

## THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

### THE GUILTY BOY.

I am a simple office boy of sentiment and that is why it makes me sad to have to leave my home, store aglow, and make the kettle-sing. And leave all the ashes with an ancient kerosene lamp.

Each day I have to sweep the floor, and beat the dust out, and pay the checks and carry the mail.

And when the sun goes down, and the stars appear, I spend the evening in beer, and trim the gasoy lamps. Address the yellow envelopes, and lick the postage stamps.

The man who pays me guides around with high hand, and if I walk across the room he tells me not to stamp.

And when my tyrannical frown is off, but stays.

And all the checks I receive is dollars two per week.

My master is a burly swell and wears a diamond, and he is up in all the ways of sin.

A man who is Manhattan Beach will purchase my plate.

And my master dooms on a straitlifter or a straitjacket.

I have nothing on my hands, but when you see me, my lady love and neighbor, it is a scowl.

On days like these, to fold my arms and sit upon a And look just like the little boy who becomes Sunday school.

I have to brush my overcoat, thought of And a feather duster clinging his pantaloons and shoes.

And with a daily market-day I have to come.

While the cabbage and the beet above the basket top.

Oh, give me back the happy days, the days I used to have, when old Skinner's mill I used to go to.

When the sweet blossoms, and seen a darling face, And the cool wind where sleepy winds sent And leaves to scatter.

And leaves the sunny habitat at the sunrise breaking ground.

Oh, wonder in the forest in the day,

When the berry bush bring little playmate

And the other in the branches long before the leaf was full.

Watching the ministrations of the banded mountain bird.

What blossoms seem to knock play and leaf.

And then how to run away and for a career, etc.

As for a brother, these professions were

Any job I could get to a wretched office boy.

Oh, take me back, oh take me back unto my household.

And the world presents let me never, in my room.

But still there where the pine trees on the hills the sunlight faint the miskant and the broken mountain.

B. L. M. - In Peace.

### BOURGEOIS ACQUAINTANCES.

It is very remarkable," said my uncle, as Mr. Gregory left the room.

"It is very mysterious," said Lily, with strong emphasis on the adjective.

"To me, however, it is only a mystery," added Mr. Gregory, "but I suspect there is something more than mysterious about him, who seems so eager to possess us of information in a manner of which there is no conceivable biological explanation."

"It reminds me of," said the Rev. Mr. Briggs, "of certain cases, undoubtedly well-authenticated, in which the existence of the so-called 'second sight' has been demonstrated in a very singular manner."

And my uncle added, "although many of the professors of spiritualism have been proved impostors, it by no means follows that all of them are."

"Yes, yes," broke in my lady friend, "that we all know that people once had dealings with familiar spirits, and I never could find any proof that this kind of thing has ever ceased, and therefore, as I said before, I very strongly caution you."

"Hush!" cried several voices, "here comes Mr. Gregory."

My uncle, my cousin Lily, and I were staying at a boarding house at the seashore, and among a somewhat numerous company was a certain Mr. Gregory. We had made his acquaintance on the night of our arrival, in a rather comical manner. He was passing our room just as Lily was calling to me in a tone of woe despair, that she had broken the key in the lock, and could not get it out. Through the key-hole he had looked in, and saw that the lock was an amateur locksmith's service, and released us from our imprisonment.

This introduction had served quite well as a much more formal one would have done to inaugurate what promised to be a pleasant seaside acquaintance. Now on first sight he certainly presented very little appearance of being a sprightly or dangerous man; he was a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with a bright, frank expression, and a certain air of mischief in his eyes. He was exceedingly intelligent and well informed, and though rather reticent in the mixed company of our establishment, could, we discovered, sing well, read well, and talk well. Without intruding himself upon us, he had made himself very agreeable to us two girls, and we had surmised that he was a young professional suffering from overwork, and had come down to recruit his health. But we are often unobservant, and he had during the past few days manifested a very remarkable power of clairvoyance, or second sight, or whatever you like to call it, which had created a great sensation among us.

We explained how they had favored us with their attention. To our disappointment, he could not be induced to go on with his reading, but he continued to do so, until at last we strolled off in different directions, he said he must apologize for having an engagement, and left us abruptly. "A strange young man, indeed," we thought, and we were still more surprised when in about an hour he returned and asked my uncle to allow him to speak again.

Mr. Gregory instead of going on with his reading continued to regard us intently, and we asked us whether we knew them. "We said 'No.'"

"Peace and Beans for Stock."

A sadly-neglected matter is the cultivation of leguminous plants.

It is known that you are to leave tomorrow morning, and the attempt will be made between now and then to have you allow me to offer you my services.

I will not attempt to describe my respected uncle's condition of body and mind at this part of the interview, suffice it to say that the preferred service was ultimately adopted.

On that evening my uncle declined to accompany us when, after an hour after dinner, the house emitted on to the premises. Mr. Gregory was also missing, and had not appeared at dinner. The Rev. Mr. Briggs took us under care, my uncle was already nodding in his chair, and was evidently adrift.

There were two more arrivals on the day on which our story opens. Our company had hitherto been pleasant and select, but the ladies and gentlemen who now came among us and who were named Mr. and Mrs. Grice were eccentric to this. Shyly dressed, and loud in their conversation, they made great efforts to mix with each other, company, and for some inscrutable reason seemed to make special endeavors to become intimate with our own party. Mr. Grice was smiling and, and his wife was smiling herself.

Mr. Grice crept up to the entrance of the room, and, with a broad smile, put into his pocket and turned toward us. As he reached the room he had to pass by a large lounge with low lampshades in front, and he was probably somewhat surprised to find his hostess seated in the armchair of a hand-chair that stood suddenly from under the lounge. As he fell, his amiable partner turned around into the arms of a doctor of offices. At the same moment Mr. Gregory entered through the window above from the balcony.

"I have not had a good sleep, sir," said one of the doctors.

"That is true," said my uncle, "I did nothing in it, but I am glad to have it back again."

Mr. and Mrs. Grice were removed at once to another pillar establishment in the neighborhood, where the manager was very select, the hours very regular, and the maintenance very cheap.

It is reported that Mr. Gregory's ill-health was sufficiently proved that he had frequented in more than one part of the country.

And considerable excitement we experienced late that night. My uncle said, "Mr. Grice, you have removed me to a corner which lies beyond me under the greatest obligation to you. I have no doubt that the original delinquents of whom these creatures are only a copy, will bring to justice what can be done to them. I have made up my mind to destroy the proof of their guilt, and prevent us from submitting it to the police."

"I shall certainly take you at your word, sir," was the answer.

"And now, Mr. Gregory, will you pardon our curiosities, and give us the means with which you will be able to drive the intentions of our departing."

"O, Mr. Gregory," cried Lily, "you must tell us. We are on terms to know, and will do anything of making any return to you, however slight."

"I shall certainly take you at your word, sir," was the answer.

"And now, Mr. Gregory, will you pardon our curiosities, and give us the means with which you will be able to drive the intentions of our departing."

"I have here spiced up my arm vigorous, but I answered, "I fear my uncle will not let us go out of his sight. He feels it his duty to keep special guard over us while we are in such dangerous company."

"Never mind," he said, "I will read to him."

We were now in the corner of the drawing-room, a window looking out over the garden, and I had just seated myself when Mr. Gregory was sitting at the other end of a low, cushioned, and squat chair.

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### HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Care for a sty—Torch it with a

match, but do not drop it on a

man's clothes.

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