

Early History of Cloud County

Comical Cure

By H.E. Smith

“Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?” He then said interrogatively. “Yes dear,” Replied his wife. “I found you lying insensible on the floor, on happening to come Into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you as I did, or you would certainly have died.” Harris shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience, but it’s meaning was not understood. Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

“Sarah,” he said “why in heaven’s name did you permit the doctors to butcher me in this way? I am laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing.” “It was to save your life, dear.” “Save” Hush! There, do for heaven’s sake be quiet; everything depends upon it.” With a gesture of impatience, Mr. Harris shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lie perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice, “Too bad! Too Bad! Too bad!”

I had not erred in my first and my last impression of Harris disease, neither had Dr. Solly. Although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case are these:

Harris had a weakness. He could not taste wine or strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both him and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and he by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. To see was to taste; to taste was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he not frequently resorted; but a to ardent devotion to this identical bottle brought on the supposed apoplexy. Dr. Solly was right in his mode of treating the disease, after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. Harris kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head on his shoulders with as philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blisters had disappeared, concealed the barber’s work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy, for fear of apoplexy. When the truth leaked out, as such things always will, the friends of Harris had many a hearty laugh, but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the supposed illness.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Mysterious Lodger

By H.E. Smith

The upper apartment of our boarding house, that is to say, a portion of the garret, was hired at an exceeding low price of the landlady, by a young gentleman, who gave his name as Barnabas Stoller.

He was about twenty-five years of age, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and the unfortunate possessor of a countenance, which would have secured his success as the poor apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." He seldom has any communications with the other boarders, and there was a certain air of mystery about him that puzzled every body in the house; no one could tell the nature of his business, nor give information of the slightest circumstance touching his general course of life. No one ever inquired for him at the house, excepting at meals, at which he was punctual, and which he devoured voraciously. He remained, while within the walls, secured in his apartment-the partitioned portion of the garret above mentioned.

The landlady, who certainly possessed as much curiosity as any member of the fair sex whom it has even been my good fortune to have any dealings with, had sounded everybody, in order to gain a clue to the mystery which enveloped Mr. Stoller, but without satisfaction. She had even propounded many circuitous inquiries to the gentleman himself, but received only vague replies, which but increased her excitements. He regularly paid his board every Saturday night, and always in coins of the smallest description, which he drew from a well-worn leather purse.

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EARLY HISTYORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Mysterious Lodger

By H.E. Smith

"A counterfeiter!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones; "very likely, Betty, and most probably a counterfeiter of half dollars, for he pays me every Saturday in small change, for which he must have exchanged his spurious money.

But then, Betty," added the landlady, "he could hardly make a living at counterfeiting, if he works at it only three hours in the week."

"No ma'am, that's true," answered Betty; "but still I am satisfied he must be doing something horrible, thought."

The landlady cogitated some time deeply, and then, shaking her head slowly from side to side, spoke again: "Well, Betty, he may be a conspirator; he may have some horrible plot in his head, and, I really

Don't feel safe in the house with him, unless I can discover what he does so slyly every Saturday, so tonight I'll ask him boldly at supper in what way he employs himself regularly once a week in his room."

Betty, who, being the only female in the house, excepting her mistress, was of course her principal supporter, warmly applauded the resolution. They both finally concluded that Mrs. Jones' plan was a good one, and the conference ended.

At the first sound of the bell, the inmates of the house flocked to supper, and among the foremost was the unconscious Stoller, dressed in his only suit of black.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Mysterious Lodger

By H. E. Smith

He had resided in the house for a single month, when the landlady discovered the following astounding and incomprehensible fact.

Every Saturday afternoon, about the hour of four, Mr. Barnabas Stoller entered the house and proceeded directly to his apartment, and, having audibly turned the key in the lock, would remain secluded for full three hours. This proceeding occurred regularly every Saturday, and by divers means did Mrs. Jones, the landlady, endeavor to solve the mystery of his temporary retirement. Once or twice she had been detected by one of the lodgers peering through Mr. Stoller's keyhole, but, being obstructed on the inner side by the key, it was somewhat difficult to obtain an accurate view of the premises. Nevertheless, by dint of waiting with her ear to the door for many minutes, the worthy dame had overheard strange, indefinite sounds rising from within, which although they convinced her that something was progressing, cast but little light upon the subject of her investigations.

"Betty," she remarked to her maid-of-all-work, one day, after one of these visits to the entry above, "What can he be doing every Saturday at this particular time?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine, ma'ma," replied the girl, thus adjured, "unless he's a counterfeiter."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER

BY H.E. SMITH

Mr. Stoller seated himself and commenced with his usual voracity upon the provisions before him; the boarders were all seated and well engaged; Betty was standing behind her mistress chair, with a face upon which anxiety and curiosity were deeply blended; no sound was heard save the clattering of knives and forks, with now and then the rattle of a Teaspoon in the cup.

The landlady, feeling that this was her time, made a strong effort and exclaimed:

“Mr. Stoller!”

Now the mere mention of Mr. Stoller’s name by Mrs. Jones at the tea-table could not certainly attract extraordinary attention, but the manner and tone of the lady startled many of the boarders sitting around; many dropped their knives and forks, and cast their eyes rapidly from Mrs. Jones to Mr. Stoller; the latter gentleman suspended his attacks on the supper, and gazed with an agitated countenance at the head personage of the house.

“Mr. Stoller” said Mrs. Jones, speaking slowly, in order to give every Word its due emphasis. “You are probably aware that I endeavor to carry on the affairs of my house as honest and circumspectly as possible” here was a pause; several lodgers nodded, and one who was noted for being remiss in paying his board-bill when due, intimated, in an audible voice, that the domestic economy of Mrs. Jones was not excelled by that by that of any similar establishment in the city.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER

By H.E. SMITH

Feb 27, 1874

"Mr. Stoller," continued Mrs. Jones, "will you be kind enough to inform me if you can, what business detains you in your room every Saturday between the hours of four and seven in the afternoon?"

All gazed at Mr. Stoller, anxious to have the all-important question settled; his agitation had been increasing to a fearful extent during Mrs. Jones' remarks, and, upon hearing her inquiry, he started to his feet; his face was deeply crimsoned, and he strove for some minutes in vain to speak.

"Ma'am," cried he at last, "you-you-I-cannot-now!" He stopped suddenly, kicked over his chair and dashed out of the room.

No pen can describe the astonishment of the spectators at this unexpected exit. Mrs. Jones started to her feet, and when she at length found her voice, addressed the company.

"Now, gentlemen," said she, "I am satisfied that Mr. Stoller must be engaged in some horrible plot in his room regularly every Saturday - some counterfeiting scrape or forgery; at any rate, some matter which will most likely destroy the credit of my home. I'm sure you must all agree with me when I say that some means or other must draw this horrible secret from him. I know, from the fright which seized him when I asked him the question, that there is something going wrong."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER

BY H.E. SMITH

Here Mrs. Jones hesitated, and waited to be assisted from her difficulty by some of the boarders present.

“Suppose,” said one, “that the next time he shuts himself up in his room, we all go in a body and break open the door.”

This brave proposition was immediately put down as being too belligerent in its general features. “Couldn’t some one slide down the roof of the house and peep in the window? “Asked another, doubtfully.

“That might do,” said Mrs. Jones, looking around upon the company in hopes to discover someone who would undertake the task, but no one moved, for the roof being a slated one, and very steep, was consequently too hazardous to be trusted as a foothold.

“I think,” said one of the gentlemen at the head of the table, “if we should all get together next Saturday afternoon and cry ‘fire’ in the Entries, we might bring him out, and then discover his employment.”

“Ah! exclaimed Mrs. Jones, “that’s a good plan, but it would be liable to raise the neighborhood; but I think we’ll close all the doors and windows and try it – at any rate, it can’t do much harm.”

In fine, the last was considered by the company to be a most excellent Plan for detection of Mr. Stoller in his dreadful plots, and the requisite arrangements were made on the spot.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER

BY H.E. SMITH

Nothing was said to Mr. Stoller during the week, and when Saturday afternoon arrived at last, the greater part of the boarders were in their rooms waiting for his arrival. At the usual hour of four the suspected lodger entered the house, and proceeded, as was his custom, immediately to his room. His door had been locked about half an hour when a large party of the boarders, headed by Mrs. Jones, was stealthily formed in the lower hall, and different detachments were then filed off to separate portions of the house, and two gentlemen, more courageous than the rest, stationed themselves close to Mr. Stoller's room, ready to glide in and examine the apartments as soon as he should open the door.

All these preliminaries being arranged, Mrs. Jones and her servant Betty raised a heartrending shriek in the kitchen, and then dashed up to the entry. The party in the lower hall slammed the doors, and at the top of their voices screamed "Fire!"

The united efforts were completely successful, for suddenly Mr. Stoller's door opened, and out rushed the gentleman himself. His coat was buttoned up about his neck and his sleeves turned up, leaving the lower portion of his arms bare; in his hands he held a white article dripping with water.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER

BY H.E. SMITH

"What is the matter, Mrs. Jones?" cried he, looking with astonishment upon the crowd that had collected about his door.

No cry of "fire" was now heard, and a dim light broke upon Mr. Stroller's mind - he saw the trick.

"Ah, gentlemen, " said he, slowly, "I see how it is; will a few of you gentlemen have the kindness to step into the room with Mrs. Jones and all the mystery shall be explained?"

They crowded in, the landlady taking the lead, and his room was completely filled. "Now, gentlemen," said he, slowly, you have taken so much interest in my affairs that it is but just that you should all be indulged with the knowledge of the strange secret which has so much harassed your minds. You see, gentlemen, that wash-basin, and in the chimney corner you will notice a few burning embers, and in my hands you will notice an article concerning which I hope there can be no mistake; and, gentlemen, by putting all these things together, you will easily discover that at an appointed time every Saturday afternoon -".

"That you do what?" cried several voices anxiously, as Mr. Stroller paused. "Wash, and dry my shirt for Sunday." The room was cleared in an instant, and that night "the mysterious lodger" paid his board and left the house forever.

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Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Lecture Delivered Before The Concordia Literary Society
By Jas. M Hagaman

Autumn of 1862

This year some of our citizens, from motives of patriotism and need of money, enlisted in the Union armies and went south to fight the Rebellion. David Heller enlisted in the 10th Regiment Kansas Vol. Infantry, March 5th.

