THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"My Fred! I can't understand it,"
And his voice it quivered with pain,
While the tears kept slowly dropping
On his trembling hands like rain.
"For Fred was so brave and loyal,
So true; but my eyes are dim,
And I cannot read the letter,
The last I shall get from him.
Please read it, sir, while I listen—
In fancy I see him—dead;
My boy, shot down like a traitor,
My noble, my brave boy, Fred!"

"Dear father," so ran the letter,
"To-morrow when twilight creeps
Along the hill to the churchyard,
Over the grave where mother sleeps,
When the dusky shadows gather,
They'll lay your boy in his grave,
For nearly he traitor the country
He would give his life to save.
And, father, I tell you truly,
With almost my latest breath,
That your boy is not a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death.

"You remember Bennie Wilson?
He's suffered a deal of pain,
He was only *that* day ordered
Back into the ranks again.
I carried all of his luggage,
With mine, on the march that day;
I gave him my arm to lean on,
Else he had dropped by the way.
'Twas Bennie's turn to be sentry;
But I took his place, and I—
Father, I dropped asleep, and now
I must die as traitors die."

"The Colonel is kind and thoughtful,
He has done the best he can,
And they will not bind or blind me—
I shall meet death like a man.
Kiss little Blossom; but, father,
Need you tell her how I fall?"—
A sob from the shadowed corner—
For Blossom had heard it all.
As she kissed the previous letter,
She said, with faltering breath:
"Our Fred was never a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death."

And a little sun-brown maiden,
In a shabby, time-worn dress,
Took her seat a half hour later
In the crowded night-express.
The editor heard her story
As he held her dimpled hand,
And sighed for the sad hearts breaking
All over the troubled land.
He tenderly wiped the tear-drops
From the blue eyes brimming o'er,
And guarded her footsteps safely
Till she reached the White House door.

The President sat at his writing;
But the eyes were kind and mild
That turned with a look of wonder
On the little sun-faced child.
And he read Fred's farewell letter,
With a look of sad regret.
"'Tis a brave, young life," he murmured,
"And his country needs him yet.
From an honored place in battle
He shall bid the world good-by.
If that brave young life is needed,
He shall die as heroes die."

—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in the Detroit Free Press.*

COURTSHIP BY PROXY.

"INDEED," said the deacon's wife. I knew by that she hadn't heard a word I had been saying.

"Why, yes," I repeated, a good deal discouraged, for I saw I must begin again at the very beginning, "she is more than a hundred years old, and entirely destitute. Yet she did not complain of anything but the cold. She was formerly a slave in Kentucky, but somehow strayed away up here, and now has outlived everybody that ever belonged to her. If I could manage to get her in the Colored Woman's Home for the rest of her life I should be glad. But as she isn't a resident of the city, it will be necessary to pay her board. A dollar a week, Mrs. Hoyt thinks it is."

"Certainly, that would be the best thing to be done," replied Mrs. Deacon, waking up a little. "Still I don't know what we can do until we have called a meeting of the Society."

That was much like her! If the vestry had been on fire she would have stopped to call a meeting of the Society before she would have ventured to throw on a dipper of water.

"But the poor creature is freezing and starving," said I, impatiently. "Can't you, as President of the Society, empower me to give her at least one of those woolen sacks we have on hand?"

"I don't know but I might go as far as that, though I suppose it isn't exactly in order," returned the deacon's wife, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing the table cover between her thumb and finger.

She seemed to be meditating, so I waited for a minute, and then she said, abruptly:

"What do you think of Mr. Brodhead, Bella?"

"There! I shouldn't wonder if he would give something handsome!" I exclaimed, going down on my knees in my heart to the deacon's wife for my injustice. "He is a man of means and a generous man, I've always heard."

The deacon's wife look puzzled.

"Oh! your old colored woman!" said she, directly. "I wasn't thinking about her; I was thinking of you. Mr. Brodhead has a very high opinion of you, Bella. Did you know it?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Shackelford?" said I, as surprised as though the man in the moon had winked at me, for my friends all knew how I detested such talk. And besides, I never considered Mrs. Shackelford that sort of a woman. Her attention was usually centered in the Sewing Society and her flower garden.

