

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

Oh! we meet again! 'Tis the morning,

Of the familiar work that men repeat.

At parting in the street,

As if all there but when death intervenes!

Remains as tender, with what conscious pain

We wait for the AGAIN!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sor-

row of parting, as we feel it, who must stay

to do the familiar work that men repeat.

Who would we were, when we wake upon the morrow,

Who would we were, should on the farther shore

Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,

That we shall be a legend, with men repeat.

We cry to them, and send

Forewords that better might be called predic-

tions.

Being forewordings of the future, thrown

into the vast unknown.

Each epoch of the confuses of our reason,

And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Wisdom comes to us, then only for a season

Our parting here, nor shall we wait in vain

For the next meeting.

—Atlantic Monthly.

MISTAKEN FOR A HIGHWAYMAN.

A stalwart, but tired-looking horse-

man was riding toward the village of

Mossy Brook, at the close of a sultry after-

noon. He was dressed in a plain, but

well-made, but somewhat faded, suit of

clothing. His face was pale, and his

eyes were heavy, as if he had been

working hard. He was riding at a

slow, steady pace, and was looking

down at the ground with a thoughtful

expression. He was riding on a

well-bred horse, which was trotting

steadily. The horse was well-groomed

and had a good deal of spirit. The

man was riding in the middle of the

road, and was looking toward the

village with a look of anxiety. He

was riding at a slow, steady pace,

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man was riding in the middle of the

insisted the others; and they went out

to the barn to reassess themselves.

Meanwhile the stranger, having gone

into the barn and made his garments some-

what more tidy, dismounted an old gray

horse, and bathed, and, calling for

plaster, dressed it.

"How did you get that wound,

friend?" asked the landlord, curious to

know. "A falling-bough in the storm last

night," was the answer, carelessly.

"I did not think it so severe a cut.

So much to do to my horse, I

hardly gave it a thought."

"Where might you be from, sir?"

continued the landlord, not exactly sat-

isfied with the answer.

"I might be from any quarter of the

world you choose," said the stranger;

"and if I told you from England, I

don't know that it would make you any

wiser. If I begin to catechise a tired

man, I get weary, and you, I am sure,

will not be long to do the same."

"Humph!" grunted the landlord, as

he ordered a table ready for his bluff

visitor, and, as he looked at the stranger,

he ain't a rough customer, and I suppose

character. I'll keep an eye on him."

While the stranger was at breakfast,

those who had been to inspect the horse

reappeared, and, as they were talking

to the landlord about it, they agreed to

ask the stranger how she came into his

possession as soon as he had finished

his breakfast.

"He had a heap of money about him

when he went away, yesterday," said

the innkeeper, shaking his head in a

suspicious manner.

"Look here, stranger," said one of

the loafers, as he rose from the table

and came forth, "ain't that same Dun-

bar's mare, that you hid here?"

"I don't know him. Why do you ask

me?" said the stranger, frowning at

what he considered village impertin-

ence.

"But we know his mare; and that's

her, sure as a star. He left her here,

where he lives, yet you forenoon on her

back, and you must have met him, else

how come you to be here?"

"I don't know her, and I don't know

two hundred miles, and I couldn't tell

you where he was yesterday," replied the

stranger, vexed at the suspicious

glances which were cast upon him, and

attributing them to the insolence which

a soiled exterior sometimes invites

from the low-minded.

Without saying to hear their re-

plies, he turned his back suddenly

and went into the stable, where he took

from the rack a large leather pocket-book,

and, concealing it about his person, returned to the

house.

"I had forgotten that," he reflected,

"without money I might indeed give

cause for suspicion."

A box in the barn had noticed this

and, entering the stable, he had

noticed the animal, and, as he was

suspecting horse thief, he ran in and

told the landlord.

Suspicion now increased against the

stranger. Why didn't he tell a straight

truth, and let the innkeeper see the

conditions its waters might be made as

useful and ornamental as are the can-

als of Venice; but, unfortunately, since

the time of the Mohammedan conquest,

all the fine arts, and the most beautiful

of the Orient, have perished, and the

city is now a desolation. The city is

built on a plain, and is surrounded by

the owner of the other horses. If there

is another horse. By Jupiter! they are

coming!"

"Two or three horses were indeed

in hot pursuit, though still a mile le-

ast, yet mounted on fresh horses, and

were fast lessening the distance between

them and the fugitive.

As he descended a hill, the sight of a

horse almost induced him to dis-

mount, and seek the shelter of a rock,

when, coming fast in the opposite direc-

tion, he saw another mounted traveler.

Soon they were abreast of each other,

and, at the instant, both reined in and

dismounted. Their mutual glance ex-

plained the uncomfortable problem.

The horses were almost precisely

alike in shape, color, size, etc., save that

one had but two white feet, the other

four.

"My name is Amos Dunbar," ex-

claimed that individual, smiling, and

extending his hand. "No explanation

is needed, sir; the hostler was half-

drunk and he knew that he had

made the bungie. Here is your pocket-

book," he added, delivering it. "That

book, as I like mine, and was placed in

it. I placed mine. But when I opened it

I saw your name, 'William Norton!'"

"That is my name, dear sir. Your

wallet will be found at the village

tavern, or with the Constable. The

recognized your mare and took me to

both murderer and thief! Here they

come, some of them. We will ride back

to the tavern again."

The pursuers came up, and a few

words of further explanation put all in

good humor as they rode leisurely to

the tavern again.

That night Sir William Norton, tem-

porarily in America upon business, was

the guest of Mr. Amos Dunbar and his

now very agreeable wife. They found

the knight something better than a

highwayman, his courteous manner shi-

ning through his travel-worn appear-

ance, and he confessed, when he resumed

his journey in the morning, that he had

learned this significant lesson, though

the life to be careful that you mount

the right horse.—N. Y. Mirror.

The City of Tunis.

Tunis, situated on an isthmus bound-

ed by two lakes of salt water, presents

most imposing and picturesque ap-

pearance as the traveler reaches the

narrow canal that connects the capital

with Goletta, a small seaport on the

Mediterranean, which possesses one of

the finest and most commodious road-

steads in the world. Tunis, in all times,

where he took from the saddle a large

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Meats for Dyspeptics.

In America, beef takes precedence

over other meats; generally cooked in

pieces, or as corn-meats. I main-

tain that these steaks when but half

cooked are not the best food for a weak

digestion. A strong food of gastric

power is necessary to act upon them, and

that of a weak digestion cannot afford.

So great is the preconceived opinion

about the benefit to be derived from

"rare beef," that people who have

weak digestion will eat it, and will

upon it as the only thing that can sup-

port them. This is a mistake. All

meat to be really digestible ought to

have passed through a heat process in

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