WESTERN KANSAS WORLD

Yearly Subscription $1.50. STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES. COWICK & WELCH, Eds & Props.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891. NUMBER 17.

MISOGYNY.

And have you fallen, too, my boy,
A victim to the many arts
That women viciously employ
As snares to trap unwary hearts?
You are engaged, your father says.
Come, take my arm, and let me know
The story of your fatal craze,
And why the girl attracts you so.

She's pretty?—Yes, she ought to be:
They all have learnt to paint their cheeks!
She sings divinely?—I shall see;
But probably she only shrieks.
She's good and gentle?—Well, of course,
She wants to get you well in hand;
A sieve of oats will woo a horse
To let you mount and take command.

She comes of ancient lineage?—Pooh!
Those Norman barons used to thieve;
And any girl whom Hodge may woo
Can claim descent from mother Eve.
She has a fortune?—And be sure
That all the world will soon be told
That she is rich and you are poor,
And that you coveted her gold.

Her hair is yellow as the wheat?—
Your statement may be justified;
But it is no uncommon feat
For girls to have their tresses dyed.
Her figure is perfection?—Yes!
Fine figures capture foolish hearts,
And testify the great success
Of lacing and deceptive arts.

I'm harsh?—Ha, ha! But who is that,
The girl beneath the chestnut-tree,
With honeysuckle round her hat?
Her image! Can it really be?
Miss Pink, you say?—Your sweetheart, Fred!—
Forgive me! How was I to know?
There! Never mind what I have said!
I loved her mother, years ago!

THE NEW MEETING-HOUSE.

BY WILLARD SACKETT.

Come right up to the fire, and warm yourself. Gettin' purty cold out, ain't it? Guess we will have a reg'lar down East night, like some we used to have back in Maine where I come from.

What! you from down East? Shake hands again, stranger. It does my old eyes good to see a man from the place where I lived so long. Yes, I was born an' bred in Maine, but times got hard an' we heard so many stories of how poor people was gettin' rich out West here, an' so we packed up an' moved out here, but we aint in no better fix than we was back East. I'm layin' up every cent I can an' some day I hope to have enough to take me an' my wife back to the only place that will ever seem like home to us. An' I want to go to meetin' in the new meetin'-house down in the grove once more; 'fore I die.

If you like, stranger, I'll tell you how the new meetin-house was first built up on a hill but was afterward moved down into the grove at the foot. That was nigh onto eight years ago. Eight years ago next September.

We allus used to have meetin' in the old school-house; but you know our children was growin' up an' havin' children of their own, an' first thing we knew the school-house was gettin' too small to hold all of us comfortably, an' so we decided to build a new meetin'-house.

I s'pose it allus does happen so, but there were six or seven spots chosen for the location of the church; but after awhile we got the number down to two an' there we stuck. You see all the older folks wanted it built down in the grove right near the old school house, 'cause we had gone to meetin' so many times in the old school house that we were kind o' attached to the old location, an' wanted the new one as near it as we could get it. It was such a nice, shaddy place to tie your horse on a hot Sunday afternoon, an' the birds used to build their nests in the trees, an' there were lots of rabbits and squirrels in the woods, an' it seemed to be just the right place to build our new meetin' house.

But the younger folks had got some high falutin' notions into their heads, an' they were bound to have it built upon the hill. I s'pose we older people had lost a good deal of our strong-headedness an' stubbornness in fightin' life's hard battle: anyhow the young folks had their own way, an' preparations were made to build the new meetin' house on the hill.

Well, we knew we wouldn't have much longer to 'tend meetin' in the old school house, so we made the most of our time an' resigned ourselves to it. We knew it 'ud came out all right, for such things always do. Things went on for some time, an' the new meetin' house was done an' we were to have only one more meetin' in the old school-house.

Don't I remember that last Sunday we went down to the school house to hear our good old pastor, Dr. Simmons, preach for the last time? It was a beautiful day in September. The leaves were just fallin', an' they made a beautiful shower of red an' brown an' gold, the purtiest sight I'd seen for many a day. Old Dr. Simmons preached a fine sermon that day, an' when he was through he give out the hymn—"Old Hundred"—an' I b'leve you could have heard us half a mile off when we sang it.

