

# THE CHANUTE TIMES.

C. S. NATION, Editor and Prop'r.

CHANUTE, KANSAS.

## KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Typhoid and malaria fevers are attacking people in Kansas.

Fort Scott ladies take great interest in the cooking school at that place.

It is said that both quail and prairie chicken are quite plentiful in western Kansas.

The First Presbyterian church of Hutchinson has celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Cherry trees at Goodland which were stripped by the big hail storm some weeks ago, are in bloom again.

The late rains have put the ground in splendid condition for seeding and a vast amount of wheat will be sown this fall.

From four to six car loads of watermelons are shipped from Turon, in Pratt county, daily. Two cars were shipped to Deadwood, Dakota. Each car contains about 1,200 melons.

The election in Kansas this fall will be of more importance than perhaps is generally known. There are twenty-nine judicial districts in the state, and thirteen of them must elect judges this year.

Port Arthur has just been knocked galley-west by a cyclone. Last spring Kansas was flooded with advertising circulars for Port Arthur reading: "No more cyclones, no more droughts, no more crop failures."

Leavenworth will be as dry as a powder horn during the veterans' reunion. The board of commissioners instead of raising funds from the joint keepers, will close them up and raise \$1,000 by soliciting contributions.

Now that Kansas is the most prosperous state in the union, the eastern dude speculators who have been denouncing the state are headed this way with their schemes to weevil Kansans out of their money. They should be given a Klondike reception.

A church in Kansas City, Kans., has arranged a nursery for babies during service. Last Sunday the nurse was there wearing her sweetest baby smile, with bottles of milk and jumping-jacks for food and amusements for the dear little things, and not a single baby came to church. Hence the thunder of the big organ soured all the milk of human kindness in the bottles.

For several reasons the chinch bug has done but little damage in the State this season although parts of some fields have been destroyed. This is no indication that there will be but few next season. There are plenty in the fields now to do a great deal of damage next season if but a few of them pass the winter. As a measure for preventing the bugs wintering over, it would be well to gather up and destroy all the old rubbish on the farm in which the bugs may find lodgment.

Two brothers named Bunker are successful farmers in Sumner county, Kansas. They are the sons of the Siamese twins, who married two white sisters near Mt. Airy, N. C., at the foot of the Blue Ridge seven miles south of the Virginia line, and reared two large families of bright and enterprising children. When they were first married the twins and their wives occupied the same house, but after a period of dual felicity the wives got jealous of each other and the twins separated them into different domiciles.

Six hundred and forty-two persons in Wellington have signed a petition to the council to repeal the malt ordinance, which permits the sale of malt extract. By some strange oversight, coffee and tea were not mentioned in the petition.

Hundreds of agents representing Chicago grocery stores are soliciting orders from farmers of Kansas. Now that the farmers are prosperous, they should, and no doubt will, stand by the local home stores that stood by them when they needed friends.

The New York Evening Post, which has spent a good two years in bumping Kansas' heads against the editorial columns, had an article last week headed: "Too much money in Kansas."

There is no use walking the floor with a felon says one who had had some experience. Just wrap a cloth around the felon, leaving the end open. Pour gunpowder in the end and shake it down until the felon is covered, then keep it wet with camphor. In two hours the pain will be relieved and a perfect cure will quickly follow.

The hunt for pearls which has crazed half the population of Arkansas, has followed the creeks and sloughs until it has reached Cherryvale and numerous persons are seen daily wading in Lake Tanko catching clams and malaria.

The Hiawatha preacher who announced that the "person who lost their purse this morning can go to Helen Hunt for it," was somewhat surprised when the congregation demanded his resignation for using profane language in the pulpit.

A Kansas man who has just returned from Europe announces that wheat will go to a \$1.50 a bushel.

The old freight depot of the Santa Fe at Nickerson is being rebuilt for passenger use and will be occupied Oct. 1.

The station at Hutchinson will be completed by Nov. 1. It is similar in arrangement and size to the Topick station.

The deposits in the First National Bank at Kingman aggregate \$168,898.20. They have \$102,104.16 in cash and sight exchange. It is almost double what they had a year ago.

Three young men, near Lyons, went into a melon patch, gorged themselves and then destroyed a large number of melons and vines. They were arrested and paid \$28 and costs for their miserable meanness.

A pickpocket stole \$175 from a drunken man on a train near Coffeyville. The marshal of that town was on the train and arrested the thief. He put him in charge of a guard and went to interview the robbed man. The thief slipped the money out of a window, it is thought, for the marshal could find nothing on his person and had to let him go.

