

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

JOSEPH A. GILL, Editor.

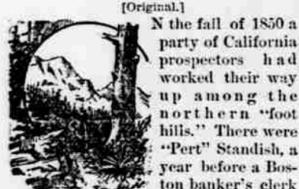
COLBY, - - - - - KANSAS.

WHY SHE REFUSED.

He met her at the party gay
A neighbor gave across the way,
And deemed her such a charming elf
He loved her better than himself.
So, like a brave young cavalier,
He thought all obstacles to clear.
He spent his cash for lively team,
For candy, nuts and dear ice-cream;
When cash is scarce he runs up hills
For whatso'er the dear one wills.
There's nothing like to love's young dream,
The present does so pleasant seem,
Through all the world it is the same;
And so, one night, the question came:
"Say, darling, will you be my wife?
I'll guard you from the storms of life;
Pray, answer me, I do entreat!
See, dear, I'm kneeling at your feet."
"Oh, please get up," at last she said.
"Indeed, I never intend to wed.
I never thought that you meant all
You said, when off you came to call;
I hope you may be happy yet;
So, pray forget we ever met!"
"First, give a reason then," he said.
"Why you have vowed to never wed."
"Ah, would you know and be my friend,
I'll tell the story to the end.
I had a sister without foes;
You could not count her many beaux;
Her pockets were with candy filled;
She ice-cream had when e'er she willed—
With sleigh, and car, and buggy rides,
To sandwich in between, besides;
Until, one fatal day, for life
She pledged to be a petted wife.
Then came the talk of joys of home;
He said, he cared no more to roam.
No ice-cream since then has she tasted;
And, as for her, the snow was wasted;
She ne'er a single sleigh-ride got—
I know a married woman's lot.
Although she says her husband's kind,
He falls below my standard, mind;
And so, to me, it best do seem,
To single stay, and eat ice-cream."
And then, so dreamily she smiled,
As if by happy thoughts beguiled,
While as behind him closed the door,
He vowed to ne'er trust woman more.
—Mrs. F. M. McKinnon, in Chicago Journal.

CHANGING SANDS.

A Strange Story of Adventure in the Gold Regions.



(Original.)
In the fall of 1850 a party of California prospectors had worked their way up among the northern "foot hills." There were "Pert" Standish, a year before a Boston banker's clerk and society man; Pat Ireland, Joe French, Greaser Bent, my brother Harry and myself. Our provisions were running low. Bent had boasted of his knowledge of the country, and, as he stoutly asserted his ability to return in a few days with supplies, was allowed to take one of our two mules and go on the search. We who stayed agreed to leave signals for his guidance if he moved on. Six days passed, but Bent had not appeared. A hunger set seldom comes to my table than came to that rough split section of a redwood branch, resting on unpeeled crocheted sticks driven into the ground. Standish, who was cook that day, flourished over his head a well-polished bone that had once belonged to a fat porker.

"Look at that, boys," said he. "We're flat broke on ham; the last flour bag looks lean, the saleratus can grins at you every time you open it, and the pork and beans have almost vanished."

"If Pat would make de bread dere would be saleratus in de paches," said French Joe.

"Sure an' whin Joe 'll be afther cookin' the bones we'll strike it rich an' pibbles," said Pat, looking fiercely at Joe.

"How far to the nearest ranch?" I asked.

"Bent says it's no more than ten mile, as der crow fly," Joe answered.

"Bein' as there's niver a crow amonst us, an' niver a mother's son av us tuk to the flyin' business, there's no tillin' ther length ave ther same tin mile," said Pat.

"That's the wisest speech you ever made," said Harry.

"They may be a good deal longer miles for us than for Bent," said I, "for we'll have to make our own trail."

"I believe Bent's gone back on us," said Standish. "If he has, what next? It's getting late in the season. What's rain down below may be snow up here. I wouldn't risk being snowed up here, if I had all Quincy market to fall back on. If we don't care to leave our bones here, we must roll up our blankets and vamo."

