

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

D. LUTE, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

A NOTE FROM POOL-MAN'S BEND.

Yes, Jim, I got your letter, and I answered it.

I didn't know that you had been here.

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dropped my face on my arm so that she

couldn't see it.

Presently I heard the needles going

slowly and steadily, and I peeped, and saw

the big bonnet and then I backed away

and then I saw a big snore, and then

she was off, too.

I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw

that "Sammy" was up to something.

He leaned forward, and I peeped at her as

if I made sure she was quite asleep;

then cautiously groped in the seat be-

side her, and hauled up a little black

bag. He opened it softly, drew out a

silver-topped flask, and closed it just

as a jerk of the train roused the

old lady. Sammy dived back into

his corner, and she sat bolt-

upright, rubbed her eyes, and looked

anxiously about till she found the bag,

stowed it away behind her, and resumed

her knitting. Only for a few moments

she looked at a weary groan she let

out, and then she closed her eyes with

a run, and dropped black sounder sleep

before.

Then from Sammy's corner came a

graceful and low many times re-

peated, then I began to look

about, and think what I should do first.

Whether I dared get up on the seat and

guard with my communication with the

guard window, or first of all I went to the

pitch dark outside, and all I could see

was the reflection of the carriage, and

of the lady in the blue woolen veil.

She was sitting on now, and looking

intently at me. What an uncomfortable

set they were, to be sure!

I looked around at her directly. She

was very young—yesterday than Letty.

"So!" I said, "I'm glad to see you,

but so thin and frightened looking

that I felt quite unhappy about her.

She fixed her big bright eyes on me,

and put up her finger. "Don't speak,"

she said, "I'm not at all well. Keep

looking out of the window. Can you

hear what I am saying?"

I nodded, and she went on, looking

now at me, and now at the old woman.

"All forty years of my life, I have had

dead women. You are my last chance.

Will you help me?"

I nodded very hard, indeed, and

looked at the communication with the

guard window, and then I looked at her

and said, "No, that's no good. I must get

away at the next station. He is safe.

Can you stop her from following me?"

"I didn't believe I could. I might have

thrown a rug over her, and sat on it

him for a minute or two; but that old

woman was too much for me. I felt

that directly she woke she'd see what

I was thinking of, and strangle me before

she could get to the door. She was

flying—the miles were hurrying past

in the outside gloom—the girl's big

wool eyes were fixed on me in desper-

ate appeal.

"I have friends who will save me if I

can't get to them," she panted.

"Just one minute's chance—only one

minute!"

"All right, I'll do it. A splendid

idea! I'll do it. I'll do it. I'll do it.

I'll do it. I'll do it. I'll do it.

to know such a chance! Of course,

wanted to see if I could get a

gentleman as the best of them." The

old woman seemed to be talking on

and purpose; like telling a riddle to

a child to keep it quiet. Sammy

groined again in a milder

voice, "Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do

you can talk black white when it please

you."

"It was your fault, Sammy. You

might have lived happy and peaceable if

you'd chosen. Haven't I been on you

my bent knees to beg you to let her

alone when you was treating her that

shameful that the whole country-side

was ringing with it. You know it, and

others know it. And I can tell you

what Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd been

found dead in her bed, as I expected

every morning of my life to hear, there

wasn't a servant in the place that

wouldn't have spoken up before the

Coroner—and glad to die. Who'd have

stopped for it then, I'd like to know?"

The brute was laughing, and I heard

him shuffling his feet about uneasily;

then—in a maddening whimper—"It was

drunk, nothing else, and her aggrava-

tion, whining way. Don't be on the

old woman. I'm sure I've given it

handsome to all your plans."

"Because you couldn't help yourself

—you fool. Now, you see what it is

to your poor old mother, and how

you will talk as much as she please

now. Who'll believe her when we've

got it written down by two grand

London doctors, that she's as mad as

any of us? Who'll believe her when

any one else's? Aren't we taking

her up to London just for the good of

her health, to a nice safe place where

she will be looked after and kept

from getting herself and her folks into

any more trouble; and then you and

me will go back, Sammy, and live as

happy and comfortable as you please."

"Of course they will; a beautiful

place, and the best of living. Bless

you, she'll be as happy as the day is

long. It does you credit, Sammy. I

don't know how you do it. I know you

couldn't have done seeing her storming

and raving as she did last night, so I

gave her a little slip of something be-

fore she started, and you see she's

sleeping like a baby ever since. And

the gentleman—where she's going, you

know—he gave me this bottle; and

when we get to London I've just to

give him a whiff of it on a handker-

chief, and he'll be as quiet as a lamb.

No screams or tantrums this time; and

he and his nurses will be on the look-

out for us with his carriage, and before

she gets to it there shall be as snug as

you please."

"This was awful!"

"What about it? Were we ever go-

ing to stop? Was there another sta-

tion in London? Should we have

drugged, drugged, and made away

with it? I knew if they found me out

it was all over with me. The pattern of

the blue shetland veil, danced before

me, the noise of the train, the

sound of the roar of artillery in my

ears. I sat up ready for a spring and

a jerk! Another! A stop, and the

look-out!

"Tickets, please."

I made one plunge. I flung the rug

clean over the old woman, dashed my

arm into Sammy's face, and tumbled

head and heels into the spring horse,

toppled ticket collector. I felt him

clutch me, and then the ground rose

or I went down—down—into an un-

fathomable depth of darkness.

"Hello! old fellow. Better now?"

were the first words I heard. Thomp-

son's voice! There he was with a glass

of water in his hand, stooping over me.

Thompson's mother was kneeling be-

side me, cupping me up against her

nose soft seal-kin. I was on the vat-

ing-room sofa, and about a dozen peo-

ple were all standing staring round.

Thompson went and took a chair, and

that I was safe, and then he and his

mother took me to the house in London,

where they were staying.

"I can't remember much after that. I

was ill for many weeks. I believe, I

tried to tell people what had happen-

ed; but no one would listen. They try,

even now, to make me believe I dreamt

it in my illness. I've got no sympathy

though, and every word I say is

checked by the doctor. Besides, didn't I

see and smell Letty burning the blue

shetland veil?

"I've had no more music lessons since,

than that one good thing."

The Railway Girl? Oh, I left that

sticking in the door. That's all!—The

Argosy.

Two Little Travelers.

Little George and Harriet Grindly, the

children who were shipped with tags

and their clothing from their mother,

and to their mother in this city.

They sat upon a No. 5 McDonald

court, near Fifteenth and Race streets,

and yesterday morning, kicking their

heels together and taking their first

breath of their new air, they were

arriving at their new home. The

arrival of the children had been awaited

with interest by the people of the

neighborhood. They received an ovation

when they were taken to their new

quarters, and they were

rendered their speechless when ques-

tioned as to their adventures on the long

journey of over 3,000 miles by land and

sea. Their mother had expected them

to arrive at Ninth and Green Streets