



A. W. PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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## PETER CAMPBELL'S IMPROVED BEE HIVE.

The undersigned has secured letters patent of the United States, dated December 14, 1869, for an improvement in the construction of Bee Hives, and claims for his invention advantages possessed by no other heretofore patented.

The principal feature of this Bee Hive is the arrangement by means of which it is thoroughly ventilated, thus precluding the possibility of the bees smothering, the comb moulding or the hive souring. This desirable end is accomplished by a vertical perforated tube, running centrally through the hive and open at the top and bottom. All persons interested in apiculture will at once see the great advantages secured in this improvement. The ventilator is for the increase of bees.

The peculiar construction of the box, particularly in the arrangement of the inner compartments, whereby it can be cleaned at any time without disturbing the bees, is another valuable improvement which will be obvious to any person who examines this Hive. An examination of the workings of the bees or the condition of the interior can be made at any time, as the sides are made of glass. Bees can be transferred from a different hive to the improved one without any difficulty whatever. It would require too much space to enumerate here all the advantages claimed in this invention, but full information will be promptly furnished by applying in person or by letter to the patentee. I am now prepared to dispose of territory for the sale of the Improved Bee Hive in any portion of the United States.

PETER CAMPBELL, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.

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## The Poet's Department.

### THE ROSEMARY CROWN.

Waiting in sorrow and mourning;  
Waiting through gloomiest night;  
Clad in the robe of the cypress;  
Craving for beauty and light.  
Centuries lifted the nations,  
And hurled wrong's pinnacles down;  
Yet still hie Ireland is waiting,  
And wearing the Rosemary Crown.

Oh! the fulness of joy in the hoping,  
The rich light which fancy had dreamed,  
Whence once for the lapse of a moment  
The sunlight of liberty streamed!  
How we missed the flag on our towers,  
And waved it o'er mountain and tower;  
But, alas! the cypress was still blooming—  
Alas! for the Rosemary Crown.

And lonely, and lonely, and lonely,  
A watcher still at the sea,  
With face as the white marble pallid;  
And eyes gazing mournfully;  
And hands lifted up in appealing,  
That God would his mercy send down,  
And the leaves of the laurel be shining—  
Where rested the Rosemary Crown.

We gave her the song of the poet,  
We gave her the work of the brain,  
Cast the glory of Heaven around her;  
Yet still all our work was in vain.  
"She is dead," said the scoff of the stranger—  
A laugh for the cynic clown;  
Ah! little he knew the wild passion  
Long hid in the Rosemary Crown.

Now, the love and hope of a world,  
Dear Mother, thy children have brought  
The hard-earned strength of the soldier,  
The blade of the mind full of thought;  
The earnest martyrs have taught us,  
The strength of their glorious renown—  
To the graves of the dead shall be borne  
The leaves of the Rosemary Crown.

Weep not! 'tis the hour of the dawning;  
Weep not! we are ready to save;  
Nor rock of a newer heart broken,  
Nor rock of another fresh grave.  
O'er the graves we have marched in the past  
Till the leaves of the bay shine as fairly—  
As daskly the Rosemary Crown.

**Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.**  
**A TRUE STORY.**  
BY J. M. KIRKPATRICK.

In the autumn of 1847 I had occasion to visit the land office at Jackson, Missouri. My route lay through the county of C. Two years before the date of my adventure, my niece, Miss H., was married to Mr. M., who had moved to C— county, of which he was now the sheriff. As I had not seen my niece since her marriage, I concluded to make it convenient to stay with her one night while on my way to Jackson.

On the morning of the second day after leaving home, I reached the home of my friends in the town of S—. My niece, Mrs. M., was delighted to see me; and, after the ordinary salutations were over, she requested me to stable and feed my horse, as Mr. M. was absent from home. I immediately complied, for the comfort of my horse is always my first care.— Having made "Bob" as comfortable as horse-flesh could reasonably be expected to be, I returned to the house, where a hastily prepared supper was already waiting for me. Those who have ridden all day over a rough country, without stopping for the "inner comforts," can understand how readily I despatched the delicious light bread, cold, sweet milk, and rich yellow butter, together with good things "too tedious to mention," that my tidy little niece had set before me. In the course of the evening, which passed pleasantly and rapidly, I learned that Mr. M. had left home the same morning that I had left mine, and that he would be gone two days longer. This I regretted, as I very much wished to see him.