In her lack of reference for the old men of the state of Kansas is brutal. The state's heroes change as often as the moon and no man can hold the hurrah of the people after he has failed to be an active factor. This is why the old men in Kansas are kickers. They have to knock a few of the irreverent youngsters down to maintain themselves.

Joe Henderson, a farmer residing near Wellington, sold his wheat and got on a spree in that town. He searched some ladies from a residence and lay down in the yard. When some neighbors aroused him he began shooting and so did they. Nine shots were fired, but no one was hurt. Henderson was subsequently arrested and fined \$50 and costs.

A Kansas farmer ended his prayer as follows: "And we return thanks for the high price of wheat for I have paid off half that mortgage, and while we deplore the grievous condition of the poor of Europe who have raised nothing and thus made our wheat high, it is our sincere wish that they shall not suffer. Give us another crop, we pray, next year, and keep the price up and the whole mortgage will go. Amen."

M. L. Wortman is a sadly disappointed man of Sumner county and he has good cause. He had 38½ acres, measured, of wheat, which only threshed out 3,905 bushels of 61 pound wheat. Added to this is the fact that his oat crop only made 55 bushels of 40 pound oats to the acre and his only hope now is the corn crop, which he is satisfied will make no more than 60 bushels to the acre. That is the reason he mopes and refuses to be consoled.

Here is a true story without frills: Into a little Kansas town a year ago last summer came a farmer. He had failed to make it go on the farm. He and his wife talked it over and decided that it was best for him to go into town and get a job with a salary. Drouth could not find him there. He went. He secured a clerkship in a grocery store at \$20 a month. He was new and awkward and was fired the first week. He went back to the farm. He and his wife resolved to make one supreme effort. They borrowed money and put most of the farm in wheat. The harvest came. He had \$6,000 in cash after all debts were paid. He went to town last week, bought out the grocer who had bounced him and has \$5,000 left.

The Rock Island road hauled out of Lebanon in the month of August 111 loaded cars of grain and stock, besides did a business of nearly \$11,000 outside of the express handled. The place will celebrate its anniversary Oct. 1.

The registration of new students at the university of Kansas is the largest ever known at the beginning of the fall term. At the close of the second day it had exceeded by 200 all former records for the opening days. If the present ratio continues, the attendance will reach 1,500 this year.

The statistics show that there are 385,000 children of school age in Kansas, and if that is right it would take the hide from 20,000 calves to equip their feet for the first day of school, besides a vast sum of money to equip them with books.

Among the several enterprises talked of for certain in Wetmore this fall is a new paper, an elevator and another lumber yard. A splendid corn crop has been raised and Wetmore is preparing to enjoy a grain, newspaper and building boom.

A strange disease has broken out among the cattle in the vicinity of Mulvane. No one knows what the disease is, but the cattle are dying with it. It is conjectured by some parties that feeding kafir corn has something to do with it.

It is said that at least ten people threw themselves on the ground last week at the Emporia wreck feigning injury and got their names printed among the injured, to use as evidence in damage suits against the railroad company.

## STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Call to Organize in Wichita During the State Fair.

Whether you are a fisherman or a lover of the gun, come to Wichita during the State Fair, and be present on the 1st day of October, 1897, to help us organize "The State Sportsmen's Association," an organization for the protection of the game and fish of the state of Kansas.

We now have the laws and need your presence to help us enforce them, and when you read this do not think it means the other man, for it means you. If you think it possible for you to come, send your name to Dr. J. W. Shults, state fish and game commissioner, Wichita, Kan., so that proper arrangements may be made for your reception.

WICHITA FISH AND GAME CLUB.

Wier City has passed a curfew ordinance.

The Anthony jail is empty for the first time in many moons.

The electric belt fakir worked Ottawa where there are two daily newspapers.

Two colored boys at St. John have been found guilty of violating the game law, and \$18.

The Garden City fire department is electing a queen. A fire department queen ought to have no trouble about hose.

Daniel Anthony is now 73 years of age, and he says he can not recall the day when he did not do manual labor. He began to work as soon as he could walk.

Above all, the Kansas farmer loves his children. Recently a farmer was taking a bicycle home to his daughter. The wagon which he drove was worth \$20; the bicycle \$65.

The Santa Fe House, one of the first buildings put up in Nickerson, and at one time the most popular hostelry in the city, is being torn down this week and moved into the country.

Last year was considered a bad crop year in Dickinson county, still the total farm products amounted to \$2,073,993.33, or more than \$100 per capita for each man, woman and child in the county.

