

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSNER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

THE OLD HOME BY THE MILL.

This is "The Old Home by the Mill"—fer we still call it so. Although the old mill, roof and sill, is all gone long ago. The old home, though, and old folks, and the old spring, and a few Old cut-tails, weeds and hartyhokes is left to welcome you.

Here, Marg'et! fetch the man a tin to drink out of our spring; Keeps kinko-sorto-cavin' in, but don't taste any thing. She's kinko agoin', Marg'et is—"the old process," like me. All ham-stringed up with rheumatiz, and on in seventy-three.

Jes' me and Marg'et lives alone here—like in long ago. The children all put off and gone and married, don't you know?

One's millin' away out West somewhere; two other miller-boys in Minnyopolis they air, and one's in Illinois.

The oldest girl—the first that went—married and died right here! The next lives in Wina's settlement—fer purt' nigh thirty year!

And youngest on—was allus fer the old home here—but no— Her man turns in and he packs her 'way off to Idaho.

I don't miss them like Marg'et does—'cause I got her, you see? And when she pines for them—that's 'cause she's 'nigh jes' got me. I laugh and joke 'bout it all. But talkin' sense, I'll say, When she was tuk so bad last fall, I laughed the tother way!

I haint so favor'ible impressed 'bout dyin', but et I Found I was only second-best when us two come to die. I'd 'dopt the "new process" in full, ef Marg'et died, you see?

I'd jes' crawl in my grave and pull the green grass over me!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Northwestern Miller*.

TREAN;

THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KERR.

[Written While Living in Utah.]

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

In a few moments he came to the foot of the mountain. He felt sick and dizzy; he would look at his wound—well, let it bleed; perhaps God would have justice done now. He caught hold of the sage brush and pulled himself up the mountain side a few rods, and sank down just below a huge upshooting splinter of stone and tried to pray. But, though he essayed with all his strength, he could not. His tongue all thick and refused to articulate. While objects about him had a strange and hazy aspect. Was he dying, or was it the reaction after so long a period of strife and emotion? He turned and looked at the valley he loved; there was the distant village, his mother's little house among the trees on the hither side, Burl Hartman's cabin beyond it near the pines, the fields and meadows divided by the creek as by a road of phosphor, but all seeming to rock and glimmer together as in a dream.

Suddenly some moving object upon the left challenged his eyes; he roused himself and turned toward it; *Paul Elchard, dropping over his horse's neck, was riding into the mouth of Eagle canyon* and with a cry his would-be slayer fell forward in the chapparal and was silent. It was a dead faint; the long struggle with his heart, the tragedy that closed the strife, its swift reversal, and the sudden change of his whole relation to life, swept away his failing consciousness. Even the ox-like Orson Beam could no longer stand to the task; when the invisible burden was lifted he fell. For a long time he lay quietly in his darkness, resting it seemed, then, the light opened his eyes, sprang up, and looked about him. Was it true? Had he not fallen asleep last night here among the chapparal and just awakened? No, it was not a dream, for here was his wound softly oozing! But was the horseman who had ridden into the canyon real or but a figment of his fancy? He threw off his coat, tore away his shirt-sleeve and twisting it into a knot thrust it into his wound, then went crashing downward through the bramble.

Soon he was near the little plot of green which opened upon the road, but as he pushed into it with eager foot the gnawing question at his heart melted into a great fear. When he lifted his eyes would not their sweet capacity be blotted out? their ability to ever again present him with the delights of happy vision be destroyed? Would not that form which Trean loved, and which had yielded him such gentle greeting, be lying there beside the road ready to blast him!

"No, it was not there! A great thrill of relief swept through him: he flung his arms upward with a cry of joy and turned about; the revolver was lying before him; he crushed it into the soft earth with his foot, crashed back through the tangle to his horse, vaulted into the saddle, forgetful of his wound, and rode away a free man.