Frederick Chaponskie, George Wilson, and Jacob Thorp, of Elm Creek, enlisted in the 13th Kansas, July 30th, and Caleb G Thorp, of Elm, enlisted in the Colorado 3d. Philip A Kiser, also, enlisted in the 13th Kansas, but whether he considered himself a citizen of Shirley County, or not, I am not prepared to say.

I will here remark, that if I have made a mistake in not according to some persons who were entitled to citizenship in this county, the mistake is unintentional, and grew out of the fact that they, like the pig the Irishman couldn't count, kept up such a terrible frisking about, that I have been unable to determine where they did belong. Another event occurred this year, which, in as much as it created a great deal of excitement, should be recorded. Certain citizens from Clay and Washington counties became seized with an extra-ordinary spasm of virtue, and, from mere suspension of they're being horse thieves, ran the two Conklins out of the country.

The autumn of 1862 passed without any stirring events, and "winter with its chilly air" came again; but up to and including January, it was, for winter, very mild.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Lecture Delivered Before The Concordia Literary Society
By Jas. M Hagaman

Autumn of 1862

Manhattan was yet our nearest point to a gristmill, and Junction City our nearest store. Our milling and purchases completed, we prepared for the winter and our usual winter's recreation. About the first of January 1863, Mr. August Fenskie and myself determined on a buffalo hunt and having a "good time" generally. Accordingly, after providing ourselves with a liberal stock of provisions for two weeks", started for the blue hills at the head of Salina Creek in Mitchell county. Everything went smoothly till the morning of the third day out, and we congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune in being favored with such good weather and fair prospects. We had not seen any buffalo, but fresh "signs" assured us that they were not far off. We had another reason for being happy.

It was mid-winter; therefore we would not be troubled with Indians. Vain hope. The night of the second day we camped at the mouth of Brown Creek, in Mitchell County.

Lounging around a cheerful fire "spinning yarns" and making a beautiful, calm, bright starlight night hideous with vocal music, were to be seen the heroes of this tale. How long this joviality was kept up I know not; but it ended and we slept and awoke, and it was day. The cattle and horses fed, a hasty breakfast prepared and dispatched, and was again on our way. A short distance above this creek we crossed the Solomon River, and came out on a beautiful plain about one mile wide and three long. The morning was a little hazy, and objects at a distance were indistinctly seen.

We had driven on this bottom but a short distance when my companion said, "Shim, what pees that?" pointing up the river and towards a high bluff. "A wolf, I guess." "Vat; if that pees a wolf, he pees riding a hoss." "Indians!" See them come out of the creek:

One, two, five, ten, twenty, thirty and that is not all. For a moment they wait, and then on they dash, urging their horses at the very top of their speed. "Fenskie, we are gone. See them fixing their arrows in their bows; getting their lances ready and their rifles and revolvers in order."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Lecture Delivered Before The Concordia Literary Society

By Jas. M Hagaman

Autumn of 1862

"Dey takes my hoss, sure." "See!" They are painted in war costume, and they are Cheyenne's." "Dey kills us!" "Kill us!" Of course they'll kill us. What else can they mean?" "Oh, my hoss is gone! My hoss is gone!" "Never mind your horse, but stop the team. Don't let us go any further in that direction."

The Indians were now in short rifle range, with arrows fixed in the bowlines, and rifles ready for immediate use. All now joined in that, to me, most detestable of all sounds, the "war whoop" of the genuine savage. The clatter of their horses, hoofs, mingled with their demoniac yells, together with their war-like attitude, was enough to strike terror to the heart of Mars. They are upon us; all around us; and a score of deadly weapons are pointed at each of us. Knives are brandished in our faces, and displayed in circular motions, as much as to say, "I'll scalp you." Fenskie groaned, and between the groans I could faintly hear, "Oh!" mine hoss, mine hoss, mine hoss is gone."

To say that I was not scared would be ridiculous untruth. But to say that I showed fear, I believe would be equally untrue. I say, "believe" for a person in that situation may not be a competent judge. But I had more than once resolved that if I died by the hand of a savage, he should not know, if I could prevent it, that I feared him or death. All the time I sat on the wagon with arms folded, looking at them with savage indifference, and said not a word. Time and again, rifles, revolvers, arrows and lances were leveled and placed within a few inches of my head; but I treated all such actions with the most provoking indifference. At the same time another party, or rather a part of the same party, were subjecting Mr. Fenskie to the same or similar threats and menaces.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Lecture Delivered Before The Concordia Literary Society

By Jas. M Hagaman

Autumn of 1862

When the cowardly crew first came up to us they formed in two lines, one on each side of the wagon, and the flutter of their blankets and rags, with frequent punches in the ribs, together with their demoniac yells, so frightened the cattle that they broke into a run. It is my opinion now, as it was then, they made a half a mile as quickly as cattle were ever known to make it. If I should tell you just what I said when taking that ride over ground so rough that it was with the greatest difficulty we stuck on the wagon, I fear it would greatly shock your moral feeling; and I am sure if our wishes had been but partially realized, hell would not be short of devils for the next decade at least, if Indians were fit subjects.

They were forcing us along all the time in the direction they came from, and it was our belief that it was their intention to take us to their camp and torture us to death; and this belief was strengthened by an occasional utterance in broken English, "squaw," "wigwam" "wigwam" "swap" "swap" It is said that the squaws take as much delight in torturing in torturing their captives as the "bucks." But I Can't vouches for that, as my experience is too limited. But to their camp we determined not to go, and if die we must it should be right there. I requested Fenskie to stop the cattle, but instead of doing it he gave me the whip. I laid it over the heads of the cattle, addressing them at the same time in my usual emphatic style, and they halted with such suddenness as to nearly throw us out of the wagon. At this two or three of the Indians were to smile.

At the same time a score of lances and arrows were leveled at us, and all that appearance could do to make believe it was their intention to use them was done. They tried several times to make the cattle go on, but I commanded them, with the same emphasis as at first, to stop, and they obeyed. The Indians finding it impossible to make the cattle go, showed a disposition to receive something to eat, which we gave them, and then one by one they dropped off till all were gone.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Lecture Delivered Before The Concordia Literary Society

By Jas. M Hagaman

Autumn of 1862

Believing discretion to be the better part valor, when the last Indian turned his back on us We immediately imitated him, by pointing our cattle's heads towards home. Our fear now was that another party might come, and we not having anything to give them to eat, would certainly put an end to us. You have heard of persons in peculiar circumstances making "tall tracks." Our tracks were not so remarkable for height as for length. No mischievous youth when engaged in hunting for the best melon, and unexpectedly discovered the proprietor with a double-barreled shot gun, ever beat a retreat with stronger desire to make it a success than did we on that occasion. Running from Indians mounted on fleet ponies, with oxen, was a most provokingly slow business; not with standing, as Fenskie expressed, "Dey goes on a hop." So they did, and without much urging, for they seemed as anxious to get away from our newly made acquaintances as were we.

We had gone but a short distance when another party lower downs the creek rode out on the prairie and started on the run towards us. This settled our fate, in my mind. We had given to the first party all we had to eat, except a little flour, and we had nothing for these; therefore it must be our scalps they were after. I so expressed myself to Fenskie, who gave a parting look at his horse and muttered "Mine hoss is gone; mine hoss is gone - gone!" Never mind your old 'plug' of a horse; let us get this team across the river and give the red devils a fight. We can kill some of them while they are crossing, and may scare the rest away. And if it don't, they can only kill us anyhow, and we might as well be fighting as to die without fighting."

Our courage was not to be tested in this way; for the Indians, seeing us urging the team with extra exertions, all but three halted and turned back. Observing which, we stopped the team and let them come up. They proved to be two squaws and a "buck" and, for Indians, were what the admirers of red paint, grease, lice and dirt, would call good looking. What they wanted was a mystery to us. There were two squaws, and two of us. It couldn't be they contemplated marriage, yet it looked a little that way to me, and I had reason to believe that my friend's cogitations were similar to mine, as I heard him say something about home and his "frau."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Lecture Delivered Before The Concordia Literary Society
By Jas. M Hagaman

Autumn of 1862

They came up to the wagon and the problem was solved. "How? How? How?" followed by a general shaking of hands, and "got something eat? Squaw much hungry. Me hungry." My friend was the first to speak. "We hash got nix; gives him all gone to Injuns. Got no more." "Ugh! Swap hoss?" at the same time glancing at Fenskie and the squaw. "Nix furstay." "Swap hoss? Me squaw." "Me no understand. He pees no Injun hoss. I get him man miles way off. He pees not much coot anyhow. He pees old, and pees lame, and can not run so very much, he runs not at all. He not much coot; he it no coot, only he plows corn zhust a little."

I judge this description discouraged the Indian, as the "swap" was not further pressed. The horse was nit, in fact, such an animal as Indian would keep for his own use, being a large, rough-built, awkward brute. The only use they would make of him would be to swap him for whiskey or tobacco, or sell him for a few dollars in money to some of the hangers-on around the Indian agencies. It is certain he was not very desirable to them or they would have taken him without asking.

Well, they left, and so did we; and we were much more alarmed than ever. This was but the calm before the tempest; a ruse to throw us off our guard and make us an easy prey to their thirst for blood and plunder. Thus we reasoned, and we were resolved to make the distance between them and us, at night, as great as possible. In our haste we selected a bad ford, and got stuck in the river on the opposite side. This was unfortunate when minutes were hours to us. Fenskie knew "zhust" what to do. He would hitch his "Charley on, and then out she comes mitt not trouble." Charley was hitched on and politely invited to "try him zhust once." Charley tried him but his modest effort barely straightened the tugs. Again he was ordered to go, but the effort was less satisfactory then the first, and was followed by his attempting an investigation into the manner in which he was hitched to the wagon. "Ha! Charley, you pees a little contrary."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A New Discovery

H.E. Smith

He was without exception one of the most extraordinary vagabonds to be found upon the Pacific coast. How he made a living no one can tell. His clothes were never of the best, yet he always had plenty of money; and where he came from no one ever knew. In fact an air of mystery always hung about Doctor Slyke, which puzzled the denizens of Cedarville exceedingly; they never could make him out. When he was first seen in the community he was standing in the dusty twilight fondly patting the top of a pine-stump, which at the time seemed to be his only visible support, and saying: "Thank you, sonny. The good-hic!-are always rewarded; here are two bits."

