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"HE LIFTED ME TO THE GOLD-EN DOORS."

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"In the home of my beautiful darling Before her feet passed the perfume Of flowers in those heavenly meadows That reach in soft bloom from the tomb. All the scene seems imbued with her presence. There hangs a mossed cross that she made— Ah! saw she in vision prophetic The heavier cross that should shade? Yonder masses of fairy-like grasses I saw her slight fingers arrange. Her long leaves our lives like those clusters— So faded and hueless and strange. Hither stray the light footsteps of children. Like sunbeams o'er shaded paths thrown— "Oh, child! those pure eyes are thy mother's! Each line of thy face is her own! "Will give me one kiss from those tender lips? To lighten my heart's throbbing pain?"— The boy twined his white arms about me, And showered his kisses like rain! Then he whispered: "My mother's in Heaven! And if I'm good, bye and bye. My sister will help me to find her Among the bright stars in the sky." I smoothed the bright curls from his forehead, And gazed in his limpid blue eyes, And thought how a babe's intuition Grasps comfort concealed from the wise. We have lost our fair birthright in Eden, And Heaven's bright doors open daily To childhood's unquestioning faith.

THE PRODIGAL UNCLE.

My family, at the time when this story begins, lived in Havre. They were not rich, and were hard-up. Father worked in an office, and the wages were not the highest. I had two sisters. My mother fretted about our poverty, and she often addressed harsh words to my father—perfidious, veiled reproaches. The expression of the poor man's face always distressed me; he passed his hand over it as if to wipe away a perspiration that was not there, and said nothing. I felt his powerless sadness. My parents economized with everything; they often ate dinners unfit to be served; they bought provisions at the lowest prices, and yet, even at that, they had often to ask for credit. My sisters made their own dresses, and had long discussions about the price of a kind of lace, costing 15 centimes a yard. I well remember many scenes about lost buttons and torn trousers. But every Sunday we took a walk to the docks in great style. My father, in a long coat, a high hat, and wearing gloves, offered his arm to my mother, who was dressed as gaily as a ship on a holiday. My sisters, always the first to be ready, awaited the signal of departure, but, at the last moment, a forgotten spot would be discovered on the coat of paterfamilias, and it had to be quickly effaced with a rag dipped in benzine. My father, keeping his hat on his head, waited in his shirt sleeves until the operation was done, while my mother, having adjusted her glasses—she was near-sighted—hurriedly put on her gloves. Finally we started with great ceremony, my sisters, with linked arms, going before. They had attained a marriageable age, and made quite a respectable appearance in the city. I walked at the left of my mother, my father at the right. And I remember the pompous air of my poor parents in these Sunday excursions, the rigidity of their features, the severity of their aspect. They advanced with a grave step, as if an affair of the greatest importance depended upon their carriage. And every Sunday, seeing the great vessels that had returned from unknown and distant countries, my father invariably repeated the same words: "Ah! if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!" My Uncle Jules, my father's brother, was the only hope of the family, after having been its terror. I did not speak of him, but since my infancy my thoughts were with him, and his first culpable act was always present in my mind. I knew all the details of his life up to the day of his departure for America. He had, it appears, misconducted himself: that is to say, he had squandered some money, which is a great crime if it happens in poor families. A rich man who amuses himself is