A free man! Ah, no. For an hour the sense that delighted him was not unlike the gladness of one coming from an imprisoning cave of horrors into the clear air and quiet sunshine. But it did not remain; darkness followed, distrust of himself, doubt of his acceptance, after such an attempt, by the Great Father to whom he had so often opened a clean and tender heart. The intent, the motive! Ah, was he not after all a murderer? No; the injury to the other, which would in large part have made him criminal, had been escaped. Yet his soul was blackened; he felt it heavy and lopsome within him. Like thousands more among those mountains, his was an honest nature, scrupulous in word and deed, and in the beginning drawn to this system by its seeming nearness to the Almighty, to become in the end bemuddled and befogged by prestidigiters, until the brutally material and the spiritually fine were blended and confused into one. God had become to this people not the Eternal Spirit, creating, informing, sustaining and pervading all things, but a man of body, parts and passions; one who had risen to sovereignty through animal increase; one who was at the head of creation through fatherhood. Adam, through the same process, became God of this sphere under the Almighty, and afterwards came as Christ to redeem his fallen offspring that they, too, might become gods rising in exaltation in the ratio of their progeny.

This was a piece of priestcraft enslaving women to the priestly will and yoking him with indescribable servitude. Such a doctrine, and others quite as revolting, should have passed into practice, is only explainable by the fact that anathematised

and enlightenment, which is the true blessing of God's kingdom on earth, to sin and barbarism!

"Christ taught that we should forgive our enemies and do them good, and that nothing could justify us in doing evil. What are we taught here? Oh, we have been following the commands of a base man, and not the fine motions of the Beautiful One of old! We have been deceived and deluded, mother, and must leave it now. I can not live under it longer!"

The mother, while he had gone treading heavily to and fro, and crying out against their religion in his wild bitterness of heart, had swayed forward with her forehead in her hands and with tears slipping silently from her withered cheeks. She did not lift her head when he ceased to speak through slung himself down upon his knees before her, and with his arm about her shoulders kissed her silvery hair.

"Mother, you have doubted the truth of this system for a long time!" he said. She nodded assent, still weeping.

"You have not married again through disbelief in polygamy, nor passed through the Endowment House from fear of its obligations? You have clung to Mormonism on my account; because you thought I received it as truth, and had entered its Priesthood?"

She bowed her head with a sob. He kissed her again and rose up.

"We will leave it, then," he said, more calmly. "I shall get permission from the Bishop for you to go by the new railroad to visit your people in Vermont. You need never return. I have not finished my work here yet, but I will soon follow you. This little hour of ours is no thing; let it go. In the great free world we are going to I shall soon earn you a better one."

The woman rose and put her arms about his neck and clung there weeping. He was her only child and every thing to her. At length she looked up into his face with swimming eyes.

"How bad was it, dear?" she whispered. He winced at the query.

"Not murd'ring, mother," he cried, hoarsely. "O, thank God, he escaped!"

"Was it the young stranger?"

"Yes, mother. O, he is one of nature's nobles; his heart gentle, and my whole being is blackened by the attempt. When I have made restitution, and quit the system that has all but wrecked me, mother, then I shall be free again."

She kissed him then for the first time since his return, and after that he showed her his wound. The bullet had only gone through the flesh at the top of his shoulder, he said; he did not care for it. Who had furnished him with this evidence of hate, or an evil and ulterior purpose, he did not know. He had seen no one save the young stranger as, with his hat in hand and enjoying the shade, rode forward singing airily. It was a mystery, but it should not trouble him; his own part in the outrage was all he cared to consider.

The woman did not upbraid him, but washed his wound in all tenderness and bound it with clean cloths, then prepared him warm food and drink. But he took little of them, though he had not eaten in a night and a day. An utter weariness had spread through all his being with the easing of his agony of mind, and soon in his little room he had lost himself to it all in slumber.

The mother watched beside him then, weeping softly as she held his helpless hand and read the story of his long struggle in his worn and haggard face.

