

Real Historical

# Saline County Journal.

VOLUME 7.

SALINA, KANSAS, APRIL 12, 1877.

NUMBER 10.

THE SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY M. D. & L. E. SAMPSON AT SALINA, KANSAS. OFFICE—On First Avenue, three doors east of the Post Office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One Copy, one year, \$1.00; One Copy, six months, .60; One Copy, three months, .35.

ADVERTISING RATES: 1 Week, 1 Month, 3 Months, 6 Months, 1 Year. 1 Square, \$1.00; 2 Squares, \$1.50; 3 Squares, \$2.00; 4 Squares, \$2.50; 5 Squares, \$3.00; 6 Squares, \$3.50; 7 Squares, \$4.00; 8 Squares, \$4.50; 9 Squares, \$5.00; 10 Squares, \$5.50; 11 Squares, \$6.00; 12 Squares, \$6.50; 13 Squares, \$7.00; 14 Squares, \$7.50; 15 Squares, \$8.00; 16 Squares, \$8.50; 17 Squares, \$9.00; 18 Squares, \$9.50; 19 Squares, \$10.00; 20 Squares, \$10.50; 21 Squares, \$11.00; 22 Squares, \$11.50; 23 Squares, \$12.00; 24 Squares, \$12.50; 25 Squares, \$13.00; 26 Squares, \$13.50; 27 Squares, \$14.00; 28 Squares, \$14.50; 29 Squares, \$15.00; 30 Squares, \$15.50; 31 Squares, \$16.00; 32 Squares, \$16.50; 33 Squares, \$17.00; 34 Squares, \$17.50; 35 Squares, \$18.00; 36 Squares, \$18.50; 37 Squares, \$19.00; 38 Squares, \$19.50; 39 Squares, \$20.00; 40 Squares, \$20.50; 41 Squares, \$21.00; 42 Squares, \$21.50; 43 Squares, \$22.00; 44 Squares, \$22.50; 45 Squares, \$23.00; 46 Squares, \$23.50; 47 Squares, \$24.00; 48 Squares, \$24.50; 49 Squares, \$25.00; 50 Squares, \$25.50; 51 Squares, \$26.00; 52 Squares, \$26.50; 53 Squares, \$27.00; 54 Squares, \$27.50; 55 Squares, \$28.00; 56 Squares, \$28.50; 57 Squares, \$29.00; 58 Squares, \$29.50; 59 Squares, \$30.00; 60 Squares, \$30.50; 61 Squares, \$31.00; 62 Squares, \$31.50; 63 Squares, \$32.00; 64 Squares, \$32.50; 65 Squares, \$33.00; 66 Squares, \$33.50; 67 Squares, \$34.00; 68 Squares, \$34.50; 69 Squares, \$35.00; 70 Squares, \$35.50; 71 Squares, \$36.00; 72 Squares, \$36.50; 73 Squares, \$37.00; 74 Squares, \$37.50; 75 Squares, \$38.00; 76 Squares, \$38.50; 77 Squares, \$39.00; 78 Squares, \$39.50; 79 Squares, \$40.00; 80 Squares, \$40.50; 81 Squares, \$41.00; 82 Squares, \$41.50; 83 Squares, \$42.00; 84 Squares, \$42.50; 85 Squares, \$43.00; 86 Squares, \$43.50; 87 Squares, \$44.00; 88 Squares, \$44.50; 89 Squares, \$45.00; 90 Squares, \$45.50; 91 Squares, \$46.00; 92 Squares, \$46.50; 93 Squares, \$47.00; 94 Squares, \$47.50; 95 Squares, \$48.00; 96 Squares, \$48.50; 97 Squares, \$49.00; 98 Squares, \$49.50; 99 Squares, \$50.00; 100 Squares, \$50.50.