"Let's give Bent one more day," said Harry. "If he don't come by this time to-morrow, then I'll say vamo."

"I'm wid ye," put in Pat.

As there were no dissenting voices the question was considered settled. While this conversation had been going on, we were all drinking coffee from tin cups, and with blunted knives, usually carried in our belts, eating fried ham and saleratus bread, that Standish had mixed in the pan he had used many a time before for washing gold.

leather belts, that held our mud-spattered trousers, were mud-spattered too; our thick shoes or long boots bore samples from various diggings. Yet each man carried his bag of gold swung on his rifle, over his shoulder, with his washing pan and his blanket. On Brower's back were spades, pick-axes, sharp crow-bars, hatchets and what provisions remained.

Standish had a general knowledge of the country, acquired from books, when he was considering whether to give up his sure salary for the chances of a fortune, to be made by a lucky spade's turn or pick's blow. He knew that the beach on the Pacific coast was wide, in long stretches, and that, once reached, we were almost sure of an unobstructed way to some ranch or Indian village, where we could find food of some kind. He hoped to bring up at Trinidad; but he underrated the difficulties of the tramp. The immense redwood trees, that towered against the western sky, could not have so thriven away from damp salt air, but they were farther off than they appeared, and between them were firs, spruce and pines, also a close undergrowth of magnificent ferns, standing five or six feet higher than a tall man's head; of vines, long berry bushes and wild fruits; in short, a dense tangle of vegetation. Once in this jungle, we could make our way only with knives and hatchets. We cut our road, step by step, each leading by turns, Brower bringing up the rear.

Night came upon us. We were not equal to the labor of clearing a place for a fire. So I brought from Brower's pack some of the bread I had



made in the morning and a piece of pork. Each one cut thin slices of pork, laid it on the bread, filled their tin cups from the clear brook that Brower's sagacity had discovered, and Standish not excepted, ate as sweet a meal as he had ever enjoyed. Then, regardless of all precautions, each wrapped himself in his blanket and was soon fast asleep. We worked on for three days, much of the time over country which would have been hard enough had it been cleared of undergrowth; but, thanks to Brower, we seldom suffered from thirst. We all learned to understand his mute notice that, in this direction or that, a cool, bright stream was flowing. We were all, at last, reduced to joining with him in his repasts on the abundant herbage.

Early on the fourth morning we caught the sound of waves breaking on the coast. In another hour we came out on the sandy beach. Our boots and clothing were torn, our faces and hands scratched and bleeding, and every muscle quivered with fatigue and hunger. Which way should we turn to find the ranch, the food we so sorely needed? Standish looked at his compass; but in the struggle through the jungle and in going for water we had veered from our course. Man, superior, reasoning man, was at a loss; not so the unreasoning brute. Brower lifted his nose, sniffed the air and deliberately, steadily walked off, in what the compass showed to be the southerly direction.

Foot sore, we slowly limped after him, over the broad black sand beach, almost ready to throw down our lightened loads, lightened because we had laid upon much enduring Brower all but rifles and bags of gold. Speechlessly we were laboring on, when a sudden exclamation from Harry made us look ahead.

"What's that?" he cried. "The color as I'm a living man!"

A rod before us the black sand changed to yellow; yellow that glistened in the sunlight. We rushed forward, almost forgetting our weariness and hungering faintness. We had all seen natural gold, scores of times before, but we could hardly believe this was gold, spread out like an immense sheet at our feet. Whether we believed it or not it was so. The action

plowed up these deposits, separated them and driven them in on shore, in time to meet the astonished gaze of our staring party.

Were ever men so placed before? There was gold! Gold enough to buy palaces, broad acres, luxuries in food and clothing, pleasures, beyond all our wildest dreams had ever approached! We stood upon it trampled it, handled it, tasted it, smelled it! Yes, it was gold! All we had to do was to stoop and take it! There was no one to struggle with us for it! No one to snatch it from us, after we had grasped it! It was gold! Wealth, the idol before which the world falls prostrate in adject worship! For which man often sacrifices all, that reason tells him, is most dear, and having gained it, while he clutches it, confesses that happiness has melted away before it!

