VII. Politics

August 16, 1895.—Ed Powers, who is the champion horseshoe pitcher of Climax, says "a man has got to deny Missouri and Kentucky and swear never to vote the democratic ticket again" if he expects to live comfortable with a pop.

November 8.—Election day is over and we don't know yet whether to yell or look like a sick tom cat.

April 10, 1896.—One of our stockmen informed us that he had lost just $300 feeding cattle this winter. If he and thousands of others would repudiate McKinleyism and turn their attention to the financial question such deplorable incidents would not have to be recorded.

May 15.—Through the kindness of a friend of ours we often receive the Congressional Record. While its contents as a general thing are not of that absorbing, fascinating nature that one would keep from eating, or even sleeping to read, still once in a while we strike a copy that's very interesting, as was the case last week, where the senate in discussing the naval appropriation bill, got switched off on something else, and had the pleasure of hearing a rip-roaring good speech from Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. I wish all populists could have read the debate that took place between Tillman and Hill. It would do them good and strengthen them in their battle for people's rights. Though the South Carolina senator denies being a populist, and speaks somewhat disrespectful of us at times, his heart is all right and we would heartily support him for second place on the national ticket should he have the good luck to get there.

May 22.—In the last resolution passed by the house of representatives which gives each member and delegate an increase to their salaries of $100 per month for clerk hire, Mr. Skinner, of North Carolina, spokesman for the populists, as against the resolution, said: "It is simply criminally extravagant to give away to our clerks this $315,000. I call members' attention to the fact that it is voting away, at present gold prices, 430,800 bushels of wheat, 861,600 bushels of corn, 51,350 bales of cotton—more wheat, corn and cotton absolute necessities of human and animal life, than 10,000 honest farmers can raise by working and delving three hundred and sixty-five days in a year." Another gentleman, Mr. Talbert, who was allowed just five minutes to speak his mind said in substance that he opposed the proposition in the Fifty-third congress and would oppose it in this for whenever a single dollar is taken from the taxpayer except that which is actually necessary it is robbery pure and simple, and during the six months of recess the compensation of these clerks at $100 a month would amount to $125,400. You have appropriated over one half billion during the session of this congress. Do not turn around now and pension yourselves and rob the farmers whose products have been reduced in price by your gold standard policy until today he hardly gets enough to pay the cost of producing his crop. And the farmers pay 80 per cent of all taxes levied by the government. Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, (democrat) stirred up his republican brethren considerably by stating that the expenses of this republican congress exceeded by $22,000,000 the average appropriations of the two sessions of the last democratic congress. They tried to expunge from the Record a large list of figures which the Alabama man had inserted which effectually proved that the democrats were vastly more economical in their expenditure of the nation's money than the republicans. After a sharp and interesting colloquy the figures were allowed to remain and the distinguished member from Alabama will have the satisfaction of knowing that probably many an orator will use them in the coming campaign. It must be remembered that each member of the house can draw $100 per month additional to his salary whether he hires a clerk or sticks it in his pocket. Curtis voted for this resolution, as did the majority of other republicans. Let's resolute the rascals.
Map of Greenwood county area showing the locale of Uncle Johnnie's Honey creek items in the Eureka Messenger. The Greenwood county plat map shows the Wood farm and other farms, Honey creek, Honey Creek school, and other landmarks mentioned by Uncle Johnnie in his column of community news published in the newspaper's "County Happenings" section. Reproduced from Plat Book of Greenwood County, Kansas (Minneapolis, Minn., Northwest Publishing Co., 1903).
Our farm paper for whom T. B. Ferry, the great specialist in wheat, clover and potatoes exclusively writes, has been advising farmers to pay no attention to politics, but to get out of old ruts in their farm operations, make specialties of some one thing and excel everyone else in raising it. Farmers have done so and the consequence is potatoes 1 to 4 cents per bushel, butter 5 cents per pound, eggs 4 cents per dozen and the climax was reached last week when one of our neighbors got 4 boxes of strawberries for a quarter.

JUNE 19.—The Methodists opened their services last Sunday with a song entitled, "The Golden Age," the chorus of which closes with the words, "all hail the age of gold." I don't suppose anything political was intended, but still I could not help thinking that if this great and powerful organization was going to throw its influences for the deaf and dumb bossy, those of us who are trying to do what's right might as well throw up the sponge.

JUNE 26.—So prejudiced are some of us getting this year over anything that emanates from Ohio that we can't even swallow potatoes bearing that name without gagging. . . . The last we heard of the McKinley train its products were attached to pay labor for work done on same. Previous to this it was struck by lightning. High heaven and man is playing hob with the old bankrupt's boom. In the meantime it will be interesting to know after all the beer bills are paid just how much the St. Louis sufferers will get from this sickly exhibition of fetich worship. . . .

It's McKinley and Hobart is it? About the only thing the campaign song writers can get to rhyme with this combination is apple cart and we'll upset that all right if somebody don't blunder on twin convention day. If the gold standard fellows win the day we suggest that they furnish the people of this country some small change, smaller in denomination than pennies, something similar to the Chinese money as it were, so that when agricultural laborers go on the market with their products they will meet with no embarrassment in making change. This suggestion is subject to the approval of "Up!" of course.

JULY 3.—Jerry Nichols visited ye correspondent last Sunday afternoon and we discussed politics, men and measures with a free-

dom that would have lead to our incarceration in any other country but America.

JULY 10.—Senator Peffer is a smart man but he is a little too slow to suit me for a Fourth of July orator. I like to hear a man rip and tear on that day; tell us how our forefathers licked the British and hint out right smart that we could do it again, etc. Anyhow, Mr. Peffer kept out of politics which no doubt disappointed his enemies as well as some friends. He very near hurt our feelings when he said if we keep on progressing we might in the future live on air, a diet we care nothing about when beans and other truck are so easily raised.

JULY 17.—Westward the course of Empire takes its way, and Bryan is the man.

Hurrah for the platform, The free silver platform.

The democratic platform, And we'll all take a ride.

Some of the reciprocified old back numbers are howling because Bryan is a young man, and also was chosen from the wrong side of the Mississippi river. But the main objection, "doncher know," is that Bryan is an American with United States proclivities. . . . They say that Mr. Bryan's mascot is his wife who by looking intently at him slightly smiling, encourages him at propitious moments, to those oratorical efforts that have won him so much fame. It seems to have worked all right with William, but whenever my "folks" look that way at me I am always dead sure there is something wrong with my pants or collar button, and the consequence is I'm so embarrassed as to be fit for nothing else but a mopper of terra firma for some other fellow.

AUGUST 7.—Tom Fitch, the noted free silver advocate of Arizona, is being eulogized by the partisan press because he is allowing his manhood, independence, and honest opinions to be crucified upon the golden cross in order to help his rotten old party. For a man that honestly believes in the gold standard I have a respect and would fight for all the prerogatives he is entitled to in his belief. But a man who has travelled and worked for years for a principle he believes in and as he himself says has never had occasion to change his views to turn around and say to this corrupt old goddess "whither thou goest I will go and thy god shall be my god, etc.," such a man is a poltroon and a coward, a lickspittle and fit for nothing but
cannon food and the sooner he is buried the better for our country.

September 4.—It's astonishing how all these travelling orators have managed to be in Mexico, grandly throw down American silver for high priced dinners, get more silver back than what they gave, then come back home and abuse the money that gave them such snaps.

The "Hero of Gettysburg," who by the way cannot be found in any of our histories figuring as such, is a word juggler, Aurora Borealis Barmicide feeder of the first water and we almost feel like apologizing for being an American. We still cling to one hope. He said that free coinage would benefit two classes of people, viz: The mine owner, who is an American, and the dishonest man who wants to pay his debts, which means me, you and everybody else. If such is the case, hurrah for Bryan, if the hammer does fall. The opening of western mines means a market for western products, which means more money, more homes free from debt. If this is dishonesty make the most of it.

September 18.—I would say that the ratio between Bryan and McKinley is 16 to 1 and that the little Napoleon has as great purchasing power as ever and since the tin cup was passed in his behalf the great corporations have been ever ready to back him, whether it was to purchase individuals, conventions or states. However, it would be difficult to estimate whether the ratio between the two men if we base our estimates on the difference in circulation. For while the Abraham Lincoln of the west circulates freely on both sides of the Mississippi McKinley's perambulations are confined principally to his front porch, and if this circulation is kept up it will make the ratio on November 3d, in the year of our Lord and people, 244 (not counting Kansas or Nebraska) to 185, and all in favor of William J. Bryan, the emancipator of the whites.

October 30.—Vote for Bryan. We will soon know who killed the bear. Everybody will be glad when it is over.

November 6.—Gosh, what a big ticket! Where are we at? Hopes and fears, my bosom swells. Does the star spangled banner still wave? Our pulse wouldn't beat any higher if somebody was shooting at me. Farewell, until next week. I can't write items while my country's fate is trembling in the balance.

November 13.—I'm not ashamed of Kansas. We'll bob up serenely in the next century. Our hat's off to the American republicans of Kansas, "God bless 'em." We would weep for the nation if it wasn't for smiling over the result in our own beloved state. . . . I hope now that this bond-breeding, produce-lowering, vault-hiding, saffron-colored, panic-creating English metal, will come forth from its hiding place, and help its American white brother do the legitimate business of the country.

February 12, 1897.—The Congressional Record of January 29th contains some interesting reading. A bill to "provide for the representation of the United States by commissioners in any international monetary conference hereafter to be called" was before the senate. The debate that followed disclosed the fact that we have had six monetary conferences since the war and also showed that none of the leading powers will ever join this country to bring about international bimetallism. Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, spoke against the bill. He said that any people under the sun could pursue alone the sound principles of finance, commerce, business and good government independently of other nations and be gainers by their faithful adherence to them. Mr. Stewart, senator from Nevada, followed tendering his sincere congratulations to his republican friend, Mr. Vilas, for his frankness and graphic language in picturing the folly of applying to foreign powers to regulate our domestic affairs. Mr. Pettigrew said that since 1873 the farmers had lost on four staple articles of production one billion, five hundred million dollars, or enough to have started every mill and employed every man in the United States. Mr. Stewart also appealed to populist and free silver democrat and republican senators not to obstruct the bill but let it pass, and Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, favored treating future tariff legislation coming from republican senators the same way. The bill passed. Senator Peffer made a little speech saying he had no faith in the bill accomplishing anything but would vote for its passage.

March 19.—Congress meets, prizefighters meet too, look for much wind before this month is through. (Apologies to Shakespeare.)
APRIL 9.—We understand that there is a boy over near Farmington that will have William Jennings attached to his surname. Good; there's one down here that is going to be called William B. if the court's in session and I think she is. [The baby was named William Donald!]

MAY 27.—In regard to the proposed amalgamation of all forces against the foes of free silver in this country there seems to be quite a sentiment in favor of such fusion. While leading populists admit that coquetting with democracy has deprived us of some of our locks with a consequent loss of strength it is generally conceded best to allow the fair delilah to have some say so in regard to the disposition of fruits of our sinfulness. And yet there are pops that can be found by blind men that are so disgusted with the proceedings of our legislature as to openly declare that they will vote with republicans this fall as a manner of showing their disapproval of the way our legislators have done. In fact, us populists might as well admit that "a rose by some other name would smell as sweet," if not sweeter, and if we expect to drive with red lines and hold our forces together we must adopt a different cognomen, something that will attract silver republicans or else gold standard roosters will be on exhibition right smart after the ball.

JULY 22.—A republican told us the other day that we had sure enough prosperity, with suffering and distress in Canton, thousands upon thousands struggling for bread and fulfilment of broken promises, doubt and uncertainty everywhere, except in Kansas. A man that would call such a state of affairs prosperity would stand in the middle of a blackberry patch on a July day and say he was cold or he would stand where devils stood and swear he was not thirsty.

AUGUST 12.—The populist primary at Climax was well attended. Seven delegates were elected, all good men and true, and J. H. Wood was selected committeeman of the township and his wife says will have an excuse to go down and play croquet once in a while.

SEPTEMBER 2.—Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma, all pop countries, are the only ones so far that prosperity waves are striking. Can it be a scheme of Mark Hanna, you reckon, to bring us back to the fold? Lots of us promised to backslide, you remember, if he would bring us silver and gold.

MAY 26, 1898.—Our idea of a good citizen nowadays is a man that will hold up his right hand and swear to support the constitution and obey orders without inquiring into the politics of the general that issues them. Commander in Chief McKinley is running this thing now and I'm endorsing every durned thing he does, and will go anywhere, eat anything or fight anybody he puts me after.

AUGUST 11.—The republican prophecy that populistic rule would drive capital out of Kansas has come to pass. Two Kansas banks have placed loans aggregating one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars on Ohio and Pennsylvania real estate. Capital left Kansas to a large extent under republican rule but we never got any interest on it. Now we do. Moral: Hurrah for pops.

AUGUST 25.—Karl Kurtz, one of the most enthusiastic admirers we have, informed us the other day that he had left the republican party. In company with a friend he went to Fall River City, took his feed, unhitched and fed his own team and hitched up again except snapping one snap, and a son-of-a-gun 'publican charged him a quarter. Furthermore Karl used to be a miner and fully appreciates the imposition practiced on his brother toilers in having to accept something that compelled them to trade at corporation stores and pay exorbitant prices, just as if they were low down blanket Indians. He also recognized the efforts of populism in rescuing these men from corporate greed, and as an intelligent, progressive American citizen who believes in equal rights to all men, he can no longer be a g.o.p.

NOVEMBER 10.—We are Fat, Fair and Forty and got beat for justice of the peace. Blow your horn Gabriel before the sun comes out again. Cold weather for pops. About all we have left is patriotism. Let's set up on the g.o.p. and cuss Peffer a while. Darn his old long whiskers. I never did like him after I heard him speak.

JUNE 1, 1899.—If the republicans were as glad to get old Peffer as the pops are to get rid of him, we see nothing to prevent them eating barbecued beef together in perfect peace and joy.

AUGUST 17.—There will be no mud slinging to amount to anything as far as country politics is concerned this year. The candidates are all clean, respected honorable gentlemen no doubt well fitted to be our servants.
September 28.—Ten thousand carpenters in New York city laid down their tools and quit work because they were refused $4 a day and Saturday afternoon holiday. While words fail us to express the contempt we feel for the Hydra Headed Octopus that thus seeks to grind this great army of hewers of wood and drawers of Budweiser, still the thought strikes us are they not in a manner responsible for this deplorable condition of things? Did they not help put this man at the head of our government who is held responsible for every bit of cussedness that happens in this country and adjacent archipelagoes? And would we not be excusable if we invited these carpenters to eat the tin roosters they wore in their hats commemorating republican victories if they ever strike us for a hand-out or a quarter?