ASTAR BEHIND THE CLOUD. No matter how dark the night, No matter how thick the clouds may be, In the starry sky, Hidden from our sight, Among the shining orbs so bright, Glitters a star for me. Silvery bright and clear, Ours is the star of falsest light, Fearless of cloud and rain, Fearless of death and pain, Golden stars in their bright array, Twinkle and burn for you. Summer and winter the same, No matter if storm-clouds surge and roll Like waves on the fringed sea, In Heaven's bright gallery Tremble and glow, with a ceaseless flame These types of the soul! No matter how dark thy life, No matter how gloomy thy way may be! 'Mid sorrow, and pain, and care, Still watching thee every where— Back of the curtain of earthly strife Twinkles a star for thee!

### OVERSHOOTING THE MARK.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

"I really don't see what is to be done," said Mrs. Sutton, as she meditatively folded a letter stamped with a foreign post mark. The letter was from Charlie, who was spending his last college vacation in Europe, and who now wrote to announce his speedy return, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Philip Warrington.

Charlie Sutton was evidently very proud to call Mr. Warrington his friend. He had met him in the course of his travels, and always wrote of him as a "splendid fellow, clever, handsome and—"

—with a view to special consideration of his mother and sister—"rich, and of one of the best families of—"

And now, in accordance with his mother's instructions, he invited his friend to spend a week with them, before going to his more Southern home, and she must expect them in a few days.

There was one drawback to Mrs. Sutton's satisfaction in the arrangement; and it was to this that her remarks, on closing the letter, referred.

"This will be a capital chance for you, Isabel," she said, addressing her daughter; "in fact, the best probably that you will ever have. But it requires more tact than you have yet shown; and, besides, there is Alice, who may interfere and spoil all, as she did in the affair of Col. Sawyer. I really don't see what is to be done as regards Alice."

Alice was Mr. Sutton's niece, whom he had taken to his home on the death of her parents. She was then fifteen, and her cousin Isabel had just made her debut into society. She was found to be somewhat in the way, and was sent to a boarding-school.

Here she had remained until the past winter, when, being nineteen, it was found positively necessary that she should come home and be introduced into society.

But, unfortunately, as Mrs. Sutton considered, Alice's sweet face and graceful, winning manners had proven with some persons a greater charm than the bold beauty of the rather "fast" Isabel Sutton—Col. Sawyer in special, to entrap whom the anxious mother and daughter had employed the whole amount of their talent and energies.

He had, upon seeing Alice, transferred his attention from Isabel to herself, and had actually proposed to Mr. Sutton for the hand of his niece, instead of that of his daughter.

It made no difference that Alice declined the honor. Isabel had lost her best chance; and, though, of course, her cousin could not be properly blamed in the matter, yet she was "dangerous." And now that another yet better chance was about to offer, in the person of Mr. Warrington, Alice must, in some way or other, be gotten rid of for that time.

That evening, at tea, Mrs. Sutton, after adroitly leading the conversation in the proper direction, remarked to her husband:

"By-the-by, my dear, when did you last hear from your Aunt Curtis? I fear that we have of late rather neglected the old lady."

"So I have often told you," returned her husband, who was an enterprising business man, not so worldly-minded as his wife. "Aunt Curtis was very kind to me when I was a boy, and certainly deserves more attention than I have had time to bestow. She is old and infirm, too, and yet in four years not one of my family have been to see her."

"Why, it is such a lonely, out-of-the-way country place," returned his wife, "that really to go there seems quite an undertaking. Yet I don't wish to neglect the old lady. She wrote last year that she would like to see the girls, now that they are grown; and Alice's mother, you know, was her favorite niece. I am sure she would be gratified at a visit from us. Indeed, now that we speak of it, I and the girls may as well run up to Copley Farm for a day or two. What do you say, girls?"

"Let us go, by all means!" said Alice's quick reply. "I should like to see my mother's aunt; and you know it is lovely in the country at this season." Isabel shrugged her fair shoulders, but prudently said nothing; and on the following day the three ladies were at the quiet old-fashioned little farm house, some twenty miles from the city.