But for once some other idea had taken possession of her mind, and as her thoughts always ran in grooves, she never could harbor more than one at a time.

"Mr. Brodhead is a nice man, and a fine-looking man," she said, looking at me sharply. "A man of means and a generous man, as you say."

"I suppose so," I replied, gathering my shawl about me.

"Oh! don't you go yet, Bella. I was wanting to see you, and I consider your dropping in quite providential. The deacon and I were talking of calling on you this very evening," said the deacon's wife, putting out her hand to keep me from rising; "and when I saw your blue shawl turning in at the gate I said to myself that's as marked a token as Rebekah at the well, with the pitcher on her shoulder. I haven't the gold earrings and bracelets to offer you, but I have all the rest," she added, laughing nervously.

Just now the deacon came in. Now there is in the opinion of his wife but one reason why Deacon Shackelford didn't make the world. He found it already made. And when he came in she looked up to him as though Atlas had come, and she could safely drop the world on his shoulders and go off picking golden apples.

"I was just speaking a good word for Mr. Brodhead to Bella, Deacon," said she.

"Ah! and what does Bella say?" returned the deacon, looking as though it were a question of investing in real estate, or the price of gold.

"Bella doesn't say anything," I replied. "Certainly not before she is asked."

"You need not wait long, if that is all," answered Deacon Shackelford. "I'll ask you now. Have you any objection to an offer of marriage from Mr. Brodhead? There!"

"He is a very bashful man, Mr. Brodhead is, Bella, and so he got us to help him a little. Why he is in love with you," interposed Mrs. Deacon Shackelford; "he is in love with you down to his boots."

"Let it run out of his toes, then," said I, beginning to feel like new yeast.

"But you can't have anything against the man," persisted Mrs. Deacon. "And think! after awhile you won't have your grandfather and your Aunt Susannah to talk to, and you will miss it if you don't have somebody in their place. It is best to think of these things. And you won't find a kinder man, if you search the world over with a wax candle, than Mr. Brodhead."

"Mr. Brodhead is well enough, Mrs. Shackelford. I don't deny that. But the idea of making a proposal of this sort through 'middle men!' It is too absurd!" I said, laughing, and put on my hat.

So I went home to my classes in embroidery and drawing, and wax work—to making Aunt Susannah's caps and grandfather's coffee. My life was full of monotonous work in those days; and sometimes I had a strange, uncomfortable impression of a machine wound up and running without any act of its own.

One evening when I was putting away the silver after supper, and feeling the creak and crank of the wheels more than usual, as though the machine needed oiling, the front gate slammed, and steps came along up the walk.

"I knowed some one was coming. I've knowed all day some one was taking of coming," said Gitty Pullen, who "to accommodate," as she often told us, had kindly consented to rule over our kitchen and us with a rod of pine (in the form of a crutch.)

As Gitty had no home, no money, and only one foot of her own, but as good as four ears and two tongues, it might seem sometimes that the accommodation was two-sided. However, things are not what they seem.

"I knowed it was Mr. Corliss!" pursued Gitty, triumphantly, as grandfather opened the door and disclosed the figures of our minister and his wife. "I can tell his step as far off as I can hear it. Did you ever notice his eyes?" she continued. "They look like two holes burned in a blanket. And he holds his head just like Deacon Shackelford's old white horse."

And then she disappeared into the kitchen with her crutch and the cat, while Aunt Susannah put in her teeth, put on her black silk apron, and went with her meeting step into the parlor. When I followed her soon after, I found her talking in as steady a flow as the waters came down at Lodore, to Mrs. Corliss, who sat by the woodbine window, with hands folded in black netted mitts across her lap, and her tea-colored curls shaking their heads, as it were, at the world and its vanities; while grandfather, who had been senior deacon for fifty years, and who had no idea even the church edifice could stand without him, was already in deep discussion with Mr. Corliss upon the question then absorbing and disturbing us, as to whether our Sabbath School should hereafter be called a Sunday School.

"I can never consent to have a religious organization known by a heathen name," grandfather was saying, as I heard him say half a hundred times before.