March 29, 1900.—Joe Smith has got some potatoes that actually look like they have been dipped in gold. He declares they will go from 200 to 1200 bushels per acre, according as to who plants them, pop or republican, and has named them the Gold Standard, thus confirming our worst suspicion—that another prominent man has left the populist party.

April 19.—The campaign in Africa has been getting more interesting again. I suppose it is altogether against the law of nature, but the fact remains that nine out of ten Americans secretly rejoices in every British defeat.

October 4.—And did you see Teddy? A large number splashed through the mud last Saturday to hear and see the notorious Rough Rider, Colonel Roosevelt. A magnificent set of teeth, a miserable, pointless calf story, was all we saw or heard. Of course, Teddy’s time was limited, and the unfeeling engineer pulled the throttle before he ought to. The republicans say the crew were all Bryan men and did it on purpose. On the other hand, the democrats say that they did the cowboy a great favor, for if he had more time, he would have made votes for the democrats at the rate of 1000 per hour. Be it as it may, it seems to me that the doughty colonel could have done better, even in the short time he had, if it had been nothing more than simply waving his hat and yelling. Perhaps, on the whole, we expect too much of these great men, many of whom are merely creatures of accident or fortunate combinations of circumstances.

August 21, 1902.—I heard brother Emmer-son the prohibition candidate for governor and I have a good notion to vote for him. While it is almost impossible to eradicate habits contracted while things were looser in Kansas than they are now, still we may all be able to do some good for those coming after us if we vote right.

November 13.—It’s all over except the explanations. There’s no Eperdermis off our Anatomy. It might have been worse. Twas a clear campaign but the nastiest election day I ever saw.

VIII. Patriotism

January 3, 1896.—We thought it was bad enough here but in some portions of the east they have to help children out of the mud where they got stuck coming home from school. Kansas is all right yet.

May 15.—Some of our good butter makers are complaining about the price they receive. They think from five to eight cents per pound is pretty low for it. But as we are all getting plenty of fresh air perfectly free the good sisters should not kick on such small matters as the low prices received for products from the farm, but should comfort themselves with the thought that such things would be lots higher if we had to buy them. Also, that the dollars we receive are going to be made good if it takes the proceeds from every cow and chicken in the country to get them after this.

June 26.—Uncle Sam would have been in a—of a fix if he would have waited for international action or European approval before he issued money to pay the boys in blue, and any man that is not willing to take the products of the mines of this country or even rag barrels, stamped with the credit of seventy millions of people is not worthy the name of a soldier or son of a soldier and if it takes a war to renew a country’s patriotism once in a while for God’s sake let’s have it.

June 10, 1897.—I see that eastern capitalists have chartered a car and are coming to Kansas to make loans to our people. Why, how is this? I thought Kansas has ruined her prospects. That no more money was coming in. That we had everlastingly flabbergasted our credit as it were. Is it possible that these calamity howlers were all wrong and that “ad astra per aspera” is all right? The eyes of the world are on this state and if there ever was a time we could look haughty it is right now. Kansas is not only
paying her debts but she has given in the past three months over two thousand dollars to suffering humanity in other parts of the world. It takes no glass-eyed, pigeon-toed, slab-sided, split-tailed dude with a high salary and do-funny machine to tell “What’s the Matter with Kansas” nowadays. Anyone with an average education can sum it up in two words and an abbreviation: She’s all right.

AUGUST 7.—A careful reader of Mr. Rizer’s very interesting Georgia letter [Messenger, July 31, 1896] can see he is getting homesick. Come back, Ed, come back. We are soon going to fix things so that no man need leave Kansas to get him a home.

JULY 1, 1897.—The Fourth will soon be here and we can all brag how our forefathers licked the British. By the way, do you know it’s no slouch of a job to whip an Englishman? If one’s foot slips, he’s gone sure pop. . . .

I don’t reckon they celebrated much the first Fourth or so in the long time ago so it is probably not quite a century and a quarter since we first began to celebrate our nation’s anniversary, a day when every ism except patriotism should be cast from our hearts. Now while it has been the fashion of orators to allude to the great strides our country has made in the last century we notice that a good many are inclined to strike a lugubrious note or so in the course of their remarks by alluding in a vague and mysterious manner to some hidden danger that threatens our republic. Out with such forebodings! . . . To doubt the success or safety of our republic is to question the existence of divine power and let each and every one of his creatures renew allegiance to true Christianity (brotherhood to man) and liberty, and earth’s grandest oceans three thousand miles apart shall roll up in thundering oratorios their glad approval of our allegiance. . . . From Florida’s everglades to the Golden Gate, from Alaska’s most remote quartz-bearing regions to the devastated cane fields of the next addition to America, that this great union of ours “shall remain forever inseparable world without end, E Pluribus Unum, Amen.”

MAY 26.—It’s nip and tuck in some parts as to which is cussed the most—the cockle burs or the Spaniards. History is to blame for most of our vindictive feeling toward Spain. It’s a common thing to hear a person say, “Every since I was big enough to read history I have despised that nation.”

JUNE 16.—Louis, the only son of our esteemed friend and citizen, Mark Boyce, started for the front last week. He wanted to go when the first call was made but his parents could not give their consent but promised him should another call be issued he could go. Leaving a home surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries wealth can give he gladly exchanges all for the dreary monotony of camp life, the bivouac of the fever stricken swamp or the death surrounded battlefield. God bless our winsome boys, and when the wild battle shall come may they strike a full blow for the stars and stripes then all safely slide home.

AUGUST 11.—There has been lots of history made in the last few months and the American that has the honor of being the first to hold up to our view the opportunities made possible by glorious victories on sea and land is ex-Governor Stone of Missouri. In a speech made before the Jefferson Club of St. Louis the Governor outlines a policy and expresses sentiments that in the opinion of many will be the Slogan of Democracy in 1900. But strip the speech from its democratic features and look at it as an American speaking for his country and it contains utterances that should thrill the heart, whatever party though he be. Territorial expansion, this hemisphere the limit, the proud Oregon sailing through the Nicaragua Canal, owned and controlled by the land of the free, the acquisition of Puerto Rico and Cuba, the respected flag of our merchant marine floating in every sea, are all subjects treated by this American statesman as only a born leader can treat them. Truly a future is opening up before our no longer infant republic that knocks the socks off anything we’ve yet had.

SEPTEMBER 29.—That letter from Ginger is about as good a thing as we’ve read from the front in a long time [Messenger, September 22, 1898] and if William gets home alright with his war reliefs he will be the only coon in town. Mr. Allen used to be very fond of peaches consequently we sympathize with his enforced abstinence from the delicious fruit he describes in his very interesting letter.
April 13, 1899.—I heartily endorse every sentence "E" of Star wrote last week in regard to retaining our Philippine possessions and if the old 20th wants any help to seal or ratify any contract that Uncle Sam is undertaking to fulfill there is a big reserve right here in Kansas sufficient to take and hold any kind of an Archipelago that turns up, unless what-you-call-him pats up a better fight that he has been doing. This is no time to be splitting hairs over the rights of a lot of damphools that allowed such back numbers as Spaniards are to tell them what's what. Future ascendants (for they will have to ascend) of Aguinaldo will yet rise up and feast on anniversaries of that day the sons of Ad Astra per Aspera first arose among the mangos and gave them civilization.

June 29.—There will be a big crowd in Eureka on the 4th. Corn will most all be laid by and everybody should go somewhere and have a good time. Don't forget Old Glory is waving over more territory than ever before. Be patriotic and hurrah for everything she covers.

September 21.—I see reports are coming in from all parts of Kansas that pop conventions are endorsing the war in the Philippines. That's right. I'm glad to train with such patriots. We hope the Democrats will also quit kicking against the pricks and join the glad refrain. There are a few copperhead republicans that should crawl in their holes before the heel of patriotism crushes the venom out of them. If our management of affairs in our territorial possessions conflicts with Thomas Jefferson principles or James Monroe doctrines we can't help it. It's a condition that confronts us now and as we are cleaning out everything that tackles us we are justified in believing that the God of Battles is on our side, and if the cadavers of James and Thomas are not satisfied with the way things are going they can turn over on a side and chew the fact that their theories, etc., are not the only doctrines that have been knocked all to hell the past year.

I say, people, let us get up a basket supper at our school house and buy a flag to wave over same. Old Glory is not waving enough in this country to suit me. I want to see her over every school house in Kansas, every school day anyhow, floating in the breeze. Remember our boys will soon come marching home again and they are used to seeing the Stars and Stripes floating everywhere they've been and they will be lonesome if they don't see the dear old flag here. Let us all wave her and bless the expense.

November 30.—I hope everybody will have a good dinner Thanksgiving day. If you can't get a turkey, roast a goose, a duck or a chicken; even a fat cottontail basted with pork gravy don't go so bad. With so many things as this country has got to be thankful for, the dinner hadn't ought to cut much figure nohow.

February 15, 1900.—There is one consolation Kansas people can always enjoy. When bad weather does come it's much worse everywhere else.

July 19.—If the declaration of independence has got to be rung in on us every time we add some territory, or knock over a subject of Datto Piang or Datto Baquisi or liberty loving boxers, the constituency of this great and mighty free will place that great document in the dust covered archives where reposes the seven conspiracies and the crime of '76, where it will soon become as common as an old shoe.

. . . Didn't they have any fireworks in Kansas City the 4th? Not a single mention have we read in any of the papers, nor have we conversed with any one who was up there that mentioned a celebration of any kind.
SEPTEMBER 11, 1902.—This is a soldier week. I'd like to hire a tent and camp with the gay old fellows but ma is afraid I play old sledge chuck-a-luck and other innocent pass times. Nevertheless we will be with the boys whenever weather and time permits and expect to be shown a good time.

IX. FARMING

AUGUST 2, 1895.—L. S. Broddle has the finest piece of millet we've seen this year. It's five feet high, clean of weeds, and heading beautifully. The Lodge Bros. are cutting their cane. It's seven feet high, thick as three in a bed and will make the hired man weary before he gets through with it.

AUGUST 9.—Ten thousand welcomes for the glorious, blessed rain.

AUGUST 23.—H. L. Stephens has a fine watermelon patch. Wagon loads of them as large as Wichita melons and still growing. The man gets his coffee from offered him the munificent sum of six cents apiece for 'em.

AUGUST 30.—Lodge Bros. & Co. are having a picnic with their sorghum. It rains so often and the second crop is growing so fast that it is hustling the boys to get the first cutting out of the way. The present indications are that they will have at least ten tons to the acre. John Cochrane had three hives of bees last spring. They have now increased to nine hives, besides one swarm that got away. He has also lost 150 pounds of honey from the three original hives. This has been a great bee year. With the advent of alfalfa there is nothing in the way of farmers making money out of bees except nerve.

SEPTEMBER 13.—A couple of our farmers counted the grains on a head of Kaffir corn and made 8,000 of 'em. This will be a great year for the red-headed cereal. Nearly everybody that went visiting last Sunday had to stay all night. We were caught out like some of the rest and somebody, at present unknown, staid at our house and we hereby tender our thanks for the shutting of the doors and windows as our better half worried considerable for fear everything would be flooded. Call again.

SEPTEMBER 20.—It beats Helenhighwater how hot it's been. Our old Betsey sow has got twelve little pigs and we were fool enough to offer to take $20 for her a few days ago. If Marsh Moore had one more hog, he'd have an even hundred, 78 of which will be ready to run off in about 30 days, bringing him upwards of $700. Gosh, hogging it beats trucking it.

NOVEMBER 1.—The bustling farmer eats only one meal in the day time now. The rest of his eating is done by lamp-light. Jerry Nichols has sold his steers for $27.00 per head.

Mr. Knudsen weighed his steers the other day and they had gained an average of 400 pounds. Stockmen say this gain is phenomenal on steers that roughed it last winter; didn't get a bushel of corn apiece all winter. Jake has refused three cents per pound, and says even at them figures he would make a handsome profit.

NOVEMBER 8.—J. Andrews received $3.75 per hundred for nine head of his hogs, the highest price that has been paid around here. Our cattlemen around here have lots of feed but they all think stockers are too high and consequently will not buy any feeders for a while. When farmers have stuff to sell prices are too low and when they want to buy prices are high. So we all have to howl a little no matter what church we belong to.

NOVEMBER 15.—The Call brothers sold their crop, on what is known as the old Clark place, for $425. The boys only paid $100 cash rent for this place.

DECEMBER 27.—A good time to drive posts and make pies—mud pies. Two intoxicated moons in one month and powder horn moons at that is enough to create a phenomenon of some kind.

JANUARY 31, 1896.—John Cochrane sold his fat cattle to Joe Smith for $3.50 per hundred. John Andrews sold a bunch of hogs. got $3.50 per hundred. J. H. Wood has sold his thoroughbred hog and royal gatesmasher. He got 2 cents per pound for him. There is a great demand for places to rent. Inquiries are received even from Oklahoma. Complaint is being made about taxes being so high down there, and parties want to get back to Kansas. Landlords are raising the rent and getting all they ask. There is a weird fascination about raising corn and the average farmer seems to care but very little whether he sells it below cost of production or not just so he gets a good crop.
February 28.—The windy season is almost here. Everybody that has to is moving this week. The wild geese are going north every day and ducks on the ponds are quite plentiful.

March 20.—From observation and what we hear, I believe oats is the most expensive and unprofitable crop a farmer can grow. Nevertheless, a considerable acreage will be sown in this vicinity regardless of experience and expense. The man that causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before wouldn’t be in it with the mind that could conceive poultry of a kind that would lay two eggs behind where now only one is laid at a time.

April 3.—You can get two bushels of seed potatoes for what it cost to get one last year about this time. John Wood has bought himself a new team, new harness and new plow and the way he and his big boy are turning up the bottom of old Peach Blow Farm is tough on gumbo roots and encouraging for corn.

April 10.—Spring has come and it looks like rain. Oats are up and looking fine. The small boy is coaxing to go barefoot.

April 17.—Grass will soon be big enough to eat. There are no flies on this creek, but it’s as windy as Wichita. One blessed thing about the wind is that the moths are blown galawest for they cannot preserve their equilibrium long enough to sting or lay their eggs in a single fruit tree. Your correspondent was the first one to have rhubarb on the market, and he made over $5 thereby. The Kirkpatrick Bros. sold W. H. Phillips a fine male hog. The boys have a fine class of hogs which have been in good demand at home and abroad, selling readily at from 4 to 6¢ a pound. Our farmers are sparing of neither pains nor expense in bringing this great mortgage lifter to the highest standard of excellence.

April 24.—Hogs are only worth three cents per pound now. If it don’t rain pretty soon our pond will not be worth a dam (no profanity intended).

