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[First Door North Couse's Livery Stable.]

Best Flour and Chop Feed constantly on hand, at lowest price. All kinds of grain bought and sold. Orders for coal promptly filled. S. M. PALMER.

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Saline County Journal.

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SALINA ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
A FULL LINE OF CLOTHS ON HAND.
Seventh street, 3 doors South of Wilson Bro's,
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BARNECK & DAVIS, Proprietors.
Whiskies, Brandies & Wines.
Leger Beer and Ale 5c a Glass,
The Best in the Market.

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☞ Work warranted in every case.
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The Delmonico Restaurant is the cleanest and best restaurant in Central Kansas. I am constantly receiving fresh supplies of
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Free 'Bus to and from all Trains.
The Pacific House is a new building and contains the conveniences of a first class hotel. A spacious sample room has been opened and arranged for the use of travelers. It is located nearly opposite the county building, where good board can be obtained at all times with or without rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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SHOP:
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New Furniture Store
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Dealers in all kinds of
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FURNITURE,
Mattrasses, Carpets, Oil Cloths & Wall Paper.
REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER.
—Also—
Practical Undertakers.
A full line of Undertaker's goods always on hand.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little Southern parlor of the house you may have seen,
With the gambrel roof and gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices! what a group of cheeks in flame!
When the wonderous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy
Till the latter asked for quiet in his grave, paternal way;
And the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, pray."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had watched it o'er sorrow, and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of old harpsichords with the tappings, spirit-like quick,
Or the crooning to her spinet with its thin metallic tones.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Satdown to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices; and every eye grew dim
As, flowing from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

Catharine, child of a neighbor, early and rosy red,
Married since and left a widow—standing five years dead—
Hearing a gush of music such as none had heard before,
Stealeth in her mother's chamber, and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilee" in threaded whisper dies,
"Open it! open it!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard;)
"Open it! open it, lady, and let me see the bird!"

THE BRAVE COUNTESS KAROLYI.

One of the topmost tower of Swigeth Castle stands an old man, with his face turned wistfully toward the west, where, through the passes of the great Hungarian mountains, that hung like a cloud on the distant sky, the setting sun streams over the great plain, making the winding stream of the Theiss glow like fire.

His face is wrinkled, his hair snow white, and the crutch on which he leans has been his constant companion since he was crippled by a wound twenty years ago; but his eye is still the keenest for many a mile around, and he strains it now in a long, lingering gaze, as if it could pierce even the shadow mountains—and then withdraws it with a low groan: "Not yet—not yet!"

What is this old man watching for, then? and why does he groan so deeply? A glance below will suffice to answer that. This plain was a lovely sight year ago, with its broad meadows, and quaint little thatched cottages, and clustering vines; but now, as far as the eye can reach, the fair land is torn, and trampled, and black with fire.

Around the castle itself you may see masses of broken stone lying heaped on every side, with here and there a crushed head or arm sticking out from among them; and further out the air is dark with the smoke of countless camp-fires, around which swarthy men in gay robes and white turbans are grouped by the hundred and by tens thousand.

The Turks are on Christian soil once more; and their Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, has swept onward against Vienna, with a hundred thousand men at his back, leaving a detachment to reduce the only fortress which has resisted his first onset.

Count Karolyi, the lord of the castle, is with the beseged garrison of Vienna; but his wife and child, with all his treasures, are still here.

Well may the Turks fight stoutly, with such plunder in view; and stoutly they have fought. The outer walls are down, and half the garrison lie dead beneath them; only the innermost fortress still holds its own.

Sixteen days has old Hubert watched on the topmost tower, from sunrise to sunset, listening to the roar of the fight below, and catching glimpses of Turk and Christian grappling amid clouts of dust. Beside him lies the huge horn which he is to sound at the first glimpse of Christian lances coming gleaming through the shadows of the western mountains; but hitherto he has watched in vain. Just before the enemy closed round, and cut them off from all things, there did indeed come word that Jan Sobieski, the "Wizard-King" of Poland, is on his march to fall upon the Turks before Vienna; but who knows if he will win? and even if he does, may he not come too late?

