NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
FITCHER & COLHAPP,
Block, Main St Between 1st & 2d,
Brownville, N. T.

TERMS:
year, in advance, - - - - $2 00
to one address, - - - - 5 00
- - - - - - - - 8 00
- - - - - - - - 15 00
paid in Advance, but paid within the year, will be added to the above terms.
one year, or more, 25 per cent will be
Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work, style and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER."

VOL. VIII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1864. NO. 43.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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One column one year	60 00
One half column one year	40 00
One fourth column one year	25 00
One eighth column one year	15 00
One column six months	40 00
One half column six months	25 00
One fourth column six months	15 00
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One half column three months	15 00
One fourth column three months	10 00
One eighth column three months	6 00
Announcing Candidates for Office,	5 00

Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.
In Transient Advertisements, fractions over one square will be charged for by the line, at the rate of ten cents the first week, and 5 cents each subsequent week.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ISHAM REAVIS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA.
Will practice in all the Courts of Nebraska.

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Corner of Main and First streets.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. F. STEWART, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON!
OFFICE
corner of Main and First Streets
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M.
Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1864—No 35, 1y.

JOSEPH L. ROY,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER
Main St., opposite P. O. Building bet. 1st and 2d.
Returns thanks to his patrons for former liberal patronage, and is still on hand ready to shave, shampoo and dress hair in the best style.
Brownville, April 21, '64. n33-8-1y.

THOMAS DAVIS,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN
AND
SURGEON,
TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA
References, Dr. D. Gwin, Brownville.
April 21, '64. n16-1y

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"
LOUIS WALDTER,
Took his post yet, ready to perform all work, pertaining to his business.
House and sign painting, glazing, and paper hanging, etc., at short notice, and the most approved style. Terms cash. Give him a call.
Shop on Main Street, east of Atkinson's Clothing Store.
Brownville, April 7, '64.

DANL W. PEASE,
has re-opened his first class
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
Northeast corner Main and Second Street,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, cheap for cash. Horses Shod, Plows Sharpened, Wagons Ironed off, in fact anything in the Blacksmithing line done in the best style on short notice.
March 31st, '64. n30-v8-2m

FAIRBANK'
STANDARD
SCALES
OF ALL KINDS.
Also, Warehouse Trucks, Letter Presses, &c.
FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & CO.
172 LAKE ST., CHICAGO,
Street, and buy only the genuine.
June 26, 1863 n49-3m

Millinery & Dress-making
MISS E. L. HARRIS,
Would inform the ladies of Brownville and vicinity that she has just commenced a first class
MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING
SHOP,
Where work will be done with great care and neatness and after the latest Eastern styles.
Cutting and repairing done in the very best style and at short notice. Please call at the residence formerly occupied by J. W. Coleman.
Brownville, Nebr., May 4th, 1864.

REITMEYER & ROBISON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
MAIN, BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND STS.,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Have recently purchased the Shoe Shop formerly occupied by T. Den, we now offer our work at greatly reduced prices. We manufacture all that we offer for sale. All work warranted.
Brownville, Sept. 27, 1862. n11-

MOLINE PLOWS,
500
On hand and to arrive at
D. A. CONSTABLE'S
Iron and Steel Warehouse,
20 and 22 Third Street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Feb. 11, 1864-tf.

New Remedies for
SPERMATORRHŒA.
HOWARD ASSOCIATION
PHILADELPHIA.
A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed afflicted with Virulent and Chronic Diseases and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.
MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon.
Valuable Reports on Spermatorrhœa and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps acceptable.
Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Feb. 12, 1861. n23-1y

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
BROWNVILLE.....NEBRASKA
Would call the attention of Gentlemen desiring new, neat and fashionable
Wearing Apparel,
TO HIS
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED,
BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.
OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES,
Which he will sell or make up, to order, at unprecedented prices. Having on hand one of
GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES,
he is prepared to do Custom work at rates that defy competition.
I warrant my work,
and Machine Work.
Before purchasing anything in his line will do well to examine his stock before investing, as he feels confident of being able to hold out peculiarly favorable inducements.
Brownville, February 11, 1864, 1y.