I promised myself, however, that I would stop again on my return, when the Sheriff would be at home. Before retiring for the night, Mrs. M. confided to me that there was a large sum of money in my bed-chamber, mostly in gold, of which her husband, as a collector of the county, had charge, and with which he was to start for Jefferson City in a few days; and also that he had charged her not to let any one stay in the house during his absence. I laughingly replied that the notice came too late, as I had already taken up my quarters, but that I would stand guard over the money bags till morning. With that I took a candle and retired to my room.

I took out my two pistols, laid them on the table by my bed-side, and undressed for bed. The possibility of danger, however, strangely impressed my mind. The great risk of so large a sum of money being guarded by only a helpless woman, impressed my mind more and more the longer I thought about it. I became so restless that I arose from my bed, re-lighted my candle, examined my pistols to see that they were dry, re-primed and re-capped the tubes, and having placed them under my pillow in such a position that I could grasp them at a moment's warning, I again retired to my bed, almost disposed to laugh at my folly. Soon I fell asleep. How long I slept I don't know. I slept long enough for my mind to indulge in one of those strange, mysterious freaks that we call dreaming. Three men seemed to enter by force. I heard the screams of my niece, heard the robbers demand the money, heard them advancing up the stairway, and saw the bright flashes of lights, as with candle in hand they entered my chamber. During this time I lay utterly helpless. I knew if I could shake off this terrible spell that bound me I could

save all; but my body refused obedience to my will—not a hand, not a finger could I move. The robber—for there now seemed to be but one in my chamber—instead of approaching the chest containing the money, walked directly toward my bed. I wonder that the agony I then suffered didn't turn my hair gray at once. The robber who approached me seemed to be a man of gigantic stature, and in the features more terrible than anything the waking mind could imagine.— He seemed clad in a loose flowing robe, parted at the neck; in his left hand he held what seemed to be a flaming torch, and in his right a strange looking weapon of huge size. As he almost reached my bedside, by a protracted and terrible effort I broke the spell that bound me, and in a moment I was awake. Instead of my grim, gigantic visitor, with his flaming torch and huge blunderbuss, a little woman—none other than my niece—stood before me with her long white gown, reaching almost to the floor, the very counterpart of that worn by my imaginary robber. In her left hand she held a candle, in her right the key of the money chest. In short she was the ghost, she was the giant of my dream; and my excited imagination had converted a very pretty woman into a frightful monster.

In a moment I was myself again; and a significant motion of my niece's head and hand imposed silence. I was not a little puzzled. What could it mean? I didn't remain long in uncertainty, for my niece disclosed in a whisper that three men had entered the house, and ordered her, at the peril of her life, to deliver them all the money in her possession.

Danger frequently quickens our wits, and in this case I think it had the effect with me. I had it all in a moment— snatching up an apron that chanced to be lying in the chair by my bedside, I directed Mrs. M. to tie it around her body and in this place the money. Then cocking one of my pistols, I placed it in her right hand, and directed her to hold the apron in her left, and with the pistol firmly held in her right, and concealed in the folds of her apron, she was to descend, and to whichever of the robbers came forward to receive the money, she was to give the contents of her pistol. I was to follow carefully down stairs, and conceal myself behind the door until she fired; then I was to spring out of my hiding place and with my remaining pistol, give a salute to one of the remaining two, leaving the disposition of the third one to be determined by circumstances.

In far less time than it takes to tell it, this plan was carried into execution. The few moments that elapsed after I reached the foot of the stairs, before I was signalled to the scene of action, seemed almost endless. Would the little woman have nerve enough to fire? That was the rub. So intense was my excitement, that I feared the violent beating of my heart would betray my presence. A few seconds, however, answered the question.— A stunning report told me that Mrs. M. had done her part, and signalled me to do mine. As I leaped from my place of concealment I was just in time to see the forms of two men rushing out of the door. I discharged my pistol at the flying forms, but, so far as I ever heard, without effect. Mrs. M. had made a better shot, and had secured her game. The wounded man lay upon the floor, groaning hideously, apparently unconscious of the glittering coins that lay in strange profusion all around him. Poor scoundrel! he had got more than he had bargained for. On examining I found that he had received a very severe, but I did not think mortal wound. But the strangest part of my story is yet to be told. When stripped of his disguise, our robber turned out to be none other than the veritable sheriff himself, arrested in the execution of a deep scheme of rascality by the hand of his own wife. The whole matter is now explained. M. had conceived a plan of robbing himself of a large amount of money belonging to the State, and with this nice sum he would remove to parts unknown, and enjoy his ill-gotten fortune. But the best laid plans of mice and men "gang aft a-gley." M. recovered, moved to Oregon, and for aught I know, is still living. Of one thing I feel certain, viz: that he will never again try to rob himself as long as his wife stands guard.