Old Hubert turns his eyes from the distant mountains to the rampart just below him, on which are three figures, a child and two women. The younger of the two is dressed like a servant, apparently the nurse of the little girl, who sits perched on her knee, watching with delight the curling flames of the huge brasier over which the older lady is stooping. *Her* dress is rich and costly, and her features still bear traces of a beauty which even "the Land of Fair Women" can not match; but her face is pale and haggard, and her eyes are red and weary with long watching.

Since the siege began, Countess Irma has slept only by snatches, seizing a mouthful of food when she could; and it is a grim work that she is busied with now.

That shining fluid that simmers in the great iron pan on the brasier is *melted lead*, which, many a time and oft, when all her men were in the thick of the fray below, she has, with her own hand, poured hissing hot among the swarming hosts of the enemy.

The flame leaps and dances, and the little girl, pleased with the bright gleam of the liquid which is to scorch up men's lives, claps her tiny hands gleefully; and cries: "Pretty, pretty!"

Suddenly there is a bustle heard below, and the great bell of the castle gives one deep, solemn toll—the signal of alarm.

"They're coming again!" groans old Hubert, on his watch tower. "Oh, God, if *my* life be worth anything, take it, and spare my mistress and our little darling!"

And on a sudden the drowsy encampment outside breaks into terrible life. Out they pour, hundreds upon hundreds, a sea of fierce faces and many-colored robes, and gleaming steel; and, foremost of all, their leader himself, on his white horse—Kara-Kalpak (Black Cap), bravest and fiercest of Janizary captains, with a black sheepskin cap slouched over his cruel eyes.

On they come toward the breach in the lower wall, their war-cry going up into the still evening air like a peal of thunder. The countess snatches her child into her lap, and sternly compressing her beautiful lips, watches the onslaught.

Worn and exhausted as they are, the defenders stand to it like men, and the breach is stoutly contested; but numbers tell at last. Over heaps of dead and dying, the Turks crowd the wall, and rush into the court-yard with a wild yell of triumph.

Twice they force their way up to the gate of the tower, and twice they are beaten back; but the third time they hold their ground, and the hottest of the fight gathers itself under the rampart where the two men are seated—a fight of wild beasts, where men grappled hand to hand, and death comes blindly, one knows not whence or how.

Then Countess Irma rises—kisses her child as she sets her gently down—and, with a firm hand empties the huge iron ladle of burning lead upon the wedged assailants below.

Up to the sky rises a hearse shriek of agony, repeated again as the nurse sends a second shower of that deadly leaden rain splashing and hissing into the living mass.

The Turks scatter like sheep; but their stern leader, bareheaded and bleeding, is waving his men on again, when he suddenly throws his arms up, and drops without a cry.

Old Hubert's keen eye has served him once more, and his heavy mountain gun has done its work well.

Then everything gives way; the Christians turn on their panic-stricken foes, and slaughter them like sheep.

Only a small remnant of the storming party struggle back over the fatal breach, and the Countess, stroking her child's long fair hair with the hand that has just destroyed twenty men, sinks back against the wall, and bursts into tears.

* * * * * *

Night settles down upon the battlefield with the gloom and silence of the grave, and the cold moon rises over the shadowy mountains, lighting up the stern white faces of the dead.

The countess, muffled in a huge bear-skin, sleeps on the battlements—for seven days she has not entered her chamber. A little after midnight a light touch arouses her, and she sees the seneschal, a grim old warrior, who had often carried her in his arms as a child.

"Pray to God for us, lady," says he hoarsely, "for there is no other hope now. The castle well is dry."

"Have we *no* water left?" asked she, clasping her hands till the skin whitens.

"One day's ration—no more."

