

### A KANSAS EXPRESSION.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF A PECULIAR PHRASE USED IN THE WEST.

"Following Tom's Wheelbarrow" is a Term That Has Become Very Common. Who "Tom" Was—It Means That a Man Has Done Wrong.

Among the scouts who accompanied Gen. Sheridan during the campaign against the Indians in the winter of 1868-69, who were attached to headquarters in the capacity of couriers, selected for their courage and knowledge of savage methods, was Tom McFadden, who made a record for himself, and was one of the scouts sent out by Gen. Sheridan to bring "Sa-tan-ta" in as a hostage when the villainous old savage was sitting on his horse apart from his great band of allied warriors on a knoll, contemplating whether to attack the troops, who were in battle array one morning in front of Fort Cobb, and who was extremely impudent. McFadden was afterward one of Gen. Miles' scouts in his wonderful campaign against the Indians in 1871.

Late in the fall of 1867 McFadden and two other trappers established a camp on the Paradise, about two miles above its junction with the Saline. They had remarkable luck, and in a short time had accumulated a large lot of pelts, furs, buffalo hams and elk and deer meat. They possessed but one small team of horses, and their supplies running low they concluded to go to the then embryo town of Ellsworth, on the Smoky Hill, which had just been started on account of its proximity to Fort Harker, then the most important military depot and post on the plains. It was also the nearest trading point for the many hunters scattered along the rivers and streams of the wilderness of central Kansas, and about seventy miles from McFadden's camp. So Mac and one of his partners hoofed it into the new town, intending to hire teams to bring their meat and skins to the railroad, to purchase their needed supplies, including poison—the most necessary article of all their wants—with which to kill wolves.

#### FINDING THE BARROW.

Arriving at Ellsworth they vainly endeavored to hire teams, but all in the region had been employed by the quartermaster's department at Fort Harker in hauling hay from the various "grass camps" in the vicinity, so they had to go back, as they had left their only other partner alone in camp with but a few rounds of ammunition and the Indians anything but friendly. The railroad, at the time of their arrival at Ellsworth, was running a train to what is now Bunker Hill, then only a water tank station, to which point they shipped their supplies, as it was some miles nearer their camp, intending to pack the most needed articles on their backs and return with their own team in a few days for those things they could not take along.

After arriving at Bunker Hill and dumping their supplies on the little platform, dreading to start out on their long tramp loaded down with what they must take, intending to store the rest in some secure place until they could come for them, McFadden happened to see a pile of wheelbarrows belonging to the railroad company piled bottom side up along the track, and with the inspiration that is born of genius he turned to his partner and said, "Dan, this darned question of transportation is settled right here, for here is a vehicle that looks as if it was constructed for our special purpose at this ticklish juncture."

So, waiting until the station men were out of sight, they proceeded to load up one of the fortunately discovered wheelbarrows with their supplies, which included among many smaller things 200 pounds of flour, and away they went across the high prairie toward their camp. Their route went over a smooth country until they neared the "breaks" of the Saline, and then it required a good knowledge of the region to find a passage through the precipitous limestone bluffs which characterize that portion of Kansas.

#### FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

It is a difficult matter, or rather was in those early days, for a "tenderfoot" to find his way down into the valley of the Saline, as it is the most lumpy region in that part of the state. Knowing the whole country well, Tom and his partner struck for the nearest point on the river, satisfied that with their unique means of transportation they could go down the bluffs anywhere and cross the stream where a wagon would not dare to attempt it. At last the fortunate hunters arrived at their camp, tired, but with their supplies intact.

The next season that immigration which grew to be phenomenal in so short a time began to seek the beautiful and tempting valleys of the tributaries of the Saline, and of course the only route to the coveted localities was through the rough country north of the Union Pacific in Kansas, and the starting points the stations of the road. Bunker Hill was a favorite initial point on account of its nearness to the "Paradise" valley, and McFadden's wheelbarrow trail, which was still plainly visible, was taken for the wagon track of some preceding immigrant, which all persistently followed, and, naturally, too, only to be suddenly brought up all standing at some inaccessible bluff down which it was impossible to go.

Then nothing was left to do but retrace their steps to the main "divide," losing ten or twelve miles thereby. Thus a broad trail was made through the rough country, and considerable profanity was breathed on the pure atmosphere of the virgin prairie in that vicinity until the errors of the "old wheelbarrow trail" were corrected. It became a by word at last, when a man was lost and turned up after going miles out of his way, "Well, he has only been following Tom McFadden's wheelbarrow trail to the Saline."—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister at Washington, has had the back of her neck photographed.

for joy as he heard the sentence he thought he should never hear again.

