Hoetical.

TAKING IT EASY.

BY GEORGE H. CLARK. Admit that I am slightly bald-Pray, who's to blame for that?
And who is wiser for the fact?
Until I lift my hat?
Beneath the brim my barbered locks Fall in a careless way, Wherein my watchful wife can spy No lurking threads of gray.

What though, to read compactest print A little farther off than when Life's first degree I took? A yoke of slightly convex lens
The needful aid bestows,
And you should see how wise I look
With it astride my nose.

Don't talk of the infernal pangs That rheumatism brings!
I'm getting used to pains and aches, And when the imp Sciatics Makes his malicious call. t do not need an almanac

Resides, it gives one quite an all To travel with a cane, And make folks think you "well to do," Although you are in pain, A fashionable hat may crown Genteelest coat and vest But ah! the sturdy stitch redeems

A man diprived of natural rest. So, if you'd be a jovial son, And laugh at life's decline

Take my advice—turn of the gas
And go to bed at nine. An easy-oushioned rocking chair Suits me uncommon well; And so do liberal shoes—like these— With room for corns to swell;

I cotten to the soft lamb's woo

That lines my gloves of kid, And love clastic home—made Indeed, I always did. But what disturbs me more than all Is, that sarcastic boys, Prefer to have me somewhere else, When they are at their noise; That while I try to look and act

Miscellaneous.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT IN "THE MORNING GLORY." BY MAX ADELER.

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of The Morning Glory, having erved the dispositions of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might perhaps be a good thing to introduce to his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if, when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death notice, the establishment should contribute gratuitously haif a dollar's worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that peculiar form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer right- an incendiary miscreant whom I trusted ly estimated that, as most newspaper as a brother. He shall be punished by such sepulchral news than in information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that be would an an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent fer Mr. Remington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of The Morning Glory noems of what would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature an appalling and revolutionar

character.
Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with the bard, by which it wa agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situa-

" You understand, Mr. Ott." explained Brimmer. "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To enlighten the gloom, in a certain mense, I suppose?" said Mr. Ott.

"Infamous!-utterly infamous!" groan "Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do ed the editor, as he cast his eyes over the not mourn over the departed; but rathlines. "And the wretch who did this er take a lovous view of death, which, still lives! "It is too much!" after all, Mr. Ott., is, as it were, but the "And yet," whispered Ott to himself entrance to a better life. Therefore, I "he told me to lighten the gloom and to would advise you to touch the heart cheer the afflicted family with the restrings of the afflicted with a tender sources of my art; and I certainly tho't hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of that idea about the monkey would have that effect somehow? It is ungrateful! the horrors of the tomb." "Refrain from despondency, I sup-Just then there was a knock at the

pose, and lift their thoughts to-" "Just so! And at the same time com bine elevating sentiment with such practiced information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the commonplace details of the every day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from

office; others you may readily supply from your imagination. "I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, " in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the

the man who brings the notice to the

poetry."
"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sumshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears; and, if we don't make The Morning Glory hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not

He was right. It did hum.

a hard-hearted brute f-f-for printing it !" "Madam, I shall go crazy if you con-The next day Remington Ott went on tinue!" exclaimed Brimmer. not my work. It is the work of a serduty, and Brimmer ran down to the pent whom I warmed in my bosom, and seashore for a breath of fresh air. Ali through the day death notices came whom I will slay with my own hand as pouring in, and when one would reach soon as he comes in. Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!" Ott, he would seize it and study it up to "Strange! strange!" muttered Ott. ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, look himself in his

Dolunter. The American

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

run his fingers through his hair, and back away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of it was an outrage. He ought to have had the corpse. When his day's work was done, Out went home with a conviction liver. Thus it is," thought Ott, "that that The Morning Glory had finally human life is sacrificed to carelessness." robbed Death of its terrors, and made At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded

into the door. Climbing a tree, he over-

looked the crowd, and could see within

the office the clerks selling papers as fast

as they could handle them, while the

mob pushed and jammed and yelled in

frantic efforts to obtain copies-the

presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging

way like mad. Upon the curbstone in

front of him there was a line of men

stretching down the street for squares,

each man engaged in reading The Morn

ing Glory with an earnestness that Mr.

