

The Saline County Journal

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CITY MEAT MARKET, MORROW & RUSSELL.

Would say to the citizens of Salina and vicinity that they have opened a new meat market for the sale of all kinds of meat and vegetables, on the Cor. 7th Street and Iron Avenue.

A JUNE MEMORY. Breath the head he seems Off the street below, I saw the sunset splendor Gilding the wavy grain;

There, in the glow of evening, When all the world was still, I watched the great sun sinking Behind the well-known hill.

My love, my love, my love, I, waiting, watched the crescent Of the faint and silver moon.

You came, my heart had told me, My love, that you were near. Long ere your dear, dear footstep Fell on my listening ear;

Long ere those words were spoken— "Thy love, my love, my love!" My love, do you remember? Can I, my own, forget?

GEORGE CLEMENTS' WIFE. "Of all the things, this is the worst! If I ever in all my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'y'e hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letter in her lap, as she turned around to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'y'e hear?" This time when she asked the question, there was a touch of sternness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of the little bit of pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here, with his fine, city-bred lady, all airs and graces, and founces and dined ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing a lady here in hog-killin' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool!"

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, and a pair of dark blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosette of a mouth, and a dimple in one pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then, when she heard the click of the latch-key in the hall, fell for the welcome kiss.

"Hav'n't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dress to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. "A cloud passed over her pretty face. 'Oh, George, isn't it too bad? And I do believe—oh, I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me!'"

He put his arm around her neck. "And supposing such be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me?"

"Oh, no! no! only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you, and when they know you they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!" And the exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his loving flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By the by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him. "You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion it would be five hundred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than this tender, romantic little wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was, for Marion snatched it from his coat-pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eye looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little for what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it—that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoant troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under the lashed, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head down on his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded bride. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our bible says, that a man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city-bred, she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion; she will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man! He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home, and invite them down, and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I have been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cosy tete-a-tete breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the farm. It shall be that hope that shall bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clements at her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheek; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And pray heaven it shall be such a coming as shall delight his very soul!"

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad enough, but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And indeed if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you'll keep me until the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up, and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook me, or you shake up feather beds—good big ones, forty-pounders."

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fire-place in the kitchen, where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'y'e say deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good little while we're killin', if she couldn't do mor'n't set the table or make mash for the bread."

"Take her, of course, Hannah. You are hard on 'er, I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow; there's a snow storm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes, fine and thick. You may as well take your things up stairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then the followed directions to the west garret, and when she was gone, Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon: "I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal; I can tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and a white apron, her hair brushed off from her face into a net; a linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handsly she fitted in and out of the bag pantry, and then down the cellar. Then, after the meal she gathered the dishes in a neat, silent way, that was perfect bliss to Mrs. Clements' ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread anyhow; and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken the shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the day-worms on the hogs killing was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's dainty fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I am going to do without you, Mary, I dread to see you pack up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though goodness knows you're the smartest girl I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work, it's you, Mary. I've got to thinking a heap of you—one and the deacon."

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's words, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy has left the farm; but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You have never mentioned him."

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those cracked-head boarding-school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk-pan."

But, despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her, and never wish to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they are burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, suppose you stop on with us another month yet, anyhow? The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clements. I only wish I might stay all ways. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us? Do you? Bless your heart! If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would have been to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment, and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, it there ain't our son George, coming up the lane! Deacon deacon! George is coming!"

And, all her mother-love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him

still, despite poor innocent little Marion. Then, when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's dainty fingers, and she had returned to her "west garret," Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours 'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now, Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dress up in honor of my boy. Well I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short bobbin curls! George, this is Mary Smith, ay—"

George came through the door, and glanced curiously at the corner where the young women stood. Then with a cry, he sprang; with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements stood in speechless amazement. Then, Marion, all blushing and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement, and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper-table.

A Slow Coach. BY DON PIATT.

When the patent screw and anger line of railway from Phipopolis terminated at Middleburg, Okio—it has since come to be a great national thoroughfare—the unhappy passengers were carried to all parts of the civilized world, as well as to New Jersey, by the old-fashioned stages. These stages ran crowded, and there was generally a contest for seats.

Governor Thomas Corwin was to leave Middleburg, at midnight, for the State capital in the stage. To secure the best seat this humorist sat up all night. He was not alone for he had a bottle of choice old whiskey to keep him company. He tried the whiskey, but it didn't please him. He had it made into mint juleps, after he discussed it in the shape of a smash. About eleven o'clock he thought a cocktail would add variety to this spice of life. This he washed down with a hot punch, and then, at midnight, just as he heard the stage rattle in, he took all that was left "straight."

Seizing his carpet-sack and overcoat he rushed out to find a crowd around the stage, and without saying a word, but in a great hurry, bolted in and encountered himself in one corner of the back seat. He fell asleep, congratulating himself upon having been so fortunate, and held a dim, dreary consciousness of the stage rolling away.