A man playing the Kentucky colonel visited Newton for a week or two. He had the broad accent in speech and the flaming red breath characteristic of such, and he mixed with sporting men, but took his liquor straight, setting them up to the boys at frequent intervals. He was becoming popular when he left the town—after furnishing the county attorney with the names of 400 drinkers and jointists. Hence the waiting in Newton's 400.

Wheat buyers along the line of the Union Pacific have experienced considerable difficulty in getting cars during the past week. At the smaller stations, where there is no competition, the grain men pay the conductors a dollar each for extra cars. When a train of empty cars is sent out into the wheat belt, part of them are billed to the grain men and the distribution of the remainder is left to the conductor, who generally places them where it pays him best.

Louis Lindsay Dyer, professor of zoology in the University of Kansas, returned from a three months' vacation. He spent these three months at the Konkins seaside laboratory, on Monterey bay, in California. The professor says he gave mammals a rest this time and devoted himself to the lower forms of animal life, which abound in the warm waters of the Pacific. He has secured over a ton of specimens for the university museum and for use in the laboratory, and has gathered much valuable data for use in the class room.

The general advance of prices has raised the board in the normal clubs at Emporia from \$1.40 to \$1.42 per week. Now look for a kick.

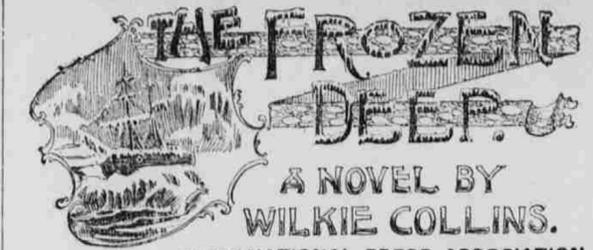
The Nottingham Review of Nottingham, England, contains a long editorial article on the wonderful wheat crop of Kansas. It says: "The Kansas farmer is in rare luck as all the world is compelled to pay him tribute. Kansas is the greatest wheat and cattle region in America and the farmers there are coining money on both wheat and cattle."

In the Santa Fe wreck a man kicked a car window open and crawled out. As he rose to a standing position a fellow reached for his diamond. The Emporia man knocked the thief down and passed on.

The telephone line at Junction City will be extended to Salina within a month. It will then be extended to Bennington, Minneapolis and north into Nebraska, and a toll line south through Lindsay, McPherson on to Hutchinson, connecting with the line already there.

Kansas has gained 50,000 in population the past year and has also gained \$15,000,000 in assessed valuation.

It is said that last year baled hay sold at \$1 a bale at Baxter. An occasional bale had a bottle of whisky. The officers, however, "caught on." This year the old fellow had no hay but plenty of watermelons. Each melon had a good sized plug—to prove it was ripe—and in the plug a pint bottle of whisky. It is said that watermelons this year were as brisk as the hay trade last year.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

### CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Clara's eyes still wandered suspiciously to and fro among the crowd.

"Are you not satisfied yet?" asked Mrs. Crayford.

"No," Clara answered. "I am not satisfied yet."

"What! still looking for him? This is really too absurd. Here is my husband coming. I shall tell him to call a cab and send you home."

Clara drew back a few steps. "I won't be in the way, Lucy, while you are taking leave of your good husband," she said. "I will wait here."

"Wait here! What for?"

"For something which I may yet see. Or for something which I may still hear."

"Richard Wardour?"

"Richard Wardour."

Mrs. Crayford turned to her husband without another word. Clara's infatuation was beyond the reach of remonstrance.

The boats of the Wanderer took the place at the landing-stage vacated by the boats of the Sea-Mew. A burst of cheering among the outer ranks of the crowd announced the arrival of the commander of the Expedition on the scene. Captain Holding appeared, looking right and left for his first lieutenant. Finding Crayford with his wife, the captain made his apologies for interfering, with his best grace.

"Give him up to his professional duties for one minute, Mrs. Crayford, and you shall have him back again for half an hour. The Arctic Expedition is to blame, my dear lady—not the captain—for parting man and wife. In Crayford's place I should have left it to the bachelors to find the Northwest Passage, and have stopped at home with you."

Excusing himself in those bluntly complimentary terms, Captain Holding drew the lieutenant aside a few steps, accidentally taking a direction that led the two officers close to the place at which Clara was standing. Both the captain and the lieutenant were too completely absorbed in their professional duties to notice her. Neither the one nor the other had the faintest suspicion that she could, and did, hear every word of the talk that passed between them.

"You received my note this morning?" the captain began.

"Certainly, Captain Holding, or I should have been on board the ship long before this."

"I am going on board myself at once," the captain proceeded. "But I must ask you to keep your boat waiting for half an hour more. You will be all the longer with your wife, you know. I thought of that, Crayford."

