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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

DONT SLAM THE GATE.

[The following bit of sound advice, with the above title, is evidently from one who has had practical experience in the matter, and ought to be taken seriously to heart by eligible young men who are addicted to the habit this young lady so earnestly desires corrected:]

"Now, Harry, pray don't laugh at me;
But when you go so late,
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To never slam the gate;

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate;
To tell me next day, what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,
But now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things)—
O, do not slam the gate!

To all the neighbors hearing it
Will say our future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate!

For, though it is all very true,
I wish that they would wait,
To canvass our affairs, until—
Well—pray don't slam the gate!

At least, not now, but by-and-by,
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate!

For whether you go out or in,
At early hours, or late,
The whole world will not tease me then
About that horrid gate!

ILLINOIS LETTER.

Editor Advertiser:

I send you greeting from a portion of Illinois which is to-day enveloped in white. The earth has a pure white covering, the air is full of snow-flakes, and it is a true representation of a winter's day,—though Easter has arrived, and eggs are being devoured after the most approved style, and young lambs caper around in a manner peculiarly their own.

I arrived here the last week in March, and found the weather, and things in general, about the same as in Nebraska: always excepting two important items,—the Texas cattle, and the *millions* of pigs which overrun the farms in Nebraska, and which cannot by any average intellect, be brought *down* to a comparison with th few hundreds kept in the farm-yards here.

Spring is proverbially fickle, and storm and frost come in regular succession, as if to frighten away the warmth; though the weather was very pleasant during my journey.

The usual incidents, pitiful or comical, were endured, or enjoyed, as the case might be, but after being two days and nights on the road, there seemed to be a slight necessity for rest. At least I found it so, and on arriving in Chicago, felt as though I had come from the sunset regions.

In my humble opinion, Nebraska papers need a slight rebuke, and as no one else seems inclined to point out wherein they are defective, I feel it a duty to express my own thoughts on the subject. I do not wish to censure,—far from it; only to appeal through your columns, to a travel-loving public, to know if it is not our right to expect you will keep us posted as to the condition of the roads over which we must travel.

Who likes to start out in good spirits, and after riding a short distance, have their ardor suddenly quenched, by a polite request to "get out and walk; only a half mile or so." Then you find you are surrounded by water, not exactly an island however, for there is that narrow track, extending still farther into what appears to be a lake.

Imagine yourself stepping carefully along on the ties, the water boiling up under your feet and your head growing dizzy, and if you don't feel slightly aggrieved, you are more charitable than I.

But the waiting train reached, and baggage *transferred*, it was easy to forget past trouble, and look ahead hopefully, but there was the same watery prospect for miles, and if one may judge of others' feelings by their own, there was certainly a feeling of relief when the water was passed, and the solid earth made its appearance.

From Nebraska City to Chicago, is not "around the world," but it is far enough to be tiresome, and make one glad to escape from the cars, for a time.

April 9th.—Some faint efforts have been made to sow wheat, but being governed by the weather, they are spasmodic, and cease almost as soon as undertaken.

It is very cold with high winds from the northeast, but of course Grangers can wait and keep their faith unshaken, resting on the assurance that seed-time and harvest shall be given. C. C. H.

A CALL TO THE FARMERS OF INDIANA.

On the 9th inst. the following was issued at Indianapolis calling a convention of the farmers of the State:

Believing the people honest and capable of self-government, that the old political organizations are corrupt; that there is no trust to be placed in the promises of either of the so called great political parties; that there are no questions that ought to divide the people of Indiana; that the past dead issues should be buried with the past, and that we should address ourselves to the living questions of the day, we therefore invite the farmers and industrial classes generally of Indiana to meet with us on Wednesday, the 10th day of June, in the city of Indianapolis, to devise ways and means to bring about such reforms as will emancipate our State from the intolerable burdens heaped upon us by the misrule of corrupt party politics. "Come let us take counsel together."

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Black-Mailing—How it is Done and Who are the Victims—Temperance—Currency—Business—The Builders' and Trades' Unions—Distress.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1874.

BLACK-MAILING.

In a great city, it is safe to say, that nearly one-half the population have no good reason for living. The number of rumsellers, gamblers, thieves, confidence men, and people who steal a living, would, if put together, make an army large enough to have crushed the rebellion. I now speak of the male ulcers on the body politic—there are at least 30,000 women in the city who live by equally disreputable means.

