The American Volunteer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

John B. Bratton.

OFFICE—SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS.—Two dollars per year if paid strictly in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months, after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

The American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1872. VOL. 58.---NO. 43.

Rates of Advertising.

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Poetical.

MY OLD LOVE.

I hear in the thicket the brooklet's fall;
A thrush on a lilac spray
Sings as of old the vesper song
Of the slowly-walking day;
And the fragrance comes down from the chestnut trees,
In the meadow where daisies blow,
As it came when the tender twilight came,
In the springs of long ago.

Far over the dark and shadowy woods
Comes floating the church-bell's chime,
And I wander and dream in the fading light,
As I dreamed in the olden time,
When I lingered under the chestnut bough
Till hushed was the bird's sweet strain,
And the shimmering light of the moonbeams fell
On the leaves like a silver rain.

But never again shall I wait and watch;
In the hush of the sweet spring night,
For a step in the depth of the rustling corpse,
And the gleam of a garment white;
And never again 'neath the dew-gemmed flowers,
Shall linger my love and I,
When the tremulous stars through the fleecy bars
Look out in the western sky.

Yet a joy which is nameless and strangely sad,
Throbs in my heart's deep core.
As the sweet, sweet love of the days long fled,
Is thrilled into life once more.
O dear was I to the heart that is cold,
And her love o'ershadows me still;
And the stars shine down on her grave to-night
In the lone church-yard on the hill.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN REYNOLD'S LESSON.

"What is the matter, my little woman?"

"Only tired, John."

Lina Reynolds looked up as she spoke to smile bravely in the face bending anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the little figure as he spoke, and taking his wife like a child upon his knee.

"What have you been doing to make you tired?"

"Only a day's work; don't worry John," for a shade passed over the kindly face.

"I don't worry; but I can't see what makes you complain so often of being tired. I am sure the house work ain't so much. Other women do it.

There was just a little of fretfulness in John's tone, though he did not mean to be unkind.

"I know they do; Mrs. Harper has four children and takes care of them besides doing piles of sewing. Perhaps, John, it is because I have not had experience in country work, and don't manage well. A will learn better after a while. Now, tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole crop of wheat at a good price, and put another installment in bank for the Stanley farm."

"Your whole heart is on that farm, John."

"Indeed it is. Let me once own that, free of debt, and I shall be a happy man; It is the best land in the country, and the house is twice as large as this."

Lina thought of large floors to scrub, more rooms to clean, and additional work of all kinds, and swallowed a little sigh that nearly escaped from her mouth.

"John," she said, rather timidly, "don't you think if you spend part of the money on this house we might be very happy here?"

"Spend money on this house!" cried the astonished John. "Why, what on earth ails this house?"

"I mean in things for it. Now, the parlor looks so stiff, and is always shut up. I was thinking if we had a pretty carpet, and some curtains of some white muslin or lace, and a set of nice furniture, and—and—a piano.. O, John, if we could have a piano!"

"A piano!" "Do you know what a piano costs?"

"No. Aunt Louisa had one, you know, ever since I can remember. But I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest in the evenings, I could play for you and sing. You never heard me play or sing, John."

"I have heard you sing, but not lately," said John, rather gloomily.

"Oh, that was just humming around the house; I mean real singing. I have lots of music in my trunk."

"But you are only a farmer's wife, now, Lina. I thought that when we were married that you understood that we were not to have city finery and pleasure."

"So I did John. I don't want finery. I don't want any pleasure but your love, John. Don't screw up your face so. I am silly to think of these things at all. There, kiss me, and forget it. I am nicely rested now, and I'll get your tea in ten minutes."

John put her head down with a very tender kiss, and straightway fell into a reverie.

Lina Rivers had been a district school teacher in Scottfield just four months, when John Reynolds offered her his hand and heart. She was an orphan from infancy, but her father's sister had adopted and educated her in a life of luxury, and without altering a will made years before, leaving her entire fortune to the charity asylum. Lina, left alone, had thankfully accepted the position of country school teacher, procured for her by some friends, and was thinking life a burden, when John came to brighten it. She gave her whole gentle heart into his keeping at once, appreciating at their full value his honest, true heart, his frank nature, his sterling good qualities, and looking with the most profound admiration upon his tall, strong frame and handsome face.

It was a perfect love match, for John fairly worshiped the dainty, refined little beauty he had married. And having married her, he took her to his home, and, in all ignorance, proceeded to kill her.

There was no blame to be laid upon him, living in the old farm house where he had spent his entire life, the only ambition of his life was to own land, stock, barns, and a model farm.