And Mr. Corliss, with his serene white head bent toward him, was thinking how he could braid in one the fossilized fathers and the versatile sons of the church.

So there was nothing for me to do but to sit and smile and listen; for grandfather and Aunt Susannah were not the persons to yield the floor when it was once theirs by priority.

"Mr. Corliss, is it not time for us to go?" said Mrs. Corliss, at early starrising, with her measured dignity.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Corliss, rising at once, with his head still bent to catch grandfather's last sentence.

"Bella, put on your hat and walk out with us a little way. It is a charming evening," said Mrs. Corliss, turning to me after taking a ceremonious leave of Aunt Susannah.

Of course I went for my hat. I should as soon think of insisting of breathing in an exhausted receiver, as of refusing to follow a suggestion of Mrs. Corliss. Or so I supposed then. But I trembled in my heart, and began to run over in my mind all my little over-dones and under-dones. She had such a Lady Superior way that, though I really loved our minister's wife, I always felt a sense of guilt, and never at home with her.

But it seemed it was not that I had been late at church or absent from the Sewing Society this time. Neither had I a bow too many or a bow too few on my Sunday bonnet. Worse, though; Mr. Brodhead had been to her.

"My dear," she began, as sweet and as cold and as stiff as a dish of frozen custard, "I want to have a serious talk with you on a serious subject, and perhaps I may as well say at once, Mr. Brodhead has solicited the good offices of Mr. Corliss and myself between you and himself. He seems to be a very earnest admirer, but a very diffident one. What should you say to the idea of entertaining a proposal of marriage from him?"

"I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, Mrs. Corliss. I have no expectation or wish ever to marry any one," said I, feeling very much annoyed.

Mrs. Corliss sighed severely. "Marriage is a divinely-appointed institution," said she, "and not to be lightly set aside without due consideration and prayer. You are not now prepared to give a final answer to so important a matter. It comes upon you suddenly. Take time, my dear friend, to think it over carefully, prayerfully, and with a view to what is your duty."

Mrs. Corliss shut her lips tight, as though to keep her teeth in, and then kissed me good-night—a soft, clammy kiss, which made me feel as though I wanted a lump of sugar. Accordingly, I went in the house and ate one, and thought no more about Mr. Brodhead for a month and a day.

At the end of that time Aunt Kent asked me to go down and do up her caps. Aunt Kent was a dear, good old lady, who lived in a little yellow and white cottage at the end of the graveyard, where her husband and seven children were lying in one pathetic row, under the beds of heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. But when they went she adopted all the world into her warm, motherly heart. So though she lived alone, with a little cream-colored greyhound, she had a large family, and whoever was sick, or sorry, or needy, went to her, as well as whoever wished for sympathy in health and gladness.

Dear Aunt Kent! when I went in there she was knitting a checked sock for young Mrs. Cable's first baby, with such a look of peaceful repose on her face that one would be willing to go over the same weary path of suffering, if it should lead at last into such a land of rest.

"I don't know when I've felt sorrier," said she, when I was settled at my work by her side, "than I did for somebody who came to me last week in a love affair. He is a man of whose love any woman might be proud, but he is so full of humility and self-distrust that he doesn't even dare open the subject to the young woman herself. And I don't know but it will cost him his life. He says he is sure it would if she should refuse him, and I guess he is sure about it."

In an instant Mr. Brodhead flashed into my mind, and my heart grew harder than the meeting-house steps.

"Why, Aunt Kent," said I, "it is too absurd! He has already been to the minister and to the minister's wife, and then to the deacon and to the deacon's wife, to ask them to intercede for him. I wouldn't have a man anyhow after he had made such a goose of himself."

Aunt Kent opened her eyes in mild astonishment, and then I remembered she named somebody. Then I stopped suddenly and felt my cheeks begin to burn.

"Dear child," said she, tenderly, "when you have seen a few more of the ups and downs of life, you will think more of a good man's love than you will of these outside manners. Mr. Brodhead told me he had been in his strait to some of our mutual friends, but he supposed they had not spoken with you. And we must not judge him by the standard we would apply to some people. He is shrinking to timorousness, especially with ladies. And he says he is conscious that he always appears his worst before you. Poor man! I've seen him sit at church with his eyes fixed on the ribbon of your hat, as it fluttered a little in the wind, and looked so hungry and so hopeless, my heart just ached for him."