"I am much obliged to you, Captain Holding. I suppose there is some other reason for inverting the customary order of things, and keeping the lieutenant on shore after the captain is on board?"

"Quite true; there is another reason. I want you to wait for a volunteer who has just joined us."

"A volunteer?"

"Yes; he has his outfit to get in a hurry, and he may be half an hour late."

"It's a rather sudden appointment, isn't it?"

"No doubt. Very sudden."

"And, pardon me, it's rather a long time (as we are situated) to keep the ships waiting for one man?"

"Quite true, again. But a man who is worth having is worth waiting for. This man is worth having; this man is worth his weight in gold to such an expedition as ours. Seasoned to all climates and all fatigues; a strong fellow, a brave fellow, a clever fellow—in short, an excellent officer. I know him well, or I should never have taken him. The country gets plenty of work out of my new volunteer, Crayford. He only returned yesterday from foreign service."

"He only returned yesterday from foreign service, and he volunteers this morning to join the Arctic Expedition? You astonish me."

"I dare say I do; you can't be more astonished than I was when he presented himself at my hotel, and told me what he wanted. 'Why, my good fellow, you have just got home,' I said; 'are you weary of your freedom after only a few hours' experience of it?' His answer rather startled me. He said, 'I am weary of my life, sir; I have come home and found a trouble to welcome me which goes near to break my heart. If I don't take refuge in absence and hard work, I am a lost man. Will you give me refuge? That's what he said, Crayford, word for word."

"Did you ask him to explain himself further?"

"Not I; I knew his value, and I took the poor devil on the spot without pestering him with any more questions. No need to ask him to explain himself; the facts speak for themselves in these cases. The old story, my good friend. There's a woman at the bottom of it, of course."

Mrs. Crayford, waiting for the return of her husband as patiently as she could, was startled by feeling a hand suddenly laid on her shoulder. She looked around and confronted Clara. Her first feeling of surprise changed in-

stantly to alarm. Clara was trembling from head to foot.

"What is the matter? What has frightened you, dear?"

"Lucy! I have heard of him!"

"Richard Wardour again?"

"Remember what I told you. I have heard every word of the conversation between Capt. Holding and your husband. A man came to the Captain this morning and volunteered to join the Wanderer. The Captain has taken him. The man is Richard Wardour."

"You don't mean it. Are you sure? Did you hear Captain Holding mention his name?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it's Richard Wardour?"

"Don't ask me. I am as certain of it as that I am standing here. They are going away together, Lucy—away to the eternal ice and snow. My foreboding has come true. The two will meet—the man who is to marry me, and the man whose heart I have broken!"

"Your foreboding has not come true, Clara! The men have not met here—the men are not likely to meet elsewhere. Even supposing it is Wardour, they are appointed to separate ships. Frank belongs to the Sea-Mew, and Wardour to the Wanderer. See! My husband is coming this way. Let me speak to him."

Lieutenant Crayford returned to his wife. She spoke to him instantly.

"William have you got a new volunteer who joins the Wanderer?"

"What! you have been listening to the Captain and me?"

"I want to know his name."

"How in the world did you manage to hear what we said to each other?"

"His name? Has the Captain given you his name?"

"Don't excite yourself, my dear. Look! you are positively alarming Miss Burnham. The new volunteer is a perfect stranger to us. There is his name—last of the ship's list."

Mrs. Crayford snatched the list out of her husband's hand, and read the name:

"Richard Wardour."

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD-BYE to England! Good-bye to inhabited and civilized regions of the earth!

Two years have passed since the voyagers sailed from their native shores. The enterprise has failed—the Arctic Expedition is lost and ice-locked in the Polar wastes. The good ships Wanderer and Sea-Mew, entombed in ice, will never ride the buoyant waters more. Stripped of their lighter timbers, both vessels have been used for the construction of huts, erected on the nearest land.

The larger of the two buildings which now shelter the lost men is occupied by the surviving officers and crew of the Sea-Mew. On one side of the principal room are the sleeping berths and the fireplace. The other side discloses a broad doorway (closed by a canvas screen) which serves as means of communication with an inner apartment devoted to the superior officers. A hammock is slung to the rough, raftered roof of the main room as an extra bed. A man, completely hidden by his bed clothes, is sleeping in the hammock. By the fireside there is a second man—supposed to be on watch—fast asleep, poor wretch! at the present moment. Behind the sleeper stands an old cask which serves for a table. The objects at present on the table are a pestle and mortar, and a saucupan of dry bones of animals. In plain words, the dinner for the day. By way of ornament to the dull brown walls, icicles appear in the crevices of the timber, gleaming at intervals in the red firelight. No wind whistles outside the lonely dwelling—no cry of bird or beast is heard. In doors and out of doors the awful silence of the polar desert reigns, for the moment, undisturbed.

