My father's astonishment upon seeing

him at this hour did not in the least dis-

powder, and, as the store was fifteen

row some powder and shot, if my father

could spare any. My father cautiously replied that "he could not spare much,"

but let the fellow have some. He thanked him, and left. My father walked out with him to the gate of the stockade,

When my father returned, my mother

asked what he thought of the half-

breed's visit. She was much alarmed

and insisted that it boded no good. My

father laughed, but when he approached the candle again to take up his paper, I observed his countenance was deadly

went out to the gate of the inclosure?

main sitting-room. About nine o'clock

back from the corner of the stockade;

aside and asked him if he had seen any-

"Then," says my father, "there is omething wrong, for the fellow who

rode past the stockade an hour since was

Then my father called me to him, and

for some powder. I would not let that

half-breed rascal know how little I had,

on a black horse."

What could he have seen when he

serve this.

RIDGWAY, PA, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1872.

POETRY.

A WOMAN'S VEIL.

BY J. B. BRADFORD.

It was full many a season sine When I was summering at Cape May; They had a foolish fashion then— Mayhap they have the same to-day— That every lady in the dance If pleased with any should not fail into the partner she preferred, To give her voil.

And there was one I mind me of, Whose name—well, never mind her name: Helen or Alice, Blanche or Maud, Fo you who read will be the same. But that old fashion of the vells, Haply recalls the past, and stirs Memories that cluster round the night.

She flushed, poor child, in giving it, And I too felt my brow grow warm. A. laughingly, with fingers deft. She knotted it about my arm; And though the color on her cheek Was like the light in morning skies, I thought I saw a holier dawn Within her eyes.

The dance was over and we strolled Out from the ball-room's glittered press, To meet the breeze that many armed Clasped each one in its cool caress; And sauntering on we reached the sea-The far waltz music's cadence sweet, Mixed with the sound of waves that died

We talked of what I now forget. But carelessly, or seeming so; Next day I was to leave, but then In town we'd meet again, you know Ah, well-a-day! the gods dispose, And ruined hopes are worse than vain ; She laughed good-by—I new saw Her face again.

Time changes us not for the best, Though grief sometimes defeats his art. And keeps a little patch spring-green In the white winter of the heart. And mine, though colder grown with years. Feels that it is not frozen quite, As memory goes wandering back To that June night.

And sometimes on the summer ever Within my chamber all alone. I watch the moon rise o'er the roofs And think I hear the ocean tone; And through the smoke of my cigar See loves and joys I have not me That, as they vanish in the baze. Leave my cheeks wet.

L fe's a sad puzzle, and our hearts Grow taint in searching for the clue. She went before at twenty-five, And I live on at firty-two-And wait the end; for well I know That I shall meet her without fail, On some spring morning—and till then, I keep the veil.

THE STORY-TELLER.

JOHNSON'S FOLLY.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the events I am about to relate occurred, and yet my remembrance of the —Liph was in the habit of visiting at details of the narrative is as distinct as the Hanks cabin. Old Hanks had a if the terrible scenes through which I beautiful daughter named Amanda. She passed had taken place but yesterday, was a perfect picture; her features were so vividly were they impressed on my youthful mind.

Sometime in the winter of 1840, my father, Eben Johnson, emigrated in company with four other families to what was then a Territory, now the State of Kansas. The emigration association consisted of my father and with her. He was a noble fellow, and mother, my elder brother, Thomas, my deserved a good girl, and father used to two sisters, Annie and Mary, an adopted brother, Eliphalet, familiarly known to us all as Liph; the Willis family, the Montanyas, the Starbucks, and old Hanks (as our boys used to called him), his father or mother; they were lost in his two sons and daughter-all agricul- the surf, with a whole ship's crew, tryturists. Besides these families, there ing to land from a wreck on the coast were several artisans—a blacksmith, of Virginia, and Liph was the only one wheelwright, carpenter, a physician, and some young men from Buffalo, with the usual complement of wagoners and who had him christened, and gave him

I was then eight years old. I re- died, father adopted Liph. Everybody member it was winter, from the fact loved him. On our way out, he would that our wagons were frequently stop- carry Bill Starbuck's baby in his arms ped by snow-drifts. We had in our for miles, when the jolting of the wagon train fifteen wagons-three wagons to would make the little thing fretful; he each family-each vehicle drawn by six | was always sacrificing his own comfort oxen; there were, besides, two spare oxen allowed to every wagon. There were also in our party five young men gone over to the Hanks's one evenon horseback, each of whom brought ing; it was a dark, threatening night; with him two led horses for future ser- a light, drizzling rain had fallen early vice, all of them carrying packs propor- in the day, and now a raw, piercing tionate in size and weight to the strength | wind was sweeping over the prairie; it of the respective animals.

