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Good-by. A little eider green and amber brown. Yet down its length the black of autumn runs. A bundle of a hundred summer suns. This too who say good-bye amid the glow. To farewell days, and feel the sunlight go. And then the painted leaves come drifting down. —Albert Ellwood Payne in Cosmopolitan.

A Romance of Old Kentucky

About the broad hearth in its customary manner the family had assembled after the evening meal, and Henry Carroll, the city cousin, came to the country to restore failing health, found his first visit into a Kentucky home not so dull as he had anticipated.

"I wonder who that can be, riding so wildly at this time of night?" he asked. "Some drunken fellow going home, I suppose," said Mr. Rankin, indifferently, but with a significant look at his wife.

"He rides like a wild man!" exclaimed Carroll. "Come here! Look at him! One would think both man and beast were hunted—were fleeing from the devil himself!"

Martha ran to the window and gazed for a moment at the fast-disappearing horseman. "Papa, maybe it's our ghost—Rob the rider—and Aunt Dinah once met."

The brilliant, fitful sunlight of a spring day streamed into his room ere Carroll awakened. The refreshing bath and the wholesome smell of the country cleared his head, and he smiled at the foolish fancies of the night. Carelessly he ran down the broad stairs of the stately mansion in a manner calculated to startle into life the sweet-faced dames and the starched-collared soldiers of the revolution whose portraits smiled from their gilded frames standing the hallway.

Martha's remark about Aunt Dinah's ghost remained in Carroll's head, however, and having nothing to do, he strolled out to the cabin to hear her story. It was Aunt Dinah's favorite yarn, and she unbent with right good will, proud of having the stranger cousin for a listener.

"Good Lawd, honey, an' you ach-shally ain't heared dat tale? Miss Martha was her name, an' she loved water ride 'bout de country on his big geldin' jes' like mad. One night I seed him go by high like all de devils wur followin'."

"Well, don't jes' reckon, but folks do say Mars Rob died jes' after. Anyway, he took her dead right hard, 'cause it was his fault, an' he ought to have made up with her."

water ride 'bout de country on his big geldin' jes' like mad. One night I seed him go by high like all de devils wur followin'."

"I dunno, chile, but ever since den dey say Mars Rob ride by high when sweethearts ob de country fall out. I seed him once when Mars Walker an' Miss Mary Rogers had dere trouble—but dat's another tale, honey. Anyway, folks don't come dis away nights no moah."



He clasped her in his arms and whispered: "I won't go home to-morrow."

One afternoon, as Carroll and Martha were returning from town they let their horses take their own pace and settled themselves comfortably back on the buggy seat and listened to the hum of the wheels and drank in the charms of the country.

Looking dreamily into Martha's eyes as the carriage rolled homeward, the question which he had as yet put to himself only vaguely, came to him. "Does she like me?" He dared not trust himself to ask as to love. While he was turning about this, to him, startling suggestion, a young farmer of the neighborhood whom Carroll had often imagined to be covertly fond of Martha, ventured down the road toward them.

At supper he announced to his host that his health was now fully regained and that an urgent letter from home would take him away the following morning. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin expressed regret. Martha coolly said she was sorry, and continued the meal in silence.

That night Carroll retired early to his room, but not to sleep. His pride was deeply hurt, and he was indignant. He called himself "idiot" and other pleasant things. "She didn't love the heart to say she was sorry! Love! Booh!"

Finally, putting on a light overcoat, he started for a walk upon the piazza. It was near midnight when he turned again into the little valley. The full light of the moon was obscured by a mist which rose from the river and spread over the valley. The brooding silence of the night was broken now and then by the distant cry of a fox hound, the low neigh of a horse, or the tinkle of a sheep bell.

"Clackety-clack! clackety-clack! There was borne in on Carroll's ears the distant sound of a galloping horse upon the turnpike. Could it be the phantom of Aunt Dinah's story? "Clackety-clack!" The horse was coming nearer. The forgotten tale sprang vividly into Carroll's mind, and he felt the chill of the unearthly creep over him. Sweethearts had quarreled! The phantom rider was due! Bang! Crash! Crash! and Carroll saw a wildly speeding horseman dash across the bridge and come up the road toward him with uncontrolled gait. Carroll, forgetting all of the improbability of the tale, ran to the roadside and tried to scale the stone fence. But it was too high for him to scale in his nervous condition, and he crouched against it, his eyes glued upon the eye-advancing figure. It thundered along. Now it was almost upon him. A vision of a horse of thoroughbred build, with banks flying from its mouth, with banks hooving, and of a darkly clad rider with gear fixed ahead, a cloud of dust, a sound of distant hoofbeats, and Carroll, completely cowed, fled toward the house. On the veranda he met Martha, strangely pale.