B. C. HARE,
AMBROTYPIST,
Is prepared to take AMBROTYPES and MELINOTYPES in the best style of the art; and at
Lower Prices than Ever Before Offered in Brownville.
He still occupies the Sky-Light Gallery on Main Street, opposite the City Drug Store, where he may be found during business hours.
Pictures Warranted to Give Satisfaction
The public are invited to call and examine specimens.
Hours of operation, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Brownville, Feb. 4, 1864. n23-tf

BERKLEY & NEELY.
Wagon Makers.
HAVING RECENTLY FITTED UP THEIR Shop with new machinery—such as a turning-lathe, circle-saw, etc., are prepared to turn out a No. 1 article of WAGONS, WAGON HUBS, WAGON BOWS, NEW AND IMPROVED CULTIVATORS, and everything in their line that may be called for from a complete wagon down to the smallest repairs needed at lower rates than they can be had at any point East or West of this place.
Brownville, April 21st, 64. n33-8-1y

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE!
MILLINERY GOODS!
MRS. MARY HEWETT,
Announces to the ladies of Brownville and vicinity, that she has just received from the East a magnificent stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS,
Consisting of
Ladies' and Misses' Bonnets and Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, &c.,
To which she invites the attention of the ladies, feeling assured they cannot be better suited in style, quality or price. n41-1y

Warranted Garden Seeds
BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,
(Late JOHN GARNETT & CO.,)
No. 56 North Second Street, above Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Offer for sale at very low figures, a large and well assorted stock of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, comprising everything necessary to the Farmer, together with a large and fresh supply of
Landreth's Celebrated Garden Seeds,
CROP OF 1862.
For which they are the sole agents. Their friends can rely upon getting from them seeds that are not only pure but true to name in every instance. Also field seeds at lowest market rates—Chinese Sugar Cane seed, Top Onions, &c., &c.
ALSO COTTON AND TOBACCO SEED.
Dealers in seeds would do well to send them their orders.
Send for Almanac and Illustrated Catalogue—gratis.
BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.
Feb. 26, 1862 n34-1y

BACK TO THE OLD STAND!
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY!!
JOSEPH SHUTZ
Would respectfully inform his old customers that he has again opened his Jewelry Shop in his old stand on Main street, south side, two doors east of the Brownville House. He keeps on hand a splendid assortment of everything in his line of business, which he will sell on the lowest terms for Cash.
Repairing
Of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on the shortest Notice.
WORK WARRANTED.
Brownville, Neb., May 19th, 1864. n37-v8-1y

PHILLIP DEUSER,
Main Street bet. First and Second Sts.,
Brownville, Neb.
Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of
TOBACCO
CHEWING AND SMOKING,
SEGARS.
Confectioneries
Candies, Plain and Fancy,
Oranges, Raisens, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Nuts, Apples &c., &c.
All kinds of Toys,
Canned Fruit, and Oysters.
PHILL is accommodating, obnoxious, patriotic and wide awake to the interest of the public, and has the best assortment of Varieties in his line ever offered in this market, and is determined not to be undersold for CASH.
March 31st, '64. n30v8-1y

BENJAMIN ROGERS,
Proprietor of the
ECLIPSE LIVERY STABLE
Has the
FASTEST HORSES
And hostest
CARRIAGES
West of the Missouri River, and will hire them to responsible parties at reasonable rates
TERMS CASH.
A LARGE CORRELL YARD
for Stock.
Horses Boarded
By the Day, Week or Month on reasonable terms
First Street between Main and Atlantic,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA
March 31st, 1864. n30-v8-1y

CHAS. G. DORSEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
April 14th, 1864. n32v8y1y

NATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY!!!
CLAIMS
AGAINST GOVERNMENT
COLLECTED.
HARVEY & COLLINS, Washington, D. C.
REAVIS & TOWLE, Falls City, Nebraska.
The above mentioned firms have entered into a copartnership for the purpose of collecting Bounties, Back Pay, procuring Pensions; pay for horses and other property lost while in service; and all miscellaneous claims prosecuted. All Soldiers or Sailor's heirs who have claims against the Government, will do well to give us a call at Falls City, Nebraska. Particular attention paid to adjusting the old Missouri Kurd'ed Militia Claims. Advice free. Letters answered promptly. Nothing Gained, Nothing Charged.
REAVIS & TOWLE.
May 1st, 1864. n 35-v8-6m

SHEAR Shears of the most approved make, for sale At McLaughlin & Swan's.

CAN Fruits, Oysters, Currants, Nuts, Layer Raisins, etc., etc., At McLaughlin & Swan's.

FLOUR, Butter, Eggs, Bacon, etc., etc., At McLaughlin & Swan's.

Poetry.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

BY FOWLER BRADNACK.

'T was night—the clock had just struck ten,
When with a mighty din,
The stage coach halted at the door
Of Smith's Hotel in Lynn:
And inside passenger got out,
Who straight went to the inn.

His portly figure was enwrapped
In overcoat of shag,
While one hand grasped a travelling-trunk,
The other held a bag;
And in the twinkling of his eye
You recognized a wag.

'Waiter,' he cried, 'show me a room—
I'm tired and travel-sore:'
The waiter showed him to a room
Upon the second floor.
'Just stay a moment,' said the man—
The waiter closed the door.

'Ye see,' observed the traveller,
'Ere I can take a doze,
I'll have to ask a little help
In getting off my clothes,
For I'm a trifle crippled,
And can't pull off my hose.'

'All right,' replied the waiter,
Who was a generous elf;
'I pities any man,' said he,
'As can't undress himself:
I'll very soon unrig you, Sir,
And lay you on your shelf.'

'T'is well,' resumed the traveller,
Who dropped into a chair.
'First hang my wig upon yon peg,'
[And he took off his hair:]
'I'm like a case of glass,' said he,
'And must be touched with care.'

And as he spoke, he oped his mouth,
As though it were a trap,
And thrust his fingers in the hole—
The waiter heard a snap,
And out there rolled two sets of teeth
And fell into his lap.

'Now, waiter, just unscrew my arm—
But don't look so alarmed;
I'm helpless as a sailing ship
Upon a sea becalmed;
And when my arm you've taken off,
You'll see that I'm *this*-armed.'

The waiter in astonishment,
Upon the traveller gazed
His thought as strange as a stranger
Must certainly be crazed;
But when he saw the arm come off,
He was still more amazed,

And seemed inclined to go away.
'A moment more I beg.'
Cried out the waggish traveller;
'Help me unstrap my leg.'
The waiter's hair began to rise
As off he pulled the peg.

'As sheep in summer,' said the man,
'Rejoice to lose their fleeces,
So when I doff my limbs at night,
My happiness increases,
Because I can of rest in peace
Unless I rest in *pieces!*'

Then he apostrophized his limbs
In strange soliloquy:
'Alas!' said he, 'one's in the earth,
The other's in the sea;
But though I well remember them,
They can't re*member* me.

'Now bring me here that looking-glass,
And I'll take out my eye;
Although I'm not a party man,
A 'man of *parts*' am I;'
And as he uttered this vile joke
He laughed as if he'd die.

The waiter's hair now stood on end,
He trembled with affright;
'Surely,' thought he, 'no mortal eyes
Ever saw so strange a sight;'
But the man of fractions only sat
And laughed with all his might.

'Now lay my fragments in that box
Where they'll be out of sight;
Be careful not to drop the eye,
And mind the teeth don't bite.
My limbs go on my trunk by day,
And on my trunk at night.'

