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THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

From the New York Times.

THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY,)
1873.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer,
"Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear,
Spirits don't fool with lovers much;
And throttle valves don't take to such:
And as for Jim—
What happened to him
Was one-half fact and t'other half whim!

Running one night on the line, he saw
A house—as plain as the moral law—
Just by the moonlight bank, and thence
Came a drunken man with no more sense
Than to drop on the rail,
Flat as a flail,
As Jim drove by with the midnight mail.

Down went the patents. Steam reversed.
Too late! for there came a 'thud' Jim cursed,
As his fireman, there in the cab wih him,
Kinder stared in the face of Jim.
And says, 'What now?'
Says Jim, 'What now!
I've just run over a man—that's how!'

[illegible] man stared at Jim. They ran
[illegible]ut they never found house nor man,
[illegible] shadow within a mile.
[illegible]ned pale, but he tried to smile—
Then on he tore,
[illegible] miles or more,
[illegible]ker time than he'd made afore.

Would you believe it!—the very next night
Up rose that house in the moonlight white;
Out comes the chap and drops as before,
Down goes the brakes, and the rest encore—
And so, in fact,
Each night that act
Occurred, 'till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Hump! Let me see; it's a year now, most,
That I met Jim, East, and says, 'How's your ghost?'
'Gone,' says Jim; 'and more, it's plain
That ghost don't trouble me again;
I thought I shook
That ghost when I took
A place on an Eastern line—but look:

What should I meet the first trip out,
But that very house that we talked about,
And that self-same man; 'Well says I, 'I guess
It's time to stop this yer foolishness.'
So I crammed on steam
When there came a scream
From my fireman—and it broke my dream—
'You've killed somebody!' Says I, 'Not much;
I've been thar often and thar aint no such,
And now I'll prove it.' Back we ran,
And—darn my skin!—but thar *was a man*
On the rail, dead,
Smashed in the head—
Now I call that meanness!' That's all Jim said."

—*Bret Harte.*

ON THE BRINK.

A TEMPERANCE SKETCH.

I have known Arthur Gravely well and intimately. A part of his story came to my knowledge thro' my own observation, and a part he told me himself.

Arthur came of an old, well-defined and respectable stock, with just enough of aristocratic pride inherited from his progenitors to give him refinement and self-reliance. At an early age he was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was one-and-twenty he was addmitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house. A year later he took for his wife Fanny Summerton—one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love in retun had been single and devoted. Thus was life opening for Arthur Gravely with bright and happy promise. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best; and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy, and one enemy alone, at this time stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him so fondly and so trustingly that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger, and one of them, more bold that the rest, spoke to him warningly, but kindly; but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and the years went on—from twenty-two to twenty-eight.

Six years of married life—six years of blessing so far as the outer things of life can give blessing. In the bank Arthur had assumed a place very near to the head, and his salary was munificent.

From early youth Arthur Gravely had found the wine cup among the symbols of life's social phase. He had kept wine in his own house; he had used it upon his side-board and upon his table; and he had partaken freely abroad. In his earlier years it was wine, and only wine of the best and purest. Later, stronger liquors were required to keep up the tone. At the age of eight-and-twenty, there had come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort. As yet he had never been helplessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas! for the man thus falling! He knows not that his powers of understanding are dying out as the body fades and perishes!

At length, Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private closet, and told him that he was going to suspend business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years, and need rest. I think of going to Europe."

"And of closing up your business?"

"Yes."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some capable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away upon your trip at will."

A cloud came upon the banker's face, and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "At some time I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlement. Arrived at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondents of the bank and having made preliminary arrangements, he found himself with a few days upon his hands which he might employ in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two friends an class-mates of earlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down hill—were drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen, and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and second night in their company. On this night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Gravely drank to a state of helpless stupefaction. He awoke on the next day feeling sad and humiliated. When he met his companions in a private parlor connected with their sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of hot brandy between them. A spirit of true friendliness came upon him when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the companions of his boyhood.

