## THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

WEDNESDAY FEB. 17. 1875.

(Continued from first page.)

enough for me to hear, "Brave man!" All this I enjoyed, and took the op portunity to discourse severely upon the sacredness of honor, in defense of which I asserted that any man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

In the course of the afternoon I had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the Ariel with Captain Brown on board. Whether this circumstance had anything to do with inspiring in me these elevated sentiments, I leave the reader to judge.

The next morning at an early hour I proceeded to the field with my sec-

Captain Achilles Brown was where to be seen!

I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours to allow him time to ap pear. Of course it was all in vain All, however, testified to the remark able courage which I displayed under the circumstances, and tendered their congratulations. The affair even found its way into the papers, and I found myself all at once elevated into a hero. I could not walk Broadway without being furtively pointed out as the cel ebrated duelist. Among the ladies, particularly, I became an object of great attention-a circumstance that may well excite surprise when it i considered that my only claims to their regard lay in my having been implicated in an affair which the moral sense of the community professes to condemn.

Soon afterward I left my boarding place, to the great regret of the fair Sophronia. I afterward learned that, had I shown the white feather, it was arlanged that Licutenant Eustace should force me into a marriage with his cousin, on pain of a duel with himself. The extraordinary show of courage which I exhibited imposed upon him to such an extent that he did not think it advisable to offer the alter tive, lest I should accept the duel.

I have heard nothing of Captain Achilles Brown since the memorable day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba. Had he possessed a a little more courage, I shudder to think what might have been the re-

## ORAN.

Five years ago I shipped in the brig Oran, bound from Salem to Cienfue gos for a load of sugar. She was a trim little vessel, and the crew were old sea-dogs like myself, all used to raugh weather and hard work.

The captain had his wife and her sister on board, and this made it pleasant for us, for Miss Nettie, the young lady, was just a cozy, good-looking body, and very fond of fixing our clothes; I mind that she darned my peajacket, and mended my shirts, and then she knit us fancy colored mufflers for cold coast weather.

All through she proved herself a its path. sailor's friend, and I used to think that nothing could compare to her low. sweet chatting, as she sat in the sheltered side of cuddy where the wheel

She used to question me about my life at sea, where I had been, what I had seen, and all about such things, but some one on board." and many an hour have I spent spinning yarns to her, and when you have burg?" questioned a sweet, womaly bear the end of my story, you will voice, that sounded like music amid understand why I always try to get out the howling and whistling of the of telling yarns, and why I am so still wind. with my tongue,

that I ever saw, for never did I see | She stood waiting for Rob's reply, her another whose face wore continually little form bent slightly to let the bulsuch a sunny expression. She was never in a sulky mood, never ill-hum ored, and I soon began to think that man could get.

I was not alone in this thought, for the second mate, in whose watch I glances at Miss Nettic, and soon he would join us at the wheel, and take part in our conversation.

looking, and a thorough sailer, was Bob Hardenburg, and young too; and often did I think that Miss Nettie and he would make a trim couple, for Bob was ambitious, and was bound to raise himself in his profession.

Now Miss Nettie was just the woman to help him, for she was neat, movement of the mouth, that seemed | cd a wild search about the deck; but often. hopeful and thrifty; one of those that to tell of pain, as he strove to conquer it was all in vain. Bob was very glad to discuss his future when he spoke his voice was hourse

plans with her. I was pleased because of this, for I "I am sorry to say that I have bad sad news; and as Miss Nettie had al- the Mary Allair, then, and it was my liked Bob, and he was young, and just one, and more so, because they bode ways been a favorite with all of us, a initiation as skipper. the man for Miss Nettie; and so my no geod to one whom I hold dearest old head commenced to make a match on earth."