Ott had never before seen displayed by

the patrons of that sheet. The bard con-

cluded either that his poetry had touched

a sympathetic chord in the popular

occurred in some quarter of the globe.

heart, or that an appalling disaster had

He went round to the back of the

office and ascended to the editorial rooms.

entering. He obtained a chair, and

or three persons stood in front of him in

an outrageous insult to my deceased

relative, and I have come around to

emand, sir, what do you mean by the

The death angel smote Alexander McGlue!

following infamous language:

And gave him protracted repose; He wore a checked shirt and a Numb

shoe, And he had a pink wart on his nose.

place Precisely at quarter-past four,"

No doubt he is happier dwelling in space Over there on the ever-green shore; His friends are informed that his funeral ta

"This is simply diabolical! My late

brother had no wart on his nose, sir

He had upon his nose neither a pink

wart, nor a green wart, nor a cream

colored wart, nor a wart of any other

color. It is a slander? It is a gratuitous

insult to my family, and I distinctly

want you to say what you mean by such

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, " it is

mistake. This is the horrible work of

wart! Awful! sir-awful! The mis-

erable scoundrel shall suffer for this—be

"How could I know," murmured Ott,

out there by himself, "that the corps

hadn't a pink wart? I used to know

man named McGlue, and he had one

and I though all the McGlues had. Thi

" A who," said another man, address

ing the editor, "authorized you to prin

this bideous stuff shout my deceased son?

Do you mean to say that it was not with

your authority that your low comedian

inserted with my advertisement the fol

lowing scandalous burlesque? Listen to

yellow stick, and when he sucked the paint all off it made

and in his latest hours he clasped that menkey

bid good-bye to earth and went into a bet ter land.

Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his

little wooden gun; And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and

make her yowl for fun, pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside; monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died."

"The utterly atroclous character o

this balderdash will appear when I say

that he died of liver complaint."

door, and a woman entered crying.

Brimmer said he was.

Brimmer.

" Are you the editor?" she inquired o

"W-w-well !" she said, in a voice bro

ken by sobs, "wh-what d'ye mean by

publishing this kind of poetry a bout m-

my Johnny? M-my name is Sm-Smith

and wh-when I looked this m-morning

for the notice of Johnny's d-death in

y-your paper I saw this awful, wicked

They plistered and they bled him;
With quills and anti-bilious pills
And ipecae, they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomei,

"It's false! false!-that's what it is!-

Johnny only had one doctor. And they

d-didn't try to m m-move his liver, and

they d-didn't bl-bleed him and bl-blister

him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're

This is

And tried to move his liver;

But all in vain-his little soul

Was wafted o'er the River.'

r doctors tackled Johnny Smith-

him deathly sick;

in his hand

comes of irregularities in families."

shall, indeed!"

own hand for this outrage. A pink

calmly to the office for the purpose of hand. He approached the editor, and embalming in sympathetic verse the pointing to a dead notice, said: memories of other departed ones. As he "Read that horrible meckery of my came near to the establishment he obwoe, and tell me the name of the writer served a crowd of five or six thousand so that I can chastise him." people in front of it, struggling to get The editor read as follows:

a copy of The Morning Glory in his

We have lost our little Hanner in a very pain And we often asked, How can' her harsh suf-

ferings be borne? Yhen her death was first reported her aunt got up and snorted With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn. She was such a little scraph that her father

who was sheriff. has gone, we hope, to Heaven, at the early age of seven.

(Funeral starts off at eleven.) when she'll nover more have pain." "As a consequence of this infamy, I withdraw all the county advertising fron your paper. A man who could trifle in this manner with the feelings of a pa

rent is a savage and a scoundrel." As the sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the table and

