

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Observations of the Country And Tales With the People

South of the River

We had been told that we should find a beautiful country south of the Solomon, and we were not disappointed. Three creeks, named and numbered First, Second and Third, set in from the hills south, along which lie some of the pleasantest of little valleys. These creeks are not heavily timbered, but they are bordered by some of the most valuable of farming lands.

Proceeding from Brittville up the west bank of Third Creek, about one and one half miles from its mouth, we came to the residence of M Louthan, a pleasant old gentleman and Justice of the Peace, Mr. L is working 33 of his 154 acres; has a comfortable home and pleasant surroundings. "Luck" was against him this year, but he has spirit to "stay by" and try again.

On our way over to Second Creek we crossed the farm of E Louthan, which, sloping gently toward the Solomon, and taking in a fine scope of bottom will one day, if well cared for, be a proud possession.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert Deputy
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Observations of the Country And Tales With the People

South of the River

Second Creek is better populated than either of the other two. Among the workers of this favored valley are H H and I N Dairymple, the former of who works 100 and the latter 75 acres. There is White Jones, also, who has over 100 acres broken; who this year raised 30 acres of wheat, and lost 50 acres of corn; who has about 20 head of cattle and a five-acre orchard. Lower down the creek we found Capt Volney Baker, who has as fine a quarter as one would care to own, it would seem. It lies on both sides of the creek, and takes in a fine lot of timber. The Captain harvested 30 acres of wheat, which yielded 15 bushels to the acre, and lost 12 acres of corn. He has an 18-acre field of winter wheat, put in early and deep, which was looking beautifully. To the kind of hospitality of the Captain and his pleasant lady we stand indebted for a good dinner.

The most prominent object on First Creek is a stately two-story stone residence, built high and commanding a magnificent view. This is the property of S P Fuller, whose finely improved farm is joined, on the north and west, by those of his brothers S B and G L. The brothers have, together, about 160 acres under cultivation, and they raised about 900 bushels of wheat and 250 of oats, this year. S P has a thrifty orchard started. He is setting out 10 acres of timber.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Observations of the Country And Tales With the People

South of the River

Recrossing the Solomon near Glasco, we found Capt. J H Potts, one of the substantial men of Solomon Township busily obeying the injunction to "Make hay while the sun shines." We enjoyed a pleasant chat with the Captain, and obtained from him many interesting facts in regard to the early settlement of the valley in "times that tried men's souls." He has a valuable farm on the Solomon about a mile southwest from Glasco, with 80 acres under cultivation. He raised, this year, 20 acres of winter wheat, getting 18 bushels to the acre, and lost 45 acres of corn. Have 20 acres of fall wheat and 14 acres of rye now growing. Has a large Orchard nicely started, and half acre in Concord grapes. Has 15 head of cattle and handles some 200 head for other owners. The Captain is evidently well fixed and prospering.

His neighbor, Wm Abbott, who has a good stone residence, has also a fine farm, 55 acres of which he is cultivating. This place has a salt spring.

A short distance east of Glasco we find John Brockman and D Starks. The former has a fine stone residence, and other good improvements including fencing for 20 acres. He is working 70 acres. The latter named gentleman has a fine farm near town. As we passed it we were surprised and delighted by the sight of a large and beautiful flower garden, with every tint of color, apparently, in full bloom. We also noticed a neatly kept peach orchard of between 400 and 500 trees; also a thrifty hedge.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Observations of the Country And Tales With The People

South of the River

A half-mile east of town lay a valuable property belonging to the gentlemanly merchant JM Copeland. He is cultivating 80 acres; has three miles of two year old hedge; raised this year 25 acres of winter wheat, yielding 15 bushels to the acre, and has sown 25 acres of the same for another harvest; in the spring will sow 30 acres of wheat and oats; intends to have 10 acres in fruits and vines. He has a large and attractive stone residence.

The east and southeast part of the township is a beautiful scope of country, but we have neither time nor space for a complete description. Among its best farmers and workers we will name John Downey, the Studt Brothers, C Horn Abram and William Butler, and Mr. Isbell. There are others names we did not get, all of whom are energetic and prospering farmers. The township has four-week day and three Sunday schools, which fact speaks well for the moral tone of the people, whom we almost invariable found courteous and kind in demeanor as well as enterprising and public-spirited in their work and conversations.

**Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert Deputy
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

Agnes Haviland's Ride

Aggie Haviland came walking slowly down the straggling, ill-built principal street of the new Western village one warm September day, her hands full of letters and papers. The dry goods clerks and the druggists had kept a sharp lookout of the flutter of her blue muslin, and came casually to the door in time for a bow and a smile. The editor of the Waneta News, who did more than the brainwork of his journal, on the contrary, kept carefully out of sight, less he should be seen in his shirt-sleeves, while he had a passing vision of a fair face and sunny brown curls, under a broad hat.

Young Dr. Hadden made minute inquiries concerning Mrs. Haviland's health since her last attack, in the vain hope of eliciting some symptom that would justify his immediate attendance.

