

Millheim on the L. C. S. C. R. R., has a population of 6-700, is a thriving business center, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles, in which the JOURNAL has a large circulation than all other county papers combined.

THE MAN FROM MICHIGAN.

That's the name he goes by in the Black Hills. A boy of sixteen, lightly built, a woman's face, and one would pass him by as having only a woman's courage. And yet Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, nor any of the other historic Indian fighters ever displayed the cool courage and steady nerve which that boy from Wayne County exhibited one day last November as he went out from Deadwood City to visit a brother in camp seven or eight miles away. He was called a boy then, and now to tell you why they changed his name to "the man from Michigan."

The boy, whose home name is Willard King, was armed with a Henry rifle, a revolver and a light hatchet, and he set out to pursue his journey on foot. There were Indians above and below and around Deadwood. They had killed two men only the day before, and were known to be lurking on the paths and trails. Young King was strongly advised against leaving the town, but having heard that his brother was very sick he was determined to go. He left Deadwood about nine o'clock in the morning, there being three or four inches of snow on the ground.

"It's like throwing that gun and revolver into the sea, say nothing of his being scalped," remarked one of the miners as the boy set out, and some of the men said it was a shame for such good weapons to be carried to the Indians. The boy felt safe enough until a mile or two out of Deadwood, when he grew more cautious. His route lay over hills, through broken ground and along a valley, being mapped by compass and no trail to follow. Three miles from Deadwood he heard the neigh of a horse, and he at once hurried from the open ground to the shelter of timber. Speeding along for half a mile at a "dog trot" he became certain that the Indians were on his trail. He had seen no signs and had heard nothing but the neigh of the horse, but he had a presentiment, as it were, that the red men had taken his broad trail and were after him. King made for higher ground and soon obtained the shelter of a mass of rocks, which could not be approached, except from one direction. He intended to secrete himself until certain that his trail was or was not followed, and he had not long to wait. In the course of seven or eight minutes nine Indians walking in single file, appeared in view, following his steps at a fast walk.

King could have retreated had he so desired, but the prospect of a fight did not frighten him. The odds were largely against him, but the boy had nerve, a good position, and he deliberately opened the battle. The savages did not know how close they were to him until a bullet from his rifle cut the jugular vein of the first one and barred itself in the shoulder of the next. The first leaped from his feet and fell back a corpse, while the second went down, but scrambled up again and took cover along with the others, so badly wounded that he could take no part in the desperate fighting which followed. The Indians at first thought the boy had joined two or three hunters, but after making a circle around his position they found he was entirely alone, and they opened fire on him from three different points. He was safe enough in his retreat, and waited to let them exhaust their ammunition. As their fire slackened he obtained sight of one of them and shot him through the head.

wounded to use their rifles afterwards. The gang hauled off for a time, and then one of them crawled as near as he could and shouted in Broken English: "White boy come out—me no hurt him!" But the white boy was going to stay right there for awhile yet. He knew the treacherous nature of the savages around him, and he believed he could whip the whole crowd, wounded as he was. The Indian, finding that young King could not be enticed from his position, returned and reported, and for an hour all was quiet. The boy was beginning to hope that they had withdrawn for good, when a savage appeared in view on the left and wanted to hold a talk. He indulged in furious gestures, danced around, and made every effort to attract King's attention to him and keep it there.

"White boy very brave—won't hurt white boy—like to talk to brave white boy!" he called out as he danced around. Meanwhile the rest of the band were sneaking up from the other direction, calculating on shooting King in the back as he watched the single Indian. He suspected the trick, saw them coming, and drawing a fair bead on the "talker," he dropped the fellow dead as a crow-bat. Those skulking up numbered four, being all the Indians left alive and unwounded out of the nine first sighted. They did not rush as the boy expected. On the contrary, they hurriedly retreated, and but little time was lost by them in getting out of the neighborhood. The boy waited till three o'clock in the afternoon before leaving his retreat, and then, his clothing stiff with blood, he pursued his journey, reaching his brother's camp about dark in safety. The men would not credit his story, though his three wounds were plain proof of a bloody contest. The next day a band of a dozen went over to the scene of the fight, and when they had taken a survey they could no longer doubt the boy's story. They found trails of blood everywhere around his position, and trails in the snow where the dead Indians had been dragged along, and the defense was voted one of the bravest ever made against savages. A boy without sign of beard, and looked upon as hardly fit to carry a pistol around, had wounded or destroyed five out of nine redskins who had anticipated securing his scalp without firing more than one shot. It wasn't enough for the miners to pat the boy on the back and give him all due praise, but to further honor and distinguish him they called him "the man from Michigan." There are other men from Michigan there, but young King has the sole honor of being the man, and of being looked upon as the representative of the Wolverine State.

