

# White Cloud Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 2.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1869.

WHOLE NO., 626.

## Choice Poetry.

WHAT THE FIRST TWO KINGS SAID AT PROMPTORY POINT.

What was it the Emperor said,  
Placing something—hand to hand,  
Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back?  
"This is what the English said,  
Unperturbed and unafraid:

With a profane speech,  
In a brief Western speech,  
Point the English from the West:  
"I am from Sierra Leone;  
And, if I should be a test,  
Why, I reckon, it's confessed,  
That I've done my level best."

Said the English from the East:  
"They who work best talk the best,  
Prize you who whistle down your back;  
What you've done is no great matter;  
Prize fair—but let our meeting  
Be a different kind of greeting.  
Let those folks, with champagne stuffing,  
Not the English, do the puffing."

"Listen! When Atlantic boats  
Flourish of new summer boats;  
When the British Avon ships  
Point the wood with wondrous eyes;  
I have cleared the flying sun,  
Being all that he looked upon—  
Blowing all that he has blown—  
Nearing in my love boat,  
All his voyaging boat,  
All his clouds about my crest;  
And before my flying feet,  
Every shadow most retreat."

Said the Western King, "Pshaw!"  
And a long, low whistle blew.  
"Come, now, really that's the oddest  
Talk for one so very modest.  
You brag of your East! You do!  
Why, I loving the East to you!  
All the finest—all the best—  
Find them where the shores are,  
And the sea is your partner;  
Rises in my hemisphere,  
Really—if one must be rude—  
Length, my friend, isn't longitude."

Said the English, "Don't reflect,  
I'll run over some dialect.  
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,  
But when I sail, I'm quite realistic,  
Yet today we shall see more,  
Just to show these folks this more,  
How two English—in their vision—  
Once have met without collision."

That is what the English said,  
Unperturbed and unafraid—  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.

## Select Tale.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

"I never, never will forgive him," said old Mr. Remington, solemnly, depositing his great gold spectacles in their great leather case.

"Nor I, either," sobbed Mrs. Remington, heedless of the unwanted disorder of her cap-strings. "To marry that bold, dashing city girl, without so much as waiting for our permission!"

"But you know, my dear," suggested the old gentleman, "we shouldn't have given it to him, if he had waited a century."

"Certainly, we should not," said Mrs. Remington, emphatically. "To think of our only child! I'm not so cavalierly, Abel; the only one we have got in the world."

"He has made his bed, and he must lie on it," said the old man, sternly. "I will never receive his gay city bride here, and so I shall write to him immediately. We are scarcely fine enough for a Fifth-Avenue daughter-in-law."

"As he spoke, the old man picked up a crumpled letter that he had thrown on the floor in the first paroxysm of his anger, and smoothed its folds with a mechanical touch.

"Why, only think of it, Abel," said Mrs. Remington; "Mahalia Buckley served for six weeks in this girl's cousin's family, and she says Evelyn Sargent could smoke a little paper cigar just like a man, and used to go skating with her dress all tucked up to the top of her boots, and drove a barouche, with the groom sitting behind, and—"

"Miss my soul!" interrupted the old gentleman, his breath nearly taken away by the catalogue of enormities; "Bless my soul, you don't say so! And our Charles is married to such an Amazon as this?"

So the couple sat there, among the delicious odors of the cap-silks, and the ribbon of her coquettish little hat, and the delicious odors of the fresh-mown hay coming up from the meadow fields by the river, as miserable an old couple as you would wish to see.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Charles Remington, a bride of three weeks' standing, was making herself supremely happy at Niagara. She sat on a falling log, among the delicious shades and seclusion of Goat Island, that bright July day, with the lights and shadows chasing each other across her lovely face, and turning her long chestnut curls to coils of gold. Dressed all in white, she was fastening a wreath of wild flowers into the ribbon of her coquettish little hat, and singing some old ballad softly to herself.