Cedarville flourished and Doctor Slyke became an honored citizen. During the first weeks of his stay certain evil disposed persons seemed to doubt his right to have a place in their midst. Some said he was a road agent, who made his living by exacting tribute from the traveling public. Some said he had "made his pile: in other doubtful ways, cached it, and had settled down in Cedarville to spend it. But these ill-natured reports soon died away under the sunshine of Doctor Slyke's affability.

Extraordinary? Why, that isn't the word for it. The way that man would sit in hickory Johnson's saloon-before Hickory went out of the business (pistol-ball)-and bluff a man right square down on the breeches on a worthless hand was perfectly miraculous. He was so gifted with the power of speech that it was a brave man who dared to take a hand with him. As we said before, Hickory Johnson went out of the business forever, and then Doctor Slyke was thrown upon his own resources. Gambling as a means of making a living was played out, and no one cared to run the bank-Cedarville was taken with a virtuous fit-and the doctor was too high-motioned to swing a pick.

After idling around in a genteel fashion for some weeks the doctor bade the people of Cedarville an affectionate adieu and was seen no more for a time.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A New Discover

By H.E. Smith

Cedarville, as a matter of course, slid along on the even tenor of its way after Doctor Slyke's departure, but the wary adventurer had so ingratiated himself with her people that a most substantial vacuum was felt in the ranks of her society. It is so all the world over; we look up to one man in tribute to his good qualities and deeds, and admire him, as is his right. Setting aside the cacalhes loquendi with which Doctor Slyke was afflicted, the men of Cedarville, with that peculiar taste common to that peculiar place, admire a man who was death on Poker, and commonly held a first-class hand in the game of Bluff.

"Mates," said Jim Sprig one night in Gregory's bar-room, six month's after, "it ain't none of my funeral, but I tell you "at doc's agoin"ter turn up, an'that before long. I feel it in my bones. Did ye ever notice a crimson streak along the top of old Sarah, us the sun went down? Well, I never noticed that thing yet' without something' turning' up."

As Jim spoke his eye rested upon the knob of the door, which was seen to gradually turn. The knob stopped turning, the door opened a foot or so, and through the opening was thrust a dirty head surmounted by a shocking bad hat and fenced in at the base by a prodigality of maculated shirt-collar.

At first sight the aforesaid head seemed to be an enigmatical as a Chinese puzzle, but on a close inspection it proved to be the property of Doctor Slyke. The head nodded in a dignified way to the rousing "Sinor!" which greeted it, and condescended to bring in the body, which belonged to it. James Sprig was right: the doctor had turned up, and James's anatomy was no doubt relieved.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A New Discovery

By H.E. Smith

On this particular evening Doctor Slyke was perceptibly, sociably and confidentially drunk. "You did not know I was a married man, I suppose, gentlemen?" Said this educated vagabond, seating himself on a barrel. "No? Well, yes. I have been on a visit to my family, and am now on my way to the coast to find a suitable place to remove them to. Gentlemen, with all my faults, I trust I am capable of a good action."

To do the doctor justice, he was capable of a good action, for when the Chinaman slid down the flume and broke his legs, the doctor nursed him as he would nurse one who was qualified by birth and education to testify against a white man.

"I trust I am capable of a good action." There were pathos and dignity in the tone of the doctor's voice as he uttered these words. More, too; there was a world of eloquence in the wave of the doctor's arm-which had the wristband neatly turned over the coat-cuff-which had weight.

"I have been to see my family, residing in Fourteen-Mile Gap." Resumed Doctor Slyke; "and, as I said before, I have resolved to bring them farther West. Today I came through Carson's Pass (having walked all the way), and on casting my eyes toward the summit of the mountain I beheld something, which thrilled me to the very soul. I had made a new discovery!"

"Cinnabar?" said Jim. "Silver?" said another. "Gentlemen, quicksilver is not generally found at such a height. It was not silver, but a substance which, in my estimation, is equally as valuable."

"Is it gold?"

"It is not gold, gentlemen."

"Then it can't be diamonds. What in thunder is it, Doc.?"

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A New Discovery

By H.E. Smith

“Gentlemen, the only answer I can make is that the component parts of this substance are known in chemistry by the symbols HO. I see you are all attention, gentlemen, and I will endeavor to explain to you the uses of this wonderful-ah-substance. In the first place, it is a rarity in this part of the world. It is only to be found at very high altitudes, and is most common to the Arctic and Antarctic regions. This substance is generated in a temperature not ranging higher than thirty-two degrees. This substance takes the form of a tabula rosa when the parts are in a complacent state.

Sometimes it assumes a pendant form, and sometimes lumpy. In appearance it is limpid, translucent, opaque. In nature it is the opposite from colorific; it is brittle and easily removed. Its uses are many. In tropical latitudes its value is incalculable, and even in this climate it is valued highly. I know that the inhabitants of Fiddletown and Pokerville would give any price could they get it, as it is largely used in bibulous communities.

(The doctor’s elegance of diction was unsurpassed.) To satisfy myself, I toiled up the mountain, and found that my conjectures were right. Said I to myself, on beholding the treasure. “I am made man, but would it not be playing it pretty low down on the boys if I did not put them up to this?” Pardon the vulgarism, gentlemen, but my feelings overcome me.”

At this point the doctor named his “pizin” and shook hands with the crowd. “Gentlemen,” resumed the doctor “a sense of gratitude to all impels and to disclose this secret. You have use-me well, and when I made this discovery I asked myself, “Cui bono?” For yours certainly.”

Register of Deeds

Judy Lambert

(Continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A New Discovery

By H.E. Smith

"Let's pre-empt right off," said a hugh-booted miner. "I'll lead off, hey, Doc.?"

"Certainly, sir, and I know of no more capable man than yourself. I was about to propose it. Gentlemen-ahem !-I have a family to bring on, but what I lack is the necessary funds. I may say, under the present position, I am stans pedc in uno. I have been an erring may, I know, but I now see a chance to redeem myself. I have friends, gentlemen," added the doctor, huskily, "who will see me comfortably situated, but it is rather obnoxious to tax their generosity."

The crowd had evidently taken a hint, as men were seen feeling in their pockets, and Jim Sprig had laid his hat on the bar. This entire doctor did not seem to notice, but kept his eyes modestly upon the knot-hole in the floor.

"Their bank's open, mates," said James, "and all wot's disposed ter give ter help a deserving man kin walk up."

A steady fire was kept upon the objective point a few minutes, and then it came Bill Watson's turn. Bill threw in a "kine" James saw it and went to better. Bill saw him and raised him three.

"I see their gentleman's pile and raise him again," said James, as he felt in his pocket. "Stumped, by thunder!"

"Hold on, gentlemen," said the doctor, fumbling at a buckle, "and I'll come in."

"Eh?"

"Forgive me, gentlemen," said Doctor Slyke despondingly, "I forget myself;" and burst into tears.

"One navy, with their tumbler broke," said Jim enumerating the contents of the hat, "one toothpick-pint broke off-pack o' keerds, one specimens, juice-harp, box o' caps, dust-bag, brass ring, five cartridges, 'bout ten ounces o'dust, and ninety dollars in kine." He deposited he heap in the doctor's lap.

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Judy Lambert

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A New Discovery

By H.E. Smith

“Gentlemen,” said Dr. Slyke, his voice trembling with emotion, “I am grateful. This animating spirit of a collective body is refreshing, and rest assured I will repay you. I am adscriptus gleboe, but nevertheless a man’s family is entitled to his services. I will meet you tomorrow at the white rock, which can be seen from the Pass. Behind it lays the treasure of which I speak. Tomorrow, gentleman, at ten. Good night.” Dr. Slyke vanished through the door. What a speculative spirit took possession of that body of men! They even thought of organizing a stock company on the spot, to the discomfiture of Fiddletown and other communities. One and all believed that if the “doc” could be depended on their fortunes were made.

Early the next morning a band of men could have been seen toiling and sweating up the rugged sides of the Sierra to view the new discovery. Nearly eight thousand feet above them was the white rock, behind which lay the treasurer. The doctor must have gone ahead, and some of the most imaginative, thought they could detect his figure slowly plodding upward.

At all events they reached the rock after a hard pull, and looked about them. No doctor was to be seen. Had they the eyes of the eagle they might see him proceeding at a rapid pace up Carson’s Pass, with his face turned in an eastward direction. As they did not have the eyes of the eagle, they got tired of waiting, and went behind the rock to see for themselves. Jim Sprig was ahead, when his eyes caught a gleam of something white.

“Yer she is, mates,” said Jim with a well, as he sprang forward. The excited crowd followed, and saw him lay his hand upon a clear substance, which lie before them like a lake.

Jim laid his hand upon it, and arose with a face as red as a beet. “Euchred, by thunder!” Reader, the doctor had told the truth. IT WAS ICE.

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Judy Lambert
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

An Adventure By Rail By H.E.Smith

I was a drummer, or as the English term it, a commercial traveler, at the period of which I write, and, having completed my annual tour through the South, was on the way to my home in B. So it chanced that I found myself, one dull, gray November afternoon, walking up and down in front of the depot at M., awaiting with what patience I could command, the arrival of the westward-bound train, which was to bear me to my journey's end.

In my promenade I passed the ladies' waiting-room, and upon casually looking, in saw, sitting in solitary state, hedged in by a fortification of satchels, books and shawls, the most winsome, dainty little lady I had met in an age, who, with knitted brow and perplexed air, was gazing fixedly through the dirt-stained window. The instant her eye caught mine her face brightened. As if by magic the frown vanished. Then a shadow—just a ghost, as it were—of a smile hovered about the curving, crimson lips.

The glimpse I had caught only whetted my curiosity; so, in repressing, I stole another sidelong glance, and caught the lady looking fully and squarely at me. In an instant, emerging from behind her fortress, she tipped quickly across the floor, and faced me just as I was turning. A decided smile had chased away the shadowy one, as, holding out her hand, she said, "Pardon me, but I see I must introduce myself. You would never know me else. I am Fanny Herbert. You, of course, are Chester. I recognized you instantly from your picture and your resemblance to Mary. I'm wonderfully glad you've come, for I've been waiting here these two hours, and I'm awfully tired. Won't you shake hands, since we are to be friends?"

