

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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WHERE'S BILL?

Where's Bill? Yes, of course I'm glad to see the old town once again. When I turned the bend I had to get up an' yell; an' when I seen that old steeple risin' like a guide post on th' hill, Leapin' up from th' horizon, I jes had to— Say, where's Bill?

Know that meetin' house? I guess so! Ain't that where we used to go, U' boys? Settin' still an' jes so. Like we was put up to show. There's th' graveyard back behind it, With th' old stone on th' hill; I believe that I could find it. If I tried to now. Where's Bill?

When we two was boys, Bill showed it To me one day, an' th' year Cut in it was— There, I knowed it Wasn't fur away from here. See, it's old an' stained an' breakin'. Grass grewed, too, an' cracked, until It seems like some poor, forsaken, Homeless thing that— say, where's Bill?

Bill an' me we often wondered. Where that stone was, for we guessed It'd laid down there a hundred Years or more at very best. An' he used to say: "Now, I don't Want no better tomb. I will Lay there when I die." Say, why don't Some of you-ans say where's Bill?

Yes, old pard, this is th' stone, an' It's the one you used to claim. Pah! You talk about yer own, an' Sich fool things. Why— what's- an' Here, cut underneath the creepers. An' th' moss? Why are you still? His name? Here among th' sleepers— An' I— Well, I've found you, Bill. —Carl Smith, in Harper's Weekly.

A CHANCE MEETING.

The Pretty Little Romance of a Railway Journey.

I had a delightful experience the other day. I witnessed the fifth act of a little drama in real life that made me as happy as if it had been some concern of my own. The plot was very old one, but one that never loses its freshness or its charm. Of course I shall not call the actors by their real names; I shall not even tell where I was going or where I came from; but I was on a vestibule train bound somewhere, and it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. There were only four other passengers in the car, two sisters of charity, an unmistakable drummer and a large-sized young man with a blonde mustache, who sat immediately in front of me. He was a manly-looking fellow; and I took a decided liking to him.

But this was all before the curtain went up. That event took place when we stopped at a city that shall be nameless, and a self-possessed and singularly attractive young woman entered the car at the rear door. The porter walked ahead, carrying her satchel and umbrella, and established her in the section opposite mine. She was dressed with that severe elegance and faultless fit that a woman immediately recognizes as implying refinement. There was something inexpressibly refined about her. "An admirable product of our upper circles," I reflected. "I wonder if she is a doll?" There was a firm look about her chin that made me decide in the negative.

After the train had emerged from the covered station she laid her book in her lap and looked around the car. When she came to the young man with the blonde mustache she gave a barely perceptible start. "Come," I thought, "this is growing interesting. She has seen him before—or thinks she has." The young man, it will be remembered, was seated ahead of her, and as he was looking straight before him, he had not noticed her as yet. I could see she did not think it was proper to stare at the back of the young man's head, and that she was making heroic efforts not to do so; but it was no use in the world. She tried to read, she tried to look out of the window, she tried to close her eyes; but, willy nilly, they wandered back to the blonde hair and the dark blue coat of the young man. Once she got up; but her heart failed her, and she only took down her coat to throw around her shoulders. It was absolutely incredible that she could have wanted it, for the car was, as usual, heated to the point of suffocation.

At last she could stand it no longer. She tossed her book onto the seat with an impulsive movement, threw her coat down beside it, and crossed over to the young man's section. She hesitated for a moment. The two nuns watched her with interested horror. Her courage almost failed her, but she had gone too far to recede. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I can't be mistaken. Isn't this Mr. Carter?"

He started at the first sound of her voice as if he had heard a ghost, and before she had finished he was on his feet looking at her eagerly. "Miss Van Buren!" he exclaimed, and stood there still looking at her.

I never saw so many emotions so plainly legible in a man's face at once. Hope and fear and great joy and intense pain. I read just as plainly as if they had been written in black and white. But the girl had taken it all into her own hands. I suppose she read his face as well as I did, and could interpret it a little better. With a frank smile she held out both her small gloved hands. As he took them and pressed them firmly, the fear and the pain passed out of his face, and the red blood passed into hers. In another moment he had recovered his self-possession.

"Sit down," he said. "I must not keep you standing." She looked a little dubious. He saw it. "How stupid I am! Where is your section?"

She smiled up at him and led the way to her seat. He picked up the book and the coat and sat down beside her in their stead.

Of course after this I didn't hear much that they said. I shouldn't have had any particular scruple against listening if I could have done so without

their knowing it, for I was so much interested in them that I felt quite like Providence or their grandmamma or a fairy godmother. But it wouldn't do for me to perceptibly listen, so I gazed with great discretion into my novel, and turned over the pages when I thought it was time. Every once in awhile I would catch a few phrases. Pretty soon I heard, in the voice of the young man:

"So you did write to me after you got to Europe?"

"Of course I did!—three several times. And I sent you an address where letters could be safely sent to me."

"I never got it." His chest rose and fell almost convulsively. He leaned over her and said, ever so tenderly:

"What must you have thought of me all this time?"

