a reserved picket of about thirty men, he recognized a Captain of the Second Michigan Infantry, the General saw it to interrogate as follows:

"Captain, in case of an alarm by the advance guard, what do you do?" "Send off a reinforcement at once."

"And if the firing continued?" "I should move up with the remainder of my force and push forward."

"But if it was a regiment?" "I'd form a line back and check them until I sent back and got orders to charge and capture the whole lot."

"Well, suppose a brigade should move down on you in this line?" "The column in two, and whip both halves in detail."

The Jennette.

The fate of the Jennette is a mystery that may long be accompanied by the same feeling of public surprise which followed the disappearance of the Sir John Franklin. Two years have passed since the gallant little vessel passed from human ken...

The Ladies insisted upon returning to camp, and said some unkind things about the work of the men. They were not to be deterred by the unreasonable suggestion that they should go back to their tents or to the shore...

When the ladies returned to camp, they found that the men had been making a fire on the shore. They were very angry, and the ladies insisted upon returning to camp...

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Madame Patti will receive nearly a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for her concert here. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, always charming, fifty had active, looks as actively two years only in a slight decline...

The London Athenaeum has taken down a certain fact that the ordinary quality of their equivalents produced over the years.

The twins sat on a bench in the back porch, looking solemnly at each other. "Planning mischief," Nora said, when she saw them from the kitchen window.

It was understood that they were needed only a day at either house, so it made little difference which side of the garden they spent the morning and took dinner there.

When a woman asks a new fall-style bonnet on another woman's head, she declares it to be hideous. The next day, when she gets one also, she declares it to be as pretty as can be.

Managers of church festivals, having heard that the oyster crop was injured by the drought, are preparing to buy oysters in large quantities as soon as possible.

When a man makes a report of a robbery to be heard from, but it is probably safe to say he is elected to serve a good long term in the Penitentiary.

The afternoon of the street talking slowly bordering up the street talking attentively to each other, you can make up your mind that there's something mighty important about to be done.

The other evening the Jester was bathing his eyes in cold water, and suspended the operation long enough to remark: "A woman can't take her parrot to Heaven when she dies, she won't be happy there. She will come back after it."

The Holms Herald says: Tourists who have visited National Park will remember the large, beautiful spring in what is known as "Hill's Cove," lying midway between the Upper and Lower Basins.

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Our Young Readers.

I think of all the children. The morning and the night, I think of you all. I hope you are all well and happy.

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DRIVING WITH THE PARASOL.

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THE SIBERIAN PLAGUE.

The Siberian plague has been raging in Russia as described as an inflammation of the system, that first attacked cattle and horses, and then spread to man.

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THE INTERNATIONAL PARCEL POST.

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