Evelyn Remington was very handsome—neither blonde nor brunette, she contrived to unite the charms of both in her rose-tinted complexion, bright hair, and misty brown eyes; and the smiles that dimpled her fresh, scarlet lips, were messengers straight from the heart.

Presently she was joined by her husband—tall, handsome young fellow, in a white linen suit and a graceful hat.

"Two letters, Evelyn," he said, lightly, "and bad news in both."

"Bad news? Oh, Charles!" and the roses faded suddenly from the bride's cheeks. "Well, not so very bad, and yet not pleasant."

"Read, carissima me!"

He tossed into her lap a stiffly written letter, on one page of blue paper, signed "Abel and Mary Remington"—a keen expression of their disapproval of the marriage he had contracted, and an assertion of their determination never to receive his wife as a daughter.

## Choice Poetry.

WHAT THE FIRST TWO KINGS SAID AT PROMPTORY POINT.

What was it the Emperor said,  
Placing something—hand to hand,  
Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back?  
"This is what the English said,  
Unperturbed and unafraid:

With a profane speech,  
In a brief Western speech,  
Point the English from the West:  
"I am from Sierra Leone;  
And, if I should be a test,  
Why, I reckon, it's confessed,  
That I've done my level best."

Said the English from the East:  
"They who work best talk the best,  
Prize you who whistle down your back;  
What you've done is no great matter;  
Prize fair—but let our meeting  
Be a different kind of greeting.  
Let those folks, with champagne stuffing,  
Not the English, do the puffing."

"Listen! When Atlantic boats  
Flourish of new summer boats;  
When the British Avon ships  
Point the wood with wondrous eyes;  
I have cleared the flying sun,  
Being all that he looked upon—  
Blowing all that he has blown—  
Nearing in my love boat,  
All his voyaging boat,  
All his clouds about my crest;  
And before my flying feet,  
Every shadow most retreat."

Said the Western King, "Pshaw!"  
And a long, low whistle blew.  
"Come, now, really that's the oddest  
Talk for one so very modest.  
You brag of your East! You do!  
Why, I loving the East to you!  
All the finest—all the best—  
Find them where the shores are,  
And the sea is your partner;  
Rises in my hemisphere,  
Really—if one must be rude—  
Length, my friend, isn't longitude."

Said the English, "Don't reflect,  
I'll run over some dialect.  
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,  
But when I sail, I'm quite realistic,  
Yet today we shall see more,  
Just to show these folks this more,  
How two English—in their vision—  
Once have met without collision."

That is what the English said,  
Unperturbed and unafraid—  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.

## Choice Poetry.

WHAT THE FIRST TWO KINGS SAID AT PROMPTORY POINT.

What was it the Emperor said,  
Placing something—hand to hand,  
Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back?  
"This is what the English said,  
Unperturbed and unafraid:

With a profane speech,  
In a brief Western speech,  
Point the English from the West:  
"I am from Sierra Leone;  
And, if I should be a test,  
Why, I reckon, it's confessed,  
That I've done my level best."

Said the English from the East:  
"They who work best talk the best,  
Prize you who whistle down your back;  
What you've done is no great matter;  
Prize fair—but let our meeting  
Be a different kind of greeting.  
Let those folks, with champagne stuffing,  
Not the English, do the puffing."

"Listen! When Atlantic boats  
Flourish of new summer boats;  
When the British Avon ships  
Point the wood with wondrous eyes;  
I have cleared the flying sun,  
Being all that he looked upon—  
Blowing all that he has blown—  
Nearing in my love boat,  
All his voyaging boat,  
All his clouds about my crest;  
And before my flying feet,  
Every shadow most retreat."

Said the Western King, "Pshaw!"  
And a long, low whistle blew.  
"Come, now, really that's the oddest  
Talk for one so very modest.  
You brag of your East! You do!  
Why, I loving the East to you!  
All the finest—all the best—  
Find them where the shores are,  
And the sea is your partner;  
Rises in my hemisphere,  
Really—if one must be rude—  
Length, my friend, isn't longitude."

