

"FORMERLY OF KANSAS."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Is it you, old pard, with your whitened hair
An' your rugged beard laid on your breast
An' your pale eyes set in a deathly stare,
That's takin' your last and lonely rest
Mid the snow-capped Rockies?

I knowed him, sir, when his eyes was clear—
When his face was smooth as a smile's gleam—
When his limbs was as fleet as the lightened deer—
When his head was covered with nut-brown curls—
Twas a long, long time ago.

He was with Jim Lane—a han'some lad—
An' we done our likeliest—him and me—
An' it's many a narrer chace we had
Along the border—but what care I we
In them days down in Kansas!

When the war come on, then me an' Jim
Saddled our horses an' rode away
An' fit for the Union—we an' him—
Till all unsullied out o' the fray
We come with Kansas.

Is it you, old pard, with your frosted hair
An' your scrawny beard sweep' down your
breast
An' your brave eyes fixed in a ghastly stare,
That has laid here on the icy cross
O' the snow-capped Rockies?

Spoken we hide his furrowed face
Under that yon smooth pine,
And on the stone that marks the place
We'll carve naught else but the simple line
"Formerly of Kansas."
—Denver Tribune.

SAVED BY A CURL.

BY FLORA CROFTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, Madge, there's a dear! let's sketch him."

"If his lordship doesn't object, you should have added. I fear he will be gone ere we shall have time to outline him, even."

Madge Somerton, aged 18, and her sister Rosalys, but one year her senior, with their younger sister Maud, a denouced maiden of sweet 16, had ventured forth to Amberton Heath this lovely May morning to resume their skill as amateur artists, and at the same time enjoy the delicious perfume of wild flowers, the babble of the laughing brooklet meandering through the rocky crevices which skirted the mountain side, and from thence joined the rushing, gurgling river below, and to listen to the gay, joyous songsters of the wood trilling forth their gladness notes of praise to their Creator.

They were fatherless, and not wholly unacquainted with the wants and privations of life.

William Somerton was a hard-working man in his youth, which of necessity continued in his maturer years. To keep his family from want, consisting of his wife and three daughters, was his chief aim in life.

That he succeeded admirably is very evident to the reader, yet he was not happy. There was a skeleton in the closet which gnawed at his vitals day and night, depriving him of the rest that should have been his to sustain a healthy body and mind, to which he succumbed at the premature age of 40 years.

He left a packet of papers to be opened at his death by his wife, who alone up to the date of the commencement of this narrative bore the burden of the secret of the dead.

She was a much-enduring, self-sacrificing little woman, regardless of the feelings of others, and also of a very timid organization, and in consequence she had postponed the communication of this secret to his now young lady daughters from year to year, dreading the ordeal which now she knew was at hand. She bowed her head in fervent supplication to the Almighty, to strengthen her for the trial.

This morning, her daughters having left her alone, she determined to conquer her weakness, and immediately upon their return to acquaint them with the whole matter. But that "Man proposes and God disposes" is a true, though ancient adage.

"Well, you begin with his horns, Madge, dear," said Rosalys, practically, "and then if he should not remain there long to graze, why, you will be better enabled to draw the remainder from memory."

At this juncture in the drama, Maud came running breathlessly toward them, her eyes dancing with mischief, and her cheeks flushed with excitement, exclaiming:

"Oh, girls! suck a sight! You, Madge and Rosa, thinking of sketching a wild animal like that. That deer, indeed!" she said, contemptuously. "Come with me and I will present to you the handsomest, tamest deer that you ever saw in your most fanciful imagination. He has escaped from some park, I am almost certain."

"Oh, fie!" exclaimed the sisters, with one accord, "Maud, you will be the direct means of spoiling our picture; for your excited tones will drive him away. Come, now, go and leave us in peace. That's a dear!"

"That I will not do, then, so there!" pouted the little spoiled beauty. "I am determined that you shall, both of you—see this tame deer of mine; so come, girls," she said, coaxingly.