their future. This was during the outward-bound plied: trip, and it was as pleasant a voyage "That is truly too bad, Mr. Harden- strange conduct, and I then told him parted that sent Rob Hardenburg to as I ever made. The sea was just rip- burg; but perhaps the person you of the scene that had preceded the ap- his death. pled by a light and favorable wind, hold so dear is safe in her cosy home. pearance of the ship. and we bowled along merrily, having and don't even know of how the wind a clear sky both night and day, and a is blowing out here." right moon most all of the pas-

had the same favorable weather until and so I have not that consolation." ofter we had rounded the west end of Cube, when it came on thick and blew heavily. It kept on this way for near- Nettie, for speaking, but I can't belo emotion. by a work, and we had run clear of the it. You are the dear one the dearest "Poor fellow!" he said : I must go

when a heavy gale from the north-east commenced, and we were forced to

Things had been going on strangely for some time, and the men on for ard had been predicting that something was to happen, for a big shark had followed the ship all through the gale, and new gear had parted that had no

Bob Hardenburg also seemed to feel uneasy, for he grew thin and Maggard, as if something was preying on his mind. Ben Loan, one of my watchmates, noticed this, and spoke to me about it.

"Did you see the second mate's face?" he said, one morning after we had gone below. "It looked as though he had seen a ghost."

I had noticed it, and also noticed that it looked more haggard than ever, and so, when the midwatch came, I was not surprised to have Bob come afte to the wheel, and open a conversation.

"Harry," said he, "do you know that I think there is something going to happen that will cause us both sor-

"You do: why?" I answered.

"I can't say; but my mind is troubl d. Not that I give any heed to the talk about the shark, or the ropes parting, or anything like that; but there is something on my mind that lies heavy and cold, as though my soul was held by a cold hand."

'Oh, that's because the weather i bad," I said, "I cannot see why we should fear danger. The Oran is a staunch craft, and it will take a heavier gale than this to put her in Davy Jones's locker."

"It's not the vessel at all, it's -He broke off suddenly, and walked or'ard until he had reached the mainmast, then turned and came aft aga-

"Do you believe in presentiments?" he asked, stopping by my side. "No. I can't say that I do, for have never had any of mine come true though I've had many of both good

and evil intent." have had some come true, and they heart stood still. have generally been bad ones."

"And so you suppose those that you now have will come true?" "I do."

rode the waves like a duck. The the little Oran. weather was not so dark as it generally THE TRAGEDY ON THE is when nor east storms are on the between their ragged edges. Now and then a column of moonlight would also fall from one of these rifts, and cast a brilliant radiance on the tossing

It was a wild yet strangely beautiful night, and a mingled feeling of awe and fear was mingled in its contemplation. The occasional light enabled us to see how we lay, and the sight was not a pleasing one; for no person likes to see the huge waves curling and rushing along, seemingly intent on submerging all of the obstacles in

Still, the Oran was a staunch, trim vessel, that I knew there was nothing to fear in the present states of sea and weather. I said this to Bob, thinking that he referred to this, but he shook

his head in the negative. "It's not the Oran that is in danger,

"Who is in danger, Mr. Harden-

We both turned our heads to meet She was the bonniest little woman the questioning look of Miss Nettie.

"Mr. Hardenburg was talking of she would make the best wife that a presentiment," said I, answering her. ionway. "Oh! was that it? I suppose you think it odd that I should be on deck. Well, it is so close below that I come up and get some fresh air."

"It is fresh enough here," said Rob; "and so you can have all of Ho was a fine, manly fellow, good- that you wish. But about these prebad, generally came true.

now," she answered merrily.

His face grew very grave and worn. disappearance. looking, and there was a nervous ake to go to and receive encour- some emotion that struggled within agement from; and I soon saw that bim. At last he grew calm, though and strange.

between them, and to picture out Miss Nettie's face grew pale, then

"I wish she was, Miss Nettie, but I know she is not. Even now she is had felt a sincere regard for Rob, see-Well, we loaded and left port, and listening to the rush of this nor easter.

