

REVOLUTIONARY GIRLS.

When the revolution broke out the Van Alstines, with numerous other families, inhabited the lovely Mohawk valley. A fairer landscape did not exist, but despite its beauty it soon became the theater of stirring and bloody scenes. It was the battle ground where the Indian waged relentless warfare on the patriot settler, and every rod of it was trodden by the wily and sanguinary foe. The people who then dwelt in this region were a mixture of hardy New Englanders and of Dutch, the Van Alstines belonging to the latter race; but all were equally brave, the women vying with the men in deeds of heroism and devotion.

Mrs. Van Alstine, the mother, had passed through some of the most thrilling scenes of colonial history, and, dwelling on the New York frontier in the midst of savage alarms, she had reared a family of fifteen and lived to count almost 100 years of life. Her oldest daughter, Betty, was a child who inherited her mother's bravery and determination. She was still in her "teens" when Sir John Johnson, the famous Tory leader of the Mohawk valley, descended on the patriot settlement at the head of a band of Tories and Indians intending to complete the work of devastation which Brant had inaugurated the previous year.

Everybody had cause to fear these merciless marauders, who sometimes plundered friend as well as foe, and it was expected that the Van Alstines, being staunch patriots, would be among the first visited by the invaders. During Brant's invasion the family had been compelled to seek safety on an island in the river near by, and, from the shelter afforded by this retreat, see the houses of their neighbors in flames, their own home being spared by a miracle.

When it was known Sir John and his army were actually on the march the suffering patriots began to quit their homes.

"You won't go this time, will you, mother?" asked Betty, her eyes kindling with indignation as she looked up into her mother's face.

"We haven't decided what to do," was the matron's reply. "We will know to-morrow, if we are spared till then."

That very day, just as the sun was sinking behind the lovely hills of the Mohawk, a band of yelling Indians burst upon the little settlement, and in a few moments the Van Alstines were surrounded. Escape was not to be thought of now; it was too late.

Mrs. Van Alstine knew that it would be useless to argue with the savages, and thought the best way to deal with them would be to let them have their way so long as they did not attempt any personal indignities. In a short time they swarmed into the house, breaking everything breakable, and the mother saw her most valued articles, nearly all of which had been brought from the old homestead in Holland, demolished and the floor strewn with the fragments. In vain did the girls try to save from destruction a handsome mirror. In response to their pleadings the savages led in a colt from the family stables and compelled it to walk over the glass, wrecking it completely, after which they placed the frame around the animal's neck.

There was one article which Betty Van Alstine was guarding with watchful eye. This was a new hat which her father had brought her from Philadelphia, and, being a present, it was highly prized. At the first alarm she had placed it in a basket which she had secreted in the darkest recesses of the closet, in hopes that it might escape the Indians' eyes.

But alas! for Betty's care, the red searchers espied the closet, and in a moment the basket was brought forth and a young warrior was making off with the trophy when the patriot girl bounded after him and seized the property.

"You can't have my things!" exclaimed Betty, as the Indian turned to resent the interference, and then a sharp struggle ensued, which was watched with delight by the other marauders, who left their work of plunder and gathered round the pair.

Betty Van Alstine was a stout girl, used to the hard knocks of border life, and the warrior soon discovered that he had no mean antagonist. He was forced to relinquish his hold on the basket, which Betty did not give up for a moment, and all at once he found himself sprawling on the ground, having been pushed down by the determined girl, who bore her hat off in triumph to the shouts of the red spectators.

Having regained possession of her property Miss Van Alstine ran off and threw it into a pile of hemp, and when her pursuer, the young warrior, came up she reappeared, ready to renew her defense of the hat. But, abashed by the shouts and derision of his companions, the Mohawk withdrew from the contest and Betty was left in possession of the prize of battle.

She stood guard over the hemp pile until the Indians went away, after destroying everything but the house itself, and when the young warrior looked back he saw her waving at him the one object which, above all others, he wanted as a trophy of the descent upon the house of the "Brave White Squaw," a name which Mrs. Van

Alistine had already earned. From that eventful day Betty's hat enjoyed a notoriety it had not had before, and it is said that long afterward—when the colonies had secured their independence and when Betty had a little household of her own—a Mohawk Indian came to her home and laughingly recalled the gallant defense of the "Philadelphia bonnet." Strange to say he was the same warrior who had tried to carry it off the day the band plundered her mother's house.

But the historic Mohawk valley did not furnish the only girl patriot of the revolution. There is an old saying that Gen. Greene "exchanged his northern laurels for southern willows." It is true that he met with many reverses during his famous campaign in the Carolinas, and more than once was compelled to flee from victorious foes; but these defeats do not detract from his greatness.

During one of his retreats, when he had Lord Rawdon at his heels as it were, Gen. Greene was desirous of sending a message to Gen. Sumter, the "Gamecock of the revolution," who was then on the Wateree with his detachment. Greene was anxious to form a junction with Sumter, believing that combined the American forces might fall upon Rawdon with success, as he had divided his army and seemed to offer himself as an easy prey.

