

KINSLEY GRAPHIC.

KINSLEY, KANSAS

CURRENT COMMENT.

South American republics owe \$300,000,000. Looks like our Monroe doctrine would have to be freshly sharpened.

If deadbeats in private life were thrashed by their creditors like dead-beat nations, how exciting would be every first of the month.

Cleveland will erect a new city hall, public library and courthouse in a group, with a great court running from the public square to the water front.

President John Mitchell, of the mine workers' union, will write a book on "Capital and Labor," based on the great anthracite strike in Pennsylvania.

Emperor William of Germany talks fluently in six languages—English better than any other except his own. Indeed, it has been said that he actually speaks German with just a trace of English accent.

Two cents more has been added to the price of oil by the Standard Oil company. This will enable it to make that \$10,000,000 donation to the cause of education. The consumers ought to get \$10,000,000 worth of education out of it, too.

There is a reminder of the late Dr. Burchard's famous "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" alliteration in a remark made by Rev. Mr. Tunnell, of Washington. In discussing the negro problem he said it must be approached with "soap, soup and salvation."

According to the Detroit Free Press the governor of Michigan shed tears over this touching appeal from the wife of a convict: "Pleaze Your Majesty, let him come home, if for no other reason than to see his three darling children whom has been born since he went away."

Prof. Zephaniah Hopper has been teaching mathematics in the central high school in Philadelphia for 48 years, in some instances to three generations of the same family. He is 78 years old, and is not believed to have missed a session of his class in the last two decades.

The city council of New York has appropriated \$100,000 to the relief of freezing poor people of that city. Let's see; it was President Baer, wasn't it, who said when the president interfered in the coal strike that public uneasiness was unfounded, merely a scare, and that no reason existed for anticipating a coal famine?

It is reported that the famous white house portraits, most of which for generations have decorated the walls of the public apartments, are to be transferred to the basement and hung in a long underground corridor running from the east entrance to a stairway leading from the basement. It is explained that these portraits conflict with the scheme of interior decorations, and provision has not been made in the large rooms on the first floor.

The modern tendency toward cooperative living, whether it be shown in boarding house, hotel and apartment living, or in the community cooperative kitchen, is taken by many social economists as a distinct menace to home life. It may, perhaps, for a limited class of society, but not for the great majority of the American homes. The instinct for home life and home making is too strongly imbedded, certainly in the American woman, to be uprooted in many generations, if ever.

The secretary of agriculture has decided to return the free distribution of seeds to its original purpose and intent—that is, to sending out such rare and valuable seeds as are not in the market. In the present year there will be the usual distribution of common seeds, amounting to 12,000 packages to each congressman, but each congressman will also have 100 packages of the unusual kinds. And then the secretary will ask congress to confine the distribution in future years to the latter.

A six-year-old girl in Chicago stole quietly out of bed and drank half a pint of whisky, from the effects of which she died. The child's mother explains that her little daughter had a passion for whisky. The incident is a distressing enough, but it might have been much worse. It is a fearful calamity to be born with a taste for whisky, and particularly where the dreadful heritage falls to a woman. To the thoughtful man or woman every day brings some example of the mercy of death.—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. U. S. Grant, whose death occurred at Washington, at the age of 83, had a most varied life. Following her marriage at 19 years old to Grant, one misfortune in business followed another, until just before the war Grant was earning scarcely the income of a day laborer. In three years he became a foremost soldier. Then followed eight years in the white house and the famous journey around the world. Then Grant's failure in business again, owing to default of a friend, and then his fatal sickness and his death in 1885.



Borrowed Holiday

IT WAS a bare, desolate room in a tenement house in a southern city. On a rickety table in one corner stood a broken vase, which still showed remnants of its pristine beauty as the light of a stray sunbeam shone through its ruby depths. A long-stemmed, withered rose which it held was doubtless a reminder of some happier hour. The occupants of the room were a mother and her three children, a puny babe, a little girl, perhaps three years of age, and a boy about seven years her senior. There was nothing about the room to suggest that the family had ever been comfortably placed as regards this world's goods, save the broken Venetian vase, but the face of the mother as she bent over her weeping babe, trying to soothe and still its cries, bore the traces of what had once been the most refined type of beauty.