It must necessarily be a brief visit, for Charlie was expected home—Mrs. Sutton had not said a word, except to her daughter, about expecting Mr. Warrington—and so, after a day and a night at the old farm-house, they were prepared to return to the city.

"It seems a pity to leave the poor old lady so soon," said Mrs. Sutton. "She is so infirm, and that house-keeper of hers is not over attentive to her comfort. Then she seems so fond of you, Alice, and enjoyed so much of your reading to her. I wish that one of your girls could remain longer; I am sure it would be a comfort to the poor old lady."

Alice needed no persuasion. She was a kind-hearted, amiable girl, and her sympathies had been enlisted for this lonely, infirm old lady, her mother's aunt, who seemed so forgotten and alone in the world. Her own mother had been of very delicate health, and the young girl, had learned many ways of nursing and comforting the sick, and making dainty little dishes to tempt a feeble appetite. Then she could read to Aunt Curtis in the sweet, low voice that had been such a comfort to her mother, and she felt also, what the old lady had said, that "the very sight of a bright young face in the silent house was cheering as a ray of sunshine of a clouded day."

No Alice remained at Copley Farm while her aunt and cousin, rejoicing at the success of their innocent little

scheme, returned to the city to welcome Charlie and his friend.

It was a disappointment to find that Charlie had arrived without his friend, Mr. Warrington. That gentleman, it appeared, had had a previous engagement to spend a few days with a relative, whom they found waiting them upon the steamer's arrival; but he would make his appearance in a week or so, and meantime Mrs. Sutton wrote to Alice that she could remain at Copley until Charlie and Isabel went up for her.

Alice had no objection. She was greatly enjoying her visit to the farm. It was the first of October, when the country is most beautiful, with a lingering of summer glory mingling with the deepening lines of autumn.

She was an impassioned lover of nature, and yet, city bred, had never before seen nature in this glorious revelation of autumnal beauty, and it dawned upon her like the reading of some new and beautiful poem.

Strange that there are people content to live in the city, when the country is so beautiful! she thought, one evening, as standing knee-deep in ferns, beneath a canopy of crimson and gold foliage, she gazed in dreamy delight over the lovely scene before her.

A rustling in the neighboring thicket startled her. There was a sudden shot, a whirring past of a brood of partridges, and the next moment a dog rushed forth, deliberately followed by a gentleman in a gray shooting dress.

As his eyes fell upon the young girl standing in a graceful, half-startled manner, he lifted his cap courteously. "I hope that I have not alarmed you," he said. "I should not have fired had I known that a lady was near."

The dog bounded back with a dead partridge, which he dropped at his master's feet.

"Alice look it up gently," "Poor little thing! It was cruel to kill it," she said, pityingly, as she lifted her brown eyes, softened with tender compassion, to the face of the stranger.

He smiled—a curious smile, in which appeared both interest and amusement. "Then I am sorry that I should have killed it, and, in penance, will not fire another shot to-day."

"I have no right to require that sacrifice of you," she answered, shyly, as she turned away.

But he again addressed her: "It appears that our pathways lie in the same direction. If you are going to Mrs. Curtis' will you permit me to accompany you? The lady is an old friend of mine, and I was in my way to see her. It was for her that I intended these birds."

"I am staying at my Aunt Curtis'," she answered, "and, in consideration of the motive, I forgive your shooting these poor birds."

They walked in the lingering sunset, slowly along the lonely wood-path that led to the old farm-house, pausing a moment on the brow of the eminence that overlooked it, as it lay like a brown bird's nest, embowered in trees in the meadows below.

"Time has forgotten this little nook," remarked the gentleman. "It is as unchanged now as I remember fifteen years ago."

"You do not reside in this neighborhood, then?" "No. My home is in the Sunny South; but, when a boy, I used to be a frequent visitor to this neighborhood. Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. I am Philip Warrington, of B—, and a nephew of Dr. Gray."

