

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIME
PLE BE?

Over the cradle the mother hung,
Sang a lullaby, another song;
And there were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Where shall the baby's dimes be?
Where shall the baby's dimes be,
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When the baby's dimes are lost?"

Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakes my babe again?"

Silence followed and song so low—
A murmur into her music broke,
And she knew, for he could but know—
The baby's angel spoke:

"Where shall the baby's dimes be?
Where shall my finger find her?
Where shall my finger's touch be lost?
Where shall my finger's touch remain?"

When I awoke my babe again?"

Still she soothed and song so low—
A murmur into her music broke,
And she knew, for he could but know—
The baby's angel spoke:

"Where shall the baby's dimes be?
Where shall my finger find her?
Where shall my finger's touch be lost?
Where shall my finger's touch remain?"

When I awoke my babe again?"

Saturday Magazine.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

This morning I was thinking
What a nice day it is,
And while my thoughts were busy,
My hands were busy too.

I needed the apple apples,
For now there's no place to go,
From its accustomed place.

I thought of ways to pass the time,
Or grapes for my preserving,
Or cans I yet must seal,

Or even that must be dried,
Or stamp to be summered,

Or a hundred rooms to tidy,
Or a hundred beds to make,

With a dozen loaves of bread and cake,
Was a thousand times more trouble,

Than a dozen presents,
Than a dozen dreams and drears.

Cousin HAYWOOD: I thank you,
W. WATKINS.

"Father, are you sure you're well
enough to go back to school?"

Alice had drawn her wheeled chair
close to the lounge on which old Moses had dragged himself into a sitting posture.

"Yes, child, yes," he said, drawing his hand vaguely across his forehead; "I must be well enough! The children's parents are getting impatient. I shall soon be well enough to go back to school."

And taking up his pen he wrote back briefly.

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"Yes, child, yes," he said, drawing his hand vaguely across his forehead; "I must be well enough! The children's parents are getting impatient. I shall soon be well enough to go back to school."

Father, father!" cried poor Alice, pitifully, "if we had but that money you saved up so long and painfully—that money you gave to old Mr. Watkins—it would have brought you health, peace, now."

"My daughter," said the old man, mildly, "all that is past now. And, remember, all that is given to the poor lending strength to the good."

He was in the school that morning teaching to neophytes. His whirling head to the clamorous voices of the little ones when there came a loud rap at the door and a well-dressed, blushing stranger walked in and looked uneasily around him.

"Is this Moses Haywood, the schoolmaster?" asked he, with outstretched hand.

"That is my name, sir," said the old man, and congratulate you," cried the blushing stranger, nearly wringing poor Moses's hand off.

"Sir!" said the schoolmaster.

"You're a rich man!" roared the stranger.

"I think I must be dreaming," said Moses, putting his hand to his head.

"Not a bit of it," said the stranger, "it's a lot of it." It's your wife's son, Walter Watkins, of—"

"Yes," said Moses Haywood, "I remember now—I lent him fifty pounds; I suppose he sent you to return it?"

"Fifty pounds," echoed the stranger, "It's fifty thousand!" He is dead—and has willed you all his money. Poetry good interest for 50 pounds for a year, a year ago, he was always energetic. There's a strong resemblance in his will to 10 shillings each, because he states, they wouldn't lend him as much as that when he asked for it—a lot of cousins, you know—and it's all left you as the only one who responded generously to his call. I say, sir," with another overpowering shake of the hand, "congratulate you, with all my heart!"

"But when Alice would shake her bright brown brains, bite the end of her forefinger and begin again with the trouble, she would always give up again."

But most every particular day ever since she rinsed herself, she would always come over in her check, that tremor clinched nervously together as she rinsed them.

But Moses Haywood, a white-haired, prematurely-old man, sat over his "Classical Dictionary" at the other end of the room and only smiled quizzically.

"Fifty pounds," said Alice, "It's a lot of money, father, dear, and you can't give it away."

"You are right, my dear," said the schoolmaster, calmly, "it is a lot of money—but what is money worth if we can't use it to help our fellow creatures with?"

And I dare say he's ever so much richer than you, father," pursued Alice.

"He is my wife's cousin, Alice," said the old man, "and he is, in some sort, comforted, my child, it is only a very small sum."

"Only a cent," repeated indignant Alice. "Father, you'll never see it again. People are always borrowing, and nobody ever thinks of repaying money."

"Gently, daughter Alice, gently," chided the old man, "it is best to be charitable to all men in thought as well as deed. It is true that I had anticipated giving him a sum, but the few cents of his family, his domestic life as it then had been a child playing with a doll-house instead of Moses Haywood's crippled daughter."

"It is puzzling sometimes," said Alice, wrinkling her pretty brown brows over the housekeeper's head; "because there's only just a cent money and the expenses have got to be met; and if you give it to him, he'll hang you around your neck like a millstone to the end of the year. But then, again, if there weren't any difficulties in this style of housekeeping, where would be the credit?"

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