A Red-Haired Boy.

A New York merchant, who is a Sunday school teacher says Dr. Newton, was called upon for a speech at a great Sunday school meeting out West. He said: "I'll tell you a little story of a beggar boy. I started out one Sunday morning to get some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a barefooted boy, without hat or coat. His hair was fiery red and looking as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he could come to school."

"No sir," was the sharp reply. "You ought to go to our Sunday school." "What for?" "We teach boys to be good," I said. "But I don't want to be good," he said. "Why not want to be good?" I asked. "Because I am hungry," was his reply. "It is nine o'clock; haven't you had your breakfast yet?" "No sir." "Where do you live?" "Up in the alley there with aunt. She's sick."

"Will you eat some gingerbread and crackers, if I go to the bakery and buy some?" "Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get em." "I bought a lot and set them before him. He ate in a way which showed how keenly hungry he was. I asked him if he would like a little more." "A little more, if you please, sir," said the boy. "I got a fresh supply and set before him. I waited till he was done eating, then I said: 'My boy, will you go with me to Sunday school, now?'" "You have been so kind to me, sir, I'll go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left of the gingerbread round to aunt, and then I'll go with you."

him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly surprised. "He became a regular attendant. He told all the boys of his acquaintance about the school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this a lot of boys from New York were sent out West and distributed among the farmers: My red-haired boy was sent among them. I used to hear of him for a while, that he was getting on and doing well. I have lost sight of him for years now, but I have no doubt he is doing good wherever he is."

The gentleman then said a few words about the importance of getting the poor and neglected children of our cities into Sunday school, and then sat down. In a moment a tall, good-looking gentleman with red hair stood up in the meeting and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the red-haired beggar boy of New York who ate that gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the West for years, and have prospered. I am now a rich man. I own five hundred acres of good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriage are at the door, and when meeting is over I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of a church and a superintendent of a Sabbath school, and I owe all that I have in this world and all I hope for in the next, to what was taught me in the Sabbath school."

SCROOCHING A LITTLE.

Miss Fitzany, an elderly maiden, accused Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her, in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, although proud of his own personal appearance, was short, very short, considering his whiskers; his height even in French boots only reached four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitzany, on the contrary, being fond of extremes, ran up a foot taller, and staid there, being of remarkably rigid deportment. She swore the amorous butcher kissed her by assault, and hauled him up for it.

Butcher, with some expression of disgust, more emphatic than necessary, denied the charge. Butcher was fat, lady was not. Cleaver had an antipathy to what he termed "scraggy" women, and vowed he hadn't kissed her, and would not. Money wouldn't hire him to. But being cross examined, lawyer inquires of the lady of the circumstances, when, where, how, etc. Lady replies with peculiarity. On Monday morning at 10 o'clock, in the entry, resisted all she could, but he persevered and triumphed.

Lawyer asks, "did he stand on anything but the floor?" "No, he stood on the floor; no chair, stool or anything else being brought into requisition." "But, my dear madam, this is impossible! You are twelve inches taller than he. How could he reach your lips?" "Lady hadn't thought of that; but she was not to be trapped by the glibbed lawyer of them all. So she replies: "Oh! ah well, I know; yes, to be sure! But then, you know, I scrooched a little."

"Exactly! thank you, madam. That will do. Nothing further, your honor." Verdict for the short defendant. The Lawyer's Mistake. Near the entrance to Justice Alley two men met yesterday in a hurry. The shock threw one down and bruised the other's shins, but only one of them got mad about it. The mad man looked at the mad on his hat and called out: "You are a boor, sir—a lubberly boor!" "No, sir—no, sir—my name is Thomas, sir," replied the other. "Well, you've got a loaferish look!" "And you look like a lawyer!" was the rejoinder.

