From the Call.

THE SUNSET LANDS.

A master-harp by soft winds blown
Greets the west with its undertone;
An artist with a pen of fire
Has touched with flame October's pyre.
She paints New England hills so true
Her brush is dipped in gold and blue.
We see the drift of days that gleam
Upon the red autumnal stream,
Where maple leaves, that scurrying go,
Are mountain fires in embryo.
Her trained pen glides swift along
To free the brooklet's prisoned song,
Low-droning thro' the dark mill-race
Its prelude to the ocean's bass.

New beauties of the autumn day
Upon her canvass daily play;
The chorus of the earth she brings
And sweeps across her silver strings.
No harp is mute—my pen is dumb
So far its dreamy flights have come,
Yet, would I offer my bequest
Could I but paint the golden west;
Portray in song this late-born sister
Where sunset lights so long have kissed her.
She bears such graceful golden rod,
And boundless plains of emerald sod
That succumb to the plow-shares power,
'Till mother-earth bestows her dower;
And Ceres with o'er flowing horn
Binds west to east with stretching corn,
Whose twin-like rows and vistas green
Outmarshall all the foes between.
Its tasseled helmets waving high
Cheering us on to victory,
And powdered plumes and banners bright
That paled upon September's sight,
While pyramids in russet browns
Stand o'er the fields like tented towns,
Ten thousand sentinels remain
Like tattered soldiers on the plain
Whose blades once free from flaw or rent,
As Falstaffs now are parched and bent.

A border-land of melon vines
And pumpkins held with tangled lines
In stellar space where spheres of gold
Upon the corn-field's brim are rolled;
While squashes born in floral halls,
Of yellow silken parasols,
As gay as Chinese Mandarins
Will heap November's crowded bins.

Here leagues of wheat that crinkling crept
The desert's "dead-line" overstepped
With living spears and flashing dart
That pierce foul Famine thro' the heart,
On threshing floor and harvest field
A steaming monster seeks to wield
Its brawny arms—departure new
From fields our fathers cradled thro'.

The engine's mighty "song of steam"
Spurs on a smoking tandem team,
A car of progress wheeling thro'
This broad domain the red men knew,
Where promised sheaves of gold unfurled
Shall fill the granaries of the world.

In jaunty armor jointed strong
And flute-like canes all filled with song,
With royal march yet silent sway
The blue stem comes with mailed array,
To supersede with serried flow
The pasture of the buffalo.
On hills whose towers pierce the clouds
Its vanguard rends the misty shrouds—
Invading hosts of wealth, and rain
Are deluged on the desert plain.
A "treeless waste," yet leafy domes
Uprear their heads on island homes,
While thrusting primly in between
Are cedars dressed in "Lincoln green,"
Where willow wands are waving o'er
The shallow river's sanded floor,
And tufted grasses drooping coquet her
To smile at doubles in the water.

Along the creeks and sedgy meads
The cane-brake holds its slender reeds,
And lends the mantle of its green
To white wings lit with northern sheen;
And solemn cranes and stilted snipe
Are due the day its seeds are ripe.
In orange epaulette and crest,
A friar's coat and sporting vest,
The blackbird with his noisy brood
Bespeaks the cane's clad plenitude.
Jack rabbits bounding to the cover
Are fleeing every Nimrod rover;
A broken line where stragglers wait
And dumbly mourn each murdered mate;
While cruel men and thoughtless boys
Make jibes with death and wanton joys.
As 'graven stone on sunset hills
That overlook our flowing mills,
Departing deer and antelope
Unite upon the western slope,
And gaze in silence on the plain
Whose haunts they ne'er shall share again.

What bleeding hearts and wayward passion
Has bitter-sweet's September fashion,
That bursts aloft in flaming mood,
And fires the borders of the wood.
The mint-vine with its yellow hair,
A lovely presence lingers there,
Whose peaceful radiance forebore
The milder tempest gone before.
Here strange, wild fruits in waxen glow
Are hung in weird fantastic show.
One small, coy shrub in downy suit
Of gray-green leaves and scarlet fruit—
A nondescript—a link to trace
The last "red-jacket" of his race;
While creeping in the undertow
Are shining cherries, dwarfed and low,
That hold their own tho' stubborn when
Defying all the rules of men;
Epitome of light to save
Our prairie fire's tidal wave,
Whose trade winds once blue west and east
And swept the merry marriage-feast.