"I suppose we must indulge her in this whim, as in all others, Madge," said Rosa, rising from her easel reluctantly. "Lead the way, madcap, we follow."

With one rosy finger pressed upon her lips to enjoin silence, Maud tiptoed noiselessly to where a fallen tree hid a grassy-bed of ferns, and there, half submerged by their lofty and gentle inclination, reclined the form of a young and handsome dark-complexioned stranger.

His hat had been tossed aside by the playful breezes while kissing the brown curls which clustered thickly over his smooth, untanned brow. A smile played around his mustached lip, occasioned probably by the seeming reality of some beautiful dream.

"There, what did I tell you!" exclaimed Maud in a triumphant whisper, noting the admiration illy concealed upon her two elder sisters' features."

"Tell me! is he not the very handsomest, and tamest deer that you ever saw? D-e-a-r, you know, girls," she said, laughing long and merrily, and quite forgetful for an instant, of the necessity for silence. Not so with her sisters, however.

"Maud!" they articulated, reprovingly. "He will hear you, and then, and then what should we do? Let us leave this place immediately."

"No, girls; I wish I could," said the

midge, assuming a pained voice and tragic air. "But really, dear, this is a charmed spot to me! I felt fascinated, somehow, the moment I drew near to this log for the purpose of botanizing. What a lucky find! some one must have lost him," she continued mischievously. "Don't you think so, girls? For a sixpence I would clip one of those crisp curls to aid his owner in finding him, and also to give you a fair chance of remembering him by sharing the curl with you. We will not quarrel over it, I think."

"Maud Somerton! You would not dare!" exclaimed her sister, greatly shocked. "Mama, I'm sure, would grieve to hear you talk so imprudent. Oh, do let us leave this spot before he becomes aware of our presence here." Rosalys said, anxiously.

"Yes," assented Madge, preparing to start. "I never should have confidence to look him straight in the face if he ever meet him again, if he now caught us peeping at him."

"Well, heigho! I'm going to win a wager with myself before I leave," said Maud, persistently.

"What will you give me, girls, for your share of the curl? I have my embroidery scissors with me!" she said, flourishing the shining weapon above her head.

She stole around the end of the log, where she poised herself upon the toe of one tiny slippered foot, executed a charming little pirouette, to the utter horror and apprehension of her Miss Propriety sisters.

She then cautiously advanced toward the sleeper, cogitating the while in her own mind if he should awaken and discover her, and her unlady-like intention, what in the world she should do. She must die of shame, certainly, or pray for the ground to open and swallow her, certainly, what else. And yet, the love of mischief was so predominant in her general physique that she ran the risk of it all for the sake of a sensational breeze afterward.

Madge and Rosalys witnessed her daring with disapproval plainly written upon their countenances, compelled to silence for fear of awaking the sleeper, but mentally vowing to box her ears or lock her up in the closet when arrived at home, unmindful of the considered indignity of her sixteen years.

She had now reached the spot whereon his head lay, and stooping down—keeping well in shadow—paused for a moment with bright scissors uplifted, her heart almost failing her, to gain courage.

Cautiously she put forth her hand to capture the coveted curl ere severing it from the brow of the unconscious sleeper.

Nervously she made the venture. One clip, a quick snapping sound, and the crisp, brown curl was separated from its fellows and lay in her hand.

Was it only imaginary? Or did the closed lids move suddenly and the lips of the sleeper assume a scornful curve! Maud felt so confused that if her life had depended on it, she could not have told.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP AINSLEY.

Close on the outskirts of a beautiful village near Lancashire, surrounded by grounds of such magnificence that envy stood constantly enthroned outside the gates was the superior domain of Sir Cuthbert Ainsley.

It was named Cherrivale Manor by its romantic master. Balls, and lawn parties were frequently given, attended by the elite round about.

Mrs. Ainsley was a gentlewoman prior to her marriage, but filled her exalted position as Lady Ainsley with charming grace and dignity.

One child was born to them—a boy—whom they called Philip.