He had seen his mother cook, churn, feed poultry and drudge all her life, and all the women he knew did the same, and if Lina made a mistake she put a willing heart to her work, and soon conquered its difficulties. Surely he thought it would be an easier life to be mistress of his home, with the Stanley farm in prospect, than to toil over stupid children in a district school. He never had heard the wonderful music the little white hands, all rough and scarred now, could draw from the ivory keys of a piano or an organ, or the clear, pure voice in song. It was an unknown life to John where his wife's memory lingered as she scoured tins, strained milk, and cooked huge dishes of food for the farm hands. He would have thought it wicked waste, if not positive insanity to draw from the bank his hard earned savings to invest them in beautifying his plain and comfortable home.

And so the loving little woman toiled and slaved, undertook tasks beyond her strength, worked early and late, until, just one year after his wedding day, John Reynolds coming home to his tea, found lying upon the kitchen floor a senseless little figure, with a face like death, and hands that sent chills to his very heart.

The doctor hastily summoned, looked grave, and advised perfect quietness and rest. A girl was hired, and John tenderly nursed the invalid, but though she grew better she was still pale and weak.

"Take her away a while," said the doctor. "Try change of air, she is overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John, "she does nothing but the house work for us two. She has no child, and the sewing is not much."

The doctor looked into the troubled face. "You are a good man, John Reynolds, and a strong one," he said, boldly, "will you let me tell you a few truths?"

"Yes, about Lina?"

"About Lina. You remember, do you not, the tiny antelope you admired so much in the menagerie we had here last summer?"

"Certainly," said John, looking more puzzled than ever.

"Suppose you had brought that little creature and yoked it with one of your oxen to a cart to do the same work?"

"I'd been a fool," said John; "that little thing couldn't work. It was just made pretty to look at."

"That's it, John. Now I don't think God ever made any woman to look pretty and play, but he made some for the rough work of this world and some for the dainty places, some to cook and scrub, and some to draw men's souls to heaven by gentle loveliness. Your wife is one of the latter. If you were a poor man I would hold my tongue, but you are a rich one. Give your wife a servant; let her have books, music, pretty things around her. Let her rest from toil, and you may keep her by your side. Put her back in her old place, and you may order her tombstone, for she will soon need it. Don't put your antelope beside your oxen, John!"

"I will not! Thank you! I understand. Poor loving patient heart!"

"That's right! Take her out for a little pleasure trip, and get back her roses."

Lina clapped her hands when John asked her if she would like to spend a week in New York, and really seemed to draw in new life from the very idea.

It was delicious fun to see John's wide open eyes as they entered the parlor of the great city hotel, and were shown into the bedroom whose beauties were not quite as bewildering.

"The best room," he had told the landlord, and Lina could not repress a cry of delight at the vista of a cosy sitting-room invitingly open.

"O, John!" said she, "won't you go in there and shut the door for five minute, please?"

John obeyed, of course. John, she thought, gratefully refuses me nothing, now.

How lucky I brought some of my old dresses," Lina thought. I have not worn them since I was a school marm—fancy Mrs. Reynolds scrubbing the floor in this dress.

John rubbed his eyes and pinched himself as a little figure sailed into the sitting-room, made him a sweeping courtesy, and went to the piano.

Was that the little woman who had worn prints and sunbonnets so long?—The hair was fashionably dressed, and bands of blue velvet looped the golden curls. A dress of blue silk with the softest lace trimming and ornaments of pearls, had certainly made a fine lady of Lina.

The piano was yielding its most bewitching tones to the skilled little fingers, and John's bewilderment was complete when a voice of exquisite sweetness, though not powerful, began to sing.

Only one song, full of thrills and quivers, and then Lina rushed from the piano into John's arms.

"John, darling," she said, "hold me fast. Don't let me slip from you!"

"O, Lina!" he groaned, "I was not fit to marry such a dainty bird. But I loved you, little one."

"And I love you, John! Let me sing again. I am very happy to-day, my husband."

But no wonderful thrills filled the little room now. In a clea r, pure voice full of expression, Lina sang:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Every word fell like hot tears on poor John's heart, until, at the last the chord trembled upon the air. Lina turned to him, stretching out both of her arms:

"Take me in your arms, John."

He took her to the room she had quitted so gaily, and she replaced her finery by a white wrapper, whose lace trimmings looked like fairy-work, to his unaccustomed eyes.

"Are you tired, love?" he asked with a great spasm of terror at his heart, as he looked at the white, wasted face.

"Yes, very tired, but happy, John," and with a little sigh of entire content Lina nestled down against the warm heart whose every throb she knew was all her own. The white lids fell softly over the violet eyes, and she slept peacefully as a child.