"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down."

They regarded him curiously, and asked him what he meant.

He told them what he meant. They were in a dangerous way.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat If we took passage before you, it is no less sure that our route is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a bit of hot brandy."

There are moments in a lifetime—great crises—when the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror—when a man, in a brief instant, recalls every salient point of his earthly career. Such a moment was the present one to Arthur Gravely.

"Let it alone he said solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadn't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked.

"Will you try it?" demanded Hutton.

"If you will join me"

"DONE!"

And they did it. They joined hands and promised one another that they would be steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravely. He found upon cutting off his spirituous liquors that his hands shook as though with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"That shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you had fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a few days."

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted no stimulent—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw more clearly how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him. On the morning of the fourth day of his trial he awoke with all appetite for food, and was able to eat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from that time fourth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicity, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back to him.

And on the fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Roberts. They had kept the faith, and had been unexpectedly prospered. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Gravely from home was concluded, and he sat out on his return. And the struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as if by magic; his cheeks had grown fair; and the white of his eye was growing clear and pearly again.

He reached his own city in the morning, and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wondrous change came upon the banker's manner as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind.

Arthur did not reach his home until time for dinner; but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!"

"Darling! O, I'm so glad to see you back!"

Something made the wife even happier than she had thought as she rested within her husbands embrace; but in the sudden joy she could not see it—she could only feel a great warmth, like the glow of heaven, as Arthur's kiss came, sweet and pure, to her lips.

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for a medicine, keep it. For myself I shall not want it."

"Not want it?—Arthur?"

"I have done with it forever!"

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth of her heart—saw it in the pure cheek, and in the clear eye, as she had caught it in the sweet breath.

"Arthur—my husband," she whispered, as though hardly daring to trust her own senses, "is it true?—Do you mean—forever?"

"While I live darling. God giving me strength and reason.

Fanny was upon the opposite side of the table. She tried to speak, but the voice failed her. She turned white—then she pressed her hand for an instant upon her heart—and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face sank down weeping like a child.

Arthur was by her side in a moment.

"Fanny!—My wife—What is it?"

She looked up, and caught his startled gaze through her tears. With a quick movement she threw her arms around his neck, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"O, Arthur!—bless you! bless you! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for you!"

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Gravely now learned how his sweet wife had suffered without daring to complain—how the worm had gnawed at her heart—saw it all the more clearly because he saw in this present time her surpassing joy and ecstacy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart moving theme—and as they ate the meal Arthur told of his trip to the distant city.

After dinner Arthur went out to carry a budget to a neighbor and when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried again for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had stopped in passing to do an errand.

"Mrs. Gravely! What has happened? What is wrong?"

"Wrong?" she repeated, looking up. "O, sir, it is for joy I am crying."

And then she told him the source of the happiness that had opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head—

"Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, be sure he will keep the faith!"

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office waiting for the banker a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him. It would be hard to leave the old place, and it might be a long, long time before he could find another so pleasant.

It was toward evening when Mr. Vanderlain came in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah? And you are not going away?"

"Yes—I shall go to Europe, but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—one safe reliable, and competent—who, I think, will take my business while I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," cried the young man frankly, "I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your employ."

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled, and started to speak.

"Tut, tut—not your present place, Arthur. Know that YOU are my new man. If you will take charge of my business, I shall not let it go from me; and I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper. What say you?"

"Mr. Vanderlain!"

"Ah! my boy, I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy And when she told me whence her joy came, I knew there was joy for me also. To the new man I gave my entire confidence, and in his hands I fear not to trust my name and honor."

It was Arthur's turn now to weep; and he could no more help it than he could have helped the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

"My dear boy," said the banker, afterwards, "I did not speak to you in the other times as perhaps I ought. I know how you treated others who did speak, and I forebore. I had intended to speak, however, before I went away, and if possible, to get you a good place But it is all done now. God bless and keep you."