It might have been very well for his suit if he had; but mamma was "much better than usual, thank you," and he was obliged to let her pass on homeward alone.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

BY H.E. Smith
Agnes Haviland's Ride

"It is twelve miles through the woods," objected Mrs. Haviland.
"Only three or four miles of forest, mamma; and I shall be there before night."

I shall be uneasy about you. Haven't I heard something bad about the people up that way?
"I guess not," laughed Aggie. "Now, mother, don't worry about me! As if I couldn't ride up to the farm and back, with papa, in time for the train in the morning."

It was settled, and Aggie ran out to the stables to have the horses saddled, Melissa Briggs following.

"What's up Maggie?" Queried the damsel.
"I am going after father," replied Agnes. "Who's going along?"
"No one."

"I wouldn't do it for nothing in this living world!" cried Melissa. "The horse-there'll ketch you!"

"I guess not," said Agnes, with indifference.
"Why Aggie, you can't do it. They killed a peddler up thee once for his money."
"Melissa, isn't that what you call a "bogle-story."

"No sir-ee!" chimed in Billy, the stable-boy; "the stage-driver always carries pistols."

"Well, I've got to go, any rate," said she, turning toward the house; "and don't either of you tell those stories to mother for anything."

Mr. Haviland was engaged in litigation which might leave him a millionaire or the possessor of only very moderate means. In anticipation of the latter result, he prudently resolved to lay the foundation for another fortune, bought Western lands and engaged in various enterprises.

The Sand Ridge region extends over miles and miles of country, consisting of wooded, sandy ridges, with intervention marshes and occasional openings. Game of all sorts was plentiful, but the soil was thought to be worthless, and the few inhabitants were believed to be there for the purpose of harboring horse-thieves and sharing their profits.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

BY H.E. Smith

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

Agnes Haviland's Ride

Now the dwellings ere less and less frequent, and by the time she reached the belts of timber, she confessed to herself a feeling of nervousness. The sun was getting low, and the forest-road looked lonely. She had traversed about two miles of woods when the horses sprang aside, startled by the sudden apparition of two men, muddy and rough-looking with guns.

Aggie's heart gave a great leap, and, thoroughly frightened, she urged the horses on at a flying pace; but the men only lifted their hats, one of them with easy grace, the other bowing with all a Frenchman's effusion.

"Only hunters," thought Agnes, ashamed of her cowardice. "By Jove! Fernand! Who would have expected such a vision as that in this wilderness? She must be bound for the plantation we came upon this morning."

"No doubt, mon ami."

"Those were vicious-looking scoundrels we saw stealing through the timber a while ago. Suppose we strike across here and see that she passes the creek safely?"

"Wiz all my heart," responded monsieur. Coming soon to the little stream, Agnes stopped to let the horses drink. It was a pretty place; the shallow water clear and limpid, the banks covered with close undergrowth of bushes, a blaze of cardinal flowers in the marshy islets.

Tired by rapid riding, she rested a few minutes, leaning over to watch the tiny fish darting here and there, quite unconscious of the ill-looking figure lurking behind a large tree near by, and hidden by the bushes.

"Ha'nt you stole a hoss, miss?" Aggie started, almost expecting to see Capt. Billings, but beholding a most villainous-looking individual instead. "Looks powerful like it," he continued, passing his arm through the chestnut's bridle-rein and grasping the other.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

Agnes Haviland's Ride

"You are mistaken sir," said Agnes, quietly, "I am on my way to father's farm." Can't believe you, my beauty. Reckon I'll have to set you down yer and take the hosses."

"You will do no such thing!" cried Agnes, roused and fearless now, in the face of real danger. "Let go my bridle, or I'll fir on you!" drawing her little revolver. "Law!" said the man, with a grin, confident show old not fire without further warning.

"I shall not hesitate if you don't drop that bridle!" she said taking aim. But the words were scarcely spoken when her arm was seized with an iron grip, and another wicked face leered up at her.

"Let go, you coward!" cried she. "Pretty good grit, said he. "Bill, I reckon we'll take the gal along with the beasts." Then a chill like death came over her. There was a sudden rush through the underbrush, and Agnes' captor felt a pistol-barrel pressed to his temple.

"Let go your hold, this instant, you villain!" commanded its owner; and let go he did, not daring to stir; the other turned to flee, but found himself covered by Paul Fernando's rifle.

"Stop, my pleasant fried," said monsieur, and he complied.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

Agnes Thailand's Ride

Agnes disengaged the halter straps, and the fellows were secured to the neighboring trees, in spite of their protestations that it was only a little joke - they didn't mean anything. The Frenchman remained to guard the prisoners, and the handsome young hunter galloped on with Agnes to the farmhouse. Mr. Haviland and a posse of farmhands hurried back with him to the scene of adventure, only to find poor Monsieur Fernand overwhelmed with chagrin, the prisoners gone, and the unfortunate naturalist securely bound in their stead. A paper was left fastened to a tree bearing the classic inscription, "Ketch a weezle asleep!"