"Softy, as she rested, the faint pink flush gathered on her lips, while John bending over, lifted his heart in earnest prayer for the life that made his own so bright."

Mrs. Reynolds was to experience her share of astonishment during the holidays, and it commenced by the apparation of John the next day in a suit of handsome clothes that well became his manly figure. There was no foppery, but he looked like a gentleman, though he made more than one grimace before he got, as he said, "well shaken into store clothes."

Can I describe that week? What was new to John, was old, familiar ground to Lina. Central Park was not soon exhausted, and the little guide grew rosier and stronger every day, in John's thoughtful care, that provided plenty of pleasant excitement, but guarded against fatigue.

It was early in the afternoon of a sunny day when the train drew up at the Scottfield station, and John handed his wondering wife into a one-horse carriage waiting for them.

"A new purchase, dear," he exclaimed. "We are to have a drive every afternoon, the doctor prescribes it."

The house was where it always had been, but Lina rubbed her eyes, and wondered if she had been ushered into fairy land.

The dull sitting room had been papered, carpeted, curtained, and transformed into a cosy dining room. The stiff parlor was a very bower of beauty, with a fine piano, the daintiest of furniture, and a carpet covered with boquets of exquisite flowers, the bedrooms were carpeted brightly and rejoiced in cottage sets, and in the kitchen the most good natured of German girls freely shed tears when Lina addressed her in her own language.

"But, John!" she cried, "the Stanley farm?"

"It's sold, dear. You were right; we will make this home so lovely the Stanley farm will never cost me a sigh. Dr. Greyson and his wife took the trouble here, and I have hired two new hands, so as to have a little more leisure."

"But, John," the little wife said earnestly, "I do not want you to think I am a fine lady, a doll to wear fine clothes, and to live in idleness. I want to be a true helpmate to you."

"So you will be, Lina. God meant no one to be a drone in the busy hive of the world. You are not strong, but you will find plenty to keep you busy in superintending in-door arrangements and directing Gretchen. And on our drives, love, we will see if we cannot find some poorer than ourselves to comfort and aid. That will be my thank offering for your life, my little wife."

The neighbors started and wondered. Comments upon John's folly and improvidence fell from many lips, and old men, shaking their heads, prophesied ruin for the Reynolds' farm.

But John was as much astonished as any of them, when, after a few years, he found the farm yielding him a larger income than ever before.

"I do believe, Lina," he said one day to a matronly little woman who was dressing a crowing baby, that your flower garden was worth "a thousand dollars to me last year!"

"John!"

"Yes; see it was to get the information about flowers that we first began to subscribe for the papers; there I found so many hints, that I began to think I knew nothing about farming.—One book after another crept into the house, and the time I thought would be wasted—taken from farm work—was spent in reading. Now, look at the labor saving machines I have bought!—See the new stock! My orchard is going to be the best in the country too!"

"And my poultry yard, John! It was the papers and magazines that first gave me the idea of a model poulry yard. What fun we had getting it started!"

"Yes, indeed. The New York trip was the best investment I ever made, Lina. I saw so many things there that I met again in print—the threshing machine, the rotary harrow, the improved plows."

"And," said Mrs. Reynolds, mischeviously, "the Milton watch, sewing machine, the corals for Johnnie?"

"Come, are you ready for your evening drive?"

"As soon as I put on my hat and get the basket of things for Mrs. Goodwin."

"It beats me, John," said his uncle, one bright day, "where you find so much money for tomfoolery, new-fangled nonsense, falfals for Lina, and yet give so much charity. I thought you were crazy to buy that Stanley farm?"

"I was once, but I have something better now than the Stanley farm. I have learned how to manage my antelope."

"What?"

But to this day John never explained that riddle to his puzzled relative.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE PIG AND SERPENT BITES.—The impression is generally prevalent in the United States that the common domestic pig is an especial enemy of all kinds of serpents, and that it is capable of receiving the bite of the rattlesnake and copperhead without the slightest personal inconvenience or injury. This same immunity from harm would seem to exist in other countries, as a late writer in the London *Field* remarks upon the fondness of the pigs in India for the cobra de capello, and states that he has repeatedly seen them in conflict, and has observed the pig to be bitten over and over again in the snout and about the face by the writhing reptile, and in no instance with the slightest ill result to the aggressor.

[For the American Volunteer.

A THOUGHT.

A year has passed so quickly by,
It seems but yesterday I stood
On yonder cliff, and watched the sky
Changing to tints of brilliant dye,
With ever varying mood.

