## The Amercian Volunteer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. OFFICE-SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

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RARGAINS IN

HATS AND CAPS! At KELLER'S, 17 North Hanover Street,
We have received the intest styles of HATs
and CAPS, Silk Hats, New York and Philadelphin styles, Cassimere Hats of all shapes and
prices, Soft Hats of every kind, from 75 cents
pp. Cloth Hats, in Bl. e, Volvet, La.ding, Mixed
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Children's Hats, Cloth and Folt, and at all pri-

MEN, BOY'S, AND CHILDREN'S, HATS

in styles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the lowest Cash prices.
Call and examine our stock, you cannot fail to be pleased in price and quality.
HATS of any kind made and repaired to order, on short notice.

HATS AND CAPS!

OO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP? J. G. CALLIO.

NO. 22. WEST MAIN STREET, where can be seen the finest assortment HATS AND CAPS
avor brought to Carliele. He takes great piese
uere in inviting hits old friends and customers,
and all new ones, to his splendid stock just reclived from New York and Philodelphia, con-

olived from New York and Philodelphii, consisting in part of fine SILK AND OASSIMERE HATS.

busides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the lowest Crah Prices. Also, his own mapufacture Hats always on hand, and Hats always on hand, and Hats MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kituas of Woolen Golds, Overcosts, &c., the shortest notice (as he colorie avery week) and on the most reasonable terms. Also, a fine lot of TOBACCO AND CIGARS

tways on hand. He desires to call the attention to persons who ling may R Y F U R S to set, as he pays the highest cash prices for the hiller him a call, at the above, number, his sid taud, as he feels confident of giving entires a iscartion.

Bept. 28, '71—if.

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SOUTH HANOVER STREET.

SOUTH HANOVER STREET.

If you want a nice CALICO DRESS,
If you want a nice De Laine WRAPPER,
If you want a nice ALPACA LUSTRE,
If you want a nice ALPACA LUSTRE,
If you want a nice CASSIMERE SUIT
If you want a nice COLTH SUIT,
If you want a nice TABLE LINEN,
If you want a nice TABLE LINEN,
If you want a nice FELT or HOOP SKIRT,
If you want a HANDSOME SHAWL,
If you want BURD SOUND SHAWL,
If you want HANDSOME SHAWL,
If you want GUPPURE LACES CHEAP,
If you want DIR GOODS CHEAP,
If you want DIR GOODS CHEAP,
CALL AT

Yow will find an extensive and superior variety in Dress Goods, comprising Cashimores Abstralian Crape, Silk and Wool Repp. Plath and Plaid Poplins, Black Silks, and a complete assortment of staple Dress Goods. Also, Blankets, Finnnels, Water-proof Repellants, Velveiens (Black and Colored) Merino Shirts and Drawers, Ladles Merino Vests Twilled Sheeting (a new article), and Full these of Notions White Goods and Ribbons, If you would save money call at my store, where prices will compare favorably with any on this side of the Eastern Cities,

Joseph Kids, \$1.00. Joseph Kids, \$1.00. Oct. 5 '71-6w.

DARMER'S BANK, Carlisle, Penn-1 has facilities for the transaction of, every ariety of BANKING BUSINESS that may be quired by its customers and correspondents. Stutes, Buys, seils, and attends to all orders for the sale or purchass of Gold, Government and State Bonds, and all other first class securiies. Negotiates loans and discounts commercia

paper.
Attends to the collection of interest coupons and dividends.
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J. C. HOFFER, Cashler.

Aug. 31, 71-3m.

N THE MATTER of the assigned Estate of M. H. ZEIGLER: 1 result of M. H. ZEIGLER:
The Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland County, to distribute the balance of assets in the hands of Levi Zeigfer and J. 4. Bedder, assignees of said M. H. Zoiger, will meet all persons interested for the purpose of his appointment, at his office, in the borough of Carlisle, on Saturday, October 20th A. D., 181

GEO. S. EMIG.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE. J. ELLIOTT.

No. 33 NORTH HANOVER STREET,
OARLILLE, PA.,
Has just opened a large and spiendid asson

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

CLOTHS, CONTING, CONTING, CONTING, CONTING, CONTINGS, CO h he will sell by the yard, or make up in to order, on short not ce, and at unusual prices. Having secured the services of o

REST PRACTICAL CUTTERS READY-MADE CLOTHING. of home manufacture, which he will sell as chear is the cheapest. Overcoats on hand or made to order. I will let no man undersell me. A large and complete stock of prime Winter

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, dc., of every variety, styleand quality, for gents Ladies, Misses; Boys, and children, inade to order. All to be sold cheap, cheaper, cheapest. Also, a great variety of HATS, of latest styles and best qualities, together with a general assortment of NOTIONS and Gent's Furnishing goods. Do not full to give me a call, My motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

21. 1871—8m.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

# Ine American

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

#### Medical.

ONE MILLION OF LIVES SAVED.

It is one of the remarkable facts of this remarkable age not merely that so many persons are the victims of dyspepsia or indigestion, but its willing victims. Now, we would not be understood to say that any one regards dyspepsia with favor, or feels disposed to make it may be the say that any one regards dyspepsia with favor, or feels disposed to make it may be the say of the say of

A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC. But it is not our intention to discant on the horrors of Dyspepsia. To describe them truthfully s simply an impossibility, but it is possibly point out a remedy. We have said that dyspepsia is perhaps the most universal of human drawers. States. Whether this general power is the burner of the second of the burner of the second of the burner of the property of the property of the property of the hasty number in which it is usually swallowed, is not our province to explain. The great fact with which we are called to deal is this:

DYSPEPSIA PREVAILS almost universally.

Almost universally.

