

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, KANSAS.

A CAROL OF COOKERY.

My face is very wan and pale,
My wasted cheeks are haggard;
My trembling limbs their office fail,
And make me seem a lizard.
My wonted grace has gone; indeed
My smile is now sardonic,
In short, I seem in grievous need
Of some effective tonic.

My friends who, in the days of old
When I was strong and healthy,
Admired me, have all grown cold,
As if I were not worthy.
You ask to what this change is due?
A very natural question.
I answer I'm a victim to
Most awful indigestion.

Some lady friends of mine, you see,
Both honestly and good-looking,
Have organized quite recently
A ladies' school for cooking.
To cook well is their fondest wish,
And, as they are not wasteful,
They have me try each novel dish
To see if it is tasty.

Their doughy cake, their pale "puff-paste"
And all suspicious viands
Are not allowed to go to waste;
All find their way to my hands.
Ah, who is me? I've learned with pain
That when girls make a custard,
The useful egg they quite disdain,
But put in lots of brandy.

They've done their best of me to make
A useful kitchen fixture,
I know the taste of wedding-cake
When flavored with cough-mixture.
There's chocolate, sprigliest of girls,
Whose schemes of love have their end,
I've learned to see when she utters
Her sweet Charlotte Russes.

Their peas and biscuit make me sick,
Their puddings, too, of sweet,
Their coffee, oh, so thick and thick,
I drink it but quite fit.
Although I'd love without demur
Each culinary fairy,
A better dinner I'd much prefer
To this pie-crust air.

—Rambler.

POLICEMAN NO. 1,414.

His Narrow Escape and Final Good Fortune.

Policeman Kite, No. 1,414, assigned for duty at the odorous lumber-docks, had been forced to take his own mind into custody, so to speak, and to arrest it on suspicion. It had shown a tendency to resist the authority of Officer Kite, and he had determined to subdue it. In spite of repeated warnings and admonitions it constantly associated itself with forbidden company. Dainty Nannie Trussel, who had given her name to as trim a lumber vessel as ever sailed the lakes, was the tempter of Officer Kite's hitherto law-abiding mind. For many years Officer No. 1,414 had been counted the most zealous of policemen. He appeared to have no thought beyond his duty. He went his rounds with enthusiasm. The most pugnacious lumber-shover and the most whisky-loving sailor had a wholesome awe of him. They referred their disputes to him and knew that, in spite of his severity, they would be settled with unerring judgment. He was more ready with a reprimand than a warrant, but he never broke his word, and a threat once made was sure to be executed. The justices complained that he usurped their prerogative, which was true, for he settled many a quarrel offhand upon the spot without troubling lawyer or justice. If he had a difficulty with any of the men who loafed, worked, or fought, according to the season, about the docks, he threw away his club and went in to fight it out man to man with the worst of them. But though he gave hard blows and dealt severe penalties, he was popular alike among workmen and employers, and whenever he had been transferred to another beat, a petition had been forwarded to the Superintendent requesting that Officer No. 1,414 might be reinstated in his work on the docks. Half-a-dozen times he had saved some drunken sailor whose unceremonious equilibrium had given him a bath, which, but for the assistance of Officer Kite, would have been fatal.

It had been his luck—long before his mind had taken to showing wayward tendencies—to save the life of Captain James Trussel one night when the latter, "half seas over," was attempting to board his vessel. Two years later that unfortunate mariner, being in a similar condition, fell overboard in thirty fathoms of water two hundred miles from Officer Kite's beat. He left his widow three substantial frame dwelling-houses, whose rental, together with the profits from her share of the ship, afforded her a very comfortable living. Officer Kite, having an interest in the widowed and orphaned, was often at the house of the "relict of the late Captain James Richard Trussel," as that lady proudly styled herself. He listened with patience to her endless reminiscences, and unflinchingly expressed astonishment every time she told him how she was about to embark upon the Lady Elgin the last time that ill-fated boat left the shore, and how she had been prevented by the merest accident—the full details of which were invariably given.