Only a short year ago, Mary Derwent and her little family had been living in comparative comfort, but suddenly her husband lost his position as head clerk in a large establishment, which, owing to the pres-



Meanwhile Hugh Derwent Had Dragged His Weary Way Homeward.

sure of the times, had failed. Unfortunately, he fell seriously ill of a fever, which completely prostrated him. By degrees their small savings were expended, then the best of the furniture was sold, for they were too proud to ask help, and so they went from bad to worse, until they only had the poor bed, the stove, the table and two chairs, which now furnished in scant measure the little room in the tenement they called home.

Hugh had been out since early morning hunting for work, and his wife was growing momentarily more anxious about his prolonged absence. What could keep him? It began to grow dark. Pressing her pale face against the panes, she peered out into the street.

"Mamma, I'm so hungry," pleaded a weak little voice from the bed. "Can't I have something?"

"Oh, Harry, what shall we do? Sister wants something to eat," cried Mrs. Derwent, putting her arms around her little boy's neck.

"Mamma, don't cry. I'll go out again; perhaps I'll get something this time, and praps I'll meet papa. I won't come back without something this time," cried Harry. "Now, see, mamma, if I do. Please don't cry!"

"Oh, where will you go, my poor little darling, where will you go? Your clothes are too thin to go out in this wind. I cannot, cannot let you go!"

But Harry was off; he had no time to lose. He had no time to lose, indeed, if he meant to reach the great publishing house in Broad street. It was fully five o'clock, and he must be there before six, and it was such a long, weary walk for a little fellow. Meanwhile Hugh Derwent had dragged his weary way homeward. He had met the usual rebuffs, some rudely uttered, some gently worded, for there were men who were touched by his pallid face and the hopeless expression of his countenance. Mary listened for his footsteps, for it was now too dark to see the passers-by on the street, caught a faint, uncertain sound as of someone tottering on the stairs. Opening the door she discerned the figure of her husband coming wearily up, step by step, but oh, so slowly. Soon she had him clasped in her arms. No need for him to repeat the sad story of failure again; she knew it when he touched her cheek with his cold lips.

"Where is Harry?" were the first words he spoke after regaining his breath, for he was quite exhausted by the exertion of mounting the steep staircase.

"He's gone out, dearest; I couldn't stop him. Mary cried for something to eat, and the little fellow rushed out, determined to do something. Don't be frightened, Hugh, God will take care of him, and of us, too. We must not hide our trouble from your aunt any longer; it isn't justice to our children."

Where, meantime, was little Harry, and what was his object in visiting the great publishing house of Ford &

Company? Looking at the huge, seven-story building, with all its windows ablaze with light, you would wonder what purpose the child had in mind.

Nearly a year before, Mary Derwent, when the beginning of their troubles had come, had mailed a story to the Manhattan Magazine, entering the competition for a prize of \$500, which had been offered. Mary Derwent, in her happier days, had written verse which had been accepted and published. The prospect of coming trouble had stimulated her, as it has many another, to literary effort, in the hope of giving her family the helping hand. Poverty had knit this little family into a closer and more intimate union than ordinarily exists in families, and they had talked things over together, but long since Mary had ceased to wonder about her story, giving it up for lost.

The thought of it came as an inspiration to small Harry, and he meant to beg money for the story; that was his errand. "Surely," thought the child, "the good editor will buy it if he knows how hungry we all are."

Harry's tired little feet at last reached the large building where the Manhattan Magazine was published, and through his earnest solicitation he was admitted to the editorial rooms, where he told his errand. After some questioning, he was informed that Mary Derwent's story had won the first prize, and as she had sent no address except "City," they had forwarded the check to the general delivery office.

It was so far to the post office, but that letter would buy bread, so Harry trudged bravely on. At last he was there. There were two letters, one for his father. He clutched them tightly in his thin, small hand and started for home. How far it was! If he could just hold out to get there! A pain came in his head and everything turned dark around him, despite the electric lights.

