

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

THE MILL BY THE RIVER.

FROM THE GREENS.

From the old mill on the river side, I looked over the flooded plains. Where the mountain streams, that came tumbling down, were sweet by the autumn rains.

A long, bright ray from the falling West has freed the high church spires. And the sunbeams look drearier still, while the little light remains.

You stood by my side in a summer gown, and gazed on the landscape fair. In the golden glow of the dying day, that lighted the outline of your hair.

While the great mill wheel sent showers of spray, that went on in a dancing rill; but the glad, sweet waters of life for you, like the well-worn wheels, are still.

The merry ringlet at my feet runs on in a drowsy flow; like the rippled laughter, low and sweet, in the haze of long ago.

And the splendor of sunset fades and dies, in the twilight cool and gray; as the visions that gladdened our hopeful eyes forever had passed away.

For a peaceful rest I have sought in vain; but the coming days with their change will give me a quiet I have not found in the years so sad and strange.

A rest by your side, in the grass and green, overlooking the gray old mill; where the stream-tossed waters of life, for me like the well-worn wheels, are still.

SHOOTING THE LONG BOW.

BY J. K. PATTER.

One night several years ago, while our party were encamped on Reque river, Oregon, some ninety miles from its mouth, at the point where Jump-off Joe creek empties into it, I heard the following story, and as I have enjoyed many hearty laughs over them, I venture to transcribe them, trusting that others will find them as agreeable as I did. Only premising that I do not vouch for their veracity, but relate the tales as they were told me.

We were lying or sitting around a rousing fire, snacking, laughing and talking, when a short, dumpy man approached us, coming from a train of emigrants that were encamped on the opposite side of the creek. Bob Bear, who was sitting by my side, uttered a long, low whistle, and whispered, "By jehokus, Joe, now we'll have some fun! That 'er doggondest liar often jals, and I'll draw him outen 'em some 'er his tall yarns."

"Hello, Lum, yer lyin' raskil, how do yer flourish now?" yelled Bob. "Hello yourself, longlegs, don't call decent people by your own name," was the answer. "Got any room for a shipmate here?"

"He was welcomed, and in a short time Bob had got up a bet with him, as to who could relate the most wonderful adventure, leaving it to the party to decide.

"O. K. shanks," said Lum, "pitch ahead, and the one that loses is to treat the crowd, I'll take my grog now."

"Don't be snatched, squatty, the drinks may be on you."

Bear began his yarn in this wise: "It was nigh on fifteen ya'rs ago, that I was trappin' in ther 'Grand Round' on Round river. I was all alone exceptin' the redskins, an' I warn't over an' above friendly with 'em as yer kin judge. I had a ole smooth bore then, that carried an ounce ball, an' it was a most powerful shooter. I camped in a hollow tree, 'bout half a mile from the river.

"Well, one day as I was gwine houn, I run across a powerful big trail. In cuss, I tell yer, boys, I cussed a few hen, for I knowed that they'd see my track, an' like as not find me as well as my traps. I was havin' mighty good luck an' hated ter leave, so I kivered up my trail ter the trees, an' fixed a place inside ther hollow, fer my furs an' pelts. I 'lowed to sleep thar too, and as I had lots of dried buffalo an' ven'son, I thort I'd lay low for a bit an' see if ther reds wouldn't leave those diggins.

"Well, thar I stayed for two days an' nights, not stirrin' a pog outen ther tree. Ther nixt morn' war kind of cloudy, an' I thort I'd go an' 'ramine my traps. So I took ole Buster an' went, I found ther place all right, but not my traps, by doggoned sight. Nary a trap kud I find. Ther reds 'ad made a clean sweep. Lord how I did cuss, ter be sure. I swore till ther words smelt 'er sulphur an' brimstone, so thers' nixt, I sot down and thunk for a spell, then I see I, I'll find them cussed traps an' git my traps agin if I die for it," so off I trawped.

