

### The Two Ages.

Folks were happy as days were long  
In the old Arcadian times,  
When life seemed only a dance and a song  
In the sweetest of all sweet times.  
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,  
As the pitiless years have rolled,  
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age  
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepshead way  
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.  
In the Nineteenth Century, larks at play  
Mean motion, and no thing more,  
Our swains at present are too sage  
To live as one lived of old;  
So they coupled the cross of the Golden Age  
With a look in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round  
Heard the news of his latest flame,  
And Thyrsus made the woods resound  
With echoes of Daphne's name.  
They kindly left us a lasting gauge  
Of their musical art we're told,  
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age,  
Brings nith to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and marble halls,  
From shepherdess up to Queen,  
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls,  
And nothing for crinolines.  
But now simplicity's not the rage,  
And it's funny to think how old  
The dress they wear in the Golden Age  
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,  
Tobacco, balloons, and steam  
Are little events that have come to pass  
Since the days of the old regime;  
And, spite of all these dazzling page,  
I'd give, though it might seem bold,  
A hundred years of the Golden Age  
For a year of the Age of Gold.

—Henry S. Leigh.

### LOST ON THE DESERT.

I now had every reason to believe that I was lost, yet a half hope that I might find some trail leading to the other side tolled me on. The sun was low in the west, and long shadows stretched from the rocky peaks over the bleak brown hills. A lonely feeling of fear and baffled plans came over me. Night was approaching; I was lost in the desert hills, without water and without grass—that which would enable me to escape.

The scenery grew more wild and broken, and the path a mere wind-swept alley between boulders, traveled only by the coyote and the mountain sheep. Stories about mountain lions, bears, travelers dying of thirst, crowded to my mind. The trail passed out from the rocks to the side of a deep narrow canon, where, from a few hundred feet below, came the cheering sound of trickling water.

This gave me a moment's hope, but at the same instant I heard the croak of a raven as it sailed away from a jutting ledge below. I was an intruder upon a solitude which perhaps no man had ever entered before. The bird immediately flew back towards me, coming directly overhead, crying in the muffled voice common to its tribe. This black omen with its glossy plumes and rasping voice was a depressing accompaniment to the already discouraging train of events. Again and again it flew so near that I could hear the whir of its wings. Was it the portent of my fate? Was this black spirit, raven-bodied, croaking my requiem? Verily, the thought was natural even to an unsuperstitious mind. If it should fly at my horse's head in one of those fierce plunges its aim would be accomplished, for a few steps out of the way would hurl us, a crushed mass, on the rocks below.

It had followed me several hundred feet along the cliffs; I could not bear the strain upon my already harassed feelings any longer, and in one of its wheeling flights I seized my gun from the saddle, and with a snap-shot sent it tumbling into the gorge. I heard a prolonged croak as of outwitted fiendish intention, and my sable enemy fell to the ground below my horse, even, seemed to show relief in a sigh, and "forever along in better mood."

The canon now spread out into a scienaga filled with plum-thickets, occasional mesquite, and willows. With some difficulty, by sliding and jumping, I soon reached the bottom of an old water-course; out of a clump of bushes sprang with a startled snort, a pair of fine deer, stately with branching horns. They stopped long enough for easy rifle-shot, then bounded up the canon, and were hidden by a point of rocks.

Here in the canon another trail led me wrong. It lay in the direction of the supposed ranch, but frowning bluffs of limestone and jagged peaks rose before me. I followed the canon round bend after bend; sometimes the scant stream of water would sink; again it would trickle, a slender thread, over slate and lime rocks. I was several thousand feet above the desert, close under the snowy back of old San Jacinto, and the night was growing cold. The last sunlight had disappeared from the eastern hills, the twilight would soon fade from the defile. The picturesqueness of the place forced itself upon me in spite of the trembled gloom of my outlook.

The end had come. It now appeared, indeed, that I had been wrongly informed. Directly before me was a wall of rock, barring further progress. A few crevices and open seams made scant footing for mountain sheep, and it was by their trail I had been led astray.

mind at intervals, when my momentary doze was broken by the sound of stealthy footsteps near by, firing a shot in the direction of the noise. Silence again for a time, but my unhappy horse was evidently apprehensive every moment. Miserable even to homesickness, I watched the slowly passing stars in whose glorious march I had now no joy, and no interest except that which related to my escape from this sad plight.

The long night, doubly long with pain of body and mind, at last gave way to dawn. I climbed a tall cliff, but could see only the lonely desert rocks and scanty cactus; no sign of a ranch anywhere. I hastily planned to retrace my tracks to Palm Springs, giving up without one pang of regret the eagerly projected journey along the coast southward. But it was no easy matter to follow the circuitous trail by which I had come, and to take a direct route across hills and canons, through cactus and brush, was impossible.

Starting, I shared a half loaf with my hungry horse, who I don't say which after such a experience and companionship) I even worse than I, with nothing to eat, but I was bunched-grass, and I was so anxious to get away, and I went into a lope over every level stretch.

The two deer we had scared from their resting place the night before were evidently old settlers, for on rounding an angle I saw them feeding in a flat below. Near by the sharp tracks of wild sheep were common. I was anxious to get a near view of these shaggy big-horns, the most striking of North American mammals. This was a good opportunity, as their tracks were fresh and they could not leave the canon without being seen. I had scarcely come to the gulch where I had descended from the bluff, when a noise on the canon side caught my ear. There they were, six splendid fellows, standing facing me with their big horns heavily poised on short, heavy-set necks and shoulders. If I had had a rifle of good range I could easily have shot some of them, but it would have seemed a crime to harm the desert-dwellers. As it was, I hedged them in somewhat, for they could neither go up nor down the canon without passing nearer to me; so up the rugged cliffs they sprang, zigzag and by straight leaps, never once missing a foothold.