"Dey did vissle two, tree times," said monsieur. "Dey say dey haf one dog someveres, but whiles I keep one eye on dem, and one to dis wonderful creature, like a dry twig wiz legs I was seize from behind, and two fellows tie me and take my gun, and dey all go everyveres-dis way dat vey. Helas! Mourned monsieur; "dey vas so easy to be tie. I am one idiot. I am one idiot. I should know dey have friends here."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mr. Haviland, anxiously, when he returned to the cottage, "have you quite recovered from your fright?"

"I don't think I was very much frightened," said Agnes. "Papa I thought you would surely bring the gentlemen back with you!" "This is all my fault, Agnes! I never thought of your coming up here alone! I took every precaution to keep these things from you, so that you would not borrow trouble about me when I am up here." "Papa, they may have saved my life, and I did not even thank them!" "My dear, I said everything," said her father, "but they were far from their camp, and their party is going to move further on, early in the morning; they will call on us, my dear, when they pass through Wauneta, on their way home."

But Agnes' thoughts often reverted, that evening, to a handsome face, a lithe, graceful figure, a trick of voice and manner, which would render the luckless beaux of Wauneta insipid forever. The rising moon cast a soft, uncertain light over the hunters' camp, on a green ridge across the marshes. A grand bonfire was blazing; there was much laughing and jesting among the dark figures busied around it, and a savory smell of camp cookery pervaded air. Is there any pleasure in the world like camping out in the autumn woods?

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

Agnes Haviland's Ride

Can anything compare in flavor with stews and roasts prepared over the campfire? Is any sleep so sweet as under the little tent, with the wind in the tree-tops, the hooting of owls and distant yelping of prairie-wolves for music? The Indian's happy hunting-ground is no mean anticipation of future bliss. It was a scene for an artist, and Ray Fielding had often studied it with an artist's eye; but tonight a different picture occupied his mind, and his cigar went out, forgotten in pleasing reverie.

The two friends had prudently spared themselves from unmerciful raillery by keeping their story to themselves, but, as they lay resting on their blankets spread on the soft greensward, the Frenchman became voluble with whimsical regrets over his misadventure.

"A pretty tale to relate to our friends –verre pretty!" "Beautiful!" said Fielding, with repressed enthusiasm. "We shall never have such an opportunities any more!" "Yes, when we come back," mused Fielding.

"I never would think I should be so precious green!" "No blue, said Ray, irrelevantly. "Eh?" said Paul, regarding him quizzically. "Ah, our certainement, deeplee, darklee, beautiful lee blue-eh, mon ami, caught at last!" "Nonsense!" said Ray; but he resolved to know more of beautiful, intrepid Agnes Haviland.

The hunting party, in due time, disbanded and returned to the prosaic earring of bread and butter, but the artist and naturalist still lingered. Making Waneta their headquarters, they went out hunting and fishing, the Frenchman collecting specimens, and Fielding filling his portfolio with some of the best work of his life. It was the life in which Paul delighted, and Ray spent all his evenings with sweet Agnes. These Arcadian days could not last forever, but before young Fielding departed for his distant city home, certain credentials had been laid before Mr. Haviland, and the loveliest in Waneta had been wooed and won. The great suit was at length favorable decided, and Mr. Haviland's investments, combined with the fortune of his son-in-law, gave great impetus to the now beautiful little city of Waneta. The horse thief region has become quite harmless and respectable, is being rapidly drained and settled, and Agnes Fielding and her husband often ride out thither to visit their great fruit and stock farms in the Sand Ridge.

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Judy Lambert Deputy
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A WHOLE PARTY SAVED BY A HORSE

December 25, 1874

The following incident, though not of recent date, will be found interesting as illustrating the sagacity of a horse;

Some years since, a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Kansas, when a violent snowstorm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a forest of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other trees. The wind was blowing very hard and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon footsteps in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, they were their own traces. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were shivering with fear and cold the chief man caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "If any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way back to camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seem to say, "Come on Boys! Follow me, I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their campfires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for "Old Jack."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Superintendent Doran Among the Schools

Ed. Empire:

I visited the three schools in Shirley Township a couple of weeks ago. Found M.J. Mundy doing a good work in No. 59. The school house is the best in the county outside of the towns; furnished with Eureka desks. The District has adopted a uniform series of text books, and the progress of the school has been good. Special proficiency in Map Drawing-Guyot's Method.

No. 1 has good house-Eureka furniture. An orderly, industrious school, taught by W.L. Babbitt. The progress of the school has been all that could be expected under the circumstances. They have a variety of text books; still, many of them are not the best. A good Literary Society is supported, holding its meetings at No. 1 and 59, alternately.

No. 29 has a good house and a very full school taught by Miss Burleigh. She is working hard and meeting with very fair success.

J.L. Palmer is teaching the first school in No. 71, and the first school in a school house in Colfax Township. The building is not large, but is a good one, and Mr. Palmer was working hard and succeeding well in organizing and drilling his raw recruits.

I visited No.12 a short time since, and found Mr. Shrader's school quite successful, comparatively speaking. He has not the best books throughout, but the school is better supplied and has reached a higher standard than at any time previous.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Superintendent Doran Among the Schools
Ed. Empire:

The above programme is sufficient to show that Nelson is neither dead nor sleepeth; but the exercises throughout were good. The chief lack was in the musical department-but one song; that, however, well sung by Mrs. Titterington, their chief musical talent being absent.