"What must you have thought of me?" was her only answer.

"I don't care what I thought, now it's over—for it is over, isn't it?" And his eyes sought hers.

Furtively she put her hand on the car-seat between them. Just as furtively he covered it with his. Of course I had discreetly turned my back to the young couple to make them happy; but I watched them in the mirror between the windows of my section—to make myself happy. There was no harm in that, I hope. Anyhow, they were a very pretty sight. They were both of them so young and so handsome and so happy. They ministered to my aesthetic sense and my human sense at the same time.

The next thing I heard was when we arrived at X. The young girl was talking, and forgot to change her voice as the train stopped.

"Yes," she was saying. "I really think I have done everything my family could reasonably expect. I have been away four whole years. I think I have proved it was not a boarding-school whim. Besides, I am of age now,"—and she drew herself up with fine dignity. All of a sudden she blushed furiously. "Oh dear!" she said, lowering her voice, but still so that I could hear her, "how loud I have been talking. How could I!"

"Never mind the people," he returned, reassuringly. "They look benevolent. I dare say they are all ready to bestow their blessings."

"Quite correct, young man," I said within myself.

Before a great while they went into the dining-room car together, and were gone a very long time. I supposed they enjoyed getting away from me, even if I did pretend not to look at them. I had my eyes closed when they came back; I really had been dozing. As they passed my seat the young man said, gleefully:

"By George! I wish you could have seen your expression when that fellow asked if 'madam' would have some shad."

"Fred, don't speak to me of that horrid waiter," she sighed, with a little shiver of disgust. But she didn't seem to mind so very much.

About ten o'clock I heard her say: "I'm not a bit sleepy; but we get there so very early in the morning, and I'm going to the opera in the evening—"

Fred agreed with her, and summoned the porter to make up her section. Then he went out to the smoking-car. When he came back and turned into his berth I had the curiosity to look at my watch. It was half-past three.

At six I was awake again. I heard a fresh "Good morning!" in a girlish voice.

"What! up and dressed already? And you look as fresh—"

"As a girl in a sleeping-car," she rejoined, blithely. "No flattery, sir."

"I hadn't any intention of flattering you. I couldn't, you know. How fortunate I have had my section made up! Sit down, dear."

"I wonder how much that young man has slept," I thought; and I made a rapid mental calculation.

They sat down on the back seat, next to my section, and as my head was at that end, of course I heard every word they said. I really couldn't help it.

"Isn't this jolly!" murmured the basso profundo. "There isn't a soul awake but ourselves."

"What a wretch I felt! Was it my duty to cough and intimate my awkwardness? But that would make them uncomfortable. Much better not to let them know. Where ignorance is bliss—perhaps you know the rest."

"Fred, I am so happy!" she sighed. "You aren't half as happy as I am! Think of the difference between what you and I receive in this exchange."

"I do—constantly!" (very earnestly). "No blasphemy—I won't stand it."

There was a long minute's silence. It was broken by a decided:

go before ten o'clock. I will be dressed at eight. I know my aunt and the girls too well to suspect them of such a thing. Come about eight, and send your card to me. We will have a couple of hours to ourselves."

"I will be there."

"And, besides, you know you can write to me whenever you want to. Times have changed."

"Thank heaven! they have."

"There was a brief silence."

"Fifteen, are you sure you can get along without all the luxuries you are used to, my darling?—no carriage, no opera-box, no worth dresses?"

"Fred (reproachfully), do you really think I care so much for those things?"

"But there is something worse than that, little one. Can you stand being ostracized by your friends—even by your family, perhaps?"

"If they can get along without me, I can without them."

They both laughed.

"And Fred, you have no idea how energetic I am. I shall learn to cook and sew and scrub and wash and—"

"Oh! my dear girl," he interrupted, laughing, "it wouldn't be quite so bad as that. It wouldn't have been that bad four years ago, and my star has been on the ascendant since then."

"Oh! tell me about it," she said. "I have talked about myself so much that I have never even asked how your—your business was getting on."

I suppose he told her all about it; but I was sleepy and didn't listen very much—not even enough to find out what it was. The explanation was still in progress when it was interrupted by:

"O Fred, see where we are! We shall be in the station in a little minute, and my uncle will be there to meet me—and—I don't believe you'd better meet him."

"H'm! I can postpone that pleasure," said Fred, in a tone of heartfelt conviction.

"Then go away some place where he won't see you—right away."

"I don't like to go away."

"I don't like to have you."

"May I, Fifine?"

"To-morrow."

"Now."

"Good-by—"

"Good-by—"

Retreating footsteps, then silence for about five minutes. Then that shadow came over the car which means a tunnel or a covered station, and the train came to a stop. I peeped out through the curtains. Miss Van Buren was sitting there with her wrap on and her umbrella and satchel in the opposite seat, waiting demurely to be "met."

Soon there was a stir at the end of the car, that somehow signified the arrival of a man of importance. He looked very prosperous and well fed—a fine-looking man, with iron-gray side-whiskers cut in the English style. He was followed by a properly expressionless liveried satellite.

