change in the shade of their road through yonder forest!

They had a little whispered consultation that we did not hear, but we could surmise that it related to her trunk; for presently they sought it out and claimed it, and she opened it and took from it certain neatly-folded and mysterious articles, which she put together in a little bundle and pinned what looked to be an apron around them. Then the trunk was handed over to the station-agent, apparently to be kept until sent for, and they walked briskly across the zigzag complexity of railway tracks to where the horses were impatiently waiting to carry them to the wedding.

We stood gazing after them from the station, as they mounted their horses and rode up the green and inviting valley,—he on the high-stepping bay with the flowing mane, and she on the brisk, sidling chestnut sorrel, that wore the new saddle, and the bridle gaudy with blue and white ribbons. Behind them and about them was the bland April sunshine; in front of them, just over the river, in the shadow of the bluff, glowed the pink miracle of the peach-blossoms. Somehow the scene recalled to my mind Scott’s young Lochinvar “from out of the west,” and the fair Ellen of Netherby Hall; and I found myself repeating, under my breath,—

“They’ll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar.”

A vein of similar fancy must have reached the heart of my friend Wabash, too; for as the happy couple crossed the river-bridge, and sped past the pink orchard, and cantered up the bluff and in among the concealing foliage, he observed, with an admirable smile,—

“It looks like the last chapter of some old romance!”

“Heaven bless ’em!” said Markley.

Then the bell sounded, and we hastened aboard the train. A few minutes later we turned our backs on Kawsmouth, and set our expectant faces towards the land of ozone and wheat,—the verdurous, ageless slopes and the odors that Homer sang,—the land where the sun is in league with fate, and the fruits of the soil are for the healing of the nation.

Emigrant Life in Kansas
by
Percy G. Ebbutt

On Lord Mayor’s Day, the 9th of November, 1870, there started from my native town of Blanxton, in the south of England, a party of six persons, bound as emigrants for the far west of America. It consisted of my father, brother, three young men, and myself. My father had been an upholsterer, doing a very good business, but having always had a great wish to go abroad, thought it, I suppose, a good opportunity, when his
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myself. My father had been an
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inhabitants, but was growing rapidly. It is situated on rather high land at
the junction of the Smoky and Republican Rivers, whence its name. It is
also now the junction of two railways, the Kansas Pacific, and the Mis-
souri, Kansas, and Texas. Three miles distant, on a bluff overlooking
the Kansas River, stands Fort Riley, a garrison for light cavalry and artillery,
as a guard against Indians. These are getting rather scarce, however, by
this time, as the country is too thickly settled by whites. One day, when
Jack and I were out on one of our expeditions, we met three Indians, and,
Emigrant train at Junction City, bound for Arizona, on June 21, 1875. The city was founded in 1855 and incorporated in 1859.

as they were the first that we had seen, we were rather scared. We were a long way off, and so we bid in some bushes. Little stupid! We might have saved ourselves the trouble, for they probably saw us long before we saw them. But they passed by without molesting us. While we were staying at Junction we had some very cold weather, and one night three soldiers going home drunk to Fort Riley were frozen to death . . . .

Game was very plentiful, and we used to bring home lots for the landlady at the Empire Hotel, to make "sparing-pie" as she called it . . . .

One day we saw "Wild Bill," a noted desperado or "border ruffian," shooting quails in a stable yard in the city (they were so plentiful and tame). Wild Bill was a fine-looking fellow, with long curly hair hanging down his back, and was dressed in a rather dandified fashion. He was said to have twenty-seven nicks cut on the handle of his revolver, each signifying a man whose life had been taken by him. And yet he walked the streets as free as any man, and perhaps with more security than a less desperate criminal would, for he would have to be a plucky man to arrest "Wild Bill." He was afterwards actually elected "sheriff" of Wichita, a
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town down south, which was frequented by the Texas "cow-boys," and he was killed at last in some saloon brawl.

