

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

ECHOES.

My loving father, I can see,
How kind, how dear he is!
My mother's face comes back to me,
To my heart with love.

Her kiss now.

So early, so tendering!

How sweet and low!

How accents low!

How often we used to cheering!

At those scenes years and years ago,

These echoes on my dull ears heat!

Where maple woodlands blush with joy,
I am a simple, young and gay—

A child that knows no guile.

My eyes are still,

Yet, when at this scene she glances,

Her eyes are still,

My very soul entwines,

These echoes on my dull ears heat!

I see a little shrub rose,

Its face in sunbeams clad;

About the house till day is done;

Oh, how I love it!

He holds my chair,

Sits on my hat,

His hands are still pressed,

At three score years and ten, how sweet

These echoes on my dull ears heat!

My parents rest with Him above,

You're the best, truest love I have,

As I did for you.

Each of them stars—

Your voice is enchanting!

I'm old—the snow is falling!

But, oh, how cold it is now!

These echoes on my dull ears heat!

G. W. Dasher, in *Detroit Free Press*.

REMEMBERED.

They were at tea, Judge Provost, Mrs. Provost and their son Fenn. The Judge was not behaving perfectly well; that is, he was snubbing the other two persons at the table. This is not to be wondered at, perhaps. Being a lawyer and a man of law, he was bound to suppose that he might be impatient with the vague arguments in which they were indulging, and their illogical deductions. He was, therefore, not in a favorable mood for an interruption to his remarks. The interruption was caused by a loud and startling blow against the front door, which brought the two Provosts to their feet. In the same instant they cried out, "What on earth?" "What the mischief?" The first exclamation was from the Judge; the second was an interjection from Madam Provost; the last was from Fenn.

The Judge turned to the front door, jerked it open, and stood "out" on the sidewalk. Mrs. Provost and Fenn followed him. Again they all uttered an exclamation of surprise at the spectacle which met their view.

Before them was an enormous cabbage, burst into four fragments by the momentum with which it had met the door. Each of the three spectators said angrily, "Who could have thrown it?"

The Judge ran out upon the sidewalk; so did Fenn. They looked up the street, and down, putting up their hands as eye shields from the setting sun.

"There he is!" "There he goes!" they cried.

"I believe it's that Fancher's young boy," "The boy who is, if I have to chase him to the state's line!"

With this, the Judge started off on a furious chase, followed by Fenn.

"Do come back, Judge, and get your hat!" cried Mrs. Provost, leaning over the porch-railing, with a fragment or two of the rent cabbage in hand.

Fenn, too, was chasing himself, only able to catch the Fancher boy to account.

But the Judge, heedless of entreaty or advice, kept on the chase.

At the end of a block of houses the fugitive disappeared around the corner; but the Judge, who was a famous runner, pressed on with strides both long and rapid, left Fenn scarcely disengaged. But the Fancher boy had good starts, and was fast as a deer. He turned a second corner, a third, and a fourth, and was yet beyond the Judge's clutch.

From doors and windows and sidewalks people were watching the race, laughing and asking what was the matter. One or two of them cried "Chief! thief!" when joined the chase. Of course, the Judge had no time or breath for exclamations.

Suddenly the flying boy paused, panting, at a gate. The Judge saw his hand on the latch, and at once leaped the fence at the corner of the yard, and went bounding diagonally across the lawn, as the fugitive dashed through the gate, and was heading up the walk to the porch of the house.

The Judge reached the bottom step just as the boy's foot was lifted toward the top one. There was one upward bound from the pursuer, the outreaching of a long, strong arm, and the clutch thought he was in the hands of a giant.

The sloeblower's family goes here, the doctor's family, unmedicated, so it is said. It may be that a magistrate's unfeeling punishments may have his share of unfeeling justice left out. In the case of Judge Provost, it must be said he was a good Judge when seated on his trade-bench in the public service. Yet in his private life I am afraid he had no time or breath for such administration.

Young Fancher should have been punished. Any boy should be punished who bursts a cabbage-head, or anything else, against a Judge's door, or anybody's door, or any part of anybody's house, scaring people out of their wits and thus appaling them.

The boy, still more excited by the laughter and shouts of the people, and by his heated panting condition, I am sorry to say, administered a punishment out of proportion to the offense committed. Without asking the boy if he was the cabbage-thinner, and why he had thrown the vegetable, without asking any questions, he had him stand on the steps of the porch, pesting a foot on the top step, turned the trembling, panting boy across his leg, and laid on a dozen or more astonishing blows, the long arm swinging them with tremendous leverage.

That the boy would utter loud cries was to be expected; what boy would not? That the children of the people in the town was also to be expected. The door of the Fancher residence was thrown open; out came the Fancher mother, the Fancher sister, and the Fancher maid, all asking questions and uttering indignant exclamations. To their excited inquiries, the Judge, redoubled his efforts, but kept indifferently administered.

"This little man what the matter is," he at length said, standing the shrieking boy up with a steady, adjusting snake.

"Good evening!" he added, hastening down the steps toward the gate.

"You had better hurry away before Mr. Fancher comes in!" shrieked the lad's mother.

"My father will make you pay for this!" cried the Fancher daughter, her black eyes blazing. "He'll have you arrested for assault and battery!"

"An' it would serve ye right to be taikin' kauld in the naked head of ye!" said the indignant servant girl; "abatin' the darlin' like a savage that ye are!"

Then the boy explained, his sob separating adjectives from their lawful nouns, and verbs from their subjects.

"What was the cause of the trou-

ble?"