There was an elegant gentleman sauntering leisurely along, looking almost bored by the mere fact of existence. Harry stopped a moment, passing his hand over his eyes as if to clear away the mist, before attempting the muddy crossing.

What made everything turn around so? Suddenly there was an outcry as a little form went down in the mud and slush, right in front of a carriage dashing furiously onward. A moment more and the cruel hoofs of the madly driven horses will trample the brave little life out.

But no, a strong arm clutches them, and with almost superhuman strength forces them back on their haunches as the little child struggles to his feet. It was the listless gentleman, a Mr. Mayo.

"Oh, thank you, sir," gasped Harry. "Ah, don't mention it, sonny; let me help you across," and he grasped the muddy, ragged sleeve in his daintily gloved hand, and nearly lifting the slight form, swung him over. The child reeled and would have fallen, but he caught and held him.

"I can't go on, and they are so hungry at home. Please take this letter to mother—I can't see."

The gentleman signaled a hack and lifted Harry in, taking a seat beside him.

"Now, where do you live?" he inquired.

Harry roused sufficiently to give directions, but immediately sank back almost fainting.

Mr. Mayo suddenly exclaimed, as if a thought had struck him which was very surprising:

"Ah, Mrs. Derwent," said Mr. Mayo, after dinner, as he swung lazily in a hammock under a large oak tree, "I found out why your name sounded so—ah, familiar; there was a little mistake. My cousin wrote a story for that competition, and took a fancy to sign her name 'Mary Derwent,' having heard it somewhere, perhaps. She told me about it and—"

"Then it was her story instead of mine which won the prize?"

"Her story was called 'Evelyn,' I think."

"That accounts for it; the letter that contained the check said 'Evelyn,' by Mary Derwent. Mine was 'Evelyn,' but I thought they had made a mistake."

"Ah, quite a coincidence," said Mr. Mayo, "but you shan't lose by it."

"I can't lose now. Had Harry not gone to the post office, he would not have met you, and had you not succored us at that critical time we would have died, and but for the check we could not have come out here."

"So you stole your New Year's, Mary," said her aunt, as she shook her fat sides in laughter, "but the heir to 'Pinelands,' your former husband (as he is to be), can easily replace it."

Would you believe that that gay young fellow driving the cows from the pasture with Harry, helping little Mary make mud pies, swinging the baby in the hammock, peeling potatoes with a checked apron on, was the dandy who stood at the street crossing with his cane in his mouth, almost refuting the statement that "God made man in His own image?" Well, he is the identical young swell, who has been out at Pinelands several weeks, and says he intends staying there several more.

"In fact, Mr. Derwent," he said, "I am in love with Pinelands, and I intend you shall adopt me as a brother. Let me put my money in improvements on the plantation, and instead of making 'ducks and drakes' of my capital, I'll buy ducks and drakes and kick making a goose of myself."

"I don't care for thanks, but I would like to see the owner of that name—must be someone I have known."

"Mother!" called Harry, "oh, mother, I bring good news. Here's money; your story won first prize and here's a kind gentleman who saved me from being run over. Now Mary and all can have something to eat."

Mr. and Mrs. Derwent could not realize the sudden transition from despair to hope. They sat as if dazed. Mr. Derwent came forward at last, and in a broken voice tried to speak his thanks.

"Why, haven't you a light?" inquired Mr. Mayo.

"Oh, sir," said Harry, who had revived wonderfully since eating, "we had no money to buy anything."

Mr. Mayo stared. He had never come in contact with poverty before.

"Here, take my purse and get light and, ah—something to eat."

Mr. Derwent was again thanking him, while Mrs. Derwent was weeping tears of joy and thankfulness.

"God sent you to save my children from starvation. This evening I begged for bread, begged it, and the baker refused me. But what wouldn't a woman do for her children?"

Harry soon came back with a light and a basket of food and handed the purse back to Mr. Mayo.

"I only took enough for to-night, for mother has money, now."

Mr. Mayo emptied the purse on the bed, where Mrs. Derwent was already feeding little Mary, who ate ravenously.

The mother had less to eat than any, but, mother-like, thought of self last.