And now, looking back, Arthur Gravely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From his position of wealth and honor and love, he can see the dark pit from which he escaped, and he sees hundreds upon hundreds sinking into it yearly. He helps the fallen ones when he can, and finds unfailing satisfaction in the work.

MATILDA FLETCHER'S MEMORIAL TO THE IOWA LEGISLATURE.

To the Honorable Members of the Fifteenth General Assembly of the State of Iowa:

In common with thoughtful and patriotic people of all parties, I recognize that the true purpose of education is to train the individual for a successful and useful life.

Second. That mental training alone inclines the young too largely to theoretical, professional and ornamental pursuits, and awakens contempt for the necessary and worthy achievements of manual labor and mechanical skill.

Third. That industrial habits must be formed early in life to be effective and permanent.

Fourth. That the lack of industrial training results in speculation, consequent defaulting and widespread dishonesty.

I, therefore, most earnestly entreat your honorable body to enact a law providing that it shall be the duty of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, his subordinates and other school officers, to introduce and sustain an industrial exposition in connection with each ward and district school in the State.

That these expositions shall consist of useful articles made by the pupils, —such as sewing of all kinds, knitting, crocheting, mending of all kinds, laundry work, drawing, wood work of all kinds, from a plain box or a bracket, to a bureau or a house in miniature, iron work of all kinds, from a horse shoe to a steam engine in miniature. All other useful articles known to the industrial world, or that may be invented by the children.

That each pupil shall be encouraged to carefully explain his or her work, under the supervision of the teacher, in the presence of the parents and friends.

That ornamental work shall be allowed when accompanied by something useful made by the same pupil.

That the pupils shall be encouraged to bring flowers, fruits, garden and farm products in their season, that have been cultivated by themselves, and shall be expected to explain them so far as regards kind, use, and process of culture is concerned.

That these expositions shall be held upon a school day, in the school room, as often as once a month, and not oftener than once a week.

Respectfully,

MATILDA FLETCHER.

GEN. GRANT'S TURNOUT.

[Washington Corresp'dence Boston Journal.]

The fuss the papers make over the carriages and outfits of the President, ill prepares one for the quite ordinary stud Gen. Grant keeps for his own use and that of his family. The old stable of Buchanan's time is now partly a conservatory and partly a woodshed. Nearly a quarter of a mile away, on the new and yet uncultivated part of the public grounds—outside the Presidential Garden—stands a low, brick edifice, somewhat castellated, and this is the Presidential stable. A coach of modern style, trimmed wholly in black except the handles, with no ornament of any kind but "U. S. G." on the panels, is the state and family carriage of the Chief Magistrate. It would not be a fashionable coach for a New York snob. It would need but little change to turn it into a first-class mourning carriage. A small, light driving wagon is the favorite for the President when he drives himself. To this is hitched a small black mare of marvelous speed that came from the State of Maine The carriage horses are beauties. One of these is over sixteen hands high. He was picked up in a hack in this city, where he attracted no attention. He cost but $400. He could not now be purchased at any price. A fine sum would be paid for a mate. A pair of black ponies of great speed and grit, driven to a low basket wagon, with a rumble behind, is the favorite team of Miss Nellie Grant. The horse of mark in the stable is Cincinnatus, the old war horse of the President. This animal is a deep mahogany bay, slender and of wonderful symmetry. His life work is done. He is eighteen, a cripple, and will live in clover to the end of his days. A four year old colt of great size and speed completes the horse outfit of Gen. Grant.

A DAM CONUNDRUM.