But now a storm is gathering fast;
Behold the quickly shifting clouds
Fly swift before the withering blast,
Each one is stronger than the last;
They look like winding shrouds.

A thought then rose within my mind,
How much our lives are like the sky,
When Heaven smiles, we are inclined
To look on all the human kind
With mild and friendly eye.

But let our lives be clouded o'er
By sorrows from a Father sent,
Our sky which seemed so bright before,
We now in bitterness deplore,
As we by grief are bent.

Could we but *feel*, as well we *know*,
'Tis love that sends each cross to bear,
Then winter's angriest blast might blow
Our lives in one calm stream would flow,
Devoid of cankering care.

VIRGINIA.

[Written for the Philada. Sunday Transcript.]

OUT ON THE PLAINS.

THE MAD TRAPPER.

BY PAUL PLUME.

It was just where the city of Denver now stands, that a group of seven of us were seated eating our suppers from a newly slain buffalo. That was twenty-four years ago. What a wonderful change has taken place since that period! Where a bustling city now rears its spires, there was nothing then to be seen but a rolling prairie, with the turbid waters of the Platte meandering away until it was lost in the green distance.—We would have laughed then at the idea of the iron horse dragging his train after him across the spot where we were camping. Such thoughts had found utterance when we read the predictions in some stray copies of newspapers that occasionally found their way to our solitudes. But these anticipations, if ever realized, would belong to another generation. So we reasoned, in the profundity of our wisdom.

I said there were seven of us. There is only one living to-day—the writer of this sketch. Four were inhumanly murdered by Indians, one blew his brains out in a fit of despondency, and one was drowned in the Missouri, in attempting to save a woman from a watery grave. I cannot help feeling sad as I pen these words, for the recollection of the brave, honest hearts with whom I was associated in so many deadly encounters, and upon whom I learned so implicitly to rely in the hour of need, awakens a regret at their untimely deaths. Gentle were they, with the simplicity of children, kind in their rough ways as a woman, while the great stout hearts they bore never quailed before any danger. Poor fellows, no pen ever wrote their obituaries or recorded their worth, and yet each was a hero whose individual act might not pale in comparison with world-renowned knighthood.

"'Taint no use,' remarked Sol White, 'of them newspaper men writin' about sending a locomotive over these prairies. Where in thunder do they expect to get their fuel? P'raps they imagine they can run 'em on buffalo chips. I reckon not. Besides, the Utes and the rest of 'em would have somethin' to say to that. I once heard that durned old fool, Chouteau, when we were on the Canadian, talking about the time when we'd take a train every day for California anywhere along about here. I thought a man that would speak in that wise, had a head light enough to carry him over the Rocky Mountains like a balloon. I hate such nonsense.'

'Not so fast,' interposed old Bill Williams, who was a man of superior type, when compared with most mountain men. Bill had been a preacher in his day, and was a shrewd though very peculiar personage. 'Not so fast. There's no telling what enterprise and science may do,' he continued, 'who knows what deposits of coal may lay beneath our feet? If such should be the case—and I for one believe it—the energy of our people will soon drag it to light. As to the savages, there will be a way found to keep them tolerably quiet. Anyhow they'll soon be wiped out.'

'Listen to that,' exclaimed Sam Withers, taking the pipe from his mouth, and gazing at old Bill with a look of mingled incredulity and disdain.

'Bill,' he continued, 'what's the matter with that head of your'n? Why the very beavers would laugh to hear you go on in that way.'

'Maybe,' replied the old man.

'There ain't any 'maybe' about it,' returned Withers. 'A man's putty nearly crazy when he talks that way. These prairies has got to be built with towns. Trees has got to be planted. Yes, whole forests of 'em. People has got to live all the way from Missoury to California afore you see the thing you're talking about. Now when do you suppose this will come to pass?'

'Come, never mind your railroads,' cried Jim Rhoads. 'Here, Sam, I want to play you a game of seven-up; there's plenty of daylight left,' and he produced a pack of greasy cards from his pocket.

Rhoades and Withers were soon deep in their game, and the railroad topic came to an abrupt close.

As night drew on, we lay watching the stars, when Withers suddenly exclaimed, turning to Williams:

'Bill, guess who I'm thinkin' about,—What on airth ever put that in my head?'

The only reply Williams vouchsafed was a grunt.

'Who are you thinking of, Sam?' I inquired.

'Mad Job Hazel,' he replied. 'It's bin years since a thought of him came o'er my mind.'

Williams moved uneasily on his blanket, and muttered something about Sam holding his tongue.

'Tell me the story, Sam,' I said. 'I've heard something about it, but no one ever felt inclined to repeat it in full.'