simply guilty of follies. He is called "nobody's enemy but his own." With the poor and needy, a man who forces his parents to curtail their capital or income, becomes a rascal, a knave. In short, Uncle Jules had considerably lessened the inheritance of my father, after spending his own share to the last sou. Then he had sailed for America, as they afterward learned, on board a merchantman bound for New York. After having been there some time, my Uncle Jules established himself as a merchant; and he soon wrote that he was saving a little money, and hoped that he would be enabled shortly to indemnify my father for the losses he had caused him. This letter created a profound emotion in the family. Jules, instead of being a worthless fellow, they said, was an honest man, a tender-hearted man, a true Davranché, upright as all the Davranches. In a second letter, sent two years later, he said: MY DEAR PHILLIPS: I write you so that you may have no fears regarding my health, which is all that can be desired. My business also does well. I start to-morrow on a long voyage to South America; several years may pass, perhaps, before you will hear from me. But if I do not write, do not be alarmed. I shall return to Havre with a fair fortune. I hope it will not take too long, and then we shall all be happy. This letter became the Gospel of the family. It was read at every opportunity, it was shown to every one. During ten years, perhaps, we did not hear from Uncle Jules; but, as the time lengthened, my father's hopes also grew in proportion, and my mother often said: "When Jules is here, our situation will be entirely changed." And every Sunday, when regarding the huge black masses of smoke on the horizon that ascended to the sky like an immense serpent, my father repeated his eternal phrase: "Ah, if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!" And then he rubbed his eyes briskly with a handkerchief. They made a thousand projects when the return was assured; they would buy, with uncle's money, a small house in the country. I do not know but that my father had already commenced negotiations in reference to that affair. The eldest of my sisters was 28 years old, the other 26. They had never married, which was a cause of great sorrow to all. A wooer finally presented himself for my youngest sister. He was a clerk, not wealthy, but honorable. I have always had the conviction that the letter of my Uncle Jules, shown again one evening, had ended the hesitation and strengthened the resolution of this young man. He was accepted eagerly, and it was decided that after the wedding the whole family should take a little trip to Jersey. Jersey is the ideal of a journey for poor people. It is not far; one traverses the sea in a packet and finds one's self in a strange land, an island belonging to the English. Thus a Frenchman, after two hours' sailing, can see his neighbors and can study their strange manners and deplorable circumstances. This trip to Jersey occupied all our thoughts, our entire attention, and we dreamed of it constantly. Finally we started. I remember it, as if it happened yesterday; the smoke blowing over the dock; my father, very much perturbed, watching the transporting of our luggage; my mother, also disquieted, had taken the arm of my unmarried sister, who appeared lost since the other sister had gone from her, like a chicken sitting alone in its coop; and behind us came the young married pair, always lagging, which compelled me to turn my head often. The whistle sounded. We went on board, and the ship, leaving its dock, glided out upon a sea as smooth as glass. We watched the receding shores, happy and joyous, a feeling doubtless experienced by all who have traveled. My father wore his long coat, from which all the spots had been washed with benzine, and consequently he strongly suggested that valuable

cleansing agent, and recalled to my mind our Sunday outings. Suddenly he espied two elegant ladies, to whom two gentlemen were offering oysters. An old ragged seaman opened the bivalves with one blow of a knife and passed them to the gentlemen, who immediately carried them to the ladies, who ate them in a most genteel manner, holding the shells in a cambric handkerchief, and conveying them to their mouths without dropping any juice or staining their toilets. Then they drank the liquid with a pretty, rapid movement, and threw the shells into the sea. Undoubtedly my father was captivated by this distinguished act of eating oysters on a vessel while it was under sail. He thought it was good taste, refined, superior, and approached my mother and sisters, saying: "What would you say if I should offer you some oysters?" My mother hesitated on account of the expense; but my sisters accepted immediately. My mother said, in a querulous tone: "I am afraid they will not agree with me. Give some to the children, but not many, as the oysters will make them sick." Then turning toward me, she remarked: "As to Joseph, he needs none; it is not best to spoil the boy." I remained beside mother and thought her very unjust. I followed my father with my eyes and watched him as he pompously conducted his two daughters and his son-in-law toward the old seaman. The two ladies started to go, and my father indicated to my two sisters that they were to eat the oysters without spilling any juice; in order that they might understand better, he took an oyster, and, in endeavoring to imitate the ladies, and poured the whole liquid down the front of his coat. Suddenly my father appeared to become uneasy, he recoiled a few steps, regarded his family, fixedly, then the old seaman, and quickly returned to us. He seemed pale and his eyes had a singular look. He said to my mother: "It is strange how that man opening the oysters resembles Jules." Mother asked: "What Jules?" My father returned: "Why, my brother Jules. If I did not know that he had a good position in America, I should believe it was he." My mother ejaculated angrily: "You are a lunatic! You know very well that it is not Jules. Why do you talk such nonsense?" But father said persistently: "Go and see for yourself, Clarisse; I should like very much to have your opinion." She arose and joined her two daughters, and I also went and looked at the old man. He was dirty, wrinkled, and did not turn his attention from his work. My mother returned, and I saw that she trembled. She said, very quickly: "I believe it is he. Go and pump the captain. It will be prudent, for we certainly can not claim this worthless fellow as our relative." My father went, and I followed, feeling strangely agitated. The captain, a tall man, very thin, but with immense whiskers, walked the bridge with an important air, as if he were commanding an India mail-steamer. My father mounted the steps with ceremony, and spoke of his calling with compliments; asked him of the importance of Jersey, its inhabitants, their manners, their dress, the nature of the soil, etc. He thought the captain would, perhaps, speak of the United States of America; but he spoke only of the vessel in which we were sailing, how it was equipped, etc. Finally my father said, in a troubled voice: "You have a very interesting old man opening oysters. Do you know any particulars of this good man?" The Captain, beginning to be bored by the conversation, replied carelessly: "He is an old French vagabond I found in America last year. He has relatives in Havre, it appears, but does not want to return to them, as he never sees them some money. His