The meanest and most despicable of all the scoundrels who infest the city, next to the politicians, are the

PROFESSIONAL BLACK-MAILERS,

and a few paragraphs devoted to them may be of interest to your readers. The black-mailer is a man, or woman, who possesses some knowledge of another person which will not bear open day-light, and then extorts money as the price of silence. For instance, the professional black-mailer goes night after night to a fashionable gambling house, and watches closely the players. They are admirable judges of human nature, indeed this is the first qualification of the business. He fixes upon some nervous player who is losing heavily, and notes to a dollar his losses. When the player finally quits and leaves the house, he does not know that he is being followed, and that the street and number of his residence is taken, nor does he know that a watchful eye follows him next morning to the bank or office where he is employed, and that by noon of that day every fact in his history is in the possession of a cool, calculating, merciless scoundrel, who by knowing what he is, has a hold on him that will ruin him. We will assume that the victim observed in the gambling house is the cashier of a bank. From the moment the black-mailer spotted him he is not out of his sight for an instant. His losses are carefully noted, his goings to and fro are observed and noted, and every incident that at all compromises him is set down with circumstance. For, be it known, he who gambles has other vices—in fact the most of the raw men at gambling tables are those who have squandered money not theirs on unlawful pleasures, and they fly to gaming with a hope of getting even by a stroke of luck.

When the black-mailer has got "points" enough on his man—that is when he has facts concerning him, which if made known to his employers or family, would ruin him—he moves on him. He takes him aside and tells him boldly what he knows of him, and fixes the sum at which his silence can be assured. The victim puts on a bold front and defies him. Mr. Black-mailer expects this, and it does not move him. He pulls out of his breast-pocket a little book, and he reads to him that on such night he lost $2,000 at John Charberlin's; on such another night $1,000; on another night he was at an assignation house in 22d street, with a woman closely veiled, but whose name is So-and-So, that moreover he pays the board of Miss So-and-So, at such a street and number; in short the black mailer reads to his victim a complete history of his secret life, so methodically arranged as to make denial useless. And after this no denial is made. He wilts and gladly pays the price demanded.

But it does not end here. Having once paid he belongs soul and body to his tormentor. The threats of exposure, so efficacious the first time are equally so the second. He comes again and again, until the dupe becomes desperate and flies the country.

Frequently they do not wait for the commission of a crime. They select a timid, nervous man and threaten to accuse him of crime if he does not come down handsomely, and in many cases they succeed, the victim submitting to be bled rather than to be accused. One of these gentlemen met his match the other day. A black-mailer, a graduate of the State Prison, accused a clerk of stealing from his employer, and proposed to "hush the thing" for $200. The intended victim gave a seeming assent, but privately made arrangements with the police and had his black-mailer arrested with the money in his hand. It was fortunate that the clerk had pluck. Had he yielded to the first demand for money, he would have found himself compelled, in time, to pay over to his accuser every dollar that he could save or steal.

WOMEN

make the best game for these fellows. If a married woman indulges in what to her seems an "innocent flirtation," and happens to fall into the hands of one of these men, it costs her dear. So valuable is her reputation that rather than have it called in question she will do anything. She pays the scoundrel money, silver ware, jewelry, anything, as the price of silence, for they imagine a thousand evils where none could possibly occur.—Next to women,

CLERGYMEN

are the favorite victims of black-mailers, for their position is so peculiar and uncertain. In their cases, the services of some fair but abandoned woman are brought into requisition. Some years ago a distinguished preacher in a Broadway church resigned his charge and left the city broken-hearted, because he had permitted himself to be plundered by a band of men and women who had combined to place him in a false position. His friends felt that he was innocent, and yet they advised him to go, because his weakness had put him under suspicion. He had been sent for to console a dying woman, and he went, and was ushered into her room, and left alone with her, and was then surprised by a confederate, who claimed to be the woman's husband. The house was a regular trap, the woman a prostitute, and the two were black-mailers, but it was enough. He was weak enough to pay once, and then it was all over with him. Paying was an evidence of guilt, and, innocent of guilt as a child, he was compelled to resign his charge and leave the city. But it did not end with this. His persecutors followed him to his new home, and extorted more money, for every step he took to relieve himself, only put him more securely in their hands. He was compelled, finally, to leave the ministry. But they do not always succeed so well. Not long ago another clergyman approached in the same way, laid a very neat trap, and had his accusers brought to shame.—He thus saved himself a life-long trouble.

