e Division No. 19, Sons of Temis every Friday evening in Odd over Nickell's drug store, Main of our order visiting the co WOOD, R. S. valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.

ille Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Stated . Council No. 3. R. S. & S. E. M. princlCommandery No. 3, K. T .- Stated and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. h Chapter No. 2. -Order of the Eastern Star.

CHURCHES. ist E. Church. - Services each Sabbath a.m. and 7,30 p. m. Sun tay School at Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. . Pastor. prian Church. - Services each Sabhat a.m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wed Sabbath School at 2 o'cloc

CITY OFFICERS. .-Meets the First Monday is each sor, F. A. Tisdel, All fermen-First hen, H.S. Wihiey; Second Ward-F. W. A. Judkins; Third Ward-redrick; arker, Marshal, D. Camp-I. B. Docker, Treausrer, J. Blake, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICERS. unissieners J. Higgins, Alex. Me-tin H Shook, County Clerk, Wilson District Clerk, W. H. Hoover, Sher-ers, Probate Judge, E. M. McCo-

GRANGE DIRECTORY Semula County Central Association.

lowe, President Sherman; W.G. Swan lent, Howard; T. J. Majors, Secretary, V. Kennedy, Treasurer, Brownville, County Bornty, Part ounty Deputy, Peru. Wm. Bridge, Peru: J. Marlatte Robertson, Howard. Fenced with tough leather from the cold; GRANGES. Round swings his sturdy ax, and lo!

MASTER. SECRETARY, Church Howe.... Wm. P. Friss... O. P. Avery...... B. H. Balley... W. H. Harris F. Patrick... T. C. Kimsey. Thos. Burress B. F. Senlor. Watkins. J. M. Pettit..... Robt Coleman. J. Marlatte..... L. L. Mason..... ns Jones B. Hewett J. B. Peper ... Win, Bagley.... W. Bridge... A. J. Skeeti Geo. Crow.
Wm. F. Paris H. O. Minick.
S. Cochran J. Maxwell
Chas. Blodgett O. J. Matthews.
J. A. Giel. C. M. Giel.

TIME SCHEDULES.

SCHEDULE No. 1. THE EFFECT MONDAY, FEB. 1st, 1875. EASTWARD. STATIONS. No. 2. No. 4.

Nebraska City. Summit... ... Artington .. _Syracuse_ Unadilla 12.00 Palmera ... Bennett ... 1.10 Chency's L 10,35 Lincolnwaodlawn ...

ver than that of Chicago.

urlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska. MAIN LINE.

reave | . Plattsmouth | 2:05 p.m. arriv .Kearney June. | 5:45 a.m leav-OMAHA BRANCH. leave | Omaha | 12:15 a.m. arrive BEATRICE RRANCH. ____Crete ____ | 7:45 a.m. arrive ____ Beatrice ___ | 5:45 a.m. leave Chicago & North Western Rallway. ouncil Bluffs arrive and depart as follow

ARRIVE GOING EAST DEPART xpress... 9:15a.m. Night Express. 4:05 p.m. Ex. Freight.....,10:50 a.m.

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Agt.

BUSINESS CARDS. ATTORNEYS.

B. C. Parker, ORNEY AT LAW, LAND AND TAX ed her." E. E. Ebright, "I confess myself anxious to meet HNEY AT LAW, Notary public and Real late Agent. Office in Court House Buildher," said George Foxeroft, with In-

T. L. Schick. ORNEY AT LAW. - MAY BE CONSULT J. S. Stull. ENEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, ce, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs,) Brow

J. H. Broady. ORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. E. W. Thomas, ENEY AT LAW. -Office, front room overvenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brown

W. T. Rogers, entrusted to his care, Office in Court House S. Brownville, Neb. RNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

PHYSICIANS. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surge

Obstetrician, Graduated in 1851. Loca-waville 1855. Office, Lett & Creigh's

e McPherson Block. Special attenti distetrics and diseases of Women a 10-6m MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office ty Drug Store, No. 32 Main street, Brown-TARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS

L. A. Bergmann. PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.-No. 41 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS. JAM H. HOOVER, Real Estate and Tax fice in District Court Room. tion to the sale of Real Es-

Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. Gibson,

ARMENTASIAN.