name is Jules—Jules Davranché or Jules Davranché, it is immaterial which. It appears that he was well-to-do at one time, but you see yourself that he is much reduced at present." My father turned a livid hue, his eyes grew haggard, and, in an inarticulate voice, he said: "Ah! yes, very true. I thank you very much, Captain." And he walked away. He approached my mother, who said to him, in an agitated voice: "Sit down; did you find out anything?" He sank upon the seat and exclaimed: "It is he!—it is he! What are we to do now?" She replied quickly: "We must take care that our son-in-law suspects nothing of this." My father seemed paralyzed. He murmured: "What a catastrophe!" My mother ejaculated furiously: "I have always thought it would amount to nothing, and now he returns in this state! As if one did not know how deep a Davranché could sink!" And my father passed his hand across his face as if he would brush away mother's reproaches. My mother exclaimed: "Give money to Joseph immediately and let him pay for the oysters. But he is not to recognize that man nor to say anything that will cause him to be recognized; and let us go to another part of the ship, where that man cannot approach us!" With these words she rose, and my father gave me a five-franc piece. My sisters regarded our parents with a surprised stare; and I said the sea had made mamma a little uneasy, and departed on my errand. I asked the old man: "How much do we owe you for oysters, sir?" I so longed to say: "My uncle!" He replied: "Two and a half francs." I gave him my five-franc piece and he returned me the change. I looked at his hand, a poor, wrinkled, horny hand, and I looked into his face, so old and wrinkled and filled with deepest sadness, and I said to myself: "This is my uncle—papa's brother—my uncle!" I gave him ten sous as a pourboire. He thanked me profusely, and said, "God bless you, my young sir!" in the tone of one receiving alms. My sisters looked at me, amazed at my generosity. When I returned the two francs to my father, mother said, in a surprised voice: "Did they cost three francs? That is impossible!" I declared in a firm voice: "I gave ten sous as pourboire." My mother started and looked at me, exclaiming: "You are crazy! To give ten sous to that man—that wretch!" She stopped, looking at my father, who pointed to his son-in-law. Before us, on the horizon, as if growing from the sea a violet strip was visible. It was Jersey. We returned on another vessel, in order not to encounter him. My mother could not conceal her uneasiness. I never saw my father's brother again.—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

IRELAND'S CHIEF SECRETARY.

Public Career of the Administrative Head of Affairs in the Green Isle.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour has in his day been one of the most abused men in Great Britain. No Chief Secretary for Ireland since Buckshot Forster has been so generally or so fiercely denounced by the people over whom he was placed in an official way as has been Mr. Balfour. And yet the indications are favorable to the adoption by Home-Rulers of an Irish land bill of his devising, and which, whatever may be its fate, is more liberal in its provisions than any of the land bills heretofore proposed by Government. Mr. Balfour is comparatively a young man—only 43—but has had a great deal of experience in official life. He was private secretary to his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, when the latter was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1878-80, and during that time was intrusted with important diplomatic missions. For nine years prior to March, 1887, he was Secretary for Scotland, which post he vacated to become Chief Secretary for Ireland. In debate he has proven himself fit to meet that redoubtable champion of the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour is actively enlisted in educational matters and is the author of a "Defense of Philosophical Doubt," published in 1879.