In the same hour, with her feeble father sleeping quietly in his dim room below, Trean was standing up at the edge of the pines looking with longing eyes across the valley where the moonlight fell whitely over the Eagle prongs.

This love watched, as it ever watches, while moon and stars went slowly over, and the great world slept.

CHAPTER X.

WHICH CLOSURES WITH A PROPOSAL.

Elchard had escaped, but with a dark streak across his temple where the hissing lead had passed. Instant darkness had closed upon him, and when the light came back again he was lying upon the thick tangle of shrubbery by the roadside. It had caused his fall with its mat of green springs, but he was dazed, and a deadly sickness seized him with returning consciousness.

The half-headed injury in his side, disturbed by the fall, fetched a sharp twinge, too, with every breath he drew.

How swift a change had come upon his happy humor! In a few moments he got upon his feet in the road, but staggered about with dizziness. What had happened him! He pressed a hand upon either temple and shut his eyes tight in an effort to dispel the film in which his faculties seemed wrapped. He looked up at the sky; only a few fleecy clouds were drifting there; then it had not been a lightning-stroke! He seemed to remember a flash and a loud report, but they were so blent into the wave of darkness that engulfed him he could not bring the fact definitely before his mind.

The smarting line across his temple caught his attention; he ran his finger ends along it; a little groove had been cut

through the hair where the leaden messenger had gone; he stood still looking straight before him, and his blood began to boil. It was clear enough now; that burning line was the pathway of a bullet! Ah, they had already returned the compliment! His denunciation had borne swift and unexpected fruit! His horse was nibbling among the

bushes farther up the road; he caught it, and mounting with a good deal of pain, rode on his way. Half way up Eagle canyon he turned to the left and entered a smaller gorge, but soon climbed out of that by a winding road, and, continuing along the mountain side, in another half hour he came to a mines. The men swarmed out of the works to greet him, to shake hands and smile and hearty shake of the hand for every corner. His sickness had gone, and the pain from his former hurt had subsided, but he was still weak from the shock of the morning; he said nothing, however, regarding the attempt upon his life.

In the little office the foreman gave him an account of the mine's operations in his absence. After that Elchard dispatched a man to Trean, with instructions for him to remain and assist about the little farm until recalled, and to assure the young mistress of the place that her former guest was well. He then sent another messenger to Salt Lake City, which lay beyond the next range of mountains to the west, with a letter from his affianced to her sister, Mrs. Smoot, conveying intelligence of their father's sickness, and craving her presence. Elchard also commissioned the young man to get his mail, and to call at the house where he lodged when in the city and bring from his room a Winchester rifle. He could not treat the dangers of his surroundings lightly, now that so much which was sweet and alluring had entered his life.

After these and other pieces of business waiting his direction had been put under way, he went up to his room above the office and laid down. He felt shaken and weary, but his thoughts went on a long excursion, to the East, and again and again to the woman he loved, and in and out his environment, and round and round in many a prying convulsion, ere they would submit to slumber. Even then it seemed but a moment ere they were awake again and weaving him a dream.

Trean seemed standing far on a mountain side as he had stood once, with a great mist like a sea of milk between him and the top to toe she seemed appalled all in glistering white. Even her hair and eyes were full of light, and with arms extended she was singing with her face to the sun. It seemed a wonderfully sweet song, and warmed him with pleasure. Suddenly as by a flash the fantasy ceased, and far below in the mist figures were dimly moving, and a voice was calling him, the same voice, but fallen into distress. In an instant, even before he could answer, he had changed and seemed the voice of Orson Beam calling his name in pity, and he sprang out to slumber to answer it. But nothing was there save the plain furnishings of the little chamber, and the sunshine falling through the window down upon the floor.