The men about the dock began to notice a decided change in the personal appearance of this good-natured guardian of the law. His generous boots shone with ever-dazzling polish, his white cotton gloves were changed oftener than before, and his good-natured face was clean-shaven every morning. This unusual elegance grew to assume the proportion of a joke to his free-and-easy critics at the lumber market. They would have found it a greater joke yet could they have seen him off duty, with his star inside of his coat and his place usurped by a pink rose, his uniform brushed till it was guiltless of spot or vagrant thread, and his club laid aside for a frivolous-looking rattan cane. He picked his way with elaborate lightness up the front steps of Mrs. Trussel's dwelling. He asked for—well, he asked for Mrs. Trussel. She was in. He hung his helmet in the hall, reluctantly balanced his cane in the corner, and resigned his empty hands to their fate, which was a very awkward one. The widow received him with profuse politeness.

"Well, now, Mr. Kite?" she protested, smiling. "I haven't seen you for those days and days." Tense was a point upon which Mrs. Trussel was apt to be confused. The visitor's eyes were

once. I know I'm getting on in years."
"Not at all!" broke in the widow, protesting with both plump, white hands, one of which by some inadvertence lingered upon the blue sleeve of the policeman's uniform.
"Yes, I am," said he, with the air of a man who wished to be particular about small things, "and I've lived alone all these years." The widow looked at her slipper and shook her head sadly.

"Which has been a matter of surprise to many," he continued. "But the fact is I've never met a woman I really wanted till now!" Mrs. Trussel lifted a pair of humid black eyes full to his for a moment and dropped them again.
"No," she sighed interrogatively.
"No," repeated the officer, "but lately I found it very dull spending my off hours 'round the station or up at that lonesome boarding-house. I haven't even a dog to look after. There isn't a person in the world who cares whether I come home safe at night or get killed in a row on the docks." Tears actually came into the listener's eyes at this.

"O, Mr. Kite!" she protested "it's most unkind of you to say so when you know how anxious I—we feel about you. Many a night I've started up out of my sleep thinking I saw one of those dreadful sailors coming at you with a knife!" Both of the plump hands were on the sleeve of the uniform now. Even the unsophisticated sense of officer Kite could not help seeing something curious in this last remark. Did the widow think he meant to make love to her? He was a chivalrous soul, and would no more have fostered such a mistake than he would have perjured himself. Besides, he had a great respect for Nannie's mother, as such. He cast about him for means to extricate himself from the difficulty, but the widow, still with tears in her eyes and a quaver in her voice, went on:

"I'm sure I know how to feel for you. Ever since dear James died I've been so lonesome that, but for Nannie and your visits, I must have lost my senses; and now that Nannie is going to leave me—"

"O!" cried Officer Kite, relieved, thinking that after all she might not have misunderstood him, "that needn't be, I'm sure; no one would think of separating you." But the widow was unconsoled. She drew in her breath with a sob. "He may take her away any day, and then what shall I do?"

"You don't mean that she's engaged to that young fool with the spotted necktie?" ejaculated the desperate suitor, with unmasculine intuition. Mrs. Trussel threw herself back in the chair.
"There, now," she cried, "I told Nannie you wouldn't approve of it."
"You told her that?" he roared. Then a sense of his own helplessness came over him and he said quietly, with grim humor: "Well I don't."

"It's a great pity," sighed the widow, "that when we're so happy otherwise we should have such a trouble as this." The visitor rose.
"Well," he said, between his teeth, "under the circumstances I don't see as there is anything left for me to do." He was going, but Nannie's mother clasped him about the arm and held him there.

"Don't be angry with the poor child!" she cried. "She's always been an obedient daughter to me, and I hope she will be to you." The unfortunate officer positively staggered as he felt the full force of this blow.
"But, Mrs. Trussel—" he was beginning when the impulsive widow threw herself forward and leaned against him, sobbing.

"I don't know—how to thank you for being—so kind," she managed to say between gasps. "You'll never regret it—no, never. You wouldn't mind kissing me, would you, George?" There was no use in Officer Kite letting his arms dangle by his side. Nannie, the golden-headed, tender-hearted little goddess of his dreams was lost to him forever. The future seemed to him as bleak as a December day and—well, the widow's eyes were black and her lips were rosy, so he kissed her. Then he rushed from the house.

