THE BARBOUR COUNTY INDEX.

VOL. II. MEDICINE LODGE, BARBOUR CO., KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881. NO 38.

THE EVE

The event AND NOW.
And I, e
That bobolink's whistle in the dewy flush of morn;
Fem was on the alder and the tassel a the corn,
...d with beating heart beside babbling Mac-o-chee,
...see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

saw her pace with quiet grace, the shaded path along,
And pause to pluck a flower, or hear a thrush's song,
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved and I a cub unknown,
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave with all her heart to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood,
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered as in awkward speech I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain that hits evening-lit dreve...
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the ripping stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south wind sigh,
More sweet than these and all besides was the loving low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life,
To mold its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned from above;
My angel walked with me on earth and gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dim with tears—
I think upon the loving faith of all those by-gone years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in the dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

KENNETH'S RESOLVE.

By Hannah Hopper.

Kenneth Winnard stood like a statue in his handsome library. His face was as white as the snow which lay without, and his eyes seemed, in their expression, to be wholly unconscious of anything about him.

A beautiful young girl had just left him, and taken with her the bright hopes and happy anticipations which for a twelvemonth had gladdened his heart. He stood as though he would never stir or smile again, and his disappointment and sorrow were the same to him as if numberless hearts had not felt the same, the very same grief which was tearing away every desire for future existence.

Something flashed suddenly into his face. He started. The sun was just setting, and the startling flash was from the beautiful diamond ring which lay at his feet, the ring which had sealed his betrothal with beautiful Claudia Drummond. He, with man's foolish heart, had thought her an angel, and had expected that nothing but death would part them. He was a man of wealth, and had lived in luxury and ease all his life.

As the diamond's brilliant reflection was thrown across his face, he looked down, as if from instinct, and saw the little circlet lying where he had dropped it when Claudia Drummond had placed it in his hand. He raised his foot and was about to crush it into the carpet, when suddenly the expression changed upon his face, he stooped and took it in his hand, and turned it about in many different ways to see the light of the low sun flash upon it.

"I will keep it," he said, "to remind me continually of woman's inconstancy."

With his knife he pried apart the golden ring upon his watch-chain and slipped the ring upon it. He sat down in an easy chair by the window, and as he watched the going down of the great sun, new thoughts, new hopes and new desires took the place of the old ones, and never had he felt himself so much a man as when, after an hour's meditation in solitude, he arose and left the library. He passed through the dainty reception room and opened the door of the hall.

A pleasant murmur of voices greeted his ear. He stood a moment irresolute, then as if to prove the strength of his new determination, he crossed the hall and entered the parlor. There was Claudia sitting by the side of her new lover, the man who had won her heart from him. He saw that another ring flashed upon her finger, in the place of his, and her cheeks were glowing with the joy of her new engagement. His brother's wife was there, too, and his niece, and he knew by the pleasant smiles upon their faces and their lively chat that they either did not know of his disappointment or did not sympathize with him in his great grief.

His rival was his nephew (a man not much younger than himself) and he seemed in his own great happiness to forget the sorrow of his uncle, and the great wrong he had done him.

When Kenneth Winnard entered the room, there was an unpleasant silence for a moment, but the composure of the rejected man, his ease and apparent indifference, broke up the stillness.

"I was just wondering where you were Kenneth," said Mrs. Graves. "Come into the charmed circle, do, and chat with us."

"No. I'm going to give you some music," said Kenneth, taking his seat upon the piano stool.

He never played better, and the room seemed filled with the music. All were silent, and Claudia listened and forgot for a moment the new lover beside her. She saw the diamond ring dangling from his watch-chain, and saw his animated face as he played, and she was chagrined, and half angry that he had given her up so easily. Her new lover seemed to notice it too, and a portion of the charm was gone, the prize he won from another was not after all of much value.

A servant opened the door.

"Please, Mrs. Graves," she said "the little girl has come again for the pay for her sewing, and she says she must have it this time, for they will suffer without it."

"I'm sorry, but I can't pay her to-night. All the money I have by me must go with me on my shopping excursion to-morrow. Tell the girl I'm sorry, but I can't pay it to-night, that is certain."

The music ceased, Kenneth Winnard turned about, for his ear, quickened by the new resolve in his heart to fill his future days with good deeds, caught the servant's words.