"Now, what do you propose to do?" inquired Benjamin Hambleton.

"I says fer you to write to dat man and see what he says. 'We'll share profits. Of course you kin have mos' haff," generously.

"Mos' haff," indignantly. "Mos' haff, when I does all de writin' and reading? No, sir! I gits whole haff or not write."

"All right, all right," hurriedly as visions of a lost fortune again float before him. Amiability being restored, they worked and plotted together like old cronies should. The letter was written and posted; they had only to wait a week or two before they could dress up and live like folks in the big 'onses.

Uncle Peter began to wear "the biggest" air imaginable. He became lazier than ever and plagued Marse Bob almost out of his wits. The negroes all wondered what had got into Uncle Peter. He usually bade them good morning in the pleasantest manner, but now it was with the condescension of a monarch. Angelina was no longer the "apple of his eye." She found herself not noticed at all, and thereby became sulky and switched about more than ever while she walked. But it all was lost upon Uncle Peter. He was going to get rich in his old age, and that was all he wanted. He dreamed of it at night, and went a-day dreaming over it too.

Uncle Peter was too talkative, however, to let his secret remain one longer than a few days. He had no idea he had "let the cat out of the bag," but before one week had expired all the negroes on the plantation knew he had discovered a method for getting rich, and all were on the qu'vive for discovery, but they did not let Uncle Peter have an inkling of their intentions.

One Saturday afternoon as the clouds in the west began to lose some of their exquisite coloring, for night was creeping on, all of the hands, Uncle Peter included, had gathered about the back door of the big house. All eyes were centered upon Marse Bob, who stood on the stone steps with a stone jug in one hand and a cup in the other. Every face was wreathed in smiles at the thought of a dram. As Marse Bob poured out the liquid which ran with such a good old sound, "So good, good, good, good," it seemed to say, he talked and gave much good, good, good, good advice while he distributed it around. The darkeys had just wiped their mouths on their coat sleeves preparatory to leaving, when a little negro boy came up with the mail. Marse Bob glanced over it hastily, and called out:

"Halloo, here, Peter—a postal for you."

"Yas, sir," responded Uncle Peter, stepping up with happy expectation in his tones and movements.

"Shall I read it for you?" with a twinkle in his eyes, for he had read it while speaking, and had heard something of Peter's boasting lately.

"Yas, sir, s'pose you do," responded Peter, who was feeling generous after his smile. He didn't care just then if all the darkeys in Christendom knew how to get rich.

Marse Bob cleared his throat, while all the hands turned around to hear what Uncle Peter's correspondent had to say.

"How to get rich.—Eat nothing, wear nothing, and work like old Nick."

There was a shout of laughter from every pair of lips save Uncle Peter's. He was dumb with disappointment and rage. He said not a word, but turned away and walked off "a sadder and a wiser man."

It is a month later. Riches are never mentioned by Peter now. He is cured. His fellow workmen plagued his poor old life almost out of him, until one morning he turned like a wounded lion at bay and made them all fly. Since that time he has lived in peace. A curious coolness grew up between him and the preacher at one time, but the genial nature of both old darkeys has thawed that out, and they are the same old cronies, only they never speak of wealth to each other.—Mrs. E. M. Stewart in Atlanta Constitution.

#### The Value of Sleep.

Gen. Lord Wolsley, England's leading soldier, is a man of simple and abstemious habits, and is an emphatic advocate of sleep. When he is his own master he goes to rest between 10 and 11 and is up before 6. He is a sound sleeper, and can sleep at almost any time and under any circumstances, which is no doubt one great secret of success; for in war, as in politics, the man who cannot sleep might as well retire from the running. "You cannot put in your time more profitably than in sleeping," Lord Wolsley says, and the saying is one that may well be taken to heart by all hard workers. As long as you can sleep you can always renew your strength. It is when sleep fails that your balance at the bank of life is cut off.—Best Things.

#### The Value of Armor in War Ships.

The value of armor has been a matter constantly discussed since its first introduction. So long as it remained, as it did for a time, superior to the attack of the gun its desirability was certain, but when the race began between the two the gun early seized and maintained the lead. From that time to the present advocates of the abolition of armor have been very numerous. They compare the state of affairs with that which existed prior to the disuse of personal armor, but so long as armor can be so arranged as to protect certain vital points it is probable that it will be so used. Still there are some good arguments in support of decuirassment—to use a French word that is particularly expressive.—New York Herald.

#### Pull Down the Blinds.

To all secret societies with Venetian blinds inside their windows: See that the slats are turned carefully down before initiating a candidate, or somebody across the street will have as much fun out of the ceremony as the members.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Governing Children.