This Philip was destined to fulfill his parents' most sanguine hopes, and was petted and indulged as only fond and wealthy parents are capable of doing. Not a wish was expressed by him in their presence, but was as quickly gratified as possible.

He had never been absent from home for a longer period of time than a day or two until now that he had reached his majority, he resolved upon a trip across the turbulent, mighty ocean, to visit a near relative, on his father's side, in the far-famed, and to him, unexplored America.

The anticipated voyage was filled with novelty, and not a ripple was visible to disturb the smooth current of this vast expanse of waters, viewed as it was through his silver spectacles, as in his mind's eye he saw himself landed on the far-off shore.

"Good-by, my son!" the father said, a tear lurking in the corner of either eye. "Good-by, and may God bless and guard you until you return to us again. Do not remain away longer than you have proposed to do, as I have something of importance to communicate to you concerning yourself, upon your arrival back. I do not wish to mar your pleasure-trip by informing you now."

And the old gray-haired parent gave his son's hand an affectionate pressure to cheer him on his way.

The leave-taking between his mother and himself was, perhaps, a degree more tender and prolonged, as she clung to her boy, apprehensive of some accident befalling him from the changeful, treacherous ocean.

CHAPTER III.

HOPELESSLY IN LOVE.

With cheeks like scarlet, and eyes cast down in pitiable confusion, while a pretty air of penitence was plainly visible on every lineament of her childish countenance, Maud presented the fairly-won trophy to her stern sisters, saying as she did so:

"Here it is! But, oh, girls, don't scold, please! I never felt so thoroughly ashamed of myself before. And just think," she continued, excitedly, "I fancied his eyes opened when I clipped the curl. But I think—oh, goodness gracious me, girls, there he is making directly for us. What shall I do? Let me hide!"

"Never, Maud Somerton! You have got us into this dilemma, and now reap your part of the consequence. I think you are just too awful for anything," said Rosalys, severely.

"Well, I'm very sorry!" exclaimed Maud. "But that won't mend matters now."

"I should say not!" said Madge, glancing over her shoulder at the fast approaching stranger of the wood.

Raising his hat courteously, he inquired:

"Young ladies, may I trouble you to direct me to Amberton Heath? I have been out upon an exploring expedition."

"Yes," said Maud, sotto voce, "in dreamland."

"—and have lost my way."

He was a puzzle to Maud. She felt certain that he was cognizant of the trick she had played upon him, yet how impassive and unemotional his whole countenance and manner.

His glance casually wandered from Madge and Rosalys to poor little trembling Maud, and she felt certain that she detected a saucy, mischievous sparkle in his merry brown eyes, which seemed to say:

"So you are the young lady, are you?"

Her face colored with embarrassment and indignation as she vowed, mentally, "she knew she hated him."

"You are within a stone's throw of the premises, sir," answered Madge, "and within a mile of the villa. We have been trespassing on the grounds, and have but just quitted them; they lie over the hill yonder."

"Ah, yes; many thanks!" he said, exhibiting a row of matchless teeth by way of acknowledgment.

"Will you not lunch with us? Our cottage is only a few steps away. 'Twill enable you to rest before attempting the ascent of that steep hill. Mother, too, will be very much pleased to see you and make your acquaintance," petitioned Rosalys.

"Yes," seconded Madge. "Mamma is lonely sometimes, and the sight of a friend tends to cheer her. Please do!"

Maud said nothing. She was praying, under her breath, that he might emphatically decline, although she had in a great measure recovered her self-possession. But she was doomed to disappointment.

"Again, many thanks! I believe I cannot refuse such a tempting and generous offer of fair hospitality," he said, gallantly.

The time passed so pleasantly that the little cuckoo-clock in the corner had chimed the hour of 3, ere he was aware.

Mrs. Somerton pressed him to call again, and the eyes of the young ladies proclaimed the wish unanimous; in consequence, that was but the beginning of many happy—aye, blissful hours passed by Philip Ainsley at Dove Cottage.