Along the way of deep ravines
White tender blossoms' trailing screens
Are hung upon each bush and brier
To chide the sumach's crown of fire;
And winged spirits like the gods
Are floating from the milk-weed pods,
While diadems the asters wear
Insignia of the rank they bear.
Where rosin-weeds with stately ways
Hold 'prisoned light of summer days.
Impromptu sunflowers boldly spread
A wheel of fortune on each head,
And flaunt thro' all the smooth low lands
Coquetting fan-leaves in their hands.

The oriole in gray balloon,
A falling star from skies of June,
With red-birds bright as "Riding Hood"
Are color-bearers of the wood.
A moving train of mocking birds
With tropic airs and stolen words
Sang with such fierce patrician rage
Plebeian singers left the stage.
The Indian—her bewailing sad
The only song she ever had
Shook out her brown dress wearily
And pitched her tent across the sea.
The jay in coat of soldier blue
Forgave the gray dove's sombre hue,
Recrossed the long divided lines
And rocked again in southern pines.

The buffalo, that renegade,
Sought for the mountain meadow glade—
On every farm their white bones lie,
With joy we let these bygones by;
But waiting here upon the rime
Are footfalls of an older clime,
'Tis Science, Art and all the rest
Who seek the grand mysterious west.
We bid them speed and grant them room,
The work shop's forge, the mill and loom,
We hail the clang of hammers swung
And welcome Toil with brazen tongue;
With whirring wheels that nimbly spin
Civilization enters in.

Brown-handed Labor's willing stroke
Fashioning band of steel and oak
Blumes the wire and lays the track.
'Till unknown mountains answer back,
And arid deserts add at last
Their golden records to the past.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Clearwater, Nebr.

Tradition says that Robin Hood and his men were clad in Lincoln green, a peculiar tint made in Lincolnshire England.

The wild vine growing in this state whose seed vessels upon ripening present a fluffy appearance. It is a beautiful vine and is beginning to be utilized for ornamental purposes.

Homes

On the lower gulf coast of Florida $5 per month until paid for; 10 acres equal to 160 in Nebraska. Address The Grove City Land Co., Grove City, Fla. 23tf

The Common Soldier.

Nobody cared when he went to war,
But the woman who cried on his shoulder;
Nobody decked him with immortelles;
He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk
Folded raiment and officer's fare;
A knapsack held all the new recruit
Might own, or love, or eat or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-by fete,
With sparkling jest and flower-crowned wine;
Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood
Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went
With the man that fought till the bullet sped
Through the coat undecked with leaf or star
On a common soldier left for dead.

The cool rain bathed the fever wound,
And the kind clouds wept the livelong night;
A pitying lotion Nature gave.
Till help might come with morning light—

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives,
Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder;
And another name swells the pension list
For the meager pay of a common soldier.

What matter how he served the guns
When plume and sash were over yonder?
What matter though he bear the flag
Through blinding smoke and battle thunder?

What matters that a wife and child
Cry softly for that good arm rent?
And wonder why that random shot
To him, their own beloved, was sent.

Shout long and loud for victory won
By chief and leader staunch and true:
But don't forget the boys that fought—
Shout for the common soldier, too!

A Flying Dutchman.

The man who boasts the loudest does not always show best under fire, writes McDowell. This truth was laughable illustrated to us one day when we were encamped in New Mexico, hourly expecting an engagement with the Indians. Among the veteran Indian-fighters in our camp was Serg. Shulter, who astonished us youngsters—I was but twenty years old then—by thrilling accounts of his daring achievements. From his talk one would have thought him equal to the task of putting a whole band of warriors to flight, single-handed.

My company had camped near the banks of a small brook. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon. Some of the men went in bathing, some mended their clothes, while others overhauled their guns. Strung out at a distance from the camp were a few pickets. The horses were given a chance to graze, tethered with long lariats fastened to iron pins driven into the ground.