Said the English, "Don't reflect,  
I'll run over some dialect.  
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,  
But when I sail, I'm quite realistic,  
Yet today we shall see more,  
Just to show these folks this more,  
How two English—in their vision—  
Once have met without collision."

That is what the English said,  
Unperturbed and unafraid—  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.

## GHASTLY REVELATIONS.

More Relics of the Spanish Inquisition Searched—Latest Particulars of the Discovery.

The London Star has the following from Madrid:

A somewhat ghastly incident has caused considerable excitement here within the last few weeks. Within a few hundred yards of the Plaza de Dos Mayo, inaugurated on the 21 of this month, there is a locality called the Cruz del Quemadero. It is a field some three hundred metres square, at the top of the Calle Arriba de San Bernardo, near the hospital built by the ex-Queen. Through it a new road was lately opened, and as the ground was elevated, a cutting of considerable depth had to be dug. The workmen laid here several peculiar-looking horizontal strata, of irregular formation.

One was 150 feet in length, another 50, another 10. The thickness varied from eight to eighty centimetres. In color the soil was black, the lower strata being much blacker than the upper ones. On examination lumps of charred wood were found, interspersed with ashes, evidently the remains of some huge fire. Curiosity was soon excited, and further investigation demonstrated that in portions of these agglutinating lumps of charred wood were found pieces of adipose matter, which, when like butter to the touch. Iron rings were grabbed up; human bones, a cranium, a long tuft of hair, having belonged to some female. All these were more or less charred. Some of the iron was partially fused, and the texture of bone, intermingled with sand, was plainly discernible. A rag, too, turned up. The question, what were these ghastly records? was answered at once. This field of the Cruz del Quemadero was the place where the Inquisition disposed of some of its victims.

Here were the ghastly proofs of the horrors which this place had been the scene, suddenly brought to light after the lapse of two centuries. On the 12th of May, 1669, eighty-three heretics, including twenty-five, of whom five were women, were immolated on this very spot. The pile of wood was eighty feet in length by seven feet in height. A great concourse witnessed the auto da fe, and the horrible ceremonial was here first carried out in the world, and the texture of bone, intermingled with sand, was plainly discernible. A rag, too, turned up. The question, what were these ghastly records? was answered at once. This field of the Cruz del Quemadero was the place where the Inquisition disposed of some of its victims.

## Useful and Curious. The Fun of the Thing.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—Dr. J. Edwards, a prominent London physician, writes as follows to the London Times: "I possess a simple, safe and accessible prescription for the whole range of acid corrosive poisons, which if promptly used will almost invariably save life. Mix two ounces of powdered chalk or magnesia, or one ounce of washing soda, with a pint of milk, and swallow at once draught; then tickle the back of the throat with a feather or finger-soap produce vomiting. Afterwards drink freely of milk and water, and repeat the vomiting so as to thoroughly wash out the stomach. Any quantity of chalk or magnesia may be taken with safety, but soda in large quantities is injurious. I may add that the narcotics are excepted. Milk is an antidote for almost all the poisons, and especially if followed by vomiting."

## Summer Pruning the Grape.

The following practical directions were presented at a late meeting of the All-England Horticultural Society, by D. Stewart, Chairman of the Vineyard Committee:

1. That we should prune in such a way as to avoid that evil, the over-production of fruit.

2. That we should prune so as to provide for the largest development of the foliage, and for the renewal of the leaves upon the fruit-bearing branches.

3. That we should so direct the growth of the vine as to insure the production of vigorous, healthy canes to bear the next year's crop.

