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W. P. WALTON.

Something of a Kansas Town.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]
GREENSBURG, January 25.—I have been requested to give a description of our town and country in general. In the first place I will say that we have the most progressive town of its age in Southwest Kansas. The town of Greensburg was organized in September, 1884, with F. M. Brown as president, Capt. H. H. Patten as secretary and Thomas Dak vice president, and the town laid out. It is in Kiowa county, on the K. P. & W. railroad, 115 miles west of Wichita and at the present time has a population of 1,200 souls. It has the natural resources, the location, is surrounded by deep, quick and fertile soil and contains the right kind of inhabitants. The town was named after D. R. Green, formerly of Harrodsburg, Ky., the then proprietor of the Cannon Hill Stage Line. Fortune has smiled upon the little city from the very outset and it is hard to predict what the future has in store for her. The nearest railroad point at the time the town was started was Kinsley, 30 miles north, on the direct thoroughfare south; and the western emigration as well as the Kinsley southern traffic passed through the town, giving it its first boom.

The town company commenced at once to erect what was called the substantial buildings, say 12x14, a small-sized smoke-house for a Lincoln county farmer, but it was a large house compared to the sod shanty on the claims. Streets were laid out, trees planted, wells dug and furnished with wind pumps to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing population and traffic. The new city began to attract attention; men came, saw and invested. In the fall of 1884 the talk of the county seat began, and in December a petition was circulated and sent to the Legislature, with H. H. Patten and A. Watson as the representatives of the people of the then future county seat. The measure was opposed by Kinsley on the north and Cold Water on the south. They feared the restoration of old Kiowa county on the north and Comanche on the south, which it did. At the January session 1885 the bill to restore old Kiowa was defeated in the House.

The summer of 1885 wore away and settlements came in by the hundreds; rains were frequent; crops were good and the county improved more than was expected. By the influence of Hon. F. E. Gilliet, of Kingman, the aid of the Santa Fe railroad was enlisted in its behalf, and at the special session of January, 1886, the task was again undertaken, this time with more success, the secretary, H. H. Patten, and A. Watson, sparing neither money nor effort to obtain the desired result, and on February 9th the bill passed the Senate, with but three opposing votes, and Kiowa was received into the bright constellation of Kansas counties with full power of self-government and the acclamation of a happy people. That was a gala day for Greensburg; flags decorated every building; anvils fired and the plaudits of the little city and country showed how hearty was the appreciation of the restoration of Kiowa. On the 11th of May it was chosen the permanent county seat by a majority of 700. So great was the importance of the new county, the Legislature made an exception in her case, the statutory provision that no county should extend aid to railroads until organized for at least one year, being now operative as to this county.

Immediately two of the greatest railroad corporations in the United States—the C. R. I. & P. and the A. T. & S. F.—came forward and made propositions to build their lines into her territory at once. They were both accepted and both of the roads are now building towards Greensburg as fast as money and men can push them. The C. R. I. & P. grading outfit is here now, with 500 teams. They began grading on the 15th of this month west of town and they are now working east and toward town. Their headquarters are in the skating rink, a building 60x140. It looks very much like war times, with tents dotted all around; dump-carts, wagons, scrapers all huddled together. The K. P. & W., as it is called, is already within 24 miles, east, at the little town called Cullison. We have daily a stage from Greensburg to Cullison. In a few months more this thriving city of the plains will echo with the busy hum of commerce.

Kiowa county lies in the gateway of the of the Southwest. The soil of the county is nearly uniform in quality. The climate some writers say is Italian, but I beg leave to differ with them. It is pretty much like Kentucky, with the exception of the wind, which is very searching to a person who is not used to it. We have had a very mild winter so far. The wind is the greatest objection I have to Kansas. We have had but very little rain this fall and winter and