Mr. Mayo bowed himself out, promising to call on the morrow, silently wondering that he, of all others, should be the one to play Providence to a poor family.

The second letter which Harry brought proved to be an urgent invitation from Mr. Derwent's aunt in the country for him and his family to spend New Year's with her, the second day from this. How gladly they left the close, comfortable room for the spacious old farmhouse among the hills!

The day was glorious, the air balmy as if Indian summer had come again.

When they reached the home station and crowded into the large family carriage, she threw wide the windows to let in the golden sunlight and health-giving breeze from the pine lands.

Was ever a day more royal than this?

Mr. Mayo, having called to see the Derwents the day previous, Mrs. Derwent took the liberty, in her great happiness, to invite him out, too, presented himself, to his own and her astonishment, as they were going out to dinner in the large, handsome old dining-room.

There was just enough frost in the air to make the wood fire acceptable, yet the musk roses looked saucily in at the wide windows and nodded a welcome, while large vases full of flowers breathed out their hearts in fragrance.

The crowning event of the day came when Mr. Derwent was giving a second helping to turkey. The dear old aunt announced that, as he would be her heir, it was his duty to remain there and keep up his property; she was tired of living without children in the house. "And what is more, I'm not going to any longer," she declared with emphasis.

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Soon he gave the world "assurance of a man."—Ladies' World, New York.

A LOST KANSAS TOWN.

Runymede Was a Lively Place While It Lasted, But It Has Been Wiped Off the Map.

There was a town in Kansas that has lost its place on the map. It was named Runymede, but it is no more, says the Philadelphia Press.

Capt. Charles Seton, who was formerly an officer in the British army, returned recently to this country and when he read of a hunt for lost towns in Kansas he told the following story about Runymede:

"You must first know," said he, "that Runymede was a combination of British inexperience, British credulity, British money, considerable cockyness and a ludicrous attempt to live on foolish hopes and foolish promises."

"The immigrants who came from England to Kansas expected to grow rich over night and then return to England to live on champagne and venison."

"It took two years to wear off the varnish, break the bank and turn out the lights. And Rome—or I should say Runymede—howled in the interval."

"Runymede was created by a north of Ireland agitator named Turnley, who had lost money in the cotton business in the United States. His son Edward bought 1,700 acres of land at \$1.50 an acre in Harper county, and began advertising in England that he was lord of a western paradise, where golden birds sang in the trees and silver rivulets ran tinkling to the sea.

"For \$500 a year he engaged to teach the sons of English gentlemen the mysteries of successful farming and stock raising, provide for their physical needs and administer such educational tonics as would enable them to hold the winning hand wherever they might be."

"Runymede, 12 miles northwest of Harper, in the middle of a boundless prairie, with only one tree in sight, was founded as the center of this enterprise, and at Runymede congregated the good souls who listened to Turnley's tinted tales."

"It was to be the great commercial depot of the west. It was with glowing hearts that my party of 16 men and women sailed from England in May, 1880, for the new world."

"So anxious was I to find agreeable quarters at the end of my journey that, with fearful extravagance, I sent a long cablegram to Turnley to build me a house forthwith and have it ready for me upon my arrival. When I reached Runymede there was no house in sight, and we were glad, likewise disgusted, to find lodging at the ranch house, where we braved the terrors of corn bread and fat bacon until houses were built."

"Some of us had considerable money. None of us had any financial sense. While we waited for a miracle to be performed that would transform our arid home into a blooming garden, and the town of Runymede into a vast metropolis, we feasted and danced and made merry. We enjoyed all the sports dear to English hearts and dressed in the wonderful garments we had brought from the land whose white cliffs look across the channel to Calais."

"Kansas was known as a prohibition state, and one guileless father thought that Runymede would be the salvation of his son, who had acquired a big thirst for liquor. The lad kept the trail hot between Runymede and Harper and maintained an irrigating plant that would have overwhelmed the children of Israel. He always had some kind of a jag.

"Kansas prohibition was a failure in Runymede. The good livers brought whole cargoes of the very best whisky from Chicago. One youth fell heir to \$15,000 a year, and the thermometer in Runymede went up several degrees. What a time he had."

