

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. G. WOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

POLLY-PODS.

Out in my bed of clover which I'm savor' for the
week,
Amongst the brown heads standin', is that awk-
ard, gawky weed.
An' I hat, altho' I oughtn't, when I see it growin'
there
A-crowdin' out the clover, like a e if it owned a
share
Of the meadow and its profits an' was welcome
as could be,
An' it knowed I'd leave it peaceful to nod 'n'
grin at me.
It's like a strappin' tomboy, with its manners
all left out
An' useful jes' for nothin' 'n' han some jes' for
a stout;
But I leave it there—a beggar—only that it
drinks the best
Of the dew and eats the vittals that should go
to feed the rest.
I hain't the heart to hurt it, fer the "Polly" of
its name
Keeps it tender in my feelin's; fer my gal had
jes' the same.
I see her in the meadow like es she was in them
days
Fore the angels coaxed her from me—an' they
mused her winin' ways;
Fer I know my Polly loved me, an' nothin' here
below
Could hev made her leave me cryin', like my
heart would break, you know
I could see her now a-standin', ef the tears ud
keep away.
Yes, I nigh a most can see her as she was one
summer day
A-crowdin' through the meadow 'n' a-stoppin'
here and there
To pull the dead ripe "pollys" and sow the smil-
in air
With the brown seeds an' the feathers; and
they float off like a dream
Ef a bubble as was sleepin' on some idle, lazy
stream;
Then she'd watch 'm goin' up and in a kind o'
wishful way—
But what my gal were thinkin' of I ken, of
course, jes' say
But when you nigh the angels my little peace
took,
Her face were sweet with smilin' that same
sweet, yearnin' look
She had that day in summer when she blowed
the polly-pods
An' filled her arms with clover an' lin's of gold-
in rods;
An' so I leave 'm growin', 'n' I reckon that they
make
My little Polly nearer, 'n' I love 'm for her
sake.
—S. M. McManus, in N. Y. Independent.

MILTON DANFORTH.

The Story of a Dream and Its Fulfillment.

(Written for This Paper.)

MILTON DANFORTH sat in a great arm chair in his library trying to interest himself in a volume of recent poems which he had purchased that day thinking that he might find something in it to divert his mind from the unpleasant thoughts which for some time past had constantly kept him company. Try as he would, however, he could not force his mind into new channels of thought. The wrinkles in his forehead grew deeper and deeper. Disgusted at his failure, he closed his eyes and went over the events of his past life again and again, trying to find some reason why fate had denied him the happiness he craved. At last, throwing the book on the table at his side, he rose and walked restlessly across the room to a little mahogany cabinet, and taking out a photograph which was set in a neat little pocket case, he looked at the smiling pictured face earnestly and long, then, with a deep sigh, he went to the fire-place and dropped the treasure into the glowing flames, muttering as he did so: "It is better so. Time will not heal the wound and to keep such a reminder would only aggravate it."

"No," he continued, pacing the room in his excitement, "I can not understand why fate has decreed me so little real happiness while it has showered upon me what men commonly surrender almost every good thing to obtain!"

"Is this the way a man should feel on the eve of his wedding? Oh! how shall I hide my aching heart from my wife all the years to come? I do not love her now, and I know I never shall. The sweet face of her sister will always come between us to taunt me with my foolish love and still more foolish marriage. I could not keep her from my mind even in the presence of my first wife, how then can I hope to do more with a second? O, that I were out of it all—out of myself!"

Again his mind reverted to the past. Five years ago, he thought, I was married to as good a woman as ever lived; but I did not love her, for then as now I loved Gertrude Maybury with all my heart and soul. Three years after our marriage my wife died. I do not think she ever knew—but what a living lie! And how immeasurably harder it would have been had I not been convinced that I was doing it to save her life.

What evil genius has been shaping my destiny that I should become entangled in a second alliance in the very presence of the woman I love and be utterly unable to win her or to resist the influence which is soon to place her forever beyond my reach? It is as if I were being carried along by the resistless current of a mighty river so swiftly that it is impossible for me to turn to the right or left, with certain destruction staring me in the face.