Dr. Gray was her Aunt Curtis' physician, and resided on the next farm; but it was the name of her companion that now attracted Alice's attention. She had become familiar with it from Charlie's letters, and she said, impulsively:

"You have just returned from Europe; then you are my cousin Charlie Sutton's friend, of whom he has so often written?"

It seemed a pleasant mutual discovery; and the two were strangers no longer.

Aunt Curtis was delighted to see Phil. He had grown so wonderfully, she said—quite a big boy. And she related many remembered bold, boyish adventures of his, in the old time, that seemed so long past to him, so short to her. Finally she insisted that, as he had had a long walk, he should stay to supper; and he, apparently nothing loth, accepted the invitation.

There is no place on earth (excepting perhaps on shipboard) where two young persons thrown together are so apt to fall mutually in love as in a quiet house in the country. Certainly, in this instance, their being frequently together was not entirely accidental, since Philip Warrington, in his interest in the old lady, every day found something to bring her to Copley. Now it was to bring her a new paper, or a message from the doctor; then to read to her some very interesting extracts from a new book; and then again to offer larks or partridges.

And in the soft, rich and dreamy October evenings, he and Alice, strolling in the old-fashioned garden, or down the lane, rich in autumnal flowers, or seated on the meadow stile, beneath the golden marbles, spent such hours of happiness as can come to us but once in a life-time—with the first dream of dawn love.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Sutton, anxiously waiting at home, and still taxing her ingenuity for excuses to keep her niece "out of the way," suddenly heard something which sent her flying up to Copley Farm by the next day's train, in a mood of mind by no means enviable.

And the first person she saw, on reaching Copley, was Alice, standing on the old-fashioned "stoop," canopied by autumn roses, with a remarkably handsome and elegantly-looking young man by her side, the attitude and expression of both revealing at a single glance what

Mrs. Sutton felt to be a death-blow to all her scheming and hopes. She had aimed well; but as is the case with even the most clever schemers, had strained hard too, and overshot the mark.

What is a Common School Education. Edward Everett said, "To read the English language well; to write a neat, legible hand, and to master of the four rules of arithmetic, is a good education."

The mission of the public schools is not so much to impart knowledge, as it is to enable the pupil to gain knowledge.

A pupil who can read and write our language well, and understands the four rules of arithmetic, has the keys to the whole storehouse of knowledge. Many pupils are taught to commit much that they cannot use. To be able to read (pronounce) rapidly in the sixth reader, and spell orally the longest words in the spelling book, is more of an accomplishment, in which the vocal organs are trained by long, continued practice, than an unfolding the doors to the, hitherto, unknown.

A child can be spoiled for life, in getting the impression at school, that education is an accomplishment and intended to be used as such. We see the effect in large girls and boys boasting of their progress in the so-called, accomplishments; in their mistaking the large words learned by rote; and too often in their showing disrespect to those who have not been so unfortunate as to be stuffed with their senseless jargon.

To teach a child the use of tools and familiarize him with their use, is better than to give him articles made by them. In other words, to teach him to use Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, the Encyclopedia, and Gazetteer, is of more value to him than to fill his memory with the terms, or even many of the facts contained in them.

How few of the pupils in our grammar and high schools can turn, without hesitation, to the parts of these books of reference to find a given term, can pronounce it according to the phonetic notation there marked, and trace its derivation understandingly!

Parents, as well as teachers, are to blame for this state of things. How often do we hear the parent say, "We have a good teacher and school. Why my children are going right through ever so many books." The teacher soon learns the market and sets his wits to work to supply the demand, by giving sound instruction of sense.

The important elements in an education, are sound moral, good English, and elementary mathematics. The school that teaches these well and thoroughly gives a good common school education. The child who has thoroughly learned these, will, since good morals include habits of industry, acquire of its own accord, all the further education which its abilities and opportunities afford.—Oswego Independent.