The wagons were, of course, packed dismal moan. A great log-fire filled with such wares, provisions and utensils the clay fire-place, which blazed up now as were necessary for use in the new and then, and shot out bright gleams country to which we were wending our across the planks of our little cabin. way. The settlers, except in very bad It was cheerful enough within; mother weather, walked either in front or rear of the wagons, with the exception of the old women and such of the emigrants as were taken sick by the way. There old, which he had got the last time he were in our party, as I said before, five had ridden over to the nearest army families; they, with the young men post, Fort Leavenworth. My brother who had joined us after starting, made Tom lay on a buffalo-skin in the corner, up our numbers to sixty-three people. fast asleep. My sister Annie was busy Of this number, sixteen were women with the hired girl in the other room and ten children. My father, who had washing up the plates, while May and planned the expedition, was what is Susie were sound asleep up-stairs in called a well-to-do farmer in Indiana, their little beds, which Liph had made and the families who joined him were for them out of red cedar wood. There all pretty much of the same class ; hav- | was a ladder only to mount to the second ing sold their farms, they converted the proceeds into such articles as were required on the frontier, and such trink- stairs such as she had always been acets as would prove attractive in ex- customed to, father was obstinate, and changing with the Indians for furs, skins and other things. We proceeded at the rate of about ten miles a day, al- acceding to mother's desire. Old Nero, though sometimes, in good weather, we my father's pointer dog, lay before the travelled fifteen. This, however, was fire, occasionally growling in his dreams. generally more than the women could walk. At night the wagons were parkets, my father's rifle was laid, for the walk. At night the wagons were parked, and the oxen and horses picketed; day; the charges had not been drawn the fires were lighted, and a regular guard detailed to keep a lookout for the wild tribes of Indians who occasionally were seen on our trail.

We were thoroughly armed and equip- ting his nose close down to the floor ped, every man provided with two rifles, scenting something without and growla brace of pistols, and a long knife; even the boys carried a rifle. By day As I said before, a high stockade surwe amused ourselves on the march in doing a little hunting after buffalo and left unfastened until Liph came home. antelope; but this was only when the train halted for several hours, as they did once in each day. Our destination heard, and presently a knock at the

country which bordered the Kansas river, now the fertile region in the heart of which the city of Topeka has lately reared its spires to the sky, and from whose workshops and factories the smoke curls up lazily in the clear atmosphere of the prairie-land.

Three weary months were passed from the time we left Indianapolis (where we fitted out) until we reached our destination. Arriving at our journey's end, after a careful examination and survey of the country, the ground on which we agreed to settle was parceled out among the different families, and axes were soon brought into requisition, timber felled, and in a few days a dozen or more log-cabins were erected, and the settlement, as it had now become, was beginning to put on quite a business-like appearance. Let it not be under-stood that the log-houses of the settlers were near to each other; on the contrary, each settler built on the land assigned to him by the association, loca-ting his cabin in the centre of a plot of from one to two hundred acres, or as much as he thought he could cultivate. This arrangement brought our cabins at least a mile apart from each other; it would have been better, as the result will show, if they had been nearer to-

Four years had elapsed; the cabins were all built with stockades to protect us from sudden attacks of the Indians; the farms were all in a high state of cultivation; settlers had been arriving and filling up the nearest town, which was about fifty miles distant, and we lived in comparative security. Trading with the Indians had been carried on extensively, and my father's wisdom in the selection of the site, near the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri rivers, was acknowledged by all, as furs and skins were brought down in great quantities by the red men in their canoes.