"Party soon I seed a light, an' 'ere I cuss, it war thar. Ther they sot, castin' beaver sail that they'd stole outen my traps. Oh, how mad I was, an' raised ole Buster to gaw one 'er them ther bellyache; but I knowed that if I did, all war up, an' I thort, so I held my horses. I thunk agin, an' then I run back ter ther ole oak an' sot to work to get my revenge.

I took some ole traps apart an' got a long piece o' small wire, nigh onter fifty yards. Then I pull ther bullet outen my rifle, and put in a rambantin' big load o' powder, then a big wail, an' then tuck the kiver off o' ther warmer o' my iron ramrod. Nixt I fastened ther wire ter ther big end o' ther rod, an' killed it into ther gun. Then I put in ther rammer, an' all war ready for work.

"Off I travels to ther camp o' ther Indians an' pushed through ther bushes. If I'd had ther fixin' o' them niggers, kid'n't a put 'em better fer my plan. They war holdin' a sort o' kouncil, an' I had a gessed purty nigh what erbout. I tuck an' bent ther barrel o' my gun a leetle, so's ter form a kind o' quarter circle, an' then I war ready. I forgot to tell you that ther war all sittin' in a circle round ther fire. I knowed up as chus as I kud, an' takin' good aim pulled the trigger.

"Just think I knowed, the gun war jerked outen my hands, an' I throwed me about ten feet agin a tree that nearly broke my neck. I heard a most awful howlin' an' yellin, 'an soon es I got up, I looked ter see how my plan had worked. I gaw a big yell an' sot up a rascal ole brakelown, for thar they war, all on 'em strung on that wire just like so many fish! Yer see ther serow on ther end o' ther ramrod war mighty sharp an' ther gun war a powerful shooter. Ther rammer had hit ther first Injan plumb behind ther ear an' through ther neck, an' so on until ther whole forty-nine war strung on ther, an' the pint o' ther iron war sunk deep in er the trunk o' a tree! Some-how ther wire had caught hold o' ther end o' ther gun, so 'at they kudn't pull off. Fact, by golly.

"I ran out an' knocked 'em all in ther head an' raised thar ha'r, forty-nine o' them. Then I hid thar guns an' ammunition, an' arter trappin sum no beaver, I pulled up stakes an' left those duggins.

"An' now stumpy, I guess as how I'll take that treat," and he winked at me as he spoke.

The woods and hills fairly shook with the roar of laughter that arose from the powerful lungs of our party, as the trapper concluded his story. But Lum would not give up beat, and said:

"Hold on, my pet, don't holler before you're out of the woods. I haven't had my chance yet."

"What," said Bear, "you don't mean ter say yer kin beat that yarn!" with an assumed air of astonishment.

"I don't know but I can try," coolly remarked Fields, and renewing his quid he began his story.

It was but a priming to what happened to me a few years ago. I was the first mate of the ship 'New Bedford', a first-class whaler. We were cruising in the North Sea, and had nearly a full cargo aboard. I was lying in my hammock below deck, smoking a pipe, when the cry 'There she blows—blows!' came from the lookout on the main-top. I ran on deck and sure enough there was a four-hundred barrel right whale, spouting and frisking about not half a mile from the ship.

"Of course the boats were lowered, mine leading, and pulling like mad for the fish. As his head was turned from he didn't see the boat, and I stood up in the bow to make the cast. As the iron left my hand, I heard a loud shout from the captain's boat, and as our whale sounded, a great ball broke water not a dozen yards away, directly in our course. He opened his enormous mouth, and before I could cut the line, our boat was drawn full against his nose. The ball opened his mouth, and I gave a big jump, but as I was terribly frightened, I jumped right down his throat! The next thing I knew, the bow of the boat I had just left thumped me in the side; I looked in it, but the men had all jumped out, and I was the only one of the boat's crew that had been swallowed.

"I began to think over all the prayers I had ever heard, when I heard a melancholy voice utter: "'Who is this that comes to keep me company in my living tomb?'"