'Well, 'taint an agreeable subject when one wants a quiet sleep, but I'm not much superstitious, so if you want it I'll tell you how it was.'

He paused for a few moments, glancing at old Bill, who was now snoring, and then proceeded as follows.

'Job Hazel came from the neighborhood of Independence. That's a good while afore you appeared in these parts; you wasn't thinkin' much about beaver traps in those days. He was as likely a young fellow as I ever saw. Tall, blue-eyed and tough as a grizzly. He wandered about a good deal at first, and there was plenty of room, you see. When all of a sudden he struck a tail for Canoncito. 'Twas astonishing how soon he got into the ways of the Mexicans. 'Twasn't no time at all afore he spoke their tongue so well that you'd have sworn he was born among 'em. There was a girl who took Job's eye. I often saw her! She was a pretty little thing, with a brown skin and great black eyes. Well, Job married her, that is to say after the Mexican fashion. But it was good enough for all that. He thought the world of her, and every time he'd come into the settlements, he seemed fairly to eat her up for love. She was as soft on him as he was on her. I always thought those two were mighty happy.

'Well one day Job started away, and didn't return for nigh five months. In the meantime those rascally Apaches, in one of their sheep stealing expeditions, picked up Job's wife, and carried her away.

'When Job got back home his wife had been gone three months. He didn't resemble his old namesake much for patience. They say he raved and swore and hurt everybody that came in his way. I do believe he went crazy right off, for he was always a quiet fellow. He didn't waste any time about the pueblos after that, but mounted his mustang and rode away. From that blessed minute, he was the sworn enemy of Injuns. But you see his head was wrong, and he consequently made no distinction atween them. Every Injun to him was an Apache, and he killed him on sight. Matters at last got to be purty bad, for he was killin' right and left. His rifle was always smokin'. Some friends got after him, but they soon let him alone, for he was too dangerous. You could hear of him everywhere, and there was always blood in his trail. I never could understand why he wasn't killed, for he was huntin' Injuns every minute of his life. He must have been mighty cunning in his ways. I never saw but once after his trouble. Then I had been to Fort Washita, when one morning, about daylight, I heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming puty fast. I squatted behind some cotton-wood bushes, and the next minute Job Hazel came tearing by, with such a wild look on his face that I pitied him. Hallo! I cried. He gave his mustang such a jerk, that the beast sat square down on his haunches. Then Job looked at me curiously, but I'm sure he didn't know me, for he never said a word, but wheeled his horse and rode on.

'Twas strange to find him away there, I thought, but at that time I didn't know how he wandered. I think he must have killed more Injuns unnecessarily than any man that ever lived on hese plains.

'There was a mountain man named Jack Crosby. Job and him used to be fast friends, so Jack allowed that he could induce Job to leave off his bloody work and take to his traps again like a reasonble man. You see, Jack didn't believe that Job was crazy. It wasn't an easy thing just to tell where to find a man who ranged like Job Hazel. You might look for him on the Colorado, while he might be that minute on the Trinity. Well, Jack was good six months afore he struck his trail, but he followed it up all the while, and never once let up. All this was nothing but friendship, you may say. Well, at last he got up with Job as he was one day ridin' along the top of the Canon de la Copa.

'To the surprise of Jack, Job made a pretty desperate attack on him. He shot at him twice. But Jack was set on bringin' him in, so he tried to grapple him, intendin' to tie him with a lariat, and make sure of him. But Jack hadn't calculated on Job's heft, and it was as much as he could do to keep clear of the knife he carried. Finally he had to let go his hold; then Job started his horse at a run, with Jack close at his heels, when all on a sudden Job struck spurs into his mustang, and he leaped him off into the air.

'Jack said his blood never run cold afore that day. He turned about and rode two miles back till he got to the mouth of the canon, and ridin' in, commenced to search for Job Hazel. You better believe he found 'em, but both horse and rider were smashed all to pieces. You couldn't have told that there had ever been anything human in the heap of blood and flesh that laid down by them boulders. Jack said it made him sick when he came on the sight.

'Now what I'm going to tell you in conclusion is a fact, though I suppose you won't believe it. But it's true for all that. Old Bill knows it as well as the rest of us; only he won't own up to it.—The fact is, Job Hazel's ghost rides the Plains to this minute. I never saw it but once, but Bill has twice. It was a clear moonlight night when he came upon me unawares. I was in camp by the Little Boggy. I could see all around me as light as day. I can swear that there was no one about a minute afore, when on a sudden a horsemen comes ridin' like mad. He passed within ten feet of me, and as I looked into his face I saw him as clear as I now see you. He looked at me with that wild stare they say he always wore, and he was awfully pale. His long hair streamed out from his shoulders, and his throat was bare, for his huntin' shirt was opened all the way down his chest. Hangin' at his saddle-bow was a whole string of Injun scalps that flopped up and down with a noise that sounded like a torn sail in the wind.

