



CHAPTER I.

"I might have striven, and striven in vain
Such visions to recall,
Well known and yet forgotten: now
I see, I hear them all.
The present pales before the past,
Who comes with angels' wings,
As in a dream I stand, amidst
Strange yet familiar things."—*Proctor.*

THE RANCHER'S HOME.

TWO men are journeying over the prairie in a light waggon from the Osage Mission in Neosho County, Kansas, to a Rancher's home.

A Rancher's home, on the broad prairie.

One fresh from the scenes of European capitals, the other well seasoned to the strange silence of that prairie life.

Have you seen the prairie? watched the sheeny sunlight flood with strange beauty that long stretch of view, over which the eyes wander wonderingly? felt European trammels shaken from your soul by that still, primitive life? lost yourself in wonderment as the immensity of country grew upon you? Have you travelled over those