THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

By David Christie Murray,

AUTHOR OF "A MODEL FATHER," "A LIFE'S ATONEMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.

"You are going to call upon Mrs. Tregarthen?"

"Yes," said Phil.

"We will go together," said Marsh, and they walked side by side for a little time in silence. It was a sunlit afternoon, and there were window-gardens at every house in the street, with bright colored plumes gleaming over the flowers, so that pleasant sense of warmth and color stole to the hearts of the two unobservant creatures as they walked along, and heightened their dreamy fancies. And suddenly, as if she were in some way the product of this unusual fullness of color and radiance, appeared the charming Miss Lima, accompanied by a little girl of twelve or thirteen years, who looked like an attendant fairy. Phil saw something so surprising in the aspect of this little stranger that he raised his hat mechanically in answer to the young lady's gracious salute, and looked at the child with questions in his interrogation that he plainly alarmed her.

"Has Mrs. Tregarthen a daughter?" he asked of Marsh a minute later.

"Yes," said the poet. "We have just passed her. A pretty child, is she not?"

"I should have guessed her to be Arthur's child, or at any rate a close relative of his, wherever I had seen her," returned Phil. "There is a portrait of Arthur's mother at Tregarthen, painted when she was a child. I have been familiar with it ever since I can remember. It might have been painted from the child we have just seen."

This news would have been a relief to Marsh's mind ages ago, but it had been unheeded now for many and many a day of uncertainty.

"It is not uncommon that a child should resemble its father," he said, tranquilly, "or its father's mother. Is Tregarthen like his mother?"

"Amazingly," said Phil. "His features are masculine, and hers were feminine, but beyond that it would puzzle you to find a difference in their pictures. The expression governs all."

The two made their call upon the actress, and there was nothing in the afternoon to distinguish it outwardly from many others so spent before and after. But when they had left the house and were walking home together the poet made a confession.

"I have been guilty of a theft," he said. "Send that to Tregarthen. If there are any bowels in the man at all it will bring him to reason."

He drew from his breast pocket a photograph of the child, and Phil upon his first glance at it gave a little exclamation.

"With a chance of costume," he said, regarding the picture attentively, "and another arrangement of the hair, it might pass as a photograph from the picture, and indeed the likeness was remarkable.

He wrote a letter that night (though he had little hope of piercing the darkness in Arthur's mind), in which he told how he had that day for the first time learned of the existence of a daughter of Mrs. Tregarthen's, how the surprising liveliness of the child to Tregarthen had appealed to him, and how he had been moved again by this new knowledge to write in behalf of a most unhappy and virtuous lady. He inclosed the photograph, and having posted the letter with his own hands, awaited a response, without much hope. When it came he experienced a shock.

"My dear Phil," Tregarthen's brief letter ran, "God's hand has so molded my child's face that I should be a fool as well as a villain to deny her. She at least is mine. It may be that you are right and that I have been mistaken. I shall resolve that doubt before long, for I am dying."

Whether this news were true or baseful he could not tell, and he could not set his mind at rest except by an immediate return to Tregarthen, but before he started he must see Marsh and consult with him, if only for a moment.

"If he is dying," said Marsh, who could not share Phil's doubt, not guessing at the reason he had for doubting, or even knowing that he doubted, "he should know it, and should let her own heart decide whether she will see him."

"You have known her longer," said Phil, "and better than I have. You can take the letter to her. If she should decide to go, she may accept my escort."

Marsh accepted the errand, and fulfilled it. In effect Mrs. Tregarthen decided to see her husband, if he would receive her, and she and her child, in Phil's charge, started upon the journey. It was now thirteen years since she had so foolishly run away from home and happiness, darkening her own life and the life of the man who loved her. But that had never seemed her crime. Her real folly was hidden in the shadow of the mere reticence which had always seemed criminal. Perhaps, since she left it so, and had always felt it so, her sin really lay there, though few people would have cared to characterize it by so harsh a name. She had reaped fame and riches and a heart full of regrets, and turned the purposes for which she had lived and seemed worth much to her, even as far as they seemed to revenge Arthur, and them they became valuable.

Phil left her, with her child and her maid, at one of the hotels at Gorissy, and crossed to the island alone to spy out the land before her. Tregarthen sat where he had sat before, and Phil supposed at first that his downward gaze was still directed at the bit of crystal, but when he drew near he saw the child's photograph in the father's hand. He had knocked at the door, and had received no response, and now he had to lay his hand upon Arthur's shoulder to arouse him from his reverie. He was startled at the hollow eyes and the gaunt face which turned toward him.

