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Plott's Star Organs, Agents supplied at figures that defy competition.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, JOSEPH SHUTZ, No. 59 Main Street Brownville.

Plott's Star Organs, Celebrated for their purity of tone, elegant design and thorough construction.

CAGED. BY PAUL H. MAYNE. You think he sings a pious song! Ah, well, he sings! but only see How oft on glossy neck and breast His bright head droops despondingly; Or note the restless, eager bird When a free minstrel's voice is heard.

You think, because he peeks his grain With vigorous men and active bill, This long captivity has trained To tame content his roving will. But watch as some wild pinion flits, Flashed near his cage, from summer skies: He lifts his crest, his eyes dilate To yearning oaks of pines and firs; His whole small body seems to thrill And vibrate to the heart's desire: The breathless wish once more to roam The broad blue heaven God made his home.

Mark, next, the weary pant, the sigh Of hope deferred, that follows then; Perchance your captive's pain is deep As that which haunts the imprisoned men, Pining behind their cruel bars For sunlight or the holy stars.

Come! open the door! he owns a soul As tender, sensitive, and fine As yours or mine, for aught we know, And dowered with rights scarce less divine: Come! let him choose, at least, between God's aure and your guided screw!

Freely yet he flies not! Wait! his brain Is gazed! he comprehends not yet How earnest is your proffered boon— How surely his the glorious debt Of Freedom and all freemen's rights; Wait!—his pruned his doubtful wings,

Hops perch by perch to gain the door; Then, as if first conviction came, Full-faced, and whispered, "Thou art free!" He darts without, a winged flame, And soon from far, far cloudland floats The rapture of his faithful notes! —Independent.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. The Murder of Mr. Sammis.

In the year 1841, the now flourishing city of Steubenville, Ohio, was a very small place. Its population was noted for its quiet and orderly character, and there was not a single saloon in the place. Crime was very rare, and the Circuit Judges often had occasion to congratulate the people upon not having a single criminal case upon their calendar.

As a consequence there was intense excitement in Steubenville when, at an early hour in the morning of the 17th of November, in the above mentioned year, the report reached the place that the corpse of a man had been found in the woods within a hundred yards of the last house of the town, and close to the Pittsburg turnpike, with every indication that an atrocious murder had been committed. The Sheriff, accompanied by some fifty citizens, immediately hastened to the spot indicated to him by the person that had discovered the remains of the murdered man.

That person was a despicable old woman, who had gone to gather brush-wood. No one would have suspected her, under any circumstances, of having had anything to do with the bloody deed, and, besides, she manifested such unfeigned horror in describing what she had seen at the dismal spot in the woods that she was unhesitatingly allowed to go about her business.

Upon arriving at the scene of the supposed murder, the Sheriff and his companions saw at a glance that a terrible crime had been committed. The dead man was covered all over with frozen gore, and seven wounds, apparently inflicted with a sharp knife, were found upon his body. His head was still covered with a moist felt hat. His face presented a most ghastly aspect. A terrible gash extended from the temple to the right jaw. Another gash was in the forehead. The victim was dressed in a substantial fur coat. He was apparently forty-two years old. When his pockets were examined they were found to be entirely empty. But close to the body was found an old-fashioned watch. It was still open, as if its contents had been taken from it, and as if he who had emptied it had afterward thrown it away.

At a distance of about ten yards from the corpse, near an old log, lay a peculiar-shaped fur cap. It could not have belonged to the murdered man, for, as we have said before, he had his hat on his head. The ground was covered with snow, and there were a number of light footprints visible in it. These were the only indications of the perpetrator of the horrible crime.

The Coroner was sent for, and until his arrival the Sheriff and his companions went to the Ohio Tavern, which was situated at no great distance from the scene of the murder. When the Sheriff told the landlord about the murder, and described to him the appearance of the corpse, the landlord exclaimed at once:

"Great God! that poor fellow cannot be anybody else but Mr. Sammis, the Pittsburg cattle dealer. He was here last night and took supper with another man from Pittsburg, whose name, I believe, was Belsion or Wilson, and who rode on toward Pittsburg immediately after they had left the table. Mr. Sammis sat in the front room with me and Jack Capon for an hour yet, when the two went out together."