During that week the doctor took sick, an' said he didn't think he would be able to preach the next Sunday. When Sam Sewell heard this, he accused the doctor of tryin' to put off usin' the new meetin' house as long as he could. Now Sam had been the leader of the young folks who wanted the new church built on the hill, an' he was a hot headed young fellow who spoke before he thought an' who didn't mean half he said. When Dr. Simmons heard this he told Sam that he would preach in the new meetin' house sure—if he was alive.

We tried our best to persuade him not to think of it at all, but he said he had made up his mind to do it, and nothing would keep him from it. Well, the next Sunday came 'round in due time, an' sure enough, when our new meetin' house was chuck full, our poor, sick old minister, bowed an' tremblin,' came in an' walked up to the pulpit steps.

Here he stopped an' rested a few moments, an' then he tried to go up; but he sank down again, an' we could hear him mutter "Well! well!" to himself. In a minute a dozen of us were around him, an' 'Liza an' I tried to get him to let us take him home; but he said that he had promised to preach there that day an' he was goin' to keep his promise. We helped him up into the pulpit. The church was as still as the grave. I shall never forget how I felt when he turned his kind old eyes on his people. Sam Sewell sat there an' fidgeted in his seat, an' his pale face told what an impression it was makin' on him. I can see him now as he sat there; and when Dr. Simmons tottered an' sank to the floor, he ran forward an' caught him, an' turning towards us he asked us to be quiet, as the doctor wished to say a few words.

"I want to ask a favor of you," he said, very feebly; "I'm afraid you will think it childish, but I feel that if I could go back to the old school-house once more, that I would be as strong as ever."

We all rose and left the church, and went down to the old school-house by the path through the trees. Sam helped the old doctor along with his arms around him, almost carrying him, and when we reached the school-house we helped him into the old pine desk which served as a pulpit. The people came quietly into the room until they had filled every seat, an' some stood up an' some stood outside near the open windows.

When the doctor looked 'round at the old familiar walls and faces all his strength seemed to come back to him, an' he stood up alone as he had so often done before. He then raised his hands an' prayed the humblest an' most lovin' prayer ever heard 'round those parts. He gave out a hymn, an' when we were done singin' he leaned over the old whittled desk an' preached one of the finest sermons I ever heard. He didn't talk long, an' when he was through he pointed out a hymn to the leader of the choir for us to sing an' sank back into a chair. We were all so affected that we couldn't sing a note. Deacon Brown's bass could not be heard at all, an' the Thompson girls, whose voices always rang out so shrill, were a-crying' behind their handkerchiefs. Sam Sewell started purty strong but he didn't hold out very long. We stumbled through it somehow an' when we were done, we waited for the doctor to dismiss us as usual, but after waitin' a few minutes, we got scared an' on runnin' up we found he was dead. Yes, the good old doctor was no more.

We took him home tenderly, an' he was buried a few days later.

The day after the doctor's funeral, my wife got word that her mother was about to die, an' she wanted to see her once more before she left this world, so we packed up an' moved down to Connecticut, where my mother-in-law lived.

She had been ailin' for several years with consumption, an' when we saw her we knew she couldn't last much longer. However, it was nigh onto a year before she died, an' a short time afterward we moved back to Maine; and when we got there what do you think we saw? Down in the grove, right where we had wanted it, was our new meetin'-house, all painted up new an' bright. Sam Sewell had brought some men down from Boston an' had it moved down from the top of the hill an' had it painted.

When he saw us he asked us to be sure an' come 'round as they had a young minister an' he was sure we would like to hear him.

Well, stranger, here's the stage. I'm afraid you'll have a purty cold ride. An' say, if yer 're ever 'round in these parts again don't forget to come an' see us. Good-bye.

A Terrible Revenge.

