

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

By C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

It was three o'clock on a short October day when John Parsons left Phippsburg on his return to the cottage where his wife and crippled boy awaited him.

He did not call it home—did not think of it as such now.

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He had not stopped to ascertain who held the mortgage, or anything about it, further than that it existed and was for a large amount.

He had no hope that it might prove a mistake in any way; that it might have been paid and not canceled.

He accepted it as what he ought really to have expected would happen sooner or later.

He had come to believe that the mortgage, whose cancellation in any way for a living, were looked upon as legitimate prey by a set of men who had by some means obtained control of the courts and of State and National Legislatures, and who in one way or another would always under the guise of law—

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doubtless take good care never to go back. If living still, he is probably to be found in some other—other great city, running some swindling institution by means of which he obtains a living. He may even have amassed a fortune, and if so, should be looked for, if wanted, among the presidents of savings banks, or managers of some corporate money, robbing the people under the shelter of the law.

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OVER THE RANGE.

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never knew; nobody ever will know, unless the angels who watch over each of us have made record of every act of the moment against those who greed send a fellow mortal on that outcrop on the mountain through the worst storm known for years, with his brain turned by the knowledge of a loss, and all the blood in his body coagulating about his heart. And if the angels do keep such an account, there must be added to the sufferings of Martha Parsons, as she watches by the cot of their child—grown dangerously ill since morning—watches and waits, and listens in vain for some sound that shall tell her that, through the storm and the darkness, her husband is safe at home at last.

Johnnie, as his mother had written Lucy, had been growing weaker for some months, and had finally appeared so bad that his parents had taken alarm and called a physician; but as the lad seemed to rally under the prescription left him, they had ceased to fear any serious results. But now the effect of the medicine had spent itself, the patient again began to sink rapidly.

In the excitement of making and signing the deed the day before, for which purpose a Justice of the Peace had come to the cottage in person, and in the departure of Mr. Parsons with the deed in his pocket, the intention of terminating the sale of the place, the change in Johnnie's condition, if any, had not been observed; and the lad made no complaint, having come to accept his crippled and weakly condition as something which could not be changed. Her husband had not been long gone, however, when Mrs. Parsons noticed that Johnnie had a slight fever, and at once began to ensure herself for a night, observing it sooner and asked John to have the doctor come out, or at least send another prescription.

It was now too late to do this, and she must do the best she could. She prepared and gave the child some simple omelette remedy, sponged his person with tepid water, and sought to amuse him by talking of the coming journey to the Slough, where Lucy and Ernest were, and the pleasant time they would have when they got there.

But the fever did not abate, and in the contrary it became higher as the hours passed, until finally Mrs. Parsons became greatly frightened.

She prepared a note to Dr. Brenton, asking him to come at once. Upon the envelope she wrote a request that any one going to town would deliver it into his hand. She then fastened the letter to a stick, one end of which was secured with a butcher knife, and telling Johnnie she was going into the yard and would be back in a few moments, ran down to the big road and stuck the stick, with the letter attached, into the ground where any one passing would be almost certain of seeing it. This done, she returned to the house as quietly as she had gone, and waited and watched the one point of the road which was visible from the window, hoping to see pass a team or horseman, as an assurance that the message had found a carrier. One team she saw going in the opposite direction, but if the driver of it saw the letter, she could only pray forward to its destination, fancying, perhaps, that some one going to town would soon pass and take it.

As the afternoon came on, a new cause for alarm to the watcher by the cot of the sick boy appeared. The clouds were gathering in a way that betokened a long-continued and heavy rainfall. What if Johnnie should be rained until late by the business, or when he had gone, would he be able to return at night in the midst of the storm which was approaching? If not, how should she get through the night all alone with the sick child? Or, what if John should attempt to come through the darkness and rain and should meet with an accident? She felt certain that he would make the attempt to reach home that night, no matter what the weather might be, but would he be able to get through? Would not the ravines fill with water and make the road dangerous, if not impassable? She could not tell, she could only wait and hope for the best, but every moment seemed an hour, for hours before she had any reason to expect her husband's return, even if he was not delayed by the storm.

It was long after three o'clock when she began to rain, and she thick were the clouds that it seemed as if night were already at hand. Johnnie had dropped off into a light sleep, and she sat by the window that commanded a view of the garden, the level ground with the ravine below, and the hills beyond, waiting for the coming of the storm, and she noticed how quickly little rivulets formed and ran down between the rows and vegetables in the garden, and lost themselves in the stubble field beyond. The turkeys and chickens, deceived by the unusual darkness, had all come into the house, except here and there one who had been late about getting in and now stood with drooping tail feathers and a generally demoralized look, beneath the thick leaves of some shrub or vine.

Then it occurred to her to save for washing purposes some of the water that was falling soft water being a luxury during the year on the mountain, and she threw an old shawl about her head and shoulders and went out and set the wash-tub and boiler under the eave spout, and saw them filled almost before she could turn back into the kitchen.

And now Johnnie had wakened and was calling her. She went to him and felt her heart give a great throb as she noticed that his fever was higher than ever, and that his eyes had a strange look about them. She preserved her calm appearance, ministered to his wants, and when he asked for his father, told him that he had not returned, and that they must not look for him yet awhile, but that he would come by and by.

During a partial lull in the storm she ran out to the shed and milked the cows, which had come up of their own accord, and were contentedly chewing their cud beneath the shelter. The noise of the storm, which had been kept turning as if by a cap of hot iron, had now subsided, and she set her milk pail on the ground and threw her milk bucket.

Returning to the house she lighted the oil of the lamps and took them into the sitting-room where Johnnie lay, in order to make it seem as cheerful as possible. She had kept the wood-box full of dry wood all day, and now she prepared everything for the starting of a fire in the cook stove, and a little later, at last, it put the tea-kettle on.

Although it was quite dark now, she did not much expect her husband just yet, but wished him to be ready to get ready to get his cap of hot iron, at the moment he did come. She also brought out a suit of dry clothes and hung them by the fire ready for him to put on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEMPERANCE.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH.

Extracts from the Celebrated Essay on the Effects of the Ardent Spirits on the Human Mind and Body.

Dr. Benjamin Rush was by nature a pioneer. Thus we find him, says a writer in the *Union Signal*, in the forefront of many historic movements. In 1774 as a member of the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, he moved the first resolution in favor of American independence. Two years later, June 23, 1776, he was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Independence, and on the fourth of July following was a member of the Continental Congress, he appended his name to the important Declaration. He was one of the organizers of the Blue Society and drafted its first constitution.

Such a man could not witness unimpaired the ravages of intemperance.

He was not only a pioneer in the cause of raising his voice against it, but viewed it from every standpoint as a physician, a patriot, and a Christian, and his whole soul was stirred within him. Thus it is that he wrote the famous essay, first in 1783. This was followed by a series in the same general topic, the first of a dietetic system, the second a system of temperance, the third a system of moral reform, and the fourth a system of moral reform, and the fifth a system of moral reform.

He died April 19, 1813, but the good he did was not "interred with his bones." His essays were translated into French, the second time into German, and have since been translated into some of the principal languages of the world. Some of this work is reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, and is a valuable addition to the literature of the temperance cause.

The following extracts are taken from his celebrated essays, first published in 1783.

It belongs to the history of drunkenness to remark that its ravages occur in certain countries, and often under certain circumstances, and that it is not equally prevalent in all countries, and that it is not equally prevalent in all seasons, and that it is not equally prevalent in all ages, and that it is not equally prevalent in all sexes, and that it is not equally prevalent in all conditions of life.

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