BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1872.

Poetical. OITY VIOLETS. Fairest of Spring's fair children, Babes of the flowery year, Violets with dew-sprent eyes

What is it ye do here? Here, in the pent-up city, Far from your native dell, Where the flinch her nest entwines, And through the badding pines Fitful March breezes swell?

In place of streaming sunshine, And free, bud-blowing air, Upon your beauty falls
The shade of prisoning walls,
And gaslight's yellow glare.

Through street and crowded alley Your fresh-plucked buds are borne, Laden with pleasant tales, of woods and ancient vales, Thick with the white sloe-thorn

Ever amid the tumult Of traffic's ceaseless hum, cet as a babbling rill,

Seem they like fairy voices, Those oder-freighted sighs, relling of vernal hours, And rain-drops in the flowers,

And that faint floating fragrance. As by the passing air

The worn face of the weave,r Grows brighter while he stays His weary glance to gaze Upon your purple bloom.

The pale-browed seamstress paus ent, as she feels Within her room your scent, That from the roadway pent,

To thousand, thousand workers In labor s serried ranks, Bright breezy thoughts ye bring Of meadows white with spring, Green crofts and sunny banks !

And therefore, Spring's fair children Babes of the flowery year,

Itliscellaneous.

KATE'S ACCOMPLISHMENT, A SKETCH FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

"Really Kate, you have succeeded very well. Where my daughters are so truly accomplished I dare not draw comparisons; but I say to you that I conside your education 'perfect.'" And thus Speaking, Mrs. Leuark, a woman of five and forty, and a mother of three grown up daughters, lay back in her easy chair, and gently waved her fan.

Kate, the youngest of the three daughters, had just arisen from the plane-forte where she had improved upon her last course. She was nineteen years of age, and her form was of the pure female type-not robust, nor yet fairy-like, but the old Greeks used to adopt when they wished to sculpture an Adriane or a Tuphroryne. Touching her face—it was such a face pretty would sound tame and flat. Mrs. Lenark thought Isabel and Bertha were both prettier than Kate, while Mr. Lenark was of a differen opinion. However, upon one point ther was no dispute. The Judge would often say-" Well, my little Kate looks very good anyhow." But nobody had eve disputed him.

Isabel and Bertha were the other two both older than Kate, being aged respect tively twenty-one and twenty-three, They had graduated at a very fashiona ble school, and were deemed very, very highly accomplished; and moreover, they were called beautiful.

Judge Lenark was the father of these girle. He was a man of means, though not of large wealth. He had been a suc cessful lawyer, and was now upon the bench; and his social position was of the very highest. Governors had been among his clients, and Senators looked to him for counsel and assistance. The Judge into active useful life; but his daughters he had left to his wife.

"Of course," Mrs. Lenark continued after she had taken her seat near her father, "you do not play as well as your sisters, but it will come to you by practice. I think I may myself say that your list

of necessary accomplishments is full. "Not quite," said Kate, with a nod and a smile. There is one more accomplishment to add to my list. I longed for it many a time when I was at school and I am led to long for it at many places I an forced to visit. I must learn to cook."

"To what?" cried Mrs. Lenark. "To cook?" queried Isabel and Berth

in concert. "Aye," added Kate, "I will not con sider my woman's accomplishments complete until I can, with my own hands make a loaf of wheaten bread fit to se before my father."

"The Judge caught his Kate by the hand and cried.

"Good, good for Kate!" Isabel and Bertha smiled derisively. Their looks plainly showed that they

considered the thing ridiculous. Mrs. Lenark looked up in surprise and deprecation. It seemed a reflection upon her educational care of her daughters.~

Kate saw the look, and answered: "I do not mean a loaf of such soggy stuff as some of our friends make with cream of tartar and saleratus, nor yet a loaf of the putty stuff that comes to'us from the baker's, but I mean a loaf of

auch bread as my own mother used to bake when I was a wee child." Mrs. Lanark was mollified, but no

converted. Ah, Kate, times have changed since I was young. "For the worse!" muttered the Judge.

