

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, KANSAS.

MRS. PIPER.

Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!"
"This world is not at all," she said, "the place it used to be!"
Now my poor husband, he was such a good man to provide—
I never had the least care of anything out-side!
But now,
Why, there's the cow,
A constant care, and Brindle's calf I need to feed when small,
And those two Yorkshire heifers that we purchased in the fall—
Oh, dear!
My husband sleeping in the grave, it's gloomy being here!
The oxen Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two year old,
The blind mare and the little colt, and all wait to be sold!
For how am I to keep 'em now? and yet how shall I sell!
And what's the price they ought to bring, how can a woman tell!
Now Jacob Smith, he called last night, and staid till nine o'clock,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and tried to buy my stock;
He said he'd pay a higher price than any man in town;
He'd give his note, or if I chose, he'd pay the money down,
But, there!
To let him take those creatures off, I really do not dare!
For 'tis a trying world, and men are slippery things at heart;
My poor dear husband in the ground, he wasn't like the rest!
But Jacob Smith's a different case; if I would let him now,
Perhaps he'd swing me on the horse, or cheat me on a cow,
And so
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer "No."
Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!"
A single woman with a farm must fight her way," said she.
"Of every thing about the land my husband always knew,
I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to do;
But now, what fields to plow,
And how much hay I ought to cut, and just what crops to sow,
And that to tell the hired men, how can a woman know?"
Oh, dear!
With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonely some being here!
Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on me again,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and staid till after ten;
He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or to lease—
I do declare, I wish that man would give me any price!
For, there!
To trust him with my real estate I truly do not dare;
For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me underhand;
And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the land;
And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves he'll strike for then,
It's risky work when women folk have dealings with the men!
And so
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer "No."
Mrs. Piper was a widow—
"Oh, dear me!"
Yet I have still some mercies left: I won't complain," said she.
"My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better world than this:
'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him Heaven's bliss!"
So now,
I ought to bow
Submissively to what is sent—not murmur and repine;
The hand that sends our trials has in all some good design.
Oh, dear!
If we knew all, we might not want our buried lost ones here!
And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was not to see
About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was me!
He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd be his wife,
And if I did not be should lead a most unhappy life,
He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly, for my sake,
The care of all my stock and farm he would consent to take—
And, there!
To slight so plain a Providence I really do not dare!
He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on the farm—
I haven't since my husband died had such a sense of calm!
I think the man was sent to me—a poor lone woman must
In such a world as this, I feel, have some one she can trust;
And so
I do not feel it would be right for me to answer "No."
—Marian Douglas, in Century Magazine.

MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.

Established Customs Surrounding a Happy Event.

Reading the Banns in Church—Bridesmaids and Flowers—Marriage Settlements—The Bride's Coach—The Wedding Breakfast—Gifts—Woman's Role.

The history of wedding customs, the folk lore, the observances—these form a most fascinating chapter to the student of men and manners in this historic old metropolis. The word "wedding" is Anglo-Saxon and means "a pledge," this pledge being the ring, and a circle of gold is bestowed by the man to signify that he will perform his part of the contract. The old English wedding-ring is an exceedingly narrow, almost thread-like band of gold. Guinea gold, as that of deep yellow hue is called, is the metal used. Each ring is marked inside with the symbols of the goldsmith's hall; hence the expression "hall-marked" gold or silver. Heavy penalties are prescribed for counterfeiting this mark. It was at one time a capital offense, but now penal servitude is the punishment inflicted.

When a young woman here is about to marry, if she be not married at a registrar's office, her banns are called in church on three successive Sundays. She must be called in church, else the contract will have to be ratified by the registrar. A residence in the parish of some weeks is necessary to entitle the contracting parties to have the ceremony performed in the parish church. If the man and the woman live in different parishes, the banns of each must

be called at the same time in their respective parishes. It is regarded as unlucky for a prospective bride and groom to hear their own banns read out. They must, however, each be represented by a friend.