I think it was the spring of 1844 or 1845, if I recollect rightly, my father had built an addition to his house, which consisted of a second or upper story, and as this was rather an innovation on the prevaling style of architec-ture of the settlement, it was shortly designated as Johnson's Folly. Whether this act of my father's was one of wisdom or the contrary we shall see. I say I think it was 1845, for I am very sure we had just heard of the election of For several months previous there had been occasional marauding parties from a new tribe, the Arapahoes,

say "it was a pity Liph was not born a

prince, for he was noble enough to be

come of gentle blood. No one ever knew

saved. He was brought up till he was

seven years old by a man named Busch,

his own name, Eliphalet. When Busch

came in fitful gusts, and died away in

seemed to have some reason of his own

(though he never expressed any) for not

he and Tom had been hunting deer

and had come home after a fruitless search. Suddenly old Nero jumped up

with a howl, and ran to the door, put-

but have nearly run out, and we may want all we can got before morning." who had lately made their appearance, but they were friendly to our allies, the So I started for Hanks's. At the gate, my father said: "Stevie, be careful how you go; the reason why I send you Blackfeet, and we apprehended no serious trouble; still, there was uneasiness felt in the settlement, and the Indians is, they will not notice you, as you are small; if Tom, or Liph, or I should go, we could not hide as well as you. I fear who had come to live with us shared the anxiety. It was not considered safe to be away from home after nightfall. My eldest brother—at least I call him there are some bad Indians about. Keep close along the timber; don't show your-self in the open prairie at all. Keep such, though he was really but an adoptyour eyes about you. Get all the powed son, whose name was Eliphalet Busch fore the moon rises."
I reached Hanks's in safety, saw noth-

told him what father thought, go all the ammunition I could carry, and regular, her eyes deep hazel, her hands small and delicate, and, as her old father started back; but I had not proc far before I saw half a dozen Indians said of her feet, "they were too small to riding on the prairie. They were going be stood upon much;" her hair was a at the top of their horses' speed in the dark, rich brown, with a golden tinge direction of our house.

My father let me in; we closed and barred the gate, then we closed the door and barred it, as usual. Father examined the heavy shutters; they were all tight. Then, said he: "Boys, wake up Tom. We must get to work and load one." Indeed, some thought he did every rifle and pistol in the house." I woke up Tom.

After we got through loading, my father made me lie down, and he lay down himself. Liph said he would keep watch.

The clock kept ticking away, as though nothing unusual was at hand, and father seeing the hands pointed to two, said he thought it was a false alarm, and turned over and fell asleep.

It seemed to me I had been asleep

only a few minutes, when Nero sprang up, and gave a loud bark that brought us all to our feet. Father had his rifle in hand instantly. We listened-not a sound-the dog with his nose to the sill kept up a low growl.

Father and Liph talked in an under-

tone, then they unbarred the door, and Liph stalked out into the gloom. He walked to the stockade, and raising himself up on a barrel, looked cautiously

over the top. Liph then crossed the inclosure, and getting up on a log, looked over on the other side. Then he called to my father and Tom, and they ran out with their rifles. My mother had been awakened, and also my sisters, and they came running into the sitting-room, all very much excited. When mother heard what was the matter-that my father was afraid the hostile tribe of Indians the Arapahoes, were about—she took from a corner a rifle, and handed it to my sister Annie. Then she called in the hired girl, but she cried and shook so

she could not hold the gun.

Presently father called to me to come to him. I ran out, and mother and sister Annie, too, each with rifles, loaded and cocked. And father said: "There they are. Do you see them, just coming from the belt of the wood?

The moon was partially under the clouds, but there was light enough to see about a dozen crouching forms coming through the high grass toward the stockade

"Now, all draw your rifles on the ras cals, but don't fire till I give the word and then all together." The Indians came on, noiselessly, fear lessly; they did not suppose they were

discovered. We waited for them until they cam within twenty yards of the stockade when father gave the order to fire. We must have knocked over fully half of them. The rest lay still for a while, and then rose of a sudden and ran back to

the belt of woods. "Thank God! those fellows are our of the way," said my father; "they didn't expect so warm a reception. But load up your rifles till we see, and you,

I did so. What was my astonishment Don't do it, Eben," mother said; but when I saw at least twenty of them comfather stalked across the room, and, gathering himself up to his full height, ing right down toward the stockade, of the cries and moans of their adversa-and at the same moment a large band of them swarmed out of the woods and the tank in the yard, while the flames drew the latch and swung the door wide open. The light of the fire streamed out came running across the prairie, firing of our cabin curled upward with deupon the dark, crouching form of a half breed, who had always been looked upon as they advanced. My father saw there was no time to with distrust by the settlers, but who made himself useful in various ways.

be lost. "Back to the house, quick, for your lives!" he shouted. In we all rushed; the door was barred concert him. He said he had run out of and barricaded; tables and chairs were placed against it. "Now, up the ladder, all of you!" said miles off, and he wanted to go hunting the following day, he had called to bor-

my father. He was the last to come up, bringing with him all the extra guns, powder-

flasks and shot-pouches.

