



Chase County Courant.

W. E. TIMMONS, Editor.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, - KANSAS

TO HER WHO KNOWS.

Because your eyes are blue, your lips are red, And the soft hair is golden on your head.

Since other maids have shining golden hair, And other cheeks are the June's pink roses wear.

But if the eyes are blue for me a one, And if only for me the rose has blown.

And as my saint, my soul's one shining star That lights my darkness from the wrongs afar.

JIM'S LETTER TO FRED.

DEAR FRED: You have often laughed at me for being so romantic, but I don't mind telling you everything.

He, I could see, like most rich fathers, objected to her receiving any attention from any one, or being acquainted with any young gentleman.

Still, only to see her now and then was a great joy. I used to wander about the hotel like a ghost at all sorts of hours.

I tried to get acquainted with the old gentleman, but he pretended not to hear the polite remarks I made about the weather as we met in the reading-room.

Washing away of tracks is amply guarded against by great culverts to lead off the water that may come down on the tracks.

The father would rise from his seat and hurry down the walk to meet us. "My preserver! Thank him, papa!"

She drove in a noisy phantom. She swam like an angel or a mermaid. Sometimes I used to say to myself: Perhaps her ponies would grow restless and run away with her.

She dreamed; the foolish dreams of a love-sick boy! I hear you say. Prophetic dreams, Fred. One day it really happened.

The bathers were in the water. She was there, in a new bathing-suit—cream and brown, with a silk cap to match.

The language was not elegant, but the voice was sweet, and she was like a rose or a dove, or both.

doubled the newspaper into a great wad in his excitement, and kept dabbling his bald head with it, under the impression that it was his handkerchief.

"Bless us and save us! I expected something dreadful would come of all this splashing about," he spluttered, as he advanced to meet us.

"You've spoiled your pants," he said, in a moment; "and your vest. Here, you go into our place when you go down to New York, and jest hand that in."

I felt rather hurt, but I would not resent anything from her father. I looked at the card it bore the words: "Crump & Co., Clothiers."

"If you don't want 'em don't take 'em," he said; "but pants is pants, and you've ruined yours swimming after Mrs. Crump. No offense meant, I'm sure."

The illusion was over; the dream past. The father changed into a husband, my adored one into Mrs. Crump, who could be nothing to me. Besides she was very ungrammatical.

Some people think that the engineers of the Mexican Central traced the line through the Nechistongo Pass, merely obeying a professional pride that impelled them to overcome great difficulties.

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Papa had come down to the shore. He was pale with fright, and had

Santiago.

To describe Santiago is to describe the heart of Chili. It is to the Chileans what Paris is to the French, and those who have acquired wealth in other parts of the republic invariably come to Santiago to spend it.

The house of one of the wealthier class, as a rule, covers about an acre of ground and is built out in quadras (squares of about four acres), with the streets running uniformly at right angles to each other.

"I goes in to encourage ambishun in the 'cull'd race, but I mus' at the same time warn you not to lose your common sense."

"Doan't let go of de rabbit in your hand in order to jolur up a 'possum track three days off. Instead of tryin' to be great, seek to be good."

"Ambishun am a creek rishin' from a hilly kentry. Mingled wid common sense it turns de wheels of m'ls an' factories an' become as benefit to thousands. Left to its own wild will it demages an' devastates an' becomes a curse."

There are people who are not naturally unkind, nevertheless they, in many ways, are cruel to dumb animals, sometimes not intentionally so.

People here all arm themselves for the winter. There can be no question as to its severity. Indeed, one would be inclined to imagine it were almost welcomed as a friend, for keen disappointment is expressed when the snow is tardy in falling.

Slang has this value, that it shows how language grows. The English tongue is so vigorous that it seizes whatever it needs for growth, just as it did in its infancy.

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Ruths' Department.

THE TALE OF A KITE.

"Was a young and silly kite, Who took his first gay flight On the windy noon of Tommy's holiday."

"Oh, could I now get free, I might indeed," said he, Swelled and quivered with his pride.

"With a quick, impatient start, Lo! he snaps the cord apart, For a moment, boasts triumphant, yet more big."

"Was a sadder, wiser kite That Tommy saw a flight, With battered form, and tattered tail, so slim; His spangled sides were riven."

RYE'S STORY.

Two years ago we all went up to Barclay to stay a year. Father owns a place up there, and the doctor said the change would do mother a great deal of good.

I hated to go, for I didn't see how I could get along without our school, and the girls and every thing. Mother said that was rather selfish, but I didn't care for that.