MURCIBRY,

TWO LITTLE PUSSIES.

Oh! what a noise they make

Two little pussies,

In their play;

Two little pussies

So fast asleep,

I saw you peep

Two little pussies,

Happy and free;

In your wild gambols,

NEVER a mouse do you see!

Out of sweet kittenhoo!

Soon you will grow;

Then you'll be growling

In holes where kittens don't go.

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

The sound, which was wonderfully

oud and clear, seemed to come down

out of the maintop. The captain fell

"Aloft there!" he yelled, in a rage.

"Halloa!" was answered, spitefully.

"Come up here, and see how you

The captain's rage was now fearful

'Who's aloft there? Who is it,

"Nobody that I know of, sir," an-

see nothing.

mate.

No answer.

"Maintop there!"

"Come down on deck !"

Always be prowling

In all your rambles,

Dear little pussies:

Oh yes! I know

Stop for a moment,

Listen to me.

At that poor spider,

Ah! woe betide her,

Softly toward her you creep.

Ha! ha! you rascals,

So soft and gray,

Jumping and spitting,

Grandmother's knitting

Better keep out of the way.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1875.

boasts so many gaudy colors," whis- to each other's face."

neared her, and two glossy hats were read my heart. We will separate this them with a low, English courtesv, express,"

and stood before her. Her brown face was very beautiful, be. Where are you going?"

land queen. Her black eyes, which had regarded them alternately, finally fell upon we shall prove Gipsy Josie a false Turner, and fixed their gaze there.

"We are seeking our fortunes, Josie," said Turner, with a smile and she by saying that the occupant of Paleon ?" ing the gipsy's face. "Come, tell me ness" what the future has in store for our lives, and you shall have the prettiest | ly pale, and his lips trembled like as- answered, "No." necklace that Neponset contains." The girl without a smile, turned to

looking at him; "but I would not going across the fields to Ione." look into the future for your friend."

She shall tell mine then." hand of the delicate kid glove, and bless you!" dropped it into Gipsy Josie's palm. miringly; "but the future will not be which was cold as an icicle, and turn- you finished?"

a beautiful woman's blood!" his hand with a shudder.

blood upon this hand. Say that the fates will be kind to me."

But Josie repulsed him. "I do not want to tell a Turner's

"My name is Dyle-Herbert Dyle,

Gipsy Josie laughed. "I'd give a thousand dollars for each and every drop of Dyle blood in your veins. You are Paleon Turner. man who comes to me with a lie on

"Josie, you must tell it!" said Turnlift the veil of futurity. Here are bank notes and gold to weigh them

down;" and suiting the action to the words, he threw a number of bills on the stone, and weighed them down with glittering eagles. stood motionless, with bowed head,

"Tell my fortune, and take my money!" cried Turner.

"I will tell your fortune, but not dollar of your money will I touch!' she cried. "Give me your hand."

Holding his breath, Paleon Turner obeved. "There's blood on your palm," said the gipsy girl, looking up into the man's face, after a moment's scrutiny to get an inkling of the early life of of his hand-"blood which you can

never obliterate. Your fortune is linked with that of your friend's. You wreck you forever. Paleon Turner. the occupant of the open boat shall row you into darkness!"

and stared, blanched with terror, into the gipsy's face.

fiends incarnate!" he cried. There's as well," shuddered the gipsy.

transpire ?" "Within the coming year." "Foxeroft, do you believe her?"

"And so do I," said Turner, the pal- fortune-teller. lor of fear still on his face. "Let us

tache, delicately waxed, graced his meet you a year hence?" "I will be here," she said, looking at Turner; "but you will not come." At that moment a man rode by on

> their right. "As that horse bears his rider along, so fate is bearing you, man. Go, and think, when the allotted time is draw-

ing to a close, of Gipsy Josie." Paleon Turner turned away, leaving his money on the top of the wall, and George Foxeroft followed him. Josie watched them until the gathering shadows hid them from her sight. tering, when an exclamation parted Then she tore the bank notes into tatters, and scattered the coin about her.

proached the gipsy, who waited for false voice, full of mingled determin- friends.