AMERICAN LEGENDS.

(Gleaned from various sources, by CHAS. C. JAMES.)

THE GENERATION OF MAN.

Centuries, yes, many, many centuries ago, on the banks of a roddy stream, dwelt a snail. For ages, a quiet life he lived. One bright day the clouds came and a great storm. Much rain fell and flooded the place. The snail was nearly drowned in the deluge of water. For safety he took a firm hold upon a large log floating by. When the rain stopped, the log still floated on until the waters commenced to abate, when the log rested. The snail sought for firm ground. He found only mud and slime.

The glory of the day burned brightly, and, bodily, the ground around the snail was baked, and he could not escape. After a long struggle for freedom he failed. Then came over him a strange feeling. He suddenly discovered he was growing larger all the time. Legs began to grow; arms to stretch out. He looked into the shiny mirror of the lake, and saw himself a man. Then being hungry he cried to the Great Spirit for help in his hour of extremity. He found in his hands a bow and arrow. Then bounded out across the open from the forest near by, a deer. Using the weapons in his hands, the deer was slain. Then the Great Spirit laid at his feet two flint stones. What joy came into his heart as the Great Spirit caused him to discern their purpose. So in great glee instead of clapping his hands in his pleasure, he commenced rubbing the flints together, sparks were emitted. His joy increased as some dry leaves were ignited, his meat was cooked, and his wants satisfied.

Then came the winter, the chill of the four winds, so he covered himself with the deer skin. Then the Great Spirit gave him a badge of authority over all creation, when he laid the string of wampum about his neck.

This man now became a great traveler and hunter, all the animals of the forests were fearful of him. He met up with the beaver, and went home to lodge with him, because he was lonesome. While at the beaver's lodge, he found a beautiful creature, looked a little like unto himself. Her eyes were wonderful, blue as the heavens above, she could talk with her eyes, but like the women of today, as fathomless as the bottomless sea. Her tresses were of golden tint, softer than the silken tassel of "mondamin."

He induced her to go to his wigwam and the whole of nature rejoiced on the wedding day. The winds sang soft cadences of melody. The birds sang a symphony of celestial harmony. The beasts of the field gambled and played for their amusement, the forest family yielded its sweetest and most luscious fruits, while the violets perturbed the air with their delicate aroma. For 'twas the union of man and woman, and from this union came the peoples of the earth.

The Great Spirit rejoiced over the purity of their first born, so that he took her to the moon to dwell with him, and she looks down over the nations.

The Indians will believe they can see the beautiful outlines of Ne-shay-be-nak.

Friends, God never created a want in our breasts he did not supply. So let us look to him for all our needs.

THE LEGEND OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

The world had known many ages. It was in the age of A-to-na-tink, a mighty flood of waves of water covered all the earth. The people were all turned into fishes, save one man and woman. They saved themselves in the hollowed trunk of a cypress tree. The waters relented of their anger, and on mount Col-ha-a-cs (1), they rested their cypress boat. Then Tezpic (2) went out a vulture to see if the flood was ended. It fed upon the carcasses, and did not return. Then he sent out a hu-

ming bird, which returned with a green leaf.

They dwelt on this mountain years, many children were born to them, which were dumb. Then Tezpic prayed unto the gods, who sent a dove to teach them to talk. They grew up to be giants. They determined to build a great high tower so as to escape the reach of the waters, as well as to serve as a memorial.

The nearer they came to the heavens, the angrier became the gods, because of their work; so they shook the earth till it grumbled, and loud thunders were heard, then the slaves left in their cages in fear. Yet the giants worked on, until the gods sent bolts of fire out of the clouds and confused the giants at their work so that they ceased. A great chasm opened and the earth swallowed the structure, but the peak which appeared as a warning. A large lake was formed there. When people pass by they can hear the groanings of those who were engulfed in the lake.

Let us never presume on God's mercy, he will send his displeasure upon us.

\* The age of water: 1 Mexican Ararat; 2 Mexican Noah.