I worked my way up on the bluff; there had been but little wind on this side, and I followed my tracks better than I had dared to expect. Glancing back I saw the big-horns on a knoll, snuffing and tossing their heads. It was past noon when I came out on the hills overlooking the desert. Never before had that forbidding basin appeared so lovely. A few clouds floated over the mountains, shading it here and there; while sunshine flooded the rest. Away off to the northwest were the yellow cottonwoods and the white ranch-houses about the springs. My gaunt horse also felt the inspiration of the scene in his way, pricked up his ears, and increased his pace. Hours later I sat under the bright cottonwoods in the delicious air of evening.—W. W. Fricke, in *Overland Monthly*.

"STRUCK WITH THE SABER."  
A Familiar Expression, but Cavalrymen Find Little Use for the Sword in Battle.

From the time we reached the state rendezvous until we went into camp on the peninsula it was drill! drill! drill! with the saber, says a writer in the *Detroit Free Press*. A corporal would take half a dozen—the captain the whole company, and for an hour and a half we would go through the cuts and thrusts and parries. There was the front cut, the down cut, and the savage thrust, the back-hand cut, and a dozen others, and we were told that our lives depended on knowing how to give and receive each particular one. It was good exercise, perhaps, but on the very first day we went into a fight as cavalry all of us came to see the absurdity of it.

I was in thirty cavalry fights during the war, and in none of them did I witness or have use for anything like the saber exercise. Not that I did not see men struck with the saber, but they were struck during the confusion and melee, when the other party could claim no credit. For instance, our regiment drove full tilt into about 800 Confederate cavalry at Brandy Station. I used my revolver until it was empty, and then gripped my saber. The same was very thick and men and horses were greatly excited. In the mad whirl a Confederate rode upon me and made a savage slash with his saber. It missed my head and cut the pommel of my saddle. Before he could get away I "swiped" at him and I know the edge of the saber struck his face. I may have knocked out some of his teeth, but the edge was as blunt as a hoe and could not have cut the skin.

At Shepherdstown we were charged about the same way. There were a great many sabers flashing as they came on, but by the time the shock came the revolvers and carbines were doing the best of the work. I had a fair show in that fight to give a thrust, and it was a lamentable failure. I got the point of the saber in under the enemy's upraised right arm, but I doubt if I drew blood; I simply pushed him half out of his saddle, and he retaliated with a side cut which uncovered my head, and did no further damage.

handkerchief, backed up by a thick growth of hair, saved my head. He drew blood, and I had a sore head for a week after, but he had wasted his blow.

After the first ten minutes of that cavalry encounter nothing but sabers were used. We thrust, hacked and cut, hitting both horse and man, but I doubt if any one was killed outright on either side with the steel. To make a saber effective it must carry a keen edge. During my three years in the army I did not see above a dozen sharpened sabers. We had no orders to grind them and so we carried them with a hoe edge.

Then it takes a strong-armed man to wield a common cavalry saber so as to strike an effective blow. His horse must be reasonably steady, so he can control him with the bridle arm, and there must be plenty of muscle in the arm to give weight to the blow. With a sharp saber a man weighing 160 pounds might split a man's skull, but a man weighing thirty pounds less, with a dull weapon, would only make play toward it. In fact, realizing his incapacity in that direction he wouldn't try it.

In a cavalry encounter at Kelley's Ford I struck a Confederate fair on the neck with my saber, and struck as hard as I could. He tumbled from his saddle and was captured. I did not even draw blood. I gave him such a blow as to stun him for a few minutes, the same as if I had struck him with a club, but aside from a stiff neck he was all right. Big, strong men, with keen-edged sabers, would do some awful cutting, and they would inspire fear wherever they charged, but average men and average weapons accomplish very little outside of the moral effect.

Quantrell proved that there was something far more effective than the saber. Each of his men was armed with at least two revolvers. Each one could shoot right and left-handed. A squad of thirty of them thus armed never hesitated to charge a hundred regular cavalry, and they never charged without inflicting terrible destruction.

UTILIZED A COUGH.  
A French Marshal Conveyed an Order Under its Cover in 1851.

The prevalence of coughs and colds at the present moment reminds me of the fact that it was a cough which was mainly responsible for the immense amount of bloodshed that attended the coup d'etat whereby Napoleon III. obtained his throne, writes a correspondent of the *N. Y. Recorder*.

That unscrupulous but brilliant adventurer general and afterward Field Marshal de St. Arnaud had charge of the military operations. But he was unwilling to assume the direct responsibility of ordering the troops to fire upon the people, being not altogether certain as to the result of Napoleon's memorable enterprise.

When the moment for action arrived and the mob began to show signs of sweeping aside the troops, the brigadier generals under his orders sent an officer to him at headquarters to ask him what they were to do, whether they were to fire on the populace or give way.

Taken Up.  
Taken up at my farm 2½ miles south of Plattsmouth, Wednesday February 3rd, one yearling heifer calf and one yearling steer calf, both red marked with tip of left ear cut off and "V" cut on under side. Party may have same by paying for advertisement and proving ownership.  
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The First Step.  
Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c, at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

Specimen Cases.  
S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis. was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

A Fatal Mistake.  
Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nerve cures headache, fits, etc.

ALittle Girls Experience a Light House.  
Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich, and are blessed with a daughter, four years. Last April she taken down with Measles, followed with dreadful Cough and turned into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones". Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial; bottle free at F. G. Frickey Drugstore.

A Mystery Explained.  
The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced, usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nerve. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

Cough Following the Grip  
Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's cough remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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