How it mocked us! A gaunt, travel-soiled, ragged crew! Lying all around us, in silent command, it called upon us to take the reward for which we had left home, friends, the comforts of civilization! How it mocked us! Our tottering limbs would not support us; our trembling hands would not obey our greedy wills and gather the riches spread before us!

The excitement of this sudden appearance had roused us, only to react in greater exhaustion and we were driven to the acknowledgment that food must come first, gold afterwards. We gathered a few handfuls, and plodded on, planning how to come back and secure the treasure before others should find it. This we were confident we could do, as that part of the beach was seldom visited by boats, on account of the difficulty of approach, and there was little to attract travelers on the landward side. It was near night when the cabin of the ranch came in sight. The owner, a well fed man, stood in the doorway and took a leisurely survey.

"I low you air a snug lot," he said; "your critter, I reckon, come in, 'n I lowed there be some eaved in strangers follerin'."

The ranchman's bluntness was forgotten when he led us into the one room of the cabin and bade us "sit down and fall to." Our supper of smoking beef-steak, eggs, hot biscuit and coffee dispatched, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and with the sky for a roof, slept soundly. In the morning, having gratefully refused the invitation to "stay by 'till yer kinder coopered up," after a breakfast as substantial as the supper, we started for San Francisco.

We used our gold dust freely, for our one thought was to keep our secret till we could hurry back and secure the prize. Let us might attract the notice of gold hunters, as eager as ourselves, we agreed to separate into two parties, and deposit our dust in two banks. Pat, who stood quite in awe of Standish's business education and quickness at figures, declared that he would "howld on till what Misher Standish agreed."

Joe's imperfect knowledge of the language induced him to trust Standish also. We appointed a place of rendezvous, and Standish went with Harry to prospect for a small vessel to take us back to the gold beach. I took it upon myself to keep an eye on Pat and Joe, for I feared that in that Babel, San Francisco, they might meet competitors, be thrown off their guard and become confidential.

Standish found that strangers in the city could not, immediately command the facilities we needed, and with Harry's consent, decided to ask the advice of a business acquaintance of his book-keeping days. As the assayer had pronounced our specimens half pure gold, Standish's friend promptly proposed the formation of a company and promised to push its interests. Papers were drawn up, and the next morning our party of five young men, comfortably clothed, almost forgetting our recent privations and exulting in the prospect of laying hands on wealth that awaited us, went aboard a cutter, well found in all we should need.

The captain's sealed orders directed him to put us ashore wherever Standish should say. We beat up the coast and lay to off the gold beach. Heavy breakers and savage rocks, water worn into every imaginable shape, forbade our running in close. A boat was lowered and the captain called for volunteers, from his crew. Three brave seamen stepped forward. "My orders are to land my passengers," said the captain. "That sea's no mill pond. The boat won't carry more'n three landmen. Who's for the first trip?"

We hastily drew lots. Standish and I were left out. I begged Harry to let me go in his place, but he pressed my hand and scrambled over the side. Standish and I stood on either side of the captain, as he watched the boat with the help of his glass, and reported to us. After several attempts to land had been made, as only good boatmen could make them, the boat, we supposed, struck one of the treacherous currents, became unmanageable, and capsized. Had all the gold in the world been before me, it would have seemed as nothing when my only brother was struggling in that boiling surf, that would in all probability be his grave. How could I write the tidings home? Standish and I held a short consultation with the captain. "Can't send in another boat," said he; "I'm short-handed enough now. Trinidad's the nearest landing any salt water sailor'd try to make." He handed his glass to me and began to give orders. I looked, in the forlorn hope that I might distinguish something of boat, crew or passengers, but had either been visible at all. It must have been to a more practiced eye than mine. I raised the glass to com-

mand the top of a high bluff a little north of where the boatmen had tried to land. There, clearly outlined against the sky, was a moving figure.

"Captain! what's that?" I cried. "Isn't it possible some of those poor fellows have got out alive?"