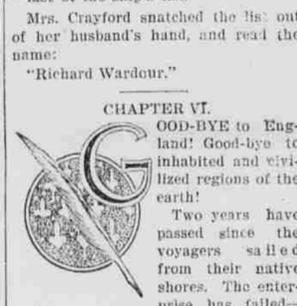
The first sound that broke the silence came from the inner apartment. An officer lifted the canvas screen in the hut of the "Sea-Mew," and entered the main room. Cold and privation had sadly thinned the ranks. The commander of the ship—Captain Ebsworth—was dangerously ill. The first lieutenant was dead. An officer of the Wanderer filled their places for the time, with Captain Holding's permission. The officer so employed was Lieutenant Crayford.

He approached the man at the fireside and awakened him.

"Jump up, Bateson! It's your turn to be relieved."

The relief appeared, rising from a heap of old sails at the back of the hut. Bateson vanished, yawning to his bed. Lieutenant Crayford walked backward and forward briskly, trying what exercise would do toward warming his blood.

The pestal and the mortar on the cask attracted his attention. He stop-



ped and looked up at the man in the hammock.

"I must rouse the cook," he said to himself, with a smile. "That fellow little thinks how useful he is in keeping up my spirits. The most inveterate croaker and grumbler in the world—and yet, according to his own account, the only cheerful man in the whole ship's company. John Want! John Want! Rouse up, there!"

A head rose slowly out of the bed-clothes, covered with a red night-cap. A melancholy nose rested itself on the edge of the hammock. A voice, worthy of the Arctic climate in these words:

"Lord! Lord! here's all my breath on my blanket. Iceles, if you please, sir, all round my mouth and all over my blanket. Every time I have snored I've frozen something. When a man gets the cold into him to that extent that he fees his own bed, it can't last much longer. Never mind! I don't grumble."

Crayford tapped the saucupan of bones impatiently. John Want lowered himself to the floor—grumbling all the way—by a rope attached to the rafters of his bed head. Instead of approaching his superior officer and his saucupan, he hobbled, shivering, to the fireplace, and held his chin as close as he possibly could over the fire. Crayford looked after him.

"Hello! what are you doing there?"

"Thawing my beard, sir."

"Come here directly, and set to work on these bones."

John Want remained immovably attached to the fireplace, holding something else over the fire. Crayford began to lose his temper.

"What the devil are you about now?"

"Thawing my watch, sir. It's been under my pillow all night, and the cold has stopped it. Cheerful, wholesome, breeding sort of climate to live in, isn't it, sir? Never mind, I don't grumble."

"No; we all know that. Look here! Are these bones pounded small enough?"

John Want suddenly approached the lieutenant, and looked at him with appearance of the deepest interest.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he said; "how very hollow your voice sounds this morning!"

"Never mind my voice! The bones! the bones!"

"Yes, sir—the bones. They'll take a trifle more pounding. I'll do my best with them, sir, for your sake."

"What do you mean?"

John Want shook his head and looked at Crayford with a dreary smile.

"I don't think I shall have the honor of making more bone soup for you, sir. Do you think yourself you'll last long, sir? I don't, saving your presence. I think about another week or ten days will do for us all. Never mind! I don't grumble."

He poured the bones into the mortar and began to pound them—under protest. At the same moment a sailor appeared, entering from the inner hut.

"A message from Captain Ebsworth, sir."

"Well?"

"The captain is worse than ever with his freezing pains, sir. He wants to see you immediately."

"I will go at once. Rouse the doctor."

Answering in those terms, Crayford returned to the inner hut, followed by the sailor. John Want shook his head again and smiled more drearily than ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SCOTT AS A LAWYER.

Interesting Experience of the Poet and Novelist at the Bar.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of curious experiences in the same connection shortly after being called to the bar, his first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in the year 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran puncher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given. "I'm just 'o your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maunkin (have) the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the "maunkin" duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did. On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a house-breaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he, the house-breaker, could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within; and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and thirty years later, at a judge's dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,  
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.

Loaf Sugar.

"Father," said the bright little girl, "what is loaf sugar?"

"There are several kinds, my dear," replied Senator Sorghum. "The most important variety is that which enables a man by a little superior knowledge and prompt action to place himself beyond the necessity of working any more."—Washington Star.

What is said to be the largest American flag ever floated hangs from the top rafter in the court of the big pension building at Washington. It is fifty feet long and thirty-six feet wide, and was suspended shortly before the holding of the inaugural ball.