

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

BORIN & SPRINGER, Eds. and Profs.

RED CLOUD. NEBRASKA

At the East. The stream is calm when it nears the tide. And flowers are sweet at the eventide. And birds most musical at close of day. And sails distant when they pass away.

MRS. CHESTERFIELD'S FOLLY. Poor little Mrs. Chesterfield! She had been married only six short months, and already her husband was wanting in his devotion.

You know I would rather be with you, dear, but I could hardly refuse Hal when he got the thing up for me. Run over to your mother's, like a brave little woman.

Six months ago, could such a plea have drawn him from her side? Ah, how happy had she been! How proud on her bridal day of her splendid lover!

Then followed those weeks of radiant happiness when they two forgot the world and all else, save that each existed for the other.

When she had kissed and thanked him, did she dream beneath its roof ever to shed even now, think one unhappy thought?

A servant, entering in obedience to her summons, bears a salver, and on it a card, which he presents with a respectful bow.

Tell the gentleman, James, I will be with him presently.

She has heard somewhere that husbands are apt to grow weary of their homes, and seek elsewhere the excitement not obtainable in that pure atmosphere.

But all that evening, surrounded by mirth and fun, music and lights, uproar and dancing, she wished herself a thousand times back to her own quiet home.

"Oh, let us walk," she answered; and gathering up her rich ball dress, and slipping off her mask, she drank in, with a sense of inexpressible relief, heaven's pure air.

At last her servant was reached. Turning, as the servant opened the door, to say good by to her companion, she was startled by the request-

"I have something I want particularly to say to you."

"What? To God I were! Would that torture of the body might teach forgetfulness of the mind's anguish!

"I suppose not, as husband. As a lover, one manages to escape such bore; but then we are not sure of the prize, and with the race all untied before us we do not dare rest for a moment upon our oars."

"I imagine you are entirely to blame for so lamentable a condition of affairs."

Then, as in answer to her cry, out from the shadow came he whom she had called, and taking her close into his strong arms, said, as he held her, tenderly-

field. Perhaps you can give its sequel. Good-night."

Bowing low he left her, wondering at his meaning. Could he have been so bold as to have her understand literally his words?

"What, little wife, all alone? Not sitting up for me, I hope? Did I not keep my promise to come home early?"

"I did not know it was late. I have had a very pleasant evening. Mr. Raymond called."

"What, Hale Raymond? I am sorry I was not at home; not that I missed anything, but because he is not the sort of a man I care particularly to have my wife receive alone."

"Indeed! I thought him charming!" throwing an unusual emphasis into the words, as she noted the flush she saw on his cheek.

An answer was upon his lips, but he checked it, as unworthy of him; and recounting the evening's sayings and doings of the little wife he so fondly loved and of whose displeasure he little deemed himself the subject, he soon forgot the irritation of the moment.

Two months glided by, and scarcely was Mrs. Chesterfield alone ere she was joined by Hale Raymond. Did she walk, he seemed to spring from the ground; did she drive, his horse would come careering beside her carriage, and he would find time and opportunity to have with her a few moments' quiet converse.

"It is nothing to him now to refuse my wishes," she thought. "Once he would have postponed any engagement to gratify me."

"The day of the ball came. With a loving kiss in the early morning, Will Chesterfield bade his wife good by. Scarcely had the door closed upon him than Mr. Raymond was announced."

"I have come to ask you and Mr. Chesterfield to join our party for the masquerade night. Of course he will consent if you will but ask him."

"Indeed!" feigning the utmost surprise. "But surely you will not spend the evening alone? Mrs. Irving is going to chaperone the party. We shall have a box, and be perfectly to ourselves. No one will recognize you. Do say you will come."

And so he pleaded, until, remembering her husband had not absolutely forbidden her going, and knowing she could readily assuage his displeasure, she gave a somewhat reluctant consent, and with his heart teeming high with hopes of what she never dreamed, Hale Raymond left her.

But all that evening, surrounded by mirth and fun, music and lights, uproar and dancing, she wished herself a thousand times back to her own quiet home. Between her and the revellers came the vision of her husband's handsome face.

What would he say? Yet could he blame her? Had he not left her alone? At last she could bear it no longer, and whispering a few words to her escort, he arose, assisted her in her hasty adieu, and went with her forth from the dim and glare into the calm, peaceful moonlight night.

"Will you walk or drive?"

"Oh, let us walk," she answered; and gathering up her rich ball dress, and slipping off her mask, she drank in, with a sense of inexpressible relief, heaven's pure air.

