

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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

## THAT EVE IN BETHLEHEM.

Little children when the Christmas Eve,  
That blessed eve, when the angels came,  
And every voice is full of eagerness,  
And every heart is full of cheer.

When the warm firelight 'gainst the outer  
And the happy picture draws  
Whom the children love so dearly,  
Waiting for Santa Claus:

Of evergreens that bear strange fruit,  
And on whose branches glow  
The burning candles of rooms where  
The stockings in a row:

My thoughts go back to that far time, when  
I lay in bed, alone,  
When the stars shone on the lonely open plain,  
Their shepherds waiting then.

And I can see again that story ground  
On every softly falling snow,  
As one by one the ever-lasting stars  
Come out within the sky.

And I can see the look of wondering awe  
On every softly falling snow,  
When suddenly that glory like the sun  
Shed all about the place.

And they became afraid, but a clear voice  
Came from the dark above,  
"Fear not, I bring you tidings of great joy  
Which shall be to all people."

"For unto you this day a child is born,  
Whom the angels adore,  
Of multitude of angels through the air  
Triumphing to God on high."

Poor, humble shepherds, yet given that great  
And having the very words of the angels,  
To tell the dear Christ's birth.

Little the wonder then, is it, that on  
This hallowed eve's return,  
The gleaming candles burn;

And by the fire-logs of stockings hung,  
Fair girls awaiting then,  
That should bring down, with grateful  
Tears, the spirit of Bethlehem.

And picture to myself the lowly men  
Adorning the Bethlehem scene,  
That for all time and to all men  
A Savior and a Lord.

—*Edna Dady Bates.*

## HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

It was a roomy, comfortable-looking  
white house, shaded with apple-trees.  
It stood a few rods back from the main  
road, and perhaps that was the reason  
that Santa Claus, who had been  
dashed by without giving a single  
penny to the poor, had been  
traced sighted and moaned in the winter  
time, and certainly was not because  
there were no little children there,  
for less than ten found shelter  
beneath this one single roof. There was  
one single room, there was simple  
furniture, and the women's size, but  
a child still, to whom the  
butcher's would always be golden  
delights. Here her mother had died  
ten years before, and her father had  
never left her the inheritance of a name.  
There were pale Sammie Dyke and  
his sister Katie. Farmer Dyke had  
drunk up his house and barn, his cattle  
and crops, his honor and health, and  
when the grace of heaven had taken  
his heart-broken wife, these and little  
orphans came to the poor-house to live.  
There were Tom and Jack, Mary, Jennie  
and Tab, whose histories were all sad  
enough, and who were all ready to  
tell you of two little children who were  
to spend their first Christmas in this  
refuge for the poor—"Little Cap'n,"  
as people called the wife of a hunch-  
back boy, who came from his mother's  
grave to good Mrs. Hurst's sympathizing  
care, and who could just remember  
his sailor father and how he had sailed  
away in the "Daisy," and how  
Daisy, who had opened her blue eyes  
months after the sea-weeds had shrouded  
her brave father. A fall early in life  
had crippled little Ben and made him  
the constant companion of his mother,  
loved mother, and his little face grew  
to reflect the sadness of hers.

Baby Daisy was like a little sunbeam  
that gleamed and danced upon the  
shutters are closed, the curtains are drawn, but  
there it frisks, defying shadows and  
darkness. So Daisy had frisked and  
danced and never forgotten her, though the flour  
mill be low in the barrel, and the coal-burner  
empty. Only one sorrow  
tray in the room, and that was  
Daisy, who had opened her blue eyes  
months after the sea-weeds had shrouded  
her brave father. A fall early in life  
had crippled little Ben and made him  
the constant companion of his mother,  
loved mother, and his little face grew  
to reflect the sadness of hers.

Mrs. Hurst felt almost a mother's  
love for these little ones, but her work  
had a heavy load on her, and her hands  
were very weary with each day's work.  
Old Aunt Lucy Stone took them into  
her withered arms and broken old heart  
and said, "The Lord be with you, Mrs.  
Hurst," she would say, "the Lord be  
with you." Her faded eyes were dim  
with crying for a graceless boy who had  
long since forgotten his mother; but  
she looked with sympathy upon every  
little creature around her, and fairly  
glowed with glances of love for  
these little ones. It had long been her  
self-appointed task to do the patch-  
work among the jarring, discordant  
elements of this heterogeneous family;  
and it had come to pass that she found  
upon the dirty, cut fingers, bathed the  
poor little bruised heads, patted the  
scratches, was sorry for the aches, and  
even kissed the battered little beings  
about her as if she had been mother to  
the whole flock. "Praying for you,"  
she would say, "praying for you," and  
others called her with a sneer; yet old  
Lucy wanted Aunt Lucy's "yarn tea,"  
when his "rumatiz" was too much for  
him, and growing "Mother Moody"  
would not let any other nurse come near  
her when down to one of her five  
hundred complaints. To teach the  
children about her some Christian  
prayers was her great delight, and no  
little paper dropped, and she would  
without being coaxing into saying some-  
thing that passed for a prayer. Aunt  
Lucy had seen a great many earthly  
hopes fail, but her "God and little  
children" was strong.

Thanksgiving came and went at the  
poor-house. It was a feast day there.  
Mrs. Hurst would cook, and she would  
phantom sat at the board, and many  
a poor heart was sadder than fasting  
could have made it. Christmas grew  
near. Little Cap'n chattered off his  
wonders. Santa Claus was coming. He  
would bring "horses and dogs, and  
dresses, and slates, and pictures, and  
books, and dollies—little bits of black  
dolly and great bits of white dolly."  
The children listened in wonder. It  
was an "Arabian Nights" tale to them.  
As the days flew on, the child added  
to her prayer: "Santa Claus, and  
make him member every body."

Every one hated to spoil her little  
dream, and Mrs. Hurst was pondering  
ways and means for some little Chris-  
tmas when Aunt Lucy took the matter  
up. "Daisy, dear," said she one night  
when the darkness was settling down,  
"Santa won't stop here, darlin'; he  
goes right straight by. I've heard  
high-toned ten years, and he never  
comes!"

The little heart was almost  
bursting with grief, but the woman  
said with other words and the  
woman said, "Santa won't stop here,  
darlin'; he goes right straight by. I've  
heard high-toned ten years, and he  
never comes!"

At last, all  
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And she  
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## In the Kitchen.

A good housekeeper may for a moment  
think from rolling up her sleeves,  
putting on a real work apron, and taking  
bold of the kitchen work in earnest,  
that she is for long. Putting one's  
feet on the work reveals such gross neglect,  
and the absolute necessity that there  
would soon have been for a change, far  
better than any superior one. Passing  
round among the work, stepping  
into closets or storerooms while  
doing some light work for cake or  
desserts, cannot enable the mistress to  
estimate the true way in which her  
work is done. One who has not done  
any rough manual labor for months,  
perhaps years, may not willingly bend  
to the work, if by any rebuke for care-  
lessness she is sent to the kitchen. For  
day or two, when the first signs herself  
alone, all must seem strange and the  
work hard. She will make many mis-  
takes and feel half discouraged. Her  
hands, long unused, will be stiff and sore  
from handling ironware, the scrub-brush, or washing  
dishes in hot suds. But this will not  
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