"I am glad of it. 'Beauty unadorn- that woman. She is gifted with su- tatement.

loosely clad, and looked a very wood- in a vessel for Cuba. At the close of leading to Neponset. a year I shall return."

a glance at Foxcroft, who was study- the open boat shall row you into dark-

"I-I cannot tell you now," he its impression on her heart. finally said, with an effort. "I may "I will tell your fortune," she said, tell you when we meet again. I am will return to the house, then."

Turner's face blanched, and his lips clasped hands. "Say good-bye to in the boat a beautiful girl dressed in considerable information, and from comed a firm friend in this unacsuddenly lost much of the ruby hue. Ione for me; but for God's sake, say White for the grave. She looked like his talk, had seen his share of the countable spiritual presence, or what- hearty laugh; not the unearthly one "Let her tell your fortune, Fox- nothing about the gipsy's prophecy; a corpse, and I thought she was dead, world, but was not much of a sailor, ever it might be. croft." whispered the pale gentleman, it might frighten her. I hope we until-" George Foxcroft divested his right the time. Good-bye, Turner; God Turner, clutching the girl's arm.

"A pretty hand," said the girl, ad- could not. Foxeroft pressed his hand He walked down the narrow road

ten o'clock express whirled him from "No, no, Josie! this can never be," the scene of the woodland prophecy "The blood of the woman he shall "Fate, not Gipsy Josie, has spoken" love, shall stain my hand," he murthe girl answered. "I will tell you mured, seated in the rich railway and Paleon Turner turned to behold a ever I could, by trying to do more thrown the miselle, appeared, as I duds, surmounted by my old hat. I car. "What a dreadful prophecy! "Now for my fortune," said Paleon | Heaven keep us apart for the gipsy's of the elm. A stiletto glittered in the covering up his shortcomings; but thing, and I noticed him glance ner- lay concealed till the night after the

> Autumn is the fariest portion of the varied year. It is

of trembling winter." "How beautiful, Paleon!" exclaim d the regally lovely girl who walked through the wood at the speaker's side. "The poets love autumn. To

me this dusky month, October, is 'The month of all months of the year.'"

"This is October, degreet," he murmured. "I had forgotten it." "Oh, Paleon! how could you?"

er growing excited. I'll give you all and, with a beautiful blush, Ione think is dying now." the money on my person if you will Stanley looked up into his face, still pale. "I shall be very happy on the fourteenth."

"I trust so, Ione-indeed I do." cried, with anxiety.

Mr. Fexeroft." "I was thinking about him thi morning," Ione replied. "Come the fifteenth of this month, he will have been gone a year. It seems two to

him, Paleon. three months after his departure." "Which was very abrupt, I think,"

Paleon Turner shuddered gently. "Yes, I have written him repeatedy, but without receiving a reply Perhaps the good fellow is dead."

It was Ione's turn to shudder now, "I- hope not," she said. "He was shall love the woman whose blood is so handsome, so brave. You might

to stain his hands, and she shall have had a rival had he remained, Paleon."

the stone wall, and brand her a sorry

secret which he had withheld from often relates it to her children. her with scrupulous tenacity. Let me whisper in the reader's ear. Five years prior to the opening of

a tiny port in Itly. Paleon Turner smothered to death. and a beautiful Italian girl-his bride -were passengers on that staunch ship, and on the fifth day out, Inez breathe. took sick. Her malady, which seemed to baffle the skill of the surgeons, increased, till at last, to all appearan- dead. ces, she died. Paleon Turner seemed overwhelmed with grief. He would not sink his wife into the sea before his eyes, so he dressed her beautifully and placed her in an open boat. Sailors lowered it over the vessel's side one night, and it drifted away. The

quickened their steps, and rapidly ap- Josie a false prophetess," he said, in a croft, and the twain became firm

The eve of the wedding! Shadows were throwing their long lifted to her beauty. She returned night. I will catch the ten o'clock arms through the forest of the gipsy's prophecy, and the dying leaves were

Paleon Turner had stolen Ione

"Something tells me George is com-"Strange!" replied fone. "I have been thinking of him all day. Do "But tell me, Turner, what meant you know that I dreamed last night,

> "No. Do you believe in dreams, Ione?"