'I never believed in ghosts till then, but I have ever since, for I know for sure that Job Hazel's spirit is ridin' up and down the Plains seekin' his lost wife.

AT one of our churches on Sunday, while the organ was playing vociferously, a good lady whispered to her neighbor in the pew had to raise her voice quite high in order to be heard. Suddenly the organ changed from loud to soft, when the lady, not taking note of the organ, was heard to say to her friend, 'We fry ours in butter.' Perhaps the congregation didn't snicker.

THE British Government has received from France an official notification of the abrogation of the commercial treaty.

A NOTORIOUS BANDIT.

Tomaso Rodendo, alias Procopio, although a young man, is one of the most fearless and daring desperadoes that has ever figured in the criminal annals of the West. He was born in Sonoro, Lower California, in 1841. His parents were of mixed Spanish origin, and were, like a number of others of the same class, of roving habits. His father was a *vaquero*, and Tomaso at an early age was taught the same business. Being of a reckless nature, he soon distinguished himself in that avocation. His mother was a sister of the notorious Joaquim Murieta, whose deeds of violence have classed him as the most notorious desperado on the Pacific Coast. Early in the year 1853 his parents removed from Sonoro. Getting their effects together, the family traveled northward, finally settling in Los Angeles county. Young Rodendo soon became familiarized with daily stories of crime. He had not been long in his new home before he gained the reputation of being a fearless rider and a reckless youth.—When but a mere boy, in the year 1859, he murdered a man named John Raines, on the Cucamungo Ranch, in the southwestern section of Los Angeles county. A short time after this he removed into the northern counties of California, and finally settled in Almeda county. He associated himself with a daring gang of desperadoes, whose headquarters were in Livermore Valley. Here his wild and reckless disposition became known to the members of the gang, and in a short time he assumed control of the desperadoes and acted as thier leader. The farmers in that section of country remember distinctly the nocturnal visits of these marauders, and the deeds of violence which were perpetrated daily about the year 1860. Shortly after he assumed control of the gang, a family by the name of Golden, who lived in Corral Hollow, were murdered. The family consisted of Golden, and his wife and two children, all of whom were brutally assassinated. A cattle-herder (a Mexican) stated that he had witnessed the murder, and said that Procopio (the name that Rodendo was known by in that vicinity) was the guilty party. The herder's story was unheeded, and he himself perished on the scaffold for a crime of which he was innocent.

In the year 1863 Procopio, Narcisse, and another man were suspected of having stolen a lot of cattle from a farmer by the name of Pope, whose ranch was on the Arroya Vaya. Pope went to San Leandro, procured a warrant and placed it in the hands of Constable O. B. Wood, who had been informed that Procopio was in Alvarado. He proceeded thither, and caught his man in the act of receiving money from August Maye, a butcher in that place. Wood seeing his man, drew his pistol and covered him with it, at the same time telling him to throw up his hands. Procopio said he was unarmed, and Wood returned the pistol to his pocket. No sooner had he done so than Procopio drew his pistol and fired at Wood, the ball taking effect in his arm. The effect of the shot was so great as to cause Wood to stagger; and before he could recover himself, Procopio started to run through the main street of the town, at the same time flourishing his revolver.—A number of people followed him, and others observing that he was running in the direction of the bridge, took possession of it, thus preventing all escape in that quarter. Finding he was blocked, Procopia took his pistol between his teeth, leaped into the water and swam across. The stream at the place where he plunged in was fifty or sixty feet wide. After gaining the opposite bank he started to run in the direction of the salt marsh, closely followed by the officers and citizens. Finding that he was being run down, he turned on his pursuers and commenced firing at them. They returned the fire, but he escaped injury. Finally, his ammunition being expended, he gave himself up. He was taken to San Leandro and tried for the robbery of Pope's cattle. During dis trial he assumed all the responsibility of his accomplices' guilt. He was convicted and sentenced to the state prison for the term of nine years. Last March his term of sentence expired, and he was accordingly liberated.