The countess seems to meditate a moment, then her face darkens, and she asks, in a fierce whisper:

'*Is the powder ready?*'

"In the lowest chamber of the tower, with a torch always ready for lighting it. The moment you please to say the word, up we all go together!"

"Good!" said the countess, "go and sleep—you will need it to-morrow!"

At noon the next day the assault is renewed; for, dismayed as they are by their leader's fall, the courage of the Turks is still unbroken.

The fight is long and stubborn; but by sunset the court-yard is in the hands of the enemy, and nothing remains but the great tower itself, around the barred gates of which the Turks bivouac with shouts of triumph.

Within all is silent misery; for the last drop of water is spent, and the men, beate by long fighting, are mad with thirst. Even poor little patient Gertrude looks up wistfully in her mother's face, with a plaintive 'Mammy, my thirsty!'

The mother casts one look of unutterable longing at the small wooden cup beside her and then empties it into the child's mouth, and kissed its forehead with parched, bleeding lips.

'Mammy,' whispers the little girl, 'hear me say my prayers before me go to sleep.'

And as they crouch among the powder barrels which are to destroy them on the morrow, the little voice rises clear and sweet through the savage roar outside:

'Oh, God, bless papa wherever he is, and bring him safe home to mamma and me, and take care of us all. Amen.'

* * * * * *

At sunrise next morning, the great battering engine came creaking and groaning over mounds of ruin and piles of slain. Many of those who dragged it fell by the fire of the garrison; but at length it lumbered into the court yard and was driven with its full swing against the door.

Crash! the lock burst and the door flew open, and in poured the savage throng. But the foremost recoiled with cries of terror, for they well knew the meaning of those barrels piled in the futher corner, and that woman kneeling beside them, with her pale, rigid face, and the blazing torch in her hand. For a moment besiegers and besieged alike stood like statues, and in that dead hush there pealed out from above, like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, the sound of Hubert's great war-horn.

"Saved!" roared the seneschal; "let's have one more blow at the dogs, my men, before they run for it!" And he flew at them like a tiger.

But the Turks were in no mood to resist. The alarm had already been given, and, unprepared as they were, and deprived of their leader, the sight of the coming rescue was quite enough for them. The whole army broke up like a mist, and fled in confusion, and long before the last fugitive had disappeared, Count Karolyi, leaping from his reeling horse (which fell under him as he dismounted), was in his wife's arms.

And little Gertrude, climbing on to her father's knee, whispered with a happy smile:

'Papa, me pray God to send you—and you here!'

Captain Boynton the Man Who Swam the English Channel.

Capt. Boynton and two gentlemen, whom he had equipped with his now famous life preserving dress, journeyed on Saturday from Westminster bridge to the Ship hotel, Greenwich, in the manner which the young American may be said to have made his own. It was a novel way, certainly, of going out to a fish dinner, and the spectacle attracted tens of thousands of spectators. The dense crowds which lined the Thames embankment and were parked on Westminster bridge, cheered heartily the three wearers of India rubber suits as they put off from Westminster pier in a boat, and dropped themselves overboard in the center of the river. The usual fleet of shore boats surrounded the boaters and followed them so long as they remained in the water, proving themselves according to their wont somewhat of an impediment and nuisance. Mr. Boynton, brother of the captain, and impressario general of the expedition, and a number of friends were on board one of the river steamers, to which the public were admitted on payment of shilling fares, notwithstanding which the boat was soon crowded from stem to stern. A band of music took possession of the deck in midships, the musicians doing the best they could to interpret "Yankee Doodle" and other melodies in honor of the occasion. One of the gentlemen accompanying Capt Boynton was unable to swim, and it says much for the