He was obliged to hurry back to his beat. He walked with his eyes on the ground, unconscious of everything but the incoherent agitation of his mind. He could have struck a brother officer who stopped him with a pleasant "Howdy do!"

"There's a mighty pretty girl a-bow-in' to you," said his friend, "and I couldn't be mean enough to let you lose it." Officer Kite looked back.
"Why, it's Nannie Trussel!" he exclaimed, with an embarrassed blush.
"She looks smilin' enough," his friend continued. "I suppose it's because she's thrown over Dick Smith. They say a woman's never so happy as when she's breaking somebody's heart." Kite started as if shot.

"What! That little dude with the spotted necktie?" he cried, trembling.
"I don't know nothin' about his neckties," the other man was beginning in a humorous tone, but officer No. 1,414 was in hot pursuit of the escaping culprit, who walked unconsciously down the street. She looked as rosy as a June sunrise when she saw the tall figure in the blue uniform looming up beside her.

"Nannie," blurted out the big fellow, "I went up to your house to ask you to marry me, but somehow I proposed to your ma instead. I don't know how it happened, but really it wasn't my fault, and if I can get out of the scrape won't you have me?"

He looked like a blubbing, overgrown school-boy. Little Miss Nannie peeped up at him under the drooping rim of her hat. "Well, I declare," she said, and she stopped right there on the pavement and laughed till the cherries that she carried in the paper bag in her hand burst through the bottom and jostled each other upon the pavement like a crowd of boys escaping from school. Officer Kite was glad of the excuse to hide his face by picking them up, and he had excuse enough, for the harder she laughed, the faster they dropped. The compunction seized on her tender soul and she set to work with him, holding up her starched skirts daintily from the dust. But the mirthfulness seized her again.

"O what a lark!" she cried. "What will we do?"
"Do you mean about the cherries, or your mother?" asked the piqued policeman. He felt utterly contemptible and was sure she must think him so, but the fact is she felt nothing of the sort.
"O," she said sniffling the air, "I'll manage ma if you manage the cherries." They got the cherries up finally and Kite said:
"I've got to go back to duty, Miss Nannie. If you must laugh at an old fool like me, wait till you get home. I see there's no hope for me." Having tortured him to her heart's content, the merry maiden was ready to make reparation.

"Well, she said, "I wouldn't commit suicide if I were you. I—I—" she looked down and blushed as red as the cherries. "I—I think ma can be talked out of it." A smile broke through his clouded face, like the sun through the fog.
"Do you mean it?" he asked eagerly, hardly able to believe his ears. Nannie could see that his hands, before whose blows the sturdiest "dock-wallop" retired in fear, were trembling before her.

"If you hadn't been such a stupid old thing," she pouted, kicking the curbstone with her boot, "you'd have known it months and months ago."
"I know I'm much too old for you," he apologized. "Over twice your age, my dear."
"O, well," she said, still pretending to pout, "if you don't want me—"

The protest that emanated from the whole personality of Officer Kite, from his helmet to his boots, made her break into another peal of laughter and run away home.
Policeman No. 1,414 went back to his beat and "pulled his box," reporting himself for duty, and got a jolly good berating over the wire from the Lieutenant for being half an hour late. As for Nannie, on the way home she did some hard thinking. When she got there she rushed in and clasped her mother about the neck and kissed her.

"You blessed mother!" she cried. "Aren't you glad? I know you treated him just lovely! I met him out here and he told me he had been to see you, and you were willing we should be married right away. Of course, I know it's hard for you to lose me, but George's work being what it is we sha'n't go far away."
"Of course," she continued, perching herself upon her mother's knee and stroking back her hair, "you must have seen for a long time just how I felt toward George, though you did plague me about that horrid Dick Smith. I suppose you thought Mr. Kite didn't care for me. He is so shy. He must have made a great mess of it when he asked you if he could have me." She stopped for breath and looked at her mother with a palpable "ting heart."