Last April he returned to the old stamping-ground at Livermore Valley, and remained quiet for about six weeks; but his thieving propensities were so strongly developed that he had to return to his old manner of living. He began his career a second time by driving off a number of cattle belonging to John Arnott, and drove them to that portion of Livermore known as Sonora. It was suspected that he was the party engaged in stealing the cattle, and a warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of the Deputy Sheriffs Ralph Faville and J. M. Smith. They proceeded to Livermore, where Faville found a head, hide, and horns of one of the missing cattle in the yard of Juan Camargo, covered with ashes. They arrested Camargo and brought him to Pleasanton.—The same night they arrived there, a party of armed men, about fifty in number, seized the Deputies, locked them in their rooms, and took Camargo to a place in the woods about three miles distant from Pleasanton, where, placing a rope around his neck, and throwing one end of it over the limb of a tree, they began to "lift" him. They hung him a number of times, and extorted from him a confession relative to the cattle thieves in that vicinity. Procopio heard of this affair and made his way out of the county, traveling south. He made San Juan (in Monterey) his rendezvous. With a number of others, he robbed a stage station on the Salinas River, and soon after robbed the Visalia stage, and made himself generally obnoxious to residents in that county. He afterwards went to Calaveras county. A few days ago Sheriff Harry Morse, of Alemeda county, received a telegram from Chief Crowley, informing him that Procopio had been seen in this city, and that the detectives had struck his trail, and were hunting him up. Sheriff Morse came over to the city, accompanied by Lee C. Moorehouse, one of his deputies. Detectives Stone and Bohen were detailed to co-operate with the officials, and the party started at once in search of the bold Procopio.—They had information that he frequented a house in St. Mark's place but failed to find him there. A watch was kept on the premises, however, and one day last week, a descent was made on the establishment. Morehouse, Stone and Bohen, entered at the front door, while Morse went round to the rear entrance. Looking in at the back door, the Sheriff saw Precopio seated at the table facing the front door. As the officers entered from the street, the desperado sprang from his seat, and was about to draw his revolver, when Morse rushed up behind, seized him by the throat with one hand, while he leveled a revolver at his head with the other, and casually remarked: "Put up your hands, Procopio—you are my man." The other officers almost simultaneously grappled the bandit, and he was led like a lamb to the Oakland boat, and taken to San Leandro, where he now reposes in jail.—*California Paper.*

THE DUMB LOVER.

The following I find in my scrap-book copied from a French letter long ago:

At the time of Francis I. of France was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his officers, the valorous Chevalier Beauregard, smitten by the charms of an Italian lady, of noble family, named Aurelia, who, though flattered by the declaration of the gallant soldier, refused his suit on the ground of the levity of the French character, and the natural indiscretion of the people. But Beauregard was not to be put off so easily. The depth of the fever of his love led him to propose to the lady to put his constancy to any proof she might think proper.—Aurelia at length accepted the terms of the proposition, and engaged to marry him if, for the space of six months, he would remain utterly and entirely dumb.

The Chevalier promised, and then with a silent bow, withdrew from the lady's presence; and from that moment he opened not his lips with the sound of human speech. He returned to Paris, where his friends and relations were stricken with sorrow at the terrible infirmity which had fallen upon him, for his bad been a voice musical and entertaining. Beauregard expressed his wants by dumb signs, and seldom smiled. The best physicians were sent for, but he refused to see them.

The captive King was at length set free and restored to his people; but his joy on his return to his capital was diminished by the sad misfortune which had befallen the Chevalier, who had been the monarch's chief favorite. Francis sent his best doctors to the stricken soldier, who, out of respect for his royal master, took the medicines prescribed, but with no effect. The King even went so far as to employ the charlatans and the necromancers, who then, as now, professed to hold specific for all sorts of diseases.

The news spread abroad, and great was the sorrow. The court and the people had become hopeless of his cure, when a fair Italian maiden, professing to be a fortune teller, appeared before the King, and informed him that she would undertake to restore the Chevalier to his speech. The King would not cast away an opportunity. He summoned Beauregard to his presence, and told him that a physician had come who promised to cure him; but the Chevalier bowed low in silent discredit. The King nodded to the fair stranger, and asked her what she would do.

"Beauregard, my tried and cherished," she said, turning to the Chevalier, "this must endure no longer. Speak to me!"

The Chevalier instantly recognized his beloved Aurelia, who had truly loved him, and whose heart had been deeply touched by the proof of his constancy and devotion, and he pronounced her name in rapturous tone as he flew to take her outstretched hand.

Francis was sensibly affected by the romantic event, and he presented his restored favorite with a rich estate at his marriage.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A FIRST-CLASS COLLECTOR.

Is on time to a minute when the debtor says "come to-morrow at 9 o'clock."

Sits on the steps and waits for his return when he says "I am just going to dinner."

Insists on stepping out to make bhange when the man "has nothing less than a twenty."

Will go for an old stager every day for a month with a cheerful countenance about that little account.