On Thursday I visited the school, and found Mr. Burr master of the situation. The day was cold and the attendance below the average, but the work was well done. On Friday I visited No. 20, Aurora Township, and found Miss Sixsmith with about 15 pupils. They still have too great a variety of text books, but the work was fair. I should be glad to see entire uniformity in the County, and then there would be no clash whenever a pupil wished to attend school in any other district. Of the series recommended Clark's Grammars are more used in the county than all others combined. The Independent Series of Readers is as much used as any other, and more districts have that series only than have uniformity on any other; and the same may be said of Guyots Geographies. Felter's Arithmetic has been adopted in several schools, and is the only one in use in the county
Worthy of adoption.

Friday evening I attended a mock trial at No. 20, wherein D.F. Fiddler, of the "County of Princeville and State of Aurora," instituted proceedings against Tim O'Hara and brought him before Judge Snoozensnipe on charge of stealing two pigs from his premises on the night of the 10th of October last. The trial was set for 7 p.m. but some important witnesses being absent the trial was delayed for a short time, and they invited me to talk for a time in order to pacify the audience and prevent the damage of summary vengeance, which I endeavored to do for the space of twenty minutes, when, well knowing that there were those present who were impatient to solve the mystery of the lost porkers, I gave way.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Superintendent Doran Among the Schools

Ascertaining that the prisoner was unable to employ counsel, and the appointment of Attorney Whackensnap by the Court, an unsuccessful attempt at escape by the prisoner, and the selection of a jury on demand of counsel for defense, the trial proceeded. The testimony of complaining witness was strong against accused, and was well corroborated by three other witnesses for the prosecution, but accused claimed that he “wash not there at all on that night, but that he had gone to see Biddy O’Flaherty, and did not return till nigh onto 5 o’clock in the morning, yer honor.” His statement was corroborated by several other witnesses, and the jury decided that “he was after going to see Biddy and not stalin’ pigs,” and brought in a verdict of “Not Guilty,” whereupon the judge assessed the cost to prosecuting witness, and ordered the Sheriff to take charge of him until it be paid.

Although the night was cold a good audience was present. A Lyceum is well sustained there.

Register of Deeds
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Rollin West's Will

"Well I declare?" Miss Chirrup was always "declaring - might be said, indeed, to be in the indicative mood, was verb intransitive unless the notes of admiration with which she invariable followed it might be taken to be its object.

"Well I declare!" said Miss Chirrup, in a shrill whisper.

"Did you ever?" said miss Chirk, in another. It was Rollin West's will that the two were discussing. It was very brief and explicit. "I bequeath my entire estate, real and personal, to my niece, Ruth Morgan," with date, signature, and attestation, was all that there was of it.

The Misses Chirrup and Chirk were too distantly related to the testator to have entertained any considerable hope on their own account. A trifling reminder, in reference to family etiquette, was as much as either had a right to expect. That Rollin West should have left his while fortune to one of his nieces, to the exclusion of the other, whom everybody had supposed to be his favorite, took more that the Misses Chirrup and Chirk by surprise.

Mr. West had been for many years a widower. His children had all died in infancy, and a couple of orphaned nieces, cousins to each other, and reared under his roof, constituted his household. That his fortune should be left to them equally, was a point people took for granted; but should any discrimination be made between them nobody would have hesitated to say it would be in favor of Milly Grange, her uncle's pet, whose blithesome smiles he had been want to call the sunlight of his life.

Milly's loving heart was too full of sorrow at her uncle's death, and of gratitude for his kindness in bygone years, to leave room for any feeling of reproach at his last unaccountable act, which the Misses Chirrup and Chirk so earnestly protested against.

It was not till the cousins had resumed their places in society that Milly began to notice the difference made by her altered prospects. It was Ruth now, and not she, that was the center of attractions.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Rollin West's Will

To be rid of the common herd of fops and to be no longer pestered by their silly flattery, Milly felt was a thing to be thankful for. When Orville Ryors turned his back upon her, and joined the ranks of her cousin's admirer's, she must have been other than a woman not to feel it.

Mr. Ryors was the pet beau of Billingsdale, Handsome in person, accomplished in manners, and of fascinating address, he was not one whose attentions were likely to prove distasteful in any quarter, and when they were directed toward Milly Granger in a manner sufficiently marked to excite no small degree of envy, we may not be surprised if, instead of repelling, she just a little encouraged them.

It would have required a closer analysis than Milly had ever made of her feelings to show her how little she cared for Mr. Ryors, and how much she cared for Arthur Warren, whom she had known and liked since they had played and, sometimes, quarreled together in childhood. Arthur's self-examination had gone deeper. He devotedly loved Milly and knew it. If he had never said so outright, it was from motives of delicacy, prompted by the difference of their positions. She was a prospective heiress; he was without fortune, and void of expectations, save those whose realization depended on him.

Having never spoken out, it may be that Arthur Warren had no right to feel aggrieved by the attentions paid by Mr. Ryors to Milly. He should have remembered that young gentlemen who have nothing to say for them are not privileged to stand in the way of others who have.