Nearly every other person you meet is a vietim, an apparently willing one, for were this not the case, why so many sufferers, when a certain speedy and safe romedy is within the easy reach of all who desire to avail themselves of its But the majority will not. Blinded by prejudice, or deterred by some other unexplained inducate, they retuse to accept the reiter profered them. They turn a deat ear to the testimony of the thousands whose sufferings have been alleviated, and with strange infatuation, appear to cring with disperate determination to their fattiless tormentor. But says a dyspeptic what is this remedy? to which we reply: This great alleviator of human suffering is almost as widely known as the English language. It has allayed the agonies of thousands, and is to-day sarrying comifort, and encouragement to thousands of others. This acknowledged paincea is

Dr. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. Would you know more of the merits of the wonderful medicine than can be learned from the experience of others? Try it yourself, and when it has failed to fulfil the assurance of the

LET IT BE REMEMBERED. first of all, that Hoofland's German Bitters is not a run beverage.

They are not alcoholic in any sense of the term. They are composed wholy of the pure juice or vital principle of roots, This is not a mere assertion. The extracts from which they are compounded are prepared by one of the ablest German chemists. Unlike any other Bitters in the market, they are wholly free from spirituous ingredies is, The objections which hold with so much force against preparations of this class, namely—that a desire for intextacting drinks is a slimulated by their use, are not valid in the cose of the German Bitters. So far from encouraging or inculating a taste or desire for incornating beverages, it may be confidently asserted that their tendency is in a dametrically opposite direction. Their efforts can be irst of all, that 'Hoofland's German Bitters 1

BENEFICIAL ONLY BENEFICIAL ONLY
In all cases of the billary system Hooliand's German Bitters stand without on equal, acting promptly and vigorously upon the Liver, they remove its torpidity and cause healthful secretion of bite-thereby supplying the stomach with the most indepensable elements of sound digestion in proper proportions. They give tone to the stomach-stimulating its functions, and enabling it to perform its duties as nature designed it should do. They impair v gor and strength to the entire system, causing the patient to feel like another being—in fact, giving him a new lease of life.

THEY PURITY THE BLOOD. THEY PURIFY THE BLOOD.

cleansing the vital fluid of all hurtful impur-ties and supplying them with the elements of genuine healthialness. In a word, there is searcely it disease in which they cannot be startly and beneficially employed; but in the most generally provaient distressing and dread of disease, 1852, p. 1850. UNRIVALED. Now, there are certain cusses of persons a whom extreme Bitters are not as a remodular THEY STAND UNRIVALED.

Now, there are certain casses of persons to whom extreme Bitters are not only unpulatively the post of the property of the post of the post

HOOFLAND'S TONIC

acts with almost marvelous effect. It not only stimulates the flagging and wasting energies, but invigerates and permanetly strengthens its same quantity is taken is none in the less certain, indigestion, Billiousness, Physical or Nervous Prostrotion, Pieldreadily to its potentinfluence. It gives the invalid a new and stronger hold upon life, removes depression of spirits, and inspires cheerfulness. It supplants the pain of disease with the easy and comfort of perfect health, Lives strength to weakness, throws despondent to the winds, and starts the restored in the following the perfect health, and the strength of the perfect health and the perfect health, and the strength of the perfect health and the perfect h HOOFLAND'S TONIC

GERMAN BITTERS,
or his invaluable Tonic. He hasprepared another medicine, which is rapidly winning its
way to popular favor because of its intrinsi-merits. This is
HOUPLAND'S PODOPHYLLIN PILLS,
a perfect substitute for mercury, without any of periect substitute for mercury, without any of nercury's evil qualifies. These wonderful Pilis, which are intended to ct upon the Liver, are mainly composed of 'odophyllin, or the VITAL PRINCIPLE OF THE MANDRAKE

ROOT.

Now we desire the reader to distinctly understand that this extract of the Mandrake is many lines more powerful than the Mandrake is ensured to the more powerful than the Mandrake itself. Is the medicinal virtues of this health-giving than in a perfectly pure and highly concentrated form. Hence it is that two of he Podophylin Pills constitute a full dose, while anywhere its to eight or a handful of other preparations of the Mandrake are required. The Photophylin ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER, stimulating its functions and causing it to make the billary, see eithers in teaching and causing it to make the billary, see eithers in teaching and proper quantities. The injurious results which proper quantities. The injurious results which proper ability follow the use of mercury, is entirely avoided by their use. But it is not upon the laver only that their powers awe exerted. The extract of Mandrake contained in them is skillingly combined with four other extracts, one of which acts upon the stomach, one upon the upor bowels, and one prevents any griping effect, thus producing a pill that inflences the digestive and altimentary system, it an equal and narmonious nanner, and its action entirely free from nausea, vomiting or griping paths common to all other purgatives. Possessing these much-desirable quantities, the Podophyllin becomes it, vuluable as a FAMILY MEDICINE.

No household should be without them. They are perfectly safe, require but two for an ordinary iose, are prompt and efficient in action, and when used in connection with Dr, Hoelfand's German Bitters, or Tonic, may be regarded as certain specifics in all cases of liver Compilant, Dyspepsia, or any of the disorders to which the system is one stomach and bowels, carrying off improper obstructions, while the Bitters or Tonic purify the blood, strengthen and invigorate the frame, give tone, and appetite to the stomach, and thus build up the invalid anew.

Dr. Hoolfand, having provided internal remedies for disease, as given the world one main perpetration known as

Dis. HOOL LAND'S GREEK OIL.

This Olt is a sovereign remedy for pains and teles of all kinds.

Riteumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Chilhains, Sprains, Burns, Pain in the Back and
loins, Ringworms, &c., all yield to its external
pplication. The number of cares effected by its
astonishing and they are increasing every
lay.

is astonishing and they are increasing every day.

Taken internally, it is a cure for Heart-burns, Kidney Diseases, Sick Headaches, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Pans in the Stomach, Colic, Ashima, &c.

The Greek Oil is composed entirely of healing gums and essential oils. The principal engredient is an oily substance, practiced in the Southern part of Greece. Its effects as a destroyer of pain are truly magical. Thomsands have been benefitted by its use, and a trial by those who are skeption! will there oughly convince them of its thestimable value because by express to any locality poon application to the Principal Office, at the German Medicine Store, No. 531 Arch St., Philadelphia.

