

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. ROSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

A TRUE STORY.

"Where is the baby, grandmamma?" The sweet young girl called from her work in the kitchen. With its white face and white hair...

LADY MARY MINX.

Her Agency in Thwarting the Scheme of a Fortune Hunter.

Lady Mary Minx was clever, strong-minded and had temper, and she imagined she held her good-natured, vain old mother, the Countess Dowager of Scilly, in complete subordination. When, therefore, one morning at breakfast the latter informed her that she had on the previous evening become engaged to the able young Mr. St. George Coningsby...

these productions. It was while engaged in these that a device occurred to her which, though mean and despicable as she knew it to be, might, she considered, if carried out well, enable her to put an end to the match she so hated. It was to be worked by means of a forged note. She would write a letter purporting to be from Mr. Coningsby to some lady of the hotel, and direct it to the Dowager. In the morning it would, if posted after the last mail of the previous night, arrive by the same post as his letter. She, through whose hands all the letters by the early post passed before reaching the Countess, could retain the real letter and allow the forged one to go to her mother instead. The letter, if the note was ingeniously written, would at once conclude that Mr. Coningsby, when he was writing to her, had also written to a humbler lady, and, by mistake, had included the wrong note in the envelope addressed to her. If she could but do this without discovery, Lady Mary was certain that the matter would be at an end. She knew how jealous her mother was, how easily her vanity was hurt. The rage and indignation she would feel at his supposed duplicity and contempt for her would soon put an end to her love. The only objection was that it was an extremely dangerous undertaking. If it were discovered there would be an incurable breach between her mother and herself. At the same time, if the letter were addressed to "Lottie" or "Lottie," or some such common name, it would be difficult for Mr. Coningsby to show that it was a forgery by anything save his own admission. In either case, it would be a small kindness to her mother to bring him and her mother again together.

fortunately as her mother grew worse she grew better. Before a week was over she had, as if by a supernatural effort of will, thrown off her illness; and she insisted, against Dr. Killen's strongest remonstrances, in nursing her now delirious mother. Lady Mary had not the reputation of being a very dutiful or affectionate daughter. All her friends had seen or heard of her again and again, and would or should be her mother by her willfulness or her bitter tongue. But now she exerted herself to her very utmost in a way almost beyond belief. Day and night she sat by the sick bed, watching and tending the sufferer with an indefatigable tenderness. People were surprised to find her capable of such devotion.

As long as it was uncertain whether the Countess would live through her illness or not, Lady Mary thought little of anything else; but when the crisis was over, and the patient was once more conscious, she began to wonder how it was that Mr. Coningsby had not called or looked for her mother. It was strange that he should be so calmly a false charge, which dealt such a blow to his prospects. She had resolved that when her mother was sufficiently recovered she would confess to her everything, and absolve the young actor from the charge he had laid upon her. The younger was reading a book. They were large girls. Not tall for their ages, but pretty massive for the time of day. It was evident they were half-brother and sister, on a fair count. In answer to the conductor's question, the younger girl said that her mother was under six years young. The man with the pencil said they were very large for their ages, and the woman said that she had nothing to do with it; if they were tall 85 cents and under six years they were entitled to ride free.

As we journeyed to the South end of the conductor approached a woman sitting in the seat in front of me. She had two little girls with her. They were apparently eight and ten years. The younger was reading a book. They were large girls. Not tall for their ages, but pretty massive for the time of day. It was evident they were half-brother and sister, on a fair count. In answer to the conductor's question, the younger girl said that her mother was under six years young. The man with the pencil said they were very large for their ages, and the woman said that she had nothing to do with it; if they were tall 85 cents and under six years they were entitled to ride free.

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