Arthur was not reasonable. He was not even candid. He quarreled with Milly on the score of Orville Ryors, without a word of explanation as to what concern it was of his if she married that gentleman the next day.

Now Milly was a girl of spirit. She not only refused to decline Mr. Ryors' attentions at the unwarrantable dictation of Arthur, but received them with rather more encouragement than before.

People began to say it would be a match soon, and it might have been, had not Milly's uncle died. For Mr. Ryors, as we have said, was a very attractive person, and Milly had not sufficiently scrutinized her heart to be aware that her chief interest in him sprang from the pleasure of having triumphed where so many others had failed, and a disposition to assert her own will.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Rollin West's Will

When Arthur Warren left his native village without so much as calling to bid her good-by, Milly cried a little, without well knowing why, and that evening went to a ball with Orville Ryors and was among the gayest of the gay. It is very likely she would then and there have accepted Mr. Ryors, had he said the word, just to show how little she cared for Arthur Warren.

The grief that Milly felt at her uncle's death for a season overshadowed all other thoughts. When time a length had so tempered her sorrow that her life began to flow again in its accustomed channels, it was not without a little chagrin that she beheld the man whose attentions had been lately so devoted to her that people began to couple their names significantly, turn and follow her fortune instead of herself.

Milly knew now how little she had ever cared for Orville Ryors; but would others understand it? The thought stung her past endurance. The meanness of him who thus humiliated her scarce exceeded in her eyes that of her Cousin Ruth, who permitted, instead of spurning, his advances.

In the bitterness of her heart, Milly resolved to quit her cousin's abode, and make her way to the great city, trusting that where so many live there must be many ways of getting a living, some of which would be open to her.

She had been liberally supplied with money during her uncle's lifetime, and had husbanded enough to meet the expenses of her journey, and, for a time, her living. So one day, without a word to anyone, she secretly packed her trunk caused it to be conveyed to the railway station, and took the train for New York.

The day and night her journey lasted was one of alternate hopes and misgivings. At Times she would have fain turned back, but when she thought of the jeering tongues behind her, her eyes would flash through her tears, and though her lips quivered, her heart would again become firm and resolute.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Rollin West's Will

Milly had never seen the city before. Its din and bustle confused her. Surrounded by importunate hack men and hotel runners quick to perceive her inexperience, she found herself at last, without her own volition, seated in a carriage whose driver undertook to convey her to the Kickshaw, the best house in the city, he assured her, though it had not a very inviting look, Milly thought, as the carriage stopped in front of it.

"Your fare, miss," said the driver, jumping down - "five dollars, you know." It was not the extortionate demand that brought a troubled look over the girl's face. Putting her hand into her pocket, she found her money had disappeared. She searched everywhere, but in vain. She had doubtless been robbed in the crowd after leaving the train. A feeling of hopeless terror overcame her at the thought of being there a total stranger, without a cent in the world.

In a trembling voice Milly explained her situation. "Thad dodge won't do," said the driver. "No it won't do," added a frowsy-looking clerk, who made his appearance just then. "We can't take people at the Kickshaw that have no money, you know."

"It's a rank swindle, and I'll call a policeman!" exclaimed the driver. A crowd began to collect. The frightened girl sobbed and glanced appealingly from one coarse face to another without encountering a single look of pity. At this instant the driver and the clerk, who stood close to the carriage door, found them simultaneously collared and thrust a considerable distance asunder ya right and left shove from a pair of vigorous arms.

"Milly Grange!" exclaimed a voice that brought the blood back to the maiden's blanched face. "Arthur Warren!" was all she could answer. "Well I declare!" uttered a shrill voice-none other than Miss Chirrup's who, without Milly's knowledge, had come to live in the city, and who chanced to be passing at the time.

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Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Rollin West's Will

Matters were soon explained and Miss Chirrup, who had the kindest of hearts, invited her relative home with her; and Arthur, having paid the driver his just due, called another carriage and escorted the ladies to their destination. He called round that evening and spoke his mind to Milly. Milly found out that she always loved him. Arthur explained that it was only the difference in their former prosperity that had kept him silent.

Milly said she wouldn't care to be rich if it wasn't for his sake. Arthur said he was glad he wasn't rich, and added that he was earning a salary that two could live on comfortable, and in short, the two lovers were as happy as heart could desire.

Ruth Morgan's anxiety at Milly's sudden disappearance had been relieved by intelligence of her safety; and Ruth was in high spirits when Mr. Ryors called, determined this time, to bring matters to a crisis. He had more than once tried the plan of gradual approaches. On this occasion he resolved to come directly to the point, and had actually gotten half way on his knees when Ruth said, quietly, - "Do not be too hasty, Mr. Ryors; you may regret it." "There is but one thing I can regret - your refusal." "My uncle's will -" began Ruth. "I know; it left you all he had," interrupted the gentleman; "but that is nothing to me." And quite as little, I assure you, to me," said Ruth. "When his will took effect my uncle had nothing to leave." The kneeling process was suspended midway, and Mr. Ryors remained in a very uneasy and not altogether graceful posture, while Ruth continued, - "My uncle made a deed, you see, conveying his entire estate in trust for the benefit of my Cousin Milly, reserving only a life interest to himself."