SIMPLICITY OF THE SUIT

that neither of them had worn it but once before, and then for a short time only. Attention was naturally at first directed to these beginners rather than to their leader, whose performances one soon learns to take as a matter of course, and whose perfect command over his own movements, whatever wind and tide may be, one accepts without doubt or even surprise after a brief experience of the ease with which he can paddle himself about. The cutters, making their *debut* in the Thames sideway, succeeded at once. The uproar among the boatmen, and the very natural apprehensions that some clumsy wherry might run them down at the start, detracted somewhat from the comfort and assurance which these gentlemen—Messrs. Willis and Morgan—subsequently enjoyed. One of the trio carried a green flag, which was supposed by the crowds on shore to be the national emblem of the Sister Isle, but which in reality was the ensign of an Irish yacht club. The voyage to Greenwich was

A TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS

from first to last. The crowds on the city bridges and all the piers were surprisingly great, considering that very little public notice of the exhibition had been given, and the only drawback to the affair as a spectacle was the dismally raw and cold weather. On board the accompanying steamer one of Capt Boynton's old suits was placed for the inspection of any person interested in it, and it soon appeared that numbers of gentlemen had taken tickets for Greenwich for the sole purpose of inspecting the india rubber garment. Among these were five gentlemen who had been shipwrecked in various parts of the world, and who had, therefore, a peculiarly deep interest in any invention that promised to save life at sea. Of the broad principles of Capt. Boynton's dress they spoke most highly, but there were, as might be expected, occasional differences of opinion upon trifling matters of detail. One gentleman thought the head of the floater being raised considerably would cause serious aching, but Messrs. Willis and Morgan found no such inconvenience, except when they strained the neck in their anxiety to avoid collisions, and paddle a straight course. The air cushion at the back of the head indeed answers all the purposes of a comfortable pillow. The impossibility of keeping ordinary India rubber material from melting on board ship in tropical climates was also mentioned as a point worth considering. Another gentleman was of the opinion that in

A MOMENT OF PERIL

from shipwreck a man would probably have neither the time nor presence of mind necessary to properly fasten and inflate the dress; he stated, as a case in point, that he himself was once placed in such a position, and although he had a life belt and a cork bed ready at hand in his cabin, he hurried on deck and jumped overboard, without thinking of either. But, as Mr. Boynton, who readily answered all objections, remarked, there is no safeguard against panic, and there are scores of beneficial purposes to which the apparatus can be applied beside saving a life threatened by sudden disaster on the ocean. As an illustration, he mentioned his brother to approach the steamer and gave him a line which, with remarkable swiftness, he conveyed with his teeth to a barge a couple of hundred yards off. Opposite the Commercial docks

THE THREE FLOATERS

brought to, and launched comfortably in the water. To do this they exchanged the floating for the upright position, and used a small india rubber boat as a table. The spectators far and near applauded. Rockets were sent up, the music played, flags waved, and Capt. Boynton and his friends, armpit deep in the current, with tathoms of water beneath their feet, drank everybody's health. The trip to Greenwich, including various stoppages and behind.—*Brunswicker.*