As he approached the sanctum, loud groaned. voices were heard within. Mr. Ott i "Really," Mr. Ott reflected, "that per determined to ascertain the cause before son must be deranged. I tried, in this case, to put myself in this place, accordplacing, it by the side door, he mounted ing to instructions. The verses are beauand peeped over the door through the tiful. That illusion to the grief of her transom. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer aunt, particularly, seemed to me to be holding The Morning Glory in both very happy. It expresses violent emotion hands, while the fringe which grew in a with a felicitous combination of sweetsemi circle around the edge of his bald ness and force. These people have no head stood straight out, until he seemed soul-ne appreciation of the beautiful

to resemble a gigantic gun swab. Two While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a mothreatening attitudes. Ott heard one of ment a middle-aged man dashed in ab-"My name is McGlue, sir!-William ruptly, and, seizing Brimmer's scattered McGlue! I am a brother of the late hair, bumped his prostrate head against Alexander McGlue. I picked up your the table three or four times with considpaper this morning, and perceived in it erable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this way, he held the editor's head down with one hand shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized he paper and said: 🗥

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You unsympathetic and disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What do you mean by putting such stuff as this in your vile sheet about my deceased son? What d'ye mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute ink-slinger—you imbecile old quilldriver you:

Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods, In a beautiful hole in the ground, Where the bumble-bees buzz and the wood peckers sing, And the straddle bugs tumble around;

to that, in winter, when the snow and the slush Have covered his last little bed, His brother Artemas can go out with Jane And visit the place with his sied."

"I'll teach you to talk about straddlebugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing woodpeckers! What do you know about Jane and Artemas, you wretched buccanneer, you despicable butcher of the English language! Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse before I'm done with you

-you deplorable old lunatic!" At the end of every phrase the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended, Mr. Brimmer explained and apologized in the humblest manner, romising at the same time to give his

ssailant a chance to pommel Ott. "The treachery of this man," murmured the poet, "is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poesy over commonplace details? But for that I should never have thought of alluding to woodpeckers and bugs, and other children of Nature. The man objects to the remarks about the sled. Can the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for 'bed?' Can he suppose that I write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic! He ought not to be at

large.' Hardly had the indignant and energetic parent of Bartholomew departed when a man with red hair and a ferocious glarein his eyes entered, carrying a club and

companied by a savage looking dog. "I want to see the editor," he shouted. A ghastly pallor overspread Brimmer's ce, and he said:

"The editor is not in."

that William was twenty years old, that Well! when will he be in?" he never had a purple monkey on a "Not for a week-a month-for a year stick, that he never fooled with cats, and

-forever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Brimmer. "He has gone to South America, with the intention to remain there during the balance of his life. He has departed. He has fied. If you want to see him you had better follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boatto start at once."

"That is unfortunate!" said the man with the golden locks; "I called for the purpose of battering him up a little with this club.'

"He will be sorry," said Brimmer, sar astically. "He will regret missing you. will write to him and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is McFadden," said the man. "I came to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following, I'll break yours for you! Where's the man wh wrote this? Pay attention :

Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life; She has left all 18 sorrows and cares;
She caught the rhoumatics in both her legs
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.
They put mustard plasters upon her in vain;
They bathed her with whisty and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left

Her body entirely numb. "The slave who held the late Mrs. Mo Fadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner. said the editor. "is named Remington Ott. He boards in Blank street, fourth door from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. Mc-Fadden's wrongs with a judicious inter-

mixture of club and dog-bites." "And there," sighed the poet, outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert Mcl'adden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was

toom, take down his rhyming dictionary. Vating sentiment with practical informs. I the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burs tion. If the information concerning the through the tempest of McFadden's tears. squilts and ipecae, is not practical, I have if that redheaded monster couldn't smile over that illusion to whisky and rum; if those remarks about the rheu matism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb-was it my fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a speckled mule knows about the Shorter Catechism."

The poet determined to leave before any further criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase. Arriving at the landing, he encountered Brimmer, who was moving in the same direction. Brimmer had time enough to utter a profune ejaculation and to lift his hand and strike the poet, when an old lady in a poke-bonnet and silver spectacles suddenly emerged from the etairway and pluned the editor to the wall with the ferule of her umbrella. After grinding her teeth at him for a moment she floored him with her weapon, and senting herself upon his prostrate form, she extracted a copy of The Morning Glory from her bag, and, pointing to a certain stanza in the obituary column, asked Ott to read it aloud. He did so. It ran in this fashion:

"Little Alexander's dead; Jam him in a coffin; Don't have as good a chance For fun'ral often. Rush his body right around To the cemetory; Drop him in the sepulchre With his Uncle Jerry."