The hinges of Mr. Ryors' knees suddenly uncrooked. "Good-good morning Miss Morgan he stammered. "Good-good-morning sir," said Ruth bursting into a ringing laugh when the discomfited suitor's back was turned. "It shall never stand!" said Milly, when she and Ruth met, a few days later. "Your claims on your uncle were as good as mine, and the property shall be divided equally." "Don't trouble yourself little one said Ruth, before Uncle Rolin provided for you, your aunt, by an understanding between them, settled her fortune on me. Won't it console Mr. Ryors to hear it? "But that will of uncle's - "was to save you from a fortune hunter husband," replied Ruth.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

One of Many

December 26, 1874

I am sitting by the open window and looking out upon the orchard, where the trees stand laden with apple blooms, where delicate perfume floats in this twilight air just as it did four years ago tonight.

There is nothing changed about this old place, as I look upon its picture now. There stands the stone-curbed well, over which the long sweep hangs, with its dangling bucket, moss-covered and dipping water monotonously, just as ever. There is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo himself is lying there, with his nose upon his outstretched paws, and his eyes closed lazily; precisely thus he lay as I looked out of this window four years ago this hour. I can hear Kate and Bess and Dick and Duke stamping with their iron hoofs in the stables in the old red barn; and over the top of the same tree that bears the golden sweets, peeps the wooden weathercock on the roof of the hay-shed. The doves have been flying in and out of their cotes over the wide door, for the past hour; And the swallows, not yet gone to sleep, are squeaking and chattering in the eyes overhead. There dangles the swing under the oak. Yonder comes Phillip whistling up the road. He has changed no more in these four years than if he were an image, instead of being, as he is, a middle-aged serving man. Everything my eye rests on is just the same-just the same. I wish it were not. How can the world go on so unchanged?

It seems as if I had been dreaming, here by the window in the sun of the warm May afternoon, and had just awakened in the falling twilight.

**Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert Deputy
(Continues)**

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

ONE OF MANY

December 26, 1874

Yes . There on the bed within this room, my boy is sleeping. Here on my finger is my wedding ring, and I kiss it, and it is as cold to my lips as his forehead was. Here are my widow's mourning garments. I am twenty-two. I was eighteen when Frank drew me to his heart, here in this very room, and called me his darling, his brown-eyed bride. Oh, how I loved him! You ladies who live in cities, and whose lives are crowded with events-who have loved and unloved one man after another - whose hearts were older at eighteen than mine is this day, even after all its deep joy and sorrow - you cannot know how I loved my husband.

My father was so stern with me that him I never dared to love. My mother died when I was little, and my father kept me always under his eye, permitting me no such pleasures as those that country girls generally have, and books were my best companions. There were balls at the tavern at the cross roads in the winter, but I never went to them. There were picnic parties in the summer, and husking-bees in autumn, and other merry-makings of which I sometimes heard, but which I never saw. Almost my only knowledge of life outside my home was gathered from the glimpses I got of the neighbor-people on Sunday at the little church where all the farmers on Morton Heights met to worship, and still do. It was there I first saw Frank, - when I was a little curly-headed girl, and he was a blue-eyed boy, five years my senior. There I saw all I ever saw of him, till I was sixteen, and he was home for the vacation. I met him then, one afternoon as I was coming home from a neighbor's house, and he walked along by my side. I loved him that hour with my whole soul; and during the two years following I learned to find my sweetest happiness in his smile, the thrilling touch of his hand, the soft words of love he spoke to me; and at last to sink in the tremor of unutterable happiness upon his breast when he asked me to be his wife.

Register of Deeds

Judy Lambert Deputy

(Continues)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

ONE OF MANY

December 26, 1874

The great rooms of Squire Morton's house were like those of a palace compared to the humbler home where I had been reared, and it was there we were married, for Frank wished it so. The crowding guests, the gleaming lights, the marriage ceremony, the congratulations, the whispered joy of my husband as he bent over me, and the odor of the apple blossoms pervading all, seemed like a beautiful dream then – seems like dear wife," There is no need I am ready to go."

Then I told him and he smiled. There was a peculiar light in his eyes as he turned them on me and said; Mary, I shall live till spring.

It was October then, so many months of life yet: It seemed like a priceless boon, nearly half a year to live? Oh, what a world of love should be crowded into that time! And I believed him, too. I don't know why, but I did.

The winter rolled by slowly, and he did not die. Sometimes I would feel a wild hope that he might recover, and he would see it shining in my eyes, and would smile and shake his head in answer to the unspoken thought.

"In the spring," he said, very often – "In the spring, I shall die." The spring came too soon, the robins began to sing in the sunshine – the starling came to his old nest in the apple tree by the wall. Sometimes Frank would bid me open the window so that he could hear the plaintive notes of the bluebirds and the twitter of the sparrows under the eaves. Wrapped in heavy shawls, and sitting in his great armchair, he would gaze out the window with these dreamy blue eyes till he seemed to forget that I was there.

