

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. G. HOSMER, Proprietor.
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could only always know,
The hours of time we'd think over,
What love and pity we had known!
If we had known,
The circumstances of his life,
His good qualities, his evil deeds;
How tender then our hearts had grown!
If we had known.

If we could know that where we pray,
God hears and hears each word we say;
And prays us, and loves us well;
If we could know,
Our secret heart the world would feel;
What secret of ours would be sealed!

What living loves from hearts would flow
If we could know.

We have known while on life's way,
With honest heart, day by day;
Death's shadow never round our home—
If we had known.

How we have sheltered that dear head!
And naked word had never been said;

How sweet our smile, how soft our tone—
If we had known.

If we could know today
That loved ones have gone away—
Still care and love us better—
If we could know,

Those who loved us and have died;
A secret shame stays to our side;

Life's journey there will be no joy—
If we could know.

Mrs. M. V. Smith, in *Inter Ocean*.

MY INHERITANCE.

How, Upon Search, It Proved
Worth Possessing.

"I'M Frank Heathcote's will on Meers,
Pawhus, Parchment & Co., Old Square,
Litho. I can't help fearing something is
in it for me." This brief note in a legal
hand announced me, the above-named Frank
Heathcote, one morning, on sitting down to
a modest breakfast. To hear of saying that
my advantage was surprising and delightful,
as I was unfortunately one of the unem-
ployed, with little expectation of something
turning up.

An hour or two later saw me searching
in Lincoln's Inn for the offices of Powys &
Co. On finding the house, I duly presented
myself. Mr. Powys had not arrived, but
would I speak to Mr. Parchment? The
lawyer did his best, for I have seen
men, upon whom he had never invited
an acquaintance, sit down and look at
an open book. On presenting my note, Mr. Parch-
ment surveyed me in silence for a few min-
utes.

"So you are the nephew of the late Mr.
Horace Oldcastle, young gentleman, I pre-
sume?"

I replied I had that honor.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your
good fortune," said the lawyer, with a brief
smile.

Opening a desk, he produced the copy of
will, by which my lamented uncle left me

Hermanns Place, an old Hall in Sussex, on
condition that I should occupy it.

"Frank," said I, "you give me any
information respecting this property?" for
tried to tell my uncle had never invited me
to see him, and I had no right to make an
examination of the old gentleman.

"The Hall," replied the lawyer, "is an in-
teresting place from an artist's point of
view; but the situation is just a trifle too
isolated, and the building is, I am afraid, a
little out of repair; but a small outfit would
render it habitable, and doubtless you will
soon get over the loneliness."

Being furnished with the necessary cre-
dentials, and agreeable to the terms of the
will, I set out for Sussex. Upon inquiry, I
found that Hermanns Place was some five
or six miles from the nearest railway station;
so, having my effects packed in a
kennel, I thought I might as well walk
the distance. The way lay along a beauti-
ful stretch of the South Downs. The
season was spring, and the
breeze that came sweeping over
the hills was exhilarating and laden with
perfume. After climbing a long gradual
ascend that wound round a spur of the
Downs, I reached the summit. The view
that opened out was wild and splendid. Long
slopes of flower-sprinkled turf alternated
with dense patches of furze; while on every
side the ground rose and fell in wave-like
swells. Near at hand, a shepherd was
watching a large flock of sheep, the thin
line of whose tails sounded quite musical
in the far distance the sun sparkled under
the keen, bright sky. Overhead, light
clouds floated peacefully, while two
larks made music.

On asking the shepherd the way to Her-
manns Place, he directed me in the quaint
dialect of the district. Keeping his direc-
tions in view, I soon came to the rusty gate
of Hermanns Place. The house was
of brick, in the Tudor style, and, from the
signs of decay, evidently of great age. A
mass-covered buttressed wall extended on
both sides of the gate and shut in the front
of the house completely.

Entering, I came to what had once been
the lawn, but was now a wilderness of
weeds. The path leading to the Hall door
was damp and grassgrown; and the aspect
of the whole place was picturesque, but
mournful. There was no sign of life, or
welcome in the house, many of the
widened windows being closed. The walls
were blighted, and the roof covered, in
some places long straggling bunches of ivy
hung in neglected fashion. Going around
the house, I came to a tangled and un-
grown garden, at the farther side of which,
through an open wicket, I could make out
an old man busily with a small patch of
vegetables. On presenting myself to this
venerable person, who was the custodian,
Griggs by name, I was welcomed in a
somewhat peculiar manner. My new
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of his coat, which lay on a wheelbarrow,
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