Dreams are but the grotesque or half truthful shadows of facts and former suggestions, perhaps; the re-illuminating of old mind-pictures, or it may be a full round thought or memory broken and distorted by the corporal darkness that trembles and lifts and settles about the never-sleeping soul. But whatever their significance, and that they have any, is doubtful, some curious facts attend them. As in this instance, it may be, for at the moment of Elchard's dream his betrothed was standing on the mountain side above the pines stretching out her hands in an ecstasy of feeling and singing a song of love toward him, while Beam was across the valley kneeling in the bramble praying, and now and then breaking out impudently to the one he had wronged. Perhaps the two distant souls, straining so intently toward him, somehow projected the vision upon his mind, in its all but abnormal condition. Be that as it may, he slept no longer, and after turning the dream abut mentally for a little time, went down and set to work at his desk. Still, the slumber-picture was of use in that it left a grain of dread in his mind, a forbidding lest something fatal might befall the one he loved, that roused him. Might not the system which had evidently attempted his own removal from earth, also endanger her? He could hardly entertain the misgiving, yet it troubled him. Surely the disaffection of this quiet girl, her falling away from the faith of her community, could hardly bring her more than a sorrowful and a coldness. Still he remembered what the Prophet had said in that hateful harangue which had set his blood on fire; but alas, he could not know how much of passion and evil greed environed her and the day passed, and another came and went, and still a third without the messenger he had sent to Trean returning, and he worked on half contentedly, knowing that on the fourth he should go to her.

GEMS AND OMENS.

An Assortment of Interesting and Very Venerable Superstitions.

In the fourteenth century a fanciful Italian writer on the mystic arts set forth the virtues of the various gems, indicating also the month in which it was proper to wear particular stones in order to secure the best result. The idea took, and for some time was the fashion in several Italian cities to have the precious stone of the ring determined by the month in which the bride was born.

If in January, the stone was a garnet, believed to have the power of winning the wearer friends wherever she went.

If in February, her ring was set with an amethyst, which not only promoted in her the quality of sincerity, but protected her from poison and from slanderous tongues. The bloodstone was for March, making her wise and enabling her with patience to bear domestic cares.

The diamond for April, keeping her heart innocent and pure so long as she wore the gem.

An emerald for May made her a happy wife.

An agate for June gave her health and protection from fairies and ghosts.

If born in July the stone was a ruby, which tended to keep her free from jealousy of her husband.

In August the sardonyx made her happy in the maternal relation.

In September a sapphire was the proper stone, it preventing quarrels between the wedded pair.

In October a carbuncle was chosen to promote her love of home.

The November-born bride wore a topaz, it having the gift of making her truthful and obedient to her husband.

In December the turquoise insured her faithfulness.

Among the German country folk the last-named stone is to the present day used as a setting for the betrothal ring, and so long as it retains its color is believed to indicate the constancy of the wearer.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

WHILE oyster-culture is declining in Great Britain, it is being remarkably developed in France. In 1857 the bay of Arcachon had twenty oyster-beds; in 1882 the number was 257, with an annual production of 10,000,000 oysters; and there are now 15,000 acres of beds, with a yearly yield of 300,000,000 oysters.

HATE Student—"Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know?" Calm "Goody"—"I always do; I prefer it to a dustpan."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

The man who wants the earth or nothing generally gets away with the latter.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

An Interesting Historical Sketch of the Famous American Frigate.