"Stop," he said to the servant as she was about to leave the room. "Stop, I will go myself and see the little girl."

He passed out of the room, and went into the warm kitchen. A little girl stood warming her red hands before the fire.

"Good evening," said Kenneth. "You have come for your pay for the sewing?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, timidly. "We need it, or I would not have come out this bitterly cold night. My sister Annie is not able to work now, and we have no coal, and not much to eat."

"Wait a moment," said he, as he went out of the kitchen.

Soon he returned in overcoat, hat and gloves.

"I am going home with you," he said to the little girl's questioning look. He took the child's hand and they passed out into the street.

The child ran along by his side scarcely able to keep up with his rapid strides, and at last he noticed her effort, and lifted her in his arms. It was a good mile to the little cheerless home, but they were soon there, and climbed the stairs and soon stood before the pale, shivering young lady, who sat by the window wrapped in a tattered blanket.

"I have heard of such sights as this," said Kenneth; "but I never could think them real. Why, you are freezing to death here, and there's no time for words. I will be back in a moment."

He ran down the stairs, and the little girl, Mary, had hardly had time to explain who he was before he was back again. In his own hands he brought a dozen bunches of kindling wood, and all of these he placed in the little stove and set them afire. He moved the young lady away from the window to the stove, and was so filled with surprise that any should be so wretchedly poor that he did not even notice the grateful smile that hovered about the quivering lips, and did not even hear the low "thank you" which she uttered.

A man shortly after tumbled in a barrel of coal, and very soon the room was warm and the frost began to melt from the windows.

Kenneth Winnard went again into the street, and when he returned he had with him a basket of eatables.

"There," he said, taking a long breath, "you will be at least partially comfortable for the night, and I will come in again to-morrow."

He was hurrying from the room when little Mary caught his hand and kissed it.

"Dear sir," she said, "we will bless you forever and ever."

With these heartfelt words sounding like sweet music in his ears, he went back to his sumptuous home. They were still chatting pleasantly in the parlor, but he did not join them.

The next day he went again to little Mary's home, and was greatly pleased to see the young lady look much brighter than on the night before. With great earnestness she thanked him for his kindness, and related to him a little of her life history, which was the old story of wretchedness and poverty taking the place of affluence. She had supported herself and her little sister for more than a year by her needle, but her health failed her, and then she saw no way left for her to live.

Kenneth Winnard was much touched by her simply-told history, and every day found him for a half-hour or more in the little room, which now began to look cheerful and cosy. He found many more who were in need of help, and he visited them, and many hearts blessed him, and many lips heralded his good deeds.

Claudia soon tired of her new lover's soft words, and the calm, handsome face of Kenneth haunted her, sleeping and waking. She heard of his noble deeds, and her new lover seemed insipid by the side of him, and so she drifted away from him and treated him with coolness and often with contempt.

The winter passed away, and the glad, new spring came to send fresh hopes and vigor into the hearts of the poor. Poor Annie Day and her little sister Mary were now living in comparative comfort. Annie had regained her health, and was again working with her needle for their support; but she had found one friend, and life seemed brighter and fairer to her, and she worked with a new gladness in her heart.

Kenneth Winnard loved her. His acquaintance with her sweet disposition and cheerful spirit had won his admiration and affection, and he smiled as he thought of the love he had once felt for Claudia Drummond, and compared it to the tender, quiet affection which he gave to gentle Annie Day. He did not declare his love, for he had promised himself when he attached the diamond ring to his watch chain, that never would he place it upon a finger again until he had proved the faithfulness of her whom he loved, if ever he should love again. He was rich and Annie Day was poor. Would she not be glad to marry him, even without affection? He tried to invent some plan by which he could learn if she truly loved him, and while he thought and pondered in vain, Providence was about to execute a plan which would be a sure test.

Kenneth continued to visit the poor, and administer to their comfort, and, at last, he was stricken down, and the doctor pronounced his disease the small-pox. They all fled from him. His proud sister-in-law, his niece, and Claudia Drummond, and a servant only, was left to care for him who had been so kind to others; but one day the room seemed to grow bright with the presence of sweet Annie Day.

She remained at his side all through his sickness; she bathed his brow, and sung low, sweet songs to him; she did everything human hands or human heart could; and when the sickness was over, and he sat, convalescent, in his great arm-chair, she left him, as it were, in darkness, and commenced again her labor with the needle.