"As you may imagine, I was greatly surprised at hearing the sound of a shipmate's voice in this strange place, and asked who he was, and how long he had been living there?"

"My name is, or was Tum Holland, first mate of the brig 'Sally Ann', and near as I can judge, have been in here nearly two months," was the answer, as the man came over to where I was sitting, and pressed my hand warmly. I now began to have some hope of escaping finally, for if one man could live so long surely I could do the same, and then told him my story.

"I am glad to see you, shipmate, and if we had only one thing more, I'd be satisfied. I have a lot of prime tobacco, and an almost finished for a smoke. Haven't you got a pipe about you?" said Tum.

"I pulled out my old meerschaum, and a water-proof match, and soon a cloud of smoke was curling around his head. Once in a while he'd swallow a mouthful of smoke and allow it to pass through his nostrils, uttering a mean of exquisite satisfaction as he did so. I looked around and found a box of candles that the whale had swallowed, and sticking one end of in a junk bottle that I had picked up, we soon had a light on the subject. I now looked around our rather cavernous room, and found my best safe and

sound, with the oars still on the thole pins. There were several casks and barrels as well as boxes that the whale had stored away at different times, and two great fish still alive.

"As I began to feel hungry, he built a small fire, although the whale was so fat I was afraid it would catch fire, and cooked a lot of fish. After dinner we set to work to see what was the state of our leader. To our great joy two of the casks proved to be fine old French brandy, and fixing a spigot, we were soon tasting its contents, by the cupful. To tell the truth and shame the gentleman in black, we got dead drunk, and after having a little scrimmage, we lay down and went to sleep in each other's arms.

"The next day, or when we awoke, Tum produced a greasy, well-thumbed deck of cards, and we played seven up by the hour, for the drinks, so that we were drunk pretty near two-thirds of the time. Well, time passed away very pleasantly, and as the whale caught fresh fish every day, we were supplied with food. The only accidents that occurred were caused by the whale, in play, I suppose, rolling over and over, and if our floor hadn't been very soft, the boxes and barrels would have been crushed to a jelly. As it was we got some pretty hard knocks, but a taste o' brandy cured all this.

"One day our house seemed to get very much excited at something, and presently a couple of oars and part of a boat came into our room. Tum was at the bow of the craft, knocking in the head of a keg, holding the candle in one hand. I was sitting on the after-part of my boat, holding to the oars. The pieces of the boat struck Tum's shoulder and knocked the light out of his hand down into the keg. Instantly there came a blinding flash, a thundering report, and our house was torn into a thousand fragments. The barrel had been full of gunpowder and we were blown up!

"I felt myself sailing through the air, still grasping the oars, the boat, wonderful to relate, was whole and sound, and I was still in. Then I began to fall; presently the boat struck the water, but fortunately was not swamped. As soon as the spray ceased falling, I looked around, and there, not a quarter of a mile distant, was my ship, the old 'New Bedford' I pulled alongside, and was welcomed as I came from the grave. I told my story and found that I had been an occupant of the whales stomach over a month. That the whale had been sighted by the lookout, and the boats lowered. One boat was fast and another one chawed up when the explosion

recognized until I climbed the side of the ship.

"Poor Tom was never seen again, and I expect the poor fellow's gone aloft," and Lum wiped away an imaginary tear.

"Yes, I guess so too," remarked Bob, rising to his feet and doffing his beaver.

"Here, Lum, take my hat! I thort I war purty good on a lie, but I hev to shut clam when yer round. Yer a mighty little liar, Lum, but yer am the darndest liar this side o' nowhar."

"Then you give up beat do you?" inquired Fields.

"Yes, I have! Let's holler!" and we adjourned to the emigrant train where the needful could be obtained.

Spinner's Girls.

General Spinner, the friend of women and the aged watch-dog of the treasury, during the late raid on the department by an economical congress not only fought but came off victorious.

"When informed that it was necessary to cut down his force the old gentleman waxed with wrath.