"The men imagined that they were in the very heart of the west, where the blood ran wildest and reddest. They wore cowboy outfits, and an arsenal of guns and knives rattled on them as they walked. They would not go outside the house unless armed to the teeth. They were fond of posing for their portraits in photograph galleries at Harper and Wichita, and I tremble even now at the terrible desperadoes that gaze at me from the faded pictures. Capt. Faulkner was an especially fierce-looking 'cowboy' and was almost afraid of himself when in full regalia."

"Every fortnight there was racing. Runymede had a steeple course which afforded much amusement. The riders bedecked themselves in all the glory of Solomon. John Lobb was the beau of the steeplechase. Upon one occasion he appeared wearing a white stiff-bosomed shirt, a collar and a flowing necktie, a black alpaca coat, checked trousers that reached half way to his knees; white socks, dancing pumps, a granger hat and lavender kid gloves."

"Dick Watinge, who affected cowboy hats and a ferocious-looking buffalo overcoat, ran this race with red and white bunting wrapped around his legs, hatless and wearing a black shirt."

"Runymede withered like a flower and died. Its citizens were scattered from ocean to ocean. Few returned to England."

"If anyone should find the 'lost' town of Runymede, ask him to mark the spot with a stone bearing the words: 'We had a good time while it lasted.'"

"Turkistan Weddings. In Turkistan every wedding engagement begins with the payment of a substantial consideration to the girl's parents. If the girl jilts her lover the engagement gift has to be returned, unless the parents have another daughter to give as a substitute. —London Mail."

GREAT STRIDES MADE.

Wonderful Richness of the Soil of Western Canada Has Turned the Tide of Immigration.

The great strides which Western Canada is making, and the wonderful richness of the soil, is creating considerable excitement, not only in Canada, but in the United States and Great Britain. The large crops of the past two years, with phenomenal yields, have enacted a movement towards the west, which will not be checked until every available homestead is taken. The Edmonton Bulletin, one of the "farthest north" newspapers, in a recent article on the Northwest as a wide and open field, says: "There must be fertile soil, there must be a suitable climate, there must be the possibility of building up a modern civilization; and the conditions must be such that labor can reach the land; or in other words, land must be cheap. The Canadian Northwest contains the largest unbroken area of country on the continent, or in the world fulfilling these conditions. In its thousand miles of plain which stretches from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains Canada is able to offer land to the landless of the continent, and of the world. This year (1902), the only complaint, over all the vast stretch of territory, of the farmers and ranchers, is that the railways have not sufficient rolling stock to move to market the returns of the past season."

The area under crop in Western Canada in 1902 was 1,987,330 acres. Yield 1902, 117,922,754 bushels. Wealth waits on industry in Canada. There is Plenty of Room.

Prices have advanced in Western Canada 50 per cent. in the last two years, and the upward movement seems still on. The migration into Canada is becoming notable. Somebody has estimated that 25,000 acres of Canadian land are sold a day to people from the United States.

Whatever doubts there have been as to the suitability of the Canadian Northwest for settlement, those doubts have been set at rest by the successive yields of previous years, and by the crowning glory of the past year (1902), which gives solid assurance as to possibilities that would not otherwise have been believed. The fact of the grain production of the past season in Manitoba and the Northwest, 117,922,754 bushels from 1,987,330 acres, and that a certain number of farmers have produced a greater value of wheat, oats, and cattle for sale than any other equal number anywhere else in the known world, is the best possible answer to the question: "Is there wealth in the Northwest?" Not only in the Northwest but in the whole country has there been prosperity.

The Canadian Northwest is not all alike in its production. Wheat growing is the specialty of one part, cattle ranching of another, and mixed farming—the growth of grain and live stock together—of still another. Speaking roughly, the southeastern parts of the Territories and Manitoba are wheat growing; the southwestern part of the Territories is ranching, and the northern part of the Territories is mixed farming. Differences of soil, climate, and other conditions are the causes of these differences in agriculture in the various sections. But it is safe to say that in no other area of the world is there an equal possibility of the production of wealth from the soil, whether by one branch of agriculture or another.

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