Oh! Gertrude, Gertrude, you are as far beyond my reach as the stars. Tomorrow I am to become the husband of your sister Bertha; and therefore I am compelled to wear a mask of pleasant smiles. Why did I attempt to forget by engaging myself to Bertha when I knew, or should have known as well then as now, that I never "an forget" I was beside myself, frenzied, mad, any thing but in my right mind!

With an exclamation of despair he threw himself face downward on a sofa. It was long past midnight and Mr. Danforth had spent less than three hours out of the previous thirty-six in bed. It was no wonder, therefore, that with his mind so exhausted by constant worry he soon fell into a troubled sleep. At first he felt himself borne, against his will, by some invisible power up the steep side of a mountain, the summit of which stretched far above the clouds. Over cliffs and precipices and huge boulders he was carried by his mysterious captor, expecting every moment to be dashed against the towering cliffs in front or into the bottomless chasms beneath. Finding that he was powerless to escape, he ceased to struggle and became passive in the hands of his captor. After what seemed to him almost an age, he found himself upon the summit of the mountain.



"HE LOOKED AT THE SMILING PICTURED FACE."

looking down the opposite side from the one which he had ascended. It was almost perpendicular. Far below him was a thick shroud of mist enveloping the base of the mountain. As far down as he could see, sharp pieces of rock jutted out from the face of the cliff; and he knew that if he stepped over the brink he would be mangled beyond all human resemblance before he had fallen a hundred feet.

He was given but a few seconds to contemplate his impending fate, when his captor again seized him. This time not to lift him up and bear him safely over the place of danger as heretofore, but to push him slowly, relentlessly, nearer to the awful death which awaited him on the rocks below. He tried to cry out, but no sound escaped his lips. He struggled fiercely to free himself, but his limbs seemed to be pinned as tightly as if they had grown fast together.

After a time he resigned himself to the inevitable and sent up a silent prayer to his Maker for mercy. The next instant he was toppling over the edge of the precipice. His captor had left him, but freedom was of little use to him now, and after one desperate, but unsuccessful effort to regain his balance, he closed his eyes, expecting to open them in eternity. At that moment a hand, gently, but firmly, grasped his arm and drew him back to the rock upon which he had been standing. Turning quickly to see who had rescued him, he beheld the beautiful form of his angel wife. She was changed beyond expression, yet every feature was as easily recognizable as when she was in the flesh. There was no sign of trouble or sorrow about her, no sign of disease, but to perfect physical form and feature was added that heavenly grace which "passeth understanding." The light of the old love was in her eye, unminged with regret or reproach. Her general appearance and the expression of her features indicated a condition superior to Danforth's fondest imagination of heavenly life. As he saw her now, the embodiment of happiness and contentment, he felt a satisfaction greater than he had ever before experienced in the efforts he had made to secure her earthly happiness.

"I will henceforth," he mentally resolved, "consider those few years of married life the best spent of all my earthly existence."

With a graceful gesture his heavenly visitor bade him follow her. Taking another way, which soon left the mountain far behind, they traversed quiet lanes and green pastures where the tinkling of little sheep bells, mingled with the music of running brooks, recalled to Danforth's mind the rural scenes of his early childhood and made him wish that he could return again in fact, as well as fancy, and be always a boy. But they were going with the speed of the wind, and these pleasant scenes soon faded and they found themselves within the limits of the city. On and on they went, over Danforth's home, over the business streets till they came to the Maybury mansion. Here at the lighted window in the second story they stopped.

"Look," she whispered as she caused the curtain on the inside to move quietly upward.

He obeyed without question and saw on the opposite side of the room a figure reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep dejection. Soon the figure rose, and, with quickening pulse Danforth recognized Gertrude Maybury. She was pale and sad, and her inflamed face and eyes showed that she had been weeping bitterly. Advancing to a table near the light she drew a photograph from her bosom, regarded it wistfully for a moment and then, kissing it passionately, she tore it into bits and dropped them into the waste basket.

The curtain noiselessly resumed its place and Danforth turned to his guide.

"What does it mean?" he asked in a puzzled, anxious tone.

"You are blind," was the reply. "She loves the man who, to-morrow is to become her sister's husband."