A. J. BALFOUR.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

There iz 2 kinds ov obstinacy—obstinacy in the right, and obstinacy in the wrong; one iz the strength ov a grate mind, and the other iz the strength of a little one. Lazyness iz like mollasity, sweet and sticky. I think a bear in his claws iz preferable to one with gloves on. I kant tell now which I admire least, an old coquet or a young prude. Misanthropy don't pay; there ain't no man living whose hate the world cares one cuss for. Bash men ken be korrekted, but it don't pay to labor with a phool. The man who haz never enjoyed the plezsure ov being forgiven haz missed one ov the greatest luxuries ov life. I hav seen coquetry that had no more malice in it than a ewe lamb frisking on the green. When I cum acrost a man who utters his opinyuns with immense deliberashun, and after they are uttered they don't amount to anything, I write him down "misterious phool." The grate cry ov the world now daze is, "What's trumps." Love iz a weakness; but it is the same kind ov weakness that repentance iz; both ov them are creditable tew our natures. A man iz his own best friend, and worst enemy. Jealousy iz one ov love's parasites. We kan endure vices in the young that we should despise in the old. Please make a note ov this, old phelows. Friendship iz like earthenware. If it iz broken it can be mended; but love iz like a mirror—once broken, that ends it.

Good Health Catching.

Bob Ingersoll being asked how he would have improved upon the laws of nature, replied that he would have made health "catching" instead of disease! Thousands of his admirers have laughed over this witticism, ignoring the fact that nothing in all this world is one thousandth part as contagious as health. Both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, generation after generation is constantly inheriting it! That which we get by "catching" it is the rare exception.

Not Thoroughly Fasted.

Customer—I say, uncle, how long have you had these new-laid eggs in stock? Butcher—I dunno exactly, boss. You see I'm the only meat market back o'

Humors of Chinatown.

"Chinatown as a spectacle is disappointing," says Mr. Rus in his "Studies Among the Tenements of New York." But he found some things therein to tickle his sense of humor, and other things at which he laughed that he might not weep. One evening, while going through Mott street—the Chinese quarter—he heard a woman shrieking in a cellar. Descending with his companion, a policeman, he discovered a Chinaman beating his white "wife" with a broom-handle. "She velly bad!" shouted the Chinaman, as the two Americans, prejudiced against wife-beating, caught hold of his arms and released the woman. "S'pose your wifce had, you no lickce her?" he asked, turning fiercely upon Mr. Rus. "No, I wouldn't; I'd never think of striking a woman," answered the American. The amazed Chinaman eyed him in silence for a moment, and then contemptuously answered: "Then, I guess, she lickce you." Going into a joss-house, he discovered among the Chinese scrolls on the walls the inscription, in English letters: "In God We Trust." It had been copied from the trade dollar, and the priest explained that the inscription was a delicate compliment to "Melican Joss," the almighty dollar. On his own shores John Chinaman may be a thousand years behind the age, but here he has been so influenced by the "Melican Joss" that he is abreast of the age in his scheming to "make it pay." He turns everything, from "Joss" down, into cash, or that which cash buys.

Fuzzled Frenchman.

Inappropriate words, says an exchange, may convey the meaning unmistakably, without being in accordance with the English idiom. A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language, he was told that a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, but that a pack of cards is never called a bevy, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is termed a shoal. He was told that a host of oxen is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite. The last word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more.

Speed of Pulleys.

The diameter of the driver and driven being given, to find the number of revolutions of the driven. Rule: Multiply the diameter of the driver by its number of revolutions, and divide the product by the diameter of the driven; the quotient will be the number of revolutions. The diameter and revolutions of the driver being given, to find the diameter of the driven, that shall make any given number of revolutions in the same time. Rule: Multiply the diameter of the driver by its number of revolutions, and divide the product by the number of revolutions of the driven; the quotient will be its diameter. To ascertain the size of the driver. Rule: Multiply the diameter of the driven by the number of revolutions you wish to make, and divide the product by the revolutions of the driver; the quotient will be the diameter.