A Massachusetts paper explains that "a tinker's dam" is proper and chaste language. According to this authority it is commonly made of bread or some other harmless substance around the hole to be mended. The melted solder is poured into it to be confined until it cools on Of course the bread is burned and spoiled, and utterly worthless after it has served this purpose. "Not worth a tinker's dam" is therefore very innocent. Now a Cincinnati editor of inquiring mind wants somebody to tell him of the origin and meaning of the phrase "continental dam," which is considerably used by the patriotical descendants of revolutionary soldiers. Suppose the revolutionary soldiers were our "revolutionary sires," "continental dam" ought to be regarded as a correct phrase of our mother tongue. If that's not it; give it up.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: I have seen no answer to your "Dam Conundrum" in the daily of the 12th. You may tell the Cincinnati editor that nothing could be more "innocent" or classic than the phrase "not worth a continental dam."

All are aware that the continental currency in the good old days of '76 became very much depreciated, and the patriotic citizen often "carried his currency to market in a basket, and brought home his purchases in his vest pocket," if fortunately he had a vest. The rascally Britishers still more depreciated the currency, by introducing very good counterfeits of it. Now our revolutionary fathers desired after the war was over, to pay their honest debts; hence, by act of Congress, those who held the currency were required to return it to the treasury where it was sorted, and they received credit for the genuine.

The counterfeit was stamped 'Dam,' an abbreviation of the latin damnatus, (condemned) As the currency itself was worth but little, a thing that was "not worth a continental" was of small value. But if it was "not worth a continental dam" it must have been a *condemned* poor thing.—*Cor. Mo. Republican.*

NEBRASKA HOMESTEADS.

From the annual report of the Register of the Treasury for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1873, which has been laid before the present Congress, we glean interesting details showing the comparative settlement of the west.

The whole amount of receipts from the U. S. Land offices from homesteads and pre-emptions are $580,489.-32, of which Nebraska and Kansas furnished nearly one-half or $255,777.-55.

Kansas stands first on the list, the receipts from her eight land offices being $146,625.39. The largest receipts from a Kansas office are from the Wichita District, $38,653.39, the second largest reported in the list.

Nebraska follows closely upon heels of Kansas with a return of $109,154.16 of which the Lincoln District gave $40,316.20, doing for that year the largest "land office business" in the United States.

The following shows the comparative business of the eight land offices in this State:

NORTH OF PLATTE.

West Point District	$ 5,513.10
Grand Island District	18,792.28
North Platte District	653.24
Dakota City District	7,050.00
	$31,908.52

SOUTH OF PLATTE.

Beatrice District	$12,819.17
Lincoln District	40,316.26
Lowell District	24,109.11
	$77,245.54

The public lands of Nebraska being, we believe, all withdrawn from the market, that is, subject only to homestead entry, these figures represent merely the cost of survey, or about $12 00 per 160 acres. Taking out the official fees, which are received by the registers and receivers, and as a great part of the lands taken up are in "eighties" being within the railroad reservations, we may safely estimate that this report indicates the opening of about 15,000 farms in Nebraska from July 1, 1872, to June 30, 1873. The present year will doubtless present a still more flattering record, and we believe that from twenty to twenty-five thousand additional farms will be opened by the end of June next. We have little doubt, also, that the next report of the Register of the Treasury will put Nebraska in the front rank of the new States and Territories in the rate of progress made in settlement.—*State Journal.*

SENATOR HITCHCOCK'S BILL.

Senator Hitchcock has introduced a bill to authorize the issue of arms by the war department to the authorities of our State. This has been done after full consultation with Governor Furnas and Congressman Crounse, and with a full knowledge of the situation. If not needed now they will be of great benefit in assuring the men on the outposts that should occasion require the strong arm of the State will be put forth to protect them.

There is no fear of Indians in most of our settlements, but we hope the bill introduced by Senator Hitchcock will be carried through, giving the State full jurisdiction of its whole territory, and thereby confining the Indians to the vast country beyond the borders of the State as was the intentions of the commissioners when the unfortunately worded treaty was made. With this increase of the range of settlements which will be rapidly filled up by actual settlers the use of arms in case of trouble with the tribes will be of great importance. We only echo what every frontier county will say that the thanks of the whole State should be given to Senator Hitchcock for his promptness in making this just demand upon the Government.—*Omaha Republican.*

FARMERS IN DEBT.