The widow kissed her, but said never a word.—Chicago Tribune.

A GEORGIA PIONEER.
His Chat About the Early Days and the Development of a Southern City.
As the legend goes the first railroad ticket ever issued to Atlanta was to William McGaughey, who now lives in Red Clay, and is now in his eighty-ninth year. The story is an interesting one. He had represented Murray County in the Legislature, after having served several years as its Sheriff, and walked to and from Milledgeville, then the capital of the State. Returning home he refused to offer for re-election, and went into the trading business, and shortly afterward went to Augusta with a load of hogs to market. On the way there three of the hogs dropped out of the car and were killed. The company adjusted the loss by offering him a free pass back to what was then Marthasville. In issuing the pass the officer in charge remarked that "the question of a change of name had been debated long enough, and he proposed to issue the pass to Atlanta," which name had been practically settled on by the company. This was done, and Mr. McGaughey made the first ride on a ticket issued to Atlanta.

"Uncle Billy," as he is known, is wonderfully well preserved for one of his years, of Herculean frame, and stands over six feet. He says he remembers well the time when he traveled the country road, which is now Whitehall street, and saw the first house built here, when it stood solitary and alone, nestled in a forest of oaks. "Those were good old days," said he, "and it looks as if but a decade had passed since I enjoyed the pleasures which they carried with them. I have watched Atlanta's progress from the time its first house was built, and when I look back the few years of its existence, its growth really seems miraculous. Why, I remember that the finest huckleberry patch I ever saw grew on the ground where the Kimball now stands, and near by was a spring at which many a time I have stopped and camped for the night, or for a noon rest as I traveled to Augusta or Milledgeville."

At that time North Georgia was thickly populated by the Indians, the section between the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad, toward the Alabama line, being thickly settled with the Cherokees. "Many a time," said Uncle Billy, "have I attended their councils, which were sometimes at the old council grounds, now known as Red Clay, or at what is now Ball Ground, in Cherokee County. I then traded with them. Two of the most noted Cherokee chiefs of that time," he continued, "were Sleeping Rabbit and Crawling Snake, and they were well known among the white people of the State."—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

The senior living ex-Congressman from Massachusetts is Henry Williams, of Taunton, who took his seat in the National House of Representatives December 2, 1839. Robert C. Winthrop entered the House December 7, 1840; Julius Rockwell February 2, 1844, and N. P. Banks December 5, 1853.—Boston Globe.

The following are the singular names of men who live in Surry County, North Carolina: Bird Snow, Ice Snow, Hail Snow, Frost Snow, Deep Snow and More Snow.

PORPOISE FISHING.

How the Puffing Pigs of the Sea are Successfully Captured.

The only firm engaged in porpoise hunting as a business in the known world is the firm of Cooke & Sparks, of Cape May and Philadelphia, by whom the skins of the big fish are tanned into leather in this city.

Until within a few years it was asserted that the porpoise could never be captured. It is an amphibious animal and belongs to the mammals, suckling its young like the cow. Porpoise hunting was begun at Cape May two years ago, but the company failed, having lost two steamers in consequence of the strength of the tides there, old wrecks lying around, and other causes. After that the present company started, and its operations are confined to the southern seaboard. "We only fish in the winter time," said Mr. George L. Sparks, one of the firm, to a News gatherer yesterday. "Porpoises are warm blooded. They come north in the summer and start south in the winter. Our fishery is off Cape Hatteras, situated between the shoals and the inlet. We have an immense seine, or net, which we had patented. It is one mile and a half long, and twenty-four feet deep. It is made of 42-thread cotton tarred marline. We employ eighty men. The seine is pulled in by hand. I have seen 250 porpoises in the net at one time, but when it was brought ashore only twenty fish were secured. They often plunge clean through the seine. They weigh from four hundred to one thousand two hundred pounds, and to see a school of them in the net plunging, snorting and making a peculiar whistling noise, is a grand sight. Porpoises die either by drowning or for want of their native element within two hours after we land them. We generally harpoon them with a long steel prong on the end of a pole, which the 'tar-heels' call a 'killer.'