After we had stayed in Junction for six weeks we removed to Parkersville, a town some twenty-five miles distant, near where our party had taken land. Here we lived for a fortnight at a boarding-house, spending our time pretty much as before. The town, which at that time consisted of about nineteen houses, a drug store, a post-office, and a general store, is situated in Morris county, on the river Neosho, sometimes called "No-show," as in summer it occasionally goes dry. The drug store was the rendezvous for all the farmers coming to town, for apart from its being also the post-office, it was the only place where "medicine" could be obtained. There was no regular saloon or drinking bar in the place, but every one that wanted a drink went to the drug store, and got a little whiskey "medicinally." His worship, the Mayor, ran the place, and I guess he did a good business. Another much frequented place was the general store, run by Captain Brown; we had about the usual number of captains in that town,—about three out of every five persons. Here the loafers con-
gregated in good force, sitting round the roaring, red-hot stove, with their heels high un, and chewing tobacco, talking politics, whittling sticks, and eating crackers and cheese. Captain Brown was a man of considerable importance,—anyhow in his own eyes,—but I guess my father kinder took the starch out of him once. Captain Brown offered him two fingers to shah~.

and mv father immediatelv hookpd into thpm with one-th-the little one. The next time they met it was a whole-handed job.

One man staving at the boarding-house was a cattle dealer, and had a number of wild Texas animals wintering near at hand. We went to see them at the corral, and found several so weak that they could not stand. We assisted some to their feet only to get ourselves run after by the ungrateful brutes until they tumbled down again. Cattle frequently get like that during the cold winter, especially those from the south for the first time. My father bought one or two cows in the neighborhood ready for when we should go up on the prairie, but not having had any experience in such matters, I am afraid he was rather taken in. He also bought a couple of town lots as a speculation in case the town took to growing. Some money belonging to Jack and me he invested for us in a piece of timber land on the river, so that when up on the prairie, we might have some wood to burn or for fences, and not be entirely dependant upon "jay-hawking," which is the term for stealing wood off Government land ....

The country around had all been surveyed by Government previous to our settling, and divided into square miles, sections, they are called, marked with a stone set in the ground. They may then be cut up easily into the required lots—viz., eighty acres for an ordinary settler, and one
hundred and sixty for any man who has been a soldier in the Federal Army.

When we moved up we were the only settlers on the prairie for some miles round, but a few months afterwards several emigrants took land. I will introduce you to a few of them.

About the first was one who was soon known by the name of "Prairie" Wilson, having a farm on the highest land in the district. He was very poor when he first started, having only a wife, one child, and his bedclothes, but by dint of hard work he soon had a comfortable place.

Another family was that of George Dyson, who settled about a mile from our house. They were of rather a better class than some of the emigrants who followed.

Mrs. Dyson had been married before, at the mature age of thirteen years, and had been left a widow with two children at nineteen. The first husband was a great friend of Mr. Dyson's, and when he died he asked him to look after his wife and children, and he did so in the most practical way.

Living near them was old Anthony Prauss, a Dutchman, who could speak about twelve words in English; but he was a decent old chap, and we got along very well with him.

Another of our neighbors was a man called "Dutch Jake." He had a farm a few miles from us, and professedly lived with his "sister," though there was little doubt but that she was his wife. It was simply a trick to get more land, as an unmarried woman can have eighty acres of Government land free, the same as a man, but a married woman cannot. A widow may also take a piece of land, and, in fact, any one who is the head of a family, if even a boy or girl under age. There is no charge for land, except a nominal fee of about fourteen dollars.

There were several Swedish families round about, who seemed good, thrifty people. One peculiar characteristic of them seemed to be that they could nearly all work well in stone, and, as a consequence, they all erected good, solid-built stone houses.

They seemed to be very hardy and industrious. I knew one, Olaf Swainson, who was one day quarrying rock, and cut one of his fingers clean off. He made very little fuss about it, but picked it up, rolled it in some grass, and put it in his pocket, and then went to the house to tie up his hand.