In vain did Greene look for some one to carry the message. The country between him and Sumter was full of Tories who never neglected an opportunity to shed the blood of Whigs, as the patriots were termed. The bravest men in the neighborhood shrank from carrying the dispatch, and Greene was despairing when a young girl presented herself at his headquarters.

"I hear that you want to send a message to Gen. Sumter," said the beautiful stranger. "I will take it to him. My name is Emily Geiger, and I want to do something for my country."

The patriot general was thunderstruck, but at the same time he hailed her proposition with unbounded delight.

"I know the country through which I will have to pass," continued Emily, and if you trust me with the message I promise to place it in Sumter's hands."

Accordingly Gen. Greene wrote a letter which he gave the fearless girl, at the same time telling her its contents, which she was to communicate verbally to Sumter in case of accidents; and with the paper carefully concealed, Emily Geiger mounted her horse and rode away. She had embarked on a dangerous journey, but this did not deter her. Her way led through some unbroken country and over ground infested with British and Tories, and on the second day she was halted by some of Lord Rawdon's scouts who refused to believe her artfully contrived answers and conducted her into their camp.

Confronted by the new danger, Emily Geiger's daring did not desert her. She recalled Gen. Green's instructions, and when she had been placed in a room, there to remain until she could be searched by one of her own sex, she made up her mind what she would do. A Tory had been dispatched for the woman who was to search the suspected girl, and before he had returned with her Emily ate up Greene's written instructions to Sumter piece by piece. It was her only hope to escape punishment, if not death, and at the same time keep Green's designs from becoming known to the enemy.

When the Tory woman arrived Emily was carefully searched, but nothing damaging was found on her person, and, as she refused to disclose the secret she was suspected of having in her possession, the Tories were compelled to set her at liberty. Even then she was released under protest, and when she rode off was secretly followed, but taking a roundabout route she deceived her foes and soon afterward galloped into Sumter's camp, much to the surprise and delight of that officer.

One of the historians of the revolution has truly said that "the salvation of the army was due more than once to the watchfulness and tact of woman," and we have thought to rescue from the annals of that trying period the names of two of its young heroines—Betty Van Alstine and Emily Geiger.

The Uachangin Israelites.

The Israelites are the only people that never changed their religion; all others are renegades or descendants of renegades, as far as religion is concerned. The Israelites preserved their race, language, laws and institutions as no other people have done. The oldest records of the human family are in the first eleven chapters of Genesis, and the oldest written law is that of Moses. The best known book in the world is the Hebrew Bible. David poetized and sang before Orpheus, and Solomon philosophized before Thales and Pythagoras. What does that mean? If anything, it means a special purpose of the Almighty to be realized through this people.—Chicago Israelite.

Consistent.

"That Sallie Harcias is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second-hand." "Isn't she? I understand she's going to marry a widower."

ROMANCE OF PATENTS.

HOW THE INVENTORS ARE REWARDED FOR GENIUS.

Honors and Emoluments for the Originators of Valuable Ideas—Some of the Singular Articles from Which Fortunes

• Have Been Made.

"There is," says an eminent authority, "scarcely an article of human convenience or necessity in the market to-day that has not been the subject of a patent in whole or in part. The sale of every such article yields its inventor a profit. If we purchase a box of paper collars a portion of the price goes to the inventor; if we buy a sewing machine the probability is that we pay a royalty to as many as a dozen or fifteen inventors at once." Lord Brougham often said that he would gladly have exchanged his honors and emoluments for the profits and renown of the inventor of the perambulator or sewing machine. We are not wishful to lead our readers to covet what are termed "large fortunes" as really conducive to happiness or usefulness. "Fortune" is itself a heathen and not a Christian word. But "invention" is another thing, and the remunerative results are a fitting element for consideration in these days. Howe, the originator of the sewing machine, derived £100,000 a year from it, and from their mechanic improvements the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson are reputed to have divided for many years an income of £200,000, while the author of the Singer sewing machine left at his decease nearly £3,000,000. The telephone, the plowing machine and the rubber patents realized many millions, while the simple idea of heating the blast in iron smelting increased the wealth of the country by hundreds of millions. The patent for making the lower ends of candle tapers instead of parallel, so as to more easily fit the socket, made the present enormous business of a well-known firm of London chandlers. The "drive well" was an idea of Colonel Green, whose troops during the war were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached, and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it have been obliged to pay him a royalty, estimated at £600,000. A large profit was realized by the inventor who patented the idea of making umbrellas out of alpaca instead of gingham, and the patentee of the improved "paragon frame" (Samuel Fox) lately left by will £170,000 out of the profits of his invention. The weaving, dyeing, lace and ribbon making trades originated and depend for their existence upon ingenious machinery, the result of an infinity of inventive efforts.