The only way is to defy them, and utterly refuse to pay. That ends it. They have no reason to divulge what they know; in fact, when their secret is made common property, it ceases to have any value to them. They always leave such people alone.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM

has finally struck Trinity Church! This religious corporation, owning real estate to the amount of millions, has for years leased a considerable portion of its property to rum-mills, some of them of the lowest and vilest order. But the Temperance revival has struck the slumbering consciences of the trustees, and they have determined to close out the liquor shops, rebuild the buildings, adapting them to other business. It is well. Trinity should have done this long ago. The women of the West have accomplished this much by their movement at all events.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION

The city is hot on the question of currency, and the feeling is increasing every day. The rich old houses who have oceans of capital in reserve, who are doing business on their own money—and the retired rich men, are gnashing their teeth at the bare tho't of inflation, and these classes control the controlable press. But there is an immense number of business men who really desire it and will do all in them to bring it about, viz: those who are doing business on limited capital and are compelled to seek accommodations. These men want more money, for they want a revival of trade. They want business to pick up in the west, not only that the goods now in their warehouses may be bought, but that they may be able to collect for what they sold last winter. The cry for inflation is not all from the west, it has its advocates here in New York city, and they are loud-mouthed.

BUSINESS

is anything but brisk in the city, and everything points to a dull spring and a duller summer. The western farmer holds tight to the money he has, the western merchant cannot pay for what he bought last fall, and is only buying just what he must buy, and consequently the jobber and importer here languish and sigh for the good old times. The

BUILDERS

are doing absolutely nothing. There have been no plans of any expensive buildings since the year came in—in fact, only about three hundred buildings of all styles have been commenced since Jan. 1st. One-third of the carpenters in the city are idle, and the blacksmiths, plasterers and other artisans are still worse off. The workmen have

THEMSELVES TO BLAME

for a great part of their trouble. They have struck for higher wages, and for shorter time of labor, and so on, till the contractors have got to the point of not knowing where they are. They dare not undertake a building, except at a price sufficient to cover these chances, and those who would build are not sure of enough rent to justify the increased, in the present state of trade. There are usually over 1,000 plasterers at jobbing work this season of the year; this year there are less than 200, and the same rule holds good in all the trades this spring.—The working men have over-reached themselves. They have got trade so hampered and tied up with "regulations" as to make the contractors really their servants. The societies rule, and their rules bear so terribly against the employer as to kill his business, unless he can compel the property owner to give him a largely increased price, which he will not do. The enforcement of the society system is a direct encouragement of idleness.—When society rules are carried out, the diligent workman receives no more cash than the man who studies how little he shall do and still escape discharge. By society rule no man can be discharged for incompetency, provided he does work enough to reach the society standard, which is much lower than the amount of work which an active workman can fairly do. One of the regulations of the plasterers' society is that employers shall be obliged to pay men for the time they are on strike. In several societies there are express rules to discourage diligence. In the plasterers' union, men have been fined heavily because they have been complained of by their fellows for obstructing them. The stone-cutters have fixed a limit for a day's work, which no journeymen can exceed without a fine. The derrickmen have laid down rules which require a certain number of men to each derrick, often a larger number than is necessary, and which restrain men from undue haste in working. Among hod-carriers and bricklayers there are regulations intended to prevent the too rapid accomplishment of a piece of work. It is forbidden to use wheel-barrows to carry bricks from the pile to the foot of the ladder. Hod carriers are not allowed to use both hands in filling hods, and are forbidden to put more than fifteen bricks in one load. It may often be noticed that in laying bricks men delay and loiter in their task, because they may not venture to finish their part before the corresponding part is finished by their fellows, who, if they were out-stripped would have the right to complain to their union. Until these rules are modified, the master builders do not care to take contracts, and building must languish. It may be better later in the season, but it is fearfully dull now and there is much suffering among laborers. PIETRO.

ITEMS BY RAIL.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

It occurs to me while I seat myself in a farm house near Eldora, in Iowa, that the promise I gave you on leaving Brownville for "Items by Rail," wil be soon over due. I left Brownville in the face of a cold northeast wind, which on Tuesday, the day after, veered to the north, making in doors, by a good fire, a luxury. My route was over the Chicago & Northwestern, and I found the ground fairly covered with snow from Council Bluffs to the Des Moines river. This distance reaches to the center of Iowa, and the road thus far runs thro' an uncultivated wilderness of prairie. Small towns are conveniently located at points called county seats, around which, dotted here and there, are the only farm houses in view from the passing cars. What this country would amount to without the railroad is a matter of trifling computation. The land is good, rich and productive, but without the market which the road affords, the few settlers now on the ground would be reduced to the handful whose sole means of subsistence is the revenue which flows annually into the county by non-resident tax-payers. The first eighty miles east of the Des Moines river presents a more civilized appearance—the snow is gone. The unoccupied land now becomes as infrequent as the farm houses were west of that river. The farmer—his well fed team and patent drill—dots every hill side and valley. The ground here is much dryer than in Nemaha county. It freezes at night. By noon the thawing is sufficiently deep to give room for the drill, and during the afternoon every moment is economized for incessant labor of man and beast, until the shades of night render it difficult for the driver to keep his drill close to its recent track across the field. This is the climate and the soil for small grain, so but little ground will be left for corn. We are now in the home of the Granges. Here the organization first opened its buds to popular favor. It has its periodicals—its "organs" in the county towns.