When he awoke, the stage was at a standstill; the curtains were all down, the windows up; but enough daylight got in to satisfy him that the institution had "done broke" some time since. He hastily started up, and dropping one of the windows, was perfectly amazed to find himself in the getting yard of a hotel. Two hogs were getting their dinner out of a manure heap, while a melancholy cow stood chewing her cud, while working her tail to keep it in practice for fly time. A lazy hostler was entertaining himself with a pitchfork.

A further note of the surroundings satisfied Governor Corwin that he was in the rear of Middleburg hotel, and that he had been there from twelve o'clock the night before. Corwin was a genius, and it did not take him long to discover the cause of this extraordinary result. He had got into a stage that had come in, instead of going out.

The people about the leather convenience, when he encountered himself, thought, as he learned afterward, that he was a passenger in search of an umbrella, or some other article left behind.

The Governor opened the door of the stage very softly. He crept out, trying to feel so small that, as he said subsequently, his skin hung loose on him. He could not escape, however, the eyes of the hostler, who exclaimed in some astonishment:

"Hello, Governor, did they forget and leave you in the stage?"

"There, there, my man," answered Corwin, giving him a silver dollar. "You keep your fly trap shut, or there will be a sudden death in your family."

"Tore God," exclaimed the hostler, as Corwin walked away, "dat's most 'strodinary; the Governor of Ohio done forgot in the stage coach."

Corwin walked to the hotel, deposited his carpet-sack and coat behind the first door he encountered, and then sauntered into the breakfast room, trying to assume an air of a man who had not slept in a wagon yard all night. While discussing the oiled sole leather and muddied coffee, for which the American people pay hotel prices, a friend on the other side of the table, looking up suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Governor, I thought you left for the capital last night?"

Well, exclaimed Corwin, with one of his whimsical looks, with which he was wont to set a table in a roar, "I was under that impression myself."

"Got left by you?"

"Yes, I believe I was a good deal left."

"How was that, Governor?"

"See here, my friend," exclaimed Corwin, carefully depositing his knife and fork on the other side of his plate, as if they were articles of value, "if you will consent not to press a further investigation upon the subject, I will present your wife with a new bonnet more like a coal-scuttle than any in the market. If you don't consent, be contented with wild energy, seizing his fork, 'I'll murder you."

The story, however, was too good for Tom to keep to himself, and too good

after he was in the habit of telling how he slept in a stable yard, attributing it to some very bad whiskey that the Hon. Salmon P. Chase gave him.

Fanny Fern's Idea About Women Teachers. I am inclined to think, with all due deference to the powers that be, that male teachers are not the best for young girls. It takes a woman who understands all the wretchedness of the sex and off whom they glance harmlessly, like water off a turtle's back, to deal with these young kittens; they have more fun than geography can absorb, and are not to be fooled like a great cub of a boy, whose whole future life will be a license after jacketdom, as decreed by society and the laws; while a severe woman discipline surely awaits the most frolicsome girl, beginning from the moment when she first learns what her heart is made of till death stills its yearnings. And yet I pity the male teacher, whose studied dignity is in a second dethroned by a single pantomimic gesture of some bright-eyed young flirt, who feels her power without yet being old enough to understand it, and with an instinctive coquetry gets on his blind side, turning all his forwardness into ill-suppressed smiles. How can he box those little round ears? How can he disguise those soft, white palms? How can he—sending all the other pupils home—trust himself after school alone with those bright eyes, to put them through a subduing train process? Ten to one the subduing is on the other side! Said I to a little girl, not many mornings since, who was getting ready for school, "Why do you put on that bright new dress to go, when your old brown one would do as well?" "Oh," was her reply, "I haven't got my lessons to-day, and of course I must look pretty."

There's fourteen-year-old knowledge of human nature for you! Imagine a boy putting on his best jacket for such a purpose. There must be discipline, that's certain; but I pity a male teacher who is set to the impossible task of making girls behave. I should pity them more, did I not know that they keep their school about four or five hours longer than they ought. Did I not know what they know, but will persist practically in ignoring that the fun has got to come out somehow, or turn to poison in the blood, and if teachers won't give it whizzing out time out of school, they must needs have it fly in their faces in school. Meantime our male teacher stands there with his hands in his pockets, waiting to see what will be done with him. Well, his pockets are the best places for his hands when he is keeping girls' school; and with this advice I leave him, until he is sixty or so, when, if he chooses to open a girl's school, I promise him at least, that he will not go to sleep during the services. Now let me conservatively accuse me of upholding school rebellion. It is because I do not do this that I express my preference for women teachers, both principals and assistants, for girls; having an understanding of, impertuous to, girl wretchedness, whom the little rogues know, having been girls themselves, can see through them, and for whom pretty looks or dresses will never answer instead of well digested lessons.

The Story of a Rose. A rose with so pretty a title and so full of romance as this ought to be beautiful, and so is the Cherokee rose. Here is the story told of it:

An Indian chief of the Seminole-tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for