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NEVER SAW THE LIKE.

Cheering News from the Farming Regions of Southern Kansas.

Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that State.

"Wheat!" he exclaimed, "you never saw the like! The farmers down in Southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat."

"How is the fruit crop?" "Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks."

"How is the broom corn crop?" "Broom corn! You never saw the like! There hasn't been a cloudy day for a month. Can't cloud up. The broom corn grew so high that it kept the clouds swept off the face of the sky as clean as a new floor."

"How is the potato crop?" "Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar."

"The people must be happy over their big crops?" "Happy! You never saw the like! I know men in the Arkansas Valley who were too poor this time last year to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pies three times a day."

But the reporter just at this point had a pressing engagement elsewhere.—Kansas City Times. [The "Charley Barrett" referred to above is supposed to have been the editor of the Chatham Record traveling in cog.]

Cashier One Day, Thief the Next. LOUISVILLE, Ky., October 3.—Geo. Kuhn, who surrendered to the police here on Sunday last, and acknowledged that he had stolen \$600 from his employers in New York, left for that city yesterday in charge of an officer. Kuhn, who is but 23 years of age, was a clerk in a large packing house in New York, and a few months ago was promoted to the position of cashier. The first day after his promotion he took all the money he could get his hands on and ran away. He became penniless here and gave himself up.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY H. C. WALL.

After the hospitable greeting extended by the people of Liverpool, by which all American hearts had warmed towards all that was English, we had the keener relish for the things expected on arrival at London. Our party of more than two hundred Sunday-school workers, destined for the great World's Convention where all countries were to come together in a glorious cause, felt a peculiar enjoyment in the fact of our brotherhood relation.

My antipathy to the men was so strong that I determined to saddle my horse immediately and ride to the home ranch. I turned back to the shanty. The candle was not burning, a fact which should have caused me to hesitate; but entering, I groped my way over to the corner where my saddle lay, and stooped to pick it up.

A sensation of red light suddenly filled my eyes, and I next found myself on my face on the floor, where I had fallen, struck down by a heavy blow from behind. The two tramps had flung themselves on me and were tying my elbows behind my back.

Caught wholly at a disadvantage and half stunned, I could make no effective resistance. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fibrous Plants. It is suggested in one of our best weekly exchanges, the Asheville Argonaut, that devotes unusual space to North Carolina industries, that ramie be cultivated by the farmers of the State.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may obtain this boon.

The Scoundrel.

From the Youth's Companion.

RIDING homeward late in the morning, I overtook two men on foot, who halted as I came up. One of them spoke to me: "I say, pard, how far ahead is Van Sickle's?"

I did not like the man. His face was hard; the eyes furtive. The shoes of the two men were worn, their clothes dusty and travel stained. It was not a good sign that they were traveling on the open prairie unmounted.

The other man, a swarthy Mexican, did not look up or speak. I rode and left them. At the home ranch Mr. Keswick was sitting on the verandah. He was a New England gentleman who was spending some time in the country in search of a ranch location.

The two footmen I had passed presently came up to the ranch and seated themselves on the edge of the veranda, saying nothing, but noting everything about them. The man who had addressed me on the trail I mentally named "The Scoundrel."

I saw his eye give a sudden gleam as Mr. Keswick took out his gold watch to note the time. At dinner the two tramps ate ravenously and silently. Black Joe, the cook, regarded them with obvious disfavor.

Shortly after dinner Mr. Keswick saddled his horse and rode away to visit a ranch twenty miles distant. The two men loitered about a little, and then sneaked away in the direction Mr. Keswick had taken.

Later in the afternoon I rode out in search of a horse that had strayed. I did not find the animal, and got further away than I had intended. I suddenly became aware that it was sundown and that I was a dozen miles from the home ranch. As I was about to turn back, a riderless horse ran up on the ridge beyond me, and stopped a moment with head and tail in air. I saw that it was Mr. Keswick's horse.

My horse was tired. The elements decided the matter for me. A drop of rain fell on my hand, and others tapped on my hat brim. The sky had become black, and the rainy season being at hand, I knew that it had set in for a wet night. There was nothing for me but to stay where I was. I hurriedly picketed my horse on the prairie, leaving him free to feed to the end of a long rope; then took my saddle and bridled to the house, the door of which was unfastened.

Within it, was pitch dark. I struck a match as I stepped inside. To my pleasure, my eye fell on a half burned candle. I lighted this and looked about me. The interior was bare and unfurnished, save for two bunks, one above the other, and a wooden stool. On the later I seated myself, and filled and lighted my pipe.

I had sought shelter none too soon, for the rain was now coming down in sheets, with much thunder and lightning. The door blew open, and I braced a board against it to keep it shut. By the time my pipe was finished I was sleepy. I chose to make my bed on the floor rather than in either of the bunks.

I was aroused by a pushing at the door, and started up fully awake in an instant. "Who's there?" I called. The pushing ceased. I heard low voices without. I walked to the door, and, knocking aside the board that held it, threw it open.

The storm had cleared, and I saw a man standing near the doorway. His hat was pulled down over his eyes and partly hid his face; but I saw at once that it was the man whom I had named "The Scoundrel."

"Whose camp is this?" he asked, surlily. "Van Sickle's," I answered. He started, and an exclamation broke from him: "Ain't we off that cussed place yet?"

He stopped as if fearful of betraying himself and asked in a different tone: "Got anything to eat?" "There is nothing in the camp." "That's a likely story," he broke out and again suddenly checked his speech. "I reckon we'll come in out o' the wet, anyway."

As he said "we" I saw the Mexican, who had so far kept out of sight. Little as I liked their looks, I could hardly refuse them shelter, and stepped back, saying, "You can come in."

dark. I grew restless, and finally got up and went to the door. The men started and rustled at my movement, but nothing was said. I stepped outside and across the grass to my horse. He whinnied at my approach and raised his head. I patted him, and stood awhile with my hand on his shoulder. The longer I stood, the less I felt like going back into the camp.

My antipathy to the men was so strong that I determined to saddle my horse immediately and ride to the home ranch. I turned back to the shanty. The candle was not burning, a fact which should have caused me to hesitate; but entering, I groped my way over to the corner where my saddle lay, and stooped to pick it up.

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