It was on a suburban train coming into Jersey City. A bald-headed, fussy-looking man, with a pair of spectacles on his nose and his hat on the seat beside him, kept rubbing his pate in a nervous way and hitching about on the seat as if he was afraid of tacks. Opposite him sat a man who was closely watching his movements and chuckling and grinning until the attention of a dozen people was attracted. He was asked to explain and he said:

"The old chap over there sat down on my hat, stepped on my toes and elbowed my ribs, and didn't apologize. I determined to get even with him. He always sits in that seat if it isn't occupied, and he always hunts around to find a paper instead of buying one. I am getting even with him this morning."

"But how?"

"That paper is just 3 years old to-day. It cost me 50 cents to procure it, but I've had $50 worth of revenge. I left it on the seat, and he's been reading it the last twenty miles. See?"

The old fellow struck the headlines of a railroad accident. He looked puzzled, bobbed up and down, and slowly shook his head. He jumped from that to a murder—on to news from Washington—and for a minute was interested in the stock market. Then he folded the paper up, removed his glasses, and looked out of the window with a troubled expression on his face.

"He's wondering if his mind isn't giving way, and is half scared to death!" chuckled the joker. "Been flattering himself that he is good for twenty years yet, and the first thing he does when he gets to the city will be to buy some brain food and a liver pad. I'm not a bad, bad man, but the chap who sits down on my hat must at least apologize."

The Servant Question.

It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as the desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chambermaids. We never think of it as a thing desirable, or perhaps supposable, for our own, and this fact seems to damage most of our arguments for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold, rightfully, that it was "menial service." Now, if we draw the line at menial service for ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much-vexed question seems to lie precisely there.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Useful Household Article.

After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of turpentine in the household she is never willing to be without a supply of it. It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for rheumatism and sore throats. Then it is a preventive of moths; by just dropping a trifle in the drawers, trunks, and cupboards it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from the closets and storerooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves; it is sure destruction to bedbugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts if thoroughly applied to all the joints of the bedstead, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. A spoonful added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint.

Singular Manner of Death.

A fireman of Seattle, Wash., met his death the other day in a singular manner. During the regular weekly practice he lost his hold on the nozzle, and the stream struck him in the side knocking him down. Before he could be rescued he was rolled by the force of the stream for thirty yards along the wharf and over a six-inch spike, which wounded him so severely that he died from the effects.

The Skeptic.

There was once a bold, bad man. He was the only man in a household of women; but the women were all aunts of an ancient vintage.

One evening the household was gathered about the library fire telling stories. The gas was unlit and the firelight was dim and shadowy.

The aunts told in turn of the awful things which they had heard and experienced which partook of a supernatural nature. The conversation was very interesting, but the man paid little attention to it—he was, most of the time, dozing.

At last the oldest and least comely aunt told a story of a horribe suicide. It was about a man who cast in his own bullet-mold a silver bullet.

Now, everybody knows that a silver bullet is a suicidal thing to make, and that it always finds its way to the insides of him who casts it. Oh! it is a grewsome thing to cast a silver bullet.

The youngest aunt was saying words to this effect when the man awoke; he laughed loud and long and poo-poohed the idea. And he went and got his bullet-mold from the cupboard, where he kept his gun traps and he took a silver dollar from his pocket, and he melted the dollar in a crucible which he kept ready for various experiments, which his aunts felt were of the devil, and when the silver had assumed a liquid form he poured it into the mold and cast a large silver bullet and he said "There!" in the most audacious way, and, putting it into his pocket, he walked from the room, yawning as he went.

It was terrible. The aunts threw up their hands and in one voice said: "Presumptuous!" "Preposterous!" "Foolhardy!" and "Sacrilegious!" (for there were four of them, which I omitted to mention before) and their exclamations blended into a long composite word, which sounded simply awful; and the man called back and asked if they were swearing and these good women shuddered and exclaimed again, and one said "Ah!" and one said "Oh!" and one said "Ow!" and these sounds united in a composite groan.

Now, this skeptical man carried the bullet which he had made for a pocket-piece and he remained well and hearty, but his aunts said it was sure to come; and when they said "it" they meant his violent end.