But his wife did not notice him. She Went on. "You had better leave the making of bread to the help in the kitchen. If ev-

er you have a home of your own I trust you will have enough else to occupy your time without doing the work of your ser

said Kate, with mild decision, "I am determined that I will be able to superintend every part of it. The servants employed in my household shall be able to | analysis and reason, Roland read the | in the mud.

look down upon me. I will not be the whole story. He had gone too far to re-"Good," again oried the Judge." " Go. it, Kate, and I will furnish the material. Waste a dozen barrels of flour, if necessary—only bring me a grand good loaf of bread of your own making and baking in

the end !" Mrs. Lenark thought it foolish ar Isabel and Bertha characterized it as very childish and whimsical. They fancled that it smacked of the nursery and play-

father backed her up, she carried the day, don me I know, and gained the freedom of the kitchen, At first Kate had been startled terribly, where the servants soon came to love

The following winter Isabel and Bertha spent in the city. Kate remained at iome, because her mother could not spare them all. During their visit to the meropolis, the elder sister there made friends and formed a few pleasant associations. Among others, they met with Roland Archworth, a young banker whose father had been Judge Lenark's classmate and chum at college. In their letters home they had informed their father of this fact, and the Judge, remeinbering the elder Archworth with treasured love and esteem, and knowing him to be the occupant of an exalted position in society, had invited the young man to

visit him at his country house. And thus it happened that when summer came Roland Archworth came up to Lenark's pleasant home. He was a young man of five and twenty years, and to use the expression of one who knew him well, "every inch a man."

He had inherited a fortune from his father, and was now a partner in the house which his father had founded.-There was no speculation in business which he followed. With a banking capital fully equal to the greatest possible emergency, the house pursued a legitimate course and its wealth was constantly and surely increasing.

Is it a wonder that Mrs. Lenark's beart fluttered when the prospect dawned upon her that the young banker might possibly seek one of her daughters for a wife? She cared not whether he chose Isabel or Bertha. They were both accomplished, and either would make a

worthy mate for him. And we do not do the Judge injusting when we say that even he allowed himself to hope that the son of his classmate night find it in his heart to love one of he girls. He had studied the young man's character well, and he believed it

to be one of the purest and best. And Isabel and Bertha. Of course there was rivalry between them, but they agreed they would abide the issue. If Isabel were selected to preside over the home of the millionaire, Bertha would not complain; and should Bertha prove the fortunate one, Isabel was prepared to

One thin * happened very unfortunate ly. On the very day of Archworth's arival, the cook had been taken sick .-

What was to be done?

the canaille.

"I will take the reigns until the cook gets well." "But for mercy's sake," implored Isabel, "don't let Mr. Archworth know it! shocked by such a gross impropriety.-He would look upon us as belonging

"Never mind," said Kate, with a smile,

But there was no present help for i and Kate went into the kitchen and took command of the forces in that quarter. "Will you have some of this cake, Mr.

the silver basket of frosted niceties. "No." replied the visitor, with a smile If you will let me exercise my own whim you will please me. This plain bread i a luxury which I do not often meet. I takes me back to my boyhood's days. I have not eaten such since I eat bread which my own mother made. If ever I keep house for myself I think I shall ask you to send me your cook.

For the life of them they could not belp the betrayal of emotion. Poor Kate, vho sat exactly opposite the speaker, blushed until it reemed as though all the blood in her body were running into her as they would tremble had they found themselves unexpectedly upon the verge or a frightful precipice. The Judge laughed outright.

"You get our cook into your house and you'd find you'd caught a tartar, my boy, said the Judge. And then to change th ubject he added quickly: 'I remember your mother very well

Roland, and I have eaten her bread. And thus the conversation softened down into the memory of other days. Touching Roland's associations with Lenark's daughters, he seemed to enjoy the society of them all. If he seemed more eager to talk with one than the other, it was with Kate-not, perhaps, pecause he had found her more attractive, but because she kept herself hidden away from him so much. During the orief interviews which had been permitted him, he had found her not only ac

complished, but he thought he detected au undercurrent of plain, common sense which had not appeared in the others.-And, again, when he had been speaking of his mother, he had noticed Kate's eyes grow moist with sympathetic light while her sisters had only smiled in their aweet pleasant way. He fancied that through the gathering moisture of those

deep blue eyes he had looked down into warm and tender heart that was true and reliable. One bright morning Roland Arch worth rose with the sun and walked on into the garden. By and by he came round by the porch, and entered the kitchen to ask for a drink of milk for he had just seen the gardner bringing in a

brimming pail from the stable. He went in, and saw Kate Lenark at the moulding board, her white arms bare to the shoulders, kneading a snowy pil f dough. She did not see him at firs and he had a moment for thought-and in that moment the truth flashed upon im. Here was the cook whom he de clared he would have in have in his own house if he could get her? And he could now understand the blushing of the maiden and the laughing rejoinder of the Judge. And he remembered now of

to a member of the family of the sickness

of the copk, and how unfortunate it was.

comprehension, aided by keen powers of

treat, so he pushed boldly on into the "Ah, good morning, Miss Lenark

Pardon my intrusion, but I saw the milk pall come in and I could not resist the emptation. Of the old, old days! I never shall forget them, and I trust I may never outlive them. It was my boyhood's delight to take from my mother's hand the cup warm from the milking. This is the first opportunity that has present ed itself for many long years, and I could But Kate was in earnest; and as her not resist the temptation. You will par

> but she met the suppliant's warm and radiant look, and the music of the old home love fell upon her ear, and when she saw, as by instinct, that the whole scene was pleasant to him, she felt her heart bound with gleeful assurance; and brushing the flake of dough from her arms, she went and filled bowl with the new milk and brought it to him.