But fear held fast the waiter,
He merely stood and stared;
To see such soul-appalling sights
He hadn't come prepared;
While the traveller only laughed the more
To see the man so scared;

And putting on a serious look,
In solemn accents said;
'There's only one thing more to do
Before I get in bed:
Steady yourself against the wall,
And just unscrew my head!!!'

* * * * *

You've met afore the metaphor
About the camel's back;
['Tis a common aphorism where
The creature's made a hack;]
It says that 'tis the final straw
That makes the spine to crack.

It is as apt as it is old,
And in the waiter's case,
The meaning of the proverb is
Not difficult to trace,
For he could bear no more, but rushed
From out the accursed,

And down the stairs, by threes and pairs,
He fled with speed as quick
As if an angry Nemesis
Pursued him with a stick,
Or, as though the man without a leg
Had given him a kick.

And heavily as falls a log,
Or loaf of bread sans leaven,
He fell upon the sanded floor,
And, pointing up to heaven,
Shrieked out: 'I've seen the Devil!
He's up in Number Seven!'

Select Tale.

From Ballou's Dollar Monthly.

THE TRAPPER'S PERIL.

A LEGEND OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY WM. H. BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER II.

Near where the swift-rolling Kamanistique empties itself into the lake, so many mouths that the stranger is often lost in their windings, and seeks in vain for the main stream, was the home camping-ground of the Ojibways. Upon the very spot where their wigwams were built, standing in picturesque confusion about, is now Fort William, one of the frontier trading posts of that grasping monopoly, the Hudson Bay Company.—From the labors and excitement of the hunt, or the more dangerous path of war, thither the chiefs returned to rest, feast and offer sacrifices to the Manitou—waited upon by their wives and daughters, who were very slaves to their lords and parents—hewers of wood and drawers of water, and uncomplaining dredges in all menial offices.

The acknowledged beauty of the tribe—for the savage heart bows in as great if not greater devotion to one thus gifted than their more cultivated brothers—was the daughter and only living child of the great war-chief of the nation. Her brothers had passed from earth to the shadowy land of spirits, on the bloody path of battle, when the fire-weapons of the white man thinned their ranks, and foreshadowed the fate that should follow them—total destruction. Far and wide had the fame of this forest belle spread, and many a warrior had sought, but in vain, to mesh her heart in the rosy net of love, and lure her to his wigwam to cook his venison and cunningly embroider his moccasins and leggings. But "Fire-Fly," as she had been named with the red man's love of the poetical in nomenclature, was as yet heart whole. Perchance in her many visits with her father to the rapids of the Sault de Ste. Marie (for the great chief was proud of his beautiful child), and her consequent association in some degree with the white man, she had been strikingly impressed with the different treatment of her sex, and so resolved never to own one of her tribe as master. No offerings that had ever been laid at the door of her wigwam had ever been taken in, and no brave ever received a smile of encouragement.

When the bright sun of morning flung its braided rays of gold, azure and vermillion over the dreamy land-cape, gilding the little wavelets of the river, creeping among the tangled bowers of the tamarack, throwing a halo around the lofty mountain crests, and kissing the dewy cups of the God-cultured flowers, Fire-Fly issued from the screening curtains of her lodge. Her tall, slender figure was clad in the most snowily-dressed doe skins, quill and wampum-worked and bead-fringed. Among the midnight braid of her hair a single feather, torn from the great war-eagle, was twined, and drooped daintily over her shoulder—a token of her rank.

With a light rapid step she threaded her way through the encampment, and disappeared in the thickets that formed a dark back-ground to the scene. Secure from prying eyes, after having wandered far, she seated herself upon a fallen tree, and began weaving a basket of green twigs and blood-hued flowers of the moisture-loving larch. Communing with her thoughts, and busy with her dainty employment, hours passed without her heeding them, when suddenly raising her head, she saw the form of a huge bear crowding its way along and almost at her side.