"I didn't go to do it; I went to throw the cabbage at a snow-bird, oh! and it went ker-bang against Judge Provost's door, oh! And, oh me! everybody, oh! came running out—oh! like I'd murdered Judge Provost—oh! and they took after me, like I was a thief—oh!

They had been forgotten. It had been remembered. "Even before I could come to him, some one had been here before me."

"An' it would serve ye right to be taikin' kauld in the naked head of ye!"

said the indignant servant girl; "abatin' the darlin' like a savage that ye are!"

She fell on her knees; she carried the flowers to her quivering lips; tears like

rain wet the white petals. "Dear, pitying friend," she murmured, "I kiss thee with the kiss of eternal gratitude!"

She replaced the lilies, and with a new, sweet sense of the common brotherhood of all men, entreated grace that she might be allowed to keep her boy—payed for pleasant visions to tell about the perverseness of hens who will lay well enough when eggs are cheap, but will quit entirely as soon as the price goes up." "I know that they don't like much care of his hens in winter because they don't lay enough to pay for what they eat," never once thinking that the failure to produce eggs results from lack of proper food, shelter and care. Many farmers who use common sense in caring for their flocks, however, send their hens to a wonderful school of ignorance and stupidity when it comes to managing poultry, and the flocks of twenty or thirty hens instead of being a source of "revenue" barely pay their expenses.

A little green measuring worm went crawling over her cuff. With gentle reverence she moved it to a blade of grass. In her tenderness, she could not harm it. She put farther back the slight pain to persuade his hens to lay in cold weather. They grumble and growl about their fowls, and are continually rehearsing the same old story about the perverseness of hens who will lay well enough when eggs are cheap, but will quit entirely as soon as the price goes up."

Miss Kate was between fourteen and fifteen years old. She was a bold, masculine girl, and was a favorite with the rough boys of the neighborhood, as well as with a few rough girls. She was known as Captain Kate for several blocks beyond her neighborhood limits. She led her boys in skating and skating, and in ball-hopping, planning the roll of wheels. She looked up the winding road, and started to see in the carriage Kate Fancher.

"I will beckon her, and here, beside his grave, I will put away all enmity against her."

She stood up. A spot of yellow on the ground showed where she stood. It was a girl's flower-bottle and on it read Kate's full name. She knew then who had placed there the water-lilies.

As the carriage stopped, she held out the golden calyx. The two women looked into each other's eyes. The mother knew then that the other in penitence had come out from the joyful city to lay the lilies on her soldier's grave.

Kate came down the carriage steps, and in a moment, without the utterance of a word, the women were in each other's arms.

Down at the cemetery gate sounded the muffled drum; up the walk came the measured tread of men in blue. To the side of the gate, a group of uniformed figures, the Provosts were buried to their hips. As he was drifting into a delightful half-sleeping state, and was seemingly dropping down a peaceful pace to the murmur of soft music. The din lasted an hour.

The next night, Kate's clan built a pyramid of combustibles in the field in front of the Judge's residence, and the Judge was not there to witness the burning. The Provosts were buried to their hips amid the laughing and jeering of a crowd of boys.

It may be that the Judge felt that his undue severity to the Fancher boy merited some punishment. However this may have been, he allowed the insults to pass with the remark that the children would be punished when he was not noticed. But Fenn was very angry. He felt that he must do something to shame Captain Kate or vex her; but what? What could he, one middle-sized boy, do against Captain Kate's host?

"There she comes now," he said, looking up the street. "She makes her sides to a boy's. I am going to do something to her."

"She's afraid for her little boy," was Kate's sneering taunt; "afraid some body will whip him."

"I'm not afraid, if she is!" exclaimed Fenn, stoutly.

"Aren't you?" said Captain Kate, fixing his face with her fan. "That's to pay for us."

Four Prospectors Lost in a Snow Storm.

The readers of the *Journal* have been furnished with numerous accounts of mine accidents, murders, suicides, and mishaps of various kinds in the past, but one of the most horrible adventures that has become the part of the reporter to chronicle for the past few weeks, is that which a party of prospectors underwent while seeking their way to the Mount of the Holy Cross.

A party of four, consisting of Messrs. Parker, Benjamin, George Ross and Walsen, started out on their journey under the happiest auspices. Full of hope with the brilliant prospect of wealth and happiness that was before them, they started out on their quest for gold in the most favorable season of the year.

There was the valentine persecution, the anonymous letter persecution, the doggerel-verse persecution, the insatiable newspaper squib, the social cut, the sights, direct and indirect, etc.

At the end of the eight years Fenn and Kate's brother both enlisted, for it was now in the time of our civil war; and Kate, a widow, with two sons, and two daughters, a man of large wealth, went to work as a nurse.

From the battle of Five Forks, Fenn was brought home dead; and his mother stood appalled at finding herself in a world such suffering as hers could be.

When his heart emerged from its dimples in the next phase of sorrow, it was the first time he had seen his mother again, and his anguish ended, and penitence fearing that the violence of the wind would, during the time they were sheltering, tear the trees from their fastenings.

The steep hill in a fifty barn-yard really not much more than cressips in which are collected the liquid manures that ought to be saved and applied to the soil, are often the unsuspected sources of disease in our live stock. Well analysis of the waters from these wells would exhibit the presence of ammonia, which is valuable for fertilization, to the soil.

There was the valentine persecution, the anonymous letter persecution, the doggerel-verse persecution, the insatiable newspaper squib, the social cut, the sights, direct and indirect, etc.

This was the beginning of a feud which raged for a couple of years, and then subsided.

After wandering around through the mountains for two or three days they retraced their steps in order to find a comfortable camping place and make a new start.

They had started out snow on their portions of the trail, and had started out snow on their portions of the trail.

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