

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.  
D. L. THOMAS, Publisher.  
D. CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA  
ON THE SHORE.  
Down on the golden sand,  
With careless feet,  
Through sun-dappled shadows stand—  
The children sweet.  
Gently, as if at play,  
The green grass waves  
Make music to the wind,  
And kiss the waves.  
Little children know  
Upon the shore  
How the wind blows  
And how it blows.  
How ships meet and miscanthos,  
And sail on the sea,  
This blessed ignorance  
Is childhood's crown.  
Beside another sea,  
These children stand,  
From all its fears still free,  
On childhood's crown.  
O mighty sea of life,  
O perilous life,  
Where storms are always rife  
And death abides!  
Fall softly on the land  
Where childhood lingers,  
Bathing in the foam of sand  
With rosy fingers;  
For children need not hear  
Your raging wind,  
Nor see—how waves are clear—  
Your tide defied.  
Nor mark, with hearts that bleed,  
How waves go down;  
The ignorance that is needed  
Is childhood's crown.  
FROM FIRST TO LAST.  
"Tell me the worst at once, doc."  
Even if I had not seen the man's face,  
Should have felt sure from the voice  
That it was no time for falsehood or  
fiction. Yet there was reason in his  
either. Mr. Eldery was unnecessarily  
alarmed. The lady, his wife's sister,  
had been taken with a succession  
of fainting fits, the result of fatigue  
and long journey to Colorado  
Springs. She had been thrown from a  
carriage six weeks before, her brother-  
in-law told me, and sustained an injury  
to the head, and the trip had been  
undertaken by the advice of a New York  
physician, who considered an immedi-  
ate change necessary.  
I was glad to assure him that there  
was no danger, and that she would  
be completely recovered in a few days.  
I had complete rest, and was not sorry  
that he urged me to see her the next  
day, and still the next. He was ex-  
ceedingly anxious about her until, in  
the course of two or three weeks, she  
began to make rapid progress towards  
recovery. At the end of a month he  
made arrangements to return East,  
leaving her in the little hotel to which  
they had come on the night of her ar-  
rival, the house which was the nearest  
approach to a home that I had found  
since the beginning of my professional  
existence, twelve years before.  
I would like to tell you that she is nom-  
inally in your care, Dr. Jenks, "her  
brother said to me before he went away."  
She will stay several months, I hope,  
and I shall come for her when she  
thinks best to return home.  
She was a most lovely and interesting  
woman; not young, for the hair which  
had been cut short after the accident  
was just touched with gray. Her  
physician's eye could easily detect the  
fact that there was something wrong in  
the spiritual nature, which reacted on  
the physical, that in spite of Colorado  
air and sunshine and fresh mountain  
scenery, she was ill and strong and happy,  
it was a struggle against great odds.  
I said a physician's eye, yet with me it  
had become a lover's also. Agnes  
Kingdom grew very pale as I spoke, but  
my mother, for whom I had ever cared,  
and from the first I realized the utter  
hopelessness of my affection. I could  
not ignore the unreasoning, intuitive  
knowledge I felt, that she had  
lived through the greatest experience  
of a woman's life, that it had saddened  
prematurely old, that it had saddened  
happy nature, yet that hers was a fidel-  
ity unto death. Unreasonably, help-  
lessly, I only loved her the more for  
this belief.  
As the weeks went on and she grew  
no stronger, she became a little anxious  
about herself, and finally spoke to me  
about it. I could make but one an-  
swer.  
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a bodily ail—a trouble which no physi-  
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am doing my best, however."  
She tried hard to smile. The white  
lips quivered, the delicate face never  
looked so patient or heroic. Instinctively  
I caught her hands.  
"You have my sympathy," I ex-  
claimed. "I wish I could help you; I  
wish I could."  
"I do not know what else I might have  
said had she not turned away from  
me, and before she saw what I felt was  
in my face."  
"I believe you, I thank you," she said,  
simply, and without another word,  
went out of the room.  
It was five months before her brother  
came for her. It is plain that he ex-  
pected to find her much better than she  
really was.  
"Her letters have given us no idea  
that she was so delicate," he said, "and  
that it would not be like her to con-  
ceal."  
"Of course, as her brother," I began,  
with some embarrassment, "you under-  
stand that much to do with her physical  
condition. She has so far honored me  
with her confidence that I know—"  
"Curse him!" he muttered under his  
breath, springing up and pacing the  
floor, "no realising in his excitement  
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has been killing her by inches for  
years and years. He would be more  
merciful."  
"I cried, checking him by my  
grasp upon his shoulder. "You are  
telling me more than I have any right  
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"He looked at me keenly.  
"I thought you knew already."  