"I trust," she said with a beaming smile, "that the dust of toil upon my hands will not render the gift less ac ceptable."

No matter what Roland replied, he said something and then drank the milk He evidently longed to linger in the kitchen, but propriety forbade, and with more of his real feelings in his looks than in his speech, he retired.

A few days thereafter the young bank er sought the Judge in his study, and said as he took his seat, he had something important to say.

"I come," he said, "to ask of you that I may seek the hand of your daughter.' The Judge was agreeably surprised .-He had fancied that of late the youth had been growing cold towards hi daughters.

"My dear boy," said he, "between you and me there need be no beating about the bush. I should be both proud and happy to welcome you as my son. Which of the two is it?"

" Of the two?" repeated Roland. "Ah; is it Isabel or Bertha?" " Neither, sir, it is Kate I want." "Kate!" cried the old man in blank

stonishment. But quickly a glad light danced in his eyes. "Yes, Judge, your Kate is the woman want, if I can win her."

"But, my dear boy, how in the world did you manage to find my pear!, my ruby, among the household jewels? Where and when have you discovered he priceless worth of that sweet child?" "I discovered it first in the kitchen, Judge; I first fell irrevocably and truly in love with her when I found her with ner white arms bare making bread. I have known her better since. It is your Kate I want."

"God bless you, my boy. Go and win her if you can. And be sure you gain a reasure. Roland went away, and half an hour afterward, the supernatural light that

And Kate when closely questioned confessed that the first flame of real love which burned in her bosom for Roland Archworth, was kindled by the deep and ture element of manhood which he had lisplayed on that early

danced in his eyes told his story of suc-

kitchen. Of course Mrs. Lanark was willing, though she was surprised at the young good could come of such an unequal man's choice.

Isabel and Bertha were dissapointed: but since, at best, only one of them could into Clara's blue eyes and not believe have won the prize, they concluded on Archworth?" asked Mrs. Lenark, lifting | the whole, that it was well as it was,-They loved their sister, and were thus enabled to claim the wealthy banker for

a brother-in-law. As for Roland and Kate, their happiness was complete. Of all the accom plishments which his wife possesses, th husband is chiefly proud of that which enables her to be indeed as well as in name, " the mistress of her home."

THE REASON. -In Indiana, a husband after a spree, was led home by one of his friends, who after posting him sefely of the door-step, rang the bell and retreate somewhat deviously to the other side of the street, to see if it would be an swered. Promptly the ' port" was "out verted," and the fond sponse, who had waited up for her truant husband, be neld him in all his toddiness.

Why, Walter is this you?" "Yes, my dear."

"What in the world has kept yo "Been out a little turn with 'er boys my d-d-arling.U

" Why, Walter, you are intoxicated !" Yes, my dear; I estimate that's so.' "What on earth made you get so drunk ! And why-oh why do you come to me in this dreadful state?" ' Because, 'my darling, all th' other

MRS: SHAW appeared before the Re corder to prosecute her husband for in-

"What have you to complain of?" In uired the magistrate. 'My husband neglects me, sir," was he answer of the spiteful lady, thrown out with a sort of a jerk.

'Indeed! how is that?" " He leaves me at home, and when uplain of it, insults and abuses me. "Can you give me an instance of it?" "Yes. He went to the cock-fight on

Sunday, and wouldn't let me go with

him, and said that if they fought hens he'd seud for me?" PUNNING ANECDOTE.-A well-known grocer named Berry, sent his bill to an actor with whom he dealt on credit. Of course we needn't say that he was a green grocer. The outraged actor returned the

following reply: "You are a Goose Berry, and have made a Mull Berry, in sending me your Bill Berry, before it was Due Berry, but I don't care a Straw Berry-only, if you lo so again, Berry, I will kick your Rusp Herry, until it is Black Berry."

"A GALLANT young man was out walk ing with his girl one day last week, in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and a mud-puddle of unusual size happening to lay in their having overheard Mrs. Lenark speaking | path, he asked his company would it not be proper to carry her agross; she thought it would be in preference to wading. The and so on. With a clear sense and quick | next scene was the gallant young man and his 155 pounds burden floundering

A WORD IN ANGER SPOKEN.