"Ah! here you are," said the great man, and he shook hands with his niece.

"How good of you to meet me at this hour of the morning!"

"Not at all—not at all. They suggested I should send John, but I couldn't forego the pleasure of meeting you myself."

She bowed in acknowledgment.

"John, take Miss Josephine's luggage."

STREWING PALMS.

Dr. Talmage Delivers a Palm Sunday Discourse.

The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem—Strewing Palms Before the Divine Master—The Palm Tree Typical of Triumph—Tribute to Mothers.

On Palm Sunday Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached at Brooklyn from John, xii, 12. "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him." Follow up is the sermon:

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem and there are plenty of olive and fig trees, but no palm trees as I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy covers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm groves. Once it was crowned with palms. The Dead Sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some old time palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead Sea. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About 3,000,000 people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities.

Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem to-day. The sky is red with the morning and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet and up and over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming from the city meets the procession escorting Christ as He comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision. We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vision Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander Bucephalus, Duke Ell rode his famous Marchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the Conqueror of earth and Heaven rode a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. It was unbroken and I have no doubt fractions at the vocation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people gripped the bridle of the colt reverently waited upon Christ the mounting. The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hills. The Orientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to tread on.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Lazard finds the palm leaf [it is in the walls of Naeveth with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon his brow, for a little while, at least, had palms strewn under his feet. O the glorious palm! Amarasanga, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnaeus calls it "the prince of vegetation." Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward Heaven, it has no equal for multitudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 270,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in Chili will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for subsistence. Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply of the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and milk and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

O Lord God, give us more palm trees—men and women made for nothing but to be useful; dispositions all abounding; branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted, they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed, they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out, they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded, they are ready to lift them. People who say, "Yes! Yes!" when they are asked for assistance by word or deed, instead of "No! No!" Most of the mysteries that bother others do not bother me, because I adjourn them, but the mystery that really bothers me is why God made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment is concerned. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss hindrances. Over the road of life, instead of pulling in the traces, they are lying

back in the breechings. They are the everlasting no. They are thistle trees; they are willows, always mourning; or wild cherry trees, yielding only the bitter; or crab apple trees, producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt and in the way of Christ were some one might say, that they stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. So I always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else. The greatest pictures of the world had in their richest coloring the blood of the artists who made them. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of forms of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battle between which were the hemorrhages of the nation. The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles of Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour's triumph in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from his palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway. To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Olivet and clear down into the valley of Gethsemane put their branches than surround them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and his cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphant way? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for Him? If Christ could suffer so much for us can we not suffer a little for Christ?

The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn to-day? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once straight as an arrow and his eyes were keen as a hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape and as God made it. I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need, and his children should be well educated and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a lifetime and that the wolf of hunger should never put its paw on his door sill, and for forty or fifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form branches to throw in the pathway of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight, and there have been twenty or more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday twisted off branches from the palm tree on the road from Bethpage to Jerusalem. What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always so well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Examining the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yes, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing. Yes, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croup and midnight watchings when none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and no one now to put in bed.

How fair she once was and as graceful as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household. Ah! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking to-day over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining? I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were two years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as anyone will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

O, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoe? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or frosts, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot to-day, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear? It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self-sacrifice. Do not be ashamed of him when he comes

to town, and because his manners are a little old-fashioned try to smudge him in and smudge him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor, and say: "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you, he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you.

Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree. I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved on a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers, the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. They long ago went into slumber among their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree and we feel them on our brow and under our feet and they will strewn all the way until we lie down in the same slumber. Self-sacrifice. What a thrilling word. Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on ship-board was derided because he would not fight or gamble and they called him a coward. But when a child fell overboard and no one else was ready to help the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and though the waves were rough, the sailor swimming with one arm, carried the child in the other arm till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all huzzed at the scene of daring and self-sacrifice.

When recently Capt. Burton, the great author, died he left a scientific book in manuscript which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He said: "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her he could himself make out of it \$100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals. With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire and said to herself: "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way? Self-sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There is more depraved literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them. O, for a power to depend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization he said: "The Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me, one after another, and until, I recollect, I cried out: 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said: 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'" And when a gentleman came into the office and said: "Mr. Finney, you are in pain?" he replied: "No, but so happy that I cannot live."

My hearers, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days, or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Thou, Christ, who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers and our self-sacrifices and our contributions and our consecrations throw palm branches in the way.

I clap my hands at the coming victory. I feel this morning as did the Israelites when, on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or, as the Bible puts it: "Twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present to-day. Indeed it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when our last battle fought and our last burden carried and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitudes. St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands." Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the sides! Victory over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the valleys of the heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves, and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on streets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn' waving their palms!

—Johnny gives away a family secret.—Mr. Hankinson (desirous of making a present).—Johnny, when is your sister Irene's birthday?—Johnny—"Hush! She's quit having birthdays long ago."