"Couldn't have climbed that bluff," he answered, taking the glass and sweeping the shore "alov and aloft."

After a moment the glass came to a rest, then slowly lowered as if some object was being kept in focus. I lived years in seconds then.

"Must be a redskin," the captain muttered. "Can't drown a redskin; one 'v their eggshells 'll live in breakers that'd stave the staunchest boat that's ever built. Thought I'd made it right," and he again handed his glass to me.

I could clearly discern an object, rising and falling on the water, and though taking an irregular course, gradually nearing the cutter. Nearer still it came, and we thought we could see something that looked like a man, half lying, half sitting, in the canoe that was paddled by an Indian.

"Canoe ahoy!" shouted the captain. "What's aboard?"

The Indian made no answer, but paddled slowly on.

"Stand by for a rope," the captain shouted.

A rope, shot out over our heads, was dexterously caught by the Indian, and the canoe was drawn through the comparatively smooth water. One of the sailors lowered a boat-hook till it almost touched the bottom of the little craft. With the help of the hook and of strong hands my brother Harry half climbed, was half lifted, on to the cutter's deck.

Of the six men who went in the boat, he was the only one saved, and he had been drawn out of the surf, when he was past helping himself, by the friendly Indian.

Taking the Indian on board and his canoe in tow, we sailed for Trinidad. In the morning, Standish and I, with the Indian, started for the gold beach, carrying tools for gathering and bags for holding the gold. We reached the beach. It was the place we had seen a few days before glittering with the precious metal. We could not be mistaken; exhausted as we were, we had carefully taken our bearings. But—there was nothing there but sand! Black sand!

"What fools we have been," said Standish. "The very same force that brought the gold in has carried it out again, and left only the sand, such as we might walk on for miles."

Our feet made heavy by disappointment, we dragged ourselves back to the cutter. Standish gave the word, and we were soon headed for San Francisco.

I shall never forget the evening when Standish, Harry and I sat on deck in the stern of the cutter, and talked over our adventures since we started on the gold hunt.

"Rob," said Harry, at last, "I'm off for home! You will do as you please, of course, but I tell you, when a fellow has looked death in the face, life is a new thing for him. It seems as if my life had been taken from me and given back. It's a mean use to make of life to spend it getting money for money's sake only!"

"I'm not going to give up so," said Standish. "There's gold in these sands, that's plain enough. There must be some way to get some of it, and who knows but I may be lucky enough to see it washed up again?"

As Harry and I were determined to take the next steamer for the isthmus, we turned over our interest in the company to Standish. The beaches have since been worked with fair success. But I believe no such sight has ever again appeared to any party of miners as that glittering beach whose golden sands our destitution forbade out gathering; those "treasures" not even "hidden in the sands" but which our wants compelled us to leave to be borne out into the ocean waves.

SUSAN D. NICKERSON.

USES FOR BIRCH BARK.

Some of the Really Charming Things That Ladies Can Make from It.

There are so many pretty things that can be made from birch bark that it is strange it is not more popular for decoration. The gray birch bark is sometimes used, but it is not as nice in any way as the white. Most people who have spent any time in the country know how to remove the bark from the tree, but for those who do not know it is a very easy thing to do if the directions are followed. Select a half-grown tree, as from too young a tree the bark does not peel as easily, and the layers are hard to divide, and too old a tree is usually so knotty that it is almost impossible to get a smooth piece of any size, for the bark will tear in being removed from the tree where there are knots. After selecting your tree, with a sharp pen-knife make a perpendicular slit, any length you wish, taking care there are no knots in the piece you wish to remove, loosening one side at top and bottom, and if a large piece it is well to loosen a little along the entire length, as very large pieces are liable to split in the center if not loosened. Take a firm hold of top and bottom, and with very little exertion on your part the piece can be removed, leaving a broad, bare circle around the trunk or limb of the tree.