> But he saw that her vision had left

will live to meet Josie at the end of "Until what, Ione?" interposed cut of his jib.

Paleon Turner tried to speak but and then she opened her eyes."

into the sea. I saw-"

"Whom, Ione?"

"No! no!"

shriek and the bubbling of blood told wheel, the captain was up, and had man on deck again."

down into the face of George Fox- vard fore and aft. However, by luf- his relief. I think Captain Phelps, I made. While on one of my sprees, close," he said. I have watched the away anything. But Capt. Phelps, woman whose breath you took away frothing at the mouth, vowed he with poison, and put into an open would tan the clumsy lubber's hide boat, a long time. I understand that did it, and would "ride him

Turner bent over his almost bride. "Josie's prophecy!" he cried, starting back. "The blood of the woman I love is on your hands. I am going He kissed Ione's bloody lips, and

By-and-by the Italian wife crep from the shadows, and helped Fox croft bear the stricken one into the house. She struck at Turner; but, leaping aside, he had saved his life. Leaving the frightened guests, Foxcroft hurried across the fields.

"She may be there to-night," he murmured; and all at once a figure rose from a clump of alders that grew beside his path. It was Gipsy Josie.

man is on your hands!" she excome to tell Jose that she is a false prophetess. The occupant of the open boat is rowing him to dark-She paused, bade Foxcroft farewell,

"And a noble rival, too, but I guess mortal. She lingered a long time on he will not be present at our nupti- the verge of the grave, from whose dark depths the angels kept her, that "I fear not." And they walk on in she might eventually become the wife

and near Ione Stanley, whom he disappeared from Neponset; and, a that night. knew when he and Foxcroft walked year later, the inmates of the Stanley to Gipsy Josie's side. He was wealthy home received a brief letter signed the captain to forget his fears, and I should have him arrested as soon as freezing and thawing, which I see and hoped to wed the beauty of the "Inez" which enclosed an account of myself was the next victim of his we arrived in port. But I think he you sometimes suffer in Eastern little New England county. As the the suicide of Paleon Turner in New | wrath. He had ordered me to make must have relented, and connived at | Pennsylvania. One season, and one "I go back to Italy avenged. I

trusted, her heart. But there was a will never forget her prophecy. Ione Mrs. McDonald, of Calais, Me, wrapped her little child so closely for

A clear case-an empty dry goods The State for editors-Pencil-vania.

cut his heart out!"

to or'nary seaman's pay."

up over your lubberly back !"

from behind the long-boat.

fagged to make a nest piece of work.

"Fagged is it? Well I'll finish it

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VOL. 19.-NO. 33 OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

but the diversion served as good a exhibition; and taking a ticket, I enpurpose as on the previous occasion, tered, and took a seat. I thought the for he did not attack me again. Had Professor's entertainment the most he done so, I meant to resist, and wonderful thing I had ever witnessed grapple with him, if it cost me my or heard. After a variety of sounds That night the captain's slumbers marvelous skill, he informed us that were disturbed by a fierce cry, which he would hold a conversation with an appeared to come in at the side-light imaginary person up the chimney. in his stateroom, left open for fresh When the responsive "Ha, ha!" came air. The cry had been heard by the down, I was startled to such a degree mate, on the quarter-deck, and by as to rise from my seat. It was the Hastings, at the wheel, who could same voice, in preisely the same pe-

looked vainly over the quarter in ing finished his part, came forward to From that day he was harassed and his flowing heard and other disguises, persecuted at every turn by an "in- I recognized one whom I had supvisible presence," which gave him no posed to be dead five years before. peace of his life. Whether on deck "Jack Hastings," said I aloud, foror below, he found no escape from it, getting in my excitement where I abuse or swear at any of the ship's "Sit down!" "Put him out!" cried

and especially when he began to was. company, the voice of the hidden a dozen voices at once, champion invariably took their part. I subsided, of course, but not be-The insolent laugh rang in his ear on fore I had received a sign of recognievery such occasion, seeming to come tion from the ventriloquest. When