"But what were his intentions regarding her daughters?" poor, ambitious Mrs. Somerton wondered, while racking her brain as to which one he favored the most. She hoped it might be Maudie, as she felt assured that for no mere idle flirtation was he lingering so long around her cherished brood. And then a motherly pang would shoot through her heart, at the thought of perhaps losing her darling little one forever, her pet ewe lamb.

Yet, naturally, it must occur at some time, and why not now to one whom she felt assured, was noble and true.

Yet, even motherly instinct could not assure her which, or if either of her equally fair and worthy ones was destined to be chosen by him. Did he pay court to Madge one day, Rosalys was certain to claim his attentions the next. Maud alone kept aloof, avoiding him constantly, and coolly, though not unkindly, repulsing his every advancement.

Her playfulness had greatly vanished, her blue eyes looked liable at any moment to be submerged with tears, and the flute-like tones of her voice were scarcely if ever heard, while her merry laugh was gone. She was, indeed, changed.

They walked, rode, picnicked together, and sang together, unmindful of the lapse of time, until of a sudden Philip announced his intention of returning home in a few days.

All expressed regrets with the exception of Maud, who, as soon as she thought herself unobserved, escaped to her own apartment, and there, throwing herself upon her knees beside her little cot, sobbed and moaned piteously.

"To think that he, above all others, should have just cause for despising me. Oh! why did I allow such a foolish freak to take possession of my better judgment? If I had but listened to Rose and Madge, I should not now feel like a banished exile. Oh, dear, dear! how can I ever forgive myself!" she said, between her sobs.

But when he met her again she merely vouchsafed him a little cool nod, and passed from his view. But things were not to continue long in this way.

A boating excursion was proposed in the neighborhood, and Philip Ainsley and lady, also the Misses Somerton, were invited to swell the number. As neither Rose nor Madge had an escort, Philip gallantly proffered his services to them, instead of asking Maud alone, as his inclinations dictated. As her sisters were to accompany them, Maud gladly acquiesced, having a noted weakness for "Life On the Ocean Wave."

Philip vowed inwardly that he had never seen so rare and beautiful a blossom, and his admiration must have leaped out in his eyes, as she turned her face away from his gaze crimson with blushes.

She was attired in simple white muslin, looped with forget-me-not colored ribbon the hue of her eyes, while a becoming crushed-strawberry hat sat jauntily upon her golden curls.

They had hired a small sloop, just accommodating four persons nicely, having hung their lunch-baskets under the awning, prepared to enjoy the row with zeal.

Maud sat apart from the two, trailing her white dainty fingers in the water, dreaming. The subject of her thoughts sat all unconscious just opposite her, as ignorant of what was passing in this superb being's mind as he had appeared when a perfect stranger in the wood.

She loved him. Yes, her heart told her so; and he despised her. This was the burden of her thoughts, not dream, for she felt it to be stern reality.

And her heart had been given unsought, unasked.

"Come back, oh, my heart!"

Of a sudden she descried a beautiful white water lily bending gracefully over the water, just within reach, she thought.

Rash girl! The desire changed into a determination to pluck it if possible. She threw discretion, as was her wont too often, to the winds for the time, leaned far over the side of the frail craft, which tipping even with her slight weight, precipitated her into the river's sparkling depths.

Philip caught a glimpse of the dimity white as it fluttered over the side and ran frantically to the spot.

Not a moment did he hesitate. Jumping quickly overboard, he was soon struggling with the waves, and ere she had gone down the second time had secured her limp form and was wrestling again with the turbulent stream for the safety of himself and that of the one dearer to him than his own life.

They formed a rude couch of shawls for the unconscious girl, whom they feared would die, as nothing they did for her had power to revive her.

Madge chafed the little cold hands, and repeatedly kissed the cold, death-like brow and lips, while Rosalys silently wrung her hands and wept.

Philip's time was completely occupied with handling the boat and making all possible speed to reach the cottage.

He succeeded. In an incredibly long time, it seemed to him, the boat grated on the sand, and hastily, but gently he lifted his light and inanimate burden, making lengthy strides for Mrs. Somerton's.