but three skiffs of snow. The two seasons I have been here we have had plenty of rain-fall and fair crops. Water is inexhaustible and pure. We have but two running streams in the county. The water is drawn from wells mostly by wind pumps. Those who are not able to put up pumps draw water with bucket, rope and pulley. Our school-houses are yet small, but there is a good attendance and we have only one church, the Methodist, built by the people generally. The Presbyterians, Baptist and United Brethren hold services there. The Christian church has not yet fully organized, although we have meeting twice a month. We will effect an organization the third Sunday in February. We have secured the services of Elder T. D. Broadus, formerly of Garrard county, and we anticipate a good meeting. I will say in conclusion that that the people of Greensburg and vicinity are church-going people as a general thing. I have known them to come 12 and 15 miles to Sunday-school and church; and it will not be very long before we will have a place to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. I have not written half; I could write a week; have not said a word about the business that is done here, nor the rapid growth of the town in buildings and other improvements. I will say it is simply enormous. For fear of taking up too much of your valuable time and space in your excellent paper, I will close by saying that if any of my Kentucky friends contemplate coming West, I say come to Greensburg. You will find my latch string on the outside of my door to welcome all who may come. Yours fraternally,

JAMES H. STEPHENS

Something He Forgot.

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bed-room at half past one it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interrupted by Mrs. Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door and deposited the lamp upon the dressing table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit, the dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a case under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bath room windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letters as soon as I got down town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-check and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by a ringing laugh and a query from Mrs. Jenkins: "Why don't you take off your hat?"

[Pack.]
While Gov. Blackburn was chief executive of the State Captain Hindman came up to Frankfort to secure the pardon of a fellow from his section committed to the penitentiary for a very grave offense. The Governor "couldn't see it," and the Captain returned home, leaving the prisoner there, and he is still there. On Tuesday, Dr. Blackburn, sick as he is, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, sent a message to Governor Hindman saying, "You ought to do that yourself, Jim." Gov. Hindman is now able to understand the difference between *meum et tuum* as applied to duty. [Lexington Observer.]

It is related that a few days ago a member of Congress took a part in the long and short hand discussion "I feel it my duty," he said, "to vote for this measure." The alert correspondent of a San Francisco paper telegraphed this utterance, adding in parenthesis, after the word "measure," the words "long and short hand." But through the "cussedness" of the wires, or some other cussedness, the sentence was printed as follows: "I feel it my duty to vote for this measure. [Long and short bowls.]"

Every express car on the Pacific roads is now lined with biller iron, provided with a shot gun and two revolvers and the doors so defended that a man could not open one of them from the outside in an hour if given liberty to try. The only way a car can be robbed of its treasure is by collusion with a messenger, and it is said that every messenger is constantly under the surveillance of a spotter.—Detroit Free Press

Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner has decided to seek the office of Governor, instead of letting it seek him, and has established political headquarters at Louisville and will make an active canvass. The political pot will now begin to boil, in fact it is expected to boil over. (Positively the first.)—[South Kentuckian.]

Green's Electric Oil cures all aches and pains. For sale by McRoberts & Slagg at 50c.

Green's Golden Balm, sure cure for Catarrh at 50c, at McRoberts & Slagg's.

We need the money due us for subscription and would be obliged to all in arrears to remit at once.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Thomas Proctor was sworn in Saturday evening as town marshal.
—Mr. Henry Broughton, at Pine Hill, was granted a pension last week.
—The prospect for a good run in the tanbark business this season is flattering.
—The Furniture Company are putting an addition to their buildings for paint shop purposes.
—The Gentry boys, eight in number, are the champion rat killers. In a war on the rodents Thursday and Friday they destroyed 109.
—Some person here asks if one is called a moonshiner for making illicit liquor, what is he called who uses it? A moonshinee'er?

—Bill Pesse's countenance is somewhat disfigured and is out of the ring for a few days. Mountain dew and too free a use of his tongue caused the wreck at the hands of one of our citizens.

—They had a little picnic at Pine Hill Saturday. Lum Jones, James Baker and Mat Winstead had a little set-to "mit suster," in the good old fashioned style. No one seriously hurt. No arrests.

—We are told by a number of farmers from some portions of the county that wheat is doing as well as could be expected and prospects are good, and others say the crop is badly damaged. We understand that at least one-half of the corn crop of the county is yet ungathered in the field.