"By—, gentlemen," he cried, "I take that to be a vote of censure. I know my business by—, I have no drones in my hive; therefore, if you resolve to cut down my force include me, for the president shall have my resignation."

The bureau, however, did not come under the restrictions, and four females received the legal notice that their services were no longer required by the department. When the fact reached the ears of old Spin, he called his clerks, male and female, before him and said:

"Fellows, an attempt is being made to turn some of you out. Now when they turn any you fellows out by—, they turn me out; but I won't go. No, damnit, so if I go a step, nor shall you. The four notified to quit will continue their work. I take the responsibility, and I'll pay 'em out of the conscience fund. It couldn't be put to a better use. Now, fellows, danyersouls, go to work!"

The men broke into loud cheers, and the women burst into tears. Then a cheruby little miss of about sixty threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. At this all rushed at that benevolent sweaver and he was nearly suffocated, for the thermometer stood at sixty.—Washington Capital.

"The child is father to the man," "Fire," says Gumboelam on a bust, "the child wash been marrid ver young."

A Momentous Question.

The Boston papers are discussing a question of vast literary interest. Who wrote the John Brown song? The affair seems as deeply mysterious as the "Beautiful Snow," and "Betsey and I Are Out." It is a serious matter, and should not be trifled with. So far, it is mutually agreed that the music was condensed from certain old Methodist camp-meeting songs, and was first sung by the Twelfth Massachusetts regiment, while Hall's Band was the first to play it. Of course it originated in Boston; every South Sea Islander with a grain of sense knows that; but who composed those lofty, and eternal words, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree?" Was this gush of patriotism first breathed in a Causeway street attic, or as is more likely, from the fragrant produce markets of Commercial street. It is important to the world that the exact truth be known, that the number of the house, rent and description thereof should be accurately ascertained and filed away among the national archives with Washington's tooth-pick and Jefferson's boot-lace.

The following is a literal report of a speech delivered in Bowling Green, Ky., by a candidate for the office of jailor: "Fellow citizens: Where are my opponents? Why, gentlemen, they are nowhere. I feel myself as much above my opponents as a pegasus in a persimmon tree above the ground he craves on. I call on you in the name of the shaggy-headed lion which whipped the American eagle; I call on you in the name of the peacock of liberty, which flowed over the Rocky Mountains—to come to my rescue. Come on Monday next, and promote Dick to the office to which he perspires. When you shall have been dead, and the green briars shall have entwined themselves around your graves, then will your sons come to me and say, Dick, some years ago our fathers voted for you for the office of jailorship of Warren County; then will I say roll on, thou silver moon, I will be with thee till the last day in the evening."

A Good Drink for Harvest.

A friend sends the following for publication: "1 oz. hops; two table-spoonfuls of ginger; one gallon of water, boil well; then add 1 pint of good molasses; 2 oz. essence of spruce or wintergreen, set to cool; then add a cup of hop yeast. Pour into sweet eask or jar, cover with thin cloth. After two days pour off into bottles. Cork well and put in cool place. Into one bottle it might be put a teaspoonful of spices, cloves, black pepper and cinnamon; after bottling

will do, instead of pain killer, for your harvest hands who are sick from drinking too much cold water.— Columbus Journal.

Little Johnny wanted to go to church. His mother was afraid he would make a noise, but his father said, "Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church." So he went. He kept very still till the last prayer. By that time he had grown tired of sitting still, and was standing on the new cushion with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the next seat bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying. He leaned over and said to the lady in a tone that was meant for a whisper, but which was only too plainly heard, "Poor lady! What ee matter? Do so stummat acher?"

The remark of a little 8 year old on Monday was in accordance with the wish of many people. "Mother," he said, "I wish I was built like a hen-coop, out of laths, and then the breeze could blow right through me."

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is, that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

A barrel marked eggs, shipped from Wabash, Ind., to some one in Warsaw, a few weeks since, hatched out into bottles of ale.

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