Until very lately weddings always took place in the morning or high noon, save by special license. The ceremony is always performed in church, although the Jews of London solemnize the rites either in the synagogue or at the house of the bride. Any one who chooses may enter the church and witness the ceremony, but it is usual to invite intimate friends of the family to accompany the bridal party to the church. The custom of bridesmaids is more general here than even in America; but, save among very wealthy people, the costumes on these occasions are plain—either a light silk or a traveling dress. Flowers, as in America, are present in more or less profusion. Notwithstanding the nearness of the warm countries of the continent and the cheapness of their blossoms when sent here, natural orange blossoms are not much used by the middle classes. White lilies are more favored as bride's blossoms. The veil is nearly always worn. No matter what the dress may be, the bridal veil is looked upon as a prime essential.

If there be property on both sides or on either side settlements are made through the medium of the respective family solicitors of the parties. An old English custom still in vogue among high and low alike, makes it imperative that the bride shall take her household linen to her intended lord. While he furnishes the house she provides the linen, which naturally varies in quality and quantity with her pecuniary position. An English girl, however humble her position may be, regards this provision of linen as a sacred duty from her childhood up. It is considered a womanly obligation.

When the marriage ceremonies have been concluded and the books signed in the vestry-room, a fee is paid to the parish clerk, to be shared with the vicar, with a small gratuity to the parish beadle. This fee may be as large as generosity will permit, but it should be at least fifteen shillings, though where there is poverty, it may be as low as five shillings, but not lower. On leaving the church the friends assembled shower the newly-wedded couple with rice and slippers. If the bride weep copiously it is regarded as a good omen, while it is considered an evil omen if she do not weep. In the good old days, when witchcraft was a matter of common belief, it was said that a witch could only shed three tears from her left eye. Therefore to weep copiously from both eyes was ample proof that the bride was not given over to Satan and his ways.

As the bridal party leave the church there is in waiting a special carriage for the bride, called a "bride coach." It is quite a sumptuous affair, with plenty of plate glass. In fact, the entire front of the body is of glass. The fittings inside are of elaborate white satin. All these customs are, of course, those of the middle classes. While the same customs to a certain extent prevail everywhere, here great wealth sometimes makes decided changes in the mode of procedure.

Arrived at home there is the traditional old English breakfast spread, now honored more in the breach than in the observance. This breakfast is in effect a dinner, although the feast is usually a cold one—game of all kinds, wines, fruits, salads, puddings, etc., and in the center of the table the bride's cake, portions of which are later on sent to the various friends of both parties. The bride alone must cut the cake, thus beginning the feast. But the cake has already been stabled in slight preparation for the cutting by the bride. For the bride to keep a portion of her cake is said to be "lucky." Tradition has it that the Queen of England has still in her possession a goodly portion of her wedding-cake. Directly the cake is cut the father, or the one nearest of kin to the bridegroom, makes a congratulatory speech to the bride. The reply is made for her by her newly-made husband. Then other speeches follow until the hour approaches for the couple to depart on their honeymoon tour. The latter, if it be only two days at Margate or Ramsgate, they invariably take.

Wedding presents are shown on tables in the drawing-room during the progress of the wedding breakfast. Silver articles are always in the ascendant. The groom's present to the bride is oftentimes jewels. He must also present each bridesmaid with something in the way of jewelry. The young couple on their return from the wedding tour must be at the church where they were married for the first Sunday at least. It is a trying moment, as the eyes of all the congregation are sure to be turned on them as they take their places in the pew. The bride wears a sober little wedding bonnet, and bears an air of dignity about her, which in the case of those of extreme youth seems very quaint.

Divorces are regarded in England as little short of public ignomy, no matter on which side the divorce is granted. Of course, as in all the rest of the world, the man is forgiven more readily than is the woman. Legal separation is barely tolerated, but of the two divorces is the better estate, since a divorced woman may recover a portion at least of her girlhood's freedom of going about, while on the other hand she who is only legally separated is compelled to be a sort of social recluse. Her slightest action is criticised.