Jack Capon was a disolute but very good natured fellow, about thirty years old, who had a decided aversion to work, and a still more decided predilection for strong drink.

He could not get any whisky at Steubenville, and hence he often walked for miles and miles in order to obtain a "wee drop" of whisky. When he was successful he returned with his hat full of bricks to Steubenville, where he had frequently been punished by the "Squire" for intoxication, with fine and imprisonment. Still, everybody liked him because he had an excellent, most unselfish heart, and never forgot a favor done him.

"What sort of a fat did Capon wear last night?" asked the Sheriff. "Why, no hat, but a fur cap—made of beaver skin—with two ear-covers." "Was this the fur cap?" said the Sheriff, producing the fur cap which had been found near the corpse of the murdered man, and which he had thus far been holding under his cloak.

"Yes," exclaimed the landlord, "that is Capon's cap, and no mistake. Where did you find it?" The Sheriff told him. Everybody seemed horror-struck at the idea that poor Jack Capon should have committed so atrocious a crime. Men were immediately dispatched to hunt up Jack Capon. They did not find him at his wonted haunts in Steubenville; but a man who was well acquainted with his habits said if he could be found anywhere it would be at the cabin of old Sim Brooks.

Brooks lived in the woods on the Pittsburg side of Steubenville, about one mile from the spot where the corpse of Mr. Sammis had been found. Like Jack Capon, old Brooks was fond of whisky and the two would frequently drink together until they were utterly oblivious of the cares and sorrows of this world, which as they thought, had not retarded either of them too well.

So to Brooks' cabin went the men. They knocked at the front door, which was locked. For several minutes there was no response. At last old Brooks himself opened the door. They saw at a glance that he was in an alarming state of intoxication. "Is Jack Capon here?" they asked. "Ye-ye-yes," hiccupped Brooks; "he is lying asleep yonder, behind the stove."

Then the drunken old fellow went back to his lounge, and a minute later he was found asleep again. The men stepped up to Capon. He was drunk also. His coat and shirt were covered with blood. They exchanged significant glances and aroused him, not without considerable difficulty. "What do you want?" he asked, yawning.

"The Sheriff wants you, Jack." "The Sheriff! What for! I hain't done nothing." "You are suspected of having murdered a Mr. Sammis, of Pittsburg." "Go away! I murdered a Mr. Sammis? You must be loony." "Look at yourself!" Capon looked at his clothes. The sight of the bloody stains on them caused him to sober up at once.

"How did I get these stains on my coat and shirt?" he stammered out at last. "Don't you know anything about them?" they asked. "No, no! You say a murder was committed?" "Come, come, Jack Capon," they replied, "you can't fool anybody by pleading ignorance. What did you do with your cap?"

He looked about the room. "Some one must have taken it away," he said at last. "You left it near the corpse of the murdered man?" "Was it found there? Great God! great God!" He buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

Then he followed the men, who also took old Sim Brooks along, willingly, to the Ohio Tavern, where the Coroner had meanwhile arrived. The Sheriff appeared soon afterward with some men who were carrying the gory frozen corpse of the victim. Jack Capon was conducted to the corpse. As he caught sight of it he recoiled in horror.

"It's Mr. Sammis," he gasped out. "Poor Sammis, who has murdered him?" "You were last seen in his company," said the Sheriff; "your cap was found near the corpse, your clothes are blood-stained; who but you can be the murderer?"

"I am innocent!" cried Capon, desperately. "I got tight at Brooks'." "Don't know how I got this blood on my clothes, nor how my cap got near the corpse. I have even forgotten that I was with this poor gentleman." The Coroner impoed a jury, and in the first place, took them to the spot in the woods where the murder had been committed. Jack Capon, who had been, meanwhile, heavily ironed, was also conveyed thither. The footprints near the point where the corpse of the murdered man had lain, were not very distinct, but they seemed to correspond exactly with the soles of Capon's shoes.