The revelation was so sudden, so unexpected and carried such an endless flood of happiness into his hungry soul that he awoke with a start which nearly cost him his life. He was not in his own room, nor could he at first tell where he was. By degrees he became aware that he was in the open air and that he was hanging from the limb of a tree. The limb which he was grasping desperately with both hands, was swaying to and fro and creaking threateningly. As he looked around for some means of escape from his perilous position, he saw light streaming from a window a few feet above his head. He could see that the curtain was raised several inches; but he was too far below the lighted space to look into the room. The limb to which he was clinging brushed against the building making a sharp grating noise which evidently attracted the attention of the occupant of the room for the curtain was immediately drawn down. Suddenly a dog began barking furiously in the yard below, and for the first time it flashed across Danforth's mind that he had been walking in his sleep, and had found his way into the great elm tree opposite Gertrude Maybury's window. He could understand, now, how his sudden awakening had caused him to lose his balance and grasp for support the first thing that came within his reach.

But the limb was growing weaker at every vibration. He reached out his feet in every direction, but found nothing capable of holding his weight. Then he tried to gain the trunk of the tree by passing hand over hand along the limb. His first effort, however, was the hair on the camel's back. With a crash that awoke the echoes, his support gave way and the unfortunate somnambulist fell to the ground. His last thought after the limb broke was of the humiliating position he would be in if he were discovered, then his head struck a lower branch with such force as to render him insensible.

When Danforth again awoke to consciousness, he found himself in bed, in a strange room. Feeling a stinging sensation in his forehead, he tried to raise his right hand to examine it, but his arm would not move. It was broken. Succeeding better with his



"LOOK," SHE WHISPERED.

left hand, he found his head tightly bandaged.

"Where am I and what is the matter?" he asked as a woman came to the bed, to adjust the covers.

"You have been sick nearly three weeks," replied the nurse, "and you are at Mr. Maybury's. But you must be quiet. They wouldn't have you excite yourself now for the world. Take a good rest, then you will be able to talk a little."

Thus enjoined he held his peace and soon fell asleep. From that on his improvement was rapid. Had he been a member of the family the Mayburys could not have been more interested in his recovery. One morning he tried to explain to Mr. Maybury his presence in the yard on the night of the accident, but that gentleman, with a good natured twinkle in his eye, replied:

"No need of an explanation, Danforth. I didn't know you were a somnambulist. But you were in luck that time if you did come very near breaking your neck. After you are married Gertrude will have to tie a string to you nights to keep you indoors."

"Why do you say Gertrude?" asked Danforth, his pale face turning scarlet.

"Oh! that's all arranged," returned the old gentleman, smiling and rubbing his hands. "Gertrude is glad to be released. You may have suspected that the wind had changed to another quarter. So our timely discovery of your love for Gertrude makes it possible for all of you to be happy."

"What?" interrupted the sick man, "does Gertrude love me after all?"

"Indeed, she does. Your dream, or vision, or whatever it may be called, so far as it related to her was perfectly true. But if she finds it out she will never forgive me for telling you. I watched with you a good deal during the first three weeks of your sickness and heard the whole story, dream and all. So I took the liberty to learn how the girls felt about it. I have said this to you so there may be no more misunderstandings. You will not let them know, of course."

"Indeed, I will not, and may God bless you, Mr. Maybury. You have made me the happiest man in the universe."

LE ROI G. DAVIS.

"Fruit that is to be shipped some distance to market should be picked before it gets too ripe or it will seriously damage in transit."

THE DESERT'S MONARCHS.

The Only Inhabitants of the Great Sahara—A Peculiar Race.

A caravan may travel for weeks without seeing a single person, and yet there is scarcely a square mile of the Sahara between the Atlantic and the region of the Nile that is not at some time passed over by some of the wandering tribes that make the desert their home.

The regular caravan routes that traverse it lead from Morocco to Timbuctoo, from Algiers to the Niger at Timbuctoo, from Tripoli to the same region, or to the cities of the Soudan farther eastward. The population of the towns of the oases in the northern edge of the desert is the same as the native population of the rest of Algiers—Arabs, Jews, Moabite merchants, negroes, etc.