THE LEGEND OF THE WATER LILLY.

"How merciful the meadow's green. How soothing the forest appears. The rivers bosom is truly blue, its rippling wavelets are crested with silver. Earth has a more blissful home than a star lodge in the sky."

So whispered a sad star, who seemed to have missed the joys of his brother and sister stars, who often scampered and gambled along the broad road, which is the Pathway of Ghosts\* in their long journey to the realms of the soul, the Spimen-Kab-wi-u (1).

He was the only sorrowful star that lodged in the sky. Fair Luna's softening rays chilled him. His face, he hid, when the bright heart of heaven opened the gates for the lovely Wabun (2) to start upon their daily circle of usefulness. The glory of the earth seeming brighter under the sheen of the shimmering moon, caused this star to utter the words that head this legend.

The twilight hour when the lake mirrored on its peaceful bosom, bordered with green rushes, the interlocking arms of the oak and sycamore, when the Na-ma-goo-sh (3) with its greenish-black spots changing to violet; the sly Ke-no-zha (4) dashing and flashing in the moonlight; while croaking from the bushes is heard the Da-in-da (5) the swinging flashlight of Wa-wa-ta-ta-ta (6) flitting above the gurgling waters. Every night the Loon's cry echoes a back, and the Whip-poor-will answer's clear in the distance. Even the wild geese, as they lazily take their flight, are pictured on its sensitized surface. While the hoot of the Owl is resonantly carried by the wind, echoed and re-echoed. Midst these environments the star saw its pale image on the lake's quivering bosom.

Through many years of moons, the star had listened to the murmuring undertone of its splashing wavelets. They sang of happy things. The moon of Flowers (7); the thirsty fawns in the moon Deer (8); then the gray moon of the Heaver (9); yet the star's life was one of sighs. Then Taren-ya-wa-ga (10) with a pure love for all his creations, gave the star a lodge in the bosom of the lake. The hunters came through the trail in the forest, burdened with deer and duck. The wigwam fires glowed like a crimson cloud in the forest. The laughter of happy children sounded sweet and clear. One hunter was slowly dreaming his way along, looking to the heavens, he saw a swiftly falling star, with all its sadness gone. "It is the Wa-ken-deo-das" (11). They all looked backward, saw it blossom out a beautiful lily, with petals of silver and golden heart, rocking in peace on the bosom of the gurgling waters. This was the birth of the lovely O-lun-dun-moge (12).

\* The milky way. 1 Fair land

- above. 2 Smiling dawn maidens. 3 Trout. 4 Pickerel. 5 Frog. 6 Lightning bug. 7 May. 8 July. 9 November. 10 Master of life. 11 Meteor. 12 Water lily. (Continued next week.)

It is amusing, but true. Let a wide awake, hustling merchant, who knows that advertising well paid, put a list of low prices in the paper, and his competitors who do not believe in advertising will tumble over themselves to post a lot of old box covers in the windows of their stores on which are dabbed signs offering goods at the same price. The merchant who declares it doesn't pay to advertise is not only a back number, but his acts belie his statements every day he attempts to do business. —Schell City News.

PAPER HAS NEW MANAGER.

T. W. Morse, an old Kansas City newspaper man and a graduate of the Kansas Agricultural college, was today elected business manager of Secretary Coburn's old paper, the Live Stock Indicator. At the same meeting it was arranged to change the name of the paper to The Farmer and Stockman, as being more in keeping with the general agricultural character of the publication under its recent management.

Mr. Morse, who served his newspaper apprenticeship on the Journal and has since represented the Indicator in the live stock advertising field, takes charge simultaneously with the change in name.

Combinations and Blendings that Never Conflict.

- Black and white. Blue and gold. Blue and salmon. Blue and maize. Blue and brown. Blue and black. Blue, scarlet and lilac. Blue, orange and black. Blue, brown, crimson and gold. Blue, orange, black and white. Red and gold. Red, gold and black. Scarlet and purple. Scarlet, black and white. Crimson and orange. Yellow and purple. Green and gold. Green, crimson, turquoise and gold. Green, orange and red. Purple and gold. Purple, scarlet and gold. Lilac and gold. Lilac, scarlet and white or black. Lilac, gold, scarlet and white. Lilac and black. Pink and black. Black, with white or yellow, and crimson. While there are countless others, these have been selected as the most general in use.

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