A word in anger spoken-How often does it prove.
The cause of cold indifference
In hearts whose rule is love?
How oft the sweetest pleasures Are by a harsh expression

A word in anger, spoken-How many sighs and tears. And sleepless nights and cheerless And weary, weary years, Have been its mournful product, Have been its mournful Though Charity essayed To heal the deadly, festering wound With thoughtless anger made?

A word in anger spoken-A blot upon life's page— Which oft will leave its impress From youth to later age,
Man may forgive an insult
But still it bears its fruit—
For memory is a tyrant Whose rule is absolute A word in anger spoken-

Has often engendered strife Between a loving husband And a doting wife;
Has caused a barrier to rise
Between the child and mother, And led foul emnity to part The sister and the brother,

A word in anger spoken-If you have felt its blith, Resolve henceforth to know thys And train thy spirit right,
Keep watch upon thy every thought
Thy every look and word,
And thou shalt live from sorrow free, As joyous as a bird.

A word in anger spoken-Oh, weigh the sentence well; For it contains a lesson That words are fain to tell, The human heart is faulty, And the wisest of us all May drop a careless word in wrath, That we would vain recall.

MY WIDOW.

BY ROCHESTER. Jones advised me not to marry herhe said she was too young and pretty Farnum advised me to be an old bachelor-told me a man past forty sim-

ply made a fool of himself by matri Tewksbery—a man who is notorious for never minding his own businesstold me she had made a love affair with Harry Birmingham, before he went

Allen shook his head, and said Clara Myers might be very pretty, but he liked somebody maturer and settled .-(N. B .- He married his housekeeper the next week, and she is mature enough for Methuselah himself.)

Everybody thought I was trying dangerous experiment: but I didn't pretend to suit everybody-so 1 simply suited myself. I went quietly to church with Clara Myers, and married her one glorious January morning, when the old St. Paul's was fringed with glittering icicles and the brisk wind was freighted with particles of flying snow, like a batallion of diamonds on a double.quick.

She was nineteen and I was nine and thirty. She was as beautiful as a rosebud; I was a rough old codger, sound enough at heart, but like a winter apple, unpromising on the exterior. In short, we were as unlike as Ma-

and November, and the good-natured world shook its head, and said "no match." But she said she loved me. and I believed her. Nobody could look

her, you see. The next day I made a will and be queathed all my property uncondition

ally to my wife. "Are you sure you are doing a wis thing, Mr. Folliot ?" said Mr. Mardyn, the lawyer, pushing his blue spectacle upon his forehead, until he looked like an old bald gnome, with a double pair of eyes. "You see she is very much younger than yourself, and—"

"Please to be so kind as to mind your own business," said I brusquely.-"Don't be offended, Mardyn, but eally people seem to suppose I am no able to attend to my own affairs." "Just as you please," said Mardyn

in a rage. "I am a mere tool in you "That's it, exactly," said I. So I signed the will and went home to

"Oh, Paul, you must not die!" said Clara, with a scared look, when I told her what I had done. "Nobody ever loved me as truly and generously a you have done, and I don't know what I should do if you were taken away! "There was a young Birmingham, i all reports are true-," I mischievously

began, but the curl on Clara's lip stopp ed me. " A mere butterfly," she said haughtily, "without either brains or principle, Paul. Paul, I have found a shelter in your true, loving heart, and I mean to nestle there always!"

And then she cried-this foolish, soft-

hearted little wife of mine. Jones and Tewksbery might have called this policy. Farnum would have said it was acting. But it was very pleasant, and I felt more than ever like a man who has found some precious iewel, and wears it like an amulet or

So the thing went on until the firm of which I was managing partner needed to send some one to Calcutta to see after a turbaned scoundrel of an agent, who had absconded with more money than we could well afford to lose. Mor rison was old and feeble—Hewitt's wife lavivery ill, so I was the one to go. I kissed Clara good-by as cheerfully as I could, fully expecting to be back

n three months or so. I had to follow the agent up into the mountains of India. I fell ill of one of those burning climate fevers in the bungalow of an old native priest, and the months flew by, until it. was more than a year before I found myself on the "Blue-eyed Mary," steaming into New York harbor. And all this time Clara had not heard

word from me. I had written to her to prepare he for what seemed almost like my rising from the dead, but I had afterwards found my letters in the pocket of the néglectful native servant who had un_ lertaken to deliver the mail to the Calcutra office.

"But it don't matter so much now!" I thought, she will be the more delight

ed, poor, little girl ! And then a cold chill seemed to creep through all my veins, like November's wind suddenly breathing across a bed of flowers.