###These remedies are for sale by druggists arekeepers, and medicine dealers everywhere

Chas. M. Evans.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

## Poetical.

#### THE WITHERING LEAVES.

ner is gone and the autumn is here A deadly mist o'er the woodland swims, While rattle the nuts from the windy limb At the partridge files where my foots

The rustling drifts of the withering leaves. The flocks pursue their southern flights ome all the day and some all the night : And up from the wonded marshes come The sound of the phensing scathery dru On the highest bough the mourner crow Sits on his funeral suit of woo ;

All nature mourns-and my spirit grieves At the noise of my foot in the withering leav Oh. I sigh for the days that have passed away When my life like the year had its season May;
When the world was all sunshine and beau

and truth, And the dew bathed my feet in the valley youth! Then my heart felt the wings, and no bird the sky,

Sang over the flowers more joyous than I—
But youth is a fable, and beauty deceives;

For my footsteps are loud in the wither.

and t sigh for the time when the reapers a Come down from the hill at the sound of the horn; Or when dragging the rake I followed the While they tossed the light sheaves with the

Now the unlands of life the all barren

## Miscellancous

HOW I RODE FROM ST. JOE TO SWAMP CITY.

A FRONTIER STORY.

Few English travelers have ever visited St. Joe; few, perhaps, have ever heard of its existence; and yet it is a town or some note—a town which stands as the outpost of civilization and Anglo Saxor supremacy, far down in lonely Kansas far down on the turbid, surly Missouri On one side of it stretch away for thousands and thousands of miles the federated States of the great Republic; on the ted States of the great Republic; on the other side lie the broad prairies, the grassy pampas and the grim and boundless forests, where the Red Ind an still holds his lordly sway—the battle-ground of the Comanches, Pawnees, Blackfeet, Crows, Assimbones and Stoux.

Times have chasged since the days when the St Joe of the present was the San Joesf of the past: when the flat root haciendas of the opulent American dotted the green slopes outside the town, and the shovel hatted priests and mantillated donn is, and protty bare necked, bare armed little pollunas, with their earthen pitchers poised so gracefully on their plumb, nut-brown shoulders, sannered along the payengents, or gossipped Crows, Assinibones and Sloux. tered along the pavements, or gossipped at the fountains; when the Angelus so sweetly sounded from the great tower of San Pedro, and the dance and the song, the tinkling of the guitar, and the clash of the castinet walcomed the soft light of the warm southern evening. At this passed away in a single night; for be-tween sunset and sunrise, five thousand blood thirsty, howling Assiniboines and Comanches stormed, pillaged and fired the city; and of its inhabitants, neither Daybreak discovered a plain of levelled, blackened, smoking rains, where the night before a fair city had stood, and a few miles distant an army of pillage-la-den, blood drenched, half b sotted sava ges, each ted skinned denon staggering on with a great bunch of gory scalps daugling at his walst belt. Fifty years have come and gone since that terrible night. Notone stone of the

Actions stone of the old San Josef remains upon another, but a busy town occupies its site—a long and straggling place, with almost as many streets as houses, but presenting not one single object of interest to the poet, the what brought me to St. Joe I can now scarcely remember. I know I had been a wanderer for years over the face of the earth, and had won my daily bread with my rifle in every State of South America, from Patagonia to Patagonia to Patagonia to Patagonia to Patagonia to Patagonia to Patagonia Con this from Patagonia to Panama. On this particular occasion I had made tracks from Denver Creek, on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and as the season was early Spring, and game very scarce on the road, I had half starved on the way, and entered the town bootless and almost lifeless. Though weak in body, I had, however, plenty of pluck left, and having bargained my file for a week's board and lodging, I began at once to

look about me for means of subsistence look about me for means of subsistence after that week should have expired, Well, luckily the St. Joeites don't set much value upon a suit of broadcloth or a pair of kid gloves. Seek a situation in rags, and they won't militate against you rigs, and they won't militate against you getting it, provided you are the proper thing in yourself. I applied for a berth, where a resolute brow, an eagle eye, a broad chest, a strong arm, and about five test four of firm flesh, good bone, blood and sinew were the chief requirements, and from a hundred and twenty candithates I was selected as the most fitting.

The questions put to me were pretty part, and my answers just as brief.

'Can you ride?'
'I have lived all my life in the saddle. 'Can you fight?'
'I believe I've fought a representative of every nation, Republic, State, and ribe on the American continent.'
'Are you intimately acquainted with every carayan and mail track between his and the Rocky Mountains? 'As perfectly as I am with every patch and rent of this old jacket of mine.'

'Can you endure a life of continued hardship, danger, anxiety and broken Better than I could one of ease, affluence, luxury and idleness, for I have never known any other.'
"Then you're the man to suit us. I won't ask you whether you're houest and trustworthy, because I'd as soon take that for granted as trust to a man's own word; and here, in St. Joe, we set no value in characters or testimonials from different States, that, for aught we know, may be forged. You will go at once to the Company's outfitter in Johnson st., and order your uniform, arms and accoutrements, to be ready by Monday morning, of which day at noon, you will attend at the post office, to enter upon your duties.\(^2\) And with these instructions I was dismissed

tions I was dismissed.

The reader may, by this time, be curious to know on what service I was engaged, and who were my employers.— Both questions are easily answered. I was merely appointed a postman, and all that I had to do was to carry the mall hags on the back of a strong and sturdy pony, a fifty mile stage to Swamp City, a dreary collection of log buts, built on he edge of a vast morass, and constituting the first transfer station on the long d weary track to Salt Lake City, or

and weary track to Salt Lake City, or the Oregon.