I shipped in the Norway, for the But no such manifestations ever ed to me, an in the privacy of his passage from Cronstadt to Hull, and troubled us in the forecastle, nor did own room, grasped my hand with a another Englishman, who went by the unearthly voice ever address any hearty pressure. the name of Jack Hastings, joined one on board but Captain Phelps. The her at the same time. He and I had more superstitious part of our crew name of miracles were you saved?" lodged together on shore, and be- would rather have bourne his tyrancome somewhat acquainted before we nical treatment than have lived in a "Then good-bye;" and the twain of a great ship, Paleon, and there lay became shipmates. He was a man of haunted ship, while some of us wel- raving mad."

as I had already surmised from the The captain's angry passions were and mastheads. to some extent checked by it; though "I never jumped overboard, We found Capt. Phelps, of the now and then, they broke forth so Ashton," and I never was any more "Until another vessel picked her up Norway, a Tartar in the worst sense suddenly that the object of his fury mad than I am at this moment. It of the word; and the voyage was received a blow before it could inter- was only a plan to frighten old Phelps. "What a terrible dream! Have anything but a pleasant one, especial- fere. We had arrived within a and I think it succeeded but too well. ly to Hastings. He was shipped for couple of days' sail of the English If he had been tried for his life, and "No. Helping to lower the boat able seaman's wages, and his deficien- coast, when, becoming exasperated at I had thought him in danger, I cies were soon apparent, especially to some blunder of Hastings', he hurled should have appeared in court, and a captain who had a hawk's eye for a belaying pin, which struck him on frightened him again to save his life, the weak points in a man, that he the head. The poor fellow suddenly But he could not be found, and I have might come down on him. As I had clapped both hands to the spot, with never heard of him since. My mad-"Yes; and will pay the debt I owe!" a strong feeling of respect for the a wild yell, and rushed into the fore- ness was all a sham, and the man The sentence was couched in a hiss, young man, I stood his friend when- castle. The captain, after having overboard was only a bundle of old course. One night, when it was nothing he recovered his courage, went ashore. Of course you under-He saved his own breast; but a blowing quite fresh, and I was at the and ordered Mr. Raynor to 'call that stand the cries you heard?"

him that the steel had stricken Ione. all hands putting reefs in the topsails. The mate, getting no answer to his sounds on board. Your ventrilo-The beautiful girl reeled and fell to The men had lafu down on deck, and call, went below, and found Hastings quism explains the whole matter."

might never get out again alive. stuff, and brought it down once, with a terrific cut over his neck and As he raised it again to repeat the the fore-swifter, and then a loud all be explained in some similar way. blow, while all hands stood looking splash was heard in the water under on, hushed into silence, a voice from aloft roared out "Hold your hand!" Mr. Raynor and the captain, who

were on deck, rushed to the side; a hat was seen for a moment, bobbing tells how he gets big crops of wheat: up on the crest of a sea, and the same "For the past five years I have averback aft, so as to look up, but could dreadful yell of insanity was repeated; aged forty bushels per acre of wheat even more shrill than before. Capt of the finest quality, always being ov-Phelps echoed the cry, but faintly, er-weight. I think I am still gaining and fell insensible to the deck.

and sea fast increasing; and it was think barley rather helps by the swered the officer. They're all here The second mate, without waiting for that he might never come up again; pasture it down pretty close. My soil over the top-rim, then made the cir- geance, mingled with kind words and clover about nine inches deep, give it

possible, the history of the voyage.

partner Hastings, I'll dock you both i ut I often found myself, while on subsequent voyages, puzzling my brain to account for the strange phe-In vain I remonstrated, saying that nomena of which I have spoken. the rope was too much worn and Five years passed away, and I was none the wiser in that respect, when I found myself in Liverpool, where I some one said, that "the tread of the arrived from a South American voy-"No you won't!" sang out a voice sheep is golden." age, and been paid off with fifty pounds-a considerable sum for me to He rushed round in the direction of have in possession at one time. the sound; but there was no one

evening, ready for anything in the

and voices had been imitated with give no explanation of it, and seemed culiar tones that I had heard so many