"I do not tell her, either."  
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"And you," he added, after a long  
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did not say what I had said."  
"In that moment he read my  
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"If she could have loved a man worth  
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Something went out of my life with  
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that consciousness helped me somewhat  
to bear its loss. Two years later I was  
thankful for an opportunity to see my  
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"However, of the friends I was to meet  
that of her whom in all probability I  
should never see again.  
Sydney had changed more in the ten  
years that had elapsed since our last  
meeting than any member of our class,  
whose reunion we had had to cele-  
brate. He was now a man of  
fifty, and was sitting again in  
the 88 of the Old North Middle, look-  
ing at each other through curling  
smoke across the table covered with  
books and papers. The  
Literature belonged to a younger

generation of students, in whose apart-  
ments we were temporarily located.  
The pipes and cigars we had added to  
gave a little present life to the old room,  
haunted by countless ghosts of a dead  
and gone past.  
Sydney was as handsome a fellow as  
six feet of height, a corresponding  
breadth of chest, a fine complexion  
and a mass of wavy black curls, which  
could make him. We agreed that it was  
the ornament of our class in an intel-  
lectual sense as truly as in an intel-  
lectual one. He was a good-natured  
fellow, a good companion, full of fun,  
prone to see the best in everybody and  
everything, and his popularity was im-  
mense. He graduated with high  
honors, and was a lawyer with a suc-  
cessful and growing practice when we  
met four years later; but here, at the  
end of ten more, was the mere sug-  
gestion of his old self. The brilliant  
eyes and teeth were there, though  
dimmed and dulled, the hair was  
thinner and straighter than in the old  
college days. But it was not the  
physical change that was so plainly  
marked. The spirit, the vigor, the  
force, and not for the better. He  
had become cynical, skeptical, re-  
served, and at times even morose—a  
disappointment and a puzzle to all his  
friends. He spoke of his New York  
life with a kind of morose confidence,  
as our talk went on toward midnight.  
That had been the old fashion.  
"You know how to make some al-  
lowance for the change," I said.  
I laughed. "It is something new  
to have to make allowances for you,  
Meredith."  
"There is need enough now—days  
I had to be introduced to myself every  
six months, and even then find it hard  
work to keep up the acquaintance."  
"I'm not going to beat about the bush,  
Meredith. Tell me straight, what you  
know, and I believe it will be a blessing  
to you to tell me."  
"Everything has gone wrong with  
me, Jenks, and I am growing more  
about it is that I cannot for the life of me  
see how, or in what way I have been  
blamed."  
"Not business, surely," I began.  
"Oh, brother business," he interrupted,  
"business isn't everything in life."  
"A man has lived to little purpose if  
he has not learned that before he is  
thirty-five," I asserted.  
"I have fine office," he went on,  
"countless clients, plenty of money,  
and—my recollections of the woman  
I loved."  
"I felt that I had the explanation at  
last."  
"Where is she?" I asked.  
"Grand Canal, Venice; at least I  
heard so the other day—located there  
for the winter. She is carrying on  
with her married sister and will stay  
there very likely with the family."  
"Then, of course, everything is over  
between you. But it was a long en-  
gagement to be broken so."  
"And she broke it, Jenks; the most  
faithful and loving woman I ever con-  
ceived of. Read this." He took a note  
from his pocket, tossing it across at  
me. "I'll read it to you, for I have  
never found out." It bore a date of two  
years previous:  
"My dear Sydney—In reply to your mes-  
sage of the 15th inst., I am better for  
both it and my love."  
"Agnes Kingdom?" I exclaimed.  
"You do not know her," he asked.  
"You wrote to me of her, you know,"  
I answered, evasively, "but I have no  
memory for names."  
"But tell me what it means," he re-  
peated, absorbed in his first thought.  
"I have written you a long letter, more  
than all my cases put together."  
"What was the message?" I asked.  
"Oh, of course, I ought to tell you  
that Agnes was but a child when she  
went to see her as often as I could—  
every week or ten days. As she could  
hardly speak or look at me, I was  
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"I met her afterwards—in Colorado."  
"And she told you—"  
"Nothing. I was her physician. I  
saw for myself."  
"And you love her, Jenks?"  
The words were a great cry. My face  
had told its own story, as it had done  
once before.  
"Hopefully," I answered, "she will  
never give me up. Agnes Kingdom is a  
woman who will never love twice. She  
filled in your life the place of a neg-  
lected, disappointed woman, until the  
position grew intolerable. Don't wonder  
that I told it to you years before."  
The fire had died out. There were  
only ashes in the grate, as in the lives  
of these two—a patient, loving woman,  
an unappreciative, selfish man.  