Politics are shaded into various cliques. I hear of "Straight Republicans," "Anti-Monopolists," (Democrats,) and "Cut Worms," (Grangers,) and it is a difficult problem, at this early stage of development, to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. I shall leave its solution for further deliberation, and in the mean time study its various plans, and give your readers the result of my further observations.

Farmers are greatly encouraged by present prices and are entering upon spring work with an energy and zeal which they have not felt for several years past. I notice one source of active, "middle transactions," the tide of which has not ruffled the surface of trade and commerce in Nebraska to any appreciable extent, so far as I know. There are several "middle men" engaged in buying up good draft horses for the Eastern and Southern markets. Prices are ruling between $150 and $200 per head for from "fair to middling," and no protest is heard as to the "labor of love" in which these middle men are engaged.

My next will be from Mason City, whither I wend my way on Monday next. JARVIS S. CHURCH.

Eldora, Iowa, April 11th, 1874.

Parton, the historian, speaking of the debt of England, says: "When George the Third came to the throne in 1760, the national debt of England was £130,000,000. The American war raised it to £260,000,000. The insensate warfare against the French revolution made it £570,000,000, and by the time Napoleon was safely landed in St. Helena the debt amounted to the inconceivable sum of £865,000,000. It may be safely asserted that every guinea of this debt was unnecessary."

GRAPES OR THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And water'd the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

RUM-SELLING AND PRAYER MEETINGS.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

Were a brief and concise definition asked for the cause of evil the word intemperance would express it. This includes intemperance in its most extended sense, not merely rum-drinking. Happiness depends upon a healthy action of all the faculties of the mind; and a temperate use of all the means calculated to gratify those faculties. Misery is the result of uncultured, ungoverned indulgence of appetites and passions—good in themselves, but rendered evil by intemperate action. People should keep themselves under a severe discipline, and "be temperate in all things" if they would be healthy and happy.

There is not a blessing given to man but can be rendered an evil by intemperate use. The golden grain so necessary to man's physical life; from it has been extracted a subtle essence, which, when received into the human system, maddens the soul, debauches the body, and spreads desolation and ruin all around this fair earth; causing drunkenness in men, a disease the most horrible and malignant of any flesh is heir to. The cry has gone out all over the land, "What shall we do to be saved," from this frightful malady? Many remedies have been tried, and with partial success, for this pestilence is spread far and wide, its victims are counted by the thousands. "Oh!" exclaim some, "remove the cause and the effect will cease." If drunkenness is a disease, where shall the attack be made, on the patient or on the cause? An answer to cover the whole question would be, "the attack must be on both patient and cause." The error concealed in the above question is in the argument not being comprehensive enough. It is all correct enough that if a cause is stopped the effect will cease. But what is to be done with the already produced effects? What does a physician do when called to treat any disease? Does he make an attack on the patient or on the cause?

Could there be an agency brought to bear powerful enough to stop all rum-selling and rum-drinking this hour, yet the effects of drunkenness in the past would reach out into many generations, to some extent, withering, blighting, dwarfing, crippling and corrupting both body and soul; and more yet, it will reach out and effect the spirit in the life in the hereafter. The truth is this question of drunkenness makes it appeal to physician and healer, reformer and benefactor. To effect a cure an attack must be made upon both patient and cause. Heal the patient of the disease he has already contracted, and stop the cause that he gets not sick again.

Among the many ways used to cure drunkenness the "prayer meeting" remedy is the last. But, comes the question, will it effect a cure? A sufficient answer to this question may be given by asking, has any remedy yet proved a thorough cure? Reports say that some good results have followed the prayer meeting treatment; but will it be permanent? Perhaps not. It has not the elements of permanency in it. It has not the life-giving energies of the gently falling rain. It is a storm, and storms are useful in their way. There may be much of fanaticism in this hurricane of prayer meetings. Yet fanaticism has got its work to do in removing evils. This storm of prayer meetings would not have swept over the land if there had not been impurities in the moral atmosphere to have caused it.