When we had been at Barclay about a week, my cousin, June Ackers, came to live with us. June's home was in Boston, but her folks had gone to Europe, and she was to stay with us till they came back.

After staying at Barclay better after June came, we had a splendid fun. One morning, mother said, just after breakfast:

"Girls, I think you may begin your school this morning." I expect I must have turned pale, for you see, I never thought of such a thing as going to school in that country place.

I begged mother not to send me, but mother is firm, I can tell you. June kept very quiet. I expected she would be awfully cross, but when we went upstairs to get our hats, she shut the door and said:

"Of course, we've got to go, but I guess we can think up something that will pay Aunt Charlotte off." So we went—Jim and us two girls.

June said Jim so, on the way, that mother had a terrible time to get him to go inside the school-house. June told him the teacher had horns, and that she cut off every boy's ears if he couldn't spell "hippopotamus."

Another was ahead of us, and didn't hear anything June said, so she was dreadfully mortified when we got in the school and Jimmy began to walk around the teacher and stare at her. He wasn't afraid while mother was there, so he said:

"Say, you ain't got on your horns to-day, have you? and I can spell hippopotamus, too, so you can't cut my ears off, either!" Mother tried to stop him, but she couldn't do it. She explained to the teacher that Jimmy had never been to school before, and I think the teacher thought we were funny people.

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the awful thing I had done to hide our dear little baby.

"But June laughed. "I guess Tony is not far off in the woods, Aunt Charlotte. I saw her going down that way a while ago."

"Mother never looked at June, but said to me in that dreadful tone: "Go and get her, Rye!"

"I ran, you can believe. I never hurried so in my life. June followed. I believe she was afraid to stay there with mother."

"Well—I can hardly tell it, even now—when we reached the "den" the baby was gone. I never had such a feeling in my life as when I came upon the place where we had left Tony, and found she wasn't there. I sat down on the moss and looked at June. She didn't laugh then. She just turned around and said:

"Ay, I believe they'll hang me, for I've killed your little sister." "I didn't dare go back to tell mother Tony was gone. I think I had a wild notion of going and jumping into the river."

But before I could move the hired man appeared. He saw that we were frightened and that Tony was gone. He just grabbed June by the arm and shook her as hard as he could.

"Then he said: "Now tell where that baby is, you wicked little wretch!" "So June told, as well as she could, all about it."

erry—his name was Jerry—just started for the house like a race-horse. I don't know what he told, nor what they said, for June and I stole up the back stairs and hid in the attic. I never passed such an afternoon. I could hear them running all through the house at first: then everything got still, only I could hear some one crying bitterly somewhere.

Once, a carriage drove up, and I saw a lady get out. "Oh dear, I saw the doctor (our old doctor from R—), come up the walk. I wondered, in a dazed sort of way, who was sick. I did not speak nor June did not speak all that afternoon."

By and by, it grew dark. There seemed to be no noise down stairs. We could hear voices and steps. I opened the door and crept out on the stairs. The house was all lighted up.

In a minute I heard Norah saying: "It's heres see is, ma'am, safe and sound. An' yer see her, ma'am—yer own little Tony?"

I can't tell you how I felt. I know I rushed down stairs and into mother's room. Nobody noticed me, for mother was lying in bed and I thought she was dead. She never opened her eyes, nor stirred. There were two doctors there, and father and Aunt Helen. Nobody spoke to me; even Norah pushed me away. I felt like a murderer. I thought I was one.

I went up to our room and told June that Tony was found, but that we had killed mother. And June never spoke. I cried all that night. I couldn't sleep. I just cried and cried.

The queerest thing was June, though. Not a word did she say. She just sat there and stared at nothing. I couldn't help feeling afraid when I looked at her.

Well, after a long time—it seemed a year—it was morning, and I went down stairs again. Mother was better, but very weak.

Tony was lying in mother's bed. I won't ever tell what I said to mother, nor what she said to me. I shan't forget it, though.

At a while, mother told me to bring June in. So I did.

June was all along like one asleep. He never seemed to see mother at all. But the minute she saw Tony she began to cry. Oh, you never heard any one cry so! It was awful. She just hugged Tony up in her arms, and it seemed as if she'd kill herself crying. I was frightened. Mother didn't say a word.

Father came in and put his hand on June's head, and said: "June—why, June—I!"

And then father a tually cried, too. Finally, they took us away, for mother was very weak. Father told us we were forgiven; but I can tell you we never played any more tricks on any one.