May 8.—Messrs. Knudsen and Cochrane are each having quite a bit of prairie broom this spring. A little shower now and then is relished by the best of men—the farmers.

May 29.—I don’t care a goldurn if it rains off and on all summer. Wasn’t it a colored philosopher that said, “Life consisted in wishing for rain and then wishing for it to stop?” And I think he lives in Kansas, too. Our respect for the nerve of the men who sowed oats this spring is increasing daily. Prospects are good now for from 30 to 50 bushels per acre. The chinch bug is completely overthrown and we would dislike to have any one rejoice over our downfall as much as we do of this little odious hell damned bug.

June 12.—Blackberries are ripe. More rain, more silver. This is a great year for garden truck. Three inches of rain in one night is a bad starter for a drythly June.

July 10.—Everybody pretty tired since the Fourth. The man came down tolerable hard. Its lucky it rained for Eureka could not have held all that would have been there had the creeks been fordable.

July 17.—One of the gentlemen who had an interest in that shipment of cattle across the sea informed us that they had lost money on their venture. Now those that prophesied can say, “I told you so.”

July 24.—If this blessed rain keeps coming down all summer, what will corn be worth next winter? The word “prospect” is superfluous now in speaking about corn. I might add, rain is getting that way too. Now everybody go to lying about the yield per acre they are going to have.

August 7.—Grass and millet are making from two to four tons to the acre.

August 14.—We hollered a little too soon; late corn is a-hurting. I expect we had all better quit talking politics and commence praying for rain.

September 4.—Some new corn has already been engaged at 15 cents per bushel in shock. One of our neighbors whose mortgage comes due this fall has received notice to pay up. They won’t renew. He is trying to borrow money some where else and finds it very scarce.

November 13.—Corn is being cribbed very fast now and great piles are seen here and there on the ground throughout the county. Fifteen cents a bushel seems to be the established price.

November 20.—Isn’t this nice weather? Corn is averaging fifty bushels to the acre in these parts.

December 18.—“This fine weather won’t last long,” so say our local weather prophets.

December 25.—Corn is almost gathered.
The nicest fall for years for that kind of work and the biggest crop Greenwood county ever had. ... Ben Jones got in from Oklahoma the other day with his cattle. He says that 900 head were sold from one county alone down there to Kansas feeders.

January 8, 1897.—Henry Jones found pretty good evidence that somebody has been butchering a few of his hogs without leave or license, or even giving him a share.

January 29.—Gee whiz, what a friz! I suppose the roads have been as bad in the past but we have forgotten the time. You were all wishing for a change so don’t complain. I hope this norther will purify the atmosphere and give the doctors a much needed rest. ... Your correspondent has got a cow that came in the other day with twin calves. First wave of prosperity, as it were, that’s struck us.

February 12.—Slish, slosh, slush. Shoot such stuff. All the mean things that have been said about the roads are still applicable.

March 5.—March 1st was a gloomy day. Awful dark night now. We just fear to go out. Wild geese are going north in large numbers. I don’t see why. It is disagreeable enough here for anybody unless it is a goose. We heard some frogs singing the other day and “hope eternal is springing up in our breast” once more.

March 19.—Fruit buds so far are in excellent condition. Blackberry vines green to the very tips. The tenderest of raspberry vines even have come through all right and give promise of a bountiful harvest.

March 26.—According to the almanac spring is here. The way it really appears at present writing it looks like snow. ... The butchers are paying some fancy prices for fat stock on this creek; three cents per pound and better for fat heifers. ... J. H. Kirkpatrick, our assessor, has commenced his work. He reports finding more corn the first day and a half he was out than he found in his entire round last year.

April 2.—The crab apple tree has donned its clean new green dress. ... This spring is going to be a splendid time to sow alfalfa. Seed is a great deal cheaper than it used to be and most farmers can certainly spare the land. With cribs all full of corn and prospects bright for another large crop this is a good time to decrease our corn acreage and get some more land in permanent pasture of some kind. By careful tests high agricultural authorities have proved that this wonderful plant contains all the ingredients to make it a perfect ration for our two great money makers viz: the hog and the cow. So let us all get a good large patch started as soon as possible. August Peterson was through these parts gathering up a load of hogs last week. As most of us had not seen a paper for several days and the market rising like Yeast Foam bread, August got some walloping good bargains.

April 16.—I see there is an item going the rounds of the press stating that a farmer in Kansas raised 160,000 bushels of corn last year. I’ve no doubt of it. I worked for that man when I was a boy. He had horns on his hands and hair on his nose. Kept no clock but had a crazy rooster that crowed all hours of the night. There is where I was first introduced to the eight hour system as she’s practiced in the “rural deestrics.” I have been looking over my notes since writing the above and find that the fellow I worked for was harvested some time back, but as I am acquainted with all the qualifications necessary for the raising of such a corn crop you had better run this anyhow in order to give your readers an idea of the kind of hair-pin it takes.

April 22.—The prettiest and most fragrant bloomer we have got on the place at present is a patch of wild plum trees. Every farmer should set out a small grove of these trees. They are very handy for chickens to dodge under to escape hawks, besides, theoretically the fruit feeds the curculio and keeps them off the other high priced novelties. Say, brother toiler, have you got onto the web worm? He’s sure on our trees more numerous than ever. Where one has a small orchard a very good way to kill the worms is to take a can or pan of coal oil, dip a paint brush in it and dab it on the nasty things. They are very small now and you will find them bunched up in the crotches and on the ends of small twigs and limbs. This method besides being more merciful than poisoning gives one the satisfaction of seeing the little imps die right away.

A member of the English parliament has introduced a bill for the establishment of warehouses by the government for the purpose of buying and storing grain in large quantities.
in times of great plenty, so as to always have an abundance of food in sight should famine or drouth cause scarcity. Wouldn't it be a funny passage if at some future time Johnny Bull by his providence would be enabled to furnish corn to his cousins across the water? And wouldn't Uncle Sam change his pants right away if such a thing happened?

MAY 6.—Uncle Jimmie Mills uses pure coal oil to spray his trees with; it sure kills the worms and some say it will kill the trees, too. . . . George Hall, on the Lodge place, lost a cow from alfalfa bloat. We saved one of ours by sticking her with our jack knife. . . . Plenty of pie plant sauce, and asparagus on toast, keeps our system in real loose shape these spring few very days. . . . A fellow has to keep his mouth shut when the wind blows or he gets it full of chinch bugs. . . . The farmers are having a very poor stand of corn around here; nearly everyone will have to plant over again to some extent.

MAY 13.—The Kirkpatrick boys sold their fat cattle last week to A. Peterson. This was their first experience in feeding fat cattle and they made a whole lot of money. . . . A gentleman who must be a close observer informs us that the English sparrows devour these worms that bother the trees in large numbers. He has also seen other birds devour them. If such is the case bird-egg collectors will please give our orchard the go-by.

MAY 20.—Henry Jones has cleared an average $12 per head on his 300 head of steers purchased last fall. Henry is making some money nowadays and everybody is glad of it.

MAY 27.—We are pleased to state that there will be plenty of flowers for decoration day which will soon be here and will also say that neighbors and passers-by who want roses for such purposes are perfectly welcome to anything that grows in our door yard as long as they last.

JUNE 3.—While John Andrews was taking a load of corn to town a tire came off and he never knew it until a neighbor called his attention to his loss. Did anyone ever see a tire roll off? Does it not prove a total depravity of inanimate objects that they can thus slip off leaving a fellow to jog on a mile of two in ignorance of his loss. . . . John Snider is back from visiting his daughter at Hutchinson and the first things he had to do was to shut up an old rip of a sow that had eaten up two hundred of his wife's little chickens.

JUNE 10.—The rain barrels are full again. Kansas is in the swim and there is none that can duck her.

JUNE 17.—We have some awful wet showers dropping here and there from insignificant looking clouds nowadays.

JUNE 24.—Jehosophat, ain't it hot? If it was not for the relief experienced by rushing into cold print we wouldn't write this week.

JULY 8.—Dow Lockwood, who has been laboring for your correspondent, struck for higher wages last Friday. The promise of a gorgeous necklace and the privilege of putting his feet on the table instead of under it was no inducement to the young man so we wearily let him go. I am not muffled on a striker anyway and will boss the business and cut down the bushes. . . . Red raspberry is the only fruit this year that the vendor blushed over. When he states the price of twenty cents a box, he naturally feels apologetically sorrowful—because he hasn't more of them. . . . After witnessing the devilment done by the web worm we feel like apologizing to the pocket gopher for calling him a bad enemy to alfalfa at all. Of course he makes a few holes in our meadows but he always draws the hole in after him, and he's not in it with this web-spinning critter that is now all over our alfalfa. What a slam it is on our boasted progress and Godgiven intellects that man is sometimes brought up standing in utter bewilderment as to what to do with, for or against, such insignificant damnation spreading insects.

JULY 15.—It did not rain and the prayers of the wicked availed nothing. Lots of the corn is sunstruck and farmers are damaging it very much by cultivating it these hot, dry days. . . . M. Lyons is the only man in this district that has flax. He has over twenty acres in and is cutting it this week. It looks like it will turn off well.

JULY 22.—Sing the doxology; let the cymbals ring, for these blessed showers have freshened everything. . . . The nerveiest man we have seen for a long time lives on Fall River. He got 300 sweet potato plants and set them out last Friday. It commenced raining the next day, and we hope his faith will meet with rich reward. . . . The blackberry known as the
early harvest is a wonderful berry. It’s early, medium and late, and when the glass-eyed cans are all full we are going to take our shot pouches and fill them up to kill rabbits with next winter.

**July 29.**—Toasting forks and zizzling tongs, how we do perspire! Filled with desperation, leaking perspiration, and mad enough to bite a ten penny nail in two, our brain is on fire and our soul is filled with ire at this very silly question: *Is it hot enough for you?*. . . . Elmer Wood is the champion blackberry picker on this creek. He has paid for his saddle and bought a suit of clothes with the proceeds of his labor.

**August 5.**—The berry season is over. There’s blackberries canned, blackberries jammed, and blackberry jelly in nice little glasses. When the children go to school to learn the difficult rules, they’ll have something to lunch on ‘sides bread and ‘lasses.

**August 12.**—The rain came in time. There will be plenty of roughness any how.

**August 19.**—It’s peaches and cream now. Another nice rain caused pleasant remarks all around. . . . Mr. Brodile has a fine piece of millet on some very poor ground.

**September 2.**—We got a lick of rain the other night and have had several dark promises for more. In the language of the immortal Irishman, “Let ‘er come.” . . . J. E. Millhorn says he will have forty bushels of corn to the acre this season. The finest prospect he ever had. . . . Ed Hull has bought 200 acres of corn at 25 cents per bushel.

**September 9.**—We all certainly need a hard rain. The late peach crop will be a failure on account of the drought. . . . Mr. Amick, on the Penwell farm, is preparing some of his corn stubble ground for wheat.

**September 16.**—The longest spell of most unbearable heat the writer ever remembers of experiencing terminated last Tuesday in a refreshing breezy rain. Now that the spell is broken we trust our poor weak sinful natures will get a thorough soaking and the ponds fill up once more.

**September 23.**—The frost is on the pumpkin but gosh, how small they are. Drinking water is getting scarce and the nights are getting colder.

**May 19, 1898.**—John Cochran’s barn was struck by lightning last Sunday morning and Old Jim, the best horse he’s got on the place was killed. The barn was shattered and split up right smart. The same barn was struck and a horse killed several years ago. . . . Golly, hasn’t this been nice weather for potatoes and wheat? Henry Jones has got a wheat prospect if owned by me would have a $4,000 air castle built on it right away. Henry, however, deserves something better than such unsubstantial structures and we believe and all sincerely hope he will get it when the harvest time comes.

Our own interest in war matters must not make us forgetful to be very thankful that these
long, hungry, hairy, soft-shelled, apple depopulators and forest foliage destroyers are nothing like as bad as they were last year, but keep on spraying; don't let them seed. . . . The high water is a thing of the past we hope but the effects are still present. Hundreds of acres of corn are planted over again. While it is a sad sight to go over the river and creek farms and note the mischief done one cannot but admire the pluck and efficiency displayed by his fellow men in repairing damage done and working order out of apparent ruin and chaos. It shows the true Saxon grit. The worst features of these high waters on both slope and bottom land is the washing away of the soil. We earnestly advise the sowing of permanent grasses on such places thus preventing one of the worst features of high water.

May 26.—The ground is so saturated with water that a right heavy dew is all that is necessary to send the river climbing at the gauge-post. . . . The past week has been fine plant weather and our fat man was right in the swim with not a competitor in sight. . . . It hurts our pocket-book more than it does yours to say it, but strawberries on Peach Blow farm are a total failure this year. Too much book larnin' and not enough hoss sense is the trouble I reckon. However, we'll see you later.

June 2.—New potatoes and green peas cause us to stick our noses up at such common truck as radishes, greens, etc. . . . A water washed hog celebrated his Thanksgiving rather prematurely by eating all of Mrs. Nichols' turkeys which were also a little premature. In fact the only thing justifiable and premeditated was the good lady's wrath as she contemplated the ruin the devilish hog wrought. . . . There is a big demand for hands at present. No excuse for being idle if you want to work. We saw seven teams at work on one farm last week. Farmers are pushing operations and anyone who can handle a hoe, plow or pitchfork can get steady work at good wages. After all, the enormous rainfall we have had this year may be a blessing in disguise (barring the stock destroyed). There are a lot of chinch bugs on the corn right now and we will either have to go back on the universally accepted theory that wet weather is detrimental to bugs or else acknowledge that if it hadn't been for a wet spring the bugs would have swept everything.

June 9.—Early cherries are ripe and remarkably free from worms. . . . I have not seen a decent piece of oats this spring. . . . C. C. Miller has planted a quarter of an acre to sweet potatoes and reports the bugs as extra bad in his wheat. If anybody comes across an extra bad cuss word they will please tack it on a chinch bug and pass it around.

June 16.—Westward, the hired man wends his way, and leaves us mixed with corn, weeds and hay, To toil and sweat these hot June days. Next fall when he comes poking back, a job from us he'll surely lack. His place is filled by other lads, who will, by gum, have bigger wads. . . . The small fruit grower is one of the nearest persons on earth. Not a day passes but what he takes a bath and strange to say even the boys employed never have to be told but once to go wash themselves.

June 30.—There was no Sunday school on account of rain. . . . We notice that pops can catch horse thieves with about the same celerity as the great religious wug-a-mump high-ams. Any sons of Spaniards who would steal horse flesh in such busy times as we are having should be dealt with in a summer-like fashion.