I did not tell Sydney Meredith again  
for two years, though we corresponded  
with our old irregularity. At the  
end of that time, while making a vacation  
through Switzerland, I caught  
sight of the face of Agnes Kingdom at  
the window of a diligence, on the road  
from Chamouni to Geneva. She did  
not see me. It was just as well so.  
Three days later I encountered my old  
friend Meredith in London en route for  
Liverpool.  
"Jenks, old fellow," he said, heartily,  
"I never gave me the lesson of my life!  
I'd have to teach an old dog new tricks,  
but I've done pretty well, I believe. I  
wrote to Agnes Kingdom the day after  
our last talk together. I just thought  
I'd tell you what I've been writing  
ever since." This summer I came over  
to see her—have just left her with her  
party in Switzerland. I'm a different  
man from the fellow who was with  
you in London in time she may love  
me as she did once. You can't say now,  
as you did once, that I'm all wrong from  
first to last; can you, Jenks?"  
"Somewhat," as I recalled the sweet  
serenity of the face I had seen in the  
old diligence, it seemed to me that I  
knew the first of her story and of his  
had been told me. I was no more sure  
than that either of them what the last  
of it might be.—Woman's Journal.  
Wholesale Pork.  
The truth of the cut, adage, "the  
devil is in pork," must be quite gen-  
erally conceded if the most common  
and most pernicious of diseases, febrile  
and bilious disorders be taken for a sufficient  
penetration of his satanic majesty.  
But as a temperate eater of the flesh  
of properly-grown, homo-raised hogs,  
I am convinced that such is not neces-  
sarily the case, and that pork might take  
as high rank in point of healthfulness  
in comparison with other meats as at  
times in palatability. The deleterious  
consequences attendant on its use are  
clearly traceable to the abuse of man  
and not to the fault of the creature. The  
simple fact is, swine have for ages  
been fattened in close-sties reeking with  
filth, and fed on a confused mass of de-  
composing stuff a part of which has,  
perhaps, been fermenting in the  
larder for days or even weeks. It is  
only necessary to mention as coordinate  
with this treatment, that wholesale  
process by which hogs are furnished to  
the market from the distilleries.  
If there is any relation between cause  
and effect, how can it be expected that  
pork produced under such noxious con-  
ditions can be a healthful food? It is  
a significant fact that those countries  
are so notoriously bad that municipal  
authorities usually prohibit or regulate  
the keeping of swine within city limits.  
Even the constitutions of the hogs  
themselves have been ruined by the  
continued abuse, as trichina, cholera,  
kidney and other diseases prevalent  
among them attest. It is safe to affirm  
that the livers of a large majority of  
hogs are pitted and mottled with  
fleshy ulcers; yet from its very fre-  
quency, few think of pronouncing the  
hog unsound simply because it has a  
diseased liver. Another point to be  
remembered is, that the disease of  
liver is in itself an indiscreet as an  
article of general consumption, is found  
in the ill-developed system of breeding  
pigs with a view of producing a carcass  
of thick-skinned, clear fat. As a result  
of the long, deep-bodied, sweet-meated  
swine of twenty-five years ago with  
their alternate streaks of fat and lean,  
are rarely to be found. So universal  
has this system of breeding become,  
that a strong protest from the pork  
dealers of England has been made,  
stating in substance, that the hogs of  
yours must be bred again, or the exten-  
sive trade in bacon in that country must  
cease.  
The simple remedy for the evils com-  
plained of is of course found in revers-  
ing the conditions. Homopaths, who  
have their offices in other places, will not  
cure here. I have been long con-  
vinced that persons of enterprise who  
understand the subject would find it  
both a lucrative and sanitary method  
to grow hogs according to all the hygienic  
conditions requisite to make the pro-  
duct healthful and reliable. Their  
market would be first sought at the  
tables of select consumers who would  
be as able and willing to pay an ad-  
vance price for what might be termed  
fancy pork, as for fancy butter. It is  
probably too much to expect to suc-  
cessfully oppose the greed of hog raisers,  
with a mere appeal to the laws of health.  
But independently of this, if intelligent  
consumers would demand, and persist  
in demanding, a better article, the  
policy would get it. Through notions of  
if not of philanthropy; and certainly  
the great farming communities of the  
West and South, on whose tables pork  
is served one to three times a week,  
it is to be hoped, that they will be  
induced to raise the proper stock, in  
fields and cleanly kept comfortable  
pens, with suitable food and drink, and  
not be satisfied with doing things no  
better than their fathers did. A tendency  
in this direction would do much  
in exorcising the devil from the pork  
of our day and indirectly from the human  
system.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.  
Care of Fruit Trees.  