My employers were Messra Russell & Co., a firm well known in both Kansas and Texas, and, indeed, for that matter, through the whole length and breadth of the Union, in every bank in which their bill for ten thousand dollars would have been deemed as satisfactory as the currency itself. They were at that this the most extensive carriers of goods and the most extensive carriers of goods and passengers in 'the world, often starting

and Nebraska City two hundred and ighteen trains of wagons, twenty-six housand, six hundred and sixty-eight, and for any housand, six hundred and sixty-eight, and frawn by twelve bullocks, consequently requiring between sixty and seventy thousand bullocks, besides relays and substitutes for those breaking down. This firm executed large transportation contracts for the United States government, their business with it prior to the formation of the great Union Pacific railroad, sometimes amounting to \$5,000,000 in a single year. In 1864, the year in which I entered their service, they had in their employ no less than 5,000 men. Near the foot of the Rocky Mountains is a place called Denver City. Large deposits of gold and as several thousand persons live there who produce nothing but the precious metals, the whole of the fired three charges of my revolver right fired three charges of my revolver right in the precious metals, the whole of the

but the precious metals, the whole of the upplies had to be carried in these wagon rains. This was a large portion of their unsiness during the summer, but snow-rifts cut off this digging city from all supplies during the winter months. supplies during the winter months.

Before the opening of the rallway, St. Inc. was in fact the great eastern terminus of the various overland expresses, and the principal point of arrival and repurture of the vast overland traffic to a diffeom the eastern and western terria d from the eastern and western terri-t, ries of the Union; for these wagons not o 'v went to Denver Creek, but to hun-dr ds of equally isolated places, journey-in; even as far as the Oregon in one rection, and California in another, and

over thousands of miles of prairie, wood not mountain.

For mutual protection the wagons traeled in trains across the plains, from 16 o 20 making up a train. Each large ragon carried about six thousand pounds weight, and was drawn by oxen or horses. They started early in the morning and raveled until midday; the cattle were then unharnessed and allowed to graze on the plain in charge of a herdsman, while the travelers hunted and shot, plenty of game being found on the prairies, as well as elk, deer, antelopes and buffalces. At night the wagons were ries, as well as elk, deer, antelopes and buffilees. At night the wagons were haced together, so as to form a square or riangle, the cattle being kept within the nclosure. The camp-fires were then lighted, and after eating and drinking their fill, the men slept on the ground around them, wrapped in their blankets, sentinels being first duly posted, who were relieved at intervals during the night, the greatest caution being necessary when traveling across the plains, as tribes of wild Indians still frequently traverse them, who steal, kill and scalp, wherever they have a chance. They are however, afraid of the terrible weapon which white men carry, and will seldom

t'ack them unless they can effect a sud-

en surprise, or are immeasurably supe rior in numbers.
Besides their great wagon business
Messrs Russell & Co. were the mail col-tractors of the celebrated 'Pony Express. by means of which a frequent and rapid communication was maintained in doz-ens of different directions between the far divided territories of the Rocky fountains—the longest and most peri ous of these routes being that to Salt Lake City, the abode of the Mormons, and from thence on to Placerville, in California, or in other words, right across the great Northern Contineut; the whole journey, with the exception of whet crossing mountain ranges or other diffi-cult ground, being performed at the rate of nine miles an hour, or two hundred and sixteen miles in the twonty-four

hours, and necessitating upward of bundred relays of horses and men o routte
The first stage on this wonderful line of communication it was henceforth my duty to ride, St. Joe being my port of departure, and Swamp City, some fifty miles distant, my port of arrival. This stage, was perhaps one of the least dangerous ones along the whole line of the route; and yet, inasmuch as never a year massed without one 'Pony Express' man meeting a violent death, while on the neeting a violent death, while on the spur between the two cities, it may be concluded that the trip was a hazardous one after all. Peril, however, was my natural heritage so I took no account of it, and as I had about forty hours to spare before I need betake myself to boot and saddle, I determined to have a good look at the town into which fate had cast

igly, dingy town, straggling and scattered, built on the red sandy banks of a red ed, built on the red sandy banks of a red, turgid river. A fine hotel, or "Palee House," with the only goods shop in the place, clustered closely around it, a busy market place, no end of gin palaces—though they don't call them that there —and a great wooden bridge crossing the Missouri to the village of Pembroke, constituted the chief features of the scene. There were some trees, too, looking weak and sickly, probably from being treated like spoiled children, which they most undoubtedly were; clouds of sand and dust to any amount, myriads of mosquitoes, at d every other winged and unwinged enfomological abomination that could sling or bite, and last, but by no means least for they alone seemed to -and a great wooden bridge crossing the means least, for they alone seemed to

place, an occasional stembloat calling on its passage up or down the river. Well, that forty hours passed slowly and wearily enough; and I was not sorry when the Monday morning came, and I found myself mounted on my steed, and which I judged to be a cross between a Norway pony and a Mexican mustang, outside the door of the wooden post office, and only waiting for the mail bags in order to be off.

I presented a very different appearance now from what I had done in my rags and tatters two days previously. My uniform, which was both handsome and serviceable, fitted to perfection. In the broad, silk sash that girt my waist was when the Monday morning came, and

services and, fitted to perfection. In the broad, silk sash that girt my waist was stock both knife and revolver, while in addition there was slung at my back a short, carbine-shaped, six chambered revolving rifle, that I doubted not would prove a right trusty friend in time of need.

need.

Five minutes later the mail bags, by no means a weighty load, were thrown across the pony's broad back, and secured to the saddle behind, and I was trotting down McAdam street, fairly cn route for Swamp City.

It was one of those lovely mornings so common in America at that period of the year, when nature wears her freshest and mest delicate tints-when the Spring must deficate times—when the Spring flowers exhale their sweetest oil rs, and the wild birds warb'e their most joyous strains. I was as joyous as either bird or flower, as most men would be who suddenly found themselves well clothed, well fed, well mounted, and well paid. well led, well mounted, and well paid after fighting with cold and hunger and grim want for many long and weary months. I therefore rode gaily along whistling as I went, and ere I had left St. Joe nine miles in the rear, I entered away before me as far as my eyes could reach, like a sea of waving grass, without a tree, bush, or undulation to vary the level monotony of the scene.