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had forgotten my little wife was but a child, and she has forgotten that sometimes a husband must leave his home, but that he leaves as his guard his most priceless possession, a jewel which the longer he wears grows more priceless in his sight.

But in all her husband's tenderness, Mrs. Chesterfield only feels the deeper her remorse for her folly; and when, her head buried on his breast, she sobs out her plea for forgiveness, she knows already it is hers; but never, while she lives, will she be tempted to indulge in another flirtation.

A Characteristic of Poe. If I were suddenly asked to name Poe's dominant intellectual characteristic, I should unhesitatingly answer a passion for perfection; and if I were then asked to name the merely literary qualities by which this is indicated, I should say his accuracy and his thoroughness.

It is like some new truth, which the moment after its discovery appears so familiar that we feel as if we had known it all our life—which harmonizes so entirely with our other mental acquisitions that it is difficult to believe it had not some obscure place among our original mental furniture.

A beautiful little baby with golden hair lay in its mother's lap half asleep. An admiring crowd stood before it. "If I had such a bright little fellow as that," said a young bachelor, "I should call him George Washington."

"No," said his companion, "here's where you're wrong; there's where your gigantic intellect don't come to your rescue; that boy is no more like George Washington than you are; he's a young Bonaparte; he will have plenty of courage, no doubt; but it will be the quick dash to victory of Napoleon rather than the tenacious push of Washington, and you should call him Napoleon Bonaparte."

"No doubt you would, young man," the child's mother broke in. "That's all about you young fellows know about babies. This little girl's name is Mary."

THE LAND OF MIDIAN. ALEXANDRIA, Oct. 29.—Readers of the Times will remember that last spring Capt. Burton, the well known Eastern traveler, made an expedition into the Land of Midian, which lies to the south-east of the Gulf of Akaba, in the Red Sea.

At the moment that you start westward on the Sunset route, the landscape salutes you in all the loveliness of a blossoming prairie in its first luxuriance of green under the tender early sun.

The flowers are numberless. When you have counted a couple of dozen varieties, you find you have only begun. Here the painted-cup makes the great reaches gay; here yellow indigo stars out, and presently lends them its color, leading away into the boundless horizon a Field of the Cloth of Gold; and here it is scarlet with the scarlet phlox, here blue with verbenas; here the lilies, with their long snowy filaments wondrously alive, whiten all the windings of an unseen brook; here, clothed in the priceless sand clover, and greener than Dante's freshly broken emeralds, beneath vast and hollow heavens, and moated in colossal calm, the naked prairie rolls away, league after league, unbroken to the gulf.

Oh, the glory of a Texas prairie under a vertical sun! the light, the color, the distance, the vast solitude and silence, the limitless level, the everlasting rest! A flock of white cranes rises flashing in the light and soars away; a mirage lifts the lofty timber that outlines a distant river, and shows you the stream shining beneath, shaking silver vapor on its feet; in the creek beside you, fearless blue ducks dip and dive and skim away, scattering the water-drops; a drove of horses, rising from beds of sunflowers, with flying manes and tails, go bounding into space; vast herds of cattle crop the clover without lifting their heads as you sweep by; riders are rounding up their droves, hawks are hovering, birds are singing, winds are blowing, and what seemed only solitude and silence is full of life and action and music. Now the forests of the Brazos begin to rustle; cypress and magnolia, Linden and locust, ash and beech and elm, hickory and black-jack, dense to darkness, yet trembling with dew and sun, leaved with gay vines of trumpet and passion flowers, and with huge ropes of blaesoming grape slung from tree to tree,

thick with an undergrowth of dogwood and redbud, wild peach and cane, and their great dark live-oaks wrapped in the fantastic shadows of a thousand gray awaying cobwebs, and standing weird, awful in their Druidical beard.

THE BABY SHOW. There were two fathers in the baby show yesterday. No doubt there were many fathers there, but there were only two who had the hardihood to sit on the platform and nurse babies. They were both the unhappy parents of triplets. One was a foreigner, coming from beyond the Hudson, and the other was a resident of the east side. Both seemed fully resigned.

"What are their names?" a visitor asked of the father from New Jersey. His wife sat on the next chair with a cherub on her knee.

"What are their names?" said the father. "This one is named Arabella Clementina Joanna—no, hold on. That's wrong. This one is—well, by George! I get them mixed up. Wife, just see if that baby has a mole behind her ear. Yes? Well, then, this is Anna Maria Elizabeth. That is little Afabella, in the cradle. You can't think," apogetically, "how hard it was to get names for them all at once."

"They're very nice triplets," said a bystander, "and you ought to be very proud of them. Are they all the same age?"