Father ordered the upper shutters to be thrown open. Then he drew up the ladder and let the trap down, and then leaving the door open. I heard dis-tinctly the clattering of a horse's hoof over the hard ground. My mother, whose hearing was impaired, did not obpulled a bedstead over it. He pulled off the mattress and stuffed it in the window; then he got all the bags of meal he could find, and, with our assistance, piled them up against the window, leaving a narrow place in the centre, through which we could fire.

It was not long before we saw the wisdom of these preparations, for the Indians had now cleared the stockade and surrounded the house, and soon the terrible crashing of glass announced to us their intention of killing us all. They fired two volleys through the win-My father was a brave, strong-hearted man. My mother presently went to bed—she slept in a room adjoining the doors, discovered that they had not harmed us. the gate of the stockade swung open loudly, and my brother Liph came walk-

But, with cries of vengeance, they prepared a more terrible fate for us than their bullets ever could have accoming up the pathway, and hammered a loud knock on the door, which echoed

Again a hailstorm of balls poured in but as Liph came in, I thought he was not as cheery as usual. Father took him through the window, but father had ordered us all to lie down flat, and we obeyed. By-and-by father got up, and, holding a mattress doubled up in front of him, peered out at the side. "My God!" he said, "Hanks's house Liph said he had; a man riding a white horse very rapidly, just after he left Hanks's house.

is in flames!" and he came back from the window.

With that up sprang Liph like a tiger, and rushed to the window. He would have thrown himself out but for father, who caught him and dragged him back said: "Stevie, you are not afraid of anything, are you?" I said I supposed not. "Well," said my father, "I've a mind to send you over to Hanks's cabin by main force; and, after struggling again and again with father, Liph fell back on the floor, with his hands to his

Then we heard a crackling sound underneath, and the wild cries of the savages broke out with renewed vigor, and several shots were fired upward, from below, but the bullets only thumped hard against the yellow oak flooring they did not penetrate. Soon we perceived strong fumes of smoke, and it seemed to rise from without, and curled up past the window, and at the same time from within, where the flooring joined the side of the house, and where the joints were not perfect. My father der Hanks can spare. Hurry back be- exclaimed, with an agonized look : "We

the Indians had piled up blazing fagots all around the cabin, and in a great pyramid in the sitting-room. Mother strove to raise Liph of the floor, but he lay like one dead. Father sat motionless, with head between his hands, groaning aloud. My sisters sobbed and Tom, only, seemed perfectly himself, but he was always stolid. "What's the use of blubbering?" he said; "they can't do more than roast This was poor consolation. Thicker and denser grew the smoke We could scarcely see each other; and a suffocating heat filled the room. I began to feel dizzy. The flames below crackled louder. The shouts of the demons increased, and it seemed in very

truth as though all hope was gone.

Just then, through the wild yells of the savages, the noise of the flames, the cries and lamentations of the women, there burst in a sharp, shrill, distant bugle-call. It was the glorious cavalry charge sounding. Up sprang my father. "Hush!" cried Tom; "do you hear that? That's the dragoons' bugle!" Yes indeed it was! Louder and nearer it sounded! A tremendous tramp of horses followed, and then pistol-shots were fired, right at the door of the house, it seemed. Then a strong, manly voice cried out: "Give it to them, boys! No quarter! Sabre them all! Down with the scoundrels!" Such a clanging of steel was never heard before. There seemed to be no end to it. Cries and supplications on one side; imprecations and shouts of triumph on the other. Then, comparative stillness reigned for a moment, and the captain (God bless him) called out from below: "Is any one up there?" My father sprang to the window, and cried out, "Captain, you have saved us!" Then, quick as thought, he pulled the ladder to the window; two stout dragoons caught it as it touched the ground then, through the smoke and flame, we all got out. But the ladder was too short, and was several feet below the window. Father had to drop us all down to the first rung, one by one. Liph just recovered his strength in time to get out. There was no time to lose. We were scarcely all down before a sheet of flame shot up through the trap-door, and in another moment the whole cabin was in flames. We were huddled together next the stockade. I then recollect seeing my father throw his arms around the captain, and heartily embrace him.