He was soon well again, and the house was once more in order, and occupied as formerly.

Claudia Drummond was learning fast to despise her second lover, and to love Kenneth Winnard with much greater ardor than before the engagement was broken; and one day, while he sat in his library, she entered, and, throwing herself at his feet, implored him to take her back again to the place she once occupied in his heart, and place on her finger the ring she had once worn.

He pitied, but did not love her, and with a few kind words, and a recital of a change in his feelings, he left her there ashamed, angry and wretched.

He sought the humble home of Annie Day, and told her of his affection, and asked her to be his wife.

She looked into his truthful eyes, and in firm tone replied:

"Kenneth, I love you, but I am poor, and you are rich. I will do anything for you; I will be always ready to comfort you, and do all that a faithful, worshiping heart can do, but I cannot marry you. Your station is far above me."

Then Kenneth Winnard, doubly convinced of her faithfulness, pleaded with her until he had reasoned away all objections, and she was made his wife, and the good minister said:

"What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

Little Mary found a beautiful home at their pleasant fireside, and never a night did Kenneth Winnard forget to offer thanks that Claudia Drummond had broken the tie which had bound them, and given him by that act the impetus to work to some purpose, to give to the poor of his abundance, and he would often say to his wife:

"If I receive no reward in heaven for my charities, I shall be satisfied because they have brought me the glory and happiness of my life on earth, my faithful, loving wife!"

Chinese Style of Advertising.

The Chinese newspapers contain more ingenious advertisements than ever appear in print in Yankeeland. For example, a Hong Kong journal displays the following: "Missing from the neighborhood of Queen's road, Hong Kong, a tall, stout-complexioned gentleman, five feet six inches of age, 27 years in height, pink hair, green eyes, mauve eyebrows. He had on when last seen a pair of swallow-tailed trousers with sausage-striped sleeves, fashionable mutton-cutlet waistcoat, with cast-iron trimmings and knitted mahogany legs, a double-barreled frock coat with tripe collar and tobacco linings, adorned with three flounces; water-tight canvas boots, with porcelain tops, laced up at the sides; match-box hat, low-crowned, trimmed square round the edges without the nap; a pair of green and white stockings, with potato heels and sides; a Tartarian necktie, rather down at the heels and broad of belief, tied with a true lover's knot around his massive forehead; a shirt of cabbage cloth, with rat-tail buttons up behind his belly; cast-steel Honiton lace gloves, with air-tight ventilators at the joints; and magnificent cheese-headed, plum pudding walking cane, with initials 'D. B.' in castor oil letters. This singular gentleman was born after his younger brother, his mother being absent on each occasion. No cards. By telegraph—The missing gent has been seen again, admiring our extensive stock of mouldings for picture frames, dolls, toys and fancy goods at Messrs. Uhlmann's bazar, in Queen's road. Any information by wealthy people will enable them to procure a supply of the above mentioned articles for a consideration, according to quantity. Call and see us."

Hints about Water.

No water that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed many of the dust germs floating in the apartment.

If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels for several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessels are tight. Wherever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered.

Filtering always adds to the purity of the water. Drinking-water, should not be taken from lakes or rivers on a low level. Surface water, or water in lakes, pools or rivers, which receive the surface wash, should be avoided as much as possible. Do not drink much water at a time. More than two tumblerfuls should not be taken at a meal. Do not drink between meals unless to quench thirst, an excess of water weakens the gastric juice and over-works the kidneys. Excessive potations, whether of water or other fluid, relax the stomach, impair its secretions and paralyze its movements. By drinking a little at a time all injury is avoided.

The Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, in endeavoring to treat the wounds received by the candidates for the presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oil. Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy,—which "heals all wounds but those of love" and soothes all pains,—save those of political disappointment. —*Galveston News.*

Among the rich men in Russia Baron Stieglizt is said to be the first, with a fortune of eighty millions of roubles. After him comes Prince Yussupoff, who owns estates in sixteen provinces, yielding a revenue of two and a half millions, and the third on the by no means short list is Count Stroganoff, the owner of nearly one-quarter of the province of Perin, with an annual income of one and a half millions.