Power of Sympathy. Wednesday night at the Union Depot a coffin lay on a baggage-truck, waiting to be put on Lake shore train No. 8, when it should go out. It was directed to Mrs. —, Parma, Jackson county, Mich. It contained the remains of the son of a woman who, in one short year, had lost every near relative she possessed on earth—husband, daughter and two sons. This was her last son, who had just died in Cincinnati. She had been summoned to his side when he was suddenly taken ill, and had arrived just one hour after he breathed his last, and lingered vainly in the agonies of death for his mother. At times the realization of her terrible grief and loneliness would weigh down on her with such unbearable force that she would almost go wild with anguish. She paced the floor of the depot impatiently, and finally walked out and stood over the coffin, wringing her hands and moaning with grief. Another woman came to her and came to her side. They were utter strangers, but sorrow made them sisters. "Do not give away to your grief so completely," said the strange lady to the poor woman.

"How can I help it?" said she, almost fiercely. "It is well enough for you to say so, but what do you know about suffering? This was all I had."

"Ah, my dear woman," said the stranger, taking her by the hand, "I know what sorrow is. Last week I buried all I had on earth."

Almost instantly the poor woman stopped her weeping, grasped her comforter's hand eagerly, and walked away from the coffin with her into the waiting-room.

"I will learn to bear it," said she; "but I did not believe that in this wide world there was one human being called to suffering like mine."—Toledo Democrat.

Didn't want Prayer Wasted. "There was another story," continued Peter, with a twinkle in his eye, but the same grumbling tone in his voice, "I've vicked; but many's the time I will let a laugh at that story. That was about two men in a boat, and the night was so black they couldn't see their way into the harbor at all, and the wind it was blowing ferri hard. And the one he says to the other, 'Duncan, you must get a prayer now, or we will beffer you into the harbor at all.' And Duncan says, 'I tanna do it; you man do it yourself, Donald.' And Donald he will say, 'Tam you, Duncan, if you do not get a prayer, we will be troomed as sure as death, f r I can see nothing but blackness.' And so it was that Donald will say in the stern of the boat and he will say, 'O Lord, it is fifteen years since I he asked you for anything, but it will be another fifteen years before I ask you for anything, if you will tek the boat into the harbor.' And then, at this moment, sure enough; there was a great sound of the boat going on the beach, and Donald, that was up in the bow, he will cry out: 'Stop, Duncan, do not pray any more; do not be beholden to anybody, because the boat's ashore, already.'"

Trouble Brewing. The world is not in such an amiable disposed condition as one would be led to believe from the disconnected rumors which find their way into the newspapers, or by the disjointed telegraphic dispatches that are flashed from country to country to suit certain ends. The better disposed are operating in concert with capital for the preservation of peace, but they seem to be in a hopeless minority just now, and the tendency of things in several prominent features is quite toward an aggressive policy. There is a thoroughly developed hostile feeling in Europe. The International Conference at Constantinople was not only unsatisfactory in its results, in so far as an ostensible object was concerned, but served to infuse each of the great European powers with the conviction of insincerity on the part of the rest. Their respective representatives retired with the strong persuasion that the whole thing was a blind; that the desire to serve the cause of humanity and the preservation of peace in Europe, by putting an end to the brutal conflict then raging between Turkey and the adjacent principalities, was but a pretext, a cover from behind which each sought to discover the real sentiments and designs of the other powers. Austria is clearly afraid of Russian advances southward, Germany, strong in military power and prestige, and with full coffers, is restrained and kept on the alert by the astonishing development of strength and wealth in France; England, secure in her island impregnability as guaranteed by her overabundant naval grandeur and her superabundant monetary resources, is nevertheless extremely anxious about her Indian Empire and supremacy of her maritime commerce in the Mediterranean, as well as her short sea route to India, which would be jeopardized, if not wholly lost, were Russia to occupy Constantinople and drive the Turks from Europe. Naturally enough, France is in a constant state of disquietude on account of the unfriendly, jealous, and guarded disposition manifested by Germany, the situation is manifestly hollow, and full of those incendiary elements which are the sure provocatives of war. The European system is decidedly overcharged with bad blood, which nothing but copious phlebotomy will allay. Nothing of a soothing nature has been observable between the powers since the fiasco of the International Conference at Constantinople, but several have occurred to complicate matters and show a mutually hostile disposition. Not the least among them is the menacing tone of the Berlin press, which, undoubtedly with official sanction, informs France that any further advances toward extending the fortifications of Paris will be regarded as a *cassus belli*. On this continent Mexico is rapidly widening the gulf of variance which already exists between her and the United States. The recent outrage committed on the American schooner *Montana* by the Captain of the Port of Mazatlan, is but one of the series of similar acts perpetrated by Mexican officials of late, while the kaleidoscopic changes that are so characteristic of Mexican administrations, are by no means calculated to insure confidence or the hope of any permanent repose between the two republics. Taking the situation all in all, there seems to be good ground for the belief that the "times are sadly out of joint," and that trouble is brewing.