I had now to be on the alert, for I was I had now to be on the alert, for I was leaving Kankee for Indian territory; in fact, I was already upon the debatable ground of seven distinct tribes. Hundreds of battles had been fought on this very prairie between rival Indian forces; and about noon I came upon a patch of barren land, of about six acres in extent, filled with hundreds of holes about two feet square, and five or six feet in depth. I learned afterwards that this spot was known as 'the battle ground,' and that here some nine years previously a strong

known as 'the battle ground,' and that here some nine years proviously a strong body of Sioux had dug these holes and hidden themselves in them, to lie in wait for a smaller body of Pawnees, whom they knew to be approaching from the southward. The unsuspecting foe drew near and encamped in the neighborhood for the night, and when they were all asleep, the crafty Sioux left their hiding places, crept into their camp, and there slaughtered and scalped the greater part of them. of them.
In crossing this prairie five express

two of them by white savages, for any treasure that the mail bags might contoin, and three by red savages for the sake of their scalps. I did not at the time know all these dismal regords of the fact I was somewhat abruptly contoined the fact in the fact in

pass."
"Injuns." said they, "that's a likely

File-carbine. and, quickly glanding around, I saw a clump of tall tussocky grass slightly moving on my left. I fired three charges of my revolver right into it, and was rewarded by hearing a smothered groan. Rather incautiously, perhaps, for the bush was capable of concealing half a dozen savages at the least, I wheeled around, rode up to it, and, dismounting, entered it on foot.

As it happened, no one had been in hiding there but the vie im of my bullet, who lay stretched on his back, with his glazed eyes fixed on the blue vault of heaven, and his dark red skin already growing pale and ghastly beneath the blue and red streaks of war paint. A stream of blood was welling forth from a hole in his naked breast, through which the leaden messenger had sped straight to his heart.

I knew by the way that his scalp-lock of coarse black hair was twined and braided, and by the colors of his warpaint, that he was a Pawnee, by his baltered and broken eagle plume, his richly embroidered wampum belt, and his heavily fringed moccasins, that he was a chief, and by the raw circies on his wrists and ankles, and two or three very recently revealed wounds in different parts of his body, that he had taken part in some great fight, had been made risconer and escaped. I had never before heard of a single Indian attacking a single white man and I felt convinceed that such a feat would only have been attempted by one who of two deadly perils. such a feat would only have been at tempted by one who of two deadly perils chooses the least. I therefore concluded that the Pawnee, under the impression that his bloodthirsty and remorseless foes were close on his track, had been hiding, not to waylay me, but to conceal himself from them, and seeing me un-expectedly pass had discharged his ar-row, hoping to bring me down, and then

scape on my horec. This conclusion once arrived at dete mined me upon pushing on as speedily as, possible, for if this dend red skin's foes happened to be Assiniboines, the best mounted Indians on the plains, I should stand a very good chance of fall in into their hands myself, and as these inhuman fiends always tortured their prisoners before they killed them, in or-dier (so I have heard old trappers say) to make them tender for cating, it was learly unadvisable to let the grass grov under my feet all the way to Swamp City, from which I was still distant about twenty miles—open, short-grassed prairie all the way.

prairie all the way.

I must say that I felt rather nervous, for if I had a dread of anything it was of Indians; so, as I galloped along, I kept continually looking over one shoulder or the other. Suddehly my pony shied at something and then stood stock still, trembling like a leaf. I was not long in discovering the cause of its alarm, for the skeleton of a horse and its rider lay right in our trock. I know its rider lay right in our track. I knes its rider by right in our track. I knew by the ghastly grinning teeth of the latter that he had been a white man, for many of them were decayed and an In-dian's teeth never decay. I knew, too by the skeleton of his steed, that it must have-been a pony of about the size of mine, while a round hole in the dea man's skull, which the tirds or beasts of prey, or probably both, had cleared of every vestige of flesh and hair, indicated that he had met a violent death. Neither arms nor fragments of apparel lay about him as might be expected but ther were plenty of pieces of cut leather cca-tered about the grass, some having blotches of ceiling wax on them; so tha I pretty well guessed them to be frag-ments of a mail bag, such as I myself

was the bearer of. was the bearer of.

"What was your fate yesterday may be mine to morrow, old fellow; and so good by," I muttered, half addressing the bleached corpse, half in mental soliloquy as I forced my pony past.

Again I pursued my course with a gallop, but I was destined to meet with strange adventures on this particular day, and presently, on glancing behind me, I saw about a dozen horses about two miles in my rear, coming on the level prairle, right on my trail.

miles in my trail.

Now, had I been a green horn, I should have imagined these horses to have been riderless. I certainly could perceive no one on their backs, but I could instantly one on their nacks, but I took maintain the steadiness with which they held on their course, neither diverging to the right nor to the left, that they were guided by invisible yet firm hands. Their riders were lying prostrated along their backs to escape observation, and they were all in pursuit of one scalp, and that scalp was my own. I knew that no men could ride thus but Indians, and no Indians but Assiniboines, the boldest and most brilliant, horsemen in the world. If I fell into their hands the chances were that I should be butchered without pity. But I was ut in their hands yet, that was one comfort; and though their long bedied, long limbed mustangs were fleeter of foot than .my

mistangs were fleeter of foot than my own little steed, yet they had not the strength and endurance in them that the Norway cross gave to the pony I bestrode; and as a stern classe is provertially a long chase, whether on sea or land; except perhaps when a locomotive under a high pressure of steam is in pursuit of a black bestle, I didn't give up all hopes of escaping from their knives.

"Go it the pace, old gir! there's Injura after us," I cried patting my pony on the shoulder. As if she understood my words, she bowled away right merrily over the soft prairie, and after a lapse of ten minutes or so I came to the coucluston that if my fees were gaining conclusion that if my fees were gaining on me—a fact I almost doubted—it was, on me—a fact I almost doubted—it was, at all events, very slowly indeed.

The Indians were not long in observing my increase in pace, and knowing therefrom that I had not been deceived by their ruse, they quickly assumed an upright position in the saddle, and treated me to a terrible war whoop, that made my blood run cold, and every hair fairly rise on my head, although in anticipation of coming off, which they undoubtedly would do within the next hour unless my usual good fortune attended me.