A CORRESPONDENT of the New York  
Tribune makes the following sensible  
suggestion upon feeding fruit trees:  
"When enriching the soil so as to pro-  
duce a good crop of corn and potatoes,  
do not forget to apply a liberal dressing  
to the too often neglected orchard.  
Rotation of crops cannot be followed  
with fruit trees, hence a greater  
necessity of systematically roturing  
the soil, so far as may be done, those  
elements consumed in the production  
of a crop of fruit. After an orchard  
comes into bearing it is commonly con-  
sidered able therefor to take care of  
itself—the owner seldom failing to  
inspect fair returns, and the orchard  
reason is obvious; the trees are slowly  
starved, and the fruit becomes scraggy  
or small in quantity. Alternate bear-  
ing years are a result of this treatment,  
as is shown by the abundant crops  
that may be obtained every year by  
thorough cultivation, provided frosts  
do not interfere. The barren year is  
nature's method of aiding the tree to  
collect from rain and atmosphere the  
material for a productive year. It is  
just as reasonable to expect that a good  
crop of corn can be taken annually for  
a series of years from a field to which  
nothing has been restored as to expect  
fruit to maintain its excellence on soil  
that is constantly growing thinner and  
poorer in needed material.  
"SHALL I help you to aught?" said a  
young gentleman, addressing a bounding  
country girl, who was preparing to  
jump from a carriage. "Thank you,  
I don't sweet!" replied the girl, "but I  
don't smoke."  
ONE of the most stunning costumes at  
Old Orchard is worn by a lady who re-  
sides there. "Mrs. — and made."

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.  
A HEN may be calculated to consume  
sixteen pounds of grain in a year and lay  
fifteen pounds of eggs.  
MOSQUITOES are said to be expelled  
or disabled by placing a little bunch of  
grass on some burning paper in the  
bedroom.  
MILK in any form is good for pol-  
try. Mixing it with ground feed is not  
only nutritious and healthy for chicks,  
but it is one of the best articles of food  
for fattening fowls and for producing  
eggs.  
MILK LEMONADE.—Loaf sugar, one  
and a half pounds, dissolved in a quart  
of boiling water, with a half pint of  
milk. This makes a capital summer  
beverage.  
REMOVE the corn from the ground  
and plow the stubble under if land is  
to be sown in the fall. A frequent meth-  
od is to sow the seed upon the stubble  
and then cover it by plowing a light fur-  
row. The surface is then harrowed or  
left rough.  
MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cupful of  
molasses, two cupfuls of sugar, two  
thirds cupful of hot water, two-thirds  
cupful of lard or butter, one egg, one  
teaspoonful of alum, one teaspoonful of  
saleratus, and two teaspoonfuls of gin-  
ger. These ingredients will make ninety  
to 110 cookies.  
BEEF HASH.—Two tumbler of hot  
water, a large spoonful of butter, three  
tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and  
some of finely bread crumbs, a dash  
highly with cayenne pepper, adding  
three tumbler of cold beef, minced.  
It should all be stirred well together  
and served as soon as hot.  
EXCELLENT WHITE CAKE.—Two  
cupfuls of granulated sugar, beaten to  
a cream with a scant cup of butter, then  
add a third of a cup of sweet milk, the  
whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff  
froth, and three and a half cups of  
sifted flour. Stir the egg whites  
with yeast powder mixed with it. Flavor  
and bake in a moderate oven.  
WHEN puffs or wind-galls appear on  
the ankles of young colts, they may be  
broken, and the inflammation cured, by  
similarly defective. In this case the  
bleish will be incurable. The only  
treatment is to prick the puff and put a  
bandage wet with equal parts of oil  
to keep a constant pressure on it.  
FRENCH RABBIT.—Take three  
ounces of cheese, cut it in small square  
pieces and set it to fry with a little  
piece of butter. When browned, add  
with salt and pepper. Four them  
upon your cheese. Stir and roll it all  
into a sort of muff and take it off.  
The whole preparation should not take more  
than one or two minutes. Try it.  
EGGS can be preserved in lime, sack-  
ed as if for whitewash. The eggs are  
packed in barrels or brick vats, and  
covered with a layer of lime. The lime  
is preserved and equally well for do-  
mestic use by smearing them, when  
perfectly fresh, with lime-soil, so as  
to cover the shell with a complete film.  
They are then packed in fine cut hay, straw,  
chaff, oats, or bran, and kept in a cool,  
dry place.  
BUTTER-MILK CHEESE.—You can  
make delicious little cheeses by mixing  
up a quart of milk with a little cream,  
and straining it through a bag, mixing  
the curd with a little cream, butter and  
salt, then pressing it into a small basin  
or cup for a few hours. It is very nice  
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