The English girl has almost no social freedom. The wife has much

within certain limits, not as extensive as are the continental limits, where a woman is never free until she is bound—in the bonds of wedlock. English women are very submissive to the good man. But there is one field in which she is the sole monarch—namely: the field of society. An Englishman may not drag Tom, Dick or Harry home to dinner unless his wife be quite agreeable, and, in fact, gives the invitation. He may take strangers to his club, but not to his domestic fireside unless "the missis" shall so wish. And when she does so wish, business matters are topics never discussed at dinner. In fact, to discuss a man's business life is always a breach of English etiquette. I know many families quite intimately, and in a large number of cases I am unaware of the particular calling by which my host gains his livelihood. To ask the question would subject the questioner to a broad stare, and doubtless an evasive reply, if not a pointed insult.—London Cor. Philadelphia Record.

TENDING THE BABIES.

Mr. Jenkins Gets a Dose of a Medicine Which is Needed by Many Husbands.

Jenkins is always arguing that the cares of women are trivial compared to the trials that daily beset men while in pursuit of their ordinary vocations. He says that the women have "nothing to do but to look after the children, and little things like that," and it puts him quite out of patience to have Mrs. Jenkins intimate that the children are a care to her.

"After a child is able to walk it looks after itself, and is no more trouble," argues Jenkins.

He was unexpectedly given a holiday not long ago, and his wife said: "Now, John, I think I'll take this opportunity of doing my spring shopping, if you'll stay at home and take care of the children while I am gone."

"Care!" sniffed Jenkins. "There won't be any care about it. I'll just give them their playthings, and they'll take care of themselves, while I read this new article on the tariff I brought home with me."

Mrs. Jenkins departs. There are five of the little Jenkinses, ranging in years from two to nine. Jenkins gives them a bushel of playthings and says: "Now you're fixed for to-day."

Then he settles himself in his easy-chair with a cigar, and his article on the tariff. A moment later he says: "What you crying for, Jimmie? Johnnie hit you? Well, he won't do it again; Minnie, don't you upset another chair; and take that new magazine away from baby." Then he begins again—

"The protective-tariff question is one that"—Johnnie, get off that sofa with your feet! What is the baby screaming so for? Give him what he wants, Hattie. Ain't you big enough to wipe your own nose, Johnnie? Minnie, what are you doing to the baby. Now keep still, all of you—'The protective-tariff question is one that must interest'—What on earth are you young ones doing? you're enough to drive a man raving crazy! Johnnie, you can sit in that corner until you can learn to let Jimmie alone. What is the matter with baby? Hattie hit him? What did you do that for? No, Jimmie, you can't have my knife. I don't know what possesses you children to-day. Now don't let me speak to you again."

"The protective tariff"—Do you want to drive me wild? Who upset that table? Who tore that new magazine? What set the baby's nose to bleeding? Get a rag, some of you. Let my cigar alone, Jim! I'll trounce the whole lot of you yet. Stop your noise! You boys stop scuffling. Minnie! give Hattie that doll if it is hers. There, now, you've broken it. Who broke that glass? There goes your mother's work-basket. What's that the baby has torn up? My article on the tariff, as I live! If your mother don't come home in ten minutes she'll find me a raving lunatic. I'd rather hoe corn a week than tend babies five minutes. Now, I'll just everlastingly whip the first one of you that speaks for three hours!"—Tid-Bits.

THE SHAKER DANCE.

A Unique Combination of Dancing, Gesturing and Palm-Waving.

The expression on the faces of the men and women was not solemn, but preoccupied, religious and absorbed. It was evident that this dancing and palm-waving is subordinate to a general system of suiting the action to the word, which is destined to emphasize the poetry of sentiment by adding to it the poetry of motion. Hence, when the visiting elderess from Mt. Lebanon told the congregation that her associate elderess was detained and could not come, but sent her love to them, Elder Avery remarked: "Let us all gather in our sister's love." Thereupon the entire congregation threw out their palms and returned them with a waving motion toward their hearts, each one whispering: "We gather in our sister's love"—repeating the gesture several times, but all in unison.