Some of our exchanges are descanting on the ruin sure to follow getting ting into debt to carry on farming operations. One farmer, who stopped giving and asking credit a few years ago, records it as his experience that he can now buy more than he ever bought before and sell more. The case is mentioned of the French, who never go in debt, and who, having been saving money since the days of the First Napoleon, have become the richest nation in the world, which is proved by the fact that the German indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars which they were obliged to pay has been all discharged in two years, while we have been struggling for eight years with twice as much. Perhaps the wealth of the French farmers arises as much from the small farm system and the high cultivation they give to soil. There is a vast difference in farming in a loose way and having all work done in the best manner.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Sweet Susie Brown, my pretty one!
I'm sure you must remember—
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh ride in D-cember,
When all the belles and all the beaux,
In spite of frosts, would go forth,
And squeese beneath the buffaloes,
Each other's hands, &c.

How brightly streamed the northern lights
Above the snowy ridges!
How pleasant were the wintry nights
Observed by country bridges!
Where toll is sought with such address
Mid laughter, fun and flattery;
And lovers feel amid the press,
Each other's hands, etc.

'Tis very singular and queer,
Of all most mad devices,
Love's fire should burn so bright and clear
On fuel formed of ices;
And yet we know its flames, indeed,
Most brilliantly will glow forth,
When fanned behind a flying steed,
Hid under furs, &c.

I'm sure you mind the village inn,
The supper and the revel;
How in the general stir and din,
Love shot his arrows level;
And don't forget how Henry Kidd
Embraced you in the buttery;
You kissed his lips—you know you did—
And he kissed yours, etc.

And when the forfeits were all paid,
How one old maid resisted,
Until the younger ladies said
A prude they all detested,
"Desist!" she cried—the ancient Ann—
Her modesty to show forth,
"I'll never yield to any man
My virgin lips," &c.

The wintry winds the homeward way,
Blew chilly in our faces,
But underneath our furs we lay
All snugly in our places;
One girl upon the forward seat—
The pretty Nellie Satturlee—
Declared Jack Frost had pinched her feet,
And Billy Frost, etc.

Another underneath her robes,
(The buffaloes, not her dresses,)
Fair patience, with attendant Job,
Detected in caresses,
Sprang up with angry, flashing face,
Her innocence to show forth,
But showed her curls were out of place,
Her collar gone &c:

And then the parting at the door!
Its tender, mutual blisses!
Sweet lips, from their abundant store,
Gave to the poor—in kisses!
The parting word—the long embrace—
Cupid's most dangerous witchery,
Brought fire to many a boyish face,
And raised sweet hopes, etc.

Dear Susie Brown, save you and I,
Of all that load of merriment,
No other pairs are left to try
Loves latest, best experiment;
And now the winter snows are spread,
Our mutual hopes shall glow forth—
May Hymen bless us when we're wed,
Increase our joys, &c.

HOW BUTLER GOT OVER HIS PREJUDICES.

Thrilling Description of the Charge at New Market Heights.

From Butler's Speech on Civil Rights Bill, in Congressional Record, Jan. 8th.

Now, sir, you will allow me to state how I got over my prejudices. I think the House got over theirs after the exhibition we had yesterday. I think no man will get up here and say he speaks only to white men again. He must at first show himself worthy before he can speak to some colored men in the house. Sir, that occurred yesterday. [Applause.]