"They are getting ready," he would murmur. "I shall hear from them soon. I thought he was talking of the angels. "What do you see out there, Captain Frank?" asked Dr. Thomas, one such day as he entered the room. "I am looking southward!" whispered Frank. "There will be grand news from the front very soon, that is what I am waiting for."

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert Deputy
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

One of Many

December 27, 1874

Then we understood him. The window looks toward the south, and commands a view of the road leading to the village, ten miles away. And it was there he sat when he died. You must know that here on the Heights we get the news but once a week. We are on high road where travelers pass. The half-dozen farmers, who live on the Heights with us, like us, go to the village on Saturdays, the common market day. Then we get the weekly newspaper, which is issued in the village on Friday morning, and contains all the events of the week that is past.

Frank slept none on Thursday night, and Friday morning early he asked that Philip be sent to the village. It was afternoon when Philip returned. Frank sat by the open window, gazing earnestly down the road. It was a beautiful day. The air was balmy as in June, and the birds were flying about and twittering joyously in the trees. Presently Philip came in sight around a bend in the road. He was waving the newspaper in the air, seemed to be shouting something, but we could not hear. The orchard shut him view a minute after, and I ran down stairs to meet him at the gate.

"Hooray!" cried Philip. "Victory!" I devoured the news with quick eyes, and then ran up stairs to Frank, and knelt by his chair. "Dear husband," said I, "the news is grand. Do you think you can bear to hear it?" "Mary," said he, "I shall never be stronger than I am this hour. It is my last. Tell me the good news. I have waited long for it."

Amidst my tears I read the news, Richmond was evacuated and our troops occupied it. Jeff Davis was flying for his life, and Lee's whole army had surrendered to Grant. An order had been issued to stop recruiting and drafting. Peace had already dawned. He listened with closed eyes, an expression of unutterable happiness on his white face.

"Glory!" he murmured, when I had done. "That night is past. Dear wife, I am happy now. I knew I should live to see the dawn." An hour later he passed away. I sat at his feet, clasping his hand in both of mine.

"Mary," he whispered, "you know the legacy I leave my boy. He is too young to understand now, but as he grows up teach him his priceless value. The day will come when he will be prouder to know that his father died one of the martyrs in freedom's cause than he would be if I had made him heir to millions. I was a soldier, too!

Register of Deeds

Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Story of a Grizzly Bear

“Now, uncle, we are all ready for a story,” said Benny Reede, as he and his brother Josey drew their chairs to his side, before a nice blazing wood fire, on a cold evening in November.

Uncle was a great favorite, and a very important person in the eyes of all the children in the family, for they had but recently made his acquaintance, as he had spent a number of years in California and Oregon, living the wild, rude life of a hunter and trapper; and his endless budget of stories was an unfailing source of pleasure to them all.

“Now, you may tell us just as awful a story as you know, and you won’t frighten me a bit,” said Benny.

“Well, let me see,” said uncle; “shall it be a grizzly bear story, or an Indian story, or what?”

“O, a grizzly! A grizzly!” they both shouted. “Well, a grizzly let it be then. “Tis a true story, remember; but you may not think it is as awful as the made-up ones.”

“When I first went to California, I knew a man there by the name of Johnny Astor. He lived alone in a tent, among the mountains, and the boys all said that Johnny was piling up the “dust” very fast. He went shares with no one. He occasionally gave us a call, on his way to town for provisions; but he said very little about his business.

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Judy Lambert
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Story of a Grizzly Bear

“We often told him it was unsafe for him to live alone, for some of the Indians at tat time were very hostile; and the bears were even more to be dreaded than the Indians, particularly the grizzly, which had often been seen in that vicinity. They are the most powerful and ferocious of all the bear tribe, and when hungry or enraged, will attack a man or an animal; they have very large feet, and very long claws; their hair is coarse; and they have a mane between their shoulders which stands erect; they are very difficult to kill, and, when wounded, are very dangerous to the hunter.

“One morning, the whole camp was surprised by the arrival of Johnny, with all his earthly possessions on his back-tent, frying-pan, pick and shovel.

“What’s the matter?” “Where are you bound?” “What’s happened?” were the exclamations heard on every side. “I’m bound not to live alone any longer; that’s what’s the matter. A grizzly came near making mince-meat of me, last night, and I thought it was time for me to pull up stakes and leave that place.”

“Good for you, Johnny; I have been telling you to do so all along,” said one of the boys. “Well, what about the grizzly?” I asked.

“I’ll tell you: Last night, after I had finished my day’s work and eaten my supper, I sat down before the fire t smoke; everything was as still as a mouse, and I was thinking over old times, when all at once I heard a terrible scratching and sniffing behind me, and turning around, as true as you live, there was a grizzly poking his nose under my tent!