Springing to her feet, she would have sought safety in flight; but her path was obstructed by the beast, and with a heart-born but unuttered prayer, she sank down again hopeless and helpless. With the calmness of despair she awaited death, coming, even as she knew it was, in the most horrible form. But her torturing suspense was but momentary, for the huge beast reared itself aloft, raising at the same time its paws as in the act to strike. The head of Fire-Fly sank upon her knees, her eyes were covered with her hands, but no stroke followed. A few moments of intense agony—an agony that was more terrible than death itself, and she again cautiously raised her eyes to solve the mystery.

A war-painted brave stood before her, and at his feet, in many a fold, lay the skin stripped from the fierce black bear of the mountains.

"A-puk-wa!" she exclaimed, starting up in confusion, not unmixed with anger, at having her privacy thus disturbed.

"Fire Fly wanders far," was the evasive reply.

"The Great Monitou guards his red children as well in the forest as in the wigwams of the Ojibways."

"The wigwam of Fire-Fly is lonely."

"A-puk-wa has never entered there. He knows not."

"The great chief is ever absent. The mother that rocked the little birchen cradle has gone to the spirit land; the daughter is alone there."

"Why does the dove lonely when sitting on its wind-rocked nest, swaying with the bough and singing in the sunshine?"

"The tongue of Fire-Fly wanders far from the trail."

"As the bee flies, so are her words."

"The path of the bee is crooked as the serpent's when it seeks to rob the flowers of their honey dew."

"Then as the arrow when the wolf is in the way, and the hunter would bury its stony head in the quick-throbbing brain."

"The ragged string turns the arrow from the mark, and the half-feathered shaft flies a sport to the wind."

"Then the eye is false and the arm unsteady."

Aware that it was simply useless to bandy words with the girl, whom he had long and urgently sought to fill his wigwam, and vexed that she should thus lightly turn away all his advances to the subject that was nearest and dearest to his heart, the swarthy brow of the Indian grew black as night, and his hand involuntarily sought the tomahawk that glittered in his belt. But reason returned in season to control the base impulses of passion, and softening his manner he continued, outwardly calm, but with a raging fire burning volcano-like within:

"Fire-Fly knows well the words A-puk-wa would have steal into her ears, and find a resting place in her heart."

"Her ears are not closed like an adder's. She can hear the low music of the waters, and the rustling of the forest leaves."

"Let her listen, then, to the voice of the warrior."

"It is not soft like that of the dove. It is the harsh scream of the prey seeking hawk. If she would, she could not be deaf to its sound."

"The wigwam of A-puk-wa is filled with the meat and hung around with the scalps of his enemies; but there is no squaw there to cook—to grind the maize, mend his moccasins, or welcome him when he returns faint and hungry."

"There are many maidens in the lodges of the Ojibways that would gladden the warrior's heart."

"The one within whose veins swells the hot, red blood of chieftains seeks not his mate from such. The eagle chooses not the dove, the proud antlered buck the cowardly sheep of the pale-face, or the high-leaping panther the snarling wolf."

"The maidens of the forest will not be deaf to the call of the Bolrush. Let him speak—they will answer."

"And Fire-Fly?"

"Her light must still remain to gladden the lodge of her father."

It was a point-blank refusal, and again the black shadow fell upon the face of the Indian, and the veins on his forehead swelled out like whip cords. All the base, black passions of his nature surged wildly up, and would not be controlled. The flood-gates of revenge burst through the fettering embankments, and ran riot to their wrath. Rapid as thought was the strong grasp he laid upon her arm, while with his other hand he waved the death-dealing tomahawk in circles around.

"Fire-Fly mus die!" he hissed, serpent-like, through his fast-locked teeth. "She has scorned the love of the warrior whose tent poles are hung with the scalps of the enemies, and whose leggings are fringed with their hair. Look! Upon his breast he wears their teeth and claws, won in a single-handed fight, when winter-starved it rushed from its rocky den.