Returning to the Ohio Tavern, the Coroner swore Sim Brooks, who, by this time had become perfectly sober, and who stated that "last night, about 10:30 o'clock, Jack Capon had come to his cabin and asked him if he had any drinks. He had given him half a dozen whisky, whereupon Capon had wanted still more, but he had no more. Capon had then shown him a ten-dollar gold piece, and had asked him if he knew where any whisky could be bought. He had answered if he would go to Mike Perry's he might get some. There Capon had gone, and returned with whisky but without his cap, and with his shirt and the front part of his coat all bloody." Brooks added that he had

asked Capon how he got that blood on him. Capon was so drunk that he could not give a very intelligible account of what had happened to him, but he had said something about having had a fall and hurt himself. Upon hearing this evidence, the prisoner exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, that's true—I do remember it now. I made a short cut thro' the woods to Mike Perry's house, where I got the whisky, and returned by pretty near the same route, when I stumbled over something and fell."

The jury rendered a verdict against him, and he was committed for trial. His pockets were then examined, and the ten-dollar gold piece, which Sim Brooks had mentioned, was found. Capon said that Sammis, who had taken an interest in him, had given it to him. This was considered a very flimsy falsehood, and everybody was convinced that Jack Capon was guilty.

A messenger, with the news of Sammis' murder, was dispatched to Pittsburg, where it created profound sensation. It turned out that the murdered man had nearly \$20,000 in large bank bills on his person. Sammis' brother Mark, a wholesale grocer, and a very energetic man, accompanied the messenger back to Steubenville, and engaged special counsel to assist in the prosecution of Capon. The latter was tried and convicted, but the jury having to fix his punishment, he was not sentenced to death, but to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

The prisoner was overwhelmed with grief because of his conviction. He never tired of protesting his innocence, and his eyes were constantly red and swollen from weeping.

He was taken to the Penitentiary at Columbus, where he was at first harshly treated; but his amiable disposition was not long in making so agreeable an impression upon the keepers that many privileges were granted to him. These he never abused; on the contrary, he proved an efficient assistant to the prison authorities on more than one occasion.

The nature of his confinement, however, was not so salutary as he was capable of committing so heinous a crime. Five years passed by, when an event occurred which proved beyond a doubt that Capon was after all an entirely innocent man. A cotton broker, named Wilson, at Savannah, Ga., had long been on bad terms with his wife. Finally he charged her with adultery, and sued for a divorce. The wife thereupon accused him of having murdered a man on the 16th of November, 1841, on the day after leaving Pittsburg, Pa., and of having robbed his victim of \$20,000 in \$500 and \$1,000 bank bills.

She said that she had to wash on the next day, when he had unexpectedly returned to Pittsburg, her husband's shirt, which had been blood-stained, and she had charged him with having killed somebody. He had confessed to her what he had done, and they had left Pittsburg a few days later, and gone south.

Wilson was arrested, and the authorities at Steubenville were communicated with. The Sheriff who had arrested Capon, and who was still in office, came personally to Savannah with a requisition from the Governor of Ohio. When he had his first interview with Wilson, the latter, who was terrified beyond measure by the prospect of the scaffold, asked him whether a full confession would save him.

"If you are guilty, it will maybe be the only thing that will save your life," replied the Sheriff. Thereupon Wilson made a clean breast of it. He said he had waylaid Sammis, who had left his horse at a house three miles from Steubenville, and had attacked him with a knife. Sammis had offered the most desperate resistance, and had compelled him to stab him so often before he had succumbed.

When the Sheriff arrived with his prisoner at Steubenville, the exasperated people there could be barely prevented from lynching Wilson. The Governor of the State, upon receiving a certified copy of Wilson's confession, immediately granted a full pardon to Capon, to whom the legislature, which happened to be in session at Columbus at the time, voted the sum of \$1,000 to indemnify him for the sufferings he had innocently undergone.