The other set of triplets are very small—so small that all three of them might take a nap on a pillow, and leave plenty of room besides for three little bottles and a supply of tin rattles. They are orphans-in-law, their mother having died when they were born.

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ships which went from there to Egypt arrived happily. Discharge was made according to order under the pavilion of brick of the King at Thebes of the copper, numerous as frogs in the marsh, in quality equal to gold of the third degree, admired by all the world as a marvelous thing.—London Times.

Education. We read an article a few days ago in relation to defects in our present system of education, one of which was, that we need more of practical training in our schools than now exists. This is a truth that experience is proving more and more every day.

It is a crying shame that so many of our young men are indisposed to learn a trade. A false education has taught them to believe that it is dishonorable to be a mechanic, or at least, that it is not high-toned. What consummate folly! A thorough mechanic is as fast above a turgid lawyer, a quack doctor or illiterate preacher, as the eminent statesman is above the brawling politician.

We know of a gentleman who long served in Congress and is eminent as a lawyer; when his son, having finished his collegiate education, asked him what he should do, he replied—

"My son, now go into a machine shop and learn to be a machinist, and then you will be fitted for the duties of life." The advice was followed, and that young man is next to a railroad president, and his mechanical genius, fully developed as it was during the time he served his apprenticeship, now is the strong power that makes him "master of the situation."

There are thousands of others who should go and do likewise.

NO FUN IN HIM. One of the members of the Methodist conference, recently held in Detroit, Mich., was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on an early street he encountered a strapping big fellow who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith's shop.

"Catch hold here and help me down to the shop with this wagon, and I'll buy the whisky," called the fellow.

"I never drink," solemnly replied the good man.

"Well you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke."

"I never chew."

"No, sir," was the decided reply.

"You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster.

"I guess I'm all right; I feel firstrate."

"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster.

"Come now, let's warm up a little."

"I never bet,"

There were a dozen boys and half as many men, and among the latter was a philanthropist. He said it was a burning shame to torture a poor rat in that way, and he offered the boy with the trap ten cents to let his prisoner go.

"Ten cents?" contemptuously exclaimed the lad, "I'd see \$5 worth of fun for ten cents!"

"I won't stand here and see one of God's creatures tortured to death!" indignantly remarked the philanthropist as he started off.

Too many cooks spoil the broth. Too many dogs, and boys, and clubs, and yells permitted the rat to escape. He dodged this way and that till clear of the crowd, and then he overtook the philanthropist, climbed his leg, and came to a dead stop between the good man's coat and vest.

"I thought it was fun to see a school teacher lick thirteen boys at once, but this beats it clear into Canada!"

TRUTH ABOUT HORACE GREELY. The philosopher of the Tribune was a great gourmand, not an epicure, and would eat in season and out of season, what ever pleased his palate.

THE NEW YORK'S NEW MUSEUM. The American Museum of Natural History, on the corner of Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, New York, will be thrown open to the public Dec. 10, at which time President Hayes and his cabinet will be present to inaugurate it.

THE VALE OF ROSES. War has made the once beautiful Vale of Roses, and neighboring valleys south of the Schipka Pass, a desert filled with horrors.

A little tin box shot up and down a wooden shaft in the middle of the room into which rolls of manuscript were put by an office boy, who rushed from desk to desk and gathered the sheets as they came from the writers' hands.

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patches from the seat of war, another writing editorial paragraphs on the important telegraphic news which came in, another was drafting a new play in virtuous prose, another was revising a thrilling account of a murder, another was transcribing his stenographic notes of a speech on the inflation of the currency, another was putting the finishing touches upon a well considered article criticizing a debate in the French Assembly and another was absorbed in the description of a yacht race.

The editor became more nervous and impatient than ever, as the fingers of the big clock on the wall went beyond 2. The pages of manuscript were sent up one by one, and long proof sheets came down from the composing room. Then the "cutting down" began, and soon the writers saw articles which had cost them hours of research annihilated by the stroke of a pen, or reduced from columns to paragraphs—not on account of unimportance, but simply because there is always a superfluity of matter, contrary to the erroneous notion that the editor's great difficulty is to fill his space—and in some instances even the paragraphs were finally omitted to make room for unexpected news that arrived later. Telegrams were still coming in at 2:30, but soon after that hour one dispatch brought the words "good night," and that meant the closing. The night editor and his assistant now disappeared into the composing rooms, where they remained to superintend the making up of the forms, and the men at the desks prepared to leave, or throw themselves back in their chairs for a chat and some more smoke.—W. H. Hilding, in Harper's Magazine.

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