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Judy Lambert
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Story of a Gizzly Bear

“I knew what that meant, boys; and I can tell you, my heart thumped as it never did before. I had neither gun nor revolver, for I am not a fighting man; and if I had had any fire-arms it would have been useless for me to have attempted to kill him; for unless you are a sure shot, ‘tis plaguey risky business to pull the trigger on a grizzly. But my wit served me well that time, for it suddenly popped into my head that it was tobacco smoke that made him snuff and sneeze so; for he would tuck his nose under the canvas, and then draw it back, with a terrible snort; so, what did I do but just stir up my fire to a brisk blaze, and taking out my tobacco, whittle it away lively on the coals. It was pretty tough for me, I can tell you; but it was for life, boys; and I kept whittling and whittling till the old tent was blue with smoke. He walked clear around it, putting in his nose here and there, but it was too much for him; my tobacco held out longer than he did; and finally he marched off and left me; but I watched for him till daylight, and then I packed up my traps –and here I am.”

“What a good thing it was that he knew how to smoke,” said Benny, who had been listening with open eyes and ears; “mother thinks ‘tis such a bad habit, and is always talking against it; but now I mean to learn, for it may save my life sometimes”

**Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Story of a Grizzly Bear

“It certainly did a good turn for Johnny once; but let me tell you, Benny, that the use of it destroys more lives than it saves; and your mother is quite right about it. I remember her good advice to me, when I left her years ago; and the remembrance of her gentle face and encouraging tones saved me from many a temptation. Be true to your mother’s counsel, and I am quite sure that you will come out all right. Johnny’s fright cured him of living alone; and he was never seen afterward without a revolver in his belt; but we were all doubtful about his knowing how to use it.”

“O, that was first-rate story, uncle –the best one you have told yet-please tell us another.”

“Not tonight, boys; not tonight; but if you are very polite to me, I will take you to the menagerie some day, and show you a bear, though he may not be a grizzly.”

“O, that will be splendid,” they both cried; and bidding him good-night, they went to their bed, on the best of terms with their uncle and all the world beside.

**Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
(Continued)**

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Comical Cure

By H.E. Smith

I was once sent for a great haste to attend a man of respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house I found Mrs. Harris in great distress of mind. "What is the matter with Mr. Harris?" I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looking the picture of distress.

"I'm afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where, he had, to all appearances, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and, though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple and breathing labored; but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was filled, and he lay perfectly stupid; but still I saw no clear indication of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, doctor?" Asked the anxious wife. "I don't know that is necessary, I replied; "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours.

"A few hours? He may die in half an hour," she exclaimed. "I don't think the case so dangerous as that, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray what do you think it is, doctor?"

Mrs. Harris looked anxiously into my face as she spoke. I deliberately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy, but this she positively and almost indignantly objected to.

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Judy Lambert

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Comical Cure

By H.E. Smith

“No, doctor. I ought to know about that,” she said. “Depend upon it, the case is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won’t you bleed him doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins.”

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opened a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, and relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

“Something else must be done doctor,” she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. “If my husband is not quickly relieved he must die.”

By this time several friends and relatives who had been sent for arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed blisters all over the body, and another a blister on the head; another, immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

“Why, doctor?” Asked one of his friends. “Perhaps he has taken some drug,” I replied. “Impossible, doctor,” said his wife. “He has not been from home to-day and there is no drug of any kind in the house.”

“No brandy?” I ventured the assertion again.

Register of Deeds

Judy Lambert

(Continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Comical Cure

By H.E. Smith

“No, doctor! No spirits of any kind, not even wine in the house” returned Mrs. Harris in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency because my house happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. Harris. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician be called.

“But the delay, doctor?” urged the friends. “No harm will result from it, be assured,” I replied. But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Dr. Solly came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going – to be back by the time Dr. Solly arrived, but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. Solly came we conversed aside for a few moments, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of the patient. There was still no signs of approaching consciousness.

“Don’t you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?” Asked the wife anxiously. Dr. Solly thought a moment, and then said,” Yes, by all means; send for a barber, and also a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine.”

I looked into the face of Dr. Solly with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do, but he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but also, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto, with which Mr. Harris was affected in a high degree.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Comical Cure

By H.E. Smith

The head of Mr. Harris was shaved, and Dr. Solly applied the blister with his own hands, and which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

“Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing” said Dr. Solly. “If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don’t feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after.” I did not call again, but heard from Dr. Solly the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bedside upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of Mr. Harris’ shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied; repeated and repeated again, but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

“It has done no good. Hadn’t we better send for the doctor?” suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of Harris opened and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded his bed.

Register of Deeds

Judy Lambert

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Comical Cure

By H.E. Smith

“What’s the matter?” He at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon. “Heavens and earth!” He was now fully in his senses. “Heavens and earth! What ails my head?”

“For mercy’s sake, keep quiet,” said his wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. “You have been very ill. “There, there, now!” And she spoke soothingly. “Don’t say a word, but lie very still.” “But my head! What’s the matter with my head? It feels as if scalded. Where’s my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah, I don’t understand this! What’s my arm tied in this way for?”

“Be quiet, my dear husband; and I’ll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet, your life depends upon it.”

Mr. Harris sank back upon his pillow, from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it tenderly from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

“Is it a blister?” he at length asked. “Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life,” said Mrs. Harris, affectionately. “There have been two physicians in attendance.”

Harris closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued there from, They would have sounded very strangely to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for sometime quiet.

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