Who would refuse such an invitation, especially when enforced by such sweet lips, and so frankly an offered hand? Not I, surely, though I hadn't the remotest idea that Fanny Herbert might be, and the name in which I gloried was not high-sounding "Chester" at all, but plain, homespun "David." Nevertheless, I shook hands—somewhat warmly mayhap Miss Herbert thought, for I saw tiny spires of red creep into her cheek as she released her hand.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

An Adventure By Rail By H.E. Smith

"I suppose," she continued, "You were waiting here for me; but they tell me the B. train is not due for an hour." "No, not until four o'clock. It is just three now."

"Well, then, won't we have time to take dinner? I'm fairly starved. You must excuse my speaking of it, but Mary has talked so much of you that I feel as though I had already known you a century, and I'm so desperately hungry that I must waive ceremony and confess it, unpoetical as it may seem."

"I am not fond of ceremony," I answered; "we will have dinner by all means." We laughed a good deal and gathered together the young lady's multifarious encumbrances, and strode away to deposit them in the office.

Returning to where she was patiently awaiting me, I announced myself at her service, and together we wandered up the street to the only hostelry the town boasted. Meanwhile my companion chatted on in a perfectly free, unrestrained way, that showed plainly she was quite assured of my identity, however puzzling the matter might be to me.

Seated before a bountifully spread table at last, I found Miss Fanny was capable of putting the old adage, which says, "two things at a time can never be done well," quite to the blush.

Most industriously she set about the task of appeasing her appetite, and quite as perseveringly she maintained her share of the conversation. "May is quite well, I hope?" she inquired.

"Perfectly so," I answered, at a venture, seeing I must make some response. "She is always well, you know" "Indeed, I did not know it," she replied, in a tone of surprise, and with uplifted eyebrows. "Your memory must be very short; for in the letter I received from her a fortnight ago, she said she had been seriously ill-confined to her room for several days."

"Phew! Here was a mistake. Plainly, I must be non-committal. Such positive statements were hardly safe; so I hastened to mend matters by saying, apologetically:

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

An Adventure By Rail

By H.E. Smith

“True; how strange I should have forgotten. She was really quite ill; but now she has entirely recovered, and looks as bright and blooming as – yourself, if you will allow the comparison.”

Her big gray eyes twinkled at this, and she said, saucily, “Don’t disturb yourself to manufacture compliments, I can exist quite comfortably without them, especially when they are so far-fetched.” Then, after a brief pause, in a different tone, “It was real good of you to take all the trouble of coming to me. I’m ever so much obliged. You see papa has an idea I can’t travel alone, and I’m not sure but he is half right. Now, last summer, when I was on my way to visit my cousin in Chicago I lost my trunk. They carried it away off to Omaha, and I never saw it for a month. In changing I got into the wrong cars and was taken fifty miles out of my way, while to cap the climax, my pocket-book was stolen, and I arrived in Chicago trunk less and penniless. Pa says I never can travel quietly like other people, but must always have some adventure or other.”

“And this trip will prove no exception to the rule,” I said to myself. By this time dinner was dispatched, and we hastened back to the depot, arriving just in time to secure our seats on the train.

In a few moments we were whizzing past hamlets and towns, through tunnels and over bridges, and at a speed that made me dizzy. There was too much noise to render conversation an agreeable or desirable thing, so we sat studying our fellow-passengers and watching the flying landscape. At least I pretended to be so employed, but in reality my mind was running back over the events of the afternoon. Evidently it was a case of mistaken identity. My vis-à-vis was, without doubt, on her way to visit some friends who, oddly enough, resided in the same city as myself. She had expected to meet at the depot the Chester whose laurels, since he had not come to claim them, I was wearing. The whole mistake had occurred so quaintly, and had been carried out so naturally, that I had scarcely had time to consider the light in which my acceptance of the situation might be viewed.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

An Adventure By Rail

By H.E. Smith

Now, it seemed to me, I should have disclaimed at the outset all knowledge of Miss Herbert or her escort, and so have spared her the mortification that was sure to ensue when she discovered her mistake. Should I do so now? I glanced at her as she sat, leaning her head against the side of the car, with a placid, rapt smile lighting up her face, while floating from her lips across to me came a low, soft humming of that tender ballad, "Then you'll remember me." Instantly I decided "No." If I were to lean over and say, "Miss Herbert, there has been a mistake made. I am not the friend you expected to meet, but a total stranger," all that happy look would fade away, and in its stead would come a startled, frightened one. Instead of being merry and chatty she would grow icy and forbidding.

"No," I decided emphatically; "having gone so far, I shall make no explanations until I leave her with her friends. Then I will take my chances of being annihilated."

On and on the train flew, like some fabled fiery monster. The gray twilight was fast merging into more somber night, when far in the hazy distance gleamed the myriad lights of B.

A little further on, and with a hoarse shriek we shot into the depot, and our journey was an accomplished fact. "Now, Miss Herbert," I said, lifting down her shawls from the rack, "if you will wait here until I secure a carriage, I will return and take you to the final end of your journey."

"Why," she answered, "won't the carriage be here to meet us? Mr. Austin said expressly, in Mary's letter, that if by any accident you were prevented from coming to me, I would be sure to find the carriage in waiting."

"To be sure. That is another of my stupid blunders. I am unaccountable absent-minded. Of course the carriage is here!" And off I started in search of it, quite elated that at last I had learned the name of Miss Fanny's friend; knowing that, all else was easy. The carriage was found, and very soon my companion and I were snugly ensconced with it.

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Judy Lambert
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

An Adventure By Rail By H.E. Smith

After a short drive, we turned into that portion of the city where the elite most do congregate, and stopped before a house from behind whose lace-drapered windows floods of light were pouring.

Before I could proffer my assistance, Miss Herbert had sprung from the carriage and ran quickly up the steps, leaving me to gather together her scattered trappings. I reached the front door just in time to see her enfolded in an affectionate embrace by a very pretty young lady who lavished welcomes and kisses upon the newcomer with most culpable extravagance.

As I entered, Miss Fanny released herself, and, coming forward, said, "You don't know, May, how good your brother Chester has been. He's a very prince of escorts. You may send him again to meet me sometime."

"My brother Chester!" echoed May, perplexed. "I don't understand. Chester has been confined to the house for several days with a sprained foot. I sent word; didn't you get my telegram?"

"Why, no, " and Miss Fanny's face was a study for an artist, while I stood blushing to the roots of my hair, and feeling half-tempted ingloriously to fly from the scene. "Who, May," continued my little friend, "I'm - I'm- afraid there has been some mistake? I thought this gentleman was your brother.

It was evidently time for me to come to the rescue, which I did in so plausible a manner that at the conclusion of my explanation every one joined in a hearty laugh at Fanny's expense, and voted the whole affair a capital contretemps, which was worthy of being recorded among others of the young lady's adventures.

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Judy Lambert
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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

An Adventure By Rail
By H. E. Smith

I was invited to prolong my visit and be introduced to the simon-pure Chester. I accepted the invitation without hesitation, and was pleased to recognize in him a gentleman whom I had long know in business circles. After a delightful evening, I returned to my hotel - to dream all night long of Fanny Herbert, with her bright eyes and merry smile.

Now I am perfectly well aware that this little history should culminate with the fragrance of orange-blossoms and the chiming of wedding-bells over my heroine and your most obedient servant. Truth, however, compels me to say that there was no such romantic termination to our adventure. I speedily discovered that, in spite of his sore foot, Chester Austin would run a winning race, even if I had the temerity to enter the list, so I consented to see him carry off the prize from under my very eyes - an achievement for which I am at times half-indisposed to forgive him.

Fanny makes so quaint and charming a little matron. However, I am not sure but after all, May quite equals her in most respects, even if she does not eclipse her in others. At all events, I am willing to risk it; and take my word for it, when springtime comes, there will be one maiden and one bachelor less, on husband and one wife more in the city of B.

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Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Brother's Revenge

History of a Tragedy on The Plains in the Far West

Riding out above Julesburg, a rock was pointed out to me, at the foot of which had been enacted a tragedy, the mere recital of which made my blood run cold.

The place was in a deep canon, surrounded by high bluffs, and there was a loneliness and silence in the frowning rocks that oppressed every visitor, and made them glad to hasten their departure from the gloomy dell. Many years ago two young men came from the East, and, ascending the Missouri, engaged in the fur business. They were bosom friends, and prospered in all their undertakings; money flowed into their coffers, and they became wealthy; still they stayed in the West that had been so generous to them, and finally determined to make it their permanent home.

One of the young men had a sister, who lived in St. Louis, where the partners went annually to sell their furs and divide the profits of their business.

The girl, infatuated by the tales of adventure told her by her brother, longed to visit the great west, and begged so hard that her brother finally consented. For a whole year she lived at the hunter's ranch on the headwaters of the Missouri, and when the time came for the partners to go down the river and sell their furs, the brother was sick and could not go. The girl was lost to leave her brother, but he urged her to go home and see their mother, saying he would soon be well and follow her. Intrusting his darling to his friend and partner, the two set out in a Mackinaw boat, well manned and provided with every comfort. The brother grew worse, and the summer wore away before he was able to travel.

In the meantime the partner returned, bringing him news from home and a division of the annual profits, which were larger than ever before. The brother, pleased with the manner in which their business had been managed, readily yielded to the suggestion of his partner to delay his visit home, devote the winter to active operations, and go down in the spring with furs. All went well until midwinter, when the brother received a letter from his home that nearly crazed him. The letter was from his mother, and gave a long, circumstantial account of the ruin and seduction of his beloved Nina by his partner.

The girl had confessed everything, and told how he had seduced her while bringing her home down the Missouri, and then abandoned her. The poor girl, unable to bear her shame, had become a maniac, and soon would be a mother.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Brother's Revenge

History of a Tragedy on The Plains in the Far West

The first impulse of the brother on reading this letter was to seek out at once and kill the villain who had ruined his family but he thought the momentary suffering inflicted by a ball not enough punishment for such a scoundrel, and so devised a plan for revenge that no Indian could have out-done for cruelty. Keeping the receipt of his letter a profound secret, he went on with his business as usual, and every day met his partner on the same terms of friendly intimacy as formerly.