At the end of every line the indignan eror punched the fallen Brimmer's ribs with her umbrells, and exclaimed "Oh you willin! E'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writing o my grandson in that way? Take that. you serpint! O! you—you willinous wiper you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you wicked willin, you willin, you owdacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' wagabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never no uncle in no sepulchre any

how, you vile wretch you!' While she pounded the editor, the pogrouped his way down stairs six steps at a time and emerged from the front door with remarkable suddenness. His journalistic career ended upon that day. When Brimmer's employees dragged away Alexander's grandparent, and carried her struggling and screaming down to the street, the editor sent for a carriage and was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later with an earnest determination never to permi another line of Obituary Poetry to enter the columns of The Morning Glory.

AN OLD BUT GOOD STORY.

A countryman walked into the office of General Barnes one day, and began his application: "General Barnes, I have come to ge

your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble." "Well, what is the matter?" "Suppose now," said the client, "that

a man had a fine spring of water on his they wouldn't scare worth a cent, and among the ranches of Siskiyou, or the him was to build a dam across a creek running through both their farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?" "Sue him, sir, sue him by all means,"

said the General, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his client's wrongs. "You can recover heavy damages, sir. It is a most flagrant injury he has done you sir, and the law will make him pay well for it, sir. Just give me the case and I'll bring the money from him and if he hasn't a good deal of property it will break him up, sir."

"But stop, General," said the terrified applicant for legal advice, "it's me that built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he's threatening to sue me!"

The keen lawyer hesitated but a moment before he tacked ship and kept

"Ah! Well, sir, you say you built dam across that creek. What sort o dam was that, sir?"

"It was a mill dam ? " A mill-dam for grinding grain, was

"Yes it was just that." "And it is a good neighborhood mill,

s it ?" "So it is. sir: you may well say so "And all the neighbors bring their

grain there to be ground, do they?" "Yes, sir, all but Jones." "Then it is a great public conveni-

ence, is it not?" "To be sure it is. I would not have ouilt it but for that. It's so far to any

other mill, sir." "And now," said the old lawyer. you tell me that that man Jones is complaining just because the water rom your dam happens to back up into is little spring, and he is threatning o sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name

Barnes." A TENNESSEE advertiser deposeth Having a dead sow and a litter of welve defunct pigs under my kitchen, l m anxious to sell them low to the Council to purify some other part of the city. It is hard to part with such health promoting animals, but I am poor and will nake the sacrifice for cash.

A LECTURE was delivered in Boston few days since on "Old Bonnets." The me quick, the Quaker bonnet and the three decker were handsomely detailed for woman's delight and amusement.

A GIRL at Osage, Iowa, whose ears are grown up, has no method of hearing except through her mouth. When a young man is talking she keeps saying 'yes," for fear lest he might propose to er and she not hear it.

A CERTAIN city was about to be destroyed. The women were allowed to eave, and were told that they might carry away on their backs whatever they "And this man told me to combine ele- this monster who counseled me to make most prized. Each woman took a man, instructed her in the first rudiments of crature as the poet himself; but he makes the other."

SHADES OF SHASTA.

Joaquin Miller's Tawny Bride. The Child of a Poet's Love.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1872.

Wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather A squaw sits mouning long and low. day she was a wife and mother

. [Song of the Sterras. Thus wrote the wild poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, but little did the vorld know of the depth of meaning n these lines. Never did it dream and in the San Francisco Chronicle we have the whole of the wonderful story. The writer tells us that fifteen years ago, in the little green valley on the Upper Sacramento, there dwelt a remnant of the once powerful tribe of Taschastas. But little is known of the

listory of the tribe, except that they were far above the average of the Callfornia Indian all that invests the aboriginal character with sentiment and romance. They were wild, flerce and exceedingly warlike, and for years had held undisputed possession the region over-looked by the snow-capped dome of Mount Shasta. The memory of this tribe has been immortalized by the wild, wierd, romantic poem from the pen of Oregon's long-haired versifier -Joaquin Miller-who, in his youth, spent nearly a year in their company, residing in the wigwam of the chief, and fishing and hunting with the young warriors. This romantic incident in the life of the Sierra' songster is not generally known; but when the facts are fully recorded his admirers will be at no loss to account for the inspiration which guided his pen through

