

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

THE CLOUDS, NEBRASKA.

THE BOYS.

There comes the boys! Oh, how the night!

But never mind, if you keep bright,

And find your way to the light!

Now that the night is so dark!

For I know the boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,

For I know the boys who ride them!

The very chairs are in pairs,

And ready to receive the boys!

What words are whistled out of storks,

What words are whistled out of storks!

How do they say "What shall I do?"

How do they say "What shall I do?"

But what do you think will boys,

And find your way to the light!

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take any strangers into your confidence

until you have passed out the money,

and look out who sits next to you.

It was something new for him to

caution me, and I could not but wonder

at the train of thought that he had

in mind, which was all in bank bills,

and divided into three packages, where

the left hand of a pick-pocket could not

reach it.

Interested in a newspaper, time flew

by as the train flew west, and, at length,

the horse voice of the brakeman

warned me that I had reached Grafton.

I had heard that Grafton was making

way to the lively stable when I heard a

familiar voice, and looked up to see

Raleigh. He was seated in a fuzzy

and had, seemingly, waited for me to

come up.

"Don't express your surprise," he

beamed as I stopped at the wheel. "I

did not intend to go away, but I changed

my mind, and I like this section so well

that I am going out today to look at a

farm, with a view of purchasing. Come,

ride up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered a lunch, and

while we were disposing of Mr. Raleigh

discovered that the farm he was going

to buy was just beyond the strip's

boundary, and that it was a very

fortunate one. I could ride out with

him, see the farm and return in his

company, and he would be greatly

pleased.

I was also pleased. If my one old

friend, as we got into the buggy, that

George Raleigh meant to return with

my money in his pocket and my blood

in his hands, I could have followed

him a minute. And yet George Raleigh

had planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the

cool breeze and the sight of meadows

and green groves made my heart glow

with joy.

My companion was very talkative,

but he didn't even hint at my errand.

"Oh, excuse me," he exclaimed, after

we had passed a mile or so beyond the

village and were among the farm-

houses, "I should have offered you this

before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask

of black mulled wine. "Now," he

said, "it is a very good drink, and

is very temperate in regard to drink. In

fact, I detected the sight and smell of

anything intoxicating, but I had not

offered it to you, and so I drank, per-

haps, three good swallows. He called my

attention to the woods on the left, as he

received the flask, and when I

looked up and saw his eyes, I

was startled. He had a look of

triumph, and I was greatly

troubled. You may remember, I

was looking into my face as he had

drank heartily.

In about five minutes I began to feel

queer. The fence, along the road

seemed to rise higher, and the trees to

grow larger; something got into my

ears, so that the rattle of the buggy

Some men would have shot or stabbed

you, but it's only the apprentices who do

such work. All the wonderment of it

is that it is done by such a class of

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Another Alleged Cure by Prayer.

A special from Oil City, Pa., narrates

this marvelous story:

A strange and unaccountable

occurrence, which is denominated as the

miracle of the age in the oil region. Rev. Mr.

Royal was assigned as pastor of the

Third Ward Church about eight weeks

ago. He had formerly lived in West

Virginia, and removed with his family

to Franklin, this State. Soon after his

arrival in this city his wife became very

ill. She came as near the portals of

death as several times, and three of the

last in this section held a consultation

concerning her case. They decided that

she was afflicted with what in English

is known as "stroke," and that she

might as well prepare for the worst.

They said neither skill nor phys-

icians could save her, and that her

case was hopeless. Her husband, Mr.

Royal, was a man of strong religious

convictions, and he had been a

member of the church for many years.

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