There were the Quinns, a large family of Irish-Americans, who also arrived with nothing save one or two horses and a few tools; but as there were several boys large enough to work, they soon got along swimmingly. We became acquainted in a very short time, and used to go over there very frequently. They broke some prairie and built a house with the sods, with a few boards for the roof, and then set to work in earnest with the crops, and they were soon able to live on the products of the farm and
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A Kansas sod house, or "soddy," of the type described by Ebbutt.

garden. As they had no cows we supplied them with milk, which they
much wanted, there being several small children among them; and so
they undertook to do our washing in exchange for half-a-gallon of milk
a day . . .

Once in the wintertime when we two boys were at Quinn's, we had
a lengthy time with a prairie fire. An old Swede, living a little way north
of their place, had accidentally set fire to the grass, and as there was a
most terrific north wind blowing, the fire was down upon us in a moment.
Old Andy Johnson came in front of it, scorching himself whilst vainly en-
deavouring to check the progress of the flames by beating them with his
coat. He arrived breathless and hatless just as the fire was coming over the
crest of the hill in front of the house. We all ran out immediately, and set
to work to "back fire" from the stables, and were only just in time to save
the whole place from destruction, by burning a sufficiently wide piece of
good, and thus stopping the rush of fire.

It was a bitterly cold day, and while working right amongst fire,
moving a waggon out of the way, Jack got his hands frozen rather badly.
Mrs. Quinn doctored him up though, and rubbed his hands with kerosene
oil, etc., and they soon got well, without losing any fingers.

In a few minutes after the first alarm the fire had passed right by,
and the whole face of the country was changed from a dry dead brown
to an intense black, and ashes were blowing about in the clouds. For a
long time we could trace the progress of the fire by a thick column of
smoke, and at night there was a red glow in the sky, showing that it was
still burning miles away . . .

Some few miles from us lived the Garretts, an English family. They
had not been used to farming, and did not succeed particularly well. Mrs. Garrett did not get along in what is usually considered the woman’s department at all. She was not much of a cook, and as to milking a cow— “Oh! I can’t, it feels so nasty!” said she at her first trial, and so poor old Garrett always had that job.

Near them lived a family named Samaurez, of Spanish descent. They rather considered themselves “some pumpkins,” and their status may be summed up in the words of one of the Quinn boys. “They’ve got two kinds of sugar, and don’t they just look at yer if you put white sugar in your coffee, or yaller sugar in your tea!”

The Story of Aqua Pura

by

William Allen White

People who write about Kansas, as a rule, write ignorantly, and speak of the state as a finished product. Kansas, like Gaul of old, is divided into three parts, differing as widely, each from the other, as any three countries in the same latitude upon the globe. It would be as untrue to classify together the Egyptian, the Indian and the Central American, as to speak of the Kansas man without distinguishing between the Eastern Kansas, the Central Kansas, and the Western Kansas. Eastern Kansas is a finished community like New York or Pennsylvania. Central Kansas is finished, but not quite paid for; and Western Kansas, the only place where there is any suffering from drouth or crop failures, is a new country—old only in the pluck which is slowly conquering the desert.

Aqua Pura was a western Kansas town, set high up, far out on the prairie. It was founded nine years ago, at the beginning of the boom, not by cow-boys and ruffians, but by honest, ambitious men and women. Of the six men who staked out the town site, two—Johnson and Barringer—were Harvard men; and Nichols was from Princeton; and the other three, Bemis, Bradley and Hicks, had come from inland state universities. When their wives came west there was a Vassar reunion, and the first mail that arrived after the postoffice had been established brought the New York magazines. The town was like dozens of others that sprang up far out in the treacherous wilderness in that fresh, green spring of 1886.

They called it Aqua Pura, choosing a Latin name to proclaim to the world that it was not a rowdy town. The new yellow pine of the little village gleamed in the clear sunlight. It could be seen for miles on a clear, warm day, as it stood upon a rise of ground; and over in Maize, six miles away, the electric lights of Aqua Pura, which flashed out in the evening before the town was six months old, could be seen distinctly. A school