the mazes of poetle thought and mournful fancy which gave, birth to The Last of the Taschastas'' Here it was that Miller first felt the awakening of the tender passion, and nere it was that he first aroused into being the love of one who clung to him even unto death. She was a dark-eyed, rayan haired creature, with a wealth of love and affection which she lavish ed upon the adventurer. Joaquin Mil ler's treatment of this poor savage girl reflects but little credit upon the soul of so intense a being as he. It finds a parallel in his subsequent demeanor towards the fair-haired and more cultured being who bears his name and shares (at a distance) the glory that is his .-The two incidents confirm the impression that, after all, poets can do very

nean things in a very practical way. As the story goes, Miller was at one ime a stock-herder, or something of the kind, in Siskiyou county. One day in attending to some cattle in the southern part of the county, he came across a party of three young Indians. Beieving that they were on a cattle stealof cattle herding and poetry, found himself bound hand and foot, and with an ugly bullet hole through the fleshy part of his leg. The next morning be fore day-break he was in the Indian camp a prisoner. Not knowing what was to be his fate, blind with anger and mortification, and suffering intensely from his wound. Miller lay upon his

blanket the very picture of despair. It was while he was in this condition that he first met the woman who was to exercise such an influence upon his

future destiny. She was the daughter of the old chief of the tribe, young-not over eighteen and as beautiful as an angel's dream. Miller in his poem draws the following picture of her:

" Hard by stood the war chief's daughter Sad as some sweet star of morn, Half defiant half fortorn.

Robed in skins of striped panther, With a fleeting shade of sorrow. And black eves that said, Beware

With her striped robes around her, Fasten'd by an eagle's beak, Stood she by the stately chieftain, Proud and pure as Shasta's pesk.

Her eyes were black, her face was bro Such wealth of hair, it almost hid The two, in its rich, jetty fold—
Which I had sometime fain forbid;
They were richer, fuller far
Than any polished bronzes are,
And richer haed than any gold.
On her brown arms and her brown hands:
West heme of gold and golden hands. Were hoops of gold and golden bands. ered from the virgin ore.

So heavy they could hold no m

The maiden saw the captive an straightway her heart went out in sym pathy for his suffering. She attended him, dressed his wounds, and pleaded with her father for his safety. Her efforts were not in vain. For days and days she was unremitting in her attention and kindness, in a month Miller's wound was entirely healed, and he bethought him of his future. The tribe through the intercession of the girl, of fered him a safe conduct back to the cattle herds, but some strange invisible power seemed to hold him, and weeks went by, finding him at their close still guest of the Taschastas. He knew the girl loved him wildly, and he knew also that to leave her would cost him a bitter pang, so he lingered on, even

against his better judgement. The old chief watched the progress coal scuttle, the close cottage, the kiss of events with a calm serenity and stoic indifference worthy of a statue. He gave no hint that a pale-faced son-inlaw would be acceptable or distasteful, fact which Miller viewed with a great deal of inner satisfaction. The love of the two ripened rapidly-hers faster than his-for in her wild imaginings she looked upon him as her God, and the North. and worshiped him accordingly. She taught him a dialect by which they could exchange their thoughts and give expression to the heart yearnings which overwhelmed them. He taught her a

with glowing pictures of civilization, far beyond the mighty ranges of snow covered mountains in the East; and a great while ago that little child, born she listened with absorbing interest to in the forest gloom, came into his posall he told her of the great world, of session. How, exactly, when, or where,

And so the green summer wore away.

and gave place to golden autumn.

Joaquia still lingered in the hospitable wigwam with no other thought but to bask in the sunlight of the Indian mai den's smiles. She had bewitched him with her artless grace, and bewildered er's clear, Caucassian skin. Her neighhis reason with the passionate love she that this squaw, who "sat rocking to so freeley gave him. As to him, he for they know not led romantic his-and fro, a desolate widow in weeds and was all in all to her—her life, her world tory; but to her own immediate friends woe," was his own dusky spouse. And ther God. She had no word for any but yet such seems to have been the fact; the pale-faced; long-haired stranger, and no thought for aught save his welfare and happiness. And so one day everything in his power to make her they were married. Not within the massive stone walls of a cathedral, with a gorgeous surpliced priest to mumble over the few formal words which society has set up as a moral safeguard, but beneath the broad branches of a mighty oak, with no eye save that of the Great Spirit upon them, nor any voice save those of the chirping beetle and the silver-toned birds to bless their | she can recall of her early years is the union. Miller in latter years has told us this about the bridal guests and the