It is needless to describe Capon's joy at this unexpected change in his fortunes. He returned to Steubenville, where the people received him amid manifestations of unfeigned joy. At the next term of the Circuit Court, Wilson was sentenced to be hung, the court saying that the enormity of the crime had been augmented by his cruelly suffering an innocent man to be punished for it.

Capon gave a proof of genuine magnanimity by going to Columbus and asking the Governor to spare Wilson's life; but the Governor refused to interfere. So Wilson was hung at Steubenville on the 4th of January, 1847.

KINDERGARTENS. Their Scope and Uses—An Interesting Discourse by Prof. E. M. Hale, of Chicago.

The popular mind has a strange and erroneous idea that the kindergarten is a school. It is high time that the public is informed of the nature of the kindergarten, and the kind of education which is given to children who attend them.

The name of kindergarten means literally child's garden or children's garden. But garden in German does not mean the same thing as garden in English. The name garden in the German language means a place for recreation. It need not be a flower garden (blumengarten), nor need it have trees, shrubs, or grass. If only it is a place of resort where there is amusement, enjoyment or recreation of a harmless nature, such place is a "garden."

The idea of a school implies lessons and compulsory teaching. The kindergarten is not a school in that sense. The very idea of an infant school is horribly grotesque! The old theory that the intellectual powers of an infant—child under 7 years of age—shall be taxed to lessons, is utterly at variance with all correct ideas of infantile life. Admitting that there have been children who read Latin and Greek before seven, or were mathematical prodigies at six, we can only say that all such are intellectual monsters, corresponding to those physical monstrosities which sometimes are born among us.

During the years from three to seven, the purely intellectual life of the child should lie dormant, its activities should be repressed rather than excited. During these years the education should consist in physical culture, and the cultivation of the perceptive faculties. While rules of general morality may be instilled, all sectarian religious teachings should be sedulously avoided.

The true purpose of the kindergarten is thus briefly described by Frabel himself: "To take the oversight of children before they are ready for school life, or exert an influence over their whole being in correspondence with nature; to strengthen their bodily powers; to make them thoroughly acquainted with the world of nature and of man; to guide their heart and soul in the right direction, and lead them to the origin of all life, and to union with Him."

It will be observed that there is no mention in this of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, or of rules, precepts, etc.—not a word about books, or even of instruction in the ordinary sense. But it means that the child gains activity of the body, mind, heart and the perceptive faculties.

As a physician, I am naturally more interested in the correct physical culture of children, and I shall consider the use of the kindergarten in this respect. Up to the age of three, the mother, if she is capable of any care, is capable of the care of the child.—Then if she possesses a well appointed nursery, can spare the time, and understands Frabel's method, she may still undertake the education of her children. But how many mothers can do so? And if she does not, how do the children occupy their time? Physical activity they must have. Amusement they must have. And if they are left to their own unaided instincts, what will be the nature of that activity and their amusements? We can imagine them, and every father and mother can describe them.

After the age of three the child had better be given up to the kindergarten teacher. What kind of a person should a kindergarten be? Dismiss from your imagination everything reminding you of a pedagogue of either sex, and imagine a gentle, pleasant, happy-faced woman. She must not only be a woman, but she must have a mother's instincts and feelings.—Her pupils are her children for the time, and she must feel toward them as such.

How many hours a day will she have charge of these little ones? Not more than three. How does this compare with those terrible infant schools where the little creatures were (are they ever now?) obliged to sit six long weary hours, with only one hour of respite? Happily, those days of inhuman torture are nearly over, not only for little children, but for children of larger growth, even into the teens.