"You are here again, Phil?" said Tregarthen in a waste-sounding voice. "I am glad of that. I wanted to see you again, but I did not care to ask you to come."

"I came because of your letter, Arthur," answered Phil. "That is the photograph I sent you?"

"Yes."

"I have brought your little daughter with me," said Phil, tremulously. "Would you like to see her?"

"Yes," said Tregarthen. "I should like to see her. Bring her to me. Where is she?"

"I left her at Gorissy," returned Phil. "Arthur, your wife is with her. She longs to see you. She never knew till lately that you suspected her of worse than that deceit of hers about the stage. If she had fancied that such a construction could be put upon her running away she would have stayed or have returned again to clear herself of that. Arthur, she is as pure as crystal. I am sure of it. I know it. Shall I bring her here?"

"Tell her," said Tregarthen, huskily—"tell her this before she comes. I have only a day or two to live. Hush, Phil! No disclaimers can alter it. If she can come here, if she cares to come here, and tell me I has wronged her I will believe her. I shall know all about it by and by, but I will believe her. For my share in the fault and folly I have borne enough to be forgiven."

"Arthur," asked Phil, "why do you speak like this? Why do you tell me you are dying? You only need shake off the fancies that oppress you to be happy and well and strong again."

"The doctor comes here," returned Tregarthen, with a ghastly smile, "and prescribes food I can't eat, medicine I can't drink and occupations which are impossible. I am dying, Phil, and there is an end of it. I am glad to go. This lingering taxing leave is painful, but I have been patient too long to grow impatient now. There—go and do your errand, Phil. Prove me twice a fool, and kill what earthly longing may to left."

To Phil's mind the tragedy was too complete for anything to add to it. The boatmen rowed him back to Gorissy, and he found Mrs. Tregarthen pale and trembling with suspense, but self-possessed.

"Tell me," she commanded, "what he said. You told him I was here?"

Hard as it was so do it, he told her all. She took the wondering child by the hand and arose. She had not removed her traveling-dress, and there was no time lost in preparation. Phil led the way silently through the quiet street, and down to the beach. The waters sparkled softly, and the island was all amber and amethyst in the sun, for there was a little haze abroad which gave the effect of distance. They landed at the Sea-gate, and she remembered her first coming there, and the last time of here leaving, and the years that had passed since then looked like a very gulf of time. When she stepped upon the sands her limbs almost refused to support her, but Phil sent her on alone, and she walked to the house, trembling. The housekeeper had seen them approach, and half guessed who the veiled lady might be. She stood at the door with a disturbed face, but her expression changed to one of unmixed wonder when she saw the child.

Phil, with Mrs. Tregarthen clinging to his arm, walked down the corridor to Tregarthen's room, and there, having rapped once, he threw open the door and surrendered his charge. The actress and her child entered, and he, having closed the door, went away.

Tregarthen, with his hollow eyes and gaunt face, his jutting beard and neglected hair, was so unlike himself that for a moment his wife scarcely knew him, though they were so near to each other and each was entangled in the other's glance.

"Arthur!" she said. "Arthur!"

She was on her knees at his side. He looked at her with intent inquiry, and at the same time reached out a hand for the child and drew her toward him.

"Clara," he said, after a dreadful pause, "you gave me a right to doubt you. You gave me a right to hate the world and throw my life away. I am dying, and I know it. There is no one here before whom you need pretend. I shall know everything in an hour or two. It is not worth while to deceive me for so brief a time. Tell me the truth. Why did you leave me?"

"I had deceived you," she answered, still entangled by his glance. "I knew that you could never love nor respect me any more. I could not bear to think of it, and I ran away."

"Did I marry an honest woman, Clara?" He had a right to ask the question, and she knew it.

"This little child," she said, "is no purer than I was when we married, Arthur."

"You can say that to a dying man, and with your arm about the child?"

"I can say it, Arthur, in God's hearing, and call Him to witness that I speak the truth."

He turned away, with a weak gesture of head and hands.

"Shipwrecked," he murmured, "by collision with a bubble! That sounds strange, Clara. And the ship went down as though it had struck upon a solid rock. Is it of any use that the ghosts who wash up against each other after all these years should make a pretense of being alive again?"