"The hills were brown and the heavens wer

For a rabbit to dance in the chapparelities

For the next month there was but one heaven for Joaquin Miller, and that was inside the old chief's wigwam. The frost came and the young warriors made up hunting parties to go off and secure the winter a supply of provisions; but Miller refused on all occasions, to accompany them. He sat for hours at a time gazing into the liquid depths of his dusky partner's great eyes and had no joy, no happiness, save when in her presence. The old chief soon became aware of the turn in his domestic affairs but he seemed to view the matter with a very philosophical sense. He treated Miller well, and regarded him as af fectionately as a father could his own son, although he wondered that a pale face could so long content himself away from his home and kindred. The winter came and went, and still Miller lingered by the side of his forest bride though an interested observer would have looked in vain for the same pas

beginning. Their love had crossed the meridian of happiness, and the young couple had begun to look each upon the other as a matter of course. A quiet indifference sprung up on his part, which brooded no good to the confiding child of nature who had placed her trust in him-her fate in his keeping. He no longer sat at her feet or pillowed his head in her ing expedition he fired at them to lap at eventide, but sat apart gazing frighten them away, but unfortunately into vacancy, his thoughts far, far away leasures of the City by the Sea. He longed for a change, and began to look upon the possibility of a separation rom his bride with a feeling akin to atisfaction. The wife saw all this, but in her innocence saw nothing to give her alarm. Besides she already felt something which when told her lord, she knew would fill his very soul with oy, and draw him closer to her.

sionate devotion that held away at the

One night there was a great comp tion in the wigwam. The old chief and the long-haired poet were both hustled out into the midnight air and left to shiver in the gloom of early morn.-Proops of Indian women

Wrinkled and brown as bags of leather, urriedly passed in and as hurriedly passed out again. Anxious looks and hurried whispers passed between them and mysterious ceremonies : seemed t be going on within the sacred portals As the sun lifted its golden balo above the snow breasted cliffs of the Sierras. a plaintive wail grated curiously, may, perhaps a little harshly, upon the eager ear of a pile-faced listener without. In another hour an old woman appear ed in the doorway and beckoned to Miller that he might enter. "He went in and anxiously approached the low bed where lay enwrapped in a fanci fully wrought blanket the little pink faced black-eyed token of his early pas-

And now Joaquin became still more desirous of putting an end to the romance of the past year and return once more to the scenes of the former life .-His was a restless, roving, dissatisfied disposition, and the sentiment of his passion gone, it could no longer brook hum-drum existence in the wild home of the forest:

"His was an uncommon mould of mind," But made for action, ill or good; Cast in another land and scene, His reckless; restless will had been A curse of blessing to his kin." One day he quietly went up to his

dusky mate and told her he was going on a visit to his friends in Siskiyou.-Tears stood in her great dark eyes, as the announcement fell upon her ears. for something within her seemed to "So here my last day has it's close; She gazed long and earnestly into the deep blue eyes before her, but could get

no comfort from them, for they were so cold as stone, as unimpassioned as the rocky crags behind her wigwam. So. with a mute appeal for mercy, she threw her arms wildly around him and sobbed as if her heart would break. But it made no difference. Miller was determined to go, and, kissing her brow, he gently put her away from him, and giving only one look at his dusky daughter, strode out into the sunlight and wended his way towards

That, so far as is known, was the last that Joaquin Miller ever saw of his tawny, forest bride. Years passed away. He met, wedded and deserted the lady whose letter in recital of her few snatches of his first love songs, and | wrongs has made her as famous in lit-

the English tongue. He filled her mind | never again acknowledged the Indian woman, who, out of the depth of her great love, had born him a child. Not which she knew so little, and he so does not appear, but it is living and much. She is now fifteen years old and living in San Francisco, supported from the post's

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purse. She is described as strikingly beautiful. She had her mother's deep dark eyes. and wealth of raven hair, and her fathbors call her the beautiful Spanish girl." she is known as the poet's gifted child. It is but justice to Miller to may that he is exceedingly fond of her and does comfortable and happy. He has provided for her education and she already shows traces of that genius which has made her father famous, and herself proud and happy to be called his, though the child of love only.