The frigate Constitution was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1797, at a cost of \$302,718. Her tonnage was 1,576, and she carried forty-four guns. For several years this vessel was engaged in the foreign service, but during 1811 was recalled, and when war was declared she was at Annapolis, engaged in shipping a new crew. She put out of harbor there July 12, 1812. On the 17th she met a British fleet of four vessels, and, being unable to cope with so many, she ran away from them. They gave chase, and pursued the frigate for sixty-four hours, but were not able in that time to get near enough to fire on her, so she escaped and ran into port at Boston July 26. After a brief time spent in filling her stores, the frigate, with Captain Hull as her commander, left Boston August 2, went to the Bay of Fundy, and there captured several British vessels on their way to the St. Lawrence. August 19 she fell in with a British ship, the Guerriere, at latitude 41 degrees, 40 minutes, longitude 55 degrees, 48 minutes. The British commander began firing at long range, but Captain Hull held back his fire till the vessels were only a few yards apart. Then pouring in his shots, their execution was terrible, and in fifteen minutes the mizzenmast of the Guerriere was shot away, her main yards in slings and her sails cut to pieces. The ships were now so near that the bowsprit of the Guerriere passed diagonally over the Constitution's quarter deck, but such a heavy sea was running that neither crew could attempt to board the other vessel. At last the ships gradually worked around till they had separated, when a broadside from the Constitution carried away the foremast and mainmast of the other vessel, and the Guerriere rolled, a defenseless hulk, at the mercy of the waves. Captain Dacre then surrendered. The British soldiers were taken on the American vessel and the wreck of the Guerriere was set on fire. The Constitution brought the first tidings of this victory to Boston. A handsome medal was given to Hull for the victory, and he retired from command of the vessel in favor of Captain Bainbridge. October 26, the Constitution and Hornet left the port of Boston together, sailing southwest. Leaving the Hornet to blockade an English vessel found in port at San Salvador, the Constitution went further south, and off the coast of Brazil, at latitude 13 degrees 6 minutes south, longitude 31 degrees west, met the English frigate Java. The battle was at short range, and the wheel of the Constitution was shot away; but the American commander managed his crippled vessel well, avoided the raking fire of his antagonist and directed the shots so skillfully that in a little over two hours from the beginning of the fight all the rigging and masts of the Java had been shot away, leaving her a sheer hulk. She then surrendered, and after the crew had been removed the wreck was blown up. Captain Bainbridge, on his arrival at home, was, of course, loaded with honors. The Constitution now had the credit of being a lucky ship, and Bainbridge, having won his share of glory through connection with her, gave way and allowed Captain Charles Stewart to take command. The vessel at this time received the nickname of "Old Ironsides." Having been well repaired, the Constitution left Boston harbor December 30, 1813. She ran down toward the Barbadoes, and on February 14 captured and destroyed the British schooner Picton. After making a few other prizes, and reaching the coast of Guiana, she turned homeward, on the way giving chase to a British ship, which, however, escaped, and when near home, being pursued by two frigates, from whom she got away, and anchored safe in the harbor of Marblehead, April 6. The Constitution did not cruise any more until December, 1814. Then she set sail for the Bermudas, thence to Madeira and to the Bay of Biscay. Off Cape St. Vincent, February 20, 1813, she met two British vessels, the Cyane and the Levant, and after a short, sharp fight, succeeded in capturing them both. This was the last engagement of "Old Ironsides," as peace had already been concluded. The vessel was used for various naval purposes until 1850, when the Naval Department proposed breaking her up and selling her timbers. This purpose was changed, however, by the public feeling aroused by Dr. Holmes' stirring poem on the subject, beginning: "Age, wear her battered ensign down." The vessel was therefore repaired and made a school ship for naval pupils.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Selling Eggs by Weight.

Breeders of fancy fowls, especially the breeders of the class which lay large eggs, should insist with more pertinacity that weight should enter into all of the commercial operations of eggs. Some contend "an egg is an egg." And so is a potato. But there is more than a half difference in the weight and true value of the largest class of eggs and those from the dwarfed commor dung-hill fowl. Well bred and well fed Brahms eggs will weigh one pound eight ounces per dozen without selecting, while common small eggs weigh less than one pound. Besides the quality of the eggs is equally as much better in flavor. Slightly colored eggs are superior in quality in many respects to the pure white. Dealers, in justice to those who breed large chickens and furnish eggs for the market, should do something to encourage such enterprise. And those who are buying for their own use should, as a matter of economy and to sustain a spirit of enterprise, demand and pay an advanced price for better eggs.—*Des Moines Register*.