the front of the stage; and spite of

"Hastings," I asked, "how in the

"Saved? Where?" "When you jumped overboard,

He laughed-his own natural. which he sent down from chimneys

"Certainly; and the other strange

the ground; and as he flung the mad- were manning the halyards to hol-t delirious. He reported that he be- "I performed in most of the cities denset woman back into the shadows, away, when poor Hastings, instead lieved the man to be in a critical con- and large towns in England before I he saw a man spring to Ione's side. of the reeftackle, let go the weather dition, and the captain directed him knew you; but I was then dissipated and when he turned again, he looked foretopsail brace, and away went the to do whatever he thought best for in my habits, and squandered all that "The gipsy's year is drawing to a checked in again without carrying sailed with, did not dare to venture is how you found me in Cronstadt. while we were on the yards, a thrill- self better on this stage than I did on

> m'ght well have been raised by a And that is the only haunted ship maniac. A human form was seen by that ever I was in. I have heard of several of us erect on the rail, near others, but probably those cases might

> > FORTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT PER

every year, and attribute this to the Mr. Raynor hailed us on the top- system pursued and especially to sail yard with a voice like a trumpet- keeping sheep. My rotation is corn blast-"Lay down from aloft! Clear barley, with clover; third year, clover; and fourth year, clover plowed We thought the mate was quite as down for wheat. I have never missmad as the poor suicide; and so he ed a crop of clover by seeding it with was, for the moment. By the time barley. It gives the grass seeds a we reached the deck, he was ready to chance which oats do not. I raise countermand the order. Everything full crops of barley which do not at was hidden in darkness, the wind all interfere with the grass, but I hardly possible, even then, for the slight shading. After the barley is clumsy little boat to live. The Cap- cut the clover makes astonishing tain, still unconscious was carried growth, giving me superior late pastbelow, with many a muttered wish ure. Owing to danger from mice, I and bitter were the oaths of ven- is clay loam. I plow down the rank tears for our departed messmate' that one harrowing, then haul out my went round our wakeful little circle manure and spread. This I plow down shallow, as I consider it im-When the Hull pilot boarded us, portant to have the fertilizer near the strange chaos of rage and fear, and forty-eight hours afterward, Captain surface for the roots of the wheat Inez, the Italian wife, suddenly Hastings escaped further beating for Phelps was at his post, trying to look plant. I use the drill, putting in one like himself, but still pale and trem- bushel and one peck to the acre. I But a few days were sufficient for bling. The mate had told us that he have never had a wheat crop burt by a lanyard-knot in the end of an old. his escape, for he was missing before only, when we had a very fine fall of fagged rope, to be used for a lashing the ship was fairly secured. I don't growing weather, the wheat grew so rank that I pastured it some during though I did not wait to see. I was the winter. I have never had any atglad enough to shake the dust of the tacks of insect enemies on the wheat Norway off my feet, and to forget, if crop, and feel as certain of a crop of about forty bushels per acre under my. system as that spring will succeed winter. It is ten years since I moved on this farm, and believe that nothing more recuperates a worn-out farm than keeping sheep. They spread their manure evenly over the field, and I have found the truth of what

ed pork. Two of the victims have

Young men, never say die when

Living on excitement is very ex-

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State. THE YEAR'S TWELVE CHILDREN.

As the wild curiew around him flies; Or, huddled underneath a thorn, Sits praying for the lingering morn. February, bluff and cold, O'er furrows striding scorns the cold, And with his horses two abreast,

Like an old pilgrim worn and gray,

Watches the snow and shivering sighs

January, by the way,

Making the keen plow do his behest. Rough March comes blustering down the road. In his wrathy hand the oxen goad;

Or, with a rough and angry haste, Scatters the seeds o'er the dark waste. April, a child, half tears, half smiles, Trips full of little playful wiles;

And laughing, 'neath her rainbow hood,

Seeks the wild violets in the wood.

May, the bright malden, singing goes To where the snowy hawthorn blows, Watching the lambs leap in the dells, List'ning to the simple village bells. June, with the mower's scarlet face,

And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on O'er spots from whence the lark has flown. July, the farmer, happy fellow, Laughs to see the corn grow yellow; The heavy grain he tosses up

From his right hand as from a cup.