The work of dividing the layers should be done as soon after removal from the tree as convenient, as the longer it is left remain without being separated the harder it will be to accomplish, and the layers will not be as smooth and nice as if separated earlier. These layers are of very pretty shades, being pure white, cream-yellow, and some delicate shades of pink, and make very nice ornamental and useful articles of decoration.

Many people while away for the season are fond of using smooth sheets of bark for note paper, sending them to their friends as souvenirs of their summer in the country. Envelopes are also made of it, using paper ones for patterns, and are very unique. A pretty whisk-broom holder is made by cutting out of card-board two pieces the shape of the broom, cover with smooth pieces of bark, and on one side in each corner paste a group of tiny ferns and in the center a bunch of pressed autumn leaves and ferns, sew or glue together, and bind with some bright shade of ribbon. At each upper corner place a bow of the ribbon. Sew a small brass ring to the center of the back piece next the wall, and suspend the holder by a loop of ribbon, with pretty bow drooping over the nail from which it hangs. Line with any material you like. A spool box is made by cutting a circle of card-board about the size of the bottom of a collar box, glue around this a perpendicular rim about two inches deep, cover with bark, around the lower part of rim, where it joins the bottom, tie a band of narrow ribbon; line with pretty silk and sew around the top a ruching of ribbon. Ornament with ferns or autumn leaves.

Birch bark pictures are very pretty for home decoration. Take a nice smooth sheet of bark any size desired, and fasten firmly with mucilage to a piece of thin cardboard; decorate with the brush or arrange pressed autumn leaves and ferns upon it in any way desired. Pretty frames for pictures of this kind are made by cutting from thin, unplanned boards pieces the size desired, and glue together. At each corner, or, if the frames are large, at equal distances apart, arrange groups of tiny acorns in their cups and glue firmly to the frames, and gild the whole. The unplanned wood when gilded gives the appearance of rough gilt. Cornucopias are nice made of bark bound with ribbon decorated with autumn leaves and ferns and filled with dried grasses. Place at the points pretty bows of ribbon, to the ends of which attach tiny gilded acorns in their cups. Another pretty receptacle for dried grasses is a round box with depth and width desired, covered with bark, ornamented in front a little above half way with a bunch of pine or hemlock burrs glued on firmly, varnished or bronzed, or both. At the bottom of the bunch is fastened a broad satin ribbon. The width of the ribbon depends upon the size of the box. A pretty ornament for the front of this box instead of the burrs is a small bunch of dried grasses tied with a bow of ribbon. The burrs at the ends of the ribbon may be fastened by small brass-headed tacks. These are only a few of the things for which birch bark can be used, and as it serves the purpose of perforated cardboard, the making of one article will suggest the making of another.—Boston Budget.

—Once when Ignatius Donnelly was delivering a political speech in Minnesota some one hurled a head of cabbage at him. He paused a second and said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears; I don't care for your heads!" He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

—Delicate Pie.—Whites two eggs, four tablespoons cream, one large spoonful flour, one cup white sugar, one cup cold water; flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.—Exchange.

—At the Zoo.—Aunt Sybit (well versed in zoology).—"De las animal we seen, Lillie, was de sacred cow. Now, dis is de hippopotamus cow—an', my sakes alive, ain't she plain!"—Puck.

—He met her in the hotel hallway. It is not strange that for a moment she did not know which way to turn when he said: "Now if you'll co-inside we'll go outside."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Miss Gabrielle Greeley, the only surviving child of the late Horace Greeley, lives on her father's Chappaqua farm with two lady friends.

—The new volume of the "Story of the Nations" series will be "Hungary," by Prof. Vambéry. It is the first history of that country written in English.

—Bar Harbor boasts of a \$75,000 washerwoman. Her house, which she owns, is worth that much; but she refuses to sell it, and continues to scrub and starch as of yore.

—The town of Augusta, Me., with a population of only 8,000 souls, is the headquarters of 19 monthly magazines, which have a combined circulation of 1,100,000 copies. Three of these have a circulation of 450,000, 4 of 300,000, and 12 of 350,000. Six of them are devoted to agriculture and the remainder are literary.