The combined dancing, bowing, gesturing and palm-waving does succeed in absorbing more of the attention of those who participate in it, and is more of a drill in social unity, than mere singing. It adds to the unitizing power of singing some of the good-fellowship which is encouraged and created by military drill.—American Magazine.

A well-developed bump of memory is very useful to any man, but it isn't to be compared for value to a wife who will find things for him.—Journal of Education.

AMONG THE DIGGERS.

Sketches Taken in the Camp of an Obscure Tribe of Indians.

Few people know that the Diggers, who live in Pleasant Valley, and are known as the Pamblos, have a musical man among them. This Digger is known as Bob. He is a really good performer on the guitar, flute, fife, violin, organ and harmonica. He has played for several "pale-face" dances, and handles a violin like a master.

He is a pure-blooded Digger, and so far as he knows, none of his ancestors were musically inclined.

The "tribe" also boasts of having a centenarian, an old squaw, whose hair is white as snow, whose daughter is seventy-five years old, and whose only English ejaculation is "Gimme two bits."

Captain Pamblos is a short, wiry old fellow. He is about fifty years of age, and is one of the most inveterate hunters in the country. His unerring aim has laid down many a jackass, rabbit, and humbled to the dust many a proud woodpecker. The reason is this: Whenever they have a dance, or, as they call it, "a big soup, they rig themselves out as fantastically as possible. Every buck who wishes to dance must buy a ticket, paying for it in good solid American silver.

As a ticket the scalp of the woodpecker recommends itself. It is gaudy and conspicuous. The tail feathers of the yellow-hammer are also used for the same purpose, two feathers being fastened to a little stick which is worn in the hair or carried in the hand. These "big-soups" are frequent. A Digger will work hard for a week or two when the acorns are ripe and lay in a supply of them for winter. Then he will notify some other tribe, and all his relations back to the tenth generation will come to see him and help him devour the whole lot. Then they invite the family of the host to their "campooda," and so the visiting and "big souping" goes on till all the relations have visited each other and there are no more acorns to devour.

The Digger is a child of nature, and he cares little for the fashionable follies of the world. Some of them are noted for their wicked ways, and one of the Pamblos, a hard case known as "Scar-Face Dick," or Dick Tomale, has been a holy terror among his people for many years. Several efforts have been made to kill him by his tribe and the Nevada City Indians, but all have failed. He is the most intelligent Digger of them all, and will discuss any subject, not ignoring religious matters. But his favorite topic is spiritualism. His arguments are often full of dry, sarcastic humor. This dry humor is a part of the average Digger's disposition. Captain Pamblos was once passing a house where a young lady was singing vigorously. He paused and listened. Then turning to a boy who was playing near, he said, gravely: "Why for she cley?" Dick Tomale once listened gravely to several young men and women who were discussing ghosts. At last he interrupted them, and in his drawing way said: "Ya-s, believe in ghosts, too. I met a ghost one night. I wasn't exactly full, but I had some wine. It was dark, and I saw a big, white ghost get up out of the ground and stand in front of me. I hauled off and hit it with my fist, you bet."

"Well, said a listener, "what was it?"
Dick looked around mysteriously, picked up his rifle, spat at a fly on his sleeve, and as he moved off with a light and cunning air, said in a loud whisper: "It was a rock."—Nevada City Herald.

WOMEN RANCH OWNERS.

How an Army Officer's Widow Accumulated a Small Fortune.

It is interesting to know that among the occupations which are opened to women the hard life of ranching has been one in which she has been particularly successful. The very hardships are said to have a fascination for one who has a bit of love of adventure in her nature, and some women bred here in the East have this generally supposed to be masculine trait strongly developed. A good horsewoman with courage and endurance can find a vast field for her out-of-door inclinations in managing a cattle ranch, or even a sheep ranch for that matter. If a ranchwoman is successful it is for the same reason that the ranchman is successful—because of energy, the possession of capital, and hard work against countless discouragements and sacrifices. There is no royal road to fortune either East or West. I have in mind as an instance of a successful cattle-raiser a lady who had spent much of her freshness in the gayeties of the representative social center of the country. When she became the wife of an army officer she learned the valuable lesson of adapting herself to circumstances. In this way she received an education which was to fit her to become one of the most successful ranch-owners of the Southwest, when, on the death of her husband, she found herself alone in the world with a modest capital. There is no suggestion in the wholesome, robust, successful ranchwoman of that delicate hot-house flower which was the picture of her first youth.—Boston Post.

