

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

By David Christie Murray.

Author of "A Model Father," "A Life's Achievement," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the days of the last dynasty of the dandies, and anybody under the age of thirty who spoke with the accent of Christian, pagan or man could scarcely be accounted a gentleman.

"She is a fine creature," said the Captain—"a dainty fine creature—an exceptionally fine creature."

"Hello, Tregarthen! How d'ye do? Quite an age since we saw you, old fellow. Here's Harcourt. Have you seen Miss Churchill? She's a fine creature—an exceptionally fine creature, 'pon my word."

"I shall make it my business," returned Tregarthen, in some heat at the Captain's contemptuous wonder.

"I shall meet you to-morrow," said Tregarthen, somewhat absently.

his own quarters, and his thoughts dwelt a good deal about Miss Churchill by the way. To his mind she was the first real artist he had seen upon the stage, and for the time at least her voice had taken him captive.

Late afternoon found him at headquarters, with little more than time to dress for dinner. Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock was in the act of giving the command of the corps, and took the lead place at the mess-table.

"Somebody ought to put a stop to all that," he told Captain Harcourt, after dinner, to that gallant officer's great astonishment.

"I do not see how the breach of law which Colonel Pollock proposes can console him for a former misdemeanor."

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, slowly and distinctly. "You seemed to address your question to me. If you press me for an answer I must give you one."

"I am ordered to rejoin to-morrow," said Tregarthen. "Hazel tells me that Colonel Pollock will be here. I have not seen him yet."

"No," said the Captain, "old Polly's been on sick leave at Elretat—cursed little village somewhere on the Continent. You'll like him. Jolly old bird is Polly. Tells thundering good yarn, Polly does. Mostly 'bout himself, y' know—sell an ladies, y' know that sort of thing, but thundering good they are. Sly old devil Polly is—uncommon."

An odor of mignonette stole pleasantly through the open casement of his chamber, and he seated himself on a couch near the window and looked at the darkening zenith as he smoked.

"The man's a blackguard," he said, quietly. "Perhaps I was an ass to tell him so—and yet I don't know. That sort of thing ought not to be allowed to go on among gentlemen, and, if it does, it is clearly some one's duty to put a foot upon it."

"The result of that decision is," pronounced the Major, "that we are here to demand a meeting. Colonel Pollock utterly swears that question of rank, feeling as he does, and in the course of the course he proposes can vindicate his honor."

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A POSTMASTER'S CONVENTION.

Their Alleged Grievances, and the Remedies They Propose—A Non-Partisan Movement.

The postmasters of the third and fourth class have resolved upon a National Convention, and have issued their call to convene in Chicago on Monday, February 15, 1886.

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PETROLEUM WELLS.

The Selection and First Tapping of Promising Spots.

Prospectors in selecting a promising spot to test new territory are often influenced by a "belt theory," first advanced by a man named Angell.

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COW PEAS.

A Crop Specially Adapted to the Southern and Central States.

The cow pea is a kind of pea named, botanically, Dolichos. It is, therefore, not a pea, and one who sees it growing will at once distinguish its bean-like character by the form of its long round pod and its heart-shaped leaves.

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EVOLUTION.

Mr. Fye Decides to Join the Rising Generation in the Dismal Effluence of Forgetting Brains.

The following paper was read by me in a clear, resonant tone of voice, before the Academy of Science and Pugnacity at Erin Prairie, last month, and as I have been so continually and so earnestly importuned to print it that life was no longer desirable, I submit it to you for that purpose, hoping that you will print my name in large caps, with asterisks at the end of the article, and also in good display type at the close.

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