About the outlying oases are the wandering tribes called Chambeas, who are nominally subject to the French and live in good understanding with them.

The great desert unwatered region, nearly a thousand miles wide, that stretches its sandy wastes southward nearly to the edge of the Soudan, is overrun—for it can not be called inhabited—by the several tribes of the Tonaregs, who do not number more than 2,000 or 3,000 warriors, yet are the terror of all peaceful traders who endeavor to pass through their country to the cities of the Soudan.

The Chambeas entertain friendly relations with the Alger Tonaregs, but are bitterly hostile to the Poggars, who are their nearest neighbors.

The Tonaregs are a peculiar race of people. They live principally by brigandage and laying tribute on caravans that cross the desert. They are supposed to be descendants of a people that in prehistoric times emigrated from Asia or from Europe to the Southern shores of the Mediterranean and were gradually crowded southward into the desert.

They are of swarthy aspect, tall, vigorous, supple and quick and energetic in movement. Their only clothing is a blouse and pantaloons of red or blue cotton and fitted close to the figure. On their breast is a sort of white scarf, over which is a belt of red leather supporting the cartouch box, which is of the same material. The head is covered with a turban fastened about the forehead with a band of black stuff, while a black vest conceals the lower part of the face, leaving little but a prominent nose and a pair of unamiable black eyes.

All are armed with a long barbed lance, which never leaves their hands, a two-handed saber and a poniard. At their saddle hangs a double-barrelled gun and a shield of antelope hide.

Thus equipped and mounted on their camels of the species known as mehari, which they guide with great dexterity, they present an imposing appearance and recall the knight errant of the Middle Ages.

Their appearance is threatening, and it is not surprising that their less warlike neighbors regard them with apprehension.

The Tonareg mounted on his mehari leans against the high back of his saddle, and pulling his legs about the cross that forms its front, places his feet on the animal's neck, and guides it by a gentle pressure of the toes on one side or the other. Trained from its earliest youth to this manner, it responds promptly and turns in the direction desired, leaving its rider the free use of his hands to wield his weapons.

The female Tonareg guides her camel in the same manner, and some among them are so expert that they can play a lively air on the mandolin and compel the animal to follow it in a dance movement like a well-trained circus horse.

Owing to the scarcity of water, the Tonaregs never wash themselves. Their filth becomes hereditary, even exceeding that of the most squalid tribes of American Indians.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Russia's Industrial Progress.

A great impetus has been given to Russian industries within the last ten or fifteen years. Thus, in 1875, all the cotton mills of that country contained about 2,000,000 spindles, while there are now, according to the latest reports, 115,000,000 spindles, divided between sixty-seven mills. The number of cotton weaving establishments in Russia is said to be 488, giving employment to more than 80,000 hands, the total annual production being estimated at 56,000,000 roubles. There are also sixty-eight mills for spinning woollen yarn, employing nearly 5,000 hands, and producing goods every year valued at between five and six million roubles. The carpet manufacture employs some 800 hands, with a product valued at half a million roubles or more while 190 works, averaging 100 operatives each, are engaged in producing light woollen tissues. The flax industry is also prosperous, and there are twenty-four spinning mills, in which 21,000 hands are employed, and which have nearly 200,000 spindles. Silk manufacturers have been greatly developed and improved of late years. The province of Moscow counts about 150 silk factories, with nearly 11,000 hands. There are about 600 dyeing establishments, employing some 30,000 hands.—N. Y. Sun.

A New York physician reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city there were five times as many cases on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side.

People always fight shy of the young lawyer. He knows altogether too much about law to be of any practical use.—Somerville Journal.

ORIGIN OF CARDS.

A Pack Now in Existence Said to Be a Thousand Years Old.