Prayer is a mighty power, and has a wonderful influence in the affairs of men. Better for the evil-doer that a "mill-stone was around his neck, and he cast in the depths of the sea," than to have the prayers of the injured reach the Holy One, who executeth judgment in the earth. Those harangues, called prayer, which in carefully studied speech inform the Almighty of things, which, one would infer, He was ignorant of, and instruct Him how to govern, condemn and justify men; not such empty words, but aspirations which, as living things, go out from the depths of the soul, and reach up to the great Soul of the universe, and brings surely back a response—a blessing or a curse as the case demands.

"But if God is everywhere present, beholding the evil and the good, why could not these crusading women remain in the retirement of their homes and pray for the rum-seller and drunkard?" The same question can be asked in the case of a revival meeting, when sinners of any kind are prayed for. Why cannot the preacher go home and pray for them?

There are many kinds of invocation to the Deity. When the soul wants to be elevated, purified, glorified and drink from the fountain of spiritual life, it must go and be alone with God. But when certain things are desired to be effected concerning our fellow beings, then there is a necessity of "assembling together." In the history of all manner of worship, in all ages, "the circle" is the universal form, or condition; that is uniting magnetic forces to accomplish certain results. "Where two or three agree touching one thing, it shall be granted." It would be well if people studied the philosophy of prayer more, and prayed more. It would be better not to use taunt and jeer toward these women and their prayer meetings. Let them do good in their way, and let us do good in our way, and friends of temperance, in the name of suffering humanity, let us all assist toward removing the curse of drunkenness.

JENNETTE HARDING.

London, Neb.

JOHNSON ITEMS.

Articles of Incorporation of the City Telegraph Co., Johnson, Neb.

ART. 1st. It is hereby certified that we, J. B. Johnson, A. J. Wright, J. M. Boreland and others, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do hereby associate ourselves and successors a body corporate, with succession for 99 years from date hereof, subject to renewal or extension, as the case may be, provided by law, by the name of "The City Telegraph Company, of Johnson, Neb.," and with all the rights, privileges, franchises and powers conferred on or anywise pertaining to such associate body.

ART. 2nd. This association shall be located in the city of Johnson, Nemaha county, Nebraska.

ART. 3rd. The objects of this association shall be to establish and maintain telegraphic communication between such points as may hereafter be determined upon by the company.

ART. 4th. The capital stock of this association shall be ten dollars which may hereafter be increased to fifty thousand; each share to have the par value of 25 cents.

ART. 5th. The stockholders of this company shall be residents of Nemaha county.

ART. 6th. The officers of this association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer, Superintendent, General Agent, Division Agent, Engineer, and Board of Directors, to be elected by the stockholders as hereinafter mentioned.

ART. 7th. No person shall be eligible to any office in the association unless he shall be the bona fide owner of one share of the capital stock.

ART. 8th. The officers and directors of this association shall be elected by the stock-holders by ballot once in three months.

ART. 9th. These articles may be amended, at any regular meeting, by a two-third vote of the stockholders present.

ART. 10th. Eoch stockholder shall be entitled to one vote for each share held by him. In testimony whereof the undersigned have set their names this 25th day of January, 1874.

J. B. Johnson, A. P. Wilson, J. M. Borland, J. P. Miller, A. J. Wright, Adam Wagoner, O. J. Mathews, L. Frazler.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the City Telegraph Company, of Johnson, Neb., held at Hageman's Hall January 20th, A. J. Wright was chosen President, *pro tem*, and J. B. Johnson, Secretary.

Moved that there be an appropriation of six dollars out of the treasury for the purchase of two instruments for the use of the company, and that the treasurer be hereby authorized to expend the same at his discretion. Carried.

Moved that the treasurer be authorized to purchase, on best terms, poles, wires, insulators, &c., necessary for the construction of a line from the company's office, corner of Main St. and Nebraska Avenue, to the corner of First street and Nebraska Avenue. Carried.

Moved that the following be the established rate or tariff of the company on messages, until further notice: 1 to 5 words, 5c; 5 to 10 words, 10c; 10 to 20 words, 15c; 20 to 30 words, 25c.