It seems that a farmer from the other side of the woods found Tony, and not knowing who she was, carried her to his house. It was almost dark by ore father and Jerry found her. We never talk about it, for it makes us feel dreadful.

June was a different girl after that. She was so good, mother really cried when her folks came home, and June went back to Boston.—Golden Days.

A Penitent Boy.

You would have felt sorry for him if you had seen him as he wandered into the police headquarters last week.

He was dirty, tired, hungry, and miserable, and it was all his own fault. He had run away from home; he lived in San Francisco, which you know is on the Pacific coast; and this thirteen-year-old child had left his bright, sunny, comfortable home last June to do—what do you think? Fight Indians! And he had not seen one in all his travels. He had no money when he left home, but he stole a ride on a train to Omaha, which he reached very hungry and very tired; from there he got his way to Chicago, walked nearly the entire distance now and then train hands allowed him to ride free. He begged a ride in the cars from Chicago to Cincinnati, where he hoped to find an older brother, but he did not find him. After working about the city for a few days, he again began begging his way and stealing rides on the railroad trains, and last Friday he reached New York. He wandered about the city all day, without anything to eat, and late at night came to the police station completely worn out, and begging to be sent home. You see, Emil was one of those smart little boys who thought he knew a great deal better than his father and mother what it was best for him to do; he thought himself a very much abused boy because he was not allowed to follow every inclination. But this journey had taught him a lesson, and when he received word that he was to be sent back he was a happy and thankful boy, and says that when he reaches home he will show his father and mother how sorry he is for the anxiety and trouble he has caused them these last months.—Christian Union.











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THE CROAKER.

"Laugh at those who rumble, And be merry as you can. We must travel through life, but why make a deal man out of the man?"

MISS PEASLEE'S NEIGHBOR.

CHAPTER I.

"An old bachelor! It's just too bad," cried Miss Jane Peaslee, excitedly. "I never could abide old bachelors, and here one of em's gone and moved in right next door!"

"Mebbe not, Jane," mildly expostulated Mrs. Webb. "Old bachelors ain't apt to be middle-aged generally."

"Miss Jane and her sister owned the little cottage in which they lived, which was about all they did own, and managed to eke out a living by doing plain sewing, dress making or anything of the kind they could get to do."

"Two women folks, and one of them an old maid, I'll bet a pocket knife. The other looks like she might be a widow, from allus dressing in black."

"There's that dog a worryin' the chickens agin," screamed Miss Jane one morning, and snatching up the broom, she hurriedly gave chase.

Over the neat, gravelly walk, over the tidy border of blackberry lilies and Iris versicolor, round and round he whirled, dexterously avoiding the avenging foe, until at last he espied Bonaparte, the big grey cat, leisurely taking his morning walk.

Control by Kindness. Two men were in adjacent fields to bring home their horses from pasture. One, with peck measure in hand, spent an hour in cornering one horse and taking him to the barn, when he went back to chase the other.

Historic Maremma. Incredible as the assertion may appear, there are still districts in Italy where strangers are a rarity, where the innkeepers only speak their own beautiful language, where Mr. Cook has not yet led swarms of personally-conducted tourists.

Natural Gas as Fuel. Shortly after petroleum was discovered, it was found that some of the driven wells gave out a gas which, when ignited, illuminated the country around, and gave out an intense heat.

Eaten by a Weed. Commander Alfred Carpenter, writing from Suakin, Red Sea, contributes this instance of a carnivorous plant preying upon vertebrata, observed by him in 1881, when he was surveying at the Paracel Islands, in the South China Sea.

Predicting the Weather from the Color of the Stars. From the fact, determined by W. Spring, that the color of pure water in great bulk is blue, M. Ch. Montigny explains the predominance of this color in the scintillation of the stars just before and during wet weather.

Macaroni Eaters Warned. I feel it to be a duty I owe to the people of this country to caution them against the use of macaroni and other pastes made in Italy, Naples more especially.

Quaker and Queen. The Friends call no man master; they honor all men, and their courtesy is free from servility. Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., once paid a visit to a rich Quaker widow, who, on receiving notice that the Queen intended to visit her, simply said she would be welcomed.

FARM AND FILESIDE. - Grape Pickles: Fill a jar with alternate layers of grapes and sugar, and cover with cold vinegar. - Graham flour is sometimes used with good effect to thicken the juice of stewed tomatoes instead of using bread or cracker crumbs.

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