What do they do in these kindergartens? The children are not taught any lessons, except so far as answering questions go. Nor should we ever try to teach a child of tender years an intellectual process. Do you remember the time when you were called up to stand by the side of the teacher and repeat, parrot like, the A, B, C, etc.? Have you not a dim recollection that you wondered why you should repeat the names of those meaningless figures on the page?—There is none of this kind of teaching in the kindergarten; yet every child who has been an attendant a few months knows the whole alphabet.—It learned the letters because it was curious to know the names of the figures on its playthings. Aye, that is the secret of the whole matter. A child under seven years will learn all about anything it plays with, if you only answer its questions.

How does the kindergarten benefit the child's physical system? By promoting physical activity. Half the time of the three hours is allotted to such games as will bring the whole physical system into play. In a well conducted garden not a single muscle is neglected. The arms, legs, body, and even the head are educated to more activity, harmoniously and gracefully. The tissues are kept in almost constant activity, and a healthy body is the result. In the early years of life physical activity is more of a necessity than in later years. The old plan, so inhuman, so reprehensible, of cultivating the mind while the body remains torpid, was the greatest of all crimes. I regret to say, it is probably a fact, that the children's schools of America are the worst conducted. All the natural impulses of a healthy, physical life are restrained under the insane idea that the children must be kept quiet during school hours. The public, as there is no restraint in the kindergarten? Certainly, but all is so managed that the children do not know it. The fifteen minutes' active play disposes them to be quiet for the next ten or fifteen minutes, but this quiet is coupled with what seems amusement to the child.

Under the plan of enforced quiet during school hours, what occurs? A stagnation of blood in the head.—Why? Because the head or the brain within it is the only active portion of the body. The feet, hands, and extremities of the average school child, especially in our large cities, are cold. They are not brought into active exercise of a systematic character. Consequently the equilibrium of the circulation is destroyed, and vital heat is not generated when it should be. Physicians are constantly consulted by anxious parents, whose children have what we know as "school headache." The child may appear healthy in every respect, but complains of an almost constant headache when in the school-room, or when in attendance on school. A few days out of school causes the headache to disappear.—The school-room is usually overheated, but the hot air does not warm the cold extremities, while it aggravates the headache. In a kindergarten, if the rooms are well ventilated, no headache occurs, because the body is active, and the blood flows freely in the extremities. The character of the physical exercises in the kindergarten educates every muscle, and every joint to perform all its natural functions. It cures and prevents all awkwardness, for all natural motions are graceful, and awkwardness is unnatural. The ceaseless activity of the child is modified, harmonized and educated, until all action is graceful. The most awkward child soon learns to walk, run, or move with the ease of a cultivated man or woman.—Inter-Ocean.

The Proposed Democratic Rule. The Democratic party has neither the patriotism nor the ability to govern the country. It may have great men and great statesmen in its ranks, but they are certainly not prominent in public life. When it became necessary to form committees in the lower house of Congress the poverty of the intellectual resources of the Democratic party in that body became painfully apparent. The Speaker, himself unfit for the position to which he had been chosen, in canvassing his party associates found nothing but mediocrity more or less conspicuous. The alternative was presented of placing in positions of responsibility men utterly unknown, or men known to be incompetent or untrustworthy. Both horns of the dilemma were seized by turns, and the result was the most extraordinary as well as the weakest organization ever known to the popular branch of the National Legislature. That it would break down under the first assault of the trained and skillfully-manuevered Republican minority, as it did break down, was to be expected. That its experienced leaders would and it impossible to control the raw legislative levies of Southern hot-heads was predicted. The result justified the prediction. Hill and Tucker and the rest disclosed the animus of the ex-Confederates in a single debate, and the Democratic party in the House wrecked itself on Andersonville and the odious doctrine of State rights. From the day on which Hill eulogized Jeff Davis and defended the atrocities of Andersonville, and Tucker declared against the oneness of the nation, the status of the new Democracy became, so far as its present leadership is concerned, unalterably fixed. The mantle of Davis and Toombs descended on it, to be exhibited as a treasured relic of the late Confederacy, and worn boldly and with pride. What followed is well known. The party was quickly divided into two columns, the duty of the one being to make a pretense of economy, while the other poured into the House bills for appropriations to pay rebel claims. These latter have already reached an aggregate of \$50,000,000. Meantime the "retrenchers" assaulted the army and navy and the Military Academy at West Point. As Floyd and Thompson, under Buchanan, in 1859-60, prepared the way for the rebellion by sending the army to the remotest frontiers and the navy to the four corners of the habitable globe, so the ex-Confederate Democrats of the House have decreed the destruction of both the army and navy by cutting off supplies under the hollow pretence of economy! Thus Southern Democracy of late the Union seeks its revenge upon the army of the Union. History repeats itself. The Democratic party of to-day is treading in the footsteps of the Democratic party of 1859-60. It forgets nothing and learns nothing. Bourbon to the core, it founders in the mire of secession folly, which leads to defeat as surely as defeat followed the outbreak of 1860. So manifest are the present tendencies of the Democracy of to-day; as surely do its steps lead to destruction, that its most ardent supporters publicly deplore the desperate character of the situation. The Louisville Courier-Journal thus trenchantly describes it: "Yesterday the Democratic party stood upon rising ground. It was the Republican party that was down and distasteful. To-day the relative conditions are reversed. Democrats are at cross-purposes; Republicans are confident and jubilant."