This time my face flushed with anger as well as shame.

"I feel humiliated, Aunt Kent," said I. "I hope nobody else has seen him make such a silly spectacle of himself."

"Bella, my dear, you are wrong," interposed Aunt Kent, gently. "We must take people as they are, not as we would have made them. The man is cast in a delicate, sensitive mold, and this is nearly or quite a matter of life or death with him. I doubt if you are loved again by so worthy a man, and I am sure you will not be any more sincerely. I hope you will not be so misguided as to throw away such a treasure, only for a romantic notion."

I could not laugh at Aunt Kent's tender earnestness, but I shook my head and felt immovable from the bump of firmness down to my boot soles. And thus ended the third lesson.

Weeks after this, one day in the "dawning of the year," when the bees hummed and the lilacs bloomed, I went out to dig blood-root where the road ran through a bit of woodland a little north of the village. Because if we didn't need it, somebody might, and Aunt Susannah considered a few roots and herbs "so handy to have in the house." Presently I felt an unconscious, magnetic drawing to look up, and there stood Mr. Brodhead. To this day I cannot tell how he came there. It was as though he had shot up like a field lily, right out of the ground, and he stood with his eyes dropped shyly as a girl's, and his handsome lips trembling. I pitied him almost as much as Aunt Kent had done.

"It will kill me if I don't speak; and it will kill me if I do and you don't listen," said he, throwing out his words in jerks, like water running from a straight-necked bottle, and looking suddenly at me with such pathetic feeling in his great brown eyes that I began to feel abashed. For what was I that he should be so stirred by me?

"You couldn't care any for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Brodhead, humbly.

"Perhaps I might, I don't know," I replied, almost involuntarily.

"Dear me!" But a love story sounds so different when a man tells it himself.

And so, presently, it was I who trembled and cast down my eyes and blushed; and it was Mr. Brodhead who looked as though he was master of the whole world and the stars besides.

Aunt Susannah, waiting behind the woodbine window, thought I was gathering herbs to stock a pharmacy, for the sun had dropped behind the cedars on the top of Mount Margaret when I went home with Mr. Brodhead by my side, my hands empty, but my heart full.

Yes, we are engaged, and are to be married two weeks from next Wednesday. And the moral of my story is this:

"If you want your business done, go, if not, send."—*Exchange.*

How Michigan Fights Curculio.

THERE is no fruit of our Northern States more delicious than the plum, none more scarce, none more profitable to raise. Yet the curculio has nearly banished plum culture from our country. Notwithstanding the ravages of the "Little Turk," however, several Michigan orchardists secure this crop annually, with scarce a failure. A few years since one of our alumni, immediately upon graduation, engaged to labor for an orchardist of Northern Ohio. Some fine plum trees attracted his attention. He asked if they raised plums. "Oh, no!" was the response. "The trees bloom full every year, but the plums all drop off." He gained consent to fight the curculio, and also gained a large and profitable crop of this delicious fruit. The curculio hibernates, and if confined will live for years when properly fed and cared for. It is nocturnal, and early in the season hides under chips, boards, etc., by day, but later remains in the trees in the day time, as well as after nightfall. It stings the plums from the time they set till cherries are ripe. In stinging, it makes a crescent-shaped cut about the puncture where the egg is put. Upon hatching the larva eats into the fruit, causing it to fall prematurely. It also attacks cherries, peaches, pears and apples, but none of these last fall from the tree as the result of attack.

Early in the season, if there are no weeds, grass or rubbish beneath the plum, peach or cherry trees (the damage to apples and pears will hardly warrant effort to rid them of this enemy), it will pay to lay pieces of board or bark or chips beneath the trees. The beetles will hide beneath these traps by day, and can be easily gathered up and destroyed. Mr. A. S. Dyckman, of South Haven, Mich., whose plum orchard has been immensely profitable, states that this method saves him three hundred dollars annually over the old method of exclusive jarring. Mr. Dyckman uses oak bark, places two small pieces beneath each tree, on opposite sides near the trunk, with smooth surface down. He employs boys to gather the insects, and pays them according to the number they find. This insures close examination. The curculios are placed in an open bottle, closed by the thumb of the one who is gathering them.