"My darling!" he cried, passionately. "God is not so unjust as to take you from me, now that I cannot do without you. Open your eyes, my precious, and tell me that you will live for me."

As if in answer to his fervent appeal, the lips quivered and languidly the white windows lifted disclosing the beautiful blue depth within.

"God be praised!" he ejaculated, kissing her forehead, cheek, and lips passionately.

She was drawing herself indignantly from his embrace, striving to unbar the arms so firmly encircling her, when he poured forth his love in a perfect torrent of wild, impassioned words.

She only took heed of three words which he uttered, "I love you!"

"Will you be my wife, Maud? Oh, heaven be praised," he cried joyfully; "how I feared for the worse, my darling, my own!"

The remainder of the way he seemed transported to the realms of bliss, while Maud was not far away.

In the halcyon days which followed, Philip dispatched a tender, loving epistle to his parents, informing them in extravagant words of his engagement to the sweetest, loveliest maiden in Christendom. He neglected, however, to mention her name.

The answer came. "Great God!" he ejaculated, "Can this have come from my father, whom I parted from so recently?" It ran as follows:

PHILIP AINSLEY: Sir—How dare you have the audacity to engage yourself to any one without the sanction of your parents? Engaged, indeed! Bah! and to a little, insignificant, inexperienced thing of 16.

Sir, you are an idiot. All of our hopes for your future will be as naught. No, sir, none of your N. P. Willis' milk-maid half-divine for me. Go your way, and remember, you henceforth may consider yourself disinherited, for you are no son of mine.

Not a penny of my fortune will you ever possess. CURTAIN A. AINSLEY.

Poor Philip sat as if stunned after perusing his father's cruel letter.

"Can it be that he has been ill, and now is partly deranged? God grant that such may be the case, and that perfect recovery may swiftly follow."

CHAPTER IV.

IS HE DEAD?

Sir Cuthbert Ainsley had worked himself into a great passion. His face had turned purple, his hands clinched and unclenched spasmodically. To say the least, his anger had overcome his usually solid judgment.

The housekeeper, happening to appear in his presence upon some trivial errand, ran back in alarm to report to the servants that master was about to have a stroke of apoplexy.

Having no one near upon whom to vent his wrath, he gradually succumbed to the voice of reason, and resolved to start immediately for America, to casually ascertain something of the family and antecedents of this girl whom his son was foolish enough to rave about.

Thus it occurred that at the time his letter reached Philip it was but one day in advance of him.

He lost no time in inquiring the way to Arthur Wyman's—his cousin's—where he expected to find Philip; and his heart beat with a sickening sensation as he thought of the hard feeling which now existed between himself and his only child.

"You say that my son has gone hunting in that thicket? I believe I will shoulder a rifle, if you have one convenient, and start out in quest of him," he said, as he replaced his hat, with his finger indicating a thickly underbrushed wood, extending on the left hand as far as the eye could discern.

He saw nothing of game kind for some time, and was just about making up his mind to abandon all thought of hunting, when a stray deer came flying wildly toward him in the distance, and ere it was scarcely within range of his rifle he fired.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, horrified, as an agonized cry rang out, and echoed through the wood.

He ran hastily forward, several times tripping and near falling over far-spreading roots of trees, and shrubs, and sinking down upon his knees by the fallen man, endeavored to turn his face to the light.

One loud, heart-rending cry, and two, instead of one senseless forms lay under the heaven's pitying gaze.

And thus they found them, and gently and slowly bore the two ghastly forms to the cottage, it being the nearer place of shelter.

"Is he dead? Oh, God, have I killed him; my son, my Philip?" were the first words, in a frenzied tone, uttered by the half-demented man, as he regained consciousness.

"Your son is alive and uninjured, Mr. Ainsley," came the gentle voice of Mrs. Somerton.

"Then it was, after all, but a hideous nightmare. I thought that I shot him!"