If this were but a poor reconciliation for two mortal hearts, it was yet all that was allowed them for the time. Tregarthen was so weak that he fell asleep after a few minutes in silence, and his wife watched him with such thoughts and regrets as may be fancied.

He slept till evening, and at dusk the housekeeper dared to enter the room and put a light to the materials for a fire which lay ready in the grate. The child cried at this strange home-coming, and her mother soothed her, and when the room was ruddy with the fire-light Tregarthen awoke.

"Phil," he said, softly, without raising his head—"where is Phil?"

"Shall I send for him?" asked Mrs. Tregarthen.

"You are here?" he asked, turning his eyes upon her. "We wasted a day or two of pleasure here. We shall have time enough to know each other better. Where is Phil?"

She moved quietly to the corridor, and there was poor Phil, walking up and down on heels with slippered feet. At her beckoning hand he came.

"He has asked for you," she whispered.

"There is a little boy in the safe," said Tregarthen, when Phil entered the room and bent above him. "Give it to me."

The key was in the lock, and the safe opened easily. Phil found the box, and placed it on Arthur's knee.

"There's something in the box, Phil. Take it out. What is it?"

"A greenish bit of glass, Arthur. Nothing else."

"Throw it in the fire, Phil." The youngster obeyed him. "That was no philosopher's stone," said Tregarthen, "and let us be thankful that it was not."

Then the tears came into his eyes, and he said, slowly regarding with affection each of the two in turn: "We will henceforth seek a rational, tranquil happiness, which I am confident the future has in store."

[THE END.]

—Mrs. Mulligan—And so you have no mother now? Motherless Boy—No, mum. Mrs. Mulligan—Well, me boy, whenever you feel the want of a good licking, come to me and I'll be a mother to you.—*The Judge*

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

AS SUNG BY THE LATE JOHN B. GOUGH.

Air—Long, Long Ago.

Where are the friends that to me were so dear?
Long, long ago—long ago.
Where now the hope that my heart used to cheer?
Long, long ago—long ago.
Friends that I cherish, in the grave are laid now,
Hopes that I nurtured are fled from me now.
I am consigned for them was my lot.
Long, long ago—long ago.

Sadly my wife mourns her beautiful head,
Long, long ago—long ago.
Oh, how I wish, while I know she was dead!
Long, long ago—long ago.
She was an angel, my love and my pride;
Nearly to shame me from sin was she tried;
Pray—pray heart, it may not break that she died.
Long, long ago—long ago.

Let me in a heart, on the days of my youth—
Long, long ago—long ago.
I was as innocent as a rose and truth.
Long, long ago—long ago.
Oh, that I were—even now—
Only as then, that were now as days go.
Pray—pray heart, it may not break that she died.
Long, long ago—long ago.

TEMPERANCE.

The Attitude of the Catholic Church and the Knights of Labor—A Bright Outlook.

We now have the full text of the decrees of the Roman Catholic Council at Baltimore with respect to the sale and use of alcoholic stimulants as beverages, and the utterance of that powerful church in behalf of Temperance reform is clear and decided.

The Bishops deplore the use of intoxicating drinks as a "pestiferous evil," and a great obstacle to the spread of religion, applaud the total abstinence practiced by individuals recognize and commend to the paternal care of all pastors the Temperance societies formed within the church warn the faithful against the liquor business as surrounded by "serious dangers and occasions of sin," "although not unlawful in itself," and remind them, "if they can, to choose a more honorable way of making a living."

These are brave words, for great numbers of Irish or descents are Roman Catholics and many of them are liquor-traffickers or contributors for the support of the church which indirectly casts a reproach on their business in speaking of it in terms more than usually severe. The Bishops, too, give comfort to the pretensions of dealers when they admonish them to "keep their saloons closed on Sundays."

The Roman Catholic Church is therefore fairly stated on the side of Temperance reform, for which it is capable of doing more than has been done by all the other agencies engaged in the work since the Temperance agitation began half a century ago. Its power is concentrated, and its dominion is everywhere over the consciences of millions of our people, and they the portion of the community who can do most by their precept and example to revolutionize public opinion and practice with regard to drinking.