HE FLED IN HASTE.

How a Tactless Stranger Labeled a Most Interesting Family.

"I came in here a few weeks ago," said a stranger to the proprietor of a place on Michigan avenue, "to buy some candy, and a cross-eyed woman with a stuck-up nose—"

PUNGENT BREVITIES.

Net proceeds—The fisherman's profits.
A bowled strike—One on a ten-pin alley.
A wordy warfare—"The Battle of the Books."
A milk punch—A prod administered to a refractory cow.
Salute of the conductor—"How fares it with you?"
Pupils at the natatorium are now getting along swimmingly.
Soldiers are great sufferers from cold. They have been known to sleep under cover, in a hot fire.—Detroit Free Press.
"Stuffed veal" was the legend on a tag which a mischievous waiter appended to the back of a dude as he was leaving the table of a restaurant where he had tried to play the role of a gourmand.—Boston Budget.

PROGRESSIVE FARMING.

The Cause of the Diminution Existing Among Farmers' Sons.

Young men abandon farming, mainly because the old plans of conducting farming operations are too closely adhered to, and yield inadequate net returns upon labor performed. There is really no charm in farming, because no ease, leisure or profit are afforded until the land is in grass, or mainly so; and grass husbandry is rarely met with; that is, to the extent, and reduced to that system, and productive of that quality and quantity in the product that insures an easy life to the owner, and profitable returns, by reason of his being able to carry a large stock upon it. Young men in these days, having educational and other advantages, not known on the average farm twenty-five years ago, desire some leisure for improvement and recreation, and the farm that is mainly devoted to grain growing does not and can not give this leisure. The continuous and exhaustive labor, with the usual meagre profit, even if there is any profit at all, causes many a young man to turn his back upon the farm, and when this step is taken, he seldom returns.

There are plenty of young men who have the industry and talent necessary to succeed with live stock, breeding the higher classes of improved stock, or else the rearing of stock for feeding as taste may dictate, who are annually leaving the homestead, simply because the taste and talent possessed is not brought into action and developed. The presence of good in a country, take any State as an example, is notable, not on account of its presence, but of its absence. Take the country over, and there are but few counties in every State that furnish more than a very limited number of exhibition animals of either of the improved breeds. This leaves the major proportion of the young men on farms entirely deprived of influence and opportunities that are calculated to make them prefer farm life. Due credit is not given to the fact that live stock farming is entitled to rank among the more attractive and entertaining pursuits of men. Commercial avocations are comparatively plodding and commonplace. Those engaged in these pursuits can have but little pleasure in the business, outside of the mere feature of money-making. This is the prospect before the young man who seeks the city in search of employment more remunerative and more agreeable than the farm affords. To a young man so constituted as to enable him to see something of interest in the growth and development of the higher classes of farm animals, and who takes an interest in making improvements in these, through selections for coupling, there is a wide field for instruction and entertainment, which in commercial pursuits is lacking.

It is an error to suppose that a young man with moderate means can not own and properly raise the better classes of animals. A man does not require to own a hundred head of cattle or horses that he may be sure of possessing a show herd. He can as well possess a model animal, and one that will in every way interest him, if he is able to own but a few. The smith at the village can make as good a horse shoe as that turned out by a factory of the larger class. It is not the number of articles of a given kind that a man makes, or causes to be made, that tests his skill, for this is effectively shown in a limited number possessing symmetry and durability. The same rule applies to breeding, and if a young man has a taste for the business and possesses judgment and skill, he can select and buy, and breed as perfect animals as are in the collection of his neighbor who owns a hundred head.