Often the character of the orchard precludes this method, and even when practiced it needs to be supplemented, late in the season, by the jarring or sheet process. This is not expensive, and often brings a tremendous profit. To practice this we have only to put a sheet—a white sheet is best—beneath the tree and give the limbs a sudden jar. The little beetles, looking like dried buds, fall to the sheet, when they can be caught and killed. For a few trees the sheets can be tacked or sewed to a cheap rectangular frame, with a narrow slit on one side, so that the trunk of the tree can be brought to the center of the sheet's surface. With but a few trees, two persons can carry this sheeted frame from tree to tree. In large orchards it can be placed on one or two wheels, where one person can easily manipulate it. The mallet should be of rubber, or else cloth-wound, so that in striking the branches they may not be injured. A sudden jar is what is needed to fell the insects. From several years' experience, I know that with caution no damage need be done.

The trees should be jarred very early in the morning, or just before dark, when the weevils are mostly in the trees. The jarring should begin as soon as the fruit sets, and continue as long as the insects are caught. The frequency of jarring, whether once or twice daily, or less, will be indicated by the success in catching the beetles. Let all remember that these little weevils are very small, and when they curl up to fall, look like dried buds, so that the inexperienced eye hardly sees them. Look very carefully, or you will be deceived in thinking that you are free from the pest, when, indeed, your trees are fairly overrun. A brother of mine commenced a few years ago to raise plums exclusively for the curculio. Not thinking this profitable, he began three years ago to use the sheet, and now he has plums "to sell and to keep."—*Prof. A. J. Cook, Michigan Agricultural College, in N. Y. Tribune.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

CLEANING COMBS AND BRUSHES.—Wash well with soda and set in the sun to dry; rinse them well and do not let the backs get wet.

GOOD RUSKS.—One pint of milk, one teacup of yeast; mix it thin; when light add twelve ounces of brown sugar, two ounces of butter, four eggs, flour sufficient to make stiff as bread; when risen again, mold and spread it on tins.

TO GLOSS SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of powdered gum arabic, pour in a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork and keep it for use; add a teaspoonful of this gum water to a pint of starch made in the usual way.

CLEANING WOOLEN STUFFS.—Take one pint of hot water, and slice into it two ounces of shaving soap. Add to it two ounces of spirits of ammonia, and one teaspoonful of powdered saltpeter. Put into a bottle and shake until thoroughly dissolved. To use it, pour a little into a saucer, dip in a sponge, and rub the material vigorously.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup sugar, once cup flour, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful extract of orange; beat the yelks and sugar together ten minutes; add the flour with powder sifted in, and the extract last; add the eggs (whites) beaten to a froth; bake in a well-buttered tin in a steady oven, thirty minutes.

TIP-TOP CAKE.—One egg, one tablespoonful of butter, a small cup of sweet milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, one teaspoonful of lemon extract; beat the egg, butter and sugar together till light; add the milk; sift the flour and powder together and add to the rest; last, put in your extract.

BROILED SHAD.—Split and wash the shad and afterwards dry in a cloth; season with salt and pepper; have ready a bed of clear, bright coals; grease the gridiron well, and as soon as it is hot lay the shad upon it; broil quarter of an hour or more, according to the thickness; butter well and send to table; it can be served with melted butter.

TEA BISCUIT.—One half cup of butter, two cups sugar, two pints flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful extract nutmeg. Sift the flour, sugar and powder together; rub in the butter cold and add enough sweet milk to make a soft dough—add the extract last; roll out half an inch thick and cut out with a biscuit cutter; wash over with milk and bake twenty minutes.

HAM SALAD.—Take your fragment of cold boiled ham left after slicing, remove all dark and dry portions, also all the fat; mince evenly and fine; take enough rich, sweet cream to set the mince, a saltspoon of strong ground mustard, the same of fine sugar and a good pinch of cayenne pepper; mix thoroughly with the ham; garnish with sprigs of parsley, and you have a nice dish for tea.