The first operation of the summer pruning is, therefore, a process of thinning the fruit and number of shoots. The latter process consists in what is called rubbing out or breaking out. It should be performed early in the period of growth, so soon as the young shoots have developed themselves sufficiently to show their last bunch of fruit, and one or two leaves, which will be the largest and the most vigorous, when the joints of the old wood are short, like the Delaware, if the buds all break, the branches will be too close. In this case alternate shoots must be removed. This pinching is a simple matter. It is done with the thumb-nail and forefinger, pinching the shoot two or three leaves beyond the outer cluster of grape buds. On the base of axel of these leaves the new buds will become very prominent, and will soon burst into a profusion of laterals. These are again pinched at one leaf. We thus have a crop of new leaves at a season when it may be desirable to the health of the plant that a supply of foliage should be on hand, for the older leaves are often injured by insects or accidents, and their renewal in this manner will be very necessary. Pinching off the ends of some of the long shoots that grow so long as to be in the way of cultivating and thinning out, if there are any so thick as to have the foliage dense below, in all that do not trim the laterals. I trim the fruit at the time of pinching and breaking out. I pinch out near one third of the fruit blossoms. The cane that is intended for next year's fruiting should not be pinched or broken off. They should be left to grow, and allowed to run, or from the top of one stake to the other.

This treatment is very different from the practice of many of the European vine-dressers, who attempt to manage the American vine. They break the cane of the shoot severely, after they have made a considerable growth; they often do it after the seed is hard. An idea appears to exist that working in a vineyard while in blossom is injurious to the vines. They dress no vines in this delightfully fragrant period, and it is no wonder that the fruiting buds are so injured by what appears, and thus, when provided arrangements are made for renewing the foliage, they deprive the vine and its fruit of these valuable resources, and it is no wonder that the fruiting buds are so injured by what appears, and thus, when provided arrangements are made for renewing the foliage, they deprive the vine and its fruit of these valuable resources, and it is no wonder that the fruiting buds are so injured by what appears, and thus, when provided arrangements are made for renewing the foliage, they deprive the vine and its fruit of these valuable resources.

## Miscellaneous.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S SHIPS.

By GEORGE GREVILLE.

Here's for our ships! our merchant ships!  
Let's sing for them!  
That early glide o'er the bounding tide,  
With timber stout and strong;  
That sail and rig on the water's top,  
And, ho, ho, on the gushing breeze,  
Like birds they fly, 'neath every sky.  
From South to North-west!

Here's for our ships! our battle ships!  
Our navy ships!  
That carry death in their bulwarked breast,  
To invaders of our coast.  
In glory and pride, whatever battle,  
My they sail our shore!  
Bring back the day to battle's fray  
We'll bear their cannon roar.

Here's for our ships! our stout steam ships!  
That float in strength and grace;  
As giants in the ocean;  
They bend the knees of kindred lands  
In slow and friendly gait;  
They cross our feet with death and blood  
They've shown the clasp!

Here's for them all, both great and small!  
The fleet in strength and grace;  
As giants in the ocean;  
They bend the knees of kindred lands  
In slow and friendly gait;  
They cross our feet with death and blood  
They've shown the clasp!

## Miscellaneous.

Discovery of Relics.

