

The Chase County Courant,
Official Paper of Chase County,
W. E. TIMMONS, Editor and Publisher.

An exchange suggests that prudent farmers plant for war this year, claiming that all Europe will be involved before another year.

Bill Brown, of Jessamine county, Ky., is the party who attacked the fair name of Garfield, in the Washington Post, a few days ago. Bill is a warm friend of Mr. Blaine's and used to be on very intimate friendship with Mr. Beck. Bill is a stalwart, a sneak, a ruffian at heart, a coward and a d—d fool.—Oldham County (Ky.) Era.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad shops at Topeka have just turned out a complete passenger train, every article of which, including locomotive, tender, baggage and postal cars and passenger coaches, from the heaviest work to the most elaborate finish, including lanterns used by the train hands, and excepting only the paper wheels of the baggage cars, was manufactured entirely in Topeka.

The Kansas City Times has put on a new dress, put in a Scott's improved printing and folding machine, built expressly for the Times, and has been materially improved in other respects, and, in fact, has become a paper worthy of a city with ten times the inhabitants of Kansas City. We are glad to note this improvement in our Democratic contemporary, as it denotes financial success; and we wish it a continuation of its success, as Democratic papers in this western country have a kind of up hill work of it to come any where near succeeding financially.

Commissioner McFarland, of the General Land Office, makes a decision regarding the varieties of trees that come within the timber culture act. Heretofore the varieties alantibus, catapata and Osage orange were not considered to be in the requirement of the law. Commissioner McFarland decides that the character of the tree should be such as are recognized in the neighborhood as of value for timber, or for commercial purposes, or for firewood and domestic use. The enumeration of species on page 27, of the general circular of October 1st, 1890, is only intended, the Commissioner explains, as a general guide, and is not to be considered to exclude any tree falling within the foregoing characterization. This decision will permit the planting in Kansas of the above named three varieties that have heretofore been supposed to have been excluded by the timber culture act.

CHASE AND MORRIS COUNTIES
OF TO-DAY.

NUMBER TWO.
COUNCIL GROVE, KANSAS,
March 26th, 1882.

To the Editor of the Courant:
Here I am, this morning, seated in the office of the Commercial House, formerly called the Grove House. If the building could talk, what curious tales it could tell of the by-gone days. I well remember one night, in 1868, we were all sitting around a comfortable fire in the office, and Charley Whittaker, a whole-souled fellow, proposed a game of cards for the oysters; we all played, and finally we sent for the raw material. Mr. Watkins, the landlord, gave us the privilege of going into the kitchen and helping ourselves to the butter, crackers, catsup, or anything that we needed. In a short time we were all standing around the counter in the office, each one with a plate, enjoying him-self hugely; but a change came over the scene; a fellow came in, with a pistol in hand, saying: "It's my night to howl." Of course, under the circumstances, we around the festive board had no objections to offer; but he walked up to the counter and slammed his pistol down on it and said: "I am not afraid of any man in town." I thought that was a queer way for any person to ask a blessing; but I had enough of oysters for that evening, and I walked from behind the counter towards the front end of the office. "You bet," said he, "I am hard to carry."

He picked up the roll of butter and, pointing at me, said: "Don't you believe it?" and let the butter fly. It was not a daisy picker, but a fly. It struck me on the forehead and glanced and stuck on the wall, over the window. For a long time there was a grease spot there, but I see it has vanished.

Across the street from the hotel is where Col. S. N. Wood's printing office used to be in 1861. It was a log structure. It was burned down that same year, which was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Jim Rightley's Hotel now stands very near where that printing office once stood.

There is one thing of which the Grove people can well afford to be proud, and that is their fine buildings. Most of their business houses are built of brick; and I will venture to say that the Grove is the best improved town, of its size, in the State. They have a good, stone Court house; but, pshaw! it is not as fine as the one at Cottonwood Falls. The streets are well improved; but I remember, years ago, when there would be a heavy rain a person would have to almost swim in them; but it is not that way now.

The old log building where McDowell was guarded the night that he was hung, has disappeared, and a fine, brick building has taken its place.

Here is a small frame building known very well by the old settlers as once McNay's harness shop. A shooting scrape happened in front of this place one afternoon in January, 1867, between two horse jockeys, named Matt. Burch and Dock G-zette. Burch walked up to Dock Gazette in a friendly sort of a way, and said: "Dock, please give me a chew of tobacco." Dock put his hand in his pocket for the aforesaid weed, and Burch pulled a revolver and began shooting. Dock "saw him, with one better," and, of course, tried to "cover his blind." Both of them emptied their pistols of their content; but, curious to say, neither of them received a scratch.

I see two men in the street, Gov. Isaac Sharp and James Watkins. I will not make myself known to them now; but I will some time in the near future. Why do I mention them? you would ask. Those gentlemen were very kind to me when I was a small boy; and I can never forget the kind advice they gave me. Their names will always be fresh in my memory; but the day has advanced further than I thought it had, and I must be going, as I have a big day's drive in front of me.