Suddenly there came a cry of "Indians! Indians!" The men rushed in from all directions, and for a few moments wild confusion reigned. In the midst of it all we heard a series of spasmodic yells, and, turning toward the sound, beheld the fat Sergeant, the bold, fearless hero of countless Indian encounters, capless, coatless, running as fast as he could toward his horse, and blowing and puffing with the exertion.

Without stopping for bridle or saddle, he scrambled upon the horse's back, seized its mane and dug his spurs into the beast's sides with all his might. Excited by the pain thus inflicted, the horse plunged forward with a sudden bound and started off at a mad gallop.

In half a minute the animal reached the end of its tether and was brought to a standstill with a tremendous jerk. And Sergt. Shulter? I verily think he was thrown forty feet over his horse's head! He came down with a thump that could be heard throughout the camp, and it was a wonder that every bone in his body was not broken.

Despite the supposed seriousness of the moment, every man of us stood still and laughed at the ludicrous spectacle. Poor fellow! His terror of the Indians had made him forget that his horse was tethered. He wasn't much hurt; and the cry of Indians turned out to be a false alarm caused by the approach of a few friendly Pawnees. Sergt. Shulter was ever after called the "flying Dutchman," a title which he did not relish.

For Nothing.

The records of the Sanitary commission, which accomplished such untold good during the Civil war, contain one story of a dear old lady who had gone to Washington to nurse her boy back to health and strength again. At length, when the invalid was really getting better, her own face grew sad, and she confessed that something was on her mind. Then it came out that her money was almost exhaused.

"I didn't think it would take so much," said she, sorrowfully. "It's farther away from home than I thought, and board here is so high that I've hardly money enough to carry me back, and by another week I shall have to leave him. I have been round to the stores to buy some little things he would eat, but the prices are so high I can't pay them, and I'm afraid if I go away, and he doesn't get anything different to eat," and the tears trickled down her cheeks, "maybe he won't—be so well."

"Come with me," said the person in whom she had confided. "We will go to a store where things are cheap."

They enter the great building assigned to the commission, and there the gentleman ordered a supply of sugar, tea, crackers, canned fruit; then jelly and wine, milk and underclothing, until the big basket he carried was quite full.

At first, the mother's face had beamed with joy, gradually it fell, and at length, she began to return the more costly articles, saying pitifully that she "really hadn't enough money."

"Hadn't you better ask the price?" said her guide.

"How much is it?"

"Nothing," replied the "storekeeper."

"Sir?" queried she, in the utmost amazement, "nothing for all this?"

"Have you a Soldier's Aid society in your neighborhood?" asked the guide.

"Yes, I belong to it myself."

"Well, what do you suppose becomes of the garments you make, and the fruit you put up?"

"I hadn't thought anything about it. I supposed they got to the army somehow."

"Everything here, garments, fruit, milk and wine, came from your society or others just like it. Come here whenever you wish, and call for anything you need. You shall save his life yet."

And she did save his life when nothing but motherly care could have done it.

Jackson Was a Gentleman.

Judge Sage of Cincinnati relates a good story that James R. Murdoch, the veteran reader, once told him of David Crockett, the eccentric and big-hearted Crockett, who, it is claimed, invented the maxim, "First be sure you are right, then go ahead." Murdoch was an acquaintance of Crockett, and he tells that on one occasion Crockett assured him that Gen. Jackson was the politest man he ever met. It was while Jackson was President that Crockett paid his respects at the White House. "The President was glad to see me, and we talked a long time," said Crockett, "and finally the General asked me if I wouldn't like to have a drink, saying that he had a fine brand that was the real old stuff, and of course I couldn't refuse the President. So he went and brought it out, and he didn't pour out a drink and hand it to me, and he didn't tell me to pour out one. He didn't bring out any glass at all; but in genuine, good old true Texan style he handed me the demijohn and then turned his back, and I swung it upon my arm and began to pull at it. Such liquor I had never tasted, and I couldn't let go for a long time, but the President never turned around until I said 'Bob,' and I tell you that is what I call real, true, genuine politeness, and that is why I say that old Gen. Jackson was the politest man I ever knew."

A Button for a Bullet.