July 7.—Your correspondent had ripe tomatoes the 28th of June and was on the market with some June 30th. If there is anybody that has excelled that record or even equalled it this season they will please place their hands in the usual position and repeat after us the following: "We're the only pebble on the beach, an early bird, likewise a peach; a micky, a dutchy, a high mucky-muck, when it comes to raising choice garden truck." . . . The fat man served watermelon and blackberries to a few of his friends last Sunday.

July 14.—Nice nights for sleeping. Prosperity may be here but prospects just now are on a glimmer. . . . Wheat is being threshed in different places and is averaging about 20 bushels to the acre and not very good quality. If we have any influence over wheat growers we earnestly implore them to never attempt to raise wheat in this county again. To have such a fine prospect as they all had and then have such an ornery crop should convince the most sanguine that this is not a wheat
Whenever it don’t rain on the Fourth of July you can bet your sweet life it’s going to be dry.

JULY 21.—This confounded dust is enough to give a fellow the pertussis. The fruit man has been doing a plum good plum business the past week. The plums are quite plump and are plum free from worms. We will give a plum to anyone that will plump any more plums in this item than we have plumped.

JULY 28.—The Willis’, Wyants’ and Miller’s gathered blackberries and chiggers on the creek last Monday. Those people who have been waiting for berries to get real cheap before they purchased can know the truth of remorse this winter, or open some of it and indulge in turnip pie for a change.

AUGUST 4.—As our better-half remarked, this rain will enliven the vines and we can fill up our pickle keg. We must not forget to mention the magnificent showers that have fallen all over the county. It has swelled the peaches, assured full crops of everything we need, and stopped the grunts and groans of despair. Ten days or less ago all was gloom and foreboding. Now everybody should be happy and eat anything they want regardless of cost. Let us all stand by the administration and sing Kansas, My Kansas, Gosh How I Love Thee.

AUGUST 25.—Oh, for a cold rain. Grapes are ripe and simply delicious, but peaches, more peaches, is the cry.

SEPTEMBER 8.—It’s so durned hot and dry that our items are getting sunburned and as for poetry, we can hardly look pleasant at the baby let alone trying to rhyme anything but it will rain pretty soon and then we will all feel better.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Well, it did rain sure enough and welcome it was. Corn is selling for 25 cents per bushel in the shock out here.

OCTOBER 13.—Cattle are selling altogether too high at these cattle sales held throughout the county. Why men will persist in buying stock, paying the highest marked prices for the same, mortgaging cattle and feed, work through the most disagreeable season of the year for nothing and lose all their feed besides is something that makes us feel like cursing, for men are big enough, old enough and ought to know better than to fool with stock that way. Your correspondent blewed himself for a new wagon last Friday and all those he has been borrowing wagons from for the last year or two are requested to call and get reciprocated.

OCTOBER 27.—Farmers are getting hungry for fresh meat and are butchering a pig occasionally. Fresh pork steak and sauerkraut, hot cornbread and coffee, taste mighty good these frosty mornings. C. C. Miller had the nicest apples of any man in the township. He sold them all for a dollar a bushel.

APRIL 6, 1899.—A turkey buzzard was seen the other day, and a large sun dog on the north side of Old Sol. Sure signs of warm weather, the old settler says. We’ve gone back on the ground hog. Lost good potatoes on St. Patrick’s day and could almost sleigh ride Easter Sunday, but still have a reverence and belief in the old settlers and their sayings that nothing has yet shaken. We do not understand the workings of the weather department very well, but when they speak of the mean temperature we’ve been having I don’t think they use language strong enough. “Mean” is no name for it. “Sheolish Adriatic” comes nearer the mark.

APRIL 13.—We went without coat or vest nearly all day Monday and are going to take off our pants to-morrow, that is one pair of them, weather permitting.

APRIL 20.—It is not much of an item but, nevertheless, we had pie plant for dinner the other day and appreciated it very much.

MAY 11.—Farmers are afraid it is going to rain. After while we will be hoping for rain; that’s the way it goes—fear, hope, then comes thanksgiving.

MAY 18, 1899.—John Wood marketed sweet potato plants the first of the week. He can supply all demands.

MAY 25.—S. T. Cline paid $200 cash for forty acres of land adjoining him and has bought a new riding cultivator. Sim is from Missouri but he needs no one to cite him to prosperity for he’s on the road.

JUNE 1.—The wind continues to blow with considerable mean velocity especially of nights. Last Saturday night lots of trees were upset, limbs blown off and I notice some of the paraphernalia belonging to the school house is missing.

JUNE 15.—This is a dry moon but it looks like rain just the same. The time to cut alfalfa is
while it is raining. Al Preston lost a horse last week struck by lightning. Mr. Lamb moved his family and household goods to the bluffs during the recent rain. Last year the river went through his house and chased him off the place.

June 22.—A good many will lay their corn by this week; a few got done last week. I have the poorest show for corn on this creek or I guess in the county. Thank heaven, my corn raising is not catching.

June 29.—Apples are ripe. The ground is very hard. Corn is not suffering for rain yet. Chiggers are more plentiful than blackberries and dig deeper than common.

July 6.—Glorious rain. Happy Fourth. . . . Sam Wheeler took a case of eggs to town last Monday and it commenced raining and excited the kid so he brought the case back without emptying it.

July 13.—Gosh, hasn't this been a good season for cucumbers.

July 27.—A little cloud has risen no larger than a man's hand. It is called the army worm. . . . A miserable low down crawling son of a gun of a black worm is playing havoc with the kaffir corn and millet. It seems to have all the grinding facilities of a monopolist and everything is all pop corn that strikes its maw. It devours everything but cocklebur and sunflowers and its appetite is deep and lasting as the grave. Man riseth in the morning and in the exuberance of a tropical July asks what lacketh he? and at eventide he looks over devastated fields and concludes he lacks a whole lot. "This world's a wilderness of woe, this world is not my home."

August 3.—Those worms ain't going to amount to much. Damage is greatly exaggerated. . . . Last Saturday night was the first night for sometime for comfortable sleeping.

August 10.—This is a good time to dry sweet corn and apples; lots of it is getting spread out.

September 28.—It is estimated that the corn crop in Kansas, figured at 20 cents per bushel, would amount to $43 per capita for every man, woman and child in the state. This is the kind of per capita that changes the color of nobody's hair to contemplate.

October 5.—Indian summer days have come. A mild fire in the heating stove seems very comfortable at times. . . . J. H. Wood sold a load of sweet potatoes and four cows last Monday and is going to make his mortgage look like an elephant had stepped on it this fall.

October 12.—Roe Morgan put his feed lot in potatoes last spring and is now digging 80 bushels a day. He will have about 400 bushels to sell. Harry Burton made up a load of apples in cider last Wednesday on Mr. Caywood's mill. Harry thinks he will have about 200 bushels of nice winter apples to sell.

November 9.—Corn is rapidly advancing in price. Those who fell over their neighbors in their anxiety to get 20 cents a bushel can now nurse their sore shins and play checkers with their nose for all anybody cares. The facts are that if the corn crop has been overestimated in the same ratio in other places as in this county the crop will fall short a million and a half bushels.

November 16.—J. C. Knudsen is building a new barn and it's founded on rock cemented together by Elias Sumner, so it will surely stand.

November 23.—Jake has finished his barn; looks like a small, new town over there now.

November 30.—The ponds have been helped greatly by the recent showers. Winter will be gone before cold weather commences, if this fine weather continues.

December 7.—Mrs. Knudsen and Joel Jones each report the loss of a fine turkey gobbler last week. It "wasn't us that took 'em." "cause we had roast duck.

February 15, 1900.—The early bird gets no worm now for it seems to be froze up for keeps. We don't believe in ground hogs for it is not a Kansas product. But there seems to be a coincidence between its shadow and our weather.

March 1.—Al Preston has purchased widow Brothers' corn, paying 25 cents per bushel.

March 29.—William Hart has threshed his millet seed. As it is the large kind and seed scarce he will probably receive a good price for it.

May 10.—Oh, ain't you glad you're alive? Talk about your watermelon and sweet potato jam. There's nothing clings to the ribs like taters and ham.

H. S. Jones had a hog killed by dogs last Monday. His men succeeded in shooting one of the three dogs that done the killing.
Fred Stuber lost two cows very suddenly; they were evidently poisoned by something they got in pasture most likely wild parsnip. His brother also lost three head in the same manner. Shaw Broddle has trouble with his calves this spring. He had about twenty sick ones. It is thought that the cows were fed too heavy on grain. John Andrews sold $200 worth of hogs last week and has still got his alfalfa pasture covered with that valuable article of commerce.

May 17.—Mr. Fox, the Eureka potato man, set out 4,000 sweet potato plants last week. The rip snorter from Old Honey furnished the plants. Lee Clutter planted a couple of acres of late potatoes last week.

May 24.—It's considered sarcasm out here if one neighbor asks another if he intends to cultivate his corn rows with the same team.

June 7.—Cherries are being snapped up very fast at $2.00 per bushel.

June 14.—J. H. Wood filled an order for 200 pounds of pie plant for canning purposes this week.

July 19.—This vicinity has been peculiarly fortunate this season; at no time have we suffered for lack of rain. The sunflower looks all right in the buttonhole of a Kansas delegate among high life in the effete east, but it looks like destruction among growing vegetation and in our country lanes. Cut them down. A kind of pink eye sort of a disease is affecting stock to some extent in different localities. The Kirkpatrick Bros. have several head of cattle nearly blind. Ed Hull lost one horse and has others somewhat affected.

August 23.—Is anybody praying for rain? What ain't worth asking for, ain't worth having.

August 30.—The past weather has been very detrimental to our natural sweet and sunny disposition. There have been six buggies purchased in this immediate vicinity since the 4th of July. If the country is going to the devil, we're all going to be comfortable while taking the trip.

September 13.—We are happy to acknowledge another fine rain. It was a great surprise though, didn't have a single barrel in position to catch it. Apples are nearly all on the ground. The continued dry weather seems to have weakened them to such an extent that they drop with the slightest breeze and can be purchased from 15 to 30 cents per bushel. Large quantities are being made up into vinegar. Zac White has corn that many believe will go 80 bushels to the acre. Mr. White himself thinks 75 will catch it. It is the variety known as Long John and piles up like cord wood. Ears have been known to grow 16 inches in length.

May 2, 1901.—Branding cattle, driving to pasture and planting corn keep farmers so busy they scarcely have time to deposit their surplus cash these fine days.

August 7, 1902.—Shaw Broddle commenced threshing his flax this week but quit on account of poor work.

August 21.—The only corn I know of being sold brought 35 cents per bushel. Seller to put in shock.

August 28.—The first load of new corn the writer has seen on the market was brought in last Monday by Loss Graham, an enterprising farmer from Farmington. It was the yellow variety known as Long John and the ears lacked only a few inches of being a foot and a half long. He got forty cents per bushel, eighty lbs. to the bushel.

September 4.—Did you ever see such nice corn? The bottoms can beat us on alfalfa but we lay it all over 'em this year on corn. Binding twine is so high that many farmers will not use their binders this year. Thus dies the goose that lays the golden egg.

September 18.—Fred Wheeler and Dave Gibson found some bee trees and got pails full of most excellent honey.

September 25.—Items have all went down the creek washed away, trapped in the mud. Blankety, blank. Such weather, to-day is worse than yesterday and tomorrow is worse than to-day. Dismayed, disappointed, mud drabbled, we stand and cuss this d—d eccentric Kansas land.

November 13.—I beat the creek on cabbage this year. We weighed some that went 16 pounds and better. I made a barrel of kraut and if the wind don't change, it's going to stink me out of house and home. Chrysanthemums are finer this year than ever before.

November 27.—Hogs are selling from $5.74 to $6.00 per cwt on the creek this week. Corn is not very firm at 32
cents per bushel. It will be firmer bime-bime by.

DECEMBER 11.—I'll be switched if I don't believe it's going to rain again... There has been five months this year that have given over six inches of rain fall and I guess December will be six of one and half dozen of the other... Al Preston shipped a car of cows last week. He says he got 50¢ per bushel for his corn all right. Mr. Preston is thinking of buying a farm... A traveller along the highway cannot help but be impressed with the amount of cattle being fed in this county. One wonders where they all come from.

JANUARY 15, 1903.—S. Goldsworthy was in the neighborhood last week introducing a cream separator. He will milk 20 cows next summer and ship the product... Fred Mahan has got the record for kaffir corn yield. He threshed 748 bushels from 12 acres, 30 cts. a bushel brings a little over $16.50 an acre or $6.50 more per acre than he gave for the land... FEBRUARY 5.—Hogs sold for $6.25 per cwt. the first of the week... Charley Cutmeyer was buying fat cows on the creek Tuesday. He pays 3 cts. per lb.

FEBRUARY 12.—There will be a lot of feed left over this spring... John Beitz over on Tadpole sold a bunch of fat cattle recently that averaged over 1700 lbs a head. 3 steers in the bunch weighed 20 lbs over a ton apiece. He got $5.37 a hundred.

MARCH 5.—Looks pretty tough to me. There is only a thin crust between the mud above and that below and when one breaks through, it's horrid... Hogs are selling for 12 or 15¢ a pound at some of the sales so I hear.

MARCH 12.—Frogs are singing kinder mournful like... We are all stuck in this mud... The roads are the worst anybody ever saw... John Andrews bought an ox last Monday... Every time you pick up an egg, it's a penny.

X. BUSINESS

AUGUST 30, 1895.—Mr. Bassett, of Eureka, was out here the other day showing a small and select audience how his new fangled corn cutting sled operated. If he depends for a revenue on the selling of that thing, he need never worry about the income tax, as his corn cutting sled is as useless as a dog that sucks eggs.

MARCH 20, 1896.—The last quilting bee held since we wrote was at Mrs. Belle Kirkpatrick's and there was just thirteen women present (that unlucky number), which however, means one addition instead of a loss before the year is out, on this creek. As usual we were not invited but had revenge by sending a sewing machine agent down there; but our revenge acted as a boomerang, for the agent talked machine till we got one, and it's a dandy.

APRIL 3.—By a remarkable coincidence a sewing machine agent happens along at every sewing bee the ladies have. Sharp fellows them agents are.

APRIL 17.—The great Standard Rotary hypnotizer was out here this week and sold a White machine that he had traded for to Mrs. Mul- linx, and says if he could only trade for a New Home he could Goforth perfectly happy.

JUNE 19.—If the railroads that hauled 26,000 bushels of corn for the McKinley boom will haul as cheap for Greenwood county farmers this fall, we will fill their cars with produce that will astonish the state, and pay off every dollar we owe.