A PRINCE'S REVENGE.

How an Austrian Archduke Stuffed a Critical General.

In European countries, where Princes become titular Colonels at the age of ten, and assume actual command of a regiment before really entering upon their practical military education under the guidance of some veteran General, it occurs quite frequently that a Prince should assert the authority which his station as a member of the imperial family insures to him over any higher commissioned officer, to remind his tutor of his superiority over him as a Prince, even though he be his subordinate as an officer in the field. On this score an amusing story is whispered in well-informed circles about the Archduke Johann Salvator, a nephew of the Emperor of Austria. The Prince is described as a wanton, fun-loving character, and many are the anecdotes of his humor at the expense of others, though to his credit it is said that in his escapades he never exceeds the bounds of the innocent harmless.

Recently the Prince commanded his regiment at a maneuver held under the auspices of an old and tried General, who had lately been the favorite target of the Prince's humor. Here the General saw his opportunity for retaliation. When at the close of the maneuver, as is customary, the officers collected about their leader to receive his criticisms of the different regiments, the General expressed his satisfaction with the troop in the main, but continued in a tone of infinite sarcasm: "I can not refrain to remark that the deficit of No. —" (the Prince's own) "was very unsatisfactory. The bearing of the troop was bad; and in fact, although the maneuver it showed poor drilling and leadership. A rapid and radical change would be desirable. So speaking, with a self-satisfied smile he turned in his saddle, and entering into a conversation with an officer at his side, he entirely ignored the presence of the Prince, who, with a cold smile, turned his horse and galloped away, for even he, while in the character of a soldier would not dare to utter a word in disrespect to his superior. But if revenge was denied to him in his present position, he could easily achieve it in the presence of a Prince. And he was not slow to avail himself of this opportunity.

A few minutes later, ere the group around the commander had yet dispersed, to the surprise of all those sounding the well-known bugle signal announcing the approach of a member of the imperial household. The General, as becomes his position, was at the head of the staff to receive so unexpected a visitor, when, much to his chagrin, he perceived that it was Johann Salvator, who had returned, accompanied by his *attache*. With uncomprehended mien the Prince galloped forward, and returning condescendingly the salute of the General, he demanded from him a report of the maneuver, which the commander could not deny to his Imperial Highness. Then he expressed his desire to witness a detail of the troop, to which the General had to submit, and gave orders accordingly.

Closely the Prince scrutinized each regiment, and when the last company had passed him, he turned to the General, and amid the respectful silence of all, he expressed in dignified language his disapproval of the maneuver. "General," he continued, "it shows poor drilling and bad leadership. A rapid and radical change would indeed be very desirable. Entirely satisfied, however, am I with No. —" (again it was the Prince's own). "Will you kindly transmit to its commander my thanks and my hearty approval of the excellent bearing which that regiment has shown during the defile?" So saying he turned about and galloped away, leaving behind him a cloud of dust and the stupified General.—*Harper's Magazine*.

The Education of Girls.

Few subjects are receiving such wide and varied discussion, both here and abroad, as that of the education of girls. On the one hand there is grave doubt expressed as to the efficacy of the present system; on the other it is extolled as perfect and satisfactory. We find the schools abused by some, and the home censured by others, as responsible for any defect in the character of girls' training. Teachers and books are not the main factor in the education of girls. It is the character and disposition of their parents and associates which wield the most powerful influence. If you live with wolves you must learn to howl, and all high standards of education are usually futile when the atmosphere of the girl's home and her associations are the reverse of refining and intelligent. It requires peculiarly strong will on her part, then, to refuse to howl when her tribe is wolfish. And it is just here where the moral obligations of parents must be emphasized to complement the school by associations not necessarily of wealth or luxury, but of culture and religious principle.—*Jewish Messenger*.

The Human Breath.

Prof. Brown-Sequard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air, he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood-vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than carbonic acid.—*Science*.