CRULLERS.—One cup of white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one egg, three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder; season with nutmeg. Have the cakes all rolled out before you begin frying; have the lard very hot and plenty of it. Turn them over almost constantly while cooking, and you cannot fail to have cakes light, tender and free from grease.

TOMATO SOUP.—Six tomatoes peeled and sliced; pour over them one quart of boiling water, half teaspoonful of soda; when it stops foaming add one pint of sweet milk and season as for oysters, with butter, pepper, salt and a little rolled cracker. Serve as soon as it boils. Canned tomatoes can be used just as well. This is very delicate and nice for a person who is just getting able to eat after a fit of sickness.

EGG GEMS.—Mix together any kind of cold meat (chopped fine) with an equal quantity of bread crumbs; use pepper, salt, a bit of butter and a little milk; fill some buttered gem-pans with the mixture, then carefully break an egg on the top of each; season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle some very fine cracker crumbs on top; bake eight minutes; a little grated cheese may be added to the cracker, if desired.

CRUDE PETROLEUM is an excellent preservative of pine shingles, causing them to become of the character of cedar or cypress. But the petroleum will flavor the water that runs from a roof so prepared for more than a year. To steep the shingles in lime water renders the vegetable albumen insoluble, and so makes them more durable. The lime water is soon washed out, and after that the water is unchanged.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—For every pound of berries use one pound of white sugar and half a pint of water; pick carefully over the berries; boil sugar and water until it thickens, and then pour on the strawberries very gently, and let them boil slowly for fifteen minutes and no more; put it all away now in the preserving-pan, and let it get cool; when cold, strain off sirup, avoiding handling the berries; let the sirup now to boil alone, skimming it perfectly; when in a good boil put in the strawberries, and let the fruit be in not more than five minutes; then remove and put in pots or jars when perfectly cold.

CRIBBING is sometimes a trick learned by opportunity, and is sometimes brought on by uneasiness, resulting from indigestion, or by irritation of the teeth gums. In the one case it must be unlearned, and in the other may be cured. To prevent it, procure a cribbing muzzle, which is made with two bars across the mouth from front to back, so placed that the horse cannot take hold of anything with his teeth to crib on and yet may be able to take his feed. If the horse suffers from indigestion give daily in the food two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of prepared charcoal, and one of powdered gentian root.

DUSTING-CAPS.—These caps for protecting the hair says a lady correspondent, are much less commonly worn than they should be. They are prettier when made of shining cambric and gay ribbons. I have lately make one for real use, and chose plain dark calico, using an oval piece twenty-two inches long and eighteen inches wide; this was bound with gray plaid, and another strip half an inch wide was put on an inch from the edge. Under this last I ran rubber cord, and finished with a knot of ribbon in front. I wear it while doing all my morning work, for it not only protects my hair from every particle of dust, but hides its semi-roughness from all early and inopportune callers. Besides this, it is very easily drawn down over my temples while standing in a sudden draught of air, for I have learned that neuralgic nerves are very sensitive.

BEFORE the war, under the slave system, the average yield of cotton on the famous Sea Islands near Charleston, S. C., was from eighty to one hundred pounds an acre. Under the new system, and with free labor, the average production to the acre has been increased from eighty to two hundred and fifty pounds, and some of the planters last year made a net profit of $100 an acre.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S island has recently been rented of the Chilian Government by one Herr von Rodt, the son of a Protestant pastor at Berne. By all accounts he is prospering exceedingly, and has already succeeded in putting more than a moiety of the island under cultivation.

The Ruins of an Ancient City.

MR. FASSETT, the Postmaster at Mill Bayou, Mississippi County, Ark., writes to the Smithsonian Institution that he has unearthed the ruins of an ancient mound-builders' city. The rubbish and bricks of buildings dissolved by time, or or broken, and pavements of cement, were perfected, Mr. Fassett thinks, ten or twenty thousand years ago by the primeval inhabitants of this continent. He says nobody has explored or knows aught of the lowlands of the Mississippi, of canals or artificial lakes, or of the value of the country, or of its ancient system of drainage, and that Congress should provide for its exploration. Why should not the *Herald* find more profitable employment for its genius for adventure in the terra incognita extending from Cairo to the sea than in its little game of "freeze out" inside of Behrings Straits? A learned M. C. said yesterday that he would introduce a bill for the purpose indicated.—*Washington Cor. St. Louis Times.*

An Opinion in Verse.