"The porpoises are then skinned very deftly, in pretty much the same way as a hog is dressed. In fact, their nature is about the same as swine, the sailors calling them 'puffing pigs.' Last year we attempted and succeeded in curing and smoking the meat just the same as dried beef, and sold twenty-five thousand pounds of it. The meat is considered a delicacy in Europe, 'fit for the royal table.' It resembles venison in taste, and in texture is fine, tender and not greasy. We remove all the fat and bone before curing it. The fat or blubber which is attached to the skin is rendered into an oil that is much superior to sperm oil. This is called tanning oil, and is used as a lubricant in tanning and for machinery. There is a valuable oil distilled from the marrow of the jaw-bone called 'porpoise-jaw oil,' which is used for fine watches and the most delicate kinds of machinery.

About four ounces of this oil are found in the average porpoise. It is very expensive and worth about sixty dollars a gallon.

"The skins of the porpoise, the average length of which are ten feet, are dry-salted, packed and brought to this city, where they undergo the tanning process, which requires about seven months before being fit for the market. We spoiled hundreds of skins before we succeeded in tanning them properly. There was, in fact, but one man in this country who knew the secret. He wanted ten thousand dollars for it, which we would not pay, and by a series of experiments we have succeeded in producing a splendid waterproof, fine-grained leather, far better, finer and more durable than French calf-skin. Here's a pair of shoes I have worn for a year," said Mr. Sparks, "and there's not a break in them. The ordinary calf-skin can be tanned by some processes in four weeks. The boze of the porpoise is used as a fertilizer, and the fins are boiled up into glue stock.

"The porpoise, it must be remembered, is one of the most voracious destroyers of food fishes that swims in the sea. A good, healthy porpoise, with an unimpaired appetite, will eat one hundred mackerel a day. It thus reduces the supply of that fish for our markets, and, of course, enhances the price.

"The big trap seine to catch the porpoises was invented by John A. Cook, one of the firm. It has a great opening in the center, leading into a big trap. The highest number ever caught at one haul was one hundred and twenty. We have captured thus far 2,108, and expect to go at it again. The men who handle the seine are a hardy race of North Carolinians, inhabiting the sandy stretch on Cape Hatteras. The seine is put into the ocean from the beach just as soon as a school of the fish is sighted. It is laid right across their track. In a little while the animals are in the meshes and beating against the wall of knotted twine. The fishermen then plunge in the sea up to their necks, and amidst the powerful lashing of the waters the porpoises are hauled in and safely landed on the beach.

"Many escape before the shore end of the net can be got into shoal water, but none of them leap over the top, as was supposed they would do. The people we employ are water-locked, isolated from civilization, hardy and brave and of tender natures. They are extremely hospitable, but their ways and customs are of a hundred years. They dress in primitive and picturesque garb, are apparently happy, and care nothing for comforts and luxuries.

In addition to the new industry of catching the porpoise, tanning his hide and selling his oil, the firm has started a shoe manufactory in Philadelphia, where the hides of the "pigs of the sea" are turned into wearing apparel for the feet. "Porpoise-leather shoes," said Mr. Sparks, "bid fair to take the place of French calf-skin shoes. Years ago, in England, when an occasional porpoise skin would find its way into the tan-yard, and thence into the shoemaker's shop, a pair of shoes therefrom was looked upon as a curiosity, and generally sold for a big sum of money. Now they bring about the same price as a fine French calf-skin shoe."—Philadelphia News.

In grading a new street railroad at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, a blast was fired which loosened five thousand tons of earth.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—King Oscar, of Sweden, is writing a history of Europe from 1864 to 1872.
—A German clergyman and an English girl with romantic ideas were married on an iceberg in the Arctic Ocean recently.
—Mr. Felton, one of the California Congressmen, says that John W. Mackay, is worth \$25,000,000 and doesn't owe a dollar.
—Mrs. Sally Tinker, of Tremont, Me., is ninety-nine years old, walks two miles to church on Sunday, and reads without spectacles.—Boston Journal.