When the skins were packed and all in readiness to go down the river the brother went to Fort Benton and there had executed a will, leaving the name of the person who made it blank, after which he returned to his camp on the Jefferson Fork.

He then represented that on the Platte great profits were to be made in the fur trade, and proposed to his partner that instead of going down the Missouri they should go overland to Fort Kearney and intercept the boats at the mouth of the Platte, on the Missouri. The inducement was that if they found all as represented they would establish a branch of their business at Fort Laramie, and thus increase their profits. The partner readily assented to proposals so manifestly for the advantage of both, and alone they set out, taking with them only a pack mule to carry the flour and bacon to be used on the journey. They traveled for many days, and finally came to the Platte, down which they followed the overland trail to Bernard's Ranch. Under some pretense or other the brother induced his partner to accompany him into the lonely pass, where, disarming him, he securely tied him hand and foot, and then bound him to the rock. At first the partner thought it was some cruel joke, but when the brother produced the letter, and read it the poor man knew too well his time had come.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

7/24/08

The Brother's Revenge

History of a Tragedy on The Plains in the Far West

He confessed all and asked to be shot, but the brother had another fate in store for his victim. Coolly encamping by the rock, he sat down to see his partner starve to death. On the third day the ill-fated man signed the deed bequeathing all his property to the injured girl, and the brother attached a fictitious name as witness to the instrument, by the terms of which he was made the executor of his partner's estate. He then wrote letters saying he had fallen very ill of fever on the plains, and if he did not recover these letters would be delivered by his beloved partner.

All this infuriated brother compelled the poor man to do, and then quietly awaited the end. Day by day the partner grew weaker, and the brother gloated over his misery, often reading to him the letter from his mother.

The poor man promised to marry the girl and make all the reparation in his power to the family, but the brother was deaf to entreaties. At last the partner dwindled to a skeleton-and the brother, after burying his victim's emaciated corpse in the sand, resumed his journey to St. Louis. There he gave out that his partner had died while on his way through the Rocky Mountains, and in the proof of his assertion, delivered the letters.

The will was also proved, and the girl became the dead man's heir. Two years afterward the brother was shot by Indians, and before he died confessed what he had done. Some hunters visited the place and dug up the skeleton, around the neck of which still was the chain by which the poor man when living had been fastened to the fatal rock. The spot is still pointed out to travelers, and they tell of how the brother, day after day, ate his meals in the presence of his wretched prisoner, but would not give him so much as a crumb or a cup of water to slake his thirst.

Register of Deeds

Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Camp-Meeting at Shiloh

Sister Ramsey told again and again the sad story of her infantile depravity, and how for sixty-one years she had been “a lone dove upon a building-top.” Her age was only forty-one, and it was presumed that she had made a little mistake of twenty years in her reckoning; but chronological facts are of no value at a camp meeting.

Mrs. Betsy Martin and her son Johnny were prominent delegates from Pike. Mrs. Betsy was at times foremost among the “mourners.” Her gaunt, sharp features and restless, watery eyes were not calculated to inspire feelings of sympathy and confidence. Nor was her son Johnny such in appearance, or in fact that he would be offered as a model of good works.

A diminutive copy of his dam, there was here and there a variation. From the corners of his mouth exuded the stain of tobacco. He had not yet added the pipe to his accomplishments, but one must not expect everything at ten years.

The whole of this glorious September day Mrs. Betsy had occupied the mourners’ seat. Johnny had remained outside of the camp, paying strict attention to the progress of certain games, in which he longed to take a hand himself. He had also learned that old Stebbins and his wife slept in a tent, and not in their wagon, as prudent people ought.

He had thought proper to visit his mother in the mourners’ seat, and convey this last piece of information to her in a whisper, to which Mrs. Betsy nodded her head approvingly, and rewarded him with a piece of tobacco.

Then he immediately returned to his close observance of the games, meanwhile giving the horses of old Stebbins a critical glance now and then. When the horn sounded at 9 o’clock for the extinguishing of all lights in the camp, it was dark as pitch. Two hours later, had there been light enough, two figures might have been seen leading two horses out of the clump of trees where they had been tied.

When once fairly free from the timber, they mounted, and set off at a gallop across the open prairies. When daylight was making the horizon rosy with color, a woman and a boy rode down to the eastern bank of the Illinois.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
(continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Camp-Meeting At Shiloh

The morality of Jersey, Greene, Macoupin and Pike had assembled at Shiloh. Some came in wagons, some on horseback, and some on foot. This latter mode of arrival was considered rather vulgar, but when one is not the owner of a horse, and neither horse nor mule can be borrowed, should one miss the means of grace?

By no means. It is better to walk to camp meeting than not go at all. Maps are a great convenience. They assist the memory. They likewise afford valuable information. Shiloh, the favored spot chosen for camp-meetings, is the timber the margin of Macoupin Creek, but no map of Illinois affords that information.

Missouri is happy in the possession of a Pike county; so is Illinois. Although the Father of Waters separates the two Pikes, it is all classic ground. In both the Pikes are found the same religious fervor, the same appetite for the distilled nectar of corn, the same passionate fondness for the little games of draw-poker, seven-up or euchre, and last – and greatly to be regretted, too – the same occasional inclination to cultivate the acquaintance of strange horses without the acquaintance of their owners.

This freedom of manners has caused unpleasantness in a community not generally over-nice in matters of etiquette. The year was 1848; the month September; and the day was all that could be desired for religious or secular purposes.

The mania for gold had not yet disturbed the tranquility of either Pike. Hogs were thriving; corn was abundant; whisky cheap; so was credit, and men were happy.

Having thus explained the social feeling, the particular pleasure of the camp meeting at Shiloh may be dilated upon. The presiding elder had opened the services, and lesser lights had shone upon the intelligence there assembled. Two days of sermons, love feasts and prayer meetings had passed away; two days of cookery in the camp, and card-playing and drinking outside of it, had passed.

The brave men and fair women of that entire region met and mingled in union and love. The millennium was not yet at hand. Sister Alltop had experienced her annual visitation of the Power, and the phenomena she exhibited while under the influence of the Power were very curious and remarkable; yet no relation can be made of them.

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Judy Lambert
(Continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Camp-Meeting At Shiloh

A “dug-out” or canoe was brought out from its hiding-place, and the river was crossed, the horses swimming after. The canoe was hastily concealed, and, mounting again, they rode on through the timber as fast as the rough nature of the country would permit. Your true son of Pike has a kind regard for Scripture names – Gilead, Gilgal or Bethlehem, all scripture names, therefore all good.

The chosen residence of Mrs. Betsy Martin and her son was Gilead. This place was not attractive in appearance or reputation, but one must not expect a second Eden in the rough lands of Pike. This rough country had also advantages, which were duly appreciated by its inhabitants and others of a kindred nature. It afforded a secure hiding-place for stolen horses and for the criminals themselves.

When the morning came, and the fear became a certainty that thieves had spirited away old Stebbins’ horses, a party were speedily formed, which instinctively spurred on for the rough lands of Pike. It was past noon when this party, consisting of old Stebbins, his son Duke, a preacher, a judge and two neighbors, rode down into the village of Gilead.

The village had two principal places of resort – the blacksmith’s shop and the grocery. The first-named resort possessed superior attraction in the matter of current news; the other possessed patent attractions in the matters of whiskey and tobacco.

The party stopped at the blacksmith’s and the party inquired for the most extensively known citizen, “Chattanooga.” It was rumored that this well-known gentleman, who was a brother of Mrs. Betsy Martin, had a claim upon the name of Jenkins.

As his early life and adventures dated among the mountains of East Tennessee and about Chattanooga, he had by common consent received the name of Chattanooga. He had answered to this name so long that an other would have surprised him.

Chattanooga was not present, but was presumed to be at the grocery. At the grocery he was presumed to be at the blacksmith’s and finally was found at home at Mrs. Betsy Martin’s cabin. Luke Stebbins and the Judge went to the door of the cabin, and were met by a young girl, Florida Martin.

Nature sometimes delights in strange freaks in Pike and elsewhere. The girl of sixteen was a marvel of girlish beauty. Her mother was a marvel of ugliness. The girl was gentle, timid, loving, and worthy of all that a manly heart could bestow upon her. Like Stebbins had made this discovery months before, and possibly Florida Martin had a dim idea that he had discovered something of the kind.

Register of Deeds
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EARLY HISTROY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Camp-Meeting At Shiloh

When they exchanged the ‘ customary salutation of “How d’y” she blushed, and the long lashes fell before the gaze of the young man. The tell-tale eyes wore a sad, troubled look when the Judge sternly inquired for Chattanooga.

That gentleman lay upon the floor, and had doubtless been asleep; but when his name was called he sprang up, and deliberately shook hands with the visitors, saying as deliberately; “Judge I hope you’re well,” and, “Luke, howd’y.” “We want you, Chattanooga,” said the Judge; and, without a word of question or explanation, the three men walked on to the blacksmith’s.

“Hold Up your hands, Chattanooga.” “What fur?” said he, doggedly. “For good cause,” was the reply, as half a dozen revolvers appeared as if by magic. He held up his hands, and one of the parties tied them; then tied his elbows behind him; then the story of the theft of Stebbins’s horses was told him, and he was asked to tell what he knew of the affair.

“Nothin’, judge and gentlemen, just nothing.’ I didn’t attend the preachin’ at Shiloh, and wouldn’t have tuck Stebbins’s horses. It’s all prejudice. I might say thie agin this man, and that agin that man, but not a word on’t would be true. Nothin’ but prejudice. A hasty consultation was held, and two minutes later the result was seen in four men pulling at a halter thrown over the limb of a large oak beside the blacksmith’s shop. At the other end of the halter was a man.

It was dastardly, cruel act; and now in our days, it seems incredible that a judge, sworn to uphold and execute the law, should be a party to such a deed; and, sadder still, that a servant of the Master could so far forget his teachings as to join in this cruel act.

The man was drawn up and lowered again, and charged to tell what he knew, before the terrible end. The only answer was. “Nothin.” It’s only prejudice.”

