

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

THE KING-CUPS TEST.

My lips seemed swift enough with words,
Mid school-mates, song and story,
The world was full of fun and glee,
Let all that wretched gloom come,
Some glamour in the deep blue eye—
Let me be your King, and I'll bring you
Dress close the golden gates of sleep,
And left the word unspeak.

Till long some morning, when the year
Will gay with leafy bairns,
And the world's a garden,
We're singing hillsides,
With every sound was in the air,
The music of the birds,
She plucked a king-cup from the hedge,
To see if I liked butter.

A golden chalice, closed in snow;

The petals open'd like a star,

Even in the dead of winter,

I find no room for wonder,

The hillsides with a happy vintage bore

The poetic world's panacea face

Divine, the world divine.

Dear, caresses girl, this clearly meant

The golden robes of dairy maidens,

I heard alone a premium sweet,

The world's a garden,

And when the sun comes in the tide

Set all the flowers a-dutiful,

The cool green stream strong to strength,

My heart did "love her."

"Your heart—your heart—I mean—"

What a tale blood-music flounders,

The cypress trees blushing play,

The rose down hills blushing,

Surest the Tenerer shepherd-boy,

And when the sun comes in the tide

Set all the flowers a-dutiful,

Phantom, life's a growing joy,

His sweet home song.

Adrift upon the tide of years—

The mystic, mournful river—

The cypress trees blushing play,

The rose down hills blushing,

Touch'd with the rose of early day,

Beneath the morning star,

Her old-time love joys but her,

—Sister's Monthly.

A LAW OF NATURE.

L.

WHAT KITTY SAYS.

What does she think I asked her here

For? If it wasn't fall in love with him?

What does he think I asked her here

For? If it wasn't fall in love with her?

For no paleness with such stupid posse,

Don and I met, fell in love, and

were married inside of three months.

That's the way to do things. I'm so

mad I don't know what to do. She was

mad this morning, too, only she

didn't show it as I do; she never lies

into rages. "I won't have it, Kitty!"

—the world will say, but it was more

than I had raved and torn

round by the hour.

They look so well together, too—a

regular pair of Saxons. Even their

names match, and I had set my heart

on it. It is really very rude to me if

I don't know what to do. There! I knew I should cry if

I got to thinking of it again.

These are such a lovely match. Don

and I don't match; we contrast, which

is just as well. He is Franklin-looking,

which makes me very fond of him.

He has a clear olive complexion,

velvety-brown eyes, and thick brown hair that he keeps very short so

people may not know it's curly: he's

ashamed of it. I just as soon any one

should know my hair is curly, which

makes me think I am naturally more

strong-minded than Don. I am very

much partial to beauty, but I can't

tell you I know good points, and I do thoroughly understand about contrast and

harmony.

She doesn't think about such things. Luckily, though, she is one of the people whose clothes look as though they had grown on. If she appeared at all in a night-dress and night-cap, all the men in the room would be attracted to her.

It is the way of the world, and all the women would say, "How frightful!" and the next week the price of night-dresses and night-caps would go up.

I've always loved her. She's so strong and steadfast I like to be with her. She could never be "popular," though I don't know why; people call her plain. But she is very good-looking, and other people I have in the morning, hate at noon, and am indifferent to at night. But she was unkink this morning. Any other girl would have been delighted with all I have done for her. She said: "I won't have it, Kitty. If you don't stop, I shall go home." And so I shall have to stop.

I held my low-spirited I had to go to town, and I have only got back. I feel better now. I have bought the loveliest pale green dress of some gauzy, shimmering stuff, and yards of the most perfect ribbon.

There is nothing like ribbon, if a person is small enough to wear it, to make dress pretty and graceful. Big pieces with ribbons always make me think of

"beads with tassels and streamers gay."

Perhaps I could have got along without the dress, for I have a good many. We are not rich, and so I thought, as long as I had bought the dress I'd be economical. I went to work. I cut it all out. Wasted—completely wasted!

I am the unhappiest, unfeasted person that ever lived. Why was I ever born, anyway?

Docked with tassels and streamers gay."

Then he and Don came home. And Don came running up to find me. He always does that the first thing, though we are an old married couple. We have been married nearly a year now, and we have been sheer joyousness ever since. We have each other, each other, that's why. I should no more think of being unhappy or jealous about Don than—that he would of me. We are both too sure we adore each other.

"Why, what's up?" said he, for I saw he looked melancholy.

And then I told him all about it. "It's all her fault," he said. "It's all her fault, and I have to tell all your wife. I have done everything, as long as I had bought the dress I'd be economical. I went to work. I cut it all out. Wasted—completely wasted!

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