JANUARY 22, 1897.—Johnnie Baily has rented the Henry Jones place on the hill; Mr. and Mrs. Cross will farm... John Brockleman has rerented... Thus it will be seen that this has been renters' week. Some that have been with us for years we hate very much to lose; and truly hope they will all be able to get homes of their own in the near future.

FEBRUARY 12.—Rent for ground has advanced some for the coming season, grain rent especially. Nearly all landlords get half, either in field or crib. Cash rent remains about the same. We have been interviewing some cash renters lately as to how they have come out. One reports that he had 150 bushels of corn left after paying rent; another owed eight dollars after selling his crop; another had four dollars left, and one owed an even $100 and didn't see how in h--I he was to raise the balance unless he could sell some furs. In fact only one man made money and he got his place extremely low. Experience costs more than common schooling and some men never graduate.

MARCH 26.—Last fall when so many were buying cattle there was considerable criticism made by some people in regard to the prices paid and practice of a great many in giving mortgages on feed as well as cattle to secure
payment. It is now believed by many that these nervy purchasers of stock "built wiser than they knew," and the cattlemen of this county at least will make large haifs of money. Many thousand cattle in the great northwest that have perished in recent storms added to the general shortage that has existed all along throughout the country at large, certainly justifies one in predicting a 6 cent market for fat beeves in the not faraway future. What the realization of this prediction would mean to the Kansas farmer in general, and the Greenwood county rustler in particular, none but those acquainted with our stockmen could understand. Just as quick as they sell something they turn right around and buy something else. They can not and will not keep their money out of circulation. If they cannot get one kind of stock, they buy another. I verily believe they would buy a load of goats if they could not get anything else to eat up stuff raised in this county. With bright prospects for the future and a numerous cortège of the best and most liberal dispensers of the needful on earth surrounding us, the most humble of us whether our stock interests are small or not at all, can give our coat tails a congratulatory kick that our lines are cast in pleasant and profitable places.

April 2.—Europe is buying five million bushels corn every week from this country and yet scoffs at the idea that they are using it for johnnie cake or puddings for human consumption. And so dealers on this side of the water are wondering what our neighbors are doing with so much corn. They are probably eating it and ashamed to own it for that's the way we do in this country sometimes.

April 22.—Corn is twenty cents per bushel. A prominent feeder said to the writer that the rise of price was caused by the building of that crib or warehouse down at Climax. Let's see, it was the farmer's alliance that proposed the government warehouse system of storing corn, wasn't it? Te! he! ha! hal it was enough to make a donkey laugh and they all did laugh, and do yet, when corn is a high price, but our enemies never mention the warehouse system and make funny little remarks when corn is from ten to fifteen cents per bushel.

June 17.—If some of these agricultural writers would hang the wings of imagination upon the clock shelf a while and take a practical hold of this alfalfa business their enthusiasm would soon be as damp as the hay they were handling. Of course alfalfa is all right and all that; everybody should have some but we have our troubles with it just the same. For instance, it comes on just when corn needs our undivided attention, we get it cut down and in the swath, then comes a rain, the hired man gets sick and its toss and tumble, hurry and worry. It is about as hard to cure as asparagus would be and I also want folks to understand that it takes a team of horses and several men to do a good job of tossing. "Maud Muller" wouldn't be in it in an alfalfa patch unless she confined herself to carrying water. Yes, if the writers of some of these articles had the experience of some of our alfalfa growers have had the past week or so there would be a spontaneous combustion of some of 'em, just what happens also to this wonderful plant even after it is supposed to be put away safe in the stack.

June 24.—August Cline has thrown up his job and will go west where he expects to get $2 a day for twenty days and $1.50 per day from then till Christmas. We hear no more about air-ships, but some young men in this vicinity have seen air-castles which are luring them to the west where it is supposed there is plenty to do and high wages for the doing. Dame fortune, smile upon our boys and bring them home again. . . . We wish somebody would start a milk wagon from these parts, we believe they could make a good living hauling our milk to the creamery. We have talked with Wood, Knudsen, Jones, Cochran and several others and they are all willing to let the creamery have their milk if some one will take the job of hauling it to town.

July 1.—Hurrah, we have got a great big can to put our milk in now and a man comes and hauls it off and brings the skim milk back to the hogs and bimey we'll get some money.

July 22.—Gus Cline writes back that he has a soft snap hauling water for a threshing outfit. He did not have much fun the Fourth, but won a prize for $2.50 for finding a balloon that had been sent up. If Gus had seen what I saw last Sunday he would chase no more air-ships, but would come right home. "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye." . . .

The milk man brought each of his patrons a neat envelope last week with enclosed statement of amounts owed to or due from creamery. The red balance lines brought us in debt,
but we will make a haul all right next pay day. The gentlemen at the head of this concern have our confidence and will get our milk as long as the cows come home. If the buttermaker's butter is any better than his poetry, we'll try that, too. In the meantime, there are some churns out here of various patterns and designs that can be purchased cheap, and they are all warranted to kill.

**JULY 29.**—Mrs. Anderson visited the creamery the other day to see with her own eyes how they were running things. She reports everything neat and sweet and thinks sending milk off is a great saving of hard work for women folks. Our milkman is laying off for a few days to fix up his wagon more comfortable and convenient for milk hauling. Mr. Warner has a milk route that takes 60 miles' travel every day to cover. He has already worn out two teams, but now has a span of mules that will stay with him although they run off from him three times recently.

I see that W. F. Ellsworth who used to be a neighbor on this creek has purchased a farm. I am glad of it and would like to see more of our renting friends get homes of their own. It is a fact that land is being offered at prices that in many cases barely covers value of improvements on same, and it is a matter of great surprise to me that more are not trying to secure homes of their own. Of course many are waiting until they secure cash enough ahead to buy a home outright, but that time will never come. At present rent prices a fat mortgage and regular interest is not the pleasantest thing in the world by any means, but it beats renting too bad to talk about.

We received a postal card recently from the office of the publishers of American Swineherd, Chicago, Illinois, informing us that our bankers had paid for balance of year's subscription to January 1898 for their paper, with compliments to me and best wishes for my prosperity. Thanks. I'm a great believer in hogology. Hogs and alfalfa is the morning star of Kansas. Keep your eye upon them and pull for the shore. By the way, why cannot Mr. Morgan (who in some mysterious manner has acquired a reputation as an alfalfa boomer) write an article on alfalfa for the Swineherd, as this important adjunct to hog raising is sadly neglected in the columns of that magazine so far as I have observed.

**SEPTEMBER 9.**—E. B. Ware paid $600 on his mortgage besides paying cash for $200 worth of mill feed. Milk and fruit were his principal sources of revenue.

**SEPTEMBER 23.**—The eastern gentlemen who, when they are not otherwise employed in binding up the wound and burying their own shot down, unemployed laborers, are doing Kansas as much harm in lying about the enormous crops and vast sums of money banks are daily refusing to take from farmers, as they did a few years ago when they represented us as carrying black flags, coffins, uncivilized mottoes, etc. It kept capital out then when we most needed it and if it don't rain capital will again turn a deaf ear to our entreaties when we need a little help and seed wheat for those poor devils in the west who while they have done well are loaded nothing like they are represented to be by these unveracious snake story writers.

**SEPTEMBER 30.**—Chester Gregg, who has been working for Kirkpatrick the past few months, accepted a position on the railroad.

**MAY 19, 1898.**—Hogs took a big jump but most of us were slipped up on before we were cognizant of the fact. J. C. Knudsen was one of the wary, however, and he gets $3.90 per hundred. Tom Dunlap is still holding his fat hogs and will no doubt make a big thing. If it hadn't been for cholera—but what is the use. That little "if" has knocked many a dog out of his supper.

**MAY 26.**—Talking about industry having its sure reward, we made a hot-bed along in the winter, planted some cabbage seed, carefully protected it from the cold, watered it when dry, spoiled four comforts and an overcoat trying to keep it from getting too wet and was just about to sell fifteen cents worth of plants the other day in town when a kind-hearted neighbor offered to give my would-be customer all the plants he wanted if he'd just come to his house. It's all right; you mark what I say—there'll come a time some day, when I'll beat you on the market with my truck anyway.

**JUNE 9.**—Fred Wheeler traded a cart and harness and a ten dollar william for a horse that he can't ride, drive or start alone. . . . W. Bolinger sold J. H. Kirkpatrick a New Home sewing machine which when not in use has the faculty of ducking all its machinery down out of sight and presenting a smooth plush surface just right for playing high five on. Nothing so
radical, however, will ever be played on it
while in the employ of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

JUNE 16.—Our Bulletin. We are now ready to
get all the money you’ve got. I have got some
fruit and I am going to sell it if I have to knock
the bottoms out of the boxes. I have burned
midnight oil and ruined the pockets of several
pants and consider myself away up in G. as a
fruit raiser. I have blackberries, raspberries,
peaches, plums and grapes. One continuous
procession of delicious, delectable, delightful
adjective destroyers. Health-breeding, life-giv-
ing fruit, washed with the rains of heaven,
kissed with the dews of earth, colored by the
glorious sunlight, and handled with clean
hands and a clear conscience; straight from the
bushes, trees and vines, we fly to bring it to
your doors. While I handle fruit, like adjectives,
by the wholesale, still a nickel trade will
be pocketed with the same alacrity and Ches-
terfield politeness as that bestowed upon a half
dollar. While I am in the fruit business mainly
for my health, I will carry as a side line a
complete assortment of vegetables consisting
in their season (which, by the way, comes
earlier with me than anybody else) of cabbage,
tomatoes, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, and ev-
everything that a first class man is expected to
carry. Not wishing to bore you any further, and
I am getting tired myself, anyhow, I will stop
short and brace myself for the orders I expect
to get. JOHN H. WOOD.

Sweet Potato Plants. This is the month to set
out plants of this delicious vegetable. We knew
a fellow once that cleared $20 from one thou-
sand Wichita gardeners sell hundreds of bush-
els in Eureka every year. Buy a thousand or
two plants and see if we can’t shut them fel-
loows out. All leading grocersmen carry our
plants. JOHN H. WOOD.

JUNE 23.—A writer in our agricultural journal
wonders why farmers do not branch out a little
more, get out of the rut as it were, try new and
untried things—gingerilc culture for instance.
We are always looking for a snap, so we began
to investigate the possibilities and profitable-
ness of giningulc culture. Well, we can get the
seed for four dollars a pound. It has to be
planted in a hot-bed and requires an even tem-
perature for eighteen months before the
sprouts appear. We further find that at the end
of five years we can begin to ship dried roots to
China where they bring a high price. Great
Scott! we’re no kin to Jof if we do have boils, and
so will stick to pumpkins, peanuts and
popcorn.

JULY 21.—In our travels to and fro our atten-
tion is often called to neglected machinery that
is being left exposed to the elements. Writers
for magazines and other papers also mention
such things and some fellows with a taste for
figures tell us every once in a while just how
much the farmers lose each year through their
wasteful extravagance. One of these writers
mentions a model farmer of his acquaintance
and holds him up for a pattern. This man
bought him a wagon twenty-five years ago, also
a plow, mowing machine and other tools.
Every night during this quarter of a century
these tools have been housed and according to
this writer are good for ten years more. He then
proceeds to picture the blessings thousands of
farmers would enjoy were they likewise as
careful of their tools. Now I’m going to change
cushions for about five minutes and sit down
on this model farmer business. Where in
thunder would this country be if a few hun-
dred thousand farmers hadn’t bought an im-
plement for twenty-five years. There wouldn’t
be a factory or a machine shop in all this broad
land; grass would be growing over the high-
ways of trade and Barnacles would be rotting
the ships of commerce. The model man so-
forth I’ve worked for him.

The second commandment we ever broke
was trying to carry out his ideas of order recti-
tude. He was not careful of his tools but took
the hired man under his model moral being.
He used to soak the hog liver, sausage in salt a
day or two so the hired man wouldn’t get sick
eating too much fresh meat. On Sundays be-
sides the regular orthodox chores we had for
recreation Pilgrim’s Progress, Baxter’s Life of
the Saints, besides almanacs, the bible and
Christian Advocate.

Now let us turn for a moment to his opposite,
the careless machine-leaving-where-he-used-
it-last man. The hustling, bustling, rustling
cuss seventeen irons in the fire all at once red
hot and more a heating. How the factories hum
and the freight cars run to supply his demands.
The American eagle never has the summer
complaint while in his possession for he gives
it a whirl head over tail and it reaches the man
with the little tin pail. Everybody’s friend, hail
fellow well met, bless his hair covered hide,
how I love him. Owes the grocer, banker and merchants? Granted. But he takes the children to the circus and not only lets them see the parade but buys tickets for the big tent where the bovalopas roar at the boxing kangaroo. Who beagures him his pleasure? I don't, do you? Oh, would I had the genius of the Dickens or the power of a Scott. I would place this friend of all trades upon a pedestal higher than Bartholdi's statue of liberty. In variagated hues of arc light brilliancy I would place upon his brow this inscription: "This is the noblest work of God."

SEPTEMBER 29.—Relatives and friends of Isaac Wilson were beginning to feel uneasy as to his welfare in the gold country. His recent message to the MESSENGER [September 22, 1898] allays fears for the present and we all hope the stalwart blacksmith will find plenty of the yellow metal that he dares so much for. In the meantime 40 cents per hour isn't so bad and we advise Ike to hold on to his job till summer comes again.

JUNE 22, 1899.—The feather bed renovators did a good business out here. . . . A hired man rode out with us from town one day and this is what he got with one month's wages: Suit of clothes, pair of shoes, hat and two shirts, pair of suspenders, some socks and had $7.45 left. He made all this absolutely clear in 26 days work, besides gaining in muscle health and appetite. There is only one class of people doing better than the hired men in Kansas, and they are the men that hire them, and you can bet he's got to do well or this state of things could not exist.

JUNE 29.—O. C. Knudsen has purchased the Hardwickson place of 200 acres. His father sold the place once for $400, but that was when it was a common thing to be land poor.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Chris. Hanson has bought the Hartwigson place of 200 acres, paying $2200 for same. Just about eight years ago Chris. came to this country from Denmark. When he first struck Honey Creek he could not speak English and the boys wickedly learned him to swear making him believe that was the correct thing. He knows better now and rarely swears any more. But being industrious and saving he's outstripped lots of the old settlers in making money and has bought a farm. Of course he owes some on it but he will pay for it you bet. Crum Knudsen engineered the deal and got a handsome rakeoff.

MARCH 1, 1900.—Harry Horton has rented the Kerr farm over near Neal for three years. Harry says he's tired of moving every year. A friend of ours showed us a specimen of gold ore taken from land owned by John Willis that experts think will assay $30 worth of zinc per ton. It was a better specimen than one taken from the Galena mines and further demonstrates the fact that if you want anything in this county, go digging and you'll get it.

