

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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BED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

ANDY'S ECHO.

Somewhere in the vale of Killdeer,
So famous for love and mirth,
No man so speaks clear as *Andy*,
And *Andy* the master will *Andy*.

He vowed him, bright, fresh and hand,
And vowed him to his spotless land.

And *Andy*, the sage unknowning,
Just happened that way one evening,

And sat down to rest on the pine,

The birds in the trees was adoring,

In a way that made *Andy* glad morning.

Andy never dreamt he was for him,

And cried, when the night heard him:

"When *Kitty*, my baby, comes,

Andy, you don't there's admiring,

Save I'm yours, *Andy*, for *thrice*."

Andy opened his eyes wide wonder,

And made for the tree where he was under,

Earth, heaven, where the birds were,

Save here, where the birds were,

Then smothered the chawd kiss,

And off they went for the prairie.

—William Lowe, to N. Y. News.

THE PARSON'S CHOICE.

Why the Lennox Church Didn't Settle Mr. Lindsay.

Mr. Lindsay was preaching in the Lennox parish on probation; that is, he had been engaged for the year. After that time, if he suited Miss Rich, who had the parish in charge, so to speak,

so emasculated for money to paint the church, looked up poor children for christening and Sunday-school, exhorted the young people to join the confirmation class, mapped out work for the sewing society, planted the church Christmas tree and made the parish her hobby, if his suitor Miss Rich, if he was High Church enough for Mr. Grimm and Low enough for Mrs. Phelps, if he believed with Dr. Slow in the doctrine of election, why, then he were sure to settle him.

"When a capital with Lucretia Shaw would make Mr. Lindsay," concluded Miss Rich, shortly after he adorned the Lennox pulpit. "She's just the person for a parson's wife—budding and—"

"I am afraid she'd take the parish off your hands, Miss Rich," answered Mrs. Phelps, who, having no desire to do the hard work which her neighbor loved, yet envied her the credit of it.

"Well, there's work enough for two in the parish," the Mrs. Phelps, who, though she was afraid but I'd git my share."

"To be sure," pursued Mrs. Phelps, "she's a saint, and I don't believe in saints with a soul of a wife who can't share the children's clothes, and is too noble to get along without."

"Yes," put in old Mrs. Smith; "she's to be sure a saint, and I ever a boy needed a stepmother fit him." Lucretia's pugnacious words, as you say, and she'd make him talk Spanish."

"Yes," added Miss Rich; "a widow, somehow, needs a wife in any way to sympathize with him in his sins. I shouldn't wonder if she'd bring the boy up to the Lennox, if she find her way."

"Between you and me," said Mrs. Phelps, "I think that the person goes to the Shaw's rather more than is necessary for the salvation of their souls."

"You can't tell. Perhaps Lucretia has doubts."

"And perhaps," said Dr. Slow; "perhaps it's Miss Susan. Everybody laughed and cried—Miss Susan!" with fine irony in their tones.

"Who ever heard of Susan F. being attraction?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"I've engaged Lucretia to embroider a new altar-cloth," explained Mrs. Rich; "I raised the money for it last month—I tell you it's like putting teeth to get money out of this parish—and I suppose the person has to advise her about the proper designs and things. Lucretia isn't well drilled in geometry and such you know."

In fact, everybody in Lennox had decided that Mr. Lindsay would marry Lucretia, and, perhaps, Lucretia had decided so, too, for she was an everlasting time over that altar-cloth, and needed no end of advice and instruction; her ignorance and interest were quite touching. And Mr. Lindsay seemed quite willing to spend his leisure under the Shaw's roof, and watch the sacred symbols growing under the white and simple hands of Miss Lucretia.

That hand of Lucretia's will be sure to do the business, somebody had said. "Mr. Lindsay's a man of taste, if he is a clergyman"—as if the two were not usually found combined.

"And I heard him say it was fit for a duchess."

Miss Lucretia's hand was, indeed, her liveliest feature, so to speak, while as smooth as the prettiest taper-fingers, and gives her a taste for decorations, I suppose," said Mrs. Phelps.

"Mr. Lindsay took Susan out in his boat to-day," said Mrs. Grimm, a few weeks later. "Lucretia's in him, it must have been such a bore." It's a pity Lucretia's troubled with them headaches, if she's going to be at the head of the parish."

"Oh, was that Susan?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "I thought of course it was Lucretia. I saw them come ashore after dusk, and they stood at the gate and talked till all was blue."

I suppose they was talking about Lucretia persisted Miss Rich, "a man always likes to talk about his sweethearts, you know."

"They must have had a heap to say. He seemed as interested as when he's expounding Scripture. They looked mighty affected."

"Lucretia I have liked the look of it."

"There ain't nothing jealous about Lucretia; a parson's wife ought to set her face ag' such a thing."

It was about this time that the parish picnic occurred—an institution which everybody believed in. Hadn't there been some matches made at the last during all the year besides? And wasn't it a fine chance to test Mrs. Phelps' prophecies. Miss Rich's cream pie and Mr. Dr. Slow's tart? Of course, Lucretia went, and Mr. Lindsay followed.

"Oh, he's gone off with Lucretia somewhere," said Miss Rich, who felt it her duty to account for him.

"Bravo!" cried. "When did you learn it?"

"Why, I have heard it all my life; why should I know it? I couldn't help it."

"We must have you in the choir," he said. "Miss Shaw is in the choir!" gasped everybody on the way out of church. Mr. Lindsay was singing her out."

"She's Lucretia singing you know," explained Miss Rich.

And her voice rather drowns Lucretia's," said Dr. Slow.

Mr. Lindsay was giving great satisfaction. The parishioners talked of religion, the history, adding a wing and a bay-window, and even spoke of taking in an adjoining field, so that Lucretia could have a new garden. They even mentioned an increase of salary as soon as he should be settled in the parish, and Mr. Grimm thought he should add a cedar to his will, in favor of the new pastures and Lucretia's husband.

"Or he's finding 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones' out here."

But at sunset Mr. Lindsay strolled back with Susan on his arm, in time to meet us. Miss Susan and Susan opened her mouth and clapped as nobody in the choir had ever done before.

"Bravo!" cried. "When did you learn it?"

"I suppose he's gone home to write his sermon," suggested somebody else. "Oh, he's gone off with Lucretia somewhere," said Miss Rich, who felt it her duty to account for him.

"Now there's Lucretia now, talking about free-will with Dr. Slow."

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