Parents have proudly told me of sickening battles with their children, who pitted against will, till at last the stronger physique gained the mastery, and the child's "will was broken." Such victories are worse than defeats. I have seen a father and his little boy stand pitted against each other, with a look in each face that I could call nothing but hatred; and when I thought of the power of the one and the helplessness of the other I could not but admire the boy's pluck. There should be no such occasions. The parent stands convicted of utter stupidity in finding himself in any such situation.

There are times when it is wiser for the parent to ignore some mood on the child's part. The part of the parent should be in ever seeking the wise opportunity to impress the child with the virtue that is the reverse of some fault it falls into. Children pass through various phases, and some dragon of a fault that one has been worrying over and planning against suddenly vanishes into thin air and is no more. Sometimes one fixes a fault by noticing it too much. It becomes an expression of nervousness. The child repeats a fault through an inability to pass over it. It becomes like a hard word in the spelling book that he has met before. He recognizes the word without knowing its name, and at the same moment remembers his struggles with it, and the painful impression fills him with nervousness, his mind becomes confused and he cannot control his thought. It is wise with a fault, as with the hard word, to let it go, avoid anything to excite the habitual fault. Presently the child forgets the fault. It may be said that injudicious parents often create their children's faults.—Harper's Bazar.

#### Rapid Transit in New York.

A school inspector who is rather fond of finding fault with the teachers in his department was visiting one of the primary public schools, when the female teacher in charge asked a number of questions the following question, "Now, children, if you had a boat at Buffalo, and wanted to get it out on the ocean as soon as possible, and the distance by canal to salt water was 860 miles, and by the St. Lawrence river 1,132 miles, which would be the shorter way to bring it?" The children were puzzled. This was rather irritating, in the presence of the inspector. "Why, you stupid little things," began the teacher.

"One moment, Miss B—," said the inspector rising. "I have found that teachers do not take enough pains to simplify the questions that they ask of children. It is very important, too, that analogies should be drawn from their personal experience. If more pains were taken in this respect, and an appeal made to the reason of the pupils, not only yourself, Miss B—, but a great many other teachers would succeed much better."

"Now, children, it is only two blocks to the Third avenue elevated road, but it is eight blocks to the Sixth avenue road. Now if you wanted to get to an elevated road in a hurry to which would you go?" "To the Third avenue road," shouted the children in triumph. "Certainly," said the inspector smiling, "because it is the nearer. Now then, if you had a boat at Buffalo, and wanted to reach the ocean in a hurry, which way would you take it?" The children thought a minute, and then burst out simultaneously, "By the Third avenue road!"—New York Tribune.

#### Excessively Polite.

It is well to be always polite, but there are times when it is better to be natural than to attempt the elaboration of social courtesies. The safest rule in any case is to be simple and do the obvious thing; this will not only be most sincere, but will often save one from appearing ridiculous.

A gentleman who wished to give pleasure to a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Mott, arranged a boating party in her honor. The guests were chosen with her approval and everything was done to her liking.

Unfortunately the wind proved treacherous, and about the middle of the day the party found themselves becalmed on a sea which rose and fell in the long ground swell that is sure to prove too much for all but experienced sailors. It was not long before most of the party were ill, Miss Mott being one of the first to succumb. She lay in a wretched heap on the deck of the yacht, refusing to be moved, her hair in disarray and her whole appearance that of unutterable misery.

"I am so sorry that you are ill, Miss Mott," the host said. "When I wish to give you pleasure again I will not propose a water party."

With a supreme effort Miss Mott raised her ghastly face, about which the hair straggled, wet with the sweat of agony. An attempt at a smile showed itself on her white lips.

"Oh, I am having a perfectly lovely time," she said feebly.

The earnestness with which she spoke was too much for the gravity of her companions and, sick or well, they burst into a laugh, which so overcame Miss Mott that she fell to weeping bitter tears.—Youth's Companion.

#### Tippling is Economical to Diners.

Systematic tipping of waiters pays. A tip here and there by the occasional patron of restaurants is simply generosity. The regular tipping of one waiter at one restaurant, however, is great economy. When the waiter is sure of the tip the service is much better, and there are possibilities in an a la carte order which only the well trained and well tipped waiter knows.

Go to your regular restaurant with a friend, and if your purse is small order a one portion dinner. There will be a few extra oysters, a larger tureen of soup, the roast will be in two generous slices, just enough for two throughout. Now give your waiter a double tip, and the next time you ask a friend to dinner you will be treated like lords.—New York Telegram.

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