

White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1869.

WHOLE NO., 642.

Choice Poetry.

AUTUMN WOODS.

From the southern gale,
The forest leaves of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, a faded red,
Have put their glory by.

The mountain that colored
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
These green of glacial rivers to purple and in gold,
That gaud the enchanted ground.

I seem the woods that crown
The upland, where the misty splendor lies;
When the gasp of wind from the loam,
On the grass fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west air plays,
Flies, rustling, where the pointed leaves are stirred,
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the white,
The sun, that sends the gale to wander here,
Yours out on the far earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

When now the autumn shades
Yonder and bloom where many branches meet;
No grateful, when the sun of summer made;
The valleys sick with heat!

Let in through all the trees,
Come the strong rays; the forest depths are bright;
The golden-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles the beams of light.

The twilight, low sunsets,
Where, when the sunset glows in western sun,
Shines with the image of its golden scene,
And glimmers of the sun.

But "hush you breathe,
Lovers to listening maid might breathe his flame,
The earth within its radiant canopy,
The bluish of its own flame.

Oh, autumn! why so soon
Depart the leaves that forest glade;
The gentle wind and thy fall, my moon,
And leave these wild and many!

Ah! "hush you breathe,
Lovers to listening maid might breathe his flame,
The earth within its radiant canopy,
The bluish of its own flame.

And leave the woods, low sunsets,
Where, when the sunset glows in western sun,
Shines with the image of its golden scene,
And glimmers of the sun.

Select Tale.

A DECEITFUL STORY.

BY C. CLINTON PARSON.

Many years ago, when the Empire State was nearly destitute of cities and towns, and commerce was carried on, not as now, by means of railroads or canals, but with large wagons drawn by four, and often six and eight horses, capable of carrying between four and five tons of merchandise, it chanced to be my fortune to be travelling through the centre of the State, bound for the city of Buffalo, on professional business, my business being that of a private detective.

In those times, the drivers travelled together, for the purpose of mutual protection, five, six and seven wagons at a time. They carried, as weapons of defence, large heavy whips, similar to the lead whips sometimes now used, and in using those, they were very skillful.

As regards fire-arms, in the shape of revolvers, pistols, and the like, they were scarcely known, for had they been as easily obtained as at the present, the drivers would have had comparatively nothing to fear.

The train with which I was travelling comprised six wagons, and the teamsters were six or seven fellows as it was ever my good fortune to meet.

They stood in front of nothing, and put up at just such inns as they happened on each night, although strange stories had been told of the proprietors of different places along the route, and travellers and peddlers were said to have disappeared very mysteriously, never being heard of after entering the houses. But up to the time of which I write, nothing had been found out against any one of them; hence they had been untroubled by the authorities.

As we were journeying along, near the close of a fine summer afternoon, instead of stopping at the next inn, at the distance of half a mile ahead, suddenly a little girl of ten or twelve years came running out of a piece of wood and across a meadow a short distance before us, to meet us. When she reached us, she was nearly breathless, had lost her bonnet, and her clothes were very much torn, from her hard run through the trees and underbrush.

"For some minutes she was unable to tell us what had alarmed her, but at length she recovered her breath sufficiently to speak, and in a hurried and frightened way told us that, being in the woods picking berries, and having nearly filled her basket, she was about to start for home, when hearing men's footsteps, she had looked up, and there, at a short distance away, were two men advancing through the woods, and carrying the dead body of a man between them. She had been so frightened, that she had dropped her basket, and had run with all speed for the road, and she thought they had not seen her. After inquiring and finding that she did not know the men, she allowed her to depart for her home, which she said was a few miles back.

"We will go on to the next inn, Tom," said I to the driver with whom I was riding; "and then we must investigate this matter."

"Yes, sir," he said, "we will look into it. Doubtless some poor fellow has been murdered for his money by one of those infamous landlards, and hid in the woods yonder."

We drove on, and in the course of half an hour pulled up before a shabby looking building, half barn, half house, known in those days by the name of tavern. We were received by the landlady, and promised lodging for the night, and good care for our animals.

Our hostess casually remarked, that her husband had just gone out on business,

Miscellaneous.

OCTOBER.

BY SOL. MILLER.

The scholar drops his book and pen,
To mix with village boys,
The poet with his quill and pen,
To play the part of boy.

For, Joseph, the writing year,
Gives to the month expressly dear,
His many-colored fashion,
To this enchanted land of Spring.

And all the months and seasons;
Their sheaves in his the leaves bring,
In doubtful obedience,
Each finds no labor, fairer skies,
Since June's, the gentle breeze,
Each goodly upends some sweet surprise,
In pay for gifts departed.

The tenderest of autumn
That started my hillside below,
Foretold the summer and her
And central flower should follow.

'Tis sweet, when May's young leaves unfold,
To drink her glowing copious;
To-day the forest glades are
Our instant being leaves.

So, when, let thy dream fulfill—
And greet, when life and joy's spirit,
The professional October!

An Advertising Dodge.