In June, 1865, there were received at the Treasury Department three wooden boxes, said to contain valuables, turned over by the War Department for safe keeping. These boxes have since laid in the vault of the Treasury, but were, on Evelyn's discovery of the efforts of a United States Senator, some of whose constituents were supposed to be interested. A committee, composed of officers of the War and Treasury Departments, witnessed the carrying out of the joint effort of the two departments. The boxes were found to contain exceedingly valuable invoices of diamonds, pearls, necklaces, watches, earrings, brooches, rings, chains, seals, and all manner of rare and expensive jewelry, to the value of many thousands of dollars. The most valuable property, however, which the boxes contained was a very large amount of solid silverware, consisting of pitchers, salvers, spoons, knives, urns cups, and all kinds of plates, some of which were thought to be more than a hundred years old. One of the boxes contained some very rich wearing apparel for ladies, silks, velvets, lace, &c., besides an incredible amount of Confederate notes and bonds, and notes of State banks. There was also a small amount of specie, gold and silver. The boxes were about the size of ordinary dry goods boxes, and the value of their contents is variously estimated at from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. Many of the articles contained the family crests, initials or monograms of the owners, and all were of the finest and most costly description. The boxes were sent by the Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Tennessee to the War Department, and Secretary Stanton turned them over to Treasurer Spinner, subject to future action. The valuables are supposed to have been taken possession of by Sherman's men in Georgia and other States, where they had been abandoned by the fleeing inhabitants. In some cases they were taken from banks which had ceased to do business upon the approach of the Federal army. The officers of both departments are entrusted with their duty in the matter of the disposition of the property. Some hold that it should be returned, under proper restrictions and proof, to the owners, if they can be found. Others believe the articles belong to the Government, under the laws of Congress, and that they should be sold and the proceeds go into the Treasury. Still others affirm that neither the War nor the Treasury Departments have any authority in the premises, and that a special act of Congress should be called for. Nothing has yet been done, and the valuables are retained in the vaults of the Treasury.

## Miscellaneous.

POWERS, OF KANSAS, A SENATOR FROM THE FACT THAT ANY SORT OF TINDER DOES IN A NEW STATE, HAS STARTLED THE CHICAGOANS BY DECLARING THAT REASON WAS ACQUITTED OF MURDER OF SENATOR MCCONNELL, BECAUSE HE WAS A MASON. OF COURSE THIS IS A SLANDER, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THERE IS NO LEGAL WAY TO GET REDRESS OUT OF POWERS FOR IT. POWERS'S FRIENDS, HOWEVER, IF HE HAS ANY, OUGHT TO WARN HIM TO SPEAK POSITIVELY OF ANYTHING EXCEPT THE PRICE WHICH THE RAILROAD RINGS PAY IN WASHINGTON. THAT HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT—N. Y. World.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP CLEAR OF BED BUGS.—Take the whites of four eggs and ten cents worth of kaiserling; put them into a bowl and beat to a perfect froth. Take a feather and dip into this preparation, and apply to every part of your bedstead where bugs conceal themselves; do this once a year, and you will never see a bed bug in your house.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP YOUR CURTAIN WATER PURE.—An ounce of permanganate of potassa to say, 50 gallons of water, will insure the chemical destruction of the organic matter which is so repulsive, and which is called dirt, and leave the water clean and free from the customary foul smell. Try it. Any druggist will sell you the permanganate of potassa for a mere trifle.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP CLEAR OF BED BUGS.—Take the whites of four eggs and ten cents worth of kaiserling; put them into a bowl and beat to a perfect froth. Take a feather and dip into this preparation, and apply to every part of your bedstead where bugs conceal themselves; do this once a year, and you will never see a bed bug in your house.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP CLEAR OF BED BUGS.—Take the whites of four eggs and ten cents worth of kaiserling; put them into a bowl and beat to a perfect froth. Take a feather and dip into this preparation, and apply to every part of your bedstead where bugs conceal themselves; do this once a year, and you will never see a bed bug in your house.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP CLEAR OF BED BUGS.—Take the whites of four eggs and ten cents worth of kaiserling; put them into a bowl and beat to a perfect froth. Take a feather and dip into this preparation, and apply to every part of your bedstead where bugs conceal themselves; do this once a year, and you will never see a bed bug in your house.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP CLEAR OF BED BUGS.—Take the whites of four eggs and ten cents worth of kaiserling; put them into a bowl and beat to a perfect froth. Take a feather and dip into this preparation, and apply to every part of your bedstead where bugs conceal themselves; do this once a year, and you will never see a bed bug in your house.

## Miscellaneous.

TO KEEP CLEAR OF BED BUGS.—Take the whites of four eggs and ten cents worth of kaiserling; put them into a bowl and beat to a perfect froth. Take a feather and dip into this preparation, and apply to every part of your bedstead where bugs conceal themselves; do this once a year, and you will never see a bed bug in your house.