The members present then proceeded to ballot for officers for the quarter ending April 30th, 1874, with the following result:

A. J. Wright, President; J. P. Miller, Vice-President; J. B. Johnson, Secretary; J. M. Borland, Treasurer; Perry Buckles, Ass't Treasurer; A. P. Wilson, Superintendent; Adam Wagoner, General Agent; O. J. Mathews, Engineer; J. P. Prices, Div. Agent; L. Frazler and Simon Miller, Directors.

Notice is hereby given that an assessment of ten per cent. on the capital stock of the City Telegraph Company will be levied on the 15th day of April, 1874. All stockholders are hereby notified that in case said assessment is not paid by May 1st, 1874, said stockholders will forfeit their shares.

By order Board Directors.

P. S. A dividend will probably be declared about the 10th of May, 1900.

Pleasant days can be spent in the orchard, taking away all dead branches, scraping off old rough bark where vermin can hide, and cutting off the stubs of dead limbs an covering with grafting wax to keep from further decay. Limbs or branches, broken down by wind or ice, should be carefully removed, and the wounded parts cut smooth before applying wax.

"Howdy, Aunt Maria?" said a Georgia lady to an old colored lady. "I ain't yer aunt, misses," loftily replied the aged female, "and I ain't yer uncle; I'se yer ekal!"

A SHOT FOR A LIFE.

Where the Kentucky river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who, with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and, being always welcomed and provided with such food as was in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from willow twigs or pliant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he were within the walls of a frontier fort. One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling step and blood-shot eyes told him he was intoxicated, appeared, and, staggering to the log steps, threw himself upon them. His first demand was for firewater, which was, of course, refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and declared with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household. Branson was a brave determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk, Branson sprung at him, knocked him down with his fist, and then quietly, disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious raving, he rolled over and fell into a drunken sleep. He did not awaken until the next morning, but before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and, without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near by.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a frightened look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!" answered the settler; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard he muttered:

"Like it? Well not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not remember, but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstances."

The summer passed and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearence. But as the leaves began to fail, the settler one day while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught sight of figure lurking in the bushes, which quickly disappeared when he advanced to where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he had knocked down and bound the previous spring. The news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of the discovery.

It will only alarm her, he thought, and without perhaps any good result. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by and that she and the child must stay within or close to the house during his absence.

Several days afterward Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where the dogs were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and as he arrived in sight they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and when he at last got a shot that finished bruin's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his meat to a sapling, out of reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his horse and return and fetch it that very night.

Taking a near cut, he reached the cabin from the western side where the timber grew up heavy to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

Thus it was that, when within a short distance of his home, he heard a wild piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprang forward like a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart; for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin facing the cliff, of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face as pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of the Indian was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and Branson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child, Maggie.

Firm of heart; and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father, for a moment quailed and cowered under what his quick senses told him—the deadly peril of the little one. But he was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance the full purpose that actuated the abduction.

"God aid me!" Branson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glanced through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph he passed upward.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot. Where was this man from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanations. The stranger, a man rather below than above ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly planted his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle, as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the agonized mother uttered an audible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click! click! of the hammer, as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident as upon a broad edge of rock he paused for a moment. This opportunity was seized by the unknown. Altho' the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of him as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate to make the shot.

For one second, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered and then instantly became immovable as though held in a vice. With clasped hands and staring eyes the parents watched the statue-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out; the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clearer, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly an instant and then pitch forward upon the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," exclaimed the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said, and was gone.

Brucetown, Ky., has furnished a remarkable negro girl. Her powers of memory are said to be truly wonderful. About two weeks ago her employer read an article from a paper and twenty-four hours after she repeated his reading word for word. She was then tested, and it was found that she could repeat thirty or forty lines from a book, after hearing it read once over.

A company has been organized in New York for the purpose of acquiring and operating the concession granted by the Spanish Government, giving the right to recover a vast amount of treasure, about $40,000,000, known to have been sunk in the fleet of the Spanish gallions in the harbor of Nige, Spain, in 1702.

A Bay St. Louis, Miss., dispatch says a duel was fought near Montgomery station, recently, between Aristodes Beinvenue and T. B. Phillips, with double-barrelled shot-guns, loaded with a single ball, at forty paces. Beinvenue was killed the first fire, shot through the brain. Phillips was not hurt.

The lowest point within the Yellowstone National Park is said to be the mouth of Gardiner's River, on its southern boundary line. This is 5,400 feet above the level of the sea, Yellowstone Lake is 7,800 feet above the sea level.

At a temperance meeting in Brooklyn, prayers were offered for a Sabbath school superintendent and for the chairman of a church building committee, both of whom were found to be selling and drinking intoxicating liquors.