Of her mother nothing is known. The child herself has but little recollection of her, and says the only picture' memory of a sad sad face, and a weary, desolate home in a hut on the banks of the Sacramento.

"Wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather A squaw sits meaning long and low. Testificiar, the was a wife and mother, To-day, she is rocking her to shed fig., 11. A desolate widow in weeds and week in the control of the

Last winter the Garden Grove (Iowa Enterprise concluded to suspend. The the consolations of poetry. Here are THE REASON WHY.

Bigh, oh sigh, he gentle breezes. And wasp! ye clouds oh, ween we say, For face so seen it now "decreas see". That the Entronic must nik to day, Toll ye bells, the sad, sad story, filing it out unto the world. That (though known to nime and glory) Our gallant sheet's no more unfuried.

No! it pies though long herof Buill it must succumb at last; He who grieves not, less stole, On, let the tears of all fall fast;

Would you know the cause, dear readers Why the paper stops to day? Tis because so many of you

OWE THE PRINTER AND WON'T PAX. DOMESTIC RECIPES

HINGER SNAPS. One tablespoonful of saleratus, helf a pint of molasses, half a teacupful of water, with sufficient flour to knead soft. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

CLEANING GUITA PERCHA.-This can oe done by using a mixture, of soap and wdered charcoal, polishing afterwards; with a dry cloth with a little charcoal on:

HMOKY LAMPS. To prevent the smoking of a lamp, sonk the wick in strong farmer gives this advice to one young vinegar, and dry it well before you use in stock-raising business's it; it will then burn bright and clear, AS a breeder you must be careful and amply repay you for the triffing not to lose the calf-flesh. If you do so

of molasses, one teaspoonful salt. Steam two hours, then bake one-half hour.

INK FROM FLOORS,-Ink spotts of floors can be extracted by acouring with and wetted in oil of vitroil and water. When the ink is removed, rinse with strong pearlash water. LEMON CREAM PIES.-Juice and gra

ted rind of one lemon, yolks of three eggs, five tablespoonsful of sugar, a small lump of butter and three tablespooneful f flour, and the the OMELETTE. -Six leggs, beat the whites

and yolks separately until very light then stir together; add no salt, as it will make it heavy. Put on a hot griddle slightly greased with butter; when nicely browned, turn serve hot.

GEMS OF THOUGHT. MEN find it more cary to flatter than

to praise. WHOSOEVER is unchaste cannot rever-MODERN poets put a great deal of wat-

or in their ink. THE kind mortal is greater than the

PRIVATE opinion is weak, public opin ion is almost omnipotent. A coar is a letter of oredit written with a needle upon broadcloth:

Many men live better with past or future ages than with the present. THERE is no false religion that does not contain some elements of truth. WHAT is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves. NEXT to theology, says Luther, I give to music the highess place and honor.

PERPECT valorils to do without witnesses what one would do before all the world. In this theatre of man's life, it is re-

erved only for God and the angels to be lookers on. A HUMBLE knowledge of thyself is a did not fall off in their milk during surer way to God than a deep search af-

POSTMASTERS should bear in mind that when a newspaper is not lifted, they are required to send the publisher written notice of the fact. Returning a paper marked !" Refused !" or ." Not lifted, #is/hot: sufficient. Often the publisher: cannot tell from what office such paper is returned, and frequently there are two or more men of the same name on the subscription list, and it is not known which to strike off. Subscribers should also remember that it s contrary to publisher's rules to discontinue a paper till all arrearages are paid. A little attention to these matters would save much time in printing

offices. "MR. JAMES, how do you keep your books?" "Oh, by double entry." "Double entry, how's that? Easy enough; I make one entry, and father

Raes of Adversing. per line. Double bolumii savei : Sements extra, 1998

Agricultural.