Maj. James Morrison, of Mt. Sterling, Ala., was wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, and has since suffered from a periodical breaking out of his wound, which was in the calf of the leg. Several attempts to find the ball have proved unsuccessful. A short time ago another breaking out of the wound caused the search for the missle to be renewed, and the doctors succeeded in removing the irritating body, when it was found not to be a bullet, but a small gold button. This was cleaned and found to be inscribed with the legend "E. to R., Mizpah," in small German lettering. The button is perfectly round and about the size of a buckshot, having a small link attached, by which it was caught to a garment or watch-chain, on which it was probably worn as a charm. In all likelihood it was crammed into the owner's musket when out of ammunition and in an emergency. The major prizes the memento highly, as he has carried it in his leg for thirty years, but says he will return it to the man who fired it if he still lives and can relate the circumstances under which he used it, which were of such a nature as to be impressed on the Major's mind and cannot have failed to have impressed his assailant.

No Liquor for Indians.

The troops at Whipple barracks were paid off the other day. Among them was a company of Apache Indians. Whites and Indians appear to have drunk together. The inevitable result was fighting with more or less serious consequences of broken legs and heads and torn ears and demoralized noses and lacerated cheeks and damaged eyes. A good share of the Apache company are in the guard-house, and still more are in the hospital. In case of an emergency demanding the calling out of the troops on the frontier, that company would be considerably short of its full strength.

The Whipple barracks episode, or rather eruption, forcibly teaches the necessity of enforced temperance in an army composed in any considerable part of Indian soldiers. But there can be no discrimination. The Indians will not submit to that. The aboriginal pride of the aboriginal soldier would flare up in a second against any restrictions put upon him to which his pale-face associate was not also subjected. Hence the introduction of Indians into the army may the banishment of whisky from that organization.

Ohio in the War.

More than half of the adult male population of Ohio was in the Union service during that period. The total number of men in the service of the country at that time was 2,859,132, of which Ohio furnished about one-eighth. In all, 313,180 Ohio men responded to the ten calls of President Lincoln.

The records show that this grand old State put into the field in excess of all demands made upon her, 13,337 men; 24,291 Ohio men never returned, 6,536 were killed in battle, 4,674 died from wounds, 13,381 died from disease in hospitals.

The only three great commanders of Union armies who attained the full rank of General—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan—were sons of Ohio.

A Traveler's Candle Story.

"Every traveler who stops at a Paris lodging house," laughed a woman the other day, "has a candle story, and here is mine:

"We were served with two candles every morning, which we never half used up; these would be taken out, however, and fresh ones appear in their places. Knowing that we were being charged for every candle, we determined at least to enjoy added illumination, and my husband looked around for a place to hide them during the daily doing up of the apartment.

"On the top shelf of a cabinet arrangement in a corner stood a large Japanese vase, deep and wide. Up to this M. — climbed, to discover that we had been forestalled, for in its capacious hollow we found seventeen candles, every one burned down perhaps an inch. Some former lodger had resented the candle swindle like ourselves, and had put his daily allowance where it would do the proprietor no good.

"That night a brilliant illumination of nineteen candles, each set in its own grease on the marble-top table, gave us something like light.

"During our stay we hid and accumulated candles, so that we had always enough to read by, and when we left we deposited our overstock in the vase for the benefit of some searching successor."

A Good Sheriff.

The term of Sheriff Backus at Canton, N. Y., will expire with this year, but he will not relinquish his efforts to capture Archie McDonald who escaped from him about two years ago. Mr. Backus has already spent $700 in searching, and says he'll never charge the county one cent till the outlaw is again behind the bars.

"FORTY-SEVEN RONINS."

A WEIRD TALE OF DEATH AND LOYALTY IN JAPAN.

Their Master Sentenced to Death by Suicide, His Faithful Followers Decide to Court Death For Themselves.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century an imperial embassador was to travel on a matter of great importance from the court of the mikado to the shogun in Yeddo, writes C. Sadakichi Hartmann in the New York Sun. As such an official must be received with great honor, the grand master of ceremonies, Katsukenosuke, was attended by two noblemen of very high rank, Tsano Takumi no Kami and Kamei Sama. But Katsukenosuke was a very avaricious man, and as the presents which the two noblemen gave him on entering their office did not seem precious enough to him, he tormented the noblemen in every possible way and insulted them. Takumi bore all his insults with patience. Kamei plotted revenge, and one evening he announced to his subordinates that he would kill the old miser the following morning. Nothing could change his decision, though he knew he would pay for it with his life, and that his family would be deprived of their property. So his head vassal took refuge in an artifice. Going to Katsukenosuke the next morning he laid all his own savings at his feet as a present from his master, and when Kamei called he was received in such a friendly way that he abandoned his schemes.