MARCH 15.—Coal oil is 20 cents a gallon. These trusts will keep on until our fellows will hunt up our old alliance song books and move together in a procession 14 miles long, hold picnics in the timber, eat fried chicken and frosted cake and strike terror to the hearts of our enemies.

MARCH 22.—We understand O. C. Knudsen is going to ship in a load of horses. These useful animals are looking up quite a bit judging by the way old plugs sell on Main street Saturday afternoons. . . . About a year ago this week a neighbor of ours bought corn on time paying 40 cents per bushel to feed his teams while working his crop. He had sold his corn in order to make a payment on a place he had bought. Today he has 1500 bushels of corn cribbed up waiting until the price gets up nearer to what he had to pay. The land he bought is worth $900 more than what he paid for it, for he refused to sell yesterday.

MARCH 29.—Corn is worth 30¢ a bushel in Severy. That's the busiest little town in southern Kansas. Farmers get more for everything from hogs down to chicken feathers than anywhere else, all on account of the Frisco road, so they say. . . . An Oklahoma man with a wife and 18 children has rented the old Clark place. A devlish poor farm for a man with such a family to make a living on.

MAY 10.—I have heard some Prima Donna's trill and Glee Clubs in my day. But its nothing to the music of the hen's sweet roundelay though the money power may squeeze us and corral the azure blue, with eggs 10 cents a dozen, I guess we'll all pull through. Talking about eggs a neighbor of ours sells three dollars worth every week and buys everything he wants and then some. Mrs. Henry Jones has sold $40 worth of butter since the first of Jan—
uary, besides supply her own table, which takes about a pound a day.

JUNE 7.—A good share of the floating population of hired hands are hiking out to the wheat fields looking for soft snaps. A specimen that we interviewed informed us that all he would have to do was to sit in the shade of the canopy decked riding plow with four horses attached, on lands a mile long, and read Diamond Dick, or the Hero of Grizzly Gulch, getting $2.00 a day for his services. I'll bet this dam fool will be washing dishes for his board inside 30 days. The blacksmith at Climax (or his wife rather) has raised 800 little chickens this spring, which at 20 cents apiece will bring them more clear money than some folks make off 160 acres. They use the old fashioned kind of incubators and have 35 of them in good setting order and all bristling with pride and fond anticipation of the glorious hatch to come.

JULY 26.—O. C. Knudsen is at Toronto investigating the gas airs. He contemplates taking stock in the Eureka works if his conclusions are satisfactory. . . . A prominent stockman and grain buyer remarked to the writer that in his opinion cheap corn was a thing of the past. He says the corn kitchen at Paris will introduce this great cereal to thousands of homes where a cheap and healthy substitute for flour is eagerly sought. Our export of corn is increasing every year and when peace is once more declared between all nations, the trade will be enormous and we can't be miserable if we want to.

AUGUST 16.—I had the pleasure of seeing the gas machine bore last Tuesday. It is quite a spectacle and everybody should make it a point to visit it and add a word of encouragement to the drillers. Two bales of rope weighing 1200 lbs each is one of the sights and a wheel, bigger than a balloon is another.

SEPTEMBER 6.—In caring for his nursery located east of town, Mr. Hinshaw has demonstrated the value of thorough and continuous cultivation. Not a leaf has fallen from his plants, notwithstanding the almost unprecedented drough his nursery has passed through. It is a most pleasing sight to a lover of plant life to see the vigorous growth of this nursery, and we are sure nothing but success waits on the man that keeps plants in such a healthy condition.

AUGUST 14, 1902.—Eureka found what? Gas! Well yes I gas. . . .

NOVEMBER 13.—Mrs. Miller who teaches in Valpariso district has bought the old Carter place as some call it. 200 acres for $2400. A bargain I think. Mrs. Miller is an accomplished lady of very pleasing personality and we heartily welcome her to our neighborhood.

MARCH 12, 1903.—A prominent poultry dealer of this county informs the writer that he had made $625 profit last month. . . . One of Eureka's carpenters informed us Saturday that they had orders ahead for the building of seven barns, 6 dwellings and one church. . . . Al Preston is going to sell out and go to the new country. He bought a quarter section for $150. He's a hard worker and deserves success.

XI. GOVERNMENT

AUGUST 2, 1895.—A couple of young men in a covered wagon passed through here last week soliciting aid for Oklahoma people who they claimed to be in destitute circumstances. I was mean enough to think perhaps it was a scheme to benefit themselves, and didn't give anything.

SEPTEMBER 20.—A "Weary Watkins" of the most pronounced type stopped at our house last Saturday and demanded a handout. First tramp I've seen for several years in these parts.

MAY 29, 1896.—The new bridge at the ford south of town is a pretty structure but people are getting anxious to ride over the gay young thing, and if Eureka township ain't getting too high and mighty to do a little road work we would like to have the approaches completed so we could get to town of a Saturday to market our eggs and butter before they get too ripe.

JULY 3.—I would suggest that the cowboys call in their base ball charter and form a neck tie association to furnish suitable neckwear to bad boys who are so well posted on trashy literature, viz: the laws of this country, that they can steal whole herds of cattle with no punishment in sight except a few months in the reformatory and a cigar box full of money.

AUGUST 7.—There is a piece of road on both sides of the river at the Jones' ford that has made everybody miserable or mad who has had to travel it the past week. Bachelor creek authorities have the fixing of this road and they went to work in the muddiest spell we had, and
sloshed around and made mud pies with their scrapers. The darned things have baked in the hot sun until it is rougher than a Texas delegation and is more bumpified than a corduroy road across an Indiana swamp. I wish the township board, contractor and all, had to carry eggs across it every day for a month as I do, and eggs worth 20 cents a dozen. If you have any more contracts to let give them to some fellow that travels this road and is interested in keeping it in good shape.

January 29, 1897.—Secretary Coburn is out with a carefully itemized account of how much it costs to raise a bushel of corn in Kansas. It is 13½ cents, so we see that when a farmer sells for 15 cents a bushel he gets one cent and a half profit, which would make him immensely rich if he just had corn enough to sell. The secretary makes no account of the stalk field but throws that in, which goes a long way to pay for wear and tear on clothes and constitution. Farmers should send for these bulletins and read 'em. They contain much valuable information and suggestions. For instance, the secretary says the most profitable way to sell corn is in feeding to hogs and cattle. Now, I'll bet you renters never thought of that before, did you?

March 18.—Grover Cleveland should not be criticized for vetoing the immigration bill. Free labor is very necessary to the protected manufacturer who sometimes has trouble with employees who can read and write. High tariff unrestricted immigration will fill the future, as in the past, give Americans not much to do and plenty of time to think.

March 5.—This neighborhood has been infested with genuine tramps such as we read about, fellows that scorn a "hand-out" unless accompanied by hot coffee. They sleep in the school house and we would rather have them there than in our dwelling houses, but it's the first time the genuine article ever struck this locality.

May 26, 1898.—I wish the commissioners would hurry and get our bridge fixed. I'm getting tired of going clear around Fall River to get into the city with the Greek name.

May 4, 1899.—Commissioner Wilson, accompanied by Mr. Sharp, a contractor and builder of stone and iron bridges, was on the creek last Monday. Mr. Sharp's specialty is single and double arch stone bridges. He does not belong to a bridge combine, but has successfully competed with the monopoly in Butler and other counties. The stone and work for these bridges can all be furnished at home and by our own people, thus keeping the money right here where it will do the most good. This county has been robbed so much by combined bridge companies that we ought to patronize individuals or companies that are trying to do the square thing especially when their work is every way superior.

June 15.—The commissioners have raised the levy on cattle in Fall River township 20 per cent. Of course there is some kicking but its a fact few will acknowledge. Taxes are pretty low on stock in most every township in the county. Many think that exemption should be done away with and properly assessed at its true valuation, which would make the levy lower, taxes more evenly distributed and thus be fairer all around. . . . The guardians of our county's interests meet Tuesday of this week to locate a bridge in our township. I expect there will be a number of red heads when the matter is settled.

November 2.—The commissioners let the contract for a bridge in our township last week and will get it built a great deal cheaper than they or any one else calculated on. The commissioners saw at once that most all the companies had pooled, the bids ranging from $3,236 to $3,299 or over $200, more than the appropriation. By a bit of clever work on the part of the county guardians and the providential withdrawing of one of the members of the pool, which of course excited the suspicions of the rest, the work was finally contracted for a $2,545 resulting in a saving of $700. The main span will be 120 feet, approaches, 114 feet stone abutments. The contract is let to a man noted for thoroughness and excellence of work.

February 15, 1900.—Our government should offer her services as grand pacification and stop this useless slaughter of our brothers on the spine kops and other miserable peaks and pitfalls in this diamond cursed Africa. Mother England must not be whipped and by helping her let go with dignity and circumspection we can earn a gratitude that may stand us in good play some day.

April 5.—I wish the rich philanthropes would donate some of their surplus cash toward improving the highways. $1,500 is the cost of a mile of macadamized road. If Car-
negie, for instance, would give that sum providing a county would build an equal amount and distribute his generosity over the country in a manner to thoroughly advocate the system, it would help and build up civilization far more than this public library business.

MAY 10.—The official state paper of Kansas has lots of notices from counties that issued bonds that they intend to pay said bonds at such and such a date and that no more interest will be paid. These bonds amount to thousands of dollars and were issued to railroad companies. The biggest piece of foolishness that Kansas ever done. We would have got the wads anyhow if we had just waited. But what makes lies off the grass and also the chiggers off of Willie.

DECEMBER 11, 1902.—I wonder when we are going to get our rural mail delivery. . . . Taxes and death will soon be here. Taxes for the living and death of the old year. . . .

JANUARY 15, 1903.—I saw "Pansy" in town last Friday and as usual he gave me a scolding. Wait until we get rural delivery and then we'll be as regular as Kansas weather. . . . I understand the mail route will open up about February 1st.

FEBRUARY 5.—Hurrah for the mail route. R.F.D. . . . He's got a brand new mail wagon. The first one shipped in by Evans & Son. Price $85. R.F.D. . . . Charley Downs was the first patron on the route to get mail. . . . Joe Yates the first one to send mail. R.F.D. . . . There seems to be a scarcity of mail boxes. Patrons cannot get them so baking powder boxes and other home made contrivances will be used until the regular box arrives. I tell you this R.F.D. business is a big step forward. It places the farmer in daily touch with the world and everybody should do all they can to encourage and perpetuate the system. Hurrah for Uncle Sam. . . .

FEBRUARY 12.—The mail carrier sold on an average 50c worth of stamps daily his first week out. . . .

MARCH 5.—It's no uncommon sight to see 4
or 5 mail boxes on a corner on Route 2. There is
also two government boxes put up for the
public, one at Clutters corner and the other
near Jesse Rossels. Anybody can put mail in
these boxes. It shows the care Uncle Sam has
for the man who’s going somewhere and wants
money from home so he can get there. A postal
card or a two cent stamp and you are as free as
air.

XII. On Drinking and Gambling

May 8, 1896.—There was a dance over in the
Farmington neighborhood last Saturday night.
From all reports they had plenty of whiskey
and a rocky time generally.

August 17, 1899.—The pop convention was
harmonious, patriotic and invincible, and
mostly sober although the chairman of one
delegation reported all his delegates full except
one man. The convention soon remedied that
and we were all happy as a lark.

August 30, 1900.—Every Saturday and two
or three other days in the week when there is
a crowd in town you will see a hollow square
formed around a wheel of fortune, situated
in the most public place on main street. Around
this wheel you will see a crowd of boys ranging
in years from 5 to 40 paying their dimes for a
whirl and a chance for a piece of jewelry that
would disgrace a Kaffir Chief to wear. The
parties that run this wheel could probably
learn me lessons in morality, but as one who
has unsuccessfully met most of the snares of
old Beelzebub, we lift our warning pencil and
declare there is not a pool room or hop-tea
joint in town as detrimental to society as such
whirligigs like this man runs. It is patronized
mostly by boys and is particularly attractive
to greenies from the country. I have seen church
members play it, and the very fact that it seems
sanctioned by Christian people makes such sin
all the more dangerous to our young. Its noth-
ing under heaven but gambling. You might as
well let faro be played, and the wheels that are
in the back rooms of the bowling alleys are
respectable as compared to it, for in these dens
of sin no minors are allowed. If you have no
ordinance to act under get together and create
one. Do something to drive it out of publicity.
If it must run let it hide behind closed doors
where it will be out of the reach of children,
who when reaching mature years will scoff at
their elders for straining out gnats and allow-
ing whole camels, hump and all, to go down
unrebuked.

March 29.—We saw a handsome young
looking boy drunk as he could be last Saturday.
If that lad could have known how disgusting
he looked to others and heard the jibes and
curses that were directed at him as he was
carried out to the manure pile he would never
touch liquor again.

August 21, 1902.—I heard brother Emmer-
son the prohibition candidate for governor and
I have a good notion to vote for him. While it is
almost impossible to eradicate habits con-
tracted while things were looser in Kansas
than they are now still we may all be able to do some
good for those coming after us if we vote
right. . . . I saw a letter written by McHenry to the prohibition paper edited at
Topeka describing her treatment and feeling. It
was written from the Howard city jail where
she was incarcerated on the charge of insanity.
While the letter indicates crankiness on a cer-
tain subject she is no more crazy than I am and
her imprisonment is a disgrace and insult to
American liberty.

September 18.—Best reunion they ever had
is what every one says. Didn’t see but one
drunk man and he was a fool.

XIII. Journalism

July 26, 1895.—It has been so long since I
quit, I hardly know where to begin. [Earlier
items could not be found.]

December 27.—I hope all the Scribes and
Pharisees of this paper will have a happy
Christmas a healthy New Year.

January 17, 1896.—We are sorry to see that
the man who corrects our bad grammar and
spelling has got a stiff neck. I have had the
same kind of complaint, several joints lower,
and know how to sympathize with him.

February 21.—A great many of us poor
mortal can’t enjoy this fine weather for wor-
rising about how we’ll catch it after awhile.
That is the way it will be when we get to
heaven; we won’t enjoy it because we’ll know
we deserve hell.

March 13.—HARMONY. The Honey Creek
correspondent says he can’t enjoy this fine
weather for worrying about how he’ll catch it
after a while. He says that is the way it will be
when he gets to heaven, he can’t enjoy it be-
cause he will know he deserves hell. We will
say for his consolation that he need not worry about getting to heaven. . . . PANSY.

APRIL 10.—If any more of our young folks contemplate getting married I wish they would come and tell me, so I can be the first to tell somebody else. It’s nothing to be ashamed of, so just speak right up so we can get it in the items.