The Knights of Labor are also working in a very effective way in behalf of Temperance. Their leaders know that drink is their worst enemy, for what they are trying to bring about can only be accomplished by sober men, and therefore they refuse to admit liquor-dealers into the order, or in any way to lend their countenance to the liquor traffic. Rum would soon turn the Knights into a raging mob and bring down on them the condemnation of society and the church. Their success, as Mr. Powderly fully tells them, depends on their patience and control, and to exhibit these virtues they must solemnly refrain from the abuse of alcohol.

The outlook for Temperance reform, as read here, is brighter now than it has been at any past period. Those who are best able to make the movement successful have taken hold of its direction.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NOT A MEDICINE.

A Hurtful Belief That Should Be Combatted by Every Conscientious Physician.

A physician who prescribes alcohol, in any form, in any quantity, even the smallest, commits a crime against humanity. It is not a medicine, and has no curative power. It is a stimulant, but only because it is a poison. Its effect is deceptive and evanescent, and is followed by a corresponding depression of the vital powers. It is not a tonic, because there is nothing in it that is food. It builds up neither muscle nor tissue, nor brain, nor nerve. It is a poison, pure and simple. As soon as it is taken into the body, it goes at once into the circulation with the blood. Every organ of the body is set to work to extricate it. Every pore is open to pour out the vile stuff. The lungs exhale it, and every breath is tainted with its noxious odor. The liver, the kidneys, the skin, all are taxed to rid the system of alcohol. Every one works as hard as possible to throw it out in the shortest time, and what a wear and tear the system is exhausted when the work is done, and that a depression weighs upon mind and body!

The stupid and hurtful belief among the masses that rum is a medicine should be combatted by every conscientious physician. Many a man now sleeps in a drunkard's grave who first awakened the rum devil in his vitals by taking liquor as a medicine. Many a woman has lost all and has become a degraded, besotted victim to rum through taking it as a tonic. Teach the people to know it as the poison it really is. It is as dangerous to handle as to fondle a serpent. Every physician in the land should abandon the practice of prescribing or recommending any liquor even as a medicine for any bodily ailment. There is no permanent good can possibly come from its use, and harm is absolutely certain. It can not benefit and it will surely injure.—*Toledo Blade.*

Father's Old Boots.

Many a picture of moving pathos appears in the dark gallery of drunkenness. We have seen but few more touching ones than that from the pen of Mrs. M. A. Kidder. She describes little Benny, the son of a drunken father, sitting in a room with his mother and little sister. By looking at this sad and thoughtful face one would have taken him to be ten years of age, yet he was but six. No wonder. For four years this almost baby had been used to seeing a drunken father go in and out of the cottage. He scarcely remembers anything from him but cruelty and abuse. But now he is dead! The green sod has lain on his grave a week or so, but the terrible effects of his conduct were not buried with him. The poor children would start with a shudder at every uncertain step on the walk outside, and at every hesitating hand upon the latch. On the day mentioned Benny's mother was getting dinner. "Will my little son go to the wood-shed, and get mother a few sticks to finish boiling the kettle?"

"I don't like to go to the wood-shed, mamma."

"Why, my little son?"

"Because there is a pair of father's old boots out there, and I don't like to see them."

"Why do you mind the old boots, Benny, any more than the old coat and hat upstairs?"

"Because," said Benny, tears filling his blue eyes, "they look as if they wanted to kick me."

Oh, the dreadful after-influence of a drunken father to innocent children! what an awful memory to bear through life! *Kennebec Christian Advocate.*

THE HARTLEY DISTILLERY.

The True Story of Its Success as a Money and Drunkard-Making Institution.

Mr Hartley was a thriving farmer. He owned a good farm. He had six sons, all of whom were active and able to assist him in his labors. He had a distillery to make whisky. This made a ready market for corn. Whisky was always in good demand. Almost every person used whisky sixty years ago. It was generally regarded as one of the necessaries of life. It was supposed at that time that moderate drinking was right. Drunkenness was despised. Every person ought to stop drinking when he had enough. Whisky and other intoxicating liquors sold readily. As there were no railroads in the country at that time there was very little chance to sell corn except at the distilleries. Mr. Hartley's distillery was a success. When he needed extra help, there were plenty of men near by who were ready to work for whisky. Then they neglected their own work. Nothing after that they took their places in the great army of drunkards. Their families became paupers. Mr. Hartley and his family said these men would have had whisky, and became drunkards, if they had not had a distillery. This was not true, for he was rum. Mr. Hartley was tasson-sick and dull. He was low and sometimes drowsy with the distillery. If he might them money and they would work if sorry well.