"The Bulrush is a coward, and no warrior. He would frighten a weak girl, even as the serpent does the tiny bird," was the taunting reply for Fire-Fly well knew that any show of fear would but hasten her fate.

"Let the prayers of Fire-Fly be breathed to the Monitou. See! the sunshine is creeping to the mossy end of the log she is resting upon. Quickly almost as the panther's leap it will be there.—Then the death-angel will bear the soul of Fire-Fly to the land of shadows."

"And A-puk-wa will boast of his bravery in the wigwams of his tribe.—But no, he dare not! He will slink away like the whipped dog. The braves of the Ojibways will drive him from the council lodge when they learn of his baseness, and the Medicine devise new tortures for him."

"Fire-Fly croaks like the ill-omened buzzard," replied the warrior, still retaining his grasp with so firm and strong a hold that the fingers were pressed deeply—almost buried in the soft flesh of the girl.

"Let him strike if he dare! One cry from the lips of Fire-Fly, and a hundred warriors would spring as from the ground for her defence and her revenge," she continued, seeing that her savage enemy quailed at her words and hoping thereby to obtain her freedom.

"Will Fire-Fly lock within her heart what has now passed in the forest, and ever keep her lips from uttering it?" he asked, undecided how to act, for his cunning mind told him that he dare not stain his hands in her blood. Passion had had time to cool, and sober reason was busy at work attempting to devise some means of escape from the snare his headlong violence had entrapped him in.

"Go ask the Medicine."

"The lips of Fire-Fly alone must answer."

"He will tell you," she continued, unmidful of his words; "he who has learned from the spirits of the air, that one from whose lips a promise is forced is freed therefrom by the laws of the Ojibways, and the mandates of the Great Manitou. A-puk-wa knows this."

"Your promise or death!" thundered the brawny warrior, knowing that his fate hung between the two—that in the cold grave she would perforce be silent, and that with her word once pledged she would be equally so."

"Death sooner than that my lips should be blistered with lies!" was the brave response as, drawing her lithe form to its utmost heighth, she looked him unflinchingly in the eye, and flashed back defiance.

"Then so it shall be!"

Brave to the last, she bowed her beautiful head, as if to welcome the coming stroke. The strong arm was raised—the hatchet whirled ringing round—strength was gathered for the blow, and then, even as the weapon was descending on its fatal errand, a clubbed rifle descended upon the unprotected head of the would-be murderer, and he fell senseless to the ground.

"Murder er gal, would yer, in cold blood, yer catamount!" exclaimed a gruff voice, and the speaker stepped from behins the screening bushes, dressed and armed, and bearing unmistakable signes of his vocation as a trapper. "Waal," he continued, seeing that the Indian remained insensible, "I've heern tell of Indian devilty erfore, but 'twas all tantermount ter nothin' compared to this! A war-painted brave er goin' ter butcher er squaw, and er pretty one too. Pretty? I've seen that air face erfore, jest as sure as shootin'. It's Fire-Fly, as I'm a sinner!" and he stooped and raised the girl tenderly in his strong arms, and continued: "And she's gone and fainted, too!" Hark! Paddles and er death chant! A prisoner er goin' ter ther torture. By heavens! but it may be my sworn companion, Le Sueur; I've tried ter find him, but cannot. No sign, no trace; he never left me so erfore. By ——," but he strangled the oath before it escaped his lips, and listened earnestly.

The low, solemn death-song of the Ojibways came stealing to his ears like a wail of lost spirits, and his not unhandsome face became dark as night.

"Yes, it must be Le Sueur! Thar is no other white trapper except me no ther lake, and the red-skins for er wonder are not er fightin' with ther scalpin' brotherin'. But ef it should be and they so much as harm a har ef his head, I'll make sech a howlin' in ther camp as will make them think ther hull of creation is er breakin' up."