CASH BARGAINS.—Granulated sugar, 14 pounds for \$1; C sugar 16 pounds for \$1; best prints 6 cents per yard, other grades in proportion. I want to make room for spring goods and must have money to buy them with. All persons owing me on accounts or notes must come and settle. L. B. Adams.

—Mrs. Matilda Mathis, a widow living on Skaggs creek, whose husband was killed three years since, had the misfortune to lose her house by fire a few days since. Nothing was saved from the burning building. The neighbors and our town people have contributed liberally towards putting up another house for the poor woman and her children.

—James Catron and family, of Level Green, left for Mexico, Mo., Sunday. Miss Huber Turner, of Louisville, accompanied by Mrs. L. A. Nield, who has been on a lecturing tour in the northern counties of the State, arrived here Saturday evening. Mr. R. D. Sowder returned from Louisville, Friday, after a month's sojourn at that place. Joe C. Brooks, from Crab Orchard, was with R. L. Joplin from Friday till Monday.

—A very intelligent Indian of the Cheyenne tribe, lectured at the Court-house, the first he has delivered in Kentucky, Thursday and Friday nights to good audiences. He was a fluent speaker and his delineation of the manners and customs of his tribe were very interesting. His view of the causes of the various outbreaks of the Indian tribes were good, ascribing many of them to the racially agents sent out by the government to see that the Indians get their just dues in the way of goods sent by the government to them for lands purchased of them, when the agents would sell the merchandise at enormous prices to the Indians, the very goods that belonged to them, and many things that went to show that the agents and the ruffian and off-scourings of civilization, cause the larger portion of the Indian troubles on the frontier.

Louisville Politicians.
Last week we referred to the venal set who run the politics of Louisville and this is the way that two of the papers of that city come back at us. Of course we did not intend that it should be even inferred that all the politicians there are venal, but judging from what they have done, the most of them are a mighty sorry lot. The STANFORD INTERIOR JOURNAL says Gen. Buckner is learning politics from "the venal set who run the politics" of Louisville. What does the JOURNAL mean by such a declaration? What right has it to call Louisville politicians venal? Of course there are a few miserable wretches in this city as elsewhere, who will sell their votes on election days, but we can't believe the JOURNAL means to intimate that our politicians can be tampered with, or that any of our delegates to a convention would barter their rights. Banish such a thought!—[Post.]

Louisville politicians are no better than others of their class, nor are they worse. In every large city the balance of political power is rarely always held by men who are not above suspicion. They come up out of the gutters and the saloons and the bawdy houses. "How much do we get is their motto", and usually they are well paid. It is not a secret that certain ward politicians sold their votes in the last State convention and elected J. Proctor Knott Governor. But those who know the inside history of that shameful affair can testify that one of the virtuous country delegations was also in the market and anxious to be bought. All the wickedness is not confined to the city. Louisville politics has developed a number of characterless scoundrels and arrant knaves, but there are good men in politics and in office here, too, who should be spared the sweeping condemnation made by the INTERIOR JOURNAL.—[Commercial.]

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Dave Alcorn, who recently lost everything he had by fire, confiscated again on Tuesday, but got off with loss of a portion of his roof.
—The weather is still beautifully capricious. But this is not the point. A favorite slander, and one over which, as far as I know, nobody has been killed, is contained in the illustration of a woman's temper by just such days as the last most pestiferous Friday. I scorn the figure.
—Woodson Ellis, a highly esteemed citizen of Casey, died at his home Wednesday night of pneumonia. He leaves a wife and seven or eight children, the youngest only a few hours old. I understand the survivors are comfortably provided for. Wife and infant reported doing well.

—C. M. Carpenter is one of our most industrious and enterprising farmers, but strangely wedded to routine in business. For instance, he went to the field the other day and resolutely shucked a barrel of corn, and was afterward caught hauling it home with his buggy horse hitched to a handcart.

—Old friends frequently inquire: "What has become of Brown's Dick?" He is all right. Failing to divert the doctor from the cheerless paths of celibacy, Dick took a blooming bride and turned his attention to literature, theology and politics. He will be heard from when native genius has had time to become appreciated.