The Royal Asiatic Society has, it is said, a pack of cards said to be 1,000 years old, and utterly unintelligible even to the most learned Oriental archaeologist of to-day. There are eight suits, of divers colors; the kings are mounted on elephants, the viziers upon horses, tigers and bulls. Some cards are marked with what looks like a pineapple in a shallow cup, others with the semblance of a parasol with two broken ribs. Of course the Chinese, who, according to their own histories, invented every thing before every body else, claim the merit of having first designed cards and developed the games arising out of them. The Emperor Seun-ho had many wives, who naturally found time hang heavily on their hands, so his most gracious majesty devised amusements for them. There are thirty cards in each of his packs—three suits of nine each, and three extra superior cards. One of the suits is called Kew-ko-wan, the meaning of which every school-boy—in China—knows. In one thing the Chinese surpass the Hindoos—their cards are oblong, like ours, while the Indian cards are round. It may surprise some persons to be told that the queen in our suits is a comparatively modern innovation; the hierarchy at first was purely military—king, knight and knave. The Italians were, it is said, the first to give her majesty a place. There have also been from time to time many changes in the suits. Old German cards have bells, acorns and leaves, instead of clubs, diamonds and spades. French writers have abounded in explanations of the meaning of the symbols, and Pere Daniel endeavors to deduce a military moral. The club, with its trefoil shape, is the "trifles" or clover plant, which abounds in the meadows of France; this shows that a chief should encamp his forces where forage can be found. The spade is the chariot or heavy square-headed arrow shot from a crossbow. "Coeurs," our hearts, signified the courage of the soldiers. The ace is the Latin "as"—representing money, the sinews of war—and so on through several stages of fantastic symbolism. The popularity of cards has been at some periods so great as to awake the censures of the Church. The synod of Langres in 1404 solemnly censured the game of all fours, and St. Bernard so vigorously denounced gambling at Bologna that repentant players made a big bonfire of their relinquished cards in the public square. At that period the pastime must have had the charm of comparative novelty, for there is no record down to the end of the thirteenth century of the general use of cards. They are not mentioned by Petrarch, Boccaccio or Chaucer. They could not have been known in France until the end of the fourteenth century, for an ordinance of Charles V. forbidding other games does not allude to them.—Gentleman's Magazine.

ROMANCE OF SCIENCE.

How a Plant Necessary to Electrical Progress Was Discovered.

The discovery by Mr. Edison of the present form of incandescent light, began with a series of experiments on various substances to find a material suitable for the loop. This was the chief problem the "Wizard of Menlo Park" had to contend with, and he made a series of most costly experiments before he decided upon the carbon filament, which is the horseshoe-shaped loop seen inside the pear-shaped glass globe of the incandescent lamp. Thread loops and tiny cardboard horseshoes were charred into carbon for the loop, and found to some degree suitable; but Mr. Edison finally concluded that the fiber of a certain kind of bamboo was the best substance for the carbon filament. To obtain this, one of his assistants, Mr. Frank McGowan, traveled to and through the unbroken forests of South America. The recital of his adventures sounds like a romantic legend. He encountered all sorts of dangers from wild beasts, predatory bands of Indians, and the ravages of tropical fever; and after traversing the continent from ocean to ocean, fording rivers, wading swamps and scaling the Cordilleras, he has finally returned with a varied stock of fibrous material, which will be applied to experimental work. The adventures of this champion of science were, for the year he was away, more thrilling than those of the knights of legendary lore, who, to rescue some maiden or slay some monster, dared unknown perils. He tells some strange tales of the people he met—the courteous Brazilians who rate a man's position in society according to the value of the hammock he possesses rather than by his dress, and the Indians who are too lazy to work and keep feasting three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and, except under compulsion, will not work at all.—Demorest's Monthly.

A Curious of Human Skin.

An officer of the marine infantry, who commanded the penitentiary of St. Mary a la Comte, in New French Guiana, lately died of diseases contracted at that insalubrious station. The inventory of the objects he left behind him comprised a very curious cuirass, with straps and other accessories. On examination it proved to be of human skin. A convict had died whose breast was covered with extremely beautiful tattooing. The commandant of the station knew this, and had the man flayed before he was buried. For a moment it was thought that this human relic would have been put up for auction with the officer's other effects, but fortunately, it occurred to somebody that it was rather too disgusting. It was known that the officer had worn the cuirass several times when fencing with his comrades.—Notes and Queries.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

Most of Them Sold Are Blue or Emerald Gray in Color.