Information was now given the party that Chattanooga had not been away from Gilead, and could not have had any hand in the theft. He was set at liberty, and an apology received. It was received in the same earnest, deliberate manner that seemed to be a component part of his nature.

“Oh, it’s all right, judge and gentlemen. I don’t b’ar no ill-will – nor prejudice.” During this entire affair Luke Stebbins had absented himself, but now he came again upon the scene, but not alone.

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Judy Lambert
(Continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Camp-Meeting At Shiloh

He was leading Florida Martin by the hand. Her eyes were intent upon the ground, and her cheeks were like crimson roses. An old sun-bonnet on her head; an old pair of slippers, a world too large; not barefooted, but stocking less; her only ornament a string of glass-beads around her neck.

When they came under the tree, he beckoned his father aside, and the stern, questioning look in old Stebbins's eyes fell only upon the girl. Only for a moment she ventured to raise her eyes from the ground, but in that look was love and tenderness appealing to him; and the sternness in old Stebbins's eyes gave way to a look almost as tender as her own.

Rubbing his hand across his face to hide the feeling he was ashamed to have seen, he turned to the others, and said in an undertone:

"Boys, she's prettier than a peach." A few minutes later the minister joined Luke Stebbins and Florida Martin tell death should them part; and the same oak saw within an hour beneath its shade a hanging and a wedding.

Mrs. Betsy Martin and her son never returned to Gilead. Rumor said they went to the mountains of East Tennessee, where they were joined by Chattanooga, who was forced to leave on account of prejudice."

Shiloh is still the favored place where camp meetings are held, and sometimes, even at this late day, horses make undesirable acquaintances there. Mrs. Luke Stebbins is now the wife of one of the great merchants of the land, and has jewels of rare beauty and great cost; but I question whether she prizes any as highly as an old string of glass beads – "my wedding-jewels."

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Bashful Man's Wooing

"Tickets!" jerked the shrill voice of the conductor as he opened the car-door and flashed the blinding, winking glare of his bull's-eye lantern into the faces of tired travelers from whose eyes the crimson and gold of a glorious sunset had just faded. "Ticket, sir!" The brisk official jostled the shoulder of a broad-chested, travel-bronzed man.

"There it is in my hat, man. What in the dickens is the use of stirring a fellow up that way every ten minutes? I say, conductor, how soon do we reach Albany?"

"We are due there in an hour and a quarter-three minutes behind time at the last station, sir." On went the conductor through the car, and George Sea bright straightened himself up in his seat, gave an elephantine yawn, and smiled as he thought of the dear home faces he was hastening to greet.

"Conductor! wheezed an asthmatic old lady in a poke-bonnet, skimp bombazine gown, blue homespun stockings and leather-faced buskins-"conductor! I hope there ain't nothin' wrong about that young man over there. He acts dreadful queer like, an' I'm an on-perfected female 'ithwout nothin' to defend myself with but that ambriller, and the handle of that is broke!"

"I guess he's all right, ma'am; laughed the man of tickets as he pass out of the car, slamming the door shut after him.

The old lady bridled in righteous indignation. She had not traveled all the way from Podunk to be laughed at for asking a civil question, and how was the blessed old innocent to know that, instead of being an escaped lunatic, George Sea bright was rubbing his hands together and indulging in a variety of facial contortions by way of demonstrating his gleeful anticipation of the glad surprise he was carrying to the home nest after a three years' flight in foreign lands?

His impatience increased with every mile that lessened the distance between him and his. Speed on, O, belching monster horse; pant thy way through nestling villages where crocuses and yellow-eyed pansies sprinkle all the gardens with May-time bloom; fly between parting grassy banks where violets nod in modest sweetness. Tarry not where budding apple-orchards fling a thousand wind-borne scents to greet you, nor where belted shades allure with piney odors. Pause not where God's acres point with white and spectral finger heavenward-not where willow-fringed brooks babble coaxingly, nor where the Hudson reflects a million stars up from its blue, cool bosom as witching and bright as Ocean eyes.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Bashful Man's Wooing

Every stride of the giant Steam spans the distance between the wanderer and home! How every throb of the mighty pulse stirs the hot blood of impatience in the heart! But what if there should be a broken rail ahead; what if a treacherous quicksand should await their passage, and eternity should set its awful seal upon lips now quivering with words of loving greeting, and shut out forever the sight of longed-for faces from eyes now quick with eagerness? Only a quarter of an hour distant from his native city, yet what might not happen?

We know how the heart of his mother would shiver and break should death strike their out-stretched hands asunder; but would Kate-wee, winsome Kate Kervan-would she mourn him? How like a gleam of sunshine she brightened all his thoughts! He could see her shy brown eyes looking at him through dark curling lashes, and could imagine the deliciousness of the pretty mouth whose cherry sweetness had so often tempted him on the verge of bashful madness. Oh, that fatal bashfulness of his!

What hopes it must have stood in the way of, to make a big fellow like him sigh, shake his head so deprecatingly, and murmur so lugubriously! "By the beard of Mohammed, it is a little strange that, although I have faced a tiger in his native jungle, hunted the wild boar single-handed into the very heart of a German forest, and fought with unflinching nerve when the enemy were pouring a shower of lead into the hearts of those around me, yet I absolutely have not got the courage to tell that little kittenish girl I love her.

The touch of her gloved hand, the patting of her little feet upon the walk, the straying tresses of her perfumed hair, all act upon my nerves like a galvanic battery, and knock my self-possession higher than Gilderoy's kite. Heigh-ho! I fear I never shall essay the character of Benedict, the married man, unless Katie should outdo the "woman who dared," and that she'll never do."

You see, Mr. Seabright thought he knew all about it, and you shall further-more see that Mr. Seabright's insight into the future was one of those dim sights, which the brightest of masculine sightseers are prone to.

The locomotive pulled up at the depot with an ear-splitting screech, and, gathering up his traps, Seabright, Jr., hurried from the car.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

“DOING” CLOUD COUNTY

Observation of the Country and Talks With The People

The Valleys of Lost and Wolf Creeks-A Splendid Country-Work of the Grasshoppers-Temper of the Farmers

We have long purposed to take time for a personal visit to all parts of Cloud county, and publish the results of our observations of the country and our talks with the people; but the time and opportunity have not seemed to present themselves until now. The grasshopper has brought us a little respite from engrossing office labor, and we propose to spend our leisure in “scraping acquaintance” with the hills and valleys of Cloud County and their proprietors, many of whom are our readers, though personally unknown to us.

We believe there is in store for Cloud County, notwithstanding every natural and material drawback thus far experienced, a grand and prosperous future. We cannot doubt that Western Kansas is one day to be a very wealthy and important portion of the common wealth of Kansas, or that this county will have her full share of the general wealth and importance; and as the Empire will be, in some sort, the historian of the county’s progress, it is the more desirable that we familiarize yourself with the sources and agencies from which and by which we shall march to attain the realization of the belief here expressed.

In pursuance of this object, we took last Monday, as genial a day as early autumn could afford, to visit a portion of the region through which Lost and Wolf Creeks wend their way, marked and shaded by generous growths of the various timbers native to the soil. As we leave the city and move for a time southwestward we are soon in the vicinity of the residence of H. Patrick, a large, good-looking, comfortable stone structure, commanding a fine view of town and the country for miles around, and surrounded by a farm which, “high and dry” as it is, has proven susceptible of the most satisfactory cultivation. Mr. P has some – acres in producing condition.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

"DOING" CLOUD COUNTY

Observation of the Country and Talks With The People

The Valleys of Lost and Wolf Creeks-A Splendid Country-Work of the Grasshoppers-Temper of the Farmers

Riding westward down to the borders of Lost Creek, we came to the farm of Jas. Woodward, the place formerly owned by W.J. Dean. This place is pleasantly situated on both sides of the creek; has the richest soil, and has number of fruit trees and vines, many of them bearing. A limited proportion of this quarter section is yet under cultivation, but Mr. W.'s energy and spirit will in no long time exhibit valuable progress.

The valley along this creek is narrow, but the soil is rich and destined, we believe to be prolific of large crops, fine cattle fruit, etc. When fully settled and under cultivation, years hence, it will be the home of plenty and contentment.

Next west of the Woodward place, on the eastern slope of the "divide" between Wolf and Lost Creeks, are the two farms of P. Bean and Ed King, who deal out to our citizens their daily rations of beef steak, mutton chops, etc. These gentlemen are opening up fine, productive farms. They have now, together, about 45 acres under cultivation 20 of which are under fence. This year they had 6 acres of winter and 6 acres of spring wheat-the former yielding 96 and the latter 111 bushels. They had 15 acres of corn and 2 acres of most promising buckwheat, both of which were "harvested" by the grasshoppers. They also had several acres of oats and rye. They have good buildings a good hedgerow, cattle, horses and swine, and are evidently "well fixed."

Next west, and lying largely upon the summit of the "divide" is the farm of W.S. Patrick, whose comfortable stone residence crowns the high hill, and commands one of the finest views in the country-the valley of the Wolf at its western base, with its serpentine fringe of beautiful foliage, and the magnificent scope of "second bottom," stretching away to the north, west and southwest; the valley of the Republican at the right, visible for miles east and west, and the fertile, billowy plains, rising and rolling northward to the limit of unaided vision; and the reddish-green hills southward, - all impress upon one's mind a picture not soon to be forgotten.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

“DOING’ CLOUD COUNTY

Observation of the Country and Talks With The People

The Valleys of Lost and Wolf Creeks-A Splendid Country-Work of the Grasshoppers-Temper of the Farmers

As before stated, upon the summit and slopes of this “high divide” Mr. Patrick has located his claim. Though in places the surface is somewhat stony, yet most of the place has a deep, productive soil, is easily cultivated, and has already justified Mr. P.’s judgment in the selection.

Proceeding down the western slope of this “divide” as we neared the creek we found C.H. Willard busily engaged in the hay-field. With true farmer hospitality which we could not reject, we were invited to “tie up” for dinner. We shall not soon forget the kindly courtesy and generous hospitality of Mr. W. and his worthy lady. Mr. Willard and his father-in-law Carmi Jones have here two fine, well-timbered quarter sections, which in time, with prudent care and cultivation, will certainly become most valuable property. These farms are worked in conjunction, having this year 70 acres under cultivation. Some 25 acres of this was sown to wheat, which will average near 16 bushels per acre. The grasshoppers “monopolized” their corn crop of 20 acres. There are some 60 head of cattle and some fine horses on the place. Mr. Willard showed us a splendid specimen of Odessa wheat, which he had raised from seed obtained from the Government.