In the midst of all my danger I could not help admiring the lirm centaur like

In the midst of all my danger I could not help admiring the firm centaur like and yet graceful riding of the pursuing Assiniboines, whose naked bodies shone Assinibolius, whose maked bodies shone in the sunshine like statues of bronze. Broad chested and powerful fellows they were, looking warlike and picturesque enough, with their head dress of gorgeous feathers, and their brightly colored mangas or cloaks floating bohind them on the wind. Over the right shoulder of each appeared the barrel of a rifle, for the Assinibolnes are the best armed Indians on the American Continent, and have discarded the bow for nearly a quarter of a century. luarter of a century.

Thus we swept on, pursurers and pur sued, for more than one hour, and then the prairie was nearly crossed, and as the sun sunk below the vast plain I saw the wooded country just in my front, a seven miles gallop through which would bring me to Swamp City. My foes had, however, by this time, gained upon me very considerably, and I knew they would not be shaken off until the town was fairly in sight. Lucklly my pony showed no signs of distress. I therefore had still a hope left of saving my scalp, though it grew fainter and fainter every ned for more than one hour, and then though it grew fainter and fainter every minute. At last I was fairly among the trees, but the track was perfectly plain, learly in December.

vinced by several men springing out of the bushes on each side, and forming across the road. I saw at a glance that they were armed to the teeth, and that four or five revolvers covered me, yet I felt delighted to see these men. rascals

felt delighted to see these men, rascass though they were.

"We don't want your life, stranger—we want the mall bugs; but if you don't give them up quietly, why, we'll precious soon take both;" shouted a felthe court is the county should a lef-low, who seemed to be their leader. "Don't ask for the bag, or talk of ta-king my life? I nanswered, "for in a few minutes, time you'll invergenough to to to save your own. I am flying from the Indians, who are close behind; so let me

yarn. Injuns don't come within five miles of Swamp City, so none of your tricks upon travelers. If you don't drop that mail bag before I count three. I'll

These fellows had appeared so suddenly upon the scene, and now covered me so completely with their weapons—their leader especially—that I saw that before I could handle my own rifle or pistols I should be riddled by a dozen of balls at least. Luckily however, at this crit. at least. Luckily however, at this critical moment the Indian war whoop rang out shrilly close in my rear, and that wild and terrible cry produced a magical effect upon the while banditti.

"Now will you let me pass?" I cried.

"Pass?" said they. "Yes, why of course, but sirely you won't leave us to the mercy of these infernal red skins?

We've no horses to escupe on and your

We've no horses to escape on, and your rifle might turn the day in our favor." "I don't know why I should risk my "I don't know why I should risk my life in your defence, for you would, have taken mine without a scruple." I replied; yet as I'm dying to have a shot at these dogs of Assiniboines, who have worried me so, I'll stop and empty one or two saddles for you, at all events. There was no time to say more, for the Indians were upon us. They seemed surprised at perceiving our numbers, but urprised at perceiving our numbers, but hey had no thought of shirking the contest on that account. We were seven to twelve, but our revolvers and my six shooter rifle, especially, gave us great advantage over them. Directly as the advantage over them. Directly as the red skins came within range, the robbers fired a volley at them, not a shot, however, taking effect. In return the Assinibolines drew rein, and unslong their rifles, brought them to a present as calmly and collectedly as English soldiers would have done on parade; but before a single trigger was pulled, two had fallen victims to my rifle carbine, and of the remaining shots one grazed my shoulder, and another killed one of the robbers—that was all.

I had by this time worked myself into the rear of the half dozen rascals on whose side I was fighting, and again taking dardly aim, I brought down another Indian, and then shouting, "now I guess you're an equal match, for I've

other Indian, and then shouting, "now I guess you're an equal -match, for I've wiped out three red skins, and having kept my word, will leave you to fight it out fair and straight;" and wheeling round my pony, I once more struck out into a gallép for Swamp City.

For several minutes I heard shots and cries and all the noises of a desperate conflict, but I never stopped to listen or look around; and in less than helf an hour I saw lights glemming ahead, and

hour I saw lights gleaming ahead, and presently drew up before the vooden Post Office in Swamp City, where I found another expressman mounted and waiting to carry the mail to the next stage, Soloman Town. I was in the Pony Express service at I was in the Pony Express across as St. Joe, for five years after this my first ride, but I don't remember ever encoun-tering so perilous a ride again. I discovtering so perilous a ride again. I discovered, on my next journey, that the Assiniboines had beaten their white

opponents, and killed and scalped every

BEAUTIFUL TRELAND.—We know, o course, that Ireland is called the Emerald Isle,' and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anything in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain, over which the breezes creep like playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted over with sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides, rising up into mist-shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth velvet green. But Ireland should also be called green, but never had it entered into ou with thick carpets of smooth velvet green. But Ireland should also be called the Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower; but she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and in the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrous down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to drop its webb of gold; the blo ming hawthorn, with the sweet scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the har-liness of the mural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North Sea are fringed and softened with lovely lawers; and if you kneel nywhere alflowers; and if you kneel anywhere al-most on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well-nigh invisible flow ers, red, white, blue at d yellow, wrought into the very woof and texure. Iroland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle.—
The spirit of the beautiful hovers over

and touches to living loveliness every point.—Pall Mall Gazette. THE TRAVELER IN THE SNOW .-THE TRAVELER IN THE SNOW.—A traveler was crossing a monotain height alone, over almost untrolden snow.— Warning had been given him if slumber pressed down his weary eye lids they would invariably be seated in death. For a time he went bravely on his dreary path; but with the deepening shade an freezing bla-t at night there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes, which seemed to be irresistable. In vain he tried to reason with himself; in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against heap that hay in his path. No stone was that, although no stone could have been colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body, half buried beneath a tresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveler had taken a brother in his arms, and was chating bis hands, and chest, and brow, breathing upon the stiff cold lips the warm breath of a living soul pressing the silent heart to the beating his utmost energies to shake off that fata pressing the silent heart to the beating pulse of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back life and warmth, and energy. He was a man again, instead of a weak creature succumbing to despairing helplessnes dropping down in dreamless sleep to die 'He saved a brother, and saved himself.