Spreading Manure in Winter We are asked what advantage there ls in spreading manure on frozen ground. It depends much upon the condition of the ground. If it is covered with gress, either a pasture or meadow, there is a great advantage in

more than one respect." The surface is protected from sudden changes during winter, and the first thaw carried he manure to the roots, where it causes a vigorous growth early in the spring.-If the ground is plowed for a single crop, it is also benefitted by having the minure ready to be absorbed by the soll whenever the ground thaws: the seed; as soon as it sprouts, finds what it needs close at hand. On sod ground to be plowed for corn in the spring, the same advantages are gained as in the case of grass lands, and the manure is on the spot in time, which in a late season it might not be, for want of time or improper condition of the ground." But after all, it is far better to get the manure upon the ground before it is frozen, if possible; the earlier in the fall, the better. Winter topdressing of grain is only a poor substi-tute at best for a proper and timely preparation in the fall, and rarely pays for the trouble, unless it may be in the advantage gained by the spring sown

NEW USE FOR SAWDUST The London Field, one of the highest authorities, says, of sawdust: "1 litter the horse on it to the depth of nine inches." raking of the damp, and soiled surface avery morning, and spreading avenly a little fresh, removing the whole four or five times a year. Its advantages appear to be many, of which I will state a few which give it, in my estimation, its greatest superiority over straw. It is much cleaner, and more easily arranged; and, of course, much cheaper at first cost, making in the end-excellent manure. It is peculiarly beneficial to the feet, affording them a cool, porous stuffing, as positive for the coll of each way a superstruction to hoofe soil of earth we always find in the hoofs of a horse at grass, and presents the nearest resemblance to the horses' natural footing—the earth. We never had a diseased foot since the introduction of sawdust in the stable, now some years since. Horses bedded on sawdust are freer from dust and stains than when on ordinary litter, simply because sawdust is a better absorbent perhaps, and testify their approval of it by frequently lying down for hours in the day. It has also the reputation of being uneatble-an advantage which all in charge of horses with the habit of eating their litter will admit."

GOOD STOCK .- A celebrated Irish

by starving the animal at any time of meal, one cup of flour, two bure sour covering of the flesh so much prized by milk, two teaspoonsful sods, the half cup all our retail butchers, Where do all the scraggy, bad fleshed beasts come from that we see daily in our fat market : and what is the cause of their scragginess? It is because they have been stinted and starved at some nortion of their growth. If the calf-flesh is once lost, it can never be regained .-A great deal of tallow may be got internally by high feeding, but the animai can never again be made one that will be prized by the great retail butchers .- Coleman's Rural World.

> cellent in winter for cattle, especially with a little salt water sprinkled over them. There is no better mats than those made from husky, and one can be made by any man or boy in four hours; braid the husks one evening and sew them the next, and you have a sub-stantial mat to last through the winter. To make husk mattresses, let the boys split the husks into strips by drawing an old fork through the husk; when you have enough, put them in a tick, and tack them as you would hair or wool. Mattress makers have a machine for preparing them, but children a lingers are lust as good. Old high mattresses may be made as good as new by ripping them to pieces, giving the contents of the tick a good sunning, removing all dust, and adding enough fresh material to make up the required quantity.

SAVE YOUR HUSKS. Toey are ex-

PERSONS Who condemn corn fedder as "innutritious" are invited by Paschall Morris, of the Practical Farmer. to consider the ways of a prominent dairyman" whose butter is excelled by no other in the Philadelphia market." and who " pretty much sustained fiftyeight cows on sowed corn from the middle of last July to the middle of October, and that, too, from the product of three acres." He estimates that he took ninety tons of this " innutritious" substance from the space indicated, and he knows that his cows these three months of drought, but that some increased the flow, and that the butter was fully up to the standard.

PERSONS who have not been in the habit of drinking buttermilk consider it disagreeable, because it is slightly acid: in consequence of the presence of of lactic acid. There is not much nourishment in buttermilk, but the presence of the labtic acid assists the digestion of any food taken with it. "The Weish peasants almost live upon oatcakes and buttermilk. Invalids suffering from indigestion will do well to drink but-

CHICKEN CHEESE -Boll two chickens till tender, take out all the bones, and chop the meat fine, season to your taste with sait, pepper and butter; pour in enough of liquor they were boiled in to make it moist, put into whatever monic you wish, and when cold turn out and cut into slices.