Clara had heard nothing of me for nearly fifteen months—what might have happened in that time? All that Tewksbery, and Jones, and Allen, and all other prophetic ravens of my acquaintance had said, recurred to my mind like a burden of an uneasy dream I had been counting the hours and the very minutes, until we should touch port-but now that my feet rang once more upon the pavement of my native city. I actually dared not go home.

I turned into a down town restaurant, where I had been want to go, in the days of my bachelorhood, and slunk into a dark corner—the twilight was just falling, and I was sheltered by the partition. Hush !-that was Tewksbery's voice

harsh and jarring, as of old. "Just what might have been expect ed," said Tewksbery. "Pretty and young widows don't go begging in this "Folliot might have known it,"

rowled old Farnum. "Poor Folliot, there was some good points about him too! sad thing that, very sad thing!" " We must all die," said Tewksbery, grave ly. "Yes, but a fellow would naturally

prefer dying in his bed to being carried off by an East India fever and buried in the jungles. 17 I shuddered. Had I come home to my own funeral as it were. "And she is going to marry young

Birmingham after all?" added Far The paper dropped from my hand. "I could have told Folliot so when found out the confounded idiotic will he had made," said Tewksbery. So

gold has fallen again. Just my lucki; sold out to-day." I staved to hear no more, but stage gering out in the darkness with one idea whirling through my dizzy brain

-my Clara was mine no longer. It was questionable, what Tewksbert had said; I might have anticipated some such end. She was too young, too lovely for such a rough fellow as I was. My widow! what a curious sensation the words gave as I mentally pro-

ounced them. Under my own windows, with the ruby-red light shining through the wine-colored damask curtains, I stood there feeling as Rip Van Winkle might have felt in the play-like a dead man walking on the earth once more. Voies and lights were within. I opened the door softly and crept into the hall. The drawing room door was alar. Clara herself stood before the fire, with frill of white crape on her auburn gold tresses—the awful sign of her widwhood. Directly opposite stood Harry Birmingham, looking diabolically young and handsome in the soft light.

"Clara, Clara," he cried, "you sure are not in earnest. You will recor sider ?" "My answer is final," she replied. The time might once have been when I fancied I had a childish liking for you, Harry Birmingham. But that time has long since passed away. gave my heart to the best and nobles man that ever breathed—Paul Folliot and in his grave it is forever buried loved him once, I shall love him on

into eternity! I never was half worthy of him, but-" And Clara's voice was choked with

"My love-my darling-my own pre ious wife!" How I ever got into the room-homanaged to make Clara comprehen that I was my own living self, and not a ghost risen from the shadow of the sepulchre, I cannot tell to this dayieither can she—but I know that young Birmingham: somehow, disappeared and I was standing with Clara clasped to my breast, the happiest man that

ever breathed God's blessed air. For Jones, Tewksbery, Farnum Co., were all wrong-and to use the words of the orthodox fairy stories slightly pharaphrased. I and my widow lived happily ever afterwards."

JINKS is a clerk in a store for the sale of laces and things. One day a young and pretty customer tendered to him in exchange for some lace a much worn and patched fifty cent stamp. Jinks looked at it dubiously. It was against the rule to take such. His face was so grave and his manner so hesitating that the pretty face said, in the sweet

"Would you like a better half?" "Well," stammered Jinks, his hear in his mouth, his face crimson, "I wouldn't object, provided, Miss, thethe-right person would accept me," The pretty face blushed, too; but three months later the twain became

A NEW lady in town was attracted Sunday eve by a little boy on the street. He was a bright little fellow, but was rather shabbily dressed, and had an appearance of being better acquainted with the shades than the lights of this world Where is your home, my little son? she asked. "I have got no home," h answered. "Got no home?" she repeated, the tears startling in her eyes. "No marm," said he, equally effected, "

BoB.-"Jim, de men don't make such fools ob demselves about women as de women do about de men. If dev look at de moon, dey see a man in it if dey hear a mouse nibbling, its a man and dey all look under de bed de las thing at night to find a man. Why lebber looks under my bed to find woman, does you?"

A YOUTHFUL novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw his eigar away. "Oh, dear," he said, "there's some'in in that cigar that's a'makin me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, puffing away. What? FRIENDSHIP.

Whothath a iriend that never chills His warmth of earnest zeal? Who hath a friend that never wills His smallest need to feel?

More fondly cherish him than gold Thy longing soul aspire. Who liath a friend that never fails

With dounseljust and wise? Who in disaster never quails, Though heavy dangers rise? More precious far than rubies be. Or rare and priceless gems; Will more of comfort bring to thee, Than sparkling diadems,

Who hath a friend that never doub Though slanders cloud his life?
Who hath a friend that ever routs Regard him dearer to thy heart, Than dugit on earth beside; Until by dying forced to part, Mayst thou with him abide.