MAY 22.—I hope the Herald will continue its reprint of items of old times. It is interesting reading to us old settlers. The great difference between Mr. Harlan’s coming to this county and ours is he came on the stage and we hoofed it. We distinctly remember the first time we ever saw the “sunny haired editor of the Herald” as he is playfully called by his friends. It was out here on Honey Creek in a case before Squire Eldred when he was opposing attorney to General Rogers. Ah, how time levels down all differences. Instead of sticking to his profession and eventually occupying some high bench Mr. Harlan is simply the editor of a country newspaper, while I enjoy the proud distinction of being the greatest peanut, popcorn and pumpkin raiser in the county.

MAY 29.—We heartily indorse everything that will be said this week by correspondents in regard to corn growing fast and weeds growing and farmers not being able to recognize their farms, etc., etc.

MAY 13, 1897.—The quiet, unostentatious kindness that was shown one of Eureka’s unfortunates by the editor of one of our papers only strengthens the opinion we have always entertained that the editors of our country papers do more good (if they do get less credit for it) than any other profession on earth and we are proud to be connected however remotely with the staff.

JUNE 17.—“Every Rose has its thorn,
   Every woodpile has its nigger,
   Every day has its morn,
   Every berry has its chigger.”

Please forgive me, “Billie,” I just can’t help myself. When the goddess strikes me, I have to muse or bust.

JULY 8.—REECE. That sunset of last Sunday evening would be a good subject for the Honey Creek correspondent, provided he did not exhaust himself by his Fourth of July oration.

JULY 15.—Tell your Reece correspondent that we noticed that sunset all right, and were waxing quite rhapsodical over it when our little-matter-of-fact better half offered to bet there had been or was going to be a cyclone and hurried us off to milk the cows. . . .

HARMONY. A correspondent wants to know if the Honey Creek correspondent is as good a speaker as he is writer. I will say that he is. Many times have I sat under the sound of his voice and been carried away by his strains of eloquence and oratory. . . . If you have

In 1900 Uncle Johnnie criticized what he called gambling on Eureka’s Main street. He lifted his warning pencil and declared that the wheel of fortune patronized mostly by boys and “greenies from the country,” was “nothing under heaven but gambling.” This photograph shows a portion of Main street and the Hotel Greenwood about 1908.
any doubt about this enquire of Tom Dunlap, who has heard him in his boyhood days address imaginary audiences. . . . PANSY.

JULY 29.—Many country people attended the theatre last Saturday night. It was a hot show. I saw "Pansy" there hunting for a place to roost and would have offered her a knee only I was afraid she would accept.

AUGUST 5.—Miss Fannie Brodole and Tom Mills were married last week. We have known for some time that this event would occur but we kept mum about it, for we don't believe in blabbing about everything we know, like some correspondents, even if one does lose an item once in a while.

SEPTEMBER 23.—We saw a gentleman cleaning off some ground, infested with morning glories, the other day and who in answer to our question said he was going to sow wheat. I am glad of it. Maybe next fall I will be able to unwind a sort of Globe-Democrat, Missouri Star item to the fact that Mr. So and So has just sold 80 acres of wheat and with the proceeds has bought a quarter section of land adjoining besides paying off his mortgage; has got horses enough to run four farms and still has ready cash enough left to get his picture taken and buy a few steer calves.

MAY 19, 1898.—Here we are again just as large as life. Just put our name in the kettle and we'll mix you up a few. That man "G." will please crowd over a little so we can get our stick in.

JUNE 2.—HARMONY. We are glad that our Honey Creek correspondent has come again.

JUNE 9.—The kindly welcome we received from Billy of Star and Pansy of Harmony and words of praise from other friends is much appreciated by your correspondent. Although we cannot prevent the blush of pleasure and complacency from spreading over our rather expansive face yet I trust we will never get too swell headed to give the news in a fair impartial manner. All we ask is just simply give us a glimpse of an item now and then and we will dress it up in our best style and if its own mother fails to recognize it pass our imperfections by and give us just another try.

JUNE 16.—HARMONY. We would like to know if John Wood is on the market yet with cabbage and blackberries. PANSEY.

JUNE 23.—Mr. Wood desires to tell "Pansy" that he had cabbage for dinner last Sunday and has had blackberries on the market a week, and if "Pansy" has any old wrinkles she wants smoothed out, to come over and get filled for once with all the delicacies of the season.

JULY 14.—In view of this cattle disease that has broken out north of town permit us to enumerate some of the evils these southern cattle have brought upon the farmers and stockmen of the county since their introduction. They brought us the Mexican bur, that yellow-headed thistle that spreads everywhere until the potato bug took hold of and brought it to bay. They first brought us the cockle bur, the cussedest weed that ever grew, that nothing eats or nothing chews except hogs, and it kills them. A weed that has choked more corn, ruined more farms than any mortgage that ever grew. They brought us the horn fly, that pestiferous insect that nearly drives our stock crazy, that has baffled all attempts at destruction and is increasing in number and annoyance every year until no one can predict what the end will be, and besides all these and other strange and obnoxious weeds that we don't know the names of they have brought fever which has caused murder and bitterness, ticks and fleas, low price for our native stock until you can scarcely see a decent looking steer any more. We ask our cattlemen, has it paid for all the worry and trouble they have been subjected to? I suppose it has to some extent but our sentiment is damn the southern cattle anyway.

JULY 28.—HIGHLAND. We would like to ask our Honey Creek brother for the source of his information with regard to the early history of the cockleburr, hornfly, etc., in Kansas. Either he or we are decidedly off our base on the subject. NEROE.

AUGUST 4.—Cabbage and sweet cider, tomatoes and cucumbers, what better authority does Nero want than me, myself, in regard to cockle-burrs, flies, etc. I might call in the "Old Settle" but scorn to use such a subterfuge. Know ye not, Oh Nero, that a daily combat with the brightest minds of the universe has sharpened our wits so that we could give the great Webster himself Dewey slips of information that would corrugate his eye winkers and furnish us a job a minute. Fling none of your Highland flings at us or you'll have a bigger job on your hands than playing first for an obsolete conflagration. Rest assured you will have a fly time in dislocating any flies, weeds or other
Uncle Johnnie, Honey Creek Correspondent

September 1.—Highland. It gives us inward pain to cede our territory and honor to the king regent of Honey Creek, but in the interests of humanity, the editors and our respective dictionaries we think it the shortest way to end the difficulty. Our walk and conversation henceforth will be of an intellectual nature and conducted on even a loftier level than even our beloved Highland. So now to our editor, our all-suffering reader and our insufferable brother correspondents we bid an affecting and affectionate adieu. Nero.

March 23, 1899.—Harmony. The Honey Creek correspondent will soon be on hand again, as the frogs are out and he comes with them. . . . Pansy.

April 6.—Wegates! Spring has come and we respectfully desire a place once more among the untutored.

April 27.—With apologies to none: Oh, the gentle spring is coming, we can hear it in the hum of dame nature's grand orchestra, when the evening chores are done. We take delight in and will cherish the famous cricket on the hearth, and like the Frenchman are quite partial to frogs done up in chicken broth. But it's nothing to the feeling that we have in early spring, when we hear the fiddling crickets and the frogs begin to sing. And though our mouth is full of feathers and there is whitewash in our hair, corralling care can never phase us as we sit and listen there to this sweetest of all music, old dame nature's busy hum, that comes stealing o'er us, when the evening chores are done.

A correspondent south of me puts in nearly a column each week in a certain paper of this county puffing up his own town and the business thereof. As a kind of sop to the paper that publishes free his different ads, he recommends said paper as being the best in the county. Ye, Gods! That brother can't pick literature for me. Why, I've heard lots of fellows say that paper wasn't worth three whoops in Africa, and I know it can't spell. I wouldn't have roared the least bit only he keeps repeating it every week and we allow no one to rub such nonsense in on us. 'Aint that the way you look at it, Billie?

May 11.—Somebody called me a "crepitus" last week and accused us of crouching spring poems from 12-year-old almanacs. I care nothing for the party of the first part for we don't know what "crepitus" mean, but I will give six…
bits toward starting his opera or furnish the cat gut for his string band, if my brother from the south can show almanacs or any other kind of book that contains our spring "kibosh." I'll admit it wasn't much, such as it is it's mine, begosh. And a darned sight better than you could do if you worked all the week and Sundays too.

HIGHLAND This weather makes us feel like writing poetry, but as we have no genius in that direction we leave all in the hands of our Honey Creek brother, knowing that he will do the subject ample justice. . . . NERO.

MAY 25.—The editor of the Union heaped coals of fire on my head a couple of weeks ago by a complimentary mention of a couple of items in the MESSENGER, intimating at the same time that we had been snorting over his bad spelling. I do not want our friend to think for a moment that we believe he does not know any better for he is a scholar as well as a gentleman and we are also aware that many people of culture are in favor of some sort of a phonetic short cut through orthography. But we want to call attention to a fact that we believe will prevent this bad spell from ever being adopted or used to any great extent by people of education. It is this: Anywhere outside the skirts of civilization in the black jacks of primitive barbarism where the worm rears his head and the school house is not, where the inhabitants chew long green and dip snuff between meals, you will find this eccentric spell and it has always been called the dialect of ignorance. To adopt this style then would be a confession that these people had been spelling better than they knew. It would be the entering wedge that would disarrange our entire system, the intricacies of which have always been mastered with entire ease by our young and when mastered is an acknowledged sign of culture anywhere. We are a reformer and believe in progress but are not ready to sanction what has been facetiously called the Easterly spelling.

AUGUST 10.—Miss Flora Poole, who is the traveling correspondent for the Mail and Breeze gives Eureka a very nice write-up. Miss Poole’s writings are of the masculine order which seems incongruous with the sylph-like personality of the writer. But still I wouldn't mind having her snap for she is a variagated success in levyng contributions for the breezy little paper she so well represents, and rarely misses a cue but always pools.

MARCH 15, 1900.—Gosh! We heard a frog sing and saw a kildeer bob his head. We'd pour out a spring poem but are afraid some son-of-a-sea-cook would accuse us of stealing it from an almanac.

AUGUST 23.—The "Pride of Kansas" is dead. But as long as grass grows, John J. Ingalls will be remembered by Kansas Americans. Author of "Irridescent dreams" and a lot of other verbiage which delighted all who reads. When will we see his like again? A perfect gentleman and the only great man that ever reported a prize fight. The skinning he gave the dunderhead that presumed to criticize his actions, tickled a whole world. A typical Kansan in being able to take care of himself under any and all circumstances. . . . In everlasting brass, or costly marble dress let his be the first great presence to grace memorial hall.

FEBRUARY 12, 1903.—STAR. Uncle Johnnie we are glad you are living on a R.F.D. but you needn’t feel so blamed proud about it. All the same Uncle Johnnie we will expect to hear from you every week hereafter. . . . Billy.

FEBRUARY 19.—About 50 converts are the results of the Evangelist Smith’s efforts at Climax, a truly good showing for a tough little town like Hobuck. He said he wouldn’t swap places with an angel and consequently must feel quite holy. I heard him once and think he’s quite hog wash.

FEBRUARY 26.—CLIMAX. Our people are peculiar people, . . . but I never heard us called tuffs before I saw it in the Honey Creek items. . . . Now come Uncle Johnnie, surely you haven’t been in Climax for some years. Come over and bring Mollie and the children Sunday . . . and see if things aren’t really better than you thought for. We have visited on Honey Creek and found some of the best people we ever met and we covet a better opinion of them. . . .

MARCH 5.—I guess we owe our Climax brother an apology but the fact is we were mummy, felt dumpy, and wrote grumpy. I like Climax and her people, and have always been treated well when I went down there. But the last time I was there somebody had put the running gears of a wagon on top of the courthouse and it looked pretty tough to me. I’ll go down again some of these day, hunt up our
brother and Weiser's best pop and wash all
toughness and roughness away.

XIV. HEALTH AND DEATH ITEMS

JULY 26, 1895.—Clint Lockwood broke his
leg last Thursday. A mule fell on it and broke
both bones between the ankle and knee. Al-
though he suffers a great deal of pain, Clint is
getting along remarkably well. Dr. Dillon is
the attending physician.

AUGUST 23.—Mrs. Jimmie Mills, Sr., was
buried last Saturday. It seems very strange and
sad when we think about never seeing Auntie,
as she was familiarly called, in the bible class
any more. . . . Dr. Dillon removed the
plaster from Clint Lockwood's leg a few days
ago. The set is perfect and the limb will be
straight and Clint will soon be able to take to
crutches.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Lewis Stuber cut his finger
nearly off while tinkering with a mower. That
is why he had his hand in a sling last week.
Charley Call nearly severed one of the bones
on the top of his foot with a cornknife—a bad
cut. Marsh Moore also gave the ball of his
ankle a crack. The boys must be careful.

NOVEMBER 1.—Mr. West, the young man
who works for Cochran, is sick with malaria
fever.

NOVEMBER 8.—Two medicine peddlers were
around here last week trying to dispose of their
various cure-alls. One of them, who was a
thoroughbred Indian lady, did a very good
business in this section.

NOVEMBER 15.—Howard Stevens cut his
thumb quite severely while shocking corn
recently.

NOVEMBER 22.—Ed Stuber's little son, Fred-
die, . . . was accidently hit with a ball
bat, cutting quite a gash above his eye. Dr.
Hughes, of Climax, sewed it up and the little
fellow is getting along nicely. . . . A mare
that John Kirkpatrick's youngest son was rid-
ing at full speed collided with a post, fractur-
ing her skull. The boy was not hurt but I guess
the mare will die.

JANUARY 17, 1896.—As Lee Clutter was
loading some hogs recently the team started
and threw him out of the wagon on some rocks,
hurting him quite severely.

FEBRUARY 14.—I hear that Jerry Nichols has
got some of Job's tears scattered up and down
his spinal column, mostly down.

FEBRUARY 21.—Jerry's boils are much better,
but he has got a bad looking eye. Who hit you,
Jerry? . . . Colds are so common one gets
no sympathy whatever, no matter how bad a
fellow feels.

APRIL 10.—Mary Knudsen jumped on a nall,
running it into her foot quite deep. She was
unable to walk for a few days, but prompt
application of home remedies is bringing her
through all right. . . . Alee West has been
on the sick list for the past week. The doctor
says he has had a narrow escape from typhoid
fever. Mr. West will have to quit drinking creek
water.

MAY 1.—Birney Kirkpatrick has a sore toe,
the result of a bite from a snapping turtle. The
boy must keep his toe out of the water if he
don't want a turtle to snap 'er off.