—One of the most fantastic tricks of the eventful postal service was witnessed on the C. S. a few days ago. The mail bags, thrown off at Moreland while under way, landed on the rail; the wheels of the flying train passed over them and our impetuous postmistress nearly lost her wits in her attempts to distribute that mail with accuracy.

—The two Misses Denton, of Garrard, are spending some time at Sam Rout's, Dad Cowan and Doc Carpenter paid us a flying visit and were heard of subsequently at John Dinwiddie's. Miss Dollie Williams was home several days looking bright and happy. Miss Kate Huns, of Shelby City, is at Dr. Ed Hood's. G. M. Givens is nearly ready to return to Georgia with a car-load of extra nice mules.

—My apology for not coming to time last week is this: Enraged at certain strictures in a former article, injured innocence rebelled. The social firmament shot fierce lightning, the celestial lights burned blue and the atmosphere was redolent of sulphur. Feeling that disaster was at hand and believing that I would be able to get up my own epitaph in more satisfactory shape than a stranger, I proceeded to frame a most pathetic record of the virtues of the departed. In fact, I was myself astonished at the number of good features that adorned my character. But finding on Monday that I was not dead, I suppressed the letter, and the sympathizing public was defrauded of one of the most tear-provoking obituaries ever penned.

—Our people were astounded; by the information that W. H. Smith, our leading merchant, and regarded here as one of the safest business men in the county, had made an assignment. The work of involving, etc., is now in progress; but nothing has transpired to give an inkling of the probable result. It is generally known that Mr. Smith transferred his business from Lancaster to this place about eight years ago. During that long period he has been busily engaged, doing a large amount of business, been in constant contact with business men and achieved a reputation for urbanity, shrewdness, integrity and reliability of enviable brightness. All classes with a remarkable unanimity sympathize in his misfortune. It is always saddening to witness the failures of the striving. The elasticity of youth and hopefulness may enable the victim to arise stronger from the fall. But when the aged one, whose sense of life have almost become exhausted in the effort to secure a competency for his latter days, and the loved ones around him, and who see the realization of his hopes almost within his grasp, feels the earth slipping from beneath his feet, his hopes delusive, his life-work vain, the burden assumes a crushing weight, an overwhelming magnitude. Human sympathy, the oft-derided, may become a ministering angel then.

—Emperor William announces that 72,000 reserves will be called out at once. Speaking later he said that it did not mean war, but was simply intended to familiarize them with the new repeating rifle. Crown Prince Frederick William, however, is quoted as saying that the situation is still serious.

Buckner's Arnica Salve
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

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W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail Druggists of Boone, Ga., say: "We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Buckner's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled goods that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Penny & McAllister. (1)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all
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Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Rushing, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Sully & Warren, next door to the Myers House.
KATE DUDDELLAR.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
At his solicitation, we accompanied F. K. Tribble to Versailles, Ky., to examine the Hoige & Wire fence constructed by the Blue-Grass Hedge Fence Co., which Mr. Tribble represents. We found the fence just as represented in every particular, being absolutely at all proof and we also consider it highly ornamental to the farms on which they are constructed. We find upon enquiring the Company are perfectly responsible for all their contracts. We take pleasure in recommending the Company and their fence to all in need of fencing.
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Thou shalt buy the medicines from Bourne.
Reason: Bourne's goods are pure. Thy life is too valuable to be sacrificed because of loathsome pills.
Thou shalt marry soon, very soon.
Reason: The good home maketh this a hard winter, and Bourne's toilet articles will make this beautiful above thy fellows. (If thou dost not desire to marry, thou wilt desire to be envied because of thy beauty.)
Thou shalt go hunting and fishing. Bourne has the material.
Thou shalt have a baby, a fiddle, an accordion, violin strings, lamps, frames, pictures, mirrors, warranted jewelry.
Bourne has them, and the finest lot of candles ever brought to Stanford.
Thou shalt keep in mind that Bourne is the clearest man (except Mr. Cox) and the best man to deal with.
"Horse rad, violets blue."
Bourne is the place for you. —[Shakespeare and his half of his glories and his goods have not been told the.]

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The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos,
The Celebrated O'ough and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs,
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S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts,
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References:—A. R. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Boatley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Hudson, Lancaster, Ky. 103-104

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