It is very rare that the *Republican* consents to editorially forward the interests of advertisers of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Three islands in the Hudson, near Albany, known as Hillhouse island, Draker island, and Island Park, and containing an aggregate of 260 acres, have recently been purchased by Mr. Erastus Corning, for the purpose, it is said, of a dumping ground for the immense quantities of cinders, scale, slag, and ashes coming from the Albany and Rensselaer steel and iron works.

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—*Traveller.*

A HAUNTED CLOCK STORE.

A Mischievous Youth Creates a Midnight Sensation.

Carson Appeal, January 22.

On Friday afternoon McLaughlin, the jeweler, went to Virginia City to see some Storey county members regarding the introduction of a bill to reduce the freight on clocks over the Central Pacific Railroad. In his absence he left a young man to look after the store. McLaughlin did not return on the evening train—having encountered some opposition to his bill—and in the mean time his clerk conceived a fiendish plot to ruin him. He fell to work on the clocks—148 of them—and set the alarms in such a way that they would begin to agitate the atmosphere about midnight and maintain a desultory fire until about 3 o'clock in the morning. The clocks are made by an ingenious Yankee in Meriden, Conn., and are warranted to raise a neighborhood and keep up the noise seven minutes. In the day time the reaching power of an alarm is 265 yards, but in the solemn stillness of the night its inner harmonies will resound through a ward whose superficial area is four square miles. At midnight Officer Stern, who was passing the place, sprang high in the air under the suddenly acquired impression that the building was falling down. In a few minutes a crowd from Gilhooly's reached the spot and paused to hear the alarm go off. Just, however, as clock No. 1 was weakening on its sustained efforts, the brazen snort of clock No. 2 blended so nicely with it that the transition of the sound was not detected by the audience.

"She's a stayer," said the officer.

Inside of half an hour about a hundred persons had gathered, while the clocks wheeled into line with so much precision that no one doubted that the same old clock was keeping up its lick, with an occasional change of key. At the end of the first hour the working force was augmented by two clocks being in the same shift.

"Gettin' its second wind," said the thoughtful peeler.

Occasionally six or seven clocks would break loose at once, and for the last half hour a chorus of clocks woke sleepers from their beds and roused the town for blocks around. When the crashing finale came the street was deserted, and the Associated Press reporter telegraphed a long account of a haunted clock factory to the Atlantic seaboard. McLaughlin is still looking for the boy who tampered with the machinery, but for some unexplained reason the precocious youngster has so far escaped the scrutiny of the police.

Pat Flanigan's Logic.

"Patrick Flanigan," said the District Attorney one day in court, stand up and plead guilty or not guilty to the charge the commonwealth hath preferred against you."

When Pat had complied with the polite request made by the officers of the law, the attorney proceeded to read from a paper in his hand a very graphic description of a certain transaction in which Pat had been engaged a few days before.

"What say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm not guilty of half them things you've read to me," said Pat, looking at the court, "but I did have a bit of a row last Saturday was a week; and I dunno just what I did, fer ye see I was stavin' drunk on the meanest corn whisky yer honor iver tasted."

"But, Patrick, we never taste it," said the Judge, while a smile lurked in ambush behind the grave, judicial countenance.

"Sure, now, don't ye, though?" said Pat with a look of mingled surprise and incredulity—"don't ye, though? Well, then, ye ought to, just once, to see how it acts, and to know how pity a poor fellow that does. Sure yer honor grants licenses, and how do ye know the mischief yer doing to honest men like meself unless ye take a drink now and then, just to see how it makes a man behave hisself."

"Who gave you the liquor, Patrick?" said the court on a voyage of discovery.

"Well, I dunno vat's his name," said Pat, too honest to turn informer, while a gleam of true native humor twinkled in his eye.

"But I know I seed a license hangin' behind the bar. Ye see, Judge, I was wroughtin' for the city, on the streets jist close by, and I was droughty, and I wint and took a drink that ortn't to have hurt a baby, an' in tin seconds I was crazy drunk, an' I dreamt I was at a Donnybrook fair, and that's all I remimber till nixt mornin' whin I was boardin' at Sheriff Ryan's hotel."

"But," said the court, you are charged with perpetrating an aggravated assault and battery on Mr. S., the hotel-keeper."

"Well, yer honor," said Pat, "if I did, I only gin him back what's in his own whisky, and if yer honor hadn't give him a license I wouldn't bin drunk, and if I hadn't bin drunk I wouldn't have got into the fight, and if I hadn't 've got into the fight I wouldn't have bin here this mornin', anyhow."

