

# White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### SUMMER TIME.

Joyfully the Summer lingers,  
With her music and her flowers;  
Tearing, with her fairy fingers,  
Memories o'er these beams of ours;  
Gleaming o'er the golden grass,  
Aurora's flowers they are—  
In whose chalice there repose  
Many a mottled beauty rare.

### OUR SISTER.

By Emma Alice Brown.  
She hath caught the fair splendor,  
She hath leaved the low, vulgar,  
Melodious words of Heaven's high gate;  
And she says—of our sister!  
The night-dew is dewy,  
Dear Sister, that loveliest, I know  
Thou art the life of life, the beautiful gaze!

## Select Tale.

### BUCK HORN TAVERN. A SCENE IN THE WEST.

It was during the latter part of September, in the year —, that it was my fortune to be traveling through the Western District of Tennessee, and along the main road which now leads on from Buiver to Paris.

you up, you'll find more who'll fight for you, than again you—a stranger never wants for friends in these parts.

Having supped, we arose in order to make room for another table, and I adjourned to the room which had been allotted to me; thither I was followed by my potato opponent, who accosted me, with, "Come stranger, you seem to mind what I say; we are all free and easy here; I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, to save my life; the old man just come home to-day, and we dropped in merely to have a little spree—come, 'spose you join us!"

here all night holding the light"—and at the same time I discovered a hearty, burly, lively looking girl, whom they called Poll, rolling her sleeves up, and swearing at the same time, that both were cowards, and that she believed she could cool 'em both out; this added fresh stimulus, and at it they went; the first conclusion was like the meeting of two locomotives at full speed—the jar was so great, that both were thrown into the air, whirling, dashing, they rolled over like a couple of cats, squalling and using the most profane language; the crowd still pressed upon them, and the girl holding the torch.

## Miscellaneous.

### My Life is Like the Summer Rose.

By Hon. Richard Henry Wilde.  
My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
It scattered on the ground lies;  
So on that rose's fragile bed,  
The summer dew of night you shed,  
As if the wind should sweep it away;  
But none shall sweep a tear for me.

### Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly, in my presence, one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting kindness that accompanied them, spoke volumes. It told the whole vast depths of a woman's love—of her happiness when with her husband—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

### The Origin of Paper Money.

The invention of paper money is much more ancient than the establishment of the earliest Banks. The Bank of St. George, of Genoa, the most ancient we know, was founded in 1407; but before the thirteenth century, Kublai, grandson of Genghis Khan, the Tartar conqueror, introduced Paper Money into China, and his example was at once followed by his cousin, Kai-gotien, the Sultan of Persia; both were obliged to abolish it on account of the great discords it produced in their extensive dominions.

### A Reliable Young Man.

Reader, were you ever in a strange place, and on making inquiry of some friend, what young gentleman that was that had just returned, received for an answer his name, and the additional remark, "emphasized—he is a reliable young man!" Then you know something of the effect such a remark is likely to produce. It is like "good news from a far country, or cold water to the thirsty soul." A reliable young man! How pleasing the reflection, that, in the midst of the numerous temptations to which the young are subject in this age of our country, we occasionally find one of whom the remark is intrinsically true. We know they are like angels, but that only makes the remark more thrilling, and all places the subject of it higher in the estimation of all right thinking men, and we may add women too.

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There is a world of meaning in the term reliable, as we use it in this country. It means just anything that is worthy and to be commended. If a young man is pronounced one of the leading spirits of the day, if he makes promises and violates them, or habitually palates his conversation with high wrought and exaggerated expressions, he cannot be called reliable. If he is frivolous, inattentive to business, careless, indolent, or too fond of pleasure and pastime, he cannot be called reliable. Much less, if guilty of a violation of those higher laws of community, not to say of God, the infraction of which would make him rank with the immoral and the vicious.

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