As I pass over the old bridge my mind wanders back to the night that McDowell was hung on it. No doubt, he has passed away from the memories of a great many here; but the old bridge still remains. After passing the bridge I find I am in

EAST COUNCIL GROVE.

The first house that I pass is a stone building once known as Habrank's brewery; but I do not think that it is a brewery now, as St. Johnism has caused such things to be stopped in this State.

The M., K. & T. railroad passes through here, and close to it is the Fair Grounds. There is a fine looking school-house here, which shows the progress of civilization.

There is a large steam grist mill at this place, and it appears to be doing a good business; Wm. Shaffer, an old timer, is the proprietor.

Joseph G. Faris, one of the best citizens of Woodhull, Chase county, lived here at one time. I am sure if he saw the place now, he would not know it.

As I drive across the railroad track I look back towards the Grove, and I say to myself: "The idea of trying to move the county seat from a town that has such a boom!" Parkerville tried hard to get the county seat, at one time; but she lost her grip. Parkerville is twelve miles north of here, on the M., K. & T. railroad. A drive of eight miles, and where am I? Oh, yes; this is

ROCK CREEK, on the east side of which was where Judge A. I. Baker lived and was murdered. It was one evening in May, 1861, that old man Anderson, father of the noted Bill, went to see Mr. Baker about something that he said in regard to the character

of the Anderson family. It was reported that Baker circulated a story that the Anderson boys were horse thieves, and for this the old man wanted Baker to apologize or take it back. Baker would do neither. The old man left Baker, and was going down stairs when Baker shot him with a rifle, and he fell to the bottom, a corpse. On the evening of July 3, 1861, about dark, a team drove up in front of Baker's ranch;—a ranch in those days was where tobacco, whisky and other groceries were sold;—two strangers went into the ranch and asked for a pint of whisky. Baker went down into the cellar for the "tea," and as he was returning up the steps he was met by Bill Anderson, who drew a six shooter and fired. Mr. Baker fell back into the cellar, mortally wounded. They then set fire to the building, and Mr. Baker was left to die in the angry flames. The building was a two-story stone house; but all that is left now, is a torn down wall, and a few stones scattered around, to mark the eventful place.

As I proceed down Rock creek I can not but notice the change in things. There are some very nice looking farms on this creek, and everything looks prosperous.

Here is a town about a mile and a half from the Neosho river. It is on the line of the M., K. & T. railroad. Its name is

DUNLAP, in honor of Mr. Joseph Dunlap, an old settler. He was proprietor of the Union Hotel, the then Falls House, at Cottonwood Falls, in 1872.

Jim O'Byrne has a large stock farm here, and at present is feeding about 130 head of cattle. Jim is one of those self-made young men; and he, at one time, was a Chase county boy.

From here up to the old Kaw Indian agency is a splendid farming country; and the farmers seem to be pushing their spring work. It seems that corn is the principal crop raised here. At one time this country was the Kaw Indian Reservation. The Government built a stone house, at one time, for every Indian family, on every 160 acres of land, and furnished them with plows, thinking, I suppose, that that will not plow, for reason of the cold, will starve and have nothing; but they would keep their "shungies"—meaning horses in the Indian language—in the houses, and would leave the plows lying on the prairie, like some farmers that I know; and in civilizing Mr. Kaw the Government failed.

FOUR MILE CREEK.
I am now at a place on this creek, and it is about two miles from where the creek empties into the Neosho. This is the place where the Kaws surrendered two of their braves to the whites, in 1859. The day before they were surrendered they rode into Council Grove, and fired into some citizens at the Gilkey House, now the Commercial House. They were both hung, the next day, near where Stribby's wagon shop once stood.

Here is a large farm and a fine looking residence on it. I understand it is the property of Riley Torwhilleger. He, also, is an old timer; and he knows how to make things boom; but I must keep on going. I notice that every field has a team in it busy at work.

I am now on the divide between Four Mile creek and Diamond creek. I understand that Dave Berry owns twelve miles square of land here, and he is going to fence it with stone.

It is getting right dark now, and I am at the Twin Mounds. Here is where Mr. Tom O'Donnell saw a horrible sight, one night a great many years ago. Some say it was a ghost; but I hope I won't see it, for I am too tired to enter into conversation with it. I am home, at last, and it is bed-time, and I wish you all good night. Joe.

THE FUTURE OF KANSAS.
That Kansas is to have a bright future is the prediction of the Leavenworth Times, which for the weekly edition you will have to pay \$1.00 a year. We have made arrangements to club the Leavenworth Weekly Times, with the COURANT for \$2 per annum. Send your money to this office and for \$2.00 you will get the Leavenworth Weekly Times and the COURANT for one year. Do not delay a day in taking advantage of this wonderful offer, for between now and April 30th, some subscriber to the Times will receive a \$2.00 organ,

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