And the young man quite forgot about his silver bullet, for his mind was taken up with the world's fair; but, at last, one day he was returning from town with an aunt whom he had been taking about, when his attention was attracted to a huge bulletin which announced that there would be no world's fair after all, because Baby McKee had said that he did not want one.

The man was overcome with rage and disappointment, for he had made bets upon whether the fair would come off or not, and he had not hedged sufficiently to cover the bets on that side. He was quite beside himself and he felt for his revolver that he might make an end of himself, but then he remembered that he had left his revolver with an uncle of his the day before; so he took out his silver bullet and swallowed it then and there.

His aunt was too frightened to scream, so she sat silent and waited for him to die; nor did he so much as have a fit of indigestion. Indeed, he is alive and well to this day. But the belief of the aunts in the old saying is not shaken, and they declare that the coin from which the bullet was cast must have been a counterfeit.—*Chicago Times.*

Commander Schley Was Up to Snuff.

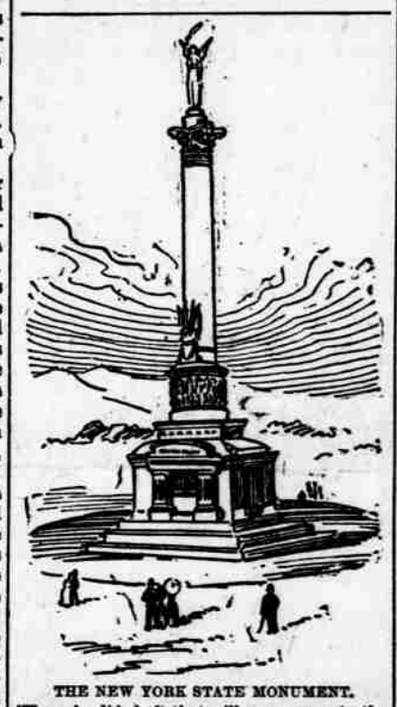
Commander Schley, according to a story now being related in the Washington club rooms, received among his boyhood Christmas presents a handsome Bible, from a rich aunt. After a moment's reflection, they say, he exclaimed: "I'm up to that dodge," and began examining the volume eagerly leaf by leaf he reached the Sermon on the Mount, where he found a $10 bill pinned to the page. It seems that Schley had read a story of the bad little boy, away at school, who took with him a similar gift. When he came home for vacation his mother examined the Bible and found the $5 bill which she had placed between its leaves. Thus did she know that her boy had not read the Holy Book.—*New York Tribune.*

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know how long eels live. About as long as short eels, we should say.

WILL TOWER OVER ALL.

The New York State Monument at Gettysburg.

The New York State monument on the field of Gettysburg, to commemorate the deeds of the soldiery of the Empire State on that eventful battle-ground, is fast nearing completion. The monument, the loftiest and most imposing that will mark the field of Gettysburg, is ninety-six feet high from the base line to the apex of the surmounting figure, while the national monument only rises to a height of sixty-five feet. The base line is twenty-seven and one-half feet square and the diameter of the bronze drum, ornamented in emblematic figures and compositions, is nine feet nine inches in height and five feet three inches in diameter. Higher up is a polished granite shaft thirty-three feet in the perpendicular, and surmounted by an ornate capital and above all is the commanding female figure of victory, with outstretched palm and laurel. On the four sides of the square pedestal are bronze penels, telling in raised letters, of the heroism of New York's sons. The appropriation for the monument is $50,000.



THE NEW YORK STATE MONUMENT.

[The splendid shaft that will commemorate the deeds of New York's soldiers on the famous battlefield of Gettysburg.]

The Land of Ophir.

The belief has long prevailed that the enormous quantities of gold which contributed to the splendor of the reign of Solomon were brought from some part of southeast Africa. "And they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold, 420 talents, and brought it to King Solomon." Ophir was famous for its gold in the days of Job, who speaks of "laying up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks."

"Where was Ophir? Some say in Malacca; others have located it in India; others in Arabia, and not a few have contended for the southeast coast of Africa, about Sofala. There has been much discussion on the subject, but the discussion has been profitless. The Sofala region of South Africa has as much to recommend it as any other. As told in the Bible, the story of Queen of Sheba and the story of Ophir have a singular relation to each other, and seem to suggest that the location of the one was not far from the home of the other. In Solomon's time the round voyage to and from Ophir covered a period of three years. This has by some been considered fatal to the South African theory.