Day was just breaking. Off to the right the smoke of Hanks's house was drifting away on the wind; and to the left, the Starbucks' cabin was rolling up black volumes of smoke to the sky! red men had made a simultaneous attack upon the cabins comprising the

colony. Oh, what a morning! What a spec-tacle in our stockade! A dozen dead Indians lay in front of our door, and as many more wounded lay outside! Some had fallen as they tried to escape. Off on the horizon (for you can see a great many miles on the prairie) we could see the remnant of their band fleeing on

Outside the stockade the dragoons tied their horses. The men, regardless

of our cabin curled upward with devouring rapidity.

Captain Lecompte, who commanded the detachment, then told my father that, two nights before, he had been warned by a friendly Indian of the contemplated massacre of our colony. He had at once saddled up, and he and his gallant band had ridden sixty miles, at a heard gallen, the best vart of the at a hard gallop the best part of the way, hoping to reach us before they had done us any harm. Soon the dragoons began to come in; for their captain, with commendable skill, had distributed his force through the colony before attacking. They brought woeful tidings. The Starbucks were all murdered. So were the Willis family. The Montanyas had shared a similar fate. Old Hanks had been found murdered, by the side of his son Joshua; his younger son Sam and his beautiful daughter Amanda were not to be found; either they had been burned in the house or carried off

by the Araphoes.

When Liph heard this, he raised his hands to heaven, then tore his hair in a frenzy, and grasping a rifle that lay on the ground, essayed to take his own life, but some dragoons seized him and held him fast. He raved like a maniac for several hours; then, his strength exhausted, he sank to the ground.

Not long afterward the dragoons commenced making preparations for de-parture. Their horses were watered and fed; the men sat down, and, opening their haversacks, partook of a frugal neal of salt pork and army biscuit—the latter better known among military men as hard-tack—their canteens all being filled from our tank.

Everything being ready, and our own horses having been saddled up (for I omitted to state that the stable was untouched by the flames, and the Indians had not time to get away with any of the horses), we took a last look at the smoldering embers of our desolated cabin; the bugles sounding "Boots and saddles," we, preceded by the dragoons, started out on the prairie in the direction of Fort Leavenworth.

Poor Liph! he was terribly shattered He spoke not a word; his eyes wandered hopelessly across the prairie, as if he could penetrate to where his beloved one had been taken. Then a look of horror would succeed this, and his head drop despondingly upon his breast. The stout, strong man bent beneath the

weight of affliction.

Walking the horses slowly, we proceeded that day without an incident to disturb our monotonous march. night we laid down by the bivouac-fires and slept; refreshing and welcome sleep fell alike on wearied man and beast. The next morning we were all up at break of day, and, after partaking of the same frugal meal as before, we The fumes grew denser, and we heard proceeded more rapidly, we all having somewhat recovered from the fat the previous night.

Arriving at a little settlement known as Allersontown (since destroyed), judge of our astonishment at seeing Hanks sitting on a stump in front of a cabin, and beside him, on the grass, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, Amanda! Amanda, the pride of the colony !-Amanda, safe and well, but pale and haggard, her eyes red with weeping, her hair unkempt, and hanging wildly about her shoulders.

To spring from his saddle, to seize the prostrate girl in his muscular arms, was for Liph the work of an instant, and the dragoons opened wide their eyes with amazement at seeing him, in an ecstacy of joy, kissing his lost sweetheart.

Amanda had been terribly shaken by the news of her father's death, and still further overwhelmed at hearing the rumor that all of our family had perished in the flames of our cabin.

The account given to us by Sam Hanks was, that on that memorable night, shortly after I left his house, his father became alarmed, and ordered him to saddle up two horses, and, taking Aman-da with him, to ride with all speed toward Fort Leavenworth. His sister, however, becoming exhausted, they could not proceed beyond Allersontown. This accounted for our meeting them there. What a goodly spectacle it was to see Liph and Amanda riding side by side all the way to Fort Leavenworth, which we reached in safety the next day.

We were treated with great kindness, and remained upward of a year near the post. Amanda shortly afterward was married at Captain Lecompte's quarters, the noble captain giving her away to Eliphalet Busch, who swore eternal love and truth. Every one who heard his manly voice felt that he was worthy of all trust and confidence, and particularly qualified to become the guardian and protector of the beautiful and gentle Amanda, "the pride of the colony."

A Pathetic Picture.