Doesn't mind edging into a crowd to ask a fellow.

Will take a dollar in part if he can't get ten in whole, and credit it with thankful alacrity.

Always suggests a check when the money is not at hand, as he can get it cashed to-morrow.

Always has that account on top so the man can make no excuse for putting him off.

Don't mind asking him for it immediately after being treated and pleasantly entertained.

Is never in a hurry; can wait till you get through.

Cuts off the retreat of the dodger by crossing over to meet him, or follows him into a store in which he has gone to hide.

Can cough or salute when the hard case wishes to pass by without seeing him.

In fine is patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, brave as a lion, water-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow hawk.

AN Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug down about twenty-five feet, he came one morning and found it caved in, filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that nobody was near, then took off his hat and coat, hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and awaited the result. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well, and just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came out of the oushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a "sorry job." Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anymore than the hearty laugh that followed.

BRIDAL TOURS.

Looking at the custom from an æsthetic and sentimental point of view, nothing can be more repulsive. An American marriage is, in theory, a love match; and it is so in practice.—Now two persons in love want to see as much as possible of each other, and as little as possible of other people. It is true that we find exceptions; there are individuals whose diseased vanity desires to give publicity to every act of their life. But the vulgarians are, happily, rare in any class. An instinct of seclusion and modesty is the general rule. Yet this absurd custom forces a newly-married couple either to put an unnatural restraint upon their legitimate affection, or to make themselves ridiculous before the public. All this however, it may be suggested, is a matter of taste. But what follows is not a questionable point of taste or comfort; it is a matter of downright fact as certain as if it could be mathematically demonstrated. The consummation of marriage is, with one exception, the most critical period, physically of woman's life. After the moral and physical excitement which attends it, her system demands absolute rest, repose, quiet, regular and good living, a supporting and restorative way of life. If these can be secured for some weeks, so much the better, but at any rate they are necessary for some days. Not only her health for the rest of her mortal existence, but the health and strength of her offspring may be, and often are materially affected by the want of proper care at this time. Instead of which the bridal tour piles on additional excitement and fatigue, makes regularity of life impossible—in short, involves the exact reverse of all that the rules of health and physiology require.

At peril of being thought effeminate, I will go further and say that for the man, too, at this time, repose and calm, though not so necessary, are highly desirable. It constantly happens that in the case of both sexes, a slight indisposition, which, passed unnoticed in the hurry of preparation, is aggravated to a serious and even fatal extent by the excitement and exposure and neglect consequent on the wedding tour. No man, for instance, would think of postponing his marriage on account of a slight cold. If he staid quietly at home, afterward, and took care of himself, it would pass away like other slight colds; he goes on a bridal tour in the depth of winter and the malady develops into a chronic pulmonary complaint. Nor would a young woman put off her marriage because she felt a little extra lassitude and want of appetite, with an occasional headache, which, however, may be premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. If you take typhoid in time there is nothing specially dangerous about it; care and patience only are necessary, and it runs its course. But if neglected at first it is almost inevitably fatal. Last year two cases came under my observation, the one of a bride, and the other of a bridegroom, lying of typhoid just after a wedding trip, which has caused the early symptons to be misunderstood and neglected, And I have known things worse than death to happen—insanity, temporary or permanent, brought on by the extra fatigue and excitement of the wedding journey.

A TATTOOED ALBANIAN.

"It seems probable," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that among other distinguished visters to London during the approaching season we are likely to be favored with the presence of an Albanian gentleman, aged forty, and unmarried, whose appearance alone will insure him a warm welcome in fahsionable circles." He is according to the *Medizinische Woohenschrift* of Vienna, of middle height and beautifully and strongly built, and is tattooed from "top to toe." His whole body looks as though it were tightly enveloped in a wedding of richly woven Turkish stuff. From the crown of his head to the tips of his toes he is covered with dark blue figures of animals and plants, in the interspaces of which appear to be characters in blue and cinnabar red. The hands are tattooed on both surfaces, but only with inscriptions. The blue figures stop short at the instep of the feet, but the tattooing is continued along the toes to the root of the nails in the form of red characters. Through the very hairs of the scalp and of the beard appear also designs in blue. On the forehead, one on either side, are two panthers, separated in the middle by a line of red characters. There are altogether on his body three hundred and eighty eight figures. All of these are of a blue color, and represents apes, leopards, cats, tigers, eagles, crowned sphynxes, storks, swans, men, women, elephants, crocodiles, snakes, fish, lions, snails, fruit, leaves, flowers, bows, arrows, and quivers. The inscriptions on the surface of the hands belong,