Recently, Judge Logan E. Bleckley took his leave of the Georgia Supreme Court, after serving as an Associate Justice for five years. After he had delivered several opinions on cases which the Court had decided, he took up a sheet of paper and read therefrom the following lines, which were drawn up in the form of a regular judicial opinion:

In the Matter of Rest.

BLECKLEY, J.

Rest for the hand and brow and breast,
For fingers, heavy and brain;
Rest and peace! a long release
From labor and from pain,
Pain of doubt, fatigue, despair—
Pain of darkness everywhere,
And seeking light in vain.

Peace and rest! are they the best
For mortals here below?
Is soft repose from work and woe
A bliss for men to know?
Bliss of time is bliss of toil;
No bliss but this, from sin and soil,
Does God permit to grow.

Judge Bleckley read the lines slowly and with emphasis. By order of the Court they were spread on the minutes in honor of the author.

—John Bence, of Glendale, lost his little baby, a boy only twelve or thirteen months old, yesterday in a most singular manner. A little before noon Mrs. Bence had rocked the babe to sleep and had laid him away in his crib up-stairs. The crib is of the ordinary pattern, but with the little rounds which connect the upper and lower side slats, some eight or ten inches apart. Just before dinner Mrs. Bence sent one of her older children up-stairs to see if baby was all right, and the report was favorable. Baby was still sleeping sweetly. Twenty or twenty-five minutes later the mother went up-stairs herself, to find her little baby a corpse. He was hanging by the side of the crib, his head fastened between the two side slats, in which position he had been strangled or smothered. On awakening he had attempted to crawl feet first out of the crib between the slats, and between two of the rounds already referred to. His body, once through, its gravity had suddenly jerked his little head down against the slats, holding his chin and mouth so tightly compressed that the slightest sound from him was impossible. In this position he had died.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—On Tuesday last a great sensation was caused in Highland by the sudden arrival of a genuine female woman, accompanied by her husband. This being the first arrival of a feminine on Roaring Fork, every man in the camp turned out to see her, and they could hardly believe their eyes. The couple went in from Leadville by way of Taylor River. The man carried on his back a healthy infant and a heavy load of provisions, etc., besides, while the plucky wife had twenty-five pounds of flour as her portion of the luggage. The man seemed completely worn out, but the woman appeared fresh and vigorous, although snow and sun had spoiled her complexion somewhat. As soon as the miners recovered from their astonishment, they tendered the woman the best block in the city, giving her the choice, and agreeing that if the block selected had any buildings on it they should be hers.—*Roaring Fork (Col.) Letter.*

—A number of years ago Jacob Baughman was murdered in Zanesville, Ohio. On the night of the murder, a man living in the neighborhood dreamed that he saw Baughman surrounded at his own fireside by three men, heard their conversation, and saw them strike the fatal blow. He recognized every face, and when Baughman fell dead the dreamer awoke, in a cold sweat. The next day a neighbor asked him if he had heard of the murder. "What murder?" "Old Baughman has been killed." "Hold on, stop right there," said he, "until I tell my dream." Then he told his dream, omitting the names of the men he saw in it. The details corresponded with those known of the murder. The dreamer would not tell the names of the men he saw, although a lawyer frequently importuned him to do so. A few days ago he was asked again. It was on the day that the alleged assassins of the old man were arrested. "They are on the right track," he answered, but would say no more.

—Mrs. Sneathen, of Kent County, Mich., wants a divorce from Mr. Sneathen. She doesn't set up in her complaint the usual charges of ill-treatment, drunkenness, failure to provide, or incompatibility of disposition, but simply that the marriage was a purely business contract, and that Mr. Sneathen had failed to comply with his part of it, he having agreed to give her forty acres of land as a return for her becoming Mrs. Sneathen, and then failed to do so.

—The young onion-bed is now a scenter of attraction.