Who liath a triend that ne'er forsakes Though fortune frown severe Who bath a friend that ever makes

Rejoice! for thou art doubly blest In friendship such as this And pray for his eternal rest-His everlasting bliss,

ADAM POE'S GREAT FIGHT. BY RALPH RINGWOOD. The celebrated fight between Adam Poe and the Shawnee chief, Black

Feather, has been spoken of in the his tory of early Kentucky, but I believe the particulars of that combat have never been given correctly to the pub-The fight was remarkable not only on account of the well known prowes of the parties engaged, but for the ex-

was conducted, and the many different phases it assumed before being brought They literally fought on the earth, in

ceeding stubbornness with which is

the air, and under the water. Adam Poe, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, had often expressed a desire to meet the chief of the Shawnee in a hand-to-hand combat, and this boasting having reached the ears of Black Feather, he declared his intention of seeking out the daring white

This, for two reasons, he actually did. but circumstance combined to keep them apart for that time. Finally

lowever, the opportunity came. Adam Poe and his brother had bee out hunting, and were returning towards sundown, bearing a buck upon pole between them. When passing a thicket a shot was fired at them, the ball lodging in the

head of the deer, which was next to Adam Poe. To drop their burden and rush for the ambush was but the work of a second Adam taking the right and his brother. the left hand side. The thicket proved much larger than

either thought, they became more

widely separated than was intended, and Adam was on the point of return- back end taken out to 'commodate the they have no conception or time. when at a distance he discovered the gigantic form of the Shawnee chief. who was just in the act of firing upon Adam had time to reach cover before the shot was made, and then began i series of tactics, such as were rarely their alleys. Alleys wasn't half big witnessed in these wilds, for two of th

most noted warriors of the day were each striving to gain an advantage over the other. Foot by foot they drew nearer to each other, leaping from tree to tree, from stump to stump, or rock, as the cas

might he. Imperceptibly to each other, perhaps they gradually "worked" round until both stood upon the verge of a high bluff bank overlooking the river facing each other, but some twenty paces apart. Here, from behind separate trees, th

wilv foaman strove to obtain a shot

and at last. Adam, thinking he say his chance, fired at the exposed hip of the chief. He missed his aim and like an m caged lion, the gigantic Indian rushed from his cover and bore down upon th in no wise undaunted white man.

Half way they met, the Indian

wielding his tomahawk, having cast aside his rifle, while Adam laid hi hopes and prospects upon the keep blade of his hunting knife. With a shock they meet midway, and then began a struggle such as is rarely witnessed between the two of the human kind.

Poe was not quite so tall as the Shawnee but he was fully as strong and much more active; and so the fight was about upon an equal foot-For many minutes they struggled

back and forth upon the grassy level, now closing in the attempt to throw each other, and failing in this, again resorting to blows dealt with tomahawk or knife. By this time both were wounded i

several places, the chief probably the

nore severely of the two. At length, in making a savage stroke with his weapon the grasp of the redskin slipped, and the light axe wen whirling far out into the river. In an instant they grappled, and

struggle, flercer than any that had yet taken place, ensued—each putting forth every effort, until, approaching too near the precipice, they missed their footing and went tumbling into the stream locked in a deadly embrace. At the point where they fell the tream was very deep, and the current swift and strong.

He was a practiced swimmer, while he quickly discovered that his opponent could not swim at all. The Indian, aware of this, in turn strove to regain the shore, but was to openly denounce it; or if some drunken sot narrates in stuttering words a falsehood that tells badly on the character of some good man, we accept this word and ask for proof of innocence before there is proof of guilt. Condemn no man hastiv. Adjudge every man thwarted at every point by Poe, who jerked him back into the water, and

hen both would go under together.

Finally, falling further out than

heretofore, the combatants were caught

The advantage now laid with Adam

brother suddenly appeared upon the scene, and taking in his brother's peril, as he thought, at a glance, ventured

to outwind his enemy.

finishing the chief by a shot. paralyzing the left arm.

His situation now became desperat ndeed. He could force the Indian beneath the current, but could not hold him there, and seeing that his own strength

With this object he suddenly threw his arm about the savage's neck, and together they dissapeared beneath the surface.

bank unconscious of the harm he had done, witnessed this sudden disappear ance in dismay. Long he waited for the re-appearance of one or the other, until, at length be coming thoroughly alarmed he leaped

into the stream and swam for the spot. He reached it not a moment too oon. Adam had out-winded the Indian, and in doing so, had nearly irowned himself.

rother's aid. They both reached the shore in safe ty, but Adam Poe never fully recovered from the terrible exertion of that fight

BACK DOORS.