I came into command in Virginia in 1863 I three organized twenty-five regiments with some that were sent to me, and disciplined them. Still all my brother officers of the regulaa army said my colored soldiers would not fight; and I felt it was necessary that they should fight to show that their race was capable of the duties of citizens; for one of the highest duties of citizens is to defend their liberties and their country's flag and honor. On the 29th of September, 1864, I was ordered by the commanding general of the armies to cross the James river at two points, and attack the enemy's line of works, one in the centre of their line, Fort Harrison, the other a strong work guarding their left flank at New Market Heights; and there are men on the floor who will remember that day, I doubt not, as I do myself. I gave the centre of the line to the white troops, the eighteenth corps, under Gen. Ord, and they attacked one very strong work and carried it gallantly. I went myself with the colored troops to attack the enemy at New Market Heights, which was the key to the enemy's flank on the north side of the James river. That work was a redoubt built on the top of a hill of some considerable elevation; then running down into a marsh; then in that marsh there was a brook; then rising again to a plain which gently rolled away toward the river. On that plain, when the flash of dawn was breaking, I placed a column of three thousand colored troops, in close column by division, right in front, with guns at "right shoulder shift."

I said: "That work must be taken by the weight of your column; no shot must be fired;" and to prevent their firing, I had the caps taken from the nipples of their guns. Then I said, "Your cry, when you charge will be, remember Fort Pillow;" and as the sun rose up in the Heavens the order was given, "Forward," and they marched forward steadily as if on parade—went down the hill, across the marsh, and as they got into the brook they came within range of the enemy's fire, which vigorously opened upon them. They broke a little as they forded the brook, and the column wavered. O, it was a moment of intense anxiety, but they formed again as they reached the firm ground marched steadily on with closed ranks under the enemy's fire, until the head of the column reached the first line of abatis, some one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's work.

Then the ax men ran to the front to cut away the heavy obstructions of defense, while one thousand of the enemy, with their artillery concentrated, from the redoubt poured a heavy fire upon the head of the column hardly wider than the clerk's desk The axmen went down under that murderous fire; other strong hands grasp the axes in their stead, and the abatis was cut away. Again, at double quick, the column goes forward within fifty yards of the fort, to meet there another line of the abatis. The column halts. And there a very fire of hell is pouring upon them. The abatis risits and holds, the head of the column seemed literally to melt away under the shot and shell, the flags of the leading regiments go down but a brave black hand seizes the colors; they are up again, and wave their starry light over the storm of battle; again the ax men fall, but strong hands and willing hearts seize the heavy sharpened trees and drag them away, and the column forward, and with a shout which now rings in my ear, they went over that redoubt like a flash, and the enemy never stopped running for four miles. [Applause on the floor and in the galleries.]

It became my painful duty, sir, to follow in the track of that charging column, and there, in a space not wider than the Clerk's desk, and three hundred yards long, lay the dead bodies of five hundred and forty-three of my colored soldiers, slain in defence for their country, and who had laid down their lives to uphold the flag and its honor as a willing sacrifice; and as I rode along among them, guiding my horse this way and that way lest he should profane with his hoofs what seemed to me the sacred dead, and as I looked at their bronzed faces upturned in the shining sun to Heaven as if in mute appeal against the wrongs of that country for which they have given their lives, and whose flag had only been to them a flag of stripes on which no star of glory had ever shone for them—feeling I had wronged them in the past, and believing what was in the future of my country to them—among my dead comrades there I swore to myself a solemn oath, "May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleve to the roof of my mouth, if I ever fail to defend the rights of these men who have given their blood for me and my country this day and their race forever;" and, God helping me, I will keep that oath. [Great applause on the floor and in the galleries.]

PROPAGATION OF TUBERCLE BY MILK.

At the last meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, M Chauveau gave to the section what he termed a demonstration of the transmission of tuberculosis by the digestive organs. He observed that his numerous observations enabled him to state that if the healthy young of animals susceptible of tuberculosis were fed with food with which the matter of tubercle was mixed, they would all exhibit tuberculosis in various organs. In anticipation of this meeting, he had purchased some healthy calves; and, having them fed as described, on slaughtering them the sixtieth day after the first ingestion, the lymphatic system was found extensively tuberculized, while caseous deposits existed in the lungs. This thesis he demonstrates most conclusively, and he is thus supported in his inferences by en apparently wholly independent series of experiments carried on by Dr. Klebs, in Germany, which he has recorded in one of the *Archiv fur Expertm. Pathologie* (*Heft II.* 1873.)

