

Everything seemed encouraging and beautiful—A fitting heartening welcome to tired travellers.

The Larned House was full with extra cots in the halls and parlor, but at the north end of Main street was a large sand stone three story and basement building called the "Stone Block". At this time the large light office-like rooms were being let to new settlers.

The little mother succeeded in getting a roomy bright south room but as it had little or no furniture she had to get enough of her own to make herself and small brood comfortable. The relatives also secured rooms; all on the second floor.

Boanarges, the beautiful stallion was placed in a livery stable, where in a short time unknown to the little mother, the owner of the stable began to train him for the track and as he showed great promise wished to buy him—Another interested horse man could not discover who owned the horse but left a standing offer of \$1500.00 for the colt. The stable burned to the ground, one Sunday night and with it, the uninsured promising trotter.

The two uncles had taken the stock and part of the household goods to Hodgeman County, forty miles west where they had secured claims for their sister, their father and themselves. The household goods were stored at Duncan's Ranch on the Pawnee creek—which was of historical interest, with its old stockade built in an earlier day as protection against Indians.

The young uncles, inexperienced in building, with slight instruction and little help attempted to build the walls of the first houses but were not entirely successful—The families waited in Larned, for the completion of these new homes.

There were all kinds of people in the Stone Block and unconsciously there began a sort of mental pigeon holing according to merit and manners, knowledge and refinement.

There was the mincing little girl, with too large hair ribbons and overly trimmed clothes, with an affected

over dressed mother. The little girl repeatedly declared she never ate any but French candy as her mother wouldn't allow it but "You can't buy it in a little town like this" she said—She talked of "Coney Island," and subjects beyond her years.

The little mother explained that it would be wiser not to pay too much attention to her stories, but the little sisters had some fun mimicking her mannerisms, when they were alone.

There was a fine family enroute to Ness County, named Phillips, Charlie and Tad played with the children. Later we heard they became discouraged and returned to Ohio.

Ira Hayward, was another well reared boy, whose parents were also going to Ness County.

Then there was a woman with the falsetto voice, who was always stewing evaporated apples. She and her husband settled in Hodgeman County not far from our pioneers. She was a busy woman and after enumerating her completed duties said complacently, "I think I have killed a good many stones." Evidently she mixed her birds and stones. She also soon returned to her old home.

There was also a man with too long oily, curling hair. "He looks like a gambler—don't talk with him nor go near him," advised little mother. Perhaps he was, anyway he soon disappeared.

The children had, what would perhaps be considered a bad habit, although innocent in intent and with no thought of unkindness, but they just had to imitate and mimic any man, woman or child with peculiar and pretended mannerisms. Never in public but when playing at home alone they would talk like the apple sauce woman, who killed stones and walk like the little doctor with the Prince Albert coat and silk hat who stub, stub, stubbed down the Larned street and was the first man on earth to have his house painted bright green.

The children were noisy, full of vigor and imagina-