How They Parted. There is as deep a vein of pathos as of fun in Bailey's nature—Bailey, of the Danbury News. He writes home to his paper of a parting of two lovers, as seen by him in the Grand Union depot, New York, recently, in this tearful way:

There was a man in the prime of life, and very strong in his manhood, who was going away across the continent among a strange people and among strange scenes. And there was a young woman, fair in face and figure, who clung to him. They stood on the platform, near the car. He was trying to bid her good bye, and she was trying her best to give him up. About them stood the sleeping car conductor, with a lantern on his arm and a petrified countenance, and the sleeping-car porter, with his offensively smart look, and a brakeman who seemed to be all badge, and the writer hereof, who was sitting apparently with piercing intensity at the roof of the station.

It was very hard for him to go away. It was very hard for her to give him up. He would look nervously up at the clock, note the flight of another moment, and become more nervous with every glance. Time mounted on a car of juggernaut, was riding this couple down as he has ridden millions of couples down, and just as remorselessly. She crept closer to his side, very much as it she wanted to creep right into his arms, and he certainly looked as if he wanted her.

It lacked two minutes of the hour. She saw it at the same time I did, and her face grew so white that I thought she was going to faint away. I took another look at the clock, and I must say that I never in my life saw such a cruel face on a clock. I watched every second as it ticked off, and as the hand pointed to the hour, there was a sudden sound of a going, and then some one shouted—"All aboard!"

And the porter said to the brakeman—"You're right, Tommy."

And he caught her hastily by his arms and in a voice of smothered agony, said, "Good bye, darling."

And as she clasped both hands tightly together, conversely sobbed: "Heaven help me!"

Then she went back into the waiting room, and he stood side of me on the car platform, and when the train rambled out from under the grand arch, his eyes were fixed as if by death upon the plate glass of that door, and pressed against it, clear to him and to me, was a very white face whose awful agony made a memory which every man could ever shake off.

Confidence Needed. The following is an extract from Bob Ingersoll's great New York city speech, made recently, endorsing Hayes' policy: "We have fought and hated enough. Our country is prostrate. Labor is in rags. The wheels of the factory are still. In the safe of Prudence money lies locked with the key of Fear. Confidence is what we need—confidence in each other; confidence in our institutions; in our form of government; in the great future, confidence in law; confidence in liberty, in progress, and in the grand destiny of the great republic. I extend to you, each and all, the olive branch of peace. Fellow citizens, I beseech you take it. By the memory of those who died for naught; by the charred remains of your dismembered homes; by the ashes of your statesmen, dead for the sake of your sons and your daughters and their children yet to be, I implore you to take it with loving and loyal hands. It will cultivate your wasted fields. It will rebuild your town and your cities; it will fill your coffers with gold; it will educate your children; it will swell the sails of your commerce; it will cause the roses of joy to clamber and to climb over the broken canon of war; it will flood the cabins of freedom with light, and clothe the weak in more than a coat of mail, and wrap the poor and lowly in measureless content. Take it, the North will forgive if the South will forget. Take it, the negro will wipe from the tablets of memory the strokes and scars of 200 years, and blur with happy tears the record of his wrongs. Take it, it will unite our nation, it will make us brothers once again. Take it, and justice will sit in your courts under the outspread wings of peace. Take it, and the brain and the lips of the future will be free. Take it, it will bud and blossom in your hands, and fill your land with fragrance and joy. Take it, and we have passed the midnight of our political history, and the star of hope again heralds the rising sun."