Dr. Klebs asserts that the milk of tubercular cows brings on tuberculosis in various animals. The infection generally commences with intestinal catarrh followed by tuberculization of the mesentric ganglia, the liver and spleen, and ending in extensive miliary tuberculosis of the thoracic organs. Infection by means of the milk may be without result in vigorous organisms; and the author has even seen full formed tubercles resorb and disappear through cicatrization. It is likely, adds Dr Klebs, that the tubercular virus is contained in varying proportions in the milk of cows which are more or less diseased, and the scrofulosis may occur, in children born without tubercle, through the milk of an unhealthy mother or wet nurse. In conclusion the author expresses the view that the virus is contained in the serum of milk, in a dissolved state, and that it is not destroyed by boiling, which is ordinarily sufficient.

If these facts are not overstated, and they do not seem to be so, what a dangerous article must be that which is measured out in thousands of gallons daily, in all large cities, the product of phthisical cows, fed on distillery slops, and choked with foul odors! The milk of one tuberculous cow will contaminate that of the whole dairy when mixed in the cans.

The propagation of typhoid fever by milk has been only too clearly shown in London this year; and now have we not to lay to the same fluid the maintenance of a part of the terrible prevalence of phthisic among us.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

FLY POISON.

Some time ago, a Mrs. Buckelby, who lives over in Berrien Co. Michigan, directed her son Samuel, a lad of fourteen years, to take a turn at the churn. Now, as Samuel had set his heart on going a-fishing at the very time, he "got his back up" and flatly refused to agitate the cream. The curvature was promptly taken out of his spine by a slipper and, with tears in his eyes, he went on duty with the dasher. In about half an hour, and during the brief absence of his mother, his eyes fell upon a plate of fly poison, and a bright, smart thought struck him. Just before Mrs. B. came in Sam lifted the fatal platter to his face, and as she entered he put the poison from his lips with the dramatic exclamation:—"There, mother, I guess you won't lick me any more!" Now what did this Spartan dame do? Did she shriek for a doctor and fall into hysterics? Not much. She simply took Samuel by the nape of the neck, lifted him deftly into the pantry, beat the whites of six eggs together, and told him to engulf the same instanter; he refusing, she called the hired girl, and in a twinkling Sam found himself outside the albumen. Then Mrs. B. began preparing a mustard emetic. Seeing this Sam's pluck dissolved, and he commenced begging, and crying, "I was only tryin' skeer ye." But the stern mother was not to be softened, and Samuel had to swallow the mustard. He was forced to take a dose of painkiler, and his back rubbed with "Vigor of Life," and his stomach with the "Oil of Gladness." Then he vomited up every-thing but his boots and socks. This being over, he took seven Ayer's pills, two spoonfulls of castor oil, a teaspoonful of salts and a blue pill. And now, if you want to behold the maddest boy in Michigan, just say "fly poison" to Sam Buckelby.

A grindstone should not be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the wood-work, but the sun's rays harden the stone and render it useless. Neither should it stand in the water in which it runs, as the part remaining in the water softens so much that it wears unequally.

An Ohio farmer suggests that the Granges set themselves about introducing the English sparrow for the protection of fruit-growers. The sparrows breed fast and eat a good deal.—A pair of sparrows having a family to bring up will consume over three thousand caterpillars a week.

GIANTS.

The Bible mentions several races of giants, as the Rephaims, the Anakims, the Emims the Zonzonims, and others. Profane historians also mention giants; they gave seven feet of height to Hercules, their first hero, and in our days we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1735 measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximin was of that size; Skenkius and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature; and Goropius saw a girl who was ten feet high.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Caesar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secondilla and Pufio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene the Second, King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones; and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says that they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain the head of a Gannche, which had eighty teeth, and the body was not less than fifteen feet long.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.