SAN FRANCISCO is opening up a large business by shipping live-stock to the Sandwich Islands.

ON A BASE-BALLIST.

John Smith is dead. That fine young man
We'll never see no more;
He was a member of our club
Since 1864.

His private virtues were immense,
His manners free and bluff;
He wore a paper collar
And was never known to muff.

His nose was Roman and his eyes
Continually were peeled;
He made a splendid umpire
And beautiful left field.

Though not a matrimonial man,
He dearly loved a match,
And, like his sister, had but few
Superiors on the "catch."

But he is gone. With ins and outs
Forever he is done.
He broke his heart and burst his spleen
In making a home run.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

THERE is a young woman nineteen years old in Trinity County, Cal., who has never seen a wagon, yet she is accomplished, being a good housekeeper, writer, singer and conversationalist. She is not blind, but lives in the lower part of the county, far away from the traveled roads.

THEY were four Brooklyn (N. Y.) hobbledehoys of from fourteen to eighteen years, they had been studious readers of the flash story papers and dime novels, and they decided to go West and have adventures. But there was a difficulty in the way; they had no money. After consultation they resolved to procure the necessary funds as some of the heroes of their favorite stories had done, to wit, by turning robber. Accordingly they ran away from home, took possession of an old stable which had the name in the neighborhood of being haunted, elected the oldest boy Captain, and entered upon the practice of their new profession. But things didn't turn out as they had done in the stories. The law, in the person of an unromantic policeman, got its eye on them, and now all four are locked up, and the Western adventures indefinitely postponed.

A Square Meal.

We are sure our readers will thank us for calling their attention to the very handsome advertisement of the Excelsior Manufacturing Co. of St. Louis, Mo., as it would be useless for us to say any thing in favor of their GRAND CHARTER OAK COOKING STOVE. The ... cook ... vig ... do. a ha ... stov ... Is p ... cov ... sun ... cer ... bold ... ent ... the ... tion ...

...of the Red Cloud Chief.

...this curing pimples, blotches and eruptions, and healing even great eating ulcers to heal. Sold by druggists.

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If you want good digestion,
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If you want good baking,
If you want the best stove,
If you want the cheapest stove,
If you want a good square meal,
Buy a CHARTER OAK STOVE.

The Stubborn Continued.

In writing of Warner's Safe Remedies, the Seneca Woodcraft, N. Y., has the following: "That these possess all the remedial qualities claimed for them is a matter beyond dispute; bona fide testimonials by the thousand from well-known citizens in public and private life are of themselves strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter, that they are the best medicines for diseases for which recommended, ever yet known to the public or the physician."

Entirely Satisfactory.

The Charter Oak is as near perfection as we ever expect to find a stove. Entirely satisfactory, in short, a perfect success as a first-class cooking stove.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In this condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

RENDING'S RUSSIA SALVE unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 25c.

NIGHT SWEATS, cough, emaciation and decline prevented by Mali Bitters.

THE genuine Fraser Axle Grease is said to be the best in the world, and we believe it.

Vegetine.

The Best Medicine.

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FREEPORT, ILL., Sept. 27, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

Dear Sir: I have used my share of your valuable medicine, "Vegetine," for General Debility, and have no hesitation in saying that I consider it one of the best, if not the best medicine in the market for a general purifier and Blood Purifier. J. H. FORTER.

VECETINE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.

Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility.

Read what Dr. Simmons says.

VERONA, MISS., June 4, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston:

I have used "Vegetine" in my family for two years and cordially recommend it as a remedy for Eruptions of the Skin, Chronic Sore Eyes and General Debility. I have also recommended it to a great many persons in this section, and I think it has given general satisfaction. Very truly,

DR. J. J. SIMMONS.

Your very valuable medicine, "Vegetine," restored the sight to my little daughter, saved her from being blind, and I have no doubt saved her life. Very gratefully,

MRS. J. J. SIMMONS.

WITH SUCH BENEFIT.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Nov. 13, 1878.

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Dear Sir—I can fully testify to the efficiency of your Vegetine as a great Blood Purifier, having used it during the last seven months with such benefit. Yours truly,

W. O. ST. SURE, Druggist.

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