From two pounds of this seed he had raised 68 pounds of fine wheat. This is a beautiful but rather flinty grain.

Crossing the Wolf, and riding westward one is soon traversing as fine a region, we imagine, as the sun shines on in all his journey round. One of the dwellers therein told us he had calculated that there is in this broad and beautiful scope of “second bottom,” bounded by Wolf Creek, the Republican valley and White’s Creek divide, 15,000 acres of land. We do not doubt it; neither do we wonder at the pride with which those living upon it regard it.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

"DOING" CLOUD COUNTY

Observation of the Country and Talks With The People

The Valleys of Lost and Wolf Creeks-A Splendid Country-Work of the Grasshoppers-Temper of the Farmers

We called at the old Whitaker place, now owned by J.O.D. Bland, whom we did not see. This is a splendid farm, having a good dwelling upon it, and being partially well fenced.

Joining this place upon the south is that of Wm.G. Miley. This also is a fine farm, partly under fence, and with 70 acres under cultivation. There had been 30 acres of wheat on this place, yielding 450 bushels, and 20 acres of corn, eaten by grasshoppers.

Resuming the road running west we soon came to the farm of Mr. C Archer, whose little shop at the roadside showed that he is turning his knowledge of black-smithing to good account. He is pleasantly located, has a comfortable residence, and is cultivating 40 acres. His corn was, of course, a failure; his wheat yielded 16 bushels to the acre.

A quarter of a mile further on stands the neat and cozy cottage residence of F.P. Nash. Fred, has valuable possessions hereabouts, and is fixing things up substantially and attractively, and is bound to succeed. We did not see him, and can give no particulars.

A half mile further west we found I.J. Scott "at home" and ready with a hearty welcome. Mr. S. is a pleasant gentleman and a public-spirited citizen of his township. He has had his share of drawbacks, but finds no fault with the country, and proposes to "fight it out" with steady persistency-and he is sure to be rewarded with success. He has the first piece of breaking made upon this scope of prairie. This year he raised 15 acres of wheat, with an average of 12 bushels to the acre; the grasshoppers "picking" his 25 acres of corn. Mr. S. had had quarried from the neighboring hills a fine lot of white limestone, with which he was intending to erect a good home this fall, but the grasshoppers put a veto on this enterprise for the present.

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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.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

The Wished-For Saw-Mill

An Active, intelligent, well-educated man, who combined the carpentering business, or rather made the sawmill subservient to it, might expect a very different result. And I could see that this was only part of Mr. William's belief as to the advantages to be derived from his pet project, and that he dreamed ambitious dreams of becoming a timber merchant. And to think that fortune, in a small way, was to be missed for want of a hundred pounds.

Could he not have borrowed that sum? Ay, he could; but that was where he and his son John had their first disagreement. John would have nothing to say to borrowing; and without the young man's cleverness, activity, and clear head for business, the father could not see his way. And so they parted, not in anger, indeed, but in coolness, considering that John was an only child, and had lived on terms of perfect affection with his parents up to that date. Nor could it be said that he left them capriciously, without good reasons; for having sent a specimen of carving to a famous firm, who were engaged in restoring a cathedral, he received an offer of employment, the terms of which might well dazzle a young country artificer. This happened three years before, and they had not seen him since. At first, his letters had been very regular, but gradually they grew less so, and now they had not heard from him for nearly three months.

I did not learn all this at one interview, for the couple interrupted one another, and confused the account, in addition to which, they persisted in assuming that I had a certain amount of previous knowledge, which I did not possess. However, when the ice was once broken, they often reverted to the subject to their self-willed son, and by degrees I got a connected narrative.

I had originally intended to limit my stay at Whortle to a week; but the quiet homeliness of the place suited me so exactly, that a fortnight slipped by almost before I was aware. I was not fishing all the time; there were two days of east wind, and three of unceasing rain, which, with a couple of Sundays, reduced my actual period of sport one half. Still I was not dull; for, as a rule, no man is so happy in his own society as the angler. But I made the unfavorable weather, which had intervened an excuse for allowing myself one week more, at the expiration of which I determined that I must leave, lest I should be keeping Nibbs out of his favorite haunt.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Light at Last

Paul Winship and Mary Archer sat in the small, comfortable sitting room of a humble cottage not far from the great city. It was late in the evening of a spring day, and they had not been long in from a stroll in the by-ways by the glimmer of a quartering moon. Paul had seen only a week of life since leaping the bound self-owned manhood – that is, he was just a week beyond one-and-twenty. And Mary was one year younger. And they were both of that mold and that temperament which nature bestows upon those who are to be made thereby capable of great enjoyment. Their sympathies were quick and active; their appetites natural and healthful; their affections true and strong; their aspirations worthy and honorable; and their hearts warm and generous, and steadfast as the mountain behind which the moon was dipping.

As these two had been schoolmates and companions for years. They had loved each other while yet children, and their love had gone on growing stronger from day to day. Paul's father and mother had both died while he was yet all apprentices, and he had been left with only the love of Mary Archer to give bright sunshine to his life. Mary had lost her father, and now labored with a hearty and healthful cheerfulness to assist her mother in gaining a livelihood. She labored the harder because a poor crippled brother depended upon her for a support. He was not able to help himself.

Paul Winship had resolved that he would go to sea. An uncle was captain of a large ship bound for the East Indies, and had offered him a good position, with promise of promotion. He thought he could do better so than to delve at a trade which could never yield more than a bare support. He and Mary had talked the matter over, and she had at length become reconciled to the step, believing it might be for his good.

On the morrow the ship was to sail, and this was to be their last evening together for along long, long time. They knew now how strong and yearning their love was, and how dependent they were, and must be, upon each other for joy and blessedness; and they tried to look across the chasm of separation to the full fruition beyond.

Mary had worked into a fanciful braid a slender tress of her glossy dark-brown hair, and while they talked, she fixed it into a small golden locket, and shut down upon it a glass cover.

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(To be continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Light at Last

There, Paul, she said, when the work was done – there is the lock of my hair, as you wished. It is a poor thing, but you will think of me when you look upon it. Paul took the locket, and pressed it to his lips.

I shall look upon it often, darling, and think, while I look, of the dearest treasure for me this earth can hold. O, Paul! Darling, don't weep. A few short months, and we will be happier than ever. I know I shall prosper. We shall suffer this separation as the seed is hidden in the ground. It is to be the germ of better things to come. I shall try and think so Paul. I will think so.

Paul found a piece of blue ribbon in Mary's work-basket, with which he suspended the locket about his neck, and when he had placed it once more to his lips, with a murmured blessing, he hid it away in his bosom. By and by they stood at the door, locked in the parting embrace. Until long past midnight, Mary sat by the window and gazed out upon the stairs. She knew that Paul was on his way, on foot, to the city, and that it would also take him two hours to walk the distance. So she sat there until she thought he had reached his ship, and then she went up to her chamber, and sought her pillow, but not to sleep. Her heart was too heavy and sad.

Mary Archer was young, and healthful, and strong, and ere long she brought reason to the aid of hope, and was content to look and pray for the good to come. At the end of three months a letter came to her from the sea, brought by a homeward-bound ship, which Paul had met on the trackless deep. It was a letter full of love and hope and promise. He spoke brave words, and he was pleasantly situated.

The weeks and the months passed on, and another letter came. It was written from Calcutta, and Paul was well and in glorious spirits. From there they were going to Canton. Again at Canton he wrote, and the letter came home, by the way of England, after many a weary month. All was hopeful still. They were going to some of the Pacific islands for spices.

Then the months dragged on heavier and heavier. Two years had gone since Paul had written. Oh! How dark and drear! Mary remembered the shadows and the forebodings of that first sleepless night. Two years without a word, and then came a word that stunned her. She found it in a newspaper. The American ship Fides, which had sailed from Canton for Borneo, had not been heard from, and fears were entertained that she had been lost in a typhoon, which swept over the Chinese sea with terrific force shortly after she had sailed.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Light at Last

Weeks, months, years – and no more from Paul. That the ship had been lost was now known. Could any of her crew have been saved? Old sailors, to whom the question was put, shook their heads sadly. Not many men could be saved from a ship that went down in a typhoon!

When the news of the loss became known men who had thus far held aloof came to smile upon Mary Archer, and to seek her smile in return. She was known to be as good and true as she was beautiful, and men of sense knew that she would do her part toward making an earthly heaven of the home over which fortune might lead her to preside. Among them was John Lettrell, a man older than Mary, and a man of wealth. He offered her a home, and asked her to become his wife; but she had no heart to give him.

The months and the years rolled on, and it was known that the ship Fides had been long at the bottom of the sea, and not a word had been heard from any of her crew. That they had all been lost was beyond a doubt.

In time Mary's mother fell sick and died, and Mary was left alone with her crippled brother. She kept the little cottage, but it was not all her own. There was a mortgage upon it, and upon Mary the mortgage lay heavily. Percy, the cripple, could eat, but he could do no work. He was a constant care, and he repaid his sister in love when he could repay her in no other way. She found work at dressmaking, and so she labored on, praying for strength to perform her duty to the living and to the dead.

Years, years, years, with little of sunshine, with much of gloom, and with much very much, of care and labor! Years four – and – twenty since that night when Paul went away so resolute and so hopeful. Mary Archer was now forty-four. The care and the labor had made their mark, but they had not detracted from her beauty. The freshness and the bloom were faded, but the ripeness of her true womanly nature, in faith and resignation, had come with a beauty that cannot fade – the beauty of goodness and Christian devotion.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

Light at Last

Mary took up the lamp, and went to the door, and she saw, by the flickering light, a middle-aged man large and strong, dressed in the garb of the sea. Does Mrs. Archer live here? The man asked in a voice scarcely audible. Miss Archer lives here, sir. It is late, I know, the man said, after a long pause; but I have walked out from the city and as I came this way and saw a light in the window, I ventured to stop, as I had an errand to do.