"Indeed! Is sho, then, at sea?" because and were standing north one on earth to me, and it is for your down and comfort him and my wife."

safety I fear. Oh, my darling, my darling! would to God you were in

your home no "." His words had come rushing out, deep, strong and fast, as soon as the spell that held his tongue was broken, and when his passionate declaration was made, he hung his head, as it ashamed of his words.

But there was no need, for the sou of Miss Nettie was true and womanly and it knew and valued a love like that of Rob at its true worth.

When she had found that it was she who was dearest on earth to him. a glad light had come to her eyes, and a happy look stole swiftly over her face. When he finished speaking with that passionate appeal, she held out both her hands to him; but his head was turned from her, and he did not see them.

He heard the one word she spoke though even with the wind roaring and surging about the ship. He would have heard it had the storm been twice as wild.

His look was full of surprise, that became joy and happiness as his eyes saw the love that spoke in her glance, and noticed the hands ready said : to welcome his affection, and with a

glad cry he clapsed her to his heart. "My darling!" was all that he could say, and yet in those words there was a tenderness and joy that would render many sentences eloquent.

For a moment the gladness of love's triumph made the dark thoughts that had filled his wind dim memories that had no power; but, as he raised his face, a great column of moonlight broke from a cloudrent, and lit up the tossing sea for miles around.

Scarcely had his eyes glanced at the sea, when the gladness of his face changed to an ashy despair and with the cry, "Oh, my God!" ringing out have, for life is nothing without her like a dying wail, he jumped to the open companionway and closed it like a toy.

So quick had been his movements, that I was startled; but it was only this talk. for a second. The next instant I had "Well, I do believe in them, for I taken a look to windward, and

The wind was howling fearfully, but sail, and coming at a rate of speed grew hopeful accordingly. the Orean was a good sea boat, and that would have carried her clean over

coast, but now and then the clouds Rod had, that if we could fall off though what will never be known on would bread away and leave patches quick she might graze us, and cause earth, seemed to be out of order, and, of blue sky, star-besprinkled, showing only a wetting, and I added my to get a clearer view of it, he jumpped up, and so let her pay off.

knew; but the Oran answered her helm beautifully, and in an instant she fell off before the wind, the waves foaming along her sides like white bearded demons.

We were not a moment too soon, however, for, just as we got before the wind, the bow of the ship loomed past us, and with a roar, as if a deluge had broken loose, she rushed past us, and a huge wave broke over the Oran,

nearly swamping her. thought that I heard a low sob of fear ed to leave him to his fate. I watched followed by a wild cry of despair, and

instantly the thought came-Miss deed, was compelled to do so, for one Nettie! It was too true, too true; when the Oran righted, and shook herself clear though upborne by a divine power, of the water, Miss Nettie was nowhere appeared the form of a woman; and

The companionway was thrown the Oran, we recognized the features open, and the captain came rushing and looks of Miss Nettie. on deck, just in time to grasp Rob Hardenburg, who, realizing the full we saw more beautiful and radiant force of his loss, had sprung to the than she had ever appeared in life, for

ing himself into the sea. He was so exhausted, however, by ance; and when I saw her resemblance wark save it from the wild sweed of his struggle at the wheel, that the I knew why Rob's face had worn such captain soon mastered him, and, shov- a bright look. ing him below, secured the compan-

I had been busy bringing the Oran close to the wind again, having taken ever will be, a mystery; but that whole advantage of the smooth water left in voyage home in the Oran was a myswas, often cast loving but sheepish thought, as I could not sleep, I would the ship's wake to do this, and bad tery; and it is because it forces its just got her to her old position, when memory on me whenever I begin to

> what was up. sentiments, Miss Nettie. I was tel- him all-told him how the ship ap- week of storm and death; and thus I ling Harry that mine, if they were peared, how we had just escaped be- den't tell of my old life, for to do so. ing run down, and of the sea's board- I have to tell how we lost Miss Nettie, "Then I hope you have no bad ones ing us; told him of the sob and ery and how her ghost or spirit welcomed

> > He rushed from me, and commence zie my brain, so I don't talk of it

deck by the noise, soon learned the Jones. He was with me, first mate of

well have been found. Finding that Miss Nettie was truly so he is at peace now, and has met flashed hotly with color ere she re- gone, the captain came aft to me and with many an old companion, doubtasked what was the cause of Rob's less, who can tell him why the rope

He was a kind hearted, feeling man, and had loved Miss Nettie as though she had been his daughter; and he ing bow brave and worthy he was.