The fact that many men in the immediate vicinity of the distillery became drunkards at first did not disturb Mr. Hartley. He knew that something must be done to check the progress of the drunkards. Meetings were called. Pledges were framed and total abstinence societies formed. Much good was done. Public opinion was changed. Men's eyes were opened. Total abstinence societies sprang up around The Hartley distillery was indeed upon stream. It was a busy establishment. They had kept it running as long as they could make money.

But Mr. Hartley was an optimist. He lost no time, but he was strong and able to earn his living. There was no need to take him home and care for him. Mr. Hartley hired him to work. As he was not fond of work, he had no means to get a salary. He was satisfied with a few cents per day. After a time was able to do a day's work. He learned to be economical then. The fun ended here. He had no money or other means to treat his men and advise with him, or warn him of his danger. He was familiar with all the arguments he heard in the distillery against signing the pledge. He would often say: "I believe in liberty, and I have a right to drink as much as I please. I have a right to do just as I choose. The vulgar and profane conversation of drunken men was not repulsive to Roy. He did not care for religious truths. But he saw he was manly and smart when he drank with the men.

Roy married a girl who was pleased with his drunkenness and manliness. They were poor, but they could work and earn a living. By living carefully and economically they soon had money to spend for drink. One day he went to a village near his native town. Night came, but he did not return. His wife was in distress. She sent for him, expecting to find him with his father. Morning came, but he did not return. She was now greatly distressed. She could not find it was found that he had left the town with two young men, and started for the city. Months passed away. Nothing was heard from him. His wife was in great distress. She could not work. She was sick and alone. It was cold. He had not gone to his home. He was where he could not come. He was a drunkard. The funds was soon gone. There was no food, no fuel, no clothing, but a thick growth of hopeless despair is kind of hedge. Then Roy fell and fell. The hopeless broke and he was found at the foot of the stairs, thirty feet below. He had fallen on a rock, and probably never recovered sufficient strength to walk. Ros Axtell was a victim of the Hartley distillery. The distillery closed before he ended his earthly career, but it was the cause of his ruin. And there were other victims.

Five of Mr. Hartley's sons commenced business for themselves with good prospects of success. Each of these young men determined very fair business talents. But each of them drank excessively, and soon failed. Their lives were failures. Their wives and children suffered with them. These young men were examples of living useless in the world. But they became slaves to their appetite, and brought sadness to their families. Earl Hartley, the oldest son, never married. He was very pleasant and agreeable when he had not been drinking. He was clever and honorable in business. He lived with his mother. While he was yet a young man, he was taken sick and died. He fancied his room was filled with fiery demons, who had come to torment him. In his delirium he sprang from his bed, broke away from his attendants, and rushed to the mill-pond, plunged in and was drowned. His sad, broken-hearted mother said: "That old distillery ruined my boys. She could not now say: "They would have drunk all the same if we had not owned a distillery."

The Hartley distillery was a success in making drunkards. Besides those who lived near by, no one can estimate the number that became drunkards from using the whisky furnished for hotels, stores and groceries from this distillery.

M. A. L.

THE *Christian Union*, referring to the home life of Mr. Gough, says: "No one truly knew Mr. Gough who had not seen him in his own home. It was tropical with love, because his own love was tropical. In all his lectures he never traveled alone, wife or adopted daughter was always with him—a fact that speaks more for the love that environed him than many words could do. Those who saw him only on the platform, saw the least part of his truly noble nature. His life was more eloquent than his oratory, and he was a great orator because he was so genuine, so good, so true a man."

A DISSOLVING CABINET.

The Embarrassing and Ridiculous Position in Which President Cleveland's Advisers Have Placed Themselves.

It is regarded at Washington as absolutely certain that the Cleveland Cabinet can not under any circumstances hold together for another year, and it is probable that the serious illness of Secretary Manning will necessitate his immediate retirement from public life and involve further important and immediate changes in the President's staff of executive advisers. It was a weak and incompetent Cabinet from the start, and the dissolution at this early period in President Cleveland's term ought not to excite surprise in any quarter. Eight years ago and a meeting of the Democratic National Committee was held, and that distinguished body, after full and frank discussion of the difficulties in the present and future, decided that the Democratic party could not hope to succeed in a presidential campaign unless it could go into the field with a Cabinet which would command the confidence of the country. It was