—The death of Lord Strathairn reduced the number of British Field Marshals to four—the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir P. Grant.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes lives in a bright yellow house with green blinds, and some of those people who look for special motives in insignificant acts wonder what profoundly scientific notion is responsible.—Boston Herald.

—Clarence Seward, William H. Seward's son, is said, with his fierce, gray mustache and long, gray hair, which falls picturesquely behind his ears from underneath his silk hat, to look more like a cavalier soldier affecting the dress of the civilian than an astute, plodding lawyer.—N. Y. Telegram.

—When Rubenstein was in this country "Josh Billings was introduced to him, and the pianist in conversation presently endeavored to impress upon the Yankee an idea of his high family rank. "Indeed," he said, "I have ascertained that my ancestors were prominent men in the Crusades, and one of them accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa." "On the piano, I suppose," said Josh.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Lord Salisbury's rapid rallying after a severe surgical operation is greatly due to his splendid physical development. Son of one of the richest and proudest houses of England, from childhood to manhood he was inured to privation and hardship until he began to regard hunger, cold, toil and pain as trifles too light for serious consideration, and sickness became a stranger to his athletic frame.

—Librarians the country over have been seeking to discover volume 21 of the Christian Observer, and Bowdoin College is said to have been especially persistent in its search for the missing book. After looking for it for ten years it occurred to Librarian Poole, of Chicago, to examine his set, when he made the discovery that there had never been any volume 21, that volume 20 closed with December, 1821, and volume 22 began with January, 1822, the change being made that the volume might correspond with the year of the century.—N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS.
—"I suppose you heard we've lost our son?" "What? Is he dead?" "Oh, no; he's married."—Chicago Ledger.

—The race-horse Obermeyer has been named Schoolmaster. He ought to be able to beat his competitors now.—Milwaukee Sun.

—No man appreciates more the irresistible power of the press than the unlucky wretch who has just got his finger caught in the machinery.—Somerville Journal.

—John Kemble was performing one of his favorite parts at a country theater, and was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery, until at length he walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in the most tragic tones said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child can not possibly go on."

—A young married woman in the upper part of the city was very much worried during the storm one afternoon recently. Her husband had just bought a cow and put it in the barn. As soon as it commenced to thunder the lady rushed wildly to the kitchen and cried to her cook: "Run, Mary, and shut that stable door. If that cow hears that thunder it will turn her milk sour."—N. Y. Ledger.

—"I should think Pope Leo XIII. would be a very unhappy man," said Dr. Sooner, who is a Texas humorist. "Why so?" asked Judge Pennybunker. "I should think he would be troubled with dreadful forebodings," continued the Doctor. "Why so?" "Because he can never sit down to the table without being the thirteenth, Leo XIII., see?"—Texas Siftings.

—Soprano and basso.—
"I am soprano," said she.
"And whenever I go up to C,
The gallery goes, the best critics by odds,
Shout: 'Ah, there! now stay there! to me!'"

"I am basso," said he.
"And whenever I go down to G,
The orchestra shakes, the proscenium quakes,
And the gallery yells 'Whiskers' at me!"
—Chicago Tribune.

—Josh Billings was asked: "How fast does sound travel?" His idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation to get up in the morning I have known to be three-quarters of an hour going up two pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff left to be heard."

—"Yes," said the Colonel, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hung, and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury-room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' And then I was the maddest man in the State." "Why, what were you mad about, Colonel?" "Cause the mob had hung the prisoner the first day we were locked up!"—N. Y. Sun.

None of It Got Away.
De Baggs—I hear that the famous case of Biggs versus Riggs has finally been decided.
Lawyer Grab—Yes, judgment was rendered this morning for the defendant after ten years' litigation.
"I heard the defendant say that of the amount involved—nearly ninety thousand dollars—every cent has been lost during the trial. Is that so?"
"Lost? No, sir. The plaintiff's attorney got about thirty thousand of it and I have the rest. Not a dollar a wa lost."—Philadelphia Call.