They must abandon our provincialism and cast out our demagogues before we can hope to elect a President, and, even when we have done so, we must make a judicious choice of a candidate."

But the wily treacherous-floorslayers will shout in vain. The demagogues cannot be "cast out," for the Democratic party would, in that event be without leaders. But the worst feature of the situation is the fact that Hill and Tucker represent the real disloyal sentiment of the Southern wing of the Democratic party, as Sumner, Cox and Morrison, of Illinois, represent the corrupt ambition and average incompetency of the little local coteries of Northern Democrats who manipulate the voters of the party.—In a word, the Southern Democratic party is still filled with treason to the nation, and the Northern Democratic party is totally depraved by forty years' of abject subservency to its "masters"—the Calhouns, the Yanceys, the Davises, the Toombses, the Hills, and the Tuckers—of the South. Hale, of Maine, was right when he declared that Northern Democrats "dare not vote against their masters."

We repeat: "The Democratic party has neither the patriotism nor the ability to govern the country."—Inter-Ocean.

"Say, pop," said John Henry's hopeful, the other day, "wasn't it the price of whales that swallowed Jonah?" And John patted his head, and gave him a nickel, and told him he might some day be an alderman; and then as he put on his slippers, and found a small chestnut-bur in each toe, he took that boy over his knee and wrestled with him.

"Exploring waist places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the 'air," said Mrs. Henry, overbearing him, and sailing into his ragged boots and no mud or slush in reach.

A citizen of Macon, Ga., who kept up his New Year's calls until after dark, says that a dog on the front stoop is a poor substitute for a door mat. He doesn't remember whether he sat down on the substitute or not, but his pantalons seem to be somewhat worn behind.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. I shall never forget that meeting. Jones, in his military, boyish, mood, as they shook hands, remarked that—

A soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath, When in glory's romantic career, Fry caught up the rest of the sentence, and answered by saying: Yet he bends over the foe in battle laid low, And bathes every wound with a tear.

They turned round and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had had the word "Fire," and he slowly said "One—two—three—fire!" They simultaneously turned and fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand, and firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot, but seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it to the ground, and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down, and asked him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the stomach, the bullet glancing around that region, and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides, he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of his body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulents as I had. He afterwards got well.

Fry received three wounds—none breaking his left arm, one in the leg and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well.—Neither of them asked for a discharge, but resumed their places as soon as they recovered, and they fought the war out to the bitter end, and to-day are partners in a wholesale grocery business down south, doing a good business, and verifying the sentiment of Byron that "A soldier braves death," etc.—A Confederate Soldier's letter to Chicago Tribune.

"Well, my brave fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us to gain this victory?" "Do!" replied Mike; "may it please yer honor, I walked up boldly to wuz of the enemy, and cut off his feet."