Moves o'er the clover field apace,

August, the reaper cleaves his way Through golden waves at break of day; Or on his wagon, piled with corn, At sunset home is proudly borne.

September, with his baying bound, Leaps fence and pale at every bound, And easts into the winds in scorn All cares and dangers from his horn. October comes, a woodman old,

A fir-branch falls at every blow. Blear crone, forgetting her own name Watches the blue smoke curling rise, And broods upon old memories.

His old heart warm, well clothed his sides

With kindly words for young and old,

December, fat and rosy, strides,

The cheerier for the bracing cold,

Laughing a welcome, open flings

His doors, and as he goes he sings, GIPSY JOSIE;

THE PROPHECY OF THE WOOD BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD. "Come Foxcroft, let us saunter through the wood, and see the gip-MIDLAND PACIFIC RAILWAY, sies. There's a girl in their camp. whose beauty is turning the heads of The startled man glanced at his

the young gallants of Neponset. She is lovely in her dark skin and merry

gipsy."

everybody."

"Prettier than Ione?" "No. Ione is the fairest creature n the world. A gipsy cannot be her rival. This girl-Gipsy Josie is the poetical name the people, her admirrs, have given her-is posessed of much intelligence, and it is said that she can tell the past to a degree of ac-

curacy that startles the listener, and causes him to credit her bold prophe cies of the future." "Then she shall tell our fortunes

Turner. I never had mine told by a

Paleon Turner shuddered, and his

lips quivered as he replied to his companion. "I do not believe in fortune telling." he said. "It is not given to the human hand to lift the veil that obscures the face of futurity, nor human eye

to look upon that which is sacred to

"You say that this gipsy beauty can tell accurately the past?" "It is said that she can," replied Turner, emphasizing the first three words; "but I do not believe it. However, I do not avow that she can not. You know, Foxcroft, that these professional fortune tellers contrive

"Does Gipsy Josie know you?" "I am confident that she never saw me," replied Paleon Turner. "I re turned to Neponset but last night, af ter an absence of two years, and of course I never encountered the brown beauty. No, sir; she knows naught about me, unless somebody has post-

creasing impatience. "I want my fortune told. Of course you'll let her my money; take it." tell yours, as well, Turner?" The twain had entered the beautiful New England wood now, and were treading a well beaten path that plunged boldly into the midst of the trees. They were handsome men, tall and fashionably clad. Turne was his companion's senior by several years; his face was covered by an auburn beard, silken in its nature, and his blue eyes were full of lustre George Foxeroft's form was more ef-

Suddenly Turner paused, and turned to Foxeroft. "My name to Gipsy Josie is Herbert Dyle," he said. "What is yours?"

"George Foxcroft."

his lips.

friend's eyes. "Well, as you like it," he said; "remember, I am Herbert Dyle, to that "I will not forget it."

Turner turned to resume the saun-

Turner stared strangely into his

"By my soul Foxeroft, we are lucky! Yonder walks the very wo-

The men, flushed with excitement "Foxcroft, we must make Gipsy where he encountered George Foxthrough the wood.

ed is adorned the most,' you know." pernatural powers. My God! I trem-The gipsy girl arose as the men bled in her presence; she seemed to

George Foxcroft.

kind to it. It will be stained with ed away.

Turner. Do not cast the stain of year!'

fortune," she said. he said, quickly. "Do I resemble the

I do not want to tell the fortune of a

But the gipsy turned away, and and hands clasped before her.

The girl impulsively turned upon

The man jerked his hand away, als. "Woman, you are in league with

"But tell me, when is all this to "I am not inclined to superstition."

feminate than Turner's; he wore his go; I have something to say to you in Neponset; Josie, where shall we

"I wouldn't have his money," she muttered. "Like his hand, it is stain-The men did not utter a word until next morning it was lost to view, and Result And Horse shoer. First the wife's great fortune fell to the between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, on the stone wall. We will glide upthey had quitted the forest; then busband. He reached America.