**SINGULAR BELIEFS OF THE WAR.**—The Des Moines Register has the following: "The Eastern papers describe a singular relic of the war which some reconstructed Johnny exhibits at Richmond. It is two musket balls welded together into two flat disks, inseparably united by meeting in full flight over a battle field. The press of the East claim that for this oddity there is no duplicate. But there is a greater curiosity in Iowa. Mr. W. A. J. Seals, of Monroe, has shown us two minnie balls which were picked up on the field after the second conflict at Bull Run. The balls met at right angles, and the point of one was buried half way in the body of the other. The ball that was struck is bent, and the striking bullet is flattened, but the plug end is plainly marked.

The following conundrum was cooked twenty minutes to make it sufficiently hard: What is the difference between a donkey and the only empire in South America? The one brays well and the other brays ill (Brazil).

## PRAYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Louisville Courier Journal thus pleasantly relates the story of a prayer in the congregation of a Southern church during the first part of the war: "It was in the summer of 1862. It was in a little, old, rusty depot town. It was in the midst of the war. The popular fury had not quite spent its force, nor the passion nor the gloss of arms worn off, like gilt braid, and lost their shiny charm. In those days the Confederate gray was full of stuff and color, and the stars and bars of gold lace on a man's coat were neither dimmed nor revealed by service; so that, if he saw fit, he might get himself up wondrous brave and spruce. In those days the girls of the South were not reduced to window curtains for dresses, nor to the more ignominious ripping up of certain unmentionable nether garments for collars, cuffs and handkerchiefs. The bloom of hope was on the volor of the men; the glow of the new glory was in the hearts of the women. The star of the South rose like a balloon to its full meridian; and even there in Chattanooga—in the dust, out of the way storehouse, with its mass of combustibles and non-combatants, its hospitals, and magazines, and quartermasters, surgeons and dead beats—even there, in that rear and cul de sac, as one may say, of Bragg's army, which was stretched like a party of reconnoitering horse marines along the Tennessee river from the Narrows down to Bridgeport—even there, among the undeveloped martial spirit of commissary clerks and the undetected military genius of the provost guard—even there might be found fair women and brave men overflowing with the wild enthusiasm of the time and overflown by the rosy atmosphere of a day which was rosy only with the red reflection of blood. It was in the golden prime of the August of 1862. It was at Chattanooga. It was under the guardianship of that beautiful brown peak from whose fair look-out not a note, save notes of love, have yet been seen. It was on the banks of that great stream whose silvery, many-multiplying horse-shoe had never a hostile pontoon bridge, for we thought we had something to be thankful about. Now, in those days we were easy to please, and wistful, somewhat genial, if not jocose, in our dealings with Providence. Be this as it may, it was a day of thanksgiving, and a great number of officers and soldiers had come up from the front to a little church-going and a little courting, and more especially, after this combination of piety and sentiment to hear the famous Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans.

"The church was crowded. Not a pew was vacant, not a seat unoccupied, and chairs had been placed up and down the aisles. Gold lace and cuffed hats and cavalry boots and prettily mounted sabres were mixed up indiscriminately with ribbons and muslins and the profuse whimsies, jim cracks and fal-las that enter into the mysterious and ambitious finery of woman's, of many woman's, summer dressing. It was, of a truth, a sight to see. Without, five hundred horses hitched carelessly to trees, and dusty streets and quiet pasture lands flanked about by the picturesque Tennessee hills. Within, a tropical flower garden, quite peaceful in its loveliness and warlike in its splendor. Be sure the perfidious thought of the hated Yankee perished before it entered there. Be sure there was not in the mind of all that multitude so much as the echo of the idea of an advance of the enemy.

"Dr. Palmer was in the pulpit. The congregation had been looking and listening with curious attention while he read some announcements and gave out a hymn. The hymn was sung stentoriously, and then began the 'long prayer,' everybody standing, and not the rustle of a frock nor the clank of a spur disturbed the serenity of the moment. 'Oh Lord,' the good man was saying, 'give us grace in the midst of war, to do God's service on earth of peace and good will to men; make us, amid the tumult and rack of arms, as still and fixed in the service of God as the everlasting hills—bang! hills—'whew! It was the report of a cannon, and it came over the river, fetching a twelve pound schrapnel with it. This it deposited in the centre of a group of startled darkies outside, who were watching the horses