Rioland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says that, some years before, there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.

In Rouen, in 1509, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereupon was engraved, "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont, and his bones." Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the true human bones of a subject which must have been at least nineteen feet high.

Valence in Dauphine boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain by an arrow by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin-bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in frisco, with an inscription showing that this giant was twenty-two and a half feet high, and that his bones were found in 1795, near the banks of the Morderi, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crussol, upon which, tradition says, the giant dwelt.

January 11, 1613, some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called the Giant's field, at the depth of eighteen feet discovered a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, on which was a gray stone, with the words Theutobochus Rex cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire—twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. His teeth were about the size each of an ox's foot, and the shin-bone measured four feet.

Near Mezarino, in Sicily, in 1516, was found a giant thirty feet high; his head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant thirty feet long was found in the year 1548, and another of thirty-three feet high in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.

The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one of thirty-four and the other of thirty-six feet high.

At Totu, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarce be encompassed by the arms of two men together, and whose legs, which they still keep in the castle of that city, were twenty-six feet long

The skull of the giant found in Macedonia, September, 1691, held 210 pounds of corn.

The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales, or other enormous animals.

Elephants' bones may be shown for those of giants, but they can never impose on connoisseurs.

Whales, which by their immense bulk are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms nor legs; and the head of that animal has not the least resemblance to that of a man. If it be true therefore, that a great number of the gigantic bones which we have mentioned have been seen by anatomists, and have by them been reputed real human bones, the existence of giants is proved.—*Harper's Weekly.*

MEDICINAL USE OF NETTLES.—Dr. Nicholl says that the greatest preventive of yellow fever in Bermuda is dried nettle, powdered and used as a condiment in all cooking. The Doctor resides on the Isle Jersey, and he uses it successfully among his patients. He preserves it like herb teas, and keeps in a dry place. Dr. Thornton uses it as a stypic. He dips lint into nettle juice and inserts it into a bleeding nose, with quick effect. He also prescribes it for goiter, for which it is a specific remedy. In this case he grinds fifteen of the seeds, and administers once a day. The juice of the nettle has a singular effect on steel, which becomes flexible by immersion in it.

Ben Weightman, the cripple, who for a year or more has been traversing the streets of St. Joseph on his hands and knees, has been operated on by a surgeon from abroad and bids fair to entirely recover from his misfotune which occurred at birth. Until within the past two weeks, his knees were never six inches apart, and yesterday he was riding around on horseback, much to the surprise of those who saw him.—*St. Jo. Herald.*

Johnny assures us that a railroad conductor punches holes in your ticket to let you pass through.

VARIETIES.

A New Hampshire black Spanish fighting cock has been sold for 2,000.

It is proposed to cultivate figs for fattening hogs in Southern California.

The Vermont Agricultural Society proscribes "pool selling" on its Fair grounds.

Does not a young mother's heart leap 4th with joy when she beholds her darling babe's 1st 2th?"

Oysters weighing three pounds, and ten inches long, have been found at Point Pinalis, near Tampa, Florida.

The suffrage women of Maine are very patient and reasonable. They don't ask to handle the ballot before 1876.

A singular instance of skepticism is recorded in the case of a man who said the Bible was "too good to be true."

Of 6,872 persons lodged in the station-houses of New York City last week 5,484 were men and 1,388 were women.

Mrs. J. T., in Massachusetts Ploughman, says "English hay and Indian meal are the feed for cows that make butter.

In Carthage Ill., boys under the age of 16 are by a city ordinance recently passed, prohibited from chewing tobacco.

The Wisconsin Assembly has passed the bill fixing the rate of taxation on railways in that State at 5 per cent. of their net earnings.

The new Minnesota Legislature has cut down the cost of stationery from $4,000 to $500, and refused to appropriate any money for postage stamps.

There are milk baths in New York City which are