This was a process of reasoning new to the court. It was a self-evident fact dressed in plain clothes, and while the law was with the court, Pat evidently had all the logic, and here he summed up the mischief of the licence system in a few sentences.

Scores of men are made drunk every day, just because it is so easy to obtain liquor. The law places it in the reach of every man. On the streets of our towns and cities are hung notices of "Choice Liquors," "Cool Lager," "Ale," and "Fancy Drinks," to tempt the laboring man to come in and spend for strong drink the money that his family needs for bread.

On the path he must walk to and from his daily occupation he sees these temptations on every side. The licensed saloon and grog-shop afford him every facility to become a drunkard. His appetite renewed and kept alive by indulgence, urges him on. There is no obstacle in his road to ruin; on the other hand, the road is opened and made plain and easy by the law. What wonder is it, then, that the rum-shops flourish while the families of their victims starve?

Spring brings the blossoms. Autumn brings the fruit—and also Colds, etc., for which nothing superior to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has ever been offered to the public. It always cures. Price 25 cts.

THE CENSUS OF KANSAS.

Official Returns Just Issued by the Department.

COUNTIES.	Total.	Male.	Fem'le	Native	For'gn	White.
The State	995,966	496,725	459,241	886,361	109,705	952,056
Allen	11,907	5,978	5,929	10,495	872	10,958
Anderson	9,059	4,840	4,219	8,416	643	8,873
Arapahoe	5	3	2	5	1	3
Atchison	26,671	14,886	11,785	21,388	5,286	23,743
Barbour	5,661	3,488	2,173	3,548	113	5,651
Barton	10,019	5,514	4,505	8,197	1,816	10,023
Bourbon	19,985	10,094	9,891	18,599	996	17,873
Brown	12,719	6,996	5,823	11,499	1,220	12,538
Buffalo	191	112	79	191	26	191
Butler	18,581	10,032	8,535	17,503	1,087	18,528
Chase	6,081	3,370	2,711	5,454	627	5,923
Chautauqua	11,072	5,878	5,190	10,790	282	10,917
Cherokee	21,907	11,759	10,148	20,899	1,008	20,651
Cheyenne	87	83	4	53	4	37
Clarke	163	115	48	147	16	159
Clay	12,920	6,680	5,640	9,929	2,991	12,201
Cloud	13,346	8,020	5,116	13,148	2,198	13,307
Coffey	11,428	6,067	5,311	10,726	702	11,049
Comanche	372	216	156	352	20	359
Cowley	21,539	11,623	9,911	20,681	858	21,217
Crawford	16,854	9,094	7,760	15,633	1,221	16,734
Davis	6,994	3,748	3,246	5,934	1,060	6,653
Decatur	4,183	2,325	1,858	3,630	530	4,179
Dickinson	14,973	8,159	6,814	12,334	2,637	13,862
Doniphan	14,296	7,476	6,792	12,754	1,504	13,541
Douglas	21,706	11,259	10,447	19,116	2,590	18,483
Edwards	2,406	1,267	1,139	2,061	348	2,253
Elk	10,625	5,635	4,970	10,132	473	10,601
Ellis	6,173	3,281	2,891	4,227	1,941	6,111
Ellsworth	9,494	4,963	4,531	6,419	3,075	8,988
Ford	411	256	155	366	45	410
Franklin	8,122	4,374	3,748	7,568	554	7,948
Greenwood	16,834	8,870	7,930	15,673	1,161	15,958
Harper	4,133	2,548	1,585	3,971	162	4,186
Harvey	11,454	6,193	5,259	9,612	1,842	11,334
Hodgeman	1,704	848	856	1,473	231	1,573
Jackson	10,718	5,699	5,019	9,756	962	10,520
Jefferson	13,564	8,301	7,263	14,740	824	14,722
Jewell	17,417	9,328	8,089	16,413	1,004	17,439
Johnson	16,864	8,894	7,970	15,668	1,196	15,948
Kansas	9	8	1	8	1	9
Kearny	159	99	60	127	32	159
Kingman	5,713	2,998	1,615	5,496	217	5,511
Labette	22,736	12,066	10,670	21,579	1,157	21,514
Lane	655	382	273	595	60	612
Leavenworth	32,360	17,122	15,238	27,023	5,340	27,360