Then Katsukenosuke directed all his persecutions against Takumi, whom he offended so deeply that he attacked the grand master of ceremonies with his sword, inflicting a slight wound on his enemy's forehead. Takumi was imprisoned and sentenced to the hari-kiri. His property was confiscated, and his vassals became Ronins, or strolling knights. Takumi's head vassal, Kuranosuke, resolved, with forty-six other faithful vassals, to avenge the death of their master, but the grand master of ceremonies was on his guard. To defeat his vigilance they resolved to disperse, and Kuranosuke began leading a dissipated life until the suspicions of the grand master were allayed, and he no longer feared for his safety.

Kuranosuke meantime matured his plans and waited. It was a winter night, with a violent snowstorm blowing, when the forty-seven assembled near Yeddo at the large bridge Sanjo Baschi, and in two bands proceeded to the palace of Katsukenosuke. At midnight they broke in the gates, and, after a bloody combat with the gatekeepers, they penetrated into the interior of the palace. For a long time they looked in vain for their victim. Eventually they discovered behind a picture a big hole on the wall which led into a dark corridor. There they caught Katsukenosuke. He was obstinately silent about his identity, but Kuranosuke had recognized him at once by the scar on his forehead.

The grand master of ceremonies was several times requested to perform the hara-kiri and to die the honorable and voluntary death of a nobleman, but he remained sitting and trembling. At last Kuranosuke threw him down and beheaded him with the same sword with which his feudal lord had found death.

The forty-seven conspirators had accomplished their duty of revenge. They laid Katsukenosuke's head, after washing it in a brook, on their lord's grave and invited the priests of the temple to pray for the dead. Then their leader, Kuranosuke, gave the priests all the money he had and begged for an honorable burial for him and his friends. The conspirators were condemned to the hara-kiri, but, in recognition of their faithfulness, they were treated with the greatest honor, as if they belonged to the highest nobility in the land. They were divided into four bands and placed under the surveillance of four princes, in whose palace the hara-kiri took place. Their bodies were buried beside their master, and their fame spreading all over the country, thousands came to pray at their graves.

The Temple Seguki is near Yeddo and in the center of a group of trees many hundred years old, and its principal court contains the Chapel of Divine Mercy. Here statues to the Ronins and their feudal lord were erected. A brook flows by the chapel. Near it is the following inscription: "This is the place where the head was washed. Here nobody is allowed to wash his hands or feet." Somewhat higher up are forty-eight little graves covered with evergreens.

Railroads and Waterways.

Let those who have any connection with Western canals—existing or projected—understand that a railroad man hates a waterway as a sneak thief hates a policeman. The waterways are a check upon the rapacity of railroads infinitely beyond the railroad commissioners. All wise patriotic people will encourage canals for this reason. No doubt there is an immense bitter railroad pressure back of all the talk about sanitation and expense among those who oppose the big canal that is so needed for the drainage as well as the commerce of Chicago.

The railroads hate the waterways just as the bankers hate greenbacks, and for the same reason. A river or a government-owned canal is a free current—a free currency—for the transportation of merchandise from one place to another; and the plunderers who want heavy toll on all transported goods can work but very small skin games with it.

Such is the greenback currency.—Chicago Sentinel.

Fried in His Own Fat.

Mr. Porter, of Census fame, says he has been offered $10,000 salary to resign from the position he now holds, and help boom a land company in Tennessee. He has declined the offer, and will remain with the bureau. This sounds all very nice, but, when it is known that he is now president of the company which has made the alleged offer, and can do the booming much better and more effectively from the Census office, the matter assumes a different aspect. Fat frying seems to be the order all along the line.

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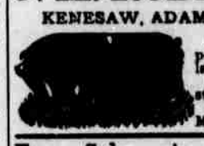

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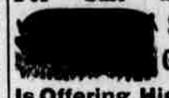

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