

#### "FORMERLY OF KANSAS."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

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

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

He was with Jim Lane, a hat-some lad—  
An' we done chit-chat—him and me—  
An' it's many a narra' chit we had—  
Along the border—but what care I we  
In them days down in Kansas!

When the sun went down, then an' Jim  
Said our horses is all rode away  
An' fit for the Union—an' him—  
Till all unsaddled out of the fray  
We come with Kansas.

Is you old pard, with your frosted hair  
Under that yonder moanin' pine,  
And on the stone that marks the place  
We'll carenaught 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 denounced 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 gladsons 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 grieved 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 Ross, 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 Ross, 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, unfanned 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 triumphal whisper, noting the admiration ill-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, dears, 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 me 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 we 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 slippers 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 vowed 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 apace.

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—a-pace, 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.

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 changeable 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 child-like countenance, Maud presented the fair-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 repeat 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."

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

"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!"

Mad 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.

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"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 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.

Rosalys chafed the little cold hands and repeatedly kissed the cold, death-like brook 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!"