

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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ANEMONE.

A wind-flower by the mountain stream, Where April's wayward breezes blow, And still in sheltered hollows gleam...

TO A BABY.

Well, dear little mortal, set down on life's portal, With never a question of hope or of will; Small pilgrim, set out On a journey of doubt...

HANNAH.

Great broken masses of black clouds were lying in the west; and through them, turning their ragged edges into gold, and laying long bars of light across the wind-tossed waves, streamed the setting sun.

Here, with the shawl drawn closely about her (for the October wind was chill, after the gale), stood Drusilla Ward. Her face was bright with the reflected glory of sky and sea, which made her almost beautiful.

She turned she saw her father, making his way slowly over the slippery rocks, and waited for him. Capt. Melancthon Ward—or Captain Link—as the Brayford people called him, was neither so young nor so active, as in the days when he went, master of the schooner Nancy Jane, "coasting down east," in the fishing season, for "freight and a market."

"The rheumatics" had given the old man many a twinge before he was ready to leave his active sea-life, to "make port and cast anchor" in Brayford Harbor.

He quickened his pace a little, when he saw Drusilla waiting for him. "Glad you're here, Zillie, to help me up the bank," he said.

She took one side of the basket of dripping herring, and they left the beach, taking a steep, stony path which led to the level above. Here, a few rods back, nestling in its own grove of twisted apple-trees, stood their cozy home.

ing so furiously against the house; and she was glad when Hannah woke and called her, "Zillie," she said, "lift me up on the pillow, want to tell you something. I mustn't die till I've told you. Will you forgive me?" and she looked at Drusilla, with great imploring eyes.

"Why, Hannah, I've nothing to forgive you," she said, as she raised the slight form to a more comfortable position. "Don't say that, Zillie, you don't know—but I hope and pray it isn't too late to undo the harm, and Zillie, make him forgive me, too, won't you? Promise."

Drusilla thought her delirious, and said gently, "Don't talk, Hannah, it tires you so; some other time you can tell me." A paroxysm of coughing seized the sick girl, but when she had recovered strength to speak, she said, "No, Zillie Ward, I must tell you now. Don't you know, I'm going to die? I was afraid you wouldn't come and it would be too late. It's about—about—Burton Allen. I did it, Zillie. Will you say now, you forgive me?"

"What letter do you mean, Hannah?" "The letter that made him go away. Didn't you know? What did you think it was?" Zillie only shook her head and hid her face on the bed. "I liked him so much, Zillie, I didn't think how wicked it was. I wanted to get him away from you, and I thought—I hoped, that then he would care for me, but it made no difference to me, for he went away, and I never saw him at all. 'I'm glad now I didn't—may be I wouldn't be so sorry for doing wrong, and be forgiven, if it had turned out as I wanted it. Don't cry so, Zillie. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Drusilla was weeping silently. It was harder for her than she had thought to forgive the girl who had so much trouble for her. But Hannah was so sorry, and so sick; she struggled with her own heart and said softly, "I will forgive you, Hannah, as God forgives me my own sins." After a little pause, Hannah asked for some cordial, which Drusilla gave her, saying so carefully that her mother, who was lying on the bed, should not hear.

"The sick girl smiled sadly and said, 'I do not wish it, but I want to tell you all about it now. Do you know what made me sick first, Zillie? It was just about a year ago now, that father wanted me to go on an errand, one night, to your house or him. I went right to your house for the moon was bright, and it didn't seem so lonesome as the road, and just as I got against Knuckle Rock, I heard you coming down the path, laughing and talking with some one. I don't know what made me, but I went close under the rock, and in a moment I saw you, and I went up and sat down there, almost over my head. I might have jumped up then, and laughed it off, but I didn't, and after that—when you were talking, I couldn't, you know, and so—I heard every word. Do you remember, Zillie?"

Drusilla bent her head. "Would she ever forget it?" she thought on the waves, their low plashing on the beach, as the tide rose; and above all, the words Burt Allen had spoken which had made her so happy then—so wretched since.

"While you sat there so happy together," Hannah continued, "I could have killed you both—I hated you, and I hated you, and I hated you, and I would never go away, and the tide kept rising, till it came up close to me, and wet my feet, and my dress."

"I heard you say, 'Mother!' so I went, Burt, for keeping me out so long," and he said, "I'll tell her that, I'll keep you always." "Don't say anything to her," said Zillie, and she went up the path again. I ran all the way home. Father said to me, 'You've had your walk for nothing. Capt. Link's been here,' so they never knew I didn't go up to your house. I was shaking with cold, but I didn't stay to get warm, I couldn't sleep all night, and in the morning I was sick—something—Satan may be—made me remember how much I like you, writing—and—don't hate me, Zillie—I wrote Burt a note. I remember every word in it. I've said it over a thousand times. This is it—I've thought over what you said last night, and decided that it is best for us both to forget it. Please say no more on the subject, but consider me always your friend." I didn't sign any name, but I knew he'd think it was from you.

Jim got his mother's letter in time for us to his hands in our place, and then we made a straight wake for Brayford. "Come in a boat from Longport, didn't you? I see one beatin' in towards Little Cove a spell ago?" Mrs. Ward was bustling about getting supper, to which she now called them. "Draw up, Burt," said Capt. Link, "and have supper. You'll enjoy you see, claims, and fresh, though, caught 'em to-day. Set by, set by." Burt stood a moment, chair in hand, then gave a quick look at Drusilla, said, "I will, Capt. Link, if you give me Zillie."

Capt. Link helped himself bountifully, before he slowly replied, "Better set by then, for you can't see Zillie were again later. When Burt and Zillie were again on Knuckle Rock, she told him all Hannah's sad story, and her promise to ask him to forgive her.

"She paid dear enough for it all," said Burt. "Forgive her, yes. Poor little Hannah."—Democrat's Monthly.

Marvels of Railroad Building. The distance by rail from Los Angeles to Yuma, upon the Colorado River, is 248 miles. The distance from Yuma to Mesquite Wells, in Mohave Arizona, is 150 miles. The rail is now within 55 miles of Maricopa Wells, and track is being laid at the rate of 10 miles each week.

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GENTLEMEN WHO LACE.

Devices for securing a Fine Fit—Are Claims of Benefits to be Derived. (From Forney's Progress.) In 1861 and 1862, while many American gentlemen were engaged in a discussion down on the Potomac, there were several serious questions agitating England. They were fought in the newspapers, and have not, it is feared, been satisfactorily settled to this day.

—The new kid gloves are woven at the top with three wells, half an inch apart, and to this a lace fall at the top is frequently added.

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CHIEF.

A Washington special says it is estimated that within the past year 6,000 citizens of Kentucky have settled in Illinois and Indiana, besides people from other Southern States.

—The following we clip from the Boston Express, in regard to the First National Bank of that place, of which the Bank at this place is a branch.

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Advertisement for 'HIRE' with large stylized text and a small illustration of a person.

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