"Well, I am one, and I'll tell you you have the instincts of a chicken thief!" "Then you'd better roost in the garret and keep out of reach!" "Ha! I recognize you as the man who stole sheep!" said the lawyer. "Mistaken again," smiled the other. "Come in here and I'll prove by the judge that I'm under bonds for stealing a harness!" The best the lawyer could do was to hope that he'd be convicted.

Didn't Have Any.

Seven intellectual boys met by appointment at the corner of Cass avenue and Joy street yesterday noon, and were thus addressed by one who seemed to be chairman of the meeting: "Boys, we can't have that rehearsal to-day. The boy who was going to act the angle has got to shove! snow all the afternoon. The boy who breaks into a bank has got the tooth-ache and is galloping around the house, and that Third street boy who was going to rescue Pauline, got such a whaling that he couldn't rescue a stuffed bag. I expect to

get walloped this afternoon for stealing sugar, and I guess we'd better not think of a tour to Europe with our 'Three Women of Sandy Bar.' The other actors seem agreed, and as they separated in different directions each boy appeared to fully realize how near he had come to making a path for Edwin Booth to travel in, and how some little trifle, like a sound thrashing, will change a boy's whole future.—Detroit Free Press.

Boy Wanted.

Yesterday forenoon a boy painted a large stick in fair imitation to an icicle, hung it to the cornice of a third story window of a Jefferson avenue store, and then taking his position on the sidewalk he warned pedestrians to beware of a fatal accident. Some went by the store on a run, others shied out to the curbstone, and one man fell down three times as he scrambled out of the way of danger. One of the best learned men in the city stood in the street and took a long look at the icicle and said: "How wonderful are thy works, oh nature! Drop by drop the water trickled along the cornice, congealing as it ran. The night came down, the wind blew cold, and lo! we have a specimen of Nature's own handiwork to delight our eyes!"

It was only when the store porter was sent up to knock the dangerous thing down that the cheat was discovered, and now there is a whole crowd of men who want to see that boy and feel of his ears.

Says Stanley: "Old Rambuster disputed our passage through his kingdom. He demanded, as the price of passage through his territory, four thousand casks of wine and a hundred white wives. I was obliged to parley with the old fellow, and after six days of incessant palaver reduced his demands to a pint of gin and a worn-out razor."

A youth was investigating in a Boston restaurant the other day against the injurious effects of coffee-drinking, when to him an old man of 70 years thus responded: "Is that so? Well, now, sit down and tell me all about it—not that I am much interested on my own account; but I should like to tell my father, who is about 90 years of age, and who persists in drinking coffee."

VEGETINE. SHE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1876. Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I feel well and my food. (Can recommend Vegetine for what it has done for me.) MRS. ALBERT RICKER. Witness my hand and seal this 11th day of Oct. Mr. Geo. M. Vaughan, Medford, Mass.

Thousands will bear testimony (and do it voluntarily) that VEGETINE is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, humors, and all poisonous secretions from the system, invigorating and strengthening the system, debilitated by diseases, in fact, it is the only medicine I have called it "The Great Health Restorer."

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time, I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by over-work and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties secured to me a permanent cure. From the first dose, and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and vigor. I have not hesitated to give VEGETINE my most unqualified endorsement as being a safe, sure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. VEGETINE is the only medicine I use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better. Yours truly, H. R. STEVENS. 123 Monterey street, Allegheny, Pa.

VEGETINE. Vegetine thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to healthy condition. The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Erie Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads this letter of the wonderful curative qualities of VEGETINE as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood. HYDE PARK, Mass., Feb. 15, 1876. Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed through the depressing effects of dyspepsia, neuralgia, and at present settled by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back and took the form of a large, deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations, by the best skill in the state, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times. Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office and talk with you on the virtues of VEGETINE. I did so and by your kindness procured your medicine, and, noting the ingredients, etc., by which your remedy is produced. By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in VEGETINE. I commenced using it soon after, but I felt worse from its use; still I persevered and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the result I desired, till I had taken it faithfully for little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured and for the most part I have enjoyed the best of health. I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform my usual duties. During the past few weeks I had a serofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my back. I took VEGETINE faithfully and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effect. Let your patrons troubled with serofulous or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases, and that they will patiently take VEGETINE, it will, in my judgment, cure them. With great obligations I am, Yours very truly, G. W. MANSFIELD. H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass. VEGETINE is Sold by All Druggists.

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