With the words his resolve was taken, his plan of action formed, and with one glance—to satisfy himself that the prostrate Indian had not sufficiently recovered his consience to be aware of his presence he hastily but silently wended his way to the shore, and deposited the form of Fire-Fly in a cannoe he had hidden there. A moment after, the bark of the Indians who had captured Le Sueur passed, and from his concealment he saw that it was indeed his friend—another, and he was cautiously paddling through one of the most hidden and intricate mouths of the Kamanistique. Soon he reached the open waters of the lake, and turning southward, sped like an arrow toward the head of Thunder Bay.

If the red man had a prisoner, so now the white man, and upon the fate of one hung that of the other.

[*To be Continued.*]

Some newspaper wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him continually with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman, who asked: "Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?" Go to thunder!" cried he, "with your conundrums. I've been bored to death with them these three weeks!"

In the town of Jefferson, in this State, lives Deacon M——, a very pious and exemplary man. In his family, as in most others in that locality baked beans form the more substantial part of the breakfast on Sunday morning. It came to be after a while that the appearance of this time-honored luxury for the morning repast was a sort of notice to the deacon that the duties of the Sabbath had deen entered upon. On one Sabbath morning, however, for some reason or other, this customary dish was omitted in the family. Immediately after breakfast, the deacon, as usual, took his hoe, went into the field, pulled off his coat, and went to work.

His wife and daughters, noticing this from the house with great astonishment, despatched John, the oldest son, to the field to inquir of his father why he worked on the Lord's day. On drawing near John cried out.—"Father, father what are you doing? It is Sunday—it is Sunday!" "Sunday! Sunday!" exclaimed the deacon. "That can't be; we did not have beans for breakfast."

During the battle of Shiloh, an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid and inquired for Grant.

"That's him with the field glass," said the aid.

Wheeling his horse about, the officer furiously rode up to the General and touching his cap, thus addressed him:

Sheneral, I vants to make one report; Schwartz's Battery is took."

"Ah," says the General, how was that?"

"Vel, you see, Sheneral, de t—d sheshensts come up in front of us and t—d sheshesnists flankad us, and de t—d sheshesenists came in de rear of us and Schwartz's Battery vas took."

"Well, sir," says the General, "you of course spiked the guns."

"Vat!" exclaimed the Dutchman in astonishment; "schpike dem guns—schpike dem new guns! No, it would schpoil dem."

"Wel said the General, sharply, "what did you do?"

"Do! vy, we took dem back again!"

The adventure of the diver attached to the Fawn is worthy of a place in Edgar A. Poe's tales of wonder. On making his way in his gutta-percha dress into the saloon of a wrecked vessel, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a huge ground shark, which sailed in at the door. Escape was impossible. All that could be done was to remain perfectly quiet. The monster, meanwhile, fixed its cold green eye on him, pushed against the leaden soles of his boots and rubbed against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction. Ten minutes elapsed—a lifetime under the circumstances but the nerve of the hero was at length rewarded by witnessing his enemy turn tail and sail out by the way he came in leaving him to make the best of his way upward to the surface.—Cruise of H. M. S. Fawn.

Here is a touching incident of the Virginia battles: "Far down the bleak road where Hancock fought, beyond the thickest rebel dead, lay a boy severely wounded, perhaps not less a soldier that he was but a boy. He had fallen the day before when we were furthest advanced, and had remained unmolested within the rebel lines. They had not removed him, and he was alone with the dead when I rode up. The poor fellow was crawling about gathering violets. Faint with the loss of blood, unable to stand he could not resist the tempting flowers, and had already made a beautiful bonquet. Having caused stretcher to be sent for, I saw him taken tenderly and borne away, wearing a grave sweet, touching smile."

A gentleman in conversation remarked to President Lincoln on Friday that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance.—"Well," said the President, "I feel much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly but if he had got to die that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."—N. Y. Times.

The iron mountain of Missouri is exactly in the geographical center of the United States. It is an almost perfect mass of peculiar iron ore, rising from a level plain 260 feet. Its base covers 500 acres.

The ore contains sixty-seven per cent, of iron.