"It was a miracle that he was not killed, my dear sir, but a lock of hair saved him. I will explain: My two oldest daughters wished to surprise their sister by secretly getting a curl of hair which she prized very highly wrought into a charm for her locket, and sent it by your son this morning, inclosed in a small jewel case, which he had laughingly placed next his heart. The ball from your rifle, fortunately and singularly, hit the case, and now lies buried in its polished depths." The shock alone stunned Philip.

"Providence was merciful, indeed!" murmured Sir Cuthbert, covering his face with his hands, in the attitude of prayer.

"Madam, will you be kind enough to inform me in whose house I am?"

"Certainly, sir. You are in my house, and I am the Widow Somerton."

"Impossible! What, the wife of my dear friend and college chum, Wm. Somerton, deceased?"

The same, Sir Cuthbert. And now, I presume, the secret between our two families may be revealed to our children."

"Stay, madam! I think there is really no need of divulging it, unless you particularly desire it."

"Oh, no, no; I assure you, sir, that I was not consulting my own wish in the matter at all, but merely what I supposed to be irrevocable."

"Madame, the bargain was, you understood no doubt, that our children, my son then 5 years, and your daughter of nearly 1 year old, should be united when they became of a suitable age. A strange whim certainly!"

"If you say that it is unnecessary to refer to this disagreeable compromise, to them, Sir Cuthbert, I shall be very glad, as my greatest worry since my husband's death has been of this heavy debt which he owed to you being unpaid."

"My dear madam, it is to be considered canceled, now, forever. What a blessing it is, that everything occurred just as we had planned, without our dictation, and that the wedding is to take place, so soon."

One month from that day a happy party assembled in the widow's parlor, to witness the nuptials of lovely and sparkling Maud Somerton. The parents beheld with pride their stalwart son, and beautiful, blushing daughter, while Sir Cuthbert praised the Lord in his heart.

"O, Philip, dear, I am so happy," Maud murmured, after she had received the blessings of her mother and father-in-law, "Have you ever forgiven me for stealing that curl?"

"Hush, my darling! I had nothing to forgive. Thank our Creator, for it saved my life."

How a Cholera Patient Feels.

The patient feels well up to within a few hours of the attack, or, it may be, goes to bed and sleeps soundly through the night, and immediately on rising in the morning is seized with violent purging and vomiting. If judiciously treated many patients recover from this, the first stage of cholera; but if neglected, the tendency of the disease is to grow rapidly worse. The patient complains of intense thirst and a burning heat at the pit of his stomach; he suffers also excruciating pain from cramps in the muscles of the extremities; he is terribly restless; and his urgent cry is for water to quench his thirst, and that some one might rub his limbs, and thus relieve the muscular spasm. The pulse is rapid and very weak, the respirations are hurried, and the patient's voice becomes husky. His countenance is pinched, and the integument of his body feels inelastic and doughy, while the skin of his hands and feet becomes wrinkled and purplish in color. The duration of this, the second stage of cholera, is very uncertain—it may last for two or three hours only, or may continue for twelve or fifteen hours; but so long as the pulse can be felt at the wrist there are still good hopes of the sick person's recovery. The weaker the pulse becomes, the nearer the patient is to the third, or collapse stage of cholera, from which probably not more than thirty-five per cent. recover. In the third stage of the disease the vomiting and purging continue, although in a mitigated form; and the skin is covered with a clammy perspiration, especially if the cramps are still severe. The patient remains terribly restless, longing only for sleep, and that he may be supplied with water. His intellect is clear, but he seldom expresses any anxiety regarding worldly affairs, although fully conscious of the dangerous condition he is in. Sleep and a plentiful supply of drinking-water are the sole desires of a person passing through a collapse stage of cholera. This condition seldom lasts more than twenty-four hours, and reaction either commences within that period or the patient dies in collapse, or passes on into the tepid stage, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred ends speedily in death. On the other hand, the sick person having been in the collapse stage of cholera some twenty-four hours (it may be a longer or shorter period), the temperature of his body may begin to rise, gradually creeping up to the normal standard; the functions of animal life are slowly restored, and the sick person recovers his health.—Quain's Dictionary of Medicine.

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