When we consider the times and take into account the difficulty of transport the objection loses much of its force. It is at least a remarkable circumstance that discoveries should now be made in the very region of South Africa so long favored by one set of traditions—discoveries which point unmistakably to very ancient occupations by a people advanced in the arts and industries of civilization, and also to the plentiful existence of gold in the region at one time, however it may be now.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ONE of the new French battle-ships is to be named Carnot, in honor of the president of the republic.

The Abuse of Men's Friends.

Men seem to forget that from dogs kept for sporting purposes we exact an amount of violent exercise which tells upon them exactly as it does upon ourselves. A dog who comes home overtired, unless supplied with tempting food and a warm, clean and comfortable bed, would break down as certainly as a man would. All hunting men know this about their horses, and all grooms and stablemen are obliged to act accordingly. But about their dogs men seem to reason as if they were gifted by nature with some special exemption from all the consequences of insalubrity. There are fools in the world who think they show their manliness and strength of mind by laughing at such as show any solicitude about the food or treatment of their dogs, or are not satisfied to leave them entirely in the hands of servants. We once very nearly lost an almost perfect spaniel through this misplaced confidence. We saw him put into a good bed after a long day's partridge shooting, and consented to believe that he would be equally well cared for in all other respects.

At the end of the first day's shooting, a very wet day, he could hardly crawl home, and we had to lift him over the stone walls. Still, we had no suspicion of the truth. He went to bed, and next morning was evidently very ill. We tried him with meat, milk, warm and cold, but he could touch nothing, and lay curled round in a corner and shivering. We found, on inquiry, that, owing to some feud among the servants, the boy to whose care he had been specially intrusted had been unable to get him any dinner, and three nights running, after a hard day's work, he had had nothing but a few scraps of bread. This, of course, so weakened him that he was quite unable to stand out against the cold and wet, caught a violent cold, and would certainly have died had we have gone on leaving him to servants. We got him round again, with a good deal of care, but that was a lesson to us, and we hope it may be a lesson to all who are in the habit of taking valuable dogs about with them to friends' houses. Another dangerous thing to do with delicate dogs is to drive them home any distance when they are wringing wet. It is difficult sometimes to avoid it, but it would always be possible to give them a good rubbing down before putting them in the dogcart.—*Quarterly Review.*

Long Way Around.

"Talking about April Fools' day jokes," said one of a group of bystanders, "reminds me of an incident that happened to me some years since on the 1st of April. I was walking along the street when I noticed directly in front of me a large, much worn pocketbook. The minute I saw it I came to the conclusion that it was some mischievous boy's trick to catch an unsuspecting passer-by, so I hung round near it for several minutes, hoping to share in the enjoyment of the joke. Several persons saw it, but passed by without paying any attention to it. At length one man alone saw it, and stopped to pick it up, but remembering himself suddenly, gave the pocketbook a kick which sent it flying into the gutter. Then it was, though I can't say why, that I was seized with a great desire to pick up the old wallet and open it, even if I should be the victim of the joke; so, walking to where it lay I picked it up and put it in my pocket to carry home."

"Well, gentlemen," continued the speaker gravely, "what do you suppose that old wallet contained?"

"A roll of bills," said one.

"Five hundrd dollars," ventured another.

"What was in it?" asked a third listener, excitedly.

"Not a blamed thing but paper," said the story teller, and he turned on his heel and walked off.

Defects and Excellencies.

The Boston *Transcript* hears of a school-boy who has found out, what all of us find out sooner or later, that a single fault attracts more notice than many excellencies.

"I am sorry, Henry," said Uncle George, "that you exhibit so little proficiency in orthography. That letter you wrote to Mr. Brown the other day had so many misspelled words that it set the whole counting-room in a roar."

"H'm!" said Henry. "That's just the way in this world. There were a good many words in that letter that I knew were spelled right, but of course I got no credit for that."