

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

POPULAR POETRY.

There was young Louis the boy.

Who wanted a newspaper pouch;

But it wasn't his, and he was told.

That he liked, so he whined.

Don't give me no more of that stuff.

There was a chap on the Marais des Cygnes.

Who courted a girl, and that cryer.

Who referred him to that.

Who treated him so.

In a way that was really myrror.

A young fellow once saw fit to laugh

At a gray-haired old man with a stanch.

Who stood by the young man's side.

In his car for a spell.

Which wasn't so funny by a haunch.

And this same young fellow, with his laughter

Got into a scrape no longer sufter.

He decided his na.

When his big-brother came.

Made him wish that he never had changed.

THE YEAR OF GRACE 2081.

A Forecast of How Affairs Will Be

Connected Two Hundred Years

Hence.

A visit to the electrical exhibition in

Paris will set unimaginative persons

wondering what kind of a world this

will be in that twenty-first century

to which M. Gambetta alluded the other

day. M. Gambetta remarked that if

people were impatient to get all possi-

ble political reforms in the next cen-

tury there would be nothing left for the

twenty-first century to accomplish; but

it is probable that in two centuries

hence the world will be as different

from that of today as the latter is from

the world of the seventeenth century,

and we need not trouble ourselves to

leave work for it to do. It would have

been thought a pretty conceit in Charles

IV's reign to talk of bringing water

into every household by means of leaden

pipes, and even Lord Worcester, in his

"Century of Inventions," never

imagined anything so simple as con-

veying of a considerable gas by such

a method; but we have easily forese-

ed the time when every house will have

its electric battery, and when most of

the things done for us at present by steam

will be performed by electricity. We have

no reason to worry ourselves about the

possible exhaustion of the coal supply.

Long before the last scuttles of coals

is drawn up from the last shaft, coal

will have ceased to be applied to most

of its present uses.

In the future there will be

no knocking at doors and summoning

up servants every time a visitor

calls. The visitor will touch a button

and will sound an electric bell, and

will speak through a tube. "Is Mr. Brown

at home?" Answer, "No." Instead

of dropping his card Mr. Robinson will

say that he leaves his compliments,

with kind inquiries, and will be pass-

ing down the tube into the office

of a phonograph, will engrave them-

selves on a roll of tin foil. When the

An Accession to the Spookery

Family.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoo-

ndyke, with a grin that involved his

whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe

that shook the whole house. "And so

it's a girl, my dear?"

Mr. Spooandyke smiled faintly,

and Mr. Spooandyke picked up his

neat.

"It's the image of you," she said,

regarding with some speculation Mr.

Spooandyke's method of handling the

infant.

"I don't see how you make that

out," said Mr. Spooandyke, gravely.

"I don't know what you mean, but

like the thumb part of a bottle-bottle-

clear. Do I understand you that my

eyes bear an resemblance to the head

of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," mur-

mured Mrs. Spooandyke.

"The general features seem to be all

mouth," retorted Mr. Spooandyke,

examining his acquisition.

"I'm glad you like it, my dear. My

visage must remind you of an earthquake.

Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her

fold up her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs.

Spooandyke. "They'll straighten out

in time."

"No time like the present," quoted

Mr. Spooandyke, and he took his

daughter's feet and commended her

her limbs. "I don't want any hand-

legged feet in this family while I'm

at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry and

Mr. Spooandyke was obliged to leave

him alone, not carrying him off, or shut-

ting him up, which at first sight might ap-

pear to be the same thing, and mean as

much to him. Not at all. That is not

what he meant. He was only leaving

him alone, and he was only leaving

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The Paris Morgue.

The Morgue is a pleasant, one-story

building, located in the middle of a

bridge, close to Notre Dame. Every

convenience is afforded the public for

seeing the show. The entire front of the

dead reception room is of glass. You

can see the bodies of the dead, and

the other, and take the corpses as you

file through. Everybody living in this

part of town takes in the Morgue on

their morning trips to business. Work-

men and citizens, all flock here to see

the latest-arrived dead man or woman.

There is disappointment and vexation

on mornings when the zinc beds on

the floor are empty. The Parisian waits

for a fresh one. He is a singularly

how quickly one here can culti-

vate this taste for curiosity and

immobility, as they lie there quite

save the cloth over the loins. Through

with breathing, through with eating

and drinking, they are as good as

the cold bits of spruce laid on the

table. No uneasy turnings or shiftings

of position. So it stays all day, while

without, peering through the glass,

one can see the bodies of the dead,

and stare, and wonder where it

has gone, to and what it is doing, or

if there may be any cry, or think,

or do. It's an awful mystery which

that still makes us feel as if we were

Yesterdays, alive and poking about

in the gutter for a crust, while it

troubles and grieves and cries for

bread, they would have passed it by

the door, and gone to their beds.

Toes up, and nothing inside to gnaw

or, or worry or pain, or joy, or it is

a grim curiosity. All about are heek-

ings, pantaloons, and a hanging

coat, and a pair of trousers, and a

pair of shoes, and a pair of gloves,

and a pair of socks, and a pair of

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Burn Stenben, the Great Dril-

Sergeant.

It was fit and proper that the repre-

sentative of the Stenben family should

be invited to participate in the York-

town ceremonial. The Baron Stenben

was one of the bravest of our revolu-

tionary fathers, and who remained an American

citizen to the end of his life. He was

ideal, a great question. Trained in

the military school of the great, he had

won his laurels at Prague

and Rosbach, and had risen to an

Adjutant-General on the King's staff.

He came to us at a dark period of the

war, and he was the only one who

remained in the country, and he was

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