DU CHAILLU, the famous African ex plorer, when last heard from, was at Hammerfest, Norway, whether he had ust returned from the North Cape, the just returned from the North Cape, the extreme point of the European continent, which juts into the weird, wild Arctic Ocean. Since he left us last spring, he has visited Sweden, Finland, Lupland, parts of Upper Russia, and has been far up the Gulf of Bothnia. It is reported that he likes his old "stamping ground" far better than the scenes of his recent travels. He misses the charms of the barbarlans he has heretofore visited and described. He loves the torests, the tigers, the apes and the gorillas, where he ces, the apes and the gorillas, where he was far away from his species, and was the only "other man" in and among them; and he longs to be back again in the midst of his blessed baboons. Appearance that the transfer of the state of the sta oropos of that; he announces his return o New York some time in November or

## HOW TO WOO AND WIN.

Said a graybeard to his son,
'List my son while I discover

In his conduct should appear.

Maidens love a laughing eye: Tell her not that you are 'dying,' Lest she, mocking, bids you die!

" Woo her with a mauly wooing; Giving hostages to Fate, All the heart's devotion showing

Woo her not with idle prattle

" Like the knight whose simple sucing Won the lady (says the tale),
When despite their wordy wobing
All the rest were doomed to fail.

I shall love and serve theo well!

"TAN SWITGILD" opening the parior door and rushing forward with 'Don't git up, mother! It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do?!

And Jim entered in response to the

And Jim entered in response to the cheery salutation. He made himself as comfortable as possible till we had finished supper, when another whispered conversation proved that the 'parlor is full as it ort to be,' which was whispered by Miss in response to some motherly suggestion. The old gentleman solved the question by inviting us into the kitchen to smoke. It was evident Jim di hi't smoke, for he remained in the sitting room. We would have doubtle s ting room. We would have doubtle-senjoyed a quiet eigar had not the old lady opened the back door, and shouted at the top of her voice: 'Come round here to the back door,' It was another young man, and we fancied he looked as if he had come rather late. Two young men within the parlor, one in the sitting room, and one in the kitchen. What should be done? The courting business vas getting hot. There was another talk between mother and daughter. It was evident their devices had been exhaust-

whisper:
'I'll be damned if I'll move again till he sitting room's full! Into the sitting room, went, number

'Them's the widowers! Stick!'.
And we 'stuck and smoked on. For th lext half hour the girl must have been

and said: and said:

'I am sorry, gentlemen. But this is one
of the regular courtin' nights! Them
two fellers in the parlor-never leave before midnight, and the widowers allus
stay all night. And that ain't the worst
of it! Dan 'ill be here at 10 o'clock! I and the boys allus sleep in the haystnet Friday nights. Yer welcome to that!' The parlor, sitting room and kitcher full, we retreated to a haystnet. Incre-

sponse to a question on the point, the old gentleman said, that gentleman said, that—
'Friday night it's purty bad, but Sunday its wass. Last Sunday night there was ten on 'em, and the girl is gittin more and more partialler. The more sh gets, the more she wants! On the haystack, with a stiff breeze driving away the mosquitoes, we heard Dan drive up. One of the last remarks

THERE is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, from which woman is absolutely excluded. Yet such a place exists to-day, and has existed for centuries. As far back as history reaches, to all females it has been a forbidden ground. This bachelor's Areadia is situ ated on a bold plateau between the old peninsula of Acte, in the Greciau Archipelago and the mainland. Here, in the midst of cultivated fields and extensive woodlands, dwell a monastic confederation of Greek Christians, with twenty-three convents, and numbering more than seven thousand souls, and not one of the monasteries dates from a later time than the twelfth century. A few soldiers guard the borders of this antifemale land, and no woman is allowed to mitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley of Mount Athos territory. A traveller was startled by the abrupt question, 'What sort of human creatures are the women?' The very idea of woman, whether as mother, wife or sister, is almost lost. To all woman-haiers; to bachelors of over forty years' standing; to all men who seek refuge from the wiles and ways of the opposite sex this region. and ways of the opposite sex, this region can be safely recommended as a haven

A winow, a boarding-house keeper out three, when she is fifty if she is a da when the enraged Justice dismissed the case without inquiring any further.

An old farmer, who was asked by an impertinent attorney if there were any pretty girls in his neigh borhood, answer-ed: 'yes sir, lots of 'em; so many that they cant all find respectable husbands; and lately some of 'em's been taken up

### VOL. 58.--NO. 22.

A BLACK bird-a raven hue officer. FASCINATING ladies-Arch duchesses. THE cup after the cup that cheers-the

Ir wit is bad in age, what must it be in THE stone to do a good turn-the grind

Rates for Advertising.

orted at a liberal reduction on the above rat.
Advertisements should be accompanied by the
Cash. When sent without any length of time
specified for publication, they will be continued
untilordered out and energed accordingly

JOB PRINTING. CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of Jon and Card Printing.

Odds and Ends.

A MAN ought to keep out of trade, if he How to test the weight of a weil-

What ought always to be up to the WHEN is a smile behind time? When it's a little laughter.

A WESTERN gentleman advertises for a

Honey BEES are winged merchants-They cell their honey.

Is it possible for a garret window to suffer room-attic panes; "2th piks" appears on a vase in a Dan-oury boarding house.

BARBERS make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances How on earth is it that, at a party, the guests grow thin after supper? NEW ORLEANS girls complain that the young men don't tease them enough. Why is a tight rope dancer like an epidemic? Because he's poison in the air.

JUDY asks whether women are neare: angles since they have worn high heels

"FIGURES won't lie." Won't they?

Does,a fashionable woman's figure teil the truth? 'I want to be an angel' was played as an introduction to Ben Butler's Have: II speech.

WITY is a donkey that cannot hold his head up like next Monday." Because it's neck's weak. PE PLE are always advised to put the best foot forward. What is to be done with the other?