George William Curtis paints the following pathetic picture, which every one could wish were less true to nature: "I think of many a sad-eyed woman I have known in solitary country who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through melting heat and pinching cold to hold poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an ever increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning and scrub at night and scold all day long! How care blurred the window like a cloud, hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with blithe idleness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers in the woods above. As I think of these things, of this solitary, incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep, too weary to read, to talk, to think, and I de no was a point on the prairie about sixty miles southwest from Fort Leavenworth, and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and on the edge of a belt of wooded and the edge of a belt of wood

Laboring Men and Men of Leisure.

One of the prominent speakers, at the meeting of employers in this city the other day, stated very distinctly that there were in the late strikes some very marked traces of communism, and that the question had been frequently heard among the strikers, "Why should we too, not live in brown stone houses?" Twenty years ago, the sole object of strike was to obtain a slight increase in wages; to-day most of the leaders, at least, look on themselves as doing something to hasten a social reorganization in which there shall be no class exempt

from manual labor. Professional men, clerks, and all others whose work is mainly of the mental kind, or is at all events clean work which may be done without disfigure-ment of any kind, have become in their eyes nearly as obnoxious as the regular loungers. In short, the ideal society of the labor reformers, everywhere, though more vaguely held in some places than others, is one in which all shall be in a greater or less degree manual laborers, so that the social distinction now created by a man's not laboring with his hands

hall disappear.

The effect of such a revolution as this on civilization—that is, of the disappearance from society of everybody who did not settle down every morning to some distasteful physical task and work at it as long as his nervous energy enabled him, and of everybody who owed anything in the way of greater social free-dom, or the greater freedom in the choice of pursuits which wealth gives, to his father's accumulations or his own rapid success-would form a curious subject

f speculation. It is well to remember, when we talk to death. about "civilization" and glory in the difference it has made between us and our skinelad forefathers, that ninety-nine hundredths of it are the result of the work of what we may call the "leisured class," that is, the class of whom our social arrangements permit to live in what to the manual laborer seems idleness. In fact, the first step in civilization is not made until some portion of the com-munity is released from the necessity of toiling with its hands and allowed to occupy itself with thinking, speculating, or in other words, following the train of abstract reasoning and playing with the imagination; and the rapidity of the rise of every people into civilization has been in the ratio of the number of those whom it was able to release in this way from the common drudgery of life. A great majority of these have always, will always, to all outward appearance, think and imagine in vain, as if it were an essential feature in the moral order of the universe that there should be this seeming waste of effort in every department

of human activity.

But the number of those who have tried to make such contributions without succeeding, and the number of those who have made trifling contributions not great enough to rescue their names from oblivion but good enough to help the others, the Keplers, Newtons, Davys, feet and flogged him till he was nearly and Harveys, to their discoveries, has doubtless been almost beyond count. But they could not have shown themborers such as some working men dream

God has somehow not organized society according to our notions of justice. has made some men strong and healthy, others weak and sickly; some men wise and able, other men foolish and stupid; some women handsome, other women plain; He has imposed on one half of the human species the pains of reproduction, to the other half He has given only its pleasures, and on this inequality, human society is organized. Every man has his post, but there is an enormous difference in the comfort and dignity of the different posts.

The safety and progress of humanity, as a whole, depends on each man's serving faithfully and without murmuring The rude fishermen of the Northern sea. as a great English writer has finely said, collects the oil which fills the scholar's lamp in the luxurious capital three far distant.—Christian Union.

How Long should a Man Stick to His Engine?

A correspondent of the Locomotice gineers' Journal, writing from Rutland, Vt., speaking of the duty and extent of the responsibility of an engine man in case of accident, says: "Where an accident takes place, such

as going down the dump or colliding with another train—a bridge may be gone, a culvert washed away—he may see the fatal leap; I ask you, thinking your experience is worth as much as mine, would there be anything heroic for me to stand on the foot board and plunge with my engine into certain and dreadful death? Is there anything brave about it? Have you no responsibilities here on earth, no matter if you have ten cars loaded with passengers that must follow the engine as the case may be? Now I consider an engineer's to civilized man, certainly beyond all responsibility ceases, in such cases, when he has sounded his whistle properly and apparently insignificant of causes, a fly. reversed his engine, opened his throttle, pulled open his sand box. He has done his whole duty to God and man as far as he can to stop the train, and if he has time and opportunity, if he is true to himself, he will try to get off and not go down to the bottom calling for brakes. Many engineers go down and collide and are killed, for the reason they do not have time after doing their duty. I never should feel as if a man was fit to run an engine if he had not courage to do his whole duty. But after he has stood to his post and done all that has been put into his hands to do, then I say he is a man who will try and save his own life."