The discovery of the perforated substance used for bottoming chairs and for other purposes has made its inventor a millionaire. George Yeaton, the inventor in question, was a poor Yankee cane-seater in Vermont. He first distinguished himself by inventing a machine for weaving cane, but he made no money out of it, as some one stole his idea and had the process patented. After a number of years' experimenting Yeaton at last hit upon this invention, which consists of a number of thin layers of boards of different degrees of hardness glued together to give pliability. He formed a company, and to-day he has a plant valued at \$500,000, and is in the receipt of a princely annual revenue derived from this invention. Carpet beating, from being an untold nuisance, has become a lucrative trade through inventive genius and mechanical contrivance. Even natural curiosity has been turned to account in the number of automatic boxes for the sale of goods of all kinds, and fabulous dividends have been paid by the companies owning the patents. The most profitable inventions have been the improvements in simple devices, things of every-day use, that everybody wants. Among the number of patents for small things may be mentioned the "stylographic pen," and a pen for shading in different colors, producing \$40,000 per annum. A large profit has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pocket to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that the inventor of metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1873, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000, producing a realized profit of a quarter of a million of money. Another useful invention is the "darning weaver," a device for repairing stockings, undergarments, etc., the sale of which is very large and increasing. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted glass bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience is well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over £600,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines,

and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him £400,000 in United States bonds. Upward of £2,000 a year was made by the inventor or the common needle threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived or for which large sums have been paid.

LOVE-MAKING BY RAIL.

One Dear Little Darling Was Afraid the Lamp Wouldn't Go Out.

The car was filled with excursionists returning from the exposition. Every seat contained a pair of Buckeye lovers. The last bear died in Ohio some time ago, but the art of hugging has survived. It was the midnight express, and the air was right chilly, but not a soul noticed that except a poor little married man who sat alone in the half seat by the unlighted stove. He looked down the car and noticed that apparently all the young men were one armed; at least, but one arm of each male was visible. The light in the car was very low, however, and that may account for the phenomenon.

Lovers like twilight, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch. If Adam and Eve did not sing "In the Glowing" it was because they knew a fresher song.

And it was twilight in that car, for all three double lamps were turned down very low, and before the train was out of the Alleghany yards, the flame of one of them had sputtered, fired a moment and expired. Of course, every girl in the car was alarmed when the gloom deepened. Every girl got a little closer to her protector, and a few minutes later, when the second began to show signs of collapse—the flame leaping up frantically, as if afraid to die—about a dozen pianissimo screams came from as many feminine throats.

The conductor opened the door a few moments later and the draught finished lamp No. 2. This left one lamp alight at the rear end of the car. How anxiously it was observed! Would it go out? It looked consumptive, but there was no draught to expedite its decease. At last the train whistled for the first stop, and the little married man came out of his corner by the stove to alight. He had been a bachelor once, and he remembered it as he laid his hand on the door knob. The train had not stopped, but he opened the door and immediately a gust of wind murdered the last lamp. As he stood in the doorway inhaling cinders and river fog, he had the satisfaction of hearing a sweet, low voice murmur behind him: "Oh, George, I was so afraid!"

"Of what, my darling?" "That that lamp would never go out!"

Where sleep the brave!
Where sleep the brave to-night?
Ask the pines in a sunny land,
Ask the grasses that wave
O'er the dust of a gallant band
Laid in a hurried grave.
There sleep the brave to-night!
Where sleep the brave to-night?
Ask the waves of the mighty sea,
That once the heroes bore;
They sing a parting threnody
Against the rocky shore.
There sleep the brave to-night.
Where sleep the brave to-night?
Ask the winds from the starry sky
Where holy angels dwell;
They have roamed where the ashes lie,
And they alone can tell.
Where sleep the brave to-night.
Pittsburgh Dispatch.

An Island Paradise.

The island of Hogolen, in the Polynesia, is an immense coral atoll, 130 miles in circumference, having four entrance passages. On the reef and within it are seventy islands, four of which, near the middle, are high basaltic masses about thirty miles each in circumference, magnificently fertile, yielding spontaneously many valuable products, situated in the midst of a rock-bound lake ninety miles long by half that width. This unknown ocean paradise has been for ages an arena of combat between two hostile races, one copper-colored, inhabiting the two western of the great interior isles, the other upon the two eastern, a darker people, with long, straight hair. The two tribes are supposed to number over 20,000.

Bull Run Battlefield.
I have just returned from a trip over the Bull Run battlefield, said Gen. McCook, recently, where my youngest brother was killed in July, 1861. I was assured while there that there have been but few changes in the face of the country. The lines held by Jackson in the second battle, especially in the railroad cut, are easily discovered. Huge trees in the vicinity of the cut were lopped off by shell and cannon balls during the fight, and the stumps still stand as mute witnesses of the fierce conflict that waged there twenty-eight years ago. The old and historic stone house and the Warrenton turnpike near Young's branch still stand, and the stone bridge over Bull Run has been repaired.

"Looking Backwards."
The Chinese government is tracing the Chinese race back into the misty past, and it has discovered that China was a great empire 3,000 years. B. C. They are now working on a clue to lead up to the discovery of America by a Chinaman, who sailed away and was never heard of again.

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