THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE LITTLE MAN.

[illegible]

AN EAST BLOW.

[illegible]

could not reason away nor live down. He was more bitterly enraged with her than ever to-day, as the cars rapidly bore them toward the mountains. He cursed himself and his folly in having joined them. No one seemed to want him. Maud, with her usual perverseness, had given him a carelessness greeting, and turned away to lavish her brightest smiles and merriest speeches on Gilbert Livingston, a man whom he peculiarly hated and despised. Mrs. Wellington alone seemed to need him. She was nervous, weak and timid, dreading the journey, and unable to control her children's restlessness, so she clung to Thornton with instinctive trust in his superior strength. He never dreamt, if he had, that Maud was even more nervous than she, and that she had so planned herself as to keep near, and be spoken. He only saw, with wrath and shame, that she was flirting vigorously, desperately, with that soulless, heartless Livingston.

But even Thornton shook off his gloom when they came among the Alps. The highest peaks were white with snow, reflecting the setting sun with dazzling brilliancy against the marvelously clear sky. It was very cold, and dreary and chill, when they left the cars for the drive of a few miles. Mr. Little met them with a coach large enough, if the mind had not felt enough cold, to the rising ground for sleighing, so Maud was given a place in it, and enjoyed the drive. It was an exhilarating drive. The air was like wine, and made each pulse leap in unison with joy. The horses, with the sweet, ringing music of their bells, dashed along at a rapid pace, but Maud felt that it was all too short for her enjoyment. She was in high spirits herself, and startled Thornton by her wit and gayety. Maud was delighted. She warmed toward him, and felt sorry for her cruelty in allowing her pique to drive him away. Perhaps, if he had been allowed to come in the sleigh, he would have been her companion, and then—she felt that it was all his fault, and that he was a very, very naughty boy, and she would be very good to him when he came back.

The next day was gloriously clear. There was no wind stirring at all. It was the coldest day that ever the oldest inhabitant remembered to have felt, and the hardy mountaineers shivered in their cottages, and the hardy Swiss peasants, with their cattle, left the fields and sought the warmth of their dwellings. But the sleigh-bells rang merrily, and the sleighs, with their gay, laughing occupants, dashed along the smooth roads, and the cold was forgotten in the exhilaration of the motion. Maud was very happy, and very, very good to poor Thornton, who was so much in love that he was miserable, and who was so miserable that he was very, very good to Maud.

Poor Thornton! misjudged and misunderstood! Maud was not the only one who had taken a false step. He had allowed his temper to get the better of his judgment, and had spoken to her in a way that Maud never could forget or forgive. He had been jealous of her attentions to Livingston, and had shown it in a way that was sure to wound her pride and her love. He had been miserable ever since, and was ready to do anything to win back her smiles and her love. He was so much in love that he was ready to forgive her for being so much in love with Livingston, and was ready to believe that it was all a piece of coquetry, that she was perfectly aware that he was in earnest, and that he was only trifling with him because he had been so cross to her. He was ready to believe anything that would excuse her and restore her to her former place in his heart and home. He was ready to believe that she was a coquette, and that she had been trifling with him, and that she was sorry for it, and would be very good to him for the future.

The hotel, when they reached it, looked the dreariest place imaginable. It looked as if prepared for a siege. It was just Lucy's luck to have to sit on the ground floor of the north and south sides. On the north and south every blind was securely fastened.

"Have you had an earthquake?" asked Maud, as they dashed up to the door.

"No, miss, not yet," said the landlord. "I guess we will here pretty quick, though. The barometer he's kinder looked uneasy all day."

"I hope it will come. I should consider our whole trip a failure if it doesn't."

Mr. Little shook his head and smiled doubtfully. "I guess you can reason one out. And I'm likely to want to see another very quick."

The next day was gloriously clear. There was no wind stirring at all. It was the coldest