

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE RECOGNITION.

ADMITTED FROM THE GERMAN. I wandered, with his staff in his hand, returned to his home from foreign land. His hair full of dust, his countenance brown, by whom will the youth first be known in the town?

THE BISHOP'S SIN.

As the Bishop's conduct has been the subject of considerable comment, it becomes a kind of duty to give the true account of the whole matter. As every body knows, Right Rev. Everton and Tauphie was a very Broad Churchman. He had not boldly opposed the Tractarian movement in the Oxford days? The Bishop had been known to smile on Mr. Spurgeon and beam benevolently upon metropolitan Modasses an suburban Sankles. The curates of his diocese were not interdicted from cricket nor his rectors from lawn-tennis; and I am not in a position to contradict the rumor that the Bishop has been known to cut into rubber for "silver three-pennies," and in the shadow of a stage-box once saw Mr. Irving play Shylock.

Julian was very pleasant and bright that day at dinner. He told his father old Oxford stories, insisted on pledging him in the old '47, and when he ran off to read (he never went to the theater now), he dropped into the drawing-room and ran his fingers over the keys of the "Erad." The Bishop heard the music as he sat, brooding now melancholy, and remorseful, in the room below; for all that he hardened his heart like Pharoah, and would not let the letter go, because "it was for the best" - a bit of Jesuitical casuistry that he nevertheless derived small comfort from. It required much more Pharoah-like flintiness to endure Julian's first anxious, and then disappointed, face when the early post next morning, and several successive posts for the next two days, failed to bring him something he evidently looked for. The inquiry: "Anything for me, father?" and the invariable answer: "Nothing, Julian," became a little tragedy, in which the Bishop felt he was cast for "first murderer," and he was by no means easy in the part.

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How Mr. Tilden Was "Cheated." The Pennsylvania Democrats who met at Allentown recently to choose delegates to the Presidential Convention and to set forth anew the articles of their faith, resolved "that the electoral frauds of 1876-77, by which S. J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks were cheated out of the offices of President and Vice-President, to which they were fairly elected, was the most deadly blow ever aimed at our system of representative government." It is encouraging to see that the Democrats are keeping the history of 1876 in mind. It ought to afford them much food for profitable meditation. They do not need, however, to waste their penitential regrets over the decision of the Electoral Commission of their own choosing, but should rather devote their tears to washing out the stain that Mr. Tilden or his personal and confidential friends in the party, brought upon "our system of representative government" by trying to bribe sundry officials so as to change the result of the election.

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Bold Presumption. The country is stunned. The amazement at the spectacle presented by the action of Congress in the Fitz John Porter case has left few words at command. The spectacle of rewarding a man for official misconduct is a striking one. The promise of securing by the ballot what could not be gained by the ballot begins to be realized by the late Confederates. The man who could permit his personal jealously to jeopardize the perpetuity of the Government is made a public beneficiary. The enemies of the Government, whose participation in public affairs is a matter of grace, have had the unblushing audacity to sit in review upon the judicial proceedings in a literary discipline of faithless servants of the Union. Ex-Confederates have been allowed to revoke the action of a Union court-martial. Could inappropriately be more glaring? Could assumption be more audacious? Are the people prepared to accept the results which naturally flow from such a precedent? What right had men who were engaged in the rebellion to have any voice in reviewing the disciplinary proceeding against an officer in the Union service? Why should the country accept the verdict rendered on the Fitz John Porter case, participated in by men who were aided in their efforts to overthrow the Union by the misconduct for which he was condemned, in preference to the verdict of the lamented Lincoln and the patriots whose heavy hearts and bursting brains were driven to the brink of despair by the consequences of his willful disobedience?

Why Julian rushed up-stairs after his father had retired, put on a fresh tie, and dashed into a hansom, I don't quite know; but in a quarter of an hour he was laughing with Kitty Bleswys. Dear little Kitty - sweet, maidenly and bewitching - looked up with trunk delight in her lover's eyes (for, of course, it is no secret now that they were lovers at this time), and flushed as she listened to Julian's somewhat irreverent account of his recent interview.

Corresponding with her secretly. Monstrous! It must be stopped at once. His fingers played with the envelope as he held it up between him and the fire. "No, no, can't do that; wouldn't be honest," said the Bishop, sternly; and having comforted himself with the reflection he looked up the letter in his drawer, and then the dressing-bell rang.

Now the Bishop would have vastly preferred to have been preached to death by wild curates (as Sydney Smith once suggested), than face a pretty girl in tears. However, he was bound to go through with it now, so he read it himself and said: "Miss Bleswys, listen to me. I never thought it would come to this. I never anticipated such a terrible catastrophe. That dress that veil! I am bound as a good Churchman to earnestly protest against it, and, what is more, as a man, as a father," (here the Bishop's voice perceptibly faltered), "I have a serious word to say." Kitty clasped her hands tightly and was silent in an instant. "I was wrong; I have stood between you two; I-I regret it. Only tell me it is not too late to prevent you taking this fearful step. No; do not speak; you will do me a great favor if you wipe away a stain that - now do listen." (Kitty hadn't said a word, she was frightened.) "Please go home at once, and promise me to take off those infernal things, promise me you will not go to where I grieve to learn some of your companions have already gone;

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