The man had the odor of the sea about him, and Mary was not afraid. There was something to her sacred in those habiliments – and she bade him come in. He followed her into the sitting room but he did not sit down in the proffered seat, nor did he remove his hat. It was a chill autumnal night, and he wore his pea jacket buttoned close up.

You said you had an errand, sir? Mary at length ventured. Yes, yes, said the man, with a start. He had been looking at her from the shadow of his hat-rim. Yes – I have an errand. It was given to me years ago. At one time – for a long time – I thought I should never bring it; but fate has been kinder than I dared to hope. You know – none should know better – that there are mortal dangers on the deep. I was wrecked as others had been before and have been since. I was cast, alone on a raft, upon an island, where savages were for long years my only companions. I taught them many useful things, and they were kind to me. Of gold and precious stones I gathered a great store, useless there, but to me of value should I ever again find my native land. The time came at length, after weary years, and my feet once more tread the soil of my own country. And, lady, I have come to fulfill a trust. I knew who you were before I came here. They told me in the city of your situation.

The man unbuttoned his pea jacket and drew something out from his bosom, and slipped something from around his neck. The former was a locket, scarred and worn and blackened, and the latter was a soiled and frayed and knotted remnant of dingy ribbon. In the locket, beneath the abraded glass, was just discernibly a braid of brown hair. He handed it to Mary.

Do you know that? The words were spoken huskily, and with an effort. She caught the precious memento, and clasped it with both her hands to her bosom. The man seemed to be growing weak. He sat down and removed his hat, and the wealth of nut-brown curls, with just a touch of silver here and there, fell over his temples and clustered upon his broad, frank and manly brow.

Mary saw, and her heart leaped. The long dark years were gone as by the touch of a magician's wand, and the old evening of that far-gone time lifted its blessed light upon her. "Paul" That cry told to the man from over the sea all he would know. He stood again upon his feet, with his arms out-stretched, and in a moment more the faithfully loved and the faithfully loving one was clasped to his bosom. "Yes, Mary – after all these years Oh! Thank God, it is light at last! No more trial, darling, no more sorrowing. We can forget the darkness and the agony in this blessed hour. Oh, once more – THANK GOD, it is Light at Last!

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Bashful Man's Wooing

“Carriages?” “Have a carriage, sir?” “Nice carriage this way!” – was the intensely American cry awaiting him as he forced his way through the crowd toward Broadway, and, gnawing his mustache. “”Oh, hang your carriages! Get out of my way, you fellows. I’m going home, and I do not intend to spoil my surprise by getting into one of your old rattleboxes.”

Walking down Broadway – how familiar yet strange the old river-following street looked! The very pavement beneath his feet seemed to have a welcoming ring; and how his heart thrilled as he recognized the old accustomed sights and sounds! Ah! There is the house at last. No light in the parlor. Rather a strange circumstance; but it must be all right, because the door is on the latch.

Noiselessly the young man stole in through the hall to his mother’s little sitting room in the rear of the parlors. No light here either; only the sullen red of a sea-coal fire burning in the grate cast fitful gleams of light athwart the lurking shadows.

“Where can they all be?” Wondered the somewhat disappointed prodigal; then with distended nostrils, he soliloquized; “Whew! What a smell of lime and fresh paint! – House-cleaning I suppose. What comfort women can find in deluging everything with soap-suds, and turning, the house topsy-turvy two or three times a year, passes my understanding! Well, here is a chair that seems to have escaped the general turnover. I’ll sit down and wait until some appears.”

Five – ten minutes of expectancy passed, then a rustle of skirts and the clicking of high-heeled boots upon the oaken stairs announced the approach of the waited-for some one. George listened with in-drawn breath.

“That is sister Gertie,” he thought; “no one else dances down-stairs in that fashion.” With cautious haste the watcher arose and leaned close against the shady side of the door casing. Nearer and nearer came the tripping feet, until a female form stood dimly defined upon the threshold. With a great heartthrob George caught the slender figure to his breast, and in an instant was vigorously kissing the captured face indiscriminately on the cheek, brow and lips.

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EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Bashful Man's Wooing

A smothered scream burst from the frightened girl at the first pause in his fraternal demonstrations, and as its tones awoke the sleeping echoes George Seabright loosened his hold upon the taper waist as suddenly as if a trip-hammer had smote his elbow, and retreated to the wall.

Oh, Lord! It was not Gertie at all. He knew the voice too well to attempt to dodge the fact that it was Kate Kervan - the girl whose hand he had only dared to touch after much fear and trembling - that he had caught in his arms and forcibly kissed. Quel horreur! Why had he not a fairly godmother to turn him into a winged insect at that dire moment?

His bashful soul stood still within him, beadlike droops of moisture started out upon his brown, and like a second Goliath he stood quaking in his boots, awaiting the sling with which he fully expected this feminine David to slay him.

"How dare you, sir?" She demanded, stamping her tiny feet passionately on the floor. "I could not help it, Kate," stammered the poor fellow; "the room was dark, and I thought you Gertie. I am George Seabright. Don't you know me?" "You are an impostor, sir. Mr. Seabright is abroad." "Indeed, he is not. I am he, and I have just arrived in the city."

Walking across to the grate he gave the smoldering coals an emphatic punch, and, as the flame leaping up brought his features into strong relief against the black marble of the mantel, down went the garnet merino, the white apron, brown curls and cherry ribbons in a confused heap upon the carpet, and a hysterical sob brought the bashful lover to a common level. With his tawny beard sweeping in dangerous proximity to her crimson checks, and the crushed-rose fragrance of her breath intoxicating and inflaming his diffident spirit, George essayed to comfort her.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
(continued)

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

A Bashful Man's Wooing

"Indeed, I could not help it, Kate." "I don't believe you wanted to," sobbed she. "Well, now, it would not be human nature for a fellow to be sorry for kiss the girl he loves, but I am sorry that I frightened you."

It was astonishing how easy it all came to him after the first awkwardness was got over, and I never could quite understand how he did it, but in due time tranquility was restored, and Kate's eyes were as happy to look upon as those of a mountain-thrush when wild strawberries are at their ripest. After some preliminaries that it would be impertinent to record the conquering hero asked.

"But where are my mother and sister, Kate?" "Why, did you not know that they do not live here now?" Was Kate's Yankee answer?

"Don't live here!" "No." Your father has bought and elegant brownstone front up on the avenue, and they moved out yesterday and we moved in. Maybe they don't have almanacs in he place from which you hail?"

"Oh! Yesterday was the first day of May, to be sure. Well, it's a pretty way to cheat a fellow out of his home-coming I think!" "Perhaps you are not satisfied with the turn of affairs?" "Well, I rather think I am, or shall be when you have kissed me again." I do not think she could have made up the sum of his content, however, as he is still asserting his dissatisfaction upon the same grounds; and when the golden armadas of Autumn leaves come floating down the mountain streams, and the blue smoke-mists of Indian summer wrap the earth in dreamy lights, George expects to take unto himself "the prettiest Kate in Christendon," and thus she insists is one of the miseries of moving.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

SOMERVILLE AND SON

“Going to that dreadful factory again?” said Mrs. Somerville, looking up as her daughter entered the sitting room, dressed for walking. “I declare, Nellie, you might as well by a boy as a girl, for any pleasure I have in your society. Every day you are off to the factory, leaving me alone.”

“I will come back soon if you want me, mother; but I promised father to come down and give him my opinion of some patterns for molding that are to be sent in today.”

“As if the opinion of a girl of your age was of any value. You need not hurry back on my account. I can bear the sorrow of having a masculine tomboy of a girl, instead of a gentle, refined companion. Go.”

Nellie Somerville pressed a kiss upon the fretful face pettishly turned away to evade the caress, and then went out very gravely. Her step, strong and elastic, was unusually slow, as she walked toward the factory, where her father waited for her, and for the hundredth time her face was clouded as she debated in her own mind the vexed question of her duty. Not her inclination –that pointed steadily one way– but her duty.

From the time when, grasping her father’s strong finger, the little girl toddled by his side. Nellie Somerville had been her father’s pride, and the cross of her mother. Child after child had been taken from the home of John Somerville to fill a little grave in the churchyard–the victims of an over-anxiety to guard them from every breath of air; to fortify their constitutions by incessant dosing; to force health by combating imaginary weakness.

When Nellie was born, the father asserted his authority, and the babe was brought up almost in the open air, and found perfect health and strength in constant exercise, good food and a total deprivation of all cordials and narcotics. If she cried, she was not dosed on supposition of pain, but comforted by a ride on papa’s shoulder, or a race in the garden.

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

EARLY HISTORY OF CLOUD COUNTY

By H.E. Smith

SOMERVILLE AND SON

When childhood was passed, school days over, the girl came home from a seminary in a distant city, and shocked her mother anew. A good scholar, a fine pianist and promising linguist, she was averse to embroidery and worsted work, fond of riding and walking, and while essentially refined in thought and action, had no affectations or fine ladyisms, such as Mrs. Somerville considered the crowning charms of womanhood. She entered into the details of housekeeping with a hearty zest, thought for mother declared she beat eggs like a ploughboy, and stirred cake like a milkmaid.

“You see, papa,” Nellie said, confidentially, to her sympathizing parent, “I can’t half-do anything, and mamma thinks I am awfully unfeminine. If eggs are to be beaten, I beat them, not dab at them as if I was in a decline. I do try to please mamma, and I sat all yesterday morning working upon a horrible combination of zephyr and canvas for a foot-stool. Mamma says I stab the work; and between you, and me, papa, I did wish the foot-stool were in a sufficiently advanced state to warrant me in kicking it. I wish I were a boy; then I could be at the factory all the time.

John Somerville could scarcely look at the handsome, healthy face raised to his own, and wish it different in any way; yet the hidden grief of his life was that there were no son to inherit the name upon the factory-sign for three generations. “Somerville & Son” were known for miles around the village where the great factory was located, and their names were good in many of the leading cities of the country. John had inherited the business, from father and grandfather, but his own sons, three dark-eyed boys, lie in the churchyard, and Nellie alone remained of six children.

More than once the thought had crossed his mind, “if she was only a boy,” as Nellie followed him over the great building with the keenest interest in every department there.

The business was the manufacture of frames of every description, and Nellie became familiar with every detail, from the purchase of the lumber to the criticism of the finished work.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
(Continued)