A man staggered into our sanctum last Monday morning who bore the appearance of having been badly used.-His hat was gone, his clothes were soiled, and his face dirty and disfigured by wounds. Dropping promiscously into a chair, he hoarsely murmured:

"What is the matter with you, old ellow?" we inquired. "Back doors, I tell ye, (hic) tha's wha's er ma'er.' "Explain yourself."

"Read Mayor's or'es closing fron door s'loons Sun'y, didn't ye?'' " Yes." "So'm'I! Took gran' tour 'vestiga-

tion vesterday t'see if laws beyed." "Well, what was the result?" "This is 'er result. Ha! ha! (hic) ho! drunk'rn a blind owl." "Yes, anybody can see that : but die you find the front doors closed?" "Oh, yes, the fron doors were closed

but lordy! how many back doors I found open. Didn't know there were so many back doors in the city. They mus' have sent away and got some back doors somewhere. S'loons closed in front, but they were s'open be (hic) hind as a fauning mill. I tried 'em all. Some had one back door, others had two'r three extra ones cut in 'specially, and one s'loon up town had (hic) 'hole Health," he continued, after a pause, Know more bout condition of ler al. levs and back vards than any man in the city. There's one thing 'bout it, if this thing of closing fron doors on Sunday keeps on, they'll have to widen enough yes'day to com'date the crowd.

"Was the rush for drinks as bad as that?" "Was! S'loon full all 'er time, and alley full of thirsty men waitin' their time to go in. Had to take turns. same as a barber shop Sun'day mornin."
"Didn't any saloons have their front

doors open?"
"A few, but they didn't have any
customers to mention. Fact is, folks
rather like sneakin' through alleys and into back doors for a drink. Hain t bee into back doors for a drink. Hain't been drunk 'fore in a dog's age m'self. I can walk bully by s'loon with 'er front door wide open, but shut it and hint about a back entrance; and find it sure, It's human natur, sure's ye liye."

"The new regulations seem to have effected you rather disasterously."

"You're mighty right. I am sufferin' from too many back doors. The about the sure of the same of the sure of the same of the sure of the same of the same of the sure of the same of th

from too many back doors. The ab sence of fron' blinds has feeted my (hic contution. 'Sider myself a martyr to 'er Maylrs d—d old procermation' bol ishing fron' doors, and I want to 'mon strate 'gainst it through 'er press. 'Nu ther Sund'y with them cussed bac doors an' your uncle's gone. Alleys is too many for me. Back doors is my ruin!" And with this he departed.

CONDEMN NO MAN HARTILY.

There is a growing tendency among us to condemn every man whose views and opinion do not coincide with our and opinions do not coincide with our own preconceived notions. In order to strengthen our position and secure public sympathy in our favor, we do not comple to assert that those who differ rom us are influenced by improper and mercenary motives. All this is wrong. No man that a legal right, and much less a moral right, to assert that those who do not think as he does are corrupt and yeasl. Many of the petty quarrels and blokelings that disturb society and and venal. Many of the petty quarrels and blekerings that disturb society, and mar the peace of communities, have their origin in this reprehensible practice. It is always safe and fair to presume that every man is doing what he believes to be right until he demonstrates by his conduct that he is no longer deserving of that confidence. When a man performs an action or expresses an opinion that does not meet our approval, we immediately cast about us for some sinister motive that controlled him and compelled him to

controlled him and compelled him to do as he has done. Blinded by prejudice and maddened by vexation. we seize hold of circumstances, drag them upon the witness stand, and torture them until they tell just what we want them to tell instead of permitting them to reveal the truth. Many a fair, stainless char-acter has been blasted and ruined in this way. It is a matter of astonishment, too, that people will devour with so much preediness stories prejudicial to much greediness stories prejudicial to the probability and morality of others. If the most debased and degraded If the most depased and degraced prostitute that nightly traverses the streets but tells a tale of an "immoral act," committed by one whose whole life has been a life of purity and hones. ty, it is passed in hurrled whispers from mouth to mouth till scores accept it as the truth, and none have the manliness

no man hastily. Adjudge every man

VOL. 58.--NO. 52. The fight was now all in the white man's favor, and would have been quickly ended, but for an unlooked for and unfortunate circumstance. Adam's

The ball sped, but not truly, for it struck Adam in the shoulder, almost

upon the hazardous experiment of

was rapidly departing, he determined

Adam's brother standing upon the

He came feebly to the surface, and would have sunk again, but for his

penny cigar. OVER-WARM friendships, like hot coals; Back doors!" are quidly dropped, and had altern at