JUNE 19.—Lonie [Lowie] Stuber had a bad
runaway last week. His leg was hurt, a culti-
vator demolished, and some more barb wire
scattered around.

JULY 10.—Birney Kirkpatrick was kicked by
a stray horse last week and hurt quite badly.
Linos [Linus] Lyons, in jumping out of a
wagon trying to get away from a runaway team,
broke his leg below the knee. Dr. Dillon set the
limb and he is getting along as nicely as possi-
ble.

JANUARY 29, 1897.—I hope this norther will
purify the atmosphere and give the doctors a
much needed rest.

MARCH 26.—A nephew of Cam Edwards,
who is working for Mr. Knudsen, was quite
badly hurt by a vicious colt he was riding last
Sunday evening.

APRIL 9.—Most of the neighborhood were
visiting the sick last Sunday, who we are glad
to state are all getting better. We would a great
deal rather try and write spring poetry than
have to chronicle sickness and distress among
our friends and neighbors. . . . Mrs. J. H.
Kirkpatrick was a very sick woman Friday
night of last week. Drs. Dillon and Grove were
both called out and worked with her all night.
Everyone hopes and believes she will get along
all right now.

APRIL 16.—Jacob Volmer has answered his
last roll call. This old soldier was well known
down here and we tender his relatives our
heartiest sympathy. He carried $2,000 in the
A.O.U.W., thus leaving substantial proof of his
care for loved ones even when laid low by death.

APRIL 22.—One of John Cochrane’s hired men fell from the barn loft and broke his neck. Dr. Dillon set the injured member and the boy will be ready for work in a week or so. This sounds rocky but that’s the way the colonel fed it to me.

MAY 20.—Little Johnnie Wood run a nail in his foot and his parents have already put six different kinds of liniment on besides four polishes. When I was a boy and got nails inside of me they simply tied on a piece of pork and let me go to bed without washing my feet and the next morning I was supposed to be all right. When I see the fuss made over youngsters now and compare it with the sang froid my heels used to be treated with I have about come to the conclusion that they wanted me to have the lockjaw.

JUNE 10.—The Kirkpatrick brothers purchased from George Boone a fine $60 tombstone for their father’s grave.

JUNE 17.—Birnie Kirkpatrick cut his foot quite badly on a corn plow. The members of this family all have small feet but they have a terrible time keeping them free from cuts and bruises some how or other.

JUNE 24.—Dr. Dillon lanced a very vicious tumor which had found lodgment under S. T. Cline’s arm. If Sim would raise more blackberries he would not have such things. . . . Mrs. Emma Brothers is at rest from her troubles. . . . Sinned against and sinning, repentant and believing, her spirit passed away.

AUGUST 19.—This part of Honey Creek was startled last Sunday when the news came that Ben Glines had died the preceding night. He was kicked over the heart by a calf sometime in July and blood poison had set in. He leaves a wife and two children almost destitute, as his mother claims everything inside and out. It is a sad case.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Milo Cline slipped on his corn sled last week and cut his right ankle quite severely, one of the leaders being cut square in two. Dr. Grove did a neat job of dressing, which fact, coupled with the magnificent constitution Milo carries around with him will no doubt insure a speedy recovery from the injury.

MAY 26, 1898.—A traveling dentist created a good deal of amusement last Saturday by pull-
clothes on or not, and that kind of a man is always missed in this selfish old world.

JUNE 15.—No, Billie, far be it from me to treat such a matter as boils with unbecoming levity; you have our sympathy for I've had 'em.

JULY 6.—Godfrey Stamflie visited the writer a few hours last Sunday and gave us the full particulars of the suicide of Albert Zerkle, all of which was related in the MESSENGER. It is some comfort to think Albert was undoubtedly insane as no sane man in his circumstances would have done the deed.

JULY 13.—One of the women folks out here while scratching chiggers accidentally dropped the dish pan on her big toe, bruising it quite severely.

AUGUST 10.—Mrs. Sele was trampled to death by a cow last Saturday evening. She was leading the calf away when its mother attacked her and knocking her down, stamped her clothing almost off her body. Mrs. Sele walked to the house with assistance, but died a few hours later. She was a quiet, industrious woman and was held in high esteem by her neighbors, who join in sympathy for the family in their sorrow. . . . We were sorry to hear of the death of W. A. Reed. He belonged to a profession I always had the deepest admiration for. Beneath the grim and dust we never yet failed to find a man. I am glad that one of our most beautiful poems in existence is dedicated to his trade. The flying sparks and glowing forge, the sinewy muscles for the cunning artificer of iron and steel, has the same fascination for me it has for hundreds that have gone and will have for thousands yet to come. . . .

AUGUST 17.—One of neighbor Swenney's daughters was scalded quite severely the other day but we are thankful to hear that there will be no permanent injury.

SEPTEMBER 14.—We are sorry to hear that Myrtle Millhorn has broken her arm again. This makes the fifth time for the same arm.

OCTOBER 12.—Word comes from Oklahoma that Charley Hall's little three-year-old boy fell from a load of wheat and was almost instantly killed. A wheel running over his head. Mr. Hall used to live on this Creek and is a brother of Geo. Hall who lives near town.

NOVEMBER 30.—A little daughter of Mr. Talbert's, who lives on the Charles Hart place, was scalded quite severely last week. Did not learn the particulars. . . . Charley Talbert started out to do chores about 4 o'clock last Saturday morning and his parents have not seen or heard of him since. He took his roan pony with him but nothing else except the clothes he wore. He is sixteen years old, rather small for his age. Any information in regard to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his parents, who have been hunting everywhere for him.

FEBRUARY 22, 1900.—After fifteen months of sickness and suffering Grandma Kirkpatrick was released last Sunday night. She was nearly 72 years old and the mother of seven children, five of whom still live. Her husband died a few years ago. Both were life-long members of the Methodist church and were respected by all who knew them. She never was happier than when feeding some little one goodies of some kind, for which all grandmas are famous. While we cannot but rejoice over her release from pain we extend sympathy to her boys, who have lost the best earthly friend mortal man can ever have, a loving, faithful mother.

MARCH 22.—Barney Kirkpatrick let a plow fall on one of his hands, hurting it quite severely. Elmer Wood cut his foot with an ax the next day after school was out.

APRIL 19.—J. H. Wood accidently cut his hand and will get out of milking cows for awhile at least. . . . Uncle Frank Lyons was 76 years old instead of 86 as reported in the MESSENGER, and it was apoplexy instead of paralysis that took him off so suddenly. Uncle Frank Lyons was liked by everybody. The loss of his wife a few years ago affected him greatly. He lost all interest in life apparently and never was the same jolly uncle. We all used to love to trade with him when he clerked at Colburn’s.

MAY 31.—Joel Jones got wrapped up in barbed wire last Sunday and but for remarkable presence of mind might have been seriously hurt. A horse was at one end. The wire got tangled in his clothes while the horse started away. Mr. Jones dropped to the ground, threw his heels in the air, and his pants were actually taken off. No damage was done beyond losing his knife and fifteen cents. Mr. Jones got home without anyone seeing him.

JULY 26.—Mrs. Kirkpatrick is suffering from an abscess of the head.
AUGUST 16.—W. A. Batten went east to see his sick brother who broke his leg and will not recover. . . . A young man cutting corn for Mr. Hull, alleging that the corn was too heavy, went to town. Suspicion having been excited by his actions, he was examined and found to have small pox. All bedding was promptly burned by Mr. Hull. Fortunately the man had slept in the barn and the doctors do not think the case was far enough along to spread from contagion. This makes three cases now all within a radius of ten miles. Silence should be broken and the fact proclaimed that Greenwood county has got the small pox and got it bad.

AUGUST 30.—Carl Stuber was prostrated with heat one day last week. He was shocking corn, working 15 hours per day, a work altogether too heavy for a lad of sixteen. He will work at home the balance of the season.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Dr. Dillon was called out here to attend one of John Andrews’ children, who is sick with a mild form of scarlet fever. Henry Whittaker is very sick with typhoid fever. Dr. Grove is in attendance.

APRIL 25, 1901.—Elmer Wood has his corn ground just about plowed and ready for the planter. He has been busy this week making hot beds for sweet potatoes. This young man has displayed an executive ability in running "Peach Blow" farm during the illness of his father, which is very pleasing to those most concerned.

MAY 2.—I hear they have small pox down to Climax. Anyhow they say business is at a stand still. Fortunately for the people the disease is confined at the doctor’s residence and as stringent measures have been taken to prevent it from spreading not much harm will be done. Small pox is such a familiar complaint nowadays that I have been treating reports of it with contempt and begin to think it is not so bad as la grippe. . . . Henry Whittaker will sow quite a patch of alfalfa and blue grass this spring. Henry says this so-called small pox started at his house, the hired man being the first to have it in the county, and was quarantined after he left the premises. All the rest of the family had it but made no fuss nor lost no feathers. . . . At the Woodman’s dance held at Climax last week Ollie Criss was hurt quite badly. After the dance his team ran away with him and two girls he had in his buggy. He threw back the top and lifted the girls down to the ground all safe, but in jumping out his foot caught in the line and threw him to the ground with great force. He was unconscious for twenty-four hours but how he is now, I do not know.

MAY 9.—I owe an apology to "Hope," of
Climax; also the doctor of the same place. I misunderstood my informant, and my item in reference to smallpox should have read “darkie” instead of “doctor.” It was my mistake, and I humbly crave forgiveness.

July 31, 1902.—Carl Kurtz and wife lost their youngest child last Sunday. The little one fell into a tub of hot water and only lived a few hours. Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz are honest hard working German people and have the true sympathy of all in this sad hour.

August 21.—Mary Knudsen is a very sick girl all the reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

November 13.—Miss Nina Knudsen left for Utah this week. Her sister Mary is able to sit up occasionally now.

November 27.—The doctor was out to see Mary Knudsen and reports a decided improvement in her lung. Its the most encouraging report that has been given.

January 15, 1903.—Mary Knudsen’s sister Annie head nurse of Wichita hospital, was telegraphed for last week and is now home helping take care of her sister.

February 5.—Mumps are still a raging and its nothing to laugh at either. . . . Miss Anna Knudson left for Wichita Monday. . . . Miss Service and Miss Brinker visited Mary Knudsen last Sunday. Miss Knudsen appreciates the calls of friends and neighbors very much.

February 12.—After two weeks wrestling with mumps Elmer Wood returned to his work.

February 19.—Ben Jones run a ten penny nail in his foot disabling him for sometime. . . . I hear that Olin Hunt had an eye put out by a wagon brake. Did not learn particulars of the terrible accident.

March 5.—Mary Knudsen is able to walk a few steps. Her birthday was Valentine day and she was remembered quite extensively by her numerous friends.

March 19.—JOHN WOOD FOUND DEAD. Several years ago he had a surgical operation performed on his skull. He had a serious time of it, but seemed to entirely recover. However, lately he complained that his head troubled him greatly. Last Saturday, the day he left, he said his head was full of strange noises, which bothered him so much that he could scarcely think, talk or act. It is probable that his former affliction was returning with increased vigor, and that he was irresponsible for his strange acts. Everybody knows that “Uncle John,” as he was familiarly called, would never have committed suicide while in possession of his mental faculties. That disease, should sometimes cause men to take their own lives when not aware of the horror of the deed, is a sad, but nevertheless, a sure fact.

March 26.—IN MEMORY OF JOHN WOOD. It was with the greatest sorrow that we read in last weeks MESSENGER of the untimely death of our old friend John Wood. This death is a sad blow to the citizens of Eureka with whom he was a great favorite. The news came with stunning force. It seemed so unreal, yet ‘tis true. But the shock came with greater force to his family and forever cast a cloud of sorrow over the once happy home. We had known “Uncle Johnnie” for years and during that time he was always the same John. A pleasant word and smile for all he met. His whole being was made up of jollity and good nature; cross words or looks seldom came to him. During his long sickness several years ago he bore his pain and sufferings with remarkable fortitude living through that of which many men would have perished. Never discouraged but on the contrary always filled with hope. Through rain and drouths he always wore the same cheerful smile and had the same greeting. His friends were numbered by the hundreds, his enemies would scarce reach ten. When sickness or death came to any of his neighbors, John was the first one to offer his services and to assist in alleviating the sufferings of his friends.

Old Honey Creek will be lonesome without happy John. He will be greatly missed in the summer time by the numerous housewives of Eureka who were his patrons. No more will he make the rounds with his farm wagon of produce. He was the soul of honor and uprightness.

CLIMAX. Oh! how we missed the Honey Creek items last week, but not as much as we miss “Uncle Johnnie” as a neighbor. How can we credit the fact that we are not to see and hear him any more. . . .

April 9.—HARMONY. The items have lost half their interest to us since John Wood is no more. We knew John more than twenty years and he was the last man we would have expected to take his own life in the prime of life.
and a useful member of society. It is truly sad to lose him. . . . PANSY.

An account of the death of John H. Wood appeared in the March 20, 1903, issue of the Buffalo Advocate:

FOUND DEAD
Body Discovered Near Cemetery Tuesday, Turns Out To Be J. H. Wood of Greenwood County

The body of a man who has since been identified as John H. Wood, a farmer and truck gardener whose home was near Eureka, was found Tuesday morning by the men of the north section, lying by a hay stack on the Quimby land between the railroad and cemetery. Following a clue found in the dead man’s pockets the local authorities wired to Eureka and received answer from the county sheriff that he was coming to identify the body. He came accompanied by two other officials of Greenwood county, [and] made positive identification. . . .

At 1 o’clock the coroner came, and at once began the work of impaneling a jury. . . . Testimony showed that deceased had been seen in and about town Sunday and Monday morning. He had seemed to be in his right mind. Had called upon Dr. Somers at 4:30 a.m., Monday and represented that he was moving through from some point below Rose. Had a horse that was ailing and wanted medicine. A half hour later Dr. Somers opened the drug store and sold him two ounces of carbolic acid and a penny lead pencil. . . . The verdict of the coroner’s jury, based on the physician’s testimony, was in effect, that deceased came to his death from carbolic acid poisoning taken with suicidal intent. . . .

W. M. Henderson, Sheriff, . . . arrived between ten and eleven o’clock Tuesday night . . . accompanied by two other gentlemen from Eureka, G. S. Salyards and G. L. Boone, county treasurer and register of deeds respectively. These men made positive identification of the body as that of John H. Wood, who had been missing from home since Saturday. Mutual explanations followed; . . . our people were interesting in hearing . . . that the suicide was a fairly well-to-do and highly respected citizen of the vicinity of Eureka, a man with a family and no domestic troubles. He was a member in good standing of three orders, the I. O. O. F., M. W. A. and A. O. U. W. and carried $5000 insurance.