Tears stood in his eyes, when I finished telling my story, and his form "She is. Oh, forgive me, Miss shook with the streggle to restrain his

Then, turning to the first mate, who had come aft, he told him of what had occurred, and, as the Oran was lyingto again, went below."

The next morning the wind shifted and came fair, and also decreased to a moderate gale, so that we were enabled to make sail and run along finely. Rot came on deck during the morning, and resumed his duties; but though he did not seem to, I noticed

on his movements. Rob was very still. The sorrow that had come to him seemed to lie heavily upon his soul, and his face was war and haggard. He looked bent and old, even though but a few hours had passed since I saw him. Had I not known that it was he, I should have Picture Frames. Mirrors passed him by as a stranger.

He did not speak to me that day, save to give orders; and as I could only revert to scenes that would recall his sorrow, or the cause of it, I did not seek to enter into conversation. When night came and it was my

turn at the wheel, he stood near it as I relieved the man who had been steering, and when we were alone, "Did I not tell you, Harry, that my

presentments always came true?"

"Yes, yes," I answered; "but I would not think of this now." "How can I help thinking of it?" he asked bitterly; "how can I forget all that has taken place during the last few hours? But it is not over yet,

Harry, for I shall go to her soon." I looked at him, a mingled horror and wonder in my glance.

He smiled sadly. "No, no, I shall never attempt that again, I was mad then. But, Harry, feel that I shall soon join her, and this is the happiest thought that I love to bless it."

He went on talking about her, and then, seizing a wheel he spun it round his voice grew strong and musical, as of old, and I was hoping that his mind would grow calm and resigned, from

night clear and moonht, and the sea, though still running high was not so and German In the broad glare of the moonlight | bad as in the morning. We stood I saw the great dark hull of a large alking during the remainder of the ship bearing down full on us. She watch, and I thought his language was scudding under a close-reefed for- more like what Rob used to talk, and

Just before eight bells Rob went around the deck to see that all was For an instant I was paralyzed, but right, and then came aft again. Castit was only for an instant. I saw, like | ing his eyes up aloft, somethingstrength to his to heave the helm hard upon the taffrail, supporting himself with the fore-to gallant brace-a piece It would be touch and go with us, I of rigging that we had drove off new

when leaving port. As he leaned outboard to get a clearer view, the brace parted about a fathom above his grasp; and, though he strove hard to grasp something, he could not, but fell backward into the

I saw his face as it drifted swiftly by, and it was calm, and seemed full of joyous light.

To bring the brig to, or get our boat were things that could not be done in When it was beiling around me, I time to save Rob, and so we were forc him as long as it was possible, and, inof the strangest reasons in the world. Directly above him, floating as

when this form turned its face toward It was truly her spirit or ghost that

bulwarks, with the intention of fling- it seemed that she had seen the glory of heaven, and been given of its radi-

Truly he was going to her; and so both of his presentments came true. Why the rope came to part us, and the aptain came to my side and asked talk, that I never spin yarns now. Somehow the face of Miss Nettie will In as few words as possible I told appear, and I live over again that that I had heard, and of Miss Nettie's Rob Ardenburg to the other world; and this brings up thoughts that pur

This was the only yarn that Harry Miss Nettie was never seen alive Oldham ever told us. Poor fellow! he's dead now, and a true, generous The crew, who had been brought on old salt left us when he went to Davy

sadder-hearted set of men could not | Poor fellow! he had no home to go too, no loved ones save those in heaven

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