A Wonderful Clock. Strolling through the streets of La-beck, I happened to pass St. Mary's Church near the hour of noon, and entered to see the famous clock perform its little tricks, which it has repeated day by day for over three hundred years. This ancient piece of mechanical skill is placed near the main altar, and has a huge and bewildering complicated dial, showing the second, minute, hour, day, month, year, and relative position of moon and planets all at once. On a miniature semi-circular gallery above the dial is the figure of Christ seated on a throne. With the last stroke of twelve, melodious chimes play a verse of some hymn, and at the same time a little door on the right of the gallery opens and a figure in apostolic garb appears, advancing slowly until it reaches the throne, when it utters and bows before the Saviour and then goes on again, disappearing through a door on the left. Eleven apostles pass through in this manner, but the twelfth, who is said to be Judas, only shows his face, when the door is shut on him. I could not help pitying the poor wooden apostle, who has been subjected to this mortifying treatment for three hundred years. St. Peter comes in for his share of rebuke in the shape of a cock which makes an effort

to crow three times, but though he flaps his wings as lively as ever, his voice was injured by a cold caught in the severe winter of 1724; from which he never fully recovered, and I suspect St. Peter laughs in his sleeve at the bird's attempt to remind him of his temporary defecation over 1800 years ago.—Inisley's Magazine.

Had a Right to Laugh. There is a legend affirming that one day nearly a hundred years ago, the snow was seven feet deep on the streets of Detroit. On that day not a woman was seen down town, but next day, when the snow had settled a foot or so, they were as usual. They were out yesterday, wading through the slush and jumping the pools, and one of them fell "kerplash!" as she passed the Soldiers' Monument. A man standing thirty feet away began laughing uproariously. He got red in the face, tears came to his eyes, and his hat fell off as he laughed and cried out:

"Went right down like a bag of sand—slush a foot deep, started up to kill—never saw anybody look so cheap—oh ho! ho! ho!"

"You are no gentleman, sir!" remarked a man who had witnessed the mishap. "Can't help that—ha! ha! ho!" laughed the other, bending almost double.

"You haven't the first instincts of a gentleman, sir!" continued the other, growing very mad.

"I know it, but ho! ho! ho!" screamed the other. "I know just how she felt as she went down carrying all that style, and I—ha! ha! ho!"

"I don't see anything so very funny in it," growled the other.

"No, you don't but I—" And he hung to the lamp post and laughed till his legs weakened. When he had recovered his breath he explained to the crowd:

"It was my wife, you see. She probably wanted a pair of shoe-strings or two cents' worth of silk twist, and it took her three hours to curl and twist, and powder and fix up to come down here and wade around. Then to fall flat with all her best buds on, and to be helped up by a rag buyer, and to hear the boys yell out, why, it just takes all the—ho! ho! ho!—frusee right ha! ha! ha! out of me!"—Free Press.

Saline County Journal. Published every Thursday, by M. D. & L. E. Sampson at Salina, Kansas. Office—On First Avenue, three doors east of the Post Office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One Copy, one year, \$1.00; One Copy, six months, .60; One Copy, three months, .35.

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