A young lady in Plattsburg asked her mamma, "How long does the honey-moon last?" to which the practical husband for money."

Facts and Figures.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

A Detroit ferry boat passes free all citizens over 90.

Georgia banks close at one o'clock during the summer months.

A Georgia baby has a double set of jaws all full of teeth, but no eyes.

Kansas has a wild sea serpent travelling about and devouring cattle. The Mayor and Council of Des Moines

have been arrested for contempt of court. A woman has had to pay \$100 for selling a glass of whiskey at Whitehall,

A lady of Springfield, Va., was bitten by a cat having the hydrophobia the

other day. A budget of 2,912 love letters passed between a couple now about to unite at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The 100 girls in the St. Louis Normal School wear calico dresses, and no chignons as waterfalls.

Nebraska is the only State that had a railroad in running order when admit ted into the Union. A Cedar Falls minister preached in

defense of croquet. His text was, "And she took the mallet.'

A prying reporter in Richmond de-clares that a lady there has ordered a \$42 pair of stockings for her wedding.

A man in Richmond, Va., has worn the same pair of linen trousers fortynine summers. They are just in style this year.

A vicious horse in Michigan lately kicked his master's jaw off and knocked his teeth down his throat, choking him

Macon, Ga., disputes Brooklyn's claim as the "City of Churches." She has a church to less than every thousand inhabitants.

Mrs. Robinson, of Dubuque, was mar-ried on Tuesday, unmarried on Wednes-day, and on Thursday ran off with another man.

A California jury, in a suicide case lately, returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

A daughter of the owner of the Crystal Gold Mine in California, lately fell 170 feet down a shaft, and was brought out a shapeless mass. An Irish lecturer of note solemnly said,

one evening. "Parents, you may have children; or if you have not, your daughters may have." The Colorado desert, by a late railroad survey has been found to be in places 200 feet below the level of the sea.

Scientists are in a quandary. They have a flower in Alameda, Cal., called "Aaron's cup," which measures two feet eight inches from the base of the flower to the tip of the cup.

A gentle father in Vicksburg, Miss., a short time ago, tied his twelve-year-old dead.

Limestone, Ill., boasts of a porker with a head and tail at each end, and selves at all, in a society of manual la- two sets of legs between. It must be awkward for the animal to attempt to go ahead.

An advertisement in a Western paper informs the public that board for the summer can be obtained "at a large and shady brick gentleman's residence in the country."

The latest snake story is to the effect that lately in Crawford Co., Ind., a viper attempted to swallow a black snake larger than himself, and was choked in the operation.

Solomon City, Kansas, does not seem to be a very healthy place for married men. One day last week five wives deserted their respective husbands and went back East to "live with mamma." The following is a certificate given by

a Troy lawyer to an applicant for admission to the bar: "I hereby certify that the bearer, ———, was a student in my office for ten months; that durthousand miles away. Should the day ing the whole of that time his character ever come when the fisherman will inever come when the fisherman will insist on the scholar's collecting his own oil, the day when there will be neither scholars, fishermen nor oil will not be consistent member of the church, and a useful member of society.

The subject of impressions at first sight was being talked over at the tea-table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside said : "She always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct." " Mamma, said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present. "Well, my dear, what is it?" replied the good mother. "I want to know what was your opinion when you first saw me?" The question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

One of the most extraordinary facts revealed to us by Dr. Livingstone's explorations in Africa is that the high table land of the interior, with! its rich agricultural resources, its noble flora its fine temperature, broad inland seas and inexhaustible stores of mineral wealth, is rendered all but impenetrable This terrible insect is a little brown, yellow-striped fly called the tsetze, scarcely larger than our common house-hold pests, but whose sting is absolutely fatal. So deadly is its poison that it i said three or four flies will kill the largest ox. Soon after the bite, which gives little or no pain, staggering and blindness comes on; the body swells to an enormous size; the coat turns rough, and in a few hours follow convulsions and death. And yet this deadly poisen under the effect of which the horse and ox, the sheep and the dog fall as if plague-stricken, is perfectly harmless to man, to wild animals, to the pig, mule, ass, and goat. Here is an achievement of science that would bring glory to the discoverer—the discovery of some antidote to the sting of this moon last?" to which the practical venomous fly, which would open the mother replied, "Until you ask your treasures of Central Africa to the use of