Lincoln	8,582	4,616	3,966	7,689	893	8,517
Linn	13,579	7,293	6,304	14,833	416	14,163
Lyon	17,327	8,943	7,981	15,416	1,911	16,218
McPherson	17,143	9,419	7,724	12,271	4,872	17,092
Marion	12,437	6,801	5,636	11,581	856	11,981
Marshall	16,135	8,670	7,465	13,060	3,075	15,904
Meade	296	191	105	257	39	308
Miami	17,918	8,428	9,290	16,577	1,341	16,916
Mitchell	14,918	8,021	6,897	13,676	1,242	14,872
Montgomery	18,217	9,694	8,523	17,324	893	17,318
Morris	9,206	4,979	4,228	8,213	1,003	8,712
Nemaha	12,487	6,646	5,841	10,721	1,766	12,288
Neosho	15,124	8,022	7,102	14,156	968	14,223
Ness	3,723	2,065	1,658	3,423	300	3,711
Norton	7,002	3,876	3,126	6,585	417	6,959
Osage	19,643	10,793	8,850	16,535	3,107	16,507
Osborne	11,519	6,093	5,426	11,487	1,031	12,438
Ottawa	10,303	5,653	4,650	9,522	1,016	10,311
Pawnee	8,396	4,847	3,549	4,945	451	5,364
Phillips	12,017	6,517	5,500	11,210	807	11,901
Pottawatomie	16,347	8,831	7,516	13,615	2,732	13,698
Pratt	1,690	1,032	658	1,549	141	1,552
Rawlins	1,629	929	691	1,332	291	1,622
Reno	12,921	6,791	6,027	11,205	1,459	12,719
Republic	14,911	8,229	6,682	12,657	2,256	14,496
Rice	9,292	5,047	4,245	8,549	743	9,225
Riley	10,430	5,510	4,920	8,319	2,111	10,098
Rooks	8,113	4,369	3,744	7,635	478	8,057
Rush	5,491	2,990	2,501	4,186	1,305	5,483
Russell	7,251	3,987	3,264	6,171	1,180	7,317
Saline	13,[illegible]	7,546	6,424	10,398	3,412	13,534
Scott	43	31	12	43	—	43
Sedgwick	18,789	10,211	8,578	17,176	1,377	18,466
Sequoyah	596	338	258	511	47	568
Seward	5	5	—	3	2	5
Shawnee	29,092	15,576	13,516	26,161	2,931	23,651
Sheridan	1,067	904	163	1,120	147	1,067
Sherman	13	11	2	11	2	13
Smith	13,876	7,462	6,414	13,096	779	13,371
Stafford	4,755	2,574	2,181	4,303	452	4,651
Stanton	5	5	—	5	—	5
Stevens	12	12	—	10	2	12
Sumner	30,472	11,388	9,074	19,399	1,323	20,698
Thomas	161	107	54	136	25	161
Trego	3,535	1,420	1,115	2,159	376	2,515
Wabaunsee	8,351	4,491	3,851	7,280	1,071	8,076
Wallace	656	396	217	966	120	860
Washington	14,[illegible]	7,[illegible]	6,968	12,422	2,489	14,891
Wichita	14	14	—	13	1	14
Wilson	13,776	7,528	6,148	13,162	614	13,691
Woodson	6,355	3,451	3,081	5,916	679	6,468
Wyandotte	19,15[illegible]	10,525	8,[illegible]6	16,571	2,571	14,541

The total colored population is 42,910, and is divided as follows, by towns: Allen, 331; Anderson, 180; Atchison, 2,417; Barbour, 9; Barton, 296; Bourbon, 1,723; Brown, 281; Butler, 32; Chase, 119; Chautauqua, 155; Cherokee, 1,361; Clarke, 4; Clay, 171; Coffey, 429; Comanche, 2; Cowley, 222; Crawford, 100; Davis, 44; Decatur, 1; Dickinson, 81; Doniphan, 914; Douglas, 3,323; Elk, 26; Ellis, 2; Ellsworth, 68; Elsewhere, 106; Ford, 1; Franklin, 248; Gove, 10; Graham, 45; Greenwood, 84; Harper, 19; Harvey, 106; Hodgeman, 128; Jackson, 198; Jefferson, 791; Jewell, 18; Johnson, 916; Kingman, 2; Leavenworth, 2,961; Lincoln, 23; Linn, 377; Lyon, 1,069; McPherson, 11; Marion, 96; Marshall, 231; Miami, 902; Mitchell, 4; Montgomery, 692; Morris, 518; Nemaha, 75; Neosho, 283; Norton, 32; Osage, 136; Osborn, 60; Ottawa, 67; Pawnee, 31; Phillips, 16; Pottawatomie, 451; Pratt, 38; Reno, 79; Republic, 135; Rice, 57; Riley, 321; Rooks, 56; Rush, 5; Russell, 34; Saline, 276; Sedgwick, 287; Shawnee, 3,441; Smith, 14; Stafford, 123; Sumner, 111; Trego, 22; Wabaunsee, 6; Wallace, 6; Washington, 19; Wilson, 80; Woodson, 67; Wyandotte, 4,601. The foregoing includes 794 Indians and Half-breeds, 19 Chinese, and 3 Siamese.