Haut ton and Demi Monde.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris: The so-called Venetian fete of Arsene Houssaye, given at his superb Moorish palace on the Avenue Friedland, has been the social event of the past week, and has created much comment among the American colonists. This fete, which was nothing more or less than a masquerade, is a daring attempt on the part of the brilliant novelist to bring together under the same roof so fety and the *demi monde lorettes*, and it doubtless adds zest to the pursuit of a gentleman guest when he is uncertain whether the fair dame he plies with half-insulting compliments is of the first or the last-mentioned class. According to the European custom the gentlemen went in ordinary evening dress and unmasked, the ladies alone being in fancy costume, or dominoes, and wearing masks. Some of the costumes were exceedingly beautiful. One damsel, who was costumed as a Merveilluse of the Directory, was much admired. Her dress consisted of a sort of truce-colored coat, with a very short waist; a huge muff, a barolet bonnet, an antique reticule on her arm, and the buckled shoes and speckled stockings of the period. A female Bedouin, draped entirely in white gauze, striped with gold, attracted much attention. A very strange toilet was compiled Eve in mourning. It consisted of a close-fitting corsage and tunic of stamped black velvet, with train of black satin. Two scarfs draped the corsage and were crossed at the side of the skirt, being fastened at the bust and the side with branches of lady apples. Around the throat of the wearer was a serpent biting an apple. A young and beautiful American girl appeared as Marguerite in "Faust," and was caricatured by the *Vie Parisienne* in the next issue, the picture representing her with a Frenchman's arm around her waist. The French society papers were extremely prodigal of musical compliments toward American ladies who were present, speaking in half or wholly insulting fashion of their pearly complexions, transparent flesh, and divinely molded busts. The most successful female costume present was composed of a huge mantle of black and gold, which clasped on one shoulder, left the other entirely bare, and produced the effect that if the clasp should break the whole garment would fall and leave the wearer entirely unshaped. This white shoulder was much followed during the evening, and it is said that one of the gentlemen guests went so far as to kiss it, which treat its owner only laughed, and shaking her head all hung with golden sequins, she disappeared in the crowd. Among the gentlemen Alexander Dumas had the greatest success, and was the most constantly surrounded during the evening. The Count de Paris was also present, and many other male celebrities of Parisian society as well. Toward morning the fun grew so fast and furious that most of the Americans present retired—the feminine portion of them should never have come there at all. But I regret to say that my country women, as a rule, are far more audacious than prudent whenever a Parisian ball or a French title are in question. As witness, an American lady of high social standing here, who recently invited to an entertainment at her house two of the most notorious women in Parisian society, merely because they both happened to bear and to disgrace noble and celebrated names. Is pitch any less pitch, or will it soil any the less, because there happens to be a coronet engraved on the pitch pot?

The Wife of the Little Giant.

Among some of the noteworthy persons who have occupied positions under the Government, first and foremost stands the handsome face and figure of Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of the "Little Giant," of whose memory Illinois has always been proud. When the system of employing was in its infancy, Mrs. Douglas, who was too high spirited and independent to receive charity, and who was in great need of an income, accepted a clerkship at $750 or annum. I recollect being introduced to her on one occasion at a Catholic fair, over which she presided as Lady Superior. She was a trifle too gross in outlines at the time to come under the head of beautiful, yet I could see how strikingly handsome she must have been when Douglas wooed her for his bride. Her neck and arms were fit for the sculptor, so marvelously white, and round and dimpled were they, and the skin was so fine that the veins shone through like glimpses of sky. Her hair was dark and naturally wavy, and she wore it swept gracefully back from her low, broad, smooth brow, and wound in a sumptuous coil low down on the back of her head, thus preserving its classical outlines.

The evening in question a gentleman stepped up to the table over which she had supervision, and purchased some articles, valued at perhaps five dollars, and handed her a large bill in payment. Mrs Douglas talked in the bright, witty, fascinating manner for which she was celebrated, but no change was forthcoming. After a prolonged *tete a tete*, the gentleman carelessly remarked: "By the way, Mrs. Douglas, that was a fifty dollar bill I handed you!" "I know it," the lady replied, naively, "but you haven't observed the by-laws adopted at our table," and reaching forth a beautiful hand, dimpled, rosy tipped and jeweled, she pushed away some cover which had been accidentally (?) placed over a placard, on which, in large letters, were the words, "No change given at this table." "Oh!" said the gentleman, ruefully. "Ah!" cried the lady, gleefully, "this is in support of your argument the other evening, in which you advocated the end justifying the means. The funds raised are for the church and the poor, a praiseworthy undertaking, and the using of your means is a justifiable measure. Thank you, my friend; now you can endorse your sentiments from practical illustration." The gentleman walked away.

The first inhabitants of Europe are supposed to have resembled the Esquimax in circumstances and activities. The soil was to a certain extent covered with glaciers, and very cold and damp. The tools and weapons were very simple indeed, but no mean skill was employed in their manufacture and use. Their mode of burying the dead showed the possession of some degree of spiritual development. The characteristic animal of the time was the mammoth. Hence the "Age of Mammoths."