them beside a stone wall that ran ation and fear. "We must separate He wondered, as his second wedfor one year; yes, for a twelvemonth ding-day approached, what had be-"She is not clad in the toggery that from this night we must not look in- come of Foxcroft. Was he, if living, pered Turner, as he hurried along, "It's the only way by which we pose of meeting Gipsy Josie? Atany and Foxcroft replied in a like tone. | can defeat the prophecy. I believe rate, the prophecy bid fair to be a mis-

and the companions leaped the wall "I regret this parting, Foxcroft," dropping with mournful murmurings said Turner; but I feel that it must to the ground. darkly shaded as it was by a mass of "I shall make New York my first from among the gathering guests, rich hair, falling uncombed over her objective point," answered Foxcroft, and stood beneath an elm, whose shoulders. She was lightly but not "There I shall probably take passage strong branches hung over the road

> "And with the sanction of Heaven, ing," he said, with pale lips. prophetess."

Paleon Turner's cheeks grew death- She hesitated, and to please him pen leaves.

Foxeroft started back and withdrew that led him to Neponset, and the

"How beautiful the foliage, Ione! "The year growing ancient.

Paleon Turner started, and a pallor came to his cheeks

"But what makes you so pale?" she "Nothing; it is all over now," h said. "I wonder what has become of

me, already. Do you not hear from "He wrote me one letter from Cuba.

said Ione.

One year lacking four days, had fled since the utterance of the gipsy's prophecy. During the time Paleon "No, no! the stain of blood is on it Turner had remained in Neponset, weeks lengthened into months, he Orleans. answered George Foxcroft; "but I thought often of the prophecy, and believe that Josie has spoken dreadful believed that he would greet Josie by have driven him to his death."

our story, a vessel sailed from Madrid riding the other night that it was

hastening to Neponset for the pur-

"Tell me your dream, dearest. We "I saw a boat lowered over the side

girlish figure spring from the shadow than my own share of duty, and thought, surpised at not hearing any- slipped down into the fore-peak, and uplifted hand, and Turner sprang I couldn't always be at hand, of viously aloft. But, still hearing ship arrived, when I stole out and

Josie's last words now. Turner, I down like a main-tack." He rushed guess you had better fly. Ione, I at Hastings with a piece of ratline-

turned away.

"See! the blood of a beautiful woclaimed, triumphantly, "He will not Mr. Raynor?" he demanded of the

The men looked from one to an-Ione Slauley's wound did not prove other, but the number was correct orders, sprang up aloft and looked enit of it, looking all round the mastof the man who had loved her long, head, and reported himself alone. whom she learned to love with her The captain dropped his rope's end during the stormy, dismal night. whole soul. That man was George and went below, his mind in a

to him, telling him I had made the This was all the letter said. I know best job of it that I could. not what became of Gipsy Josie; but He had gained Ione's hand, and he I do know that there are those who "Well if that's your best," said he. 'you're as much of a lubber as your

The cheapest way to live is to

The Granger's trump-Spades. Bound in calf-Veal.

search of the cause.

from over-head.

ing cry arose from the bows, such as board the Norway."

away the small boat !"

somewhere, I did so, and returned it think be was ever brought to justice.

Strolling along the streets at early "Who was that that spoke?" he cried. "If I knew who he was I'd way of amusement that might turn up, my attention was caught by a "Ha! ha! would ye?" was an- poster, announcing the performance swered, derisively-from the main- of "Professor Holbrook, the unrivaled and world-renowned ventrilo- there's a pair-o-dize within your It was broad daylight, and all could | quist." I had never seen a perform- reach. see that there was no one up there. I ance of that sort; but after reading was quite as much startled and mysti- the bill, I resolved to go. I was just fied as my tyrant could possibly be; in time when I reached the hall of pensive living.

to share his astonishment and fear, times from the Norway's mainton! when he rushed on the deck and A minute later, the Professor hav-

the performance was over he beckon-

fing up smartly, we managed to get it like some other hard cases that I have I shipped, and went to sea; and that into the forecastle himself, for fear he But I was never stock to make a sailor of. Since I have returned I That night, it became necessary to have done well, and saved money; call all hands out to reef again; and and you must allow that I acquit my-

A writer in the Practical Farmer

in Kankakee, Ill., from eating diseaslied, an several others are in a critical