Protection to Skaters.

Philadelphia Record.

Thirty-five years ago the pleasures of skating could not be enjoyed on the upper Schuylkill with the same personal safety which obtains to-day. At that time the neighborhood above the dam was infested with a gang of roughs, who molested the skaters, stole their skates and often subject them to violent treatment. This induced a number of young gentlemen to band together for personal protection, under the name of the Philadelphia Skating club, and the organization has kept up to the present time, while it has enlarged its scope in the interests of humanity. Its headquarters are in the Undine boat-house, which it owns, and here it keeps a supply of cord and reels, ladders, hooks, life-boats, boats, life-lines, blankets, grapnels, and drags for use in an emergency. Every member when skating caries a cord and reel, and is bound by the rules to go at once to the assistance of any one in danger. Caution flags are put out by the society at dangerous places. There is a surgeon's room at the club-house and a board of seven surgeons chosen from the members, to attend to all the cases which are brought to their attention. Every day when the ice is strong enough for skating, a number of members of the society, the roll of which includes many prominent Philadelphians, engage in the exhilarating sport, and keep their weather eye open for accidents. On the 20th ult., the annual meeting was held at the Colonnade hotel, and the gray-headed men who were boys at '45, gathered around the board, and talked over the Schuylkill scenes of long ago. The record of the society show that many hundreds of lives have been saved through its instrumentality.

Chestnuts as a Crop.

In some localities in Italy and Spain and in eastern Europe and western Asia the chestnut crop is equal in importance to the wheat crop in Ohio. Chestnut bread constitutes the principal food of more than a hundred millions of people, the healthiest, handsomest and most sinewy people in the world. This fact leads the Columbus (Ohio) Journal to advocate chestnut culture for this country. Ohio's annual chestnut crop is valued at $60,000, and the Journal thinks it ought to be $20,000,000. Chestnut trees one hundred feet in height and from three to seven feet in diameter can yet be found on the hill tops in southern Ohio, growing in soil which cannot be made to produce five bushels of corn to the acre, and where oak, hickory and other trees are mere dwarfs. The chestnut is a valuable timber tree, and is of very rapid growth. Under favorable circumstances a bearing chestnut tree twenty-five feet in height can be grown from the seed in five years.

The building for the university for colored people, which is in course of erection at Helena, Ark., will have cost, when completed, $35,000. The Pastors' union, in whose hands the enterprise is proceeding, expects to complete one wing, at a cost of $10,000, by October 1. The school was originally designed for the education of preachers and teachers, but its scope will not be restricted to that object.

FROZEN HEROES.

A True Story of the Life-Saving Service on Lake Michigan.

New York Telegram.

