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\$15.10	\$11.10	\$14.00	\$18.50	\$15.00	\$15.00	\$15.00	\$25.00	\$30.00	Aug. 1 to 10 Sept. 1 to 10
\$18.60	\$14.30	\$17.50	\$21.50	\$18.25	\$18.85	\$19.00	\$30.25	\$32.00	June 18 to 30 July 10th to Aug. 31st

All tickets sold at the above rates are limited for Return to Oct. 31. Call and get full information.

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**ONE OF THE NORTH MEN.**

[KATHARINE MELICK.]

For The Courier.

V.

To east and west of the Missouri stretched alike long levels of grass land, where scattered lines of rounded trees mark out blue, misty streams. But a certain rawness in the keener wind, a gaunt, ungainly newness in the sweeping forms, a tenser sternness in the dusty furrows that follow the plow, mark the Platte country. If the blood of that old war-horse, James Matthiason, was quickened at the fine range of upward billowing lines,—all shimmering, unbroken sod,—that of Eliza Ann was not. Her eyes searched the round, vast disc to the horizon circle, and sickened for the shadow of the pines. When at last the grey wagon stood still, and a half-dozen spades waited for the breaking-plow to cut slices of turf for the parson's house, Eliza felt diamally that the black earth closing over her head must shut out forever all the life she had known.

Adah and Zillah had no thoughts of a grave, as they tugged Charles and John and James over the stiff buffalo grass to find the pink fistfuls of buffalo peas, lying lavishly spread in the sun.

"You'll get your dresses all dirty!" the mother called from the wagon-canvas flap, but fortunately the twins did not hear. They went on further, up softly rising swells of dewy fresh sod, covered, as it seemed to their wagon-weary eyes, with wonderful single stars of lilies, low in the grass, with pink sorrel and fuzzy strawberry blossoms, and long-throated yellow flowers that would be marvelously fine strung on a thread. There were grey, cottony tuft clusters, flat on the ground like cat's paws, and great dark violets, like pansies, and wind-rocked blooms, blue and white, with anemone faces. Most strange of all, there were flower-petals on the grass blades themselves, here and there little grass tufts with starry pointed heads atop, yellow and white and blue.

The "grass flowers" are the sweetest gift of the prairie—the most direct expression of its wild bounty, that scatter even on our sand-hills where trees are but wands, profusion of lilies and roses, short-stemmed, close to the sod—that winding myriads of deep-running roots thread through as they go down for water, water that Eliza saw the need of, and moaned, thinking of washing day, with the nearest well a mile away. But the twins cheerfully filled their last clean aprons with grass flowers and sorrel and buffalo peas, all drooping in the sun, and hurried to the wagon, with a rare collection of grass stains on their fingers and frocks.

Before those green stains faded from the fore shortening skirts of the twins—for butter was no commodity to be wasted for laundry purposes—the wealth of the prairie had turned to dust. The lines of reddened, broken sod crumbled away in fierce August, with the ravished native growth, and those hapless exotics—potatoes and wheat—withered.

Walking from point to point of his scorched circuit, the "prairie preacher" found similes for the fires of eternal punishment, and felt his impoverished blood thrill with the great struggle for life. He saw the prairie schooners, one by one, spread their white sails; he tramped by weedy tracts of desolation, whose fringe of stunted boxelders about the black mound of a forsaken sod shanty told the story of defeat.

At home, while the twins twisted almanac leaves into "lamp-lighters" to serve for matches, and the trio of boys laid in winter fagots of sunflower stalks, Eliza Ann stitched her last folds of Canada linen into garments for the latest new-comer. The Reverend James Matthiason had not left off quoting

Genesis, or trusting Providence to care for His creation. But Eliza Ann was her own providence. When the faces of the little ones grew very hungry, she sent with James to town a long strip of the cloth she had bleached on the snow of Ontario. It would at least buy bacon and sugar for a long untasted feast. There might even be enough for yarn to knit mittens for the little fingers, reddening every morning with the frost.

The entire family watched from the door, as the father drove away in a neighbor's wagon, with a bony span which even yet shamed his spirit. He might not return before the next morning, for the "ridge road" was long, and a wide fork of Salt creek was to ford.

All night Eliza listened for the rolling of wagon wheels. All day the children watched, with the eager eyes of famine. They went, sometimes, more than a mile up the "ridge road" to look for the faded green wagon, the bony bays, and the white fringed face of their father.

It was night when the very slow creak and clank came through the windows to Eliza's ear. It was so slow that she sat up to listen. Something wrong sounded from every hesitant, unwilling echo of approach. She dressed and hurried into the moonlight which, whitening horses and driver and wagon, as they came to a standstill by the two slim Lombardy poplars at the gate, showed her a husband who all at once seemed old.

"How are you so late?" Eliza begins to loosen the traces as she asks.

James, sitting motionless on the spring seat, says dully, "The wagon box floated off when I forded the river. I was nearly drowned."

His tone makes the woman try to help the confession. "Did anything get lost?" Eliza asks quietly.

"I wish it had—then. I could have forgiven the crick. But it was human hands done it, Lizy Ann. I left the things covered in my coat whilst I went into the postoffice, and they was stole."

There was a silence before Eliza Ann could say, "I'd rather be us than them that done it," which was small comfort to the twins, and John and James and Charles and Dorcas and Abigail in the morning.

"Mebbe it was some one meat-hungrier'n we be," vouchsafed Adah, the "little twin," as she swallowed her mush with salt. But John and Charles and James, glooming upon their yellow bowls, had unsanctimonious visions of riding into town, pistols and knives at their homespun "waists," and raiding the "butchershop" where buffalo heads hung.

**Reduced Rates and Special Train to National Encampment. G. A. R.**

The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets to Cleveland, O., and return, for the Grand Army meeting, at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be on sale at points west of the Missouri River Sept. 7th to 10th, inclusive, except Oklahoma and Indian Territory, where selling dates will be 7th and 8th. Return limit Sept. 15th, except that extension limit to leave Cleveland, up to and including Oct 8, 1901, may be arranged by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Cleveland, and payment of small fee. Comrades of the "Rank and File" have selected the Great Rock Island Route and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R'y for a special through train to Cleveland, which will leave Kansas and Oklahoma Sunday, Sept. 8th. Passengers on this special train will be given the privilege of going and returning via Toledo on boat or all rail as they may elect. Passengers making return journey by boat will have a delightful stop of three hours at the celebrated lake resort—Put-in-Bay. Any Rock Island Agent or the undersigned will give full details and arrange for sleeping car reservations. E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. A., Topeka.

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