> will vote. "Go to the nasty polls and ruin my clothes? The idea! A COQUETTE is a rosebush from which

each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband. ONE of the best toasts ever given :-Woman-the last word on our lips,

the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate." WE should be careful to deserve a good

"ARE you the mate?" said a mun to

A STUDENT, who has been inflicted with a sermon one hour and a half long, grumblingly says, "that these professors study so much about eternity that A DUTCHMAN observed a dandy with

THE youth who stole a watch and returned it to the owner, who promised "no questions asked," is in jail. The owner was as good as his word; he ar-

it is for a grass-hopper to wear kneebuckles."

A LITTLE hov having broken his rock.

ing horse the day it was bought, his

a hose till it is broke?" weeping over the coffin of his third wife: responded the bereaved one, "I

weigh-down spirit glad. A Boston girl, being asked if she had not once been engaged to a party by the

name of Jackson, who was at the time a

Legislature, said in his broken English style: "Ven I went to the Legislature, tought I would find dem all Solomon

An old Dutch acquaintance, some years

ago, who was elected a member of the

heading another girl who lived on the same street. A CHICKEN thief on Long Island tried to enter the hen house of a farmer, not knowing that a big dog was chained near by. His bill at the nearest apothecary's for liniment and sticking plaster

A winow advertised in Chicago, asking "every Christian in the town" to send her ten cents, as the amount would not oppress them, and the collection would benefit her greatly. For a wonder the class called upon did all contriby the current, and quickly borne some pure and good and true until he is bate as requested, and realized twenty distance from land,

(Z.

Auditor's Notices, Assignees and similar Notices, Yearly Cards, not exceeding six in Announcements five cents per line r Announcements racted the by the year. r Business and Special Notices; 10 cents per

Rates of Advertising.

Double column advertisements extra.

Odds and Ends.

Things Found in a Kitchen Drawer. Three aprons, two dusters,
The tall of a pig, (1) 1.
A dirty jack towel, A dish cloth and a wig,
A dost of a stocking,
Three caps and a frill,
A busk and six buttons,
A mouse trap and quill,

A comb and a thimble, With madonna bands, A box of specific .

For chaps on the hands; Some mace and some clove:

A parcel of mint, A parcei of mint,
A lump of old suct,
A crimp for the paste,
A pair of red garters,
A best for the waist;
A rusty bont skewer,
A broken brass clock,
Some onloss and tinder,
The britches dealed.

A penny cross bun, A new curtain ring. A print for the butter, A dirty chemise, A large piece of cheese Five teaspoons of tin,
A large lump of rosin,
The feet of a hare,

THE bitter end-the last half inch of a

THERE is only one love, but there are hundred imitations. A ROCHESTER girl declares she never.

because it comes from the bottom of our Learts.

eputation, by doing well; and when that care is taken not to be over-anxious about the success.

plate of brass upon his boots to keep im upright. "Well balanced, by jingo!" said the Dutchman, "brass at both

rested the youth without asking any questions. A NEGRO preacher once observed to his nearers, at the close of the sermon, as follows: "My obstinacious bredern, I find it no more use to preach to you dan

mother began to rebuke him, and to threaten to box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring, " What is the good of "You have been sorely tried," said a sympathizing friend to Joe Crowden,

have always had the dreadfullest luck KIND words are the bright flowers of earth's existence; use them and especially around the fire-side circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart, and make the

Harvard student, languidly replied: "I remember the circumstance perfectly; but I am not certain about the name." Just before starting "up to Cincinnati." the great philosopher and agriculturist of the New York Tribune repaired to his farm and sowed two acres of ground in cheroots in order to raise a crop of cigara for electioneering purposes during the coming fall.

dere; but I found dar was some as big fools dere as I vas." A BEAUTIFUL young lady who had allowed the tendrils of her heart to twine fondly around a strapping great conductor on a horse-car, had her affectionate nature crushed by the discovery that he was taking fare from her, and dead.

has been thirty doll are and he can now put on his pantaloons comfortably,

Tied up in a rag,
An empty thread paper,
And blue in a bag,
Short pieces of ribbon,
Both greasy and black, Ohe grater and nutmeg, The key of the jack : An inch of wax candle,
A steel and a flint,
A bundle of matches,

The kitchen door look,
A bag for the pudding,
A whetstone and string,

The feet of a hare,
And cords by the dozen,
A card to tell fortunes, A sponge and a can, A pen without the,
A small pattypan,
A'rolling pin pasted.
A common prayer book,
Are the things which I found,
In the drawer of the cook.