Last April, on a bitterly cold night, when a furious storm and an Egyptian darkness prevailed simultaneously over the whole lake region, and especially over Lake Michigan, a bark was driven by wind and wave toward the terrible rocks at Point aux Barques, Lake Michigan. This is well known to be a dangerous vicinity, and the government had of course its life-saving station, with its ingenious appliances and its crew of seven men, near the spot. The night patrol, half frozen even beneath his thick coverings, saw the vessel driving on the rocks and summoned his comrades from around the glowing fire into the chilling atmosphere, not as spectators but as possible saviors. Did they hesitate? Not for a moment. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." To get out and get into the water the lifeboat was but the work of a few minutes. Then the seven got in and essayed to reach the stranded bark. That was not to be. Tossed by the shrieking blasts, engulfed by the foaming waves, the lifeboat capsized again and again. Each time she was righted, and each time the men were drenched to the skin, and each time the water froze on their clothes until they become numb and their coverings rigid. Still the battle on, experiencing such acute pain as is seldom felt on battle fields. They did all that mortals could do and then they died. Not drowned; surfmen never drown, but frozen stiff, paralyzed by cold. All did not die; one, after a long and patient effort, was revived. When day broke on the bleak, barren beach, the keeper of a neighboring lighthouse saw a strange object clinging to a leafless tree near the rocks. Approaching he found a man frozen beyond recognition. Black in the face, with muscles drawn and twisted and frozen stiff in curious contortions, with immovable legs, his trunk swaying backward and forward as though he were walking, Kiar, the coxswain of the gallant seven hung. In the hand of the dead he was, although all animation was not gone. Of course his friend, the keeper, went to work with the assistance of other men of the neighborhood, although no one recognized Kiar in the petrified piece of flesh before them. After hours of hard work he was brought back into the world. But the other six; ah! they have gone over to the majority, never to be brought back again. A plain, unvarnished tale this, and yet you see these men acted as heroically, as faithfully, as though they had worn blue coats and brass buttons and been so many color sergeants in crack regiments. They gave to save life all that they had. A grand, thrilling, ennobling scene!

Two Affectionate Rivals.

There were several men clustered around the stove in the back room of a Galveston saloon—says the veracious News, of that city—and some how or other the subject of newspapers came up for discussion. One man said that editors were more jealous of each other than any other class; that they never had a good word for each other, etc.

A long-haired youth, with a solemn look, spoke up, and, heaving a sigh, said that he had had some experience with editors, and he found them the reverse of jealous of each other, that a Texas editor was always willing to deny himself comfor or the benefit of a brother editor.

"Where did that happen?"

"It happened in a western Texan town where I lived," sighed the young man.

"I had dashed off a little poem of ten or fifteen cantos about 'Beautiful Spring.' There were two rival papers in the place—the Bugle and the Trombone. I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies, and sighed to shed each other's gore, and I was afraid if I let the Trombone publish my poem first there would be a deadly encounter. I finally resolved to have it appear simultaneously in both papers. When I called on the editor of the Trambone he said that the editor of the Bugle had a large family, and he would prefer it to appear in the Bugle, as he personally loved the editor of the Bugle. I went then to the Bugle man, and he said the editor of the Trombone was his warmest personal friend, and he would be glad if I would let him have the poem, as it would be putting bread in his mouth and clothes on his back. So, owing to the love those editors had for each other, I couldn't get my poem into either of their papers, and it hasn't been published yet. I never saw men so anxious to help each other out of distress," and once more the long-haired poet sighed like a bellows.

There was a pause, and an old coon with a frost-bitten nose drawled out:

"Yer never tried them same editors with a cash advertisement, did yer?"

The poet answered in the negative, whereat the audience significantly nodded their heads and winked at each other.

The Czar Nicholas.

E. C. Granville Murray has lately contributed some entirely personal reminiscences of the Czar Nicholas. Of his mental habits and temperament he says: "He was a man of hasty temper, but full of generous impulses. Having on one occassion used harsh language toward one of his colonels, and learning that the officer had taken his rebuke to heart, the Czar ordered a review, and publicly embraced him at the head of his regiment. A kind man too, who could unbend at times. One first of April a lady, who told me the the story herself, was surprised by her servant abruptly announcing the Czar. It was so early in the morning that she thought it was some joke of her sisters in connection with the day, so she replied laughingly, 'Tell the Czar to wait,' and went on sipping her tea. Presently she looked up again, however, and saw the servant standing aghast at the door, which was still wide open, and behind it in casque and plume was the stately figure of the Emperor. He had come to bring her news of her son, who was abroad, and had been ill. He was not tolerant, however, of intentional disrespect, and had but a modified appreciation of a joke. A general who was a police master at St. Petersburg for a short time, found this out to his cost. The general was considered a very stupid man, and was the Czar's favorite butt, so his majesty was pleased one night at a court ball to send him off in search of a thief who had stolen a colossal statue of Peter the Great. The police master, finding this statue in its usual place, as any one would have expected, felt mortified at the laugh raised against him, and determined to be revenged in his own way. Shortly afterward, therefore, he announced to his imperial master, while at