—Dr. Ernest T. Hofmann, of New York, has a dog that is almost the equal of a human servant. Her name is Victoria, but "Vic" is what she thinks it is. She gets her master's hat, gloves, whip, her own muzzle, or whatever else he calls for, and when she is out shooting with the doctor he talks to her exactly as he would to a man, and she understands and obeys him perfectly.

—The favorite authors in an English young men's institute are Ruskin and Kingsley. Ruskin does not like the association and writes of the author of "Hypatia": "There was much in Kingsley that was delightful to raw thinkers—and men generally remain raw in this climate. * * * He was a flawed, partly rotten, partly distorted person, but may be read with advantage by numbers who could not understand a word of me."

—One of General Grant's best answers to any question was his reply to William M. Evarts, who, in speaking about Mr. Beecher, asked: "Why is it, General, that a little fault in a clergyman attracts more notice than a great fault in an ordinary man?" "Perhaps," said the General, thoughtfully, "it is for the same reason that a slight shadow passing over the pure snow is more readily seen than a river of dirt on the black earth."

—Miss Sophia Tricoupis, sister of the Prime Minister of Greece, is one of the leaders of Athenian society. She is a slender, fragile-looking old lady, who lives surrounded with flowers. Her brother's friends, knowing her fondness for them, send her dozens of bouquets every day. She never "goes any where," but receives from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. In Athens she is a power. As a correspondent she is indefatigable, writing dozens of letters in as many different languages every day.

HUMOROUS.

—Son (who loves travel).—"O, for a 'trip 'round the world!" Father (who loves lucre).—"Owe for nothing, my boy."

—The average Texas chews his weight in tobacco every four years, and it is needless to add that most of it is borrowed.—Detroit Free Press.

—Smith—"I hear Mr. B. has returned from the country." Brown—"Yes, 'the melancholy days' are come, the saddest of the year."—Boston Budget.

—"Do you tumble?" asked Amy, after expiring something to the High School girl. "No, my dear," replied Mildred, severely. "I do not tumble, but I precipitate myself in that direction."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—They were out sailing when a squall came up, and she exclaimed: "O, it's all o'er with us." "I hope no, darling," he said, and then as the calm came on he con- inced, "but it surely is all o'er with us no."

—A young man in college wrote as follows to his father: "My dear father, I have only time—being greatly rushed with my studies—to send my love and tell you that I wish you would send me fifty dollars." The father replied: "My dear son I have only time—being greatly rushed with my hay—to send you fifty dollars."—Arkansas Traveler.

—"Kitty ran into Mary Ann, and lost a sheet, besides smashing things generally. Mary Ann's new suit was ripped in a dozen places, and Kitty lay helpless in the roadway. It was all due to bad management on the part of Kitty's master." The above sounds as shocking as a police court item, but it is in reality only a report of a collision during a yacht race, written in the English style, with the word "the" omitted from each vessel's name.—Harper's Bazar.

—Things Mutant.—In boyhood's bright and sunny days, When all my paths were pleasant ways, How blessed the day, with wealth sublime, When father gave me a great big dime— But now, with wants that yearly grow, When in my pockets depts I go, How pinched and beggared is the time, When I can only find a dime.—Burrhead.

—"What sort of a watch is this?" asked a gentleman, picking up a curious old time-piece in the shop of a dealer of curiosities. "That," replied the dealer, "is a real curiosity. It is a watch that belonged to Alexander the Great when he died on the barren Island of St. Helena." "The deuce it is! Why, man alive, in the days of Alexander the Great there was no such things as watches!" "That's just what makes it such a rarity." "And Alexander the Great didn't die at St. Helena." "He didn't, eh? Well, that makes it a still greater curiosity!" The dealer taking up the rare relic, the aufer looked up in his burglar-proof safe.—N. Y. Ledger.

GOLD ENOUGH TO BUY PALACES.

of the water had pulverized the magnetic iron rocks into beach sand. In the rock, gold and platinum had been mixed. The sand that is washed out to sea deposits the heavy metal. An unusually high wind and surf had