It will be found that much grass and little grain growing will prove to the sons upon the farm as well as those in charge within doors, that farm life can be stripped of its old-time severe burdens. The farm animals, when given the opportunity, are self-tenders, and the equal of the wild beast upon the plain in helping themselves to food placed within their reach. While the owner rests or sleeps, assimilation and growth goes on, but in commercial pursuits this is not the case. In this business there is quite often an increase in bad debts, and these very largely account for the failure of the large proportion of those who, sooner or later, fail in business. It is not the proportion of those who succeed in gaining wealth in the cities, that entices young men into the vortex where so many are swamped, but rather, as mentioned, the laborious drudgery of farm life as heretofore, and still too much practiced. Modern views and modern literature upon farming and breeding, if heeded, will point out a better way.—Lure-Stock Journal.

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PITH AND POINT.

—Once in people's mouths, 'tis hard to get out them.—Glasgow Herald.
—A woman will never put anything in her pocket that she can hold in her mouth.—Judge.
—Most farmers like to smoke, and still they are not fond of the weed.—Burlington Free Press.
—When a man is twenty-five he knows something; when he is forty-five he wishes he knew something.—Boston Courier.
—Among the Zulus young people fight and get married. Here they get married and fight.—Texas Siftings.
—"My motto is, 'Live and let live,'" said the soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battlefield.
—A Hudson young man has been arrested for "pure laziness" and being a "drag" upon his father.—Kingston Freeman.
—"Yes," said Fogg, "as a success I have always been a failure; but as a failure I have been an unqualified success."—Accident News.
—The mouth is the window to the intellect.—Whitehall Times.
The trouble is, however, that too many men are all window.
—Scene:—Grammar class. Dialogue between teacher and Johnnie.—Teacher—"What is the future of the drinks?" Johnnie—"He is drunk."
—When we realize with what celerity a goat can separate a man from his surroundings, it is difficult to understand why but should be called a conjunction.—Yonkers Gazette.
—An advertiser offers for sale a "lounge hair-picker." The public would like to know whether it will also pick hairs off the shoulders of a coat?—Burlington Free Press.
—There are a good many married men in this world who know all about what a model wife should be, but who have very hazy ideas about the component elements of a model husband.
—Mrs. Walapill—"Even the dress she went to court in last year is not yet paid for. Madame Fichu herself told me so only yesterday." Miss Mam-may—"Oh, my dear, that is Madame Fichu's well-known way of reminding her customers of their little outstanding bills."—Fun.
—Has Nature Struck?—
An honest man is Nature's noblest work. Once seen few hope again to see his like. In fact their scarcity makes some folks say That Nature must be out upon a strike.
—Siftings.
—A little Indian girl said to her teacher—"We have not prayed for the poor." Her teacher replied—"Well, you pray for them." The little girl then said,—"O Lord, bless the poor, and make them tall if you can!"—Harper's Bazar.
—A Chicago man has spent \$10,000 in fitting up his sitting-room; and when his sons get old enough it is probable that they will prefer to spend half the night in the boys' club-room containing a couple of seventy-five-cent card-tables, half-a-dozen broken-back chairs, and a two-dollar-and-a-half stove.—Norristown Herald.
—Mamma (coaxingly)—"Come, Bobby, take your medicine now, and then jump into bed; that's a good little boy." Bobby—"I don't want to take any medicine, ma." Father (who knows how to govern children)—"Bobby, if you don't take your medicine at once, you will be put to bed without taking it at all."—Chicago Tribune.
—A traveling theatrical company of seven members can convert themselves into seventeen different persons—on the programme. Which is no more remarkable than the fact that the villain, who is shot full of holes and dies in terrible agony, appears five minutes later as his own son.—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.
—Among the Fashionables—Mr. Swell (who has rented a fashionable apartment house)—"We needn't be ashamed of this, my dear." Mrs. Swell—"No, indeed; it is perfectly lovely, and such a fashionable locality!" Mr. Swell—"That's the beauty of it." And, now, my dear, if you will send Perkins out for a loaf of bread and a half pound of butter we will have something to eat."—N. O. Times-Democrat.