I dropped into an establishment to-day where glass eyes are sold and asked the store-keeper to tell me what he knew about glass eyes and about the people who bought them; and in the course of his conversation he said: "It is a singular fact that by far the greater part of all the artificial eyes sold in the country are right eyes, and blue, or blueish gray, eyes. At first thought that fact looks unaccountable, but to a person in the business it is not so. So far as Chicago and the West are concerned the color of these artificial eyes is due to the ethnology of the country. The people out here, especially the artisans, are all English or Scandinavian, and belong to the blue-eyed races. The Italian, Spanish and other Latin races, with dark eyes, are in the minority, and not addicted to dangerous employments. It is still easier to account for the fact that the artificial eyes sold are almost all right eyes. Nine-tenths of all the eyes destroyed are destroyed by accidents, and not by disease, and a large proportion of them are the eyes of artisans, and are destroyed in their business. In all sorts of mechanical pursuits the right eye is the most used, and is the most exposed. A man aiming a gun closes his left eye, and puts his right eye close to the gun. A boy about to fire a percussion cap will instinctively turn his left eye away from it. Perhaps there is a sort of connection between the right eye and the right hand. Comparatively few women lose their eyes, but when they do they are often times more anxious to get artificial eyes than men are, and will make all sorts of sacrifices to get one."

The conversation about glass eyes was so interesting that I called in again, in the afternoon, to tell my friend that I had heard that it was a dreadful job to insert a glass eye in the socket, and to ask him whether it was true. "Your informant," he said, "was certainly in error in saying that it was painful to insert an artificial eye. Still, the impression has been made, somehow or other, that it is very painful, as painful as death. I remember that one day a young man came to me to get an artificial eye, and to have me insert it for him. When he had selected one he very solemnly stretched himself out on the floor, and, clenching his teeth, said 'Go ahead,' I said, 'What do you mean?' He replied, 'I want you to insert that eye.' I made him get up, and in an instant I had inserted the eye, and did it so painlessly that he didn't know it, and still stood there waiting for me to insert it. He then told me that he had worn a glass eye before, and that when the other was inserted, down in the southern part of the State, the doctor laid him down on the floor, put his knee on his chest and got several stout farm hands to hold his legs and arms. He also said that it hurt him dreadfully. I have an idea that the doctor rolled up the poor boy's eyelids like a coat sleeve in the operation. I can't understand how any one who knows any thing about the business could represent the process as painful, and I am sorry to have it done, too, because it is apt to increase the fears of those who need artificial eyes, and who would have them, but for the dread they have of having them inserted.—Chicago Journal.

WHITE HOUSE CATS.

A Whole Army of Them Wage War on Rats and Mice.

There are almost as many cats about the White House as may be seen on a prosperous Pennsylvania dairy farm. The White House cats are not of especially fine breed. They are not proud nor in any way especially distinguished from other cats, unless it is in their breeding qualities. They are a promiscuous lot, in all colors that cats come. Most of them have attached themselves to the household apparently from a patriotic desire to serve the country, coming from no one knows where. Many new ones are said to have appeared at the mansion while Mrs. Cleveland reigned there, notwithstanding the playful habits of the dog Hector. As far as is consistent with our form of government, they enacted Mother Goose's melody. The other day there was a great squalling in the basement. A new family of kittens had appeared. "It is pretty near time to have a drowning," remarked one of the ushers. "We have to drown out a colony of kittens about twice a year." "How many cats have you, pray?" I asked. "O, between thirty and fifty old ones. The young no one can keep count of. When they get too numerous there has to be a wholesale killing. Two killings a year keep them down."

The building is so infested with rats and mice that an army of old mousers is necessary to protect the larder and the conservatory. Most of the cats are kept around the conservatory to kill off the rats, which otherwise would dig under and destroy the roots of the many valuable plants. With such an army of matrons, of course the multiplication of little cats is marvelously rapid. Some of these days it may be a fad with young society ladies to have "White House kittens" for pets. This will furnish a more humane way of getting rid of the surplus.—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Does Julia's singing annoy you?" asked the landlady of a new boarder, after her daughter had been exhibiting her vocal powers at the piano half an hour. "O, no," replied the new boarder. "I work in a saw-filing factory, and don't mind it."—N. Y. Ledger.