Ir is the approach of dinner time that we feel most sensible the emptiness of things below. FASHIONABLE boot makers caunot alvays cure ladies' boots if they are bad;

but they heel them. BALD-HEADED men are advised to utilze the shiny place by painting their monograms there-on.

A DRUMMER is the fastest time in the vorld because time beats all men, but : rummer beats time. A MAN named Sledge, seventy-three ears old, is in the Virginia state prison.

Of course it's Old Sledge. Mrs. Gunnins says her husband is like tallow condle, because he always will moke when he is going out. A CINCINNATI horse doctor advertises

to teach a horse to sing. But we have enough one-horse singers already. An Irish Judge said, when addressing prisoner: 'You are to be hanged, and I pe it will prove a warning to you.

An exchange tells us that Mr. Chase

experiences a little difficulty in speaking. Phis is a medit which too few few politi-A Boston lady declares she is guilty of downright falsehood a dozen times a day by saying to the people she meets, 'I am glad to see you,' and cannot free herself of the habit.

THE 'Neglected Married Woman's Society' passed a resolution inviting respectable young men to attend the weekly meetings. Josif B LLINGS says: 'Never do any

to work before breakfast, have your breakfast first. A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a 'waste of water.'

Till difference between a watch-key and a captain on the look out for squalls s, that one winds the watch, and the ther watches the wind. A MR DAY wished to Join the Knight-

Templar, but was rejected on the group a hat the days never did and never c. . . mix with the nights. Many ladies have ruined the shape of their cars by wearing beavy, massive car rings, which not only spoils the shape of the car by clongating it, but also products

endache and pains in the face. An Illinois lover closed his letter to his lady sentimentally as follows: My best loved one, I chawed the postage stamp on your last letter all to thunder, because I knew you licked it on,

A DUBUQUE farmer put out a fire in his barn with a deluge of milk. Dubuque is not the only place where milk differs but little from water. A SHREWD waiter at one o, our water-

Ing places says that, 'Them as is most plain in what they eats, are the most accomplished and ladylike.' Josif Billings says: 'Courage withhand than he can do justice to. A MILWAUKEE widow married a week

after the death of her first husband, to prevent lerself from fretten to dith for the sake of poor Mike, the dear sowl. Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation: 'Ah,' said he, 'we are fearably and wonderfully made.' THE Memphis Appeal, bowed down

with woe, makes inquiry: 'What can fill an empty pocket with greenbacks or pluck from the memory a rotted sorrow?' 'MARY, I am glad your heel has got well.' 'Why?' said Mary, opening wide her large blue eves with astonishment, 'Oh, nothing,' said John, 'only I see it's able to be out.

A GERMAN advocate is said to have pleaded for his client in the following way. He has killed his father and mother, and now he is an orphont. Poor fellow! We ought to protect him. An old sailor, finding a corked bottle

floating on the sea, opened it, with the following soliloquy: 'Itum, I hope; gin, I think; tracts, by Jingo!' and then threw hem back into the water. COMEBODY wrote to H. G., says the

Lowell Comier, inquiring the best method of preserving farm tools. The philosopher advised the best loaf sugar, pound for pound, and boil one hour. Two PEGRIANS, living on the same street, are blessed with the same name. Both are married; one has a large, the other a small wife. They are known as 'Big' and 'Little' wifed 'Brown.'

A CORRESPONDENT Wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way is for him to take a short voyage to sea. He will then very likely become a contributor to the At-

A LIVELY girl had a bashful lover whose name was Locke. She got out of patience with him at last and in her anger declared that Snakespeare had not said half as many things as he ought to about Shy Locke. WHAT class of workmen ought to

French government to employ for the purpose of restoring the (\*Samm Vendone to its original position" composi-tors, of course, for they are in the habit

# Bolunter.

BY JOHN C. SAYE

" Woo her not with boastful phrases Least you teach her lips to sneer; Still a suitor's warmest praises

Woo her not with senseless sighing; Woo her not with weakly whining

Both your sorrows-and yourself! By its strength to work and wait

Whom you fuln would make your wife: But with proofs that in life's battle You are equal to the strife.

" ' Lady !' quoth the bold Knight Errant, Brief the story I shall tell;
I would wed thee-here's the warrant-

#### And within her lap there lingers All the gold the twain can need!"

Correspondence of the Syracuse Standard( A party of us were duck hunting the other day on the Missouri bettems.— Night overtook us almost before we were aware of it, and we were obliged to seek lodging at the first dwellin, we could find. It was a small, one-story structure of three rooms, and occupied by a family of three rooms, and occupied by a family of six—father, mother, daughter and three sons. The sons were all unmarried, and from the calls that were made after ward we judge the daughter was unmarried also. We hadn't been in the house five minutes when some kind of a vehicle drove up, and two young men were ushered into the parlor. Straightway the mother and daughter held a whispering consultation, which closed with an invitation to the sixth' room for supper. It tation to the sittin' room for supper. It was evident that the young men callers had been to tea, as they stayed in the parlor with 'sweet sixteen,' Scarcely had we taken our seats at the table when a howl from the dogs out doors announced nnother comer. He seemed to avoid the front door, and knocked at that where our party was just settling to supper.— The mother rose to answer the summons. when we were surprised by the daughter

ed. The old gentleman was called info the corner. He settled the question with four, and we smoked. It was fully ten minute- before the next disturbers came, and they entered the kitchen with an air of old acquaintances. We looked anxiously at the host. Taking his pipe from his mouth, a single sentence relieved we

kept busy. The widowers certainly had a taird of her time. It was 9 o'clock.— We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had discovered was in the parlor. The old gentleman divined our wishes

Dan drive up. One of the last remarks of the old man before he fell asleep was 'Yes, gentlemen, courtin's hot in Nebras-ky!' And we believed him.

conters guard the borders of this anti-female land, and no woman is sllowed to cross the frontier. Nor is this all; the rule is extended to every female creature, and from time immemorial no cow, or mare, hen, duck or goose has been permitted to make acquaintance with hil

against a border, gave her age as twenty