I thoroughly understood the art of advertising, not merely by means of printer's ink, which I have always used freely, and to which I confess myself so much indebted for my success, but by turning every possible circumstance to my account. It was my intention to make the Museum the town under an town talk. I often seized upon an opportunity by instinct, even before I had a very definite conception as to how it should be used, and it seemed, somehow, to attire itself and serve my purpose. As an illustration, one morning a stout, heavy-looking man, came into my ticket-office and begged some money of me. I asked him why he did not work and earn his living? He replied that he could get nothing to do, and that he would be glad to work at a dollar a day. I handed him a quarter of a dollar, told him to go and get his breakfast and return, and I would employ him at eight labor at a dollar and a half a day. When he returned, I gave him five cents more, and he said, "Now, I said, 'I go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; another close by the Museum; a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, by the Astor House; and a fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church, opposite; then, with the fifty brick in hand, take up a rapid march from one point to the other, making the circuit, exchange your brick at every point, and say nothing to any one."

Political Accidents—Franklin Pierce.

BY SOL. MILLER.

Mr. Pierce was more emphatically a "political accident" than President Van Buren and Polk before him. This phrase was originally applied by Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, in the House of Representatives, to Martin Van Buren. It was an accident—the sudden death of De Witt Clinton, in February, 1828—that gave Van Buren his prominence in the predominant Jackson party of that time. Had Clinton lived, he would have been Jackson's Premier in the Cabinet and his successor in the Presidency. His demise made Van Buren the great man of New York, and the "anointed successor" of Jackson; the latter beyond all dispute, after he had fomented and brought to an explosion the quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun in the spring of 1831.

Useful and Curious. The Fun of the Thing. For the Farmer.

Keeping Cider Sweet.

Cider is deteriorated, both from want of care of the fruit, and from impurity of the cider. If the apples are permitted to remain until there is considerable decay, the taste of decay will be transmitted through all the fermentation of the juice. A pure sweet taste can only be derived from sound fruit. Secondly, sufficient care is seldom used as to the cask; fresh liquor casks are the most desirable. A good mode of treatment for other casks is the following: Soak for one or two days, then rinse thoroughly, put in one or two buckets of water with a couple of table-spoons of saleratus. Corrupt and it will remain, with occasional shakings, for twenty-four hours; turn off the saleratus water and fill immediately with cider.

Another mode of checking fermentation, and said to be a very good way of preparing champagne cider, is to put three gallons of strained honey or twenty-four pounds of white sugar into a cask containing one hundred gallons of good cider; stir them up well, and set aside for a week. Clarify the cider with half a gallon of skimmed milk, or a quart of a pound of singlass or finely prepared gelatine (Gel's is the best being an imported preparation,) dissolved in hot water, and add four gallons of pure spirits. After two or three days, bottle the clear cider and it will become sparkling.

The cidering process is another mode of checking fermentation, which consists in the surface, and keep spreading as the cider is drawn down, thereby preventing the air from coming in contact with the surface of the cider, and converting it into acetous, or vinegary. We have long been familiar with the practice of stopping the cask in old oil casks; such casks impart no flavor to the cider, and will keep it sound as bottled cider for any desired length of time.—Prof. Loomis.

We append another prescription: To keep cider sweet for winter use. Take of grated horseradish root one quart, and finely chopped gelatine (Gel's is the best) one box of ground mustard to a barrel of cider, putting it in immediately after knocking. This has kept cider sweet from November to April. It is the best of all the recipes.

GUIDE BOARDS.—In riding in a strange neighborhood, it is pleasant for one to feel that he is on the right road. Next guide boards, put up at the important crossings, give one the needed information at sight, and the danger of stopping to make inquiries is avoided. The guide board should be devoid of painters' flourishes, with only the necessary directions in plain black letters upon a white ground. Good black paint is indifferently indelible, and we must call to mind our country guide boards in which the letters stand out in broad relief, the wood around them having been washed away by the action of the elements. Iron letters are sometimes used, nailed to the wood, and very apt to rust and mislead. These help to the traveler, together with the neat road-side watering places, give a neighborhood an air of refinement.—Ex.

VERY NICE COOK.—Eras Chatfield, Steuben County, N. Y., says: When the cider is ready to bang, rack off into a clean barrel, and suspend about a pound of bunch raisins by a string as near as possible to the bung-hole, and close tightly. A few weeks after examine, and you will find the meat of the raisins all absorbed by the cider. Take out the skins and put in more raisins. Close the cask and keep till summer, then bottle, cork and seal; put the bottles on their sides in a cool, dark cellar, and the cider will remain sound and an excellent drink for a dozen years. I have drunk some prepared in this way which was thirty-six years old.

For a cold, take three cents' worth of liquorice, three cents' worth of rock candy, and three cents' worth of gum arabic. Put them in a quart of water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved, then add three cents' worth of paregoric and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip when the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap, and good.

BARB PROPAGATORS.—which are pushed instead of drawn—are condemned by medical authorities. The child always desires to see the face of his attendant, and is especially uncomfortable in the street amid strange faces if it cannot.

The effect of wind blowing against a square chimney, it is reported, is twice as great as when it blows against a circular chimney of the same dimensions. The form of the latter diverts the strength of the wind.

'Tis said that two cents to render a sulphur dress unobtainable, by mixing phosphate or a phosphate of ammonia or tungstate of soda with the starch.

That is a sensible suggestion of an English strategist, who advises that every label of "poison" should state also the most accessible antidote.

CELESTIALS, boiled in a brass kettle containing a family to death in North Carolina.

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